

Chapter 2201: Deva Path of Yama

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Zhang Ruochen stood on the Altar of Saints and looked at Bookworm and Moha, who were struggling. Both of them were severely injured. The fact that they were able to hold on until now was all thanks to their strong willpower to live.

Even with a body as strong as Moha was now full of cracks, and his Saint blood was almost drained. Bookworm's injuries were heavier. He only had one arm left, and there was a big hole in his chest where his beating heart was exposed

If an ordinary Nine-Step Saint King suffered such a heavy injury, they would be likely dead, let alone continue fighting.

"Isn't it great to have 'friends' who come from afar visit us? Hahaha!"

Although Bookworm's body was already swaying, he burst out laughing loudly.

Even if he and Moha died to protect the dimensional teleportation array, it was still worth it.

Moha didn't say a word. He withdrew the last amount of Saint blood in his body and fused it into Sacred Confucian Tome.

Even though he saw the arrival of reinforcements, he still could not relax. Instead, he felt a stronger sense of urgency.

The dimensional teleportation array leading to Saturn Peach Tree was in the peach forest behind them. One could almost see the outline of the array through the peach blossoms.

Under the attack of Infernal Court, they had no way to retreat.

"Kunlun is at its crucial moment at stake. All cultivators, attack with all your might!" Zhang Ruochen said.

Immediately, the Altar of Saints released a towering Saint Aura and crashed forward at high speed.

Members of Guardian Dragon Pavilion and many Rogue Saints activated the Altar of Saints together. Its power was

unimaginable. Even if a Realm was blocked in front, it would be smashed into pieces.

At the same time, many powerful figures who were standing on the Altar of Saints started to attack. They used all kinds of Saint Techniques and war weapons. None of them held back.

Zhang Ruochen took out Zangshan Demonic Mirror and activated countless Supreme Power. They condensed into a myriad of demonic mountains and were suppressed from the sky.

“Jadesky Bone Emperor, Nether Fiend, Juexin, you guys continue to attack. Those two scholars are exhausted, and they can’t hold on for long. The rest block Zhang Ruochen and the others,”

Yan Wushen immediately gave the order.

As he spoke, he handed Saint Jade that contained the Nine-heavens Maiden’s Saint blood to Shi Juexin, the leader of Stone Clan.

Shi Juexin who was 300 meters tall was emitting a thick aura. He had an indestructible body of stone that was stronger than Neverwithier physique. There was only a handful of people who dared to fight him head-on.

Shi Juexin chuckled, “Don’t worry. I’ll get rid of them soon. Once I lock onto Saturn Peach Tree’s dimensional coordinates, I’ll immediately inform our lord ancestor, Huang Tian.”

With a wave of his hand, Yan Wushen took out an ancient mottled stone bridge. It was very similar to the illusory Bridge of Vaitarna that he had used a secret technique to condense.

This bridge was indeed called “The Bridge of Vaitarna”. It was naturally formed after ten million years. Countless profound arcane runes were imprinted on it, and it possessed boundless power. It was the most precious asset of Yanluo clan.

Considering the importance of this mission, the deities of Yanluo clan had specially allowed Yan Wushen to bring the Bridge of Vaitarna as contingency measure.

There were four elites of Yanluo clan behind Yan Wushen. At this moment, the four of them cooperated with Yan Wushen to activate The Bridge of Vaitarna.

To cultivators of Celestial Court, Yanluo clan had always been very mysterious. This was because—besides Yan Wushen who was an exceptional case—the cultivators of Yanluo clan rarely went to Battlefield of Merit.

The four elites sent out this time were also unknown to others. However, each of them was extremely powerful. The weakest one had about 70 percent of the cultivation base of Evil Yan Wushen's strength. Moreover, the strongest one was a tad weaker than good Yan Wushen's strength.

As the supreme clan of Infernal Court, Yanluo clan had a deeply rooted heritage.

Under the urging of Infernal Yama Qi, The Bridge of Vaitarna was quickly recovered. It was emitting an extremely ancient aura. Faintly, it sounded as if someone was sighing.

An extremely mysterious power was released from the Bridge of Vaitarna, seemingly capable of nullifying all attacks in the world.

The powerful figures of the other six clans from Infernal Court had made their moves. Every single of them got the skills powerful enough to destroy heavens and earth. The intense fight made Rainbow Pavilion the Microworld tremble.

Boom

The Altar of Saints and Bridge of Vaitarna collided violently, creating terrifying ripples of power. A large area of space was shattered, and countless spatial fragments flew about.

However, this impact didn't spread too wide. Instead, it quickly dissipated.

“Zhang Ruochen, you can't go any further with me here. No matter how you struggle, you can't stop Saturn Peach Tree from being chopped off.

“This time, Kunlun will have no hope and fall into darkness forever.” Yan Wushen stood at the Bridge of Vaitarna with his

hands behind his back, exuding an invincible aura.

Zhang Ruochen calmly said, "The fate of Kunlun is not something you can decide. No matter how many tricks you have up your sleeves, I will take on them all."

At this point, they had no way out. Their only choice was to fight this life-or-death battle.

"I'm looking forward to swallowing all these delicious Saint Souls. When I do, not only will I recover to my prime, I can advance my cultivation even further. Since you dare to come, then none of you can escape." Lan Xuezi said with fierce eyes.

Rainbow Pavilion had long been isolated by Realm-sealing Talisman. The fact that Zhang Ruochen was able to break in proved that he was indeed very capable. However, it's going to be a hard way out. It was as if he had walked right into a trap.

"The fairies from Portrait of the Nine Beauties are as beautiful as I have expected. Fairy Ci Hang, Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, Fairy Tianchu, and Fairy Linglong, fighting and killing is no game for you ladies. It's best to surrender early so that you won't get hurt by accident," Great Prince Bloodwing of Rakshasa said with a deviant look in his eyes.

No matter where they were, beautiful women were always the focus of attention.

At this moment, many powerful figures of Infernal Court were sizing up Fairy Ci Hang, Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, Fairy Tianchu, and Fairy Linglong with unscrupulous eyes.

It was very rare for four fairies to appear at the same time. Usually only half of them showed up.

Including Fairy Shadowless who was suppressed by Zhang Ruochen in Jungle Microworld, more than half of them showed up.

Ao Xukong took a step forward and released his Supreme Dragon Qi. He pointed at Great Prince Bloodwing and said, "How dare you hold filthy intention against my sister. Tell me, how do you want to die?"

“How brazen! I’ve always wanted to taste the flesh of Pentaclaw Golden Dragon, but I didn’t expect you to come to me of your own accord.” Great Prince Bloodwing sneered.

Ao Xukong snorted. “I’m afraid you don’t have teeth good enough for it. Die!”

As he spoke, Ao Xukong had already made his move. His right hand turned into a dragon claw and directly grabbed Great Prince Bloodwing.

Whoosh

His Dragon Claw was extremely sharp. It tore apart several pitch-black cracks in the space in front of him.

Without hesitation, Great Prince Bloodwing slashed out his blood wings like a sharp blade to fight back.

Seeing that the two of them had made their move, the others did not hesitate either. Zhen Yuan, Murong Yefeng, Jiang Yunchong, and the rest immediately rushed down from the Altar of Saints. They pounced towards the group of powerful figures from Infernal Court.

Nie Xiangzi went to find Lord Xue Chen. Apparently, he wanted to fight with Lord Xue Chen again. However, this time it was not merely a fight to find out who was the winner; it was a fight of life and death.

The battle had started, and only one side would walk out of Rainbow Pavilion alive.

Zhang Ruochen’s side had far fewer elites than Infernal Court’s, but they had the advantage of having more people. That meant they could gang up on the Infernal Court elites .

As long as they could kill a few powerful elites of Infernal Court first, the situation would be greatly changed.

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power and said to Maiden of a Thousand Stars beside him, “Try to locate the High-Saint Talisman Master who controls Realm-sealing Talisman.”

Maiden of a Thousand Stars immediately understood his intention upon hearing him. The reason why the situation at

Rainbow Pavilion did not attract the attention of the army of Celestial Court was mainly because of the presence of Realm-sealing Talisman.

If she could kill the High-Saint Talisman Master from Infernal Court and completely break Realm-sealing Talisman, she could draw Celestial Court's army here. By that time, the crisis would be naturally resolved.

"Leave it to me," Maiden of a Thousand Stars replied.

She was an all-rounded Saint Master. Very similar to Moha, she was proficient in all kinds of techniques, including talismans.

However, the High-Saint Talisman Master from Infernal Court had completely concealed his aura using the power of Realm-sealing Talisman. It was not an easy task to locate him.

The bodies of Moha and Bookworm were in tatters. If it wasn't for Saturn Peach Tree's divine force constantly seeping into their bodies through dimensional teleportation array, they would have not been able to hold on until now.

Or else, the cultivators of Internal Court could have crushed them into ashes and destroyed their souls and bodies. It would have been impossible to hang on till now.

But now, even with Saturn Peach Tree's divine power, they could not hang in there anymore. Saint blood in their bodies was almost drained.

Zhang Ruochen knew that the situation was critical. He turned into a beam of Saint light, broke through the formation set up by a High-Saint Array Master from Infernal Court with his body, and rushed straight towards Moha and Bookworm.

He could not afford to lose dimensional teleportation array. So, he had to guard it personally.

"Zhang Ruochen, you can't get through!"

Two immortal level zombie kings of Corpusian, Jiang Lin and Tian Xuan flew up and struck out a palm at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen attacked with all his might. He too launched a palm strike. The roaring of dragons and elephants erupted

from his palms. Nine dragons and nine elephants flew out at once and collided with the palm strikes of Jiang Lin and Tian Xuan.

Boom

The powerful shockwaves from his palm strike shook the ground in this space violently.

“We Corpusian have endless power. Zhang Ruochen, no matter how strong you are, you can’t fight against two alone,” Tian Xuan said.

Zhang Ruochen snorted at them. The power of Path of Truth burst out, and the power of his palm strike kept increasing.

Jiang Lin and Tianxuan flew backward. Their bodies similar to Neverwithers physique were torn apart and turned into pieces.

“Jiang Lin and Tianxuan can’t defeat Zhang Ruochen for one round even when they team up,”

All the powerful figures in Infernal Court couldn’t keep calm. They all thought, ‘Zhang Ruochen is formidable.’

Jiang Lin and Tianxuan had both reached the immortal level. Although their bodies were shattered, they didn’t die. Before pieces fell to the ground, they condensed into human forms and turned into complete corpses.

Looking up, Zhang Ruochen had already passed them and rushed toward the two Confucianism scholars.

Jiang Lin and Tianxuan looked at each other and said, “There is always someone better than you. Zhang Ruochen is indeed Yan Wushen’s greatest rival. Other cultivators of their generation would serve as their foil.”

There were many powerful figures present, but only Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen worthy enough to be each other’s opponent.

Jiang Lin and Tian Xuan surmised that they would need to at least double their combat strength to team up against Zhang Ruochen.

Boom

Yan Wushen attacked and stopped Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction of Moha and Bookworm again. He found that they had retreated to the edge of the dimensional teleportation array.

There was no way back.

“You’re distracted! If I had attacked just now, you would have been injured. You would have fallen into an irreversible disadvantage and died at my hands,” Yan Wushen said.

Zhang Ruochen knew that this was Yan Wushen’s psychological warfare, but he also knew that he was telling the truth. It was fatal to be distracted when facing a superior like Yan Wushen, even if it was only for a moment.

“Then why didn’t you attack?” Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and suppressed his worry about dimensional teleportation array. He fixed his eyes on Yan Wushen completely.

Yan Wushen said, “It could take a long period to have someone like you born. The probability of us meeting in this era is a ghost of a chance.

“Therefore, I care more about our fight than destroying Kunlun.

“If I kill you before you reach your prime, it will be my greatest regret of my life.”

Zhang Ruochen had completely adjusted his state of mind. He shook his head and said, “No, you have been defeated by me. Therefore, you have planted a demon within you.

“If you can’t defeat me in my prime, that demon will always exist.

“It may not affect your cultivation to become a Supreme Saint, but it will be a big obstacle for you to become a god.

“It will also be a big variable to overcome the calamity of Yuanhui Tribulation in the future.”

When they said the first sentence to each other, they had already started war.

War of the mind.

Both of them had attained the Great Perfection of Saint Kinghood, so there was no big gap between their strengths. Whoever could gain the upper hand psychologically, or make the other's psychological flaws appear, would have a 70 to 80 percent chance of winning.

Zhang Ruochen was in distress, so he was at an absolute disadvantage.

The battle had not started yet, but Yan Wushen tipped the scale.

Yan Wushen naturally understood this, so he spoke no more words. He just looked at Zhang Ruochen quietly. He had already warned Zhang Ruochen. If Zhang Ruochen repeated the same mistake, he would kill Zhang Ruochen, and there would be no "demon".

Zhang Ruochen was trying to adjust his state of mind so that he could be as calm as possible.

Time continued to pass.

The area where the two were in might seem peaceful. It was actually the most dangerous.

Their willpower spread out and collided fiercely.

Their willpower was invisible and extremely terrifying. Even a Nine-Step Saint King would be annihilated in an instant if he barged into this area.

After Zhang Ruochen underwent self-cultivation training at Imperial Ruler, his spiritual will had become unimaginably strong. No one with ranks below Supreme Sainthood could rival him.

His state of mind was completely restored.

Boom

At a certain moment, terrifying killing intent burst out from Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen simultaneously.

For a moment, the sky and earth changed color.

Endless murderous aura emerged and evolved into an illusory Realm of Slaughter.

Every strand of murderous aura took a form. Whether they were fierce spiritual beasts or powerful spiritual soldiers, just the aura they emitted was enough to make people shudder.

Roar

Billions of fierce spirits roared and charged together crazily.

Even though they were far away, the rest of the people in Rainbow Pavilion felt pins and needles.

Jadesky Bone Emperor's heart sank. He had originally wanted to challenge Zhang Ruochen for the redemptive glory of Bone Clan. But now, he suppressed this thought after analyzing the situation.

He was a genius nurtured by Fane of Bone. He practiced Deva Path of Jade, one of the three major paths by Bone Clan. Every bone of his was as clear as jade, immortal and indestructible. There were no flaws in his Saint Soul.

Although he didn't have a great reputation, his strength was far more superior than Dark Skeletal Lord and the Three Emperors of Bone Clan.

The Bone clan elites had been killed by Zhang Ruochen outside the Imperial city brutally. They had suffered a crushing defeat. Jadesky Bone Emperor had no choice but to come to Kunlun personally.

'With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, Yan Wushen might not even be able to do any harm to him. It seems that I have to find a way to create some trouble for Zhang Ruochen,' Jadesky Bone Emperor thought to himself.

He wasn't the only one with that thought as many powerful figures in Infernal Court were having the same idea in mind.

The more powerful Zhang Ruochen was, the more others wanted him dead. Otherwise, he would become a huge threat to Infernal Court.

Boom

After several collisions, the illusory Realm of Slaughter collapsed. All the killing intent died away.

With a thought, Zhang Ruochen mobilized millions of Precepts of Dimension in his body and instantly condensed a Profound Spatial Dimension.

Without any suppression, his Profound Spatial Dimension covered a radius of 30,000 feet. It was colossal.

Even if other dimension cultivators condensed a Profound Spatial Dimension, it usually won't cover more than 1000 feet.

Almost at the same time, Yan Wushen also condensed a Profound Spatial Dimension. Their Profound Spatial Dimensions overlapped and crushed towards each other.

Rumble

A large area of space shook violently, revealing countless pitch-black cracks.

Profound Spatial Dimension Yan Wushen condensed was of the same quality as Zhang Ruochen's. So, no one could gain any upper hand.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't too surprised.

It wasn't surprising that Yan Wushen could cultivate the Great Perfection of Saint Kinghood and Path of Dimension. So it was foreseeable that he'd condensed a Grade One Profound Spatial Dimension.

Whoosh

With a thought, Zhang Ruochen pointed in a direction, and a vast River of Time appeared.

Different from the illusory image of River of Time he'd summoned before, this River of Time was extremely solid as if it existed.

The trip to Celestial Domain of Truth had finally allowed Zhang Ruochen to understand the mysteries of Path of Time and successfully condensed the River of Time.

"A 2 long River of Time. Zhang Ruochen has broken barriers. What a monster," Wan Xin revealed a look of shock.

A River of Time condensed by a Saint King was all different. The worst was 2 miles long, 6 miles would be for someone more powerful. It's rare when it is over 10 miles while the best was 18 miles long.

It was a legend that someone could condense it 20 miles long.

“Wan Xin was very talented and specialized in Path of Time. He once condensed a 16 miles long River of Time. Hardly anyone could match up to him.”

But it was nothing compared to Zhang Ruochen.

Even with a minor difference in length of River of Time, the contrast was still like heaven and earth.

“Master has really good taste. No wonder Master didn't care about his appearance and chose Zhang Ruochen as the target for possession,” Wan Xin thought.

In his mind, Asurendra Samay must have already seen it all and made such an arrangement.

Asurendra Samay was very special. This deity wasn't a flesh and blood lifeform. Instead, it was born a spiritual intelligence from a piece of Jade of Time and cultivated to his current form.

Therefore, Asurendra Samay is genderless.

However, Asurendra Samay was extremely beautiful, and it was more inclined towards femininity.

When choosing a body to possess, Asurendra Samay actually intended to find a female body.

Unfortunately, it hadn't been able to find a suitable one.

Since its true form was Jade of Time, not any ordinary people could be Asurendra Samay's target of possession.

Two basic conditions had to be met first. First, the target had to be a Master of Time. Besides that, he or she had to acquire Five-element Chaotic Body.

Asurendra Samay attained its Godhood through Path of time. Naturally, it had to possess a physical body of a Master of Time.

As for Five-element Chaotic Body, it was because of Asurendra Samay's special body. Ordinary physiques could not contain its origin.

Five-element Chaotic Body was like a chaotic universe. It was the most inclusive, and Time was no exception.

Although Master of Time and Five-element Chaotic Body were very rare, they could still be found in Celestial Court and Infernal Court.

However, it was like finding a needle in a haystack to look for someone who met both two conditions.

Coincidentally, Zhang Ruochen appeared right at the moment. His bone structure, physical quality, and the identity of Saint Monk Xumi's successor were all valued by Asurendra Samay. Therefore, it changed its mind.

Asurendra Samay had been hurt by Saint Monk Xumi. If it could possess Zhang Ruochen, it could take revenge for the past.

At the same time, it could also get a glimpse of the inheritance of Saint Monk Xumi's legacy and cultivate Path of Dimension. In the future, he would be able to improve even further.

Wan Xin was looking forward more and more to Yan Wushen being able to suppress Zhang Ruochen. If his master could possess such a perfect body, he could not imagine how powerful his master could be.

"Pagoda of Origin, suppress."

Yan Wushen shouted. Millions of Precepts of Origin surged out of his body.

In the blink of an eye, all Precepts of Origin intertwined and turned into a 10,000-foot-tall Origin Pagoda. It had 10,000 stories.

Origin Pagoda wanted to suppress River of Time, but River of Time was like a divine dragon that coiled around Pagoda of Origin.

All of a sudden, time and origin in a large area became chaotic. Everything the two forces touched turned into ashes.

The others in Rainbow Pavilion couldn't help but step back, afraid of being affected.

Path of the Ancients was a terrifying power. Many people couldn't help but be afraid.

It was especially terrifying when the power was manifested by Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen. Many Supreme Sainthood elites choose to stay away from them.

“How could a Saint King cultivate Path of the Ancients to such a terrifying extent. What kind of monsters are they?”

Many people couldn't help but have this thought.

At this time, everyone clearly realized the gap between them and the two— Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen.

‘I can't drag this fight any longer. I have to end this quickly,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Immediately, Zhang Ruochen formed a seal with both hands. Boundless Five-element Chaotic Qi surged out of his body and combined with a million Precepts of Truth.

In an instant, a huge and special Realm-frame of Truth was formed. It hung above Zhang Ruochen's head and gave off a terrifying power that could suppress heaven and earth.

Zhang Ruochen had cultivated a total of 11 Paths to Great Perfection. This was his huge advantage as it included three Paths of the Ancients .

Yan Wushen had one less Path than him, which was exactly one Path of the Ancients.

Now that he used to Realm-frame of Truth, he wanted to see how Yan Wushen would deal with it.

Path of the Ancients transcended everything. After reaching Great perfection, the power it possessed was far from a Great Perfection Path of Supreme Saint. There was a fundamental difference.

“The third type of Path of the Ancients to Great Perfection, Zhang Ruochen. You surprised me. Fine, I'll let you have a little taste of Deva Path of Yama from Yanluo clan,”

Yan Wushen's eyes shone with a brilliant light, and Primordial Infernal Yama Qi surged out continuously.

A majestic illusory figure appeared behind Yan Wushen. The figure wore a crown on his head and exuded a supreme majesty.

Yanluo clan was the supreme clan in Infernal Court; their status was most revered. Fane of Yama had inherited ten powerful Paths. It was the top of ten Fanes.

While, Deva Path of Yama was said to be able to control the cycle of life and death of all living things, compared to the void and fate in Path of the Ancients.

However, cultivating Deva Path of Yama was extremely difficult. Since ancient times, very few people in Yanluo clan had cultivated it. Those who could cultivate it to become a god were as rare as hen's teeth.

Yan Wushen was the only peerless genius who had cultivated Deva Path of Yama to Saint Kinghood in the past ten thousand years.

Behind the figure, all sorts of incredible phenomena appeared. From the creation of the universe, to the birth of thousands of spirits, to the death of the galaxy, to the creation of chaos... the cycle repeated itself, shocking everyone.

A mysterious and overbearing power blasted out and collided with Zhang Ruochen's Realm-frame of Truth.

Boom

The Realm-frame of Truth shook violently, and a large number of stars shattered immediately.

However, part of Yan Wushen's power was also wiped out. Thus, he didn't gain any advantage.

"Such great Deva Path of Yama. Yan Wushen, you didn't let me down either," Zhang Ruochen said.

This was the third time he had fought with Yan Wushen. His tricks were endless and out of his expectations.

He was certain that Yan Wushen had only recently mastered Deva Path of Yama.. Otherwise, he would have suppressed the Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace using this technique.

Chapter 2202: Battle of Gods

Outside Kunlun, in the vast nothingness of the void.

The place was supposed to be dark, but it was currently illuminated by a dazzling divine light. Powerful divine power flowed like the tide.

Many deities from both Celestial Court and Infernal Court made their move, and an intense divine battle broke out.

BANG!

Heavenly Mugwort Bell containing boundless divine power flew out, cutting through the vast swath of darkness and sending a Rakshasa deity flying. As a result, a large amount of diving blood was spewed.

Even a deity could not withstand the blow. Numerous cracks appeared on the deity's body as if it was about to be shattered into pieces.

Roar!

The Rakshasa deity let out an earth-shaking roar and released the divine power within his body, forming a huge Sphere of Chaos about the size of a planet. His divine body rapidly grew larger, with the cracks on his body disappearing simultaneously.

In the blink of an eye, the body of the Rakshasa deity grew even taller. It was half the size of the Sphere of Chaos, releasing endless majestic divine power.

When one attained Godhood, they would undergo huge changes in their physical lifeforms. Not only their blood Qi would increase rapidly, but it could also break through suppression on a space. When this happened, yet they could not make it to the legendary realm of god, they would at least turn into a divine giant.

A deity would use divine power to suppress its body to maintain its normal form under normal circumstances.

Usually, only when a life-and-death battle was going on would a deity reveal true form and unleash strength without holding back.

Apparently, this Rakshasa deity had sensed a great threat and thus lifted all restraints he had imposed to his strength.

“How dare you puny scum roar in front of me?” Wargod Bian Zhuang said in a deep voice.

As he spoke, his Heavenly Mugwort Bell rapidly grew in size. Like a spinning macroworld, it pressed down on the Sphere of Chaos where the Rakshasa deity stood.

At this moment, another Rakshasa deity rushed over. He was thousands of feet tall, which was the size that of mountains. He was wearing a dark ruby red armor, displaying an imposing aura. He emitted copious amounts of divine power, and unleashed a Divine Seal barreling towards Heavenly Mugwort Bell.

“You can’t stop me even if I want to kill him, Rayan!”

Wargod Bian Zhuang’s spoke overbearingly as he looked down on Rayan.

The Celestial River flowing under his feet surged rapidly and instantly grew a hundred thousand miles in length. It pulsed with unparalleled divine power as it surged towards the divine seal and Rayan.

Taking advantage of this gap, Heavenly Mugwort Bell instantly pressed down and broke through the Sphere of Chaos. It crushed the divine body of the Rakshasa deity until it exploded apart.

However, deities were not beings that could be killed this easily.

They possessed astonishing divine vitality. Even if their divine bodies were shattered, they could quickly reassemble. Every inch of their body contained divine spirits and the essence of their willpower, and it would be possible to reconstruct their divine bodies with merely a drop of divine blood.

To kill a deity, one had to break the deity's Divinity Source and destroy the divine soul. By doing so, simultaneously, the divine spirit and the essence of their willpower had to be eliminated as well.

However, it was unlikely to wipe out all traces of a deity in the world.

The reason was that a deity would fuse a small amount of their Divine Soul into the precepts of heaven and earth. He would wander between the space and coexist with the world.

A deity could still be destroyed, but whoever tried would have to expend a lot of energy and pay a great price.

Under normal circumstances, very few people would do such an arduous and unrewarding thing.

The few divine souls wandering would have too little hope of being reborn.

The Rakshasa deity quickly reconstructed his body. However, being trapped inside Heavenly Mugwort Bell, he could not break free.

Purple and green divine light surged from Heavenly Mugwort Bell, dissipating the lifeforce and spirit of the Rakshasa deity.

There was also a terrifying power that seeped into the body of the Rakshasa deity, which directly attacked his divine soul through the Divinity Source.

It was obvious that it was going to kill him by force.

To other deities, killing a deity was tough. However, Wargod Bian Zhuang had done it many times, and his weapon—Heavenly Mugwort Bell—was basically a deity slayer.

Rayan looked grim because he was restrained by Bian Zhuang Wargod's Celestial River. He could only watch as that deity of his clan became weaker and weaker.

'This madman Bian Zhuang had not made a scene for a hundred thousand years but his strength has increased so much. He's a great trouble indeed,' Rayan thought to himself.

During the War of Gods in the Middle Ages, Rayan had fought Wargod Bian Zhuang. At that time, Wargod Bian Zhuang was already very strong. However, compared to his past self, the current Bian Zhuang was even stronger.

As time passed, the Rakshasa deity had become weaker and weaker. His life force, divine spirit, and essence of willpower in his body were gradually obliterated.

In the end, even his divine soul was shattered by Heavenly Mugwort Bell, leaving behind was only his physical body.

In the vast starry sky of Infernal Court, the three Divine Planets representing this deity dimmed and stopped emitting any light.

At this moment, all the cultivators below the starry sky couldn't help but raise their heads to look, with fear clutching at their hearts.

The light of any Divine Planets going out would mean that a deity had fallen.

This battle was destined to shake Celestial Court and Infernal Court.

In the void, the deities of Infernal Court roared in anger, and their roars shook the sky and earth.

Rayan's expression became even more grave. Wargod Bian Zhuang had slaughtered a Rakshasa deity of his clan in front of him. 'This wargod was going too far!'

"Bian Zhuang, you have gone too far! You better watch out!"

Wargod Bian Zhuang laughed and said, "Rayan, you are the one who should watch out. I can kill you anytime!"

As he spoke, Wargod Bian Zhuang put away the dead body of the Rakshasa deity and used Heavenly Mugwort Bell to launch a fierce attack on Rayan.

Wargod Bian Zhuang did not say it for fun. He meant what he said.

On the other side, Moon Goddess was fighting with a charming deity from Infernal Court.

This deity was none other than Asurendra Samay.

Its body was emitting a strong demonic battle Qi, and there was also an incomparably condensed River of Time coiled around his body, with countless Marks of Time dancing around him.

Even though in battle, this deity from Infernal Court appeared incomparably elegant. Every single one of its actions was filled with a sense of beauty, as though it was dancing gracefully.

Asurendra Samay's appearance was exactly the same as that of humans, and its striking temperament could move even the hearts of the gods.

On the surface, Asurendra Samay wasn't much different from the other deities.

But in reality, its current state was very special. It had neither a divine body nor a Divinity Source. The only part of him left was his divine soul.

Asurendra Samay's true form was a jade—the Divine Jade of Time. During the battle in the Middle Ages, Asurendra Samay had suffered severe injuries to besiege Saint Monk Xumi. As a result, it was reduced to dust, and its divine soul was beaten until it was on the verge of collapse. Its soul escaped narrowly by scattering in the world.

Asurendra Samay was the same as Moon Goddess. Both of them had been asleep for a hundred thousand years and only recently woke up.

Its divine soul had already become concentrated once more.

Not long later, Asurendra Samay would face another Yuanhui Tribulation.

After being dormant for a hundred thousand years and losing its divine body and Divinity Source, no matter how strong its divine soul was, it would still be very difficult for it to survive.

Hence, Asurendra Samay thought of possession.

With its powerful divine soul, as long as it found a suitable body, no matter how weak it was, it could quickly nurture the

flesh body into a divine body.

It would need about 1,000 years to recover to its prime.

The reason it came to Kunlun in a hurry was to obtain a body for possession as soon as possible.

After all, Asurendra Samay was a peerless elite who could fight against Saint Monk Xumi. Even though he only had one divine soul left, his combat strength was still extremely strong, with the River of Time attacking in all directions.

Moon Goddess could only match Asurenda Samay in battle by relying on the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron that she borrowed from Zhang Ruochen. From this, it could be seen how terrifying Asurenda Samay was at his peak. Only someone with his strength was qualified to battle with Saint Monk Xumi.

..

Boom!

A strong burst of divine power swept through the void.

Huang Tian stood 30,000 feet tall, and in his hand was a stone battle-axe with Chaotic Qi flowing around him. He was like a giant god that could split open the sky with unparalleled divine might, standing while looking down disdainfully.

Bang!

The four deities from the Fane of Truth attacking Huang Tian were sent flying because they were unable to withstand the attack.

Some of the deities went furious, and divine blood spew from their mouths.

Upon seeing this scene, many of the deities present could not help but reveal their shock.

“How long has Huang Tian attained godhood? His strength had actually reached such levels that the four divine lords from the Celestial Domain of Truth together were unable to withstand a blow from his axe.”

“He is indeed worthy of being known as one of the legendary two deities with Wargod Bloodximus during the past 129,600

years in Infernal Court. His combat strength is so strong that it rivals ancient gods which have survived numerous Yuanhui Tribulations.”

“Both Huang Tian and Wargod Bloodximus have become the new wardens of Infernal Court. Wargod Bloodximus ruled Bloodysky Clan, while Huang Tian built his force.”

“A thousand years ago, Huang Tian set up a trap to lure out Ancient Buddha Yuan Xu from the Western Buddha Realm. He killed him single handedly, infuriating the entire Western Buddha Realm. However, they could only watch and do nothing.”

...

The deities were buzzing about the past events of Huang Tian. They could even spare time to look at him even when they were engaged in battle.

The lord of the Fane of Truth in charge of the Fane of Truth walked out and appeared in front of the four deities from the Fane of Truth, and she looked squarely towards Huang Tian.

“I never expected that The lord of the Fane of Truth would come personally... this comes as a surprise to me,” Huang Tian said loudly.

The lord of the Fane of Truth gazed at Huang Tian briefly, and she spoke with eyes full of disappointment, “Huang Tian, you have really disappointed me. I have never expected that you would murder your own Master.”

“You were once someone ordinary. But after listening to the Ancient Buddha Yuan Xu recite the scriptures and preach for so long, you have gained sentience. Since then, Ancient Buddha Yuan Xu devoted all his efforts in nurturing you and even sending you to the Stone World to pursue the ultimate secret of the Path of Life.”

“It was precisely because of Ancient Buddha Yuan Xu that the Fane of Truth did its best to nurture you, allowing you to gradually become the Envoy of Truth.”

“But I never expected that you would be led astray by the Stone Master and join the enemies of the Celestial Court. You

went from pursuing the Path of Life to pursuing the path of death and destruction, and even killed your benefactor in cold blood. How could I tolerate this behaviour?”

Towards the end, The Lord of the Fane of Truth could barely conceal her rage.

Huang Tian had originally a cultivator from Celestial Court. He was born to Western Buddha Realm and had cultivated in Stone World before rising up in the Fane of Truth.

The Stone Clan was one of the larger clans, and it was not an exclusive race to Infernal Court. After all, there were rocks everywhere in the world, and these rocks could gain sentience by chance.

In the Celestial Court, there was a Stone World where countless Stone Clan cultivators lived.

The difference was that the Stone Clan in Infernal Court cultivated the Path of Death in order to destroy all living creatures, but the Stone Clan in the Stone World cultivates the Path of Life, exploring the true essence of living. The two of them couldn't be more different.

This was a difference between their fundamental way of thinking.

The Stone Clan in Stone World believed that they had received the gift of life from having none. Therefore, they yearned and cherished the idea of living.

However, the Stone Clan of Infernal Court wanted to destroy all living beings, so that the entire universe would become a member of the Stone Clan. This was because that all living things would turn back into dust on they had perished.

Huang Tian and Wargod Bloodximius were the most talented cultivators representing each side. They were also each other's opponents, just like Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen in the current era.

Both of them were the most talented geniuses of their time and had fought each other for many years.

Unfortunately, Huang Tian was bewitched by the Stone Master, which caused him to change his beliefs and Path, thus joining Infernal Court.

The Stone Master was the head of the Stone Clan, one of the three clans in Infernal Court. He was an extremely ancient overlord with terrifying combat strength and an immeasurably long lifespan.

During the catastrophe in the Middle Ages, many deities in the Celestial Court fell at the hands of the Stone Master.

The lord of the Fane of Truth had once thought highly of Huang Tian and had once even considered letting him succeed as temple master..

However, she did not expect that Huang Tian would betray the Fane of Truth, Celestial Court, and even cut off the Divine Sky-connecting Tree of Kunlun in the end, which really put them into shame.

Even now, The lord of the Fane of Truth still felt heartbroken.

“You simply don’t understand. What the Stone Master insisted on was right. The entire universe should come under the stone race.” Huang Tian said indifferently, “The cultivators of the Stone World were led astray by the Celestial Court. They were born as stones, yet they wanted to pursue the true meaning of life. How laughable.”

“Yuan Xu has indeed treated me kindly and I did not want to kill him originally, but he had too much of an influence over me. My consciousness and thoughts all have his brand. If I don’t kill him, my cultivation will forever be restrained under him.

“When I wanted to kill him, Yuan Xu still wanted me to turn a new leaf and even willing to died for me. Little did he know that my heart was stonecold?”

Huang Tian spoke calmly as if he was talking about something trivial.

He didn’t feel any guilt or regret for killing his master.

His heart, was as cold as a rock without any emotion within.

To be more precise, it was like a stone.

“You are so stubborn. Today, I am going to purge the traitor and take back that portion of Canon of Truth.” The lord of the Fane of Truth deepened her gaze and radiated a terrifying murderous intent.

BOOM!

As she spoke, a Black Divine Mountain appeared behind her. It was very similar to the Mountain of Truth that lies in the Sea of Truth.

Billions of intricate Divine Marks appeared on the surface of the Black Divine Mountain. The divine power was vast like the ocean, and it even caused the emptiness of the void to ripple violently.

“If the mountain obstructs me, I will split it.”

Not a glimmer of fear was showed in Huang Tian’s eyes. The stone ax in his hand started to awaken, revealing a large amount of chaotic energy conduits.

This ax was born with him. It was an innate mystical item that contained infinite mysteries. After many years of painstaking refinement, it had become incomparably powerful and unstoppable.

The stone ax was shot out, becoming as huge as the Black Divine Mountain.

Bang!

The two collided, creating terrifying ripples of power.

The lord of the Fane of Truth remained unmoved, but Huang Tian’s arm spasmed, and he nearly lost his grip on the stone ax. He was pushed back hundreds of miles as the divine light on his body dimmed.

Huang Tian’s expression could not help but turn grave.

To be able to a lord to an ancient Fane, the lord of the Fane of Truth had unfathomable strength.

Even someone as powerful as him could not see through it...

The lord of the Fane of Truth was even more shocked. She did not expect Huang Tian's combat strength to attain such a high level in the span of 129,600 years. Even she would find it extremely difficult to destroy him completely.

Chapter 2203: Critical Situation

In Rainbow Pavilion of Kunlun—

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen appeared in every corner of the microworld. They used all kinds of methods to fight without holding back.

If this microworld wasn't established by Master Fangcun and was unstable, it would have been destroyed into pieces.

Zhang Ruochen's was at an advantage with the number of people on his side. However, they were at an absolute disadvantage when it came to the battle with Infernal Court.

Moreover, they were only fighting against the powerhouses of the seven clans of Infernal Court. The other three clans did not have time to spare as they were attacking Bookworm and Moha.

Bookworm and Moha stood in front of the dimensional teleportation array. Their bodies were tattered, but they were still standing upright.

They did not take a step back despite the attacks. They couldn't and they wouldn't.

If they could not defend the dimensional teleportation array, they would become sinners of the Path of Confucianism and the entire Kunlun.

"Are you two scholars still not willing to step aside?" Jadesky Bone Emperor said in a cold tone.

Bookworm smiled bitterly and said, "Sacrificing my life for righteousness is what I want. There are no cowards in the Path of Confucianism, and we will not humiliate our teacher."

As the disciples of the Confucius forefathers, they had lofty integrity and pride. They would never give in, even if death was awaiting.

Shi Juexin sneered and said, "There's no need for words. Those who don't join me in Infernal Court will be killed.

Those who follow me will prosper, and those who defy me will die!”

Swoosh

Shi Juexin swung his huge axe with all his strength.

He had always worshipped Huang Tian and desired to become a peerless powerhouse like him. Therefore, the war weapon he used was similar to Huang Tian.

While fighting Yan Wushen, Zhang Ruochen was also paying attention to Bookworm and Moha’s situation. He wanted to rush over and help them, but Yan Wushen blocked him from doing so.

“Zhang Ruochen, the Saturn Peach Tree will definitely be cut down. You can’t stop it. Join me,” Yan Wushen said.

Behind him, the figure of Yama became clearer. He wielded the Book of Death to evolve a kingdom of death, wanting to envelop Zhang Ruochen in it.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and merged it with the Realm-frame of Truth to block the invasion from the Power of death.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen had already used the Secret Tome of Time and Space to strengthen the Profound Spatial Dimension and the River of Time, pushing both powers to their max.

However, Yan Wushen was already prepared. He took out the treasure of Dimension and the treasure of Origin. He was not at a disadvantage at all.

As a peerless genius nurtured by the Yanluo clan, Yan Wushen could have anything he wanted. With all the opportunities he had, he had more treasures than Zhang Ruochen.

Bang

The Realm-frame of Truth was pierced. Zhang Ruochen took a few steps back. His body shook as he was almost hurt.

He had been distracted just now!

The battle with Yan Wushen was extremely dangerous. Even the slightest distraction could put his life in danger.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes darkened. Yan Wushen was indeed a great enemy. It was too difficult to defeat him.

He really wanted to use the Yinyang Sword Formation to deal with Yan Wushen. However, the Blood Dripper was in an intense battle with a Deathkin powerhouse. It was hard to tell who was stronger.

Crash

A bone saber suddenly appeared and slashed Zhang Ruochen's waist.

The timing of this attack was good. Zhang Ruochen could not avoid it.

"Die!"

Jadesky Bone Emperor roared.

He had been waiting for an opportunity to make a sneaky attack against Zhang Ruochen. He might be able to help Yan Wusheng secure the victory as soon as possible by creating some trouble.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen's left leg was burning with divine fire which released a towering divine power in an instant.

Clang

The bone saber that had just cut into Zhang Ruochen's waist was forced out by the divine power.

A huge pit appeared in a radius of 100 miles around Zhang Ruochen. The earth melted, and boiling lava flowed.

The ground beneath Jadesky Bone Emperor suddenly cracked open. A terrifying divine fire gushed out like an erupting volcano and drowned him in an instant.

Crack

Jadesky Bone Emperor's tough bone body cracked.

'So powerful.'

Jadesky Bone Emperor was secretly shocked. He rushed out of the divine fire in embarrassment.

If he hadn't practiced the Deva Path of Jade to turn his bone body and Saint Soul into jade, he would have been severely injured even if he didn't die.

Yan Wushen snorted. "Jadesky Bone Emperor, do your own thing. No one is allowed to interfere in my battle with Zhang Ruochen."

After personally experiencing Zhang Ruochen's terror, Jadesky Bone Emperor didn't dare to attack anymore. He might not be able to resist the fury of Zhang Ruochen if he provoked him.

In the end, he had underestimated Zhang Ruochen's strength. It was difficult for others to interfere in the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen.

On the Altar of Saints, Feng Yan and Xiang Chunan stood beside Maiden of a Thousand Stars.

They obeyed Zhang Ruochen's arrangement and were in charge of guarding Maiden of a Thousand Stars.

Feng Yan frowned at their situation and asked, "Haven't we found the High-Saint Talisman Master?"

He knew very well that the key to turning the battle around was to completely break the Realm-sealing Talisman. Otherwise, they might be killed by the powerhouses of the ten clans of Infernal Court.

"The Realm-sealing Talisman has completely sealed the secrets and concealed the aura of that High-Saint Talisman Master. I still need some time," said Maiden of a Thousand Stars.

She was actually very anxious, but this matter couldn't be rushed.

Unfortunately, she was still a Saint Talisman Master, not a High-Saint Talisman Master. Otherwise, it would be much easier to do this.

It was difficult to make up for the gap between the realms with other methods.

Upon hearing this, Feng Yan did not push Maiden of a Thousand Stars any further and let her focus her attention on this matter.

“There are not many powerhouses from Infernal Court, but every single one of them is incomparably powerful. I can’t deal with any of them. All I can do is to stand here and watch. It is really frustrating,” Xiang Chunan said in an indignant manner.

Feng Yan sighed. He and Xiang Chunan were only Precept Domain cultivators. Although their strength was comparable to powerhouses who attained Path’s Anterior, they were worlds apart compared to these powerhouses from Infernal Court.

With their current strength, they were still far from being able to fight side by side with Zhang Ruochen.

Although he was almost hurt by Yan Wushen, Zhang Ruochen still paid close attention to Bookworm and Moha. This matter was too important. How could he not take it to heart?

No, I must rush over. I must not let anything happen to the dimensional teleportation array.’

With that thought, Zhang Ruochen quickly flapped the Secret Tome of Time and Space. He released a Dimensional Talisman from it and attacked Yan Wushen.

This Dimensional Talisman was used by Shentu Yunkong to break the multi-dimensional spaces. Unfortunately, before its power could be fully activated, it was restrained by the Secret Tome of Time and Space.

The Dimensional Talisman was refined by Fane of Dimension’s powerhouses. It was extremely powerful.

Break

Zhang Ruochen used the Secret Tome of Time and Space with all his strength which complemented the Dimensional Talisman.

Boom

A terrifying Dimensional Storm appeared and swept towards Yan Wushen.

Zhang Ruochen took advantage of this gap and rushed towards the peach forest.

“Stop him!”

A powerhouse from Infernal Court shouted.

Shi Juexin and Nether Fiend turned around in an instant. One wielded a huge axe, while the other used the Deva Path of Vile Nether.

Shi Juexin didn't hold back at all. He used the unparalleled power of Stone Clan and swung his axe with all his strength, splitting a long crack in the confined space.

Nether Fiend, on the other hand, released a vast amount of Vile Nether Qi which condensed into one and shot outwards.

Zhang Ruochen waved the Ancient Abyssal Blade to capture Marks of Time and evolved the Time Domain which caused the space and time around him to freeze for a short while.

Bang

Two silver swords slashed out, hitting Shi Juexin and Nether Fiend respectively.

Shi Juexin's stone body was indeed tough. The silver sword only left a white mark on his body, but it didn't break.

Nether Fiend's body was slightly weaker. A deep wound appeared on his chest, and dark red blood gushed out.

Shi Juexin and Nether Fiend felt an inexplicable sense of weakness after enduring Zhang Ruochen's power.

“Power of Time.”

Shi Juexin and Nether Fiend reacted instantly.

After a short delay, Yan Wushen had caught up with them again.

Zhang Ruochen knew that he couldn't break through. He made a prompt decision. He raised his hand and shot two Springs of

Life into the bodies of Bookworm and Moha.

Since he couldn't help them at the moment, he could only hope that they could hold on for a while longer.

“Yama Naraka.”

Yan Wushen pounced forward and evolved into an enormous hell. It was as if Infernal Court was about to descend into this world.

During the battle with Luoshui, Yan Wushen's evil counterpart had used this secret technique of the Yanluo clan and Zhang Ruochen had relied on the Sundial to fight against it.

Now, Yan Wushen had combined his two counterparts and used this secret technique again. Its power had doubled.

Zhang Ruochen's expression was serious. His hands formed seals with incredible speed. A vast amount of Precepts surged out of his body. They interweaved and formed a Divine Demon.

This time, he used the Saint Aspect of the Immovable King as a foundation and combined the Path of Five Elements and the Path of Truth to use the Incarceration of Divine Demon.

One was hell descending, while the other side was the Incarceration of Divine Demon. It was a tit for tat.

Boom

The Divine Demon figure condensed by Zhang Ruochen released unparalleled strength and blocked the Yama Naraka.

Then, the Divine Demon figure tore Yama Naraka apart with supreme power.

Nine layers of heaven appeared above the Divine Demon's head which resembled nine boundless universes.

The eight-layer heaven was extremely solid, as if it was real, summoned by a mysterious power and was about to descend from an unknown place into this world.

The top layer of the heavens was hazy and couldn't be seen clearly.

The ninth layer was extremely thick and contained boundless power.

At this moment, some strange colourful power flew out from the eighth layer of heavens. It added to the Divine Demon figure and turned into an eight-colored halo.

Suddenly, the Divine Demon's power increased explosively. It was as if it had been given a soul. It was vivid and lifelike.

Bang

The Divine Demon stepped on the torn Yama Naraka.

Even Zhang Ruochen was surprised by this. After all, he had never experienced such a situation when he used the Incarceration of Divine Demon in Ziwei Palace.

He could clearly feel that the root of all this was Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture.

At this moment, Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture finally revealed an extraordinary side. It combined perfectly with the Incarceration of Divine Demon and changed it fundamentally.

However, Zhang Ruochen still could not understand the mysteries behind it. If it were any other time, he could have studied it.

But now was not the time to think about these things. He could only put them aside.

Zhang Ruochen seized the opportunity as he had successfully stopped Yan Wushen. He immediately changed directions and rushed towards the dimensional teleportation array.

Nothing was more important than guarding the dimensional teleportation array.

Chapter 2204: The Final Moment

Shi Juexin, Nether Fiend, and Jadesky Bone Emperor did not hesitate and they immediately gathered more than a dozen elites from the three clans and attacked together to intercept Zhang Ruochen who was rushing over again.

Shi Juexin's body burst out with a sharp and overbearing saber will and merged his Qi and the saber on his hands. He transformed into a saber and slashed toward Zhang Ruochen like a stream of light.

The peerless saber light burst out and it was destroying everything on sight. No matter how strong the space was, it was cut open.

Nether Fiend used the Deva Path of Vile Nether to activate an ancient and powerful Nether Artifact filled with Evil Qi. It was a huge eyeball with the terrifying ability to steal and strip souls.

The entire world became gray the moment the eyeball appeared. A strong aura of death spread out as if Hell had descended.

“Die, Zhang Ruochen!”

Jadesky Bone Emperor shouted and threw the Bone Tower in his hand with all his strength.

The Bone Tower grew with the wind. It was three thousand meters tall and covered in mysterious arcane runes. Rays of jade light shot out and enveloped Zhang Ruochen.

The jade light looked beautiful, but it was terrifying. It could corrode bones and melt away souls, turning everything into nothingness.

At the same time, the other elites of the Stone Clan, the Nether Clan, and the Bone Clan also attacked with their strongest attacks. Some were high-level saint techniques, some were each of the clan's own Deva Path, and some were powerful weapons.

“Who dares to stop me?” Zhang Ruochen roared. He had the power that no one could overthrow him. He spread his hands and mobilized his saint qi like moving the clouds. He deployed the two Supreme Artifacts, the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and the Golden Sun of Destruction.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror had the power to suppress all things. Ancient sacred mountains began to appear one after another and crashed into the three Bone cultivators led by Jadesky Bone Emperor.

The Golden Sun of Destruction released a powerful Yang Qi to counter yin and evil. It clashed with the five Nether cultivators led by Nether Fiend.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen fought against the eight top-notch Saint King elites of the two clans alone.

The majestic illusory mountain and the divine sun-like Golden Sun of Destruction forced the eight elites to retreat. They could barely resist the impact.

The Illusory Tower deployed by Jadesky Bone Emperor and the Divine Eye of Devour deployed by Nether Fiend were both weapons comparable to Supreme Artifacts. However, they were on the verge of collapse at this moment.

“This is too terrifying!”

“The power of the Golden Sun of Destruction is too hot. I can feel that my body is being scorched and refined. I can’t hold on much longer!”

...

Ever since Zhang Ruochen obtained the Golden Sun of Destruction, he rarely used it in battle. He stashed it in the Divine Light Sea of Qi to adjust his Yang Qi. It was hundreds of thousands of times stronger than an ordinary person’s. At the same time, it helped refine his Saint Qi, Soul, and Physique.

Of course, it could also store Saint Qi for emergencies.

This is why the Golden Sun of Destruction was now compatible with Zhang Ruochen. As if it was meant for him.

The Golden Sun of Destruction could unleash incredible power in Zhang Ruochen's hand even though it was refined into Supreme Artifact recently. Its power could be on par with the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

Rumble

Eight Saint King elites from the Infernal Court were forced back by the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and the Golden Sun of Destruction.

The two Supreme Artifacts hovered above Zhang Ruochen to protect him. He opened the Secret Tome of Time and Space and turned to the page that recorded the Dimensional Tide. He mobilized all the Precepts of Dimension in him and used this dimensional technique with all his might.

With the help of the Secret Tome of Time and Space, the power of the Dimensional Tide doubled.

The power of the tide surged forward.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen swam like a fish in the Dimensional Tide, as he moved forward at full speed. Although it was life-threatening, he had to take the chance because Yan WuShen could catch up with him any time now.

He could not afford to be entangled by Yan Wushen.

“Zhang Ruochen, I'm still here! Do you think you can fight against the top-notch Saint King elites of the three clans all by yourself?” said Shi Juexin.

The attacks of the Stone Clan elites led by Shi Juexin temporarily stopped the Dimensional Tide.

The cultivators of the Bone clan and the Nether Clan gathered their strength and attacked again.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen's Profound Spatial Dimension was pierced through. The Power of Curse fell on him, and the sacred artifact of the Stone Clan cultivators pierced through his chest.

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and forced his way through. He appeared in front of Shi Juexin and the Ancient Abyssal Blade flew out and stabbed Shi Juexin in an instant.

“You... you ...” said Shi Juexin.

Shi Juexin’s pupils were constricted. He wanted to dodge immediately, but it was too late.

He had to mobilize his power and defend with all his strength. Countless natural and profound arcane runes appeared on his body.

Crack

A clear cracking sound rang out and clear cracks appeared on Shi Juexin’s chest.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen passed through. Shi Juexin’s huge body shattered into thousands of pieces of gravel.

“How is this possible?” Shi Juexin asked.

Shi Juexin’s head was the last to shatter. His eyes were wide open. He couldn’t believe it.

The bodies of the Stone Clan were the hardest. The Stone Clan was known for their indestructible body, and Shi Juexin was one of the best clansmen. Only a few under the Supreme Sainthood could break through his defenses.

As for breaking his stone body, it shouldn’t have happened.

This was the first time in his life that his stone body was shattered.

Shi Juexin’s shattered body was pieced back together in the blink of an eye as if nothing happened before.

However, Shi Juexin’s breath has weakened a lot and he was badly injured.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen had already broken through the seal. He appeared in front of the dimensional teleportation array and protected Bookworm and Moha behind him.

Zhang Ruochen's breath fluctuated greatly. The Blood Qi in his body surged violently like waves. It was almost breaking out of him.

There was a trace of blood at the corner of his mouth. He had made a great sacrifice for forcing his way in.

"You guys heal quickly. I'll hold them off for a while," Zhang Ruochen said.

Moha nodded. "Okay."

"I have never shown admiration to anyone before, but I have to admire you, Zhang Ruochen. You are a real hero," Bookworm said.

The two immediately calmed down and seized the time to heal their wounds.

They had absorbed a large amount of the Spring of Life in them, but they had no time to make good use of it.

After enduring for so long, they can finally relax a bit.

With The Book of Death hovered above Yan Wushen, he stepped forward and locked his eyes on Zhang Ruochen and he said in a deep voice, "Zhang Ruochen, since you care so much about the Saturn Peach Tree, I will lock its spatial coordinates first and then fight you to the death."

Yan Wushen's body surged with the Primordial Infernal Yama Qi as he spoke. He poured it into the Book of Death and controlled the divine force of Yama contained within.

Suddenly, a majestic phantom god of the Yanluo clan appeared. It was vivid and lifelike as if it wanted to cross the River of Time and descend to the present world.

Yan Wushen had once again displayed the Deva Path of the Yanluo clan by borrowing the power of the Book of Death. The power that could swirl up everything enveloped Zhang Ruochen and even covered the entire Microworld.

Yan Wushen and the phantom god were completely in sync, and their actions were identical.

As Yan Wushen pressed down with one hand, the phantom god's palm also pressed down. A huge whirlpool appeared in his palm. The arcane light of life and death swirled within.

Seeing this, Shi Juexin and the others didn't hesitate. They joined hands with Yan Wushen.

Shi Juexin, in particular, looked like he was going all out. He used a large amount of his Qi to summon a gray mountain.

This mountain was enormous. It was 30,000 meters tall and contained boundless Power of Death. As soon as it appeared, a stifling deathly stillness spread quickly.

Zhang Ruochen was facing more than a dozen Saint King elites from the Infernal Court by himself. He looked up at the phantom god and the 30,000 meters tall mountain. His heart was calm, his eyes were filled with determination to face death with ease.

Crash

He summoned the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and the Golden Sun of Destruction. At the same time, he condensed the Profound Spatial Dimension, the River of Time, and the REalm-frame of Truth. He tried his best to defend using all his might.

"I must hold up the defense," Zhang Ruochen murmured.

He had no way to retreat now. What's behind him was the hope of Kunlun. It represented the fate of the billions of lives in Kunlun. It was worth risking his life to protect it.

Bookworm and Moha pulled themselves together again. They didn't care how badly they were injured. They activated the array formations of Rainbow Pavilion and the Sacred Confucian Tome with all their strength.

At this moment, they couldn't let Zhang Ruochen take it on alone.

Boom

The extremely violent power drowned Zhang Ruochen and the others.

Yan Wushen and the others weren't worried about the dimensional teleportation array being damaged. After all, with Master Fangcun's dimensional attainments, even a top-notch Supreme Saint wouldn't be able to destroy this dimensional teleportation array easily.

In an instant, all the defenses of Zhang Ruochen and the other two were destroyed. However, they still managed to block this round of attacks.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the front and defended Bookworm and Moha from most of the attacks.

As a result, Zhang Ruochen's injuries worsened, and he spat out a mouthful of Saint Blood.

"Hurry up and find that High-Saing Talisman Master. Brother Ruochen can't hold on much longer!" Xiang Chunan was extremely anxious. He wished to rush up and fight alongside Zhang Ruochen.

Unfortunately, Xiang Chunan was being held back by Feng Yan.

Feng Yan was also extremely anxious. No matter how strong Zhang Ruochen was, he was just standing there as a target. How many rounds of attacks could he block?

Once Zhang Ruochen fell, their side would not be so far from annihilation.

Maiden of a Thousand Stars frowned. She was frustrated that she couldn't locate the High-Saint Talisman Master because he had hidden too well. She had already used up all her tricks in her sleeves, but there was still no clue.

"You're struggling on the verge of death. Since you dare to obstruct the affair of Infernal Court, then you must have the will to die. All of you should obediently hand over your Saint Soul and I shall devour them," Lan Xuezi said with a cruel smile.

Great Prince Bloodwing snorted coldly and said, "No matter how you struggle, you won't be able to escape the fate of becoming my food."

Xiang Chunan and Feng Yan were both enraged by Great Prince Bloodwing's words. If it wasn't for Maiden of a Thousand Stars, who was still searching for the High-Saint Talisman Master, they would have already rushed over and joined the encirclement of Lan Xuezi and the Great Prince Bloodwing.

Boom

Suddenly, a divine light flashed across the sky above the Rainbow Pavilion. A powerful force crashed down, shaking the whole world.

Feng Yan revealed a joyful face and said, "They are all attacking from the outside and trying to break the Realm-sealing Talisman. That force just now was incredible."

Just when that force crashed into the Rainbow Pavilion's barrier, Maiden of a Thousand Stars finally found the trail of the High-Saint Talisman Master. Instantly, her confidence skyrocketed.

Maiden of a Thousand Stars hoped that if there's a few attacks, she would be able to find the High-Saint Talisman Master.

...

Outside the Rainbow Pavilion.

Both the sky and the ground were full of cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen's arrival on the Altar of Saints had caused too much of a ruckus. In addition, the accident in the Ziwei Palace had made all the cultivators in the imperial city realize that something big had happened.

At the same time, there was news from the Celestial Court. It seemed to be the matter of life and death of Kunlun.

Although they were unsure of the exact situation in the Rainbow Pavilion, many cultivators still rushed over as fast as they could.

The most active ones were naturally the cultivators of Kunlun.

Since the Central Imperial City was surrounded by tens of millions of Saint soldiers from the Infernal Court, the Saint

cultivators of Kunlun had come from all over.

Kunlun's cultivators had lived in the imperial city and were bullied everywhere by the cultivators of the Celestial Court before this.

It was Zhang Ruochen who had issued the decree and allowed them to stand tall. Thus, most of the cultivators of Kunlun respected Zhang Ruochen.

That was why they had rushed to the Rainbow Pavilion at this time.

Even though most of them had low cultivation, they had come without hesitation. They wanted to do their part to protect Kunlun.

This included the owner of Welkin Lounge, Chu Xiangyun.

Back then, he seemed to cower in fear when he faced the leader of the Saber Empyrean. He was afraid of death and lived without dignity.

But now, he walked with his head held high. His eyes were firm and fearless.

It had to be said that everything Zhang Ruochen did had a huge impact on him. It had almost changed his life.

Unfortunately, the Rainbow Pavilion was enveloped by the Realm-sealing Talisman. No matter how many cultivators gathered here, they couldn't break it. They were all blocked outside.

Whoosh

A dazzling jade divine light tore through the sky and descended outside the Rainbow Pavilion.

All the cultivators present were attracted by the jade divine light.

The jade divine light's true form was a jadeite ruler. It was 3 meters long. There were many fine scales on it. As soon as it appeared, it crazily absorbed Saint Qi of heaven and earth.

Under the jadeite ruler, there stood a graceful figure. Her body was shrouded in nine-colored saint light, and she stepped on

the void like an immortal.

She was none other than the Nine-heavens Maiden who had left earlier.

“This aura... is the Imperial Ruler.”

A Saint King of Kunlun couldn't help but exclaim.

The Inscription Guild was completely open to the public. Any Saint King cultivator of Kunlun could go to the Imperial Ruler to comprehend the Path. Therefore, there were quite a few people who had come into contact with the Imperial Ruler.

However, no one had expected that the Nine-heavens Maiden could bring the Imperial Ruler out of the Inscription Guild.

This was truly a Divine Artifact, which usually only existed in legends. As an eternal and indestructible Macroworld like Kunlun, only ten artifacts appeared in hundreds of millions of years.

“Milady, what exactly happened?” A saint of the imperial court asked.

At this point, the Nine-heavens Maiden would not hide it anymore and she said seriously, “An elite from the Infernal Court entered the Rainbow Pavilion through the Voidbridge of Chaos. He intended to destroy the spiritual roots of Kunlun.”

Hearing this, all the cultivators of Kunlun were shocked and then furious.

“Such a thing happened. We must not let the scheme of the Infernal Court succeed.”

“Yes, even if I have to die, I will stop Hell.”

“Kunlun has finally produced a new spiritual root of heaven and earth, which is the hope of our Kunlun, more important than our lives.”

“Although I am weak, I am not afraid of a battle with the Infernal Court. Milady, please lead us into the Rainbow Pavilion to protect the spiritual roots of the world and Kunlun.”

...

All the cultivators of Kunlun were in high spirits and their blood was boiling.

In the face of righteousness, they did not care about their own lives.

“Then let us fight together for Kunlun, live for Kunlun, and die for Kunlun,” the Nine-heavens Maiden said with a determined look in her eyes.

As she spoke, she mobilized her Saint Qi and spiritual power to activate the Imperial Ruler to its fullest.

Billions of complicated Divine Marks appeared on the surface of the Imperial Ruler, and majestic divine force surged out.

BOOM!

A resplendent ruler’s light burst forth and ruthlessly struck the barrier.

The barrier trembled violently, but it wasn’t broken.

The Nine-heaven Maiden’s current strength was not strong enough to unleash the power of the Imperial Ruler.

Of course, there was another important fact. There wasn’t a vessel spirit within the Imperial Ruler. Otherwise, a casual attack would have the means to destroy the world.

Even without a vessel spirit, not everyone could use it.

There was a vessel spirit mark in the Imperial Ruler. Only when it was recognized could it have temporary control.

“Milady, we will aid you.”

The Kunlun cultivators all attacked and gathered their power on the Nine-heavens Maiden.

The Saint Light and divine light on the Nine-heavens Maiden became more and more dazzling, like a sun hanging in the sky. She activated the Imperial Ruler again and launched an even more powerful attack.

With the Imperial Ruler and the power of tens of thousands of cultivators of Kunlun, she believes that she could break the seal of the Realm-sealing Talisman.

In the Rainbow Pavilion.

After the Realm-sealing Talisman was attacked many times, Maiden of a Thousand Stars finally caught the aura of the High-Saint Talisman Master.

Maiden of a Thousand Stars used her sleeve to wipe the sweat off her forehead. The pressure on her shoulder was lifted instantly. Then, a cold glint appeared in her bright and beautiful eyes, she said, “Detestable fellow, you’ve made me spend so much time on locating you. Let’s see just how capable you are.”

“Divine Crusher of Origin.”

She released all of her spiritual energy without holding back and turning it into a spinning spiritual energy crusher. Combining both of her spiritual energy and the Power of Origin.

The High-Saint Talisman Master who was in charge of controlling the Realm-sealing Talisman was a skinny Deathkin elite.

He was sitting cross-legged in the middle of a pile of rocks. As he was covered in talismans, the space around him turned into half-empty space. Because of this, even Maiden of a Thousand Stars’ Divine Eye of Origin couldn’t reveal him.

It was almost impossible for anyone below the Supreme Sainthood to find his tracks.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes and revealed a strange expression. He said, “Oh? What a powerful spiritual energy attack, and... It’s the Power of Origin.”

This Deathkin High-Saint Talisman Master didn’t dare to underestimate his opponent. He hurriedly released his spiritual energy and formed an illusory defensive barrier. There were thirty-six shields appeared on the barrier.

Although Maiden of a Thousand Stars wasn’t a High-Saint Talisman Master yet, her spiritual energy was astonishing. It wasn’t much weaker than that Deathkin High-Saint Talisman Master.

With the Power of Origin, the might of the Divine Crusher of Origin was not ordinary.

Therefore, although it was only defense, it consumed almost 90% of the Deathkin High-Saint Talisman Master's spiritual power and was completely restrained.

As a result, his control over the Realm-sealing Talisman was greatly weakened.

Boom

With the joint efforts of the Nine-heavens Maiden and many Kunlun cultivators, the Imperial Ruler was finally able to break the barrier and tear a hole that was hundreds of meters wide.

“It is undoubtedly the aura of the Infernal Court's cultivators. Let's attack together and end them once and for all. Charge!”

“Charge!”

Accompanied by earth-shaking shouts, the cultivators gathered here rushed into the Rainbow Pavilion through the gap like a tide.

Chapter 2205: Imperial Ruler on Hand, Peerless One Shall Be

Without the Deathkin High-Saint Talisman Master's control, the barrier formed by the Realm-sealing Talisman was damaged. Its recovery speed was much slower and it couldn't repair itself immediately.

Whoosh

Many elites hiding in the dark appeared one after another and rushed toward the gap.

Since they had already confirmed that there were elites from the Infernal Court in the Rainbow Pavilion, they naturally had no reason to stand by and watch. Besides, many people had already received the order from the Celestial Palace, but they were all blocked by the Realm-sealing Talisman and couldn't get in.

In the Rainbow Pavilion.

The cultivators from the Celestial and Infernal Courts all looked at the gap of the barrier.

The morale of the Celestial Court was naturally high. The arrival of countless reinforcements was enough to turn the situation around and tilt the balance of victory in their direction.

The cultivators of the Infernal Court looked grave. They hadn't expected that someone else would barge in from the outside after Zhang Ruochen.

"Kill Zhang Ruochen immediately and take down the dimensional teleportation array. We don't have much time left."

An elite of the Infernal Court roared.

As he spoke, he waved his hand and struck out many talismans at the cultivators who had entered the Rainbow Pavilion.

The other elites from the Infernal Court also attacked after they saw the elite make a move. Countless talismans were cast from all directions. The power they released was enough to destroy a primitive world.

The Infernal Court was well prepared to complete this mission and they had considered all possible situations.

The gap between the dimensional teleportation array was over a thousand miles away. Due to the obstruction of the elites from the Infernal Court and the large number of talismans they had thrown out, it was not an easy task for the reinforcements from the Celestial Court to rush over.

Yan Wushen calculated that the Infernal Court could only delay for 15 minutes at most.

If they could not take down the dimensional teleportation array and lock onto the spatial coordinates of the Saturn Peach Tree during this time, the mission would fail and they could only choose to retreat.

All the elites of the Infernal Court felt a strong sense of urgency. They were the elites of the ten clans of the Infernal Court. If they could not complete the mission, how would they save their face?

The elites might face some punishment if they returned to the Infernal Court empty-handed.

Yan Wushen said, "Zhang Ruochen, I wish to have a good fight with you. Unfortunately, Now is not the right time. Since you want to sacrifice yourself for Kunlun, I'll fulfill your wish."

He wanted to fight Zhang Ruochen fair and square.

Sadly, it was hard for him to get what he wanted today.

The *Book of Death* was revived and brought on a kingdom of death. It made the surrounding space become dead silent and destroyed all life in the world.

"Death is the eternal destination of all living things."

An ancient and obscure voice sounded. It contained unspeakable and terrible magic power. It wanted to guide all

living things toward death without hesitation.

Even Zhang Ruochen, Bookworm, and Moha's spiritual wills were affected. Their Saint Souls trembled and were extremely uncomfortable.

Zhang Ruochen felt a great threat. He probably won't be able to resist Yan Wushen's attack in his current state.

'Looks like I'll have to use them,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen opened up his inner Qiankun Realm. A streak of divine light flew out and transformed into a ferocious beast. The beast is shaped like a demonic wolf, but with a huge dragon head, wings on its ribs, black scales-covered body, and four tails of different colors behind it.

ROAR!

The beast roared and it gave off a terrifying aura. It had reached the Hundred Shackle Realm and was much stronger than average Hundred Shackle Realm Saints.

It was Dragon Phantom Lord that Zhang Ruochen had tamed on True Dragon Island. A combination of four divine forces and his strength shouldn't be underestimated.

As soon as the Dragon Phantom Lord came out, he opened his mouth and shot a streak of divine light toward Yan Wushen.

This divine light was formed from four kinds of divine force interwoven together, fusing and possessing a terrifying power that could destroy and melt everything.

Boom

The four-colored divine light was unparalleled, and it instantly destroyed the kingdom of death brought forth from the *Book of Death*.

However, just as the four-colored divine light was about to touch Yan Wushen, a dark divine light suddenly burst out from Yan Wushen and perfectly protected him.

In the next moment, the dark divine light annihilated the four-colored divine light and shot into Dragon Phantom Lord.

Boom

Dragon Phantom Lord shattered like glass and its Saint Soul met the same fate.

With just one hit, the immortal Dragon Phantom Lord died and dissipated.

Only a huge four-colored divine force crystal was left. The sight of it was magnificent.

A Supreme Saint in the Hundred Shackle Realm had died just like that!

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised by it, as if he had already expected the result.

At this stage, Kunlun wouldn't allow any elite above the Saint Kinghood to appear. Once the Emissaries Vigilant found out, they would be killed with no mercy.

However, the Realm-sealing Talisman was sealing the Rainbow Pavilion recently and cut off from the outside world. No one knew what was going on inside.

Under such circumstances, Zhang Ruochen hadn't let Dragon Phantom Lord out because he had thought that there was a Divine Envoy from the Infernal Court. If Dragon Phantom Lord was attacked by an elite above the Saint Kinghood, then he would counterattack passively.

After all, everyone here was a top-notch Saint Kings. Zhang Ruochen couldn't be the only Divine Envoy. The god of the Infernal Court would give Yan Wushen and the others the protection they deserved.

The truth was just as Zhang Ruochen had expected. Letting the Dragon Phantom Lord out was simply courting death.

However, at this point, he had no other choice. To protect the dimensional teleportation array, he had to sacrifice Dragon Phantom Lord.

It was worthy to sacrifice a Hundred Shackle Realm Supreme Saint to buy some time.

Zhang Ruochen thought that the leaders of the ten clans of the Infernal Court should all have the status of Divine Envoys. Which can be regarded as a kind of trump card.

In other parts of Kunlun, the identity of Divine Envoys might not be of much use. Just like on True Dragon Island, the moment Dragon Phantom Lord appeared, he killed the Army of the Infernal Court and forced them to flee.

However, it was different in the Rainbow Pavilion. With the hole in the Voidbridge of Chaos, the gods of the Infernal Court could use some treasures to transmit their divine force.

On the other hand, if the Infernal Court sent an elite beyond the Saint Kingdom to attack Zhang Ruochen, the Staff of the Divine Envoy given by Moon Goddess would also be activated.

A dark golden token floated in front of Yan Wushen. Countless Divine Mark interweaved on it, faintly emitting a terrifying divine might. It was this token that had released a terrifying divine light and killed the Dragon Phantom Lord.

“This is the monster you subdued on the True Dragon Island, right? I heard Son of Darkness was swallowed by this monster in one bite. If you didn’t break through the void, you might have succeeded. But now, you no longer have the chance.” Yan Wushen’s eyes were sharp, his body exuded a Primordial Infernal Yama Qi.

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, “The Celestial Court’s army has entered the Rainbow Pavilion. You won’t be able to resist it and your chances are out. If this drags on, all the elites of the Infernal Court, including you, Yan Wushen, will die here.”

“Zhang Ruochen, why are you talking nonsense? You will die before the Celestial Court’s army arrives. The spatial coordinates of the Saturn Peach Tree will be locked. Charge!” Shi Juexin roared with an impressive aura.

Once again, he summoned the gray mountain and poured in half of the purest power into the mountain. He pushed the mountain’s power to the limit at all costs.

They didn’t have much time left. They had to complete the mission no matter what price they had to pay.

Jadesky Bone Emperor and the Nether Fiend had the same idea, and they both used their strongest techniques to kill

Zhang Ruochen.

If they could kill Zhang Ruochen and complete the mission, they would have two great contributions.

The other elites of the three clans didn't hesitate either. They attacked Zhang Ruochen one by one.

Zhang Ruochen's heart sank. In his current state, even if he could survive this round of attacks, he would be heavily injured and lose all his combat power.

"Lord of Stone and Lord of Sword, come forth and fight for Kunlun!" Zhang Ruochen's voice sounded in the Qiankun Realm.

Zhang Ruochen valued both Lord of Stone and Lord of Sword very much. They both have great growth potential, far surpassing Dragon Phantom Lord. They could become his right-hand men in the future.

If he had a choice, he would not sacrifice them for anything.

On the other side, the Nine-heavens Maiden cast her eyes to where Zhang Ruochen was. She could not help but look anxious.

She immediately released her spiritual power and Saint Qi and infused them into the Imperial Ruler.

The Imperial Ruler was a mysterious item with infinite possibilities. It made the space under Nine-heavens Maiden shrink. The distance of thousands of meters became one 33 centimeters long. She took a step forward and appeared beside Zhang Ruochen.

Nine-heavens Maiden didn't say anything. She activated the Imperial Ruler and smashed it at Yan Wushen and the others to fight against their attack.

Even without the vessel spirit, the Divine Artifact still had a terrifying power.

Of course, to activate it, one needed to use a huge amount of Saint Qi or spiritual energy. Ordinary Saint King cultivators wouldn't be able to withstand it at all.

Billions of complicated Divine Mark appeared on the surface of the Imperial Ruler. Endless divine force surged out and suppressed the world.

Boom

The Imperial Ruler neutralized all the attacks of Yan Wushen and the cultivators of the three races from Infernal Court in an instant.

However, the divine light of the Imperial Ruler dimmed, and the power of the attack was exhausted.

Nine-heavens Maiden's face became very pale.

She was already injured, and now that she forcefully activated the Divine Artifact, her body clearly couldn't take it.

"Zhang Ruochen, I'll leave the Imperial Ruler to you."

Nine-heavens Maiden's voice rang in Zhang Ruochen's ears.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen reached out his right hand and held the Imperial Ruler, which was 3 meters long.

Without a doubt, Nine-heaven Maiden had communicated with the vessel spirit mark of the Imperial Ruler beforehand, so it could be controlled by Zhang Ruochen immediately.

"Imperial Ruler, one of the ten great Divine Artifacts of Kunlun."

A strange light flashed in Yan Wushen's eyes, and then his eyes became serious.

In the Middle Ages, the ten great Divine Artifacts of Kunlun could be said to be well-known. Their names shook the Celestial Court and the Infernal Court. Almost everyone knew about them.

Many cultivators entered Kunlun intending to collect the Divine Artifacts.

Not to mention a complete Divine Artifact, even a damaged one was invaluable.

Except for Zhang Ruochen, no one thought that the treasure that the Nine-heavens Maiden borrowed was a Divine Artifact.

With the Imperial Ruler in hand, Zhang Ruochen let out a long cry. All his gloom was swept away. There was no need to sacrifice the Lord of Stone and Lord of Sword to protect the dimensional teleportation array.

“Imperial Ruler, Kunlun is in imminent danger. Grant me power and destroy these invaders.”

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen operated the Empyrean Emperor Ming’s Scripture and poured all his Saint Qi into the Imperial Ruler.

Zhang Ruochen’s Saint Qi was far more powerful and of a higher quality compared to Nine-heavens Maiden.

To use the Imperial Ruler’s power to the best of his ability, Zhang Ruochen deliberately used the Canon of Truth to further activate the divine force contained in the Imperial Ruler.

Zhang Ruochen raised the Imperial Ruler with both hands and said with a fierce look, “Yan Wushen, take this.”

Among all the elites present, Yan Wushen was the biggest threat. As long as he was eliminated, the danger would be more than half solved.

Crash

The Imperial Ruler emitted dazzling divine light and condensed a solid blade that was thousands of meters long. It chopped down in the air.

At this moment, Yan Wushen’s expression finally changed.

Even someone as strong as him couldn’t help but feel a great threat.

As for the others, they were even more shocked. The Imperial Ruler in Zhang Ruochen’s hand was very different from the Nine-Heavens Maiden’s.

Being locked on by the Divine Artifact, Yan Wushen couldn’t dodge. He knew that normal methods couldn’t block this ruler.

Immediately, Yan Wushen activated the powerful Divine Marks engraved on his body, and all of them appeared clearly.

Creak

The ruler's blade landed solidly on Yan Wushen's shoulder, instantly shattering the Divine Marks.

However, taking advantage of this gap, Yan Wushen's golden body rapidly shrank, from 30 meters to 30 centimeters. His body transformed into a stream of light, narrowly avoiding the ruler's blade and retreating far away.

The most powerful golden body technique of Buddhism had two forms. When it became 30 meters, it could double its power and its combat strength was unparalleled.

When it became 30 centimeters, it could increase its speed and use it to escape.

Yan Wushen did not expect that he would use his golden body to escape.

The two Saint Kings of Infernal Court nearest to Yan Wushen were sent flying by the aftershock of the Imperial Ruler before they could react.

In front of Zhang Ruochen, a deep ravine hundred meters long appeared on the ground. The entire Rainbow Pavilion was almost split into two.

"Die!" Zhang Ruochen shouted coldly and waved the Imperial Ruler again.

Boom

The Imperial Ruler struck the Bone Clan Saint King who had been sent flying. Even though he had a Supreme Saint-level Bone physique, it shattered in an instant.

The Bone Physique couldn't resist the Imperial Ruler, and the Saint Soul was destroyed.

Zhang Ruochen didn't stop. He struck again and killed another Netherkin elite who had been sent flying.

Then, Zhang Ruochen held the Imperial Ruler. Like a god of death, he charged toward the other elites of the three clans.

"No!" A Stone Clan elite roared unwillingly. He tried his best to resist.

Unfortunately, it was all in vain. All his defenses were like paper in front of the Imperial Ruler and they were easily broken through.

The ruler landed an attack and he followed in the footsteps of the Bone Clan and Nether Clan elites. His bones were shattered and his Saint Soul was destroyed.

Boom

Boom

...

Zhang Ruochen waved the Imperial Ruler continuously. Every time he waved, an elite of the Infernal Court would be destroyed.

No weaklings were killed in the process. They were all top-notch elites first-tier below the Supreme Sainthood. They were extremely powerful and had many treasures, but no one could resist the Imperial Ruler's attack.

As the saying goes, the situation will never stay the same. No one had expected the situation to change so quickly. It was so sudden that no one was prepared for it.

A moment ago, they had been trying to kill Zhang Ruochen. In the blink of an eye, their lives were in Zhang Ruochen's hands.

"Hiss."

Seeing this scene, both the cultivators of the Celestial Court and the Infernal Court couldn't help but gasp.

The power of a Divine Artifact was so terrifying.

All of a sudden, the elites of the Infernal Court thought of retreating. Without waiting for the army of the Celestial Court to attack, Zhang Ruochen alone was probably not something they could fight.

They had planned everything, but they hadn't expected that a perfect Divine Artifact would appear. This became the biggest variable.

Wan Xin was shocked and thought to himself, "The Imperial Ruler is in Zhang Ruochen's hands. He is invincible below the

Supreme Sainthood. Even Yan Wushen chose to retreat. It's almost impossible to get Zhang Ruochen's body.

Wan Xin's master had ordered him to bring Zhang Ruochen's body back. If he failed, he wouldn't be able to answer Asurendra Samay.

As he thought, Wan Xin's gaze suddenly locked onto Chi Kongyue, who was standing on the Altar of Saints.

A Master of Time with a Five-element Chaotic Body. Although it can't be compared to Zhang Ruochen, it will have to do.' Wan Xin thought of an idea.

Immediately, Wan Xin controlled the long River of Time, forcing back all the elites who were attacking him.

Then, he ignored all obstacles and rushed to the Altar of Saints.

The Altar of Saints was extraordinary, but it was restricted by the Bridge of Vaitarna, so its power was greatly reduced. The powerful force contained in it couldn't be activated at all.

Wan Xin moved in a flash and he performed a ghost-like movement technique and arrived in front of the Altar of Saints in an instant.

Splash

The River of Time broke through the layers of obstacles and entered the Altar of Saints, enveloping Chi Kongyue in an instant.

“Put down the Little Princess KongYue.”

The Mastodon-Devouring Rabbit and the Demon Ape roared and attacked with all their strength, trying to shatter the River of Time.

Bang

The River of Time trembled and released an extremely terrifying power, which easily sent the Mastodon-Devouring Rabbit and Demon Ape flying.

The Mark of Time entered their bodies and cut off their hundreds of years of life, temporarily making them weak.

“Master, hurry and rescue Princess Kongyue.”

The Mastodon-Devouring Rabbit turned its head and shouted at Zhang Ruochen anxiously.

At this time, Zhang Ruochen had killed seven elites in a row. Two were from the Bone Clan, two were from the Nether Clan, and three were from the Stone Clan. He had killed so many elites of the three clans that they were terrified.

Zhang Ruochen was about to take advantage of this opportunity to kill Yan Wushen and the remaining elites of the three clans. When he heard this, he froze.

In an instant, Zhang Ruochen’s gaze locked onto Chi Kongyue, who was wrapped in the River of Time.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was distracted, Yan Wushen and the elites of the three clans immediately used their extreme speed and rushed toward the spatial hole where the Voidbridge of Chaos was.

This was the best chance to retreat. If they missed it and were surrounded by the cultivators of the Celestial Court, they would probably die.

As for taking down the dimensional teleportation array, they knew from the moment Zhang Ruochen got the Imperial Ruler that it was impossible.

At the same time, the other elites of the Infernal Court were also retreating. No one wanted to face Zhang Ruochen with the Imperial Ruler.

“Let go of Kongyue! Do You Want to Die?”

Zhang Ruochen shouted angrily and chased after Wan Xin.

Chi Kunlun hadn’t been rescued yet. He wouldn’t watch Chi Kongyue be taken away by the elites of the Infernal Court.

Wan Xin carried Chi Kongyue and said coldly to Zhang Ruochen, “You ruined the plan of the Infernal Court. You’ll have to pay a heavy price for it. Come to the Infernal Court and kill me if you dare.”

With that, Wan Xin jumped into the spatial hole and entered the void. He landed on the Voidbridge of Chaos and ran quickly on it.

Chapter 2206: Charging All The Way Towards Death

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Outside Kunlun, the space became extremely unstable and shook incessantly. The power of nothingness seeped out and was gradually eroding this starry sky.

The cause of it was due to the large-scale divine war between the Celestial Court and the Infernal Court.

After fighting in the void for a long time, even powerful gods would feel overwhelmed. The slightest carelessness would cause the harmful energy to corrode them.

This time, Wargod Bian Zhuang and Lord of Fane of Truth were leading the Celestial Court. Their formation was extremely powerful. From the very beginning, they had a considerable advantage.

Furthermore, they had killed the gods of the Infernal Court.

As a result, the gods of the Infernal Court began to retreat after a series of fierce battles.

With the gods of Celestial Court obstructing them, even if they locked onto the spatial coordinates of the Saturn Peach Tree, it would be very difficult for Infernal Court to succeed.

Lord of Fane of Truth was very angry and released all of its suppression. Her Divine Physique became larger than a planet as its vast divine force turned into a nebula that surrounded her.

Billions of Precepts of Truth flew out from the Lord of Fane of Truth and interweaved with each other. They quickly turned into an incomparably large chaosverse with countless galaxies flowing within.

Huang Tian's eyes froze at the sight of it. He hurriedly released his Precept of Truth and condensed his Realm-frame of Truth.

Like the Lord of Fane of Truth, he was a peerless genius who cultivated the Path of Truth. He condensed the rarely seen—

Boundless Universe, a form of Realm-frame of Truth.

BOOM!

The two vast Realm-frames of Truth like chaosverses collided head-on.

On the surface, the two Realm-frames of Truth did not seem to be very different.

However, when they collided, the Realm-frame of Truth that Huang Tian condensed immediately revealed a flaw as massive cracks appeared.

BANG!

Countless stars exploded within Huang Tian's Realm-frame of Truth. The entire chaosverse was rapidly collapsing, and the situation was irreversible.

"Not good."

Huang Tian's heart sank, and the pressure doubled.

Immediately, Huang Tian raised his stone ax and released his majestic divine force to block in front of him.

Boom

Huang Tian's Realm-frame of Truth completely exploded, and the terrifying power drowned his divine body.

Although he was the Envoy of Truth and had 1% of the Canon of Truth, the Realm-frame of Truth he condensed was also the best. However, compared to the Lord of Fane of Truth, his achievements in the Path of Truth were undoubtedly far inferior.

Under the suppression of the Lord of Fane of Truth's Realm-frame of Truth, Huang Tian was still severely injured even when he blocked the attack with the stone ax. Half of his extremely hard stone body was shattered, and the outcome had already been decided.

"You betrayed your master, your ancestor, the Fane of Truth, and the Celestial Court. Huang Tian, you must pay the price for this." The Lord of Fane of Truth looked down at the suppressed Huang Tian and her eyes were cold and resolute.

The Lord of Fane of Truth stretched out a hand as she spoke. It was enormous and contained a galaxy within it. As the galaxy revolved, it released a terrifying power that pressed down on Huang Tian.

Huang Tian's pupils constricted as he felt an extremely great threat.

"Merge my shattered physique." Huang Tian let out a roar.

Immediately, his damaged stone body merged with the stone ax.

The stone ax was originally one with Huang Tian. The two were born from the same source. When they merged, they could unleash their might to the fullest.

However, very few people could force the tyrant Huang Tian to fuse with the stone ax.

Right now, he chose to do this not for a bloody battle but to escape. The Lord of Fane of Truth was ridiculously strong, and she was not someone he could fight against currently.

Boom

The stone ax released a monstrous divine force, breaking free from the suppression of the Realm-frame of Truth in one move.

At the same time, the stone ax shattered the void, pierced through the galaxy, and flew out of the void.

"You won't get away from me."

The Lord of Fane of Truth shouted and grabbed the stone ax with her outstretched palm.

However, the stone ax's speed was shockingly fast, and in an instant, he escaped beyond the vast starry sky.

BOOM! BOOM!

In the starry sky, the planets exploded one after another, unable to withstand the impact of the soaring stone ax. Ever since Huang Tian was born, he has rarely been chased after in such a pathetic manner.

The Lord of Fane of Truth took a step forward and followed closely behind a stone ax. She did not intend to let Huang Tian off so easily.

And seeing Huang Tian escape, the gods of the Infernal Court lost their fighting spirit and retreated.

At this point, the divine war had come to an end.

Some of the gods of Infernal Court had fallen. Thus, the Celestial Court had claimed triumph.

...

In the Rainbow Pavilion.

Zhang Ruochen was furious. Holding the Imperial Ruler, he shrunk the ground into an inch. He took a step forward and arrived at the spatial hole.

However, the elites of the ten clans of Infernal Court were falling back to the Voidbridge of Chaos and rushed to the spatial hole on the other side.

Wan Xin was the fastest. In the blink of an eye, he was nowhere to be seen.

Yan Wushen stood on the Voidbridge of Chaos and blocked Zhang Ruochen's way.

"Yan Wushen, you dare to block me? Do you think I can't kill you? Those who stand in my way today shall die," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were cold. He waved the Imperial Ruler and hacked at Yan Wushen.

"Then let's Fight!" said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen's eyes were serious. With a wave of his hand, more than a dozen powerful weapons flew out to meet the Imperial Ruler.

These weapons belonged to the three clans that Zhang Ruochen had killed. Yan Wushen kept them. Each weapon was incredibly powerful. At the very least, they were comparable to a Regal Artifact. There were even several that were comparable to a Supreme Artifact.

No matter what, he had to buy time for the cultivators of the Infernal Court to retreat.

Even if Zhang Ruochen was in control of the Divine Artifact, he had nothing to fear.

Crack

The moment Zhang Ruochen swung the Imperial Ruler, there was a cracking sound. Then, it turned into bright fragments and flew out.

In front of a Divine Artifact, even a Regal Artifact was no different from a piece of scrap metal.

After Zhang Ruochen destroyed seven weapons in a row, his attack was blocked.

Rumble

At this moment, the Voidbridge of Chaos beneath them shook violently. It quickly crumbled and turned into nothingness.

That was because the gods of the Infernal Court had retreated. The Voidbridge of Chaos had lost the god's control.

However, when Yan Wushen was blocking Zhang Ruochen, the top-notch Saint Kings of the ten clans of Infernal Court had all retreated from the void. There were no more casualties.

Yan Wushen used the dimension treasure to protect himself. He controlled the remaining soldiers and retreated quickly.

The erosive power of the void was terrifying. Even the dimension treasure had cracked after holding on for a few breaths.

Yan Wushen's thick brows furrowed. He knew he couldn't stay in the void anymore and said, "According to my agreement with Asurendra Samay, I should have defeated you completely and brought your body back to the Infernal Court for it to possess. Unfortunately, you have the Imperial Ruler and I can't do anything to you."

"Since Wan Xin took Chi Kongyue away, it means that he has decided to replace you with Chi Kongyue."

Leaving these words, Yan Wushen took out a shuttle-shaped dimension treasure and shattered the space behind him. He leaped and left the void.

Yan Wushen told the secret of Asurendra Samay because he wanted to lure Zhang Ruochen to the Infernal Court. He felt that the fight between him and Zhang Ruochen could only be decided when he reached the Supreme Sainthood.

If Zhang Ruochen went to the Infernal Court, they would have more chances to fight.

“Zhang Ruochen, you are my sharpening stone. With you, I can become stronger.” Yan Wushen’s voice drifted over and echoed in the void.

...

“Asurendra Samay... possession...” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were filled with blood capillaries as if he was about to be possessed.

It turned out that Wan Xin had captured Chi Kongyue to give him to a god in the Infernal Court for possession.

The result of possession meant that Chi Kongyue’s Saint Soul would be devoured, leaving only a soulless vessel.

Thinking of all this, no matter how steady his state of mind was, it became chaotic.

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and said repeatedly, “No, no... it’s impossible. Nothing must happen to Kongyue. Nothing must happen to him.”

Boom

Zhang Ruochen waved the Imperial Ruler and forcefully broke open the space. He rushed out of the void and appeared in the air outside the Central Imperial City. He suddenly fell to the ground, sinking a large area of the ground around him.

Even though Wan Xin had escaped far away, Zhang Ruochen still locked onto his Qi at the first moment.

“Wan Xin!” Zhang Ruochen let out an angry roar. The space shook and the ground shook. He chased after him quickly.

Outside the Central Imperial City, the cultivators of the Infernal Court had made all sorts of arrangements. There were hundreds and thousands of arrays to defend and seal the space. They couldn't use the Great Dimensional Shift.

"Zhang Ruochen is a daredevil, he managed to chase us until we were out of the city!"

"Damn it. Does he think he's invincible? Outside the city is the camp of the Sainthood Army of the Infernal Court. There are many powerhouses. How can we let him be so presumptuous?"

"Humph, he's courting death. So what if he has the Divine Artifact? He'll still die today."

The powerhouses of the Infernal Court who had just escaped from the Rainbow Pavilion all looked at Zhang Ruochen with murderous intent.

In the Rainbow Pavilion, many of the Infernal Court elites were killed by Zhang Ruochen and some had to run away, leading to the failure of the mission. Everyone had been holding their anger, and now they could vent it out.

"Let's kill Zhang Ruochen."

The leaders ordered at the same time.

All of a sudden, the cultivators of the Infernal Court attacked Zhang Ruochen with weapons, saint techniques, talismans, and so on.

The Precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth within a radius of 10,000 meters became restless, and a terrifying storm formed.

A Supreme Saint would be beaten to death, let alone a Saint King.

Zhang Ruochen flew in the air, and his body emitted monstrous killing intent. He poured all his Saint Qi into the Imperial Ruler and hacked forward one foot with all his strength.

He only wanted to save Chi Kongyue now. No matter who stood in front of him, he had to split them open.

The Imperial Ruler released a dazzling jade divine light. Billions of Divine Mark appeared clearly, releasing a vast and mighty divine force like the ocean.

Boom

The Imperial Ruler's divine force disintegrated all the cultivators of Infernal Court's attacks.

However, Zhang Ruochen still suffered a big impact. His body couldn't help but fall back. The Blood Qi in him surged violently, and he spat out a mouthful of Saint Blood.

It was said that two fists couldn't beat four hands. What's more, Zhang Ruochen was facing tens of millions of Sainthood soldiers from the Infernal Court. He was no different from a moth flying to a flame.

"All Array Masters, set up a killing formation and block the way forward."

A Heavenly Lord of the Asura gave the order.

He knew why Zhang Ruochen had killed his way out of the city, so he wouldn't let Zhang Ruochen catch up no matter what.

The elites of the Infernal Court who had participated in the Battle of the Rainbow Pavilion also understood Zhang Ruochen's intention. So they rushed to his front, blocked his way, and kept attacking. Now was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to kill Zhang Ruochen, the great enemy of the Infernal Court.

With Zhang Ruochen's attainments, no one could hold him back if he chose to retreat. No matter how many cultivators of the Infernal Court there were.

However, if he continued to move forward, he would only die.

A large group of Array Masters rushed out of the camp of the Infernal Court and set up the formation at the speed of light.

The Infernal Court did send ten High-Saint Array Masters, but in reality, it was far more than that. As for the Array Saint Master, there were even more.

The killing formation that hundreds of Array Masters could set up must be extremely powerful. Even a Supreme Saint could easily get killed.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were full of determination. He had no fear at all. He stepped on the air and moved forward.

In the blink of an eye, Zhang Ruochen was surrounded by a large Saint army of the Infernal Court. There were shadow clones everywhere. They were impenetrable. The sound of killing filled the whole world.

With the leaders of the various clans as prominent figures, they formed powerful battle formations. They could attack and defend.

Everyone was afraid of the Imperial Ruler. They didn't dare to fight it alone.

After all, when they were in the Rainbow Pavilion, the top-notch elites of the ten clans had seen Zhang Ruochen kill seven elites with the Imperial Ruler. Even Yan Wushen had almost been killed.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen sent hundreds of Saints of the Infernal Court flying with a swing. Their bodies were still in the air and they turned into ashes and were all destroyed.

However, Zhang Ruochen also paid the price.

Jiang Lin and Tian Xuan combined with the ten thousand Saint Realm Army of the Corpusian to form a grayish-brown blade. They broke through Zhang Ruochen's defense and slashed at his waist. Blood gushed out like a fountain.

This slash almost cut Zhang Ruochen in half.

Zhang Ruochen didn't fall. He stood up again and sent Jiang Lin, Tian Xuan, and the ten thousand Corpusian armies flying. Thousands of them turned into corpses and fell from the sky to the ground and broke into pieces.

But soon, more saints of the Infernal Court rushed up and blocked Zhang Ruochen's path.

The path of retreat was completely sealed.

Shink!

Zhang Ruochen charged 300 meters forward, leaving behind a trail of corpses and blood.

More wounds appeared on Zhang Ruochen's body. His chest was pierced, his ribs almost shattered, and his organs were torn.

His eyes were still fixed on the direction where Wan Xin had escaped.

“Kongyue...”

Zhang Ruochen shouted. There was a trace of sadness in his voice.

There was blood flowing in his hair because his skull had been shattered. However, he did not look dispirited at all. Instead, his fighting spirit burned. His killing intent soared to the sky as he continued to swing the Imperial Ruler forward.

The commotion outside the city was so big that it naturally attracted the attention of many elites.

Tens of millions of Saint soldiers of the Celestial Court had gathered in the imperial city. Only a small portion of them had rushed to the Rainbow Pavilion. The top-notch elites were only limited to those who were friends with Zhang Ruochen.

At this moment, many leaders of the Macroworld had rushed to the city wall to look from afar.

“What happened? Why is Zhang Ruochen frenzied?”

“It's divine force! Is Zhang Ruochen holding the legendary Imperial Ruler that can measure the cultivation of Saint Kings, Supreme Saints, and gods?”

“Does Zhang Ruochen think that he can fight against tens of millions of Saint soldiers of the Infernal Court with just a Divine Artifact? If that's the case, why would the Celestial Court send armies from all over the world?”

“Zhang Ruochen has been surrounded by the army of the Infernal Court. It's too late for him to retreat now.”

...

The outside world wasn't clear about what had happened in the Rainbow Pavilion.

Prince Tianpeng, the leader of the Demon God Realm, frowned and whispered, "If Zhang Ruochen dies, it will have a great impact on the morale of the Celestial Court."

He was considering whether he should help at this time.

With Zhang Ruochen's means, if someone helped him, he would still have a chance to retreat.

However, to do this, he needed to rely on the cooperation of many elites. Even if Prince Tianpeng wanted to, others might not be willing.

If he wanted to save Zhang Ruochen, it was not a small matter. Many people would die. The leaders of any world had to consider.

Zhou Yu was standing on the city wall at the moment, with a fierce gleam in his eyes, "Zhang Ruochen, you're asking for death. You can't blame anyone. You killed many geniuses of the sect of Heavenly Realm. Even if you don't die at the hands of the elites of the Infernal Court, the sect of Heavenly Realm will never let you go."

No matter what other people thought, Zhou Yu was hoping that Zhang Ruochen would be killed soon.

As long as Zhang Ruochen was alive, he would be a great threat to him.

After knowing that the plan to kill Zhang Ruochen had failed, Zhou Yu began to worry that Zhang Ruochen would come to settle the score with him.

Zhou Yu was undoubtedly happy to see the current situation.

Chapter 2207: The Physique Transcending to Supreme Sainthood

Outside the imperial city, killing intent soared into the sky. The Saint army of the Infernal Court launched fierce attacks again and again. Those who wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen were extremely determined.

Zhang Ruochen walked step by step with bloody footprints. Each step he took would aggravate his injury. He's like a lonely boat in the sea, it could capsize at any time.

The leaders of the various clans were all very aggressive. They wanted nothing more than to kill Zhang Ruochen with their own hands.

"Brother, are we just going to watch Zhang Ruochen be killed?" Xue Ningxiao frowned.

Lord Xue Chen shook his head and said, "Killing Zhang Ruochen is the main objective of the Infernal Court. At this time, no one can stop it."

Unlike the other leaders, Lord Xue Chen did not participate in the encirclement of Zhang Ruochen. Instead, he led the cultivators of the Bloodsky Clan to defend their position against the attack of the Celestial Court Army.

In this way, he did not contribute to killing Zhang Ruochen and no one could say anything about him.

Zhang Ruochen's identity was too special. It didn't matter what others did. Only the members of the Xue Jue Family could not participate.

"I admire this cousin. He can disregard his own life and death for the people he cares about. Unfortunately, he is fighting against the entire Infernal Court. He is doomed to fail," Xue Ningxiao sighed.

"People who have feelings will have weaknesses," Lord Xue Chen said, "But how many people can completely sever their feelings?"

Even the gods had people or things they cared about.

On the other side, Luo Sha was also looking at Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha always had mixed feelings for Zhang Ruochen. Even though some prominent figures had told her about the prophecy of the one she was destined to meet.

However, she did not develop any deep feelings for Zhang Ruochen in her contact with him. Instead, she felt that Zhang Ruochen was her nemesis.

In the past, she had always been successful in everything she did.

Yet, ever since she met Zhang Ruochen, she had suffered losses one after another. She was really annoyed and felt that Zhang Ruochen was extremely repulsive.

But now, she saw that Zhang Ruochen was willing to sacrifice his life to save his daughter and advance fearlessly against the Army of Infernal Court alone.

This was a great shock to Luo Sha. She was deeply touched and had a subtle feeling in her heart.

Perhaps only a person like Zhang Ruochen could be called a true hero. Any woman would yearn to meet a man who could treat her like this.

Luo Sha clenched her fists and bit her red lips. She wished to stop Zhang Ruochen from moving forward.

Somehow, when she saw how badly Zhang Ruochen was injured, she felt sorry for him.

On the city walls of the imperial city, Prince Tianpeng finally expressed his thoughts and discussed them with the leaders of the Celestial Court.

“If we do nothing and just let Zhang Ruochen fight alone outside the city, others might think that we’re afraid of the Infernal Court. We will all become a laughing stock for them,” Prince Tianpeng said.

Saint Lord Wan Zhan nodded. “First, Yan Wushen sneaked into the imperial city, and then the elites of the Infernal Court attacked the Rainbow Pavilion. The Celestial Court has lost face, and we can not continue to be passive. Brother Gongsun, what do you think?”

The leaders all turned their faces and looked at a scholarly young man.

He was 1.8 meters tall and had an outstanding appearance. He exuded an elegant and free temperament, like an immortal.

His name was Gongsun Yuanhao. He was the leader of a Macroworld—Pangu Realm. He kept a low profile but gave off an unfathomable feeling.

“The Celestial Court and the Infernal Court have been confronting each other for a long time. It’s time to put up a good fight. Otherwise, what’s the point of us coming to Kunlun?” Gongsun Yuanhao said meaningfully.

“Now, Zhang Ruochen has single-handedly destroyed tens of millions of Saint soldiers of the Infernal Court. This is a great opportunity for us to make a move. Perhaps we can achieve great results, or even severely injure the Infernal Court and boost the prestige of the Celestial Court.”

Prince Tianpeng and Saint Lord Wan Zhan agreed to what Gongsun Yuanhao had said and nodded slightly.

The Celestial Court had been losing in the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun. They desperately needed a great victory to boost their morale and reverse the overall decline.

Zhou Yu was feeling anxious after seeing that the leaders of the three worlds had reached an agreement.

‘If Zhang Ruochen was really rescued, would the sect of the Heavenly Realm be peaceful?’ thought Zhou Yu.

However, it was useless for Zhou Yu to be anxious. The elites of the sect of Heavenly Realm had all died in Ziwei Palace. His strength was not enough to change the decision of the Celestial Court.

Although he was also the leader of the Celestial Court on the surface, he was far inferior to Gongsun Yuanhao and the others.

After Gongsun Yuanhao and the other two gave the order, the army of the Celestial Court quickly gathered.

Outside the imperial city, Zhang Ruochen fought and pushed forward.

No matter how powerful the formation of the Infernal Court was, it could not stop him from advancing.

With every step forward, many cultivators of the Infernal Court would fall.

Correspondingly, Zhang Ruochen's injuries would worsen.

Even if Zhang Ruochen kept drinking the Spring of Life, he couldn't completely heal his injuries.

The Infernal Court had changed its strategy. It wanted to pin Zhang Ruochen down with minimal casualties.

Tens of thousands of Stone Clan elites, led by Shi Juexin, condensed a towering gray mountain. Like a planet, it pressed down on Zhang Ruochen.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen waved the Imperial Ruler and slashed out a 30,000-meter-long ray of light, splitting the gray mountain in half.

The bodies of a large number of Stone Clan cultivators exploded. The Saint Soul disappeared in ripples and they turned into granites on the ground.

But at this moment, a large number of Bone Clan cultivators attacked. They condensed into a pitch-black skeletal hand. A vast amount of Power of Darkness and Power of Death surrounded it. The surrounding space was eroded as soon as it was condensed.

The black skeletal hand hit Zhang Ruochen and sent him flying.

Even though Zhang Ruochen was wearing the Armor of the Fire God and had the Divine Mark carved by Moon Goddess, he couldn't resist the power of the black skeletal hand. His wounds were all turned black.

Pfft

Zhang Ruochen used the Imperial Ruler to support himself on the ground. Saint Blood gushed out of his mouth, and his body swayed.

"Zhang Ruochen, you're at the end of your rope. This day next year will be your death anniversary. But by then, I'm afraid no one will remember you," Nether Fiend sneered.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze was as sharp as a knife. He looked at Nether Fiend and didn't say anything. He just waved the Imperial Ruler in his hand silently.

As long as there was one breath left, he would never give up.

Boom

The city gates of the Central Imperial City opened wide. The vast army of the Celestial Court rushed out with great vigor.

Prince Tianpeng, Saint Lord Wan Zhan, Gongsun Yuanhao, and the other leaders all rushed to the front. They showed an invincible momentum.

"Stop them. Kill Zhang Ruochen as soon as possible," an elite of the Infernal Court ordered.

Immediately, the army of the Infernal Court changed direction and faced the army of the Celestial Court.

The army of the Infernal Court that had been mobilized to the imperial city were all experienced in battle, so they were able to remain calm.

Therefore, when the army of the Celestial Court had moved out suddenly, the Army of the Infernal Court did not seem to be too flustered. They quickly adjusted their formation and went to meet the battle.

At this time, there was no doubt that Xue Chen had shown his foresight. He held his ground and seemed to have predicted

that the Saint army in the Central Imperial City would come to attack. He was very wise.

However, the power to deal with Zhang Ruochen was greatly weakened.

For a moment, Zhang Ruochen sped up and swept forward.

“Formation up.”

With a loud shout, a magnificent killing formation was suddenly activated.

The killing formation covered a radius of 500 kilometers and wrapped around Zhang Ruochen.

One after another, huge formation prints appeared like mountains, blasting Zhang Ruochen down from the sky.

BANG!

This killing formation was set up by hundreds of Array Saint Masters in the Infernal Court. It was made up of hundreds of small killing formations. They were all linked and intricate.

It could be said that this formation represented the most powerful formation power that the ten clans of the Infernal Court could unleash when they were below the Supreme Saint. If someone below the Supreme Saint could break this formation, it meant that he might be able to destroy the ten clans of the Infernal Court by himself.

How could one person fight against the entire Infernal Court?

Even all the gods of Celestial Court combined couldn't do it.

If one was trapped in the formation, not to mention a Saint King, even a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackled Realm would only be killed.

Zhang Ruochen was ready to kill.

His eyes were cold. He waved the Imperial Ruler and activated the powerful divine force within.

The Imperial Ruler had always been invincible, but this time, it encountered an obstacle.

As soon as the divine force was released, it was quickly dissipated by the killing array. Only slight ripples were created.

Whoosh

Countless array patterns interweaved. Earth, wind, water, fire, and all kinds of power were activated. They became extremely violent.

Strange and terrifying powers twined around Zhang Ruochen. Even if they wanted to stop him from breaking free, they had to refine him step by step.

Zhang Ruochen waved the Imperial Ruler again and again, but he couldn't break the killing formation. He couldn't break free. Instead, he was attacked by the power of the killing formation, and his vitality was greatly reduced.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen trapped in the formation, many cultivators of the Infernal Court couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. Then they laughed loudly.

In their eyes, Zhang Ruochen was already a trapped beast. He could only be slaughtered at will. He couldn't stir up any more waves.

"Zhang Ruochen, no matter how you struggle, it's futile. Today, you're destined to be destroyed," Shi Juexin said cruelly.

Lan Xuezi sneered, "Invincible below the Supreme Saint? You're just a joke. Whoever dares to ruin the plans of the Infernal Court must pay a heavy price. The former Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations was known as the Ace in Kunlun. Didn't he end up dead as well?"

In the army of the Celestial Court, Zhou Yu was aware of Zhang Ruochen's situation instantly. He couldn't control his emotions, and his eyes were filled with joy.

"Zhang Ruochen, you're going to die in the end. Everything is destined. No matter how amazing you are, you can't defy your destiny."

Zhou Yu was extremely happy and no longer worried.

At this moment, he really wanted to rush over and personally stab Zhang Ruochen to avenge his humiliation at the Sect of the Blood God and for the loss of his arm.

Luo Sha looked from afar. Seeing Zhang Ruochen trapped in the killing array formation and being quickly refined, her eyes couldn't help but turn gloomy. A look of pity appeared in her eyes.

But as a member of the Infernal Court, she couldn't do anything at this time.

"Has fate been broken?" Luo Sha whispered.

After all, if Zhang Ruochen died, how could he be her destined person?

In the killing array formation, Zhang Ruochen activated the Imperial Ruler and tried to resist the refining power of the array.

"Kongyue, I won't let anything happen to you. I haven't taken you to Kongyue Mountain to see the Myriad Lights."

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was furious, but his eyes were sad and miserable.

He had never thought that he would be so weak that tears would fall.

To be more precise, he was not weak, but he was blaming himself. He blamed himself for being useless. He couldn't even protect his children. First, Chi Kunlun was taken away, and he couldn't be saved. Now, even Chi Kongyue was taken away.

He failed as their father.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but think of every detail he had spent time with Chi Kongyue. Every image was so clear.

He couldn't imagine what he would look like if Chi Kongyue was taken over.

He might never recover.

He might feel guilty for the rest of his life.

He hadn't really been spending much time with Chi Kongyue. He hadn't fulfilled his responsibility as a father. How could everything end like this?

He couldn't even protect the person he cared about the most. What was the point of it, if his cultivation was very high?

"No, I can't fall yet. Kongyue is still waiting for me!" Zhang Ruochen shouted in his heart. His eyes suddenly became sharp.

Whoosh

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's aura suddenly soared.

144 beams of bright saint light shot out from his wounded body and covered his entire body. They were his 144 acupoints. Each of them was huge and contained a lake of Saint Qi.

At this point, Zhang Ruochen no longer had any worries. Since the power of the Saint Kinghood wasn't enough for him to break through the obstacles and save Chi Kongyue, he would breakthrough to become a Supreme Saint.

His body had been refined to the extreme. Thus, a breakthrough was inevitable.

Boom

A vast pressure of a Supreme Saint radiated from Zhang Ruochen.

The 144 acupoints expanded further. The internal space could accommodate a planet. The Saint Qi of heaven and earth poured in crazily.

"This is the physique of... becoming a Supreme Saint."

Seeing Zhang Ruochen's change, many elites in the Infernal Court changed their expressions.

No one had expected that Zhang Ruochen would cultivate his physique to the level of a Supreme Saint at this time.

Every Martial Art Saint King wanted to become a Supreme Saint with his physique. He could fight against a Supreme

Saint with his physique alone, which meant that he had an advantage in nature.

However, it was too difficult to reach this step. One in a hundred cultivators who had become a Saint with their physique could hardly become a Supreme Saint with their physique.

Even someone as powerful as Yan Liren failed to reach the level of a Supreme Saint with his physique back then and he almost died. It wasn't until not long ago that he broke his shackles and reached the Supreme Sainthood with his physique as he wished. He also cultivated the powerful Immortal Blood Silkworm Physique.

Zhang Ruochen's opportunities far surpassed Yan Liren's. He had finally reached this step.

...

Chapter 2208: The Neverwither Realm and Death

Zhang Ruochen's breakthrough may seem easy, but it was gravely dangerous.

If anything went wrong, he would either be half-crippled or dead. Zhang Ruochen wasn't in a good condition currently. As he was severely injured, it was more difficult for him to break through.

Regardless of what had happened, he had succeeded!

Putting everything on the line and making the impossible possible.

And this was only the beginning. Zhang Ruochen gathered a powerful force and charged it into his heart.

Instantly, his heart emitted an immortal brilliance, which grew stronger and stronger.

Zhang Ruochen had already cultivated his Saint Kinghood to completion. His accumulation was vigorous. He could break through to the Neverwither Supreme Sainthood at almost any time, as long as he wanted to.

And now, he was going to do it.

In the blink of an eye, Zhang Ruochen had transcended his physique into Five-element Chaotic Neverwither Physique.

"Zhang Ruochen has broken through to the Supreme Saint realm. The Path-melding Tribulation is about to happen. Hurry up and withdraw the killing array. Otherwise, you'll be drawn into it," an elite of the Infernal Court said anxiously.

The so-called Path-melding Tribulation was a tribulation that all cultivators had to go through to break through to the Supreme Saint realm.

The reason why the Son of Darkness didn't have a Path-melding Tribulation when he broke through was that True

Dragon Island was unique and concealed the secrets of heaven.

It was also because he hadn't experienced the cleansing of the Path-melding Tribulation. Thus, Son of Darkness's strength hadn't reached its peak.

The Path-melding Tribulation was very special. If there was an external force interfering, it would also be implicated. The consequences would be extremely severe.

With Zhang Ruochen as the center, the precepts of heaven and earth within a radius of hundreds of thousands of miles quickly gathered.

Whoosh

Countless precepts of heaven and earth gathered and turned into millions of bright and sharp golden lights. They entered Zhang Ruochen's body through his pores.

As its name implied, the Path-melding Tribulation was to blend with the Precepts from heaven and earth.

In this way, one could better use the precepts of heaven and earth as if they are one.

Under normal circumstances, the more powerful one's accumulation in the Saint Kinghood was, the more difficult it would be to overcome the Path-melding Tribulation. On the other hand, those with average cultivation could easily overcome the Path-melding Tribulation and become a Neverwithier Supreme Saint.

Most Saint Kings only cultivated one Path of Supreme Saint. When they became a Supreme Saint, they only needed to fuse with one precept of heaven and earth.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen was different. His cultivation on Time, Dimension, Truth, Swordsmanship, Palm, Fist, and Path of Five-Element had all reached completion. This means that he needed to fuse with these eleven precepts of heaven and earth.

Moreover, because he had completed his cultivation, the process of melding with the precepts of heaven and earth

would be extremely dangerous.

The Precepts of Metals from heaven and earth were extremely sharp. They continuously attacked Zhang Ruochen's body and Saint Soul. Words could not describe the pain he had.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze was resolute, but he didn't even make a sound.

Not long after, Zhang Ruochen had melded with the Precepts of Metals from heaven and earth. His body was filled with a layer of faint golden light.

Without stopping, a large number of Precepts of Woods from heaven and earth poured into Zhang Ruochen.

Then, the Precepts of Water, Fire, Earth, and Swordsmanship from heaven and earth...

...

Just as Zhang Ruochen had predicted, this Path-melding Tribulation needed to meld with at least eleven powerful precepts of heaven and earth.

Hiss

Many cultivators of the Infernal Court were shocked by what they witnessed and gasped.

Such a terrifying Path-melding Tribulation was unheard of, let alone seen.

Not many people would be able to withstand melding with one precept of heaven and earth. They would be obliterated by it.

After that, countless Precepts of Time and Dimension appeared at the same time. They evolved into a special Profound Spatial Dimension with a River of Time flowing in it, enveloping Zhang Ruochen.

The trial of time and dimension was the most crucial part of the tribulation.

Zhang Ruochen immediately condensed his Profound Spatial Dimension and River of Time, which was compatible with the Profound Spatial Dimension and River of Time evolved from the precepts of heaven and earth.

His Profound Spatial Dimension and the River of Time were both top-notch, and the precepts of heaven and earth could do nothing to them.

It didn't take long for the two precepts of heaven and earth to disperse, and they didn't cause any harm to Zhang Ruochen.

At this point, Zhang Ruochen had experienced a total of eleven trials from the precepts of heaven and earth, and he had a deeper understanding of these eleven Paths.

Just when Zhang Ruochen thought that the Path-melding Tribulation was over, the pressure on his body suddenly doubled.

Above him, nine layers of the magnificent sky appeared. Each layer was extremely solid and countless precepts of heaven and earth were intertwined.

'Is it because I cultivated the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture?' Zhang Ruochen guessed the reason instantly.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture with all his strength, operating the nine levels of techniques in him at the same time.

The equally magnificent nine-layered sky appeared and overlapped with the nine-layered sky formed by the precepts of heaven and earth.

Zhang Ruochen could feel that there were many strange marks imprinted on the nine-layered sky that he had condensed.

At the same time, he had many epiphanies in his heart. He had a very thorough understanding of the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture.

When the Path-melding Tribulation ended, the nine-layered sky was still hovering above Zhang Ruochen. It gathered the power of heaven and earth and blessed Zhang Ruochen.

An incomparably vast pressure of a Supreme Saint emanated from Zhang Ruochen. It was as if he wanted to rule the world.

After passing the Path-melding Tribulation, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation reached the Neverwithers Supreme Sainthood. The Precepts in him had doubled to 200 million.

Feeling the Supreme Saint's pressure, the hearts of many cultivators in the Infernal Court sank.

Without a doubt, Zhang Ruochen had broken through the realm. His physique had become a Supreme Saint. At the same time, he had forged the Five-element Chaotic Neverwithers Physique and became a genuine Supreme Saint powerhouse.

The wounds on Zhang Ruochen's body had almost all healed.

"How dare you break the rules of the Battlefield of Merits? Die!"

At this moment, an extremely tall figure appeared in the sky, emitting a powerful saint's might.

Outside Kunlun, there were always Emissaries Vigilant from the Celestial and Infernal Court patrolling the Central Imperial City.

They couldn't interfere with the battle in Kunlun before. Now that Zhang Ruochen had become a Supreme Saint, it was undoubtedly a chance for the Emissaries Vigilant from the Infernal Court to intervene.

Suddenly, dark clouds shrouded in the sky. A strong aura of the Infernal Court spread out. Hundreds of pitch-black thunderbolts like demonic snakes fell from the sky and struck directly at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head. There was no fear in his eyes and he calmly waved the Imperial Ruler.

Using the power of the Supreme Saint to activate the Imperial Ruler, its might was very different from before.

No matter how terrifying the thunderbolts were, they disappeared in an instant when it clashed with the Imperial Ruler.

The Emissaries Vigilant in the sky wasn't very strong.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen had defeated an Emissaries Vigilant before his cultivation had reached the pinnacle of the Saint Kinghood. With his current cultivation, it wasn't difficult for him to resist their attacks.

The next moment, the figures of five Emissaries Vigilant of the Infernal Court appeared in the sky. They joined hands and sent down heavenly punishment to kill Zhang Ruochen.

“Get lost!”

Zhang Ruochen roared in a deep voice. He hacked out a ruler’s ray tens of thousands of miles long into the sky.

The heavenly punishment was scattered again before it could land a hit on Zhang Ruochen.

On the contrary, the five Emissaries Vigilant of the Infernal Court flew backward. If it were not for the barrier of the world membrane, they might have been seriously injured.

With Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation, he could hurt them even though they were thousands of meters away from the void.

“Hurry up and invite the Emissaries Vigilant of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and the Thousand-Koan Realm. We can’t let Zhang Ruochen continue to act recklessly.”

Immediately, an Emissaries Vigilant set out to invite the more powerful Emissaries Vigilant.

Zhang Ruochen ignored the Emissaries Vigilant and looked in the direction where Wan Xin had escaped.

“Wan Xin, leave Kongyue behind.”

With a roar, Zhang Ruochen swung the Imperial Ruler and hacked forward. The majestic power of the Supreme Saint, along with 200 million Precepts, poured into the Imperial Ruler.

The moment a cultivator broke through to Supreme Sainthood, the Precepts in his body would double.

Therefore, the stronger one’s accumulation of the Saint Kinghood, the greater one’s advantage after breaking through to the Supreme Sainthood.

For those cultivators who broke through to the Supreme Sainthood with 30 to 40 million Precepts, even if they managed to cultivate to the advanced stage of the Neverwith

Supreme Sainthood, they might not have 200 million Precepts in them.

BOOM!

The ground sank under one foot.

Thousands of Saint cultivators of the Infernal Court were directly turned into ashes and died.

The blockade in front of the Saint cultivators was forcibly broken through and a huge hole was torn open.

Zhang Ruochen didn't hesitate at all. He immediately burst out with extreme speed and streaked across the sky like a meteor.

“Stop him!”

An elite from the Infernal Court shouted.

Instantly, the elite army of the ten clans of Infernal Court moved together and chased after Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had just broken through to the Supreme Sainthood. His cultivation has yet to consolidate, and his strength was far from reaching its peak. Moreover, his injuries seemed to have healed, but some hidden injuries still required some time to heal.

There was no lack of geniuses in the Infernal Court. They thought that Zhang Ruochen was probably at the end of his rope and was just holding on.

Besides, there were tens of millions of Saint soldiers in the Infernal Court. How could they be afraid of a Neverwithers Supreme Saint?

Zhang Ruochen couldn't change his dooming fate even now that he became a Neverwithers Supreme Saint.

From Afar, Zhang Ruochen saw a huge Dimensional Rift that was tens of thousands of miles long. It hung in the air.

With this Dimensional Rift as the center, everything within thousands of miles was dead, the sky was dark and hell-like.

From the Dimensional Rift, the power and aura of the Infernal Court flowed out continuously. Even the precepts of heaven

and earth that belonged to the Infernal Court surged over and eroded Kunlun.

The Dimensional Rift connected heaven and earth. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled around. The surrounding was covered by gray fog. It gave off an extremely dangerous aura.

Seven huge cities hung around the Dimensional Rift and released powerful divine force. As they stabilized the Dimensional Rift, they tore it apart.

Wan Xin turned to look at Zhang Ruochen, who was chasing after him. A cold light appeared in his eyes, “Zhang Ruochen,” he said. “Your body is the most suitable for my master. But since Yan Wushen can’t do anything to you, I can only settle for second-best. It’s Chi Kongyue’s honor to be my master’s body.

“I know you’re angry and want to kill me. If you have the guts to barge into the Infernal Court, I’ll give you a chance.”

Wan Xin naturally didn’t think that Zhang Ruochen dared to barge into the Infernal Court. His words were a bit provocative.

Wan Xin made a move and he flashed into the Dimensional Rift with Chi Kongyue.

Zhang Ruochen had broken through to the Supreme Sainthood and his battle strength was too terrifying. Wan Xin didn’t dare to challenge him. If he was careless, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Now that he had found a suitable body, he should hurry back and report to Asurendra Samay.

“Wan Xin.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were red. He turned into a streak of light and rushed straight into the Dimensional Rift.

Bang

Zhang Ruochen’s body collided with the gray fog of light outside the Dimensional Rift. Instantly, a large amount of lightning surged out and struck him. He was sent flying and fell heavily to the ground.

While flying in the air, Zhang Ruochen's eyes were still fixed on the Dimensional Rift. He could only watch as Wan Xin took Chi Kongyue away and disappeared into the depths of the rift.

His heart was in pain.

It was as if someone had stabbed thousands of knives into his heart. He was in so much pain that he wished he was dead.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen fell to the ground. His Neverwither Physique crashed into the ground and created a canyon that was dozens of miles long.

This Dimensional Rift was specially created by the Infernal Court to transport the army. Only cultivators from the Infernal Court were allowed to pass through. Even cultivators from the Celestial Court were blocked outside.

“Break.”

Zhang Ruochen's hair was disheveled. He crawled up with blood all over his body. He flew up, lifted the Imperial Ruler, and hacked forward.

The Imperial Ruler released vast divine power. Like a divine sword, it crashed into the gray fog of light around the Dimensional Rift.

The seven cities seemed to last forever, indestructible, immortal, and were all glowing. They were delivering unimaginable power.

With a boom, the Dimensional Rift didn't move at all. Instead, more violent lightning and light fog surged out and hit Zhang Ruochen.

Pfft

Zhang Ruochen spat out Saint Blood and flew back again.

His powerful Neverwither Physique was damaged and some of his flesh and blood exploded. More importantly, Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul was being corroded and showed signs of crumbling.

The power formed by the seven cities far surpassed that of an ordinary Supreme Saint.

“Kongyue, Kongyue, Kongyue...”

Zhang Ruochen kept shouting and getting up again. He struck out the Imperial Ruler again and again.

BOOM!

BOOM!

...

Zhang Ruochen’s Neverwithers Physique would crack more severely with each strike, and his Saint Soul would be further dispersed.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen could not think of anything else. There was only one desire in his heart—he had to save Kongyue.

If Kongyue could not be saved, Zhang Ruochen would suffer a fate worse than death.

“Kill.”

“Whoever can kill Zhang Ruochen will become famous among the ten clans of Infernal Court.”

The army of the Infernal Court chased after Zhang Ruochen and attacked him again. More than a million Saint Artifacts like weapons flew out, including Supreme Artifacts and Regal Artifacts.

“Die!” Zhang Ruochen roared. He didn’t turn around to defend. He just attacked the Dimensional Rift in front of him with all his strength.

The gray light fog caved in. A tiny crack appeared as if it was about to break.

BANG!BANG!BANG!

But at this moment, millions of Saint Artifact-level weapons landed on Zhang Ruochen and swallowed him. Even with the protection of the Armor of the Fire God, Zhang Ruochen’s

Saint Physique still collapsed on a large scale. His flesh and blood turned into powder.

This was because there was no more blood left in his body.

“Kongyue...”

With a murmur, Zhang Ruochen’s body fell from the sky.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen’s body had almost become a half-broken skeleton. He was not human anymore. He was dead. Even the fluctuations of his Saint Soul had disappeared completely. His soul was scattered.

“How can this be...”

Sensing that Zhang Ruochen’s life pulses had disappeared, Luo Sha couldn’t help but fall into a daze.

Lord Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao looked at each other. They sighed as their hearts sank to the bottom.

“Hahaha, you’re dead, Zhang Ruochen. No matter how magnificent you are, you’re destined to become enemies with the Infernal Court.” Shi Juexin couldn’t help but laugh. He was in a good mood and had a clear mind.

He wasn’t the only one. Many elites of the Infernal Court were laughing wildly.

No matter how dazzling and invincible Zhang Ruochen was, he still died at their hands.

All the price paid for this was worth it.

...

Chapter 2209: Fusion

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Below the Dimensional Rift, Zhang Ruochen's body lay quietly on the broken ground. It had almost been reduced to a skeleton. Zhang Ruochen was no longer breathing.

However, despite being dead, Zhang Ruochen still held onto Imperial Ruler tightly. He did not give up before his last breath.

He finally fell and was no longer able to fight.

His dimmed, vacant eyes were filled with unwillingness and sorrow. In the end, he still could not save Chi Kongyue.

Zhang Ruochen was considered the most legendary figure of this era. He had brilliant battle achievements and fame that spread across a myriad of Macroworlds. He died not long after he had just become a Supreme Saint.

Once the news spread, it would drop a bomb among many deities.

At this moment, many powerful figures of Infernal Court had come forward and surrounded Zhang Ruochen's body. Their eyes brightened with greed.

Everybody knew Zhang Ruochen had many rare items in his hand, such as Armor of the Fire God, Zangshan Demonic Mirror, the Golden Sun of Destruction, and so on. Each of them was very precious.

Among all, There was even one extraordinary divine weapon that was listed on The Record of Taibai Divine Artifact.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen had a microworld within his body. Its value was immeasurable.

Even a deity would be tempted by so many treasures and would not be able to resist snatching them.

CRASH!

Imperial Ruler suddenly bloomed with a bright luster and broke free from Zhang Ruochen's grip.

It flew away before the powerhouses from Infernal Court could stop it.

Although Imperial Ruler had no vessel spirit, there was a vessel spirit imprint inside. Ordinary people could not control it, let alone take it by force.

Seeing this, all the elites could not help but feel regretful. They could not do anything with it.

Everyone knew that only a deity could take over a divine artifact.

Fortunately, it was only Imperial Ruler that flew away. The other treasures were still with Zhang Ruochen.

"Zhang Ruochen has many rare items. It's not too late to think about how to distribute them after we find all of them," Nether Fiend suggested.

Hearing this, all the powerful figures could not help but nod slightly. They obviously agreed with Nether Fiend's suggestion. They did not want to have a conflict over the treasures.

Nether Fiend immediately stepped forward and prepared to search Zhang Ruochen's body so he could identify and count the items.

Whoosh!

At this moment, there was a slight distortion in the space. A tall figure appeared out of thin air and stood in front of Zhang Ruochen's body.

It was none other than Yan Wushen, who had disappeared without a trace after coming out of the void.

Yan Wushen glanced at Zhang Ruochen, who no longer showed any signs of life. He reached out a hand and lifted the body.

"Yan Wushen, what do you want to do?" Nether Fiend asked in a deep voice.

Yan Wushen turned around and looked at Nether Fiend. He said indifferently, "I want to take Zhang Ruochen's body. Do you have any objections?"

Yan Wushen did not care about the reactions of Nether Fiend and the others. He took Zhang Ruochen with him and disappeared from the spot.

"You..."

Nether Fiend was angry. He wanted to say something, but he swallowed his words.

The other powerful figures all frowned. They had not expected Yan Wushen to show up at this time and take Zhang Ruochen's body away at will.

If it had been anyone else, they would have been enraged. But this person was Yan Wushen. They could not do anything about it.

After all, if they offended Yan Wushen, he would beat them up with no hesitation.

However, many cultivators could not understand why Yan Wushen would take Zhang Ruochen's body?

"Let's go and kill our way back. We'll teach Celestial Court a painful lesson," Nether Fiend said in a low voice.

He was filled with anger. He had to find someone to vent it out.

Celestial Court did not know Zhang Ruochen had died. The war still went on, and it was getting more and more intense.

Of course, even if the news spread, the war would not end easily.

The war between Celestial Court and Infernal Court had been brewing for a long time. It was inevitable. Zhang Ruochen charging into the camp of Infernal Court was the war's trigger.

However, it did not matter what the war would turn out to be.

Yan Wushen stopped on a low mountain peak thousands of miles away from the Dimensional Rift.

In front of him stood two people: a man and a woman. They were Xuemo and Qiu Yichi.

Strangely, Yan Wushen did not attack Xuemo and Qiu Yichi. Instead, he handed Zhang Ruochen's body to them.

After handing Zhang Ruochen over, Yan Wushen suddenly emitted a demonic red light. He turned into a small statue that was only three inches tall. It was carved out of an unknown blood-colored crystal, the surface was covered with complicated divine patterns.

Qiu Yichi waved her hand and put the statue away. At the same time, she carefully checked the condition of Zhang Ruochen's body.

"Master predicted that his highness would be in trouble. She specially made a fake Yan Wushen and brought his highness out of danger. However, I don't know if his highness can still be saved in such state." Qiu Yichi's eyes were solemn.

Blood Empress was extraordinarily skillful. She had once created a fake Chi Kunlun to deceive Zhang Ruochen.

Now, she had created a "Yan Wushen". It was so lifelike that even the powerhouses of Infernal Court could not tell it was a fake. After all, their eyesight was not any better than Zhang Ruochen's.

Of course, it was mainly because the real Yan Wushen wasn't there. Otherwise, no matter how perfect the fake was, it would be pointless.

Xuemo's eyes glowed. "Not only it is a Supreme Saint's physique, it is a "Five-element Chaotic Neverwithers Physique" that has Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension. And the owner of this body had attained Great Perfection in his Saint Kingdom. It's truly a perfect body."

He had always been envious of Zhang Ruochen's former body, but now he was more interested in Zhang Ruochen's current body.

After all, no matter how well Zhang Ruochen's former body was nourished by Blood Empress, Zhang Ruochen had never

embarked on an immortal cultivation journey in that body. It was strong simply due to its nature.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen's current body was perfect in every aspect. Even the deities would yearn to have it.

Xuemo suppressed his thoughts and did not dare to act rashly.

Blood Empress was now a deity. She could kill him with a snap of her fingers.

Qiu Yichi took out a blood-colored jade coffin and carefully put Zhang Ruochen's body in it.

Blood Empress had personally made this jade coffin. It contained wondrous powers.

Inside the jade coffin, there was an amber-colored Jade Nectar. It gave off a refreshing fragrance. It was refined from many precious materials.

Just taking a breath of the fragrance could make one feel refreshed.

By relying on the jade coffin and the jade nectar inside, the condition of Zhang Ruochen's body would not continue to worsen. It could even turn better.

"Hurry back to Endless Abyss."

Qiu Yichi put away the jade coffin and left immediately without any delay.

The sooner she returned to Endless Abyss, the greater the chance Zhang Ruochen could be saved.

Although Zhang Ruochen's soul had dissipated, theoretically, he could not be revived. However, with the means of the deities, there might still be a chance to revive the dead.

Otherwise, Blood Empress would not have made so many preparations.

At the entrance to the second level of Endless Abyss, Blood Empress was already waiting.

"Master, I have brought his highness back, but his condition is very bad."

Qiu Yichi waved her hand and took out the blood-red jade coffin.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen, who was almost a skeleton in the jade coffin, Blood Empress could not help but tremble even though she was mentally prepared.

Blood Empress opened the Jade Coffin and reached out to caress Zhang Ruochen's pale face. At the same time, she sent a stream of divine energy into Zhang Ruochen's body.

Only his left leg remained intact.

This was because it was a divine leg. It contained boundless divine power and could not be easily damaged.

The attack that Zhang Ruochen had suffered in front of the dimensional rift was too terrifying. The divine patterns carved on his body by Moon Goddess had all been wiped out. Not a single trace was left.

Without the protection of Armor of the Fire God, his body might have been completely destroyed except for his left leg.

“How did Chen'er end up like this?”

Blood Empress was angry and heartbroken.

Her eyes had become moist, and tears were about to fall.

Although she was a deity, she also had feelings. How could she not feel heartbroken when she saw her son's current condition?

Blood Empress had indeed predicted that Zhang Ruochen would be in trouble, but it was impossible for her to predict everything in advance.

Qiu Yichi said, “His highness wanted to save Chi Kongyue so he tried to break into Infernal Court through the Dimensional Rift but eventually ended up this way.”

“What happened to Chi Kongyue?” Blood Empress asked.

Qiu Yichi hesitated for a moment and said, “Chi Kongyue was taken away by a disciple of a deity in Infernal Court. It seems that that deity wants her body as its vessel. His highness risked everything to save her as soon as he found out about it.”

As soon as Blood Empress heard this, a terrifying cold light flashed in her eyes.

‘Those scums, not only did they take my granddaughter away, they were responsible for my son’s condition. They deserve death!’

However, in the next moment, Blood Empress regained her calmness. ‘Now it is not the time to think about these things. The most important thing is to save Chen’er first.’

“Chen’er’s iNeverwithers physique is collapsing. His 144 acupoints are also in a half-broken state. His current body can no longer bear his sea of Qi and the inner world.” Blood Empress’s brows were knitted into a deep frown.

Zhang Ruochen’s Divine Light Sea of Qi was vast. It contained six Saint Aspects, Heavenly Stream, and Qiankun Realm were all in it. Once his physical body was severely injured, his Divine Light Sea of Qi would not last long and would soon shatter.

At that time, his six Saint Aspects and Heavenly Stream would disappear, and Qiankun Realm would appear in the outside world.

In this way, Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation foundation would be completely destroyed.

Everything, including his Mark of the Gods, God’s Destiny, six Saint Aspects would cease to exist. The same went to his Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension.

Qiu Yichi asked, “Is there any way to save his highness?”

“On the surface, Chen’er’s soul has been completely destroyed. However, there are still a few of his Saint Souls left in his inner world. They are the key to turning life and death around,” Blood Empress said.

Qiankun Realm could be considered a part of Zhang Ruochen. He had been able to completely hide his Saint Souls into Qiankun Realm a long time ago.

Even if he did not do it on purpose, there were still a few of his Saint Souls left within Qiankun Realm.

However, even if she gathered these souls and stuffed them back into his body, they would not be enough to bring Zhang Ruochen back to life. She had to condense a more powerful Saint Soul.

“Chen’er, I won’t let anything happen to you.”

Blood Empress whispered. She took the jade coffin and disappeared.

The next moment, Blood Empress appeared in front of a vast dark red mountain. It burned with red flames and had terrifying thunder.

This was where Blood Empress had been nourishing Zhang Ruochen’s former body. The Blood Phoenix’s huge body was still on the mountain.

At the mountainside, Zhang Ruochen’s former body was enveloped in red blood. Its vitality was getting stronger and stronger as if he would wake up at any moment.

If Blood Empress did not take some measures on such a powerful body, a new soul could have been born.

Looking at the body enveloped in red blood, Blood Empress whispered, “Chen’er, I know that you don’t want this body back, but now, I have no choice. This is the only way to preserve your cultivation base.”

Zhang Ruochen’s former body was full of vitality and had a strong nature. With it, Zhang Ruochen could solve all problems he was facing at the moment.

Moreover, by merging the two bodies, Blood Empress was more confident that she could bring Zhang Ruochen back to life.

Time was tight, so Blood Empress did not hesitate. She waved her hand gently, and Zhang Ruochen’s half-crippled body flew out of the Jade Coffin and flew toward the red blood.

After entering the red blood, Blood Empress released her divine energy and began to fuse the two bodies.

This was not difficult for deities.

It was just like how Moon Goddess had fused the Yanshen's leg into Zhang Ruochen's body.

Both his former and current bodies were with the nature of Chaotic Elements. Theoretically, they should not reject each other and could easily fuse into one.

However, when Blood Empress tried to make this work, she ran into trouble.

Perhaps out of instinct, Zhang Ruochen's current body rejected his previous body.

If they forcefully merged, it would cause Zhang Ruochen's current body to collapse.

"Chen'er, as long as you don't reject the fusion, I promise I will save Kongyue," Blood Empress said seriously, her eyes filled with anxiety.

As if he had heard what Blood Empress said, after a short stalemate, the rejection force gradually diminished and completely disappeared.

Without any obstacles, it did not take long for Blood Empress to successfully fuse Zhang Ruochen's two bodies together.

In this way, Zhang Ruochen's condition became stable, and his cultivation foundation was preserved.

However, this was only the first step to save Zhang Ruochen. She still had to condense his saint soul again. That was the most difficult step.

The Saint Souls stored in Qiankun Realm were very few. They could not even wake Zhang Ruochen up.

It wasn't realistic to rely on this bit of Saint Soul to help Zhang Ruochen recover.

There were two ways to save Zhang Ruochen.

The first way was to use spiritual power to summon his other souls and condense them again.

The second method was to use secret techniques to communicate with his Celestial Soul that was faintly discernible.

Theoretically speaking, a spiritual-power Supreme Saint had the ability to summon souls.

However, during the process of summoning souls, the summoner would suffer a terrible backlash from the laws of Heaven and earth. There was a 90 percent chance the process would cost the summoner's life.

Even if the summoner was a deity, they would also pay a huge price, and accidents could happen.

Because of this, those top elites of the Heavenly Realm faction who died in Zhang Ruochen's hands were unlikely to be revived. Even if their bodies were still intact, the Heavenly Realm would not sacrifice their spiritual power Supreme Saints to summon their souls, let alone the deities.

As for the second method, it required a secret technique that the ancient Qi Practitioners had mastered. It had long been lost.

Sword Saint Xuanji had been saved by Divine Sky-connecting Tree, mainly thanks to the tree's crystal.

The crystal was extraordinary. It contained a boundless life force. Even a dying god could recover from it.

Blood Empress gazed at Zhang Ruochen, who was in the red blood. Her eyes were full of tenderness. She said, "Chen' er, no matter the price, I will save you."

All parents in the world were the same. They could sacrifice everything, including their lives, for their children.

Zhang Ruochen treated Chi Kongyue the same way, and so did Blood Empress. There was no difference in their love.

Blood Empress was only a new deity. She had just attained her godhood not long ago. If she performed the secret technique of summoning souls, it would be much more dangerous. But she still did it without hesitation because Zhang Ruochen was her son.

Chapter 2210: The Emergence of Lord Ming

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Soul summoning was a very complicated process. It had to be done as soon as possible. The longer the person was dead, the more difficult the process would be. It might not even work.

Once a Saint Soul dissipated, the fragments would gradually be assimilated with nature. In the end, they could not be gathered.

Zhang Ruochen was still in good condition. He had kept at least one percent of his Saint Soul. With this as a foundation, it would be relatively easy to condense the dissipated Saint Soul again.

CRASH!

Blood Empress cut her wrist and released a large amount of divine blood.

Using her divine blood, she quickly carved profound runes to set up an unusual Soul-summoning Array.

It was unnecessary to use divine blood to set up a Soul-summoning Array. There were many alternatives, and they could be made in advance.

However, the clock was ticking; Blood Empress did not want to waste more time.

For Zhang Ruochen's sake, she did not mind losing some divine blood.

Moreover, Blood Empress and Zhang Ruochen were mother and son, so they were the closest. Zhang Ruochen's soul was nurtured in her body. With her divine blood as a booster for the array, she could fully summon all the soul fragments that had dissipated.

Not only did Blood Empress want to save Zhang Ruochen, but she also wanted to restore him to his prime, hoping that nothing would affect his future cultivation.

As parents, they always wanted to give their children the best.

“Search heaven and earth, gather the soul fragments.”

Blood Empress looked grim. She slowly formed strange hand seals with both hands.

Buzz

The Soul-summoning Array carved on the ground suddenly burst out a dazzling red light soaring into the sky.

For a moment, the void shook, and a realistic-looking strange passageway emerged. It was extremely dark inside, and no one knew where it led.

However, this passageway's condition seemed to be very unstable, as if it would collapse at any moment.

Blood Empress immediately released a large amount of divine blood and poured it into the Soul-summoning Array, causing the passageway to stabilize and widen further.

With a thought, Blood Empress released her boundless divine spirit and sent it into the passageway.

The process of soul summoning involved the use of spiritual power or divine spirit to capture and bring back the strands of souls that wandered between heaven and earth and then put them together again.

Of course, it was not that easy because reversing life and death was against the laws of heaven and earth. Therefore, there would be a backlash from the laws of heaven and earth.

The stronger the target of resurrection, the stronger the backlash of the soul summoning.

Before Zhang Ruochen died, he had become a Neverwithers Supreme Saint. His cultivation was extremely powerful. Hence, if the summoner was a top spiritual power Supreme Saint, the summoner could still fail even after paying the cost with their lives.

In fact, it was extremely difficult to summon the souls of Saints. After all, Saints had already begun to comprehend the laws of heaven and earth. Their connection with heaven and earth had become very close.

Blood Empress did not think about this at all. She just wanted to bring Zhang Ruochen back to life as soon as possible. No matter how heavy the backlash of the laws of heaven and earth would be, she did not care.

Outside the cave, heaven and earth suddenly changed color. The lightning that covered the blood-red mountain became even more violent. Countless giant Dimensional Rifts appeared. It was as if the entire world was about to shatter.

The surrounding Precepts at the second level of Endless Abyss became completely chaotic and aggressive. They took solid forms, flying like life-like dragons.

Xuemo and Qiu Yichi stood outside the blood-red mountain. Their expressions were as grave undertakers'.

Several more figures showed up near the blood-red mountain. They were all Zhang Ruochen's acquaintances: Chi Linyuan, Qi Sheng, Ying Huo, and Xue Tu.

"What's going on?" Chi Linyuan asked.

He was not the only one. Qi Sheng, Ying Huo, and Xue Tu were also confused. They did not know what caused such turbulence.

Qiu Yichi said, "His highness was killed. Master is using a heaven-defying method to bring him back to life. The surrounding precepts will become more and more chaotic. We..."

Before she could finish her words, the region where they stood was suddenly hit by turbulence.

BOOM!

Bolts of thunder appeared in the sky and shattered the void.

A vast divine aura spread out from the blood-colored mountain peak to all directions.

BANG!!!

Everyone present, including Xuemo, knelt under the pressure of the divine aura and could not move.

For a moment, all the Bloodbeasts living in the second level of Endless Abyss also knelt, trembling.

Deities were aloof and superior. They were totally in a different league from Saints'. The divine auras they possessed were something that even a Supreme Saint could not resist.

In the past, Blood Empress had deliberately restrained her divine aura so that Xuemo and the others were not greatly affected.

But now, to perform the soul-summoning technique, Blood Empress had to unleash her power without reservation. Hence, there was no restriction put on her aura.

Chi Linyuan, Qi Sheng, Ying Huo, and Xue Tu were all shocked. They had not expected that the invincible Zhang Ruochen would also die. They wondered what on earth had happened outside Endless Abyss?

Especially Xue Tu. Ever since he had entered Endless Abyss, he had never left. He had been in seclusion for self-cultivation. He had no idea what the current situation of Kunlun was like.

After a period of time, Xue Tu's cultivation had clearly become more profound. It was difficult to see through his strength, and he was far better than before in all aspects.

Now, when he returned to Bloodysky Clan, he would no longer be just top five known by outsiders.

"In order to save her son, Blood Empress has really gone all out. Although she has become a deity, she still has to pay huge price to resurrect Zhang Ruochen. I did not expect that family ties would have such a heavy weight in her heart," Xuemo said.

Xuemo was a cultivation maniac. He had fully devoted himself to the path of cultivation.

If something bad happened to his children, he would never be able to go to lengths greater than Blood Empress.

It was not easy to summon souls. No one knew how long it would take. None of them liked to kneel, yet there was nothing they could do but wait quietly.

They secretly prayed that everything would go smoothly.

Otherwise, if Zhang Ruochen did not come back to life, God knew what would happen with Blood Empress's personality.

...

At the same time, a graceful and elegant figure appeared at the periphery of Zhenyu Clan's territory.

If Zhang Ruochen was here, he would be shocked because it was his current biological mother, Lin Lan1.

Lin Lan was supposed to stay with Mu Lingxi in Lake Phoenix.

Why did she come to Zhenyu Clan's territory?

In front of Lin Lan were the ancient wards protecting Zhenyu Clan and Sword Vault. They were densely packed, covering the sky and earth, forming a powerful defense.

All of this was thanks to Awesome, the Little Taoist.

Ever since the hundreds of thousands of immortal vampires had been defeated, Little Taoist had stayed in Zhenyu Clan's territory, busy studying The Big Dipper Portrait while repairing the ancient wards at the same time.

With Little Taoist's attainments in formations, it could control the ancient wards that had been repaired. Even an ordinary Supreme Saint would not be able to break through them.

In addition, Zhenyu Clan had a High-Saint Talisman Master with them: Shi Mingyuan. As long as Infernal Court did not deploy force as massive as the one attacking Central Imperial City, Sword Vault would be able to defend itself.

A faint divine light appeared in Lin Lan's eyes. In an instant, she had seen through all ancient wards.

Swoosh—

With just a slight movement, she passed through the ancient wards without any obstruction, entering Sword Vault.

“Eh? Did someone enter just now.? Or it is just my imagination?” The Little Taoist was surprised.

The ancient wards were under its control after all. Even the slightest movement wouldn't be able to go under its radar.

The Little Taoist had vaguely sensed it earlier, but it did not manage to catch any traces.

"It seems like it's really just my imagination."

It did not bother to think too much and continued to study The Big Dipper Portrait.

With his mastery of formations, he did not believe that anyone could pass through the ancient wards without him noticing. Even a Supreme Saint would not be able to do so.

Not long after, Lin Lan arrived at the depths of Sword Vault, in front of a pitch-black turtle-shaped stone mountain.

In the next moment, Lin Lan took a step forward and passed through the stone mountain. She then disappeared without a trace.

There was an invisible door on the stone mountain that could lead to the Nether Dungeon.

After Lin Lan entered the Nether Dungeon, a bald old man walked out from the stone wall. It was Elder Kong, who claimed to be the only jailer.

The four wardens also appeared.

"It hasn't been long? Why is she here again? Hasn't she given up on the idea of saving that Lord Ming?" said Warden Goldleaf.

Obviously, this was not Lin Lan's first visit. Elder Kong and the four wardens had already encountered her.

Warden Thundergourd snorted. "Everyone has underestimated the Nether Dungeon. Without Elder Kong's permission, even if a deity came, the deity wouldn't be able to release the prisoner suppressed in here. Not to mention she was just an avatar of a deity.

"It's only because Elder Kong is amiable that he let her meet Lord Ming."

Elder Kong smiled. “Lord Ming is a very interesting fellow. As an immortal vampire, he wants to subdue the six Saint Swords that are suppressing him. So I gave him a chance.”

“As long as he can get the recognition of the spirit of Ancestral Swordmaster and subdue the sword spirits of the six Saint Swords before he becomes a deity, I won’t stop him from leaving the dungeon.”

The six Saint Swords were the six fragments of Stellar Sword, one of the ten greatest divine artifacts of Kunlun. Stellar Sword was forged by Ancestral Swordmaster. Theoretically, it was impossible for it to be subjugated by the creatures of Infernal Court.

After all, Wordless Sword Manual was passed down by Ancestral Swordmaster from Kunlun.

Ancestral Swordmaster’s spiritual will was so strong that even a deity would find it hard to defeat it, and Lord Ming was just a being below the rank of deity?

The reason why Elder Kong had a bet with Lord Ming was that this prisoner was very different from other immortal vampires. Elder Kong was willing to give him a chance to get out alive.

Elder Kong had been guarding the Nether Dungeon for many years. It was a very boring job, so there were times he needed to have some fun.

After entering the Nether Dungeon, without any obstacles, Lin Lan successfully entered the fifteenth level of the dungeon.

Compared to the previous fourteen levels of the dungeon, the Dismemberment Prison Realm could be considered a great place for self-cultivation. There were colorful crystals, spiritual crystals, and holy stones everywhere.

However, there was a very special place in the Dismemberment Prison Realm. The surrounding precepts were scarce, and there was no spiritual energy of heaven and earth. Not to mention the Saint Qi of heaven and earth, it was basically a place with all power sealed.

This was the place where Lord Ming was imprisoned. Six Saint Swords that were hundreds of thousands of feet tall were arranged into a sword mountain. They stood on the horizon and emitted dazzling light, illuminating a corner in the dark.

Under the six Saint Swords was a blood cocoon with a diameter of 30 feet. It was formed by countless blood-colored patterns. The area within hundreds of miles had been dyed a strange blood-colored.

“Blood Empress, what brings you here again?”

An indifferent voice sounded as if it came from the sky.

At this time, Lin Lan’s figure and appearance transformed rapidly, even her temperament changed. She became Blood Empress.

No one would have thought that Lin Lan, who was brought to Lake Phoenix by Mu Lingxi, was actually an avatar of Blood Empress.

Qiu Yichi had shown up at Lake Phoenix to meet Blood Empress’ avatar, but Zhang Ruochen had discovered Qiu Yichi by accident.

Since Kunlun had become a Battlefield of Merits, it had been monitored closely by the deities. Hence, Blood Empress could not show her true form.

In order to save Lord Ming and see Zhang Ruochen earlier, she had to make an avatar to travel within Kunlun.

In fact, the avatar of Blood Empress had come to Sword Vault and met Elder Kong even earlier.

Elder Kong looked like a jailer, but his cultivation was unfathomable. Blood Empress’ avatar could not see through him at all. What puzzled her was that Elder Kong knew her identity, yet he did not stop her from entering the Nether Dungeon.

Was it because he was confident in his cultivation?

Or was there another reason?

Blood Empress stopped thinking and looked at the blood cocoon. "Brother, I'm going back to Infernal Court. I came here to say goodbye to you."

"It seems that your deeds in Kunlun has finally come to an end." Lord Ming's emotionless voice sounded again.

Blood Empress said, "All disputes and infightings within Xue Jue Family should come to an end."

"It seems that I should get out of here as soon as possible to settle the score," Lord Ming said.

Blood Empress said, "Are you confident to get out of here?"

"If all I wanted was to escape, I could have done so easily 7,000 years ago. However, if I did so at that time, I would have ended up being merely a Supreme Saint."

"I have been suppressed here at my own will for 7,000 years because I know that this is the place where I can attain godhood."

"The six swords are suppressing me, but aren't they also tempering me?"

"No, since 3,000 years ago, I have already worn them down. Even if I become a deity, I still want to become an elite amongst deities. Controlling the six swords is the first step."

Rumble

The blood cocoon shook and released an incomparably majestic power.

The land within a radius of tens of thousands of kilometers instantly shattered and then melted, turning into scorching magma.

Blood-colored patterns extended from the blood cocoon and wrapped the six Saint Swords.

The six Saint Swords immediately shook and released terrifying lightning, fire, and wind... They all attacked the blood cocoon below.

At the same time, each Saint Sword released a beam of sword light. Each could tear apart the sky and even obliterate a starry

sky.

Each Saint Sword was a Supreme Artifact. When they were combined together, they were extremely powerful.

A set of such powerful Supreme Artifacts was precious and rare. Even deities could rarely get their hands on it.

Logically speaking, after being suppressed by the six Saint Swords for ten thousand years, a Supreme Saint at the rank of Paramount Realm should have turned into a skeleton.

However, Lord Ming managed to hold on. Not only he did not get refined by the Saint Swords, but his mental will had also become even stronger. He had even managed to grasp the arcanum of attaining godhood.

Although the six Saint Swords were doing their best to resist, their resistance became weaker and weaker under the entanglement of the blood-colored patterns.

As time passed, the six Saint Swords gradually shrank until they returned to their normal size.

At this time, the blood cocoon disappeared and a charming man emerged. He was wearing crystal-clear blood armor and his body gave off an elegant celestial-like aura.

Lord Ming looked very young, around twenty years old. He was handsome, his eyes filled with charm. No woman could resist such a hunk.

Looking at the six Saint Swords in front of him, Lord Ming stretched out a hand and released a dense power of evil blood, drowning them all.

After being refined by his power of evil blood, the six Saint Swords slowly merged together and formed one.

However, it was only the blade of the sword. Its hilt was missing.

The blade of the sword was covered with complicated inscriptions, and there was a powerful divine power that was released faintly.

“Where the hell is the hilt of Stellar Sword?” Lord Ming asked. However, he sounded like talking to himself.

The moment Lord Ming took the six Saint Swords, Elder Kong sensed it, and his expression revealed mixed feelings. He sighed and said, “Why would Stellar Sword submit to a creature from Infernal Court? Ancestral Swordmaster, is this your will?”

He did not expect Lord Ming to be the winner of the jokester bet.

He could not figure it out. But since it was what Ancestral Swordmaster wanted, he would not go against it.

Chapter 2211: Bring Him Back at All Cost

Lord Ming reached out a hand and grabbed the blade, wanting to pick it up.

“Eh?”

What surprised Lord Ming was that the blade looked thin but was very heavy. He had already exerted a lot of strength but was unable to shake it.

“Legend has it that Stellar Sword was made from a star. It is indeed as heavy as a star,” Lord Ming muttered. His eyes brightened up with eagerness to lift it.

A star in a universe was very huge and heavy. Its weight was equivalent to millions of planets.

Even a deity would need to expend a lot of strength to be able to shake a star.

A cultivator would condense a Divine Planet once they attained Godhood. When a Divine Planet grew to its prime, its size was equivalent to the size of a star. Only when the deity fell, the Divine Planet would be reduced to the size of a planet.

Possessing the power of a star was the most basic condition to attain Godhood.

Lord Ming stretched out his other hand and hold the sword with both hands.

Then, Lord Ming did not hold back anymore and released his own power to wrap around the sword.

Boom!

Extremely powerful energy burst out from the sword, and the entire Dismemberment Prison Realm was instantly shattered.

A large number of scarlet divine patterns appeared on the sword, releasing a scorching force that could melt everything.

In the blink of an eye, Dismemberment Prison Realm had turned into a sea of lava, and the temperature was extremely high.

Even a Saint would turn into ashes if they entered.

Obviously, Lord Ming wanted to raise Stellar Sword and activate the violent power contained within it.

Swoosh!

Finally, Lord Ming pulled Stellar Sword out of the lava.

In an instant, Stellar Sword released an even more scorching power, emitting a dazzling light. It was like a sun, making people unable to open their eyes.

Rumble—

At the same time, the ground around Sword Vault began to crack. It was as if an earthquake had occurred, causing countless creatures to panic.

The tremors spread to 3,000 miles away, 30,000 miles away, 300,000 miles away, 3,000,000 miles away...

Finally, the entire Central Region, the land of myriad miles, began to tremble. It was as if there was a star rolling on the vast ground of Central Region.

If the Nether Dungeon did not act as a barrier, the energy that erupted the moment Stellar Sword was born would have been even more terrifying.

After a long time, Stellar Sword finally calmed down. It retracted its light and heat and returned to its original form.

After subduing Stellar Sword, Lord Ming found that its weight turned light that he could hold it in one hand.

A satisfied smile appeared on Lord Ming's expression. Although he had been imprisoned in the Nether Dungeon for ten thousand years, to be able to gain such a divine sword was worth the time and effort.

More importantly, Stellar Sword contained the Canon of Swordsmanship that Ancestral Swordmaster had comprehended. Now that Lord Ming gained it, he would be greatly benefited.

Although he had not become a deity yet, he already had the power comparable to a deity.

Otherwise, he would not be able to lift Stellar Sword.

Lord Ming waved Stellar Sword and slashed upwards.

Clang!

Instantly, a crack appeared in the dark sky.

Holding Stellar Sword, Lord Ming soared into the sky.

Seeing this, Blood Empress hurriedly followed him.

In the blink of an eye, Lord Ming had already rushed out of the Nether Dungeon and appeared in Sword Vault.

At this moment, a shocking phenomenon occurred in the originally peaceful Sword Vault. Tens of thousands of swords sounded simultaneously, tilting towards Stellar Sword as if they were bowing to salute it.

Swoosh—

Stellar Sword's fragments scattered all over Sword Vault quickly gathered and fused with the sword.

Sword Vault was a very special place that could repair and nurture swords.

As a result, after so many years, not only did the fragments of Stellar Sword not decay, but their divinity had grown greater.

As more and more fragments fused with Stellar sword, the sword became heavier. At the same time, it naturally emitted a blazing light and heat that lit up Sword Vault.

Central Imperial City, Rainbow Pavilion.

The Nine-heavens Maiden's expression suddenly changed. The Heaven's Sear Blade that she kept started to move and flew out uncontrollably.

Warrior Saint Canglan was the bearer of the Heaven's Sear Blade. Although the quality or grade of this secondary sword was not high, it was significant. It was a trump card to protect the Nether Dungeon.

"Come back!"

The Nine-heavens Maiden made a move, wanting to retrieve the Heaven's Sear Blade.

However, the Heaven's Sear Blade trembled violently. It was completely out of her control. Even Sacred Confucian Tome could not suppress it.

Swoosh—

The Heaven's Sear Blade transformed into a sword light and shot through the sky.

“Could it be that something has happened at Sword Vault?” the Nine-heavens Maiden was in contemplation, figuring things out.

If it weren't for the urgency of the situation, she really wanted to leave immediately and head to Sword Vault to investigate it.

Demonic Sect of the Moon

Ling Feiyu secluded herself. She was in the midst of self-cultivation, but she was alarmed.

Heaven's Fall Blade hanging in front of her chest suddenly released a resplendent sword light, turning into a three-foot-long blade, circling her several times.

When Ling Feiyu wanted to reach out to grab it, Heaven's Fall Blade suddenly soared into the sky and flew into the distance.

“What's going on?”

Ling Feiyu frowned in puzzlement.

Ever since she became the bearer of Heaven's Fall Blade, she had never encountered such phenomena before.

At the same time, the other swordbearers also encountered the same situation. All of them felt puzzled and uneasy.

Not long after, five secondary swords, including the Heaven's Sear Blade and Heaven's Fall Blade, flew over from different regions in Kunlun.

The five swords were closely connected to Sword Vault, so they could fly directly into Sword Vault without being hindered by divine patterns.

The only secondary sword missing was Toten Sword.

Five relatively large fragments were separated from the five Saint Swords and merged with Stellar Sword's blade.

"What happened? Why is there such a strange phenomenon in Sword Vault?"

"Such a strong power. My Saint Soul is almost melting."

"Why did my connection with Heaven's Fall Blade suddenly break? What's going on?"

...

All of a sudden, the Saint Souls of the grandmasters in Sword Vault were alarmed.

They could sense the changes in Sword Vault, but they could not leave their place to investigate the situation.

The problems with the five secondary swords would put Kunlun at a disadvantage because the five swordbearers would not be able to borrow the power of the late grandmasters in Sword Vault.

Such a change was definitely not a good thing.

Not long after, Stellar Sword's blade was mostly repaired, only a small part was missing.

"The location of the hilt seems to be unique place. I can't even summon it over. That remaining secondary sword was also at the same location with the hilt." Lord Ming closed his eyes and sensed carefully.

Swoosh!

Elder Kong emerged.

As soon as he saw Stellar Sword in Lord Ming's hand, his eyes filled with mixed feelings. Obviously, he did not want Ancestral Swordmaster's sword to be controlled by a cultivator from Infernal Court.

Shaking his head slightly, Elder Kong sighed and said, "Subduing Stellar Sword will bring you endless benefits and also a huge restriction. When Ancestral Swordmaster created Stellar Sword, the aim was to protect Kunlun.

“This is the mission of this sword!

“Therefore, Stellar Sword will not kill any living beings in Kunlun.”

Hearing this, Lord Ming stared at Stellar Sword. He was surprised. “Is that so? I don’t believe it.”

With that, Lord Ming suddenly took a step forward, waved Stellar Sword, and slashed at Elder Kong.

Elder Kong appeared to be very calm. He stood quietly with his hands behind his back. He did not dodge or block the attack. He let the Stellar Sword fall on him.

However, Stellar Sword emitting a bright divine light suddenly stopped in mid-air. It could not slash down.

Clang!

The blade of the sword shook violently. It was not under Lord Ming’s control.

Nevertheless, Lord Ming would not give up just like that. He immediately released even more power and injected it into the sword.

BANG!!!

The sword released an extremely powerful force and shook Lord Ming’s hand away.

Lord Ming spread his aching hands and stared at Stellar Sword floating in the air. His eyes narrowed. He felt a strong sense of defeat.

The facts proved that Elder Kong’s words were true.

He could attack anyone, even deities, with Stellar Sword.

However, he could not wield it against the living beings of Kunlun.

The will of Ancestral Swordmaster to protect Kunlun had long been imprinted in Stellar Sword.

Lord Ming had never thought that a sword could control his will. This was not something that made him happy.

Taking over Kunlun had been Lord Ming's ambition. Even after 10,000 years, it had not changed.

Now that he was free, of course he would want to resume his journey to achieve the goal.

But now, he was restricted by Stellar Sword. How could he carry on his ambition?

Lord Ming's emotions and expressions kept changing. No one knew what he was thinking.

Not long after, Lord Ming regained his senses, and a determined look appeared in his eyes.

'It's true that this sword was imprinted with the will of Ancestral Swordmaster. So what? In the future, I can be become even more powerful. By the time comes, I will completely subdue Stellar Sword. There's no way a sword can restrain me.'

To him, fighting against the will of Ancestral Swordmaster was also a form of tempering his cultivation. It could help him ascend the peak.

Lord Ming restrained his killing intent and held Stellar Sword again. He swung it backward. Stellar Sword burst out with an incomparably sharp sword light. It was invincible and unstoppable.

For a moment, Sword Vault was filled with dense divine inscriptions. They were like chains, interweaving with each other, sealing this space.

It was precisely because of these divine inscriptions that Infernal Court's deities were unable to directly open the Dimensional Rift connected to Sword Vault. They could only deploy forces to attack Sword Vault from outside.

However, Stellar Sword was invincible. These divine inscriptions were also unable to block it.

In an instant, the divine patterns interweaved in space were all cut off, and the region could no longer be sealed.

CRASH!

Immediately, a 30,000-meter-long Dimensional Rift appeared on the stable space, piercing through sky and land.

This Dimensional Rift was a passage opened by Lord Ming, connecting to a distant place in Kunlun.

He had already sensed that the hilt of Stellar Sword and the secondary sword of Toten Sword were on the other side of the Dimensional Rift.

Inside of the Dimensional Rift was very dark. The force of Nothingness surged and eroded everything.

On the other side of the Dimensional Rift was a bottomless abyss. From a distance, it looked like the mouth of a demon that could swallow everything in the world.

“Endless Abyss.”

No wonder he could not summon the hilt and the secondary sword of Toten Sword. It turned out that they were at the mysterious and unfathomable Endless Abyss.

The precepts of heaven and earth in Endless Abyss were completely different from those in Kunlun. It was like another world.

Looking at Endless Abyss at the end of the Dimensional Rift, Blood Empress suddenly thought of something.

With a step, Lord Ming entered the Dimensional Rift, crossed the void, and walked toward Endless Abyss step by step.

Blood Empress glanced at Elder Kong and followed.

Seeing the two of them leave, Elder Kong shook his head and disappeared into the black mountain.

Guarding the Nether Dungeon was his mission. No matter what, he could not leave.

Lord Ming's cultivation was close to a deity's, but he was only imprisoned on the fifteenth floor of the dungeon. Hence, one could imagine how powerful the prisoners who were kept at the bottom three floors.

However, other than Elder Kong, no one knew who they were.

After coming out of the Dimensional Rift, Lord Ming and Bloody Empress landed. They stood at the edge of Endless Abyss, and the sharp cold wind kept blowing against them.

“The hilt of Stellar Sword and Toten Sword’s secondary sword are indeed below us,” Lord Ming said.

After coming here, the connection between Stellar Sword’s blade and its hilt became stronger. The light of the blade kept flickering.

Led by Blood Empress, the two of them came to the second level of Endless Abyss.

“This is indeed a very special realm!”

Lord Ming observed his surroundings as he moved forward.

Suddenly, he stopped and looked at the blood-red mountain in the distance. He could notice the phenomena happening in that direction.

“So the hilt and Toten Sword are with Zhang Ruochen. That kid... Eh, what happened to him? Why are you summoning soul?”

As he spoke, Lord Ming reached out his hand. The ancient hilt and Toten Sword flew out immediately.

A fragment separated from Toten Sword and merged with Stellar Sword.

The ancient hilt flew around the sword. Inscriptions rushed out from the two. They intertwined, connected, and finally combined.

At this point, Stellar Sword was finally intact.

Buzz.

Stellar Sword shook violently and emitted an extremely sharp aura of sword. Hundreds of pitch-black rifts immediately formed in the surrounding space.

Fiery red flames rose. The temperature of the entire second level of Endless Abyss instantly increased by more than a hundred times.

With Stellar Sword as the center, the surrounding space within a hundred miles was instantly burned into nothingness, forming a huge black hole.

This was the result even after Lord Ming had deliberately suppressed the sword aura. Otherwise, who knew how much damage it would cause.

“Stellar Sword is a peerless divine weapon of Kunlun. The sword blade is your gain, while its hilt was Chen’er’s. Brother, you are Chen’er’s uncle. Yet, you take what belongs to your nephew. Do you really want to do this to him?” Blood Empress said.

Hearing this, Lord Ming could not help but laugh. He felt that his sister was really overprotective.

The hilt that Zhang Ruochen had obtained did not have the spiritual will of Ancestral Swordmaster. It was just an object.

He had spent 10,000 years and risked being refined. He had wandered on the edge of life and death countless times before taming Stellar Sword. No matter how he looked at it, he was the master of Stellar Sword.

However, the way Blood Empress put it, it made it sound like he and Zhang Ruochen had each gotten half of Stellar Sword.

No one would see it that way!

However, Lord Ming was a free man now and had obtained a complete Stellar Sword. He was in a good mood and did not want to argue with his only sister, “If the one holding the hilt wasn’t your son, I would just snatch it with no hesitation,” he said. “I don’t want to be a laughing stock in Infernal Court for myriad of years for taking my own nephew’s belonging away. I—your brother—have a reputation to maintain, so don’t worry.”

After saying this, Lord Ming reached out a hand and pressed in the air.

A powerful spiritual power was released and poured into the blood-colored mountain to help Blood Empress summon Zhang Ruochen’s soul.

His cultivation was close to a deity's, and his mental will was completely comparable to a deity's. Hence, he had the ability to help Blood Empress at this time.

Moreover, Lord Ming knew the dangers of soul summoning. He did not want anything bad to happen to Blood Empress.

In the cave of a blood-colored mountain, Blood Empress stood in the Soul-summoning Array. She kept releasing divine blood to stabilize the illusory passageway.

As time passed, Blood Empress' divine spirit had taken Zhang Ruochen's scattered soul fragments back one after another.

These soul fragments were all attached to the surviving weak part of Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul, making it stronger.

In the process, the divine spirit of Blood Empress suffered the backlash of the laws of heaven and earth.

Even a deity could not fight against the will of heaven and earth.

Not only her divine spirit, but the spiritual will branded in every inch of her flesh and blood was also being destroyed by the will of heaven and earth.

Even someone as powerful as Blood Empress, who was a deity, had turned pale at that moment, and her aura was gradually weakening.

A cracking sound rang out from Blood Empress' body.

A clear rift appeared on her Divinity Source.

Blood Empress' body trembled, and divine blood flowed out from the corner of her mouth. Her body also cracked, and like a piece of ceramic, it was on the verge of falling apart.

Divinity Source was extremely important to the deities. It was the foundation of cultivation, and the divine soul was wrapped within it.

This was the terrifying part of the backlash from the laws of heaven and earth. It would directly affect a deity's Divinity Source and soul, and it was impossible to defend against it.

Although the deities were powerful, they could not fight against nature.

If it was a spiritual power Supreme Saint who did this, the final result would very likely be that both the spiritual power and the divine soul would be annihilated.

As time passed, a series of cracking sounds came from Blood Empress from time to time. The cracks on her Divinity Source increased, and her body's condition was even worse. Her blood gushed out from the cracked wounds.

However, even so, the determination in Blood Empress' eyes was unwavered. She was doing her best to maintain the Soul-summoning Array without the slightest intention of giving up.

Even if this cost her life, she would save Zhang Ruochen.

In the end, the backlash from heaven and earth became heavier, that even the Soul-summoning Array could not be maintained. It was gradually destroyed.

If this continued, the soul summoning would end in failure. Even the soul fragments that had been summoned would dissipate again.

“Chen ‘er will be fine!”

As Blood Empress looked at her son, who was covered in red blood, her eyes were filled with gentleness.

Immediately, Blood Empress released her own soul to suppress the Soul-summoning Array. At the same time, she used it to guide Zhang Ruochen's dissipating soul fragments.

Zhang Ruochen was her descendant. His soul was nurtured in her body. They were of the same origin and had a special connection with each other.

However, doing so would undoubtedly put Blood Empress in greater danger.

The backlash of the laws of heaven and earth completely affected Blood Empress' divine soul.

Even though Blood Empress' soul was strong, it could not withstand the backlash. Cracks appeared on it. And it

collapsed bit by bit.

Ptui

Blood Empress spat out a large mouthful of divine blood. Her aura became more and more dispirited.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen's last wisp of soul flew out of the passage and combined with the main part of his Saint Soul.

Above Zhang Ruochen's body, there was a very solid-looking saint soul. It looked exactly like Zhang Ruochen. Although it had not woken up yet, it was already giving off a mighty Saint aura.

Perhaps it was because Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul had dissipated before it was condensed again. There was an indescribable, strange aura on it.

"Saint Soul returns, life and death reversed!"

Blood Empress shouted as she changed her hand seals.

Now, it was the most critical moment. Whether the soul summoning would succeed or fail, depending on this moment.

KABOOM!

The passage collapsed, releasing a terrifying destructive force.

This force charged straight at Zhang Ruochen. It did not allow him to go against the laws of heaven and earth and come back to life.

Blood Empress did not hesitate. With her majestic body, she completely blocked the destructive force and did not let Zhang Ruochen suffer a single bit.

As a result, Blood Empress' injuries were even worse. Her divine body was almost shattered, becoming a bloody mess.

Her Divinity Source and soul were also severely damaged. Countless cracks formed on them interweaved like a spider web. They were on the verge of collapse.

If this continued, even if Blood Empress did not die, it was very likely that her foundation in her divine path would be destroyed. It was indeed a great price.

Although Lord Ming could clearly sense Blood Empress' state, he did not say anything to stop her. How could the will of a deity waver so easily?

However, he was surprised that his only sister would value her family so much. It was considered very unusual in Xue Jue Family.

Chapter 2212: Zhang Ruochen's Return

Zhang Ruochen's solid Saint Soul was divided into six parts. Each occupied one direction[1] and began to rotate slowly then faster.

Whoosh!

A vortex existing between reality and illusion appeared, establishing a connection with an unknown dimension.

A barely discernable silhouette appeared in the vortex. He had the same appearance as Zhang Ruochen's. He was trying to break free, but he could not because of a big obstacle.

Countless illusory chains intertwined in the vortex. They wrapped around the faint silhouette, binding him like a prison chain, moving like fiery dragons.

The faint silhouette was Zhang Ruochen's Core Spirit. It was where all his spirituality was. If Blood Empress could not summon it, the Saint Soul she had condensed would become an empty shell. Even if the soul merged with Zhang Ruochen's body, it would not bring him back.

At the most critical moment, Blood Empress did not hesitate. Her spirit, which was on the verge of collapse, charged into the vortex with the remaining divine spirit.

Rumble

Lightning appeared in the void and struck fiercely at Blood Empress' soul and spirit.

Instantly, Blood Empress' spirit was damaged. The cracks on her soul increased, worsening its condition.

At this moment, Lord Ming mobilized his spiritual power to protect Zhang Ruochen's body and Saint Soul to avoid being affected.

Even if Zhang Ruochen had a Demigod-level physique, he would not be able to stand against the laws of heaven and earth.

Lord Ming would not have interfered if Blood Empress had not insisted on saving him because he could get implicated when things go south.

At the same time, in front of a Dimensional Rift opened by Infernal Court at thousands of miles away from Central Imperial City, the surrounding precepts and Saint Qi became chaotic. Cracks formed in the sky, and the ground collapsed. It was an apocalyptic scene, a terrifying sight to see.

Under the impact of such destructive force, the Dimensional Rift became unstable.

Buzz

The seven majestic cities shook. The Dimensional Rift's condition remained even though there was enormous energy channeled in the attempt to stabilize it.

Of course, all this was due to Blood Empress summoning Zhang Ruochen's soul.

The reason was that Zhang Ruochen had died in front of the Dimensional Rift. Hence, most of his soul fragments were scattered here.

“What's going on?”

Sensing the unusual phenomenon around the Dimensional Rift, many Infernal Court cultivators were alarmed. They were in puzzlement.

Lightning, wind, fire... all kinds of forces at a threatening manner emerged. They pierced through the sky and formed a vast pitch-black hole. It was like an opening bloody mouth of an ancient beast that would swallow everything.

The Dimensional Rift was affected the most. It became increasingly unstable and began to collapse.

Crack!

The seven cities were the first to break apart.

Within each city was a large number of Infernal Court cultivators guarding it. At this moment, they all flew off into the distance.

Rumble

The seven cities were all shattered, falling from the sky.

Without the suppression of the cities, the Dimensional Rift could no longer hold on. It collapsed and released a destructive force that spread in all directions at a shocking speed.

The destructive force swept across the sky and dispersed the clouds. The blue sky became dark in an instant.

Sensing this power, the cultivators from Celestial Court and Infernal Court, who were fighting outside the imperial city, were all shocked.

“How could such an unusual phenomenon happen?”

A Heavenly Realm cultivator whose spiritual power was close to that of the Supreme Saint said with a serious face, “I sensed a slight fluctuation of the soul fragments. Could it be that a spiritual-power Supreme Saint is summoning soul?”

“Zhang Ruochen died in front of the Dimensional Rift between Infernal Court and Kunlun. He might have something to do with this phenomenon.”

“Yan Wushen took Zhang Ruochen’s body away not long ago. Even if he wants to resurrect Zhang Ruochen, where can he find someone to help him in Kunlun?”

“That’s impossible. Yan Wushen can’t be this crazy.”

“I’m afraid it’s impossible for a spiritual-power Supreme Saint to summon a Supreme Saint’s soul. Only a deity can have a chance. Is there a deity hiding in Kunlun? Or did Moon Goddess come here personally?”

“Maybe it is just the backlash of laws of heaven and earth in Kunlun that caused the Dimensional Rift to collapse. It’s not as complicated as we thought.”

...

Although they suspected that a deity was summoning Zhang Ruochen’s soul, the possibility was very low.

On the other side, in the second level of Endless Abyss.

The precepts of heaven and earth were chaotic. The sky was dyed bloody red. Meteor shower fell upon lands and waters. It was a terrifying sight as if Kunlun was hit by an apocalypse.

In the face of the power of heaven and earth, Xuemo, Qiu Yichi, and the others were shocked. No matter how tough they were, they could not remain calm.

“The soul summoning is so terrifying. No wonder only few people were willing to do it since ancient times,” said Xue Tu in shock.

In history, many outstanding cultivators from Celestial Court and Infernal Court had died. However, those who got resurrected in the end were very few, and the children of deities were no exception.

Xue Tu was certain that if he died in Kunlun, his father would definitely not summon his soul.

Xue Mo’s eyes turned grim. “The backlash from the laws of heaven and earth is brutal. I don’t know if Blood Empress can withstand it. After all, Zhang Ruochen isn’t any ordinary Neverwithers Supreme Saint. Not only he’s the Master of Time and Space, he’s also cultivated his Saint Kinghood to Great Perfection. He was a rare talent. Hence, it’ll be even harder to change his fate.”

“Master will definitely succeed,” Qiu Yichi said.

However, even though she said so, she was filled with worry. She was afraid that not only would Blood Empress fail to resurrect Zhang Ruochen, something bad could happen on Blood Empress.

Inside the blood-colored mountain, Blood Empress used all her strength to break the chains that bound Zhang Ruochen’s soul. She withstood all the backlash from the laws of heaven and earth.

As a result, Blood Empress’ soul and spirit were greatly damaged.

The longer the time passed, the stronger the backlash from the laws of heaven and earth would be. The will of heaven and earth seemed to be pressing down on Blood Empress.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen's Core Spirit was able to break free from the vortex between reality and illusion. Under Blood Empress' guidance, it merged with the Saint Soul.

In other words, Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul had finally gained spirituality.

The soul summoning was successful!

"Return to the body and revive."

Blood Empress' expression became solemn than ever.

She released powerful divine energy enveloping Zhang Ruochen's body and Saint Soul. The two slowly merged.

The six parts of his Saint Soul entered his Divine Light Sea of Qi. They went into the six Saint Aspects at the same time.

Boom

Outside the blood-colored mountain, the colors of the sky changed. Lightning flashed, and thunder rumbled. Billions of thunderbolts appeared at the same time. It was as if nature was furious.

The entire second level of Endless Abyss became dark. The atmosphere turned oppressive.

"Heaven and Earth are angry. This is a sign. Fate has been changed against the will of heaven and earth!" Xue Tu said in a trembling voice.

Changing fate meant going against the laws of heaven and earth. Once the attempt succeeded, it would naturally trigger the wrath of heaven and earth.

Hearing this, Qiu Yichi and the others could not help but let out a long sigh of relief. They could finally relax.

Not long after, the destructive storm slowly dissipated, and the second level of Endless Abyss returned to its peaceful state.

The wrath of heaven and earth was only an unusual phenomenon. It would not really cause any further damage. After all, during the process of soul summoning, the summoner had already paid a huge price for it.

BANG!!!

Blood Empress was exhausted. Her graceful and beautiful face was as pale as a sheet. It was almost like she had turned into a jade. However, she still stood straight. Her divine might did not decrease. She had a transcendent aura that could fight against heaven and earth.

However, this was just the surface. This summoning had taken a great toll on Blood Empress. Her divine source had been broken, and her soul had shattered. Without help, she would not be able to recover in a short amount of time.

Although Blood Empress was heavily injured, there was a gratified smile on her face.

That smile was the same as when Zhang Ruochen was born. It was filled with happiness and motherly love.

At this moment, she was not an immortal vampire, not a deity, but a mother, a mother who would do anything for her child.

Whoosh!

The Saint Qi of heaven and earth gathered from all directions and merged with Blood Empress' body. Her wounded body recovered quickly. Soon, not a single scar was left.

However, her beautiful face was still as pale as a piece of divine jade. She was exhausted.

Zhang Ruochen's will had never disappeared. Despite being trapped in a world of endless darkness, he had struggled hard to fight against the will of heaven and earth. Because his will wasn't destroyed, the soul summoning was successful.

If it were a cultivator with weak willpower, they would have given up the moment they died.

Hence, even if a deity summoned their souls, it would be futile.

When Zhang Ruochen was trapped in the endless dark and cold world, Blood Empress had guided him with a beam of light. Step by step, he moved toward the bright world.

Zhang Ruochen's consciousness gradually recovered, but he was at loss. He did not wake up immediately.

Slowly, Zhang Ruochen's thoughts began to recover. Images began to appear in his mind. In the end, Kongyue's image appeared clearly, but it gradually disappeared into the distance.

In Zhang Ruochen's mind, only the memory of Wan Xin's contemptuous and provocative laughter echoed.

BOOM!

An extremely powerful force with traces of divine power exploded from Zhang Ruochen's body. He shouted, "Kongyue!"

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen finally opened his eyes and woke up from his deep sleep.

BANG!

Because he was too excited, Zhang Ruochen could not control the powerful strength in his body. He struggled out of the red blood and fell heavily to the ground.

He supported his body with his hands so that he did not hit the ground.

Zhang Ruochen lowered his head and gritted his teeth. His body was trembling, and his eyes were full of pain. He blamed himself for not being able to protect Chi Kongyue.

Blood Empress walked over and hugged Zhang Ruochen tightly. She felt sorry for him and comforted him, "Kongyue will be fine. Chen'er, she will be fine. I promise you that she will be fine."

When Blood Empress said this, she could not hold back her tears.

The tears of deities were more precious than their blood.

It wasn't because Blood Empress liked to cry, but because she cared too much.

Being hugged by Blood Empress, Zhang Ruochen gradually calmed down. He let out a long breath. His tense muscles and bones softened, and his body no longer trembled.

At this moment, he felt like he had returned to his childhood.

The warmth of Blood Empress made Zhang Ruochen feel heartwarming and comfortable. He could completely relax, like a baby in an infant's cradle or a mother's womb.

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen tried hard to calm his emotions and regain his senses. His eyes were deep as ocean.

His pupils moved as he observed his surroundings.

When he saw the Soul-summoning Array carved by Blood Empress and the ground stained with divine blood, Zhang Ruochen immediately understood everything. He was deeply struck, his heart throbbing.

Blood Empress had deliberately restrained her aura, but it was still very powerful.

However, Zhang Ruochen could clearly sense she was weakened despite her powerful aura. The current Blood Empress was completely different from the impression she had given off during their last encounter.

With no doubt, he could tell that Blood Empress must have paid a huge price to save him.

With Zhang Ruochen's current knowledge, he certainly knew how difficult it was to summon a soul, especially for a soul of a Supreme Saint.

When he met Blood Empress in the past, it was not just Blood Empress who was suffering. Zhang Ruochen's heart was also filled with conflict and pain. Now, the conflict and pain had disappeared. A knot in his heart was finally untied.

Zhang Ruochen became much more relaxed.

After he calmed down, Zhang Ruochen regained his composure. He reached out and wiped the tears from Blood Empress' face. He reminded her, "I'm already a Supreme Saint. The emperor among Saints is not a child. Even if I had a nightmare in the endless darkness just now, it wouldn't scare me."

Seeing Zhang Ruochen wiping away her tears, Blood Empress was stunned. Then, a beautiful smile appeared on her face. She

was very happy.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and moved his arms that were emitting divine light. He felt that his hands were filled with endless power. It was as if he could pluck the stars in the sky with just a raise of his hand.

Zhang Ruochen from 800 years ago and Zhang Ruochen from 800 years later had become one person.

The familiar yet strange feeling came to his mind.

“Let’s pay Infernal Court a visit!”

Zhang Ruochen made a huge decision. His eyes filled with determination. It was obvious that he had thought it over carefully before saying this.

At this moment, he had regained his rationality and was not acting impulsively.

In fact, only his loved ones and family could make Zhang Ruochen act impulsively and recklessly.

It was precisely because of this impulsiveness and recklessness that he was Zhang Ruochen. In order to help his master find the divine medicine that could bring him back to life, he had entered the netherworld, risking his life. Because of Chi Yao and Huang Yanchen’s deception, he had confronted them at Ziwei Palace despite knowing he was not strong enough. For Mu Lingxi, he had brought legions to attack Demonic Sect of the Moon. For Kunlun, he had suppressed cultivators from myriad macroworlds just to win a bit of dignity.

If other cultivators were deceived by a god, would they dare to confront the god? No. They would just submit to that god.

If it were other cultivators, would they dare to declare war against the Demonic Sect of the Moon and the Fire clan to fulfill their promise to a woman?

...

Blood Empress stared at Zhang Ruochen. Of course, she knew why Zhang Ruochen wanted to visit Infernal Court. She did not ask any questions and agreed.

“Okay, I will accompany you.”

No matter what Zhang Ruochen wanted to do, Blood Empress would support him.

She believed in Zhang Ruochen’s ability and wisdom.

Since he had chosen the future path, he would be responsible for his own choices.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment. He flipped his hand and took out a Heart of the Divine Tree. After handing it to Blood Empress, he said, “It should be of great help to a deity’s injuries.”

A Heart of the Divine Tree was formed by Divine Sky-connecting Tree. It took a long time to form one. It contained boundless life power and could heal almost all injuries.

Even if a deity was seriously injured and dying, they could quickly recover by refining a Heart of the Divine Tree.

Blood Empress did not refuse and took it.

Blood Empress would like it even if it was just an ordinary object, let alone a precious Heart of the Divine Tree.

It was because Zhang Ruochen was the one who gave it to her.

Crack!

Zhang Ruochen took a step forward and stepped into the ground. Then half of his body sank into the ground.

‘What’s going on?’

His body was extremely heavy, as if it was being pressed down by an ancient mountain.

Blood Empress quickly reached out a hand and pulled Zhang Ruochen out of the ground. She said, “You have just merged with your body from your previous life. You still can’t control the physical strength of this body. It will take some time for you to get used to it.”

Zhang Ruochen understood. The heaviness he felt was because the power contained in his body was so great that he could not control it carefully.

Just like a mortal, he could leave a shallow footprint on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen's current power was many times stronger than a mortal's. If he could not control his power well, he wouldn't just leave a footprint on the ground.

He could even flatten a mountain.

Now that his body had been nurtured into a Demigod-level physique by Blood Empress, it wasn't easy to control it.

After the two bodies merged, Zhang Ruochen could sense that the strength of his physique alone was at least ten times that of his past physique—the combo of Five-element Chaotic Body and Neverwither physique.

In other words, the strength of this body could even beat a Supreme Saint at the peak of Hundred-Shackle Realm. The prerequisite was that Zhang Ruochen could control his Demigod-level physique meticulously.

Like now, he had to walk carefully not to be trapped underground. How could he compete with a Supreme Saint at Hundred-Shackle Realm in such a state?

Even if he owned a Demigod-level physique, he would need to attain Demigod-level cultivation realm to unleash Demigod-level combat strength. However, it was still early to reach that phase. For now, it could only be said that Zhang Ruochen would make faster progress in his cultivation within his Supreme Sainthood, and his combat strength would far surpass that of cultivators in the same rank.

[1] north, south, east, west, up, down

Chapter 2213: Departing Kunlun

The Blood Empress was severely injured when she summoned Zhang Ruochen's soul.

At the moment, she was holding the shining Heart of the Divine Tree with her fair hands to absorb the power inside it.

There was exuberant vitality within the Heart of the Divine Tree comparable to the life force belonging to the billions of plants in Kunlun together.

After absorbing only one-thousandth of it, the cracks on the Divinity Source of the Blood Empress healed at a noticeable speed.

What filled in the cracks was the Path of Life.

“One Yuanhui period equals to 129,600 years. The Divine Sky-connecting Tree is indeed powerful, and it is undoubtedly a deity that could cultivate the Path of Life to its limits. The insights on cultivational Paths in which I have received by absorbing 100 years of its cultivation have greatly benefited me.”

Moreover, the Heart of the Divine Tree contained not only the power of Life.

It was actually the Path of Life, knowledge, and wisdom belonging to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

Absorbing one-thousandth of the total 129,600 years would mean 100 years that the Divine Sky-connecting Tree had comprehended the Path of Life. A Saint could not attain the same level as the divine tree even if they spent 10,000 years comprehending it.

If the Blood Empress completely absorbed the Heart of the Divine Tree, her state of mind would be on par with that of a deity who had survived one or few Yuanhui Tribulations, even though she had just attained Godhood recently.

Moreover, her severely damaged soul would grow several times, reaching a level that many deities would only dream of.

One could say that the Heart of the Divine Tree was so rare and precious that it could trigger a war among deities.

Whoosh!

The instant her Divinity Source was completely restored, a ray of light shot out from the Blood Empress' body, as if a divine lamp had been lit.

Where the divine light shone, tender green shoots grew out from the ground.

They took root, sprouted, and grew rapidly.

In the end, they turned into three hundred million towering trees, which were lush and full of vitality.

These 300 million towering trees were generated by just the life force contained within the divine light Blood Empress had emitted.

Lord Ming clicked his tongue in annoyance. Turning around, he squinted his eyes and looked Zhang Ruochen, who stood beside him. "The Heart of Divine Tree is a divine treasure. It would be a waste on you, why don't you give one to your uncle instead?"

Zhang Ruochen retorted, "Didn't you snatch the hilt of the Stellar Sword and the Toten Sword away from me?"

Lord Ming shook his head and said, "How can that be called snatching? That sounds too unpleasant! The merging of the Stellar Sword together is a fate that nobody can change it."

"A fate?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Ming said, "That's right, the moment I got the Stellar Sword under control, its fate had already been decided. It's time for the sword to be reborn and suppress all worlds with its unparalleled sharpness."

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He suddenly felt that the legendary ferocious Lord Ming had the potential to be a trickster, because he had a smooth way of talking.

If he had stolen something, he even could shift the blame away to the heavens.

“Did fate also arrange for me to give you a Heart of the Divine Tree?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Ming stared maliciously at Zhang Ruochen. He nodded slightly and gave him an affirmative look.

“Hahaha.”

Zhang Ruochen laughed in disbelief.

Lord Ming shook his head slightly. He was disappointed by Zhang Ruochen’s attitude. “I’ll attain Godhood soon,” he said. “When the time comes, I’ll become an elite among deities. Now is a good chance for you to ask a favour from me.”

“What do I need to ask you for?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Ming said patiently, “You will go to Infernal Court to rescue your daughter. With another deity helping you, your chance of success will be greater. Give me one Heart of the Divine Tree and I’ll help you.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I have been thinking...”

“What is it?” Lord Ming asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “If I ask my mother to help me take back the sword hilt and the Toten Sword, I think my mother will agree. Since you have not become a deity yet, are you sure you’re a match for my mother?”

Lord Ming’s forehead knitted into a tight frown.

He realized that it wouldn’t be easy to trick Zhang Ruochen.

Standing at the top of the Blood Mountain, the Blood Empress naturally heard the conversation between Zhang Ruochen and Lord Ming.

She was extremely moved by hearing Zhang Ruochen referring to her as his mother, and tenderness surfaced in her dazzling eyes.

However, she understood that Zhang Ruochen had said the word “Mother” because he wanted to use his identity to negotiate with Lord Ming.

Perhaps the gap between mother and son might have been mended.

However, Zhang Ruochen's hatred for the Immortal Vampires was still there.

"Tell me your conditions. How can I get you to give me a Heart of the Divine Tree?" said Lord Ming.

"Help me save someone first. If you succeed, the hilt and the Toten Sword will be my gift to you as my uncle," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Ming's expression became solemn. "It's not against the rules to save someone, but you have to understand one thing. When you go to Infernal Court, it's best to do things according to the rules there. If you have any intentions of breaching the rules, I will have to kill you despite that you are my nephew."

Although Lord Ming said it calmly, Zhang Ruochen felt his heart skip a beat. Lord Ming would certainly kill him.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze met Lord Ming's eyes calmly.

Lord Ming had not expected Zhang Ruochen to remain composed and not show any fear despite being intimidated by his murderous intent. He was impressed by Zhang Ruochen.

"The Xue Jue Family needs more elites like you. If your actions are outstanding enough, you could far exceed your current self after obtaining resources and glory in Infernal Court."

Lord Ming continued, "You'd better maintain your current temperament and determination. Only then can you get the approval of Wargod Bloodximius. He'll help you with all the grudges between you and the big shots in Infernal Court."

"Your identity is controversial. If you want to survive in Infernal Court, gaining Wargod Bloodximius' approval would be the first step. Remember this in your heart."

Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought for a while. Suddenly, he took out a Heart of the Divine Tree and handed it to Lord Ming. "Uncle's words of advice are worth more far more than this."

Lord Ming was stunned for a moment, and he laughed afterward. "Interesting, very interesting. A smart person like you will definitely survive in Infernal Court unharmed, it seems that what I have said was unnecessary."

Taking the Heart of the Divine Tree, Lord Ming pressed it between his brows and turned it into a glowing green speck. It was like a tiny gemstone embedded on his forehead.

Zhang Ruochen and Lord Ming were both extremely intelligent people, so some words need not be spoken aloud.

If he had given the Heart of the Divine Tree to Lord Ming earlier, he would only help Zhang Ruochen save others.

However, giving the Heart of the Divine Tree to Lord Ming now meant that he had to protect Zhang Ruochen's life with his might in the Infernal Court.

If Zhang Ruochen didn't give Lord Ming a Heart of the Divine Tree, Lord Ming wouldn't do his best to save Chi Kongyue even if he agreed to do so.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen might have to take out a Heart of the Divine Tree to persuade him. But even if he did, Zhang Ruochen would still owe him a favor.

Zhang Ruochen could give away a treasure, but it must be at the right time.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed something and looked toward the horizon.

On the horizon, a rainbow ray of light emerged.

In the center of the rainbow, a beautiful divine silhouette walked over slowly. She had long snow-white hair and a graceful figure. With every step, a lotus flower grew under her feet.

Lotus flowers grew in the wake of her footsteps.

A pair of peacock wings adorned her back.

The light from the rainbow was coming the peacock wings. It was beautiful and overflowing with Saint Qi which

accentuated her perfect appearance and temperament with an ethereal and mysterious aura.

Zhang Ruochen was overjoyed. “Lanyou, you’ve finally rebuilt an immortal body and returned to Supreme Sainthood.”

Recently, Zhang Ruochen had been struggling in adversity and experienced much sorrow. Now that he had something good happened to him, he was naturally excited.

He leaped up, wanting to fly in front of Kong Lanyou.

However, just as he jumped, his body sank into the ground, leaving only his head exposed.

Kong lanyou walked to Zhang Ruochen’s side. Her beautiful eyes were filled with confusion. She couldn’t help but laugh. “Cousin, what are you doing?”

Zhang Ruochen was a Supreme Saint and also the high-ranking Prince of the Eastern Region. He was also the ruler of Central Shengming Empire. He would certainly care about his face.

After losing so much face, his expression was a little unnatural. He coughed dryly and said, “Help me up first. I’m afraid that the higher I climb, the deeper I’ll fall.”

Kong Lanyou leaned over and reached out a jade-white hand. She caressed Zhang Ruochen’s face, which was the only part visible on the surface and smiled sweetly at him. “I think you’re fine now, why don’t you stay underground for a while?”

When Kong Lanyou leaned over, a snow-white ravine could be clearly between her bosom. It was rounded beautifully as a couple of jade bowls, giving off an alluring attractiveness.

Zhang Ruochen was a little embarrassed and purposefully closed his eyes, “Lanyou,” he said. “I’m going to the Infernal Court immediately. We don’t have much time left to spend together, and I don’t know how long it would be till we can meet again. Goodbye, I don’t know if we would be friends or foe in the future...”

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen felt his body lighten and returned to above ground.

Kong Lanyou frowned slightly. She looked bewildered and seemed worried that he would leave immediately, so she grabbed his hands tightly.

It would take some time for the Blood Empress to fully recover to her peak state. Thus, Zhang Ruochen and Kong Lanyou walked together and talked about things that had happened recently.

They had both attained Supreme Sainthood and were at the top of the Paths. However, they were like teenagers with their fingers tightly interlocked and standing close together.

Perhaps it was because they had merged their previous flesh bodies, Zhang Ruochen's feelings for Kong Lanyou had become closer. It was as if everything was the same as it was 800 years ago.

Kong Lanyou stopped and looked at him closely. "Cousin, it'll be hard to turn back after going to the Infernal Court. There won't be any place for you in the Celestial Court, Kunlun, and the Guanghan."

"I understand," Zhang Ruochen said.

Kong Lanyou's had a captivating smile on her exquisite face that could make anyone swoon over, and she said. "If there really is a day when there's no place for you in the Celestial and Infernal Courts, I would be willing to stay by your side. The universe is vast with boundless swathes of land. There's always a place to call home."

With that, Kong Lanyou gently tiptoed and planted a kiss on Zhang Ruochen's face with her ruby red lips unexpectedly.

Then she hugged Zhang Ruochen tightly and whispered in his ear, "Cousin, you've suffered too much. It's a pity that I wasn't by your side when you were at your most challenging time."

Kong Lanyou's actions were really out of ordinary.

Zhang Ruochen didn't react for a long time as he was taken aback. Then he gathered up his feelings and placed one hand

on her head and the other around her slim waist, and looked gravely at her, saying, "Help me take care of my mother, and wait for me. I will definitely be back."

Lin Lan had long been sent to the Endless Abyss by the Blood Empress, and Zhang Ruochen had gone to see her not long ago.

When the War of Merit broke out in Kunlun, it was actually the clone of the Blood Empress who had found Lin Lan first. She wanted to meet the woman whom Zhang Ruochen had called his mother, in order to learn from her how to become a mother and win back Zhang Ruochen's trust.

It was for this reason that when Zhang Ruochen first came to the Endless Abyss, the Blood Empress cooked a big table of delicacies for him like a hospitable woman welcoming guests.

And that's the reason she did not force Zhang Ruochen against his will to acknowledge her as his mother as a deity herself.

Later, when Mu Lingxi went to pick up Lin Lan, she had already been sent to the Endless Abyss by Qiu Yichi. The clone of the Blood Empress transformed into Lin Lan as she wanted to get close to Zhang Ruochen and understand his personality as well as his temperament.

"Stop flirting. We should go now!"

In the distance, Lord Ming called out in a rather unpleasant way, ruining the moment between Zhang Ruochen and Kong Lanyou.

Zhang Ruochen and Kong Lanyou, who were hugging each other tightly, immediately separated.

Blood Empress had her hands clasped behind her back, and her eyes looked disdainfully at the sky, displaying the peerless might of a deity. Her cultivation had completely recovered, and so she spoke, "It's been 800 years which means the time to leave has come. Lanyou, remember what you promised your aunt. You'll take care of everything in the second level for now."

After saying this, Blood Empress extended a snow-white slender finger and pointed.

Crash

A hidden passage appeared above the second level.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the other end of the passage and saw a starry sky, and he did not know where in the universe it was connected to.

“What did mother mean by what she said to Lanyou just now? What does the second level of the Endless Abyss has that need to take care of, those Bloodbeasts?”

Zhang Ruochen always felt that there must be some unknown secrets hidden here.

However, Kong Lanyou was very principled and stubborn. Since she had promised the Blood Empress, it must not be a bad thing.

Wrapped in the divine light of the Blood Empress, Zhang Ruochen, Xue Tu, Xuemo, Qi Tian, and Ying Huo passed through the hidden passage. After spinning around briefly, they came to a dark and cold space.

Zhang Ruochen looked back and saw Kunlun in the distance.

The distance between them and Kunlun was very far, and all that he could see was a glowing atmospheric mass ten times bigger than the moon.

Although he was still in the nearby starry sky, he was already thousands of miles away from Kunlun.

“I can’t continue to suppress it. I have been sensed by the heavenly and earthly precepts and I have to undergo the divine Tribulation immediately. My Divine Tribulation is the Heart tribulation.”

Lord Ming landed on a yellowish-brown planet with a diameter of 30,000 miles, he landed heavily on the planet and shook it violently. And then he sat cross-legged and assumed the “lotus” position.

The next moment, divine light emitted from his body enveloped the entire planet. Following that, it spread to the surrounding starry sky and turned into a sea of blood-colored divine light.

“What strength Lord Ming possesses, he’s only a demigod but his divine light can illuminate a starry sky and dye thousands of planets blood-colored. I also have the body of a demigod but why can’t I do it?” Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

Chapter 2214: God Slayer

Whoosh

Countless precepts of heaven and earth appeared and interweaved with one another, completely enveloping the planet where Lord Ming was.

Even though they were distant, they could feel the awe-inspiring pressure of heaven and earth.

Under normal circumstances, when a lifeform ascended to godhood, they would need to undergo divine tribulation.

A tribulation a deity must undergo varies across individuals. It could be related to love, lust, unresolved feelings, lingering feelings. It could be in the form of lightning, unnatural death, and so on. Different lifeforms had different cultivation experiences, therefore the tribulations would be different.

The difficulty of the tribulations was naturally different.

In general, the tribulations correspond with what one fears most.

The more they feared, the stronger the tribulations.

Empress Chi Yao, for instance, had experienced the love tribulations some time past. She had relied on Zhang Ruochen to perfect herself and become a deity.

But now, Lord Ming needed to experience the Heart Tribulation. The test was his.

Because after cultivating for more than a myriad years, his heart wasn't fair. There was anger and hatred brewing in his heart.

"I can even overcome the will of the Ancestral Swordmaster. I'm destined to become an unparalleled elite that will shake all realms. What can a mere heart tribulation do to me?"

Lord Ming was determined.

His divine heart was as firm as a rock and couldn't be shaken.

After cultivating in The Nether Dungeon for a myriad years, Lord Ming's mind and will had reached an unimaginable level. The heart tribulation wasn't a challenge for him in the least.

It was sort of a threshold that would be crossed with only one step.

Whoosh

Not long after, the divine light that shone from Lord Ming became even more dazzling. It was like a divine sun that wanted to illuminate the dim starry sky completely.

At the same time, an imposing divine force spread from Lord Ming. It covered the sky and earth and spread in all directions. Ripples appeared within the surrounding starry sea.

A vast amount of heaven and earth power fused into his body and urged the transformation of divine force.

"He has passed the Heart Tribulation," Blood Empress said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Was it that easy to become a god?"

"That's because few external objects can affect him since he started cultivating. As for the anger and resentment in his heart, he had already overcome them in The Nether Dungeon. They couldn't affect his spiritual will. He had the confidence to become a god thousands of years ago. After thousands of years of training, the Heart Tribulation won't be able to do anything to him." Blood Empress said.

Zhang Ruochen had no idea about the Divine Tribulation.

Lord Ming may look calm on the surface, but no one knew what he had experienced at that moment.

Boom

A surge of Blood Qi soared into the sky and shook the nine heavens.

Lord Ming stood up and stepped on the planet. His body expanded rapidly.

Ascending to godhood was a great leap in life for any lifeforms. It would be in the form of a divine giant with no deliberate suppression.

The stronger the blood qi, the larger the divine physique they might create once they became a god.

Lord Ming's body was constantly bursting with vigorous blood qi, which guided the divine physique to ascend as if there was no limit.

In the end, it reached a total of 90,000 miles before it stabilized.

Boom

The yellowish-brown planet with a diameter of 30,000 miles couldn't bear Lord Ming's divine physique and divine force. It shattered and became tiny asteroids.

Hiss

Xue Tu, Xuemo, Qi Sheng, and Ying Huo all looked up at Lord Ming's divine physique and gasped at the sight of it.

Even Zhang Ruochen's mind was affected by the size of it.

Even though he had become a Supreme Saint elite and possessed the body of a demigod, he was still very different from a real God.

'I wonder how powerful will the 90,000-mile true vessel be and how many Divine Planets can Lord Ming condense?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

The number of Divine Planets was connected with the buildup of cultivators.

The more powerful the buildup, the more Divine Planets could be condensed.

To become a god, one needed at least the power of a star, which was to condense a Divine Planet.

The power of a star was terrifying. Even the slightest fluctuation would kill all lifeforms on the nearby planets.

The encompassing starry sky would be destroyed if a star exploded.

Because of this, in the eyes of the gods, if one did not become a god, they would eventually become an ant.

Under normal circumstances, cultivators would do their best to strengthen their accumulation and would not rush to ascend to godhood. Therefore, there will be at least two Divine Planets condensed.

Only those gods who relied on refining Divinity Source to reach godhood would only have one Divine Planet.

They were also a god, but they weren't recognized. They could only be considered pseudo gods.

Pseudo gods could not survive the calamity of the Yuanhui Tribulation. They could only live for one Yuanhui Tribulation.

A god's future achievements depend on the number of Divine Planets he or she condensed. The more the better.

When Empress Chi Yao became a deity, she condensed a total of thirty-three Divine Planets. In other words, she also possessed the terrifying power contained in thirty-three stars. It was almost comparable to a god who had survived the calamity of the Yuanhui Tribulation.

Crash

Above Lord Ming's head, an incomparably vast starry sky appeared, faintly discernible.

This starry sky was extremely demonic. Hundreds of millions of stars converged into a long river that stretched across the universe. It was very long and no one could tell where it begins or where it ends. It made people feel that it was unreal.

The starry sky emitted yellow light. It was like a river of styx that flowed through the universe.

"Is that starry sky Infernal Court?" Zhang Ruochen muttered.

He was familiar with this milky way of styx. He had seen it twice when he had been to the Death's Door.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that the milky way of styx was very far away from this starry sky. Under normal circumstances, he couldn't see it at all.

It was because Lord Ming had become a god. He illuminated heaven and earth, making them appear across space.

It was a miracle.

Now Lord Ming has created his divine physique, and the next step is to create the Stellar Soul Constellation.

There were two methods to condense a Divine Planet.

One was to directly absorb the planet from the universe and merge one's Precepts and divine soul into it.

Another way was to completely condense the Precepts and combine one's Precepts with the precept of heaven and earth.

In comparison, the Divine Planet created by the second method was more compatible with the gods and could store more divine force in the future.

However, it was too difficult to condense the Divine Planet completely by Precepts and only a few people could achieve it.

Naturally, with Lord Ming's pride and strength, he wanted to condense the Divine Planet that was most compatible with himself.

Countless thick and solid Divine Precepts rushed out of Lord Ming and entered the milky way of styx. They triggered the precepts of heaven and earth in the Infernal Court and interweaved with each other.

Lord Ming's ascension was a huge commotion and trembled many planets in the nearby starry sky.

...

In a starry sky far away, there was a dead Divine Planet. On the top of the highest mountain on the planet, there was a tall and sturdy golden-armored god sitting cross-legged.

This Divine Planet belonged to the Great God Jinque of Kunlun.

Great God Jinque died in the divine war during the Middle Ages. Saint Monk Xumi used space-time techniques and hid the Divine Planet. However, the golden-armored god found it in the universe.

At this moment, the golden-armored god was refining the remnant Stellar Soul of God on the Divine Planet to increase

his strength.

Suddenly, the golden-armored god felt a powerful divine force fluctuating and looked at the distant starry sky.

‘What a powerful divine force fluctuation. It doesn’t belong to the Celestial Court. Perhaps a god from the Infernal Court?’ he thought.

The golden-armored god stood up and waved his arm. His fingers grabbed at the void and he was taking away the huge Divine Planet like taking a glass ball.

No matter how much a planet weighed, it was as light as a feather to the gods.

Swoosh

A starry path condensed by his divine force appeared under the feet of the golden-armored god. It was illusory and connected to the other side of the starry sky.

Only gods could see the starry path.

Walking on the starry path, every step he took was 129,600 miles.

It didn’t take long for the golden-armored god to appear near the place where Lord Ming was transcending his tribulation.

His gaze locked onto Lord Ming and was shocked when he saw the 90,000-mile divine physique.

‘The aura of the Swordsmanship on him is so strong. It has the same origin as the Divine Artifact that appeared in Kunlun not long ago. Could it be that the Divine Artifact is on him?’ The golden-armored god thought.

Previously, the birth of the Stellar Sword had shaken the entire Central Region and it couldn’t escape the gods’ perception.

Many gods in the Celestial and Infernal Court were alarmed back then. They had sensed the aura of the Stellar Sword. Unfortunately, as Lord Ming entered the Endless Abyss, the aura disappeared.

The golden-armored god saw Blood Empress and his eyes froze.

The reason was that as a god, he couldn't see through that woman at all. She gave him an unfathomable feeling. He could only tell that she was an Immortal Vampire.

The golden-armored god frowned slightly, he thought, 'Who is she? Why have I never heard of such a god in the Immortal Vampires? No matter what, I have to stop that Immortal Vampire man from condensing the Divine Planet. There can't be any new god in the Infernal Court.'

Immediately, the golden-armored god activated his powerful divine force and swung the sky spear at Lord Ming.

The attack from the sky spear cut through the starry sky and shot out a golden light like a comet.

There will be no stopping once the condensing of a Divine Planet has begun. If the process is interrupted, one could not continue to condense at least. At worst, the Divine Planet condensed would be destroyed.

In this way, it was equivalent to falling from the divinity right after one became a god. Moreover, one would suffer a terrifying backlash.

Therefore, when one broke through to become a god, they would usually ask someone to protect them or make all sorts of arrangements in advance to prevent all sorts of unexpected situations from happening.

Blood Empress had long sensed the aura of the golden-armored god. Seeing that he had launched an attack, she snorted coldly, raised a divine jade-like hand, and pressed it forward.

Immediately, an enormous phantom divine monument appeared in the starry sky, tens of thousands of miles tall.

Rumble

Just as it came into contact with the phantom divine monument, the golden light from the sky spear slashed out was like an egg hitting a rock. It shattered and dissipated into nothingness.

Blood Empress twisted her wrist and pressed her hand into the void.

Following that, the phantom divine monument directly pressed toward the golden-armored god.

“This is bad, she’s a true God.”

The golden-armored god’s face changed dramatically, and he retreated while he used all his strength to resist.

In an instant, the golden-armored god revealed his true form. He had a ninety thousand meters tall body, but he still looked small in front of the divine monument that was tens of thousands of miles tall.

Boom

The golden-armored god was unable to resist it in the end, and his divine physique exploded from the impact.

The divine monument shone with a brilliant blood-red light, completely enveloping the golden-armored god. Then, it shook and released a power that could destroy all things.

“No!”

The golden-armored god let out an unwilling and despairing roar, desperately trying to break free.

At this moment, he truly felt the death threat.

“A mere one-star pseudo god dares to come and throw his life away?” Blood Empress said indifferently.

Blood Empress didn’t care much of a being ascended to godhood by refining the Divinity Source.

Most of the gods sent by the Celestial Court and Infernal Court to patrol the Battlefield of Merits were one-star pseudo gods. As they did not have the potential to grow, it would not be a great loss even if they died.

Suddenly, Blood Empress raised her head and looked into the distance. She muttered, “Another god is approaching.”

Before she finished her words, a five-colored ribbon cut through the starry sky and extended over.

A ball of fire hundreds of miles in size appeared above the five-colored ribbon.

Crash

The fire exploded and formed a huge circle of fire.

A mighty god wearing three-colored armor walked out of the circle of fire. His body emitted a terrifying heat that distorted the surrounding starry sky.

When Zhang Ruochen saw who it was, his heart skipped a beat.

He was very familiar with this god and he had once wanted to kill him. It was Yanshen of the Fane of Merit.

Yanshen had been injured on Mount Yueshen, causing the Fane of Merit to lose face. When he returned, he was punished and sent to collect the Power of Merits from the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun.

The Fane of Merit had a high status in the Celestial Court, and many gods were in charge of it. However, they were either cultivating in seclusion or overseeing the Battlefield of Merits.

Yanshen used to be in charge of the matters of the Fane of Merit. He was equivalent to a butler arranged by the Lord of the Fane of Merit.

“Save... Save Me.”

The golden-armored god who was suppressed by the divine monument cried out weakly for help.

As a one-star pseudo god, his mental power and life force were far from being comparable to a true God.

“Stop!”

Yanshen roared and put his hands together. Divine flames surged out of his body.

The divine flames were too intense and completely enveloped the Yanshen, making him look like a sun. He gave off extreme light and heat as if he wanted to meet the starry sky.

The three-colored flames interweaved and condensed into a torrent of flames. Like a giant flame dragon, it shot across the sky toward the divine monument that was tens of thousands of miles tall.

Although Yanshen hadn't grasped any Canon, and he wasn't an ancient god who had passed the Yuan Hui Tribulation. He cultivated the Way of the Three Corpses from the Taiyi Divine Techniques Rank. His strength was extremely strong, far from what an ordinary god could compare to.

Blood Empress appeared extremely calm. She formed a seal and released even more Divine Precepts and divine force. She condensed another divine monument and slapped it at Yanshen.

Boom

The divine monument was unparalleled. It shattered the torrent of flames and turned it into a rain of fire that filled the sky, incomparably dazzling.

Yanshen's heart sank. He didn't hesitate and immediately activated the Power of Merits. It was unfathomable. With its boost on Yanshen, his strength increased greatly.

Yanshen pushed forward with both hands. The Power of Merits condensed into a five-colored divine seal that was as large as a star.

Bang

However, the five-colored divine seal was unable to block the divine monument. It was pierced through the moment it came into contact and turned into a cloud of smoke.

The next moment, the divine monument hit Yanshen.

Pfft

Yanshen was sent flying four thousand miles away. There was blood hanging at the corner of his mouth, and his chest was heaving up and down violently.

"It's another Canon."

Yanshen's eyes were wide open, and he was both shocked and angry.

In the battle on Mount Yueshen, he had suffered the loss of the Canon. Half of his body had been cut off by the Moon Goddess, and his injuries hadn't recovered yet. It was truly a great humiliation.

There were very few gods who had mastered the Canon in this world. Each of them had a famous existence.

But Yanshen didn't have any impression of Blood Empress. It was really strange.

Encountering a true God who had mastered the Canon, Yanshen didn't dare to rescue the golden-armored god. He was afraid that he would be implicated. One had to know that this wasn't the Celestial Court, and the other wasn't a god of the Celestial Court.

In the Celestial Court, even the Moon Goddess didn't dare to kill him.

But the god of the Infernal Court didn't have any scruples.

"That's... Zhang Ruochen. He's still alive."

Yanshen sensed a familiar divine force fluctuation. He stared at it and saw Zhang Ruochen standing beside Blood Empress.

Finally, his gaze locked onto Zhang Ruochen's leg.

He knew that the Moon Goddess had given his leg to a weakling of Saint Kingdom. Yanshen had become the laughing stock of the gods. Now that he saw Zhang Ruochen, Yanshen's eyes burned. He gritted his teeth in hatred.

"How is this bast*rd still alive?"

The news of Zhang Ruochen's death in Kunlun had long spread throughout the world. Yanshen had also heard about it.

On the other side, the screams gradually disappeared. The divine monument had destroyed the golden-armored god's spiritual will and Qi of life, leaving only a soulless shell.

Besides the mother world of the golden-armored god, his only Divine Planet dimmed and lost its luster.

Another god has fallen.

Blood Empress reached out a large hand and took away the pseudo god's body. She held it in her palm and glanced at Yanshen. "I can feel the anger in your heart. Show me your true ability. I want to slay a true God to show my power."

Slaying a pseudo god was not enough for Blood Empress.

After the battle on Mount Yueshen, Yanshen had learned his lesson. He knew that he was not the kind of war god who guarded the Battlefield of Merits all year round. There was no need to fight with the true gods of the Infernal Court.

His eyelids drooped and he said lightly, "He's just a new god. Don't be too arrogant. The gods of Celestial Court will come soon. There will be a price to pay for killing a god of Celestial Court."

Xue Tu whispered in Zhang Ruochen's ear and laughed. "Did you see how hypocritical the gods of the Celestial Court are? If he had tried his best just now, he might have been able to save that pseudo god. But he chose to retreat."

Xuemo, Qi Sheng, and Ying Huo all laughed contemptuously.

There was nothing to be afraid of with Blood Empress on their side, even if the other party was a god.

Yanshen's eyes grew colder. He would have killed all the Immortal Vampires if he had also cultivated the Canon. Those who humiliated gods had to die.

On the other side, one after another Divine Planets were created in the River Styx.

Before he became a god, Lord Ming already had the power of a star. He crossed the gulf and was comparable to a one-star pseudo god.

With such a powerful accumulation, he was naturally not comparable to ordinary gods after he broke through.

Lord Ming did not hold back at all. He released his Precepts and divine force to successfully create his Stellar Soul Constellations in an extremely short period.

Twenty-eight dazzling stars appeared in the milky way of styx. They were connected and formed Lord Ming's figure.

At a glance, these twenty-eight stars were particularly prominent. The light they emitted made the entire milky way of styx even brighter.

To the gods, the brighter the Divine Planet was, the better. It represented a state of the gods themselves. Many times, cultivators judged the state of the gods by the light of the Divine Planet.

Back then, when Moon Goddess was severely injured and on the verge of death, her Divine Planets had completely dimmed. As a result, it misled Wargod Bian Zhuang that she was dead. In a fit of anger, he had abandoned the Celestial River and charged into the Infernal Court alone.

"Twenty-eight Divine Planets. Sixth Brother's fortuitous encounter in The Nether Dungeon is not small." Blood Empress's eyes flashed with a strange light.

The Divine Planets represent not only the power that the gods now possess but also the potential as well.

The number of Divine Planets formed by the gods who could grasp the Canon was not small.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the twenty-eight Divine Planets floating in the milky way of styx. Lord Ming was not bragging. Once he became a god, he was indeed extraordinary.

'The Stellar Soul Constellation is so powerful, and with the Stellar Sword, Lord Ming's strength may be comparable to the ancient God who survived the Yuan Hui Tribulation,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

He had just become a god, but he was already so powerful. He didn't know how powerful he would be if he practiced for another Yuan Hui.

Qi Sheng was excited and he idolizes Lord Ming. He had heard all kinds of legends about Lord Ming since he was born.

He had tried hard to rescue Lord Ming from The Nether Dungeon.

He had never thought that he would be able to witness the great moment when Lord Ming became a god.

Rumble

At this moment, the starry sky shook violently and beams of divine light appeared one after another. The commotion of the divine war was too big, and it attracted the gods from the Celestial and Infernal Court to descend.

Chapter 2215: Wargod Bloodximius Xue Jue

In the starry sky, there were colorful lights and divine clouds. Everywhere was filled with powerful divine might.

If it weren't for the protection of the Blood Empress, Xuemo and the others would have already knelt.

Even Zhang Ruochen, a Supreme Saint whose spiritual will was far beyond ordinary people, couldn't breathe under the pressure of the divine might. He could barely hold on.

Whoosh

The starry sky trembled, and a bright moon appeared out of thin air. It bloomed with a cold brilliance, covering the entire starry sky with a layer of silver gauze. It was beautiful.

Under the bright moon, there was a beautiful figure walking slowly through the starry sky.

From afar, the beautiful figure gave off a fresh and refined aura. She was elegant, ethereal, and nimble as if she was detached from the mortal world.

She had peerless beauty and flawless skin. Even a true god admires her.

Zhang Ruochen was very familiar with this goddess. She was the most beautiful goddess in the Celestial Court, Moon Goddess.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Moon Goddess had rushed here because she sensed his presence.

The news that he had died in front of the Dimensional Rift must have spread throughout the realms. But now, his aura had suddenly appeared. It would be strange if she didn't care.

Four true gods had descended from Celestial Court. With Moon Goddess as the leader, they all emitted powerful divine might.

Four true gods had also come from the Infernal Court. Two were Immortal Vampires and the other two were Rakshasa.

Yanshen was confident after seeing the gods of Celestial Court descend, including powerful ancient gods like Moon Goddess. His body emitted a mighty divine might and he said proudly, “Everyone, the Infernal Court wants to start a divine war, and some of the gods of the Celestial Court have already fallen. Unfortunately, I was a step too late and was unable to save him.”

His words could be said to be dignified, and he completely pushed aside the responsibility of the god of Celestial Court dying. At the same time, he did not mention the fact that he had suffered a loss just now.

Yanshen’s purpose was very clear. He wanted to incite the four true gods, including the Moon Goddess, to fight against the gods of the Infernal Court.

Seeing Yanshen putting on an act, Lord Ming laughed and said, “Yanshen of the Fane of Merit, right? Come, and have a taste of my sword. Let me test your strength.”

Although he had just ascended to godhood, he was not afraid of fighting with Yanshen.

Yanshen was angry, but he didn’t attack rashly.

No one dared to underestimate a new god who could condense twenty-eight Divine Planets. Moreover, Lord Ming seemed to have obtained a Divine Artifact from Kunlun. His strength was immeasurable.

Yanshen snorted and said, “Even if you become a god, you should be in awe. The one who stands out will rot first.”

Lord Ming didn’t bother to waste time with him. He summoned the Stellar Sword to his hands and slashed out.

Whoosh

Billions of Divine Marks appeared on the surface of the Stellar Sword. They are interwoven and condensed into a sharp and indestructible sword ray.

“Is that... The Stellar Sword?”

Yanshen's pupils constricted and he felt a great threat.

Legend had it that the Stellar Sword was lost forever, but its awe-inspiring reputation was still well-known by the gods throughout various worlds. Back then, when Ancestral Swordmaster controlled it, no one knew how many gods were killed.

Without hesitating, Yanshen took out a Five-colored Merit Stele and struck out with all his strength.

The Five-colored Merit Stele rapidly expanded, instantly transformed into a hundred thousand feet tall. It blossomed with an incomparably dazzling five-colored divine light, illuminating the entire starry sky with five-colored brilliance.

Bang

The sword ray slashed onto the Five-colored Merit Stele and sent it flying.

The Five-colored Merit Stele dimmed and lost its luster. The Power of Merits contained within it was greatly consumed.

Yanshen was apprehensive. He withdrew the Five-colored Merit Stele and immediately retreated to the side of the gods of the Celestial Court.

'He just became a god and already has such terrifying offensive power. How detestable.' Yanshen thought with annoyance.

Regardless, Yanshen was still a god of the Fane of Merits. He's been a god for more than a myriad of years. He never thought that he would be suppressed by two new gods. The main reason was that his injuries from the battle on Mount Yueshen had not recovered yet, so Yanshen's strength was not to his fullest.

In that battle, his injuries were too severe. It would be impossible for him to recover without a hundred years.

"So the gods of the Fane of Merits are only so-so."

Lord Ming glanced at Yanshen with contempt. He put away the Stellar Sword and didn't attack again.

From the moment he arrived, the Moon Goddess had been staring at Zhang Ruochen,

She could see the changes in Zhang Ruochen.

Chi Yao had told Moon Goddess about the relationship between Zhang Ruochen and the Immortal Vampires on Mount Yueshen. Now that she saw him standing beside Blood Empress, it all makes sense.

“Moon Goddess, Zhang Ruochen is your Divine Envoy. Now that he’s colluding with the Immortal Vampires, what do you have to say?” asked Yanshen.

Moon Goddess ignored Yanshen and said, “Have you thought thoroughly? If you regret it now, there’s still a chance.”

Although Moon Goddess knew why Zhang Ruochen had joined the Infernal Court, she still hoped that Zhang Ruochen could be saved.

“Thank you for what you have done for me all these years, Moon Goddess. I’ve thought it through. No matter what happens in the end, I won’t regret it,” Zhang Ruochen said calmly with a firm look in his eyes.

It was a good thing that Zhang Ruochen met Moon Goddess before he departed to Infernal Court. It was also a good opportunity to clear things up and he did not want to implicate anyone.

Moon Goddess shook her head slightly and said, “Once you continue this path, everyone in the Celestial Court world will see you as an enemy. There will be no place for you in Celestial Court. Is it worth it?”

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a moment. “It’s worth it.”

He had thought about all the consequences and was prepared to bear them.

Moon Goddess looked at Zhang Ruochen deeply. She knew that she couldn’t change his mind. She retracted her bright divine gaze and said in a clear voice that spread through the starry sky, “From now on...”

After a pause, she continued, “Zhang Ruochen is no longer my Divine Envoy and he has nothing to do with Guanghai.”

There was a deep sense of helplessness in the Moon Goddess’s voice. In the end, she could not bear to part with a rare genius like Zhang Ruochen.

However, she could not stop Zhang Ruochen from choosing this path.

This meant that Zhang Ruochen would no longer be able to draw the divine force from Moon Goddess. If he encountered any trouble, she would no longer be his backer.

Zhang Ruochen’s mind trembled slightly. From now on, he was no longer part of Celestial Court.

Once he entered the battlefield, he might have to fight against his old friends.

He didn’t want this to happen.

But no matter what, he wouldn’t regret his decision.

“Why should my descendent be someone else’s Divine Envoy?”

At this moment, an extremely domineering voice suddenly sounded.

A vast and boundless sea of blood appeared, sweeping in all directions as if it wanted to drown the entire starry sky. The divine might it emitted caused all the gods present to feel extremely stifled.

Only Moon Goddess was able to maintain her composure.

Whoosh

A huge whirlpool appeared in the sea of blood, and an extremely tall figure walked out of it.

Every step the tall figure took caused the starry sky to tremble. Billions of precepts of heaven and earth were trampled under his feet.

The figure who walked out of the whirlpool was a blood-haired man who was extraordinary. He was 270 centimeters

tall and handsome. He also exuded an irresistible majestic aura.

The blood-haired man had sword-like eyebrows and starry eyes. His gaze was as sharp as lightning, and his nose bridge was high. He breathed like a dragon, and he was wearing armor that was dripping with blood. His murderous intent towered into the sky. Behind him was a terrifying scene of corpses and a sea of blood and there were gods laid dead on the ground.

“Wargod Bloodximus.”

Other than Moon Goddess, the other gods of Celestial Court froze for a moment.

Wargod Bloodximus and Huang Tian were known as the top two prodigies of the Yuanhui Tribulation in Infernal Court. They had not cultivated for a long time, but they were already among the prominent figures, and many were afraid of them.

At this moment, the appearance of Wargod Bloodximus undoubtedly made the gods of the Celestial Court feel immense pressure.

If not for the presence of Moon Goddess, they might have chosen to retreat.

Blood Empress looked at Wargod Bloodximus with a complicated expression.

In her eyes, Wargod Bloodximus seemed both familiar and yet a stranger.

A thousand years ago, Blood Empress was sent to Kunlun to fight for the Immortal Vampires when she was only fourteen years old.

During that time, Wargod Bloodximus entered a hundred years of isolated cultivation. Therefore, from the moment Blood Empress was born to the moment she left the Xue Jue Family, she had never seen him.

Wargod Bloodximus was the pillar of the Xue Jue Family. For the sake of the family's prosperity, he had been working hard to improve his strength.

The reason why Wargod Bloodximius was able to achieve what he had today was because of the countless hardships and efforts he had put in.

Wargod Bloodximius had supreme influence in the Xue Jue Family. He was like a kind of spirit and a kind of faith.

From the time Blood Empress remembered, she had heard her mother talk about the various deeds of Wargod Bloodximius. She had seen the portrait of him countless times. After a while, she had started to admire Wargod Bloodximius since she was young.

To Blood Empress, the figure of Wargod Bloodximius had practically been imprinted in her heart.

However, Blood Empress had always suspected that she only remembered that painting and not Wargod Bloodximius or her father.

Blood Empress stared at Wargod Bloodximius, his eyes, nose, mouth, arms... and slowly overlapped with the picture in her mind.

The father who had only existed in her imagination had finally appeared in front of her.

It was still familiar and unfamiliar to her.

Blood Empress sighed in her heart, 'Does Wargod Bloodximius remembers, or does he know, that her daughter exists?'

In the blink of an eye, Wargod Bloodximius came closer. His first gaze didn't fall on the Moon Goddess or Lord Ming but Blood Empress.

His eyes were deep and bright. A guilty look flashed in his eyes, finally, it turned into a plain greeting. "Little fourteen? You're Qingyin, right? I thought so. I gave you that name. How have you been in Kunlun all these years?"

"Not too good," said Blood Empress.

Wargod Bloodximius did not speak anymore. He stared at her for a long time and said, "Forget it. It's good that you're back."

Perhaps it was an illusion, but the gods present realized that the legendary Wargod Bloodximus, who was infamous for his ferocity, did not seem to be that terrifying. At least, in front of Blood Empress, he showed a hesitant, gentle, and reserved side.

Xue Qingyin was Blood Empress's true name and only a handful of people knew it. It had been too long since anyone had called her that.

Wargod Bloodximus thought Blood Empress had already died. After all, the gods couldn't sense anything in the Endless Abyss.

He hadn't expected that after 800 years, that Blood Empress hadn't only walked out of the Endless Abyss alive, but had also ascended to godhood. Even his ever calmed divine heart was beating fast.

It was a beat of joy and surprise.

Wargod Bloodximus's gaze fell on Zhang Ruochen, who was standing beside Blood Empress.

Since Kunlun had become the Battlefield of Merits, Zhang Ruochen had made a name for himself and spread throughout the realms. Even Wargod Bloodximus himself had also heard of him.

However, Wargod Bloodximus had never thought that this peerless genius, who was on par with Yan Wushen, would be a descendant of the Xue Jue Family.

Although Zhang Ruochen was not a pure Immortal Vampire, he was born from the Blood Empress and a human cultivator.

However, since he was the descendant of the Blood Empress, he had to be a member of the Xue Jue Family.

The two Immortal Vampire gods who had just arrived were surprised. With two new gods, the Xue Jue Family, which was already at its peak, would undoubtedly become even more prosperous.

Not to mention Blood Empress, just the potential that Lord Ming showed already made the two gods of Immortal

Vampires feel pressure.

It was extremely rare for one to have the power of twenty-eight stars after becoming a god.

It seemed that the situation of the ten great clans of the Immortal Vampires was about to change.

Lord Ming retracted all the precepts and divine force he released.

Then, his 90,000-mile-long divine physique shrank rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, he returned to his usual appearance.

After becoming a god, Lord Ming's temperament became more and more elegant and there was no evil aura on his body. Instead, he seemed extremely divine, like an immortal descending to the mortal world.

Faced with Lord Ming like this, Xue Tu, Qi Sheng, and the others unconsciously felt inferior.

Zhang Ruochen hesitated for a moment and coughed dryly, then he said, "Moon Goddess, I'm no longer your Divine Envoy, and I'm no longer a member of the Guanghan. I must have back the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron, the Divine Herb you owe me, and the one million Sainthood Source."

Moon Goddess raised her eyelids and looked askance. She waved her sleeves as if she was ready to leave and said lightly, "The Celestial Court and Infernal Court are irreconcilable. Those things belong to me now. If you want it, come and take it then."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but be stunned.

He had never thought that a high and mighty deity like Moon Goddess would be so shameless.

Not only did she promise him the Divine Herb, but she also didn't want to return the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron and one million Sainthood Source that she had taken from him.

Wargod Bloodximus looked at Moon Goddess with his furious eyes and said, "Moon Goddess, Zhang Ruochen is my

grandson. His treasures belong to the Xue Jue Family. I'm afraid you won't be able to take it away so easily."

As he spoke, Wargod Bloodximus released a terrifying aura. He locked onto Moon Goddess with terrifying killing intent. His divine force shook the space.

Sensing his killing intent, the gods, including Yanshen, couldn't help but feel their hearts palpitate.

There was a saying, "people have names, and trees have shadows."

Wargod Bloodximus's power shook the heavens. Even gods feared him.

"No one can keep what I'm taking. If Zhang Ruochen hadn't made his choice, I would've taken him too."

Moon Goddess knew that the Wargod Bloodximus was very powerful, but she didn't care at all. Her immortal body emitted cold divine light, reflecting a bright moon in the dim starry sky.

Then, Moon Goddess took out the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron and held it in her hand. She activated it with divine force.

Yanshen's pupils constricted after he saw the Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron. He had been suppressed by the cauldron last time and had almost been refined.

"Xue Jue, do you wish to die? I shall be your opponent!"

At this moment, an angry shout sounded.

In the distant starry sky, outside of Celestial Court, a vast and mighty Celestial River was surging endlessly.

Wargod Bian Zhuang stood on the Celestial River and faced Wargod Bloodximus from afar. Wargod Bloodximus and Wargod Bian Zhuang were separated by an infinite distance, but it was just right in front of each other.

Although his true vessel did not move, the Heavenly Mugwort Bell flew through the air and hovered in the starry sky where Moon Goddess and the Wargod Bloodximus were. It let out a deafening chime.

It was the duty of the Wargod Bian Zhuang to guard the Celestial River. He could not leave his post without permission.

However, Wargod Bian Zhuang had been paying attention to the Moon Goddess's movements. He did not allow anyone to pose a threat to the Moon Goddess.

"He is a meddlesome fellow," Moon Goddess said softly.

Wargod Bloodximius said, "Bian Zhuang, don't be too arrogant. It's not like the Nine Great Wargods of the Celestial Palace has never died before. You might be next."

"So what if I'm arrogant? If you can't take it, then come and fight me," said Wargod Bian Zhuang with his head held high.

As he spoke, Wargod Bian Zhuang released a powerful battle intent. The Celestial River surged, and a majestic divine force was transmitted through the air.

The Heavenly Mugwort Bell vibrated and expanded rapidly. It was like a world, emitting an incomparably resplendent golden light.

A terrifying divine might be emitted from the Heavenly Mugwort Bell, sealing the entire starry sky.

Wargod Bloodximius summoned a blood-red halberd. The cloak on his back fluttered, and the battle intent on him rose steadily. The stars in the starry sky trembled.

Even though his opponent was the leader of the Nine Great Wargods of the Celestial Palace, Wargod Bloodximius was not afraid to fight him. On the contrary, he was looking forward to it. If they defeated the leader of the Nine Great Wargods of the Celestial Palace, it would be a huge blow to the entire Celestial Court.

Blood Empress protected Zhang Ruochen and the others behind her. She took out the Blood Mirror and was ready to attack.

The gods of the Celestial Court and the Infernal Court were also on alert. A divine war was about to break out.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly. He turned to Blood Empress and said, "Forget it, mother. I will take back what belongs to me personally from now on. We have more important things to do. We can't delay here."

Hearing this, Blood Empress understood what he meant. Nothing was more important than saving Chi Kongyue.

She had to go to the Ashuran planet as soon as possible to stop Asurendra Samay from possessing Chi Kongyue.

"Uncle, it's time to go. Don't forget what you promised me," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Ming put away the Stellar Sword and said, "Well, it's more important over there."

Naturally, he wouldn't shirk what he had promised.

Immediately, Blood Empress and Zhang Ruochen turned into a streak of blood light and traveled through the starry sky at an unimaginable speed. Lord Ming followed closely behind.

"Huh?"

The Gods of the Infernal Court were all surprised by the Blood Empress and Lord Ming's actions.

Wargod Bloodximius's eyes revealed a thoughtful look. He used his spiritual sense to predict the future. Soon, he had an answer. His brows furrowed.

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Chapter 2216: Kill Wan Xin

At the edge of the Milky Way of Styx, near Tianchu Civilization was an enormous Macroworld called Ashuran Planet. It was the main base of the Asuras.

Ashuran Planet had existed for thousands of years. Cultivators who wanted to walk the Ashuran path, regardless of their races and origins, could move to this Macroworld to the members of the Asuras.

The Asuras were never a specific type of race or species. Even a cultivator from a different clan in Infernal Court could transform into Asura.

In Ashuran Planet, there was a water region called Sea of Time. It was a terrifying forbidden land that even deities did not dare to casually step into.

In Sea of Time, there were countless Marks of Time in the form of light spots dancing in the air. They looked beautiful, but they were actually dangerous. They could turn a Saint into withered bones in an instant.

At the center of Sea of Time, there was an incomparably tall and majestic mountain of bones. It was formed from the bones of hundreds of millions of lifeforms. There were even bones of deities there.

At the top of the mountain of bones, there were five gigantic skulls of deities. Each one of them was comparable to a star. They jointly supported a majestic dark red building of a fane. There were mottled bloodstains all over the building. It was as though the building had been soaked in a large amount of divine blood. It was a terrifying sight to behold.

This was the residence of Asurendra Samay, which has already existed for long years, and no one had ever dared to trespass it.

After the war of Gods ended, Asurendra Samay returned to 'Sea of Time' region.

At this moment, Asurendra Samay was sitting on a skeletal chair covered in divine inscriptions. This skeletal chair had a

great origin, it was forged from the bones of a deity.

At a certain moment, a ball of illuminating divine light was separated from Asurendra Samay's soul. It was enveloped by divine force and could not dissipate.

Asurendra Samay opened its eyes. Its eyes narrowed as he stared at the divine light.

During its battle with Moon Goddess, Asurendra Samay had suffered an enormous loss. During its repeated clashes with Kaiyuan Deer Cauldron, strands of illuminating divine light invaded its divine soul. It seemed dim, but it was difficult to destroy.

The illuminating divine light was terrifying, especially against the divine soul.

Even for someone as strong as Asurendra Samay, its soul showed signs of being dissolved.

"That cauldron can dissolve divine soul for refinement. It is very similar to the legendary divine cauldron. However, that divine cauldron has already disappeared for many eras. How could it suddenly appear in the hands of Moon Goddess?" Asurendra Samay thought.

It now hoped he could obtain a vessel and source as soon as possible. Or else, its existence as a divine soul, would face many limitations.

Immediately, Asurendra Samay started to predict the future using its divine spirit.

"He failed to bring Zhang Ruochen's body back? Hmm, Chi Kongyue does at least meet the basic requirements," Asurendra Samay uttered softly to itself.

He desperately needed a body and divine source. Only then could he have hope of surviving the upcoming Yuanhui Tribulation. If he could not get the best, he could settle for the second best.

Not long after, Wan Xin rushed back to Sea of Time.

"Greetings, master. Things did not go as expected. I failed to bring Zhang Ruochen back. Please punish me, Master." Wan

Xin knelt on the ground, feeling uneasy.

After all, Asurendra Samay was determined to get Zhang Ruochen's body. For this reason, it even gave Yan Wushen Yin-Yang Equinox Flower.

Asurendra Samay said indifferently, "I already know what happened in Kunlun. You did a good job bringing Chi Kongyue back. Get Up."

Wan Xin could not help but sigh in relief. He was really afraid that Asurendra Samay would get angry.

At the same time, he was secretly glad that he had made a wise decision at the last moment.

Wan Xin stood up and waved his hand, releasing Chi Kongyue, who had been subdued.

Asurendra Samay stood up and walked over to her, carefully sizing up Chi Kongyue.

In terms of cultivation and strength, Chi Kongyue was incomparable to Zhang Ruochen. However, she was born with Five-element Chaotic Body, and there was deity blood ran in her veins. In addition, she was also the Master of Time. In fact, she was more compatible with Asurendra Samay, and her body was easier to be transformed into a divine vessel.

Asurendra Samay estimated that Chi Kongyue's divine bloodline would allow it to take three hundred years at most to successfully transform the body. When the time came, it could regain its prime.

Asurendra Samay was a deity cultivating the Path of Time. It could set up a Time Array skillfully to greatly shorten the time needed for recovery.

Chi Kongyue's heart could not help but tremble when she saw Asurendra Samay.

In the end, she was only a Four-Step Saint King. The difference in strength between her and Asurendra Samay was too great. The feeling of reverence came from the depths of her soul.

After sizing up Chi Kongyue for a moment, Asurendra Samay tols Wan Xin, “You can leave first.”

“Yes, Master.”

Wan Xin bowed and left.

He knew that Asurendra Samay was going to possess Chi Kongyue’s body.

When Asurendra Samay came out of seclusion, it would return to its prime. By then, their position in the Asuras would also rise.

Thinking of this, Wan Xin could not help but feel very excited. As the only personal disciple of Asurendra Samay, he would definitely receive unimaginable benefits.

“Although your body isn’t as perfect as Zhang Ruochen’s, it’s still pretty good. Be a good girl and become one with me,” Asurendra Samay said.

Chi Kongyue was originally scared, but now she felt relieved.

Her sacrifice was worth it for Zhang Ruochen to be safe and sound.

Asurendra Samay released divine light that spread toward Chi Kongyue. It enveloped her and carried out the initial integration.

Swoosh!

On Chi Kongyue’s neck, Jade Swallow Pendant in between the five Buddhist beads suddenly moved. A large number of tiny blood-colored inscriptions appeared on its surface. It flapped its wings and flew like a living bird.

An ancient and enormous aura erupted from the pendant. It was as if an ancient god had been revived and forcefully scattered all the divine light.

After that, a terrifying divine force was released from Jade Swallow Pendant. A faint towering figure then appeared.

Asurendra Samay’s expression changed. It hurriedly formed a hand seal and condensed its divine force of Time to block the attack.

BANG!

The divine force released by Jade Swallow Pendant was too terrifying. Even when Asurendra Samay tried to block it, he wasn't able to block it completely. The attack forced him back a dozen of steps.

Asurendra Sama stabilized its posture, its eyes brightened. It stared at Jade Swallow Pendant floating in front of Chi Kongyue.

With its cultivation, how could a power from a jade pendant force him back a dozen of steps?

How could this happen?

Chi Kongyue was also surprised. Although she had worn Jade Swallow Pendant since she was young, she did not know much about it. Zhang Ruochen had only taught her how to use it, he did not tell her about the origin of Jade Swallow Pendant.

When Zhang Ruochen and Chi Yao were in love, Chi Yao gave Zhang Ruochen a Sword of Creation, Ancient Abyssal Blade.

Zhang Ruochen gave her the ancestral treasure of the Zhang family, Jade Swallow Pendant.

Then, Asurendra Samay looked thoughtful and said, "I seem to have felt this power a long time ago."

Asurendra Samay was a very special existence. Its true form was a Divine Jade of Time. Before it gained sentience and embarked on the path of cultivation, it had already existed for very long period of time.

Just like Ji Fanxin whose true form was a Lotus of Divine Reflection that survived since Age of Hadean.

During that ancient era, Asurendra Samay had had some consciousness. It was able to sense everything in the world. This could be considered as laying a foundation for his future cultivation.

At least a dozen Yuanhui periods ago, Asurendra Samay had once felt the same aura in a desolate starry sky.

Until now, there was still a blurry image imprinted in Asurendra Samay's divine soul.

An incomparably majestic figure stood in the starry sky. Above his head, there were twenty-seven layers of heavens. An incomparably huge divine cauldron floated around him, dissolving the starry skies and the deities for refinement.

Even though Asurendra Samay had long become a prominent figure among the deities, every time it thought of that scene, its heart would still tremble uncontrollably.

"Is this the artifact left behind by that person?" Asurendra Samay thought.

After such a long period of time, he believed that that unrivalled deity should already be long gone.

Time was the most ruthless. Even if one was mighty and unrivalled, there would still be a day where one would die. There had never been a legend who did not die.

Swoosh!

Just as Asurendra Samay was about to probe the pendant once more, it suddenly retracted its divine light. After that, it melted into a drop of liquid that fused into Chi Kongyue's forehead.

Everything happened too quickly. It was too late for Asurendra Samay wanted to stop it,.

In the next instant, the mark of a flying swallow appeared on Chi Kongyue's forehead.

"Eh?"

A strange look appeared in the eyes of Asurendra Samay. It originally wanted to study Jade Swallow Pendant, but it did not expect such a change to occur.

Asurendra Samay released its divine spirit to probe into Chi Kongyue's forehead.

However, it did not discover anything after a long time. The swallow mark on Chi Kongyue's forehead seemed to be just an ordinary mark. There was nothing special about it.

“Could it be that it is out of power?” Asurendra Samay made a guess.

Since Asurendra Samay could not find anything strange, it released his divine light again and continued to merge with Chi Kongyue.

Asurendra Samay was very confident that Jade Swallow Pendant would not be able to stop it even if the pendant was related that deity.

It was just an object left behind by that unrivalled deity instead of the true body of that deity. Moreover, even if that deity was still alive, with its current cultivation rank, it wasn't afraid of him.

There were very few existences among the myriad of Macroworlds of Celestial Court and ten clans of Infernal Court that Asurendra Samay feared.

Not long after, Asurendra Samay completed its initial fusion with Chi Kongyue's body. There was no abnormality during the process.

Finally, Asurendra Samay's soul entered Chi Kongyue's body and truly began to possess her.

As an ancient god, Asurendra Samay could possess a weak Four-Step Saint King easily.

...

Under the lead of Blood Empress and Lord Ming, Zhang Ruochen arrived at Milky Way of Styx where Infernal Court was located in a very short time.

The feeling of seeing Milky Way of Styx up close was completely different from other times.

Infernal Court did not set up any defenses. It seemed that anyone could enter.

However, if there really were living beings from Celestial Court who dared to intrude Infernal Court's territory, they would probably die without a burial place.

Zhang Ruochen could feel that Milky Way of Styx was expanding and was full of aggression.

The sight reminded Zhang Ruochen of Death's Door, where he could see Milky Way of Styx from there too.

Did It mean that if it wasn't for Death's Door, Milky Way of Styx would have extended to the starry sky where Kunlun was located?

Once Milky Way of Styx got near a Macroworld, the Macroworld would undoubtedly be more vulnerable to the invasion of Infernal Court.

Without stopping, Zhang Ruochen, Blood Empress, and Lord Ming entered Milky Way of Styx and landed on Ashuran Planet.

Without Asurendra Samay's control, Sea of Time was still very dangerous, but it could not stop Blood Empress and Lord Ming.

After passing through Sea of Time, the trio appeared on the mountain of bones.

“Which insolent bast*ard trespass Fane of Samay?”

Some elites from Fane of Samay became wary instantly.

Swoosh—

Figures flashed out from Fane of Samay and appeared on the square.

Although Asurendra Samay liked peace and quiet, there were still some Asura cultivators in Fane of Samay. There weren't many of them, but they were all Saints.

At this moment, dozens of cultivators flashed out, including the five Supreme Saints. They were all on guard.

They had to come to counter the trio. After all, Blood Empress and Lord Ming both exuded a powerful and reverent divine aura.

If Fane of Samay did not release a divine light to resist most of the divine aura, other than the five Supreme Saints, everyone else would have knelt on the ground.

“Greetings. May I know what bring two Truegods here?” a Supreme Saint bowed and asked.

In the face of a TrueGod, even a Supreme Saint had to remain humble.

Lord Ming said indifferently, “You are just a Supreme Saint. Get out of my way and ask Asurendra Samay to come out.”

The Supreme Saint’s expression changed as soon as he heard Lord Ming’s words.

It was obvious that this Truegod had come with ill intentions.

At this moment, another figure walked out of the Fane building. It was Wan Xin, the one who had abducted Chi Kongyue.

Unlike the other Asuran cultivators, Wan Xin could not get his eyes off Zhang Ruochen from the beginning as soon as he saw him. His eyes were filled with disbelief.

“Impossible. How did he come here?”

He had seen Zhang Ruochen die in front of the Dimensional Rift with his own eyes. Zhang Ruochen’s body had almost turned into a skeleton. How could Zhang Ruochen still be alive?

Moreover, even if Zhang Ruochen had survived under those circumstances, how did he come to Infernal Court? How did he land on Ashuran Planet?

Wan Xin could not help but feel uneasy.

Zhang Ruochen also saw Wan Xin, and his eyes became icy cold.

Even though he had regained his rationality and calmness, he still could not control his killing intent toward Wan Xin.

Zhang Ruochen sensed Chi Kongyue’s aura. He was certain that she was inside the Fane building.

“Wan Xin, as you wish, I’ve come to Infernal Court. Have you thought about the way you want to die?” Zhang Ruochen said coldly as he walked forward.

Hearing this, Wan Xin could not help but take a step back.

He could feel that not only had Zhang Ruochen come back to life, but he had also become an Immortal Vampire who had attained Supreme Sainthood.

Looking at the two Immortal Vampire deities behind Zhang Ruochen, it wasn't hard to guess that this had something to do with the Immortal Vampires.

But why would the Immortal Vampires do this?

Wan Xin could tell from the aura Zhang Ruochen exuded that Zhang Ruochen wasn't just an ordinary Neverwithir Supreme Saint. His power had increased many times over.

He did not know what had happened to Zhang Ruochen. But apparently, this was a bad news for him.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen approaching, Wan Xin could not keep calm anymore. He stepped back into the Fane building.

"This is Fane of Samay. No one is allowed to enter."

A silver-haired Supreme Saint appeared and blocked Zhang Ruochen's way.

Even though two Immortal Vampires had come with Zhang Ruochen, this was Asurendra Samay's territory. No one had dared to act atrociously in the past few Yuanhui periods, and the deities were no exception.

BANG!

Zhang Ruochen stomped his foot and released an extremely powerful divine power, causing the entire white mountain to tremble.

The white mountain was engraved with a large number of divine patterns. It was extremely sturdy and difficult to destroy.

"Anyone who stands in my way will die," Zhang Ruochen said.

Sensing Zhang Ruochen's killing intent and pressure, all Asuran cultivators were trembled. The weaker Saint Kings almost fell to the ground.

Only the five Supreme Saints were still calm.

If they got scared and allowed Zhang Ruochen to barge into the Fane building, they would definitely become a laughing stock.

Wan Xin had seen Zhang Ruochen's killing spree outside Kunlun's Central Imperial City and knew what kind of person Zhang Ruochen was. Immediately, Wan Xin rushed into the depths of the Fane building as fast as he could, wanting to seek help from Asurendra Samay.

It wasn't just Zhang Ruochen. There were two Immortal Vampire deities with him. Only Asurendra Samay could deal with them.

Even though Asurendra Samay was in the process of possessing a vessel and did not want anybody to disturb it, he could not care too much now.

Seeing that Wan Xin wanted to escape, Zhang Ruochen immediately made his move and rushed over.

"Stop your impudence!"

The silver-haired Supreme Saint shouted. His five fingers grabbed a 12-foot-long silver blood-patterned spear that appeared out of thin air.

As the silver-haired Supreme Saint waved the silver blood-patterned spear, the Precepts of heaven and earth and the surrounding energy force within myriad miles of radius were activated. They revolved according to his will.

An extremely terrifying Saint Will of spearmanship erupted. It was extremely sharp and seemed to be able to pierce through everything in heaven and earth.

The silver blood-patterned spear vibrated. The spear moved like a dragon in an unpredictable trajectory. Countless shadows of spear appeared at the same time. Each spear shadow was infused with many different types of Precepts, and the number of each Precept was a few millions.

Zhang Ruochen did not dodge. His eyes were cold. He grabbed back and released the powerful power of the demigod

body without any hesitation.

The white mountain was extremely sturdy. It could withstand his power. He did not have to worry about crushing the ground or accidentally using too much force.

Crack!

All the spear shadows shattered and disappeared.

When the silver-haired Supreme Saint regained his senses, he found that Zhang Ruochen was holding the tip of the silver blood-patterned spear.

‘Zhang Ruochen caught it with his bare hands?’

“Break free!”

The silver-haired Supreme Saint roared and 17 beams of Saint light burst out from his body. They were the 17 shackles that he had broken free. Each shackle contained terrifying power.

The silver blood-patterned spear shook violently and burst out an extremely sharp beam. The Saint will of spearmanship was completely condensed in it.

Zhang Ruochen’s demigod physique was strong enough to fight head-on with a Supreme Artifact. Hence, the spear could not cut him.

However, the power contained in the beam was so strong that it shook Zhang Ruochen’s palm until it went numb.

Taking this opportunity, the silver-haired Supreme Saint pulled out the silver blood-patterned spear and used an even powerful spear technique.

‘No matter how extraordinary Zhang Ruochen is, he is only a Neverwithers Supreme Saint. My cultivation has already entered Hundred-Shackle Realm, and I hold a powerful Saint Will. There’s no way I can’t defeat Zhang Ruochen.’

“Rise the demon dragon!”

The silver-haired Supreme Saint suddenly thrust out the silver blood-patterned spear.

Hundreds of millions of Precepts were injected into it.

At the same time, countless Precepts of heaven and earth gathered on the tip of the spear.

The vast power of heaven and earth interweaved into an illusory demon dragon that was as long as the spear. It was lifelike, looking ferocious. It furiously pounced at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen moved forward without fear in his eyes.

A streak of demonic red light appeared on his palm. The meridian points on his arm unleashed massive blood-colored divine energy.

This divine power was so powerful that the surrounding space was distorted.

At the same time, the surrounding Precepts and energy force were also affected and became chaotic.

A demigod physique was certainly highly compatible with the Precepts and energy force of heaven and earth.

If Zhang Ruochen could perfectly control the power of this body, almost all the Precepts and energy force of Heaven and earth within a radius of 100,000 miles could be mobilized by him. Contrary, it would mean that his opponent would have hard time mobilizing more Precepts and energy force of Heaven and earth.

A huge blood-red palm seal was condensed. It struck down at the demon dragon.

BOOM!

The huge demon dragon exploded in an instant.

Zhang Ruochen moved forward and grabbed the body of the spear, approaching the silver-haired Supreme Saint.

A powerful divine power was released from Zhang Ruochen's fist. It turned into a cloud of fire, charging at the silver-haired Supreme Saint.

With his silver spear being caught by Zhang Ruochen, the silver-haired Supreme Saint could not dodge the attack a close

distance. He had to mobilize all the power of his Neverwither physique and shoot a palm strike with all his might.

The majestic Asuran murderous aura gathered and transformed into a giant millstone that met Zhang Ruochen's fist.

BOOM!

The cloud of fire incinerated everything. The millstone immediately exploded and turned into dust.

Then, Zhang Ruochen's fist hit the silver-haired Supreme Saint's chest.

CRACK!

The armor the silver-haired Supreme Saint wore shattered into pieces and flew in all directions.

The silver-haired Supreme Saint was sent flying and crashed heavily into the Fane building.

Ptui!

The silver-haired Supreme Saint spat out a mouthful of blood. He felt a burning pain in his chest, and his internal organs were all injured.

Seeing that the silver-haired Supreme Saint was injured, another Supreme Saint with a single horn on his head immediately attacked and shouted, "Taste my weapon!"

A platinum pagoda flew out from the single-horned Supreme Saint's body. It was only a foot tall and there were many Asuran inscriptions on its surface. It was an Asuran weapon and was not inferior to a regal weapon.

Under the control of the single-horned Supreme Saint, the pagoda was instantly revived. The Asuran killing intent within it was released without reservation.

Bang!

The pagoda hit Zhang Ruochen's back.

Zhang Ruochen's body shook. His shoulders felt intense pain, but that was all. They weren't wounded.

Of course, if the one who got hit were other Supreme Saint of Neverwilt Realm or Hundred-Shackle Realm, their spine would have been broken by this sudden attack.

“He is only a Neverwithier Supreme Saint. How can his Neverwithier physique be so powerful?” The single-horned Supreme Saint was shocked.

He knew very well how powerful his attack was. If he himself had gotten hit, he would have been seriously injured.

Zhang Ruochen turned and kicked.

Violent divine power of Fire surged out crazily, causing the temperature of the region to rise.

The single-horned Supreme Saint’s expression changed slightly. He immediately summoned the pagoda again.

Hundreds of millions of Precepts surged out of the single-horned Supreme Saint’s body and poured into the pagoda. All Asuran inscriptions inside the pagoda appeared clearly.

The pagoda grew rapidly and instantly became three thousand feet tall. Its power faintly combined with the white mountain.

For a moment, the white mountain trembled slightly. It released rays of divine light and poured into the pagoda.

BOOM!

The pagoda shook, and the Divine Power of fire released by Zhang Ruochen dissipated.

Then, the pagoda spun and pressed down on Zhang Ruochen.

The surrounding Precepts and Saint Qi were triggered and drilled into the pagoda crazily. The pagoda became bigger and bigger, emitting a destructive qi dynamic.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes become grim. All 144 meridian points in his body released bright Saint light at the same time. The power contained in it was released without reservation at this moment.

He punched upward.

RAWWWRR!

The unparalleled energy force condensed into an illusory giant blood-red dragon. It rose into the sky like a trapped dragon soaring into the sky. It was unstoppable.

BANG!!!

The giant blood-red dragon held the pagoda, stopping it from pressing down on Zhang Ruochen.

Then, the giant blood-red dragon unleashed its power and devoured all the surrounding Precepts and the energy force of heaven and earth that gathered.

The pagoda was unable to suppress the giant blood-red dragon. It was sent flying in an instant.

Crack!

The pagoda cracked, and clear rifts appeared on its surface.

The single-horned Supreme Saint grunted. Blood trickled out of the corner of his mouth. He could not help but step back.

It was true that Zhang Ruochen could not control the strength of his demigod physique well. However, that did not stop him from crushing the Supreme Saints who had reached Neverwilt Realm and initial stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Seeing this, the remaining Asuran cultivators were all terrified. They all stepped back. No one dared to come forward.

Zhang Ruochen could not be bothered with them. He charged into the Fane building and chased after Wan Xin.

The only person he really wanted to kill was Wan Xin.

Wan Xin thought that the five Supreme Saints of the Fane could stop Zhang Ruochen for a moment. Unexpectedly, two of them were injured in the blink of an eye. They could not stop him at all.

Sensing that Zhang Ruochen was getting closer and closer to him, Wan Xin panicked.

As Wan Xin approached the Fane building where Asurendra Samay was in seclusion, Zhang Ruochen blocked his way.

Wan Xin was terrified but pretended to be calm and said, “Zhang Ruochen, you’d better not act recklessly. Chi Kongyue’s body has been possessed by my Master. No matter what you do, you can’t change it.”

“Leave now. Otherwise, you’ll only end up dead when my master is alarmed. Not even the Immortal Vampire deities can keep you alive.”

At this point, Wan Xin could only mention the name of Asurendra Samay. He hoped that he could at least intimidate Zhang Ruochen. Only then would he have a way to live.

His combat strength was not powerful enough to counter Zhang Ruochen who was currently furious and violent. Even if there were ten of him, he would not be a match for Zhang Ruochen.

It would have been better if he did not say this. After saying this, Zhang Ruochen could no longer suppress the killing intent in his heart. He reached out a hand, grabbed Wan Xin’s neck, and lifted him up.

“You deserve death for your sin!”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were red as he said pronounced every single word.

At this moment, Wan Xin felt death approaching. He could not help but shout, “Master, save—”

Unfortunately, before he could finish, his neck was crushed by Zhang Ruochen. A terrifying power entered his body and destroyed all his life force and Saint Soul in an instant.

Back then, before the Dimensional Rift, he had provoked Zhang Ruochen to come to Infernal Court to kill him. He had not expected that his words would come true.

Chapter 2217: Sundial's Revival

Zhang Ruochen was not happy at all after killing Wan Xin. Instead, he was nervous, afraid that Wan Xin's last words would be true.

SNAP!

Zhang Ruochen threw Wan Xin's body on the ground and looked at the tightly shut door of the Fane building in front of him.

He had already sensed Chi Kongyue's presence in the Fane building before him.

With Demigod-level eyes, Zhang Ruochen could vaguely see that there were divine inscriptions on the door. They would be activated once he touched them. Obviously, he could not just barge in.

“Kongyue...”

Zhang Ruochen did not care much. He used all energy in his body and focused it on his fist and hit the door of the Fane building.

A majestic power burst out. His fist was covered with a layer of red demonic light. It transformed into the shape that looked like a ferocious dragon or snake.

BANG!!!

Before Zhang Ruochen's fist touched the door, dense divine inscriptions emerged.

An extremely terrifying power surged and passed to Zhang Ruochen.

Before he could react, his powerful Demigod-level body bulged. His joints collided and crackled. It was as if he had been hit by a star, the impact sent him flying backward.

BOOM!

Zhang Ruochen flew out of white mountain and fell into Sea of Time. His fall triggered a hundred-mile-long wave.

“How dare you!”

A deity’s voice that spread through heaven and earth came. In front of the door of the mighty Fane building, a large amount of divine spirit fragments gathered. They intertwined and formed a graceful figure. The deity’s beauty was breathtaking.

It was the shadow of Asurendra Samay.

The commotion outside the Fane building was too big. Asurendra Samay was alarmed and formed an avatar with its spirit.

Its avatar glared at Zhang Ruochen, who was standing on Sea of Time. With just a glance, a powerful force sent Zhang Ruochen flying backwards 70 miles away. His body hit an island.

The island was shattered.

The moment Asurendra Samay saw Wan Xin’s corpse, its eyes turned cold. It said angrily, “The gods of the Immortal Vampires, how dare you allow your Supreme Saint to raise a ruckus in my Fane? You even killed my disciple and disturbed my self-cultivation. You should be punished for this!”

Killing his disciple in his Fane was a provocation.

This had never happened since it established its territory at Sea of Time. If this news spread, it would become a laughing stock.

It would demand for explanation even if the two Immortal Vampire deities before it were ancient gods, let alone two young gods.

Just now, Blood Empress had used her divine power to dissolve the power that Asurendra Samay had used on Zhang Ruochen. Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t have just been sent flying 100 or 200 miles away. His Demigod-level body would have been reduced to ashes.

The divine light on Blood Empress shone brightly. Her tone was calm, “Asurendra Samay,” she said. “We came to Sea of Time this time for the girl that your disciple abducted. “She is someone closely related to me. Return her to me. I can

promise you that I will do everything in my power to find a vessel for you.”

Asurendra Samay was a notorious ancient Asuran god. It had a great reputation. Blood Empress thought it would be best if they could solve the problem peacefully.

Previously, Blood Empress did not stop Zhang Ruochen from killing Wan Xin because she knew the hatred within Zhang Ruochen. If he did not kill Wan Xin, it would become an obstacle for him to attain a perfect mind.

Wan Xin was just a Saint King. How important was it to Asurendra Samay?

Blood Empress said Chi Kongyue was closely related to her instead of Kongyue being her grand daughter because they did not share a blood tie.

In other words, Chi Kongyue was only Zhang Ruochen’s daughter, not Blood Empress’ granddaughter.

Asurendra Samay sneered. “You’ve been a deity for less than 1,000 years, haven’t you? Aren’t you too ignorant? Haven’t you heard of Asurendra Samay’s name before? You are just a young god. You intruded my territory, killed my disciple, and injured my followers, and yet you dare to bargain with me.

“Fine. Give Me Zhang Ruochen’s body, and I’ll let that girl go.”

Blood Empress’ eyes darkened. Hundreds of millions of Precepts surged in her eyes, “I’ll find you a vessel, but it is not up to you to decide whom. Also, I advise you to give up on Zhang Ruochen. Otherwise, you will face heavy consequences.”

At this moment, Blood Empress’ eyes seemed to have turned into two stars. The light they emitted made the Supreme Saints and Saint Kings unable to open their eyes.

Asurendra Samay’s avatar expanded a hundred times in an instant, its divine might shook the heavens. “I can possess anyone that I like. It’s not up to you, a young Immortal Vampire god, to decide.

“Let me tell you the truth. The girl is dead. Her body has already fused with mine. You’re too late.”

“Zhang Ruochen killed my disciple. He must pay with his life.”

“As for you, get out of Sea of Time before I get angry. Otherwise, I will suppress you at the bottom of Sea of Time for 10,000 years.”

From the beginning to the end, Asurendra Samay did not care about Blood Empress and Lord Ming.

If it was 100,000 years ago, before his body was broken, Asurendra Samay would not have talked so much nonsense with them. It would have suppressed the two deities long ago. If the ruler of the Immortal Vampires did not apologize in person, he would not let them off easily.

As soon as Lord Ming heard this, a cold light flashed in his eyes. He snorted, “Asurendra Samay, I’ve heard your name since I was young. I know that you’re very powerful and have lived for countless years. You’re the famous overlord among the Asuras.

“However, you’re already crippled. Now, you as a mere avatar, still dare to be so brazen. Do you really think that the Immortal Vampire’ gods would afraid of You?

“Other gods might be, but definitely not the Immortal Vampire gods.”

With that, Lord Ming summoned Stellar Sword with a spell. He grabbed the hilt with both hands, and his aura rose steadily. It became more and more fierce, as if Ancestral Swordmaster had returned to the world.

A powerful sword intent burst out from Lord Ming’s body and combined with Stellar Sword.

Lord Ming had inherited Ancestral Swordmaster’s sword intent. Although he had never studied Wordless Sword Manual, his comprehension of Wordless Sword Manual was rare.

Especially when Lord Ming had obtained the sword dao profound left behind by Ancestral Swordmaster, he could already be called the sword God.

At this moment, Lord Ming released the fifteen layers of sword intent he had comprehended from Stellar Sword without holding back. With the help of the sword dao profound, he slashed out with an incomparably fierce and overbearing sword.

“Senior Asurendra Samay, please appraise it. How is this Junior’s Sword?”

Yama king never had a good temper. Since he dared to say the word ‘scram’ to him, no matter who the other party was or how strong his cultivation base was, he would still dare to use his sword.

“Hua LA.”

A beam of sword light that could connect the heavens and earth slashed out, causing the skies above Sea of Timeto change color. The sky was directly sliced apart.

If this was in the starry space, it was unknown how many stars would be shattered by this sword strike.

Suddenly, a dark divine light rose from the Divine Hall. Countless divine inscriptions appeared and overlapped, forming a web.

These divine inscriptions were personally carved by Asurendra Samay. They were extremely tough and could not be destroyed easily.

Even so, the sword light from Yama cut through tens of millions of divine inscriptions and almost arrived in front of Asurendra Samay’s divine avatar.

Outside the Divine Hall, it turned into a sea of fire.

The Flames released by Stellar Sword were extremely blazing, burning everything and making it difficult to extinguish.

HISS

The group of Saint Realm cultivators who had retreated to the side could not help but suck in a breath of cold air. They could not keep standing and knelt on the ground.

They had never thought that the immortal blood clan's God would actually dare to attack the Divine Hall and Asurendra Samay here.

Without a doubt, the situation had become very serious. It would be very difficult for them to calm down.

Heavenly Asurendra Samay's face was as cold as ice. He said coldly, "Your sword can't even break the Divine Hall's defense. However, the moment you attack, it's already a capital offense."

Because he was trying to possess Chi Kongyue, Heavenly Asurendra Samay had originally planned to let Blood Empress and Yama off the hook. However, he did not expect Yama to attack him.

This was truly outrageous.

BANG!!!

The tightly shut palace door opened and a beautiful figure walked out.

She looked to be around fifteen or sixteen years old and was extremely beautiful. Every inch of her skin was emitting a divine light, making her seem extremely sacred.

She was none other than Chi Kongyue.

Right now, perhaps she should be called Asurendra Samay.

Blood Empress' eyes narrowed. They were indeed a step too late. She did not expect that the possession of Asurendra Samay would be so urgent.

At this moment, the avatar of Asurendra Samay dissipated as his divine sense returned to his original body.

"Ever since I became a deity, no one has ever dared to bully me like this. Today, I shall use your divine blood to forge this divine body." Chi Kongyue's killing intent surged as his voice echoed throughout Sea of Time.

As he spoke, Chi Kongyue extended his hand and pointed to the sky. Instantly, his star Soul Divine Throne appeared in the sky. It was formed from 27 divine thrones. Each of the divine thrones was extremely bright and contained boundless divine power.

Under Chi Kongyue's control, the 27 divine thrones released a beam of light from each of them. They flew over from outer space and attacked Blood Empress and Lord Ming.

The beam of light looked beautiful, but it contained destructive power. Wherever it passed, space and time became distorted.

Blood Empress raised her head, and 24 beams of blood-colored divine light flew out from her glabella, turning into 24 huge divine steles, arranged in a special formation.

The 24 divine steles were solid, emitting immortal divine light. It was unknown what material they were made of.

At the same time, Lord Ming entered the state of being one with the sword, combining his essence, energy, and spirit with Stellar Sword.

Endless Divine Flames surged out of Stellar Sword, sweeping toward the sky with the momentum of a prairie fire.

Stellar Sword seemed to have turned into a blazing star. At this moment, it exploded in full force, releasing all the power it contained, as if it wanted to destroy a large part of the starry sky.

Boom

The terrifying divine power collided, causing Blood Empress and Lord Ming to retreat involuntarily.

However, the beams of light that came from beyond the heavens also disappeared one after another. They weren't able to truly strike Lord Ming and Blood Empress.

Seeing this result, Chi Kongyue's eyes could not help but squint slightly.

He had originally wanted to cripple Blood Empress and Lord Ming's battle strength with one strike and suppress them. He

did not expect that he would only be able to push them back.

The two new deities had such powerful combat strength, which was beyond Asurendra Samay's expectation.

Chi Kongyue looked at the 24 divine steles that Blood Empress had taken out, and his eyes showed that he was thinking about something.

"You turned the Divine Throne Planet into a war weapon. You are following the path of the strange man of the demonic path in Kunlun, and you have even stepped into the god realm. You have some ability," Chi Kongyue said.

He had lived long enough and had extraordinary knowledge, which was far from what ordinary people could compare to.

Few people knew that the 36 "Heavenly demon stone carvings" in Kunlun were refined by the strange man of the demonic path from his own Divine Planet.

Doing so was extremely dangerous. Even if one mastered the corresponding secret method, it would be difficult to succeed.

At least, after the strange man of the demonic path, it seemed that no one had succeeded.

Blood Empress had obviously received the true inheritance of the demon path expert and thus embarked on this special path.

Chi Kongyue's eyes shone with a strange light as he looked at Blood Empress and Lord Ming. One received the inheritance of the demon path expert, while the other received the inheritance of Ancestral Swordmaster. It was very inconceivable.

After all, the Immortal Vampires were one of the ten races of Hell and were the mortal enemies of Kunlun. How could these two legendary magnates of Kunlun let the inheritance fall into the hands of the Immortal Vampires?

The attainments of these two new deities of the Immortal Vampires before they became deities were almost on par with his.

As for how far one could go after becoming a deity, it depended on one's comprehension, potential, and

opportunities. The more god-seat planets that might not be formed, the stronger one would become among the deities in the future.

BANG!!!

Chi Kongyue stomped on the ground.

The entire sea of time was instantly overturned. Countless Marks of Time flew up into the air, transforming into a time array formation.

At the same time, the astral soul divine thrones in the sky trembled as boundless divine power cascaded down, pouring into the time array formation.

Back then, Asurendra Samay expended a large amount of divine power to create Sea of Time. He did not do it for the sake of looking good. He used it as a trump card, able to be of great use at critical moments.

The main reason was that at his current stage, Asurendra Samay could not use his own power at will. If not, he wouldn't have to go through so much trouble.

The main reason was that Chi Kongyue's body was too weak. Before he completed the transformation, he simply could not withstand too much power. If he wasn't careful, he would be destroyed.

Other than that, there was another reason. There was a special power residing within Chi Kongyue's sacred soul.

In the beginning, Heavenly Asurendra Samay did not even notice it. It was only after he merged his divine soul into it that the power appeared.

That power wasn't very strong, but it had restricted Heavenly Asurendra Samay's divine soul, making it unable to control its own power.

Trapped in the time formation, Lord Ming did not panic. Instead, he smiled.

He could already tell that Asurendra Samay's condition wasn't right. Right now, he shouldn't be able to make a move. Hence,

he activated the Astral Soul Divine Throne and activated the time formation.

In addition, Lord Ming could sense that battle god Xue Jue had already dared to come. Although he did not appear for the time being, he was certain that if they weren't a match for Asurendra Samay, battle god Xue Jue wouldn't stand idly by.

Moreover, he wouldn't know who was stronger or weaker until he fought him.

He had just become a deity, so he could use Asurendra Samay to test his strength and temper his divine body and divine power.

Under the power of divine power, the time formation was fully activated, giving birth to a massive amount of Marks of Time. They condensed into an extremely huge river of time, surrounding the white mountain.

“Good timing.”

Lord Ming's battle intent was high, and he attacked without any scruples.

Stellar Sword released an increasingly bright light. The terrifying high temperature spread out, as if it wanted to evaporate the river of time.

The Marks of Time's light spots quickly melted as soon as they got close.

Blood Empress activated the twenty-four divine steles and surrounded her body to protect herself. At the same time, she released a majestic Blood Qi, forming a blood phoenix that was even bigger than a star. The surface of her body was burning with blood flames.

The Blood Phoenix flapped its wings and let out a high-pitched cry. It crashed into the river of time.

At the second level of Endless Abyss, Blood Empress refined the divine soul left behind by the Blood Phoenix. This allowed her to grasp the blood Phoenix clan's wonderful divine power.

As an Immortal Vampire, she was famous for her vigorous blood qi. Practicing the Blood Phoenix divine power could be

said to complement each other.

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When Sea of Time became the battlefield of Gods, Zhang Ruochen and the Five Supreme Saints of the Asuras had already retreated far away. They were all looking into the distance.

As for the Asuran cultivators who had not reached the Supreme Sainthood, they did not have the strength to escape. They were most likely crushed into pieces by the aftermath of the battle between the deities.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were red. He was in extreme pain.

He had rushed to Infernal Court at all costs, but he was too late. He could not save Chi Kongyue.

“Asurendra Samay, you deserve to die.”

Zhang Ruochen really wanted to kill Asurendra Samay and avenge Chi Kongyue.

But he knew that even if he had Demigod-level body, as long as he got close to war of Gods zone, he would die without a burial place.

So, Zhang Ruochen could only pin his hopes on Blood Empress and Lord Ming.

However, Asurendra Samay was too powerful. His divine power was not much weaker than Moon Goddess. Blood Empress and Lord Ming were both young deities that had not even been deities for a thousand years. It would be difficult to deal with them.

“If I control the power of time, mother and Lord Ming might have a chance of winning.”

Gazing at the massive time array, Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought.

“Time...”

Zhang Ruochen muttered. His heart suddenly moved.

He flipped his hand and took out something. It was a round, rough stone. It was like a giant millstone. It gave off an ancient aura, like a primitive stone.

It was Sundial.

“Sundial is a treasure of Time. It should be able to restrain techniques of Time” Zhang Ruochen thought.

When he was in Ziwei Palace, the monks of the time Fane had used time means to restrain Sundial. Correspondingly, as long as Sundial was powerful enough, it could also restrain time means.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was thinking about how to use Sundial to deal with Asurendra Samay.

Sundial suddenly moved. The 12 time zones on the surface of Sundial shone with a dazzling light. At four o’ clock, the Dimensional Rift was formed and a door appeared, forcefully pulling Zhang Ruochen into it.

Then, Sundial flew up, emitting a thick blue light. It spun like a millstone and flew directly toward the time array.

The Time Array isolated heaven and earth, and its lockdown power was extremely strong.

However, when Sundial flew over, it did not encounter any obstruction and easily penetrated through.

Wherever Sundial passed, the light spots of time imprinted in the formation were all absorbed, and they even wanted to devour Sea of Time.

It gave people the feeling that Sundial was like a black hole of time, wanting to end the time of this world.

“Sundial.”

Chi Kongyue’s expression changed. Her eyes became deep and angry. She could not help but clench her fingers tightly.

Asurendra Samay had an extremely deep memory of Sundial. Even after a hundred thousand years, it still could not forget it.

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At the edge of Sea of Time, on a mountain that towered into the clouds, Wargod Bloodximius stood with his hands behind his back. He looked at the white mountain from afar.

After figuring out what had happened, Wargod Bloodximius did not fight with Bian Zhuang. Instead, he followed.

Although Chi Kongyue had nothing to do with the Immortal Vampires.

However, Blood Empress, Lord Ming, and Zhang Ruochen were all members of the Xue Jue family. It was impossible for Wargod Bloodximius to stay out of it.

Seeing Sundial, Wargod Bloodximius' eyes showed a strange look, he said, "In the battle 100,000 years ago, Asurendra Samay participated in the siege against Saint Monk Xumi. However, he was injured by Saint Monk Xumi with Sundial. Even the jade of time itself was completely shattered. Its essence was absorbed by Sundial."

"For Asurendra Samay, Sundial can be said to be its nemesis."

100,000 years ago, Wargod Bloodximius also participated in the battle. He saw the deities of Hell from afar attacking Saint Monk Xumi. He also saw the process of Asurendra Samay's near death.

The battle was too fierce. Saint Monk Xumi had fallen. Sundial was also heavily damaged and almost destroyed. Although it was preserved, the weapon spirit fell into a deep sleep.

Now, it had taken the initiative to pull Zhang Ruochen into the internal space and then pounced on Asurendra Samay. It must have been an instinct. It was the continuation of the Battle of deities 100,000 years ago.

Wargod Bloodximius guessed that the weapon spirit of Sundial had sensed the aura of Asurendra Samay and showed signs of recovery. That was why the series of changes had occurred.

As a treasure of Time, Sundial was undoubtedly the best way to control time.

In its current state, once it was entangled by Sundial, it would be in great trouble.

Of course, if it could think of a way to control Sundial, it might be able to turn the situation around and take Sundial for its own use.

Now, it was time to see how far Wargod Bloodximius' son and daughter and Zhang Ruochen could drive Asurendra Samay to the corner.

“This is getting more and more interesting!”

A smile appeared on Wargod Bloodximius' face. He was looking forward to it even more.

Chapter 2218: Wargod Bloodximius Made a Move

Being pulled by the power of Sundial, Zhang Ruochen entered a special inner space.

This space was not too big. It was like a cave without an entrance, surrounded by rough stone walls.

Zhang Ruochen had obtained Sundial for a long time. He often cultivated with it, but he didn't know there was a space inside it. Let alone the possibility to enter it.

Looking around, Zhang Ruochen found that everything in this space seemed very primitive and ancient. Several rough stone tools in the corner, such as stone jars, stone knives, and stone axes. They were all only roughly shaped, and the edges weren't neat.

In the center, there was a long-extinguished fire. Many animal bones were scattered around, with most of them rotten.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but feel like he had traveled through time and entered a cave where primitive people lived.

"Sundial appeared at the beginning of human civilization. It has been passed down since ancient times. Everything here should be the most realistic portrayal of that era," Zhang Ruochen guessed.

However, he didn't understand why Sundial absorbed him into its inner space at this time?

Zhang Ruochen had sensed it carefully before. Without power, Sundial was extremely silent. There wasn't any power fluctuation inside it, and it didn't seem to have a vessel spirit.

According to Moon Goddess, if Sundial was intact, it would be in a different form. It could explode a terrifying power that would disrupt time in a Macroworld.

Logically speaking, a Time treasure like this should have a vessel spirit.

The reason why he couldn't sense it was either because its vessel spirit had left its true form, or it had fallen into a deep sleep and sealed itself.

in Middle Ages and had fallen into a slumber.

Whoosh

Just as Zhang Ruochen was at loss, the rough stone wall suddenly moved.

Countless Mark of Time light spots flew out like fireflies. The surrounding stone walls suddenly became as smooth as jade, reflecting the scene outside.

At this moment, Sundial was crazily devouring River of Time that Asurendra Samay had condensed.

Even with Stellar Soul Constellation pouring in divine force, Time Array was still greatly suppressed and showed signs of disintegrating.

With the help of Sundial, the pressure on Blood Empress and Lord Ming was greatly reduced. So, they gradually turned to attack from defending.

Through the crystalline stone wall, Zhang Ruochen's gaze was locked on Chi Kongyue. His heart was in crushing grief, and his eyes were full of pain.

"Asurendra Samay, you must die."

Zhang Ruochen's body emitted terrifying killing intent.

Immediately, Zhang Ruochen did his best to release his power. At the same time, he activated all Precepts of Time and fused them into the crystalline stone wall.

He didn't know how to activate Sundial from the inside, but he had to try.

It wasn't easy to get a chance to deal with Asurendra Samay himself. Therefore, he wouldn't miss this opportunity.

The crystalline stone wall absorbed Zhang Ruochen's power and released even more powerful energy. It swallowed River of Time even faster.

Perhaps because it had absorbed enough Power of Time, Sundial started having some strange changes.

Zhang Ruochen could clearly feel that the space where he stood now was becoming brighter and brighter. The long-extinguished fire was showing signs of rekindling.

Mysterious patterns appeared on the stone wall. They flowed like a stream and gave off a special rhythm.

Seeing Sundial unleash its powers, the eyes of “Chi Kongyue” became gloomy. It was nothing like the cute and innocent girl before but like an evil demon.

“Saint Monk Xumi has already fallen. Yet a damaged weapon wants to deal with me? Back then, you destroyed my divine body. Today, I’m going to completely refine you,”

Her eyes were filled with killing intent.

If Sundial hadn’t destroyed her divine body back then, would she have fallen to a point of possessing someone else’s body?

No matter how good other bodies were, how could it be compared to her original one?

“She formed a seal and changed the trajectory of the array.”

Swoosh

A crack appeared in Time Array, and a powerful force gushed out, forcing Blood Empress and Lord Ming to back out.

Her goal was clear. She wanted to concentrate her power and refine Sundial with all her strength.

Blood Empress’ eyes darkened. Without hesitation, she activated 24 divine steles and attacked Time Array. She knew that Zhang Ruochen was inside Sundial. If Chi Kongyue successfully refined Sundial, the consequences would be unimaginable.

“Break it.”

Lord Ming was also determined. His body transformed into a 90,000-mile-tall, and he slashed down a sword strike.

Driven by divine power, Stellar Sword turned tens of thousand miles long. As it swung, a beam of sword light pierced through sky and earth, illuminating all directions.

Boom

Time Array shook violently, but it wasn't broken.

In the end, Time Array was built with the enormous "Sea of time" as its foundation. It was powered by a vast divine power from Asurendra Samay's Stellar Soul Constellation. Its power was boundless that even ancient gods couldn't destroy it.

Blood Empress' forehead glowed, and a mirror wrapped in a huge amount of Blood Qi flew out. It was Blood Mirror that was as famous as Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

Of course, the current Zangshan Demonic Mirror cannot compare to Blood Mirror.

Blood Mirror was an extremely ancient and powerful Supreme Artifact that had once killed gods.

In the second level of Endless Abyss, Blood Empress refined a large amount of divine blood and all sorts of precious divine materials into Blood Mirror. This caused its grade to increase greatly.

The 24 divine steles formed a special formation. It was like 24 stars floating in the sky, all emitting an incomparably vast aura.

Divine Power released by divine steles stacked on top of each other and was fused into Blood Mirror.

Instantly, over a million Supreme Inscriptions appeared on the surface of Blood Mirror. Boundless Blood Qi surged out of the mirror and transformed into a vast sea of blood that blotted out the sky and covered the sun, enveloping the entire Sea of Time.

Rumble

For a moment, Precepts of heaven and earth trembled as if the entire universe was about to collapse.

Within the Time Array, Sundial was completely restrained by it. Its devouring speed slowed down. Instead, the River of Time enveloped it.

Because of this, Sundial's revival made further progress. It emitted an ancient aura.

A River of Time's mark clearly appeared on Sundial. In the void, it reflected the image of an incomparably magnificent River of Time.

It was incredible that this shadow of the River of Time cut the other River of Time condensed by Time Array into several sections.

At the same time, an artifact flew out of the Dimensional treasure on Zhang Ruochen to the outside world.

It was a stone platform, 30 feet high and 330 feet long. Judging from the material, it was almost the same as Sundial.

This stone platform was the one used to carry Sundial when they found it in Phoenix Nest.

Although he knew that the stone platform was extraordinary, Zhang Ruochen had never used it since he couldn't solve the mystery in it.

As soon as it assembled with Sundial, a strange phenomenon appeared on the stone platform. Bright Buddhist light shined and illuminated the surroundings.

For a moment, golden lotuses surged out from the ground and flowers bloomed in the void. It was a peaceful scene as if Buddha had descended into the world.

There was indeed a silhouette of a Buddha walking out from the stone platform. Although its appearance could not be seen clearly, it gave off a solemn feeling.

As soon as the figure appeared, an ethereal chanting rang out in Heaven and Earth. It was like a tidal wave that directly seeped into one's soul and was difficult to resist.

Upon seeing the Buddha, the gaze of "Chi Kongyue" instantly turned cold. She then spoke, "Xumi, you are truly a haunting

soul. Since you are dead, you should have died completely. Don't leave behind any shadows.”

“Chi Kongyue” already recognized that the silhouette was none other than the image of Saint Monk Xumi. Due to some special reasons, his image was imprinted onto the stone platform and was activated at this moment.

Whoosh!

Inside Fane of Samay, intense Asuran Battle Qi gushed out. It was like a surging tide — vast and mighty — connecting heaven and earth.

In the next instant, a dark orb flew out from the Fane and floated above Chi Kongyue's head.

The moment the orb appeared, it released a terrifying pressure, causing boundless space in Sea of Time to freeze.

Outside Sea of time, Wargod Bloodximus was surprised. “Unexpectedly, he's able to force Asurendra Samay to use Asuran Supreme Sphere.”

A few Yuanhui periods ago, Asurendra Samay discovered a primordial realm. It used a great divine ability to absorb and refine it.

After that, Asurendra Samay put massive rare treasures and spent a lot of effort to refine this realm. Gradually, the realm became Asuran Supreme Sphere.

Asuran Supreme Sphere contained boundless Asuran Battle Qi and Asuran Divine Warsoul specially nurtured by Asurendra Samay. It was one of Asurendra Samay's trump cards.

Throughout his life, Asurendra Samay had killed many gods. A small portion of what he obtained was used to manage Sea of Time, while the majority was used in Asuran Supreme Sphere.

During the Divine War 100,000 years ago, Asurendra Samay's divine body and Divinity Source were destroyed. Even his divine soul was shattered.

It was because of Asuran Supreme Sphere that Asurendra Samay was able to escape.

His divine soul had slept in Asuran Supreme Sphere for 100,000 years. Only then it was able to coherence and recover.

As it had just possessed Chi Kongyue, its power has been greatly limited. Or else, just Lord Ming, Blood Empress, and Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have been able to force it to use this trump card.

Roar!

With a terrifying roar, an eight-armed Asuran warrior in armor walked out of Asuran Supreme Sphere.

The eight-armed Asuran warrior was 30,000 feet tall. Its body was surrounded by boundless Asuran Battle Qi. It exuded a monstrous killing intent and was extremely fierce as if it was born to slaughter.

It was an Asuran Divine Warsoul. The soul that had been cultivated with Divine souls and divine thoughts of many gods by Asurendra Samay. It was extremely powerful and was said to be indestructible.

Back then, the battle had been extremely tragic. The galaxy had been destroyed, and Asuran Divine Warsoul had also suffered heavy damage. However, it had not been destroyed.

Six of the Asuran warrior's arms had battle weapons in various forms. They were all extraordinary. They were either Supreme artifacts or divine ancient artifacts.

Under the command of Asurendra Samay, the eight-armed Asuran warrior pounced directly at the illusory image of Saint Monk Xumi.

At the same time, Asuran Supreme Sphere rapidly expanded. It released an incomparably vast power that charged in all directions.

Bang!

Sea of blood that enveloped the sky bore the brunt of the impact. It quickly collapsed amidst the tremors.

Blood Queen's body trembled. Traces of blood seeped out from the corner of her mouth as she involuntarily retreated.

Lord Ming was also affected by the impact. Even though he used Stellar Sword to block it, he was still injured and retreated thousands of miles.

“Since you don’t want to leave, then stay,”

The icy cold voice from “Chi Kongyue” came.

Immediately, the Time Array extended rapidly and covered Blood Empress and Lord Ming.

Since Asuran Supreme Sphere had already been used, there was no need to let anyone who provoked her go. If she could kill Blood Empress and Lord Ming, she could restore his eight-armed Asuran warrior to its peak state.

After being trapped in the Time Array again, the expressions on Blood Empress and Lord Ming changed.

Ancient gods like Asurendra Samay who had once fought with Saint Monk Xumi were indeed a very difficult opponent to deal with. No one knew how many trump cards she had.

On the other side, Saint Monk Xumi’s Buddhist shadow kept retreating when countering the wild attacks from the eight-armed Asuran warrior. Buddhist light on his body quickly dimmed.

After all, this was still only an image of Saint Monk Xumi. It was not his true body, so the power contained in it was limited.

After encountering hundreds of attacks, Saint Monk Xumi’s shadow finally sank into the stone platform and turned into a faint mark again.

The eight-armed Asuran warrior was about to reach out to grab Sundial and the stone platform, but its movements suddenly stopped.

The reason was that the Swallows mark on the forehead of Chi Kongyue was glowing. A huge Swallows shadow emerged from Chi Kongyue’s body and enveloped her.

At the back of the Swallows stood a very faint shadow. The figure looked exactly like Chi Kongyue, but her face was full of pain.

As soon as Zhang Ruochen saw Kongyue's shadow, his eyes froze.

"Kongyue hasn't been completely possessed. Jade Swallow Pendant has been protecting Kongyue. Yes, it must be," Zhang Ruochen became excited.

Jade Swallow Pendant was the heirloom of Shengming's Zhang clan. It was suspected to have been left behind by Zhang family's ancestor, the Immovable Wisdom King. It was mysterious, so there might a chance that it had been protecting Kongyue temporarily.

However, the shadows of Swallows and Chi Kongyue disappeared after a short while, It entered back into Chi Kongle's body again.

"Chi Kongyue" frowned slightly. She didn't like the feeling of being restricted by that strange power. After she finished dealing with this matter, the first thing she's going to do was to refine that strange power and take full control of this body.

The ancient being was indeed powerful, but it was only a remnant of power. How could it be her match?

Asuran Supreme Sphere spun rapidly. It absorbed the power of heaven and earth and pressed down on Blood Empress and Lord Ming.

At the same time, the Asuran warrior reached out again and grabbed Sundial and the stone platform.

Although Zhang Ruochen mobilized all the power in his body, he still couldn't resist it. He could only watch as the eight-armed Asuran warrior get its hands on them.

He finally saw a turning point knowing that Chi Kongyue hadn't been completely possessed yet, but he couldn't change anything.

In the end, his cultivation level wasn't enough. He couldn't even defeat Asurendra Samay by relying on external objects.

'Why hasn't the old man make a move yet? With his temper, he wouldn't stay still!' Lord Ming thought.

As he thought, a blood-red halberd flew over. Carrying unparalleled divine power, it descended from the sky. The halberd emitted a monstrous blood-red aura. It was like a peerless beast that had just woken up. It was unstoppable.

Boom!

The Time Array was able to block the attacks of Blood Empress and Lord Ming, but it was unable to block the blood-red halberd. In an instant, a hole was torn open.

Crack!

No matter how sturdy white mountain was, it was still pierced through by the blood-red halberd.

The tip of blood-red halberd sank into the white mountain. It released a vast divine power of Blood as it charged towards Asuran Supreme Sphere and the eight-armed Asuran warrior.

RAWRRRRR!

The eight-armed Asuran warrior let out an earth-shaking roar, but it was still pushed back by the divine power of Blood. It couldn't resist at all.

Asuran Supreme Sphere was also blocked and suspended in the air. It couldn't suppress them.

Seeing this scene, Lord Ming couldn't help but smile. Just as he expected Wargod Bloodximius wouldn't stand idly by at the critical moment.

When the old man was young, he wasn't afraid of anything. He was only afraid that there wouldn't be any opponents for him to fight.

He must have been longing for an opponent like Asurendra Samay for a very long time.

However, Lord Ming didn't know if this old man of his would be interested in Asurendra Samay who was in current state.

"Chi Kongyue" raised her head and gazed into the distance. She stared at a mountain peak outside Sea of Time as her gaze locked onto a towering figure.

"Wargod Bloodximius! "

She had already sensed the aura of Wargod Bloodximius for quite a while.

She originally thought that with his identity, it was unlikely for him to make a move.

However, the final result was beyond her expectations. Wargod Bloodximius didn't allow her to suppress the two young gods of Immortal Vampires.

Chapter 2219: Crushed

Wargod Bloodximius traveled through the air, leaving divine energy of Blood behind him, which transformed into a vast ocean of blood. He was not afraid to display his divine power to the fullest.

BOOM!

BOOOOM!

..

With each step he took, the surrounding precepts would violently shake rhythmically.

Precepts of a myriad of Cultivational Paths combined, and the world resonated.

As if all the precepts of heaven and earth were under the control of Wargod Bloodximius. It was hard to imagine what kind of world it was.

Blood Empress and Lord Ming did not hesitate. They took Sundial along with the stone platform and left the Time Array.

Since Wargod Bloodximius had appeared, they did not need to attack anymore.

Both of their strength combined were still far from being enough when they fight against an ancient monster like Asurendra Samay.

Crash!

The blood-red halberd in the distance flew out from the white mountain and returned into Wargod Bloodximius' outstretched hand.

With the halberd in hand, he gave off an even more imposing aura.

“Chi Kongyue” summoned Asuran Supreme Sphere to float above her. She stared directly at Wargod Bloodximius as she said, “Xue Jue, do you intend to start a war?”

Wargod Bloodximius hovered in the air. He wasn't angry, but he displayed an imposing aura. "Samay, hand over that girl. She is closely related to me. I promise you that I will find you another vessel," he sounded calm.

Although Wargod Bloodximius's tone was calm, there was an underlying threat in his words.

Every word sounded intimidating like a clap of divine thunder.

"Chi Kongyue" frowned.

She had heard the same proposal from Blood Empress.

Hearing the same words twice, she felt provoked.

Most importantly, both the two young deities from the Immortal Vampires and Wargod Bloodximius had come for a mere human from Kunlun.

What possibly could that girl have done?

Asurendra Samay deduced the cause and effect using its divine spiritual power.

After a moment, he knew the reason.

It turned out that Wargod Bloodximius was the father of the two young deities from the Immortal Vampires. That explained his presence here.

At the same time, Asurendra Samay was very surprised. Two descendants of the Wargod Bloodximius had attained Godhood. Even during the most glorious era of the Xue Jue Family, such occurrence was rare.

What was even more amazing was that Lord Ming and Blood Empress were not ordinary deities. They would definitely be able to survive a Yuanhui Tribulation.

'Why are there so many powerful and ruthless members within the Xue Jue Family?

In a few more Yuanhui Tribulations, wouldn't they be able to sweep away the Immortal Vampires and rule the Infernal Court?

“That b*stard Bloodximius is famous for being unreasonable. He is famous for defending own people despite knowing they are wrong. How troublesome.” Asurendra Samay thought angrily to himself.

Although Wargod Bloodximius and Huang Tian were deities who had survived a Yuanhui Tribulation once, There was not a single deity in the Infernal Court who dared to look down on them.

With their startling growth, every once in a while, their cultivation would undergo explosive changes. Following that, they would lash out at their surroundings, creating a huge disturbance.

Suppressing her anger, Chi Kongyue said, “I don’t mind switching possession to another body, but you are too late. She has already been possessed. That is a fact that cannot be changed.”

Unlike Blood Empress and Lord Ming, Wargod Bloodximius had attained Godhood more than 100,000 years ago. His battle achievements were outstanding, and given Asurendra Samay’s current state, he did not intended to start a conflict with Bloodximius.

Sending him away would be the best course of action.

Wargod Bloodximius shook his head disappointedly and said, “Asurendra, for someone as strong as you, why can’t you face you inner self truthfully but continue to lie instead? Did you began to fear me after the war in the Middle Ages because your fighting spirit got broken by that old bald Monk Xumi, and became cowardly instead? If you had lost your confidence as an elite, I can only say that you are no longer a worthy opponent for me.”

Chi Kongyue’s eyes darken as his anger was set ablaze.

If he hadn’t been injured during the battle with the Moon Goddess, and recently possessed Chi Kongyue’s body without cultivating the body into Godhood, he would be able to unleash his full might. With his identity as Asurendra Samay, how could he be afraid of Wargod Bloodximius?

If he refrained from fighting today, all the deities in the Infernal Court would probably think that he was truly afraid of Wargod Bloodximius.

Wargod Bloodximius continued by saying, “Just now, I had already seen her Saint Soul. Its obvious that you had not manage to completely possess her. Asurendra, I advise you to hand her over immediately for the sake of everyone around.”

Chi Kongyue spoke in a deep voice, “There has been no one who dares to order me around. This body is already mine, and no one can take it away. I also advise you to leave the Sea of Time along with the Immortal Vampires. Otherwise, you will have to bear the full consequences.”

“I have given you good advice, but yet you insist on doing things your way. Do we have to resort to force?” Wargod Bloodximius sighed.

These words greatly angered Asurendra Samay, and he could not help but reply angrily, “Xue Jue, you are getting too full of yourself. This is the Sea of Time and the territory of the Asuran, it is not part of the Immortal Vampires.”

“At the end of the day, you are just a youngster to me, without the right to act in such an impudent manner.”

Upon hearing these words, a cold glint appeared in Wargod Bloodximius’s eyes.

It seemed that in recent years that Bloodximius had been busy cultivating in seclusion. Huang Tian had been in the limelight, which had caused the cultivators of the Infernal Court to forget about him.

With his current strength and status, who would dare to treat him as a youngster?

In the Bloodysky Clan, the elites from the past generations had already been subdued by him.

“You think I’m young and weak right? Come on, and let me see what you can do.”

Battle intent burst out from Wargod Bloodximius, and the halberd in his hand emitted a blood-red light that dyed the

entire sky red.

Just as Lord Ming had said, Wargod Bloodximius was an absolute battle maniac. He was not afraid that his opponent would be too strong, and he was only afraid nobody would be a match for him.

If he could have been born a Yuanhui Tribulation earlier, he might have fought with Saint Monk Xumi, Kong Chengzi, and the others during the battle in the Middle Ages.

Crash!

The Divine Planet in the sky released a dazzling divine light that enveloped Chi Kongyue, making her shine with absolute divinity.

“A junior who dares to act arrogantly in front of me and leave undisciplined would make people think the Asurendra is lenient. Today would be the day that I let you know what an exaggeration of your own abilities you have, as you are far from being able to disregard everything.” Chi Kongyue said with murderous intent.

Given Asurendra Samay’s temper, how could he endure being humiliated to such a degree?

Right now, he was indeed not in his peak condition, but he was not so weak that anyone could push him around.

Even if the leader of the Immortal Vampires came personally, he might not be able to make him retreat, let alone a young upstart like Wargod Bloodximius.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “Do you think this is still 100,000 years ago? It seems that it is necessary for you to understand reality. This is no longer the era of your generation.”

“From now on, I would like to declare that whether in the Celestial or the Infernal Court, if any person or being dares to kill my children, I will make sure they meet a tragic end.”

The reason why Wargod Bloodximius chose to attack was to make up for it.

He knew the reason that he was sent to Kunlun was because that Lord Ming and Blood Empress both had a very deep

prejudice against him. He had never even seen Blood Empress Qingyin because he was sent away during his childhood. It was tragic that Lord Ming had his six sons suppressed in Kunlun for ten thousand years.

Despite that he did a lot of hard work afterwards and tried various means to break the defense of Kunlun to bring them home. He could not reverse the damage that had been caused.

The sea of blood behind Wargod Bloodximius churned violently, and huge waves emerged from its surface.

Roar

The eight-armed Asuran roared toward the heavens, and boundless Asuran battle Qi surged out from his body.

With a roar, the surrounding mountains and rivers separated, with the heavenly and earthly precepts being forced back.

Two of the eight-armed Asuran's arms moved simultaneously, and the two giant axes in their hands slashed towards Wargod Bloodximius from either side.

The two axes were both ancient artifacts left behind by a deity who cultivated the Path of the Wind. When they were activated, they would immediately released destructive squalls that could pierced through the heavens and earth, splitting through a wide area of space.

Even a divine body belonging to a deity might not be able to withstand such power.

Wargod Bloodximius did not retreat, but instead increased the battle intent rising from his body.

He waved his blood-red halberd, and caused a billion scarlet light rays to burst out. The lights interweaved into a net and faced the raging gusts of wind unleashed by the two axes. Each of the scarlet rays of light was extremely sharp. They may seem slender and brittle, but were all indestructible in reality.

At the same time, the sea of blood behind Wargod Bloodximius concentrated innumerable amounts of heavenly and earthly precepts, forming together a giant hand which

covered the sky. The giant hand headed directly towards the white mountain.

Buzz

The Time Array rotated, and countless Mark of Time light points flew out. They gathered together and distorted space-time, turning into a giant Space-time Vortex.

For a moment, the passing of time in the Sea of time speeded up and became chaotic, with space and time both showing signs of collapsing.

Bang!

The violent squalls that the eight-armed Asuran had summoned was unable to block the rays of scarlet light and was quickly destroyed.

With that, the rays of the scarlet light broke through the obstacles and landed on the eight-armed Asuran.

The eight-armed Asuran was knocked back as if struck by many stars. It travelled backwards until it reached the front of the temple before it could stabilize its body.

After receiving this attack, a large amount of Asuran Battle Qi on the eight-armed Asuran's body dissipated.

The Space-time Vortex was unable to resist the sky-covering hand and was torn apart brutally.

After passing through the Space-time Vortex, the sky-covering hand continued towards Chi Kongyue.

Before the hand reached, space and time had already frozen.

Chi Kongyue frowned slightly and hurriedly casted the Asuran Supreme Sphere towards the giant hand. However, the Asuran Supreme Sphere failed to shatter the hand and was grabbed firmly instead.

Swish

The Asuran Supreme Sphere spun rapidly and released an extremely powerful force, tearing the surrounding space-time into pieces.

Even so, it still couldn't break free from the sky-covering hand.

Roar

The eight-armed Asuran's eyes turned scarlet with rage as it roared furiously, and the aura emitted from its body became even more ferocious. With a shake of its hand, it threw out many powerful warriors, and revealed its true form.

A dark golden ancient cauldron flew across the sky and became as large as a planet, releasing a mighty divine might.

And a pitch-black mountain demon released a demonic Qi which was as black as ink which enveloped heaven and earth.

...

The eight-armed Asuran did not hold back and used all of its powerful warriors to launch an all-out attack.

It possessed an undying and indestructible body, so it was not afraid of fighting head-on with Wargod Bloodximius.

"Good timing."

Wargod Bloodximius did not fall back and advanced instead. The blood-red halberd that he held transformed into a ferocious Blood Dragon which pounced directly towards the eight-armed Asuran.

This halberd was personally forged by Wargod Bloodximius himself, and the demon dragon used as its foundation was infused with a large number of divine treasures. He had nourished it with heart blood till it became an undefeatable warrior. The halberd accompanied Wargod Bloodximius in countless battles, which allowed it to absorb the blood of numerous deities.

Back then, Wargod Bloodximius didn't kill the demon dragon, and instead refined its body into a halberd and divine soul into the vessel spirit.

As a result, the moment it was fully refined, it was full of spirituality with earth-splitting power.

Apart from Wargod Bloodximius, no one could control it.

Bang!

All the soldiers were sent flying by the unstoppable Blood Dragon which had transformed from the halberd.

Thud!

One of the Blood Dragon's claws pierced through the eight-armed Asuran's chest, leaving a gaping hole through his body.

However, the eight-armed Asuran was not made of flesh-and-blood. It was only a divine Warsoul without divine blood from its wound.

In the blink of an eye, the eight-armed Asuran was torn apart by the Blood Dragon, and majestic Asuran Battle Qi poured out.

On the other side, the sea of blood churned even more violently as a tall and lofty figure walked out from it. It was a part of the sky-covering giant hand.

The figure was an identical copy of Wargod Bloodximius. However, it was more than ten thousand times taller and gave off sizeable quantities of killing intent.

“That is... the Immortal Blood God!” Asurendra Samay thought to himself in surprise. “Xue Jue has actually recovered the lost technique and even cultivated it to an even higher level.”.

The Immortal Blood God was a tightly guarded secret of the Xue Jue family. If one cultivated it to its limits, they would be able to condense an avatar that was as strong as their own body.

The Xue Jue clan had once declined. Due to certain reasons, the cultivation method of the Immortal Blood God had become incompleated.

Since then, no one had been able to cultivate it successfully.

In fact, even when during the past where cultivation methods had not been lacking, very few people had cultivated the Immortal Blood God. The fact that the Wargod Bloodximius was able to complete the incomplete technique and cultivate it

to the highest level was worthy of his reputation as an unrivalled genius.

Seeing the Immortal Blood God appear, Chi Kongyue quickly pointed his finger towards the sky.

Instantly, the Stellar Soul Constellation in the sky released a resplendent divine light, and transformed into a long River of Time that crashed down from the sky like a Celestial River falling into the mortal world.

Asurendra Samay had attained Godhood for multiple Yuanhui Tribulations, and the divine power accumulated by the Stellar Soul Constellation was inexhaustible. There was no need to worry about it being consumed.

The Immortal Blood God stretched out his other hand forming a tight fist, and it swung out in a tight arc.

Boom!

The River of Time was unable to withstand a single strike, and immediately broke apart, turning into countless glowing Mark of Times before dissipating.

The Asuran Supreme Sphere that the Immortal Blood God was holding on to produced loud cracking sounds, as its inner world became extremely unstable. At the same time, the Immortal Blood God released an extremely terrifying energy by stomping its foot.

Boom

The Sea of Time shook and shattered into pieces, and the array patterns engraved on it were almost destroyed.

Even the white mountain was affected by the terrifying impact. Countless white bones were turned into powder and it sank into the sea as a whole.

“Is this all you have Asurendra? Hurry up and use any other method you have. Try not to disappoint me too much,” said Wargod Bloodximus.

Chi Kongyue’s eyes turned solemn as he waved his hand, and summoned out an ancient jade amulet.

The jade amulet shone with a dazzling divine light and released countless time laws Precepts of Time. The light transformed into countless shapeless time chains that wrapped themselves around Wargod Bloodximus.

This jade amulet was created through great effort by Asurendra Samay. It concentrated his deep understanding of the Path of Time, and possessed even the power to slain a deity.

However, Wargod Bloodximus didn't even spare it a glance as he casually stretched his finger forwards.

A ray of highly concentrated blood-red light flew out from the tip of Wargod Bloodximus' finger.

Hah

In the blink of an eye, the jade amulet was instantly pierced through by the blood-red light before shattering into pieces.

The blood-red light landed on the temple and penetrated through the Divine Marks easily.

The blood-red light seemed to be very small, but its destructive power was shocking. It left a huge hole more than a hundred miles wide in the divine hall. Countless treasures within were turned into ashes.

“You...”

Chi Kongyue gnashed his teeth in anger.

“Humph!”

Wargod Bloodximus snorted derisively and moved into action. With a blink of an eye, he appeared before Chi Kongyue and spoke, “These skills are nothing out of ordinary.”

Chi Kongyue wanted to retreat, but his movement felt sluggish. There was a strange power in his body that was affecting his divine soul.

Boom

Wargod Bloodximus' palm landed a blow on Chi Kongyue.

Immediately, a series of soul shadows flew out of Chi Kongyue's body. Those soul shadows gathered together and entered into her back before fusing together again.

"I command you to come out."

In the next instant, Wargod Bloodximius's hand pressed onto Chi Kongyu Le's head at a speed of light. Two fingers pressed down on her temples simultaneously and discharged a boundless amount of divine power from his fingertips.

Following a deep shout from Wargod Bloodximius, a beam of divine light entered Chi Kong Le's sea of Qi.

Chi Kongyue struggled with a pained expression on her face, but she was unable to break free from Wargod Bloodximius' clutches.

When Wargod Bloodximius' hand left Chi Kongyue's head, a beam of divine light wrapped around her divine soul and forcefully tore it out of her body.

Boom

Chi Kongyue's eyes lost their luster as she collapsed.

"The older the ginger, the spicier it is. I can't believe this old man is so strong. It won't be an easy task to catch up to him," Lord Ming murmured.

Blood Empress and Lord Ming appeared on the white mountain with Sundial and the stone platform.

Sundial glowed with a faint green light and opened a door at precisely four in the afternoon.

Zhang Ruochen hastily came out of the door and arrived beside Chi Kongyue to help her up.

After checking, he found that there was nothing wrong with Chi Kongyue's bodily functions. Her life force was still very strong, but she lacked the Saint Soul.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but look up at the divine soul in the hands of Wargod Bloodximius.

There was no doubt that Chi Kongyue's Saint Soul was in the divine soul of Asurendra Samay. The two of them had fully

fused together.

Wargod Bloodximus attacked once more, releasing a blood-colored divine light that enveloped Asurendra Samay's divine soul.

Not long afterward, a weak Saint Soul was separated from his divine soul.

Asurendra Samay's divine soul had a pained expression. What Wargod Bloodximus had separated was not only Chi Kongyue's Saint Soul, but also a portion of his divine soul and divine spirit, and it caused her great harm.

Asurendra Samay glared at Wargod Bloodximus with hatred. If he hadn't been injured in the battle with the Moon Goddess, there was no way that he have been defeated.

If he hadn't been restricted by that strange power, he would be able to retaliate when Wargod Bloodximus approached him.

He had roamed both the Celestial Court and Infernal Court for several Yuanhui Tribulations, and had never imagined that he would be in such a state one day.

At this moment, the sky above the fragmented Sea of Time was already filled with the divine spirit of many deities.

It couldn't be helped. There was so much activity that it would be difficult not to alarm the Asuran deities.

"What strength does Xue Jue possess. His power has already reached such a level that he could summon an Immortal Blood God of such cultivation."

"Xue Jue's two children have attained Godhood. It seems that the Xue Jue family must be happy and celebrating."

"Asurendra is doomed. With the Asuran Supreme Sphere half destroyed and the Asuran Divine Warsoul beaten up, and with himself beaten near death. He might not be able to survive the next Yuanhui Tribulation even if he recovers."

"He could have provoked anyone but Xue Jue who is fiercely protective of his own family. Even if Asurendra is at his peak state, it is not likely for him to defeat the current Xue Jue. Xue

Jue has already obtained great power, so it would be difficult for anyone to subdue him.”

“I wonder who is stronger, Xue Jue or Huang Tian?”

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The deities discussed animatedly among themselves. They sighed at the sight of Wargod Bloodximius’ strength and also sighed in pity for Asurendra Samay.

Chapter 2220: Celestial-Hunting Festival

Xue Jue Family's territory.

Zhang Ruochen sat in front of a jade table with a letter in his hand. He was reading it carefully.

In the letter:

"I am not very happy to hear that you have come to the Infernal Court. I regret that I have not been able to enjoy the three battles on the Battlefield of Merits.

"For Kongyue, you are willing to sacrifice your life and go against Heaven's will. You have even flattened the Sea of Time in anger. I am deeply impressed.

"However, for Kunlun, can you disregard everything and come to the Forest of No Return?

"On the seventh day of May, the Fane of Destiny held a once-in-a-thousand-year Celestial-Hunting Festival. The heroes of the ten clans gathered, hoping to see you.

"At that time, you and I will drink and talk about the past and the present. We will have a more enjoyable battle. Wushen, from Kunlun."

After reading the letter, Zhang Ruochen fell into deep thought.

It was sent by Yan Wushen.

Just for Chi Kunlun, he could not refuse Yan Wushen's invitation.

Zhang Ruochen lived in a very quiet and elegant pavilion. Very few people came to disturb him.

As of today, he has been in the Xue Jue Family for half a month. He had spent almost all his time in this pavilion. He did not go out much, let alone contact the Xue Jue Family.

One of the important reasons why Zhang Ruochen came here was that Chi Kongyue was in danger. He needed to enter a secret place of the Xue Jue Family to recuperate.

Although Chi Kongyue's Saint Soul was still intact, it had been heavily assimilated by Asurendra Samay's divine soul. It will be extremely difficult to recover.

Chi Kongyue's body had also been eroded by the Ashuran Battle Qi. He was showing signs of mutation and was transforming into an Asura body. It will be easy for him to be tainted with evil qi.

Fortunately, Blood Empress had mastered all kinds of mysterious techniques. She was confident that she could reverse all of this, but it would take some time.

For Chi Kongyue, it was not a bad thing. As long as she could endure it, refining the part of the divine soul and divine spirit of Asurendra Samay would be of great benefit to her future cultivation. It might even help her build a divine foundation.

In half a month, what happened on the Ashuran planet had already spread throughout the entire Infernal Court, causing a great commotion.

Because of that, Yan Wushen knew that Zhang Ruochen had come to the Infernal Court, so he sent someone to deliver the invitation letter.

In a sense, this was also a letter of challenge from Yan Wushen to Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Wushen dictated and Chi Kunlun had written this invitation letter on his behalf. It was to force Zhang Ruochen to go to the Celestial-Hunting Festival. It was hard to imagine how Chi Kunlun felt when he wrote this letter.

“Seventh-day of May, the Fane of Destiny. The Forest of No Return, a battle at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

Zhang Ruochen wrote a reply letter, stood up, and walked out of the pavilion.

Although he had not completely controlled the Demigod-level physique, he could walk normally and not accidentally collapse the ground.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked up at the sky.

Unlike Kunlun, the sky here was blood-red, as if it was soaked in blood.

The Saint Qi of heaven and earth was extremely dense, and the precepts of heaven and earth were extremely active. It was far more powerful than Kunlun.

However, whether it was the Saint Qi of heaven and earth or the precepts of heaven and earth, they were very different from Kunlun. It was much more difficult to mobilize them.

Therefore, if one was not familiar with the Saint Qi and precepts of heaven and earth in the Infernal Court, their strength would be greatly affected if they entered.

The world where the Xue Jue Family was located was quite huge. Its diameter was over hundreds of millions of miles. Even a Supreme Saint would find it difficult to step into every place.

There were a total of ten Immortal Vampires clans in this realm. Each of the ten great clans occupied one territory. They were connected and hung above the milky way of styx. From Afar, they looked like five pairs of giant blood-red wings.

At the intersection of the five pairs of blood-red wings, there was a grand and tall fane that looked like a giant bat.

It gave people the feeling that it was like a bat with five pairs of giant blood-red wings. As if it could roam the galaxy at any time.

This fane was the supreme Fane of Immortality of the Immortal Vampires. It held the core inheritance of the Immortal Vampires.

The leader of the Immortal Vampires and the ten masters of the ten clans are all appointed by the Fane of Immortality.

It's only half a year before the Celestial-Hunting Festival. If I can't fully control this body and adapt to the Saint Qi and precepts of heaven and earth in the Infernal Court, how can I fight with Yan Wushen?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Under normal circumstances, he wouldn't be able to accomplish these two things in half a year. He needed external

help by using the Sundial.

The problem now was that he had run out of Godstones, so he couldn't use the Sundial.

Zhang Ruochen could ask for the Godstone from Blood Empress. She would give it to him, but he couldn't ask for it.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was fretting over this, a blood light suddenly descended from the sky. It turned into a thin young man. His cultivation wasn't very high and he was merely a Three-Step Saint King.

The young man was quite reserved. He bowed and said, "Greetings, Your Highness."

"What is it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The young man quickly replied, "Your Highness, please go to the meeting hall."

Zhang Ruochen was struck by his words. Xue Jue Family's meeting hall wouldn't open easily, and ordinary people weren't qualified to enter.

Since he was asked to go to the meeting hall, it was most likely something important.

Speaking of which, this was the first time he had been summoned since he came to the Xue Jue Family.

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift without hesitation and disappeared without a trace.

After Zhang Ruochen left, the Saint King wiped off his cold sweat. To him, the pressure facing Zhang Ruochen wasn't small.

The Xue Jue Family was very big. They occupied a majestic mountain with a radius of a million miles range. There was also a divine vein and fifty-four saint veins underground. It was a unique cultivation location.

The meeting hall was on the highest peak. When he first came to the Xue Jue Family, Zhang Ruochen had entered once. When he rushed here, he was already familiar with the place.

There were already many figures standing in the meeting hall when Zhang Ruochen arrived. They were either top-notch Saint Kings or Supreme Saints. All of them looked extraordinary and they were all geniuses nurtured by the Xue Jue Family.

What surprised Zhang Ruochen was that he saw Xue Chen among the crowd.

He had left the Kunlun Battlefield of Merits?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen's arrival, all the geniuses of the Xue Jue Family, including Xue Chen, could not help but look over.

Zhang Ruochen appeared very calm and walked into the hall step by step.

The person who summoned him this time was not Wargod Bloodximius.

It was normal to think about it. With the Wargod Bloodximius's status, how could he summon the disciples of his family? He couldn't do everything himself.

In front of the group of geniuses stood a handsome middle-aged man with long blood-red hair and a black robe. He looked similar to Wargod Bloodximius, and even his temperament was similar.

The middle-aged man had ten blood wings on his back, which looked like ten blood clouds spreading out.

Although he had restrained his aura, there was still an extremely terrifying saint power exuding from him. He was really powerful even when he was calm.

At this moment, the middle-aged man looked at Zhang Ruochen. His eyes were extremely deep, and he could vaguely see the starry sky being destroyed.

Just looking at each other, Zhang Ruochen was shocked. 'So powerful. He's no weaker than Emperor Ji Mie,' he thought.

Emperor Ji Mie was one of the three strongest Supreme Saints in Guanghan. He had the potential of becoming a god and his existence among the Supreme Saints was most prominent.

Anyone who could be compared to Emperor Ji Mie could imagine his position in the Xue Jue Family.

This person was called Xue Qingsheng and was titled the—Supreme Saint Qingsheng. He was the third son of Wargod Bloodximius and the acting head of the Xue Jue Family currently.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng had lived for almost 16,000 years. Due to the Immortal Vampires having a long lifespan, although they had not become gods, they were still at their peak and had not shown any signs of weakening.

The fact that Supreme Saint Qingsheng could become the acting family head had a lot to do with the return of Blood Empress and Lord Ming.

Originally, the Xue Jue Family was managed by Wargod Bloodximius's wife, the mistress of the Xue Jue Family.

She was the one who had ordered Blood Empress and Lord Ming to be sent to Kunlun without Wargod Bloodximius's knowledge.

Now, Blood Empress and Lord Ming had both become gods. Since they had returned forcefully, there was naturally a reckoning to be settled. Anyone who participated in this matter would be punished. All of them were sent to the Battlefield of Merits regardless of their status.

Even though the mistress did not share the same fate, she had lost all her power.

That was why Supreme Saint Qingsheng had the chance to become the new acting head.

Zhang Ruochen stood straight and cupped his hands.

“Supreme Saint Qingsheng, why have you summoned me?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was expressionless. He said with a sonorous, “On the seventh day of May, the Fane of Destiny will hold the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Lord Father has selected you to lead the descendants of the Xue Jue Family to attend.”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised by what he just heard.

He didn't expect that Supreme Saint Qingsheng had summoned him for this matter.

He had just read about the Celestial-Hunting Festival from Yan Wushen's invitation letter. Now that Wargod Bloodximius had asked him to attend, it seemed like he had not much of a choice.

However, Zhang Ruochen was quite surprised. What was so special about the Celestial-Hunting Festival? It was surprising that Wargod Bloodximius had paid so much attention to it and made the arrangements himself.

"What exactly is the Celestial-Hunting Festival?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, "You will know when you attend to it. You only need to know that the Celestial-Hunting Festival is very crucial to us and you must do your best. It's best if you can lead the Bloodsky Clan to defeat the other nine clans and bring honor to the Xue Jue Family."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's face looked quite serious.

As long as it was something that Wargod Bloodximius had ordered, he had to do his best.

"Why does Zhang Ruochen get to lead such an important thing?"

A questioning voice suddenly sounded.

The person who spoke was a feminine-looking man. He sat on a golden chair. He had a pair of phoenix eyes and his face was very pale. He doesn't look so good and gives people a sick feeling.

His cultivation was powerful and his blood qi was boundless. He had the power of a Supreme Saint surging in him. He had already reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Furthermore, he hadn't cultivated for more than a thousand years. He was a famous young elite among the disciples and was titled—Supreme Saint Xueqi.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng turned his gaze to Xueqi and said, "Xueqi, are you questioning the decision of Wargod

Bloodximius?”

Only a powerhouse like Supreme Saint Qingsheng dared to call Supreme Saint Xueqi by his name.

“I wouldn’t dare, but Zhang Ruochen has only just reached the Neverwilt Realm. How can he represent the Xue Jue Family?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said calmly, “This matter is decided by Wargod Bloodximius. We only need to obey.”

Supreme Saint Xueqi snorted coldly and did not say anything else after that. In the Xue Jue Family, Wargod Bloodximius was the absolute ruler and no one dared to challenge his authority.

However, Supreme Saint Xueqi was very displeased. An outsider had stepped on his head so quickly. Moreover, the outsider who only had half of the Xue Jue Family’s bloodline had just reached Supreme Sainthood.

“Go and make preparations. Do not let Wargod Bloodximius down,” Supreme Saint Qingsheng said.

“Yes.”

Immediately, everyone in the hall responded in unison and left the meeting hall.

“Humph.”

Blood-red light flashed in the eyes of the Supreme Saint Xueqi as he brushed past Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen did not mind at all. He thought to himself, Is this a test from Wargod Bloodximius?

After all, he came from the Celestial Court. Even if it was because of Blood Empress, Wargod Bloodximius would not trust him immediately. He needed to prove himself through some matters.

Whether it was to save Chi Kunlun or to deal with Wargod Bloodximius, Zhang Ruochen had to go all out at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Zhang Ruochen understood what the Supreme Saint Qingsheng meant. He wanted to defeat the other nine clans of

the Immortal Vampires.

After the divine war in the Middle Ages, the Bloodsky Clan had been declining. Their ranking among the top ten clans had been dropping. Now, they were at the bottom.

The ten great clans of the Immortal Vampires cooperated, but they also competed with each other.

The stronger the clan was, the higher their position in the clan world would be. They would receive more cultivation resources from the Fane of Immortality and also have a greater say.

The Bloodsky Clan had once been glorious, and their clan world was at the top.

Unfortunately, the Bloodsky Clan had suffered heavy losses during the Middle Ages War. Even their great clan ruler had fallen in the starry sky.

Disregarding the might of the Wargod Bloodximius, it was difficult to change the situation.

With the pride of Wargod Bloodximius, he could no longer tolerate such a situation to continue.

After all, the Xue Jue Family was one of the oldest and most powerful clans in the Bloodsky Clan. It had produced more than one clan leader.

Therefore, Wargod Bloodximius had always placed great importance on the clan and its honor.

After walking out of the meeting hall, Zhang Ruochen was not in a hurry to leave. He crossed his arms and stood beside a dragon pillar carved from blood jade. It seemed that he was waiting for someone.

A man and a woman walked out of the hall. They were Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao, who had just returned from the Battlefield of Merits.

“Let’s have a chat,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Just as Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao were about to leave, Zhang Ruochen’s calm voice suddenly sounded.

Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao stopped and looked at Zhang Ruochen. They were both surprised. They didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to wait for them outside the hall and talk to them.

Before this, they had never interacted with each other.

Even Xue Chen had only interacted with Zhang Ruochen in the Rainbow Pavilion, and they were on opposite sides.

The siblings looked at each other. After that, Xue Chen said, "Okay, I'll look for a place."

Zhang Ruochen didn't have any objections to this.

The three of them left the Xue Jue Family immediately.

Soon, they arrived at the closest city to the Xue Jue Family.

This city was called the Ancient City Skylin. It was in the territory of the Xue Jue Family. It was very old and had existed for millions of years.

Legend has it that a Sky-Flare Qilin died here. The sky flares burnt for tens of thousands of years and never died out. It attracted many alchemists and weapon refiners to refine pills and weapons with the help of the sky flares.

Over time, it formed a city. After a long period of development, it had reached its current size.

The Ancient City Skylin occupied a radius of 10,000 kilometers. It was even more magnificent and prosperous than the Central Imperial City of Kunlun.

Following Xue Chen's lead, Zhang Ruochen entered a very special restaurant called the Voidsky Lounge.

The Voidsky Lounge was floating in mid-air. It was decorated using many spatial techniques. It was like a mirage. One could see it, but not touch it. One had to go through a special way to enter it.

Without a certain identity, one could not enter the Voidsky Lounge.

Inside the Voidsky Lounge, one could see the milky way of styx in the sky and the entire ancient city from below. All the scenery could be seen.

“What do you think? The civilization of the Immortal Vampires is not inferior to that of the human race, right? Perhaps you humans still think that we only know how to kill, blood-thirsty, and live in stone caves in the mountains?” Xue Chen said with a smile while he pointed outside the window.

Zhang Ruochen was silent. The civilization of the Immortal Vampires was indeed different from what he had imagined. It was very close to the civilization of the human race.

It was completely different from the Nether Realm that he had been to.

After a long while, Zhang Ruochen asked, “How is the situation in the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun?”

Xue Chen sighed in his heart after hearing Zhang Ruochen’s question. His heart was still with Kunlun. Even though he had joined the Immortal Vampires, he still missed Kunlun.

Perhaps this was why Zhang Ruochen had come to find him.

It didn’t matter. After staying in the Immortal Vampires for a long time, Zhang Ruochen would naturally understand that the Immortal Vampires were hundreds of times better than Kunlun. Here, they were far more carefree than in the Celestial Court. There weren’t so many restrictions.

Chapter 2221: Zhang Ruochen's Blood Wings

Xue Chen had a thought and he picked up the wine jar on the table. As he poured the wine, he said, "When you come to the Voidsky Lounge, you must try the Bloody Wine. This wine is limited in supply, but most people don't have the chance to taste it. Would you like a drink?"

Xue Chen poured the Bloody Wine into the cup. It was bright red, like blood. It emitted a strong wine fragrance, which is refreshing.

Just smelling it made one feel intoxicated.

Zhang Ruochen looked into the cup. A strange light flashed in his eyes.

He noticed there's the blood of a lifeform added into the Bloody Wine.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head involuntarily.

Xue Ningxiao laughed. "The wine is indeed brewed with blood, but it's not human blood. My father was born to my grandfather and a human woman. My brother and I also have part of the human bloodline flow in our bodies. That's why we never drink human blood, nor are we addicted to any human blood products."

Zhang Ruochen could not help but feel surprised. He did not expect that there were humans among the wives of the Wargod Bloodximius who had married.

Perhaps it was because Xue Ningxiao and Xue Chen had lived in the Infernal Court since they were young and had been assimilated by the great power of the Macroworld. If one didn't look carefully, one could hardly sense the human aura in them.

"There's no need to be surprised. Our family is very ancient. It's one of the oldest families in the Bloodsky Clan and even the entire Immortal Vampire clan. There was a precedent of

combining with humans a long time ago. The Xue Jue Family is far more inclusive than the other clans.”

“Even the Blood God of Kunlun has a special relationship with our family.” Xue Ningxiao raised her head, intoxicated by the Bloody Wine. She took a sip as if her mouth was filled with amber.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised after hearing that.

He was the Sect of the Blood God’s leader, but he had never known that the Grandmaster Blood God had a relationship with the Xue Jue Family.

“What’s the matter with the Blood God?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Chen drank a cup of wine and said, “There are too many things involved. If you want to know, you can ask Aunt Fourteen. She should know the most about Blood God.”

Zhang Ruochen thought of many things and fell into deep thought.

Since Xue Chen mentioned Blood Empress, perhaps it had something to do with the 800 years that Blood Empress had stayed in the Endless Abyss. It might even include the secret of the Bloodbeast. Also, the secret of Qiu Yichi, Chi Linyuan, and the others turning from humans into Immortal Vampires.

‘Could there be a causal connection?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

“Let’s not talk about this. You should try it first. This wine is brewed with Phoenix blood and it tastes very good.” Xue Ningxiao licked her lips lightly. Her eyes sparkled as she encouraged Zhang Ruochen.

“Phoenix?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Mu Lingxi’s figure appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s mind. He couldn’t help shaking his head again.

Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao didn’t say anything after that. They just felt that Zhang Ruochen was strange. He had the Immortal Vampire bloodline in his vein, yet he did not seem to have any desire for blood.

They would become very excited when they saw blood and they couldn't control themselves.

This was the nature of the race, and it is almost impossible to change.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but ask, "Please tell me about the situation of the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun, especially the battle in the Central Imperial City. How did it become and are there any results?"

Xue Chen Thought for a moment, then he said, "When you came out of Rainbow Pavilion, the Heavenly Realm seized the opportunity and attacked. The army of the Infernal Court suffered a great loss. After that, it was probably because Aunt Fourteen summoned your soul that the Dimensional Rift collapsed. It had a great impact on the Infernal Court and it was unable to send more Saint cultivators to Kunlun.

"Because of the outbreak of the divine war, the Heavenly Realm strengthened its inspection of Kunlun. It was difficult for them to reopen the Dimensional Rift. On the contrary, Pangu Realm, Demon God Realm, and Wanxu Realm joined the war, which led Heavenly Realm to gain more power.

"The plan to besiege the imperial court can not continue for the time being. After that, Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits will probably be a long battle that will not end in a hundred years. That is why Xiaoxiao and I have returned to the Infernal Court at this time."

Xue Chen could not help but sigh. He had wanted to go to Kunlun to make a contribution and seek opportunities, but unexpectedly, everything was far from what he had expected.

The key to the great change in Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits was Zhang Ruochen.

If Zhang Ruochen had not turned the tide in Rainbow Pavilion, most of the Saturn Peach Trees would have been cut off. Kunlun would not be able to struggle anymore. It would probably only take ten years for the Battle of Merits in the Infernal Court to end.

Zhang Ruochen felt a lot more relaxed after hearing that. His efforts had not been in vain. The longer this war dragged on, the more advantageous it would be for Kunlun.

Perhaps, at some point, there would be a huge turn of events.

However, at this stage, he could not get involved in the matter of Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits.

The most important thing now was for Zhang Ruochen to control the power of his body and improve his cultivation. He needed to attend the Celestial-Hunting Festival and save Chi Kunlun from Yan Wushen.

Besides, he wanted to see what kind of place the Fane of Destiny was and could it decide the fate of everyone.

Zhang Ruochen did not believe it.

Both Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao had human blood in their bodies, and they didn't dislike him as an outsider. Zhang Ruochen was less resistant to them.

The three of them continued chatting about the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun and the Infernal Court.

Not only was Xue Chen talented, but he was also calm. He had his unique views on everything. In terms of talent, ability, and knowledge, he could stand out in the Heavenly Realm if he was placed there.

Xue Ningxiao still had some fear of Zhang Ruochen in the beginning. Her understanding of him remained in Kunlun when he had killed everyone. At that time, Zhang Ruochen was like a god of death. Countless famous powerhouses in the Infernal Court became souls under his sword.

However, it didn't take long for her to reveal her true nature. She was no longer reserved.

Xue Ningxiao had a lively personality. She looked like she was 16 or 17 years old and her maiden-like appearance was particularly seductive. She often smiled like a little witch.

After asking what he wanted to know, Zhang Ruochen asked another question, "Is there a place in the Ancient City Skylin that sells Godstones?"

“Of course. After all, the Ancient City Skylin is one of the oldest and largest cities in the world of the Bloodsky Clan. It’s not an ordinary small city. Cousin Ruochen, do you need Godstones?” Xue Ningxiao blinked her beautiful eyes, she was full of curiosity.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I do need some.”

“If you need Godstones, you can exchange them directly with the family. It’s also much cheaper than outside. Also, with your status, as long as you ask for it, you can get it easily.” Xue Ningxiao looked confused.

With the Xue Jue Family’s heritage, they naturally had a lot of Godstones.

As if seeing through Zhang Ruochen’s thoughts, Xue Chen stopped Xue Ningxiao from continuing. “If you want to buy Godstones, you can go to the Ancient Saint Pavilion. It’s the biggest Saint shop in the world of the ten Immortal Vampire clans, which is all over the world.”

“There are gods behind the Ancient Saint Pavilion. There’s even the shadow of the Fane of Immortality. As long as you have enough Godstones, you can buy anything.”

Without much delay, Zhang Ruochen, Xue Chen, and Xue Ningxiao left the Voidsy Lounge and headed straight for the Ancient Saint Pavilion.

The Ancient Saint Pavilion occupied a large area in the most prosperous area of the Ancient City Skylin. There were many pavilions and pavilions, and it was extremely luxurious.

When they entered the Ancient Saint Pavilion, they caused quite a commotion. A maid immediately entered the back hall to pass on the message.

A moment later, a clone of a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint came up to welcome them. He was full of smiles and was extremely enthusiastic. “Your Highness has graced the Ancient Saint Pavilion with your presence.”

Then, he led Zhang Ruochen and the other two into a private room. He asked someone to bring him saint fruits, heavenly

spring, and blood wine. They were treated to the highest standard.

Blood Empress and Lord Ming had made a commotion in the Sea of Time after becoming gods. It had long been spread throughout the Infernal Court. Zhang Ruochen's identity as the Scion was also known to everyone.

His mother was a god and so was his uncle. His grandfather was the world-famous Wargod Bloodximius.

Besides, Zhang Ruochen was also a Supreme Saint.

With such a background and cultivation, no one dared to neglect him.

No matter who it was, they had to be careful and respectful when they came into contact with Zhang Ruochen.

It couldn't be helped. His current status was much more honorable than when he was Moon Goddess's Divine Envoy.

No one had expected that he, who had fought to the death with the Infernal Court, would suddenly become the Infernal Court's Scion.

Even if many people hated Zhang Ruochen to the bone, they couldn't do anything now.

If they wanted to touch him, they had to think about whether they could withstand the wrath of the three gods. Asurendra Samay was a good example.

How many people in the Infernal Court were more powerful than Asurendra Samay?

The Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint who welcomed Zhang Ruochen was a middle-aged man in his early 40s. His cultivation was very high, and his blood qi was vigorous. He was in his prime.

"I am Qi Yong, the master of the Ancient Saint Pavilion in the Ancient City Skylin. What do you need, Your Highness?" The middle-aged man smiled politely.

Zhang Ruochen did not beat around the bush. He went straight to the point and said, "Godstones."

“How many do you need, Your Highness?” Qi Yong asked.

Qi Yong was very confused. The Xue Jue Family should have Godstones. Why did Zhang Ruochen come to the Ancient Saint Pavilion to buy them?

Of course, he could not ask this question at a time like this.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and said, “A hundred.”

It would take a long time for him to fully control the Demigod-level physique. In addition, he had to improve his cultivation and strength. Naturally, he had to prepare more Godstones.

The more Godstones, the better.

Qi Yong’s eyes flashed with surprise. The number Zhang Ruochen had given was beyond his expectations.

Godstones weren’t ordinary. They were extremely expensive. A Saint King cultivator might not even be able to exchange one for all his wealth.

Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao were also surprised. They hadn’t expected Zhang Ruochen to buy so many Godstones either. Even a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint might not be able to do this.

“Your Highness should know the price of Godstones. One Godstone is worth a billion saint stones. If you need a hundred Godstones, which is 100 billion saint stones,” Qi Yong said.

The value of Godstones was the same in Infernal Court and Heavenly Realm. The price was constant.

It was Fairy of a Hundred Flowers who made the decision, the last time Zhang Ruochen bought Godstones from the Qianrui Realm. Because of their relationship, she had discounted 100 million saint stones.

The Immortal Vampires did not need saint stones to cultivate. They mainly relied on blood to improve their strength.

However, the blood that they took from killing was only a small part.

Most of the blood of the Immortal Vampires came from the Immortal Blood Spring and the Blood Tree of Longevity. Both could provide a large amount of blood.

However, the blood produced by the Immortal Blood Spring and the Blood Tree of Longevity was only pure. It contained very little energy and could not meet the needs of cultivation.

Hence, the Immortal Blood Spring needed to be added with saint stones to nurture the Blood Tree of Longevity. Only in this way could the blood produced by the Immortal Blood Spring and the Blood Tree of Longevity have the same effect as the blood in a cultivator's body.

Because of this, the saint stones could also be circulated in the world of the Immortal Vampires.

Zhang Ruochen flipped his hand and took out a storage ring. He handed it to Qi Yong and said, "Calculate how many saint stones the treasures inside are worth."

Qi Yong quickly took it and checked it with his spiritual power.

When he checked it, his eyes suddenly changed.

There were a lot of treasures in the storage ring. Saint weapons, talismans, pills, and so on. There was no lack of treasures.

Zhang Ruochen had obtained these treasures from the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun. They were huge amount and complicated. He had everything. It was useless for him to keep them.

Zhang Ruochen had gained a lot from each battle. The Battle of Sword Vault, the Battle of Xianji Mountain, the Battle of True Dragon Island, the Battle of the Blood God sect, the Battle of Ziwei Palace, and so on.

Especially at the Battle of Ziwei Palace, he had killed nearly a thousand top-notch powerhouses of the sects of Heavenly Realm, including many leaders. The gains were even more shocking.

What he had taken out now was only a part of it. Most of it was ordinary. The truly good things wouldn't be sold casually.

Saint weapons, for example, had been kept by Zhang Ruochen for the Ancient Abyssal Blade to refine.

Qi Yong used his powerful spiritual power to calculate the value of all the treasures in a short time.

"These treasures are worth 134 billion saint stones in total," Qi Yong said.

Zhang Ruochen took out another Ring of Dimensions and said, "The treasures in here should be worth 6 billion saint stones. Exchange them all for Godstones."

"Please wait for a moment, your highness. I'll go get Godstones now," Qi Yong said.

Although he was the master of this Ancient Saint Pavilion, he couldn't carry a large number of Godstones with him. He needed to go to the treasury to get them.

Not long after, Qi Yong returned and handed a Ring of Dimensions to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen scanned it with his spiritual power and confirmed that there were 140 Godstones inside. He immediately put them away. After getting what he wanted, he left straight away and returned to the Xue Jue Family.

In the following period, he had to put all his energy into cultivating. He wanted to control the Demigod-level physique as soon as possible so that he could reach his pinnacle state.

Whether it was Yan Wushen's invitation or the divine will be given by Wargod Bloodximius, Zhang Ruochen felt that the Celestial-Hunting Festival was not simple.

He had to be powerful enough to deal with it calmly.

Xue Ningxiao was still very curious. She asked, "Why is he doing this?"

Xue Chen knew what she was talking about. He smiled, "How can Zhang Ruochen be an ordinary person?" he said, "He has his way of thinking. With his status in the Xue Jue Family, he

can easily get the Godstone. But the prerequisite is that he is willing to.”

“Why isn’t he willing?” Xue Ningxiao asked.

Xue Chen stared in the direction Zhang Ruochen had left and said, “He doesn’t have a sense of belonging to the Xue Jue Family. I think that’s why Wargod Bloodximus asked him to lead the team to attend the Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

...

After returning to the Xue Jue Family and making the appropriate arrangements, Zhang Ruochen immediately began to seclude himself for cultivation.

With the Godstone inlaid, the Sundial began to operate. It released the power of time, covering a radius of 1200 meters.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged under the Sundial. He took out a small amount of The Sun-Moon Dragon Spring from the Mercury Gourd and swallowed it directly.

The Sun-Moon Dragon Spring was obtained from True Dragon Island. It had all kinds of incredible uses, especially to nourish the body and Saint Soul. It could allow him to control his power faster.

The Re-Awakeners in the Ying Yang Sea used The Sun-Moon Dragon Spring to recover their strength to the peak in a short time.

What they used was only the most ordinary holy spring. What Zhang Ruochen swallowed now was the essence of the holy spring.

Zhang Ruochen had collected more than 2,000 drops of the holy spring’s essence when he was on the True Dragon Island, but he hadn’t used them yet. Now, they could be put to good use.

Rumble

The majestic blood qi surged in Zhang Ruochen and it’s making a loud sound like a rushing river.

At a certain moment, a powerful blood qi rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's back.

"It hurts... What's going on? This power... This..."

Zhang Ruochen's back seemed to be burning. The pain was so great that his body seemed to be melting.

Even with his cultivation and willpower, he couldn't bear the pain.

Gradually, golden light appeared on Zhang Ruochen's back. It was as if something was about to break out of his body.

Whoosh

The pain lasted for about two days. Eight Golden Wings grew out of Zhang Ruochen's back and they were covered in mysterious patterns.

Zhang Ruochen supported himself on the ground with both hands. He panted heavily and his forehead was covered in sweat.

Wings of flesh were an important symbol of the Immortal Vampires. They were almost all born with it.

Logically speaking, Zhang Ruochen should have grown wings of flesh long ago. However, after he was born, Emperor Ming had sealed the Immortal Vampire bloodline in him, making him no different from an ordinary person.

After that, even though Blood Empress had nurtured this body to be extremely powerful, it had never grown wings of flesh because there was no Saint Soul in it.

Now, Zhang Ruochen had started to control the power of the Demigod-level physique and fully activated the Immortal Vampires' bloodline. Finally, the wings grew out.

'Golden Wings?' he thought.

He took out an ancient bronze mirror and looked at the wings on his back. Zhang Ruochen was stunned. He couldn't accept it for a long time. He felt as if the world had collapsed.

What was supposed to come had finally come!

“Am I a human or an Immortal Vampire?”

Chapter 2222: A Hundred Years of Cultivation

This was not the end of the transformation. The blood flow in Zhang Ruochen became faster and faster. The sound he made was like a great bell.

Gradually, Zhang Ruochen's skin became like white jade. His hair and pupils turned blood red, and the nails on his hands grew longer.

More importantly, two sharp teeth grew out of his mouth.

With the eight golden wings on his back, Zhang Ruochen's current appearance was no different from that of an Immortal Vampire. Although he was still handsome, he had become extremely evil.

It was almost ironic. Zhang Ruochen used to hate the Immortal Vampires the most, but now, he has become one of them.

The only good thing was that Zhang Ruochen did not have a desire for blood. It proved that what Blood Empress said was true. She had solved this big problem for him.

Otherwise, he would not be able to accept himself. He would rather die than become a blood-sucking monster.

'Gradually, Zhang Ruochen adjusted his emotions. A determined look appeared in his eyes. 'Whether I am a human or an Immortal Vampire, I am still Zhang Ruochen.' he thought.

No matter what changes happened to him, as long as his heart did not change, everything would be the same as before.

Zhang Ruochen did not care about what others thought of him. He had never wanted to live the way others wanted him to.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged again. He circulated his techniques and restrained his blood qi. Before long, his skin and nails returned to normal, and his fangs disappeared.

Just as he was about to put away his golden wings, he suddenly had a strange feeling.

The arcane runes on the golden wings stimulated by the power of the Supreme Saint appeared and began to absorb the Saint Qi of heaven and earth. Even the Precepts of Heaven and earth gathered.

For a moment, the repulsion of the Precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth on Zhang Ruochen was greatly weakened. They even became friendly.

‘It seems that with these eight golden wings, I can harmonize with the Precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth in the Infernal Court Faster,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

It wasn’t a bad thing to grow wings from this point alone. They would be of great help to him at this stage.

The flesh wings of the Immortal Vampires weren’t just for show. They could greatly increase speed, mobilize the Precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth, used for direct attacks and many other uses.

The more flesh wings there were, the more useful they would be.

Under normal circumstances, the Immortal Vampires were born with only a pair of flesh wings. After reaching the Saint Realm, their blood qi would increase. Only then would they be able to grow more flesh wings.

Most of the Immortal Vampires’ flesh wings were blood-red. A small number were silver. All the Immortal Vampires with silver wings had extraordinary physiques. They were far stronger than ordinary human Saint physiques.

Zhang Ruochen had come into contact with many Immortal Vampires, and there was no lack of geniuses with silver wings. The earliest one was the fourth disciple of elder Xuanji — Feng Han. He hadn’t become a Saint yet, but he had four silver wings. His physique was extremely powerful.

There were also Lord Ming and Qi Sheng. They were born with six wings and could be considered prominent figures.

However, none of the Immortal Vampires Zhang Ruochen had come into contact with had the same golden flesh wings like him.

He believed that the golden wings should be special among the Immortal Vampires, at least not compared to the blood wings.

“If I can fully control the power of this body and stimulate the bloodline power of the Demigod-level physique to the extreme, the number of wings should increase,” Zhang Ruochen said.

His physical quality was extremely strong, especially stronger than that of Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

When Zhang Ruochen reached the same cultivation realm as Supreme Saint Qingsheng, the number of fleshy wings could at least be compared to or even surpass Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

Since the fleshy wings could help Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation, he did not put them away. He continued to circulate his techniques, absorbing the Precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth into his body to temper himself.

The process of Zhang Ruochen controlling the power of his body was accelerated with the help of the Sun-Moon Dragon Spring.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen was also trying to mobilize the Precepts.

Restricted by his Demigod-level physique, Zhang Ruochen could not use most of the 200 million Precepts even though he had them. He could barely mobilize part of the Precepts of Time, Dimension, and Truth.

In comparison, the Path of the Ancients was undoubtedly much less restricted.

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen had preliminary control of the power of his physical body. Most of the Precepts could also be mobilized from his body.

In this way, he could cultivate normally.

“It’s time to use this treasure!” he said.

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and took out something.

It was a stone house carved out of a giant stone. There was a stone dragon on it. Each scale of the dragon was very clear and vivid.

There were a lot of ancient and complicated arcane runes engraved on the surface of the stone house. It seemed to contain the principles of heaven and earth and emitted a very obscure Path connotation.

“Legend has it that the Divine Dragon Enlightenment Chamber can double the efficiency of a cultivator in comprehending the Path. Invisibly, the body and the Saint Soul can also be nourished. Even the spiritual will can become tougher. I wonder if it has a miraculous effect.” Zhang Ruochen said with his eyes filled with anticipation.

The Divine Dragon Enlightenment Chamber was one of the most famous treasures in the Dragon Temple. Anyone would want to obtain it.

Although Zhang Ruochen had killed Mojo, Lord of Elixir, and subdued Dragon Phantom Lord and Lord of Stone, he didn't get a Divine Dragon Enlightenment Chamber. Otherwise, he would have used it long ago.

The Divine Dragon Enlightenment Chamber originated from Lord of Sword. It was something Lord of Sword had given away. Now, it could be put to good use.

Zhang Ruochen entered the Divine Dragon Enlightenment Chamber and began to comprehend the Path.

The Divine Dragon Enlightenment Chamber's interior was as smooth as jade. It was covered with dragon patterns. There were also streaks of dragon Qi that transformed into dragon shapes. They danced in it and passed through Zhang Ruochen from time to time. It gave him a wonderful feeling.

When Zhang Ruochen had been on True Dragon Island, he had obtained a lot of treasures. Although he had taken some out to nurture the old cadre of the Shengming Empire, he had still left many. They were all treasures.

Now that he had broken through to the Supreme Sainthood, he could use these treasures better.

The cultivation of the Supreme Sainthood was different from that of the Saint Kinghood. It took a long time for each small realm to improve. It also required a large number of treasures.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen didn't lack anything. Now that he had a large number of Godstones, and he had enough treasures. He could improve his cultivation and strength greatly in a short amount of time.

After twenty years of seclusion, Zhang Ruochen controlled the power of his physical body. His Saint Soul was completely compatible with his physical body. At the same time, he was familiar with the Precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth in the Infernal Court. He could mobilize them as he pleased without any hindrance.

Zhang Ruochen did not come out of seclusion. Instead, he chose to continue cultivating and immerse himself in comprehending the Precepts.

He had a foundation that was far superior to ordinary people. He had just become a Supreme Saint and already had 200 million Precepts. In this world, only Yan Wushen could compare.

With this foundation, he could double the total number of Precepts and reach the mid-stage of the Neverwilt Realm. After that, he could double it and condense the Saintwill. Then he could reach the late-stage of the Neverwilt Realm.

In a sense, the more powerful he was, the harder it was to breakthrough in the Supreme Saint realm.

However, he would be even stronger after that.

In other words, Zhang Ruochen would need at least 400 million Precepts to break through to the mid-stage of the Neverwilt Realm. Most of the late-stage Neverwilt Realm powerhouses didn't have that many Precepts.

Even though the Supreme Saint's speed of comprehending Precepts was very fast, far surpassing that of a Saint King's, it would take a long time to accumulate 200 million Precepts.

Under normal circumstances, it would take at least hundreds of years, and he would not sleep or rest.

However, in just ninety-five years, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had reached the critical point of breakthrough.

Zhang Ruochen had comprehended nearly 200 million Precepts in less than a hundred years.

All of this was due to the treasures from True Dragon Island, especially the Divine Dragon Enlightenment Chamber, which had tripled his efficiency of comprehending Paths.

It was no wonder that there were only ten Divine Dragon Enlightenment Chambers in the Dragon Temple.

The Divine Dragon race could not create too many of such heaven-defying treasures.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and stopped cultivating.

In his hand was a huge crystal that emitted dazzling divine light.

This crystal was left behind by Dragon Phantom Lord after it was killed. It contained the secrets of the four Ancient Paths of Time, Dimension, Origin, and Darkness.

After refining and comprehending it for many years, Zhang Ruochen had used up all the Power of Time and Dimension contained in the crystal. As a result, his Time and Dimension attainments had greatly improved.

I'm still a little short. I Can't break through to the mid-stage of the Neverwilt Realm. Maybe I need more time to settle down,' Zhang Ruochen had a glimmer of understanding in his heart.

He had tried several times but failed. There was no doubt that he had encountered a bottleneck.

Zhang Ruochen no longer forced himself to relax. Perhaps at some point, the opportunity to break through would appear.

Anyway, he still had dozens of Godstones. He had plenty of time, so there was no need to be too anxious.

Since he no longer focused on improving his cultivation, Zhang Ruochen shifted his attention to other aspects.

To increase his strength, improving his cultivation was only one aspect. He could also cultivate saint techniques and refine battle weapons.

Zhang Ruochen was now a Supreme Saint. He could completely cultivate the saint techniques he had mastered to a higher level.

For example, he could try to cultivate the thirteenth Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike. He could continue to deduce the 12th level of the Luoshui Fist Technique. He could also cultivate the fourth level of the Incarceration of Divine Demon.

The Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike was the first saint technique that Zhang Ruochen cultivated. It had always been highly valued by him. He had invested a lot of resources and suffered a lot.

“The thirteenth Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike is called the Dragon-Elephant Destruction. It is the most overbearing. It requires a high level of physical strength and spiritual will. The slightest carelessness can destroy the body or cause Qi deviation.

“When this particular palm strike is cultivated to the initial phase, it can be comparable to a high-level saint technique of the Hundred-Shackled level. When it is cultivated to the final phase, it can be comparable to a high-level saint technique of the Thousand-Koan level. When it is cultivated to completion, it can be comparable to a high-level saint technique of the Banshi Isshou level.

“According to the legends, if one can break the limit and cultivate the Dragon-Elephant Destruction to the Paramount Realm, they will be able to become a high-level Paramount saint technique. However, after the Middle Ages, no one in the Myriad Buddha Sect has been able to cultivate to that level.”

The common high-level saint techniques were mostly at the Neverwilt and Hundred-Shackle Realm. There were very few at the Thousand-Koan level, and the Banshi Isshou level saint technique was even rarer. As for the Paramount level, it was

probably only found in the inheritances left behind by the gods.

Even the Paramount Realm powerhouses didn't cultivate the Paramount level high-level saint techniques. It was good enough to cultivate one or two high-level saint techniques.

At this stage, Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to expect too much. All he needed now was just to cultivate the thirteenth Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike to the initial phase.

To reach this step was very simple. He just needed to refine two dragon souls and two elephant souls in the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Of course, he also needed a large amount of Yang Qi, at least a million times more than an ordinary person.

The advantage Zhang Ruochen had was that he now had the Demigod-level physique. He didn't have to worry that he wouldn't be able to withstand the power of the dragon soul and elephant soul of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"I'll go buy the dragon soul and elephant soul first."

Zhang Ruochen decided to come out of seclusion immediately.

Although dragon souls and elephant souls of the Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saint were rare, the Infernal Court had fought with creatures of the Celestial Dragon Realm and the Demon God Realm all year round. Naturally, they had killed the Supreme Saints of the dragon and elephant clans.

Through the Ancient Saint Pavilion, Zhang Ruochen bought the dragon and elephant souls.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to return and continue his seclusion, he met Blood Empress.

"How is Kongyue now?" Zhang Ruochen asked with concern.

Chi Kongyue was recuperating in a special secret place of the Xue Jue Family. Zhang Ruochen could not casually step into it. He had been there a few times, but he could only wait outside.

Blood Empress said, "Don't worry. I will do my best for Kongyue. Her condition is getting better."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but feel relieved. He asked, "You are waiting for me here with your true vessel. It must be something important, right?"

Blood Empress led Zhang Ruochen into the garden of the Blood Sorghum in the Xue Jue Family household.

The Blood Sorghum was comparable to a sacred medicine. Each of them contained the blood qi of a human Saint. The cultivators who could enter the garden to watch and cultivate were all genius disciples or top-notch powerhouses of the Xue Jue Family.

As they walked past, the servants in the garden knelt one after another. The genius cultivators and top-notch powerhouses all knelt on one knee, not daring to raise their heads.

"You've been in the Infernal Court for a while. Are you used to it?" Blood Empress's temperament was dignified and saintly. Her extraordinary power naturally spread out.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'm fine."

"Do you regret it?" Blood Empress asked.

"No," said Zhang Ruochen

Blood Empress asked again, "Your immortal blood wings have grown, right? Can you show them to me?"

"Okay," he replied.

A layer of bright golden light appeared on Zhang Ruochen's back. The next moment, eight golden wings appeared. At the same time, the Saint's power erupted and swept through the entire Minghua Garden.

All the cultivators in the garden were trembling.

Some of the cultivators with powerful cultivations raised their heads to take a look. They saw that Zhang Ruochen had become extremely tall and mighty. The eight golden wings on his back were like eight golden clouds that covered the sky and earth.

“It’s golden, and it’s eight wings. Good, very good,” said Blood Empress.

Blood Empress did not hide her emotions. Her face was full of praise and joy.

Zhang Ruochen put away the golden wings again, and the Saint power dissipated.

“In a month, the family will hold the God-ascension Ceremony. All the gods of the Bloodsky Clan who are in the Infernal Court and don’t have important matters to attend will be present. In addition, the elites of the Bloodsky Clan who are going to attend the Celestial-Hunting Festival will also gather at the Xue Jue Family. You will also need to appear at that time,” said Blood Empress.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes flashed with surprise. Although the God-ascension Ceremony was very grand, gathering all the deities of the Bloodsky Clan was undoubtedly a bit exaggerated.

In his opinion, it was probably not that simple.

Even if the Wargod Bloodximius was famous, it was unlikely that all the gods of the Bloodsky Clan would give him face.

As if she knew what Zhang Ruochen was thinking, Blood Empress explained, “Wargod Bloodximius is about to become the new clan leader of the Bloodsky Clan.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen suddenly realized that the clan leader was the most powerful person in the tribe. Who would dare to neglect him?

If they wanted to get any benefits from the Fane of Immortality, they had to rely on the clan leader to fight for them.

The stronger the clan leader was, the more prosperous the clan was.

In the past, the Bloodsky Clan also had a powerful clan leader. Unfortunately, he died in the fierce divine war that took place ten myriad years ago.

After that, although the Fane of Immortality had appointed a new leader, his strength was much weaker.

Now, Wargod Bloodixmius was finally going to become the clan leader. Most of the gods of the Bloodsky Clan were very supportive. They felt that this was a chance for the Bloodsky Clan to rise again.

The gods of the Bloodsky Clan seemed to be here to congratulate the Blood Empress and Lord Ming on becoming gods, but they were here for Wargod Bloodximius.

“I’ll be there then,” Zhang Ruochen said with a nod.

As Blood Empress’s only son, he couldn’t miss such an important time.

After a moment of silence, Blood Empress said, “My son, you’ve activated the Immortal Vampires’ bloodline and grown wings. You can receive the blessings of the Blood Spring. It’ll be easier for you to control the power of the wings.”

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a moment. “Mother, just make the arrangements.”

The wings had already grown. This was a fact that could not be changed. Instead of caring about this, it was better to think about how to become stronger.

“The Xue Jue Family has had the Blood Spring since ancient times. It can allow you to receive the most thorough blessings and activate the primitive power of the bloodline,” Blood Empress said.

What she had prepared for Zhang Ruochen was naturally the best.

Chapter 2223: The Ten Wings

After passing through a special dimensional barrier, the space in front of him suddenly became clear. It was a world of difference from the outside world.

Zhang Ruochen could feel that the Saint Qi of heaven and earth in this space were extremely dense. It almost turned into a liquid state. The Precepts of heaven and earth were also very active and gave out a strange rhythm.

Zhang Ruochen saw many tall trees. Each of them was more than 1,000 meters tall. Their branches were luxuriant and they gave off an extremely dense blood qi. They turned into blood clouds and filled the entire world.

Under each towering tree, there was a pool with a diameter of about 100 meters. It was filled with bright red liquid and as thick as blood, but it gave off a strange fragrance. It was refreshing and intoxicating.

“Longevity Blood Tree,” Zhang Ruochen said softly.

The Xue Jue Family was huge. There were hundreds of millions of members in the family. It was normal to plant a large number of Longevity Blood Trees.

With the methods of the Xue Jue Family, the quality of the blood produced by the Longevity Blood Tree must be extraordinary.

Zhang Ruochen could tell at a glance that the energy contained in the blood pools before him could reach the level of human blood in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Some of the blood pools could even reach the level of half-saint and Saint Blood.

Zhang Ruochen knew that if he wanted to get high-quality blood, he had to invest a lot of saint stones to cultivate the Longevity Blood Tree with a special secret method so that it could grow for a very long time.

Although the Longevity Blood Tree had strong vitality, it could only survive for a myriad of years under normal circumstances. Only by cultivating it with secret methods could it survive for one or even more periods.

The older the Longevity Blood Tree was, the better the quality of the blood it produced.

Of course, although the amount of blood here was huge, the blood could not be used directly. Secret techniques had to be used to extract and condense the blood. It was far less convenient than absorbing the blood from a cultivator.

Blood Empress said, “This is the most important forest of Longevity Blood Tree of the Xue Jue Family. It is a core resource. Each Longevity Blood Tree has been growing for at least a myriad of years. The quality of the blood it produces is high enough to be used by most of the elite members of the family.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly. Perhaps only a big family like the Xue Jue Family with a long history and a deep foundation could cultivate such a large-scale forest of Longevity Blood Tree.

This should also be an important foundation for the Xue Jue Family to produce many powerful figures.

The deeper he went, the taller the Longevity Blood Tree he saw. The quality of the blood it produced was also higher. There was even a blood pool comparable to the quality of a Supreme Saint’s blood.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen stopped and locked his gaze on an exceptionally huge Longevity Blood Tree in the distance.

This Longevity Blood Tree was covered in layers of blood clouds. Its trunk was dozens of miles in diameter. Its bark glowed with golden light, and there was a strong divine force emanating from it.

Even the blood in the blood pool below it was different from the others. It was golden in color, and there was a thick divine aura spreading out.

“That’s the mother tree. All the Longevity Blood Trees here are derived from it. It has grown for more than ten Yuanhui Tribulations. If nurtured with Godstones, it can produce blood comparable to divine blood. There were no more than fifty trees within the entire Immortal Vampires,” Blood Empress explained.

Just this ancient Longevity Blood Tree was enough to show how powerful the Xue Jue Family was.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat. He hadn’t expected a tree to be as old as Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations.

Perhaps it was because it was a tree that could live for so long.

Even though gods were powerful, they would almost always die in the face of a Yuanhui Tribulation. It was rare for gods to live for ten Yuanhui Tribulations.

‘This mother tree must be a god-level lifeform to be able to give birth to Divine Blood.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

He looked in another direction. Not far from the mother tree, there was a huge statue that was tens of thousands of miles tall. It looked like a divine giant overlooking the entire Bloodsky Clan world.

Even in the distant starry sky, one could see the outline of the statue.

The statue was an Immortal Vampire. It wore golden armor and looked extraordinary. It has twenty-four pairs of golden wings on its back and it looked very lifelike. There was even an obscure divine aura emanating from it.

Below the statue, there was a deep spring and viscous blood flowed out. It gave off an ancient aura. It seemed to have existed for countless years.

With just a glance, Zhang Ruochen knew that it was the Immortal Blood Spring from the ancient times that Blood Empress had mentioned.

It was incredible that a single blood spring could span so many eras and never dry up.

“Huh? That’s...”

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen made a discovery.

There was a figure sitting cross-legged by the ancient Immortal Blood Spring, absorbing its ancient blood qi.

That person had long, blood-red hair, a slender body, and an extremely strong murderous aura. There was also a terrifying flame burning fiercely.

More importantly, there was a phantom standing behind that person. It was extremely majestic and seemed to have a life of its own. It was overflowing with fighting spirit.

“Xue Tu.”

Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised.

This was an extremely important secret land of the Xue Jue Family. Xue Tu should not be cultivating here.

Zhang Ruochen could sense that Xue Tu was very different from before, but he did not know why.

Xue Tu was also a Supreme Saint now. Although he had just broken through, the Saint power he exuded was terrifying. It wasn't something an ordinary Neverwilt Supreme Saint could compare to.

A divine light flashed. Blood Empress appeared in front of the ancient Immortal Blood Spring with Zhang Ruochen.

“I have asked someone to take Xue Tu away because his birth chart is very special. Wargod Bloodflame of Immortal Vampire died in the second gradient of the Endless Abyss, leaving the Mark of Wargod Bloodflame. Xue Tu can inherit it,” Blood Empress said with a smile.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen suddenly realized that the majestic phantom standing behind Xue Tu must have been formed by the Mark of Wargod.

For Blood Empress to pay so much attention to it, the Mark of Wargod Bloodflame must be very unusual.

It had to be said that Xue Tu's qi was very strong. He was recognized by the Seamless Purgatory Tower and had a special birth chart that inherited the Mark of Wargod Bloodflame.

Blood Empress continued, “I have taken him as a disciple and specially brought him to the Xue Jue Family. With the help of the blessings of the ancient Immortal Blood Spring, he can activate the Mark of Wargod Bloodflame. He can be reborn and successfully forged the Neverwilt Saint physique here.”

It turned out that Xue Tu had become the disciple of the Blood Empress. It was no wonder that he could come here to cultivate.

“Mother, what should I do?” Zhang Ruochen asked as he collected his thoughts.

He came here to receive the blessings of the Immortal Blood Spring. What happened to Xue Tu had nothing to do with him.

Blood Empress said, “This Immortal Blood Spring was discovered by the ancestor of the Xue Jue Family. That’s why the Xue Jue Family was established here. Only the most outstanding disciples of the family are qualified to be blessed here, and this is the true vessel of the ancestor.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes couldn’t help but change slightly after hearing that. He thought it was a statue, but it turned out to be the true vessel of the ancestor of the Xue Jue Family. No wonder it gave him a special feeling.

Different races had different sizes of divine bodies.

For example, the human god’s physique was measured in meters. The dragon god’s physique was measured in miles. The ant god’s physique was measured in centimeters and the Immortal Vampire god’s physique was measured in myriads of miles.

Whether it was the height of this ancestor’s godly physique or the number of wings he had, they were all too terrifying. No one knew how strong his blood qi was when he was alive.

“If you want to receive the most thorough blessing, you need to enter the Immortal Blood Spring with your true body. However, you will have to endure great pain,” said Blood Empress

Pausing for a moment..., then Blood Empress continued, “There is one thing that I need to remind you of first. The

blessing of the Immortal Blood Spring will make the blood of the Immortal Vampires purer. Chen ‘er, you have the blood of the human race. If you don’t know your limits, you may be assimilated.

“If you choose to be assimilated, the process won’t be dangerous.”

“If you want to keep the human bloodline... I hope that you can do what you can. If you can’t, you can leave the Immortal Blood Spring. It’s just a blessing. It’s nothing.”

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment. He took off his shirt and jumped into the Immortal Blood Spring.

Blood Empress didn’t leave and she stood guard.

The blessing of the Immortal Blood Spring wouldn’t take too long. It could take as long as one day or three days. The key was the strength and endurance of one’s bloodline.

As soon as he dived into the Immortal Blood Spring, Zhang Ruochen immediately felt great pressure. Waves of cold power seeped into his body through his pores, almost freezing his blood.

At the same time, an extremely ancient aura entered his body and slowly combined with his bloodline.

Instantly, Zhang Ruochen’s Immortal Vampire bloodline was fully awakened. He couldn’t help but turn into an Immortal Vampire. Eight huge golden wings spread open. The arcane runes on them all appeared clearly, they shone with dazzling golden light.

Boundless blood qi gathered toward the eight golden wings, forming a thick blood cloud that enveloped Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were blood-red. Despite his strong mental will, he still showed pain.

Zhang Ruochen stabilized his mind and he activated the Emyrean Emperor Ming’s Scripture with all his strength and took the initiative to mobilize the power of the Immortal Blood Spring to refine his body.

At a certain moment, Zhang Ruochen had an epiphany. A method to circulate the blood qi appeared in his blood. His blood qi couldn't help but circulate according to this method.

All of a sudden, the circulation of the blood qi in Zhang Ruochen sped up. He transferred a large amount of blood qi from the Immortal Blood Spring into himself.

In this way, Zhang Ruochen's blood qi increased rapidly. There seemed to be no limit.

In the blink of an eye, a day passed.

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and endured the pain. At the same time, he tried his best to control the Immortal Vampire bloodline so that his human bloodline wouldn't be devoured.

He did not want to become an Immortal Vampire completely no matter what.

'I've reached my limit. If the Immortal Vampire bloodline continues to awaken, I won't be able to control it,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

He wanted to continue cultivating in the Immortal Blood Spring to refine his physical body and spiritual will. The situation would be completely out of his control if he continues.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to leave the Immortal Blood Spring, his body suddenly shook.

Half of the human bloodline throbbed at this moment. It released an extremely ancient aura that went against the Immortal Vampire bloodline.

Boom

A terrifying will was awakened from Zhang Ruochen's human bloodline.

The Immortal Vampire's bloodline was suppressed and started to retreat. Its characteristics in Zhang Ruochen started to disappear.

Next, an extremely tall figure appeared outside Zhang Ruochen's body.

Bang

The phantom of the Wargod Bloodflame behind Xue Tu was hit and couldn't help but take a step back.

Because of this, Xue Tu retreated from his state of cultivation. Surprise appeared in his eyes.

"Greetings, Master," said Xue Tu.

Xue Tu stood up and bowed respectfully to Blood Empress.

Blood Empress's gaze was locked on the tall figure outside Zhang Ruochen's body. Her eyes shone with a strange light. "The revival of the Immortal Vampire bloodline has activated the will of the Immovable Wisdom King in Chen 'er's human bloodline."

The Immovable Wisdom King was a legendary figure in Kunlun. He was so ancient that many people didn't believe that he existed.

Now that Zhang Ruochen's bloodline had revealed the will of the Immovable Wisdom King, it was undoubted proof of all this.

At this moment, a change occurred again. The flesh wings on Xue Jue Family's ancestor's true vessel suddenly trembled. They released a streak of blood light and entered Zhang Ruochen's body.

Instantly, the Immortal Vampire bloodline that had been suppressed began to boil again. Powerful bloodline power burst forth.

Another tall figure appeared outside Zhang Ruochen's body. It was the same as the Xue Jue Family's ancestor.

The two tall figures stood side by side. Their formless wills clashed, but neither could do anything to the other.

For a moment, the Precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth in this space became chaotic. There were signs of a storm of Saint Qi.

Under such circumstances, Blood Empress could not just stand by and watch. She waved her hand and released a streak of

divine force, quickly calming the Precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth.

However, Blood Empress didn't interfere with what happened in the Immortal Blood Spring to prevent it from affecting Zhang Ruochen.

Xue Tu's eyes were serious. Even though it was only the will of the Immovable Wisdom King and the ancestor of the Xue Jue Family, it still had a strong impact on his mind.

If he hadn't activated the Wargod Bloodflame's Mark and reached the Supreme Saint Realm, he would probably be prostrating on the ground now.

'How powerful is Zhang Ruochen's bloodline power?' Xue Tu thought.

Even though he was no longer the same as before, there was still a big gap between him and Zhang Ruochen.

The fierce collision between the human bloodline and the Immortal Vampire bloodline caused Zhang Ruochen great pain. He felt like his body was about to explode, and his spirit and will were about to split apart.

Roar

Zhang Ruochen suddenly raised his head and let out a deafening roar.

CRASH!

A majestic blood qi rushed out from Zhang Ruochen's back.

In the next moment, another pair of golden wings grew out.

It was also at this time that the figure of the Immovable Wisdom King and the figure of the ancestor of the Xue Jue Family entered Zhang Ruochen's body at the same time. All the pressure disappeared without a trace as if it had never appeared.

Boom

The ten golden wings on Zhang Ruochen's back fluttered. He flew out of the Immortal Blood Spring immediately.

Floating in the air, the ten golden wings fully unfolded. Golden light flashed as they crazily absorbed the rich Saint Qi of heaven and earth.

A vast amount of the Precepts of heaven and earth were activated and revolved around Zhang Ruochen. Everything was under his control.

Just as Blood Empress had said, after the blessings of the Immortal Blood Spring, Zhang Ruochen could better control his wings and every strand of his power.

He felt better than ever.

The two types of bloodline power in his body were in balance. It was like yin-yang tai chi, allowing him to transform between the human form and the Immortal Vampire form at will.

Xue Tu stared at Zhang Ruochen, his eyes full of surprise. He wasn't surprised that Zhang Ruochen had golden wings, but he was surprised by the number of golden wings.

It was hard to imagine that someone who had just reached the Neverwilt Realm could have ten golden wings.

Different from when he first saw golden wings, Zhang Ruochen smiled now.

He could feel that his body and the Precepts of Heaven and Earth of the Infernal Court were now perfectly compatible.

Previously, he had spent decades using the Sundial to comprehend nearly two hundred million Precepts. It was mainly because he hadn't fully integrated with the Precepts of heaven and earth of the Infernal Court yet. There was always repulsion and his comprehension speed was greatly affected, this was also an important reason why it was difficult for him to break through to the mid-stage of the Neverwilt Realm.

Zhang Ruochen had four pairs of golden wings before. If that time came, he could perfectly integrate with the Precepts of heaven and earth of the Infernal Court and put them to good use. How could he comprehend two hundred million Precepts for such a long time?

Even without the help of the Divine Dragon Enlightenment Chamber, he only needed thirty years to comprehend two hundred million Precepts.

The help of golden wings to comprehend the Precepts was very obvious. Now, with an additional pair of golden wings, Zhang Ruochen's comprehension speed could double.

In other words, he only needed fifteen years to comprehend two hundred million Precepts.

If he continued using the Divine Dragon Enlightenment Chamber, the speed of comprehension would be even faster.

Zhang Ruochen roughly calculated that the speed of comprehending the Precepts was about ten times faster than before the blessing.

Chapter 2224: Spiritual Power Supreme Saint

Zhang Ruochen put away his ten golden wings and slowly landed beside Blood Empress. The unusual Blood Qi from the ancient Blood Spring continued to flow into his body, nourishing his body and strengthening his acupoints.

Compared to before, Zhang Ruochen's temperament had obviously changed. There was an indescribable nobility in him that made people feel themselves inferior.

The reason was that Zhang Ruochen had activated the bloodline of both the Immovable Wisdom King and Progenitor Bloodximius. He had fused a wisp of their wills into his body.

"Congratulations, senior. Your cultivation has greatly improved. Your bloodline has evolved. You've attained ten wings. This is truly rare." Xue Tu laughed.

He had already become Blood Empress' disciple, so he was no longer hostile to Zhang Ruochen like he did. It was proper for him to call Zhang Ruochen Senior.

Furthermore, with Zhang Ruochen's achievements, Xue Tu was indeed impressed. Even though he had inherited the mark of Wargod Bloodflame, he was not on par with Zhang Ruochen.

Under normal circumstances, when an Immortal Vampire attained Supreme Sainthood, they would grow three pairs of wings. Usually, they needed to reach Paramount Realm to grow five pairs of wings.

Of course, there were a few powerful Supreme Saints would grow more than five pairs of wings.

Zhang Ruochen had just reached Neverwilt Realm, and his number of wings was already comparable to that of a Supreme Saint at Paramount Realm. When his cultivation reached Paramount Realm, who knew how many more pairs of wings he would have?

Zhang Ruochen said, “Only ten wings.”

The Progenitor Bloodximus was right in front of him. Who could be proud?

Then, Zhang Ruochen said to Blood Empress, “Mother, the baptism has been completed. I should go back and continue to cultivate in seclusion. I will appear at God-ascension Ceremony.”

“Alright. I should also make some preparations,” said Blood Empress.

As one of the main attention in God-ascension Ceremony, Blood Empress would be busy since the deities of Bloodysky Clan would be there.

Without stopping, Zhang Ruochen left the ancient secret territory.

“Senior, please wait.”

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to return to his residence, Xue Tu’s voice suddenly sounded.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and looked at Xue Tu. “What do you want?”

Zhang Ruochen really had nothing to say about Xue Tu. After all, there had been a great feud between them, and Zhang Ruochen had almost died at his hands.

Even though Zhang Ruochen could let it go because of Blood Empress, their relationship was not close to that of between senior and junior.

Xue Tu looked like he wanted to say something but hesitated. After a while, he said, “Senior, could you return Seamless Purgatory Tower to me?”

Xue Tu knew how Zhang Ruochen treated him, but he could not do anything about it. Seamless Purgatory Tower was too important that he had to take it back.

“You want Seamless Purgatory Tower back? Why do you think I’ll return it to you? It is mine since it has fallen in my hands.

“You’re already a Supreme Saint. I shouldn’t be teaching you this.”

Moon Goddess’ image with her shameless attitude appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s mind, and he learned from her.

Of course, he wasn’t shameless.

What he took from his enemy was what he deserved.

Seamless Purgatory Tower was a Supreme Artifact that had killed deities. Even if it was damaged, its value was still immeasurable.

Xue Tu said, “Senior, you can name your conditions. I will do it if it’s within my ability.”

As a Supreme Saint, Xue Tu had no choice but to compromise.

He did not own Seamless Purgatory Tower. Its true owner was his father, Bloodlucius.

Bloodlucius had given Xue Tu Seamless Purgatory Tower for the time being in the hope that he could make a contribution in Kunlun and seize the treasures left behind by Kunlun deities.

Unexpectedly, Xue Tu had been defeated by Zhang Ruochen in his first battle in Kunlun. He had escaped with serious injuries.

He had finally recovered from his injuries and wanted to seize the treasures left behind by Blood God, but he was suppressed by Xue Lingxian. Seamless Purgatory Tower had also fallen into Zhang Ruochen’s hands.

Thinking of this, Xue Tu felt depressed and aggrieved.

He was a son of deity with a noble status. His combat strength was strong wielding a Supreme Artifact. He should have dominated all the battlefields participated by cultivators of ranks below Supreme Sainthood.

He had never thought that things would turn out like this.

No matter what, Xue Tu could not let his father know that Seamless Purgatory Tower had been taken away.

Therefore, before his father came to God-ascension Ceremony, he had to get Seamless Purgatory Tower back.

Zhang Ruochen guessed that the reason Xue Tu wanted Seamless Purgatory Tower back was likely related to Xue Tu's father.

Other than the cultivators of Kunlun, how could cultivators of other Macroworlds below Supreme Sainthood have a Supreme Artifact?

The number of Supreme Artifacts in Kunlun far exceeded the number of Supreme Saints and deities. That was why it was possible for Saint Kings and Saints in Kunlun to have Supreme Artifacts.

The number of Supreme Saints and deities in other Macroworlds, including Infernal Court, far exceeded the number of Supreme Artifacts. It was normal for Supreme Saints to not have Supreme Artifacts.

The Supreme Artifacts used by Saint Kings on Battlefields of Merits in Kunlun were all temporarily given to them by deities or Supreme Saints. After completing the task, they had to be returned.

"The power of deities is omnipotent. It's possible that Xue Tu's father has already predicted that Seamless Purgatory Tower has fallen into my hands."

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully about all the possibilities. He stared at Xue Tu, who had a bitter look on his face. "It's not impossible to give you Seamless Purgatory Tower."

"Really?" Xue Tu was delighted.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Don't be so happy yet. This is a Supreme Artifact. Do you think I'll just give it back to you? Help me do something. Once it's done, we'll talk."

"What do you need me to do?" Xue Tu asked quickly.

It was a good thing to have room for discussion. He was really afraid that Zhang Ruochen wouldn't give him a chance.

Zhang Ruochen said in a low voice, "I'm going to find someone. It's him."

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen released a stream of power and condensed a lifelike projection of a figure. It was Sword Saint Xuanji, who had not been heard since entering Netherworld.

Since Zhang Ruochen was now in Infernal Court, he wanted to look for Xuanji.

Zhang Ruochen's relationship with his master Xuanji was close that he had been missing Xuanji since Xuanji's departure to Netherworld.

He wondered what the old man was doing there.

"Who is he? Where should I find him?" Xue Tu asked.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes darkened. After a long while, he sighed. "He is my master. He died in Netherworld behind Godfall Cryptwoods in Kunlun's Eastern Region. It is very likely that he has become a Corpusian."

Zhang Ruochen certainly could not tell Xue Tu realm circumstances about Sword Saint Xuanji.

Hearing this, Xue Tu frowned, "The Netherworld of Kunlun is derived from Infernal Court's Sanzu River. When a cultivator enter Infernal Court through it, it is hard to say which region they will reach. It won't be easy to look for him."

Sanzu River was vast. It flowed in the starry sky and was the origin of Corpusian, Bone clan, and Ghost. It was shrouded in darkness and the aura of death. It was a forbidden land for living beings.

The Immortal Vampires, Asura, and Rakshasa rarely set foot in Sanzu River region.

"If it were easy, I wouldn't ask you to do it," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu smiled bitterly, "Senior, you only suspect that your master has become a Corpusian. You are not certain.

"If his body is still in Sanzu River, how can I find it?

"It's like finding a needle in a haystack. You are making things difficult for me

“If you really wanted to find your master, you could have asked Master to help you. With God’s means, you can easily find out your master’s situation.”

The task was with too little hope, so Xue Tu did not want to do it.

If a deity could deduce Sword Saint Xuanji’s whereabouts, Sword Saint Xuanji would have died in Infernal Court long ago.

There must be a powerful cultivator who covered up all everything about Sword Saint Xuanji. Zhang Ruochen guessed that there must be a very powerful Kunlun deity who was still alive and stayed hidden in Infernal Court.

“You are a Supreme Saint, yet it’s hard for you to look for someone. I’m disappointed. I wonder if my mother has made the right decision to take you as her disciple.

“Anyway, I’ve given you the chance. Since you don’t want to take it, give up the idea of recovering Seamless Purgatory Tower,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Hearing this, Xue Tu became anxious. He gritted his teeth and said, “Okay, I’ll go find him. I’ll do my best.”

He could not care less about the dignity of a Supreme Saint.

If he could not get Seamless Purgatory Tower back, his father might be able to do it himself. But his father would definitely be disappointed. by him

“This must be done in secret. No one should know about it,” Zhang Ruochen said seriously.

Then, Zhang Ruochen opened the gate of Qiankun Realm and released someone. It was Lord of Stone whom he had subdued on True Dragon Island.

“Lord of Stone will join you.”

Lord of Stone’s eyes were indifferent. Without saying a word, he walked to Xue Tu’s side and patted him on the shoulder.

Xue Tu did not expect such a powerful figure to exist beside Zhang Ruochen.

He was already a Supreme Saint of Neverwilt Realm and had the mark of Wargod Bloodflame. However, he still felt a lot of pressure when facing Lord of Stone.

‘The number of Supreme Saints, whose cultivation rank is below godhood, was very few. Zhang Ruochen has just become a Supreme Saint. How can he command a Supreme Saint from Stone Clan? We are both Scions, we are both talented, yet the gap between us is big. Why?’ Xue Tu felt very upset.

“Please rest assured, Senior. I will do my best.”

Immediately, Xue Tu took Lord of Stone with him, wanting to complete this mission as soon as possible.

“Master, Where are you? What are you doing?” Zhang Ruochen was full of questions.

In order to ensure elder Xuanji’s safety, Zhang Ruochen had secretly ordered Lord of Stone to kill Xue Tu if Xue Tu had any intention of leaking the news.

If he had not thought about it, why would Zhang Ruochen specially arrange for Lord of Stone to follow Xue Tu?

After watching Xue Tu and Lord of Stone leave the Xue Jue family’s territory, Zhang Ruochen wasted no more time. He directly returned to his residence, restarted Sundial, and continued to cultivate in seclusion.

However, Zhang Ruochen wasn’t in a hurry to refine the dragon and elephant souls he’d bought. Instead, he focused all his attention on practicing his spiritual power.

His powerful spiritual power was completely absorbed into his Saint heart and refined over and over again.

The cultivation of spiritual power was far more difficult than the cultivation of martial arts. A spiritual power Supreme Saint was a rare existence.

Even though his spiritual power had reached the peak of level 59 and was infinitely close to level 60, it was as very difficult to achieve it.

For example, Grand Chamberlain Wang Shiqi, was known as the saint of Confucianism. He was extremely talented, but after practicing for more than 1,000 years, he still could not cultivate his spiritual power to level 60.

With Imperial Ruler, Zhang Ruochen had condensed his spiritual power to the extreme. His quality and quantity had reached the limits of the spiritual power Saint King. Few could compare.

After experiencing the death tribulation, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual will became even stronger.

The revival of the will of the Immovable Wisdom King king and the ancestor of the Xue Jue family had finally given Zhang Ruochen a chance to break through.

The profound of truth in his body was mobilized to help him break through the 60th level.

Zhang Ruochen had accumulated enough. With the help of the profound of truth, the 60th level naturally could not stop him.

BOOM!

Zhang Ruochen's saint heart trembled. Countless lightning power flowed over it like spiritual snakes, as if they had life.

After breaking through the level, Zhang Ruochen's vigorous spiritual power immediately began to compress rapidly, turning into spiritual power thoughts.

Each spiritual power thought was condensed from thousands of spiritual power, and had a qualitative change. In a moment, all of Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power condensed into 500 thoughts.

These thoughts condensed into a human shape and flew in Zhang Ruochen's Saint Heart.

In front of all the thoughts stood two extremely tall and mighty figures. They were the spiritual wills of Acalanātha sage king and the ancestor of the Xue Jue family, who had entered Zhang Ruochen's body previously.

Compared to these two spiritual wills, the 500 spiritual power thoughts that Zhang Ruochen had condensed appeared

extremely small. They were like 500 ants looking up at two divine dragons.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen could have condensed more spiritual power thoughts, but because of the influence of these two wills, his spiritual power was highly condensed. It was stronger in nature, and the number decreased.

With a thought, Zhang Ruochen released all 500 spiritual power thoughts and turned them into 500 spiritual power clones.

Each spiritual power clone was comparable to a spiritual power saint.

As long as Zhang Ruochen was willing, he could do 500 things at once and let the spiritual power clones do different things.

Of course, he could also let 500 spiritual power clones learn something at the same time. Although the efficiency was only comparable to that of a saint and was far from the learning speed of a Supreme Saint like Zhang Ruochen, it was still quite amazing when stacked together.

There was another great benefit of becoming a spiritual power Supreme Saint and condensing spiritual power thoughts. As long as it was within the range of his spiritual power, he could instantly place his spiritual power clones anywhere, he could also retrieve it in an instant.

“There really is a world of difference between a spiritual power saint and a spiritual power Saint King. Spiritual Power Thoughts can permeate the heaven and earth and communicate with the surrounding Precepts in a deep level. No wonder he can summon souls for people.” Zhang Ruochen was enlightened.

However, with just 500 spiritual power thoughts, he obviously could not summon souls for people. He would probably die from the backlash of the surrounding Precepts before he could recall a few souls.

Soon, Zhang Ruochen calmed down again, sorted out and familiarized himself with the condensed thoughts of spiritual

power, and consolidated his cultivation of spiritual power.

His previous accumulation was very strong, so after his breakthrough, his cultivation of spiritual power rose steadily and did not stop growing.

After practicing for 18 years, Zhang Ruochen condensed 3,000 thoughts of spiritual power, which increased six times from the original foundation. Therefore, his cultivation of spiritual power was raised to the mid stage of the 60th level.

Not only that, his cultivation of martial arts had also broken through smoothly and reached the mid stage of Neverwilt Realm.

There were still about 10 days before God-ascension Ceremony, so Zhang Ruochen was not in a hurry to come out of seclusion.

Zhang Ruochen released the space saint phase, time saint phase, sword saint phase, fist saint phase, and acalanātha saintly phase, he comprehended space, time, wordless sword manual, Luo Water Fist technique, and demon suppression respectively.

The three thousand mental energy thoughts turned into three thousand mental energy clones. They cultivated swords, practiced fist techniques, and drew spatial inscriptions. They assisted him in comprehending various techniques.

As for the Palm Dao sacred form, it was left in his body. He wanted to focus on cultivating the thirteenth palm of the Dragon Elephant Prajna palm.

The Dragon and elephant souls of the hundred-flail realm had been bought back. Naturally, he had to use them.

If he could practice a high-level hundred-flail realm saint spell as soon as possible, it would undoubtedly greatly increase his strength.

For Zhang Ruochen, it was not difficult for him to accommodate two dragon souls and two elephant souls of the hundred-flail realm with his Demigod-level body. It would not hurt his body.

The real difficulty was to control the majestic Yang energy. A slight mistake could lead to Qi deviation.

Practicing the dragon and elephant destruction required a huge amount of yang qi.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen had the divine Yang formed by the seven star divine tuber leaves in his body, which could solve the problem of yang qi.

As he absorbed more and more Yang Qi, Zhang Ruochen's body became hotter and hotter. His skin became red like red-hot gold and iron.

The Divine Dragon Enlightenment Room was extraordinary. It could contain this kind of heat without being damaged and without being detected by the outside world.

When Zhang Ruochen refined the first dragon soul, the Yang energy in his body had reached 700,000 times that of an ordinary person. Every pore in his body was spewing flames, and the Blood Qi in his body was boiling.

After the second dragon soul fused into his arm, the Yang energy was 800,000 times that of an ordinary person. His Qi and blood were as violent as a dragon, almost bursting his body.

The heart-burning flames directly affected Zhang Ruochen's spiritual will. The pain was indescribable.

RAWWRRRR

After refining the two elephant souls into his arm, Zhang Ruochen could not help but let out a dragon's Roar and an elephant's roar. A terrifying Yang fire rose from his body, as if it wanted to burn the heavens.

Along with the Supreme Saint Dragon Soul and the Supreme Saint elephant soul that he had refined in the Saint King Realm, three Dragon Souls and three elephant souls appeared on both sides of Zhang Ruochen. They were extremely solid, as if they had real bodies. They released a powerful aura that could suppress the heavens,

The dragon and elephant souls that he had refined had not been devoured. Zhang Ruochen planned to continue cultivating them and let them grow step by step. This would pave the way for the next step of cultivation.

With the powerful Blood Qi he had now, it wouldn't take him too long to raise the dragon and elephant souls to the hundred-flail realm.

The second stage of Dragon-Elephant Destruction required refining of five dragon souls and five elephant souls of Thousand-Koan Realm.

With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation and strength, he did not dare to think about this.

'Just by practicing Dragon-Elephant Destruction to minor completion, the Yang energy in my body has reached a million times that of an ordinary person. If I practice to Great Perfection, how strong will it be?' Zhang Ruochen guessed.

Practicing Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike seemed to be a breeze, but in fact, it was extremely dangerous. With his current spiritual will, he almost could not bear it.

If he released all his Yang Qi, it could melt the stars in an instant. Nothing would grow within tens of thousands of miles.

No matter what, Zhang Ruochen had finally practiced Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike into advanced Saint Technique at Hundred-Shackle level. It was the first Hundred-Shackle level technique he had mastered.

Even many Supreme Saints at Hundred-Shackle Realm found it hard to practice one successfully.

Chapter 2225: Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan

The day before God-ascension Ceremony, Xue Tu and Lord of Stone rushed back to Xue Jue family. Zhang Ruochen also came out of seclusion and ended his cultivation.

“Have you found anything about my master?” Zhang Ruochen asked directly.

He may look calm on the outside, but his heart was full of expectation. He was hoping for good news.

Xue Tu said, “I’ve used all the connections in Fane of Bloodlucius to secretly investigate this matter. I’ve found 13 Corpusian cultivators who might be your master. Please take a look, senior.”

As he spoke, Xue Tu took out a special crystal and handed it to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took it and released his spiritual power. He probed into the crystal and immediately gained a lot of information from it.

The crystal recorded the general information of the 13 Corpusian cultivators, including their identity, background, cultivation level, and strength. Each of them looked very similar to Sword Saint Xuanji.

The weakest among the 13 Corpusian cultivators was only a Demi-Saint, while the strongest was a Supreme Saint. They were from different Corpusian power.

It took less than a month for Xue Tu to get this information. He was rather quite capable.

The territory of Corpusian was vast. They occupied countless stars, and there were trillions of them. It wasn’t easy to find 13 cultivators who looked like Sword Saint Xuanji.

Zhang Ruochen memorized the information of the 13 Corpusian cultivators. Therefore, he could check them one by one.

If he was lucky, one of them might really be Sword Saint Xuanji.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen also understood that the possibility was low. Sword Saint Xuanji must have been extremely cautious in Infernal Court. He would not want to be easily found.

In fact, Sword Saint Xuanji might have changed his appearance in Infernal Court and turned into a completely different person.

Sword Saint Xuanji had taught Zhang Ruochen “Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification”. Hence, Sword Saint Xuanji had higher attainments in this aspect.

‘Even if there is only a slight possibility, I will try my best to find him. Master, oh Master, why did you stay in Infernal Court?’ Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

“Senior, is your master among them?” Xue Tu asked.

Zhang Ruochen turned to look at Xue Tu. He shook his head slightly and said, ” How would I know if you ask me? In Infernal Court, I can find a lot of Immortal Vampires who look like you,”

“Sanzu River basin is vast. It will take a long time to investigate all Corpusian. I’ll continue after Master’s God-ascension Ceremony,” Xue Tu said quickly.

“Do you think my master will stay in Sanzu River region? Every clan in Infernal Court must be investigated,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Yes, Senior. You’re right.”

After a pause, Xue tu asked tentatively, “Senior, could you give me Seamless Purgatory Tower first? I need it for my recent cultivation.”

When Zheng Ruo Chen heard this, his heart skipped a beat. Xue Tu’s eagerness to return to Seamless Purgatory Tower was definitely not for cultivation. It was most likely because Bloodlucius was coming to attend God-ascension Ceremony. Hence, he wanted to prepare in advance.

Bloodlucius was an ancient god of Bloodysky Clan. He was quite powerful as he had survived a Yuanhui Tribulation. He also had a good relationship with Wargod Bloodximius because they had grown up in the same era.

The majority of deities wouldn't rush to Xue Jue family until God-ascension Ceremony was held. However, Bloodlucius might already be in Xue Jue family.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen vaguely sensed an obscure divine thought sweeping over his body. Although it disappeared in an instant after.

It wasn't a good thing to be noticed by a powerful ancient god.

Those who had broken the limits of a God's life as one survived Yuanhui Tribulation — even only once— would be one of the top gods.

This kind of God was very terrifying in the entire universe.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Since you're so serious, I can lend you Seamless Purgatory Tower for a day. But you have to return it by this time tomorrow."

"Thank you, senior,"

Xue Tu smiled in surprise.

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and took out a semi-sealed Seamless Purgatory Tower.

He had thought about refining Seamless Purgatory Tower, but he found that a mark left by a deity in the tower not erasable. Therefore, he just sealed it.

It wasn't just Seamless Purgatory Tower. Almost all the other Supreme Artifact and divine relics Zhang Ruochen had obtained were the same.

Only the Golden Sun of Destruction belonged to Sunshine Civilization's Scions. It had been refined by elder Tianzhu.

Therefore, after killing Sunshine tianzi, Zhang Ruochen could successfully refine the Golden Sun of Destruction.

There was also Zangshan Demonic Mirror, which was accidentally obtained by Nine-Eye Heavenly Lord in Kunlun's

field. When he got it, it lacked a core item and had no vessel spirit in it. Thus, it was easy to refine it.

Xue Tu stared at Seamless Purgatory Tower with excitement in his eyes. This treasure was finally returned to him.

“Remember, I’m only lending you Seamless Purgatory Tower, not giving it to you. If you don’t return it to me tomorrow, you’ll have to bear the consequences,” Zhang Ruochen said seriously.

Xue Tu smiled sheepishly, “I understand, I understand. Don’t worry, senior.”

After taking Seamless Purgatory Tower from Zhang Ruochen, Xue Tu’s heart finally settled.

“Tomorrow is God-ascension Ceremony. senior, you should have a lot of things to do, so I won’t disturb you anymore!” Xue Tu said quickly and left Zhang Ruochen’s residence.

Seeing Xue Tu leave, Zhang Ruochen said in a low voice, “God-ascension Ceremony is a good chance to see how many heaven-blessed figures there are in Bloodysky Clan.”

Celestial-Hunting Festival held by Fane of Destiny was of a very high standard. The ten clans of Infernal Court all attached great importance to it. Naturally, Bloodsky clan was no exception. Therefore, they would definitely send all their elites to attend.

Although Zhang Ruochen didn’t know much about the specifics of Celestial-Hunting Festival. But he knew that only Saint Kings and Supreme Saints who weren’t more than 1,000 years old were qualified to participate.

To be more precise, the participants were of Nine-Step Saint King, Supreme Saints from Neverwilt Realm, and Hundred-Shackle Realm.

It wasn’t that no one could reach Thousand-Koan Realm within 1,000 years.

But once their cultivation reached Thousand-Koan Realm, they would truly come into contact with Universe’s Principles and pry into the mysteries of becoming gods. They stood at

different heights, and the focus of their cultivation was no longer to pursue power. Therefore, Celestial-Hunting Festival was meaningless to them.

Under normal circumstances, those who were able to take the top spots in Celestial-Hunting Festival were all top-notch experts in Hundred-Shackle Realm. Besides that, they were all nurtured by the ten clans of Infernal Court.

Even if Bloodsky Clan was at the bottom of the top ten clans of Immortal Vampires, their foundations were not weak.

Moreover, it was hard to say if they were still at the bottom.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had completely grasped the power of his physical body and made his cultivation improve greatly, he didn't dare to underestimate others.

God-ascension Ceremony held as scheduled.

It was a lively scene everywhere around Xue Jue family. It was rare to see a Saint king or a Supreme Saint in the family, but today they all showed up. Even those Saint-level cultivators who were outside had rushed back recently.

Some had returned after battling in more than a dozen Battlefield of Merits in Celestial Court, and some had rushed back from the borders of Infernal Court. Even the elites who were in charge of major planets, primitive worlds, and Cosmic Secret Realms had deployed others to send gifts.

God-ascension Ceremony prepared for the two new gods was extremely grand. They must not neglect it or make a fool out of Xue Jue family.

From the morning onwards, the gods brought their disciples, children, and subordinates to Xue Jue Family one after another.

Every once in a while, divine light would appear in the sky above Xue Jue Family. Some rode to the Fane, some stepped on clouds made of Blood Qi, and some rode on thousands of miles-long divine beasts. All of them were awe-inspiring.

The sight of it was like a scene of returning myriad demons.

The arriving gods were all led directly to Fane of Xue Jue in the divine land instead of mortal land.

As for Saint-level cultivators who came with gods, they were led into Vastsea Garden. This was a place that was specially held for grand occasions. It would only be open for the most important events.

Vastsea Garden was very spacious. There were mountains, lakes, and many Blood Sorghums planted there. The fragrance of flowers filled the air.

For this God-ascension Ceremony, Xue Jue family had renovated Vastsea Garden and made it even more magnificent. They had even specially opened a floating island to receive the elites who were going to attend Celestial-Hunting Festival.

There were too many cultivators attending God-ascension Ceremony. Other than the ones brought by the gods, there were also many Supreme Saints who had rushed over. Among them, there were quite many top elites. Therefore, even the acting head, Supreme Saint Qingsheng had to go greet the guests.

Even though all the Saint-level disciples of Xue Jue family were deployed, they were still very busy.

Zhang Ruochen also arrived at Vastsea Garden early in the morning, but he stayed on the floating island and did not receive any guests.

He didn't know any of Saints in Bloodsky clan, and he didn't like to socialize either. He only attended this feast because of Blood Empress.

Although some people were unhappy with Zhang Ruochen, they couldn't do anything about it.

As Zhang Ruochen's mother was a god.

Even if he only had half of Immortal Vampires' bloodline, no one would dare to discriminate against him. They couldn't treat him like other clan members from non-ruling branch.

As time passed, more and more Saint Kings and Supreme Saints were led to the floating island. They sat down, either

alone or in groups.

Rumble

A huge Fane building tore through the sky and appeared above Xue Jue family's territory. Following this, a streak of bright divine light descended.

After the divine light dissipated, more than ten figures appeared. All of them had extraordinary auras as they exuded a powerful Saint aura.

The person in the lead was tall and sturdy. He was close to ten feet tall and had long silver hair. His muscles were like dragons, and he was filled with power.

“Supreme Saint Xueqi, taste my palm strike,”

The speaker charged towards Supreme Saint Xueqi like a human-shaped Tyrannosaurus the moment he appeared and struck out his palm strike.

As he raised his hand, terrifying Ice energy gathered, and the temperature of the surroundings dropped.

Supreme Saint Xueqi frowned but he did not retreat. He drew his bow and countered with his palm strike, releasing a vast amount of Blood force.

The two of them did not use Precepts of heaven and earth or Saint Qi. They only used their own powers and had restrained themselves to minimize their destructive power.

Boom

Their palm strikes collided violently.

Supreme Saint Xueqi's body trembled and he retreated involuntarily. However, he managed to bear the palm strike.

“Hahaha, Supreme Saint Xueqi, you have improved a lot in the past ten years. I have cultivated Frozen Universe Palm for fifty years and reached Great perfection. Unexpectedly, even after using 30 percent of my power, you were still able to take it.

“In a thousand years of Xue Jue family, you are indeed the top elite.” The silver-haired man laughed out loud.

Supreme Saint Xueqi was shocked as he dissipated the ice energy. He cupped his hands and said, "Congratulations, brother Yi Xuan for attainment of Great Perfection in Frozen Universe Palm. No one in Hundred-Shackle Realm can be your opponent now,"

Supreme Saint Xueqi was a prideful person. However, he had no choice but to be humble in front of Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Although both of them were in Hundred-Shackle Realm, there was a huge gap between Xueqi and Yi Xuan.

Just like Saint Kingdom, once they reached Supreme Sainthood, cultivators of the same realm would have vastly different powers.

Honk

Just as Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was about to speak, an ancient war chariot that covered with damages drove over from afar. It reflected a battlefield filled with corpses where the sun and moon had fallen and gods were drenched in blood. It made one's heart tremble.

The one pulling the war chariot was a Silver Dragon Beast Emperor. It was 100 kilometers long and gave off an extremely ferocious aura. Just a sneeze of it, the world would shake, bolts of lightning would flash and thunders would rumble.

Roar

The Silver Dragon Beast Emperor let out low roars and walked in the air.

In an instant, everyone around Vastsea Garden was startled. They turned their gazes to see the ancient war chariot. Even Zhang Ruochen was no exception.

When the war chariot stopped, a tall and handsome man walked down. His body shone with seven-colored divine light and he had eight silver wings on his back.

Just from the number of silver wings, it could be seen that this person's Blood Qi was extremely vigorous.

The moment Supreme Saint Yi Xuan saw him, his expression changed. He said, “Isn’t this guy comprehending Blood Nethertouch in Fane of Immortality? There hasn’t been any news of him for 30 years. I thought that he wouldn’t participate in this Celestial-Hunting Festival.

“Since he has come out of seclusion, doesn’t that mean that he has successfully cultivated Blood Nethertouch?”

“That’s good too. If he doesn’t come, the current Celestial-Hunting Festival will be too boring. We haven’t fought for many years, but we can exchange a few moves today. Let’s see if he has really cultivated Blood Nethertouch. Better don’t disappoint me.”

Hearing this, Supreme Saint Xueqi’s eyes revealed a look of surprise.

Blood Nethertouch was a top-class Hundred-Shackle Realm Saint Technique. It was a secret technique from Fane of Immortality and was extremely difficult to cultivate. Even many supreme saints from Thousand-Koan Realm couldn’t cultivate it successfully.

Xue Ningxiao appeared beside Zhang Ruochen and sat down. Her eyes displayed a look of surprise, “Did you see that? The cultivator who fought with Supreme Saint Xuanqi was Supreme Saint Yi Xuan. He’s the famous young Supreme Saint from Yi family. Plus, he’s only 500 years old and has already broken 80 shackles.”

“Cousin Ruochen, you’re over 800 years old. You have to work hard!”

“The cultivator who got off the chariot is Gu Chenzi. He’s about the same age as Supreme Saint Yi Xuan. He has six wings and is extremely talented. He also cultivated the two Deva Paths of Immortal Vampires. He’s highly regarded by Fane of Immortality. Many people say that he might become a god before he’s 3,000 years old.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen glanced at Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi. It was not easy for them to reach such a level of cultivation in only 500 years.

However, just because they practiced fast did not mean that they could become a god.

Many cultivators spent their time during Demi-Sainthood, Sainthood, and Saint Kinghood. They accumulated experience and laid a solid foundation. This way, they could go further and were more powerful than those in the same realm.

Xue Ningxiao's eyes were filled with longing, she continued, "In the past thousand years, we had three extremely talented people in Bloodsky clan. They are Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and Lord Yu. They are all geniuses of the same generation and their cultivations have always been at the same level. They are known as the Three Masters of Bloodsky. Of course, they have now become the overlords of a region with some conferred the title of Supreme Saint and Lord."

In the world of Bloodsky clan, there was no living being who did not know the names of the Three Masters of Bloodsky. They were known as the future hope of Bloodsky Clan and had a great chance of becoming gods. Supreme saint Xueqi was inferior when compared to them.

Chapter 2226: God-ascension Ceremony

Just as Supreme Saint Xueqi was about to lead Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi onto the floating island, a massive figure suddenly appeared on the distant horizon, blotting out the sun and sky.

It was a Beast Emperor level Blue Phoenix. Its body was extremely huge, and its wings extended for more than 500 miles. As it flapped, it formed a terrifying gust of wind that swept away all the clouds in the sky.

Above Blue Phoenix stood a beautiful figure. Her hair was like a waterfall, and she had a violet-gold Phoenix hairpin. She wore a blue feather robe, and she held a green-blood jade flute in her hand. Her temperament was elegant as if she were an immortal descending to the mortal world.

Whether it was her appearance or her temperament, she wasn't inferior to the nine fairies in Portrait of the Nine Beauties. In fact, she was even better than them.

"Lord Xia Yu is here!"

All of a sudden, all Immortal Vampires in and out of Vastsea Garden fixed their eyes on the graceful and beautiful figure. Many cultivators could not help but show admiration in their eyes.

Lord Xia Yu was not only one of the the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan, she was also known as the number one beauty of Bloodsky Clan. She had many suitors and even Supreme Saints admired her.

Zhang Ruochen had come into contact with many fairies on Portrait of the Nine Beauties, but Lord Xia Yu still caught his attention when he saw her.

They all said that Immortal Vampires were evil, so he did not expect such an extraordinary woman among them. The word "peerless beauty" was perfect to describe her.

"Lord Xia Yu is so beautiful. I finally have the chance to see her with my bare eyes. I'm going to greet her," Xue Ningxiao

was very excited. She ignored Zhang Ruochen and left the floating island immediately.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze swept over Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and Lord Xia Yu. He thought to himself, "The three of them are not simple. Even in Celestial Court and Infernal Court, there are only a few who can be compared to them. Just Bloodsky Clan alone can produce three top elites. The foundation of Infernal Court is indeed unfathomable,"

Zhang Ruochen could not help but look forward to Celestial-Hunting Festival.

At the same time, he felt a faint pressure in his heart. Celestial-Hunting Festival was probably more unusual than he had imagined.

As time passed, it was nearing noon. The Festival was about to officially begin, and the guests had arrived one after another. Vastsea Garden became extremely lively.

Only a small number of Immortal Vampires had boarded the floating island. They were all heroes born within a thousand years and had come for Celestial-Hunting Festival.

As for most Immortal Vampires, they were scattered in other areas of Vastsea Garden. They were personally received by Supreme Saint Qingsheng. Some of them had been famous for tens thousands years.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen finally stepped out of the corner and walked to the main guest seat.

Qingsheng had met him once with his clone. Qingsheng told him that he would be in charge of reception of the floating island. It was unknown whether it was Supreme Saint Qingsheng's own idea or the arrangement of Xue Jue Family.

This small matter had an unusual meaning.

After all, Zhang Ruochen's identity was too sensitive. He didn't fit in with the entire Xue Jue Family, or even Bloodsky clan.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen walk out, all Immortal Vampires on the floating island looked at him.

Zhang Ruochen's name was not only famous in Celestial Court, but also Infernal Court.

Especially when he held Imperial Ruler outside Kunlun's Central Imperial City and was responsible for the massacre. His reputation was greatly boosted then.

In terms of fame, Zhang Ruochen was not inferior to the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan at all.

Zhang Ruochen swept his eyes across the whole place and tried his best to blend into God-ascension Ceremony. He didn't want Blood Empress to be isolated by the big forces of Bloodsky Clan because of him. He said, "Today is the ceremony for my mother and uncle. Thank you for coming. Please forgive us if there's anything wrong with hospitality,"

Many Immortal Vampires knew that Blood Empress and Lord Ming were siblings of the same mother. They were closer than the other children of Wargod Bloodximius.

With two true gods as his support and Wargod Bloodximius behind him, Zhang Ruochen could do whatever he wanted in Infernal Court.

"Let me drink a toast to everyone first,"

Zhang Ruochen raised the wine cup in front of him and gestured to all Immortal Vampires present.

Even though many Immortal Vampires didn't like Zhang Ruochen, it wasn't right to dishonor him at this moment.

As in a sense, Zhang Ruochen represented Blood Empress and Lord Ming. Therefore, he represented the entire Xue Jue family. Who dared to neglect him?

All Immortal Vampires present raised their cups and drank with Zhang Ruochen.

"If you need anything, just ask the attendants," Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen sat down and began to drink.

There were hundreds of Immortal Vampires present, but he couldn't toast them all.

With his personality, it was rare for him to sit here and host God-ascension Ceremony.

However, in order not to be rude, Zhang Ruochen asked Xue Tu to come out and meet with the elites of each big family. After all, Xue Tu was Blood Empress' personal disciple and a Supreme Saint. His status and strength were impeccable.

After walking around the hall, Xue Tu returned to Zhang Ruochen's side and said seriously, "Senior, I just heard some news that might interest you."

"What news?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu said, "It's about Yan Wushen."

"Tell me about it." Zhang Ruochen's interest was piqued.

Xue Tu said, "I heard that before Yan Wushen entered Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun's field, he had already cultivated his spiritual power to Supreme Sainthood. He left most of his Spirits in Fane of Yama, so no one knows about it."

Zhang Ruochen was struck by his words. This was indeed unexpected, but with Yan Wushen's exceptional talent, it wasn't difficult for him to become a spiritual-power Supreme Saint.

Yan Wushen could suppress his martial cultivation for hundreds of years due to some reasons, but there was no need for his spiritual power.

In Zhang Ruochen's opinion, Yan Wushen's good and evil counterparts had both become spiritual-power Supreme Saint. The number of Spirits he had was probably shocking.

He didn't know if Yan Wushen's spiritual power now had reached the mid or late-stage of the 60th level, or the 61st level, or even higher.

Xue Tu paused and continued, "Yan Wushen stayed in Saint Kingdom for hundreds of years and explored his potential to the extreme. His accumulation was as vast as the sea. After breaking through to Supreme Saint realm, he accumulated a lot of experience. He secluded himself in Fane of Yama for a

few months. When he came out, he was already at the peak of Neverwilt Realm.”

“How is that possible?”

Hearing this news, even Zhang Ruochen who was calm and steady, couldn’t help but be shocked.

In Saint Kingdom, Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were indeed the same. However, in terms of accumulation, Zhang Ruochen wasn’t even close to Yan Wushen.

It wasn’t that Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to accumulate more, but he didn’t have that much time. He had to make himself stronger as fast as possible.

‘Peak of Neverwilt Realm. Good one Yan Wushen. It seems that Yanluo clan also has a great Time treasure,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Without the help of a top Time treasure, no matter how powerful Yan Wushen was, he could not reach the peak of Neverwilt Realm in just a few months.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen did feel a lot of pressure. It was much more difficult than expected to beat Yan Wushen.

Actually beating Yan Wushen was secondary.

But if he couldn’t beat Yan Wushen, how could he save Chi Kunlun from him?

The peak of Neverwilt Realm not only meant that Yan Wushen had more Precepts than he did, but it also meant that Yan Wushen had condensed a Saintwill.

It was just that he didn’t know how many kinds of Saintwill Yan Wushen had condensed and what level he had reached.

As he was thinking, the sky suddenly shone with a bright blood-red divine light. Many divine spirits interweaved and condensed into two towering figures that were thousands of miles tall. They looked down at the world majestically.

“Greetings, Truegods,”

All Immortal Vampires in Vastsea Garden stood up and bowed.

Those Saints and Saint Kings all knelt down while Supreme Saints bowed respectfully.

Splash

The rain that contained divine light poured down and enveloped Vastsea Garden along with Xue Jue family.

This was a divine rain. It contained incredible divine power and could cleanse the body, strengthen the bones, and raise one's cultivation level. There were countless benefits in the rain.

At God-ascension Ceremony, the new God had to give blessings.

The divine rain baptism was a blessing.

All the cultivators who were bathed in divine rain had their physiques and cultivation levels increase. Some even broke through to the next realm. Besides that, Supreme Saints also received a lot of benefits from it. A Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint managed to break one of the shackles in his body.

It was not something an ordinary God could do to be able to rain such an extraordinary divine rain.

The divine rain lasted for a long time before it stopped.

Spiritual flowers were growing everywhere in Xue Jue family's territory. It was beautiful like a fairyland.

"Thank you, Truegods for the generous gift."

All the cultivators thanked them respectfully.

The avatars of Blood Empress and Lord Ming soon disappeared without a trace, as if they had never appeared. However, the entire Xue Jue Family's territory was filled with a dense divine aura, and Saint Qi of Heaven and Earth became even denser.

All the cultivators kneeling on the ground stood up and digested what they had just learned.

Zhang Ruochen silently operated Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture to refine the divine rain that entered his body. He too

received some benefits as his spiritual power and Precepts had increased.

After learning about Yan Wushen, Zhang Ruochen was even more unwilling to let go of any opportunity to become stronger.

On the other side, an emissary from Fane of Immortality arrived at Fane of Xue Jue and passed on the decree of Fane of Immortality. He officially anointed Wargod Bloodximius as the new chief of Bloodsky Clan.

The former chief of Bloodsky Clan also arrived. He personally handed the divine staff that represented the identity of the chief to Wargod Bloodximius.

The former chief of Bloodsky Clan had only been the chief of Bloodsky Clan for 100,000 years. He could be said to be the one who had been in power for the shortest time. However, there was nothing he could do. His strength was inferior to Wargod Bloodximius, and there was a official decree from Fane of Immortality. He had no choice but to abdicate.

From then on, Bloodsky Clan entered the era of Wargod Bloodximius.

Bloodsky Clan had been silent for many years. They might have a chance to rise in the future.

Vastsea Garden, floating island.

Zhang Ruochen was suddenly pulled into a blood-red divine realm by an invisible force.

Blood clouds floated in the sky, and sea of blood beneath his feet surged.

Blood Empress stood in the center of Heaven and Earth with her hands behind her back while looking up at the sky.

Zhang Ruochen walked behind her and said calmly, “Mother, do you have something to tell me after you pulled me into the spiritual realm?”

Blood empress sighed softly, “Mother knows that you don’t feel a sense of belonging to Xue Jue family and Infernal Court.

However, this Celestial-Hunting Festival is of great importance. You must do your best.”

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a long time, “Okay mother, I promise.”

A gentle smile appeared on Blood Empress’ face that shone with divine light. She caressed Zhang Ruochen’s cheek with motherly love and said, “You are no longer a child. You are an indomitable Supreme Saint. You must try your best to do what you say. You must believe that everything Mother asks you to do is for your own good.”

“You can only gain a foothold in Infernal Court if you go all out and win Celestial-Hunting Festival. At that time, both Mother and Xue Jue family will do everything we can to protect you. No one will dare to say anything against you,”

The more Blood Empress talked about this, the more Zhang Ruochen felt that Celestial-Hunting Festival was not as simple as a “Festival”.

After a long while, Zhang Ruochen withdrew from the spiritual realm with a serious look in his eyes.

He took a long breath, stood up, and merged his Saint power into his voice. He said in a clear voice, “All of you have the ambition to attend Celestial-Hunting Festival and win glory for Bloodsky Clan. Now according to the tradition, we will first determine the leader of the team, and then decide who will attend Celestial-Hunting Festival,”

Not all the elites born in the past thousand years could participate in Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Celestial-Hunting Festival had a limit on the number of people from the ten clans of Infernal Court. Each clan had a thousand people, each 500 Saint King and 500 Supreme Saints.

Immortal Vampires had ten great clans, which meant that there were only 100 spots allocated to each clan. Hence, there were spots for only 50 Saint Kings and 50 Supreme Saints.

If there weren’t enough Supreme Saints, they would use Saint Kings. The total wouldn’t change.

The number of Supreme Saints in both Celestial Court and Infernal Court was very little. It was even rarer for them to be born within a thousand years.

When Zhang Ruochen first went to Celestial Court, there were less than 100 Supreme Saints in Guanghai. Besides, that was only after tens thousands years later. On average, there were only a few Supreme Saints in a thousand years.

Usually, Supreme Saints had at least 3,000 years of life. As their cultivation increased, their life expectancy would increase correspondingly. If they could reach Paramount Realm, they had hope of living for 10,000 years.

Savage Beasts, Plant Spirits, and others had even longer life spans. It was even more common for them to live for more than 10,000 years.

However, most of the long-lived clans cultivated slower and could not compare to the human race. Hence, there was a balance.

For example, Immortal vampires could live longer than the human race. Even a Demi-Saint could live for a thousand years. After becoming a Supreme Saint, they could live up to 30,000 years. However, Immortal vampires were restricted by blood lust. The higher their cultivation, the higher the requirement for the quality of the blood they consumed. Immortal Blood Spring and Longevity Blood Tree could not satisfy their needs.

That was why Immortal Vampires were eager to start a war and collect the blood of living beings.

In comparison, the cultivation of the blood of living beings was the most effective.

That was why it was extremely rare for cultivators to achieve level that attained by Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and Lord Xia Yu within five hundred years.

In the past thousand years, Bloodsky Clan had produced more than fifty Supreme Saints. Hence, the weaker Supreme Saints would lose their qualifications.

As for the number of Nine-Step Saint King, there were more so the competition was even more intense.

It was hard to say how many of the nearly 20 elites selected by Xue Jue clan could get a spot.

According to the tradition, the leaders would be decided first, and then the leaders would decide the candidates among Supreme Saints and Saint Kings.

Therefore, as long as one became a leader, it would bring great benefits to the family forces behind them.

Zhang Ruochen promised Blood Empress that he would try his best to become the leader of Bloodsky clan so that Xue Jue Family could have more elites and get a place to participate in Celestial-Hunting Festival.

The reason why Blood Empress paid so much attention to this matter was that Celestial-Hunting Festival had too many benefits. It was a great opportunity to strengthen Xue Jue family.

This was not only Blood Empress' idea but also represented the will of Wargod Bloodximius.

Fane of Destiny held Celestial-Hunting Festival once every thousand years. As long as one could attend it, they would receive great gains and endless benefits.

For example, Supreme Saints could eat the legendary Ampliofruits during Celestial-Hunting Festival. They could increase Precept by at least 100 million, extend their lifespan by 3,000 years, and assist in the cultivation of high-level sacred spells. The benefits were hard to describe.

On the other hand, Saint Kinghood cultivators could eat Altofruits. They could at least advance one path to Great perfection and increase their innate talent. There was hope for them to reach Great Prefection, form a top-tier Neverwither physique, and lay a solid foundation.

Not only that, Celestial-Hunting Festival would also provide Divine Jade Dew specially brewed by Fane of Wine. The essence of the Divine Jade was mixed with divine blood. There were also many kinds of rare treasures. It would take

hundreds of years to brew and drink a cup, it could let people enter a state of epiphany.

Every kind of food in Celestial-Hunting Festival was made from the rare treasures of the Heaven and earth. It was a rare chance for any cultivators — no matter how abundant wealth they owned — to get to enjoy these treasures in other occasions. They were very delicious, and they could also be of great benefit for cultivation.

As long as one could participate in Celestial-Hunting Festival, regardless of the cultivation realm, one's strength would be greatly improved and have a far-reaching impact on their cultivation in the future.

And this was only the most basic benefit for the participants. If a participant could perform well and stand out among their clans and even the ten clans, the benefits the participant gained would be immeasurable.

Xue Jue family and Bloodsky clan might be very concerned about these benefits, but Zhang Ruochen was indifferent.

He wanted to know more about the meaning of “Celestial-Hunting” in Celestial-Hunting Festival. Why did he have to go all out to fight for this Festival to gain a foothold in Infernal Court?

‘Celestial-Hunting, Celestial-Hunting, what exactly we are expected to hunt?’

Chapter 2227: The Fight for Leadership

As soon as Zhang Ruochen finished speaking, all the Immortal Vampire cultivators turned to look at Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and Lord Xia Yu. Obviously, they thought that the leader of the Bloodysky Clan could only be one of them.

The Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan were well-known. Not only the elites born in the last thousand years but even those masters of the old could also hardly be their opponents.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan laughed and said, “Gu Chenzi, Lord Xia Yu, it seems that our fight is inevitable. Which of you will be my opponent first?”

Amongst the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan loved to battle the most. He was famous for being a battle maniac. Other than cultivation, he loved to challenge the elites.

“You guys can go and fight amongst yourselves. I have no interest in being a leader,” Lord Xia Yu said calmly.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi did not find it strange upon hearing this. Lord Xia Yu had never liked to fight, especially during the past hundred years. No one knew how powerful she had become.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said, “It’s good that Lord Xia Yu chose not to participate. I would prefer others not to think that I do not have manners to treat the nobles. Gu Chenzi, let’s spar to see if you have mastered Blood Nethertouch.”

Gu Chenzi stood up and said calmly, “It’s been decades since we last fought. I want to see how much you’ve improved.”

“Then, what are we waiting for?”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan moved, and he flew straight out of Vastsea Garden.

Vastsea Garden was crowded with cultivators, so it could not be their battleground. Moreover, the land outside was wide with many Divine Marks engraved on it. So they were not

afraid of the surroundings being damaged and could unleash their full might.

Gu Chenzi did not hesitate and immediately followed.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi faced off midair. Before they could make a move, the wind and clouds had already begun to stir and their surroundings changed color, the precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth gathered from all directions around them.

The immense pressure emanated from Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi. It made many cultivators with weaker cultivation tremble with fear and could not help but kneel before them.

“Gu Chenzi, have a taste of my palm strike.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan took the initiative to attack. An immense amount of precepts was absorbed into his palm, and it seemed like a world was about to be created.

This palm contained a terrifying amount of precepts, which seemed like it could suppress everything with unstoppable force.

Gu Chenzi was unperturbed, and the eight huge silver wings on his back unfolded as he absorbed the Saint Qi from his surroundings at an unimaginable speed. Tens of thousands of streaks of silver lightning formed. They were like spiritual snakes countering the palm strike of Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Boom

The lightning and the palm strike collided, the impact releasing a terrifying amount of energy. The surrounding precepts instantly turned chaotic.

Fortunately, with the existence of the Divine Marks, no matter how powerful the force was, it did not cause much damage.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi did not stop. Instead, they used even more powerful techniques and fought with more ferocity.

Anyone could see that the two were evenly matched. It would be difficult to determine the victor quickly.

At this moment, all the cultivators in Vastsea Garden were paying close attention to this battle. Such a battle between elites was not something that frequently occurred.

Zhang Ruochen was also paying close attention. Since he wanted to be the leader of the Bloodysky Clan, his fight with one of them was unavoidable.

There was a saying that “if you know yourself and know your enemy, and you will never be defeated”.

Observing the techniques of Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi would make it much easier for him to deal with them later.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi fought fiercely, and they exchanged more than 1,000 moves within a brief period, but neither had the upper hand.

Suddenly, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi stopped simultaneously and retreated away from each other.

Gu Chenzi folded the silver wings on his back and said, “It’s hard to tell who’s stronger between us unless it’s a life-and-death battle. Fine, I won’t fight with you this time and let you be the leader of the Bloodysky Clan instead.”

“If that’s the case, I couldn’t accept...” Supreme Saint Yi Xuan did not decline immediately and pondered for a moment.

However, at this moment, an evenly measured and calm voice sounded, “I also want to fight Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan immediately turned around and locked his gaze on the person who spoke.

Not only him, but all the other cultivators from the Immortal Vampires that were present also turned towards the sound.

When they saw the person who spoke, many of the cultivators couldn’t help but look puzzled.

“Cousin Ruochen wants to challenge Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, this...” Xue Ningxiao was stunned.

The person who spoke was Zhang Ruochen. It was also the reason why everyone was surprised.

Zhang Ruochen was indeed extraordinary because he had defeated Yan Wushen and also possessed an astonishing battle record in Kunlun. However, he had just entered the Neverwilt Realm. How could he compete with Supreme Saint Yi Xuan?

However, Zhang Ruochen still dared to challenge Supreme Saint Yi Xuan after watching the fierce battle between them. Maybe he was confident that he could defeat Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

However, was this possible?

Under the eyes of the gathered cultivators, Zhang Ruochen walked out of Vastsea Garden step by step and stopped in front of Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Supreme Saint Xueqi stared at Zhang Ruochen with a puzzled look in his eyes.

He had always valued the honor of his family. This time, he wanted to make a name for the Xue Jue Family, especially at such a special moment when Wargod Bloodximius became the chief of the Bloodysky Clan as he believes the chief should come from the Xue Jue Family.

However, he wasn't strong enough. The gap between him and the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan was too big to be compared.

Now, Zhang Ruochen had stepped forward. His courage alone had slightly changed Supreme Saint Xueqi's highly personal impression of him.

'Zhang Ruochen, if you can defeat Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and become the leader of the Bloodysky Clan, you'll have a firm foothold in the Xue Jue Family. From then on, no one within the family will dare to criticize you,' Supreme Saint Xueqi thought to himself.

Supreme Saint Xueqi had heard all kinds of legends about Zhang Ruochen, and he was still quite curious about Zhang Ruochen's strength.

Yan Wushen could not be simply defeated by just anyone.

Of course, if Zhang Ruochen lost in this battle, then Xueqi could take this opportunity to challenge Zhang Ruochen and seize the position as clan leader.

The weak were not worthy of leading the Xue Jue Family.

Xue Tu stared at Zhang Ruochen with anticipation in his eyes.

He knew Zhang Ruochen better than all the cultivators present, and he knew more than half of Zhang Ruochen's past. For example, he knew that Zhang Ruochen had a demigod-level physique and the legendary ten golden vampire wings. With countless trump cards, this battle would be surely wonderful.

In the air, Zhang Ruochen and Grand Saint Yi Xuan stood midair facing each other. Both of them were only 330 meters apart.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan looked at Zhang Ruochen deeply. He thought for a moment and released an extremely powerful Saint Aura, which flew directly towards Zhang Ruochen.

With his cultivation and strength, even an ordinary Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint wouldn't be able to withstand his Saint Aura.

Zhang Ruochen remained calmly in place and easily dissipated Supreme Saint Yi Xuan's Saint Aura.

When Supreme Saint Yi Xuan saw this, his interest was piqued, and he said, "Zhang Ruochen, I've heard of your achievements in Kunlun. I also want to see what tricks you have that defeated Yan Wushen. Do not disappoint me."

"Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, please enlighten me," Zhang Ruochen said and cupped his hands submissively.

He had to treat the strong with due respect.

The fingernail on one of Saint Yi Xuan's hands rapidly elongated and turned into a sharp claw. A vast amount of murderous blood power surged out, filling the entire space with the metallic smell of blood.

Whoosh!

As Supreme Saint Yi Xuan waved his sharp claw, a Blood Claw tens of thousands of feet long materialized and clawed directly at Zhang Ruochen.

If it wasn't for the Divine Marks which stabilize the area, the space would have been torn apart.

Zhang Ruochen pointed with his finger and caused Precepts of Dimension to appear by millions and merge into the space around him.

Creak!

Streaks of silver light flashed, with thin and long cracks appearing in the space.

The huge Blood Claw that Supreme Saint Yi Xuan used was broken into more than ten pieces. It was a clean-cut that left a nice finish.

In the next moment, the cracked Blood Claw exploded and turned back into blood power. However, it did not dissipate and continued to surge towards Zhang Ruochen.

In the process, the blood power surged violently. In the blink of an eye, it turned into a viscous sea of blood and tried to absorb surrounding precepts as well as the Saint Qi of heaven and earth. It expanded rapidly as if it wanted to flood the entire land.

Zhang Ruochen gathered powerful dimensional power at the tip of his finger and condensed it into silver light. It displayed unrivaled sharpness as if it could cut through everything.

Puff

The silver light flew out and cut the sea of blood apart. It could no longer fuse together afterward.

Then, Zhang Ruochen took the initiative to attack. He rushed out of the blood sea and stretched out his hand. The seven orifices in his palm all opened, releasing a huge amount of Blood Qi.

Instantly, an extremely solid illusory image of Lord Ming appeared. It held up the heavens and earth with its majesty and swung its hand toward Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

In the dark, a powerful divine might was added to the illusory image of Lord Ming. It became even more majestic and spiritual. It was like the actual avatar of Lord Ming.

The Seven-Orifice Netherblood Palm was created by Lord Ming. It was extremely mysterious and was not as simple as an ordinary Saint Technique.

As long as one's Blood Qi was strong enough, the power of the Seven-Orifice Netherblood Palm could increase infinitely.

In this aspect, Zhang Ruochen had a lot of advantages.

He had the ability to grow ten golden wings. In terms of Blood Qi, even a Supreme Saint from the Hundred-Shackle Realm couldn't compare to him.

That was why Zhang Ruochen had spent a lot of time studying the Seven-Orifice Netherblood Palm when he was in seclusion. He wanted to perform it at a higher level.

The moment the illusory image of Lord Ming appeared, the vast sea of blood shattered as it could no longer be maintained.

The Precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth gathered towards the illusory image of Lord Ming. They seemed to be completely controlled by the illusory image.

"Interesting."

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan chuckled and did not retreat. Instead, he went up to meet it.

As he waved his hands, sharp claw shadows filled the sky. The resulting powerful force caused a large area of space to become distorted.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan fighting, many Immortal Vampire's cultivators couldn't help but be surprised. They didn't expect that Zhang Ruochen possessed the ability to fight against Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Even at the same level, only a few people could fight with Supreme Saint Yi Xuan. Someone fighting Supreme Saint Yi Xuan across realms was something that shouldn't have happened within logic.

“Such strong Blood Qi, such a strong body, and such keen battle awareness,” Gu Chenzi said.

He was strong enough, so his vision was naturally incomparable. He quickly saw through Zhang Ruochen illusions and couldn't help but to praise him.

Among the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan, Gu Chenzi's Blood Qi was the strongest, but Zhang Ruochen seemed stronger than him.

It was hard to imagine what had happened to Zhang Ruochen after he had died in front of the Dimensional Rift that made him change so much.

Lord Xia Yu's eyes also showed traces of surprise. Her gaze became deep as if he wanted to see through Zhang Ruochen completely.

“Cousin Ruochen is too powerful. Even Supreme Saint Yi Xuan can't do anything to him so would he become the leader of the Bloodsky Clan?”

Xue Ningxiao's eyes widened. She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

Xue Chen muttered, “Zhang Ruochen isn't an impulsive person. Since he dares to attack, he is surely confident.”

To be honest, Zhang Ruochen's strength had increased at speed beyond Xue Chen's expectation.

When Kunlun had just become the Battlefield of Merits, Zhang Ruochen was still very weak. If they had met at that time, Xue Chen would certainly have ignored him.

However, he did not expect that in a short time, Zhang Ruochen had first become a top elite in the Saint Kingdom, and now he could even fight against the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan. Such a speed of improvement in strength was terrifying.

Xue Chen wasn't surprised by Zhang Ruochen's battle strength.

What he was more curious about was why Zhang Ruochen would fight to become the leader.

Zhang Ruochen had no sense of belonging in the Xue Jue Family. He couldn't have fought for the honor of the family. Besides, based on Xue Chen's understanding of Zhang Ruochen, he might not be interested in the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Could it be the will of a God?

Only a god could influence Zhang Ruochen.

Not only the cultivators in Vastsea Garden were paying attention to this battle, but the deities of the Bloodysky Clan in the divine blood temple were also paying attention. Most of them were paying more attention to Zhang Ruochen.

It couldn't be helped. Zhang Ruochen's identity was too special. If it wasn't for the Wargod Bloodximus, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have a foothold after entering the world of the Bloodysky Clan.

If he wanted to survive in Infernal Court, he needed the approval of the deities of the Bloodysky Clan first, and the best way was to prove his worth with his strength.

This was also one of the reasons why the Blood Empress asked Zhang Ruochen to join the race.

Bang

Zhang Ruochen and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan exchanged a palm strike that caused the Blood Qi around to surge.

The more Supreme Saint Yi Xuan fought, the more shocked he became. He had already mobilized the power of the Shackles in his body, but he couldn't gain the upper hand. Instead, he was being slowly suppressed.

"Zhang Ruochen, if you can withstand this blow of mine, then you will win this battle," Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said.

As he spoke, he had already fully mobilized the Precepts that he had cultivated himself. At the same time, he released the 80 Shackles, and the immense power that he had obtained was all gathered in one hand.

In an instant, the temperature within tens of thousands of miles suddenly dropped. Each of the divine lakes around froze. The

grass and trees were frozen. Large amounts of ice crystals floated down from the sky, and the entire world seemed to be frozen.

With a gesture, the entire world was frozen. Everything was still.

With Supreme Saint Yi Xuan's power, he was able to unleash an advanced Saint technique at Hundred-Shackle Realm entirely. One could imagine the power of this technique.

The first thing Supreme Saint Qingsheng did was to activate the Divine Marks in Vastsea Garden to isolate it from the outside world so that it would not be affected.

After all, the weaker cultivators in Vastsea Garden could not resist the terrifying power of Frost.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed. He reached out both hands simultaneously and formed a mysterious and overbearing Palm Seal. There was a terrifying Yang energy that surged out of his body.

In an instant, Zhang Ruochen turned into a huge furnace. Every inch of his skin turned red hot as if it was going to melt.

In the Divine Light Sea of Qi, the Golden Sun of Destruction and the Divine Sun formed by Sacred Seven-star Lingzhi's Sun Leaf spun rapidly. They released majestic Yang energy which combined with Zhang Ruochen's own Yang energy.

In the next moment, the Yang energy released by Zhang Ruochen was millions of times more than that of an ordinary person. It exuded a terrifying destructive qi.

“Dragon-Elephant Destruction.”

Zhang Ruochen shouted to himself.

Roar

Along with the earth-shaking dragon's roar and elephant's roar, three divine dragons and three divine elephants flew out of Zhang Ruochen's palms at the same time. They were all enormous, with solid bodies that exuded a vast and mighty pressure that suppressed the heavens.

The divine dragons and divine elephants were burning with raging flames. They melted everything in their path, as if they wanted to burn the world.

Boom

The two opposing forces clashed violently and unleashed an even more terrifying destructive force.

Even though the space within the Xue Jue Family was extremely stable, it was still rippling intensely. A small area suddenly shattered, and countless pitch-black cracks extended in all directions. It was a terrifying scene.

The heat waves in the heavens and earth churned and melted all the ice. And the land that had experienced the ice age was once again illuminated by the sunlight.

Under the impact of the violent might, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan could not help but take a step back with his bodily qi and blood surging violently.

However, Zhang Ruochen stood tall and upright. No matter how the destructive power battered him, he did not budge even in the slightest.

For Zhang Ruochen, who had the body of a demigod, this attack was nothing.

Phew

Exhaling lightly, Zhang Ruochen activated the Golden Sun of Destruction and regulated the violent Yang energy in his body to gradually calm it down.

It was also because his body was strong enough now. Otherwise, if he released this vast Yang energy, he would have been severely injured before he could hurt the enemy. Even his Saint Soul might have been damaged.

In Vastsea Garden, many cultivators of the Immortal Vampires opened their eyes wide with reverence.

The Immortal Vampires worshiped the strong, and only displays of strength would convince them.

Now that Zhang Ruochen was undoubtedly strong in their eyes. No one cared about his background anymore. Strength was everything.

Chapter 2228: Lord Xia Yu

In the Vastsea Garden, the Saint realm disciples of the Xue Jue Family were all excited. It was a great honor to have a superior of their family as the leader of the Bloodsky Clan.

Even if that person was Zhang Ruochen.

The ordinary Saint realm disciples of the Xue Jue Family did not care whether Zhang Ruochen was once a cultivator from Celestial Court. They only cared that Zhang Ruochen was the Scion and a member of the Xue Jue Family.

There were two new gods before this. Then, Wargod Bloodximius has conferred the title of clan leader of the Bloodsky Clan. Now, Zhang Ruochen had defeated Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and would become the leader of the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

The Xue Jue Family was full of good news and its reputation has greatly increased.

The Xue Jue Family had been silent for too long. Finally, they were about to return to their former glory.

After a long time, the aftermath of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan disappeared completely. With the protection of the Divine Marks, their battle did not cause any damage to the Xue Jue Family despite being intense.

The surging Qi in Supreme Saint Yi Xuan quickly calmed down. He was not injured even though he was defeated. To be more precise, he had only lost half a move.

“Zhang Ruochen, your strength is indeed beyond my expectations. According to our agreement, I won’t fight for the leadership position with you,” said Supreme Saint Yi Xuan. He was not angered by his defeat.

He just felt a little regretful. Due to the agreement, he could not truly determine a victor with Zhang Ruochen.

As one of the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan had many extraordinary techniques. He had many trump cards. His strength was not limited to this.

Unfortunately, he had already said it. With so many cultivators as witnesses, he could not go back on his words.

“Thank you,” Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

In fact, it would not have been easy for Zhang Ruochen to resist Supreme Saint Yi Xuan’s Frozen Universe Palm if he had not cultivated the Thirteenth Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike to the initial phase.

The two saint techniques could be said to counter each other. Zhang Ruochen had taken advantage of the exuberant Yang Qi.

If it were anyone else, even a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, few would be able to control such a strong yang qi. This was something Supreme Saint Yi Xuan had never expected.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan returned to the floating island. He still had a smile on his face and he looked very free and easy.

All the cultivators present turned their gaze to Zhang Ruochen.

Since Supreme Saint Yi Xuan had withdrawn from the competition, Zhang Ruochen could undoubtedly become the leader of the Bloodsky Clan.

Then, it was time to decide who would participate in the Celestial-Hunting Festival. The Supreme Saints and Saint Kings with weaker cultivations could not help but feel nervous.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival had many benefits. Anyone would want to participate, but many of them were destined to lose the opportunity.

Only the twenty elites selected by the Xue Jue Family were in a good mood and felt less pressure.

Just when some cultivators were about to congratulate Zhang Ruochen, Lord Xia Yu, who had been the most indifferent to the leadership contest, suddenly stood up.

At that moment, Lord Xia Yu’s temperament suddenly changed. She was no longer elegant and otherworldly. Instead, she became extremely cold and an intangible chill spread out.

Some weaker cultivators felt the chill and could not help but shiver as if they had fallen into an ice cave.

“Zhang Ruochen, just because Yi Xuan doesn’t want to fight with you doesn’t mean you can be the leader of the Bloodsky Clan. You still have to go through at the least,” Lord Xia Yu said in a cold voice.

Gu Chenzi also stood up and said indifferently, “Just because you beat Yi Xuan doesn’t mean you can beat me. I suddenly want to fight for the position of leader again.”

Many cultivators heard them and could not help but look surprised. They did not know what was going on.

Lord Xia Yu had already stated at the beginning that she had no interest in becoming a leader. Gu Chenzi had also given up on the competition. He wanted to give the position of leader to Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

But now, both of them have changed their mind. It was unexpected that they wanted to stop Zhang Ruochen from becoming the leader of the Bloodsky Clan.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan smiled and drank alone. He seemed to have expected this to happen and he was enjoying the show.

The cultivators present were not fools. They all understood that anyone could be the leader, but not Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi were targeting him obviously.

Simply because Zhang Ruochen was an outsider and he was not a pure Immortal Vampire. He even had a huge grudge with the Immortal Vampires on the Battlefield of Merits.

Of course, there might be a deeper reason.

How could it be easy for a creature of the Celestial Court to gain a foothold in the Infernal Court and not be ostracized?

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi without any fear, and said calmly, “I wasn’t interested in becoming the leader. However, since I’ve already fought for it, I will have to take it. Since you two had objections, there was no need to go through so much trouble. We will decide the winner with our battle strength. How about it?”

“At least you have some courage. I’ll go first and see what else you could do,” Gu Chenzi snorted.

“Gu Chenzi, your battle strength and Yi Xuan’s are about the same. I’m afraid it won’t be easy to defeat him. Why don’t I do it?” Lord Xia Yu said.

Gu Chenzi said, “That might not be the case! Previously, my battle with Yi Xuan and the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yi Xuan was just a test. We didn’t fully display our skills. “If we fight, do you think a Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm will lose to a Supreme Saint who has just broken through the Neverwilt Realm?”

...

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly and said, “Both of you can stop arguing. Why not both of you do it together?”

As soon as he said that, the entire Vastsea Garden fell silent. Even a pin drop could be heard.

All the cultivators looked at Zhang Ruochen as if they were looking at a monster.

How crazy was it to challenge Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi at the same time?

Saying such words was a provocation. It was easy to annoy Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi. Zhang Ruochen was asking for trouble.

Not to mention the Bloodsky Clan, even among the entire Immortal Vampires, few dared to challenge Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi at the same time.

“Zhang Ruochen is too arrogant. He dares to challenge Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi at the same time. Does he think he’s invincible?”

“If Supreme Saint Yi Xuan attacked with all his strength, Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t have the chance to be arrogant.”

“It’s really stupid to provoke the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan.”

“Don’t worry. Zhang Ruochen will soon pay the price for his arrogance.”

...

Zhang Ruochen was calm and he did not seem arrogant at all.

He had his reasons for asking Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi to attack together. He had a very special identity. No matter what he did in the Infernal Court, there would be voices of doubt. He would be ostracized and isolated everywhere.

If he wanted to change all of this, he had to show his absolute strength.

In the end, strength was the foundation of standing.

Since he had come to Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen naturally had all kinds of plans and many things to do. So, he had to stand firm first.

A battle to establish his power.

In the future, no matter where he went in Infernal Court, no one dared to look down on him. Others had to respect him as much as they respected Yan Wushen.

It was one of Blood Empress’s ideas to fight for the leadership of the Bloodsky Clan. But it was also Zhang Ruochen’s idea. He did not want to be under Blood Empress’s protection all the time, and he did not want Blood Empress to be isolated because of him.

As long as Zhang Ruochen became the leader of the Bloodsky Clan with his own strength and defeated the elites of the other tribes at the Celestial-Hunting Festival, no one would dare to say anything in the future.

It would be much easier for him to do whatever he wanted to do when that time came.

Zhang Ruochen’s original intention in joining Infernal Court was to save Chi Kongyue and Chi Kunlun.

But now, he had more ideas.

He found that the Celestial Court cultivators’ understanding of the Infernal Court was too narrow. Very few people knew what

the Infernal Court looked like, including himself.

When Zhang Ruochen joined the Infernal Court, he found that it was very different from what he had imagined. There was an ancient and brilliant civilization here, and there were also warm and welcoming people.

Because of this, Zhang Ruochen wanted to explore the Infernal Court and solve his doubts.

“If you can defeat Yan Wushen, then you must be extraordinary. There’s no need to join hands. I shall see it for myself, the so-called rare genius of the Yuanhui period.”

Lord Xia Yu walked out of the floating island. As if she was so close to Zhang Ruochen, and she reached him in one step.

Gu Chenzi remained on the floating island and he did not show up with Lord Xia Yu. He had his pride because he did not want to fight Zhang Ruochen with Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu’s eyes were cold, and she exuded cold murderous intent.

It seemed that Lord Xia Yu not only wanted to fight Zhang Ruochen, but she intended to kill him.

“Cousin Ruochen, you have to be careful. Lord Xia Yu hates the cultivators from Celestial Court. She would not show you any mercy if she gets the chance.”

Xue Ningxiao’s voice rang in Zhang Ruochen’s ears.

“Really?” Zhang Ruochen asked

“Lord Xia Yu is also a pitiful person. When she was young, her parents died on the Battlefield of Merits. Later, her only elder brother was killed by the Celestial Court’s cultivators to save her. That’s the reason why Lord Xia Yu cultivated so hard to avenge them,” Xue Ningxiao replied.

Xue Ningxiao continued after a pause, “The family that Lord Xia Yu was once in was also one of the great god families of the Bloodsky Clan. They were very powerful. Unfortunately, that god was later killed by the Celestial Court god in the starry sky. Lord Xia Yu’s family gradually declined.

“Lord Xia Yu’s heart is full of hatred. She wants to kill all the cultivators of the Celestial Court and end the war forever.”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat after hearing that and thought, ‘What was the cause of cultivators from Celestial Court and Infernal Court being hostile to each other and wanting to destroy each other?’

‘Why did two different starry skies break out into a long-lasting war?’

‘Why did they have to fight to the death?’

‘What caused all this?’ he thought.

Zhang Ruochen could understand Lord Xia Yu’s thoughts. He had once wanted to kill all the cultivators of Infernal Court.

In the eyes of the cultivators of Celestial Court, Infernal Court was evil, and they only knew destruction. To survive, they had to resist.

Similarly, in the eyes of the cultivators of Infernal Court, Celestial Court was a huge threat to them. If Infernal Court did not initiate the attack first, Celestial Court would grow stronger and surpass them.

In the future, perhaps the Celestial Court would destroy them.

After so many years, the conflict between the two was almost irreconcilable.

Once there was hatred, it became very difficult to let it go.

Zhang Ruochen could not help but think of the realms that Kunlun had attacked. The cultivators of Kunlun were probably as evil as the cultivators of Infernal Court in the eyes of those realms’ lifeforms.

There were many times when the line between good and evil could not be too clear.

‘Since I set foot on the Battlefield of Merits, I have killed countless cultivators of Infernal Court. Their relatives and friends must hate me to the bone,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

However, he did not do anything wrong. Everything he did was to protect his hometown.

Zhang Ruochen had never felt that what he had done represented justice, but at least he had a clear conscience.

“Please enlighten me,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu did not speak. Her body shook and eight huge silver wings appeared, absorbing the Saint Qi of heaven and earth crazily.

As Lord Xia Yu flapped her wings, a fierce wind swept up and enveloped Zhang Ruochen. There were countless intangible wind blades mixed in the wind. Each of them was extremely sharp and could cut through everything.

Zhang Ruochen immediately used his dimension technique to condense the Profound Spatial Dimension and isolated all the wind blades.

However, the wind grew stronger. The Precepts of Wind from heaven and earth gathered and evolved into a terrifying storm. It seemed to sweep through heaven and earth.

Whoosh

A large area of Dimensional Rifted open. Dark cracks covered the area like a spider web.

Anyone could see that Lord Xia Yu did not show any mercy. She went all out as soon as she attacked. It was as if she wanted to heavily injure Zhang Ruochen or even kill him.

At the same time, Lord Xia Yu’s hands formed seals with incredible speed. She released a turquoise flame and poured it into the storm.

As the saying went, wind-aided the fire.

The moment it combined with the storm, the turquoise flame expanded explosively and formed a sky-burning force—the Grim Soul-devouring Flame.

Many cultivators could not help but fear the sight of the turquoise flame.

There was nothing they could do. The reputation of the Grim Soul-devouring Flame was too great, and not many people could not be unafraid.

This flame was not a natural existence but was condensed by a secret technique.

To condense the Grim Soul-devouring Flame, one had to go to the extreme yin region, gather all kinds of evil yin energy, and fuse them.

In the process of refining, one had to endure extreme pain. Moreover, there was an extremely high risk that one could lose their life if they were not careful.

Therefore, many cultivators knew the method of condensing the Grim Soul-devouring Flame, yet only a few dared to try it and succeeded.

“Lord Xia Yu has been so quiet for the past hundred years. So she’s trying to condense the Grim Soul-devouring Flame. To be able to condense the Grim Soul-devouring Flame to this extent, just how much effort did she put in?”

Many of the cultivators present were extremely shocked.

They also understood that Lord Xia Yu was desperately trying to make herself stronger because she wanted to revive her family’s name and avenge the deceased.

Sometimes, the power of hatred was so terrible that people would go crazy.

“Zhang Ruochen is in trouble!”

Many cultivators could not help but think this.

Lord Xia Yu was invincible when she combined wind and fire. It was a question of whether Zhang Ruochen would be able to escape unscathed, let alone win.

Once the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan became serious, who could resist it?

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was completely enveloped by the firestorm. It was as if he was trapped in a huge furnace. His body and mind were being tempered.

The invisible wind blades were too sharp. They cut open many cracks in the Profound Spatial Dimension, allowing the Grim Soul-devouring Flame to penetrate.

The Grim Soul-devouring Flame was different from ordinary flames. It was not hot. Instead, it was extremely cold. It could freeze everything.

Most importantly, the Grim Soul-devouring Flame targets the Saint Soul. Once it touched it, it was like a maggot in one's bones. It was hard to remove.

Zhang Ruochen did not panic. He raised his hand and the Emperor-level Divine Purification Flame surged out of him.

His Divine Purification Flame was originally pure white. Now, it was faintly dyed with a golden color.

With the improvement of his cultivation and the integration of the Precepts of heaven and earth during the Path-melding Tribulation, the Divine Purification Flame had undergone a great transformation and became even more powerful.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized his Precepts of Wood and Fire and unleashed the Power of Supreme Saint to the maximum.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to see whether Lord Xia Yu's Grim Soul-devouring Flame or his Divine Purification Flame was stronger?

Chapter 2229: Taking on Two Elites

The Divine Purification Flame's Yang energies were thunderous and overbearing. It was completely different from the Grim Soul-devouring Flame. It surged out of Zhang Ruochen crazily, as if it wanted to engulf the heavens and burn everything in the world.

Boom

The two flames made an ear-piercing sound when they came into contact.

The Divine Purification Flame transformed into a phoenix under Zhang Ruochen's control. It broke through all the obstacles and flew high with its fluttering wings.

The large space became distorted under the high temperature.

Even the Grim Soul-devouring Flame couldn't withstand the refining of the Divine Purification Flame and it dissipated into nothingness.

Zhang Ruochen stomped with his left foot. Millions of scarlet Divine Precepts appeared and a majestic fire divine force was unleashed.

Boom

The power of the Divine Purification Flame skyrocketed and the condensed phoenix became bigger and more solid. Its every feather could be seen clearly.

The Divine Purification Flame was one of the three divine flames that the Yanshen cultivated in the Path of Fire.

Therefore, using the power of the Yanshen's leg could amplify the Divine Purification Flame. It could display the terrifying power of the Divine Purification Flame.

Whoosh

The phoenix soared into the sky and forcefully tore apart Lord Xia Yu's firestorm. Countless wind blades and the Grim Soul-

devouring Flame shot out in all directions like a goddess scattering flowers. It looked beautiful.

Zhang Ruochen stood on top of the phoenix with his hands behind his back. He looked down from above the world as if a true god had descended.

In the Vastsea Garden, many Immortal Vampires were stunned.

“How is this possible? Even if it’s the Emperor-level Divine Purification Flame, how can Zhang Ruochen be so powerful with his current cultivation?”

“Zhang Ruochen’s Divine Purification Flame contains true divine force. It’s extraordinary.”

“It’s rumored that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated the Divine Purification Flame to the Emperor level when he was in the Saint King Realm. When he broke through to the Supreme Saint realm, the Path-melding Tribulation that he went through contained the integration of the Precepts of Fire from heaven and earth. He had been tempered and cleansed by the precepts of heaven and earth. This is an innate advantage.”

“It has been extremely rare for a Saint King to master the Divine Purification Flame at the Emperor-level since ancient times. No wonder Zhang Ruochen is called a peerless genius that only appears once every Yuanhui period.”

...

Zhang Ruochen had achieved the impossible. He suppressed Lord Xia Yu’s Grim Soul-devouring Flame with his flame. It was admirable.

Under normal circumstances, cultivators who had the Divine Purification Flame could rarely transform it into the Emperor-level flame, even in the Neverwilt Realm.

Lord Xia Yu was calm and she did not show any signs of panic. It was just a test and it was not a big deal that Zhang Ruochen had broken her technique.

Lord Xia Yu flipped her hand and she put the blood jade flute into her mouth and began to play it at a leisurely pace.

Suddenly, a very soothing and pleasant sound from the flute was heard clearly by all the cultivators present.

When they heard the sound of the flute, some of the weaker cultivators could not help but become fascinated.

Zhang Ruochen had a different feeling about it.

He felt uneasy as soon as he heard the sound of the flute. The Qi and blood in him began to surge. He could not control it.

The scariest thing was that Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul was throbbing. It seemed to be separating from his body.

Zhang Ruochen did not know why, but he felt drowsy and tired.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen felt like he was pulled into a special world. It was dark and distorted. Everything inside was like a dream bubble and it burst continuously.

Even with his spiritual will, he could not tell whether this world was real or illusory.

Whoosh

A dark vortex appeared. As it spun, it swallowed everything and became bigger and bigger.

A strange power seeped into Zhang Ruochen and sucked in his Saint Soul and will. It wanted to suck all of it into the dark vortex as well.

“The Soul-siphoning Flute and the *Hymn of Soul-sacrification*. Life and death are full of helplessness.”

At the same time, this sentence appeared in the minds of many cultivators.

Lord Xia Yu's blood jade flute was known as the Soul-siphoning Flute. It was a special treasure with an extraordinary origin. It belonged to a deceased ancient god.

Long ago, Lord Xia Yu had accidentally entered a dangerous place. Not only did she survive, but she also happened to obtain the Soul-siphoning Flute and the inheritance of the *Hymn of Soul-sacrification*.

Legend had it that when the ancient god used the Soul-siphoning Flute to play the *Hymn of Soul-sacrification*, all lives in a Macroworld would lose their souls. Even the gods would be affected.

Lord Xia Yu's attainments in this aspect were far inferior to that of the ancient god. However, once she played the tune, no ordinary person would be able to resist it. Even a Thousand-Koan Realm elite would not be able to guarantee that he would not be affected.

Lord Xia Yu had recognized Zhang Ruochen's strength through the previous test. Therefore, she no longer held back and demonstrated a truly terrifying technique.

Fortunately, Lord Xia Yu only targeted Zhang Ruochen. Otherwise, many cultivators in the Vastsea Garden would have been affected. All their lives were in Lord Xia Yu's hand.

Zhang Ruochen was slightly shocked and thought, 'What a strange flute sound. It can numb the five senses and erode the spiritual will.'

The power to make one lose one's soul was strange and unpredictable. It was pervasive and difficult to resist. If one's spiritual will was slightly lowered, one would fall into endless darkness.

Even though Zhang Ruochen's spiritual will was extremely strong, he was in a momentary trance. He lost control of his phoenix, it quickly disintegrated and turned back into a raging Divine Purification Flame.

All of a sudden, the flute sound transformed into a phantom skeleton. It held a demonic saber and slashed directly at Zhang Ruochen.

At the same time, the scattered Grim Soul-devouring Flame condensed again. It was different from before. It was as if it had been given life and turned into orchid flowers in a special formation and it circled Zhang Ruochen.

"Does Lord Xia Yu intend to kill Zhang Ruochen?"

Some cultivators thought so.

It was the *Hymn of Soul-sacrification* and the Soul-devouring Orchid Formation. No matter how they looked at it, it was meant for destroying Zhang Ruochen.

Even if Zhang Ruochen did not die, he would suffer unimaginable injuries and damage his cultivation foundation.

Only Lord Xia Yu was that bold and unrestrained in the Xue Jue Family.

At this point, only a few people believed that Zhang Ruochen could resist Lord Xia Yu's killing move. This battle could end.

Zhang Ruochen stood quietly in the air as if he had been completely controlled by the *Hymn of Soul-sacrification*.

"Calm and unmoving like the Earth, and the angered Wisdom King will split the Nine Heavens."

Just as the skeleton swung the knife down, Zhang Ruochen shouted in his heart.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual will burst out with extreme sharpness. Nothing could stop it.

Crack

The demonic saber and the skeleton shattered.

The thousand-mile-tall Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect surfaced. It was filled with majesty and all the demons were stunned.

The Divine Purification Flame circled the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect. It shattered the Soul-devouring Orchid Formation with a single move.

Roar

The Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect roared into the sky. The world shook, suppressing all sounds and everything went silent.

Bang

Lord Xia Yu's body trembled and let out a muffled groan. She could not help but take a step back.

Staring at the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect, Lord Xia Yu's eyes could not help but reveal a trace of shock. That long howl not only destroyed the *Hymn of Soul-sacrificaton*, it also caused her body to suffer some backlash, causing her mind and will to tremble.

She would never have thought that a Saint Aspect would have such power.

"It's because of that will," said Xue Tu as he suddenly understood.

Previously, when Zhang Ruochen was cleansed in the ancient blood spring, his bloodline power had awakened. A majestic figure had appeared, which had alarmed the original body of Progenitor Bloodximius.

Although a Saint Aspect had appeared, Xue Tu could vaguely sense the Qi dynamic of that will.

With the power of the will, it was not difficult to break the *Hymn of Soul-sacrificaton*.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were calm and unmoved. He activated the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect and formed a mysterious palm print. He struck directly at Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu quickly blew the Soul-siphoning Flute. Precepts and the power of a Supreme Saint were released. They condensed into a huge dark demon mountain and blocked the way.

The Soul-siphoning Flute was an extraordinary secret treasure. It had countless uses.

Boom

The dark demon mountain exploded, and it could not block the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect.

Lord Xia Yu could not help but retreat quickly to avoid the attack of the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect.

Zhang Ruochen did not stop. He continued to attack Lord Xia Yu. He did not give her any chance to catch her breath.

After cultivating to the ninth level of the technique, especially awakening the will of the Immovable Wisdom King in the ancient blood spring, Zhang Ruochen finally grasped the essence of the *Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture* and had more wonderful uses.

And just now, when the Saint Aspect and the will of the Immovable Wisdom King combined, something inexplicably appeared in Zhang Ruochen's mind. It was extremely obscure as if it was some kind of special inheritance.

However, he did not have the time to comprehend it at the moment.

Even without the Immovable Wisdom King's will, Zhang Ruochen could still resist the *Hymn of Soul-sacrificion* with his own tenacious will.

However, it was impossible to break the *Hymn of Soul-sacrificion* with such ease.

After all, this was Lord Xia Yu's killing move. It could make even a powerful warrior in the Thousand-Koan Realm fear it. It was not easy to break it.

Seeing Lord Xia Yu's killing move being countered and falling into a disadvantageous position, many cultivators could not help but reveal looks of astonishment. They could not believe their eyes.

Right at that moment, Gu Chenzi flashed out from the floating island and appeared on the battlefield.

"Let me see what you can do."

Gu Chenzi's body trembled as he spoke. Boundless blood Qi surged out. Billions of Precepts interweaved and condensed into a towering figure that was a thousand-mile tall. It had eight silver wings on its back and was the same as Gu Chenzi.

This was the Saint Aspect Gu Chenzi had cultivated. It was extremely solid, almost like his true body.

Boom

Gu Chenzi's Saint Aspect and Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect clashed. They unleashed terrifying power and

shook the surroundings.

At the same time, the two Saint Aspects each took a few steps back and pulled away.

The Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan each had their strengths. Supreme Saint Yi Xuan's physique was the strongest. Like Zhang Ruochen, his physique had become a Supreme Saint. No one dared to clash head-on with him.

Lord Xia Yu was known for her mysterious and unpredictable methods. She could kill without being noticed.

As for Gu Chenzi, his strongest move was the Saint Aspect. He had obtained the secret technique of the Fane of Immortality and condensed an extremely powerful Saint Aspect of Immortality. He could cultivate the secret techniques of the Fane of Immortality.

Whoosh

Gu Chenzi's Saint Aspect of Immortality formed a strange seal. Immediately, a large amount of blood-colored chains flew out and wrapped around the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect.

The Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect waved his hand and the Divine Purification Flame turned into fire dragons and charged out.

The Divine Purification Flame burned everything. No matter how strange the blood-red chains were, they could not resist and were refined.

On the other side, a sea of blood appeared. It raised huge waves and slapped toward the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect.

“Wise King's Heaven Suppression.”

Zhang Ruochen shouted. The seal formed with his hands changed instantly.

The sky above the Immovable Wisdom King changed color. Vast amounts of precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth converged. Nine layers of condensed and vast heavens were formed at an extremely fast speed.

An unspeakable power supplemented the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect and suppressed heaven and earth.

No matter how the blood waves rolled, they couldn't get close to the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect. Instead, they gradually calmed down.

Gu Chenzi narrowed his eyes. He hadn't expected Zhang Ruochen's Saint Aspect of Immovable Wisdom King to be so powerful. It was far beyond his expectations.

It was hard to imagine that Zhang Ruochen was still in the Neverwilt Realm.

ROAR!

The Saint Aspect of Immortality let out a low roar. Gathering countless Precepts, he drew strange and unpredictable power from heaven and earth and attacked with a finger.

An extremely terrifying fingerprint appeared. A large number of strange arcane runes interweaved on it. As soon as it appeared, it pierced through space, and all the Fragments of Space melted.

“Blood Nethertouch.”

The high-level saint technique of the Fane of Immortality was the most powerful when used by the Saint Aspect. However, the prerequisite was that the Saint Aspect had to be able to withstand the power of this technique.

Once the Blood Nethertouch was used, all souls would turn into a pool of pus and blood. It was extremely vicious. Even if the victim did not die, he would still suffer great pain.

“Incarceration of Divine Demon.”

The Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect instantly turned into a peerless demon. It had nine heavens above its head and Infernal Court under its feet. It was extremely majestic.

After cultivating the Thirteenth Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, Zhang Ruochen spent some time cultivating the fourth level of the Incarceration of Divine Demon. He had also reached the level of the high-level Hundred-shackle saint technique.

Just like the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, the Incarceration of Divine Demon had a clear cultivation method. As long as one could understand its essence and have the foundation of cultivation, he could successfully cultivate it.

Zhang Ruochen's the Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect was extremely powerful and when he cultivated the fourth level of the Incarceration of Divine Demon was naturally easy.

Boom

The Blood Nethertouch exploded with a bang. The strange power contained in it flew in all directions.

Several layers of the nine-layered heavens above the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect were pierced through and a large amount of the Precepts dispersed.

The Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect retreated continuously. He was hit so hard that he couldn't stabilize his body.

Gu Chenzi's Saint Aspect of Immortality was sent flying. He has almost been torn apart.

Under the impact, Gu Chenzi was also hit. His mind trembled. The Qi and blood in him surged even more. He could not help but spit out a mouthful of Saint Blood.

Although Zhang Ruochen was also affected, he stood tall and unmoving. It was clear who was superior.

"Another high-level Hundred-Shackle saint technique. Has Zhang Ruochen just broken through to the Neverwilt Realm?"

"The Neverwilt Realm can cultivate two high-level Hundred-Shackle level saint techniques, and a Saint Aspect can beat Gu Chenzi. What a monster."

"It seems that Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi can not stop Zhang Ruochen from becoming the leader of the Bloodsky Clan. I wonder how strong He would be when he breaks through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

"His physique is stronger than Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, his spiritual will is stronger than Lord Xia Yu, and his Saint

Aspect is stronger than Gu Chenzi. No wonder Zhang Ruochen is called a peerless genius of a Yuanhui period.”

...

No one could remain calm after witnessing an intense battle.

The Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan had been defeated by the same person on the same day. Before this, no one had ever thought about it, and no one dared to think about it.

But it happened. So many cultivators had witnessed it with their own eyes. Even the gods were paying attention.

If the news spread, it would cause a huge commotion in the Bloodsky Clan and the entire Immortal Vampires.

Everyone knew that it was not that Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi were not strong, but that Zhang Ruochen was too strong. He was too strong to be judged by common sense.

...

Chapter 2230: The So-called Celestial Hunting

Gu Chenzi's eyes darkened. He formed an extraordinary palm seal. Immediately, bright Saint light bloomed from his body, covering his limbs and bones. They were connected like a Saint river flowing. It released terrifying energy.

At this point, Gu Chenzi no longer held back. He released all the power of the shackles in his body and poured it into the Saint Aspect.

He had broken 80 shackles in total. The power contained in his body was eight times that of Neverwithers physique, not just any Neverwithers physique but a powerful one.

The Saint Aspect of Immortality condensed a blood-colored demonic blade hundreds of miles long in the blink of an eye. It was full of evil and murderous intent.

It was Blade of Bloodslay, a secret technique of Fane of Immortality. To practice it successfully, one needed to collect the blood and resentment of ten thousand life beings. It could destroy the opponent's cultivation foundation and Saint Soul. It was a very sinister blade technique.

At the same time, Lord Xia Yu appeared on the other side of Zhang Ruochen. Using a flute as a pen, she drew in the air. She drew hundreds of profound runes that glowed with red light in an instant. The power of each rune combined. Together, they formed a terrifying Runic Array that exuded a destructive aura.

Lord Xia Yu's spiritual power was very powerful. She studied runes and array techniques. She had reached the level of High-Saint Master for both skills. She could also combine runes and array techniques skillfully, doubling their power.

With a shake of her hand, Lord Xia Yu placed an extremely ancient jade amulet into the Runic Array.

The jade amulet released a soft and faint divine light that seeped into the runes that formed the Runic Array. Instantly, all

the runes combined even more closely, as if they had become a single entity. They looked l

Following that, ninety-nine streaks of Saint light shot out from Lord Xia Yu's body. They penetrated through her entire body and released a boundless power that seeped into the Runic Array.

"Lord Xia Yu is only one step away from reaching the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm. After a hundred years of cultivation, she is finally ahead of Gu Chenzi and me." A look of shock appeared in the eyes of Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Perhaps, it would not be long before Lord Xia Yu could take the final step and reach the Great Perfection stage. No one at Hundred-Shackle Realm could be her match. She might even be able to contend against a Thousand-Koan Realm elite.

Breaking 99 shackles meant that Lord Xia Yu had nearly 10 times the power of Neverwithers physique. Now, she had completely unleashed her energy and used the profound Runic Array. It was hard to imagine how powerful such a method would be.

Gu Chenzi and Lord Xia Yu finally chose to join hands and did as Zhang Ruochen wished.

In the end, they did not want Zhang Ruochen to be the leader.

There was no doubt that this attack would determine the victor. If Zhang Ruochen could not withstand it, not only would he not be the leader, he might even suffer a great loss.

Zhang Ruochen took back the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King and exhaled lightly. The Blood Qi in his body surged violently, making the sound of a river rushing.

CRASH!

Vigorous Blood Qi gushed out from Zhang Ruochen's back. Ten huge golden wings appeared. They were fully unfolded, trying to absorb the surrounding energy.

Seeing Gu Chenzi and Lord Xia Yu attacking from both sides, Zhang Ruochen stretched out his hands and released the power

of Demigod-level physique to his heart's content.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen's palms burst with extremely powerful power. Divine clouds rose, and Qi of Chaos filled the air. It was as if heaven and earth were being split apart.

Crack

Gu Chenzi's Blade of Bloodslay and Lord Xia Yu's runic array exploded at the same time.

This time, Gu Chenzi's Saint Aspect of Immortality finally exploded. It could not withstand the power of Zhang Ruochen's palm strike.

The jade amulet that Lord Xia Yu had placed in the Runic Array already had cracks. Now, it had several more cracks. Large amounts of divine power spilled out.

Ptui

Gu Chenzi and Lord Xia Yu spat out large mouthfuls of blood at the same time. They fell back.

If they had not been strong enough to withstand the attack, their Neverwithers physique might have been broken. Yes, the power Zhang Ruochen released was strong enough to destroy Neverwithers physique.

Gu Chenzi and Lord Xia Yu stared at Zhang Ruochen with cold eyes. Even if they did not want to admit it, they had been defeated by Zhang Ruochen.

They had not used any techniques from Path of Destiny. Zhang Ruochen had not used technique of Path of Truth either.

Seeing this, the entire Vastsea Garden fell silent. Many cultivators stared at Zhang Ruochen with their eyes wide open.

They weren't only surprised by the result. What made them even more shocked was the ten golden wings on Zhang Ruochen's back. They were all feeling unbelievable.

Among the Immortal Vampires, golden wings were rarely seen in a thousand years.

No one had expected that Zhang Ruochen would have them. Moreover, he was only at Neverwilt Realm, but he had already grown ten. So one could tell how powerful was his Blood Qi.

There were reverence in their eyes.

The cultivators of the Xue Jue family were very excited. The result was clear. Bloodsky Clan would be led by elite from Xue Jue family after all.

Zhang Ruochen stood proudly in the air and looked at Vastsea Garden. "I'll be the leader of Celestial-Hunting Festival this time! Does anyone else have any objections?" His tone was indifferent.

Even the Three Top Elites of Bloodskly Clan had been defeated. Who dared to ask for trouble?

If Zhang Ruochen was offended, the offender could lost the chance to attend Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Hence, none of them spoke. The silence lasted for a while.

Zhang Ruochen moved and appeared directly on the floating island,

At this moment, the cultivators on the island looked at Zhang Ruochen differently than before. Some were in awe; some were eager; and some were excited..

'Zhang Ruochen has just arrived in Infernal Court. He is unfamiliar with other cultivators, and is even ostracized and isolated.

"If I take this opportunity to make friends with him, take the initiative to express my goodwill, and even get him some gifts, I might be able to get a spot in Celestial-Hunting Festival.

'With my own strength, the chance of getting a spot is not high,' some cultivators with relatively weaker cultivation thought in their hearts.

The benefits of Celestial-Hunting Festival were too great for anyone to resist. Even if they had to pay the price, it was totally worth it.

Looking at Zhang Ruochen's outstanding figure, Xue Ningxiao could not calm down for a long time. Those three were the top elites, the most talented monsters of Bloodsky Clan. Yet, all of them had been defeated by him.

Although she knew that Zhang Ruochen was extraordinary, she did not expect him to be so powerful.

"If I can eat Altofruits and drink Divine Jade Dew at Celestial-Hunting Festival, I might be able to cultivate several Paths to the Great Perfection stage.

"It's worth it even if I sell all my treasures in exchange for a spot for such great benefits."

"Since cousin has become a leader, maybe I can take a shortcut."

"Oh right, cousin needs Godstones. I'll sell all my treasures and exchange them for Godstones."

The more Xue Ningxiao thought about it, the more she felt her strategy was feasible. She stared at Zhang Ruochen with shining eyes. She could not wait to do this right away.

Looking at everyone's eyes, how could Zhang Ruochen not guess what they were thinking?

Every spot for Celestial-Hunting Festival was extremely precious and represented huge benefits. Moreover, it was only once in a lifetime.

Who wouldn't be tempted?

Zhang Ruochen had just arrived. He had yet to get familiar with the cultivators of Bloodsky Clan. It was a headache to let him decide on the candidates...

...even though elites should be considered first.

However, the Supreme Saints gathered here did not have a big cultivation gap. The gap between Saint Kings was even smaller.

It was hard to determine who was stronger and who was weaker just by cultivation alone.

However, if they had to go through the battle selection one by one, it would take a long time to decide on the candidates.

Zhang Ruochen walked to Xue Ningxiao's side and sat down.

Xue Ningxiao looked very reserved and nervous, just like the first time she met Zhang Ruochen. Her lips moved, and she wanted to say something but stopped.

"If you were to decide the candidates, what would you do?" Zhang Ruochen suddenly asked.

Xue Ningxiao was stunned and did not respond for a long time. She said, "Y-Y-You're asking me?"

"Yes." Zhang Ruochen nodded.

After thinking for a long time, she said in a low voice, "If it were me... it's actually very simple. Our Xue Jue family has collected information about these cultivators."

"For example, there are 78 Supreme Saint elites. 15 have reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and 23 have reached the peak of Neverwilt Realm. Their strength is unquestionable. They can be directly selected.

"The remaining 12 spots will be contested by other Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints."

"What about the 50 spots for the Saint Kings?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Ningxiao said, "Of course, it's the same screening method."

"Okay, I'll leave this to you!" Zhang Ruochen said.

"Ah?"

Xue Ningxiao was stunned. She thought it was her imagination.

How important was the selection of the candidates for Celestial-Hunting Festival? How could she do it?

In fact, Zhang Ruochen was very relieved to leave this matter to Xue Ningxiao. That was because Xue Ningxiao's father was

Supreme Saint Qingsheng, the acting head of the Xue Jue family.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng would certainly intervene in such an important matter. He would not let Xue Ningxiao do whatever she wanted.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen seemed to be handing it over to Xue Ningxiao, but in fact, he was handing it over to Supreme Saint Qingsheng. Presumably, the other cultivators could understand what he meant.

After a moment, Xue Ningxiao came back to her senses. She asked quietly, “Cousin, are you really handing this over to me?”

“Do I look like I’m joking with You?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Ningxiao nodded quickly and smiled with joy. “Don’t worry, cousin. I won’t let you down!”

Immediately, Xue Ningxiao started her mission. She carefully sorted out all the cultivators’ information and even went to visit Supreme Saint Qingsheng in person. She was very serious.

Not long after, Xue Ningxiao stood up, she said nervously, “Next, we will determine who will be participating in Celestial-Hunting Festival. We go through Supreme Saints first. The names I have read out are selected.

“Cough cough, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi... Supreme Saint Mo Xun.”

Xue Ningxiao read out thirty-eight names in one go. All of them were with cultivation rank at least at the peak of Neverwilt Realm.

“There are 12 spots left. Whoever thinks they can participate can take the initiative to come forward. Whoever comes forward first will get the spots.”

“However, if anyone doesn’t agree, they can challenge the person, and the spot will be the victor’s.”

As soon as she finished speaking.

“I want to participate.”

“I want to participate too.”

...

The rules had been set. The battles among the Supreme Saints soon began.

With Xue Ningxiao doing this, Zhang Ruochen felt at ease. He sat in his seat and drank alone.

Seeing that the battle selection had already begun, Zhang Ruochen could not help but sigh in his heart. It turned out that it was the same for the creatures of Infernal Court and the Celestial Court. No one would be modest for the sake of benefits. Even if they were from the same clan, they still had to fight.

In order to participate in Celestial-Hunting Festival, no one would show mercy. They would do everything they could.

“Seven days later, we have to go to the forest of no return. If you let a little girl do this, will she be able to do it well?” At this moment, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan suddenly walked over.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and said, “Those with strong cultivation might not be able to carry out the task well. One can not judge a book by its cover. There are some things that she might be able to do better than us.”

“That makes sense. Maybe one day, she will become stronger than us.”

After a pause, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan continued, “By the way, I almost forgot the important matter. There are a few lucky fellows who want to meet you.”

“Lucky fellows?” Zhang Ruochen was surprised.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said, “Yes, they are just a few lucky fellows. They are also known as the most talented elites born in the last thousand years of Bloodysky Clan.”

Zhang Ruochen was struck by his words. He thought the top elites were the most talented monsters of Bloodysky Clan? Was there anyone stronger than them?

What realm were those few in? were they already in Thousand-Koan Realm?

Undoubtedly, the few monsters that Saint Yi Xuan mentioned piqued Zhang Ruochen's curiosity. He could not help but be interested.

"Where are they?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yi Xuan said, "They are in the Vastsea Garden. I'll take you there."

Immediately, the two left the floating island and entered a courtyard in the Vastsea Garden.

Compared to other places, this courtyard was particularly quiet. The environment was also very elegant. A large number of blood plum blossoms were planted. The fragrance of the flowers permeated the air.

Passing through the beautiful garden, Zhang Ruochen saw an ancient pavilion in the distance. There were five figures in the pavilion. Four men and a woman were sitting together. Four men were drinking, and the woman was playing the zither, the zither music was slow and melodious, making it easy to relax.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze swept over the four men and a woman. A strange light flashed in his eyes. With his current cultivation, he could not see through them. He only felt that they were covered in a layer of fog. It was unfathomable.

"Since you're here, come and have a few drinks," a refined man said with a smile.

There was no power fluctuation coming from this person. He was like an ordinary scholar.

The most special thing about the refined man was that he had double pupils. Each eye had two pupils. They were deep and seemed to contain a strange magic power.

Zhang Ruochen did not hesitate. He walked towards the pavilion with Saint Yi Xuan.

Saint Yi Xuan extended a hand and said impolitely, "I invited you here. Where's my good wine?"

“There’s no lack of yours.”

The scholarly man with double pupils flipped his hand and took out an exquisite wine gourd. He threw it to Saint Yi Xuan.

The scholarly man smiled and said, “Yi Xuan, this is Zhang Ruochen’s first time in Infernal Court. He definitely doesn’t know us old men who have lived for almost a thousand years. Why are you only drinking? Why Don’t you introduce us to Him?”

“Old Man? You Old Men, don’t connect me,” said the beautiful woman playing the zither.

The woman was extremely beautiful. She exuded an invisible power of charm. Even a Supreme Saint would be affected.

Yi Xuan glared. “Introduce you to what? How Amazing Are You? You’ve reached Thousand-Koan Realm before the age of 1,000? And you, Heavenly Lord Mu Yang, have reached the realm of life and death? It’s all luck.”

“If I was that Lucky, I would have reached the Paramount Realm long ago. There’s no need for me to look at you guys.”

Seeing the reaction of Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, the scholarly man shook his head, he said helplessly, “Forget it, let me introduce them. The four of them are the Zhiyuan blood emperor, the Tu Yun Supreme Saint, the Spear Emperor and the Xi Yuan empress. As for me, my name is Mu Yang.”

Blood Emperor Zhiyuan was tall and sturdy. He wore blood-red armor and gave off an extremely cold aura.

Supreme Saint Tu Yun was extremely handsome. He had long silver hair and a red dot between his brows. It seemed to have been placed in cinnabar, adding a different kind of beauty to him.

As for the spear emperor, he gave off a fierce and domineering aura. He sat at the side and quietly wiped a silver saint spear that wasn’t filled with blood-red runes.

Empress Yuyan was naturally the beautiful woman playing the zither.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze swept past the five powerful figures one by one. He was slightly shocked. Four thousand query realm experts and one thousand death and one life realm expert had been born within a thousand years. The foundation of Bloodysky Clan wasn't simple.

From this, one could guess how powerful the foundation of the entire Immortal Vampires was.

"We came here to talk to you about the sky hunting banquet. "You should know that the sky hunting banquet isn't just a banquet. The most important thing is the hunt. Our cultivation bases have already surpassed the Hundred-Shackle Realm, so we can't participate in the Hunt."

"No matter what kind of trouble or provocation there is, we can accept it for you. However, we can only rely on you to fight for Bloodysky Clan," heavenly Lord Mu Yang said.

In fact, he felt quite regretful that he could not attend Celestial-Hunting Festival.

The once-in-a-thousand-years banquet was an opportunity to fight for the glory of Bloodysky Clan. No one was willing to miss it.

"Zhang Ruochen, since you are the son of true God Qing Yin, then it doesn't matter if you were a cultivator from Kunlun or the wide cold world. "You are now a member of our Bloodysky Clan. I hope you can perform well at Celestial-Hunting Festival. Don't lose the prestige of Bloodysky Clan," Supreme Saint Tu Yun said gently.

Before he could finish his sentence..., blood Emperor Zhiyuan snorted. "Zhang Ruochen, since you are the leader, you have to go all out and suppress the ghost clan, the Bone clan... Those bastards.". "You have put so much effort on the merit battlefield and so much effort on Celestial-Hunting Festival. "If anyone is not convinced, just beat them. "What is the most important? The glory of Bloodysky Clan is the most important."

"I agree with you. During Celestial-Hunting Festival, don't show any mercy to the other clans. Let them know how

powerful our Bloodysky Clan is. Of course, first, you have to beat those powerful Immortal Vampires to the ground. Lord Bladehell of Qitian Clan, Supreme Saint Jin Kun from Azuresky Clan, and Lady Wind from Yellowsky Clan. “All three of them are in the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. If we can defeat them, our Bloodsky Clan will have a chance to defeat the other nine clans.” Supreme Saint Yi Xuan agreed.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but think. The Bloodsky Clan had powerful warriors in Thousand-Koan Realm and Banshi Isshou Realm. It was normal for other clans to have powerful warriors in the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The other nine clans in Infernal Court would definitely have warriors at the completion of the 100th shackle realm as well. They might even have more than the Immortal Vampires.

Breaking 99 shackles and the completion of the 100th shackle seemed to be only one shackle apart, but the difference was huge. There was an insurmountable gap between them.

Therefore, if Lord Xia Yu really went up against Saber Hell Emperor, Jinkun Supreme Saint, and Feng Hou, even if her methods were strange and unpredictable, she probably wouldn't be able to win.

‘But what did they mean by hunting?’

‘It was a good feast, but they said it was extremely dangerous.’

“Zhang Ruochen, when hunting, don't be soft-hearted just because the prey is a captive from Celestial Court. You have to remember that you are now the leader of our Bloodysky Clan. You have to fight for the honor of the Clan.”

“What?”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. So the so-called Celestial Hunting was actually hunting a cultivator of Celestial Court.

Before this, Zhang Ruochen had never expected such an outcome. It was ridiculous that he was still competing for the leader's position.

No wonder Blood Empress said that he could only gain a foothold in Infernal Court by winning Celestial-Hunting Festival with all his strength.

This test was really cruel. It was clear that he wanted Zhang Ruochen to be Celestial Court's enemy and could never return to there.

Although Celestial-Hunting Festival was held in Infernal Court, such an extraordinary event would definitely spread to the myriad of macroworlds. It was impossible to hide it.

"I really want to know what your plan is. How do you plan to let our Bloodysky Clan take the lead in the hunt?" Empress Xi Yan asked with a faint smile.

Chapter 2231: Master and Disciple Meet

Zhang Ruochen's emotions became very complicated and heavy. He did not know what to do. Could he kill a cultivator from Celestial Court?

Among the cultivators from Celestial Court, there might be cultivators from Kunlun and Guanghan. They had fought together as comrades before, but now they had to kill each other.

"You haven't thought about it yet? Do you want me to help you plan a strategy?" Empress Xiyan asked.

Lord Zhiyuan drank a cup of wine, and he said domineeringly, "Why is it so complicated? In my opinion, as long as there's a chance, we can attack them in secret and snatch all their spoils of war. As long as we don't kill them, it's not against the rules."

"That makes sense. We should do it this way. In the previous few Celestial-Hunting Festivals, the other clans have attacked us many times, especially the Ghosts. They have repeatedly targeted our Bloodysky Clan. Otherwise, why would we end up at bottom of the list in a row?" said Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Lord Zhiyuan snorted coldly, "It's all because Ghost Master suffered a loss at the hands of our Wargod. It could not do anything to our Wargod, so it could only target us at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. This time, the seventh son of Ghost Master, Xue, will probably participate too."

"You lot are useless. Bloodysky Clan finally found an extraordinary unexplored region in the universe and sent you guys in to explore it. Yet, in the end, not only did Xue get there first and snatched away the most valuable item, Bloodysky Clan suffered heavy losses in his hand."

Speaking of the seventh son of Ghost Master, Lord Zhiyuan was furious. He wanted to teach him a lesson personally.

“Don’t mention that scum in front of me. He schemed behind my back and stole what I deserved. It was an insult to Bloodysky Clan. If I have a chance, I will smash him with all my might!” said Supreme Saint Yi Xuan angrily.

Ten years ago, he was schemed against in the unexplored region. It was a humiliation to Yi Xuan and the other Bloodysky Clan cultivators.

Although Bloodysky Clan had been the one who discovered that unexplored region, yet Xue got all the benefits, and Yi Xuan ended up being the one who suffered great losses.

This incident became a laughing stock among the other nine Immortal Vampires clans.

Supreme Saint Tu Yun shook his head. “If you want to smash him, I’m afraid it won’t be that easy. Not long ago, outside the Kunlun, Xu displayed his cultivation strength. He attained he stage of Great Perfection stage at Hundred-Shackle Realm and severely injured a Supreme Saint elite who was also at Hundred-Shackle Realm. He crushed that elite’s Saint source and captured him. Now, he’s in the limelight.”

“Back then, his cultivation level was not even as high as mine, but he reached the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm so quickly. It must be because of the treasure he obtained in that unexplored region. How despicable.” Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was getting angrier.

If he could secure that treasure in that unexplored region, he would have reached the Great Perfection stage at Hundred-Shackle Realm by now. It would be easy for him to break through to Thousand-Koan Realm.

Zhang Ruochen was still thinking about Celestial-Hunting Festival. When he heard what the Supreme Saint Tu Yun said, he was slightly shocked.

He did not expect to hear news related to Guanghai in Infernal Court so quickly.

Unfortunately, it was bad news.

Guanghai was the weakest among the ten thousand Microworlds of Celestial Court. There were less than a

hundred Supreme Saints. Now that Infernal Court had captured a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, it would be a huge blow. for Guanghan.

This was war. No one could predict what would happen next?

Zhang Ruochen wanted to change everything, but he could not. He was already a Supreme Saint, but he still felt his strength was very limited. There were too few things he could do.

Soon, Zhang Ruochen's thoughts were pulled back to Celestial-Hunting Festival.

It was a once-in-a-thousand-years festival, but he felt that Infernal Court was testing him on purpose. It was as if fate had arranged everything.

When Zhang Ruochen knew the truth of Celestial-Hunting Festival, his heart sank. He did not want to hear what Lord Mu Yang and the others were talking about.

"Everyone, I have something important to do. I'll take my leave first."

Zhang Ruochen's expression was grave. He stood up from his seat and walked out.

"Huh?"

Seeing this, Lord Mu Yang and the others could not help but look surprised. They did not understand Zhang Ruochen's actions.

Lord Zhiyuan frowned slightly. He looked displeased. They had invited Zhang Ruochen over with good intentions, but he left without saying anything. It was too arrogant.

"Zhang—"

Lord Zhiyuan wanted to call Zhang Ruochen, but was stopped by Lord Mu Yang.

Lord Mu Yang could see that there was a weight on Zhang Ruochen's mind. Zhang Ruochen did not want to talk to them, so it was meaningless for them to keep him here. This was not out of expectation. After all, Zhang Ruochen had once been a

cultivator in Celestial Court. It was likely that he was still thinking about his friendship with his ex-comrades

Before this, he probably did not know that the preys in Celestial-Hunting Festival were the captives from different Macroworlds of Celestial Court.

It must have had a huge psychological impact on him.

Whether Zhang Ruochen could face all of this bravely depended on his courage.

Walking out of the courtyard, Zhang Ruochen stood under a tree that was emitting an unusual fragrance.

It was a Sanguis Tree. It was grown with a large amount of blood. It was very fragrant, and it emitted a terrifying murderous aura. Hence, cultivators with cultivation rank below Saint-level did not dare to approach it.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the tree. After a long silence, he asked in a low voice, “Mother, do I have to join Celestial-Hunting Festival?”

As soon as he finished speaking, a leaf fell from the Sanguis Tree and landed on his hand.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the leaf in his palm. There was a blood-red word on the leaf: “Yes.”

It was the simplest answer.

Blood Empress did not even want to meet him via an avatar.

Because of that, Zhang Ruochen knew how important this matter was.

“Understood! ”

Zhang Ruochen nodded silently. The leaf in his palm turned into blood mist and dissipated.

Just as he was about to leave, strands of red light fell from the Sanguis Tree, condensing into a heroic figure.

It was Lord Ming.

Lord Ming looked at Zhang Ruochen with his hands behind his back, “If you think you cannot do it, you can choose not to

go,” he said. “But if you do so, from now on, you would face difficulty in Infernal Court.

“Perhaps your mother can protect you in Xue Jue Family. but you will never be able to leave Xue Jue Family.

“Do you understand what I mean?”

Zhang Ruochen fell into deep thought.

He had already thought about what Lord Ming had said, and he knew what kind of situation he was in.

Whether he was willing to admit it or not, from the moment he had decided to enter Infernal Court, he could not go back to Celestial Court. If he could not gain a foothold in Infernal Court, perhaps there would be no place for him in the world.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen had already made up his mind before he asked that question.

No matter what, he would go to Celestial-Hunting Festival.

However, although he had made up his mind, Zhang Ruochen still felt very depressed. It was so depressing that he almost could not breathe.

Entering Infernal Court and becoming a member of Infernal Court were two completely different things.

“I know what to do,” Zhang Ruochen replied calmly.

Hearing this answer, Lord Ming could not help but come forward. He patted Zhang Ruochen’s shoulder and said with a smile, “You are a smart man. Don’t let me down. You have made swordsmanship your main cultivation path, right?”

Zhang Ruochen did not know why Lord Ming suddenly asked such a question, but he still answered it seriously, “It’s one of my main cultivation paths.”

“Okay! Look at this. What do you think of my sword technique?”

Lord Ming condensed a bloody-red sword with his divine force of Blood. He held the sword with one hand. The sword was level with the ground and slowly moved sideways. It was very slow, but the sword momentum was getting stronger and

stronger. It was as if it could flatten mountains and slash across the galaxy.

There was only one sword technique. It seemed very simple, but it contained infinite changes. Its profoundness could not be described with words.

Lord Ming did not mobilize any Precepts or divine power. He simply showcased the sword technique. It seemed slow, but it was actually fast. Zhang Ruochen's gaze was completely attracted.

“This is the sword technique on Wordless Sword Manual.”

Zhang Ruochen had practiced Wordless Sword Manual to Sword Ten. He was very familiar with the sword techniques on the manual.

Zhang Ruochen could see that the move Lord Ming had performed was more profound than Sword Ten, but there was some connection.

It should be a sword move that extended from Sword Ten.

If he wasn't mistaken, it should be... Sword Eleven.

Wordless Sword Manual was deep and profound. It had been left behind by Ancestral Swordmaster. No one else had fully comprehended it, so no one knew what realm Ancestral Swordmaster had reached.

After the Middle Ages, in the eyes of the cultivators of Kunlun, Sword Ten was almost the pinnacle of practicing Wordless Sword Manual. The lack of records show very few swordsmen had made further progress, let alone achieving another level.

Lord Ming put away his sword and asked, “Have you seen it clearly?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly.

The sword move was very simple. It was a horizontal slash. Any cultivator should be able to see it clearly.

“Out of 10 points, how much have you comprehended?” Lord Ming asked again.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Half a point."

"Great! You can comprehend half a point after just one practice. You are talented. With this half a point, you've entered the threshold. You should have a rough idea about the direction you should take. Next, it depends on your own comprehension ability."

"After you've mastered this move, you can come to me again."

Lord Ming's figure disappeared as if he had never appeared after he finished talking.

Zhang Ruochen stood there for a long time. He took a deep breath and then turned around to leave.

He did not return to Vastsea Garden. He wasn't in the mood to ask about what happened there.

Zhang Ruochen arrived at his villa. When he was about to enter, he suddenly found a strange mark on the ground in front of the door.

It was a Sword Seal.

It was four feet long and three inches wide. The body of the sword was irregular and rectangular.

"Who left the Sword Seal of Toten Sword here?"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes showed a hint of surprise.

In Infernal Court, only cultivators of Kunlun could draw Toten Sword.

Zhang Ruochen knew that there were very few cultivators of Kunlun in Infernal Court. It was Pan Ruo? Sword Saint Xuanji? Or someone else?

What did the person mean by leaving the Sword Seal of Toten Sword?

"Toten Sword.."

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the Sword Seal on the ground and soon found that the tip of the sword was neither

vertical nor parallel to the gate of the villa. Instead, it was angled, as if it was intentional.

After thinking for a while, Zhang Ruochen released his spirit. It turned into a spiritual power avatar, flying toward the direction pointed by the sword tip.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power avatar was very fast. It flew out of the Xue Jue family and arrived at Ancient City Skylin.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen appeared on a very wide street.

This street was level with the direction pointed by the sword tip.

There were many pavilions on both sides of the street. It was very prosperous. There was an endless stream of cultivators from Infernal Court coming and going.

Zhang Ruochen walked along the street. He had a subtle feeling that he was being watched.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen raised his head. He saw a charming woman standing in the middle of the street. She was walking slowly against the crowd.

Before this, he had not noticed the charming woman. It was as if she had appeared out of thin air.

In the blink of an eye, the charming woman walked in front of Zhang Ruochen. She did not say anything, but she showed a charming smile. She flipped her hand and took out a pearl with a faint divine light. She twirled it between her fingers and put it into his hand.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen felt that the entire world had changed. All the cultivators on the street had disappeared, leaving him alone.

He was still standing on the street, but he felt like he was in a void where he could not sense the existence of Precepts and Saint Qi of heaven and earth. This location was completely isolated. Everything there was sealed off, kept under wraps.

Under such circumstances, the connection between Zhang Ruochen's spirit and his true body was cut off.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen felt someone reach out and pat his shoulder.

The street where Zhang Ruochen stood suddenly disappeared and a pitch-black abyss appeared. He lost control and plunged.

He was able to regain his footing after a long time.

However, he was no longer on the street, but in a simple and elegant room.

When he looked up, Zhang Ruochen saw an outstanding figure with his hands behind his back and a gentle smile on his face.

“Master!”

Zhang Ruochen was stunned. His heart seemed to have stopped beating. Then, he looked excited.

Not long ago, Zhang Ruochen had asked Xue Tu to find Sword Saint Xuanji. Who would have thought that he would see Sword Saint Xuanji in the territory of Bloodysky Clan so soon?

Sword Saint Xuanji smiled. “Ruochen, it’s not easy to meet you in Infernal Court. There is a total of three truegods in Xue Jue Family. I wouldn’t have come if I were not bold enough.”

“Master is bold. Or else, you would not have gone against the world to save me from Wan Zhaoyi.”

Zhang Ruochen quickly walked forward and bowed to Sword Saint Xuanji. “Greetings, Master.”

No matter what realm his cultivation had reached, Zhang Ruochen dared not forget his teacher’s kindness.

“There’s no need for such formalities between us.” Sword Saint Xuanji reached out and helped Zhang Ruochen up.

Zhang Ruochen straightened his body and asked, “Did you come to Bloodysky Clan’s territory to meet me?”

Sword Saint Xuanji nodded. “When I heard that you had come to Infernal Court, I immediately rushed over. I wanted to meet you, but I could not find the right opportunity.

“Today, the Bloodsky Clan held a God-ascension Ceremony. I transformed into an Immortal Vampire to infiltrated Bloodsky clan. I left a Sword Seal of Toten outside your residence

“Your identity is special now, so I don’t dare to make contact with you in Bloodsky clan rashly. I can only lure you to Ancient City Skylin to avoid detection from other deities.”

Zhang Ruochen understood that if Sword Saint Xuanji did not act cautious, Xuanji would have been exposed long ago.

After all, Sword Saint Xuanji was different from him. He had the identity of an Immortal Vampire and could live openly in Infernal Court.

On the other hand, if Sword Saint Xuanji got busted, he would be in a very dangerous situation. Infernal Court would never allow Kunlun cultivators to lurk their territory.

“Master, how have you been in Infernal Court all these years?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Sword Saint Xuanji was silent for a moment. He shook his head and smiled, “Well, what to expect?” he said.

“It’s good to be still alive. Forget it, let’s not talk about this. You, on the other hand, must have had a hard time these years. I already know about it. It’s been hard on you!”

Although he was in Infernal Court, Sword Saint Xuanji had been paying attention to the news about Zhang Ruochen. From the start of the merit battlefield in the ancestral spirit world, Sword Saint Xuanji knew almost everything that had happened to Zhang Ruochen.

“Master, I’m sorry. I could not save second Senior, third Senior, and fifth senior sister apprentice. I watched them die tragically in front of me.”

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen lowered his head. His eyes were filled with endless guilt. He had put this matter behind him a long time ago, but when he saw Sword Saint Xuanji, he could not help but think of it again.

The scenes from before seemed to be right in front of him.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's heart became bitter and bitter.

The deaths of Zhu Hongtao, Wan Ke, and the others were an eternal pain to him.

Sword Saint Xuanji sighed lightly and patted his shoulder. "It's not your fault. You Don't have to blame yourself. I've never blamed you, and no one will blame you. Haven't you already avenged them?"

Including Huang Yanchen, Sword Saint Xuanji had only taken in seven disciples in his life.

But now..

It was impossible not to be sad.

Sword Saint Xuanji's eyes were red, but he forced a smile and looked at him carefully, he smiled and said, "After so many years, you've become a Supreme Saint. Things have changed. Back then, I thought the best of all disciples was you. You did not disappoint me."

Sword Saint Xuanji did not have any children. In his eyes, Zhang Ruochen was like his child.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen's achievements, he could only be filled with joy.

"Master took such a big risk to contact me. Is there something important?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Sword Saint Xuanji stayed in Infernal Court and did not return to Kunlun with Han Xue. This was something Zhang Ruochen could not understand. Why did he stay in such a dangerous place for so long?

Chapter 2232: Grand Supreme Array Master

Sword Saint Xuanji's expression suddenly became serious, and his eyes revealed a contemplative look.

After a moment, Sword Saint Xuanji said, "There is indeed a very important matter, a major matter that can change the current situation of Kunlun."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen became even more curious.

Kunlun had already become a battlefield of Merit. Both Celestial Court and Infernal Court wanted to fight for the treasures within. What could change all of this?

But if that was the case, it would be for the best.

At least Kunlun cultivators wouldn't have to sacrifice themselves.

After a pause, Sword Saint Xuanji continued, "You should already know that 100,000 years ago, nearly half of the deities of Celestial Court and Infernal Court perished or were severely wounded in a tragic battle. It greatly affected the entire Celestial Court.

"Kunlun was completely crippled and severely damaged in that war. It was Saint Monk Xumi who sacrificed himself to temporarily seal those rifts and isolate Kunlun from the outside world. Otherwise, Kunlun would have long become the territory of Infernal Court."

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

By now, he was aware of these past events.

The catastrophe in the middle ages was more than just tragic. Kunlun was at its most glorious moment. Yet, it was almost destroyed. Its Divine Sky-connecting Tree was cut off, and the deities died. After 100,000 years, it entered the age of no deities.

It fell from the peak into the abyss.

“Everyone thinks that Kunlun deities have all died in that battle. But that’s not the case. At least, there’s still a prominent god, a magnate, living in the Infernal Court,” Sword Saint Xuanji said seriously.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “A magnate from Kunlun lives in Infernal Court? Why is that?”

“Infernal Court deities suppressed him. However, they can only imprison him in the Fane of Destiny because he is too tough to kill. Therefore, they want to ground him down with the power of Destiny until he’s destroyed,” Sword Saint Xuanji said in a low voice.

Zhang Ruochen stared into Sword Saint Xuanji’s eyes. He already had an answer. “Master, so you staying in Infernal Court is related to that prominent god? Is he the one who covered up your whereabouts?”

Infernal Court could not kill that magnate. In other words, that deity must have reached a level beyond the laws of heaven and earth.

He must be very powerful since he could even execute many things with just the remnant of his Consciousness in heaven and earth.

Sword Saint Xuanji nodded and said, “Yes, they are all related to him. What I want to do is to rescue him from the Fane of Destiny.”

“Rescue the magnate?”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

In his opinion, this was an unimaginable mission. The Fane of Destiny had spent a lot of efforts to imprison that magnate. Who could save him?

Even deities could not do it.

“In fact, the rescue plan started 100,000 years ago. It began with Empress of Thousand Bones. Back then, Empress of Thousand Bones sensed the magnate’s remnant Consciousness, so she went deep into the Netherworld and made arrangements in secret

“However, this is not a small matter. It is not something that can be accomplished in a short period of time, nor can it be done by just one person. Over the past 100,000 years, many Kunlun cultivators have infiltrated Infernal Court and joined the rescue plan.”

“Back then, I followed her footsteps, ventured deep into the Netherworld, and crossed the second Corpse River. I was lucky enough to learn of all of this and play a role in the rescue plan,” Xuanji said with a solemn expression.

It was difficult to rescue people from Infernal Court, especially from the Fane of Destiny. One had to have a thorough plan and enough manpower to ensure no single mistake in every step.

Zhang Ruochen could not help but think of the magnificent figure he saw before Death’s Door. Blackie had called out her name.

‘Could it be... that was really Empress of Thousand Bones?’

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen thought of something. With a complicated look in his eyes, he asked, “Is she part of the plan?”

Since the magnate was imprisoned in the Fane of Destiny, Zhang Ruochen naturally thought of Huang Yanchen, who had become Pan Ru.

In his opinion, the most crucial part of the rescue plan was to infiltrate the Fane of Destiny so they could work from the inside.

Therefore, Huang Yanchen was probably not the only Kunlun cultivator who had entered the Fane of Destiny.

Although Huang Yanchen had just joined the Fane of Destiny, she was already a Scioness candidate. Without the help of the Kunlun cultivators, it was impossible.

Did Chi Yao know about this since the beginning?’

For a moment, Zhang Ruochen thought of many things. His mind was no longer calm.

Sword Saint Xuanji became silent as if he was thinking about something. After a long while, he said, “Sh-She has more

important things to do.”

Hearing this answer, Zhang Ruochen instantly knew that Sword Saint Xuanji and Pan Ruo must have met each other in Infernal Court.

“Ruochen, do you know why many Kunlun cultivators like me want to save that magnate?” Sword Saint Xuanji suddenly asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly. He could not figure out the meaning behind it.

According to Sword Saint Xuanji, saving that magnate could change turn the tide in Kunlun. It was equivalent to turning the tables.

Who had such great ability?

Even ten Chi Yaos could not do it.

Even deities like Wargod Bloodximus and Moon Goddess could not do it.

It was almost impossible...unless Saint Monk Xumi was resurrected.

Sword Saint Xuanji was a little excited, his eyes were brightened. “Everything is for the future of Kunlun. With the power of that magnate, the situation of Kunlun will be completely changed once he gets out of here.”

Then, he started to narrate,

“100,000 years ago, Milky Way of Styx from Infernal Court flew towards Kunlun and tried to engulf it. However, it was discovered by that magnate.”

“That magnate was Grand Supreme Array Master. He used the stars in the sky as the points for an array and activated it from where Death’s Door was. He set up an incomparably magnificent array that isolated Kunlun with myriad miles of starry skies and blocked Milky Way of Styx.

“Even after 100,000 years, Infernal Court was still unable to break through that array.”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked and said, “He single-handedly blocked the entire Infernal Court?”

Milky Way of Styx was, in a sense, Infernal Court.

That magnate could block it with an array. That was a powerful skill.

“This is something that only a Grand Supreme Array Master can do,” Sword Saint Xuanji said with a sigh.

What was Grand Supreme Master?

It was a title, a rank that one could only earn when they reached the highest level in a certain skill set.

For example, Grand Supreme Array Master, Grand Supreme Talisman Master, Grand Supreme Illusion Master... and so on.

Throughout the ages, very few cultivators were conferred the title of ‘Grand Supreme Master’ specializing in certain areas. It rarely happened within a Yuanhui period.

For that magnate to be able to become the Grand Supreme Array Master, his attainments in array and formation techniques must be beyond imagination. Everything in the world could be used as a formation, an array. Who wouldn’t be afraid?

It was easy to imagine that if the Grand Supreme Master was rescued, both Celestial Court and Infernal would be afraid and wouldn’t dare to plot against Kunlun.

How strong could the Grand Supreme Master’s spiritual power be?

Level 70? Level 80? Or level 90? Or was he already at the Great Perfection stage, which was level 100?

“Death’s Door is actually the work of the magnate who was imprisoned in the Fane of Destiny.” Zhang Ruochen sighed.

That magnate meant a lot to Kunlun. The things he did would decide the fate of Kunlun.

Sword Saint Xuanji spoke with confidence, “100,000 years ago when that magnate was setting up the array, he killed a large number of Infernal Court elites. The divine blood dyed

the starry sky red, making Infernal Court fearful. In the end, they deployed a great number of top deities and paid a great price to suppress that magnate finally.”

“If he can escape and return to Kunlun, Infernal Court will retreat. Otherwise, no matter how many deities and Supreme Saints they sent, many will die.

“Unless, Infernal Court want to trigger another War of Gods, like the one 100,000 years ago.

“Huh, there’s no way Infernal Court can withstand another War of Gods. Even deities fear death.”

Zhang Ruochen felt his breathing stop, and his heart skipped a beat. He looked at Sword Saint Xuanji and asked, “Master, what’s my role?”

Zhang Ruochen believed that Sword Saint Xuanji had risked his life to meet his disciple at this time because of the rescue plan. Zhang Ruochen wanted to help if there was anything he could do.

He was duty-bound to help.

Kunlun was where Zhang Ruochen was born and grew up. It carried too many of his memories. It was his homeland.

No matter what, he did not want to see it gradually collapse. He also did not want to see its heritage plundered by Infernal Court and Celestial Court.

As long as there was hope, he was willing to do everything to stop it.

“I came to find you in the hope that you could help save that magnate. This Celestial-hunting Festival is the key. I hope you can join it,” Sword Saint Xuanji said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Why?”

Zhang Ruochen believed that Sword Saint Xuanji must have known the truth about Celestial-Hunting Festival, but he still wanted Zhang Ruochen to join it. There must be a significance behind this.

Sword Saint Xuanji said seriously, “Celestial-Hunting Festival originated from 100,000 years ago. This time, it happens to be the 100th. the Fane of Destiny attaches great importance to it, and the rewards it gives are far greater than before

“As long as you can be the top winner among the ten clans, the Fane of Destiny will grant you 0.3 percent of the Canon of Destiny. It will also grant you a Destiny Token. With it, you can enter some secret places of the Fane of Destiny to practice cultivation.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but be stunned. The Fane of Destiny was really generous that they were willing to give away 0.3 percent Canon of Destiny to the winner. It was the Canon of an Ancient Path. Even if it was just 0.01 percent of it, it was precious, that even a deity would desire it.

Zhang Ruochen himself had 0.58 percent of the Canon of Truth. If someone knew about it, he would be in great trouble.

“Does the Canon of Destiny have anything to do with saving that magnate?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Sword Saint Xuanji nodded. “The Canon of Destiny and Destiny Token are the keys to save that magnate.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. How could it be easy to win first place among the ten clans?

There were many powerful figures in Infernal Court. Since this Celestial-hunting Festival was so important, the ten clans of Infernal Court would certainly send out their strongest troops. There were too many powerful enemies to face.

There were many powerful opponents in the Immortal Vampires alone.

“I will do my best in this matter,” said Zhang Ruochen a solemn expression,

He could not promise Sword Saint Xuanji anything at the moment. He could only try his best to fight at Celestial-Hunting Festival. As for the result, he would only know when the time came.

At this point, he had to join Celestial-Hunting Festival no matter what, and he could not relax at all.

It was expected that this would be a tough battle against the elites of the ten clans of Infernal Court.

Sword Saint Xuanji stared at Zhang Ruochen for a long time and said, "Do your best. No matter what the result is, I will always be proud of you."

Although this was an important matter, Sword Saint Xuanji did not want to put too much pressure on Zhang Ruochen.

After chatting with Sword Saint Xuanji again, Zhang Ruochen left and reappeared on the streets of Ancient City Skylin.

Zhang Ruochen did not stay any longer. He immediately rushed to the Xue Jue Family.

After entering the area covered by spiritual power, Zhang Ruochen put the avatar away.

"Celestial-hunting Festival. It seems that I have to make more preparations. Maybe I should start refining the Mercury Gourd!" Zhang Ruochen thought.

It wasn't easy to win the top place among the ten clans. The more trump cards one had, the more confident one would be.

Most of the time, treasures had a great impact on one's strength.

Previously, Zhang Ruochen had only wanted to refine Mercury Gourd into a Timespace treasure. But now, he had a better idea.

His main cultivation paths include palm and fist. One was with extreme Yang energy, while the other was with extreme Yin. When Yin and Yang became a combo, they rotated and displayed both hard and soft attributes. The most important thing was, the combo would be a perfect balance.

In order to ensure that there were no mistakes when practicing the combo, the best way was to refine a treasure that could support the process.

Zhang Ruochen thought refining the Golden Sun of Destruction and Mercury Gourd into a single weapon could be the perfect solution.

More importantly, when water and fire elements were combined, they would definitely undergo amazing changes and become a great killing weapon.

Of course, it was not easy to refine the Golden Sun of Destruction and Mercury Gourd together. It required very high attainments in refining skill.

In this regard, Zhang Ruochen had made preparations in advance. A long time ago, he had sought advice from Sword Sanctum on refining weapons. He had also read the transcript of The Record of Heavenly Work. Although he was not proficient in refining weapons, he had a deep understanding of refining artifacts.

With his present cultivation strength, he had some confidence in doing this.

However, refining such a supreme treasure could not be done in a short time. It would require an unusual environment to execute the process.

“There must be a place in Xue Jue Family specially made for artifact refinement,” Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

Zhang Ruochen immediately returned to Vastsea Garden to visit Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was the acting head of Xue Jue Family. Naturally, Zhang Ruochen had to go through him.

Zhang Ruochen did not beat around the bush. He explained his intentions to Supreme Saint Qingsheng directly.

“You want to refine an artifact?” Supreme Saint Qingsheng asked.

He had never heard that Zhang Ruochen knew how to refine artifacts. Moreover, Zhang Ruochen had specially borrowed Xue Jue Family’s artifact refinement premise. It seemed that he wanted to refine some extraordinary artifact?

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “Yes.”

Suddenly, Supreme Saint Qingsheng's gaze was fixed in a certain direction beyond the sky. He was listening to someone attentively.

After a long while, he looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Wargod knows that you want to refine weapons. He has just ordered me to take you to Furnace of Heaven and Earth. Follow Me!"

With that, Supreme Saint Qingsheng flew out of Vastsea Garden.

Zhang Ruochen did not hesitate and immediately followed.

Zhang Ruochen did not expect that this matter would alarm Wargod Bloodximus. It seemed that in the territory of the Xue Jue Family, there were very few things that could be hidden from him.

As for Zhang Ruochen's meeting with Sword Saint Xuanji, Wargod Bloodximus should not have noticed it. After all, everything that happened in that space was sealed off and covered up.

'Wargod Bloodximus must have guessed that my purpose of refining artifacts at this time is to prepare for Celestial-Hunting Festival. He thought that's why I pay so much attention to it.'

Following Supreme Saint Qingsheng, Zhang Ruochen entered a special space after passing through layers of barriers set up with divine inscriptions. A wave of heat hit him. Even with his Demigod-level physique, he felt a little hot.

This space was boundless. There was a sky and land. It was like an enormous furnace.

The land was the body of the furnace, and the sky was the lid.

There were only pure Precepts of flame between the sky and the land, and they were abnormally active. He could not sense the existence of other Precepts of heaven and earth at all.

The flames in the cauldron were pure gold in color, and they were dazzling.

There were fire dragons, fire phoenixes, Fire Kilrins and other divine beasts of fire flew out from the cauldron to the sky. They were not real divine beasts. They were formed from the condensation of flames. They had already developed their intelligence. The ripples of energy they emitted were not inferior to that of ordinary Supreme Saints.

If any of them fell to the ground, they would be able to ignite a star and burn it into lava for tens of thousands of miles.

The face of the Qingsheng Supreme Saint was dyed golden when he was illuminated by the flames. “This place is called Furnace of Heaven and Earth. It contains countless profound and unimaginable energies. It is filled with divine flames. If you forge an artifact here, you can achieve twice the result with half the effort.”

“In the past, our Wargod refined his Blood Dragon Halberd here. Without our Wargod’s permission, ordinary people can’t enter.”

In fact, even without Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s words, Zhang Ruochen had already sensed the extraordinariness of Furnace of Heaven and Earth. It was no wonder that he could refine Blood Dragon Halberd, such an unrivaled divine weapon.

When he was at Sea of Time, Zhang Ruochen had personally witnessed how powerful was Blood Dragon Halberd. When it was in the hands of Wargod Bloodximius, it could slaughter deities and demons.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands and said, “Thank you for leading the way.”

“Don’t forget, we will leave for the Forest of no return in seven days with no delay.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng did not leave. He stood in the air near Furnace of Heaven and Earth. He was really curious. Why did our Wargod ask him to bring Zhang Ruochen here to refine artifacts?

What did Zhang Ruochen want to refine? Did he need to use Furnace of Heaven and Earth?

Even if he wanted to refine a Regal Artifact, there was no need for that.

Chapter 2233: Great and Powerful

Zhang Ruochen stood about 1,000 miles above the Furnace of Heaven and Earth. Even at this position, the temperature of the divine fire was comparable to the Mortal-level Divine Purification Flame.

Creatures below the Demi-Saint level would be burned to death in an instant if they stood at his position.

Zhang Ruochen released a spiritual power to sense the temperature change from the Furnace of Heaven and Earth.

Soon, Zhang Ruochen divided the temperature of the Furnace of Heaven and Earth into five levels.

The temperature and residual fire from 300 to 1,000 miles away from the Furnace of Heaven and Earth were comparable to the Mortal-level Divine Purification Flame

The area within 300 miles of the Furnace of Heaven and Earth was comparable to the Envoy-level Divine Purification Flame

The temperature of the flames at the inner edge of the Furnace of Heaven and Earth was on par with the Emperor-level Divine Purification Flame that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated.

To Zhang Ruochen, the fourth level of the divine fire was no weaker than the Divine Purification Flame cultivated by Yanshen.

The fifth level was denser and filled with a destructive aura. Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power didn't dare to probe into it. It was far more terrifying than the divine fire used by Yanshen.

In other words, the Furnace of Heaven and Earth could kill deities.

"The Xue Jue Family has dominated the Bloodysky Clan for tens of thousands of years. Their foundation is indeed extraordinary. They're more powerful than many macroworlds in Celestial Court. One family could go against an entire world."

Zhang Ruochen did not overthink. He took out the Mercury Gourd.

The gourd was yellowish-brown in colour and the size of a palm. It looked very ordinary.

The Mercury Gourd grew bigger and bigger as Saint Qi was poured in it. It became 300 meters long and released white water vapor. The high temperature around it cooled down which gave off a cooling feeling.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng squinted his eyes and looked carefully in a distance. Suddenly, his spirit jolted. “This should be a god-level plant. The size of the gourd is comparable to a star. It’s a natural dimensional divine treasure,” he said.

Even gods could only come across such a treasure by chance.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng looked envious. Kunlun is filled with rare treasures and the one that Zhang Ruochen had casually taken out made a Paramount Supreme Saint like him, envious.

‘What a pity! Such treasures could be regarded as divine materials to refine weapons. If they fell into the hands of a Archsaint Refiner, they would definitely be refined into a powerful Regal Artifact. After one or two Yuanhui Tribulations of nurturing, it might turn into a Supreme Artifact.’

Supreme Saint Qingsheng didn’t know how good Zhang Ruochen was at refining weapons. He was young and spent most of his time cultivating. His attainments in weapon refinery definitely couldn’t reach the level of a Master.

As for an Archsaint Refiner..

Impossible.

The Immortal Vampires had a Archsaint Refiner. Supreme Saint Qingsheng had been friends with him for thousands of years. It wasn’t too difficult to get him to help.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was worried that Zhang Ruochen would waste this divine material that had the potential of a Supreme Artifact, so he couldn’t help but say, “Ruochen,

refining weapons isn't something that can be done in a day. Once you obtain the peerless material, you can't rush it. This gourd of yours is very extraordinary. You can only maximize its value by asking the Archsaint Refiner to help you."

Zhang Ruochen knew that Supreme Saint Qingsheng had doubts about his weapon refining attainments.

He was kind to remind him.

"The weapon refining attainments of the Archsaint Refiner are indeed unattainable. I am far from it. However, the Mercury Gourd must be refined by me personally in order to maximize its value," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Huh?"

Supreme Saint Qingsheng frowned. He didn't understand what Zhang Ruochen was saying.

Zhang Ruochen didn't explain further. He took the Mercury Gourd and flew closer to the Furnace of Heaven and Earth. He entered a range of 300 kilometers and stopped.

"The temperature and residual fire here can meet the needs of the initial refining."

Zhang Ruochen took out the sundial and put in two Godstones to turn it on.

Power of Time burst out from the sundial and enveloped the Mercury Gourd completely.

Zhang Ruochen spent six days walking around the Mercury Gourd more than 300 times. He carefully studied every inch of the gourd's structure. After analyzing everything properly, he sat cross-legged in the void space.

Whoosh—

3,000 spirits flew out of his body and turned into 3,000 light-particle-sized Zhang Ruochens. Some landed on the surface of the Mercury Gourd, and some flew into the interior of the gourd.

One of the miniature Zhang Ruochens flew to the surface of the Mercury Gourd. It was as if he had landed on a vast planet.

Beneath his feet was a yellowish-brown land covered with yellowish-brown plants that were harder than black iron. Some were like thorns, some were like mushrooms, and some represented flowers.

It was hard to imagine that the surface of the Mercury Gourd in a microscopic perspective was such a strange world.

As Zhang Ruochen officially began refining, the microscopic world of the Mercury Gourd's surface underwent a huge change. Thick clouds and mist appeared in the sky. Water vapor filled the air and turned into a drizzle.

Thunder and lightning flashed and the earth trembled.

3,000 Zhang Ruochens had gathered Marks of Time and carved Dimensional Inscriptions on the vast earth of the planet.

Time passed day by day..

It took three years.

Zhang Ruochen's spirits condensed 999,990,000 Marks of Time on the surface of the gourd planet, covering the inside and outside of the gourd.

"Finally, it's done."

Zhang Ruochen's original body opened his eyes and withdrew all the spirits inside and outside of the gourd.

However, there were not only 3,000 of them, but 4,200.

Over the past three years, Zhang Ruochen had taken a large number of sacred pills to improve his spiritual power. That was why it had improved so much.

Whoosh

A large number of crystals flew out of Qiankun Realm and flew around Zhang Ruochen like shooting stars. There were 3,720 of them.

They were extremely precious Space-Time Crystals.

The inside of the Space-Time Crystals was a miniature space. It had three to four times the speed of time. It could be said

that each of them was an incredible cultivation treasure.

Zhang Ruochen had obtained these 3,720 Space-Time Crystals from the Dragon Temple. He had always regarded them as priceless treasures and kept them just to refine his first artifact of Time and Dimension.

It took Zhang Ruochen half a year to embed all the Space-Time Crystals into the Mercury Gourd and combine them with the 999,990,000 Marks of Time.

The Mercury Gourd now shone brightly.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's face darkened as he saw this. As expected, Zhang Ruochen was wasting precious treasures. What was the Mercury Gourd now?

It was sparkling and colorful.

One word could describe it: vulgar.

The biggest problem of young people refining weapons is that they like to refine beautiful things. What's the point? It's a waste of the Mercury Gourd and Space-Time Crystals,' Supreme Saint Qingsheng sighed, but he couldn't blame him.

If it were Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao, they would have been beaten up by Supreme Saint Qingsheng long ago to the point that their mother wouldn't even recognize them for squandering like Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen put the Mercury Gourd inside the Furnace of Heaven and Earth and refined it with divine fire.

Half a year passed by. The Brand of Time, Dimensional Inscription, and Space-Time Crystals all merged with the Mercury Gourd. They were no longer separate.

After it cooled down, Zhang Ruochen was delighted. He flew to a place thousands of miles away from the Furnace of Heaven and Earth with the Mercury Gourd.

He looked at Supreme Saint Qingsheng in surprise and asked, "Why are you still here, Supreme Saint?"

Supreme Saint Qingsheng stared at the gourd in Zhang Ruochen's hand with a constipated look. After a long while, he

sighed and asked, “Did you succeed?”

“The first stage is considered successful! Since you are here, why don’t you help me test the power of the gourd?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng asked, “How?”

“Just stay where you are.”

Zhang Ruochen turned the Mercury Gourd into half the size of a human. He aimed the gourd at Supreme Saint Qingsheng, who was hundreds of feet away. Then, he poured his Saint Qi into the gourd.

Immediately, millions of Dimensional Inscriptions appeared inside and outside the gourd which emitted a white light.

Especially at the mouth of the gourd, Zhang Ruochen had carved 36 million Dimensional Inscriptions, forming a Dimensional Array. This Dimensional Array combined with the inscriptions inside and outside the gourd.

Boom

36 million Dimensional Inscriptions appeared at the mouth of the gourd. They turned into a circular Dimensional Array that covered hundreds of miles and began to operate.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng stood opposite the Dimensional Array with his hands behind his back as he faced a huge circle of light.

The Dimensional Array suddenly exploded with power.

At the same time, the array formation shrank rapidly from a diameter of hundreds of miles to the size of a fist in the blink of an eye.

Instantly, a terrifying and boundless dimensional pulling force exploded out and acted on the Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s body.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s body swayed slightly from the force.

After the pulling force disappeared, Zhang Ruochen looked at the mouth of the gourd and then at Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

He was extremely disappointed as he sighed, “It seems that with my current dimensional attainments, the collapsing and pulling force of the Dimensional Array I refined is still not strong enough.”

He had failed!

The most crucial point in refining the Mercury Gourd was the Dimensional Collapse Array at the mouth of the gourd.

If its power was not strong enough, the Mercury Gourd would almost be useless.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s heart was racing with anger as he saw Zhang Ruochen muttering to himself. ‘What are you trying to do? You’ve just become a Neverwithers Supreme Saint, and you want to suppress a Paramount Supreme Saint?’

‘Can you be any more ill-hearted?’

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was shocked when the power of the Mercury Gourd burst out.

Even with his cultivation of the Paramount Supreme Saint, he was slightly held back by that power.

What was a Paramount Supreme Saint?

It meant that he had already reached the end of the Saint road. Standing in the Saint Realm, he could sit and watch the divine realm.

Comparing a Neverwithers Supreme Saint and a Paramount Supreme Saint was like comparing a speck of dust to a magnificent ancient mountain.

Supreme Saint QingSheng felt that Zhang Ruochen was faking his disappointment and that his actual intention was to show off. However, as an elder and the head of a family, he had to have a proper demeanor.

Supreme Saint QingSheng tried his best to sound calm. He said, “If the dimensional pulling force of the Mercury Gourd was within 300 meters, no living creature below the Thousand-Koan Realm would be able to resist it.”

“Oh! Really?”

Zhang Ruochen startled. He realized that it was normal for the Mercury Gourd to not be able to take him in since the other party was a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

Then, Zhang Ruochen asked, “Can’t I take in a Supreme Saint from the Thousand-Koan Realm?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng thought for a moment and said, “It’s not impossible. It depends on the other party’s condition. A sneak attack at close range might succeed.”

Zhang Ruochen gave a sigh of relief and said, “That doesn’t sound bad. When my spiritual power improves, I can make the dimensional array at the mouth of the gourd stronger. Why don’t you help me test the Power of Time of the Mercury Gourd?”

“How do we do that?” Supreme Saint Qingsheng asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You just need to enter the gourd.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng turned into a speck of light and flew into the Mercury Gourd.

Zhang Ruochen made the Mercury Gourd fly up and float above his hands. He poured Saint Qi into the gourd. Instantly, the 999,990,000 Marks of Time on the surface of the gourd turned into nine long Rivers of Time and wrapped around the gourd.

Zhang Ruochen turned the Mercury Gourd ten times to the left, then to the right.

He had planned to turn ten times as well, but after three turns, Supreme Saint Qingsheng forced open the mouth of the gourd and rushed out. He stared at Zhang Ruochen coldly.

Boom!

The Saint Aura of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint could not be controlled and it burst out.

Zhang Ruochen was already a Supreme Saint, so he could barely resist the Saint Aura. He vaguely guessed what was going on. He was a little nervous. He coughed dryly and asked, “What’s wrong, Supreme Saint?”

“Are you trying to kill me? Zhang Ruochen, I’m your mother’s elder brother. I’m your uncle. Do you really want to kill me like this?” Supreme Saint Qingsheng said.

Zhang Ruochen asked tentatively, “Does time flow very fast?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was speechless. In the end, he put away his Saint Aura.

He had no choice. He could only blame himself. If he hadn’t been so curious and hadn’t stayed here, this wouldn’t have happened.

“When the gourd turns left, the ratio of time flow inside and out should be nine to one. However, there is an incredible place for self-cultivation that can accommodate hundreds of millions of cultivators cultivating inside.”

“When the gourd turns right, the flow of time inside becomes extremely fast. You only turned three times just now, and my lifespan was reduced by three hundred years.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng really wanted to cry but there were no tears. He was already more than 10,000 years old, and every year of his lifespan was very precious.

Losing 300 years in an instant was even more painful than cutting off a piece of his flesh.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng stared at the Mercury Gourd with a complex gaze, he said, “Although this treasure of yours is not a Supreme Artifact, its value and potential, as well as its role in the increase of your battle strength, are far from being comparable to a Supreme Artifact.”

“Even a Hundred-Shackle Realm powerhouse that has attained the stage of Great Perfection will be refined by the Power of Time and turn into a pile of bones. There would be no time to break the gourd and escape.”

“However, a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint that has reached Great Perfection is vigilant and much more powerful than Emperor Yu and the others. It is still too difficult to take them in.”

Zhang Ruochen touched his chin while he looked at the gourd with thought and said, “Is that so? Actually, the refining is not over yet. There’s still the second stage. After the refining is successful, I will try to suppress a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint that has achieved the stage of Great Perfection easily. It would be best if I can suppress a Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Koan Realm.”

“There’s a second stage of refining?” Supreme Saint Qingsheng was stunned.

Chapter 2234: Fane of Barasingha

The second stage of refining the Mercury Gourd was mainly to combine it with the Golden Sun of Destruction.

The Golden Sun of Destruction was a Supreme Artifact of the Sunshine Civilization. It was refined from the core essence of a star. If combined with the Mercury Gourd, it would definitely become more powerful.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Golden Sun of Destruction and poured Saint Qi into it. The Golden Sun sometimes grew bigger and sometimes it shrank. He could feel the changes in its power.

“Before I refine it, I must subdue the vessel spirit of the Golden Sun of Destruction.”

The vessel spirit of the Golden Sun of Destruction had reached the level of a Supreme Saint.

When the Sunshine tianzi brought it to the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun, the vessel spirit inside had been sealed by the Sunshine tianzi with a layer of divine force.

Both the tianzi and Zhang Ruochen had refined the blood and soul of the Ancient Golden Crow, so they could communicate with the Golden Sun of Destruction and unleash part of the Supreme Artifact’s power.

Zhang Ruochen released the Divine Purification Flame and condensed it into nine fire dragons while continuously refining the layer of divine force in the Golden Sun of Destruction. However, after half a month, the layer of divine force was still as solid as gold. There was no change at all.

“It’s just a layer of divine force. Why can’t it be refined, even by a Supreme Saint?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

“What?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng became alert, afraid of being cheated again.

Zhang Ruochen said thoughtfully, "I'm curious. How big is the gap between a Paramount Supreme Saint and a Divine Supreme Saint?"

This question hit Supreme Saint Qingsheng right in the heart.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's eyes showed confusion. He sighed and said, "It can be said that there is a gap of one step, or that there is a gap like heaven and earth. Why are you asking this?"

"I just want to know if a Paramount Supreme Saint can refine the divine force barrier that a god placed in a Supreme Artifact." Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng stared at the Golden Sun of Destruction. How could he not understand Zhang Ruochen's thoughts?

He was beating around the bush because Zhang Ruochen wanted him to help refine it.

"Give it to me. It's just a divine force barrier. I don't care." Saint Qingsheng knew Zhang Ruochen's talent, and he also knew how much the three gods of Bloodximus valued him.

What he cared about more was Zhang Ruochen's sense of belonging to the Bloodximus family.

So it wasn't a big deal to help a little.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng held the Golden Sun of Destruction between his arms and released streaks of Blood Qi that surged into its interior.

"It's actually a divine force seal personally put up by the Sunshine tianzi. Refining it is indeed not easy." There was a strong smile on his face as he said that.

After spending more than half a day refining it, the divine force barrier became weaker and weaker. The Golden Sun of Destruction shook violently, and a loud cry came from within.

The sound was deafening, and it made the air tremble.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "The power fluctuation from the vessel spirit of the Golden

Sun of destruction has reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm.
Can you subdue it yourself?”

“It shouldn’t be a problem,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Okay.”

Boom

The divine force barrier was completely shattered.

At the same time, Supreme Saint Qingsheng withdrew his hands and retreated quickly. In the blink of an eye, his figure had already gone a thousand miles away.

The Golden Sun of Destruction emitted a blinding light. Every single ray of light was like a golden arrow. Even a single glance at it would cause the eyes of any living being below the level of Saint Kings to burn, turning them into blind men.

Quack!

A deafening cry sounded out as a Golden Crow flew out from the Golden Sun of destruction.

The Golden Crow had three legs and a pair of golden wings that were hundreds of thousands of feet long. Its eyes were fierce and it spoke in human language, “I am the Supreme Artifact of the Sunshine tianzi. You have to quickly untie the Divine Marks on the outside of this dimension and let me go back to Sunshine Civilization. Otherwise, all of you will die when the tianzi comes.”

“It seems that you are sealed in divine force and don’t know what this place is.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to waste his breath. The Armor of the Fire God on his body burned. He raised his right hand, and it grew bigger and bigger. In the end, his palm became several times bigger than the Golden Crow’s body.

He slapped down his hand and—

Boom

The light on the Golden Crow’s body dimmed slightly.

It realized that this human was a Supreme Saint and wasn't easy to deal with. It quickly flew back to the Golden Sun of Destruction and activated the power of the Supreme Artifact.

Boom

Rays of light that contained inscriptions appeared above the Golden Sun of Destruction.

Its size grew larger and larger. From one mile to ten, and from ten, to hundreds in diameter.

It was not as large as a star, but it was the size of a planet. It was shining with golden light. The Supreme Power and flames it released slightly distorted the space around it.

"This is the true power of the Golden Sun of Destruction. Even if it's just an vessel spirit controlling it, it can crush the stars and destroy a realm with one casual strike."

"Any one of the Three Top Elites of Bloodskly Clan will have to run for their lives if they encounter the Golden Sun of Destruction alone."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was a little worried. He felt that Zhang Ruochen might not be able to subdue it with his current cultivation level.

But Zhang Ruochen was not afraid. In fact, he was happy. He understood that the Golden Sun of Destruction would only be considered a Supreme Artifact after the vessel spirit was fully released. If it was in his hands, , he would be able to turn the world upside down even if he encountered a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint that has reached the stage of perfection

"The Realm-frame of Truth."

Zhang Ruochen spread out his hands. Immediately, specks of starlight appeared around him and turned into a vast starry sky.

The starry sky spread thousands of miles away, giving Supreme Saint Qingsheng a subtle feeling. It was as if he had found the truth and solved some cultivation mysteries that he could not solve before.

It was the power of the Heart of Truth.

Rumble

From afar, it is seen that Zhang Ruochen's Realm-frame of Truth turned into a starry sky that covered thousands of miles. As it collided violently with a golden thousand-mile fireball, an earth-shattering energy fluctuation burst out.

Above the Furnace of Heaven and Earth, the fire spirits let out huge roars. They wanted to rush over and join the battle, but were stopped by Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Precepts of Truth. He struck out with his palms at the same time, displaying the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike.

Ten times the attack power merged with the power of the palm.

Boom

His palms collided with the Golden Sun of Destruction. It shook violently and flew backwards.

The light on the Golden Sun of Destruction dimmed again.

Although the Supreme Artifact controlled by the vessel spirit could burst out magnificent power, it couldn't last long. When the energy contained in the Supreme Artifact was exhausted, it would lose its offense.

Zhang Ruochen struck out dozens of palm prints in a row. Each strike was ten times the original offense. The Golden Sun of Destruction kept shrinking until it became the size of a house. It flew out quickly, trying to escape.

"Where are you going?"

Zhang Ruochen pointed out.

The space in front of the Golden Sun of Destruction twisted and turned into a huge vortex.

After rushing into the whirlpool, the Golden Sun of Destruction appeared above Zhang Ruochen's palm while it shook rapidly and spun violently.

"Since you're so loyal to the Sunshine tianzi, I can only destroy your consciousness," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Golden Crow's voice came from the Golden Sun of destruction as it begged, "Don't! Master, master! Please let me go! I... I am only the vessel spirit of a Supreme Artifact. I have followed countless masters. Whoever can suppress me with absolute power, I will submit to them. Master, master, did you hear that?"

"..." Zhang Ruochen was speechless. He was stunned for a long time.

The vessel spirit was at least on a Supreme Saint level. How could it be such a coward?

Was there any such thing as integrity?

Zhang Ruochen didn't completely believe in the vessel spirit, the Golden Crow, so he took half of its saint soul and stored it in the Divine Light Sea of Qi.

Then, he flew to the edge of the Furnace of Heaven and Earth. He held the Mercury Gourd in one hand and the Golden Sun of Destruction in the other. He planned to officially refine them together.

"After the Golden Sun of Destruction vessel spirit is released, it will be much stronger than before. The water nature power of the Mercury Gourd might not be able to resist it."

"I need to prepare some treasures of the water nature and the dark-cold nature to balance the two."

Zhang Ruochen had no shortage of materials.

Soon, he pulled out a purple crystal more than 70 meters long from his Ring of Dimensions.

The purple light emitted by the purple crystal was as dazzling as the golden light of Golden Sun of Destruction. The difference was that the aura released by the former was bone-chilling.

Even Zhang Ruochen, who was sitting next to the Furnace of Heaven and Earth, felt his skin hurting from the cold air.

In the distance, Supreme Saint Qingsheng could not stay calm. He was trembling with excitement as he said, "That's the Cosmic Glazier Stone... Wait, the Cosmic Glazier Stone is a

divine material to refine a Supreme Artifact. Even a small piece of it is priceless. How can there be such a huge one?”

The purple crystal beside Zhang Ruochen was no different from a small stone mountain.

The Cosmic Glazier Stone was a weapon refining material that could only be produced in the coldest place in the universe. It was one of the ten god-level substances—the ultimate substance of the five elements.

It could also be bought in Infernal Court.

However, it was all bought in grams.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng felt more and more unbalanced. He wanted to hug the Cosmic Glazier Stone and smash his head into it. He was a Supreme Saint, standing at the top of the Path. However, he was bullied by Zhang Ruochen, a Neverwithers Supreme Saint.

Compared to Zhang Ruochen, he was no different from a pauper.

Zhang Ruochen had casually taken out Mercury Gourd, Golden Sun of Destruction, and Cosmic Glazier Stone. All of them were treasures that Supreme Saint Qingsheng needed to work hard for his entire life to obtain.

Kunlun is indeed full of treasures. Why didn't Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao get anything? Did they hide them secretly?’

I can't. I've worked for the family for more than 10,000 years, but the wealth I have can't compare to that of an Neverwithers Supreme Saint. I have to report to the Wargod and get a better treatment as the head of the family. Otherwise, I'll go to the Battlefield of Merits and get what I deserve. Whoever wants to be the head of this family can be the head of this family.’

I just helped Zhang Ruochen test the power of the gourd and lost 300 years of my life. Should I ask him to compensate me? Even if it's a small piece of the Cosmic Glazier Stone.’

I helped him to refine the divine force barrier of the Sunshine tianzi. It is not a small favor. I should get a compensation.’

Many thoughts flashed through Supreme Saint Qingsheng's mind.

However, as a Paramount Supreme Saint and the head of the family, he couldn't bring himself to lose face. He couldn't decide whether he should do it or not.

..

While Zhang Ruochen devoted himself to refining weapons, the forces of the ten clans in Infernal Court were preparing for the Celestial-Hunting Festival. The cultivators on the Battlefield of Merits had also returned one after another after receiving the invitations to the festival.

Asura had twenty-four fanes, each representing the most powerful forces of the twenty-four parties. In addition to the peripheral clans, countries, and planets of the various fanes, there were almost more than seventy percent of Asura cultivators.

Among them, Fane of Barasingha was ranked second among the twenty-four fanes, behind Fane of Asura.

Fane of Asura represented the oldest inheritance of Asura, as well as the soul and flag of Asura. It was understandable that it was ranked first.

However, since the middle times, there were seven times when Fane of Barasingha surpassed Fane of Asura and became the first of the twenty four fanes in Asura.

Fane of Barasingha only had a history of four Yuanhui Tribulation. It was able to have such a strong reputation because of their founder, Asurendra Barasingha.

At this moment, Asurendra Barasingha and Asurendra Samay were sitting side by side above the fane.

The body of Asurendra Barasingha was in a state of chaos. He only took the form of a Barasingha as he spoke in a distant voice, "Samay, if you had thought things through earlier and joined our Fane of Barasingha, would you have suffered the humiliation of the Wargod Bloodximius?"

The face of Asurendra Samay turned malevolent and twisted as he spoke in a cold tone, "If I hadn't been injured by the Moon Goddess' Divine Artifact during the critical period of possessing my body, how could a child like Bloodximius bully me?"

Asurendra Samay didn't belong to any of the twenty-four fanes of Asura. In the previous Yuanhui Tribulation, when his cultivation base was at its peak, he had practically transformed Fane of Samay into the twenty-fifth fane of Asura.

Unfortunately, because he had suffered heavy injuries in the Divine War, Fane of Samay had fallen as well.

Asurendra Barasingha had once invited Asurendra Samay to join Fane of Barasingha, but he had been politely rejected.

One had to know that in the previous Yuanhui Tribulation, Asurendra Samay's combat power was slightly stronger than Asurendra Barasingha's power. How could he be willing to be inferior to him?

During the battle with Wargod Bloodximius, Asurendra Samay had suffered an unprecedented humiliation. He instantly came to a realization. The times were different now. He was no longer the Asurendra Samay who could fight against Saint Monk Xumi.

Therefore, with a strong hatred, Asurendra Samay planned to join Fane of Barasingha.

"I have no other conditions but one. During this Celestial-Hunting Festival, Fane of Barasingha must humiliate the Bloodsky Clan at all costs. All the members of the Xue Jue family must die. Among them is Zhang Ruochen. I want his soul to be destroyed and he will be reduced to ashes."

Asurendra Samay's tone was as cold as ice. His Divine Aura burst out unconsciously, causing lightning and thunder to flash above Fane of Barasingha.

"All the gods are watching the Celestial-Hunting Festival. How can we kill as we please? This is something forbidden by Fane of Destiny and Fane of Yama," said Asurendra Barasingha.

“Which Celestial-Hunting Festival didn’t have a monk die unexpectedly?” Asurendra Samay asked.

Asurendra Barasingha was silent for a long time. He was calculating the pros and cons. Finally, he said, “Killing all the most outstanding Saint Kings and Supreme Saints in the thousand-year-old Xue Jue family is unrealistic. It’s impossible. However, we have a chance if we only kill Zhang Ruochen.”

Then, Asurendra Barasingha released two divine spirits and summoned the two top Supreme Saints who had been trained by Fane of Barasingha for less than 1,000 years.

One of them was four meters tall and in human form. He was bald and had no skin. His blood-red muscles were exposed, and there was a pagoda-shaped antenna on his head.

His name was Hong Futu, and he had broken 98 shackles.

The other was a child who carried six saint swords on his back. He looked like he was eight or nine years old, but his entire body was emitting silver light, as if it was made of silver.

His name was Lan Ying, and he was only three hundred years old. He had already reached Great Perfection in Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Chapter 2235: Divine Fetus

“Lan Ying greets the gods.”

“Hong Futu greets the gods.”

The two bowed at the same time. They had deep respect for the two giant gods who awed Infernal Court for hundreds of thousands of years.

Asurendra Samay’s divine gaze swept over Lan Ying and Hong Futu. He showed a hint of disappointment and said, “These two are the most powerful Celestial-Hunting Festival representatives for Fane of Barasingha?”

“Why? Do you think they can’t kill Zhang Ruochen?” asked Asurendra Barasingha.

“As far as I know, Zhang Ruochen has defeated three top Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saints of Bloodysky Clan at the God-ascension Ceremony. Although their cultivation is weak, their battle strength has probably reached great perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm,” Asurendra Samay said.

Asurendra Barasingha smiled, “It’s not strange for a peerless foe to be on par with Yan Wushen to fight against a Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saint in Neverwilt Realm. However, does every Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saint have the same Hundred-Shackle level battle strength?”

“What do you mean?” Asurendra Samay asked.

“Take a closer look,” Asurendra Barasingha replied.

Asurendra Samay’s gaze landed on Lan Ying and Hong Futu once again. A look of astonishment appeared on his face as he exclaimed, “Divine beast—Bloodborne, Spirit of Slaughter.”

“That’s right. Hong Futu is a pure-blooded divine beast called Bloodborne. He is extremely talented and has immense strength. When he was at the Neverwilt Realm, he once heavily injured a Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saint. His combat strength can be said to be boundless,” Asurendra Barasingha replied.

The bloodline of pure-blooded divine beasts were passed down from generation to generation. Even in Demon God Realm, one of the four dominant worlds of Celestial Court, divine beasts were rare. Once they reached adulthood and transcended Divine Beast Tribulation, they would at least possess the combat strength of a god.

Pure-blooded divine beasts that ascended to Ashuran Planet were even rarer. It was likely to never meet one in ten thousand years.

Following that, Asurendra Barasingha said, “Lan Ying is even more extraordinary. Not only is it a Spirit of Slaughter, it is also a Divine Fetus of the Universe.

“Three hundred years ago, I passed by the ruins of a divine battlefield in the Universe and discovered a thick divine cloud. The cloud was condensed from divine force and Qi of Slaughter. It was shaped like a fetus and emitted light of different colors. Each light was divided into two colors, light and dark. It had been nurtured for at least three Yuanhui Tribulations.”

“Perhaps it was fate. At this moment, the fetus egg broke open and an infant walked out. Its body was still emitting colors. It opened its mouth and inhaled with greed. It swallowed all the Qi of Slaughter in the ruins and instantly achieved Saint level.

“At that time, I took him in as my disciple and named him Saint Baby. Unexpectedly, the little guy was extremely greedy. When I held him in my arms, he wanted to swallow my divine force. So I changed his name to Lan Ying, which meant greedy baby.”

Asurendra Samay looked carefully at Lan Ying and said to himself, ‘So there really is a Divine Fetus in this world. Although he only achieved Great Perfection in Hundred-Shackle Realm, there is a lot of divine force in his body. His divine fetus body should be no weaker than Zhang Ruochen’s demigod body.’

When he thought of this, Samay had another thought. ‘Perhaps the Divine Fetus is more suitable for me.’

“Samay, do you think the two of them can kill Zhang Ruochen?” Asurendra Barasingha asked.

“The two of them are strong enough. But to be sure, I’ll help them.”

Asurendra Samay took out a black pill the size of a dragon’s eye. He waved his hand and tossed it to Hong Futu, “Take it. I will help you raise your cultivation skills to the stage of Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

Hong Futu held the black pill in his hands. He could clearly sense the immense intent for battle contained within it. His heart was filled with joy as he hurriedly consumed it.

Blast

Two rays of divine light shot out from Asurendra Samay’s divine eyes and converged onto Hong Futu’s body.

The densely packed light spots of Time enveloped Hong Futu. The flow of time there was extremely slow.

He had been cultivating in there for ten years, but only one day had passed in the outside world.

Such an extraordinary Time Technique, even with Asurendra Samay’s cultivation level, it consumed a considerable amount of divine force. Moreover, it could only be maintained within an extremely small area of space. It wasn’t like the Sundial, which had the power to encompass a million miles of land.

Lan Ying walked to Hong Futu’s side and entered the Light of Time to practice the Sword of Asura.

Asurendra Barasingha glanced at Asurendra Samay and said, “Actually, you don’t need to use your divine force to do this. You should know that in Infernal Court, there are countless forces that want to kill Zhang Ruochen.”

“Nether Clan, Ghost, Bone Clan, Rakshasa, Immortal Vampires... Countless forces have deep hatred towards him. How would they not attack him at the Celestial-Hunting Festival? I doubt that Zhang Ruochen will be able to make it to the Celestial-Hunting Festival alive.”

“Wargod Bloodximius is ambitious. He has always wanted to improve himself. Bloodysky Clan has made many arrangements regarding their ranking and status among Immortal Vampires.”

“However, it would be the worst decision he ever made if he let Zhang Ruochen be the leader of Bloodysky Clan. His plans for the past thousand years would be destroyed in an instant. It might even cause the thousand-year-old talents of Bloodysky Clan to wither away. He could only continue to plan for the next thousand years.”

..

After two years of refining in the divine furnace, the Mercury Gourd, the Golden Sun of Destruction, and the Cosmic Glazier Stone had fused together and turned into a dazzling Violet Gourd.

When Zhang Ruochen took it back from the Furnace of Heaven and Earth, a scorching destructive power hit him, which caused the Armor of the Fire God on his body to release flames.

He used his spiritual power to sense it carefully.

“Good! The Golden Sun of Destruction inscriptions have merged with the Mercury Gourd. Inside the gourd, Golden Sun of Destruction and Cosmic Glazier Stone have turned into Yinyang Vortexes. One is cold and the other is hot. Both of them are swirling on and on.”

The internal world of the Mercury Gourd had reached Zhang Ruochen’s prediction before refining. It was very helpful for cultivating Fist and Palm.

However, he could not call it the Mercury Gourd now.

He had to change its name.

What should he call it?

Zhang Ruochen thought of many names, such as “Heaven Swallowing and Earth Refining Gourd”, “Time and Dimension Chaos Gourd”, and “Cosmic Destruction Gourd”.

However, he felt that these names were similar to “the Emperor who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth hundreds” that Blackie had given him. They were all silly.

What if he became famous in Infernal Court with this gourd. It was very likely that he would be called “the Emperor who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth hundreds”, “Master of Time and Space Chaos”, and “Blood Emperor of Cosmic Destruction” by the cultivators of Infernal Court.

It sounded domineering but...

It did not suit his temperament.

“Forget it. Why overthink it? Let’s call it the Violet Gourd. It’s simple. It’s good.”

After cooling down the Violet Gourd, Zhang Ruochen held it in his hand and flew toward Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

“Supreme Saint, my gourd has been refined. Help me test its power.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was very curious about the gourd that Zhang Ruochen had fused with the Mercury Gourd, Golden Sun of Destruction, and Cosmic Glazier Stone. However, with the previous experience, how would he dare test it for him?

“All the cultivators from Bloodysky Clan who participated in the Celestial-Hunting Festival have arrived at the Xue Jue Family. Let’s not test it yet. Let’s go,” Supreme Saint Qingsheng urged.

Zhang Ruochen said, “It won’t take long to test. Don’t be afraid, Supreme Saint. This time, you don’t have to enter the gourd. You just stand there.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng didn’t like the word “afraid.” When he heard it, he looked unhappy. “Afraid? I’ve reached the Paramount Realm. I’m not afraid of anything below the level of gods.”

“Okay, Supreme Saint, stand firm!”

Zhang Ruochen did not care whether Supreme Saint Qingsheng agreed or not. He poured Saint Qi into the Violet

Gourd. The Dimensional Array at the mouth of the gourd appeared again, covering a radius of hundreds of miles.

This time, it was different from the last time. The Golden Sun of Destruction and the Cosmic Glazier Stone inside the gourd spun rapidly and turned into a violet Yinyang Vortex that combined with the Dimensional Array. A massive suction force that far surpassed the previous one burst forth.

Boom

Supreme Saint Qingsheng, who was initially unperturbed by the dimensional collapse and pulling force of the Yinyang Vortex, was actually unable to stand steadily as he was caught off guard. He took a small step forward and appeared slightly disheveled.

However, he just stood there casually and did not use his power.

No matter how strong the Violet Gourd was, Supreme Saint Qingsheng wouldn't have move at all.

"How is it?" Zhang Ruochen quickly asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's had a bad look on his face. He stared at the Violet Gourd with a serious expression, "The suction power of the gourd is more than twice as strong as before," he said. "An ordinary Thousand-Koan Supreme Saint would definitely be sucked in if he got too close."

At this moment, Supreme Saint Qingsheng finally understood why Wargod Bloodximius had taken such a huge risk to let Zhang Ruochen lead the team.

This gourd alone was enough for Zhang Ruochen to shine at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, "It seems that the suction power is still not enough. However, I still have a way to improve. Supreme Saint, does Xue Jue Family have a Star Nucleus?"

This so-called Star Nucleus was the core of a star. It was a material that must be used to refine heavy weapons.

Just like the Golden Sun of Destruction, it was refined from the core essence of a star.

If the Golden Sun of Destruction was a complete star, its gravitational force alone could suck all living beings below the level of gods. They would not be able to resist at all.

Zhang Ruochen needed the Star Nucleus increase the gravitational force of the Golden Sun of Destruction.

If it could be raised to the level of a complete star, who below the god level would not be afraid of his Violet Gourd?

Supreme Saint Qingsheng guessed what Zhang Ruochen was trying to do. He sneered in his heart. ‘He is richer than me, the acting head of the family, and he actually wants to take advantage of the family?’

So he waved his hand and said, “Xue Jue Family doesn’t have it. If you want a Star Nucleus, go to Forest of No Return and buy it yourself.”

Zhang Ruochen stared into Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s eyes and said thoughtfully, “I won’t take the family’s things for free. I can use treasures in exchange for them.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was slightly tempted. However, he couldn’t just go back on his words. “What do you mean? Do you think I’m lying to you? The Xue Jue family really doesn’t have a Star Nucleus,” Supreme Saint Qingsheng said angrily.

The Xue Jue Family was a big family. How could they not have a Star Nucleus?

Zhang Ruochen wanted to take out a few treasures and see if he could convince Supreme Saint Qingsheng to change his words.

However, before he could take them out, Supreme Saint Qingsheng waved his sleeves. The world spun around him and he flew out of the Furnace of Heaven and Earth.

If you had said earlier that you could exchange treasures, I would have gone to the Universe to refine some Star Nuclei. How hard would that be?’

Supreme Saint Qingsheng thought to himself. Then, he sighed in disappointment.

As the head of the family and a Paramount Supreme Saint, he had to keep his word. How could he take it back so easily?

After leaving, Zhang Ruochen first went to the Progenitor Pond, Xue Jue Family's secret place. Unfortunately, he still could not see Chi Kongyue, who was recuperating inside. He had to put away his emotions and prepare to embark on the journey to the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

A five-thousand-meter-long blood-red crystal saint ship floated in the sky above the mountain range where the Xue Jue Family was located. On both sides of the saint ship, there were five huge crystal wings that looked like ten bloody clouds.

Almost all the Saint King cultivators who represented the Bloodysky clan to participate in the Celestial-Hunting Festival boarded this saint ship.

Around the Ten-winged Saint Ship, there were hundreds of saint ships of different sizes. Some were six-winged, some were eight-winged, and Supreme Saint powers were emitted from the ships.

Many of the Immortal Vampire cultivators went to the Forest of No Return to join in the fun.

This was a once-in-a-thousand-years event. It would definitely be very lively. Even if they didn't attend the Celestial-Hunting Festival, they still had the chance to become famous in Infernal. No one wanted to miss it.

Zhang Ruochen's heart was shaking violently when he saw such a magnificent fleet and such powerful strength.

Zhang Ruochen also saw some cultivators riding on their mounts among the hundreds of Supreme Saint Saint Ships.

Lord Xia Yu stood proudly on top of the Blue Phoenix's head. He looked magnificent. He stared at Zhang Ruochen coldly and said, "Leader, we've been waiting for you for more than half a day. How long will it take for us to set off?"

"Let's set off now."

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift and boarded the Ten-winged Saint Ship.

In the Bloodysky Clan, there were very few Supreme Saints who could use the Ten-winged Saint Ship. Most of them belonged to Supreme Saint Qingsheng. Zhang Ruochen had too many enemies in Infernal Court. It was safest to stay on Supreme Saint Qingsheng's saint ship.

With the Ten-winged Saint Ship in the lead, the Bloodysky Clan's Supreme Saint flew out quickly. They rushed toward the wormhole near Ancient City Skylin. They went through the wormhole and headed to the faraway Forest of No Return.

There were only 100 cultivators participating in the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

However, Zhang Ruochen could sense the aura of more than 10,000 Saint-level cultivators just from the Ten-winged Saint Ship. Almost every cultivator who attended the festival had a group of relatives, maids, and servants. It was as if they were competing in family wealth and status.

Zhang Ruochen heard three Saint King cultivators discussing not far away.

"As expected of the grandson of a god. The armor on his body is a Regal Artifact. The four handmaidens beside him are all of the Saint-level. They're all young and beautiful."

"Blood Saint Liu Ji is really going all out for the Celestial-Hunting Festival. He actually spent a sky-high price to buy ten Supreme Saint slaves. With ten Supreme Saint slaves carrying the sedan chair, he'll definitely be awe-inspiring at the festival."

..

The more Zhang Ruochen listened, the more amused he became. He muttered to himself, "The cultivators of Infernal Court actually have the heart to compete with each other. It's just a festival, and they are competing with each other on every aspect."

"Haha! Zhang Ruochen, you may not know this, but the Celestial-Hunting Festival is actually a festival where

cultivators from all clans compete for fame and fortune.”

“All the major fanes, clans, families, and kingdoms want to show off their most extravagant side.”

“Humility? Restraint? Keeping it low-key? Hehe, it’s best not to do that. The more you do, the more everyone thinks that your entire clan is failing. They would think that the fane has lost its fighting spirit and become weak. The entire clan has fallen behind,” Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said as he walked over.

Chapter 2236: Sevenstar Imperial Palace

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan with silver hair was nearly three meters tall. His presence gave off a domineering aura.

“He stood beside Zhang Ruochen and looked into the sky full of blood Qi and said, ” Celestial Court and Infernal Court have been fighting for so many years, and Infernal Court has always been at an absolute advantage. That’s why

the mentality of the creatures on both sides was very different.”

“The various Macroworlds of Celestial Court always keep low profiles and place their hopes on slowly surpassing Infernal Court. It is precisely the attitude of concealing one’s talents that allowed them —from gods to mortals — to keep a low profile and stay hidden deliberately.

“But Infernal Court has always been the most powerful one. So, why should we keep a low profile? Why should we conceal our strength? By displaying absolute strength to opponents, we could psychologically crush their fighting spirit, ”

At this point, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan revealed a profound smile and said, “On Battlefield of Merit, you rarely see cultivators of Celestial Court initiate large-scale battles against Infernal Court, right?

“They either passively defend their territory or achieve certain results on small-scale battles. Over the past 100,000 years, the mortal worlds under them have either been destroyed or turned into the territories of Infernal Court. These territories are to provide the ten clans’ blood, mounts, women, slaves, and mineral resources... How sad.”

Zhang Ruochen had to admit that what Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said made sense.

In the so-called Battles of Merit, Celestial Court had lost psychologically to Infernal Court.

Just like what they felt when the next Battlefield of Merits had been decided back then following Zuling as the battlefield, the cultivators of Guanghai, Tianmu Realm, Greater Demonic Realm felt that once their Macroworlds were chosen, their homelands would definitely be destroyed.

This was a mentality of certain defeat.

They had lost for 100,000 years.

How many cultivators in the various realms of Celestial Court still had the belief of victory in their hearts?

Every cultivator in Infernal Court had it.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan laughed loudly, “Of course, you are an exception. You caused Infernal Court to suffer several great losses on Battlefield of Merit in Kunlun. Do you know how badly your massacres destroyed the belief of cultivators in Infernal Court?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled but did not say anything.

“If you continue to stay in Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun, I suspect that many cultivators of Infernal Court will think of escaping from that battlefield,” said Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that the true purpose of Supreme Saint Yi Xuan’s words was to tell him that it was a wise decision to come to Infernal Court and that there was no future for Celestial Court.

However, Zhang Ruochen was determined. How could he get influenced with just a few words?

No matter how strong and good Infernal Court was, it still represented destruction and death. If all the Macroworlds of Celestial Court were destroyed, how long would Infernal Court last?

The next step would probably be the war of extermination between the ten clans of Infernal Court.

In the end, Celestial Court and Infernal Court would definitely be over and done with. There would be no more living beings or dead souls.

Without life, how could there be Death?

Zhang Ruochen did not continue to think about these grand issues. He stood at the edge of the deck of a Ten-winged Saint Ship and stared at Saint Vessels around him. "I see that Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi are very high-profile. One rides Blue Phoenix at Beast Emperor level and the other drives the Silver Dragon Beast Emperor to pull the carriage. As one of the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan, why did you travel with a group of Saint Kings without a mount or a chariot?"

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan scratched his silver hair and felt a headache coming on. He said, "It was all because of the seventh son of Ghost Master, Xu,"

Ghost Master and Wargod Bloodximius had a deep grudge. In this Celestial-Hunting Festival, they would definitely target Bloodsky clan.

Since he had promised Blood Empress and Sword Saint Xuanji to win Celestial-Hunting Festival, Zhang Ruochen wanted to know more about the matter of Ghost Master.

Thus, he asked, "What happened? I remember that Lord Zhiyuan said that Xu seemed to have robbed a unexplored region discovered by Bloodsky clan before?"

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan's state of mind was completely destroyed, he said angrily, "Spring of Chaos that was born in that unexplored region should have been mine. However, at the most critical moment, he ambushed me and severely injured me. Not only did he take away Spring of Chaos, but he also took away all the treasures on me.

"If I didn't have a treasure to protect me, I would have died under his ambush. I will never forget this hatred, this humiliation.

"However, that bastard has obtained Spring of Chaos. Hence, his cultivation has far surpassed mine. He would be a great enemy of Bloodsky Clan this Celestial-Hunting Festival,"

After Supreme Saint Yi Xuan left, Zhang Ruochen heard Supreme Saint Qingsheng's message. He quickly walked into Saint Vessel and came to a brightly lit hall.

Not only Supreme Saint Qingsheng, but Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao were also there.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's expression was solemn. "I just received news that Asurendra Samay has joined Asura's second-ranked Fane of Barasingha. We gained another powerful enemy in this Celestial-Hunting Festival,"

"Is that why you asked me to come here?"

Zhang Ruochen had long considered everything and was not afraid of any challenge. He was a sworn enemy with Asurendra Samay.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was unperturbed, Supreme Saint Qingsheng nodded with satisfaction. "There's another thing. You are the leader of this Celestial-Hunting Festival. So, you don't just represent yourself, but the entire Bloodsky clan. Therefore, you must be highbrow and aggressive.

"Before leaving, Wargod Bloodximus gave me a treasure and asked me to give it to you."

Xue Ningxiao's eyes lit up. She was envious. The treasure Wargod Bloodximus gave was definitely not ordinary.

An exquisite palace the size of a palm appeared in Supreme Saint Qingsheng's palm. He handed it to Zhang Ruochen.

"This is?"

Zhang Ruochen took the exquisite palace. Suddenly, a force heavier than a mountain pressed down on his palm and made his arm shake slightly.

"Sevenstar Imperial Palace," Supreme Saint Qingsheng said.

Xue Ningxiao cried out, "What? It's Sevenstar Imperial Palace!"

Zhang Ruochen didn't know what was special about Sevenstar Imperial Palace, but he could clearly feel that it contained the aura of Wargod Bloodximus. Moreover, the aura was very strong.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng gave Xue Ningxiao a look.

Xue Ningxiao understood and explained to Zhang Ruochen, “Sevenstar Imperial Palace is a palace that Wargod Bloodximius refined for himself when he was a Supreme Saint. It’s like a huge treasure that he poured his meticulous care into. After so many years of nurturing, Sevenstar Imperial Palace is probably not far from becoming a Fane.”

Xue Chen’s eyes were filled with deep envy. He thought to himself, “Wargod Bloodximius bestowed Sevenstar Imperial Palace to Zhang Ruochen. Has he decided to nurture him as the future master?”

The significance of Sevenstar Imperial Palace was too extraordinary.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “Sevenstar Imperial Palace was where Wargod Bloodximius once lived and cultivated. Every object inside has been nurtured into a Supreme Saint ancient weapon or a god-relic.

“It has an excellent cultivation environment and some cultivation experience left behind by Wargod Bloodximius.

“Of course, the most practical benefit for you right now is the defense of Sevenstar Imperial Palace. With your current cultivation and the power of Palace Guardian, you can fully activate the Palace. Even a Supreme Saint with cultivation rank of Banshi Isshou Realm cannot break the defense in a short time,”

Zhang Ruochen stared at Sevenstar Imperial Palace in his hand with a look of surprise.

Such a treasure was what he needed more than a Divine Artifact.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said again, “During Celestial-Hunting Festival, you will enter Sevenstar Imperial Palace and be carried by 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords. The momentum of Bloodsky clan must not be weak.”

Xue Chen was shocked. He finally understood why Wargod Bloodximius had given Sevenstar Imperial Palace to Zhang Ruochen.

This was to announce to the entire Infernal Court that Zhang Ruochen was his successor. If one wanted harm Zhang Ruochen, he had to consider whether he could withstand Wargod Bloodximius' anger or not.

Of course, the most important thing was Zhang Ruochen's performance at Celestial-Hunting Festival.

If Zhang Ruochen couldn't pass this test — he could not kill the captives from Celestial Court's Macroworld or failed to heighten Bloodsky clan's might—he would pay price as heavy as what Wargod Bloodximius had given him.

Wargod Bloodximius was making a big gamble and forcing Zhang Ruochen to make a decision.

With Sevenstar Imperial Palace in his hands, Zhang Ruochen walked out with a heavy heart.

A situation where Xue Chen could get the picture. Wouldn't Zhang Ruochen, who was ten times smarter than him, understand the case clearly as well?

Zhang Ruochen thought of many things at once. The images of Blood Empress, Sword Saint Xuanji, Wargod Bloodximius, and Chi Kunlun kept appearing in his mind. There were even Chi Yao's shadows.

It was as if Chi Yao was staring at him with a mocking face saying, "Didn't you hate Infernal Court the most? How did you become a member of Infernal Court? Zhang Ruochen, your power is insignificant in front of the big picture,"

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen let out a long sigh. "If I don't go to Infernal Court, who will?"

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen saw a figure flash past in front of him. He immediately stopped thinking and used Great Dimensional Shift to block it.

"Why do you want to hide when you see me?"

Xue Tu, who was blocked by Zhang Ruochen, looked a little upset. He said, "Greetings, Senior."

"Shouldn't you return Seamless Purgatory Tower that I lent you?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Well...”

Xue Tu smiled awkwardly and said, “Father has taken Seamless Purgatory Tower back. It is no longer in my hands.”

Zhang Ruochen released a huge wave of energy throughout the entire Ten-winged Saint Ship. Countless Saint-level cultivators trembled in fear and knelt on the ground.

Although Xue Tu had become a Supreme Saint, he felt suffocated by Zhang Ruochen’s Saint power. Blood force in his body seemed to have solidified.

“I lent you my Supreme Artifact out of kindness, but you took it to honor your father. How dare you attend Celestial-Hunting Festival? How dare you appear in front of me? How dare you laugh?”

Zhang Ruochen’s right hand pressed on Xue Tu’s left shoulder.

Suddenly, a series of bone explosions sounded in Xue Tu’s body. Neverwithir Supreme Saint bones in his body seemed to be broken.

‘It was my Supreme Artifact, but you took it away,’ ...

...Xue Tu didn’t dare to say this.

Zhang Ruochen’s power was too strong. He only put his hand on Xue Tu’s shoulder, but Xue Tu couldn’t move at all. His Neverwithir physique seemed to be on the verge of shattering.

“Father wanted to take it away, I-I-I can’t do anything about it,” Xue Tu said.

In fact, it wasn’t Bloodlucius who took Seamless Purgatory Tower. It was Xue Tu who took the initiative to return it.

What a joke. How could he return a Supreme Artifact if he’d tricked Zhang Ruochen into returning it?

No matter how powerful Zhang Ruochen was, would he dare to ask for Seamless Purgatory Tower from Bloodlucius? Would he dare to kill Bloodlucius?

Crack

One of Xue Tu's shoulder bones shattered, and a large amount of saint blood gushed out of his body.

Crack Crack

Then, another five Neverwithers Supreme Saint bones were broken, and half of his body collapsed.

Xue Tu was finally afraid.

Did Zhang Ruochen really not dare to kill him?

Even if he didn't dare to kill him, he would probably dare to break his Neverwithers body and turn him into a Descender who could never ascend to Godhood.

"Senior, I was wrong! Please forgive me this time. Don't worry, I'll compensate you. Killing me won't do you any good," Xue Tu said in a pleading tone.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Can you afford a Supreme Artifact?"

"I have fiefdoms. I can produce a lot of wealth every year," Xue Tu said miserably.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "How many fiefdoms?"

"Five planets, three first-class Planets of Life, one second-class ore planet, and one fourth-class Planet of Life," said Xue Tu.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "It's not enough. It's not worth a Supreme Artifact."

"I don't have any other treasures except fiefdoms. Even if I did, you wouldn't like it."

When Xue Tu saw Zhang Ruochen, whose expression changed, mobilize more saint power, Xue Tu quickly said, "But-But I will do everything I can to make up for your loss until I pay you back."

Bang

Zhang Ruochen threw Xue Tu to the ground, his eyes still cold and sharp.

Snap Snap

Xue Tu's broken Neverwith Supreme Saint bone was quickly reconnected. His body recovered in an instant.

Seeing this, Zhang Ruochen looked thoughtful. "Will you die if I cut out your heart?"

"Of course not. I'm a Supreme Saint now. My life force is much stronger than when I was in Saint Kingdom. Even if my heart was cut out, it would grow back very quickly. Senior, why are you asking this?" Xue Tu asked curiously.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Why don't you sell your heart, kidneys, and lungs? The Supreme Saint's organs should be very valuable and popular. At the very least, you could sell your blood. Saint-level cultivators and Saint Kings from Immortal Vampires must still be eager to drink the saint blood of a Supreme Saint,"

Xue Tu's face became paler and paler as he listened. He kept stepping back.

Suddenly, he realized that offending Zhang Ruochen was not something that could be easily fooled.

The consequences...

...were very serious.

Zhang Ruochen did not seem to be joking. His expression was serious. He patted Xue Tu's shoulder seriously, "After we're back from Forest of No Return, we can discuss the plan to make money. Don't worry about your saint blood running dry. I will think of a way to keep you alive. At least, I can guarantee that you won't die."

"Senior, don't you think it's a bad idea? I'm the disciple of Truegod Xue Qingyin. Doing this will damage her reputation." Xue Tu held onto his last hope.

"I'll protect mother's reputation alone."

With that, Zhang Ruochen left. Before he did, he reminded Xue Tu again, "I'm warning you. Don't even think about escaping. If you're captured by me, I'll make you wish you were dead."

Xue Tu was desperate. He suddenly felt that he was the most hopeless Supreme Saint in the history of Immortal Vampires. Out of anyone he could offend, why did he offend Zhang Ruochen?

Chapter 2237: The Divine Domain of Destiny

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Zhang Ruochen had frightened Xue Tu badly. He was uneasy and full of fear for this trip to the Forest of No Return.

It was difficult for even a god to frighten a Supreme Saint to such an extent.

Zhang Ruochen only had hatred for Xue Tu. He had no good impression of him.

In the Sword Vault Palace battle, his senior brother Bao Lie had almost died at his hands. Even Zhang Ruochen himself had almost lost his life. It could be said that there was a great hatred. If Blood Empress had not taken Xue Tu as her disciple, Zhang Ruochen would not have let him off so easily.

However, Zhang Ruochen had just said those words to scare him.

A Supreme Saint could be killed, but not humiliated.

If Zhang Ruochen forced Xue Tu to such an extent, even if he had to die, he would never submit.

After Zhang Ruochen became a Supreme Saint, his mentality had changed even more. He wanted to try The Ways Of An Emperor Rules that Shangguan Que had once taught him.

“Where do you think you are going?”

Zhang Ruochen sensed that Xue Tu had quietly jumped off the Ten-winged Saint Ship. He smirked and disappeared from where he was and reappeared 100 kilometers away. Then, he grabbed the invisible Xue Tu and pulled him out.

The moment Xue Tu saw Zhang Ruochen, his Neverwithers Supreme Saint physique trembled. He said desperately, “Senior Brother, letting a genius Supreme Saint sell his saint blood and organs in the Forest of No Return is a disgrace to the entire Bloodysky Clan. You have to think twice.”

Zhang Ruochen ignored him. His face was cold and dignified. He said, “What did I tell you? How dare you run away? You

didn't listen to me. Moyin, suck up half of his saint blood."

The roots of Saint Devourer spread out from Zhang Ruochen's back and wrapped around Xue Tu's arms.

"I hope his Supreme Saint blood can help you breakthrough," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu wanted to resist, but Zhang Ruochen pressed him down with one finger. He could not move and was trapped in space.

When Zhang Ruochen almost died, the Saint Devourer was also severely injured. It only woke up recently. After being nurtured by Zhang Ruochen's demigod blood for decades, it finally recovered to its pinnacle state.

With Xue Tu as a new source of blood, Zhang Ruochen did not need to use his demigod blood anymore.

...

Wargod Bloodximius and Bloodlucius sat opposite each other in a mysterious bloody space.

The two gods were playing chess.

The chess pieces in their hands were not round black and white pieces, but human-shaped puppets. Some of the human-shaped puppets gave off the aura of a saint, while others gave off the aura of a powerful Supreme Saint.

Wargod Bloodximius said, "It looks like you didn't place your pieces well. Be careful that you might destroy him."

Bloodlucius said thoughtfully, "Since Xue Tu has the mark of Wargod Bloodflame, he has the potential to become a god. However, his state of mind has not reached the level of a god. It might not be a bad thing to let him follow Zhang Ruochen and refine his state of mind."

Back then, Bloodlucius sent Xue Tu to Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits because he had high hopes for him and used it to refine his state of mind.

Slam

Bloodlucious placed a chess piece and said, "It's your turn!"

“The mind of a true god must be unyielding even after a hundred setbacks. But, if it were to be broken, wouldn’t your heartache?” Wargod Bloodximius said as he made a move.

“Being broken means that he doesn’t have the potential to become a god. What’s wrong with knowing the result earlier?”

Bloodlucius continued, “The cultivators of Infernal Court are becoming more and more arrogant and conceited. It’s not a good sign.”

“In the past myriad years, the number of new gods born in Infernal Court is no longer superior to the various worlds in Celestial Court. Perhaps, it’s because the state of mind of the younger generation is lacking in setbacks and tempering. Who knows how many peerless Supreme Saints with exceptional talent are unable to break through to become gods no matter what.

“The environment they grew up in was too peaceful!

“I think that we should speak up at this Celestial-Hunting Festival and suppress the younger generation in Infernal Court and rectify the unhealthy atmosphere. We should have the determination to win. We should never be arrogant and conceited.

“It’s time to temper them.”

...

After absorbing half of Xue Tu’s Supreme Saint blood, the Saint Devourer successfully transcended the Path-melding Tribulation and formed its Neverwithers Saint physique. It broke through and became a Supreme Saint.

It transformed into Moyin’s figure. It was beautiful and had many halos of Saint Qi around it. Its powerful saint might fill the vast space.

“Thank you for the blood, master. It helped me breakthrough to become a Supreme Saint.” Moyin’s voice was soft and beautiful. Its eyes shone with blood.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You can thank junior brother Xue Tu.”

Xue Tu wanted to cry after hearing the phrase, junior brother.

‘How could he bully his junior brother like this?’ Xue Tu thought.

“Senior brother, we did have hatred in the past. Can’t we turn hostility into amity now that we are on the same side?” Xue Tu said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You were born in Infernal Court, so you should know better than me that the strong prey on the weak. Only the weak would have hoped the strong would turn hostility into amity. If my cultivation is not as good as yours today, and I fall into your hands. How much of my Saint blood would you allow me to keep?”

Xue Tu had a thought after hearing that.

Yes, I have the mark of Wargod Bloodflame. As long as I cultivate hard, I might be able to surpass Zhang Ruochen. As long as I can endure until the day when I am stronger than him, will he still not be at my mercy?’

Xue Tu regained his strong confidence. He looked at Zhang Ruochen’s departing figure and revealed a vicious and cold smile.

Now, he could only bear the humiliation. When the Celestial-hunting festival came, his cultivation would have a big breakthrough.

“Moyin, keep an eye on junior brother Xue Tu. If he dares to run again, suck up the remaining half of his saint blood.”

Zhang Ruochen returned to the Ten-winged Saint Ship. He took out the Sundial and entered the state of cultivation.

The starry sky where Infernal Court was located was very vast. To reach the Forest of No Return, one needed to go through many wormholes, and the time spent on the road would be long.

At present, what Zhang Ruochen wanted to improve the most urgently was the Precepts.

Yan Wushen had already cultivated to the pinnacle of the Neverwilt realm, so he absolutely could not lag too far behind.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Sundial and cultivated it for four years.

Zhang Ruochen had 100 million more Precepts in his body. In total, there are more than 500 million.

“It seems that it’s not difficult to increase the number of Precepts to 800 million. But it doesn’t seem so easy to comprehend the Saintwill.”

So far, Zhang Ruochen had not even touched the threshold of the Saintwill.

If he wanted to break through to the advanced stage of the Neverwilt realm, he needs 800 million Precepts and Saintwill. Once he cultivated the Saintwill, Zhang Ruochen’s battle strength would improve greatly.

‘Since Yan Wushen has reached the pinnacle of the Neverwilt realm, he must have cultivated at least one billion Precepts. More importantly, how strong is the Saintwill he comprehended?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen could ignore any cultivator in the same realm, but Yan Wushen was an exception.

After spending on things with the 140 Godstones, there were five left. Zhang Ruochen was about to take out the Sevenstar Imperial Palace to study them.

There was a commotion outside.

“We’re here! Look, it’s the six-colored divine nebula in the Forest of No Return. It’s so spectacular!”

“I see three World Trees. The one in the middle is the World Tree of Destiny, right?”

...

Zhang Ruochen was curious about the Forest of No Return, which was the core of Infernal Court. He put away the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and walked out.

A large number of saint realm cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan gathered on the deck of the Saint Ship.

Zhang Ruochen looked over and saw a six-colored forest in the boundless starry sky.

The forest was not real. It was made of star fog and dust and it was about one-tenth of a light-year wide. It was more than a trillion miles long. Even a Supreme Saint could not fly through it.

There were also a large number of life stars floating in the six-colored forest. From Afar, they looked as small as marbles.

The most eye-catching ones were the three World Trees in the six-colored forest.

They were not real trees. Instead, they were similar to the Ashuran Planet. They had a rock structure and looked like three broad-leaved ancient trees.

Every leaf on the World Trees was a world. Each world was a country where countless cultivators lived.

Some of the countries had already evolved into divine kingdoms.

There was a huge leaf that had built three divine cities on the top of the three World Trees. They were known as the Divine Domain of Destiny, Fengdu, and Yama Boundless Realm.

The Ten-winged Saint Ship was flying towards the top of the World Tree of Destiny in the middle—the Divine Domain of Destiny.

The Ten-winged Saint Ship was flying on a special star path. Under the influence of divine power, it kept making space jumps. Each jump could cover billions of miles.

As he got closer to the World Tree of Destiny, Zhang Ruochen felt more and more pressure. The precepts of heaven and earth became more active. The ten golden wings hidden in his body seemed to be out of control and were about to rush out from his back.

After the fleet arrived at the Divine Domain of Destiny, everyone moved into an independent city area under the leadership of Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

“The area we are in now is called the Winterpage City. It was built 100,000 years ago by the Fane of Destiny and the Yanluo clan for the Celestial-hunting Festival. It is divided into hundreds of districts. The district where our Bloodysky Clan is stationed is called the Bingsi District.

“All the cultivators from the ten clans of Infernal Courts who participate in the Celestial-hunting Festival will enter the Winterpage City.”

“Everyone must remember that private fights are forbidden in the city district. Here, there are gods and Supreme Saint enforcers. Those who engage in private fights will be severely punished.”

“If there are personal grudges that you want to resolve, you can head to the Battle District.”

“If you want to buy cultivation items, you can go to the city of River Market District. There are saint shops set up by various prominent figures on both sides of the Saint River. Large-scale auctions are held every day. As long as you have enough Saint Stones, you can buy everything you want.”

“In addition, there is the Debate District, the Sword District...”

“There is still some time before the Celestial-hunting Festival. If you have time, you can walk around and broaden your horizons.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng had talked a lot, but Zhang Ruochen’s mind had already drifted elsewhere.

‘The legendary Fane of Destiny should be in the Divine Domain of Destiny. Is the Power of Destiny so terrifying that it determines everything in the world?’ Zhang Ruochen thought. He closed his eyes and Huang Yanchen’s figure appeared in his mind unconsciously.

She turned around and turned into Pan Ruo’s face again.

It was hard not to think of her here.

Zhang Ruochen’s place of residence was arranged in the central area of the Bingsi District. It was called the Vastsea

Manor. As soon as he walked into the manor, a large group of figures knelt on the ground. "Greetings, Supreme Saint Ruochen."

Apart from the 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords mentioned by Supreme Saint Qingsheng, there were also eight Saint King Realm Blood guards, hundreds of maids, butlers, and servants.

They were only staying for a month or two, yet they made such a big fuss.

"Get Up!"

After a pause, Zhang Ruochen pointed to Moyin who was standing next to him, and he said, "In the coming period, just tell Supreme Saint Moyin directly if you have anything to do. She will help me arrange everything. By the way, send a cultivator to find Xue Tu for me."

Zhang Ruochen activated the Sundial by a lake in the Vastsea Manor and started cultivating again.

Xue Tu walked over and entered the Sundial's range. His heart suddenly ached. He thought to himself, 'Zhang Ruochen has a treasure of time like the Sundial. Do I have a chance to surpass him in my life?'

Zhang Ruochen stopped his cultivation and stood up. He walked to the pavilion and poured two cups of holy spring. He picked up one and handed it over.

Xue Tu was stunned. His eyes were filled with confusion. He took the holy spring in a daze and drank it slowly. After drinking it, he found that the Precepts in him had automatically increased by hundreds.

"This... This holy spring..."

Xue Tu only felt that he could not see through Zhang Ruochen at all. He did not know what he was trying to do.

Before coming to the Vastsea Manor, he had already prepared to run for his life again. He was afraid that Zhang Ruochen would take him to sell his blood and organs. For a Supreme Saint, it was more difficult to accept than death.

However, he drank a cup of the precious holy spring after he came along.

The psychological difference made him feel flattered.

Zhang Ruochen picked up another cup of holy spring and drank it slowly. He said, "How many Godstones can your five planets of fiefdom sell in the auction house?"

Xue Tu knew that he could not keep the fiefdom, so he did not feel so bad. He said, "100 Godstones probably."

"So Little?" Zhang Ruochen frowned.

Xue Tu was speechless.

'So Little?' he thought.

100 Godstones were equivalent to 100 billion saint stones.

If he had not gotten the mark of the Wargod Bloodflame, broken through to the Supreme Saint realm, and received a fourth-level Planet of Life from his family, he would not have so much wealth.

"Fine! Place your fiefdom in the auction. It's best if you sell it in two days and exchange it all for Godstones."

Seeing that Xue Tu was not moving, Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and said, "Why are you still here?"

Xue Tu still could not believe that Zhang Ruochen would let him go so easily. He asked in a low voice, "Senior brother, don't you have any other orders?"

Zhang Ruochen looked over and said, "Don't worry about working for me. If you do well enough, I can consider giving you more time to pay off the huge debt you owe me."

"Okay, I'll do it right away. I'll make sure it's done properly."

Xue Tu was overjoyed. Like a knife hanging above his head, he has temporarily moved away and left happily.

Zhang Ruochen held the jade cup and watched Xue Tu leave. He thought to himself, 'This is the first time I've challenged a Supreme Saint. It seems to be working. However, it's still far from convincing him to obey me.'

Suddenly, a cold voice came from the pavilion behind him.
“I’ve never seen a Supreme Saint so excited after being forced to auction off his fiefdom. Zhang Ruochen, your methods are brilliant!”

There was a strong sense of irony in her tone.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and saw Lord Xia Yu’s beautiful figure sitting inside.

She made herself at home. She lifted the jade pot, raised her snow-white chin, and poured the holy spring into her red lips. Such a bold thing was done by her. It was full of beauty.

Zhang Ruochen had an idea. Suddenly, he felt that he might be able to challenge a higher difficulty.

If he could make Lord Xia Yu obedient, he would have no issue controlling others.

“I thought that our relationship should be like fire and water, with no possibility of detente. I did not expect that you would come to visit me. It just so happens that I have something important to discuss with you.”

Zhang Ruochen was indifferent. He did not mention that Lord Xia Yu drank the holy spring without permission.

Lord Xia Yu raised her wrist and put the jade pot back on the table. She glared at Zhang Ruochen and snorted, “I’m not here to repair our relationship. Someone sent an invitation to you.”

With that, an invitation flew out of her sleeve.

Chapter 2238: Mu Lingxi's Jade Bracelet

The leader of the Qitian Clan, Lord Bladehell, had sent an invitation.

Zhang Ruochen opened the invitation and took a look.

The invitation was for the leader of the Bloodsky Clan. He invited the leader and the Supreme Saints of the clan to a banquet for the ten great clans of the Immortal Vampires tomorrow night.

Lord Xia Yu refined the holy spring and found that the Precepts in her had increased by a few thousand in an instant.

'This spring was not ordinary,' she thought.

She was about to drink again but found that the jade pot was empty.

Lord Xia Yu put the jade pot back on the table and said, "Do you know why the invitation was sent to me?"

Zhang Ruochen lowered his eyes and stared at the fish in the lake. Then he said lightly, "The Qitian Clan is ranked first among the top ten Immortal Vampires. It was reasonable for them to lead the gathering. However, it's impossible for Lord Bladehell to not know that I'm the leader of the Bloodsky Clan. If he sent the invitation to you on purpose. It's obvious that he's trying to sow discord between us."

"It's best that you understand this."

Lord Xia Yu's body was a tall and beautiful saintly being. She stood up and prepared to leave.

"Wait."

Zhang Ruochen stopped her and said, "I can't go to this banquet."

"Why?" Lord Xia Yu asked in confusion.

Zhang Ruochen sighed and said, "Lord Bladehell's invitation was sent to you, so you should attend on behalf of the Bloodsky Clan."

“But I’m not the leader.” Lord Xia Yu snorted.

Zhang Ruochen said, “If I go in this situation, the Qitian Clan and the other eight clans will take this opportunity to attack me. They will say that I went without an invitation. I will be humiliated, but that’s secondary. The most important thing is that the Bloodsky Clan must not lose face.”

Lord Xia Yu suddenly turned around and said, “Are you afraid?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, and he said, “I’m afraid that I can’t control myself and will teach them a harsh lesson. In this way, there will be divisions and huge conflicts within the Immortal Vampires. Won’t it be a joke to the other clans in the Infernal Court?”

Whether it was the Celestial-hunting Festival or the environment of the Infernal Court, the ten great clans of the Immortal Vampires competed with each other and allied with each other.

At the Celestial-hunting Festival, the ten great clans of the Immortal Vampires had to unite first to fight against the Ghost, Rakshasa, Stone Clan, and the other nine clans.

This was a battle between the ten clans, and it was related to the honor of the Immortal Vampires.

Next was the internal competition among the ten great clans of the Immortal Vampires.

If the Celestial-hunting Festival hadn’t started yet, the ten great clans of the Immortal Vampires would already be fighting among themselves. Not only would they be ridiculed, but they might even be at the bottom of the festival.

Lord Xia Yu stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Then tell me, what should I do? Do you want me to represent the Bloodsky Clan to attend the banquet of the ten great clans? Aren’t you afraid...”

She stopped at this point.

Zhang Ruochen understood what she meant. She should have said, “Aren’t you afraid that I will take away your power and

you will become a puppet leader?”

He didn't seem to care, “I went to compete for the leader because of the honor of the Xue Jue Family. However, I'm not familiar with the cultivators of the Bloodsky Clan attending the banquet. If I were to be the leader, I would make a mess. I believe you don't want to see such a situation, right?”

“At least you know yourself. Do you know that because you are the leader, the Bloodsky Clan has become the target of everyone? Many of your enemies on Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits have said that they want to humiliate the Bloodsky Clan at the Celestial-hunting Festival,” Lord Xia Yu said bluntly.

Her tone was full of resentment toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Therefore, the Bloodsky Clan needs you to stand out and lead everyone. As for me, the lower my sense of existence, the better. This way, the chances of Bloodsky Clan being targeted will be less.”

Lord Xia Yu did not expect Zhang Ruochen to take the initiative to bring this up. She was a little surprised.

Zhang Ruochen handed her the invitation and said, “For the sake of the Bloodsky Clan, please take care of the Celestial-hunting Festival.”

Lord Xia Yu didn't believe that Zhang Ruochen didn't care about the identity of the leader, nor did she believe that he would be so easy to talk to. However, she couldn't find any reason to refuse.

Unconsciously, she took the invitation.

Zhang Ruochen said, “There's another thing. The Qitian Clan, Azuresky Clan, and Yellowsky Clan all have elites who had completed their cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. If the Bloodsky Clan wants to make a difference at the Celestial-hunting Festival, we must have elites of the same as well.”

Lord Xia Yu snorted and said, “It's not that easy to reach the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

“Didn’t you break the ninety-nine shackles already?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Xia Yu put away the invitation and put her arms behind her back. She said, “You have just reached the Neverwilt Realm. How could you understand the mystery of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?”

“Please enlighten me, Lord Xia Yu.” Zhang Ruochen said modestly.

Lord Xia Yu was even more surprised to see him like this.

‘Was he the Zhang Ruochen who had killed the Saint King Realm cultivators in the Infernal Court?’ she thought.

Logically, with his talent, strength, and background, he must have been extremely arrogant and conceited, just like Yan Wushen.

What is he up to?’ Lord Xia Yu was puzzled.

He was modest, but she couldn’t be arrogant. Or else she would be looked down upon by Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Xia Yu said, “After reaching the Hundred-Shackle Realm if you want to continue to become stronger, you have to not only comprehend the Precepts but also break the shackles in your body.

“The shackles were easier to break in the early stages.

“After breaking ninety shackles, the difficulty will increase several times for each shackle. It can be said that the last ten shackles are more difficult than the previous ninety combined.

“Among them, the most difficult one is called the Shackle of Desire. It is invisible and intangible. It is the most difficult to find and break. Many Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm would save the Shackle of Desire for the last to be broken. I have spent five years, but I haven’t found a trace of the Shackle of Desire.”

She was quite disappointed and said, “It seems to be only one shackle away from the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but the difference in combat power is like heaven and earth.”

Zhang Ruochen said, "I have cultivated in the Path of Truth. Perhaps I can use the Power of Truth to help you see through the illusion and find the Shackle of Desire."

"You?"

Lord Xia Yu did not have a good impression of Zhang Ruochen from the Celestial Court. She said, "You are not a Master of Truth. With your little attainments in the Path of Truth, you want to help me? Besides, even if you can help me, breaking the hundredth shackle is not something that can be done in a month or two."

"I am the Master of Time. It is not difficult for me to help you break through the realm in a few years or decades," Zhang Ruochen said confidently.

Lord Xia Yu said, "One who is unaccountably solicitous is hiding evil

intentions. Zhang Ruochen, what are you plotting?"

"I just want the Bloodsky Clan to perform better at the Celestial-hunting Festival," Zhang Ruochen said.

"You'd better not have any other thoughts. No matter how you try to please me, it's useless."

Lord Xia Yu's graceful figure flew out of the Vastsea Manor like a fairy butterfly.

Zhang Ruochen raised his voice and asked, "Lord Xia Yu, can you tell me your name?"

There was no response.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly. He had to take things one step at a time with a peerless beauty like Lord Xia Yu.

Returning to the Sundial, Zhang Ruochen continued to cultivate.

At present, his primary goal was to advance his cultivation to the advanced stage of the Neverwilt Realm.

'It's time to spend more time and comprehend my own Saintwill,' he thought.

Cultivating the Saintwill was something he had to do to break through to the advanced stage of the Neverwilt Realm.

‘A Supreme Saint can cultivate not only just one Saintwill. If I cultivate the Time Saintwill and the Dimension Saintwill directly, my level might be very low because I don’t have enough experience.’ Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

Time, Dimension, and Swordsmanship were the three Paths that Zhang Ruochen valued the most.

He could not be careless at all.

‘I should cultivate the Fist Saintwill first,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Most Supreme Saints could only cultivate one type of Saintwill. There were very few Supreme Saints who could cultivate two types of Saintwill at the same time.

There were even fewer Supreme Saints who could cultivate more than three types of Saintwill.

Even if Zhang Ruochen was very confident in himself, he did not dare to act rashly. The Path of Fist that he chose was one that he had cultivated to completion in the Saint King Realm. It was also the first and most important one.

First of all, Zhang Ruochen separated 4.6 million Precepts of Fist from his sea of Qi and gathered them together, condensing them over and over again.

4.6 million Precepts of Fist twined and turned into 2.3 million thicker Precepts.

Then, they twined again.

In this way, Zhang Ruochen spent three months condensing 4.6 million Precepts of Fist into 460 Precepts. Each of them was as thick as a saint pillar and contained profound and mysterious energy.

At this point, no matter how Zhang Ruochen mobilized his power, he could not make the Precepts of Fist fuse again.

“It seems that I need some external support.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Violet Gourd, shrunk his body, and flew into the gourd.

With the power of the gourd, the 460 Precepts of Fist in his sea of Qi seemed to have melted. They gathered together and turned into a chaotic light ball above the Heavenly Stream.

The Fist Saintwill was about to be condensed in the light ball.

Suddenly, there was a loud explosion. The chaotic light ball dispersed and turned into 4.6 million Precepts of Fist again, flying back to the Heavenly Stream.

It was all for naught.

“I was so close. What a pity!” said Zhang Ruochen as he felt regretful.

After months of hard work, he was back to his original state in an instant.

“It seems that the cultivation environment of the Violet Gourd is not good enough. I have to buy some stellar cores. In addition, I have to buy some high-level treasures to help me cultivate the Saintwill.”

After flying out of the Violet Gourd, Zhang Ruochen left the Vastsea Manor and headed toward the River Market District.

A blood-red river flowed through the center of the district.

Saint boats were shuttling across the river. The big ones carried palaces and released the terrifying power of a Supreme Saint. The small ones were only dozens of feet long. Only two or three cultivators were sitting on them.

The so-called River Market was located on both sides of the blood-red river.

An Asura elder rolled a piece of animal skin on the ground and placed the blood, bones, and hearts of various Saint Realm creatures on it. He shouted and sold them as goods.

There were also cultivators of the Nether Clan selling all kinds of curse talismans.

There was also a Ghost Lord leading a group of human slaves and walking by the river like they were selling livestock. The

human slaves crawled on the ground. There were beautiful women and powerful Saint cultivators.

In Infernal Court, they were being sold all year round. They did all kinds of lowly things and had long lost their dignity as a human.

Zhang Ruochen walked by the river and watched all of this calmly.

As he was surrounded by Saint Qi, only a few cultivators could see his true face. Even if he didn't hide his face.

He walked and watched all the way.

Some of the stalls also had good-quality treasures. However, it did not catch Zhang Ruochen's eyes anymore.

A Rakshasa woman in a black veil appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen. She bowed respectfully and said, "May I ask if you are the Supreme Saint Ruochen?"

Zhang Ruochen naturally didn't think that this woman could see his face.

There must be a Supreme Saint Realm elite nearby who recognized him.

"You are?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"I am Yao Li, Princess Luo Sha's Saint maidservant."

Then, she continued, "The princess wants to invite Supreme Saint Ruochen for a chat."

Luo Sha was one of the few cultivators in Infernal Court that Zhang Ruochen did not hate so much. Perhaps it was because she was too beautiful to make a man hate her.

Or perhaps it was because they had once cultivated both spiritual powers and had a beautiful past.

However, it was not a relationship. Rather, they were more of enemies.

"Sorry, I have something to do. I don't have time." Zhang Ruochen turned her down and prepared to leave.

“Supreme Saint Ruochen, please wait. The princess has guessed that the Supreme Saint doesn’t want to see her, so she would like to ask you to see something first.” Saint maidservant Yao Li said.

She took out a jade bracelet and handed it to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes suddenly shrank after he saw the jade bracelet. His aura became extremely cold. He reached out, grabbed her neck, and lifted her from the ground.

“Where did this jade bracelet come from?” Zhang Ruochen asked coldly.

Saint maidservant Yao Li couldn’t speak. Her pretty face was pale and she was terrified. She used her spiritual power to transmit her voice. “The princess gave it to me.”

Bang

Zhang Ruochen threw Yao Li to the ground. He picked up the jade bracelet and held it gently in his hand. His eyes were filled with tenderness. He said, “Take me to Luo Sha.”

Under the guidance of Yao Li, Zhang Ruochen left the River Market District and headed toward the Battle District.

Zhang Ruochen personally refined the jade bracelet and gave it to Mu Lingxi.

Although the jade bracelet was of a very low grade and the storage space inside was very small, Mu Lingxi always wore it. ‘How could it appear in the Infernal Court? How could it be in Luo Sha’s hands?’ he thought.

Yao Li brought Zhang Ruochen to a square that was emitting black brilliance in the Battle District.

Whoosh

Her figure flashed and disappeared from the spot.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the empty black square and calmly watched the scene. He said, “Great Dimensional Shift Talisman! Who was it that lured me here?”

Whoosh

At the edge of the black square, four black saint light screens rose and sealed the entire square.

A burly Rakshasa Supreme Saint, wearing saint armor and holding a battle-ax, walked out from the blacklight screen behind Zhang Ruochen, he said furiously, “Zhang Ruochen, you brutally killed my brother Great Prince Mara on Kunlun’s Battlefield of Merits. It’s time for us to settle this!”

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Chapter 2239: Warlord Mara

The length and width of the black plaza were over 10,000 meters long.

The black lightscreen around the plaza was filled with countless divine inscriptions. Once activated, not only could it keep the energy inside from leaking out, it could also prevent living beings inside from escaping.

In the Battle District, this plaza was known as the Arena of Life and Death.

Upon stepping into the Arena of Life and Death, it was equivalent to signing a life and death contract. No one, including deities, could interfere.

They could not blame others if they were dead or severely injured.

Warlord Mara was about four meters tall. His legs were as thick as iron pillars, and he was clad in black armor. There were eight skeletal wings on his back, and his nose was caved in. His eyes were even bigger than the mouth of a bowl. He was ugly, just like the other Rakshasa males.

He emitted powerful waves of energy.

Whoosh!

The evil energy was like seawater. It filled the space where the Arena of Life and Death was. It was so strong that it made the lightscreen filled with divine inscriptions tremble slightly.

The evil energy was storming towards Zhang Ruochen. However, it was split into two ways; It could not touch his snow-white robe.

“Even if I did slaughter Great Prince Mara with no mercy, he deserved it. He deserved to die.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were as cold as ice. “Say, where did you get that Bracelet of Dimension? Tell me everything, and perhaps I can spare your life.”

Warlord Mara laughed angrily. “What a joke. Zhang Ruochen, don’t think that you can be arrogant just because you’ve defeated three pieces of trash from the Bloodsky Clan.”

“I’m the one who led you to the Arena of Life and Death. Hence, I have no intention of letting you out alive. Yet, you dare to say you would spare my life? Perhaps you should kneel down and beg for mercy now, then I’ll consider leaving your corpse intact and sending your dead body to the Xue Jue family.”

The Mara family was an existence as ancient as the Xue Jue family. They were very powerful in Rakshasa clan, and there were two Truegods in their family.

Being conferred the title “Mara” was a supreme honor for the members of the Mara family.

There was only one prince, Duke, Marquis, Count, and Viscount, who could receive the title of “Mara.”

Due to his unique constitution and the fact that he had comprehended a Grade Four Saintwill, he had the potential to attain godhood, which was why he got conferred the title of Mara.

When they heard that a Supreme Saint elite had activated the Arena of Life and Death, all the cultivators in the martial battle city area were in an uproar and immediately gathered in this direction.

The majority of them were the guests of the Celestial-Hunting Festival with high status in Infernal Court.

“The one who ascended the Arena of Life and Death is actually Warlord Mara. He’s a leader from Dhisn, one of the seven great kingdoms of the Rakshasa. He’s also the Mara family’s top elite since 10,000 years ago. He has the potential to become a deity.”

“Is that... a human Supreme Saint opposite Warlord Mara? Or is he an Asura?”

“Haha, a Supreme Saint of Neverwilt Realm dares to ascend the Arena of Life and Death to challenge Warlord Mara. He must have death wish!” a cultivator laughed.

...

Warlord Mara hated Zhang Ruochen so much that he attacked Zhang Ruochen rapidly. His battle-ax — Parashu — emitted a dazzling light under the control of the evil energy.

The ax struck out with earth-shattering power, heading straight for Zhang Ruochen's head.

Zhang Ruochen remained calm. He extended one hand and formed a palm seal with his five fingers, holding up a 30-foot-wide spatial sphere. The moment Parashu struck the spatial sphere, the sphere absorbed all the power in an instant.

BOOM!

The next moment, the spatial sphere exploded with a surge of power. It bounced Parashu back.

“So this is the Dimesional power?”

There was a change of expression in Warlord Mara's eyes. He immediately used all his strength to activate Parashu. 270,000 regal-level inscriptions appeared on Parashu. Their power increased dramatically.

The rebounding force was instantly suppressed by him. Parashu slashed down with even more power, shattering Zhang Ruochen's spatial sphere.

With a boom, Parashu hit the ground.

The defensive divine inscriptions on the Arena of Life and Death were instantly activated by Parashu's power.

“Has the human Supreme Saint been killed by the axe?”

“How powerful is Warlord Mara? Parashu in his hand is a divine weapon that has survived two counts of regal level tribulations. Many masters in the completion of Hundred-Shackle Realm don't dare to take his battle axe head-on.”

“The human Supreme Saint at Neverwilt Realm has most likely been hacked into ashes... how... how is that possible... He is still alive after being hit by Warlord Mara.”

At the edge of the Arena of Life and Death, a speck of light was flashing.

The light spot expanded rapidly and turned into Zhang Ruochen's figure. He fell to the ground unscathed.

Zhang Ruochen had already known Warlord Mara's strength through the battle just now. Warlord Mara had broken 99 shackles and was at the same realm as Lord Xia Yu.

But his attack power was stronger than Lord Xia Yu's.

Lord Xia Yu was more proficient in spiritual power, talisman and rune techniques, and array formations. However, her attack power was her weakness.

'No wonder he dared to call the Three Top Elites of Bloodskly Clan useless. He's indeed powerful. He's not an ordinary person.'

Zhang Ruochen was very concerned about Mu Lingxi's safety. He didn't want to tangle with Warlord Mara. He wanted to end the battle quickly. Thus, he activated the Fire God armor and covered his entire body.

Crackle—

The white robe on his body was instantly burned to ashes by the fire from the Armor of the Fire God.

"The Dimensional technique is quite profound. I never expected you could escape from my battle axe. Unfortunately, this is the Arena of Life and Death. There is no way to run."

Warlord Mara's eight skeletal wings spread out. They grew bigger and bigger, completely enveloping the Arena of Life and Death.

Between the bones, streaks of lightning flowed. Some condensed into Saint Dragons, some into Taotie, and some actually condensed into human forms... There were 100 Thunder Warsouls.

Each Thunder Warsoul released an aura that surpassed a Nine-Step Saint King of Path's Anterior and was close to a Supreme Saint of Neverwilt Realm.

100 such powerful Warsouls were attached to Warlord Mara's body at the same time, allowing his Saint Might to reach its peak.

Zhang Ruochen had a serious look on his face. He didn't expect Warlord Mara to have such a method.

"It's Hundred Beast Combat Body Art. Warlord Mara has to get support from a hundred beasts even though his opponent is just a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint."

"Warlord Mara had once used Hundred Beast Combat Body Art to fight a Supreme Saint, who was at the initial stage of Thousand-Koan Realm, to a draw. Did he really need it to counter a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint?"

All the cultivators present were puzzled. They felt that using Hundred Beast Combat Body Art to counter Zhang Ruochen was like breaking a butterfly on a wheel.

Anyone who could attain the rank of Supreme Saint within the age of 1,000 years old was not an ordinary Supreme Saint.

Especially someone like Warlord Mara, who could become the leader of one of the seven great kingdoms of the Rakshasa, was not an ordinary cultivator. It was very normal for him to be able to fight across realms.

When Warlord Mara was still a Saint King, he was even stronger than Great Prince Mara. He was an elite who had achieved first tier below Supreme Sainthood.

If Warlord Mara could improve his Hundred Beast Combat Body Art a little more, his hundred beasts would reach the power of Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints. His combat power would be even more terrifying. He could injure a Supreme Saint, whose attainment was comparable that of Lord Xia Yu, with just a strike.

However, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid. He strode forward and attacked.

He had a Demigod-level physique, so why would he be afraid of an Hundred Beast Combat Body that was yet to reach its best state?

He simply shot out a palm strike. It turned into a flaming Mount Wuzhi. Powerful Yang energy surged out and burned Warlord Mara's black armor until it was red, as if it was about to melt.

Warlord Mara was shocked. He quickly mobilized the power of all beasts, gathered it with his own power, and swung Parashu with brute force.

The battle axe collided with his palm and released a blinding holy light.

Boom!

The power was evenly matched. No one had the upper hand.

Zhang Ruochen snorted. He unleashed the Realm-frame of Truth and triggered the phenomena of Shoreless Star Ocean. Dense starlight filled the space where the Arena of Life and Death was.

Although it was Shoreless Star Ocean, Zhang Ruochen's Realm-frame of Truth wasn't far from the highest level: the Boundless Universe.

Sensing Zhang Ruochen's 10 times power, Warlord Mara quickly released the Gate of Destiny. It floated behind him to weaken the attack force aiming at him.

Obviously, Zhang Ruochen's attainments in the Path of Truth were far superior to Warlord Mara's way of fate.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Warlord Mara could not withstand Zhang Ruochen's power and kept retreating. With every step he took, the Arena of Life and Death would shake violently.

The Saint-level cultivators around the Arena of Life and Death were all dumbfounded.

That human was merely a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint yet his pure strength had suppressed that of Warlord Mara.

At this moment, something even more unbelievable happened.

Zhang Ruochen released a Spatial Domain and virtual time domain at the Null Time realm at Warlord Mara. In this way, Warlord Mara was suppressed by the forces of three ancient Paths: Path of Truth, Path of Time, and Path of Dimension.

...

On the east side of the Arena of Life and Death, at the top of the stands, there was a Ghost Lotus the size of a basin.

The Ghost Lotus had seven petals. On two of them, there were silhouettes of ghosts.

They were the Ghost Master's eighth son, Ming, and seventh son, Xu

Ming was once the top elite below Supreme Sainthood among Ghosts. Now, he was a Ghost Emperor who had survived seven Ghost Tribulations.

Xu was even more amazing. After ambushing Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, he used the Spring of Chaos to refine Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt physique with the Spring of Chaos. He broke all 100 shackles and formed a Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt physique. He had attained the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Xu said, "It looks like Warlord Mara is going to lose. His Hundred Beast Combat Body Art hasn't reached the grand completion yet, so it can't suppress Zhang Ruochen, who is the Scion of Time and Space with a Demigod-level body."

"Warlord Mara is only at a disadvantage for now. I think the outcome is still unknown," said Ming.

Xu shook his head, "Zhang Ruochen might not be able to defeat Warlord Mara with pure strength," said Xu

"Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen's greatest combat ability has never been pure strength, but the techniques of Time and Space. Moreover, he has countless treasures."

"No... Although Warlord Mara is a little stupid, his combat strength is still extraordinary. At least he forced Zhang Ruochen to go all out and show the level of the Path of Truth."

Ming said, "Warlord Mara hasn't used the Class Four extreme way of heaven-opening holy will. Will he have a chance to turn the tables?"

Fu said, "When Warlord Mara first attacked, he used his Saintwill. Maybe he could win. But now, he is suppressed by the three levels of the Path of Truth, time, and space. He has

no chance to use the holy will. Even with my current cultivation, I might not be able to escape unscathed.”

“So Powerful?”

He was secretly surprised and said, “Seventh brother, if you fight with Zhang Ruochen, what are your chances of winning?”

“If I hadn’t seen Zhang Ruochen fight before and didn’t know anything about his power of Time, Space, and Truth, I might only have a 90 percent chance of winning. But now, I’m 100 percent sure that I can defeat him.”

He smiled and said in a teasing tone, “Zhang Ruochen is only at the mid stage of Neverwilt Realm. He hasn’t even cultivated a Saintwill. If I can’t even defeat him now, wouldn’t I have to kill myself?”

“However, killing Zhang Ruochen is as difficult as ascending to heaven. Unless there are two or three elites as powerful as me attacking him together, I won’t have a chance.”

Around the Arena of Life and Death, there were four or five Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators who attained the Great Perfection level and were as powerful as Xu. They were all studying Zhang Ruochen’s methods and thinking of countermeasures.

On the Arena of Life and Death, Warlord Mara roared angrily. With his deeper cultivation, he tried to break the three layers of suppression from the Realm-frame of Truth, Spatial Domain, and Null Time Domain.

Bang

The Gate of Destiny behind him was crushed and turned into specks of light.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen stepped on a cloud of Divine Purification Flame with his Yanshen’s Leg. He descended on top of Warlord Mara’s head.

“Look at my hundred Divine Weapons Cloud.”

Warlord Mara spat out a cloud of divine Qi. There were 100 sacred artifacts wrapped in the cloud. He was trying to block

Yanshen's Leg.

Boom! Boom!

In an instant, 63 sacred artifacts were crushed and turned into scrap metal. The other 37 sacred artifacts flew out and scattered around the Arena of Life and Death.

Warlord Mar, who was under the suppression from three Ancient Paths, couldn't hold on any longer after being hit by Yanshen's Leg. His scalp split open, and he spat out Saint Blood. He fell heavily to the ground.

Zhang Ruochen stepped on his back. "Tell me, where is she?"

Warlord Mara gritted his teeth and didn't speak. He felt humiliated. The Warlord of the Mara family, the leader of the Dhisan, had been trampled by a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint.

The Mara family and Dhisan had lost all face.

More importantly, it was him who had purposely lured Zhang Ruochen here to scheme against Zhang Ruochen. But now, it seemed like he was courting death.

Now, only by killing Zhang Ruochen on the Arena of Life and Death could he save his reputation.

"I'll burn my blood to fight you to the death!"

Warlord Mara roared and activated a secret skill. The blood in his body burned. His bones cracked, and his veins grew thicker. His Hundred Beast Warsouls seemed to be evolving toward Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint. It exploded with more and more powerful aura.

Yanshen's Leg was shaken by his power. His bones were numb and couldn't be suppressed.

Cracks appeared on his Realm-frame of Truth, Spatial Domain, and Null Time Domain. It seemed like they were going to be torn apart at any moment.

"Your blood belongs to me. It worth a lot of saint stones in the market. I won't allow you to burn it just like that."

Zhang Ruochen took out Violet Gourd and grabbed its outlet. He swung the gourd and smashed it at Warlord Mara's head.

Mercury Gourd, Destruction Golden Sun, and Cosmic Glazier Stone were all made of extremely heavy materials. They were heavier than many planets.

This attack broke the hardest bone on Warlord Mara's head. His head caved in slightly. His spiritual thoughts scattered. His consciousness disappeared and he fainted.

Chapter 2240: Public Enemy of Infernal Court

The Infernal Court cultivators who surrounded the Arena of Life and Death were all dumbfounded. They were so shocked that their eyeballs almost popped out. They thought that they were hallucinating.

The warlord of the Mara Family, the leader of Dhisán, was crushed to the ground by a Neverwithér Supreme Saint. He was knocked out by a gourd.

“No, this can’t be true. How could Warlord Mara lose?”

“Who is he? Even Yan Wusheng, who is also a Neverwithér Supreme Saint, would find it difficult to defeat Warlord Mara.”

A woman wearing a golden mask and colourful clothes came to the Arena of Life and Death under the escort of two teams of Saint-level guards. She smiled as she said, “What Yan Wusheng can’t do, doesn’t mean Zhang Ruochen can’t. After all, he once defeated Yan Wusheng at the same level.”

The woman’s skin was like Divine Jade. Her entire body was shrouded in mist and her graceful figure was faintly discernible. The mask on her face was made of golden threads that covered her face. Under the golden mask were tassel pendants that clanged.

The woman displayed elegance. Even a Saint King with the highest cultivation level could not help but feel inferior when standing in front of her.

“How could he defeat Yan Wushen at the same level?” a Nether Clan Supreme Saint in a black robe didn’t believe her at all.

Everyone in Kunlun’s Battlefield of Merits knew that Zhang Ruochen had defeated Yan Wushen.

However, Infernal Court was too vast. Many cultivators were in seclusion all year round. They didn’t care about the outside

world and had never heard of it.

Many of them didn't even know that Zhang Ruochen existed.

"His name is Zhang Ruochen," the woman in colorful clothes said. "Supreme Saint Han Xi, if you don't believe me, you can send someone to investigate. We should have a result soon."

Nether Clan Supreme Saint Han Xi waved his hand and sent a subordinate to investigate.

Not long after, a document appeared in Supreme Saint Han Xi's hands. It contained all of Zhang Ruochen's information.

"Huh?"

When Supreme Saint Han Xi saw one of the contents, a chill appeared behind his eyes. "There's so many peerless foes of our clan who died at his hands. Even the Son of Darkness was killed by him."

Like Supreme Saint Han Xi, many cultivators who did not know Zhang Ruochen's identity went to investigate.

However, after seeing the results of the investigation, they were filled with anger. They felt that Zhang Ruochen was the public enemy of Infernal Court and should be killed as soon as possible.

"His hands are stained with the blood of Infernal Court's cultivators. How dare he come to the Divine Domain of Destiny?"

"Although Warlord Mara has lost, there are many powerful people in Infernal Court. There must be an unparalleled Supreme Saint who can kill him."

..

Zhang Ruochen ignored the cultivators of Infernal Court under the Arena of Life and Death. He reached out his palm, pressed it on Warlord Mara's head and poured his spiritual power in, trying to search his memories.

However, as soon as his spiritual power entered Warlord Mara's skull, it was crushed by a divine force.

An even stronger spiritual power counterattacked, forcing Zhang Ruochen to retreat dozens of steps as divine blood flowed from the corner of his mouth.

“It’s the Power of God. It’s protecting his memories and Saint Soul.”

Zhang Ruochen wiped the divine blood from the corner of his mouth and calmly thought of a way to make Warlord Mara speak. After a while, he muttered, “The Arena of Life and Death is a wonderful place.”

Below the Arena of Life and Death, Zhang Ruochen saw the figure of Xue Tu. He pointed to him and said, “Come up.”

“Senior brother, the Arena of Life and Death can not be stepped onto casually,” Xue Tu shook his head, afraid that he would be tricked by Zhang Ruochen.

Once on the Arena of Life and Death, one’s life and death would be out of their control.

Xue Tu was a person who cherished his life. How could he not be careful?

Zhang Ruochen stared at him and said, “Are you sure you won’t come up?”

Xue Tu was shocked by Zhang Ruochen’s stare. He licked his lips and finally, he braced himself and walked step by step to the edge of the Arena of Life and Death. He didn’t dare to step in.

“Senior brother, is there anything I can help you with?” he said.

“Take off his armor and tie him up for me,” Zhang Ruochen said, pointing to Warlord Mara on the ground.

Xue Tu swallowed and reminded him, “He’s Warlord Mara. He’s extraordinary. If you tie him up, you’ll offend the entire Mara Family.”

“Why are you still standing outside? Do you want me to bring you in personally?” Zhang Ruochen asked coldly.

Xue Tu was really afraid of Zhang Ruochen. Finally, he walked into the Arena of Life and Death with his stiff legs.

At this moment, Xue Tu could feel countless eyes staring at him from all directions. He felt bitter and sad. 'I was just passing by to watch the show. How did I get pushed into the limelight? If I had known, I wouldn't have come. If I acted recklessly with Zhang Ruochen, I would definitely be labeled as the public enemy of Infernal Court.'

Xue Tu knew Warlord Mara's reputation well. He hesitated and said, "Do we really have to do this? A Supreme Saint can't be tied up just like that. Once he wakes up, even ten binding saint locks can be broken easily."

Zhang Ruochen threw a skeletal whip to Xue Tu and said, "Use this."

"This... This is a Quasi-Supreme Artifact that Dark Skeletal Lord used before..."

Xue Tu held the skeletal whip with both hands and sighed. 'Zhang Ruochen was even richer than gods. The things he took out were all supreme treasures.'

Unfortunately, being rich was not benevolent.'

With so many treasures at hand, he still wanted him to sell his fiefdom, his saint blood and saint body.'

Xue Tu thought, but his hands didn't stop. He peeled off the black armor from Warlord Mara body and Warlord Mara turned into a naked burly man with a strong body.

That scene... was really eye-piercing.

Xue Tu held the black armor in his hands and examined it. It was a Regal Artifact which made Xue Tu felt even more unbalanced.

They were both Supreme Saints and divine sons. Why was Zhang Ruochen covered in Supreme Artifacts but Warlord Mara was covered in Regal Artifacts? Xue Tu was in such a miserable state. He had nothing. He didn't even have a decent saint weapon, he didn't even have a fief. He didn't even have freedom.

“I’m the most miserable Supreme Saint.”

Xue Tu stared at Warlord Mara, who was naked and lying on the Arena of Life and Death. He shook his head again and said, “No, there’s someone worse than me. At least I still have my dignity.”

When Warlord Mara woke up, he was relieved to find that he wasn’t dead.

After all, being defeated on the Arena of Life and Death meant that he would die for sure.

But soon, he felt that life was worse than death, because he found that he was still on the Arena of Life and Death, stripped naked, and stared at by countless eyes.

Warlord Mara was a person of high status. He cared about his face very much. After suffering such a great humiliation, the anger in his body seemed to burn the entire Infernal Court.

“Zhang Ruochen, I will never live under the same sky as you.”

Warlord Mara exerted strength in his arms and blinding saint light burst out. He wanted to break the skeletal whip that was tied to his body.

However, just as he exerted his strength, a large number of Supreme Inscriptions appeared on the skeletal whip. The supreme power burst out and acted on his body, dispersing all his strength.

Zhang Ruochen sat on a golden saint chair in the center of the Arena of Life and Death. He held the skeletal whip in his hand and said, “Don’t waste your strength. You can’t break a Quasi-Supreme Artifact.”

The skeletal whip was made from the backbone of a divine dragon. It had passed seven King’s Calamities and had many Supreme Inscriptions inside.

Therefore, it could be called both a Seven Element Regal Artifact and a Quasi-Supreme Artifact.

Warlord Mara wasn’t convinced. He continued to struggle, but Zhang Ruochen tossed him away. Every time, he was tossed till he was half-dead.

“Kill me!” Warlord Mara roared.

He felt that he had no face to continue living.

Zhang Ruochen mocked him, “You can’t take it anymore? I heard that you have the potential to become a god. You’re an important figure in the Mara Family and Dhisan. Now, it seems that the so-called god potential is a joke.”

Warlord Mara’s face was ferocious. “Do not continue to humiliate me,” he said.

Zhang Ruochen spoke with confidence and continued, “The heart of a god is unyielding. You’ve only been humiliated a little, and you’re already seeking death. How can you have the heart of a god?”

Warlord Mara was completely stunned after hearing those words, as if he had been hit in the head.

He calmed down gradually and said, “You’re right. Those with the heart of god should be unyielding. What’s this humiliation? As long as I don’t die, I’ll trample you one day.”

“Since you don’t want to die, tell me now. Where did you get this bracelet?” Zhang Ruochen held the Bracelet of Dimension and walked up to Warlord Mara. His eyes were cold.

Warlord Mara laughed loudly as he said, “Haha! If you want to know, let me go immediately. Kneel down and beg me. That is the only way.”

Zhang Ruochen punched Warlord Mara in the face. His face was covered in blood.

“It’s useless. Even if you kill me, don’t expect me to say anything. You should know how strong a Supreme Saint’s will is.” Warlord Mara didn’t give in and continued to laugh wildly.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and threw the Parashu to Xue Tu. “Do you know what to do?”

Xue Tu was stunned, “What?”

“A Supreme Saint’s body is precious. Cut him up to sell. Start by selling the Supreme Saint’s blood, then his legs. The Supreme Saint’s heart... The Supreme Saint’s regenerative and

self-healing abilities are very strong. You have to be careful not to kill him. The Supreme Saint's heart could be sold for at least ten times. Right?" Zhang Ruochen said calmly, from the beginning to the end.

However, when Warlord Mara heard those words, it was as if he had been struck by lightning. He was scared.

He wished that he could die immediately.

I can not die so easily. I want to live a strong life. I have the potential of becoming a god, but I must also have the heart to become a god. I must be unyielding, unyielding...' Warlord Mara thought to himself.

Xue Tu's arm that held the Parashu felt a little weak because he had heard the same words before.

"Why should I do something like this? Can't you do it yourself?"

Xue Tu was depressed. He regretted coming to watch the show even more.

When Zhang Ruochen had fought with Warlord Mara, he was secretly happy. He thought that Warlord Mara could kill Zhang Ruochen, the devil.

Unfortunately..

"Senior brother, are you... Are You Serious?" Xue Tu asked.

"Do you think I'm joking? If you can't do it, why don't you go over there and I'll sell you as well?" Zhang Ruochen said coldly.

"How can I not do it? I, Xue Tu, am a mass murderer. I am not merciful."

Xue Tu walked towards Warlord Mara with the Parashu.

Warlord Mara was not afraid of death, but at this moment, every inch of his body was trembling.

The cultivators around the Arena of Life and Death were stunned. They didn't expect Zhang Ruochen and Xue Tu to do this.

Some of the Saints and Saint Kings present were tempted.

If they could really get Warlord Mara's Supreme Saint blood, Supreme Saint Bones, Supreme Saint heart, and Supreme Saint lungs, it would definitely help them improve their cultivation and achieve the level of a Supreme Saint.

"Zhang Ruochen, how dare you humiliate the warlord of the Mara Family? Come out and face your death!"

The five Supreme Saints of the Mara Family rushed over. One was in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, while the other four were in the Neverwilt Realm. They were no more than 1,000 years old. Obviously, they were all guests at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

"Warlord Mara led me into the Arena of Life and Death and wants to kill me. Can't I fight back? If you want to save him, then step up to the Arena of Life and Death and fight with me. What's the use of shouting in the audience?" said Zhang Ruochen.

Twarita Mara was the only one below the Hundred-Shackle Realm among the five Supreme Saints. She had broken seven shackles and said coldly, "You defeated Warlord Mara. Just kill him. Why humiliate him?"

"Why are you encouraging me to kill him? Is it because after he dies, you can become the new warlord of the Mara Family?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Twarita Mara was at a loss for words. She was furious and didn't know how to answer.

A Neverwithier Supreme Saint from the Mara Family said, "You humiliate the Mara Family by humiliating Warlord Mara. From now on, we are enemies."

"Supreme Saint of the Mara Family, do you only know how to use your mouth? If you have the ability, come fight in the Arena of Life and Death," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Let's fight then. I'm not afraid of you."

Another Neverwithier Supreme Saint of the Mara Family was fuming with anger because of Zhang Ruochen. He held a Saint

Spear in his hand and was about to charge onto the Arena of Life and Death.

Twarita Mara quickly stopped him and said telepathically, ‘Zhang Ruochen is no trifling matter. Even the Warlord lost to him. Are you seeking death?’

Zhang Ruochen opened his mouth again, “The Supreme Saints of the Mara Family is a bunch of cowards. Imagine that those below the level of Supreme Saints, they must be even worse. If you are afraid of death, you can attack together. I’ll take on all of you.”

The Neverwithers Supreme Saint who held the Saint Spear couldn’t take it anymore. He felt that Zhang Ruochen deserved death. “Even if we die, we can’t let others think that the Supreme Saints of the Mara Family are cowards just because we’ll lose a life!” he shouted.

“Fight!”

Breaking free from the suppression of Twarita Mara, he charged onto the Arena of Life and Death.

The Supreme Saint’s powerful aura swept through heaven and earth. The Saint Spear in his hand turned into a silver dragon that charged toward Zhang Ruochen.

“Kneel.”

Zhang Ruochen stood still. He unleashed the power of three Paths of Ancients—the Realm-frame of Truth, the Spatial Domain, and the Null Time Realm—at the same time.

Instantly, the Neverwithers Supreme Saint stopped under the pressure. His bones cracked. He stood still and couldn’t move. His legs trembled.

He gritted his teeth and didn’t kneel.

“The Supreme Saint’s will and power are indeed extraordinary.”

Zhang Ruochen flicked his finger. A Mark of Time flew out and hit his chest.

The Neverwith Supreme Saint lost a hundred years of his life. His body became weak. He couldn't resist the three Paths of Ancients anymore. He knelt down with a thud.

“Zhang Ruochen... You... You deserve death...”

The Neverwith Supreme Saint roared unwillingly. His eyes were filled with humiliation.

The moment he knelt down, a large amount of lightning was released from his body. The entire Arena of Life and Death turned into a space of lightning.

Below the Arena of Life and Death—

The other four Supreme Saints of the Mara Family were all furious. They rushed to the Arena of Life and Death without a care about anything else. “Attack! Suppress Zhang Ruochen and fight for the honor of the Mara Family!” they roared.

“Kill!”

“Suppress Zhang Ruochen and kill Xue Tu.”

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Xue Tu, who was about to draw blood for Warlord Mara, felt extremely depressed. He felt that he was innocent. “Your enemy is obviously Zhang Ruochen. Why do you want to kill me? I was forced to do what he wanted.”

The reason behind Zhang Ruochen dealing with Warlord Mara and angering the five Supreme Saints of the Mara Family was that he wanted to ask for Mu Lingxi's whereabouts. Moreover, he wanted to crush the Mara Family, establish his power in Infernal Court, and intimidate the enemies of other big forces.

He wanted them to understand that becoming his enemy would be worse than death.

Otherwise, it would be a headache for him if they keep trying to find him.

Chapter 2241: Six Supreme Saints

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Four Supreme Saints stepped onto the Arena of Life and Death at the same time. Four powerful waves of evil-sha Qi surged toward Zhang Ruochen, and showed four different phenomena.

One of them was a Rakshasa Supreme Saint. He was hundreds of feet tall, and he held a Shyam Rod that was as thick as a pillar. He looked like a wargod.

The other one was wrapped in dark divine runes. He used the dark divine runes to resist the suppression of the three Ancient Paths. He rushed toward the Neverwithers Supreme Saint who was kneeling on the ground.

The other one was a Rakshasi Supreme Saint. She had a good figure and was extremely beautiful. She rushed toward Warlord Mara in the speed of light as she tried to save him.

Twarita Mara, who had the strongest cultivation and had reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm, held a Regal Artifact that shone with silver light as she attacked Zhang Ruochen from the front.

The four Supreme Saints of the Mara Family had a detailed plan and a clear division of labor.

Some were in charge of restraining Zhang Ruochen.

Some were in charge of saving their people.

If they could save Warlord Mara and the Neverwithers Supreme Saint, wouldn't they be able to suppress Zhang Ruochen and kill Xue Tu with the joined forces of six Supreme Saints?

"With so many Supreme Saints attacking together, the Arena of Life and Death is too small to be used. Why don't I expand the space here?"

Zhang Ruochen was still sitting on the chair in the center of the Arena of Life and Death. He stomped on the ground with his right foot. Immediately, many Precepts of Dimension flew

out of his body and changed the Arena of Life and Death into a vast space.

The dimension of the Arena of Life and Death was rapidly stretching and expanding. It became larger and larger.

The Rakshasi Supreme Saint was clearly about to get close to Warlord Mara. However, the distance between her and Warlord Mara became farther and farther in an instant. Finally, she was forcefully pulled to a distance of over a hundred miles.

She was very surprised. She looked up and stared in all directions.

The Arena of Life and Death was originally only 10,000 meters long and wide.

But now, it was thousands of miles long and 100 times wider.

The cultivators of Infernal Court below the Arena of Life and Death all cried out in surprise.

“How come Zhang Ruochen, Twarita Mara, and the others suddenly become as small as a grain of sand? I can’t even see their figures without using my Saint Eyes.”

The elegant beauty wearing the golden mask said, “It’s not that they had become small. It’s that the space inside the Arena of Life and Death has become large and it turned into a microworld.”

“What? It’s turned into a world?”

“The size of the Arena of Life and Death hasn’t changed. How did it suddenly turn into a microworld?”

Many Saint-level cultivators of Infernal Court were stunned by Zhang Ruochen’s marvelous dimensional technique. They cried out in surprise.

The elegant beauty with the golden mask said again, “Now, we are like opening a map and seeing the world. But this map is a real world.”

“Zhang Ruochen is right. The Arena of Life and Death is too small. Even a Saint King powerhouse would be restrained in

fighting inside, let alone Supreme Saint cultivators.”

“It seems that we have to report to Fane of Destiny and refine all the battle rings in the Arena of Life and Death and Battle District into a microworld with more space by using the Dimensional Inscriptions.”

The surrounding Saint Realm cultivators all stared at her in surprise.

She was able to speak to Fane of Destiny directly. Who was she?

..

In the Arena of Life and Death,

Zhang Ruochen’s three Paths of Ancient— the Realm-frame of Truth, the Spatial Domain, and the Null Time Realm— covered a radius of 500 kilometers. The four Supreme Saints of the Mara Family were severely suppressed once they entered.

Crash

Zhang Ruochen held the skeletal whip in his left hand to suppress Warlord Mara. He extended his right hand to the top of his head. He mobilized the Heaven and Earth Precipets of Dimension to form Chains of Dimension that wrapped around the four Supreme Saints.

Crash

Sometimes, the Chains of Dimension were like white chains that formed a net.

At other times, they merged with the space and became invisible.

The three Neverwithers Supreme Saints mobilized all their power to fight against the Chains of Dimension. Although they blocked them, they couldn’t advance any further.

Twarita Mara stared at Zhang Ruochen, who was sitting on the chair, with cold killing intent in her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t even get up to face the four Supreme Saints’ attacks. It was as if he was toying with them. What

would the other Saint-level cultivators in Infernal Court think of the Mara Family?

“Fight!”

“Let’s go all out and use our strongest power to break the suppression of Zhang Ruochen’s three Paths of Ancients!”

After Twarita Mara shouted those words, she grabbed a Regal Artifact, the Cunning Blade with both hands and activated all 160,000 King-level inscriptions in the Blade.

Crackle crackle

Thousands of silver lightning bolts burst through heaven and earth from the blade.

“Dimensional Split.”

Twarita Mara slashed down toward Zhang Ruochen, who was in the center of the Arena of Life and Death.

Twarita Mara’s Dimensional Split was not a Power of Dimensions, but a Saintwill of Blade, the Saintwill of Dimensional Split.

If one practiced Blade to a certain level, they could also break through space and dimensions.

Twarita Mara combined the blade technique and Saintwill into one and unleashed her strongest attack. Instantly, the Chains of Dimension broke like a piece of paper, inch by inch.

The other three Neverwithers Supreme Saints attacked with all their might. They created some pressure for Zhang Ruochen from three different directions to help Twarita Mara break Zhang Ruochen’s three Paths of Ancients

“After combining the blade technique and the Saintwill, it’s so powerful.”

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. He sensed that Twarita Mara’s blade attack had broken his Realm-frame of Truth, Spatial Domain, and Null Time Realm. It was rapidly spreading toward him.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen finally looked at Twarita Mara. This was his first time looking at her.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeve.

Countless light spots flew out of his sleeve.

These light spots gathered into a river flow and flew toward Twarita Mara.

Only Saint's Eyes could clearly see that these light spots were Marks of Time. The Marks of Time gathered into a River of Time.

Under the impact of the River of Time, the speed of Twarita Mara's Blade was reduced. It was so slow that it was like a snail crawling. No one knew how long it would take for it to land on Zhang Ruochen.

However, the flow of the River of Time became faster and arrived in front of Twarita Mara.

"Be careful. Don't get your body stuck in the River of Time. Otherwise, your longevity will be greatly reduced and your immortal saint body will become weak."

A Neverwithers Supreme Saint who had comprehended the Path of Time rushed to Twarita Mara. He threw out dozens of jade talismans that flew toward the River of Time.

The talismans gave off a strange power and stopped the River of Time in space.

Zhang Ruochen waved his arm and the River of Time flew back. In midair, it condensed into a clock that was more than 10 meters tall.

"Oh no, it's the Bell of Time."

The Neverwithers Supreme Saint who had comprehended the Path of Time had a change of expression. He pulled Twarita Mara and prepared to escape. However, just as he turned around, he found a black screen with Divine Marks on it.

"Oh no, this is the Arena of Life and Death."

The Neverwithers Supreme Saint's expression changed again. He quickly used all his strength to mobilize the evil-sha Qi in

his body and shoot it into the dozens of jade talismans floating in the air.

If they couldn't defeat Zhang Ruochen in the outside world, they could at least escape with their Supreme Saint cultivation.

But there was no escape on the Arena of Life and Death.

It was easy to get up onto it, but difficult to get down.

Zhang Ruochen flicked his finger across the air and rang the Bell of Time.

The Bell of Time vibrated. It didn't make a loud sound, but there were Time Ripples that surged in all directions.

Boom! Boom!

Dozens of jade talismans floating in the air exploded and turned into dust.

Twarita Mara and the Neverwithier Supreme Saint who had comprehended the Path of Time were the first to be hit by the Time Ripples. Their bodies shook and they lost a large number of their lives.

They wanted to use their power to resist the Time Ripples.

However, their speed became extremely slow. It would take them a long time, even to raise their arms.

"Dxmnm it. Is the time flow becoming faster or slower? What is Zhang Ruochen doing?" Twarita Mara felt extremely uncomfortable.

It was too difficult to deal with a controller of Time and Space.

It was as if only attack Zhang Ruochen could attack them, but they would never be able to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Twarita Mara looked up and saw that her previous strike infused with the Saintwill of Dimensional Split was originally extremely powerful. However, it was still more than 10 meters away from Zhang Ruochen. Nobody knew when it would be able to hit Zhang Ruochen.

Whoosh

The skeletal whip in Zhang Ruochen's hand swept out. It wrapped around Twarita Mara and the Neverwither Supreme Saint who had comprehended the Path of Time, forming a chain with Warlord Mara.

As if he didn't want to play with them anymore, Zhang Ruochen stood up from his chair and summoned the Ancient Abyssal Blade. He held it in his hand and walked toward the Rakshasi Supreme Saint and the Neverwither Supreme Saint who was holding the Shyam Rod.

As soon as he stood up, time in the surrounding space recovered.

Twarita Mara's attack flew out quickly. Blade Qi rushed toward the Neverwither Supreme Saint who was kneeling on the ground.

The Supreme Saint was shocked when he saw Blade Qi with the Saintwill of Dimensional Split flying toward him. "No..." he said.

Pssh

The powerful Blade Qi cut through his Neverwither Saint body and sent half of it flying.

Seeing this, the three Supreme Saints tied to the skeletal whip gritted their teeth and roared furiously.

They were burning their saint blood in attempt to break free from the skeletal whip and fight Zhang Ruochen to death.

However, burning their saint blood was useless. The Supreme Power of the skeletal whip surged out and turned into blood-red lightning. It hit each of them and almost knocked them unconscious.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade had refined a large number of saint weapons. The body of the blade contained 250,000 King-level inscriptions.

It was only one step away from transcending to the second King's Calamity.

However, the vessel spirit of the Ancient Abyssal Blade still needed some time before it was confident in transcending the

calamity. Otherwise, the Ancient Abyssal Blade would have already turned into a Six Element Regal Artifact.

The two Neverwithers Supreme Saints of the Mara Family had ugly expressions on their faces as they saw Zhang Ruochen walk toward them with a blade in his hand. They instantly regretted stepping onto the Arena of Life and Death.

Now that they were in a corner, they could only fight to the death.

“Burn my Supreme Saint blood.”

The Neverwithers Supreme Saint, who was hundreds of feet tall, burned his blood and turned into a flame giant. He became even taller. He held the Shyam Rod with both hands and hacked it at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen reached out a hand, turned it into a big handprint and easily caught the rod.

“The power of burning Supreme Saint’s blood has risen to the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Unfortunately, it is still far from enough.”

With a backhand grab, the Shyam Rod in the Neverwithers Supreme Saint’s hand turned into a black needle that laid in Zhang Ruochen’s palm.

While the Neverwithers Supreme Saint was still in a daze, Zhang Ruochen struck out with his blade.

The blade passed through the void space, appeared above the Neverwithers Supreme Saint’s head and fell heavily.

Boom

A large amount of saint blood gushed out of the Neverwithers Supreme Saint’s head. His huge saint body leaned forward and fell to the ground.

In the next moment, he was bound by the skeletal whip and imprisoned.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen’s gaze was fixed on the Rakshasi Supreme Saint.

The Rakshasi Supreme Saint snorted coldly. “Even if I die, I won’t fall into your hands and be humiliated by you. Zhang Ruochen, let’s perish together!”

The Rakshasi Supreme Saint mobilized the evil-sha Qi in her body and surged toward the Sainthood source in the sea of Qi.

All the saint realm cultivators around the Arena of Life and Death looked fearful and retreated quickly after they witnessed this. They could see that the Rakshasi Supreme Saint was preparing to self-detonate the Sainthood source.

Even a Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Ko Realm might not be able to withstand the self-detonation of a Neverwithers Supreme Saint.

Even if there were divine inscriptions on all sides of the Arena of Life and Death, they still felt uneasy.

“It’s useless to self-detonate the Sainthood source in front of me.”

Zhang Ruochen’s voice rang in the ears of the Rakshasi Supreme Saint.

The Rakshasi Supreme Saint’s face turned pale. She turned her head and stared. She saw Zhang Ruochen’s face at a close distance. Zhang Ruochen had appeared beside her without her noticing. He was very close to her.

Crack

Zhang Ruochen’s palm struck between her brows, dispersing the Supreme Saint’s evil-sha Qi in her body.

She failed to self-detonate the Sainthood source.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen sat back on the chair and used the skeletal whip to imprison the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family. He mobilized the power of the three Paths of Ancients and suppressed the Supreme Saints to kneel on the ground.

“Warlord Mara, if you don’t answer my question, I will let all six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family die right here, on the Arena of Life and Death,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Warlord Mara's eyes were filled with killing intent. "Supreme Saints can be killed but not humiliated. This is the rule of Infernal Court. If you break the rule, you will be punished by the entire Rakshasa clan. How many people could you defeat?"

"What rule of Infernal Court? I only believe in the law of the jungle," Zhang Ruochen said lightly.

Twarita Mara knelt on the ground and said painfully, "If you want to kill the Supreme Saint of the Mara Family, just kill him. I believe that you will experience a worse death soon."

"Really?"

Zhang Ruochen looked around at the cultivators of Infernal Court who were watching and said, "Whoever wants to kill me, just step onto the Arena of Life and Death. I'll give you a chance."

There were countless cultivators of Infernal Court who wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen below the arena.

However, Zhang Ruochen was too powerful. Not only did he defeat Warlord Mara, but he also easily suppressed the five Supreme Saints of the Mara Family. Even powerhouses who reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm did not dare to go on the stage.

"There is limited space on the Arena of Life and Death. For Zhang Ruochen, the advantage is too great. Even ordinary people who achieved Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm are not sure if they can win," said Xu.

"Seventh brother, Zhang Ruochen is so arrogant and unbridled. Why don't you go up and take care of him?" Ming said.

Xu smiled and said, "Zhang Ruochen publicly humiliated the six Supreme Saints of Rakshasa, which will definitely arouse the dissatisfaction of all the cultivators of Rakshasa. How can the few in Rakshasa who reached the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm sit back and do nothing?"

Ming suddenly understood and said, "I got it! At this time, there is no need for us to force our way out. We can just sit

back and watch the fight.”

He crossed his arms in front of his chest and said, “I’m very interested in the strength of those guys from Rakshasa. Maybe Zhang Ruochen can help me find out their strength and trump cards.”

As he saw no cultivators on the Arena of Life and Death, Zhang Ruochen said again, “Who is interested in the blood of the six Supreme Saints? Not to mention the heart of the Supreme Saint, the bones of the Supreme Saint, the flesh of the Supreme Saint... All can be bought at a price. I’ll give a cut of whatever you want. I’ll cut as much as you want.”

Some cultivators were tempted, but none dared to speak.

Suddenly, a familiar laugh sounded, “Zhang Ruochen, your business is doing well. The Arena of Life and Death has become your slaughterhouse. Since no one dares to buy it, I’ll help your business.. I, Xuemo, will take all the blood of the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family!”

Chapter 2242: The Divine Prince

Xuemo had returned to Infernal Court with Blood Empress, Zhang Ruochen, and the others from Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits.

However, he belonged to the Demonsky Clan.

Xuemo was not well-known in Infernal Court, so not many cultivators knew him. However, he was well-known in Kunlun and cultivated nine Demonstone Engravings at the same time. His combat strength did not lose to Blood Empress when they were in the same realm.

He was also able to challenge Yan Wushen's good side when he was in the Saint King realm.

Now, he had broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm. He walked majestically under the Arena of Life and Death. His saint aura erupted and shocked the surrounding cultivators. They all backed off.

"He dared to buy the blood of six Supreme Saints. Isn't he afraid of offending the Mara Family?"

"Who is this guy anyway?"

"Xuemo? Who's Xuemo? I've never heard of him."

...

The cultivators of Infernal Court were all discussing.

Xuemo waved his hand, then ten crystals with divine light flew into the Arena of Life and Death and floated in front of Zhang Ruochen.

"Ten Godstones should be enough to buy those Supreme Saints' blood, right?" Xuemo asked.

"Yes, of course."

Zhang Ruochen put the ten Godstones into his Ring of Dimensions. He stared at Xue Tu and said, "Release ninety percent of their blood of the Supreme Saint, store it carefully and give it to Xuemo."

The blood of Supreme Saint was sold more than once. Ten Godstones were already a good price.

As long as the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family still live, they could have an endless supply and produce new blood of Supreme Saint.

It was much more cost-effective than a one-time deal like selling fiefdoms.

“It’s only one time, but I can sell it for ten Godstones.”

Xue Tu licked his lips and his eyes lit up. He regarded Zhang Ruochen as a genius. For one to think of such a deal, there’s no wonder Zhang Ruochen was filthy rich.

“Fresh blood of Supreme Saint is very useful to the Immortal Vampires. Drinking the blood of the six Supreme Saints is like absorbing their cultivation. Xuemo’s cultivation will rise rapidly in a short period.”

“He dares to sell the blood of the Supreme Saints. Is there no powerhouse to take care of him?”

“It’s really strange. During the Celestial-hunting Festival, Dhisan sent powerhouses at the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm to the Winterpage City. Why didn’t they take action?”

...

All the cultivators of the Infernal Court felt that this was very strange.

Logically speaking, Dhisan and the Mara Family couldn’t bear the humiliation of the Supreme Saint. Even the cultivators below the Thousand-Koan Realm couldn’t defeat Zhang Ruochen.

But why did all the Supreme Saints above the Thousand-Koan Realm disappear?

“Stop.”

Just as Xue Tu was about to attack, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi rushed over. They turned into two beams of saint light and rushed into the Arena of Life and Death.

They both felt a headache coming on after seeing the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family kneeling on the ground. They thought that Zhang Ruochen and Xue Tu were extremely bold. They were truly fearless and dared to do anything.

Did they feel that they had too few enemies?

Gu Chenzi said, "Let's stop here. There's no need to continue humiliating them. After all, they're Supreme Saints and they deserved to have some face."

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan nodded. He advised, "I already know about this. It was indeed Warlord Mara's fault. However, he and the Supreme Saint of the Mara Family have already paid the price. Calm down and let them off this time."

The Bloodysky Clan had become everyone's target at the Celestial-hunting Festival because of Zhang Ruochen. Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi were under a lot of pressure.

If Zhang Ruochen continued to be so high-profile and impudent, treating the unspoken rules of Infernal Court as nothing, he would incur the wrath of everyone.

Zhang Ruochen understood their concerns, but he had his thoughts.

If he was schemed against by his enemies and easily let them go, there would be more to come in the future.

"Do you know what Warlord Mara said about the two of you?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan asked curiously, "What do you mean?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Warlord Mara said that the Three Top Elites of Bloodysky Clan are just three pieces of trash."

"Yes, I can prove that he did say that," Xue Tu quickly agreed.

Since they were already involved with Zhang Ruochen, he would certainly pull two more in when he got the chance.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi had come to mediate the fight. However, their expressions became extremely ugly

and their eyes turned cold when they heard that.

The two of them were the ace of the ace. They were also the overlords of the Supreme Sainthood and had the potential to become gods. If they were called trash by Warlord Mara and went to save him, how would the cultivators treat them in the future?

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi would prefer to stay out of trouble, but it does not mean that they were afraid of it.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan coughed dryly and said, “How much does the Supreme Saint heart of Warlord Mara cost? If I dig out his Supreme Saint Heart and refine it into a pill, perhaps it can help me break through ten shackles.”

Gu Chenzi said, “Sell me a portion of Warlord Mara’s Supreme Saint blood and heart.”

Xue Tu licked his lips as he was also tempted.

‘The body parts of the six Supreme Saints were treasures. If I drank their blood every day, I would reach the peak of the Neverwilt Realm very quickly,’ he thought.

Xue Tu walked up to Warlord Mara with his battle-ax.

Even though the Warlord Mara was strong-willed, his eyes showed a hint of fear. He wanted to die on the spot. He didn’t want to suffer such humiliation.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Are you still unwilling to speak? If you tell me where the owner of the Bracelet of Dimension is, I can give you a decent way to die.”

“I have the heart of God. I will never give in to you,” Warlord Mara said.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He regretted telling him that he had the heart of God and would never give in. At that time, he was completely worried that he would die.

Now, it was his reason to be stubborn.

“Senior brother, let’s not waste time with him. Let him bleed a few times and he’ll behave.”

Xue Tu's battle-ax was about to cut open Warlord Mara's blood vein. However, he couldn't move when he lifted the ax. It was as if his body was frozen.

Zhang Ruochen noticed something strange. He looked at the edge of the Arena of Life and Death.

He saw a tall Rakshasa man walk over the blacklight screen.

Rakshasa men were known for their ugliness. However, the man in front of him looked tough and handsome. He might not be a big deal in other races, but he was one of the most good-looking Rakshasa men.

It was the power from this man that restrained Xue Tu.

The five Supreme Saints of the Mara Family were all delighted when they saw the man. Only Warlord Mara's eyes were filled with humiliation. He lowered his head and did not look at him.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi's faces turned solemn when they saw the Rakshasa man. Their eyes were filled with fear.

The Rakshasa man said, "Zhang Ruochen, you're almost done venting your anger. Give me some face. That's all for today. Let the six of them go. How about it?"

Zhang Ruochen felt an extremely dangerous aura from this man. He said, "If you want me to let them go, it depends on your face whether it is big enough?"

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan transmitted his voice to Zhang Ruochen, he said, "He's the prince of the Tianluo, the number one divine kingdom of Rakshasa. Luo Shengtian is known as the Divine Prince. He's also known as the number one elite under the Thousand-Koan Realm of Rakshasa. Since he's come forward, I'll do him a favor."

Gu Chenzi said, "Luo Shengtian isn't comparable to Warlord Mara. It's better If we can avoid making an enemy out of him."

The cultivators of Infernal Court below the Arena of Life and Death were already boiling.

“Luo Tiansheng is in the same realm and has always been invincible. With his cultivation of the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, if Zhang Ruochen still doesn’t know what’s good for him, he will suffer a great loss.”

“The six Supreme Saints of Dhisana have lost the face of the Raksha clan. I didn’t expect that it would be the divine prince who came out in the end to restore the dignity of the Raksha clan.”

...

Luo Tiansheng and Zhang Ruochen looked at each other for a long time. Luo Tiansheng smiled and said, “Well, if you want to see how many faces I have, I’ll give you this chance.”

Whoosh

Ten bone wings suddenly spread out on Luo Tiansheng’s back. Instantly, ten overwhelming powers surged out of the wings and flew around his body.

The bone wings of the Rakshasa were the same as the blood wings of the Immortal Vampires. An ordinary Supreme Saint only had six.

He must be extraordinary since he was able to cultivate ten bone wings in the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Zhang Ruochen felt the Realm-frame of Truth, Spatial Domain, and Null Time realm shook violently. He quickly mobilized even more powerful forces to stabilize the three ancient paths.

Whoosh

Wisps of flame appeared in Luo Shengtian’s eyes.

Zhang Ruochen was looking at him, he felt that the world had changed and that he was pulled into the endless dark universe. Luo Shengtian’s eyes were like two stars, and they emitted a domineering and heavy power.

Zhang Ruochen was as small as dust in front of the two stars.

“Break.”

Zhang Ruochen activated the power of The Heart of Truth to break the illusion in front of him and return to the Arena of Life and Death.

At that moment, two light beams flew out from Luo Tiansheng's eyes. They tore apart the Realm-frame of Truth, Spatial Domain, and Null Time realm into pieces.

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and collided with the light beams that surged out from Luo Tiansheng's eyes.

Rumble

The space shook violently. Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi flew backward and crashed heavily into the black light screen.

The Arena of Life and Death, which had originally been a thousand miles in size, collapsed and became a coliseum that was more than 10,000 meters long and wide again.

Zhang Ruochen took seven steps back and stood still again.

Luo Tiantian's eyes returned to normal and he became calm again.

"My eyes are born of divinity. Later, they were refined into two shining Divine Planets. It was as if two stars were born with tremendous power. "Do you think their face is enough?" Luo Tiansheng pointed to his eyes and said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Once a deity dies, their Divine Planet will become dead. Only when a god is alive, the Divine Planet will be shining. How could you possibly refine two shining Divine Planets into your eyes?"

A pleasant female voice sounded in the Arena of Life and Death.

"Isn't it simple? Because the master of the two Divine Planets is still alive, and he became a prisoner of Tianluo. His connection with the Divine Planets has been severed."

Zhang Ruochen looked for the voice and saw a beautiful Rakshasa woman walking over gracefully.

She was 1.8 meters tall and wore a divine crystal crown. Her hair was long and silky. She wore a light green Holy Cambrian Robe. Her face was devastatingly beautiful.

Luo Sha's immortal eyes blinked when she saw Zhang Ruochen look at her. They were full of seductive charm.

Saint maidservant Yao Li followed behind Luo Sha. Her face was pale, and she walked with a trembling face.

Luo Shengtian stood with his hands behind his back, he said, "Zhang Ruochen, you may be invincible in the Neverwilt Realm. Even Yan Wushen may not be your match. However, there are many powerhouses in Infernal Court. There are many hidden dragons and crouching tigers. There are still some who can defeat you in the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

"This is the Arena of Life and Death. If you want to kill the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family, I won't interfere. Even if you capture them and force them to kneel.

"However, there's a bottom line. If you cross that line, I won't sit idly by letting you humiliate the entire Rakshasa."

Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of Luo Shengtian's powerful strength. He said, "That would be a problem! I would give a face to you, but Warlord Mara did also cross my bottom line. He was too despicable. Not only did he lure me into the Arena of Life and Death, he even wanted to kill me. He even used my woman to threaten me. How could I let him off?"

He continued, "Furthermore, I've already taken the deposit and I have to take the blood of the Supreme Saint from them."

Luo Shengtian was furious and the flames reappeared in his eyes.

No one dared to not give him face in Infernal Court.

"Royal brother, why don't you leave this matter to me?" Luo Sha stroked her chin and smiled.

Luo Shengtian knew the grudge between Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen. His extremely intelligent sister had already formed a life-and-death grudge with Zhang Ruochen from the Zuling

Realm to the Celestial Domain of Truth, and then to the battlefield of Kunlun.

When enemies met, their eyes were especially red.

She probably wanted to use this opportunity to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Shengtian sent a telepathic message to Luo Sha, he said, “This time, don’t blame me for not helping you. Lord Father sent us some information. Zhang Ruochen can’t be killed now. The gods intend to forge him into a weapon to deal with the new generation of Supreme Saints in Infernal Court. “All the Supreme Saints above the Thousand-Koan Realm have been warned not to attack Zhang Ruochen.”

Luo Sha was extremely intelligent and she immediately understood the message. “Doesn’t that mean that Zhang Ruochen is immortal?”

“Not really. The key is whether he has what it takes to be that weapon. If a Supreme Saint below the Thousand-Koan Realm can kill him, it means that he is useless to Infernal Court and doesn’t deserve to be the gods’ weapon. In addition, I have to test his loyalty to Infernal Court.”

Luo Sha asked, “Royal brother, can you kill him?”

“It’s not difficult to defeat him. However, no one can compare to the ability of a Master of Time and Space to escape. It’s not easy to kill him by myself.”

After Luo Shengtian answered, he added, “If you want him to die, I can go to the other two elites of the Rakshasa who are in the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. They can make Zhang Ruochen’s soul scattered and you can eat his flesh and drink his blood.”

Luo Sha was slightly shocked and stopped him immediately. She said, “Don’t... There’s no need for you to stand up for me with force. Zhang Ruochen has enemies all over Infernal Court. Naturally, there will be elites to deal with him.”

“You’ve been humiliated by Zhang Ruochen many times, yet you can calmly suppress the hatred in your heart and think

rationally. You're indeed the brains of the royal family." Luo Shengtian praised.

Zhang Ruochen had long known that Luo Sha had a noble status in Infernal Court. He did not expect that she was the sister of the Divine Prince Luo Shengtian.

Luo Sha walked toward Zhang Ruochen and circled him. She widened her beautiful eyes and said with a smile, "I thought you hated the cultivators of Infernal Court the most, yet how did you become one of Infernal Court?"

Zhang Ruochen's face was solemn. He did not answer her question and said, "Luo Sha, that Saint maidservant who lured me to the Arena of Life and Death is your subordinate, right? If you want to kill me, have you thought about the price you will pay?"

Luo Sha did not answer him either. "You said that Warlord Mara threatened you with your woman. Who's the woman you're talking about?"

Zhang Ruochen's patience had run out. A small Dimensional Vortex condensed between his five fingers on his right hand.

Not far away, Luo Shengtian was also mobilizing his power.

Luo Sha saw that the battle was about to start. She immediately felt bored and thought, 'I have to think of a way to lure Zhang Ruochen off the Arena of Life and Death.'

Luo Sha stopped teasing Zhang Ruochen. She waved her sleeves and walked off the Arena of Life and Death, "This is not the place to talk!" She said, "If you want to know where Mu Lingxi is, then come with me. Let Warlord Mara and the others live. You should have a good judgment about which is more important. Killing them will do more harm than good to you."

'It has something to do with her,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

His eyes darkened.

However, there were a lot of things in this matter that he couldn't figure out. It did not look as simple as it seemed.

Chapter 2243: The Angered Princess

The seal on the Arena of Life and Death was lifted, and the surrounding black light screen disappeared.

Luo Sha was very confident that Zhang Ruochen would follow him. Therefore, he left the Arena of Life and Death with Yao Li without looking back.

Luo Shengtian was still standing on the platform like a stabilizing needle. He did not move at all, but his eyes were locked on Zhang Ruochen.

After Xue Tu regained his freedom, he was very decisive and immediately retreated from the Arena of Life and Death.

Compared to those gods that he might not see even once in hundreds of years, the Divine Prince Luo Shengtian made him even more fearful even though he's the overlord of the same generation. At least, with his current cultivation, Xue Tu could only lower his head and become a Supreme Saint in front of Luo Shengtian.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi were elites in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. They were slightly better than Xue Tu. They were still standing on the Arena of Life and Death. Without the Divine Entrapment, they could escape from the Arena of Life and Death with their cultivation. Even if they were no match for Luo Shengtian.

Xue Tu's cultivation was too low. He could retreat, but the two of them could not.

If they chose to leave the Arena of Life and Death and leave Zhang Ruochen alone to face Luo Shengtian, how would the other cultivators view them? How would they view the Bloodysky Clan?

They had to hold on.

They had to let the other cultivators know that the Bloodysky Clan was in unison.

The auras of Luo Shengtian, Zhang Ruochen, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi intertwined. It encouraged each other to fight. The black light screen around the Arena of Life and Death seemed to rise again.

Below the arena.

Many cultivators smiled.

Especially those who had a grudge against Zhang Ruochen. They hoped that Zhang Ruochen would be more impudent. This would force Luo Shengtian to kill him.

After a long stalemate, Zhang Ruochen suddenly withdrew his Qi. He laughed and said, "Just now, your highness said that you wouldn't interfere if I killed the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family on the Arena of Life and Death, right?"

Luo Shengtian had a strange look on his face.

He did not believe that Zhang Ruochen would dare to start a massacre deep in his heart.

"I'll give face to your highness and would not humiliate them. I'll... kill them."

Zhang Ruochen swung his arm. The six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family flew up on the skeletal whip and floated in the air.

His other hand pressed out across the air.

The vigorous Power of Dimensions pressed down on the six Supreme Saints and made their bodies crackle. Then the Supreme Saint blood in their bodies turned into six long streams of blood. They flowed into Zhang Ruochen's palm and condensed into a blood-red ball.

The Neverwithers physique of the six Supreme Saints quickly withered.

The blood ball in Zhang Ruochen's hand grew bigger and brighter. It contained a huge amount of energy. Once it fell to the ground, it could pierce through the ground.

"How dare you!"

Luo Shengtian's eyes flashed with divine light. His anger condensed into a pillar of Qi and shot into the sky.

Boom Boom

Zhang Ruochen put away the skeletal whip. The six Supreme Saints turned into six dried corpses and fell to the ground.

“The Divine Prince has a high status. You must keep your word. Don't be a man of your word.”

Zhang Ruochen held the huge blood ball with one hand and disappeared from the Arena of Life and Death. He appeared beside Xuemo and handed the blood ball to him.

The transaction was completed.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi let out a long sigh of relief after they noticed Luo Shengtian did not make a move. They did not dare to stay on the Arena of Life and Death any longer and ran away.

When they retreated to the bottom of the arena, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan realized that he was covered in cold sweat. He quickly asked Xue Tu, “Where did Zhang Ruochen go?”

Xue Tu was scared out of his wits. His eyes were a little dull. He stared at where Xuemo was and said, “Just now, he was still trading with Xuemo. Where is he? Why did he suddenly disappear?”

“Did he run away after killing someone? Does he want to leave the mess here to us?” Supreme Saint Yi Xuan smacked his head. He felt that he had been unlucky for eight lifetimes for having such a leader.

Gu Chenzi was worried, “Killing the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family is no small matter. It might trigger a war between the Mara Family and the Xue Jue family. Zhang Ruochen is too extreme. He doesn't care about the consequences. Something big is going to happen.”

Suddenly, there were cries of surprise.

“Alive, not dead... still alive...”

Gu Chenzi, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Xue Tu all looked at the Arena of Life and Death.

They saw the Divine Prince Luo Shengtian mobilize the Qi of Malice and split it into six. After injecting it into the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family, they slowly stood up.

Although their bodies were still shriveled and the Saint Light was dim, they were still alive.

Gu Chenzi, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Xue Tu were all delighted after they saw what happened. They finally understood why Luo Shengtian had not attacked just now. It turned out that Zhang Ruochen had only taken their Supreme Saint blood and he had not killed them.

Xue Tu laughed and said, “Now you know what kind of person Zhang Ruochen is, don’t you? He had taken the Saint blood of the six Supreme Saints with a few tricks, and he had even prevented Luo Shengtian from interfering. If you think that he is brave and foolhardy, you are very wrong.”

Many cultivators around the Arena of Life and Death looked disappointed.

Zhang Ruochen always did things beyond their expectations. He did not play by the rules, which made them a little confused.

They thought that Zhang Ruochen would not dare to humiliate the six Supreme Saints of Mara, but he did!

They thought that Zhang Ruochen would kill the six Supreme Saints of Mara, yet he did not.

...

Zhang Ruochen came to the bank of the blood river and stared at a saintship in the water.

The saintship was 300 meters long and was made of white jade crystals. It was inlaid with all kinds of saint stones and jades, making it look exquisite and magnificent. There were three-story pavilions on the ship. They were carved with jade and had golden pillars and dragons. They were exquisite and magnificent.

There was a big flag on the bow of the ship with the word “Sha” embroidered on it.

On the bow of the saintship, there was a Rakshasa who was in the Saint King Realm. She wore a red saint robe and looked at the shore, she smiled and said, “Supreme Saint Ruochen, the princess has been waiting for you for a long time. She wants to invite you to the River of Present and see the beautiful scenery of the Winterpage City.”

She waved her sleeve and the light barrier of the saintship opened a hole that was more than 10 meters long.

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen passed through the hole in the light barrier and appeared on the ship. He released his spiritual power to investigate and asked, “Where’s Luo Sha?”

The red-clothed Rakshasa girl placed her hands on her waist and bowed to Zhang Ruochen. She smiled and said, “The princess is bathing and changing. Please wait for a moment, Supreme Saint. There’s some tea from Kunlun being boiled and prepared on the ship.”

“Supreme Saint, this way, please.”

A large number of Divine Marks were carved on the saintship.

Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power was blocked, so he could not detect Luo Sha’s aura.

The red-clothed Rakshasa was called Han Ying, and she’s a Nine-Step Saint King.

She could be an overlord in Kunlun and Guanghai with her cultivation. However, she was only a Lady-in-waiting by Luo Sha’s side, managing all the maidservants in the Princess’s mansion.

On the third floor of the saintship, there was a low bed made of red jade and agate, and the floor was covered with saint beast’s skin as white as snow.

A group of beautiful Rakshasa maidservants walked in an orderly manner on the third floor. Some of them held silver

jugs of fine wine, some held fragrant saint fruits, and some wore seductive dancing clothes.

Zhang Ruochen felt as if he had walked into a seducing cave. They were all enchanting vixens.

He walked to the low couch and sat down cross-legged.

On the low couch, a pot of tea was boiling in a purple clay pot.

Gulp

The pure fragrance of the tea turned into wisps of spiritual mist that surrounded the entire saintship. Zhang Ruochen's anxious mood calmed down after taking a sip.

The saintship drove down the river toward the River Market District.

Sixteen Saint maidservants in dancing clothes walked up slowly. Their bodies emitted a faint fragrance as they danced in front of Zhang Ruochen.

They were all one-in-a-million beauties and were also saints. They were not ordinary and were extremely attractive to any man.

Zhang Ruochen gradually lost his patience. "If Luo Sha doesn't come out soon, I'll break in even if she's bathing!"

Zhang Ruochen could not calm down when it came to Mu Lingxi's safety.

Tap Tap

Zhang Ruochen heard footsteps behind the screen as he stood up.

The next moment, a woman in cyan walked out from behind the screen.

Zhang Ruochen was stunned when he saw her. His eyes were locked on her beautiful face. He held his breath and could not look away.

There was a red phoenix mark between the woman's eyebrows. It released the power of ice.

Her crystal-clear body was wrapped in saint fog. It was a mysterious and hazy aura. She was like a fairy under the moon.

“Lingxi.”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. He was about to welcome her and hug her.

It was a surprise for him to see Mu Lingxi in Infernal Court.

However, Zhang Ruochen stopped as soon as he took a step forward. He looked at the woman in front of him carefully. His eyes became cold. He shook his head and said, “You’re not Lingxi! Luo Sha, how dare you change into her appearance?”

The woman in front of him was almost the same as Mu Lingxi. Even the clothes and accessories on her body belonged to Mu Lingxi and contained her aura.

Luo Sha’s Thousand-illusions was indeed very powerful. If she had changed into another appearance, Zhang Ruochen might not have been able to see through her.

But Zhang Ruochen was too familiar with Mu Lingxi.

He could see through her in person.

“It’s not fun to be seen through so quickly. I even spent so much effort to disguise myself.” Mu Lingxi shook her head. Her slender body sat on the snow-white saint beast’s skin, her hands supporting her cheeks, she looked very discouraged.

Han Ying waved her hand. The sixteen dancing saint maidservants retreated.

Zhang Ruochen’s aura was like a sword. His gaze was sharp and said, “Aren’t you going to change back?”

“I like this look and I won’t change back. What can you do to me?” Mu Lingxi raised her snow-white chin. Her big eyes were smiling as she stared at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Where did you get Lingxi’s clothes and accessories?”

“I can get anything I want.” Mu Lingxi blinked. Her eyelashes were curved and long.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You’d better tell me what I want to know now, or else...”

“Or else what? I’m so scared of you now!” Mu Lingxi’s voice was delicate. She pretended to be soft and weak. She crossed her arms gently in front of her chest.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to waste time with Luo Sha. He made his move decisively. His five fingers formed claws and grabbed her neck like lightning.

Mu Lingxi snorted. She pressed her hands on the table. The space in front of her suddenly cracked. A deep and dark spatial hole appeared. It was about a meter long.

Zhang Ruochen’s hand hit the hole, but he could not catch her.

“You’re still a long way off from playing dimensional technique with me.” A large number of Precepts of Dimension surged out of Zhang Ruochen’s arm, and he sealed the portal.

Mu Lingxi smiled playfully. She spread out her snow-white right hand, and a black lotus appeared in her palm. Her left index finger gently tapped on the black lotus.

Rip

A pair of big black hands tore open the portal in front of her again, turning it bigger with a diameter of more than 30 meters.

The owner of the hands was a huge corpse of a Supreme Saint with a heavy sword on its back.

The Supreme Saint corpse stood in the portal with flames burning in its eyes. A powerful aura emanated from its body. When it was alive, it must have been a peerless elite.

Mu Lingxi said fearlessly, “Zhang Ruochen, this isn’t the Zuling Realm, the Celestial Domain of Truth, or Kunlun. There aren’t so many rules binding me. I have many tricks up my sleeve!

“When this war corpse was alive, it was a Demon God Realm’s Supreme Saint in the Paramount Realm. Even now, its battle strength isn’t below that of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

“With the power of the Dark Divinity Lotus, I’m afraid you’re no match for it with your current cultivation.”

“Is that so?” Zhang Ruochen’s voice sounded behind Mu Lingxi.

Mu Lingxi’s expression changed. Just as she was about to use the Dark Divinity Lotus to control the war corpse, Zhang Ruochen grabbed her white wrist and she lost consciousness.

“It hurts... It hurts...”

“Let go of me, Zhang Ruochen. Or I’ll let my brother beat you to death.”

Zhang Ruochen hit her so hard that Mu Lingxi’s delicate body twitched in pain and tears began to flow from her eyes.

Looking at Mu Lingxi’s face up close and the pain on her face, Zhang Ruochen forgot that she was Luo Sha. His heart softened and he withdrew the power in his hand.

Swoosh

Mu Lingxi turned into wisps of smoke and dispersed in front of Zhang Ruochen.

“Huh?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that he had fallen into her trap. He immediately released the Spatial Domain. He pressed his hands out at the same time and caught the wisps of smoke that had slipped away from him.

“Ugh!”

The smoke turned into a curvy body. It was tall and slender.

She was no longer Mu Lingxi. Instead, she was Luo Sha, the princess of Rakshasa. She was as beautiful as before, but she had a different temperament. She was seductive, noble, and charming at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen coincidentally grabbed Luo Sha’s chest with both hands and almost pulled out her corset.

Luo Sha’s body was half-slanted. She stared at Zhang Ruochen. She did not show anger or coldness. Instead, she

looked pitiful. “Zhang Ruochen, why do you always bully me?” She cried, “In the Zuling Realm, you not only injured me but also took the Sundial.

“In the Celestial Domain of Truth, you had to expose my identity so that I couldn’t continue entering the Fane of Truth to comprehend the Path of Truth.

“In Kunlun, you not only captured me but also took away the hilt of my divine sword.

“Think about it. When have I ever harmed you? You are an enemy. Once you put on your clothes, you turn against me mercilessly. I’m afraid you have already forgotten that we had a chance to cultivate both spiritual power and spiritual power together. However, I have always remembered it.”

The more Zhang Ruochen listened, the more he frowned.

If a cultivator who did not know the truth heard her words, he would have thought that Zhang Ruochen was a heartless man who had abandoned her. Especially her Royal Brother. If he was beside her, he would probably kill Zhang Ruochen with his sword.

However, when Zhang Ruochen took off her Holy Cambric Robe, it was a complete accident.

Later, they cultivated both spiritual powers and were forced to do so.

Zhang Ruochen released his hands from her chest and turned around, he said, “Tell me immediately, where is Mu Lingxi? You should know how important she is to me. You’re smart enough to know that I won’t listen to you. However, if Mu Lingxi makes a mistake, I’ll make you pay a painful price.”

The tears in Luo Sha’s eyes disappeared completely. She tidied up her clothes and touched her aching breasts with both hands. Anger flashed in her eyes.

She sat back on the saint beast’s skin and she said, “I don’t like your attitude. I’m angry and... I’m jealous! If you want to know where Mu Lingxi is, you’d better find a way to please me first.”

Luo Sha knew very well that Zhang Ruochen did not dare to kill her.

Mu Lingxi was one of Zhang Ruochen's biggest weaknesses. She would have absolute control over him by grasping this. She had suffered in his hand many times. Now, it was about time for him to pay the price.

Chapter 2244: The Antecedents and Aftermath

The corpse of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint walked out of the portal and stood beside Princess Luo Sha. The power that erupted from him was vigorous. Any living being below the level of a Supreme Saint would be scared to the point of kneeling.

“Pour me a cup of tea first,” said Luo Sha while she ran her fingers through her hair. She was calm and elegant as if she had Zhang Ruochen in her pocket.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the boiling purple pot on the low couch. He walked over and picked it up with his bare hands.

Splash

He filled the cup.

Zhang Ruochen waved his finger and the purple cup moved across the low couch and appeared in front of Luo Sha.

Luo Sha pursed her lips and said unhappily, “Is this how you are trying to please me?”

“I never thought of trying to please you,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Then why should I tell you about Mu Lingxi? You should know that I never owe you an answer. If you are asking for help, you should act like it.” said Luo Sha.

Zhang Ruochen stared into her eyes.

Luo Sha stared back at him.

“Well then, how may I serve you, Princess?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha was secretly happy when she saw Zhang Ruochen was compromising, but she pretended to be angry. She said, “This tea, it’s too hot. How do you expect me to drink it?”

Zhang Ruochen picked up the teacup again, put it to his lips, and blew it gently.

Luo Sha finally showed a satisfied smile. She waved her hand and said, "Come here."

Zhang Ruochen had been restraining himself. He hesitated for a moment and walked to Luo Sha's side. He immediately smelled a charming fragrance. He said calmly, "Your Highness, please have some tea. I hope you can drink this cup and forget about our past grudges."

"Forget about it? Aren't you overthinking it? The Sundial, the hilt of the divine sword, and the Saint Ancient Tea Tree. Which one of them isn't a rare treasure that even God would be interested in? The debt you owe me isn't so easy to repay."

Luo Sha raised his snow-white chin and said arrogantly, "Feed Me."

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and didn't listen to her anymore. He stood straight and said, "Are you going to tell me her news or not?"

"Serve me happily first and I'll tell you naturally," said Luo Sha.

"I'm not your servant," said Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha shrugged and said indifferently, "If you can't stand it, you can leave. No one here will stop you."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and threw the teacup out. He then said, "Your Saint maidservant led me to the Arena of Life and Death and wanted to kill me. If it were in Kunlun, you would have died under my sword. I can still talk to you nicely because I think you won't use this method against me. So, I want to hear your explanation.

"If you can tell me the news about Mu Lingxi, I won't pursue this matter anymore. However, you've used this matter again and again to threaten me. If you want me to listen to you, don't blame me for not being polite to you."

Zhang Ruochen moved as fast as the wind and sealed Luo Sha's sea of Qi and spiritual power.

"Zhang Ruochen, what are you doing? This is Infernal Court and also the Divine Domain of Destiny. Gods and Supreme

Saints are enforcing the law. If you dare to hurt me, you'll be severely punished."

Luo Sha could not control the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint war coprse. She was anxious. She realized that no matter how strong the external force was, she still could not fight back against a truly powerful person.

She had to break through to the Supreme Saint Realm as soon as possible.

"Don't worry. I won't kill you," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's right hand formed a claw and grabbed Luo Sha's shoulder. He exerted force with his fingertips and used a method to separate the tendons and bones.

"Uh... Zhang Ruochen... you... you are so cruel to me. You don't show any mercy to the fairer sex. Even if I die in your hands, I will never speak," said Luo Sha.

She gritted her teeth and looked sad. Tears of grievance and pain flowed from her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen could not stand the woman's tears. He withdrew his fingers from her shoulder. In the next moment, he tapped between her eyebrows. A strong spiritual power entered her body.

Luo Sha felt a strange change in her body. Even though she was sitting on the ground, her senses became heightened.

"What did you do to me?" Luo Sha asked in annoyance.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Didn't you say that I was too ruthless just now? I planned to use a gentle method to force you to speak. Just now, I used spiritual power to increase your body's perception by a hundred times. Especially your senses.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Luo Qian's wrist as he spoke and dragged her delicate and beautiful hand in front of him.

Slap

He gently hit her palm.

An intense pain spread from Luo Sha's palm to her entire body. Her delicate body trembled slightly. It was even more

painful than the claw marks that had separated her tendons and bones.

That time, Luo Sha cried out. “Zhang Ruochen, you’ve gone too far. You dare to treat me like this? Even if you beat me to death, you won’t get an answer.”

Zhang Ruochen hit Luo Sha’s palm more than ten times.

Luo Sha gritted her teeth. Although tears were streaming down her face, she glared at him fiercely. She did not give in.

“Since you’re so tolerant, I’ll have to hit you harder,” said Zhang Ruochen.

He picked Luo Sha up and placed her slender body on his knees.

“Supreme Saint Ruochen, please have some self-respect. Let go of the Princess,” said Han Ying.

She wanted to save Luo Sha, but Zhang Ruochen used the Power of Dimensions to stop her and she could not move.

“Zhang Ruochen, you bast*rd. What are you doing? I can’t stand you.” Luo Sha lay on Zhang Ruochen’s legs. Her chest and sexy lower abdomen were pressed against his knees.

Slap

Zhang Ruochen pressed one hand on Luo Sha’s back and the other heavily hit Luo Sha’s perky buttocks.

The pain increased a hundredfold and Luo Sha cried out in pain.

“Are you going to tell me?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“No, go ahead. Beat me to death if you can,” said Luo Sha.

Slap

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand again and hit Luo Sha.

He did not hit her hard, but Luo Sha cried and her body twitched.

Zhang Ruochen did not know how many times he hit her, but he gradually found that something was wrong with her scream. It was a painful thing, but her voice was soft and long.

He did not know how many times he hit her, but her slender waist suddenly twisted rapidly. Her soft belly rubbed against Zhang Ruochen's knee heavily, and then her body shook violently. Her voice was trembling.

After a long time, she recovered. She buried her head and panted.

Zhang Ruochen knew what was going on. He was stunned for a moment and he could not hit her anymore.

Her senses were a hundred times heightened, and her pain was a hundred times intense. Did she just reach the peak of comfort in extreme pain?

Did she have a fetish on getting abused?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Luo Sha was red in the face. She was embarrassed and angry. She said in a low voice, "Let go of me. I'll tell you everything, okay?"

Zhang Ruochen was embarrassed too. He withdrew his spiritual power and unsealed her body. He put her delicate body on the ground and said, "If you had told me earlier, you wouldn't have suffered so much... pain."

'Was it even pain? Earlier, she seemed to enjoy it,' he thought.

"Let me change my clothes first. I'll talk to you later," said Luo Sha.

Luo Sha was extremely shy. She did not dare to look Zhang Ruochen in the eye. She ran to the back of the screen as if she was running away. Perhaps it was because the pain had not subsided, but her walking posture was quite strange.

Zhang Ruochen felt strange. He sat alone by the low couch, poured a cup of tea, and drank it all in one gulp.

Han Ying stood aside and stared at him coldly.

No cultivator had ever dared to be so impudent and disrespectful to the princess.

If the princess had not sent a telepathic message and given the order to keep quiet, she would have reported this to the Divine

Prince immediately. With the Divine Prince's cultivation and the power of the Tianluo, he could get rid of Zhang Ruochen.

After a long while, Luo Sha walked out with a noble and saintly look. She was wearing a light green Holy Cambric Robe, a divine crystal crown, and seven green-feathered hairpins in her hair. She was no longer in a sorry state.

She was not much shorter than Zhang Ruochen. In terms of temperament, few human women could compare with her.

Luo Sha sat across from Zhang Ruochen and seemed to have forgotten everything. She said, "I can tell you everything about Mu Lingxi, but you have to promise me one thing first."

"What is it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "I want to borrow the Sundial to cultivate for a hundred years."

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to lend the treasure to Luo Sha after the experience of the Xue Tu 'borrowing' the Seamless Purgatory Tower. He was about to refuse.

Luo Sha said again, "I just want to use the power of the Sundial to cultivate for a hundred years and breakthrough to the Supreme Saint Realm as soon as possible. I can provide you with the Godstones to use the Sundial."

"Okay, I promise you. If you want to enter the Sundial to cultivate before the Celestial-hunting Festival, you can come to Vastsea Manor and look for me at any time. I won't lend you the Sundial, but I can open it to you," Zhang Ruochen said.

Having achieved his goal, Luo Sha did not talk about conditions anymore after she had achieved her goal. She tapped the table lightly with her jade-like fingers.

Suddenly, Yao Li was escorted over. She knelt on the ground, kowtowing and crying, "Your Highness, it's all my fault. I deserve to die. Please spare my family and let them live."

Luo Sha did not even look at her. She just stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "I found Mu Lingxi's Bracelet of Dimension outside Kunlun's Central Imperial City."

“Outside the Central Imperial City?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, “The exact location should be the area dyed red by your Saint blood. In Kunlun, that area has been called the Blood Plain of Fallen Dust. All cultivators thought you had died. Of course, the news that you’re still alive may have already been sent back.”

Zhang Ruochen had been looking into Luo Sha’s eyes. He could tell that she was not lying.

Mu Lingxi must have heard the news of his death, so she rushed to the Central Imperial City.

‘What had happened? Why had the Bracelet of Dimension been left on the ground?’

‘At that time, outside the Central Imperial City was full of danger with the invasion of the Saint Realm Army of Infernal Court. Had something happened to her?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Luo Sha saw the worry in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. She felt jealous. She said, “You don’t have to be so sad. I think she’s still alive.”

“Why do you say that?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, “First of all, cultivators in Infernal Court are not that stupid. If they killed her or captured her, how could they not take away the most precious Bracelet of Dimension?”

“Second, I’ve checked the Bracelet of Dimension. It contains all of Mu Lingxi’s items, including clothes, accessories, and even various sacred artifacts and sacred pills.

“In other words, she has put everything she has into it. What do you think this means?”

Zhang Ruochen looked distressed, worried that Mu Lingxi would do something stupid.

With Mu Lingxi’s personality, she would do anything if she knew that Zhang Ruochen was dead. It was very likely that she would end her life if he died.

Luo Sha saw through Zhang Ruochen's thoughts. She chuckled and said, "If she died for love, she must be extremely sad. How could she have the mood to put all her belongings into the Bracelet of Dimension?"

"What do you mean?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Zhang Ruochen felt that he was too stupid and had lost the ability to think.

Luo Sha said, "Mu Lingxi is a disciple of Moon Goddess. If she wants to die, she won't be able to hide it from Moon Goddess? In addition, Moon Goddess was one of the few gods who knew that you were still alive. Is it possible that the Moon Goddess told her the truth that you were still alive when she was begging for death?"

"What do you think she would do if she knew that you went to Infernal Court?"

Zhang Ruochen gradually calmed down, he thought to himself, 'If what Luo Sha predicted is true, Lingxi will come to Infernal Court. She put all the items into the Bracelet of Dimension to cut off everything from the past and leave no traces behind. I should have guessed that she was such a reckless woman.'

'But what kind of method and identity would she use to come to the Infernal Court?'

'It seems that I can only wait for her to find me.' Zhang Ruochen sighed deeply and thought to himself.

Luo Sha glanced at Yao Li with a cold light in her eyes. She said, "When I picked up the Bracelet of Dimension, this b*tch happened to follow me and learned a lot of things."

"Why did she lead me to the Arena of Life and Death?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "Before I talk about her, I have to talk about Warlord Mara First. Warlord Mara has always been courting me, but unfortunately, he's not my cup of tea. I don't like him at all and have never paid attention to him. Thus, Warlord Mara bribed Yao Li and she became his spy to watch my every move."

“She had stolen Mu Lingxi’s Bracelet of Dimension and used it to sway Warlord Mara to kill you.”

Zhang Ruochen finally understood the whole situation. As he had guessed, the person who wanted to kill him was not Luo Sha.

Luo Sha waved her hand and said faintly, “Off with her head and throw it into the River of Present.”

Pfft

Yao Li was dragged to the edge of the deck of the saintship. She did not even have the chance to beg for mercy before her head was cut off by a Saint maidservant and fell into the river.

Her Saint blood and the water of the Blood River merged.

Although killing and private fights were prohibited in the Winterpagecity, Yao Li was only Luo Sha’s maidservant. Naturally, Luo Sha could decide her fate.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to stay any longer after he found out what he wanted to know. He stood up and said, “Your Highness, sorry for offending you earlier. I’ll take my leave.”

Luo Sha thought of what had happened earlier and her face blushed. She said, “Why are you in such a hurry to leave? Can’t you accompany me for a bit longer?”

“I’m going to the River Market District to buy some important things. I don’t have time to play,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha’s eyes lit up. “Then you have to sit down. My saintship is heading to the River Market District to attend the auction hosted by the Realm of Star Ocean. You’ll be able to buy what you want there.”

“Forget it. It’s more convenient for me to go by myself,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha always mentioned ‘the fated one’ in front of Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen did not believe her at first, but after hearing so much from her, he started to doubt it.

The main reason was that their interactions were getting deeper and deeper. They could always bump into each other in

the chaos. It was as if there was a thread of fate guiding them.

It was because Zhang Ruochen had concerns and that he did not want to get too close to Luo Sha. He was afraid that what she said would become true.

Luo Sha said, “Don’t you want to know why it was my Royal Brother who showed up on the Arena of Life and Death and not the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint of the Dhisan? Don’t you want to know which powerful enemies want to kill you at this Celestial-hunting Festival? And which powerful cultivators can be your allies? Hehe, I know all these things.”

Chapter 2245: A Treacherous Storm

The Celestial-hunting Festival was of great importance. Zhang Ruochen had to treat it seriously, so he stayed behind. Perhaps he could learn some important information from Luo Sha.

Only by knowing yourself and your enemy could you win every battle.

Zhang Ruochen was carelessly led to the Arena of Life and Death by Warlord Mara mainly because he knew too little about his enemies in Infernal Court.

Luo Sha seemed to be deliberately keeping him in suspense. She did not get down to business right away. Instead, she poured a cup of tea and pushed it toward Zhang Ruochen. She started to make conversation with him, “Although you took off my Holy Cambric Robe and became the one in the prophecy. But you belong to the Celestial Court and I belong to Infernal Court. Deep in my heart, I have never believed this prophecy.

“Until you followed True God Qingyin to Infernal Court, then I was finally convinced.”

Luo Sha gazed at the horizon and spread out her hands. She said with a devout expression, “Fate has already been written. Nothing can go wrong. Zhang Ruochen, do you believe in fate?”

She looked in the direction of the Fane of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen recalled the scene he saw in the Destiny Pool. His handsome face became bitter and did not speak for a long time.

‘If fate has decided everything, what’s the point of us living? What’s the point of cultivating? What’s the point of war and killing?’ he thought.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the teacup and took a sip. It was fragrant. When it entered his stomach, a cool air current rushed to the top of his head, making his mind clear.

Luo Sha said, "I believe in fate. I believe that everything in the world is destined. Just like how we met and knew each other, there are too many coincidences and karma. If fate had not arranged everything, why would you come to the Infernal Court? How can we sit here and have tea together?"

"As for the meaning of life, no one can be certain of it. We only need to follow the arrangement of the God of Destiny and constantly become stronger. Naturally, we can understand the ultimate mysteries of the universe."

Zhang Ruochen stared at Luo Sha. He thought to himself that there must be countless devotees like Luo Sha in Infernal Court. That was why the Fane of Destiny was so prosperous.

The power of faith was too terrifying. It was enough for the Fane of Destiny to surpass the center power of the ten clans and become the decision-maker of Infernal Court.

In Celestial Court, only the Fane of Truth, the Fane of Merit, and the Fane of Light had the chance to achieve such terrifying influence.

Among them, the Fane of Truth had the greatest chance. However, they did not publicize and promote their faith. Instead, they allowed cultivating the Path of Truth to the cultivators of all clans in the world according to the most reasonable method they thought. They even gave away the Canons of Truth.

If not for that, the cultivators of Truth would spread throughout the world.

The influence of the Fane of Truth would even surpass that of the Celestial Palace.

As for the Fane of Merit, it was dragged down by the endless Battle of Merits. It did not have any forces left to spread its faith.

The Fane of Light was also spreading its faith. However, only the major worlds in the sects of the Heavenly Realm were affected. Taoist Clan, Buddhist Sect, Confucianists, Demon gods, Demons, and Evilists... many orthodoxies were fighting back and would not allow the Fane of Light to expand.

Luo Sha smiled and said, “I can tell from your impatient look that you don’t agree with my beliefs. I’m telling you about fate because I also want to tell you about the factions in the Infernal Court.”

Zhang Ruochen looked interested and asked, “There are other factions besides the ten great clans?”

“The ten great clans have their center of power and rule independently. However, if the ten clans are completely independent and have no other power to restrain them, then the war between the ten clans will break out in an instant.”

Luo Sha added, “The conflicts between the clans have been pent up for a long time. Fortunately, Celestial Court is a huge threat, so the ten clans in Infernal Court can maintain their outward friendliness and unity.”

Zhang Ruochen had always thought that the ten clans of Infernal Court were a whole. He had never thought that there would be conflicts between the clans. Moreover, they had reached the point where they would start a war.

“Celestial Court and the myriad realms have been struggling to survive. How did they become a great threat to Infernal Court instead?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, “Zhang Ruochen, how many battles have you experienced since you first cultivated until now? How many enemies have you encountered? Do you know the saying, never underestimate your opponent, even if he is much weaker than you?”

“Celestial Court is Infernal Court’s opponent, and it is not a weak opponent.

“If it was weak, it would have been destroyed long ago. How could it exist until now?”

Zhang Ruochen thought about it silently and digested what Luo Sha had just said.

Luo Sha stood up and looked at the scenery on both sides of the river. She asked, “Did you know that 100,000 years ago, Infernal Court was divided into War Hawk and Neutral?”

“There are even Neutrals?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

He had always thought Infernal Court’s motto was destruction, war, and slaughter. Naturally, he was surprised.

Luo Sha nodded and said, “100,000 years ago, the War Hawk was led by the Fane of Darkness. The Nether Clan, Ghost, Bone Clan, Stone Clan, and Asura were all strong supporters. They were front liners in the earlier stages of the war. They were at a stalemate with the various worlds of the Celestial Court.

“The Neutral was led by the Fane of Destiny. They did not want to participate in the war nor did they stop it.

“It wasn’t until the two of the Twelve Reverends of the Fane of Destiny, Life Reverend and Auspicious Reverend suddenly died. After that, Death Reverend and Ferocious Reverend took charge of the Fane.

“Not long after, the Fane of Destiny announced to the outside world that an all-out war was going to break out with Celestial Court and all living beings in the realm would be exterminated.

“You should know that the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa are also living beings. The order given by the Fane of Destiny made us feel a great crisis.

“If all the living beings in the realm were exterminated, how long would the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa survive?

“Just as the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa were hesitating, the Fane of Destiny made an announcement to the outside world again. It was Saint Monk Xumi and Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations of Kunlun who had crossed space-time and sneaked into the Fane of Destiny to kill Life Reverend and the Auspicious Reverend.

“It was also revealed that Kunlun had used the Power of Time to attract the Marks of Time of the entire galaxy. The River of Time had become extremely unstable. The strength of Kunlun was rising rapidly. It wanted to destroy Infernal Court and become the overlord of the universe. The ten clans of Infernal Court were on the verge of destruction.

“Forced into a corner, an all-out war broke out between Celestial Court World and Infernal Court. The Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa had no choice but to participate in the war. Kunlun became the center of the Yuanhui tribulation-level war. You should know the outcome of Kunlun better than I do.”

Zhang Ruochen did not expect that there would be such a secret behind the war. It could be said that the situation was treacherous.

Zhang Ruochen said, “How can you believe the one-sided story of the Fane of Destiny?”

“This matter is peculiar indeed. Quite a mystery as well. Life Reverend and Auspicious Reverend were both among the most powerful deities in the realm. No matter how powerful Saint Monk Xumi and Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations were, they couldn’t kill them silently and they might not even be able to kill the two deities. But 100,000 years have passed. Everything has been set. Who would investigate what happened then?”

Luo Sha continued, “In fact, it’s said that there was a Peacemonger in addition to the War Hawk and the Neutral.”

“How is that possible? There’s a Peacemonger in Infernal Court?”

Zhang Ruochen was stunned for a moment. Then he shook his head with a smile. He did not believe it at all.

Luo Sha said, “Actually, I don’t believe it either. But since there’s such a legend, it can’t be groundless.”

“Who’s the Peacemonger?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“The previous leader of the Yanluo clan.”

Luo Sha continued, “Someone claimed that on the day of the great change in the Fane of Destiny, the leader of the Yanluo clan went into seclusion in the Abyss of Darkness. He hasn’t come out since then.”

“In Infernal Court, there are some conspiracy-like legends. Legend has it that the leader of the Yanluo clan was

imprisoned by the gods of the Fane of Darkness and they sealed him in the depths of the Abyss of Darkness.”

“There are also legends that he did not enter seclusion in the Abyss of Darkness but was killed by the new leader of the Yanluo clan.”

“In short, in the eyes of the conspirators, all the gods who prevented Infernal Court from attacking Celestial Court 100,000 years ago died in internal strife. However, who can tell the truth? Just like the previous leader of the Yanluo clan, his cultivation was so high that he couldn’t be imprisoned. How could he be imprisoned? Could he be killed just because he said so?”

“Although few cultivators would believe the words of the Peacemonger. However, the Yanluo clan really didn’t care about the war with Celestial Court. Until now, they have been neutral. They put more power into the Abyss of Darkness. They’ve always wanted to push to the end of the Abyss of Darkness and find the last Yanluo clan leader.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed and said, “Infernal Court isn’t as simple as it seems. There are all kinds of hidden conflicts.”

Luo Sha smiled and said, “The internal conflicts in Infernal Court aren’t that simple. There are conflicts between the legitimate and illegitimate children, between living beings and dead souls, and countless conflicts between the clans.”

“There is also the conflict between superiority and inferiority. The strength of Rakshasa, Immortal Vampires and Asura are no weaker than any clan in Infernal Court. How can they be called the lower three clans? The population of the Yanluo clan is less than one millionth of Asura. How can they become the Supreme Clan?”

“So, Zhang Ruochen, although you have countless enemies in Infernal Court, as long as you understand these conflicts, you can find your own allies.”

“As the saying goes, the enemy of the enemy is a friend.”

Zhang Ruochen felt that staying was the right choice after he heard what Luo Sha had said.

At this moment, a golden saintship spread its eight golden wings and broke through the blood-colored waves. It quickly caught up with Luo Sha's saintship.

The two ships were less than 30 meters apart.

At Zhang Ruochen's seat, he could clearly see the various decorations and figures on the opposite ship.

A Nine-Step Saint King Immortal Vampires with six blood wings on his back stood on the ship. He bowed and said, "Greetings, Princess Luo Sha. Is the Supreme Saint Ruochen on your saintship?"

Luo Sha stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "He's looking for you."

"I don't know him." Zhang Ruochen answered and shook his head. A look of confusion appeared in his eyes.

Han Ying took Luo Sha's place and sent a message to the other side. "The Supreme Saint Ruochen is indeed on the princess's ship. Who are you?"

"I am Yan Beijun of the Yellowsky Clan. My senior sister has admired Supreme Saint Ruochen for a long time. She wants to invite him on the ship for a chat," the Nine-Step Saint King of the Immortal Vampires said loudly.

Luo Sha smiled at Zhang Ruochen, "Hehe, Yan Beijun is quite famous below the Supreme Saint. His senior sister apprentice, Lady Wind, had only cultivated for more than 400 years. She was already a powerhouse at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. She was also one of the candidates for the three goddesses of the Fane of Destiny. Her identity, status, and talent were top-notch in Infernal Court. Very few cultivators can be invited by her. I didn't expect you to be so lucky to come to Infernal Court."

Zhang Ruochen stared at Han Ying and said, "Tell him that I want to accompany your princess and enjoy the beautiful scenery on both sides of the River of Present. I can't get away."

Although Luo Sha knew that Zhang Ruochen was just using her as a shield, she was inexplicably happy.

However, Luo Sha did not understand and said, “Lady Wind must be looking for you to be a supporter of her ascension. You should know that this Celestial-hunting Festival is likely to officially confer the title of a goddess.

“Lady Wind needs you, and you need her. She can be your important ally at the Celestial-hunting Festival. You should know this. Why did you choose to refuse?”

Zhang Ruochen played with the teacup in his hand and he said, “There are many powerhouses at the Celestial-hunting Festival. There are also a large number of powerhouses at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. I have just reached the Neverwilt Realm. My status is too little. I don’t think Lady Wind will think much of me.”

Luo Sha covered his mouth and smiled, she said, “I didn’t expect the arrogant Zhang Ruochen to be so humble. However, what you said is the truth. As far as I know, Lady Wind values three supporters the most. Lord Bladehell of Qitian Clan, Yin Wei of the Fane of Destiny, and Mad Whitejade Lion of Stone clan. Each of them is a powerhouse at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

“This time, there are forty-seven powerhouses at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm participating in the Celestial-hunting Festival. All three of them can be ranked in the top twenty. Among the participants, Lord Bladehell is known as the number one powerhouse below the Thousand-Koan Realm of Immortal Vampires and he is ranked ninth.

“Of course, these are only superficial figures. There will also be some powerhouses that hide their cultivation. The number of powerhouses at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm is definitely more than this number.”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. “There’s a ranking? What’s Warlord Mara’s rank?”

“This ranking is compiled by the Realm of Star Ocean based on the participants’ past achievements and their own abilities. Moreover, Warlord Mara hasn’t reached the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, so he’s not in the ranking.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Where is your Royal Brother?”

“My Royal Brother is in fourth place,” said Luo Sha.

Zhang Ruochen could not calm down.

Although Luo Shengtian did not show his real combat power on the Arena of Life and Death, Zhang Ruochen had an assessment in his mind.

If Luo Shengtian was only in fourth place, then the Celestial-hunting Festival would be more difficult than imagined.

Luo Sha said, “The top 10 powerhouses of the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm have all defeated or killed the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Yan Wushen was known as a genius that only appeared once in the Yuanhui period. However, before he reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he could only retreat when he encountered the top ten powerhouses. Yan Wushen hasn’t shown up. Maybe he’s in seclusion to breakthrough.”

Zhang Ruochen felt even more pressure in his heart. He had to condense the saintwill before the Celestial-hunting Festival.

He even had to try his best to break through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

After Han Ying passed the message on behalf of Zhang Ruochen, the eight-winged saintship still sailed not far away.

The two ships entered the River Market District almost side by side.

Chapter 2246: The Realm of Star Ocean

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

“Do you know why all the forces in Infernal Court place so much importance on the Celestial-hunting Festival? To gain something from the festival, they even summoned the elites on the battlefield?” Luo Sha asked with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen did think that the importance of the Celestial-hunting Festival was extraordinary. Even the gods had come out to make arrangements.

This festival seemed to be more important than a Battle of Merits.

However, although the Ampliofruit and Altofruit in the banquet were rare, they were limited in number and did not have much significance.

Even if one was the first place among the ten clans and obtained thirty percent of the Canons of Destiny and the Destiny Tokens, it was still far from reaching the level of the strategic significance of a clan.

Zhang Ruochen had some guesses, but he had not personally asked Supreme Saint Qingsheng and Blood Empress to confirm his guess.

Now that Luo Sha had asked, he pretended not to know and shook his head gently.

Luo Sha said, “As the leader of the Bloodysky Clan, you don’t even know this. However, it is also within my expectations that you are unwilling to be the leader. In addition, you would also not waste your energy to understand the deeper meaning behind the Celestial-hunting Festival.”

Just as Luo Sha said, Zhang Ruochen was in a passive state on whether to attend the Celestial-hunting Festival or to become the leader.

He accepted the arrangement passively.

Zhang Ruochen would not have attended the Celestial-hunting Festival at all if he had not been forced by Infernal Court's rising forces and also he knew about Sword Saint Xuanji's scheme.

Until now, he still felt conflicted. He even rejected the Celestial-hunting Festival. He did not have the mentality of fighting for supremacy at the festival.

After all, he had to kill the captives from all the realms in Celestial Court.

Luo Sha said, "Infernal Court is too vast. The ten clans are independent, and they defend against the other nine clans. Everyone is always hiding. Even the gods find it difficult to accurately analyze the true strength of the ten clans."

"Holding the Celestial-hunting Festival once every thousand years is an opportunity for the gods to understand the strength and development of each clan. The rewards at the festival are the least important things."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "If you want to understand the strength of each clan, why do you choose cultivators under a thousand years old?"

Luo Sha said, "Because cultivators under a thousand years old are the most representative. You can see the future development of the clan through them."

"Just like you, when the gods heard about a genius like you at the Celestial-hunting Festival, they could roughly predict whether you have the chance to become a god."

"What are the chances of you becoming a god?"

"How long will it take for you to become a god?"

"What are your potentials in the future?"

"Is there any way to increase your chance of becoming a god? How to polish you? How to guard against you?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "If we want to know the wealth of the ten clans through this method, then the reward must be attractive enough for all the gods of the clans to fight for it. Only in this way can the Celestial-hunting Festival be

meaningful. Otherwise, the clans will still keep their secret hidden.”

Luo Sha nodded and said, “That’s right! So, behind the Celestial-hunting Festival, there is a huge division of interests.”

“Division of interests?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, “I don’t know the specifics. Only gods can come into contact with it. I only know that the Celestial-hunting Festival may involve the distribution of resources among the clans, as well as the status of the big forces in the clans.

“Of course, the status is also closely related to the distribution of resources. The higher the status, the more resources will be distributed.

“The strong become stronger and the weak become weaker.

“For example, your Bloodysky Clan is ranked last among the Immortal Vampires, and the clan’s world ranking is at the bottom. The concentration of the blood-red aura in the world is the worst among the top ten clans.

“However, if you lead the Bloodysky Clan and get a good ranking at the Celestial-hunting Festival, it will be a great help to the clan’s ranking even if you couldn’t get first place.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “If I can help Bloodysky Clan to get a first place among the ten clans at the Celestial-hunting Festival, will Bloodysky Clan be able to get first place?”

Luo Sha shook her head and said, “Of course not. The ranking and resource distribution of the ten great clans need to refer to many things. The Celestial-hunting Festival only takes a certain proportion.

“If you can lead the Bloodysky Clan to become the number one among the Immortal Vampires, you might have a chance to rank number ninth, eighth or seventh. Even though the Bloodysky Clan can’t rank number one among the ten great tribes and enjoy the most resources.

“The key to what rank we could reach is to see if your clan’s master has made sufficient arrangements in other aspects. For

example, the achievements of the Battlefield of Merits, the number of new gods ascended, the number of newborn Supreme Saints, the development of barren territory, and so on.”

Zhang Ruochen had a sudden realization. He said, “I understand! The distribution of resources and the internal ranking of each clan need to be evaluated in many aspects. The Celestial-hunting Festival takes up a large proportion.”

“Exactly,” Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Then, how did the ranking of the ten clans in Infernal Court come about? Why are they divided into the Supreme clan, upper three clans, middle three clans, and lower three clans?”

“I’m not sure how to answer that. However, the hierarchy of the ten clans had not changed since ancient times. Perhaps only the gods knew the reason. However, the distribution of resources in Infernal Court had always been given to those who were capable. It had nothing to do with the hierarchy. Moreover, the so-called hierarchy has never been taken seriously by the lower three clans,” said Luo Sha.

Zhang Ruochen thought, ‘It was reasonable for Infernal Court to let the Celestial-hunting Festival decide the distribution of benefits.’

In a thousand years, the more geniuses and elites nurtured by a clan, the more resources they would receive. In the end, the nurtured geniuses and elites would benefit themselves.

“In this thousand years, only the Xue Jue Family has added two new gods. This is already a huge bargaining chip for the Bloodysky Clan. If we get another good result at the Celestial-hunting Festival, the ranking of the Bloodysky Clan will rise.”

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen finally understood how much Wargod Bloodximius had bet on him.

It was a huge gamble.

He was betting on the future of the entire Bloodysky Clan for the next thousand years.

Luo Sha changed the topic and said, "It's a pity that the Bloodysky Clan won't be able to get a good result at the Celestial-hunting Festival. Who knows, they might be thrown into the mud and be trampled on."

Zhang Ruochen smiled noncommittally and said, "Bloodysky Clan might not be outstanding, but they won't be at the bottom of the Immortal Vampires even without me."

Luo Sha said, "Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi are first-class Supreme Saints. With them, the strength of the Bloodysky Clan is enough to rank sixth or seventh among the top ten Immortal Vampires. However, the Bloodysky Clan is at the bottom because of you."

Zhang Ruochen understood what she meant. He said seriously, "Are my enemies in Infernal Court that strong?"

"Not only strong, but many," Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen already understood the importance of the Celestial-hunting Festival. Naturally, he paid more attention to it. He said, "Your Highness, you are a brilliant princess. You must have analyzed it thoroughly. Can you tell me what kind of enemies they are?"

"On the list of the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, there are at least three people in the top ten. They will do anything to kill you. There are also many elites at the pinnacle of the Hundred-Shackle Realm who want to teach you a lesson or suppress the Bloodysky Clan. With your current cultivation, it's almost impossible for you to make a difference at the Celestial-hunting Festival."

Luo Sha continued, "What you should be thinking about now is how to save yourself at the Celestial-hunting Festival. This is already a big challenge for you."

"You should give your promise to Lady Wind.

"If you ally with her, your chances of staying alive at the Celestial-hunting Festival will greatly increase."

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a long time. He asked, "Do you think I'm that easy to kill? The three completed the Hundred-

Shackle Realm in the top ten, what kind of monsters are they?”

“Pink Skull in eighth place, Wu Jiang in fifth place, and Lan Ying in second place,” said Luo Sha.

She continued, “Pink Skull from the Bone Clan. Rumor has it that she is immortal. She was once killed three times by a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint and came back to life three times. It can be said that she is the strangest of all those cultivators in the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

“You have offended the Bone Clan too often on the Battlefield of Merits. Pink Skull has announced that she will cut off your flesh and turn you into a white skeleton during the Celestial-hunting Festival.

“Wu Jiang is also known as Myriad Hands Taoist, or Myriad Hands Wu Jiang. He is the disciple of the most ancient god in the Fane of Darkness and also the youngest Uncle-Master of Son of Darkness. Although he is only a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, his seniority is higher than many gods.

“Of course, the most terrifying one is Lan Ying. Even my Royal Brother is extremely solemn when he is mentioned, treating him as a great enemy. He comes from the Asura’s Fane of Barasingha and is known as the Divine Fetus.

“If you meet any of them, you must immediately run for your life. Once you are close to them, you may not be able to escape. Even if you are a Master of Time and Space.

“The three of them are only the strongest and the three who want to kill you the most. You have more enemies than you thought.

“Within the Immortal Vampires, the clans that have a competitive relationship with the Bloodysky Clan are the enemies among the enemies.”

Zhang Ruochen touched his chin and said, “As far as I know, you can’t kill each other during the Celestial-hunting Festival.”

Luo Sha giggled and asked, “Why? Are you afraid?”

“I’m not afraid. No matter how strong they are, it’s not easy for them to kill me. But, will the gods let them do as they like? My grandfather has a very bad temper. What if he turns the Celestial-hunting Festival upside down?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha said, “Zhang Ruochen, I’ve said so much. Yet you still don’t get it. In the eyes of the gods, you are different from the other guests at the Celestial-hunting Festival.

“Do you know why the Thousand-Koan Realm elites of Dhisn didn’t come to the Arena of Life and Death to deal with you?

“Why didn’t the gods of the Bloodysky Clan oppose you becoming the leader?

“Why did you have to go to the Celestial-hunting Festival instead of other cultivators?

“Haven’t you thought about the deeper reason?

Luo Sha sighed and mumbled to herself, “Those who have the heart to become gods will never give up. However, many of the Supreme Saints in Infernal Court have a smooth path of cultivation!”

This seemingly insignificant sigh shocked Zhang Ruochen. He understood many things in an instant.

“Do you want me to show you a clear path? Maybe I can help you to go against the trend and get a good ranking at the Celestial-hunting Festival,” Luo Sha said and smiled charmingly. Her beautiful eyes rippled like a vixen who could charm all living things.

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully and said, “I will pass! If I’m serious, how can a mere Celestial-hunting Festival stop me?”

“Tsk, arrogant fool. I’ll wait to see you suffer.” Luo Sha pursed her red lips and snorted.

Although she said it with disdain, seeing Zhang Ruochen’s serious and confident look, she could not help but think of his heroic appearance on the Battlefield of Merits. Where he fought the entire army of the Infernal Court alone, and her heart suddenly jumped.

A man should stand tall. Even if there were 10,000 enemies in front of him, he would face them head-on.

He was not afraid.

“Your Highness, we have arrived at the gate to the Realm of Star Ocean,” Han Ying reported.

The channel of the blood riverfront was opened, and it was like a long river entering a flat lake.

An arch bridge made of light-spot connected the east and west banks, spanning 800 meters. Each light-spot was a bird shining with starlight.

Luo Sha pointed to the light dot arch bridge as if he was testing Zhang Ruochen. She asked, “Do you know what it is?”

Zhang Ruochen looked up, he said, “Galactic Starrow! It was said that one Starrow could hold up an independent space. The Realm of Star Ocean is so well-to-do to raise so many of them. There must be a unique world behind this gate.”

Luo Sha said, “The Realm of Star Ocean is the biggest business empire in Infernal Court. It’s so powerful that it has the title of the 11th Clan in the Infernal Court. Your Immortal Vampires’ biggest saint shop, the Ancient Saint Pavilion, can’t even reach one-tenth of the size of the Realm of Star Ocean.”

“Why is the Realm of Star Ocean called the 11th Clan in the Infernal Court?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, “Because the center of power of any one of the ten clans of Infernal Court can not control the Realm of Star Ocean. Under the banner of the Realm of Star Ocean, there are a large number of planets, primitive worlds, secret realms of the universe... the territory is extremely vast.”

“Who exactly is behind the Realm of Star Ocean?” Zhang Ruochen asked, his curiosity greatly increased.

Luo Sha smiled mysteriously. “To be able to open up an independent world space in the Divine Domain of Destiny and to build the headquarters here. Who do you think is behind the Realm of Star Ocean?”

“The Fane of Destiny has good methods.”

Zhang Ruochen praised it. Then he was a little surprised and asked. “Is this the headquarters of the Realm of Star Ocean?”

“So many questions. Why don’t we just go in and take a look?” Luo Sha said.

Whoosh

The 300-meter-long saintship continued to sail forward. When it passed through the arch bridge held up by the Galactic Starrow, it seemed to have hit a water curtain.. The water curtain kept swallowing the ship, and eventually, it disappeared on the river of blood.

Chapter 2247: Supreme Saint Sanjin

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

After passing through the Realm of Star Ocean's gate, the scene in front of him changed drastically.

The blood-red river below became clear and bright while the surface of the water became wider. At first glance, it looked like a boundless lake or ocean. The edges were nowhere to be seen. Up in the sky, there were dozens of Planet of Life and the planets were not huge. They were less than 1,500 kilometers in diameter.

There were all kinds of buildings on the planet. It includes Saint boats, Savage Beasts, and cultivators flying in and out of the atmospheric layer at all times. Everything appeared to be extremely busy, yet orderly.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and looked around, "The heavenly and earthly precepts here are completely different. They have caused extreme oppression to the cultivators."

Luo Sha laughed, "This is the Realm of Star Ocean's headquarters. Of course, it changes the heavenly and earthly precepts and suppresses the cultivators' power. Otherwise, won't this place be easily destroyed when a Supreme Saint suddenly goes mad?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded lightly. A Supreme Saint's destructive power was too strong. One punch could probably destroy one Planet of Life in the sky.

But now, even with Zhang Ruochen's battle strength, one mighty punch would not be able to destroy a mountain on those Planets of Life.

The Saint boats left the water and flew towards one of the planets in the sky.

As soon as it passed through the atmospheric layer, a Supreme Saint from the Planet of Life came to welcome it.

It was not the Supreme Saint himself, but a spiritual avatar.

Of course, with Luo Sha's Saint Kinghood cultivation level, being capable of alarming a Supreme Saint was enough to tell of her extraordinary status in the Infernal Court.

"Is Your Highness Luo Sha here to participate in the auction? Or do you wish to purchase items on your own?" asked Supreme Saint Sanjin.

The other party was, after all, a Supreme Saint. Therefore, Luo Sha's attitude was rather humble, "I want to buy treasures that can help me comprehend the Path of Dimension and condense a precious Neverwithers Physique. I want the best of the best. The royal family of Devala has an incalculable amount of it, so don't waste your time."

"Don't worry. The treasures that can be sent to the Realm of Star Ocean's headquarters are definitely the best," answered Supreme Saint Sanjin with a smile.

For a very long time, Luo Sha had the ability to break through Supreme Saints. However, with her willpower and talent, she was naturally unwilling to become an ordinary Supreme Saint. Even if she could not reach the completion like Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen in Saint Kinghood, she still had to become one of the best.

And the fact is that she had that kind of talent.

Even when she was at Saint-level, she could defeat the genius ranked 12th place on the Saint Merit List of the Celestial Court.

In addition to her identity as the Master of Space, she had enough confidence to become the most powerful one at the Saint King level.

After finishing his discussion with Supreme Saint Sanjin, Luo Sha looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Let me introduce you. This is Supreme Saint Ruochen, the grandson of the Bloodsky clan's leader and the Immortal Vampires. His mother is also a god."

Supreme Saint Sanjin was moved. He quickly stepped forward and cupped his hands on the chest, "Although I work in the headquarters of the Realm of Star Ocean, how could I not

know of the great Supreme Saint Ruochen? I didn't expect to have this fate to meet you in person today.

"There are too many things going on at the headquarters. I have to split my time into small pockets to deal with them. Please forgive me for not being able to welcome you in person."

Supreme Saint Sanjin was more cautious with Zhang Ruochen's attitude than Luo Sha's.

No matter how noble Luo Sha's identity was, she was still a Saint King. On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen was a Supreme Saint, and a practical Supreme Saint at that. He had already made a name for himself.

A Supreme Saint like Supreme Saint Sanjin, who rarely participated in life-and-death killings, would die even if his level was higher than Zhang Ruochen's.

"This is Supreme Saint Sanjin, one of the many merchants in the Realm of Star Ocean. He holds a high position in the headquarters." Luo Sha introduced him to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't arrogant. He said calmly, "Greetings, Supreme Saint Sanjin. I came to the Realm of Star Ocean to buy something."

Supreme Saint Sanjin laughed. "It's my pleasure to have someone as great as you come all the way to the Realm of Star Ocean. It looks like I'll have a big business deal."

"This isn't a good place to talk. Please follow me."

Under the Supreme Saint Sanjin's lead, Zhang Ruochen, Luo Sha, Han Ying, and the two Saint maidservants came to a shining lake and sat beside a jade stone.

The other Saint maidservants took their Saint boats and moored to a port on the planet.

A maidservant immediately brought over a drink from the holy spring and a ten-thousand-year-old treasure, a medicine known as the Emerald Fruit.

Zhang Ruochen's eyelids twitched slightly. He spoke to Luo Sha, "The Realm of Star Ocean is indeed extraordinary. Saint-

level creatures is served as a casual snack here, and those are rare treasures that can only be sought after.”

Luo Sha rolled his eyes, “This lake is where the Realm of Star Ocean serves distinguished guests. Only Scion and their grandsons, or Supreme Saints can enter. If the snacks are not presentable enough, how can they eat them with reverence?”

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power to sense. Indeed, he found many powerful auras surrounding all corners of the lake.

Because it was a place to serve distinguished guests, the space where the lake was placed had been engraved with a huge amount of Divine Marks. It prohibited the spiritual powers from exploring. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen could not identify their identities and cultivation levels.

Luo Sha sensed the fluctuation of Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power and quickly stopped it, he said, “There’s still about four hours left until the auction begins. So, many distinguished guests are resting here. Not only elites attending the Celestial-Hunting Festival will be present, but also Paramount Realm’s Supreme Saints, Semigods, and Gods. Using spiritual power here to explore is considered as a disrespectful act and could easily cause unnecessary trouble.”

Zhang Ruochen quickly withdrew his spiritual power and asked in surprise, “Will there really be Gods coming?”

“What’s so strange about that? The auction in the Realm of Star Ocean is held once a month. There will be a lot of rare treasures in each session. Some of the gods will be tempted to get them.”

Then Luo Sha whispered mysteriously, “Rumour has it that today’s auction will include the corpse of a God who has just died. There must be a lot of powerful individuals coming to fight for it.”

“Another God died?”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t care about the God’s corpse, but more about the God’s death.

After all, there were only three scenarios that could make a God die.

First, dying in the Yuanhui Tribulation.

Second, an accidental death in battle.

Third, one felt that there was not much time left and chose to die in meditation. Or one would choose to sleep forever and die in his sleep to ensure the integrity of his godly body.

Out of all the cases, more than half of the Gods who died in the Yuanhui Tribulation were destroyed in both body and spirit. It was difficult for them to leave a complete godly figure.

Many of the Gods who had died in the tribulation had also been obliterated into ashes or dissipated into nothingness. It was extremely rare for Gods to leave their corpses behind.

In the third scenario, there were relatively more corpses that had been preserved.

However, since gods chose to sit down or sleep to death, they would usually choose a very secret place or have a younger generation guarding them. After they died, they could hardly be brought out for sale.

Therefore, when Zhang Ruochen learned that a god's corpse was involved at the auction, the first thing that came to mind was that a god from the Celestial Court had fallen.

Luo Sha said, "I don't know the origin of the God's corpse yet. Anyway, my royal brother will represent Devala to participate in the auction for the God's corpse. He has mobilized a lot of Godstones for it. If it was just the body of a false god or a half-damaged God's corpse, he wouldn't have made such a big move."

A God corpse was divided into three, six, and nine levels. And their values would have a vast difference.

If the God was one who had just been killed, the corpse would still be kept intact. Therefore, its value would be very high. It could even be equivalent to a divine treasure and of great strategic significance.

Just like the case when Empress Chi Yao had killed Jueshen of Asura. Kunlun's strength had soared in a short period of time with the Divine Blood, Divine Bone, Divine Soul and other God-level treasures contained in Jueshen's corpse,

It increased the overall strength of a realm.

If the God's corpse auctioned in the Realm of Star Ocean reached the same level as Jueshen's corpse, then all the forces of Infernal Court's ten clans would fight for it at all costs.

Supreme Saint Sanjin appeared in person. He personally rushed over and asked Zhang Ruochen what he needed to buy.

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully and asked, "Does the Realm of Star Ocean own a stellar core?"

Supreme Saint Sanjin answered back with another question, "What level of stellar core do you have in mind?"

Zhang Ruochen's knowledge about stellar cores was limited, so he asked, "What are the levels of a stellar core?"

"In Infernal Court, planets are divided into nine levels, from level one to level nine. Naturally, stellar cores are divided into nine levels too.

"Level one stellar cores are the cheapest. One could buy them with tens of millions of saint stones. In the Realm of Star Ocean headquarters, the highest existing level belongs to three pieces of level six stellar cores. They are all sky-high prices," explained Supreme Saint Sanjin.

Zhang Ruochen was interested in buying stellar cores to refine them into the Violet Gourd and increase its suction power.

However, how much or what levels of stellar cores were within the Violet Gourd's capability was still unknown.

"Are you planning to buy Violet Gourd for the purpose of refining weapons?" asked Luo Sha out of curiosity.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said to Supreme Saint Sanjin, "How many Saint Stones for a level six stellar core?"

'This is indeed a big business.'

This thought flashed across Supreme Saint Sanjin's mind. The corner of his lips lifted as he said, "A level six stellar core can't be traded with Saint Stones. It has to be bought with Godstones. It costs around 50 to 200 Godstones. The weight and attributes of a stellar core is different, so there is a huge difference in its price."

Even with Luo Sha's status and knowledge, he was still shocked by the answer. He said, "Isn't it too expensive for just a stellar core? A level one Regal Artifact can't even be sold at this price."

Supreme Saint Sanjin replied, "A level six stellar core needs at least a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint to refine it from a level six planet. It takes a lot of time, so the price is naturally high."

Zhang Ruochen said, "I will definitely buy the stellar core, but I don't have that many Godstones at the moment. How about this? I'll send a batch of Regal Artifact to the Realm of Star Ocean for auction. But I'm not sure if I can make it in time for the auction."

"Of course, you'll be in time, but..."

Supreme Saint Sanjin was stunned. He couldn't believe what he had just heard, so he asked, "Do you really have a batch of Regal Artifact?"

Even by putting together most of the Neverwilt Realm's Supreme Saints, they only owned one Regal Artifact in total.

How could Supreme Saint Sanjin not be shocked when Zhang Ruochen could casually take out a batch of it?

"I just received this batch of Regal Artifact. I can sell them to fulfil this urgent need."

As he was speaking, Zhang Ruochen took out eight Regal Artifacts, including the Parashu. All of them were taken from six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family.

Seeing this, the two Saint maidservants and Han Ying who were standing behind Luo Sha were stunned.

If six of those Supreme Saints from the Mara Family knew that Zhang Ruochen was going to auction off their most powerful weapon, they would definitely be furious. The value of these Regal Artifacts were even more expensive than their Supreme Saint's blood.

After all, a Supreme Saint's blood was only sold once.

"Level two Regal Artifact, Parashu? Isn't this Warlord Mara's weapon?" Supreme Saint Sanjin said in surprise.

Obviously, he didn't know what had happened at the Arena of Life and Death.

Zhang Ruochen nodded, "Don't worry, Supreme Saint Sanjin. All six of the Supreme Saints from the Mara Family lost to me in a fair and just manner. Countless cultivators witnessed it. Every single one of them was brought back transparently."

At the Arena of Life and Death, Zhang Ruochen had the right to kill six Supreme Saints from the Mara Family. Naturally, he also had the right to decide what to do with their weapons.

Even Luo Sha rolled his eyes when he heard Zhang Ruochen's words.

When this batch of Regal Artifact went up for auction, the humiliation he caused upon Mara Family's six Supreme Saints would spread further. It would be strange if they did not come and fight with Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen was a ruthless bastard. He had almost sucked out all the blood of those six Supreme Saints. It would be difficult for them to recover back to their peak combat strength in a short time.

Even if their internal organs were about to explode, they could only endure it.

Zhang Ruochen had seized hundreds of Regal Artifact. Yet, he did not feel any emotion when he put up a batch for auction. Instead, he was thinking whether he could get enough Godstone after selling those items.

After all, he did not only intend to buy stellar cores, but also treasures that cultivate the Saintwill as well as treasures that

help the Ancient Abyssal Blade practice. Moreover, he also intended to buy a batch of top-level talismans and arrays.

There were so many enemies. If he could not win, at least he could crush them to death with talismans and arrays.

Sometimes, money could really kill people.

But would the Celestial-Hunting Festival allow the use of talismans and arrays at a large-scale?

If it was allowed, then this battle would be about money. It would depend on the one who had more wealth.

No matter what, there was no harm in preparing more Godstone. If possible, Zhang Ruochen even wanted to buy the God's corpse and feed it to the God-eater Bug. Then, he wanted to nurture them into a God-eater General that could sweep through everything alone.

After these thoughts flashed through his mind, Zhang Ruochen took out a treasure from the bottom of the box.

"This divine ancient artifact, a level seven Regal Artifact should also be auctioned!"

Zhang Ruochen took out the Wheel of the Nether Sun and handed it to Supreme Saint Sanjin.

"Level seven Regal Artifact?"

Supreme Saint Sanjin was shocked. Both of his hands trembled and he almost dropped the Wheel of the Nether Sun to the ground.

This was too ridiculous. Who would sell a Level seven Regal Artifact?

On top of it, that was a divine ancient artifact.

One had to know that more than half of the Supreme Saints from Paramount Realm who managed the army did not even reach level seven. Even for an ancient clan like the Xue Jue Family, a level seven Regal Artifact could be considered as a family treasure. It could not be leaked to the outside world.

Did Wargod Bloodximius know that his grandson was such a spendthrift?

Luo Sha suddenly stood up, grabbed one corner of the Wheel of the Nether Sun and said, “Zhang Ruochen, we have such a deep relationship. Why don’t you sell it to me? I’ll pay you one hundred thousand Godstones.”

Supreme Saint Sanjin was indeed worthy of being the Realm of Star Ocean’s merchant. He held the Wheel of the Nether Sun tightly in his hands to prevent Luo Sha from taking it away. He said, “Just now, I’ve done a preliminary investigation. This level seven Regal Artifact is a weapon used by Nether Clan’s former God, Nether Lord Lingyang. It’s only one step away from being a Supreme Artifact. Its value is much higher than one hundred thousand Godstones.”

“Two hundred thousand Godstones, it’s a deal!”

Luo Sha stared at Zhang Ruochen and said telepathically, “It’s better to sell it to me instead of any random outsider.”

Supreme Saint Sanjin shook his head and said, “If we put the Wheel of the Nether Sun in the Realm of Star Ocean’s auction, it will definitely attract the attention of the top Supreme Saints from the Nether Clan. The price is much higher than what you’re proposing now.”

Zhang Ruochen found it hard to understand. Wasn’t it just the Wheel of the Nether Sun? A Divine Kingdom’s princess, and a merchant, both of them were of high statuses. Was there a need to fight this hard?

In Zhang Ruochen’s hands, the Wheel of the Nether Sun was really a dispensable thing to him. It couldn’t even compare to the skeletal whip, which was an actual Supreme Artifact.

Supreme Saint Sanjin had a different thought in his head, ‘No wonder all the big forces in the Infernal Court wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen. How many treasures did this guy steal from the Infernal Court? Killing him would be a lot more profitable than killing a god.’

This time, Supreme Saint Sanjin had wronged Zhang Ruochen.

The Wheel of the Nether Sun was taken from the Blackdemon Realm’s Mosheng.. It wasn’t taken from any of the Infernal

Court's cultivators.

Chapter 2248: At Daggers Drawn

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

In the end, Zhang Ruochen still chose to hand over the Wheel of the Nether Sun to Supreme Saint Sanjin to be placed up for auction Realm of Star Ocean.

Apart from that, he asked about the great treasure that could help to condense Saintwill. It was called the Lotus of Divine Reflection. The older Lotus of Divine Reflection was, the more effective it was in condensing the Saintwill.

The Lotus of Divine Reflection was born within the void of the universe without any roots or leaves. It was a lotus formed from the surrounding power of the Origin.

The Saintwill of a Supreme Saint was a manifestation of Path of Origin.

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised to find out that the Lotus of Divine Reflection could do such wonders.

Luo Sha was very angry that Zhang Ruochen had not sold the Wheel of the Nether Sun to her. Nevertheless, when she saw Zhang Ruochen's surprised look, she immediately laughed. "You didn't expect it, did you? The treasure you're looking for happens to be the Lotus of Divine Reflection. Do you regret not bringing your confidante, the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, to the Infernal Court?"

The true form of the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers was a Lotus of Divine Reflection that had been born in ancient times. Its effect in cultivating a Saintwill was self-evident.

Supreme Saint Sanjin said, "The Fairy of a Hundred Flowers under the Mandala Goddess in the Qianrui Realm is the oldest known Lotus of Divine Reflection in the known universe."

"With her help, it won't be difficult for a Supreme Saint like you to cultivate Saintwill Grade Five and above. With her, even the deities could find it easier to comprehend the Canons of cultivation paths."

Zhang Ruochen's face darkened. He muttered to himself, "Since the Lotus of Divine Reflection was born from the power of the Origin of Heaven and Earth, it should be very sensitive to the Path of Origin. Why have I never seen her use the power of origin?"

"What?"

Luo Sha was shocked. She fluttered her eyes in confusion and said, "Don't you know that the Lotus of Divine Reflection is a natural Master of the Origin?" She could not help but chuckle. "And here I thought that you and the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers were very close. Or is it that she kept the fact that she is a master of the Origin as a secret?" Luo Sha continued after a pause, "My dear Ruochen, now only you realize how hard it is to figure out a woman, right?"

"Everyone has their secrets. What's so strange about that?"

Although Zhang Ruochen said so, he was still slightly unhappy.

After all, he regarded the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers as his best friend and confidante. He even gave her a Heart of the Divine Tree to help her build insights on the Path of Life.

'Perhaps she has reasons that she could not tell me.'

Luo Sha said, "I'm worried about you. Not only do you attract women, you aren't even aware when they are using you."

Zhang Ruochen did not argue with her. He asked Supreme Saint Sanjin, "What are the grades of the other Lotus of Divine Reflection in Realm of Star Ocean?"

"They are more than 10,000 years old. Those younger than a Yuanhui can be obtained now. As for the Lotus of Divine Reflection that has survived the Yuanhui Tribulation, there's only one, which will be sent to the auction stage," said Supreme Saint Sanjin.

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, "So there's only one Lotus of Divine Reflection of Yuanhui grade."

"Lotuses of Divine Reflection are rare treasures to begin with. In addition to the vast space of the universe, even a 10,000-

year-old one is rarely seen. As for those of Yuanhui grade, I reckon that it can only be bought at Realm of Star Ocean within the entire Infernal Court. This is something that Supreme Saints, demigods, and even gods will want to buy,” said Supreme Saint Sanjin.

“The Lotus of Divine Reflection of Yuanhui grade is so precious. It will be too difficult to get it at the auction.”

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself and said, “Give me a 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection first. Let me look at its quality. I also need ten Earth Grade Implement Nurturing Pills and ten Heaven Grade Implement Nurturing Pills. And get me fifty Heaven Grade Sacred Pills as well to assist in cultivating my spiritual power.”

The vessel spirits of Heaven Grade Sacred Pills were comparable to living beings of the Saint Kingdom. Each and every one of them was priceless.

Almost all Supreme Saints of the Neverwilt Realm and Hundred-Shackle Realm used Heaven Grade Sacred Pills to support and strengthen their cultivation.

Luo Sha was also secretly surprised by Zhang Ruochen’s purchase of 50 Heaven Grade Sacred Pills that supported cultivation of spiritual power. She spat coldly, “No one has ever dared to show off their wealth in front of me. You are the first one.”

‘Did I flaunt my wealth?’

In the Dragon Temple, Zhang Ruochen had obtained a King Grade Sacred Pill from the Lord of Stone that supported the cultivation of spiritual power.

However, he had just broken through to become a spiritual power Supreme Saint, so he did not dare to simply take it.

After he digested all 50 Heaven Grade Sacred Pills and King Grade Sacred Pill, he would have the chance to directly raise the strength of his spiritual power to the 61st level.

Just as Supreme Saint Sanjin walked out of the pavilion, a group of noble cultivators came to the lakeside. Among them,

there were ten Supreme Saints. There was also a group of Deathsworn Guards in armor.

Those Deathsworn Guards were trained by the Fane of Destiny. They were all elites among the Saint Kings.

Such a mighty lineup naturally attracted the attention of Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha.

Supreme Saint Sanjin walked up quickly and said, “Wu Jiang, Lord Sinluo, and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, why didn’t any escorts report your arrival? I could be impudent for not welcoming you from afar.”

The three Supreme Saints in the lead all emitted extraordinary auras. Despite the suppression from surrounding precepts, their auras remained intimidating.

Luo Sha said to Zhang Ruochen in a low voice, “You’re lucky. Wu Jiang is here! That’s the guy known as the Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint.”

“Wu Jiang? Wu Jiang from the Fane of Darkness?”

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze was fixed on Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint.

Not long ago, Luo Sha had said that he was ranked as the fifth elite of Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage. He was also one of his three strongest enemies.

The Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint Wu Jiang looked like a human. He was handsome and tall. There was a black lightning streak mark between his brows. He possessed a prideful personality and looked down on all living things.

However, there was a sincere and gentle divine light in his eyes. No one would be able to hate him.

In short, he was a Supreme Saint elite that possessed great charisma. It was difficult to see through him.

If he was an enemy, he would be a terrifying foe indeed.

Zhang Ruochen had just looked at Wu Jiang for a moment for him to get noticed. He looked over and met Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

In an instant, Wu Jiang figured out Zhang Ruochen's identity. He narrowed his eyes and he said to the elite Supreme Saints beside him, "We came early, but it turned out to be the right time. Lord Sinluo, the enemy who killed your brother is right there."

All of a sudden, more eyes were cast on Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha giggled and explained to Zhang Ruochen, "Lord Sinluo is the son of Lord Chi Hun from the Deathkin. His cultivation has reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Of course, more importantly, he is the elder brother of the Chixing Shenzi who died at your hands. who was one of your other great foes."

"Chixing Shenzi?"

Zhang Ruochen had killed too many Scions, Scioness, and descendants of deities. He couldn't remember every single one of them clearly, so he had to rummage through his memories.

Lord Sinluo's eyes were cold. He wanted to walk over, but he was stopped by Supreme Saint Sanjin, who used spiritual power to communicate with him to dissuade him.

Zhang Ruochen didn't seem to care. He sat calmly in the pavilion and watched them.

Suddenly, the group of cultivators quieted down and moved away.

A tall figure in a white robe walked out. She was dressed as a man, but no one would take her as a man. Her facial features were exquisitely formed, with ruby lips and pearly teeth. She had eyes as clear as spring, spiritual brilliance flowing her snow-white skin.

She was wearing a man's outfit, which was already very surprising to those gathered.

The moment Zhang Ruochen saw her, his eyes were no longer calm. His heart began to pound harder and his hands on the table were trembling slightly.

Supreme Saint Sanjin cupped their hands again and greeted the figure. They showed their signature smile and said, "Your

Holiness is here. Supreme Saints, please come this way. I have already asked the servants to prepare the best seats...”

“Wait.”

Pan Ruo raised a slender hand and stopped Supreme Saint Sanjin from continuing.

Her beautiful eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha, who was not far away. Her gaze was filled with a deep radiance. After a long pause, she said, “There’s no need to arrange other seats. I want to sit next to them.”

“This...”

Supreme Saint Sanjin looked troubled.

It was impossible for him to not see the hatred between this group of people and Zhang Ruochen. What if a sudden fight broke out and ruined the auction?

Scion Yuan Mo followed closely behind Pan Ruo. His eyes were cold. “Zhang Ruochen, you didn’t expect to see me again, did you?”

Zhang Ruochen still had some vague memories of Yuan Mo.

He was practically the only leader in the Battlefield of Merits within the Northern Region of Kunlun, where he led a large army of divine Deathkin. His cultivation was exceedingly strong, and he was an extremely talented person.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Scion Yuan Mo had been pursuing Pan Ruo. Now that he was still there by Pan Ruo’s side, an unknown coldness naturally rose within his heart, “I am indeed a little surprised,” he said. “I thought you died on Xianji Mountain! Since you’re alive, cherish it. Don’t joke at the expense of your life anymore, because luck does not hold forever.”

Luo Sha looked at Zhang Ruochen with surprise.

She had never seen Zhang Ruochen make such vicious remarks. He seemed to be trying to provoke Yuan Mo to anger him. Or did he want to kill Yuan Mo instead?

‘I wonder what kind of feud between them?’

As expected, Scion Yuan Mo was enraged. He roared, “You would not have defeated me on the Xianji Mountain without external help!”

“So you’ve broken through and attained Supreme Sainthood. Very good, since you’re not convinced, do you dare to fight me in the Arena of Life and Death?” Zhang Ruochen said.

“You...”

Scion Yuan Mo was at loss of words.

Not long ago, he had heard the news that the Six Supreme Saints of the Mara family had lost to Zhang Ruochen in the Arena of Life and Death.

Although Scion Yuan Mo was confident, he knew that there was still a huge gap between him and Warlord Mara. Naturally, he could not be Zhang Ruochen’s opponent.

Going to the Arena of Life and Death was no different from throwing one’s life away.

Lord Sinluo pushed Supreme Saint Sanjin away and walked out with great strides. “Zhang Ruochen, don’t be so arrogant. Do you dare to go to the Arena of Life and Death with me?

“Why not?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Sinluo said, “You have guts. Since that’s the case, there’s no need to participate in the auction. Let’s go to the Arena of Life and Death right now to decide who will live.”

At this moment, a burst of melodious laughter rang out from afar. “The great Lord Sinluo of the Deathkin, an elite of the Great Perfection in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, is making things difficult for a Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt Realm. Do you think that Immortal Vampires don’t have any elites?”

Another group of cultivators arrived by the lakeside.

The leader was a woman in colorful robes. She wore a golden mask and her body was shrouded in mist, and she possessed a mysterious and alluring aura.

Behind her was a large group of powerful figures. There were nearly ten Supreme Saints, with saint level guards in golden

armor which opened the path ahead.

Supreme Saint Sanjin had a headache when he saw who was coming. He was afraid that the two groups of people would clash, so he immediately went forward to greet the woman in colorful robes and separated the groups.

Luo Sha grabbed Zhang Ruochen's wrist and pulled him back to his seat, and whispered, "Don't you want to participate in the auction? Just remain calm and don't resort to your fists to solve problems all the time. The Lady Wind has arrived, which means that two Scioness candidates have bumped into each other. So why don't you sit down and have a good time watching whatever happens next."

Some things remained even when Zhang Ruochen let go.

Pan Ruo's presence could still stir Zhang Ruochen's feelings. After all, she had been his only wife.

To be more precise, she was now his ex-wife.

How could they get married if there was no love?

How could he forget her just like that if he had loved her?

The two groups of people clashed, and the tension instantly became intense. Those gathered were at daggers drawn. If a fight was triggered, they would turn the world upside down.

Scion Yuan Mo, Lord Sinluo, and the others pushed Zhang Ruochen aside and confronted the Supreme Saints beside Lady Wind.

It was obvious that this was not the first time the two groups of people had met. They had fought many times before. That was why they were so hostile towards each other.

However, Pan Ruo's attention was already on the pavilion. Seeing Luo Sha's intimate actions toward Zhang Ruochen, her slender eyebrows furrowed slightly.

Lord Sinluo spoke rudely, "Lady Wind is indeed unreasonable. It was Zhang Ruochen who provoked him first. How did it become me who was making things difficult for him? Besides, the Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint you mentioned was the one who defeated Warlord Mara. I'm afraid that only the

stupidest person would think of him as a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint.”

Luo Sha was sly. She pretended to be shocked. “Lord Sinluo, are you taking a roundabout way to call sister Lady Wind stupid?”

Suddenly, three figures walked out from behind Lady Wind. All of them were in the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and they wanted to teach Lord Sinluo a lesson.

The atmosphere of the two sides became even tenser.

Zhang Ruochen had calmed down completely. He knew Luo Sha were trying to incite that group to harm Lord Sinluo and, at the same time, help him out.

In her opinion, with Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation, he was no match for a Great Perfection elite in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He definitely couldn’t go fight such an opponent in the Arena of Life and Death as well.

“You should be curious as to why Pan Ruo who hasn’t reached the Supreme Sainthood can make the elites of the Great Perfection in the Hundred Shackle-Realm like Wu Jiang and the Lord Sinluo follow her lead, right?” Luo Sha used another alternative and diverted Zhang Ruochen’s attention.

“Indeed, I am a little curious.”

Zhang Ruochen said lightly. “What’s so great about the Scioness from the Fane of Destiny?”

“Before I talk about the Scioness, I have to tell you that the three Scioness candidates are different. Pan Ruo represents the interests of the upper three clans, and Lady Wind represents the interests of the lower three clans..”

Chapter 2249: The Auction

“The Scions and Scionesses of the Fane of Destiny must be selected alternately.

“For example, if this generation chooses Scionesses, the next generation must choose the Scions.

“When this generation of Scionesses attain Godhood or die, or maybe they fail to attain Godhood after one thousand years, they will begin to prepare the plan to choose the next generation of Scions,” Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen was moved and asked, “Do you mean that the Fane of Destiny will choose a Scion or Scioness in a thousand years at most?”

“Yes.”

“In one Yuanhui period, the total number of Scion and Scioness will add up to 129. How many of them can become gods?” Zhang Ruochen wanted to try, by using the probability of Scion and Scioness attaining Godhood to estimate the approximate number of deities in the Fane of Destiny.

Luo Sha replied, “When the Scion and Scioness of the Fane of Destiny are selected, it is already clear that they have the best talent among the cultivators of the same generation. In addition, they are entitled to the best cultivation resources in Infernal Court, so the probability of attaining Godhood is very high.

“Ten to twenty percent of them could attain Godhood within a thousand years after being selected as the Scion and Scioness.

“For those who haven’t attained godhood within a thousand years, even if they step down from their positions, most of them are already elites among Supreme Saints. With their long lifespans, many of them can still attain Godhood afterward.

“As for whoever attains Godhood, dies or exists in other states, that is a tightly guarded secret of the Fane of Destiny. Only those at the highest level know about it.

“The most important reason why everyone is fighting for the position of the Scioness is because of the power and influence

that they wield.

“Unless an extremely important event happens, the gods of the Fane of Destiny won’t ask about anything in Infernal Court. Everything was handled by the Scioness and the twelve black-robed high priests. The power of the Scioness is above that of the twelve black-robed high priests. She represents the will of the gods.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed to himself. These Scion and Scioness were the seeds of god selected by the Fane of Destiny. They possessed the most outstanding talents. After thousands of years of training, any one of them could be the lord of the Fane of Destiny.

There were many unfathomable secrets concealed by the Fane of Destiny

The more he thought about it, the more fearful he felt.

Zhang Ruochen was curious and asked, “Your talent is the best among your peers, and you believe in fate and destiny. So why didn’t you become a candidate for the Scioness?”

“You finally praised me once. Not bad.”

Luo Sha smiled charmingly and pursed her red lips slightly, and said, “My talents, beauty, and my ability to comprehend are not inferior to the other three candidates competing for the position of Scioness. I could have been a candidate.

Unfortunately, I heard that in the thousand years after becoming a Scioness, one must give up on love and lust, so I gave up on competing with them.”

Zhang Ruochen looked into her eyes, trying to figure whether she was telling the truth or not.

Luo Sha smiled cunningly at Zhang Ruochen and added, “In fact, the most important thing that I want to see is who is my destined one in the prophecy. How will he enter into my life? What if he suddenly appears when I become the Scioness of Destiny?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that Luo Sha was teasing him again, so he looked away and said with a straight face, “Boring.”

A Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint from the Realm of Star Ocean arrived and stopped the two groups of people led by Pan Ruo and Lady Wind. He led them to two pavilions by the lake to rest.

There was only one pavilion between the two pavilions.

It was the one Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha were resting in.

Pan Ruo, and the Deathkin and Nether Clan cultivators were on the left.

The cultivators under Lady Wind were on the right side.

Even though they were separated, the two groups of people were still facing each other. It was as if they were fighting with their thoughts as the surrounding air trembled.

Occasionally, murderous intent would fall on Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha was very calm. She introduced Zhang Ruochen to the Hundred-Shackle Realm elites in Lady Wind's camp, saying, "That guy with golden hair is the strongest warrior below the Thousand-Koan Realm of the Immortal Vampires. He is Lord Bladehell, and you must be wary of him."

"Why?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "Although he is exceptionally gifted, he is very narrow-minded and has an overly high opinion of himself. He can not tolerate heroes who are more outstanding than him. Your appearance will steal his limelight among the Immortal Vampires. If there is a chance, he will give you trouble or humiliate you in public. There is no doubt that he will suppress you, who is known as the genius that appears once per Yuanhui period."

Zhang Ruochen stared at her deeply. Luo Sha was certainly right about Lord Bladehell.

Not long ago, Lord Bladehell had deliberately sent the invitation to Lord Xia Yu by mistake, which let Zhang Ruochen see through his character.

Luo Fu continued, "Do you see that burly man shining with divine light and a mane of hair like a lion? He is of a different breed because he doesn't belong to the lower three clans, but

belongs to the Stone Clan instead. Yet, he stands firmly on Lady Wind's side."

"The Mad Whitejade Lion?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"It's that mad lion."

Luo Sha smiled, and continued, "Other cultivators only assist the candidate of the Scioness for the benefit of their clans. But he only went up to Lady Wind for her sake, and even said publicly that he was willing to be Lady Wind's bearer for the rest of his life."

Zhang Ruochen was stunned for a moment. He shook his head slightly and said, "No wonder he's known as 'the mad lion.'"

"If you think he's crazy, you're wrong. How crazy can a creature that can achieve Supreme Sainthood be?" Luo Sha replied.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You mean Lady Wind plays her cards well?"

"To be able to have a Supreme Saint — who has achieved Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm — as a willing mount, Lady Wind plays her cards very skilfully.

"If Lady Wind becomes a true Scioness, she will immediately hold great authority. Her mount would be her most trusted aide with much influence over the Fane of Destiny."

Luo Sha then threw out a question. "In your opinion, between Pan Ruo — who is yet a Supreme Saint — and Lady Wind — who has already achieved the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, whose chance of becoming a Scioness is greater?"

Zhang Ruochen remained silent.

Luo Sha smiled and continued, "It's impossible for the Stone Clan to bet all their chips on Pan Ruo. My guess is that the Mad Whitejade Lion is most likely a chess piece that they've planted on Lady Wind's side. Lady Wind might let down her guard as she thought she had fully controlled the Mad Whitejade Lion. Hence, no one can tell for sure who will end up being the 'mount'!"

The interests involved in the Celestial-Hunting Festival and the selection of the Scioness were complicated. Any force and any cultivators who participated in them would pay full attention to them.

Lady Wind's junior brother, Yan Beijun, came to the pavilion. He cupped his hands and said, "Lord Ruochen, Princess Luo Sha, my senior sister sincerely invites you two to have a chat."

Luo Sha glanced towards Zhang Ruochen to see his response.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I came to the Realm of Star Ocean to buy items for cultivation. I also want to see the various treasures at the auction. If Lady Wind wants to become friends with me, we can arrange another time and place for the both of us, just not today."

Yan Beijun listened attentively to her reply via spiritual power and replied, "My sister said that she could pay for all the items that Supreme Saint Ruochen bought at the Realm of Star Ocean."

"Is that so... What if I bid for the divine corpse?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Beijun's face froze and immediately relaxed again, saying, "You must be joking, Supreme Saint Ruochen. Please believe my sister's sincerity. She really wants to make friends with you."

"I'm not joking. I'm really interested in the divine corpse," Zhang Ruochen said.

Laughter could be heard from the pavilions on both sides.

Lord Sinluo said, "What a coincidence, I have orders from my father too, which is that I have to buy the divine corpse no matter what. Zhang Ruochen, how many Godstones do you have to bid for the divine corpse?"

Wu Jiang said, "As far as I know, the Xue Jue family has recently obtained the body of a false deity. There is probably no need to buy the divine corpse for the time being."

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, "My purchase of the divine corpse has nothing to do with the Xue Jue family."

The laughter in the pavilion where the Deathkin and the Nether Clan were located grew louder.

No one believed that Zhang Ruochen could buy the divine corpse with his financial resources without relying on his family and deities.

At this moment, Supreme Saint Sanjin and three attendants walked over and entered the pavilion.

“Great Saint Ruochen, the ten Earth Grade Implement Nurturing Pills, ten Heaven Grade Implement Nurturing Pills, and 50 Heaven Grade damaging pills that you want are all here. They are worth a total of seven Godstones.”

Following that, Sanjin Supreme Saint spread out his right hand.

A speck of light appeared in the center of his palm.

The speck of light grew larger and larger. Finally, it turned into a lotus about ten feet in diameter. There were a total of 12 petals. Each petal was crystal clear, emitting a pungent fragrance.

Upon seeing this Lotus of Divine Reflection, all the cultivators present turned their gazes over.

Lord Sinluo’s eyes shone with excitement, and he blurted abruptly, “That’s a 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection.”

“It’s a 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection, and it’s worth 140 Godstones.”

With that, Sanjin Supreme Saints handed the Lotus of Divine Reflection to Zhang Ruochen and took out a spherical, translucent spatial treasure. There were a total of 12 stellar cores in the spatial treasure.

One level-six stellar core, five level-five stellar cores, and six level-four stellar cores.

“Supreme Saint Ruochen, all the treasures you asked for add up to a total of 353 Godstones,” Supreme Saint Sanjin announced.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "Put them down. I want all of them."

Then, Supreme Saint Sanjin took out the cultivation resources that Luo Sha wanted to buy one by one and put them on the table. They were worth 24 Godstones in total.

Luo Sha took a cursory glance and said, "I want all of them too. Put them all on him."

Supreme Saint Sanjin smiled awkwardly and looked at Zhang Ruochen.

24 Godstones wasn't a small amount. A Supreme Saint like Xue Tu had to sell his fiefdom to get it.

"Your Wheel of the Nether Sun is so valuable, but you can't even bear to give up 24 Godstones? If I make a scene at the auction, will the auction price of the Wheel of the Nether Sun get lower?" Luo Sha secretly transmitted her thoughts to Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha was very angry that he hadn't sold the Wheel of the Nether Sun to her.

If she wanted to make a scene at the auction, she could simply spread the news that the auctioneer of the Wheel of the Nether Sun was Zhang Ruochen. This would greatly affect the price it fetched.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "Her purchase is on me."

There was an uproar in the pavilions on both sides.

Buying treasures that cost hundreds of Godstones in a single time was already a big deal for Supreme Saints in the Neverwilt Realm and Hundred-Shackle Realm. It was even more unthinkable for the monks in the Saint Kingdom Realm.

Of course, what made them more concerned was the relationship between Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha.

The fact that he could buy cultivation resources that cost 24 Godstones for Luo Sha without hesitation could mean that Zhang Ruochen was pursuing Luo Sha to ally with Devala.

No one could overlook the power of the Divine Prince, Luo Shengtian.

This was bad news for Zhang Ruochen's enemies.

Pan Ruo looked at Luo Sha again. She was calm and indifferent, but her eyes lingered on Luo Sha's face for a long time as she sized her up carefully.

Lady Wind fell silent.

At the same time, Yan Beijun retreated.

After a long while.. Scion Yuan Mo said indifferently, "Zhang Ruochen plundered a lot of treasures on the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun. What's a few hundred Godstones? If you kill Zhang Ruochen and take all his treasures, you will find that his wealth is comparable to those of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint."

Ding!

Ding!

...

The bell rang seven times.

The auction was about to begin.

A group of cultivators by the lake hurriedly flew, rushing to the auction house.

The auction house in the Realm of Star Ocean was immense. It was an Annulus World hovering in midair. It was a spiral-shaped ring. The diameter of the circle was about 40 miles, and it was divided into three levels.

Each level was built with green mountains, lush pools, stairs, and jade towers. There were also flower beds and seats for distinguished guests.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha flew to the top level of the Annulus World.

The moment they landed, there came an angry roar from afar. "Zhang Ruochen, stay away from my sister. Are you looking to die?"

Divine Prince Luo Shengtian possessed a towering frame. His footsteps were hurried, and his face was full of anger. Even though he was suppressed by the precepts of heaven and earth, power erupted constantly from his body. His right fist glowed with a scorching evil blaze.

Behind Luo Shengtian, there were more than a dozen elites of the Luo Sha clan brimming with murderous intent.

Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply. He looked at Luo Sha beside him and said, "Go and explain to your royal brother. I didn't do anything to you."

Zhang Ruochen took the opportunity to leave. He didn't want to be blackmailed by Luo Sha again. In the blink of an eye, he vanished into the endless stream of people.

Luo Sha had no other option but to face Luo Shengtian and she sighed to herself.

"Where's that b*stard Zhang Ruochen. Little sister, did he make things difficult for you? Is it because of what happened in the Arena of Life and Death that he has a grudge against you and wants revenge?"

Luo Shengtian wanted to chase after Zhang Ruochen, but he was stopped by Luo Sha.

"Even if he has the courage, Zhang Ruochen would not dare to do anything to me... Royal brother, restrain your power first. This is an auction house. Do not draw out the order keepers of the Realm of the Star Ocean and delay the proper business," Luo Sha said.

Luo Shengtian snorted. "Although Zhang Ruochen doesn't dare to do anything to you in the Divine Domain of Destiny, he is undoubtedly a cocky b*stard who ignores rules. You have old grudges with him, so you must be careful in the future. After the auction, I will find an opportunity to give him a warning."

"In the past, on the Battlefield of Merits, it's fine. But after coming to Infernal Court, if he dares to humiliate you again, I will make sure he dies without a burial place."

Chapter 2250: Fugue Pill

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Not long after leaving with Luo Sha, Zhang Ruochen saw Xue Tu and the six Supreme Saints of Mara from afar. They seemed to be arguing.

The six Supreme Saints led by Warlord Mara had taken some sacred medicine. Their bodies recovered and were no longer shriveled. However, the aura emanating from their bodies was still very weak.

“More than 90 percent of their Saint blood has been taken away. How can they recover so quickly? As expected of being Supreme Saints.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes flickered, and he walked over.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen, Xue Tu was overjoyed. He walked over quickly as if he had found support. “Senior, the Supreme Saints of Mara Family refused to admit defeat. They are picking on me. Good to see you here. Do you want to teach them a lesson?”

Enemies see red the moment they meet.

The six Supreme Saints of the Mara family were all furious. They released their Saint Aura and surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen stared at them indifferently. “I advise you to restrain yourselves. You’re no match for me even in your best state, let alone now. It is not easy to cultivate your blood back. If I drain you of blood again, it’ll be hard for you to regain your combat strength before Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

His words sent shivers to the six Supreme Saints, and they stopped in their track.

Warlord Mara gritted his teeth and stomped his feet. “Zhang Ruochen, sooner or later, I’ll eat you alive. We’ll see.”

Staring at Zhang Ruochen for a long time, he waved his hand. “Let’s go.”

“Senior, you’re still so intimidating. You scared the six Supreme Saints away with just one sentence,” Xue Tu said with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen looked confused. “Why are you here? Don’t tell me that you have a lot of Saint Stones and Divine Stones?”

Xue Tu’s expression changed. “No, I can’t even take out a single Divine Stone. I’m just here to see how much I can sell my fiefdom if I auctioned it,”

“I see. Good. Come with me,”

Zhang Ruochen brought Xue Tu to a VIP seat on the top floor of Annulus World.

The seat was built on the edge of a cliff and took up a 30-meter-wide area.

Standing on the edge of the cliff, one could see the auction stage floating in the center of Annulus World.

The auction stage was square-shaped, like a white stone plaza. There was a palace on it, and a large number of attendants were walking around.

“I’ve bought a few things in Realm of Star Ocean. I’m going to examine them. Later, if any rare items appear in the auction, you can help me buy them first.”

Zhang Ruochen took out Violet Gourd and branched out another avatar.

He placed Violet Gourd on the ground. The avatar sat cross-legged next to the Gourd to protect it. His true body turned into a speck of light and flew into the Gourd.

Violet Gourd looked very ordinary, so Xue Tu didn’t pay much attention to it.

When his original body entered the gourd, Zhang Ruochen took out a 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection.

The 12 petals were 10 meters in diameter. They gave off bright light and contained powerful vitality. The light enveloped the surrounding space.

Sitting cross-legged on Lotus of Divine Reflection, Zhang Ruochen tried to condensed a Fist Saintwill again.

...

The auction officially began. A Supreme Saint Ghost, who was hundreds of feet tall, walked out from the auction platform floating in the air.

"I am Qiluo, the seventh auction merchant of Realm of Star Ocean. Welcome to the monthly auction in Realm of Star Ocean.

"The items in this auction are all top-tier treasures. Even the lowest value item is worth a one billion Saint stones, which is one Divine Stone."

The Supreme Saint Ghost named Qiluo introduced the rules of the auction. Then he announced, "The auction officially begins. I hereby present you the first item of today's auction, a Second-grade Regal Artifact, Parashu."

Xue Tu, who was sitting on a White skeleton chair spat a mouthful of Blood Spring after he just drunk it a second ago.

"What's going on? How did Parashu appear on the auction stage in Realm of Star Ocean?" Xue Tu was stunned. He turned his head and stared at Zhang Ruochen's avatar.

How ruthless.

He wondered how Warlord Mara felt when he saw his battle weapon being sent onto the auction stage.

Xue Tu gloated and looked around for Warlord Mara.

There was no need to look.

Warlord Mara roared in the auction hall, "Zhang Ruochen, I will fight you to death!"

Countless eyes looked toward the VIP seats where Warlord Mara was. Some were confused, some mocked, and some sympathized.

Amidst the discussions, those cultivators who did not understand the full situation only then knew what had happened on Arena of Life and Death.

“Silence,” Supreme Saint Qiluo released his ghostly aura and shouted.

The auction house quieted down.

At the same time, two Saint-King level Ghost Lords with great strength carried Parashu to the center of the auction stage.

Supreme Saint Qiluo said, “I believe that everyone knows the value of a Second-grade Regal Artifact without my introduction. What’s worth mentioning is that Parashu was a weapon that Majya used before. It was then passed on to his son, Warlord Mara.”

Hearing the name of Majya, Warlord Mara was completely furious. He almost could not control himself and charge onto the auction stage.

It was fine if he embarrassed himself.

If he said his father’s name, wouldn’t Majya be humiliated as well?

Pan Ruo, Wu Jiang, Lord Sinluo, Scion Yuan Mo, and a large group of cultivators gathered in the same VIP seats. Many of them sniggered.

Wu Jiang said, “I suddenly feel that making so many enemies isn’t necessarily a bad thing for Zhang Ruochen. At least, there will always be an opponent offering treasures. Zhang Ruochen can be this wealthy thanks to the spoils he earns from every battle he fights.”

“One would easily die tragically if they make many enemies all over the world. It’s a miracle that Zhang Ruochen can survive until now,” Lord Sinluo said.

Scion Yuan Mo said, “Zhang Ruochen’s action is stupid. He has greatly offended the Mara family just for a small profit.”

Pan Ruo listened to their comments quietly. After a long time, she said, “The deities need a cultivator like Zhang Ruochen to hone the Supreme Saints of Infernal Court. Isn’t it going according to their expectations now?”

Wu Jiang said, “Whether Zhang Ruochen is qualified to be the gods’ saber depends on whether he can live until Celestial-

Hunting Festival ends. Right now, he is not even a knife.”

On the auction stage.

Supreme Saint Qiluo said, “The starting price for Parashu is 80 Divine Stones. Each increment must not be less than one Divine Stone.

“Let the bidding begin.”

“80 Divine Stones,” Warlord Mara was the first to bid.

“85 Divine Stones.”

...

“90 Divine Stones.”

“100 Divine Stones.”

...

In an instant, the price of Parashu soared to more than 100 Divine Stones.

It was obvious that not all the cultivators present were going to let go of the chance to buy Parashu for the Mara family’s sake. There were still many Supreme Saints who wanted to buy a Second-grade Regal Artifact to increase their battle powers.

Xue Tu was enjoying himself. He shouted from time to time and raised the price of Parashu.

In the end, Parashu was bought back by Warlord Mara at the price of 162 Divine Stones.

“I can’t believe how profitable it is to snatch a weapon. One Parashu is worth more than all my fiefdoms combined,” Xue Tu thought to himself.

Following that, the other seven Regal Artifacts of the Mara family were presented on the auction stage one by one. They were all Grade one Regal Artifacts. Adding them up, they only sold for 240 Divine Stones.

Supreme Saint Qiluo walked to the center of the auction stage once again. Behind him were ten attendants dressed in white. Each of them was holding a small red copper cauldron.

“Next, we will be auctioning ten cauldrons of Fugue Pills. Each cauldron contains 100 pills.

“Fugue Pills are half-King Grade Sacred Pills. They can support a Supreme Saint in Hundred-Shackle Realm in breaking the shackles in his body. Consuming one pill can at least help a Supreme Saint break one shackle.”

The enthusiasm of the auction house was aroused.

Celestial-Hunting Festival was about to begin. All the cultivators who attended the Festival tried their best to increase their cultivation.

Among them, Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint was the main force of Celestial-Hunting Festival. They played a decisive role. Those who were stronger would have a greater advantage.

The use and significance of Fugue Pill were extraordinary.

Lord Bladehell said, “No matter what, I must buy one cauldron of Fugue Pills on behalf of Qitian Clan. If we succeed, the overall strength of Qitian Clan will increase by a large margin.”

“There’s still a month before Celestial-Hunting Festival. If I can get a cauldron of Fugue Pills and let the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints of Yellowsky Clan take it, their strength will definitely increase,” Lady Wind thought.

In the end, Yellowsky Clan was her clan.

On the other side, the cultivators of the upper three tribes were also discussing this matter.

Pan Ruo said, “Fugue Pills will play a decisive role in Celestial-Hunting Festival. It’s precisely why Realm of Star Ocean is taking them out to auction.

“It’s only a half-King Grade Sacred Pill. But in the end, its price will definitely surpass the price of a King Grade Sacred Pill due to the high number of bidders.

“The lower three clans and the middle three clans will definitely fight for it. Among them, Lady Wind and Pink Skull

will be the main force. We need to buy at least four cauldrons of Fugue Pills to gain an advantage.”

Scion Yuan Mo was full of confidence, “Pan Ruo, don’t worry. No matter how high the price is, I will definitely get one cauldron.”

Wu Jiang crossed his arms in front of his chest and smiled. He said indifferently, “Not long ago, my eldest senior gave me a Godstone quarry. Every year, it can produce at least ten Divine Stones. To me, Divine Stones are just a number. If it’s possible, I want to get half of the Fugue Pills and give it to Pan Ruo. No, give it to her highness Scioness.”

The cultivators of the upper three clans all laughed with great confidence.

If you had money, you could be willful.

Wu Jiang’s status was noble. His master was the oldest deity in Fane of Darkness. Few of his seniors were deities. The things they simply give him were enough to make a top Supreme Saint jealous.

The forces of the ten clans of Infernal Court were all eager to obtain Fugue Pill.

Zhang Ruochen’s avatar opened his eyes and said to Xue Tu, “Bid for Fugue Pills.”

Xue Tu asked, “Fugue Pills are treasures that all the forces are fighting for. Their prices must be sky-high. Can we beat them?”

“The Divine Stones are not a problem. You can name the price,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu’s expression became strange. He said warily, “Senior, are you trying to trick me? I can’t even afford a Fugue Pill, let alone a cauldron. If you don’t give me the Divine Stone after bidding, what if Realm of Star Ocean locks me up?”

Zhang Ruochen was speechless. “Don’t worry. I won’t trick you. This amount of Divine Stones is nothing to me.”

“Wait a minute. I want to reflect your words as evidence,”

Xue Tu took out a scroll and said to Zhang Ruochen, “Senior, I have to treat this matter seriously. Please say it again to the rolled-up sleeve. Bidding for Fugue Pills has nothing to do with Xue Tu. I, Zhang Ruochen, want to buy it.”

Zhang Ruochen’s energy was almost completely focused on condensing the Saintwill. He was too lazy to talk to him, so he just casually replied.

Then, Xue Tu asked, “Senior, how many cauldrons do you want to buy?”

“The more the better,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu carefully rolled up the scroll and kept it close to his body. Then, he secretly glanced at Zhang Ruochen and found that his avatar had closed its eyes again.

“Zhang Ruochen, you asked me to bid as much as I want. If that’s the case, I won’t hold back!”

Xue Tu was in high spirits. He rolled up his sleeves and prepared to go all out.

It wasn’t his Divine Stones anyway. Hence, he could bid as much as he wanted with no pressure. It was best to buy all ten cauldrons of Fugue Pills at a high price and throw them into Zhang Ruochen’s hands. He would screw him over.

Thinking of this, Xue Tu almost laughed out loud.

“The first cauldron of Fugue Pills has a total of 100. The starting price is 100 Divine Stones.”

“Each increment must be no less than 10 Divine Stones.”

“Let the bidding begin.”

...

“300 Divine Stones.”

Lord Bladehell was the first to raise the price three times. He wanted to make the final decision and also tell all bidders his determination.

Many bidders were indeed stunned.

The bidders from the lower three clans chose to give up and make way for him.

However, the cultivators from the middle three clans and upper three clans didn't buy it.

Scion Yuan Mo said, "350 Divine Stones."

"400 Divine Stones."

"420 Divine Stones."

...

The price of the first cauldron of Fugue Pills quickly exceeded 500 Divine Stones in this intense competition. The price of a single pill was comparable to an ordinary King Grade Sacred Pill.

"600 Divine Stones."

"630 Divine Stones."

"700 Divine Stones."

...

These bidders didn't represent themselves, but the power behind them. Naturally, the price shot up.

Only when the price exceeded 1,000 Divine Stones did the noise of the bidding begin to decrease.

After all, a cauldron of Fugue Pills for a thousand Divine Stones was already twice the price of an ordinary King Grade Sacred Pill. No matter how rich the various powers were, they did not want to be taken advantage of by Realm of Star Ocean.

Fugue Pill was only the most suitable pill for a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint to increase his cultivation level. It was not the only one.

Pan Ruo placed her hands behind her back and a deep look appeared in her eyes. She said, "Fugue Pill's price can at most reach three times the price of a King Grade Sacred Pill. With that, it will scare everyone away."

Hearing this, Scion Yuan Mo immediately shouted, "I bid 1,500 Divine Stones."

The entire auction house quieted down.

The gazes of all cultivators were fixed on Scion Yuan Mo.

“For a cauldron of Fugue Pills, they actually bid 1,500 Divine Stones. Fane of Yuan Tian is really rich.

“1,500 Divine Stones is too high. Fugue Pills aren’t worth this price. Fane of Yuan Tian would be in the red, they can only use the wealth of other properties to make up for it.”

Lord Bladehell’s brows were tightly knitted together. The price that Scion Yuan Mo had shouted out had already exceeded the price he was willing to pay.

Lady Wind shook her head at him. She said, “It’s just the first cauldron of Fugue Pills. There’s no need to continue fighting. 1,500 Divine Stones are enough to bankrupt a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. From now on, it will be very difficult for them to win against us.”

While Lord Bladehell was still hesitating, a loud voice came.

“2,000 Divine Stones.”

Pan Ruo, Scion Yuan Mo, and the other cultivators from the upper three clans thought that the cauldron was in their bag. Who would have thought that there would be another troublemaker along the way?

Xue Tu saw that all the cultivators were looking at him, he laughed, “2,000 Divine Stones. Is there anyone with a higher price? Everyone, hurry up and bid. Fugue Pill, the half-King Grade Sacred Pill. It’s a pill that can allow a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint to break through at the fastest speed. Hurry up and raise the price.”

Scion Yuan Mo was so angry that his face turned red. He gritted his teeth and wanted to slap Xue Tu.

You have already raised the price to 2,000 Divine Stones, yet you still want others to raise the price. Did Realm of Star Ocean make you a fake bidder? Or are you here to trick people on purpose?

Chapter 2251: Setting up the mood

“2,000 Godstones, sold.”

Supreme Saint Qiluo smiled. The first cauldron of the Fugue Pills was sold at a price that far exceeded his expectations.

As the number of the Fugue Pills decreased, a higher price might appear.

Next, the second cauldron of the Fugue Pills was auctioned.

The auction had just begun, then Yuan Mo shouted, “1,500 Godstones.”

Instantly, the entire place went silent.

What was he trying to do?

The starting price of 100 Godstones skyrocketed the first time it was called out. He did not give anyone the chance to call out the price.

Yuan Mo’s expression was cold, and he said, “I am determined to obtain this batch of Fugue Pills. I hope that everyone can give me some face. Otherwise, even if the price is higher than 2,000 Godstones, I will fight it out with you all to the end.”

1,500 Godstones exceeded the minimum price of most cultivators present.

Yuan Mo wanted to please Pan Ruoyao, so he paid a sky-high price to buy a cauldron of Fugue Pills. The number of cultivators who dared to raise the price is just a handful.

“Yuan Mo has used up his financial resources to buy this cauldron of Fugue Pills.”

“The Divine Hall of Yuan Tian will give him a budget of 1,000 Godstones at most. He will have to pay for the remaining 500 Godstones. I think he will have to empty all his gains in the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun.”

“I don’t know whether to call him stupid or infatuated. He will pay any price for the sake of Pan Ruoyao.”

...

The main bidders of the three middle and lower clans all gave up. They did not want to clash directly with the Yuan Mo. If they bid above 2,000 Godstones, they would lose more than they gained.

Yuan Mo heaved a sigh of relief after he saw all the cultivators did not raise their bids.

If a fellow came out and argued with him and bid above 2,000 Godstones, Yuan Mo would still owe a huge debt even if he was able to bid the Fugue Pills.

Paying off the debt would take him decades or even a hundred years.

Following that, his cultivation speed at the Neverwilt Realm would be rather slow.

If one wished to hasten their cultivation in the Supreme Saint Realm, they would need a large number of Godstones to support it.

“2,000 Godstones.”

Another domineering voice resounded throughout the auction hall.

Yuan Mo’s eyes were bloodshot, and his hair stood on end. He glared at Xue Tu as if he wanted to eat him up. He said, “You still dare to bid? Do you even have 2,000 Godstones?”

Xue Tu sat on the chair and calmly stared at him. He then said, “Since I dare to bid, that means I have the Godstones. Yuan Mo, didn’t you say that you want to fight to the end? Continue to bid, and I’ll fight with you.”

“You...”

Yuan Mo pointed at Xue Tu as he grinds his teeth until almost breaking.

“Are you going to fight or not? You’re a Scion after all, and one of the top geniuses of our generation. Was 2,000 Godstones too much for you?” Xue Tu said.

In the Saint King Realm, Xue Tu was also a top-notch figure. However, he was slightly inferior to Yuan Mo...

Being looked down upon by a cultivator who was once inferior to him, Yuan Mo was furious. He only felt that he had suffered great humiliation.

Xue Tu frowned and urged him in an encouraging tone, “Come on, try adding a little more. You might be able to buy this cauldron of Fugue Pills. Just add a little more.”

Yuan Mo was fighting fiercely in his heart. He glanced at Pan Ruo and finally mustered up his courage. He had to take this cauldron of Fugue Pills no matter what.

“2,010 Godstones.” Yuan Mo shouted as he clenched his fists tightly and his entire body was trembling.

He owed a huge debt to buy this cauldron of Fugue Pills.

However, as long as he could win Pan Ruo’s smile, everything was worth it.

“2,500 Godstones,” Xue Tu shouted leisurely.

Yuan Mo felt as if he had been struck by lightning. He almost spat out a mouthful of Saint blood and roared angrily, “Are you kidding me?”

Xue Tu was puzzled and said, “What do you mean? I only asked you to add a little more, but I didn’t say that I would give this cauldron of Fugue Pills to you. If you aren’t satisfied, why don’t you... add a little more?”

The hatred in Yuan Mo’s heart had reached an extreme level. He felt that Xue Tu was deliberately toying with him. Furthermore, Xue Tu was deliberately making him lose face in front of all the cultivators.

“Well then, I shall remember what happened today. Don’t let yourself fall into my hands someday.” Yuan Mo said.

After a moment of silence, Supreme Saint Qiluo announced, “The second cauldron of the Fugue Pill is sold for 2,500 Godstones.”

After bidding for two cauldrons of Fugue Pills at a sky-high price, Xue Tu’s name and background quickly spread throughout the auction hall. Everyone was talking about it.

“Xue Tu was probably representing the Bloodysky Clan.”

“It seems that the Bloodysky Clan has invested a lot this time. They were determined to win the Celestial-hunting Festival.”

“There shouldn’t be many Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints of the Bloodysky Clan participating in the Celestial-hunting Festival. One cauldron of Fugue Pills can not be used up. Why would they buy two cauldrons?”

“Who knows? Maybe Xue Tu made a fortune on the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun and he’s prepared to buy one cauldron and use it when he’s in the Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

...

There were all kinds of speculations in the auction.

The six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family had seen Zhang Ruochen leave with Xue Tu. They guessed that it was Zhang Ruochen who had bought the Fugue Pills.

Warlord Mara said, “Zhang Ruochen swept Kunlun’s Battlefield of Merits clean and got a lot of treasures and wealth. He must be the one who bought the Fugue Pill.”

“I knew it. If not, why did Xue Tu suddenly become so rich? He must be spending the Godstones on behalf.”

Twarita Mara had her doubts and said, “Have you noticed that Xue Tu is unusual? He seems to want everyone to increase the price. If he didn’t provoke Yuan Mo just now, he would be able to get the second cauldron of Fugue Pill with 2,000 Godstones. When Yuan Mo added 10 Godstones, he suddenly increased the price to 2,500 Godstones. No matter how many Godstones there are, he shouldn’t waste them like this.”

Warlord Mara thought he had figured out the reason. He smiled and said, “If Zhang Ruochen is the one who bought the Fugue Pill, why didn’t he bid personally?”

“You mean Zhang Ruochen isn’t at the auction?” A Supreme Saint guessed.

Warlord Mara said, “That’s the only explanation. Zhang Ruochen had something important to do. He left the auction and left the bidding to Xue Tu.”

“But Xue Tu and Zhang Ruochen have a huge conflict as far as I know.”

A Supreme Saint of the Mara Family patted the table and said, “I’ve got it! Xue Tu wants to take advantage of the auction to trick Zhang Ruochen. It’s equivalent to seeking revenge.”

Warlord Mara nodded with a smile. He stared at the VIP seats where Xue Tu was sitting and said, “We’ll know whether it’s the truth if we keep watching.”

The bid for the third cauldron of Fugue Pills was about to begin.

That time, Xue Tu seemed to have lost his patience. He was the first to bid and shouted, “2,000 Godstones.”

Countless cultivators had the urge to curse after hearing that.

He was too greedy. Was he trying to buy all the Fugue Pills?

Even Supreme Saint Qiluo, who was in charge of the auction, suspected that Xue Tu was here to cause trouble. How could a Supreme Saint who had just entered the Neverwilt Realm take out thousands of Godstones?

Even those cultivators who had entered the Supreme Saint Realm for thousands of years might not be able to take out that much.

It was not until Supreme Saint Qiluo heard Supreme Saint Sanjin’s voice transmission did he heave a sigh of relief.

The third cauldron of the Fugue Pills was finally bought by Xue Tu with 2,000 Godstones.

When the fourth cauldron was auctioned off, Xue Tu was the first to bid for 2,000 Godstones. However, this time, Wu Jiang tried to raise the price twice. In the end, Xue Tu spent 2,500 Godstones to bid for it.

For the fifth cauldron, Wu Jiang placed another bid. He even raised the price to 2,700 Godstones.

However, Xue Tu bid for it once again at the price of 3,000 Godstones.

Not only did Wu Jiang not give up, he even laughed and said, “As expected, the person bidding for the Fugue Pill isn’t Xue Tu, but someone else.”

Yuan Mo said, “What do you mean it’s not Xue Tu?”

“No matter how stupid Xue Tu is, he would not bid like this,” Wu Jiang said.

Yuan Mo agreed and said, “There is indeed a problem. However, even if you are bidding for someone else, you would not bid so recklessly.”

“Just now, everyone could see that you were deliberately raising the price to trick him. However, he did not seem to care at all and suddenly raised the price to 3,000 Godstones.”

Lord Sinluo said, “Why do you care so much? Since Xue Tu is so arrogant, why don’t we raise the price to see how many Godstones he can’t spend.”

The cultivators of the upper three clans were so angry that they were about to explode. They were holding back their anger.

Since Xue Tu did not care about Godstones, they could only let him spend more.

On the other side, Warlord Mara laughed loudly. “As expected, Xue Tu wants to trick Zhang Ruochen. If that’s the case, how can I not cooperate?”

The other five Supreme Saints of the Mara Family laughed mockingly.

The sixth cauldron of Fugue Pill began to bid.

“2,000 Godstones.” Xue Tu was the first to bid again.

Wu Jiang called out, “2,500 Godstones.”

“3,000 Godstones,” Warlord Mara said.

Xue Tu was a little surprised. Why did everyone suddenly bid so generously?

It was completely different from the cautious tone before.

However, this was exactly what he wanted. He was secretly happy. “You should have done this a long time ago. If you

didn't bid too high, how could you hurt Zhang Ruochen?"

"3,500 Godstones," Xue Tu shouted excitedly.

"4,000 Godstones," Wu Jiang said.

Warlord Mara said, "4,500 Godstones."

"5,000 Godstones," Xue Tu said.

The cultivators in the auction house were all shocked.

Was this bidding for a cauldron of Fugue Pills?

Was this cauldron of Fugue Pills only a Half-King Grade Saint Pill?

"6,000."

"7,000."

"8,000."

...

The bidding price shot up like a straight line.

Xue Tu, Wu Jiang, and Warlord Mara seemed to have forgotten that the units behind the numbers were Godstones. They directly called out the numbers and shouted happily.

"10,000."

The moment he shouted out that price, Xue Tu suddenly woke up and his body shook violently.

What did he just do?

10,000 what? Godstones?

Xue Tu cursed inwardly. Whether it was 2,000 Godstones for a cauldron or 3,000 Godstones for a cauldron, it was still within the range that he could explain to Zhang Ruochen.

10,000 Godstones were far more valuable than the Fugue Pills. How could Zhang Ruochen not know that he was deliberately setting him up?

When Xue Tu thought of Zhang Ruochen's terrifying methods, his pleasant feeling just now was swept away. He began to feel

worried and fearful. He regretted that he had acted so recklessly and he should have stopped.

Just as Xue Tu was in extreme pain and was about to despair, Warlord Mara's voice rang out. "11,000 pills."

That voice was like heavenly music. It was extremely moving.

Xue Tu's eyes lit up. He stood up like lightning and said, "This cauldron of Fugue Pills belongs to you. I don't want it anymore. Congratulations to you. The Mara Family is worthy of being an ancient family. Their heroism is admirable."

At that moment, Warlord Mara was jolted awake. He asked the Mara Family's Supreme Saints beside him, "How much did I shout out just now?"

The Mara Family Supreme Saints were all in a daze. Their bodies felt numb and they could not open their mouths.

The muscles on Twarita Mara's stiff face twitched twice and she said, "11,000 Godstones."

Warlord Mara felt as if his soul was about to dissipate. He stared at Wu Jiang as if he was trying to grab hold of the last life-saving straw, he said, "You... you can add a little more. You can try adding a little more. Even if it's 10 Godstones, I will give this cauldron of Fugue Pills to you."

Wu Jiang did not say a word. He only gave him a look that said, "Do you think I'm an idiot?"

Just now, Wu Jiang had also been brought into the mood by Xue Tu and Warlord Mara. He almost blurted out 12,000 Godstones. Fortunately, Xue Tu opened his mouth first and announced that he would not bid again, which woke him up.

Although Wu Jiang had a Godstone Quarry, it would still take a thousand years to produce 10,000 Godstones.

Yuan Mo's forehead was covered in a cold sweat. He said, "Xue Tu is indeed deceiving us. He was completely misleading us."

"Do you think Xue Tu was scheming with the Realm of Star Ocean? The price of the sixth cauldron of Fugue Pills is

already worth ten cauldrons of Fugue Pills.” Someone was skeptical.

“It’s completely possible.”

“Fortunately, I didn’t fall for it. If I were to be cheated out of more than 10,000 Godstones, I’m afraid I’ll have to pay my debts for the next thousand years.”

“11,000 Godstones is equivalent to eleven trillion saint stones. It was more than enough for the Mara Family to nurture many saint cultivators. This is a fatal mistake.”

“Warlord Mara is too pitiful. Spending 11,000 Godstones to buy a cauldron of Fugue Pills will become a joke in the entire Infernal Court.”

“After making such a huge mistake, Warlord Mara’s future is at stake. The Mara Family will not focus on nurturing him. They will likely take back his title, Mara.”

Warlord Mara realized the severity of the consequences. He looked at Supreme Saint Qiluo with a pleading gaze.

Supreme Saint Qiluo shook his head. There was no reason for him to regret his bid at the auction. How could the Realm of Star Ocean be a place for him to cause trouble?

Warlord Mara stared at Xue Tu and said, “Aren’t you determined to obtain the Fugue Pills? Add a little more and I’ll let you win.”

Xue Tu shrugged and said, “When did I say that I was determined to obtain the Fugue Pills? Since I can’t win against you, I can only give it to you.”

Warlord Mara could not control the anger in his body. A vast evil aura burst out from his body and directly rushed toward Xue Tu. “You want to destroy me, then I will perish together with you.”

The cultivators at the auction saw what happened and immediately felt a great sense of satisfaction.

All the cultivators were cheering for Warlord Mara, hoping that he could kill Xue Tu, preferably by torture. This bast*rd

was too hateful. He had the support of the Realm of Star Ocean.

Unfortunately, before Warlord Mara could reach Xue Tu, he was captured by the order masters of the Realm of Star Ocean.

Xue Tu heaved a long sigh of relief. He tidied up the saint robe on him and quietly stared at the cultivators at the auction. Only then did he realize that the atmosphere was not right. Why did so many cultivators suddenly want him dead? Moreover, they hated him to the bone.

It was just an auction. Was it necessary?

Could it be that they hated the rich?

It seemed that he had to keep a low profile next.

Chapter 2252: The Nine-tremors Saintwill

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

The seventh cauldron of the Fugue Pills started to be auctioned. All the cultivators became cautious, afraid that they would be tricked by Xue Tu.

“500 Godstones,” Lord Bladehell said.

Wu Jiang shouted, “600 Godstones.”

...

Only four cauldrons of the Fugue Pills were left. All the forces did not hold their horses any longer and started to make their moves.

The Fugue Pills could increase the cultivation of a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. It was of great help to the Celestial-hunting Festival. Even if they had to pay a higher price, they had to take one or two cauldrons.

When Xue Tu saw that they were increasing the price too slowly, he could not help but shout, “1,500 Godstones.”

The faces of all the cultivators who participated in the bidding turned black after they heard his voice.

The act of killing was a common occurrence for the cultivators of Infernal Court. At that moment, many of the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints were exuding killing intent. They hated Xue Tu to the bone and wanted to grind him to the ground.

The price of the Fugue Pills had reached the sky-high price of 2,000, 3,000, and even 11,000. In fact, 1,500 Godstones was its highest value.

Lord Bladehell suddenly stood up and glared at Xue Tu with a threatening look. He shouted, “1,600 Godstones.”

Lord Bladehell was an Immortal Vampires powerhouse below the Thousand-Koan Realm. Xue Tu was naturally afraid. He knew very well that if he continued to bid, he would definitely offend Lord Bladehell.

However, Xue Tu could not back down now.

If Lord Bladehell could buy a cauldron of Fugue Pills with 1,600 Godstones, how would he explain to Zhang Ruochen that he had spent 3,000 Godstones to buy a cauldron of Fugue Pills?

Compared to Lord Bladehell, Xue Tu was more afraid of Zhang Ruochen.

‘Oh no, I’m in big trouble now. I shouldn’t have bid for Zhang Ruochen. If I offended Lord Bladehell, how could he let me go easily at the Celestial-hunting Festival?’ Xue Tu thought.

He choked and said, “2,000 Godstones!”

Then he immediately added, “That is my final price. If anyone can offer a higher price, the cauldron of Fugue Pills will belong to him.”

‘If I raise the price of the single cauldron to above 2,000 Godstones, even if Zhang Ruochen knows the truth, he should have nothing to say,’ Xue Tu thought to himself.

All the cultivators in the auction hall looked at each other.

Was Xue Tu Crazy?

Raising the price to 2,000 Godstones on purpose to challenge Lord Bladehell?

No one believed Xue Tu’s words. Yuan Mo had summoned up his courage to offer a price of 2,010 Godstones just because he believed him. However, he was humiliated.

How could Lord Bladehell follow in the footsteps of Yuan Mo?

“It’s said that Xue Tu has obtained the Mark of Wargod Bloodflame and he improved greatly.”

“Lord Bladehell is famous for taking revenge for the smallest grievance. Xue Tu challenged him in front of so many cultivators. It will be a challenge towards his reputation for being the number one Immortal Vampires’ powerhouse under the Thousand-Koan Realm. He will definitely seek his vengeance.”

...

Lord Bladehell's face was darkened, and his eyes were blood-red. He said, "Xue Tu, you shouldn't have gone so far. I will settle the score with you slowly after the Celestial-hunting Festival."

Lord Bladehell sat back and gave up on fighting for the Fugue Pills.

The seventh cauldron of Fugue Pill was bought by Xue Tu with 2,000 Godstones.

Xue Tu did not feel any joy. Instead, he looked sad. The more he thought about it, the more he felt that Zhang Ruochen was tricking him by letting him bid on his behalf. The auction was not over yet. He had already offended a lot of cultivators.

Now, he could only brace himself and continue bidding.

The eighth cauldron of the Fugue Pills was bought by Xue Tu with another 2,000 Godstones.

The ninth cauldron of the Fugue Pills was bought by Xue Tu with a price of 2,000 Godstones. Finally, Wu Jiang could not help but bid for 2,100 Godstones.

Xue Tu felt a sense of relief as he said, "Congratulations, Myriad Hands Supreme Saint. This cauldron of the Fugue Pills belongs to you."

When Supreme Saint Qiluo announced "2,100 Godstones, sold", Wu Jiang was still in a daze. He could not believe that he had really bought it.

This was unexpected!

Why was it so sudden?

Why was Xue Tu acting so out of the ordinary that no one could see through him?

"Xue Tu was scheming with the Realm of Star Ocean. It must be it."

"In my opinion, the starting price of the Realm of Star Ocean for Xue Tu is 2,000 Godstones."

“Originally, one could buy the Fugue Pill within 1,500 Godstones. However, Xue Tu forcefully raised it to 2,000 Godstones or more. Those commissioners should die a horrible death.”

“I wonder how many benefits the Realm of Star Ocean has given to Xue Tu.”

“No matter how many benefits he gets, what’s the point? Xue Tu has offended all the cultivators this time, and he will suffer in the future.”

...

The upper three clans had bought a cauldron of Fugue Pills, and the representatives of the lower three clans and the middle three clans all felt the pressure.

No matter how much they paid for the last cauldron, they still had to fight for it.

Therefore, when they were bidding for the tenth cauldron of Fugue Pills, even though Xue Tu did not call out the price, they still raised the price to 2,800 and were won by the seventh son of Ghost Lord, Xu.

The auction continued.

Many cultivators came to participate in the auction, and many treasures were auctioned off. All sorts of treasures were auctioned off, and there was no end to them. An entire day had passed, but it still had not ended.

The weakest among the cultivators present was a Saint, and none of them felt tired. On the contrary, because the treasures that were being auctioned off were getting more and more valuable, all the cultivators were in a state of extreme excitement.

On the first day of the auction, the final item that was being auctioned was the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

It was a Seven Element Regal Artifact, a weapon that had been used by the gods of the Nether Clan. It contained powerful divine power. The moment the Wheel of the Nether Sun was

auctioned, it caused a huge commotion. All the forces competed to bid for it.

Twelve Paramount Realm Supreme Saints, six demigods, and two god-like elders joined the auction because of this.

Originally, they had come for the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection and the divine corpse. However, they were the first to compete for the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

Even the acting head of the Xue Jue family, Supreme Saint Qingsheng, made a bid. However, the price exceeded 200,000 Godstones because the competition was too intense. Supreme Saint Qingsheng had no choice but to give up.

“A vessel that can survive seven King’s Calamity without being destroyed must be made from one of the top ten substances in the universe. It has also been tempered seven times by the power of heaven and earth. It is almost certain that it will be able to become a Supreme Artifact.” Supreme Saint Qingsheng said.

He continued, “If I can get it, I can ask the Archsaint Refiner to help me refine it. In a few years, it will become a Supreme Artifact. When that time comes, my combat power will increase by a lot with a Supreme Artifact in my hands. It’s a shame.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s gaze was fixed on the Wheel of the Nether Sun on the auction stage. His heart was like it was being twisted by a knife as he lamented.

After cultivating for a myriad year, Supreme Saint Qingsheng accumulated a wealth of Godstones that was still less than 200,000.

‘It seems that the matter of increasing the clan leader’s treatment must be brought up to Wargod Bloodximius, and it cannot be delayed,’ Supreme Saint Qingsheng thought to himself.

Xue Chen said, “A treasure like the Wheel of the Nether Sun can be used as a powerful weapon in the clan. Who would be so unappreciative as to take it out for auction?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng immediately glared at Xue Chen. He said seriously and cautiously, “Xue Chen, be careful with what you say. An existence that can put the Wheel of the Nether Sun up for auction is most likely a supreme god. Only a god would be able to do such a thing.

“If I’m not wrong, this god is probably trying to buy the divine corpse and is collecting Godstones on a large scale.”

Xue Tu was in a daze as he watched the powerhouses push the Wheel of the Nether Sun to a sky-high price.

“It’s already 250,000 Godstones... No wonder Zhang Ruochen asked me to bid as much as I wanted. Damn it. If I knew this, I would have attacked the Scions and Scionesses of the Celestial Court on the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun. Why would I fight Zhang Ruochen to the death? If I had robbed Mosheng, wouldn’t the Wheel of the Nether Sun have been mine? These Godstones are mine, too.”

Xue Tu slapped his face. He regretted his past actions and he wished he could do it all over again.

If he had to do it all over again, he would never have gone to the Sword Vault. He would never have gone to the Sect of the Blood God. He would only focus on robbing the Scions, Scionesses, and leaders of the Celestial Court.

No.

He would only rob the Mosheng.

As long as he got the Wheel of the Nether Sun, what else would he need?

Unfortunately, there was no turning back in time. If he missed it, then that’s it.

“What are you thinking about?”

Zhang Ruochen’s voice suddenly rang out behind Xue Tu.

Xue Tu suddenly stood up, and he said, “Senior Brother, you’re finally out. I’ve completed my task perfectly. I only spent 16,000 Godstones to buy seven cauldrons of the Fugue Pills and Warlord Mara spent 11,000 Godstones to buy one cauldron.”

Zhang Ruochen did not care too much about the price. He muttered to himself, "Seven cauldrons. That's a lot. But since it's the most suitable pill for a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, it doesn't matter."

Xue Tu observed Zhang Ruochen carefully. He was surprised. "Senior brother, you seem to have changed!"

"Really?"

Zhang Ruochen raised his right hand and clenched his fingers into a fist. He did not use much strength.

However, nine layers of energy waves appeared on his fist and spread out in all directions. Every wave hit Xue Tu's body, and his Neverwilt Physique trembled.

When the ninth wave hit, Xue Tu could not help but take a step back.

Although he was secretly shocked, he did not think it was anything special. However, just as he was about to speak, his internal organs and even bone marrow felt a sharp pain. He knelt down on one knee.

"Senior Brother, what did you do to me?" Xue Tu asked in pain.

Zhang Ruochen loosened his fist and said, "I just condensed the Fist Saintwill. Seeing that you were beside me, I couldn't help but test its power. I didn't use much force though. Are you okay?"

Xue Tu wanted to pretend to be seriously injured. He spat out blood and fell to the ground. He wanted to see if he could get some Godstones from Zhang Ruochen. At the very least, he could get his fiefdom back.

But he gave up after thinking a while.

How could Zhang Ruochen be so easily fooled?

If he was seen through and fell to the ground, Zhang Ruochen would dare to kick him again.

"Senior Brother, I'm fine."

Xue Tu stood up slowly with a smile on his face. He said in admiration, "Senior Brother, you are indeed a genius. In just one day, you have condensed the Saintwill."

"Not one day, but nine days. The Violet Gourd is a time and space treasure that turns time nine times faster than usual," Zhang Ruochen said.

Last time, it took Zhang Ruochen three months to condense the Fist Saintwill. In the end, he failed.

This time, Zhang Ruochen successfully condensed the Fist Saintwill in only nine days with the help of the Lotus of Divine Reflection.

The effect of the Lotus of Divine Reflection was evident.

The Saintwill condensed was called the Nine-tremors Saintwill. It was a fifth-grade Saintwill.

If the Saintwill was integrated into the Fist technique, it would burst out nine layers of tremors when the fist force was exerted. It would penetrate the armor or Divine Marks on the surface of the body and directly attack the enemy's internal organs, bone marrow, and even the Saint Soul and sea of Qi.

Zhang Ruochen had only lightly clenched his fist during the test just now.

If he used all his strength to unleash a punch, Xue Tu's internal organs would be shattered into muddy blood, his saint soul and sea of Qi would also be shattered. Even if he was protected by Divine Marks and wore armor at the level of a Regal Artifact.

The power of the Saintwill was so terrifying.

The Saintwill was divided into the first to the ninth grade. The ninth grade was the lowest, and the first grade was the highest.

To be able to condense a fifth-grade Saintwill was the dream of countless Supreme Saints of the Neverwilt Realm. This meant that one had the potential to become a god. It could be called the God Candidate.

However, Zhang Ruochen was not willing to give up. He could only have a fifth-grade Saintwill.

According to Moon Goddess, to become a god, one had to become a god who mastered the Canons.

One had to cultivate the Saintwill above the third grade and become a god in the future to turn the Saintwill into the Canon.

The fifth-grade Saintwill only represented the potential to become a god.

On the other hand, the third-grade Saintwill represented the chance to become an elite among gods.

Becoming an ordinary god was not Zhang Ruochen's goal.

'It's too difficult to condense the Saintwill. I've tried my best, but I can only condense the fifth-grade Fist Saintwill. How can I condense a higher-grade Saintwill?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

He looked at the auction stage. He had to fight for the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection.

The bidding for the Wheel of the Nether Sun came to an end. A demigod of the Nether Clan bought it for 300,000 Godstones.

At this moment, a smile finally appeared on Zhang Ruochen's face. "It looks like I don't have to worry about Godstones anymore."

The first day of the auction ended and there was a short break. The next day was the main event.

The first treasure of the second day was the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection.

The diameter of the Lotus of Divine Reflection was 30 feet. It was extremely bright and lit up the three-layered circular world. When the light shone on it, all cultivators had a feeling that they were about to enter a state of epiphany and it was very magical.

The 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection that Zhang Ruochen had bought was dozens of times smaller than it.

Supreme Saint Qiluo explained, "According to the assessment of the Realm of Star Ocean, this Lotus of Divine Reflection

has been growing for about 180,000 years. It has already developed a tiny bit of spiritual intelligence. Using it, whether it's cultivating the Saintwill or comprehending the Canons, you can achieve twice the result with half the effort.

“Everyone should know that the Lotus of Divine Reflection floats in the universe and is very fragile. Any slight accident can destroy it. There is very few Lotus of Divine Reflections that can survive the Yuanhui Tribulations. The price difference is naturally huge.”

“The starting price of the Lotus of Divine Reflection is 20,000 Godstones. Each increment must not be less than 1,000 Godstones.”

“Let the bidding begin.”

It had been over 10,000 years since the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection had appeared in Infernal Court. Upon hearing Supreme Saint Qiluo's bid, many cultivators who were interested in buying the lotus began to curse.

This was too underhanded!

A 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection could be bought with just 100 to 200 Godstones.

The Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection was a hundred times more expensive.

As such, the Neverwilt Realm and the Hundred-Shackled Realm Supreme Saints were kicked out of the bidding.. Obviously, this was the price that the Realm of Star Ocean was aiming for demigods and even gods to pay.

Chapter 2253: A Desolate God

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

To demigods and gods, money was nothing. As long as they could increase their cultivation, it was worth it no matter how many Godstones they spent.

The Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection was a treasure worth selling.

“30,000 Godstones.”

“31,000 Godstones.”

“35,000 Godstones.”

...

Dozens of cultivators participated in the auction.

There were more than a dozen Supreme Saint cultivators below the Thousand-Koan Realm. Xu, Luo Shengtian, Wu Jiang, and Lady Wind were all bidding. However, they represented the gods behind them. They could not bring out such a huge amount of wealth on their own.

A god that shook the Infernal Court appeared in the auction with his divine spirit and shouted, “50,000 Godstones.”

Many cultivators recognized him and tactfully withdrew from the auction.

However, there were still eight cultivators with deep pockets who were bidding with him. Five of them were the divine spirit of true gods. 50,000 Godstones would not scare them away.

“51,000 Godstones.”

“53,000 Godstones.”

...

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection and said, “Help me bid.”

Xue Tu was stunned and said, “The lotus is too expensive. Only gods can use it. A 10,000-year-old Lotus is enough for a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint. The price is thousands of times cheaper.”

“Other Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints use the 10,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection because they can’t afford to use a higher-level one. If there is a Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection, don’t you want to use it?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu’s spirits rose. His eyes burned like fire. He said, “Senior Brother, are you implying that I’ll have the chance to use them in the future if I win?”

“You’re naive, but it’s not like you don’t have a chance. Go and bid them for me first,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu was overjoyed, but he quickly thought of something. He said with a bitter face, “Why don’t you bid for them yourself? I’ve already offended a lot of cultivators by helping you bidding the Fugue Pills.”

Zhang Ruochen patted Xue Tu’s shoulder and said, “Maybe you won’t have the chance to use the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection. But I still have a 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection. I have been storing it away. If there’s no better candidate, I plan to give it to the Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint of the Xue Jue family.”

“I’m the best candidate. Don’t worry, Senior Brother. Leave the bidding to me.”

Xue Tu stood straight and walked to the edge of the ring-shaped world. He asked, “How should I bid?”

Zhang Ruochen used spiritual power to tell him a price.

When Xue Tu heard it, he was so scared that his body shook. He licked his lips and said with a raised voice, “100,000 Godstones.”

The ring-shaped world auction house became silent again after Xue Tu spoke out.

The price of the Lotus of Divine Reflection was still below 60,000 Godstones. Even a god would only raise the price by

1,000 Godstones. Suddenly, such a sky-high price was shouted out. The few gods participating in the auction were shocked indeed.

After a short period of silence, a huge uproar broke out.

“It’s Xue Tu, and he’s making his move again.”

“Could it be that the Realm of Star Ocean asked him to be their scapegoat again for this auction?”

“Xue Tu is too bold. He actually dares to challenge the gods.”

“If he really is the scapegoat of the Realm of Star Ocean, then it’s obvious that he’s tricking the gods here. He definitely won’t have a good ending.”

“The price of 100,000 Godstones is too high. No god will be fooled. No matter how many Godstones there are, we can’t give them to the Realm of Star Ocean for free.”

...

Xue Tu’s face turned ugly after he heard the Infernal Court’s cultivators’ discussions. He hurriedly explained, “The bidding for treasures depends on one’s financial capability. There was no commissioning involved. I feel that the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection is priceless. Not to mention 100,000 Godstones, even paying 200,000 Godstones is worth it.”

There was a god who was very eager to obtain the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection and was tempted to increase the price.

However, when he heard Xue Tu say 200,000 Godstones, he immediately gave up on the idea. If he continued to fight, it would be fine if he won, but if he lost, he would definitely become a joke among the gods.

In addition, Xue Tu’s fearsome bidding for the Fugue Pills was still lingering. Even the gods were somewhat afraid of him.

“He bid 100,000 Godstones without even blinking. Are the juniors nowadays so rich?”

“He is the son of Bloodlucius.”

“Bloodlucius had overcome the first Yuanhui Tribulation. The Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection is of little use to him. How could he spend 100,000 Godstones here?”

“Could it really be arranged by the Realm of Star Ocean?”

The few gods present communicated secretly. They all agreed that the Realm of Star Ocean wanted to treat them as fat sheep to be slaughtered. That was why they had deliberately arranged such a disruptive junior.

No one raised the price and Zhang Ruochen bought the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection for 100,000 Godstones.

The treasures on the auction stage were all extremely rare. They all cost more than 1,000 Godstones.

There were Emperor Grade pills, Supreme Saint-level puppet slaves, primitive worlds...

Zhang Ruochen did not place his bid. He either had the treasures or did not need them for the time being.

The auction was nearing its end. Amidst everyone’s anticipation, the last item was brought up for auction.

The divine corpse.

Supreme Saint Sanjin and Supreme Saint Qiluo brought the two bronze coffins up to the auction stage personally.

The instant the two coffins were placed down, the floating island where the auction stage was located shook violently. It was pushed down by a large amount of pressure.

Divine Marks and arrays were drawn on the bronze coffins to seal the divine power inside and prevent it from leaking out.

Even so, there were still strange waves coming out of the coffins, making the precepts of heaven and earth in this space slightly chaotic. The Saint Kings and some Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints felt uneasy.

The divine corpse of a recently deceased was indeed different from the one that has been dead for many years,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen had seen many divine corpses.

The one that had been taken away by Elder Patriarch Death Zen in the Nether Realm.

The remains of Blood God in the Sect of the Blood God.

The Divine Python's corpse had been dug out of the ground in the Northern Region.

And the Blood Phoenix's divine corpse in the second gradient of the Endless Abyss.

...

However, they had all fallen for more than 100,000 years. God knew how much of the divine power in the divine corpse had been lost. Its value and divine powers were only one-tenth or even one-hundredth of what they had been when they had just died.

"Why are there two bronze coffins? Are there two divine corpses? And the divine corpse should be huge. Can these two coffins fit?" Xue Tu whispered.

"Those two coffins are dimensional treasures. There are universes within," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu muttered, "I see."

All the cultivators' curiosity was piqued.

Supreme Saint Qiluo raised his voice and said, "This divine corpse is the Desolate God. It was killed by Sword God Feng Chen of Asura at the frontier of the Nether Realm's starry sky. He cut its body in half with one cut. The upper and lower halves of the bodies are in the two coffins respectively."

Supreme Saint Sanjin took the lead and opened the bronze coffin on the left.

Whoosh

Dazzling divine light burst out from the coffin, illuminating the entire ring-shaped world and the headquarters of the entire Realm of Star Ocean with a greenish-purple color.

Blue and purple divine clouds appeared above the group of cultivators, and it's rolling endlessly.

The powerful divine power intimidated many cultivators, and they trembled.

Zhang Ruochen stared into the coffin. Through layers of spatial fog, he saw half a corpse covered in purple carapace. It had sharp claws and looked like a giant scorpion.

Even though it only had the upper body, the divine corpse was more than 3,000 miles long. It was heavier and bigger than the planet they were on.

“This god's carapace must have a strong defense, but such a huge body was still cut by a sword. To be able to kill it means that the sword contains Canons.”

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the flat cut on the divine corpse's waist and abdomen. A strange feeling arose in his mind.

This feeling flashed and disappeared.

It was indescribable and impossible to capture.

He continued to observe the cut on the divine corpse, but he could no longer find the strange feeling.

For cultivators at the level of a Supreme Saint, any perception could not be produced for no reason. There must be a reason.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes turned serious. He asked Xue Tu, “What's going on in the Desolate Starry Sky? which force does the Desolate God belongs to?”

Xue Tu said, “I've never been to the Desolate Starry Sky. I've only heard that it's very far from Infernal Court. It's a place that only gods can reach. Sword God Feng Chen was indeed worthy of being the hero of the Asura for a thousand years. He had ascended to the Ashuran Planet less than a thousand years ago, and he already possessed god-killing powers.

A flash of inspiration appeared in Zhang Ruochen's mind. A peerless sword light appeared. He saw a giant scorpion that was thousands of miles long was being cut off in the universe.

‘Could it be that the strange feeling just now did not originate from the divine corpse, but from the opening of the sword on the divine corpse?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

His pupils suddenly contracted. He stared at the divine corpse in the bronze coffin. He thought to himself, ‘maybe if I bid for the divine corpse and studied it closely, then I would be much closer to the truth.’

Supreme Saint Qiluo said, “When this divine corpse was alive, it wasn’t a false god. It was a true god. However, the Divinity Source and most of its divine soul were taken away.”

Although they knew that Sword God Feng Chen would definitely take the Divinity Source and the divine soul, everyone still sighed when they heard the news.

Without the Divinity Source and the divine soul, the value of the divine corpse was greatly reduced.

This was especially so for a god. It was no longer very attractive.

However, the divine corpse contained a huge amount of divine blood, divine bones, divine marrow, carapace, and so on. It could be used to nurture a large number of Saint Realm cultivators. It was a strategic resource that all the major powers had to fight for.

Supreme Saint Qiluo said, “The divine corpse has been cut into two pieces, so it was divided into two auctions. Now, the auction for the upper body will begin. The starting price is 100,000 Godstones. Each increment must be at least 1,000 Godstones.”

“110,000 Godstones.”

“120,000.”

..

“150,000.”

The value of the Wheel of the Nether Sun was that it could greatly increase the strength of an individual unit.

However, the divine corpse could increase the overall strength of an entire faction. It could nurture a large number of outstanding young talents. They could be used for thousands or even tens of thousands of years.

They were all treasures of the profound level.

Luo Shengtian shouted, “200,000 Godstones.”

“210,000 Godstones,” Lord Bladehell said.

A Supreme Saint of Asura at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm said, “220,000 Godstones.”

“230,000 Godstones.”

...

The divine corpse was the most valuable to the Immortal Vampires, Rakshasa, and Asura. It was worth more than 200,000 Godstones. The bidders from the three middle and upper clans automatically gave up.

Hundreds of elites from the three lower clans who had gods backing them competed fiercely. Soon, the divine corpse was worth more than 300,000 Godstones.

At that point, most of the bidders had given up.

Only a few cultivators, such as Luo Shengtian and Lord Bladehell, were left. They were still bidding. However, they all looked thoughtful. Every time they bid, they were being very careful.

After the price exceeded 300,000 Godstones, Zhang Ruochen gave up on bidding.

The reason why they could raise the price to such a high level was mainly that they needed a lot of resources. There were many cultivators under their banner.

In other words, they had to buy.

Zhang Ruochen’s Qiankun Realm had a large number of cultivators.

However, their numbers were less than one-myriadth of these forces. There were very few cultivators who had the potential

to reach the Saint realm. There was no need to buy a divine corpse.

Besides, the divine corpse was far less important to human cultivators than Rakshasa and Immortal Vampires.

‘The price of half a divine corpse is more than the Wheel of the Nether Sun, and it doesn’t have the Divinity Source or most of the divine soul. A god that just died should be worth as much as a Supreme Artifact,’ Zhang Ruochen thought this was his assessment.

In the intense competition, the upper body of the divine corpse was bought by Luo Shengtian for 400,000 Godstones.

Tianluo was the leader of the seven divine kingdoms of the Rakshasa. In terms of wealth, no Immortal Vampires could compare to it.

“Damn it. He actually offered 400,000 Godstones for a half-divine corpse.”

Lord Bladehell was extremely unwilling to lose the bid. He wanted to raise the price, but he received a telepathic message from a god in his clan, so he had to give up.

“There’s no need to be so angry. There’s still half a divine corpse,” a cultivator from Immortal Vampires said.

Lord Bladehell snorted. “Everyone knows that the most precious and mysterious treasures of the divine corpse are gathered in the brain and abdomen. They’re all in the upper body. Even if you buy the lower body of the divine corpse, it’s only equivalent to buying a batch of divine blood and divine bones. There are lots of divine blood and divine bones for sale in other places. There is no reason to bid it from here.”

Although Lord Bladehell said this, he still decided to continue bidding for the lower half of the divine corpse. After all, it was the corpse of a god that had just died. If he auctioned it back, there might be some pleasant surprise.

The second bronze coffin was opened.

The lower half of the divine corpse was more than two thousand miles long, and it was covered with huge spikes that

were emitting green light.

“The starting price is 100,000 Godstones. Each increment must be no less than one thousand Godstones.”

“Let the bidding begin.”

This time, the intensity of the bidding was far less than when the upper half of the divine corpse was being auctioned.

All the cultivators could see that this was not the lower half of the giant scorpion divine corpse, but rather its tail. The value could not be compared.

“110,000 Godstones.”

“120,000 Godstones.”

“125,000 Godstones.”

..

When the price was raised to 150,000 Godstones, most of the cultivators who wanted to bid had already chosen to withdraw.

“160,000 Godstones.”

After Lord Bladehell raised the price, all the other bidders became hesitant. They were considering whether to withdraw or not.

Zhang Ruochen said to Xue Tu, “The bid of 180,000 Godstones could completely destroy their hope so that they wouldn’t continue to hesitate.”

Xue Tu was shocked and said, “Senior Brother, why are you buying the divine corpse?”

“Why do you ask so many questions?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu had a bitter face and he said sadly, “Lord Bladehell is determined to get the divine corpse. I’ve already offended him when bidding for the Fugue Pills. If I steal his divine corpse again, he’ll kill me.”

“You’re a Scion. Why are you afraid of him?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu shook his head vigorously. In a pleading tone, he said, “He’s at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and

I've just reached the Neverwilt Realm. Also, you don't know that Lord Bladehell is vengeful. A cultivator that offended him always ends up in a terrible state."

"The divine corpse is more than 2,000 miles long. The fresh divine blood inside is like a river or a sea. Do you want to drink it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Yes, of course."

Xue Tu kept thinking. He changed the topic and said, "Don't worry, Senior Brother. Leave the bidding to me. It's just Lord Bladehell. Why should I fear him?"

Chapter 2254: Shook the Divine Domain of Destiny

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

“180,000 divine stones.”

Just as Xue Tu shouted out his bidding price, a wave of curses erupted in the auction hall.

“This fake bidder has jumped out to star troubles again.”

“Realm of Star Ocean is too greedy. Aren’t they afraid that no one would bid for the god corpse?”

“What’s there to be afraid of? It’s just a half-god corpse. Realm of Star Ocean has plenty of ways to deal with it.”

A Corpusian Supreme Saint said, “Xue Tu might not be a fake bidder. I think he just wants to embarrass Lord Bladehell. After obtaining Wargod Bloodflame’s Mark, he probably wants to step on Lord Bladehell’s position and fight for the title — No.1 elite in a thousand years.”

Most cultivators present could tell that the Corpusian Supreme Saint was deliberately trying to sow discord.

However, Lord Bladehell was so angry that he was about to lose his mind. The more he listened, the more he felt that those words were very reasonable.

He believed that Xue Tu wanted to go against him on purpose.

A Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint from a Qitian Clan said, “He has just become a Supreme Saint, yet he is already so arrogant. Xue Tu has belittled you. When the auction is over, I will challenge him to battle and crush his pride.” His voice was deep.

Lord Bladehell’s emotions changed. He clenched his fists and slowly opened them. Then, he let out a long breath and stood up. “Let’s go.”

“Big Brother, are you not going to continue the bidding? Are you really going to give it up to Xue Tu? I’m not willing,” said the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint.

“So what if I’m not willing? The starting price is 170,000 divine stones. If I continue to raise the price, how much will it be? Who will make up the extra divine stones?” Lord Bladehell asked.

How could he let go willingly?

However, he could not even afford 1,000 divine stones, let alone 10,000 divine stones to fight with Xue Tu.

Even if he was angry and resentful, he could only keep it and pay back double what Xue Tu did to him when the time came.

All the forces had a precise evaluation of the lower half of the god corpse’s value, which was about 160,000 divine stones.

Not everyone would be like Zhang Ruochen, who could spend divine stones at will.

“180,000 divine stones, sold.”

Supreme Saint Qiluo’s announcement rang out. The auction in Realm of Star Ocean World had officially ended.

Xue Tu smiled and said to Zhang Ruochen, “Next, we should go to Starry Ocean Palace on this planet to pay for the divine stones and collect the auction items.”

“Okay, you go first,” Zhang Ruochen nodded and said.

Xue Tu was stunned and said, “Senior brother, aren’t we going together?”

“I can go alone,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu’s heart thumped and he said, “Senior brother, you can’t do this. I’ve offended many cultivators in this auction. What if they find and harm me?”

“I’m also afraid that they’ll find me,” Zhang Ruochen said as if he could not help it.

How could Xue Tu not understand? Zhang Ruochen completely despised him and did not want to travel with him. Zhang Ruochen also did not want outsiders to know that he was the one behind this auction.

It was equivalent to letting Xue Tu take the blame alone.

Xue Tu was certain that there must be a large group of cultivators waiting for him outside Annulus World at that moment.

Once he walked out, even if he did not die, he would be severely injured.

Xue Tu acted like he was not troubled by it. “If they find me, I won’t take the blame alone. I might spill the beans.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You owe me a Supreme Saint Weapon, but you haven’t returned it yet. Now you dare to threaten me. Do you really think I’m an easy bully target?”

‘You are the bully,’ Xue Tu muttered to himself.

He had become the public enemy of many cultivators in Infernal Court. If he fell out with Zhang Ruochen again, it would only make things worse. Moreover, falling out with Zhang Ruochen meant losing the chance to drink divine blood and borrow Lotus of Divine Reflection from Zhang Ruochen.

“As a Supreme Saint, I should know when to yield and when not; I should admit defeat when it’s time to do so.”

Xue Tu sighed in his mind. He didn’t dare to fight Zhang Ruochen head-on so he quickly begged, “Senior brother, you have to save me this time. From now on, I will follow your order strictly.

“Don’t leave me alone. If I go out alone, I’ll die a horrible death.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned. “You are a Supreme Saint too. How can you be so timid? Those who want to become gods should be unyielding.”

Xue Tu shook his head, looking pitiful. “I can train my state of mind slowly later. But survival comes before the goal to attain godhood.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed and took out an Exquisite Dimensional Orb. “You are my junior. Of course, I won’t let you die. In that case, no matter how dangerous it is, I will bear it alone. You should hide inside first.”

“Senior Brother...”

Xue Tu was struck by his words for a second. He didn't expect Zhang Ruochen, the devil, to have a conscience.

"Don't be so wishy-washy. Go in. By the way, don't tell outsiders what happened at the auction," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Don't worry. Senior Brother treats me as a comrade. How can I betray you? I swear to God, if I tell anyone, I'll die a horrible death."

After Xue Tu entered the Dimensional Orb, Zhang Ruochen transformed into Xue Tu with Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification.

"Xue Tu, Xue Tu, you started the troubles, so you must end it yourselves."

Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself. He pushed open the door of the VIP seats and walked out.

Previously, although Zhang Ruochen was condensing the Saintwill, he was not completely unaware of what had happened. How could he not know that Xue Tu was deliberately trying to trick him?

Thousands of divine stones were spent for the Seven Cauldrons of Fugue Pills. However, Xue Tu had hit the nail on the head.

When he was bidding for Lotus of Divine Reflection, everyone thought that he was a fake bidder and did not dare to compete with him. Eventually, Zhang Ruochen spent only 100,000 divine stones for it, saving a large amount of divine stones.

Otherwise, if he were to compete with a deity, he estimated that he would need more than 150,000 divine stones to have a chance to successfully bid Lotus of Divine Reflection.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the VIP seat with the appearance of Xue Tu. People immediately looked at him with murderous intent in their eyes.

"Are you thinking to fight in the auction house? You'd better restrain yourself. I'm a big customer for Realm of Star Ocean World. They'll protect me before I make payment."

Zhang Ruochen imitated Xue Tu's expression and sneered. He flew out of Annulus World and rushed to Starry Ocean Palace.

"That's too arrogant. He's only just become an immortal realm Supreme Saint, and he's already this insolent."

"He's just a fake bidder. Does he really think he's a big shot?"

"Lord Bladehell said that he wants to chop off one of Xue Tu's arms. So how can he possibly walk out of Realm of Star Ocean World unscathed? Just wait and see."

...

After arriving at Realm of Star Ocean Palace, Zhang Ruochen and Qiluo's avatar interacted.

Although the Wheel of the Nether Sun had fetched 300,000 divine stones, Zhang Ruochen had to pay 3 percent as the bidding fee for Realm of Star Ocean. In the end, he only earned 291,000 divine stones.

Eight Regal Artifacts had fetched 302 divine stones.

Xue Tu's planet fiefdom was auctioned for 96 divine stones.

According to Supreme Saint Qiluo, because he was a big client, they did not charge commission on the amount fetched by the eight Regal Artifacts and the planet fiefdom.

Zhang Ruochen spent a total of 290,377 divine stones for Lotuses of Divine Reflection, Spiritual Power sacred pills, Implement Nurturing Pills, Fugue Pills, God corpse, and so on.

Therefore, after making payment, Zhang Ruochen only had 1,021 divine stones left.

Zhang Ruochen had decided to let Xue Tu bid 180,000 divine stones for the god's corpse after doing some calculations. That was why he didn't need to sell other treasures to make up for the difference.

Zhang Ruochen put away the god's corpse, the Fugue Pills, and Lotuses of Divine Reflection. He asked, "Realm of Star Ocean World should be able to guarantee the customer's private information, right?"

“Of course, Supreme Saint Ruochen is now our Purple-Gold class customer. We will never reveal your information to any force.”

As he spoke, Supreme Saint Qiluo handed a purple gold token to Zhang Ruochen and said, “Next time, if Supreme Saint Ruochen has any more items, you could appoint Realm of Star Ocean World as representative. You only need to pay one percent of the fee. Furthermore, Supreme Saint Ruochen can buy all kinds of items at a discount in Realm of Star Ocean World.”

Zhang Ruochen took the purple gold token and said, “Don’t wait for the next time. Bring me to see the top-grade talismans.”

In Realm of Star Ocean World, Zhang Ruochen spent another 300 divine stones to buy three Dark Prison Talismans before leaving Realm of Star Ocean palace.

Although they were expensive, they were very powerful.

According to Supreme Saint Qiluo, each Dark Prison Talisman could be used to trap a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Even a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint would find it difficult to break the Dark Prison formed by a talisman with only one strike.

One thing Xue Tu was right about. “Survival comes before the goal to attain godhood.”

Zhang Ruochen had wanted to buy a talisman that was more powerful, preferably one that could kill a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. However, the price was too expensive.

Moreover, the power of a talisman at that level was difficult for him to control with his cultivation at Neverwilt Realm. He could get himself hurt.

Therefore, he had to give up.

Zhang Ruochen was still disguised as Xue Tu. He took a Saint Ship arranged by Realm of Star Ocean World and sailed on the lake. He was ready to return to Winterpage City to study the god’s corpse carefully.

A Saint Ship with 10 blood-red wings broke through the waves. It was like a mountain, exuding an intimidating Saint Aura. It blocked the way of Zhang Ruochen's Saint Ship.

Lord Bladehell stood on the deck. He wore shining blood armor. Above his head, blood clouds rolled. Behind him, a 30-foot-tall phantom appeared.

An overwhelming aura swept toward Zhang Ruochen.

Three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints from Qitian Clan stood on Lord Bladehell's left and right sides.

Supreme Saint Cangye had broken 99 shackles. He was the second most powerful Supreme Saint after the elite from Hellblade Realm. "Xue Tu," he said in a deep voice, "You were in the limelight at the auction. You went against my brother everywhere. Who gave you the guts?"

Zhang Ruochen ignored him. He looked directly at Lord Bladehell and said, "The competition in the auction relies on one's wealth. If you lose, you can only blame yourself for being too poor. How can you blame the winner?"

Many cultivators participating in the auction hadn't left Realm of Star Ocean yet. They stood on different Saint Ships and looked over at them.

"Despite facing against Lord Bladehell, Xue Tu doesn't flinch. Instead, he's calm and composed. He certainly has a good state of mind."

"The gap of strength is too far. No matter how calm he is, it's pointless. Lord Bladehell is famous for being narrow-minded. He won't let Xue Tu go."

...

On one of the Saint Ships, Luo Sha and Luo Tiansheng stood side by side, looking forward.

Luo Tiansheng smiled and said, "Xue Tu turns out to be more unswerving than I thought. He dares to challenge Lord Bladehell and Qitian Clan alone. He got balls."

Luo Sha's expression changed.

She and Zhang Ruochen had practiced spiritual power together. There was a strange connection between them. Appearances could not deceive her.

“So it’s him. No wonder he’s so high-profile in the auction.” Luo Sha smiled.

Soon, she was worried again.

Lord Bladehell was a top elite at Hundred-Shackle Realm. Since he said he would cut off Xue Tu’s arm, he would definitely do it.

“Brother, how strong is Lord Bladehell? What are your chances of winning if you fight him?” Luo Sha asked.

Luo Shengtian said, “When Lord Bladehell was a Saint King, he practiced the precepts of Blade to the perfection level. After he became a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, he was even more amazing. He practiced two Grade-Six Saintwills and one Grade-Four Blade Saintwill, which makes a total three.”

“Most Supreme Saints can’t even form two Saintwills. How could he cultivate three?” Luo Sha’s heart sank. She was even more worried for Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Shengtian laughed, “If that’s all, Lord Bladehell isn’t qualified to be 10 Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.” His most powerful ability was to combine Grade Six Sigillum Saintwills and Grade Four Blade Saintwill to form a Grade Three Bladehell Saintwill.”

“He can combine the Saintwills?” Luo Sha was even more shocked.

Luo Shengtian said, “That’s right! In Infernal Court, in this one thousand years, only less than a hundred Supreme Saints can fuse their Saintwills. He is one of them. So one could imagine how terrifying his strength is. If it wasn’t for his temperament, he would definitely be ranked higher than ninth place among those Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints who have attained the Great Perfection stage.”

Condensing the Grade Three Saintwill meant that the probability of becoming a god had increased greatly.

Furthermore, he would have the chance to grasp the Canon and become an elite amongst the gods in the future.

Luo Sha was quite confused. She said, “Lord Bladehell can integrate the Saintwills, so he is definitely not an ordinary person. His temperament can’t be so bad. Brother, could he be deliberately pretending to be narrow-minded so that all the cultivators will look down on him?”

“It’s not impossible.”

Luo Shengtian thought carefully and then said, “If Lord Bladehell really has such a deep mind and shrewdness, he will definitely be a great opponent at Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

...

Zhang Ruochen seemed to be quite impatient. He said again, “You blocked my Saint Ship. Are you angry because you were offended want to snatch my items shamelessly? So many cultivators are staring at you. Lord Bladehell, don’t you feel ashamed? You are a total loser.”

Supreme Saint Cangye, who stood beside Lord Bladehell, said coldly, “Xue Tu, do you dare to have a ring fight with me? If I lose, I’ll cut off one of my arms. If you lose, you cut off yours. What do you think?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I never bet my arm. Besides, with your cultivation, you are not qualified to challenge me.”

“What did you say?”

Supreme Saint Cangye had long disliked Xue Tu. At that moment, Xue Tu, a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, dared to make such insolent remarks. If Cangye did not teach Xue Tu a lesson, who knew how many Supreme Saints would laugh at Cangye over Xue Tu’s words, “you are not qualified to challenge me.”

Boom

Supreme Saint Cangye shot up from the deck of the Saint Ship. His body emitted a boundless bloody light. The vast and mighty Blood Qi condensed into a palm print the size of a palace building and pressed down on Zhang Ruochen.

Even with the suppression of surrounding Precepts, the palm power that Supreme Saint Cangye had unleashed still pressed down on the water under Zhang Ruochen's feet, causing it to sink and turn into a huge liquid basin.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the ship and looked at it indifferently.

Lord of Stone flew out and its huge body appeared behind him. It waved a stone palm that was as big as Mount Wuzhi. It shattered the Blood Qi palm print and hit Supreme Saint Cangye.

Ptui!

Supreme Saint Cangye spat out blood. Like a fly, he was thrown out and flew out of the space where Realm of Star Ocean World was.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the parabola of Blood light in the sky and said, "As weak as a bug."

What he didn't know was that many cultivators were petrified when they saw this.

A Supreme Saint who broke 99 shackles was sent flying just like that? And Xue Tu called him a bug?

The cultivators of Qitian Clan were all furious.

"So you have a Supreme Saint of the stone clan protecting you. That's why you're so insolent. I wonder if this Supreme Saint of the stone clan can block my blade."

Before Lord Bladehell could make a move, Zhang Ruochen had already thrown out a Dark Prison Talisman.

Crash!

A dark prison enveloped Lord Bladehell's ten-winged Saint Ship. All the Supreme Saints of Qitian Clan were trapped inside. Even if they attacked continuously, they couldn't break the power of the talisman.

"I don't want to argue with you today, but I have to warn you. Don't mess with me again. You can't bear the consequences."

Zhang Ruochen left these words in their curses. Then he drove the Saint Ship around the ten-winged Saint Ship and left Realm of Star Ocean World leisurely.

Watching him leave, the spectating cultivators of Infernal Court looked at each other in bewilderment.

“An incredible young Supreme Saint was born in Bloodysky Clan,” a passing demigod exclaimed.

On this day, Xue Tu’s fame shook the Divine Domain of Destiny..

Chapter 2255: Take You To Infernal Court

There was still a month before Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Infernal Court's most outstanding elites in a thousand years had all gathered at Winterpage City in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

During the auction held in Realm of Star Ocean, the new rising star, Supreme Saint Xue Tu had successfully bid seven cauldrons of Fugue Pills, one-Yuanhui old Lotus of Divine Reflection, and the God corpse with hundreds of thousands of divine stones. This news spread like wildfire, sending everyone shockwaves.

Then, Xue Tu challenged Lord Bladehell and taught Supreme Saint Cang Ye a lesson. His showy and tough means made all beings of different clans wide-eyed. They had to reevaluate him.

"We used to focus our attention on Zhang Ruochen, Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan. Now, we have to add Xue Tu to the list."

All Immortal Vampire clans added Xue Tu to their watch list of cultivators posing a treat. Only a Supreme Saint who had at least broken 70 shackles would make it to the list.

Among the ten Immortal Vampire clans, Xue Tu was the second exception following Zhang Ruochen.

Hearing the cultivators around talking about Xue Tu, Scion Yuan Mo was rather disdainful, he said, "Xue Tu"? He was only relying on external forces. If not for the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint and Dark Prison Talismans, forget about Lord Bladehell, even Supreme Saint Cangye would have been able to beat him to his knees. And there will be no external support he can get at Celestial-Hunting Festival."

Scion Yuan Mo's elder brother, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, who had reached the peak of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, immediately lectured him. "Don't judge a book based on its

cover. Have you ever given a second thought? Where did he get so many divine stones? How did he get a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint from Stone Clan to be his bodyguard?”

“Furthermore, there’s no way you can trap three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints from the Qitian Clan, including Lord Bladehell if I give you a Dark Prison Talisman. Things are not always what they seem. Xue Tu must have read the thoughts of Lord Bladehell and his men so well that he knew the precise right time to trap them.

“Before the Dark Prison Talisman was activated, he used Dimensional power. The talisman appeared instantly and did not give the three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints any chance to dodge it.”

“When you and Xue Tu were Saint Kings, you might be stronger than him. But now, if you underestimate him, he can become a threat for u.”

Scion Yuan Mo was terrified. Xue Tu’s threat had reached a point that even his elder brother had to pay attention to.

“Is Xue Tu really that brilliant?” Scion Yuan Mo asked.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei nodded solemnly, he said, “Xue Tu must have obtained something else other than the Mark of Wargod Bloodflame in Kunlun. It is hard to tell how big of a threat he posed.

“Even Wu Jiang and Lord Sinluo can’t see through him. No matter what, it’s better to be wary against him than underestimating him.”

Bloodysky Clan cultivators were all excited.

Xue Tu’s actions in Realm of Star Ocean made them feel so proud that they called him a “Hero of the Clan.”

From now on, who would dare to mock Bloodsky Clan’s position among the ten major clans?

So what if the Qitian Clan was ranked first?

They couldn’t even get a cauldron of Fugue Pills in the face of Supreme Saint Xue Tu.

Even a powerful existence like Supreme Saint Cangye was like a puny bug in the eyes of Supreme Saint Xue Tu. Xue Tu did not even treat him as a worthy opponent and taught him a lesson.

Lord Bladehell's cultivation had reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. However, he didn't have any upper hand when facing Xue Tu. He could only watch him leave nonchalantly.

At this moment, at Vastsea Manor in Bingsi District, Xue Tu, whose name had shaken the Divine Domain of Destiny, was released by Zhang Ruochen from an Exquisite Dimensional Orb. He was still worried. He felt that this auction was a huge trap. He had offended a bunch of cultivators for no reason.

In the future, he wouldn't be able to move even an inch in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

As soon as Xue Tu walked out of Vastsea Manor, he bumped into Lord Xue Chen.

Lord Xue Chen cupped his fists and said in a serious tone, "Supreme Saint Xue Tu, Father has asked me to invite you, hoping to meet you."

"Brother Xue Chen, there's no need to be so polite. Just call me Xue Tu. Since it's Supreme Saint Qingsheng's invitation, I must go meet him."

Xue Tu was very surprised. He felt that Xue Chen was being overly polite to him.

One had to know that when he was a Saint King, his cultivation was slightly weaker than Xue Chen.

In terms of family background, how could Xue Tu's family compare to the Xue Jue Family?

Although Xue Chen was still a Saint King for now, he could attain Supreme Sainthood anytime he wanted. However, he planned to consume an Altofruit during Celestial-Hunting Festival to cultivate his Path to Perfection before breaking through.

All the Saint Kings who attended Celestial-Hunting Festival had the same plan.

Hence, Xue Tu did not have any advantages in front of Xue Chen. And of course, he did not dare to act like a Supreme Saint.

“Supreme Saint Xue Tu, Lady Wind would like to meet you.”

“Supreme Saint Xue Tu, Supreme Saint Yanhong has sent an invitation. She hopes that you can attend tonight’s banquet.”

...

Xue Tu received a large stack of invitations, including the Scioness candidates, Lady Wind and Supreme Saint Yanhong. For a moment, he was at a loss.

He was even more worried. He paced back and forth, trying to figure out their intentions and whether the invitations were traps.

If they were traps...

Once he went to the banquet, he might not be able to come back unscathed.

“Most of them are coming for the Fugue Pills, the God Corpse, and Lotuses of Divine Reflection. But I have none. Forget it. I can’t take this risk. It’s safer to stay in Zhang Ruochen’s Vastsea Manor.”

Xue Tu felt that he was in danger now. He had made many enemies; the number could surpass Zhang Ruochen’s. He felt aggrieved.

He had thought that after breaking through to become a Supreme Saint, he was supposed to enjoy boundless glory in Infernal Court. How did he end up in such a state without realizing it?

Zhang Ruochen returned to Vastsea Manor and opened Sundial.

Now, he had many Godstones. He wasn’t afraid of shortage.

Zhang Ruochen took out Ancient Abyssal Blade and summoned its sword spirit. Zhang Ruochen gave him ten

Earth-Grade and ten Heaven-Grade Implement Nurturing Pills.

“Give me five years to refine these Implement Nurturing Pills. My cultivation should be able to withstand the second King’s Calamity.” The Sword Spirit swallowed an Implement Nurturing Pill and sat cross-legged under Sundial. He started cultivation training.

The sword spirit’s cultivation was still weak. Not only did he have to refine pills, but he also had to comprehend the cultivation Paths and refine his physique. Therefore, it would take a long time.

However, with the help of Sundial, five years was only five days.

Zhang Ruochen took a Heaven Grade Sacred Pill named Firmament Pills to improve his spiritual power. As he refined and absorbed it, he let out five Saint Aspects. They sat under Sundial to comprehend the Paths.

Although Zhang Ruochen had cultivated Saintwill, there were only 510 million Precepts within him.

He had to practice 800 million Precepts to reach the advanced stage of Neverwilt Realm.

“With my current enlightenment speed, I should be able to reach the advanced stage of Neverwilt Realm in 15 years.

“I can achieve the peak of Neverwilt Realm in 20 years.

“The number of Precepts can no longer hinder my cultivation. The key lies in the cultivation of Saintwills.”

Zhang Ruochen was not satisfied with condensing the fifth-class “Nine-tremors Saintwill.”

He had to do his best to condense every kind of Saintwill.

Zhang Ruochen took out a semi-transparent sphere with 12 stellar cores inside.

One was sixth-level, five were of fifth-level, and six were fourth-level.

Zhang Ruochen chose Qiankun Realm to be the location to refine the stellar cores.

A fourth-level stellar core expanded to the size bigger than a mountain once it was taken out. It was pitch-black and kept sinking the ground. Perhaps more than half the weight of the fourth-level planet had been refined into the stellar core.

Zhang Ruochen had been worried that Violet Gourd could not refine a sixth-level stellar core. However, the devouring power of the Golden Sun of Destruction and Cosmic Glazier Stone had exceeded his expectations.

In less than two hours, all 12 stellar cores had been integrated into Violet Gourd.

“I wonder how much the suction of Violet Gourd has increased. I have to test it out on a cultivator.”

When Zhang Ruochen thought of the four cultivators of Heavenly Realm suppressed in the microworld of woodlands, he released them.

The four of them were:

Lian Xi, Fairy Shadowless from Soul Realm, a beauty in Portrait of the Nine Beauties. who was also known as King Daxi.

Gaunt, a top Colossion Saint King from Heavenly Realm.

Zhou Zhen, Celestial Court’s Formation Sect leader who was a High-Saint Array Master.

Shentu Yunkong, the leader of the Fane of Dimension. He had been the most outstanding cultivator of the Fane since 10,000 years ago.

The four of them had been imprisoned and were unaware of what was happening outside the microworld. As soon as they landed in Qiankun, they immediately spread out and surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

They released Saint Qi and spiritual power. It was as if they wanted to join forces to suppress Zhang Ruochen.

“Zhang Ruochen, no matter how powerful you are, you can’t fight against the entire Heavenly Realm alone.” Shentu Yunkong raised his right arm. His muscles bulged, and waves

of destructive thunder and lightning power surged out of his body.

Shentu Yunkong spread his hands and formed a Spatial Domain, emitting Saint light. “Kunlun will meet its end. You can’t stop it!” he shouted.

Zhang Ruochen stared at them quietly. He felt as if he had returned to Kunlun.

Lian Xi was much calmer. She had been observing Zhang Ruochen. After a while, she was surprised. “You have become a Supreme Saint? And th-this isn’t Kunlun!”

Shentu Yunkong, Zhou Zhen, and the rest were shocked. They quickly look at their surroundings.

“It’s indeed not Kunlun. The Precepts of Heaven and Earth in this world are quite special. It seems to revolve around Zhang Ruochen,” Gaunt said.

Shentu Yunkong said, “It should be a world formed after Zhang Ruochen used the Precepts of Dimension to merge with some Dimensional item. However, this world... is very vast that my spiritual power can’t see the ends.”

Zhou Zhen’s expression became very ugly. When Zhang Ruochen was still a Saint King, he could easily suppress him. Now that he had become a Supreme Saint, how could he fight?

Shentu Yunkong was still calm. He said, “Don’t panic. Let’s break through to the Supreme Saint realm together. I don’t believe that with four Supreme Saints working together, we can’t kill Zhang Ruochen? As long as we kill him, we can naturally break through this world.”

The four of them had all reached Path’s Anterior. However, they had been suppressing their realms because they wanted to obtain opportunities and treasures on the Battlefields of Merits in Kunlun.

If they had wanted to break through, they could have quickly condensed Neverwither physique and become Supreme Saints.

Among them, Lian Xi, Shentu Yunkong, and Zhou Zhen were all extraordinary spiritual power masters. They had long

reached the peak of the 59th level. They could become spiritual power Supreme Saints anytime.

If Zhang Ruochen had wanted to stop them, no matter how powerful they were, they would not have become Supreme Saints while they were in Qiankun.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't stop them. Instead, he sat on a huge rock he found and looked at them as if he was waiting for them to break through.

Zhang Ruochen's actions made Lian Xi, who knew him well, feel slightly bitter. She thought, 'Zhang Ruochen is calm, and his eyes are deep and unfathomable. He didn't stop us from breaking through. He's obviously very confident in himself. That's right. Even if we break through and become a Supreme Saint, we could not defeat him.

'However, Shentu Yunkong is the Master of Space, and Zhou Zhen is the High-Saint Array Master. Once they attain Supreme Sainthood, their combat power will definitely increase. Not only Zhang Ruochen is arrogant, but he also underestimates us. This could be our chance.'

Lian Xi did not think any further and went all out to break through to Supreme Sainthood.

Not long after, Lian Xi, Shentu Yunkong, and Zhou Zhen made it one after another and became spiritual power Supreme Saints.

Gaunt, on the other hand, condensed a Neverwithier physique in the distance. He was at a critical point of breaking through to Supreme Sainthood.

Lian Xi took out a crystal staff from a spatial necklace. It was activated by the spiritual power of the 60th level. The staff immediately released thousands of black Ghost marks, causing the sky within a radius of 500 kilometers to turn dark.

Her beautiful hair flew in the air. With the twinkling of light, her exquisite facial features appeared and disappeared at times.

"She is indeed a beauty. After becoming a spiritual power Supreme Saint, her demeanor is more graceful than before,"

Zhang Ruochen commented while sitting on the rock with a serious expression.

Lian Xi's perfect outer appearance and shapely body were not the only reasons that made her one of the beauties in *Portrait of the Nine Beauties* standing next to Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, Fairy Ci Hang, and other beauties. Her temperament was also her strength. Despite being evil and spooky, she did not evoke fear among people. On the contrary, she was pleasing to the eye. The more people looked at her, the more they wanted to see her.

She was the representative figure among the dark beauties in macroworlds of Celestial Court.

Zappp!

Zhou Zhen pressed his right hand on the ground. Suddenly, a huge array appeared and trapped Zhang Ruochen inside.

Shentu Yunkong reached out his hands above his head as if he was holding something in the air.

“The Realm in Clouds.”

A red continent condensed from the dimensional power appeared in the clouds. It was hundreds of miles long, and it pressed down on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You guys are still too weak. You are not worthy to be my opponent for now. These attack moves are only mediocre. Disperse!”

He stood up and gently stamped his foot.

Rumble.

The array formed by Zhou Zhen shattered. The crimson continent formed by Shentu Yunkong turned into specks of dust. The black Ghost marks released by the Lian Xi all returned.

The three spat out blood at the same time and were sent flying dozens of miles away. After a long while, they struggled to get up from the ground.

“Impossible... no matter how strong you are, you can't be this strong...”

Shentu Yunkong had been the top elite among cultivators of the Fane of Dimension since 10,000 years ago. The Fane of Dimension had sent him to counter Zhang Ruochen in Kunlun. How could he withstand such a blow? His state of mind almost collapsed.

Zhang Ruochen stared at them and shook his head gently.

“While you are here, even if you are ten times stronger, I can easily subdue you. Sigh!

“I was going to ask you to help me test the power of Violet Gourd, but it seems that even if you break through to the Supreme Saint Realm, your strength is still far from enough.”

Then, Zhang Ruochen urged Gong, who was condensing the Neverwithier physique, “Speed up. When you also break through to the Supreme Saint realm, I'll take you to Infernal Court to check it out. I'll also introduce you to a few Supreme Saints of Infernal Court.”

Just now, Xue Tu had brought Supreme Saint Qingsheng to Vastsea Manor and was talking to Zhang Ruochen.

The Zhang Ruochen in Qiankun was only his avatar.

When Shentu Yunkong, Zhou Zhen, and Xuan Xi heard Zhang Ruochen's words, they were all stunned. They thought they were hearing things.

‘What did Zhang Ruochen just say?’

‘Take us to Infernal Court?’

‘Introduce us to Infernal Court Supreme Saints?’

Chapter 2256: My Senior's Woman

Supreme Saint Qingsheng sat in the pavilion. With a smile on his face, he praised Zhang Ruochen. "Ruochen, Xue Tu told me everything just now. This time, you did well. You bought the seven cauldrons of Fugue Pills. The overall strength of the cultivators attending the Festival in Bloodsky Clan will definitely increase by a lot."

Zhang Ruochen glared at Xue Tu coldly.

Xue Tu felt sullen and helpless. "Senior brother, I can't help it. With Supreme Saint Qingsheng's exceptional insight, how can I hide it from him?"

"You swore to heaven," Zhang Ruochen said.

"In Infernal Court, no cultivator believes in heaven," Supreme Saint Qingsheng said. "What is heaven? In Infernal Court, cultivators believe in destiny, darkness, slaughter, death, or gods."

Xue Tu was shocked. He hadn't expected Supreme Saint Qingsheng to trick him.

'This old man is d*mn sly!

'He's trying to punish me just because I didn't tell him the truth.

'Seriously, did I offend anyone?'

Before Zhang Ruochen got angry, Xue Tu quickly explained, "Senior brother, listen to me. It's not what you think. I didn't tell Supreme Saint Qingsheng anything. He figured it out all by himself."

Zhang Ruochen poured a cup of Saint Spring Water and handed it to Supreme Saint Qingsheng. He said leisurely, "Then swear again. Swear in the name of your father."

"Still need to swear?"

Xue Tu felt bitter. How could a Supreme Saint like him, who was a terrifying, powerful figure to all Celestial Court

cultivators, live like a loser.

He had no choice so he could only swear again.

Xue Tu was in deep sh*t now. Hence, if he offended Zhang Ruochen, he would have no place in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'm afraid Uncle Qingsheng has some misunderstanding. I want to keep the Fugue Pills for my own use. Of course, if Bloodsky Clan participants can afford it, I can sell some to them."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng had a certain understanding of Zhang Ruochen's character. He didn't force him. He moved his eyes. "Of course," he said. "You spent a fortune for it. Why would you give it to other cultivators? Even I'm not that generous."

Then, Supreme Saint Qingsheng and Zhang Ruochen fell silent.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Supreme Saint Qingsheng hadn't come to Vastsea Manor to chat with him. He must have other intentions, so Zhang Ruochen continued to wait.

He waited for Supreme Saint Qingsheng to speak first.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng stared at Sundial and exclaimed, "What an amazing Time treasure. With it, one year of practice is actually just one day in reality. Sigh, it's a pity, though."

"What do you mean by 'pity'?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, "It was damaged and lost its former glory. The vessel spirit is gone, and it can only cover an area of 640 meters. In such conditions, it becomes less useful to deities. Hence, its value is greatly affected."

When a deity practiced enlightenment, they would enter a state of selflessness. As a result, they would take their true form.

How could a mere 640-meter coverage accommodate a deity?

"Sundial's attack power is still very strong. I'm afraid that many deities still want to snatch it away from me," Zhang Ruochen said.

“HMPH! Snatch it away from you? Even Asurendra Samay got a heavy lesson from that. Who still dares to snatch it away from you?”

After a short pause, Supreme Saint Qingsheng sighed. “Xue Chen and Xiao Xiao are both top geniuses of the Xue Jue family. Unfortunately, even though I’m the acting leader, I can’t provide them with the best practice environment and resources.

“Ruochen, why don’t you let them practice in the area covered by Sundial before Celestial-Hunting Festival?”

“This... Of course,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was overjoyed. He smiled and said, “With the help of Sundial, they’ll have decades of practice time. Before the Celestial-Hunting Festival, they’ll definitely be able to accumulate the Precepts to a higher level. I’ll express my gratitude to you on their behalf.”

Xue Tu stood at the side and sneered. Xue Tu could see that Supreme Saint Qingsheng, the old fox, was planning to send his children here to get close to Zhang Ruochen because he saw that Zhang Ruochen had a lot of cultivation resources.

Even if it was just a little from Zhang Ruochen, Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao could benefit greatly from it.

‘Even Supreme Saint Qing Sheng is humble to Zhang Ruochen and curries favor with him. Should I take the initiative too?’ Xue Tu thought.

“No need to thank me, Uncle. You can help me test the power of Violet Gourd.” Zhang Ruochen summoned Violet Gourd from Qiankun.

Meanwhile, Lian Xi, Shentu Yunkong, and Zhou Zhen walked out of Qiankun’s world gate one after another and landed on Vastsea Manor.

The four Supreme Saints were shocked and bewildered. They observed their surroundings while keeping an eye on Xue Tu and Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

“They are the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires, and one of them has unfathomable cultivation. What is this place?” Zhou Zhen was shocked and broke out in cold sweat.

‘Is this really Infernal Court?’

To Celestial Court cultivators, Infernal Court meant death and darkness.

Once they fell into the hands of Infernal Court cultivators, they would definitely suffer a fate worse than death. Thus, deep fear rose within them.

“It’s Xue Tu! Why is he with Zhang Ruochen? They seem to be very close.”

Lian Xi recognized this famous ruthless figure on Battlefields of Merits. She couldn’t understand why Xue Tu called Zhang Ruochen senior brother.

‘Is Zhang Ruochen a spy sent by Infernal Court to infiltrate Celestial Court?’

Lian Xi’s heart sank. She looked up at the sky, but she could not see any light. It was as if she had been locked in a dark prison. What kind of torture and abuse would she face next?

Shentu Yunkong, Gaunt, and Zhou Zhen also felt sad.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t be bothered with their feelings. He told Xue Tu, “Keep an eye on them. We’ll be back soon.”

Zhang Ruochen and Supreme Saint Qingsheng entered the microworld of woodlands to test the power of Violet Gourd.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng owed Zhang Ruochen a favor since he wanted to send his children to Zhang Ruochen’s side to practice cultivation. Therefore, he didn’t refuse.

The test results came out quickly.

“Violet Gourd’s suction power has increased by 20 percent,” Supreme Saint Qingsheng concluded.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Is it powerful enough to be a threat to the top 10 Supreme Saints who attained Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?”

“Them? Well, each of them can either defeat or kill a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Although your gourd has a chance, it’s not easy to suck them in.

“Unless the suction power of the gourd continues to improve,” Supreme Saint Qingsheng said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. Suddenly, he thought of something and asked curiously, “Uncle, what grade is your Saintwill?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was very proud and said, “Grade Four.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly. “Only Grade Four?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s face darkened the moment he heard the contempt in Zhang Ruochen’s tone. “A Grade Four Saintwill is already a top grade Saintwill. It means I have the chance to enter godhood.

“You should ask around. In the entire Bloodsky Clan, very few Supreme Saints who could condense a Saintwill of Grade Five or above.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What grade is the Saintwills practiced by Wargod Bloodximius?”

“Well, as far as I know, Wargod Bloodximius cultivated nine types of Saintwills. After many times of merging, they have turned into two Grade Twos Saintwills.” Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s eyes were full of respect and awe.

In his heart, Wargod Bloodximius was someone no one could surpass, a Wargod who was worth worshipping.

Zhang Ruochen was amazed that Wargod Bloodximius could cultivate nine types of Saintwills.

However, knowing that the Wargod could only cultivate two types of Grade Two Saintwills despite being a prodigy of a Yuanhui period, Zhang Ruochen was somewhat disappointed.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Is there no Supreme Saint who can condense Grade One Saintwill?”

“Grade One Saintwill?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng let out a cough. He said earnestly, “Ruochen, I know that you are very talented, but you can’t set your goal too high.

“You should know that in Infernal Court, sometimes in the entire 129,600 years, a Yuanhui period, there is no Supreme Saint who can condense Grade Two Saintwill.

“Those top 10 Supreme Saints who have attained the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm can be considered the most talented cultivators in Infernal Court in the past thousand years.

“However, among them, only six have cultivated Grade Three Saintwills, while the remaining four have only cultivated Grade Four Saintwills.

“When Wargod cultivated two Grade Two Saintwills at the same time, the news sent the deities shockwaves.

“As for you, if you can condense one Grade Two Saintwill, it will be enough to solidify your status as a Yuanhui level genius.

“If you can condense two Grade Two Saintwills, I’m afraid that the forces of Infernal Court who held grudge against you will have to put down their hatred.

“Hehe. They might even want to offer their favorite daughters of their clan to you as brides to mend ties with you.”

“That serious?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “Of course, it means the Xue Jue family has a new Wargod Bloodximius. Do you still think it’s an exaggeration?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “In history, has there ever been a Supreme Saint who condensed a Grade One Saintwill?”

“I don’t think so.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng thought carefully and said, “Although there are legends about cultivators who condensed a Grade One Saintwill, careful analysis done by the deities showed it’s unlikely to be true.

“You have to know that the cultivation of Saintwill is closely related to the Canons.

“In the universe, every Canon is constant ‘one’, which is 100 percent.

“If you practice Grade One Saintwill, after becoming a god, you can convert 100 percent of the Canon, it means you will become the Absolute Master of that Path. Do you think it is possible?

“In fact, no cultivator can condense Saintwills of Grade Three or above from a single Path. You have to combine a Saintwill with other Saintwills for a chance to advance it.”

Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought. He said, “Can I put it this way? If I condense a Grade One Saintwill from my Path of Time, I can grasp 100 percent of the Time Canon once I attained Godhood and become the Absolute Master of Time in the Universe .”

“That’s right. But that’s impossible. Even Saint Monk Xumi could only grasp less than 50 percent of the Time Canon. It’s the result of countless years of accumulation.”

“If the Time Saintwill I condense is of the second grade, does that mean I can master 50 percent of the Time Canon after I become a god? And if the Time Saintwill I condense is of the third grade, does that mean I can master 25 percent of the Time Canon after becoming a god?” said Zhang Ruochen.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “Theoretically, that’s true. “However, no cultivator can condense third-grade Saintwill from a single Path.

“Therefore, it’s impossible for you to master 25 percent of the Time Canon when you’ve just attained Godhood.”

“Moreover, it’s still unknown whether 25 percent of the Time Canon without holder still exists

“If it doesn’t exist, you still have to wait until the gods who hold the Time Canon die and let the Time Canon return to the world. Only then will you have a chance.

“In addition, the Fane of Time has learned from the Fane of Truth and Fane of Destiny. They are trying their best to collect all portions of Time Canon scattered in the heaven and earth.”

“If they succeed, even if you become a god cultivating the Path of Time, you won’t be able to grasp its Canon entirely. Unless you can kill your way into the Fane of Time and take their portion by force.

“Actually, I don’t know much about the Canons. What I’m telling you is just my own guess and the contents of the books.

“Don’t think too far ahead. At this stage, try to condense Saintwills of higher grades as much as possible. That is the right thing to do.”

After telling Zhang Ruochen all of this, Supreme Saint Qingsheng let out a long sigh.

The word ‘Canons’ gave him a headache.

The Saintwill he cultivated was only at Grade Four. Even if he was lucky enough to become a god, he wouldn’t be able to grasp any Canons.

There were too few deities who could do so.

Among the top 10 Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints who had attained Great Perfection, six of them had cultivated Grade Three Saintwills. Yet, they were considered the strongest in Infernal Court for a thousand years and had been the killing targets of Celestial Court’s Macroworld leaders.

it was considered good enough to have one of them survive and become a deity in the future.

In reality, most Supreme Saints who had condensed the third-grade Saintwills would age and die at Paramount Realm. Some of them would even die at the hands of Celestial Court cultivators.

The final step to ascend to godhood was just too hard.

Zhang Ruochen asked Supreme Saint Qingsheng for some tips on condensing Saintwills. Only then did the two walk out of the microworld of woodlands and return to the Vastsea Manor.

Vastsea Manor was completely destroyed. The soil under their feet became pitch-black. It had once turned into lava, but it was frozen again.

The cultivators of Bloodsky Clan had gathered in Bingsi District. Although there had been top supreme-level Inscriptions set up everywhere, many buildings were destroyed after they were damaged.

Sundial was protected by Moyin and Zhang Ruochen's five Saitn Aspects. It still hovered in the air above Vastsea Manor.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's eyes darkened. "D*mn it."

"Let me handle this."

Of course, Zhang Ruochen knew what had happened.

It would be strange if the four Supreme Saints from Heavenly Realm and its allies stayed in Vastsea Manor. Xue Tu alone would not be able to suppress them.

Zhang Ruochen moved and left the Vastsea Manor.

In Bingxi District, a large number of Supreme Saints from Bloodsky Clan had gathered. Shentu Yunkong, Zhou Zhen, Lian Xi, and Gaunt could not escape.

By the time Zhang Ruochen arrived, the four Supreme Saints had already been suppressed.

Shentu Yunkong's body had been cut in half by a sword.

He did not die.

His two halves were hung up separately. Below them were two large cauldrons that collected his dripping blood.

"Give me a quick death!" Shentu Yunkong shouted in humiliation.

A Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint held his hands in mid-air. He twisted Zhou Zhen's body into a mess with his Blood Qi. Zhou Zhen's skin and flesh split open, his bones cracked. Blood flowed out continuously and fell into the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint's mouth.

Zhou Zhen's cries rose and fell. It was a tragic sight.

Gaunt was also in a tragic state. He was suppressed by another Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. The Supreme Saint used chains to wrap around Gaunt's neck and dragged him on the ground like a dog on a leash.

The surrounding area was filled with mocking laughter.

Of course, Lian Xi attracted most attention.

Lian Xi's hands and waist were tied by three blood-red chains. She could not move her body. She felt as if she was about to be torn apart.

The three chains were formed from three powerful Blood Qi. The other end of the chains was held tightly in the hands of the three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.

It was inevitable. The nine beauties in the *Portrait of the Nine Beauties* were also very famous in Infernal Court. Many Infernal Court cultivators participated in the War of Merits with the goal of capturing one of the beauties.

Now that one of them, who was this stunning, had appeared in Infernal Court, she naturally became the main target of Bloodsky Clan Supreme Saints.

Being able to embrace a beauty was secondary.

The most important thing was their pride.

Taking in one of the beauties in *Portrait of the Nine Beauties* as a concubine or a slave would definitely make countless cultivators envious.

"Lord Canghu, Lord Bei, I'll give each of you a hundred divine stones for Fairy Shadowless," said Supreme Saint Xueqi.

Lord Canghu laughed, "What a generous offer. It's a pity that I don't lack divine stones. I only lack a woman to give birth to my children. I think the Fairy Shadowless is a suitable candidate."

"Fairy Shadowless has a special physique and is extremely talented. Her children won't be bad. So I want to keep her as my concubine," Supreme Saint Xueqi said.

Lord Bei said, “Canghu, Xueqi, I’ll give each of you 100 divine stones and 10 Saint Realm Beauties. Give Fairy Shadowless to me.”

“No, I want Fairy Shadowless. Whoever fights with me today will be my sworn enemy,” said Lord Canghu.

...

Xue Tu noticed Zhang Ruochen. He rolled his eyes and seized the opportunity to rush out. He acted angrily. “Why are the three of you fighting? The Fairy Shadowless has long been my senior brother’s woman. How dare you touch her? Are you looking for death?”

With Xue Tu’s current reputation, no cultivator dared to ignore him.

“She is Zhang Ruochen’s woman?” Supreme Saint Xueqi’s expression froze.

Xue Tu said, “She already is.”

In Xue Tu’s opinion, since Zhang Ruochen had captured and suppressed her in his Microworld, any normal man would have done what they needed to do.

Lian Xi was furious. She said in a low voice, “Xue Tu, if you talk nonsense again, I’ll drag you along when I die.”

“How is this nonsense? Do you dare to deny that nothing has happened between you and my senior brother?”

Xue Tu sneered and said, “Fairy, you’d better tell the truth. With my senior brother as your backer, your life in Infernal Court will be better. Otherwise, you will fall into the hands of these three. For now, they are still interested in you. But once they lose their interest after a few years, they might pass you around to other Supreme Saints like a gift. Or, they might hand you over to Realm of Star Ocean and auction you off as a slave..”

Chapter 2257: Friends and Foes

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

“Why are you still pretending to be pure and innocent? It turns out that you are not even a virgin.”

“Fairy Shadowless is one of the most beautiful female creatures in Celestial Court. Even if she lost her virginity to Supreme Saint Ruochen, she is still worth it.”

...

Hearing all kinds of scurrilous, sarcastic, and teasing remarks, Lian Xi felt so humiliated that her mind almost collapsed. She wanted nothing more than to self-detonate her Sainthood Source and perish together with this group of Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints.

However, Supreme Saint Xueqi, Lord Canghu, and Lord Bei were all in Hundred-Shackle Realm. While they used the Blood Qi to form chains to bind her, they also suppressed the circulation of the Saint Qi in her body and restrained her spiritual power.

Her desire to die was a wild wish.

She finally understood why they all said that if she fell into the hands of Infernal Court cultivators, she would suffer a fate worse than death. She looked at the Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints in front of her. All of them looked as if they wanted to devour her. Their eyes were blatantly filled with lust.

Although the words that Xue Tu said were unpleasant to hear, perhaps that was the dark and cruel reality that she was about to face.

If she really became a sex slave alternately used by different Infernal Court Supreme Saints. She wouldn't be able to die if she wanted to. She wouldn't be able to escape if she wanted to. She didn't dare to imagine how much of a commotion this news would trigger among Celestial Court cultivators if they knew about this.

If the cultivators of Soul Realm knew, how would they look at her?

‘Wh-Why...’

Lian Xi felt bitter. At the same time, she didn’t understand why so many Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints would gather in a city of Infernal Court?

‘How can the force of Infernal Court be so terrifying?’

‘If I say that I’m Zhang Ruochen’s woman, will they spare me?’

‘However, Zhang Ruochen has just entered Supreme Sainthood not long ago. Even if he is now one of Infernal Court cultivators, he’s only a Supreme Saint with the lowest rank. It is impossible that his words can sway the decision of these three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.’

After the fight, Lian Xi clearly realized that no matter how powerful she was when she was a Saint King, after becoming a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, it was impossible for her to defeat a Hundred-Shackle Realm opponent.

Hence, she perceived that even if she claimed she was Zhang Ruochen’s woman, that could not change the situation.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the periphery. His eyes were indifferent. He watched everything quietly and did not go forward to stop them.

He had long expected that Xue Tu alone could not suppress the four Celestial Court Supreme Saints. The reason why he left Xue Tu alone to guard them was actually intentional.

It was to let them escape from Vastsea Manor.

Zhou Zhen and Shentu Yunkong had secrets that Zhang Ruochen wanted to know. If Zhang Ruochen interrogated them, they would rather die than spill the beans.

Only by letting Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints teach them a lesson could they realize their current situation and the cruel reality.

Then, they would be more obedient.

There were very few Supreme Saints and deities who were not afraid of death.

The key was whether it was worth dying.

If there was still a chance to live, even if there was only a sliver of hope, who would be willing to die?

Besides, the scarier thing than death was being tortured and humiliated in some ways worse than death.

Xue Tu's eyes darkened. "Why are the three of you still imprisoning Fairy Shadowless? Do you really think that my senior brother is kind enough to let this slide? Do you still want to participate in Celestial-Hunting Festival after humiliating his woman?"

Defeating the Three Top Elites of Bloodskly Clan and suppressing the six Supreme Saints of the Mara family had caused Zhang Ruochen's reputation to rise.

In Bloodsky Clan, who would dare to challenge him?

Who wouldn't be afraid of him?

Lord Canghu did not sound tough as before. His tone softened. "These Celestial Court Supreme Saints barged into the Divine Domain of Destiny. They should belong to whoever captured them.

"Of course, if Fairy Shadowless is really the woman of Supreme Saint Ruochen, I will definitely give him face. However, as you can see, Fairy Shadowless has never said so."

Lord Bei said, "That's right! If she is really the woman of Supreme Saint Ruochen, we will definitely give him face. It is only right to let her go.

"However, we have been arguing here for so long. Regardless of whether it is Supreme Saint Ruochen or Fairy Shadowless, neither of them expresses their stance.

"So if we let her go just like that, it will put our reputation at risk."

Lord Canghu and Xueqi Supreme Saint both nodded their heads.

Lian Xi was quite surprised. She didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to have such influence over Infernal Court. Even the three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints had to give him face.

She could not bring herself to claim she was Zhang Ruochen's woman. Moreover, what if she said so but Zhang Ruochen denied it, wouldn't she become the laughing stock among Infernal Court cultivators?

Zhou Zhen couldn't bear the pain. "I'm... I'm Zhang Ruochen's friend. We have a deep friendship... You can't... You can't do this to me..." His voice was feeble, his tone sad.

The Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, who had twisted Zhou Zhen into the shape of Braided Ribbon Twist¹ to drink Zhou Zhen's blood was called Huo Duan. He was shocked upon hearing that.

'This fellow is actually Zhang Ruochen's friend!'

Zhang Ruochen wasn't someone ordinary cultivators could offend, so the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint withdrew some of his power and asked, "Are you really Supreme Saint Ruochen's friend?"

"Yes, I am," Zhou Zhen said.

Seeing Zhou Zhen yield, Zhang Ruochen smiled and walked out of the crowd.

As soon as the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints saw Zhang Ruochen appear, they were all moved. Their expressions became stiff. They were worried that Zhou Zhen and Lian Xi really had close ties with him.

Huo Duan withdrew all his Blood Qi and put Zhou Zhen back on the ground.

Zhou Zhen's cultivation was high after all. Hence, his tattered body recovered quickly with the help of the 60th level spiritual power. However, he had lost a lot of blood. His face was pale, his breath weak.

The moment Zhou Zhen saw Zhang Ruochen, his eyes were apprehensive. He didn't dare to look directly at Zhang Ruochen.

He had been tortured to the point of breaking down just now, so he had no choice but to shout Zhang Ruochen's name. But now, he was worried that Zhang Ruochen would expose his lies in public.

However, unexpectedly, Zhang Ruochen reached out his hands and help Zhou Zhen up. He said with concern, "Brother Zhou Zhen, are you okay? Are you hurt badly? This is an Earth-Grade healing pill. Take it first."

Zhou Zhen was confused. He didn't know what Zhang Ruochen was up to.

However, he had no other choice now. He took the Earth-Grade healing pill. After a slight hesitation, he swallowed it.

Huo Duan was extremely nervous. He quickly walked up and said carefully, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, I didn't know he was your friend. I just saw him disturbing the order of Bingsi District. That's why I..."

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand, "No need to say more. This time, it's not your fault. Remember, this spiritual power Supreme Saint is the current-gen leader of Formation Sect. His name is Zhou Zhen. He's my bro."

Exclaim came from surrounding cultivators.

"Formation Sect is the pilgrimage place for Celestial Court cultivators practicing arrays and formations. It has produced many powerful High-Saint Array Masters and Archsaint Array Masters. I didn't expect him to be the leader of this generation. No wonder he's so hard to capture."

"Zhou Zhen, I've heard of his name. He's a prodigy."

"How can he be mediocre since he is Supreme Saint Ruochen's bro?"

...

Hearing the discussions of the crowd, Zhou Zhen didn't smile at all. On the contrary, he was about to cry.

He already understood that this was Zhang Ruochen's evil plan.

He believed that this matter would soon be reported back to Celestial Court and Formation Sect.

At that time, no matter how he explained, it would be useless. There was no way things would go back.

Even if he went back, he would probably be locked up and never be able to make it out of the prison alive.

Gaunt, on the other hand, with his neck tied up and dragged along, roared in rage. “Zhou Zhen, you conspired with Zhang Ruochen since a long time ago. No wonder Zhang Ruochen let you go during the battle in Central Imperial City. It was you who leaked our plan to Zhang Ruochen!”

Shentu Yunkong, whose body had been cut in half, fell. “Traitor! Coward!”

Zhou Zhen’s face was bitter. He wanted to deny it, but seeing the ferocious looks of the Immortal Vampires around him, he could not do so.

Lian Xi was shocked. Zhang Ruochen seemed to have a high status in Infernal Court. Even a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint had to bow to him.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were fixed on her.

Lian Xi wanted to lie like Zhou Zhen, telling them she was Zhang Ruochen’s woman. so she could suffer less. However, the dignity and unyielding will within her were resisting her thought.

Some words could not be said, not even over her dead body.

Zhang Ruochen clearly saw this. He glanced at Supreme Saint Xueqi, Lord Bei, and Lord Canghu. A powerful Saint aura burst out from his body. He snorted coldly, “How dare you. Release Lian Xi immediately.”

Supreme Saint Xueqi, Lord Bei, and Lord Canghu all thought that Zhang Ruochen was really angry. They were terrified. They quickly withdrew the chains and retreated to the side.

As soon as the three chains disappeared, Lian Xi immediately mobilized the Saint Qi in her body, wanting to self-destruct.

However, the next moment, Zhang Ruochen held her delicate body tightly in his arms. He put one hand around her slim waist and caressed her face with the other.

His gentle appearance made all the cultivators present think that Fairy Shadowless was really Zhang Ruochen's lover.

However, Lian Xi was in great pain. The Saint Qi that was originally circulating was forcefully suppressed by Zhang Ruochen. At the same time, an even more powerful force surged out of Zhang Ruochen's body and completely sealed her Sea of Qi and Saint Heart.

Gaunt was extremely angry and howled, "I knew it! I knew it!" He said, "You B*tch, you surrendered to Zhang Ruochen's tyranny.

"Otherwise, how could it be that coincidental when we were in Central Imperial City?

"It was you... You and Zhou Zhen who betrayed us."

Lian Xi's beautiful face showed signs of struggle, but she couldn't say a word because of Zhang Ruochen's suppression.

Although she was unwilling to accept Zhang Ruochen's scheme, deep in her heart, she felt relieved.

The reason why she felt so conflicted was that it was better to fall into Zhang Ruochen's hands than those Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints.

Moreover, this was Infernal Court.

She probably couldn't find a safer place than Zhang Ruochen's embrace.

Of course, she was shocked as soon as that thought appeared in her mind. She quickly cleared it out.

She was a noble beauty depicted on Portrait of the Nine Beauties, a talented beauty, the future ruler of Soul Realm. How could she belittle herself like this?

"If you don't want to give up your life and want to survive, come with me. In Infernal Court, only I can save you and

allow you to preserve your most basic dignity. You're a smart woman. You should know what to choose."

Zhang Ruochen held Lian Xi's waist and stared at her.

Lian Xi's heart trembled slightly as she met Zhang Ruochen's eyes. She felt a majestic pressure in his eyes that made her unable to breathe.

In the end, she had to close her eyes and lean into Zhang Ruochen's arms.

Zhang Ruochen nodded in satisfaction and walked toward Vastsea Manor. Suddenly, he turned around and stared at Xue Tu, "Gaunt and Shentu Yunkong aren't my friends. Instead, we have a deep grudge against each other. Help me teach them a lesson. Bring them to me only when they are tamed. Remember, I want them alive."

Xue Tu was delighted. "Can I devour their Saint Blood?"

"You have full authority," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Don't worry, Senior Brother. I'll take care of them."

Xue Tu had felt sullen recently. He finally had a chance to vent his anger and display a Supreme Saint's dignity.

Returning to Vastsea Manor, Zhang Ruochen looked at the devastation in front of him. He narrowed his eyes and said, "Zhou Zhen, you're a brilliant High-Saint Array Master. It shouldn't be a problem for you to change and restore the environment, right?"

Zhou Zhen said nothing.

He suppressed his resentment, and his eyes were cold. He wanted to take this opportunity to launch a sneak attack on Zhang Ruochen.

However, he thought that the success rate of the sneak attack was too low. Moreover, even if the sneak attack succeeded and killed Zhang Ruochen, he would not be able to escape.

Even if he escaped, it was unlikely that he could return to Celestial Court.

'What should I do?'

Zhou Zhen hesitated for a long time and smiled. "It's a small matter. Leave it to me."

While Zhou Zhen was restoring the environment and buildings of Vastsea Manor, Zhang Ruochen let go of Lian Xi. With his hands behind his back, he stood tall and firm. He said, "Do you know why I saved you?"

Lian Xi stood in front of him, her eyes as cold as ice. She said, "I didn't ask you to save me."

"No, deep in your heart, you want me to save you," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Why don't you kill me and give me a quick death? I'll be grateful to you."

"Coward," Zhang Ruochen said.

"What did you say?"

"I said that you're too weak and your spiritual will is not firm. When you encounter adversity, you would only want to die. A cultivator like you, no matter how talented, is useless. Your future achievements are limited.

"Whether you live or die, you won't have any impact on the world."

Of course, Lian Xi was not satisfied with Zhang Ruochen's evaluation of her. When she was about to speak, Zhang Ruochen continued.

"Those who have the potential to attain godhood will never give up. Even if you are in Infernal Court and suffer all kinds of torture and humiliation, your heart should never waver. Instead, you should just take this as a test to make you stronger.

"Can you do it? No, you can't take it. In other words, you are a coward. You have no courage to face such adversity."

Lian Xi was even more dissatisfied. She wanted to refute, but could not open her mouth.

Zhang Ruochen continued, "Let's go back to the first question. Do you know why I saved you?"

“Why?”

“Because you’re my captive. Everything about you belongs to me. Even you should live or die, I should be the one who decides.” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were cold, filled with authority.

Lian Xi was so angry that her delicate body was trembling. But this time, she did not mention that she would rather die.

Perhaps Zhang Ruochen was right. Her state of mind was not strong enough. She should have seen today’s incident as a test, a test that would train her state of mind. As long as she could withstand it, she would have a more promising future.

By then, it would not be too late to seek revenge on Zhang Ruochen.

When the time came, she could even make the entire Infernal Court suffer.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Lian Xi with a satisfied expression. As long as she did not seek death, it would be his first step to success. Next, he would slowly conquer her and control her.

Lian Xi’s ability was not weak, so she was still of some use for the time being.

“Two out of these four Supreme Saints of Heavenly Realm and its allies no longer share the same stand. Their resolution is no longer as firm as before. In other words, it’s the time for interrogation.” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were deep, his expression darkened.

Chapter 2258: Huang Tian

The surrounding of Vastsea Manor had been completely restored and had become more beautiful than before. There were many pavilions scattered everywhere, lakes were surrounding them, bridges with white mist and the array formation intertwined. It was like sacred ground for the fairies.

It was a piece of cake for a High-Saint Array Master to change the landscape, environment, and rivers of a planet. Let alone a manor.

Zhou Zhen did not feel any sense of accomplishment. Instead, he felt very sullen.

How could the Formation Sect's leader of this generation, a talented High-Saint Array Master, be reduced to Zhang Ruochen's gardener?

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen stood at the edge of the opened bronze coffin within the coverage of the Sundial. He used his spiritual power to carefully observe the half of the divine corpse in the coffin.

The space inside the coffin was huge.

The half of the divine corpse was more than 2,000 miles long. It looked like a scorpion's tail and was covered with huge cyan spikes. Although the divine soul had been taken away, there were still remnants of the divine soul. It condensed into soul fog floating around the divine corpse.

Zhou Zhen, Liao Xi, Moyin, Xue Chen, and Xue Ningxiao stood at the side, and they all focused on the divine corpse.

Xue Chen said, "The lingering divine soul fog is the main ingredient for refining the Divine Soul Elixir. It's extremely precious."

The Divine Soul Elixir was a king-grade elixir that could increase the strength of spiritual power.

From this, one could imagine the value of the divine soul fog.

Above that, there was the Divine Soul Elixir.

However, for the Divine Soul Elixir to reach emperor-grade, it had to be refined using the divine soul itself.

Moyin's graceful body walked to Zhang Ruochen's side and said, "Master, if you give this half of divine corpse to me, I'm confident that I'll reach the Banshi Isshou Realm within a hundred years. I might even reach the Paramount Realm."

She extended her finger. Roots as thin as hair flew out from her fingertip and extended into the coffin.

"Don't blame me for not reminding you," Zhang Ruochen said, "This half of the divine corpse is poisonous. You might not be able to withstand it."

Moyin's expression changed slightly and she quickly retracted her silver roots.

The Saint Devourer was not afraid of any poison. However, no living creature would dare to try the poison in a god. Even a god would have to be careful.

Zhou Zhen, Lian Xi, Xue Chen, and Xue Ningxiao could not help but take a few steps back after hearing what Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen summoned a God-eater Bug the size of a fingernail and threw it into the coffin.

The God-eater Bug was a creature born from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. It could devour everything in the world. In terms of its resistance to poison, it was even stronger than the Saint Devourer.

However, the God-eater Bug stopped moving after it flew to the divine corpse and it took only a dozen bites. The blue flames on its body extinguished along with its lifeforce.

"What a terrifying poison."

The cultivators' expressions became even more solemn.

Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply. He thought and walked toward the wind pavilion. The divine corpse was left there and he did not care about it anymore.

Xue Ningxiao said, "Cousin, you don't have to be disappointed. Although the divine corpse contains poison, its value has been greatly reduced. However, the poison produced by god has great lethality. If properly refined, it can be used to poison a Supreme Saint. Many cultivators would rush to buy such a poison."

"It's not that simple," said Zhang Ruochen.

He shook his head and continued, "Just because you can poison a Supreme Saint doesn't mean the Supreme Saint is poisoned."

"Huh?"

Xue Ningxiao was stunned. She couldn't understand what Zhang Ruochen had said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Poisoning is the simplest way to kill someone. However, killing a Supreme Saint is as difficult as ascending to heaven."

"A Supreme Saint won't stand still and let you poison him. If he senses something, he'll fly dozens of miles away. Unless the poison you refine can cover hundreds of miles in an instant."

"However, a Supreme Saint must have some means of defense. It will not be difficult for him to withstand the poison for a short while. By then, he will have escaped the range of the poison."

"If you want to poison a Supreme Saint, you have to make him swallow the poison or allow the poison to seep into his body directly. If you can do that, why do you need to use poison? Wouldn't it be better to kill him with a sword?"

These poisons were of great value and had many uses. However, their value was far less than the price of 180,000 Godstones.

Zhang Ruochen was not willing to give up. He walked to the bronze coffin again and summoned more than 100 God-eater Bugs. He put them in at the same time.

Whish

The God-eater Bugs flew to the divine corpse and began to devour it.

Half of the God-eater Bugs died in a breath's time.

After 10 breaths, there were only 25 God-eater Bugs left.

After an hour, there were only nine God-eater Bugs left.

The nine that were still alive suddenly became motionless and stiff. However, the blue flames on their bodies did not go out. Although their life force was weak, they did not disappear.

It was as if... They had fallen into a deep sleep.

A smile appeared on Zhang Ruochen's face, and he said to himself, "This is great! The devouring ability of the God-eater Bugs was indeed very strong. The nine that survived must be consuming the toxins in their bodies and the flesh of the divine corpse. When they wake up, will there be a surprise?"

Zhang Ruochen's greatest desire was to turn the God-eater Bugs into poisonous bugs that could devour everything. Their lethality would become even greater.

Although the flames on the God-eater Bug were powerful, the threat it could pose to a Supreme Saint with a Neverwithers physique would be greatly reduced. However, a Supreme Saint of Thousand-Koan Realm, Banshi Isshou Realm, or even Paramount Realm would suffer if hit by a divine-grade poison.

Only by using the poisoned God-eater Bug could it pose a threat to a Supreme Saint.

When the God-eater Bug woke up and if it worked, then we could expand the scale of cultivating poisonous bugs.

Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao entered the area covered by the Sundial to cultivate. Zhang Ruochen took out an exquisite palace the size of a palm and waved his hand.

The palace grew bigger and bigger until it was more than 2,100 meters tall. Then it stopped.

It was the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

When Wargod Bloodximus was in the Supreme Saint Realm, he used a lot of treasures to refine the palace. He was just one

step away from transforming it into a fane. The doors, walls, pillars, and beams of the palace were all meticulously carved. The lines were filled with beauty.

Every brick and tile consisted of divinity.

There were both breathtakingly detailed patterns and majestic auras. Even the will of the Wargod Bloodximius seemed to be integrated into it. Which makes Zhou Zhen, Lian Xi, and Moyin feel suffocated.

“Every inch of the floor is engraved with Supreme Saint inscriptions. Every pillar is made of divine material. Every picture and text seems to contain some kind of profound path. “Is this... Is this a fane of a god?” Zhou Zhen said in a trembling voice.

It was not that he had not seen the world, but such a fane was comparable to the places where some gods lived. How could it be in Zhang Ruochen’s hands?

“Come with me.”

Zhang Ruochen took the lead to step on the stairs and walk toward the palace gate of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Zhou Zhen did not know what Zhang Ruochen wanted to do, but he did not dare to go against his will. He had no choice but to follow him.

Previously, Supreme Saint Qingsheng had told him that the Sevenstar Imperial Palace had the records of Wargod Bloodximius’s cultivation experience, which might help him comprehend a higher level of saintwill.

When they came to the entrance of the palace, they saw a creature that looked like a lion and a dog lying on the ground. Its body was more than six meters long, and it had long blood-red hair.

It opened its sleepy eyes and saw Zhang Ruochen. Then, it transmitted a telepathic consciousness towards him. It said, “I know you. Zhang Ruochen, the grandson of the Wargod Bloodximius. I am Huang Tian, the spiritual guardian of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. When you defeat me, then you shall be my master.”

‘Why do all the cats and dogs address themselves as “me”? They can be a couple with Blackie. No, wait. What’s his name? Huang Tian?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen was stunned for a moment. He carefully looked at the big dog lying on the ground. He thought to himself that only Wargod Bloodximius would dare to name his pet, Huang Tian.

“May I ask what realm your cultivation has reached?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Huang Tian said, “My cultivation is equivalent to that of a Supreme Saint in the Thousand-Koan Realm. You are just a Supreme Saint in the Neverwilt Realm and you are still far from it.”

The so-called spiritual guardian of the palace was the vessel spirit of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The Blood Dropper had already become a Supreme Artifact, yet the vessel spirit had not reached the Supreme Saint realm. The vessel spirit of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace had reached the Thousand-Koan Realm. This showed the defensive power of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. If it was fully activated, it might be able to withstand the attack of the Supreme Saint of the Banshi Isshou Realm realm, as Supreme Saint Qingsheng had said.

Of course, it was not a big deal that the dog Huang Tian had cultivated for more than 100,000 years to reach the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Zhou Zhen, who was following behind Zhang Ruochen, felt a chill run down his spine.

‘It turned out that Zhang Ruochen was the grandson of the Wargod Bloodximius. No wonder he could make a name for himself in the Infernal Court,’ Zhou Zhen thought.

Wargod Bloodximius’s name also had a great deterrent effect in all realms of Celestial Court.

Zhou Zhen looked at the spiritual guardian lying on the ground. He was terrified. He quickly cupped his hands and bowed deeply. He thought to himself, ‘Zhang Ruochen has

many powerful people around him. In Infernal Court, he has a high status. It seems that there's no hope for me to escape.'

Zhang Ruochen did not challenge the spiritual guardian immediately. Instead, he stepped into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The interior of the palace was very big. It was divided into seven isolated halls. A hall that specialized in collecting all kinds of books, a hall that specialized in refining weapons, a hall that was used for cultivating saint techniques...

What surprised Zhang Ruochen was that there was a harem. It used to be a place where women lived and cultivated. The decorations and layout were out of place. It was full of colorful flowers and strange plants. There was also a saint spring that formed a lake.

Zhou Zhen thought to himself, 'This harem is huge! I didn't expect that even the world-famous Wargod Bloodximius couldn't resist the beauties.'

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised. Wargod Bloodximius's identity was special. Even if Wargod Bloodximius did not want to marry, there must be countless forces that wanted to present their favored daughter under their banner to him.

He did not want descendants, but the Xue Jue Family needs.

With Wargod Bloodximius's cultivation and identity, there were times when he could not live his own life.

Of course, after cultivating for more than 100,000 years and having fewer than twenty children, he could already be considered a god of abstinence.

After that, they came to the Hall of Cosmic Words, which collected all kinds of ancient books and scrolls. After using his spiritual power to investigate, he walked to the place where the Wargod Bloodximius had cultivated his experience. He took out a book called *The Secrets of Palm Saintwill*.

When Zhang Ruochen was about to flip through it, He looked at Zhou Zhen standing next to him. His eyes became serious and he said, "You and Shentu Yunkong were the ones who

committed the massacre in Syzygy Mansion, right? How many of the great Confucianists in Kunlun have you killed?”

Although Zhou Zhen had guessed that Zhang Ruochen would ask about this, his expression changed drastically. He shook his head hard and said with his trembling lips, “I... I was only in charge of setting up the array... No, I did not participate in the massacre...”

Zhang Ruochen said, “It was you and Shentu Yunkong who sent the spatial coordinates of the Rainbow Pavilion to Infernal Court, right? Who gave you the order?”

If there was no mole, Infernal Court would not have been able to set up the Voidbridge of Chaos directly to Rainbow Pavilion.

Zhang Ruochen had suppressed Zhou Zhen and Shentu Yunkong outside the Rainbow Pavilion. He had also found the seriously injured Sui Han and Wang Shiqi from the Exquisite Dimensional Orb on them.

Therefore, Zhou Zhen could not deny it.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Don’t be in a hurry to answer. Think carefully before you say anything. I’ll give you enough time to think. After I finish reading this book, I hope to get a satisfactory answer..”

Chapter 2259: A Fourth-grade Saintwill

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Wargod Bloodximus wrote The Secrets of Palm Saintwill personally. The words were heavy, and each word was like a palm, slapping towards Zhang Ruochen.

If Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had not reached the Supreme Saint Realm, he would probably vomit blood and be seriously injured before he could even read a few words.

Zhang Ruochen held the scroll with one hand, his body was solid as a rock and the powerful Yang Qi in him circulated rapidly. No matter how powerful the words were, they could not hurt him at all.

“When Wargod Bloodximus wrote The Secrets of Palm Saintwill, his cultivation should not have reached divinity. Although the words were like the palm, they did not contain the divine force.”

Wargod Bloodximus was known as a genius that only appeared once in a Yuanhui period. Naturally, he had a unique understanding of the saintwill. The contents of The Secrets of Palm Saintwill were complicated and obscure. Zhang Ruochen read very slowly and would occasionally stop to think for a long time. He was completely absorbed.

Zhou Zhen stood on the side. His eyes were flickering, and he was struggling internally.

‘Zhang Ruochen is using all of his mind to comprehend and study. If I sneak attack at such a close distance, the chances of success are very high. As long as I suppress him and control his Saint Soul and spirit, I can order him to take me out of Infernal Court.’ he thought.

Zhou Zhen was eager to attack.

Suddenly, he thought of something. His heart trembled slightly. He thought to himself, ‘Zhang Ruochen isn't testing me on purpose, is he?’

The more Zhou Zhen thought about it, the more he felt that the possibility was very high.

Why did Zhang Ruochen want to comprehend The Secrets of Palm Saintwill in front of him? Did he not expect that Zhou Zhen would launch a sneak attack?

Zhou Zhen cursed in his heart. He felt that Zhang Ruochen was too sinister. Fortunately, he was smart. Otherwise, the consequences of a failed sneak attack would be terrible.

‘What should I do now? I can’t win or escape. Can I rely on Zhang Ruochen and tell him everything?’ Zhou Zhen thought.

Although he had become a Spirit Supreme Saint, he could protect his memories. Moreover, he was confident that Zhang Ruochen’s current spiritual power wouldn’t be able to take his memories.

However, Zhang Ruochen was the grandson of Wargod Bloodximius, and this place was Infernal Court.

As long as Zhang Ruochen was willing, it would not be difficult for him to sway a top-notch Spirit Supreme Saint. By then, would Zhou Zhen still be able to keep the secret in his mind?

Martial Uncle, I can’t help myself in this situation. I can’t be blamed for all this,’ Zhou Zhen sighed in his heart.

It took Zhang Ruochen half a month to comprehend The Secrets of Palm Saintwill. He had gained a lot from it. He also had a deeper understanding of the Palm techniques and the saintwill.

Zhang Ruochen regretted it. He should have asked Supreme Saint Qingsheng for advice earlier. If he had made enough preparations and condensed the Fist Saintwill again, he might be able to surpass the fifth grade.

Cultivating the fifth-grade Saintwill from a single Path was an outstanding achievement for any Supreme Saint.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not seek to be outstanding. Instead, he wanted to be supreme or unparalleled.

To cultivate a Saintwill, it is not simply to combine the Precepts but to deeply understand the Path. If I can comprehend deeper the Canon of one Path, then the stronger the saintwill will be condensed.'

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a smile. There was only one Canon of Palm in total. How many gods could grasp the Canon of Palm?

It was not easy to obtain the opportunity to comprehend the power of the Canon of Palm.

Zhang Ruochen was about to close the book when he found that there was still one last page. However, this page seemed to be glued to the book cover, which he had neglected before.

Zhang Ruochen turned it over and found that this page weighed thousands of pounds.

When he opened it, there was a faint palm print on the paper.

However, when Zhang Ruochen looked carefully, his spirit and consciousness were sucked in in an instant.

The palm print became infinitely huge as if it had turned into a universe. Every fingerprint was like a milky way.

"This is... This is a mark of the Canon of Palm. That's Great!" Zhang Ruochen said.

He did not need to guess to know that it must have been left for him by Wargod Bloodximius.

Since Wargod Bloodximius had cultivated the Palm Saintwill when he was a Supreme Saint, he must have grasped part of the Canon of Palm after he became a god.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged in the center of the world of the palm and entered the state of comprehending Path with his whole body and mind.

At that moment, Wargod Bloodximius, who was sitting with Lord Ming and Blood Empress, sensed something. He said, "He is going to cultivate the Palm Saintwill as the second saintwill."

Blood Empress said, "Chen 'er had mainly cultivated the Swordsmanship, Path of time, and Path of Dimension. He is the first to cultivate the Fist Saintwill and the Palm Saintwill. He is probably just exercising."

"The later it gets, the more difficult it gets. If it were me, I would first condense Time Saintwill and Dimension Saintwill before condensing the Swordsmanship Saintwill. As for the other saintwills, we can condense as many as we can later. It is not that important anyway," Lord Ming said.

"You're a pure sword cultivator. There's nothing wrong with taking such a path," Wargod Bloodximius said, "But Zhang Ruochen will be fusing those saintwills, so every saintwill he cultivates is very important. In the end, we'll decide whether he can fuse a second-grade saintwill or not."

Blood emperor said, "The first Fist Saintwill that Chen 'er condensed was already fifth-grade. Which is already at the top level."

Wargod Bloodximius shook his head and said, "In the Saint King Realm, he has cultivated the Fist Saintwill to the completion. Condensing a fifth-grade saintwill is only a passing grade."

Blood Empress knew that Wargod Bloodixmius had high expectations of Zhang Ruochen. That was why he graded Zhang Ruochen's performance with passing.

"Fist is not one of the three main paths that Chen 'er cultivates," the Blood Empress said.

For most Supreme Saints, they could only cultivate one type of saintwill. However, they had never considered whether Zhang Ruochen could condense a second, third, or even more.

They felt that it was natural for Zhang Ruochen to condense many types of saintwill.

The key was how many types he could condense?

Lord Ming said, "If Zhang Ruochen can reach the fourth grade for all three of his main Paths. The others are not his main Paths and all of them can reach fifth grade. Then it won't be

too difficult for him to condense a second-grade saintwill in the future.”

Wargod Bloodximius nodded slightly and said, “Let’s see if he can give us a surprise.”

Fusing a second-grade saintwill was the three gods’ biggest hope for Zhang Ruochen.

To be exact, many important figures in Infernal Court were paying attention to Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen. They wanted to know who could condense a second-grade saintwill?

Whoever succeeds, would be the representative of this Yuanhui period and be recorded in history.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “The crazy old man from the Yanluo clan sent me a message yesterday. Yan Wushen has condensed three types of saintwills, two fifth-grade, and one fourth-grade.”

Blood Empress said, “Yan Wushen can enter the Fane of Yama to cultivate freely. His spiritual power is strong and will be of great help in condensing the saintwill. It’s only natural for him to be one step ahead. My son has the help of the sundial. It’s only a matter of time before he catches up to him. There’s even a great chance to surpass him.”

Lord Ming said, “I’m looking forward to it. What grade of Palm Saintwill can Zhang Ruochen condense? Is it possible for him to surprise us and condense a fourth-grade saintwill?”

“The probability is very low... hmm...”

Wargod Bloodximius’s expression changed slightly.

“What’s wrong?” Blood Empress asked.

Wargod Bloodximius had a rare smile on his face and said, “Interesting! How interesting! The Canon of Palm’s Mark that I left for Zhang Ruochen was vast and profound. It contained infinite subtlety. Qingsheng had tried to comprehend it before. But even after a hundred years, he could only analyze fifty percent of it. Zhang Ruochen on the other hand...”

“He has just begun to analyze it. Has he already learned it?” Lord Ming asked.

Wargod Bloodximius nodded and said, “Let’s wait. I want to know how fast he can analyze it.”

Two hours later.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “He has analyzed ten percent of it.”

Four hours later.

“He has analyzed twenty percent.”

...

Twelve hours later.

“Fifty percent analyzed.”

Lord Ming and Blood Empress looked at each other. Even with their state of mind, their faces showed strange changes.

Twelve hours was comparable to Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s hundred years of cultivation?

Supreme Saint Qingsheng could reach Paramount Realm and he was not an ordinary person. How could the gap be so huge?

Even if Zhang Ruochen had the help of the Sundial, twelve hours of cultivation equal to half a year had passed.

Lord Ming smiled and said, “Fortunately, Third Brother is not here. Otherwise, It would have hurt his reputation severely. If I were him, I would never be able to hold my head up in front of Zhang Ruochen.”

Twenty hours later.

“Ninety percent of the analysis is done.”

Wargod Bloodximius said, “Almost there. He’s about to finish. For a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint to analyze ninety percent of the Canon’s mark is more than enough. It’s just a waste of time to continue the analysis.”

Just as Wargod Bloodximius was about to take back the Canon of Palm’s mark, he was surprised to find that Zhang Ruochen’s progress had reached ninety-one percent.

“How did he manage to continue?” said Wargod Bloodximius

That time, even Wargod Bloodximius could not remain calm.

The speed of analysis proved that his comprehension was high and was still within the scope of understanding.

However, there was a barrier to the level of analysis. How could he exceed ninety percent?

Wargod Bloodximus was still shocked, but Zhang Ruochen spent another four hours analyzing the Canon of Palm's mark to hundred percent.

Blood Empress smiled happily after hearing the news and said, "After Third Brother analyzed fifty percent of it, he was able to condense the fifth-grade Palm Saintwill. When Chen 'er was in the Saint King Realm, his Precepts of Palm reached completion. Now, he has analyzed the Canon of Palm's mark to hundred percent. It seems that there is a high chance that he will be able to condense the fourth-grade Palm Saintwill."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's Palm Saintwill was only in the fifth grade. He had only managed to cultivate a fourth-grade saintwill after fusing it with another type of saintwill that he had condensed.

"Palm is not his main cultivation path. Whether he can condense a fourth-grade saintwill is still unknown," Lord Ming said.

A fourth-grade saintwill was the limit of a single Path that could be condensed.

It was more than ten times harder than the fifth-grade Saintwill.

...

Zhou Zhen had been staying in the Hall of Cosmic Words. He was on the verge of collapse.

It was just a book. Zhang Ruochen had been reading it for a whole year. In the end, Zhou Zhen knew that Zhang Ruochen must have entered a state of mind whole bodily. He did not know why, but he still did not dare to make a move.

He was always afraid of this and that.

Swoosh

The Canon of Palm's mark flew out of the book and disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen was completely awake. He thought about it carefully for a long time. Then, he closed the book again and put it back on the bookshelf.

Zhou Zhen immediately put away his impatience and went up to him. He said with a smile, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, have you finally finished reading it? I have thought it through. I can tell you everything."

That one whole year had worn down Zhou Zhen's heart.

After countless hesitations and negations, now, even if Zhang Ruochen was seriously injured and dying, he would not dare to attack Zhang Ruochen even if he lay in front of him.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Zhou Zhen and smiled meaningfully. He nodded slightly and said, "Go ahead."

After a year of probing, he still did not dare to attack.

Zhou Zhen's remaining threat was gone.

Although Zhang Ruochen was fully focused on comprehending and analyzing the Canon of Palm's mark, he had secretly informed the Sevenstar Imperial Palace's vessel spirit, Huang Tian, when he came in. If Zhou Zhen attacked, he would be suppressed before he could even attack Zhang Ruochen.

After listening to Zhou Zhen's story, Zhang Ruochen recalled a name. That name was High-Saint Kai Luo.

High-Saint Kai Luo was Zhou Zhen's Martial Uncle and also one of the top High-Saint Array Masters in the Formation Sect. He was one of the cultivators closest to the Archsaint Array Master in all the worlds of the Celestial Court.

It was High-Saint Kai Luo who had allowed Zhou Zhen to participate in the plan.

It was indeed Zhou Zhen and Shentu Yunkong who had told Infernal Court the spatial coordinates of the Rainbow Pavilion. Moreover, they had personally handed over the Nine-heavens Maiden's Saint blood to Yan Wushen.

Of course, Yan Wushen did not know their identities.

‘Zhou Zhen doesn’t know much. Who is the magnate that the Heavenly Realm has come into contact with Infernal Court? That High-Saint Kai Luo should know more.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to clean up those behind-the-scenes people of the Celestial Court, but it was too late. Even if he went back, he would not be a match for High-Saint Kai Luo with his current cultivation.

‘Condense The Secrets of Palm Saintwill first.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

With the help of the Canon of Truth and the Heart of Truth, Zhang Ruochen’s speed of analyzing the Canon of Palm’s mark was far faster than other cultivators.

Now, he had full confidence in condensing the Palm Saintwill.

Zhang Ruochen did not leave the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Instead, he used his spiritual power to take back the five Saint Aspects who were sitting cross-legged under the Sundial and comprehending the Precepts. He merged them with his original body.

Then, he took out the Violet Gourd and flew in.

He then took out the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection and sat cross-legged in the center of it. He quickly adjusted himself to his best condition.

With the help of the Violet Gourd and the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection, Zhang Ruochen condensed the Palm Saintwill. Everything went smoothly and it only took him six days to succeed.

Blood Sun Saintwill—the fourth-grade saintwill.

His ten wings were spread out fully. His skin turned blood-red. Streams of flames flowed around his body, giving off a temperature as hot as the sun.

“It turns out that condensing the fourth-grade saintwill isn’t too difficult... Oh no, what’s going on...”

Zhang Ruochen had just opened his eyes. Before he could feel happy, something unexpected happened.

A million times more Yang Qi suddenly burst out uncontrollably.. Like a million lava rivers surged from his body, gathered together, along the spine, and rushed to his brain.

Chapter 2260: The Growing Inner Demon

Zhang Ruochen mobilized all the Saint Qi in his body to protect his Lingtai meridian on his brain in case his spiritual will was destroyed by the Yang Qi.

Crackle

His body began to burn with raging flames. His skin was like a soldering iron, and his hair was like golden threads.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen's Neverwilt Physique and demigod body were strong enough. If it had been any other Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, he would have been burned to ashes by the impact of millions of times more Yang Qi.

'All along, I have used the water force contained in the fist technique to counter the fire force of the palm technique. But this time, the level of the saintwill that I condensed is different, breaking the balance between the two.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

He moved in a flash across space and landed on the Cosmic Glacier Stone in the gourd. He sat cross-legged.

He spread his hands and slowly raised them. He immediately activated the power of the Cosmic Glacier Stone and entered the sea of Qi between his eyebrows. Then, he followed his meridians and saintly meridians and surged to all parts of his body to suppress the Yang Qi.

TRUMPET!

ROAR!

There was a dragon's roar and an elephant's trumpet sounded from his left and right arms.

Three dragon and elephant souls in the Hundred-Shackle Realm rushed out of his arms and appeared on his left and right sides. The six souls also burst out with fierce Yang power. Like a wild horse, they rushed from his arms and neck to Zhang Ruochen's head.

At the same time, his blood started to burn and emitted a deafening phoenix cry.

His demigod body was formed from the divine blood of a Blood Phoenix in divinity. Its divine blood had already completely fused with his blood.

But then, there was a change.

Before, Zhang Ruochen had been at his peak all the time. Even if there were unforeseen dangers, he could suppress them with his powerful cultivation. But now, all the unforeseen dangers burst out in an instant.

After a deafening cry of a phoenix sounded, a huge phantom of a Blood Phoenix appeared above Zhang Ruochen's head. It spread its boundless wings.

Compared to it, the three dragons and three elephants were like three earthworms and three ants.

"It's the Blood Phoenix's remnant soul."

Even if a god has fallen, there would still be a remnant soul wandering between heaven and earth. It could not be completely destroyed.

The Blood Phoenix released a powerful divine soul power that attacked Zhang Ruochen's spiritual will. It wanted to crush him and take over his body.

If it was a real divine soul, Zhang Ruochen would not be able to resist it.

However, it was only a remnant soul. It could not take over Zhang Ruochen's body. Of course, the burst of the remnant soul at this time had a great impact on Zhang Ruochen. It made it even more difficult for him to suppress Yang Qi.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was going all out to suppress the Yang Qi, the three dragons, three elephants, and the Blood Phoenix's remnant soul, the fourth power burst out.

The fourth power came from his left leg.

Zhang Ruochen's left leg fused with Yanshen's divine leg. At that moment, dense lines of fire appeared on his leg. It

released the divine power of flames that could destroy heaven and earth. It surged from his leg to his abdomen and fused with the million times Yang Qi.

Zhang Ruochen was able to defeat a Supreme Saint at the peak of the Hundred-Shackle Realm with the cultivation of the mid-stage of the Neverwilt Realm because his body contained all kinds of incredible power.

Although these powers made him stronger than other cultivators of the same realm, they also had huge hidden dangers.

The four hidden dangers erupted at the same time, causing Zhang Ruochen's body to be on the verge of breaking apart. His long hair flew in the air. His ten golden wings transformed the Saint Qi in him into a blood-red aura. His mental state was greatly affected and chaotic. Bloodlust, greed, lust, hunger, cruelty, and all sorts of negative emotions appeared in his mind.

Each person had a demon living in their body.

As one's cultivation became stronger, the demon would become more and more powerful. The demon would jump out from time to time and affect one's mind and judgment.

At that moment, the Divine Sky-connecting Tree's voice rang out, "Your crisis stems from the inability to suppress the Yang Qi in you. Other hidden dangers will take the opportunity to erupt. You can try to fuse both the Fist and Palm saintwills, or you can temporarily suppress the Yang Qi."

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and asked with bloodshot eyes, "How Do You fuse them?"

"Follow the way I taught you, step by step."

Then, the Divine Sky-connecting Tree's voice entered Zhang Ruochen's mind, guiding him to fuse the two saintwills in the best way.

Although the Divine Sky-connecting Tree was weak, it was a wise man.

It used to be one of the oldest living beings in the universe. It was knowledgeable, and its understanding of heaven and earth, cultivation, and everything else could not be compared with Zhang Ruochen's.

In Kunlun, countless gods had listened to its sermons and cultivated divinity.

It was not an exaggeration to call it a Godmaker.

Under the guidance of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Blood Sun Saintwill and the Nine-tremors Saintwill at the same time to let the two merge.

The Blood Sun Saintwill was like a hot star, burning at any time and releasing a shocking destructive force. The Nine-tremors Saintwill was like a wave, layered on top of each other.

When the two saintwills came into contact, they shook violently and resisted each other.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen's body was already being torn apart by Yanshen's leg, Blood Phoenix's remnant soul, and the three dragons and three elephants. With the clash of the two saintwills, even the demigod body became painful and cracked, it was as if it was going to fall apart.

"Fusing the two saintwills is extremely difficult. Not even one out of hundred Supreme Saints succeed. You have to combine your own power with the internal and external power to assist at the same time."

"Internal powers can be provided by the Qiankun Realm."

"External powers can use the Violet Gourd."

According to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Zhang Ruochen's ten Golden Wings released ten streaks of blood-red aura to activate the Violet Gourd. Inside the gourd, the Golden Sun of Destruction and the Cosmic Glacier Stone spun quickly and pulled him to the center of the vortex.

At the same time, the Qiankun Realm suppressed both the above Blood Sun and Nine-tremors Saintwills. That way, even

if the two Saintwills strongly rejected each other, the collision force would not affect Zhang Ruochen's body.

Merging the saintwills was an extremely slow process., which took a whole month.

After merging the two saintwills, it was not stable. It would still take a long time to get used to each other.

'The Blood Sun and the Nine-tremors have merged and created the tenth tremor. The saintwill should have reached the third grade. Let's call it the Blood Sun Ten-tremors Saintwill,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Each Supreme Saint's saintwill was unique. They could name it themselves.

As both Palm Saintwill and Fist Saintwill combined, the million times more Yang Qi in Zhang Ruochen's body became slightly eased. It was no longer as violent as before.

Although Zhang Ruochen's spiritual will was still affected by the negative emotions, he could still maintain his rationality. Thus, he forcefully suppressed the Yang Qi, the remnant soul of the Blood Phoenix, the three dragons and three elephants, and the divine power of the flame.

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree's voice rang out again, "The Yang Qi in your body is still unbalanced. I suggest that the third type of saintwill you cultivate next is the Water Saintwill of the five elements. Only by fusing the Water Saintwill into the Blood Sun Ten-tremors Saintwill will you be able to achieve balance. Of course, you have to be fully prepared. There is a high possibility that there will be a new crisis."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "I understand. Thank you for your guidance."

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree said cautiously, "Zhang Ruochen, you are extremely talented. You also have the demigod body and the Five-element Chaotic Neverwither Physique. Whether it's a million times more Yang Qi, the remnant soul of the Blood Phoenix, the three dragons and three elephants, or the divine flame of the Yanshen's leg, none of them will be able to affect you."

“The main issue is still your own inner demon. It’s getting stronger and stronger.”

“At this stage, its impact isn’t too great. You can suppress it with your spiritual will. But when you reach the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm, it will definitely be a huge obstacle and a fatal threat to you.”

Hall of Cosmic Words.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen flew out of the Violet Gourd. The ten wings on his back were still open. A chaotic, overbearing, and fierce blood-red aura was released from his body.

Zhou Zhen, who was standing guard at the side, was pushed back four steps by the aura released from his body.

“You... What’s wrong with you?”

Zhou Zhen looked at Zhang Ruochen and felt strange.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen’s face was ferocious. His eyes were full of wild and fierce light. Just a glance at Zhou Zhen made him feel terrified.

Zhang Ruochen walked out while ignoring Zhou Zhen.

Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual Qi was changing with each step.

The moment he walked out of the palace gate, he completely recovered and forcefully suppressed all negative emotions. At least, on the surface, there was no difference from before.

Moyin went up to him and said, “Master, during the time you were in seclusion and cultivating, several cultivators came to visit you. Do you want to see them?”

“Who are they?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Princess Luo Sha of Devala...”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Sundial and saw a graceful figure sitting cross-legged on the ground. He said, “Needless to say, I’ve already seen her.”

Moyin said, “I’m sorry, Master. I wanted to stop her, but she claimed that she had already made an agreement with you and

insisted on cultivating in the area covered by the Sundial. She was traveling with a fierce Supreme Saint's corpse. I couldn't stop her."

"We did have an agreement. Let her cultivate here! But she has to pay for the Godstones to operate the Sundial," Zhang Ruochen said.

Moyin laughed. "Indeed, the Godstones were provided by the Princess."

"How many times? What do you mean?"

"The Godstones on the Sundial has been changed four times."

Zhang Ruochen frowned and asked, "How long have I been cultivating in seclusion in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace?"

"More than a day!" Moyin said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Two Godstones on the Sundial at the same time can run for two days. Why did the Godstone change four times in just a day?"

Moyin said, "I'm not sure either. I don't know the reason, but the consumption of Godstones has increased several times."

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself and muttered to himself, "Is it because I cultivated in the Violet Gourd within Sevenstar Imperial Palace?"

In the past, the Sundial could only cover a radius of 600 meters. However, during the battle with Asurendra Samay in the Sea of Time, the Sundial showed signs of recovery. It was probably from then on that the Sundial's coverage became wider.

Although the Sevenstar Imperial Palace was within 600 meters of the Sundial, its internal space was extremely huge. It must be more than 600 meters. Perhaps it was because it covered the internal space of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and the Violet Gourd that the consumption of the Godstones became even greater.

Moyin said, "Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and Xue Tu have all come to look for you. It seems that they have something important to discuss. By the way,

Pan Ruo, one of the three candidates for the goddess of Fane of Destiny, has come three times. She wants to see you.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped thinking about the Sundial and asked, “Where is she?”

“She should still be waiting in the reception hall of the manor,” Moyin said.

Pan Ruo’s arrival was beyond Zhang Ruochen’s expectations.

How could a stubborn, proud, and indifferent woman like her take the initiative to visit him?

Moreover, according to Sword Saint Xuanji, Pan Ruo had a more important mission in the Infernal Court. It was easy to expose her identity if she came to see Zhang Ruochen. How could she do such an irrational thing?

Zhang Ruochen kept thinking about the reason why Pan Ruo came to see him while on the way to the reception hall.

He thought about it a lot.

Did she figure out that I was the one who bought the seven cauldrons of Fugue Pills? is that why she came to see me?

Did she want to ask me to help her become the goddess of fate?

Or did she just want to see me?’

Zhang Ruochen laughed at himself for thinking about it.

He thought that it was very likely that he thought too simply of Pan Ruo.

Since she had decided to step into Death’s door, she would abandon the glory and prosperity of her previous life and become a ghost. If she could withstand the tribulations of the Nether Flame and the Nether Thunder and enter the Infernal Court, her spiritual will was very likely already stronger than him.

She would never do anything irrational.

Perhaps, Zhang Ruochen would still think of that feeling in the lonely night when he was lonely. He would do things that

could not be controlled by reason.

But she would never do that.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen saw Pan Ruo again in the reception hall.

She was sitting demurely in a white dress. Her eyebrows were slightly furrowed. She was demure and natural, but she exuded a cold temperament from the inside out that kept people away.

She was no longer the same old Huang Yanchen.

However, the moment Zhang Ruochen saw her, he felt like he saw Senior Sister Huang, one of the Three Demons of the Western Courtyard. The first meeting in life was always unforgettable.

It was also like seeing Princess Yanchen in the palace of Qianshui Commandery. When she got engaged, she had a smile on her face.

It was more like Huang Yanchen in front of Ziwei Palace. She was the disciple of the Empress and a Realm Bearer. They were husband and wife, but she pointed her sword at him.

The past was unbearable to look back on, but it could always evoke feelings and memories buried deep in people's hearts. Some were happy, some were sad, and some were regretful.

This was being a human!

She was no longer a human. She was Pan Ruo, a wandering soul.

Did she still have feelings?

"Supreme Saint Ruochen, you can't escape fate after all. The Infernal Court is where you truly belonged. If you're here, don't think about going back. Of course, I'm glad you came out to see me in person. It's an honor."

Pan Ruo's voice pulled his thoughts back to reality.

Zhang Ruochen walked over and sat across from her calmly.

"It's an honor for me that you grace your presence in the Vastsea Manor.. What do you want to tell me, Your Highness?"

Chapter 2261: Talking To The Empress

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

Zhang Ruochen did not admit or deny it.

He kept silent.

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

“So what?” said Zhang Ruochen. He finally admitted it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Huh? Could it be..."

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

Zhang Ruochen had a guess.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sure."

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

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

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

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

A God's corpse was like a realm.

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

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

When they came to the area where the cut on that God's corpse was, it was as if they had reached the end of the world. A bottomless cliff appeared in front of them. A large amount

of blood fog, poison fog, and divine soul fog surged up from the bottom of the cliff. Green and purple mixed together, and two types of energy clashed fiercely.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

There were no waves or wind on the sea.

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

A slender figure appeared silently on the sea.

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

It was eerie.

"Who are you?"

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

"Hanakage Keizen."

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

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

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

"Are you an ancient god in Kunlun?"

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

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

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

“It had been 100,000 years!

“Has the water in Da Ming River dried up?

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

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

“Have they woken up?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Zhang Ruochen's heart shook violently.

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

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

"Of course."

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

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

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

"Didn't we already meet once?"

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

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

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What do you mean?"

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

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

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

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

‘She actually said that it isn’t a big deal?

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

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

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

Did It mean that he had no future at all?

He would die before he reached that realm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Do I have to kill them?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

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

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

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

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

“Are you doing this for Kunlun?” Hanakage Keizen asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Maybe... Yes! Aren’t you the same?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Even if he’s alive, it’s still unknown whether he can force Infernal Court army to retreat..”

Chapter 2262: Avīci Pavilion

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Zhang Ruochen had already seen through everything.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently. “No.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In this case, it was a private deal.

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

Kunlun was important, but it could only be second.

Take care of others only when you had the resources.

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

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

He was willing to strike this deal with her.

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

“If you help me, I’ll help you find that land.

“In addition, I can give you an Avīci token.”

“Avīci token?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Hanakage Keizen asked, “Have you heard of Avīci Pavilion?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently.

“You haven’t been to Infernal Court for long. It’s normal that you don’t know about Avīci Pavilion.” Hanakage Keizen continued, “Avīci Pavilion is an organization that I established in Infernal Court in order to save my grandfather.

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, of course. Anything as long as it’s within my ability.”

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

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

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

Hanakage Keizen was silent and did not say a word.

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

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

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

red.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thank you,” Zhang Ruochen said.

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

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

“No need.”

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

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

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

Whoosh

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

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

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

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

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

Zhang Ruochen was in deep thought for a long time.

Suddenly, Pan Ruo flew up from the bottom of the cliff.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Supreme Saint Ruochen, farewell.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Unfortunately, no.

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

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

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

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

“Yes,” Pan Ruo answered.

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

Pan Ruo shook her head slightly and said, “No.”

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

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

...

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

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

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

"Is everything between us really over?"

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

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

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

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

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

He walked into the inner chamber with Lian Xi..

Chapter 2263: Zhang Ruochen's Ambition

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whoosh!

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

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

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

KABOOM!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...

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

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

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

"Nothing." Zhang Ruochen waved his hand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He then gestured for them to sit down.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fight?"

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

“How can we fight?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Some people also said that Bloodsky Clan is weak and dispensable. If they can take the initiative to withdraw from

the Celestial-Hunting Festival, the Immortal Vampires' can get better results."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You all lost?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

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

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

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

One could imagine how aggrieved they were.

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

“Of course it does,” Zhang Ruochen said.

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

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

By then, who would dare to underestimate Bloodsky Clan?

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

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

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

Would Zhang Ruochen be able to do so?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“This is Fairy Shadowless? She’s really a peerless beauty.”

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

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

They stared at Zhang Ruochen again with green eyes.

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

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

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

“Yes, sir.”

Lian Xi bowed to Zhang Ruochen and walked out.

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

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

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

Whoosh!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 2264: Desire

“Piece of cake?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes.”

Supreme Saint Xueqi nodded and replied.

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

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

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

Zhang Ruochen walked over and stood behind Supreme Saint Xueqi. He said, “Close your eyes and adjust your mental state.

Use the most natural way to circulate the blood-red aura in your body.”

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

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

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

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

Crash

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

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

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

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

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

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

Saint Xueqi's head.

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

"If you trust me, then don't resist," Zhang Ruochen said.

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

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

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

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

Swoosh

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

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

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

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

It lasted for twelve hours.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How could they not be convinced?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thank you.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Their hearts were shaken and they had no more doubts.

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

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

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

“I’ve been waiting for you to say that for a long time!”
Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said.

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

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

But now, her impression of him has changed slightly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Zhang Ruochen must succeed.”

Gu Chenzi couldn't help but clench his fists.

Crash

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

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

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

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

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

It was called desire.

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

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

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

“Don’t... Don’t peek into me... My consciousness.”

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

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

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

“Do you want to be stuck in this realm forever?”

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

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

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

Lord Xia Yu has a tragic past.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This should be her hundredth shackle.

It was also her desire..

Chapter 2265: Luo Sha's Dissatisfaction

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Zhang Ruochen, you're too controlling. Stop trying to please me and do something that's not your place. I'm not the Fairy Shadowless. If you wish to take me into the harem of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. I advise you to give up the idea as

soon as possible so that you don't get yourself into trouble," said Lord Xia Yu.

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

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

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

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

"So she's hinting at Zhang Ruochen to be more proactive?" Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

After helping Supreme Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi find their shackles, Zhang Ruochen separated the five Saint Souls again to comprehend the Precepts. His original body

opened the paper that he had gotten from Pan Ruo to comprehend and analyze the Canon of Water's mark.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whoosh

Eight silver wings rushed out from her back.

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

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

“It broke off so quickly. It’s quite powerful.”

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

1

Whoosh

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...

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

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

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

"Completion?"

Lord Xia Yu shook her head and said, "I just broke through the hundredth shackle and I'm still far from the completion. In the

Supreme Saint's body, there are thousands of tiny shackles in addition to the hundred main shackles. I can only be considered to have reached the completion after breaking all of them. By then, my cultivation will at least double.

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

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

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

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

Such words already had a hint.

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

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

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

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

"You..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Zhang Ruochen's eyes darkened. "Mind your own business," he said coldly

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

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

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

Chapter 2266: Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Another three years passed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to swallow it before this.

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

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

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

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

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

Whoosh

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

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

Swoosh

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

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

Soul-devouring.

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

“You’re thinking of escaping now?”

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

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

Whoosh

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

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

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

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

His Spirits have increased to 12,300.

“Withdraw.”

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

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

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

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

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

Zhang Ruochen took out the Violet Gourd and flew in.

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

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

There were also differences for each third-grade saintwill.

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

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

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

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

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

Unfortunately, it became too much.

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

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

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

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

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

Could the seven saintwills really be combined into one?

There was a second problem.

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

Could he really only cultivate nine kinds of saintwills?

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

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

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

Zhang Ruochen stood under the tree and nodded slightly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was of great importance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was negligible.

“How can this be? Is this a Heaven Grade Sacred Pill?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whoosh

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lord Xia Yu flew up from the ground. The Grim Soul-devouring Flame surged from her body. The bone-chilling

flame revolved around her delicate body and finally gathered at the tip of her finger.

Boom

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

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

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

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

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

Boom

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

Lord Xia Yu's eyes flashed and said with mockery, "Zhang Ruochen, just use your Power of Time and Power of Dimensions. With your Fist and Palm techniques, you can..."

Suddenly, her voice stopped.

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

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

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

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

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

Even the stars could not withstand that piercing force.

BANG!

BANG!

...

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

One layer, two layers, three layers...

To the eleventh layer of tremor force.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The cultivators around were all moved.

“Third-grade saintwill?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Zhang Ruochen said, “You saw through it.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen became infinitely small.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Swoosh

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

“Huh?”

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

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

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

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

Boom

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Zhang Ruochen said, “Uncle, this Shen Nansheng is the opponent you arranged for Lord Xia Yu, right? There seems to

be a deep hatred between them. They used all kinds of trump cards as soon as they attacked.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Of course not,” Zhang Ruochen said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dimension, and Swordsmanship. Then, go and comprehend the Path of Five-Element.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Absolutely. You can give it a try.”

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

Lord Xia Yu stared at Zhang Ruochen.

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

...

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

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

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

After a long while, Wargod Bloodximus asked, “Have you explained the consequences to him clearly?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 2268: The Nearing Festival

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

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

Lord Xia Yu gazed at Zhang Ruochen.

It was very strange.

It was like...

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

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

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

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

"Of course," said Zhang Ruochen.

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

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

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

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

of oppression.

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't worry. Your trump card is the trump card of the Bloodsky Clan as well," said Lord Xia Yu.

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

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

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

"As for weapons, there are also strict rules applied."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It depended on herself.

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

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

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

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

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

He had to guard against them.

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

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

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

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

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

Of course, there were shortcuts.

Taking the sacred pill was just one of them.

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

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

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

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

"You have the Heart of the Divine Tree in your hands and it only condensed once every Yuanhui period. It not only had a rich life force but also contained 129,600 years of knowledge of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. You can cultivate your spiritual power to the 70th level by absorbing all the knowledge contained in the Heart of the Divine Tree. It should be enough to do so," said the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I will remember this,” Zhang Ruochen said.

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

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

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

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

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

“Come out.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen took the risk of breaking the third seal that Moon Goddess placed in Yanshen's leg.

Instantly, the number of Divine Precepts in his left leg increased from one million to ten million.

Each Divine Precept was scarlet red, like densely-packed strands of flaming light burning. The pain made Zhang Ruochen clench his teeth.

Not only was his leg so heavy that he couldn't move, but it was so hot that he almost fainted.

Yanshen's leg was the only trump card he could think of that could rapidly increase his combat power in a short period. Therefore, no matter how painful it was, he had to endure it.

'Yanshen's leg has already become one with my leg. It can't be considered borrowing external force,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Time passed unconsciously while Zhang Ruochen was cultivating in seclusion with all his strength.

The day of the Celestial-Hunting Festival was getting closer and closer. Winterpage City was bustling with activity. Every day, a new Supreme Saint would rise and amaze everyone. There were also new powerhouses at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. They appeared out of nowhere and shocked everyone.

Geniuses gathered and heroes competed.

No.

They couldn't be called geniuses. They were already Supreme Saints and each of them was an overlord. Each of them had a lot of power and could decide the fate of countless creatures.

However, they were young and outstanding enough to stun this era.

The outside was very happening. The beauties were rare like jade. There were lakes of wine and forests of meat. Fame and wealth flowed in and out. Zhang Ruochen, who was in the Vastsea Manor, couldn't be bothered. He just cultivated silently.

No matter how he was provoked and insulted, Zhang Ruochen pretended not to hear it. He didn't move like a rock.

More than 30 years had passed in the area covered by the Sundial.

The day of the Celestial-Hunting Festival was approaching.

Chapter 2269: The Late Invitation

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Zhang Ruochen was standing in the Divine Realm. There were meandering rivers of blood flowing under his feet, and thousands of blood-red stars twinkled above his head. The space was vast and with no end in sight.

He was bearing two enormous divine auras, but his stout figure and temperament were outstanding.

“My lord, I want to be the only Immortal Vampire cultivator who wields a Supreme Artifact,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Wargod Bloodximius was still playing chess with Bloodlucius. He said without looking at him, “Do you think you can do it?”

“Yes.”

Zhang Ruochen said firmly.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “The Qitian Clan ranks first in overall strength among the top ten clans. Lord Bladehell ranks first among all cultivators in terms of cultivation. If that’s the case, why didn’t the gods of the Immortal Vampires choose him? Why did they choose you?”

“The Yellowsky Clan ranks in the top three in terms of overall strength among the top ten clans. Lady Wind’s cultivation might not be weaker than the Lord Bladehell and she is also a goddess’s candidate. She holds the Supreme Artifact and can fight for the benefits of the lower three clans. Why didn’t the gods choose her but you?”

Zhang Ruochen answered calmly, he said, “The overall strength of the Qitian Clan might not be number one in this Celestial-Hunting Festival. Lord Bladehell’s strength might not be able to defeat me. If Lady Wind wants to become a goddess, then I can help her.”

Wargod Bloodximius finally looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Do you think you can defeat Lord Bladehell?”

His eyes were like ancient stars. They were bright and contained endless mysteries. His eyes seemed calm, but they seemed to be able to penetrate Zhang Ruochen's soul and see through all his secrets.

Zhang Ruochen was calm in the face of Wargod Bloodximus who had shocked the Celestial Court and Infernal Court. He didn't panic at all.

Zhang Ruochen raised his arms slowly and his hands formed a palm print.

Three Dragon Souls and three elephant souls appeared on his left and right sides the moment he raised his arms. The dragon souls were thousands of miles long. The elephant souls were sitting and lying like divine mountains. They all exuded the aura of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

At the same time, the blood river under Zhang Ruochen's feet stopped flowing. Blood trees, blood vines, and blood flowers grew out of the river.

Bloodlucius sensed something. He had an idea and let out a soft exclamation.

Owooooo

Zhang Ruochen struck out with his palm. The three dragons and three elephants immediately jumped up. They either stretched out their claws or stepped with the elephant's legs. They combined with his palm print and struck toward Wargod Bloodximus and Bloodlucius who were playing chess.

Zhang Ruochen was not a god, but he dared to attack gods. It required world-shaking courage.

One needed a god-defying heart.

Unfortunately, before such a shocking palm could reach the two gods, it was shattered by their invisible divine power and disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't discouraged. His strike was meant to show the two gods his determination and his current strength.

Wargod Bloodximus was satisfied. He said, "Since you have such strength, I have enough confidence to persuade the gods

of Immortal Vampires to let you replace Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind. Go!”

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands and bowed slightly, leaving the divine realm.

Bloodlucius let out a long sigh, he said, “He has integrated Wood of the five elements and has taken the form of the second-grade saintwill. He is just a little bit away from a true second-grade saintwill. To be able to fuse the saintwill to such a high level without cultivating the Path he mainly cultivates is truly a freak.”

Wargod Bloodximius said, “Actually, it can already be considered a second-grade saintwill. However, his saintwill is not perfect enough to maintain a balanced state, so it is just a little bit away.”

“Is there no way to solve it?” Bloodlucius asked.

“Yes.”

Wargod Bloodximius said, “If you combine Palm, Fist, and Path of five elements, you will be able to perfect it, and it will be a perfect match for heaven and earth.”

Bloodlucius shook his head slightly. He did not think that Zhang Ruochen’s path would succeed.

“He has already combined four kinds of saintwill. If he can combine the Swordsmanship at this time, he will be able to cultivate a top second-grade saintwill. Although this path is difficult, there is a chance of success. Why didn’t you tell him to give it a try?” Bloodlucius asked.

Wargod Bloodximius’s eyes turned solemn, “During his seclusion, he did not comprehend the Swordsmanship, nor did he cultivate the Path of Dimension and the Path of Time. He only comprehended the five elements of Canon marks. He’s determined to walk a path of desperation. In that case, why not let him try?”

Bloodlucius didn’t say anything more about this matter. After all, Zhang Ruochen wasn’t his grandson.

“If Zhang Ruochen wants to control the Supreme Artifact, he’ll be opposed by the entire Immortal Vampires and the Fane of Immortality. Are you going to convince those old fogies?”Bloodlucius said.

“I’m not going to convince them. I’m going to force them to submit with my strength. This time, the Bloodysky Clan has three completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and a peerless Supreme Saint who has cultivated the second-grade saintwill. Even if they don’t want to submit, they have to.”

The eyes of the Wargod Bloodximius were sharp. He landed heavily.

Vastsea Manor.

Zhang Ruochen sat with Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, Grand Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Supreme Saint Xueqi. They were discussing the arrangements for the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Moyin walked over slowly and handed an invitation card to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu had received many invitation cards and greeting cards ever since the news of Lord Xia Yu defeating Shen Nansheng spread. After all, Lord Xia Yu had broken through to the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in the Vastsea Manor.

The Vastsea Manor was already a legend.

Lord Xia Yu had broken through here. Princess Luo Sha was in seclusion here. Fairy Shadowless of Celestial Court lived here. Each of them was stunning and was the subject of discussion by countless cultivators. They gathered together, making it difficult for the Vastsea Manor not to become famous.

After Zhang Ruochen read the card, he said, “It’s Lady Wind’s invitation. She invited me and Lord Xia Yu to attend tonight’s banquet hosted by the Yellowsky Clan.”

“No. Even if they come to beg, we won’t go.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was still angry. He was still brooding over the banquet hosted by the ten clans last time.

Supreme Saint Xueqi snorted and said, “With our current strength, we don’t need to join hands with the nine clans to be able to take control at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at Gu Chenzi and asked, “What do you think?”

Gu Chenzi was the calmest among the crowd.

Gu Chenzi said, “The Celestial-Hunting Festival is imminent. Lady Wind must be planning the final strategy for the banquet by inviting the important figures of the ten clans to attend. At the same time, we should decide who will be in charge of the Supreme Artifact.

“I have a different view on this. I think the Bloodysky Clan should join hands with the other nine clans. This is a battle between clans. It’s too weak to rely on our strength alone. The Celestial-Hunting Festival is important. We can’t let our emotions get the best of us.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I agree with Gu Chenzi. The representatives of the Bloodysky Clan must go to tonight’s banquet. They must be strong enough to intimidate them and we must get our face back. I’ll leave this to Lord Xia Yu. Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi will continue to hide their strength. You two are the two trump cards of the Bloodysky Clan.”

“What do you mean, you’re not going?” said Lord Xia Yu.

A strange look appeared in Lord Xia Yu’s eyes.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked at the vast sky. “Tonight, I have to go to another place to attend an appointment. I have to go.”

His tone was thought-provoking.

...

After nightfall.

Nine dragon souls pulled a golden carriage out of the Vastsea Manor.

It was Zhang Ruochen’s carriage, the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

The one driving the carriage was the Supreme Saint Xueqi.

Supreme Saint Xueqi's cultivation had improved by leaps and bounds during his seclusion in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He had broken 72 shackles and become a top elite in the Hundred-Shackled Realm.

However, he could not afford to buy the Fugue Pills and divine blood with Godstones. He owed Zhang Ruochen a huge debt.

He had no choice but to help Zhang Ruochen and pay it back slowly.

Zhang Ruochen sat on the golden and jade-carved couch in the dragon carriage. He stood tall and straight. He pressed his palm on Lian Xi's snow-white jade-like back and extracted strands of Yang Qi from her.

Lian Xi was as soft as a white civet cat. She sat on his lap and made thrilling gasps.

Half of her dress fell to the ground, revealing her smooth skin. Her white chests were pressed against Zhang Ruochen's chest. Her slender legs were spread out on both sides, swaying gently.

Zhang Ruochen had been in seclusion for decades. Every time he tried to condense the saintwill and try to fuse it, he would transfer part of his Yang Qi into her body first and preserve it with her special physique to avoid being disturbed.

After he regained the Yang Qi back into his body, Zhang Ruochen picked up Lian Xi, whose sweat was as soft as spring mud. He put her on the bed and covered her with a soft quilt to cover her breathtakingly beautiful body.

Lian Xi's long black hair was covered with sweat. She said weakly, "How long do you want to torture me?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Do you not want to endure it anymore?"

Xi's eyes were blank and she said, "I've paid enough for what I've done. But you can't completely blame me for what happened in the past. We each have our masters. You can't control those things, and I can't control them either."

Zhang Ruochen put on his white robe and tied his belt. He said, "I can't completely blame you."

"But you've turned me into a crucible for your cultivation," said Lian Xi as her eyes turned red. Her white shoulders, which were exposed outside the quilt, were trembling slightly.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Fifteen years ago, I told you that if you want to leave, you can leave at any time. Yet, you chose to stay. On the first night in the harem of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, I also gave you a choice. You choose to be my woman."

"In the Infernal Court, I have no other choice. If you let me go, where can I go?" Tears almost flowed from Lian Xi's eyes as she said.

Zhang Ruochen turned his back and didn't look at her. "In the Infernal Court, I have no other choice. You can at least choose to stay by my side. I'm not bad to you, right?"

"Don't think so much. Since you've come to Infernal Court, then you should cultivate harder. The humiliation and grievance now will be your biggest motivation. You've already endured for decades. Why don't you continue to endure? If you have enough cultivation in the future, you can come and kill me."

The Nine-Dragon Carriage entered the heart of the Winterpage City and drove to Jiayin District.

Two cultivators in black robes had been waiting there for a long time.

They led Zhang Ruochen and the Supreme Saint Xueqi into the city. They came to a grand palace and walked up the stairs.

Supreme Saint Xueqi's expression was unnatural. He said telepathically, "Jiayin District is where the cultivators of the Yanluo clan live. Are you sure we're in the right place?"

"Do you have to make such a fuss?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Xueqi said, "Generally speaking, before the Celestial-Hunting Festival, the big forces of the ten clans would frequently hold events and banquets. They would even

invite cultivators of other clans to participate and take the opportunity to test their strength.

“However, although the Yanluo clan always comes first in the Celestial-Hunting Festival, they don’t attach much importance to it. They rarely invite cultivators from other clans before the banquet.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “If the Immortal Vampires come first every time, their importance to the Celestial-Hunting Festival would drop by a lot.”

At that moment, Yan Wushen’s laughter rang out in the palace, “Brother Ruochen, you’re wrong. The Yanluo clan doesn’t look down on the Celestial-Hunting Festival because they think they’re powerful. It’s because all kinds of activities and banquets are boring. It’s better to spend more time practicing.”

Supreme Saint Xueqi looked very shocked and he looked at Zhang Ruochen and saw a strange expression on his face.

Just now, the two of them had communicated telepathically through spiritual power, but Yan Wushen had seen through them.

How could he not be shocked?

Zhang Ruochen strode into the palace, he raised his voice and said, “I’ve long heard that brother Wushen was already a spiritual-power Supreme Saint before you entered the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun. I thought that you were already very powerful when you reached the 61st level. However, I’ve only realized now that I’ve greatly underestimated you.”

After decades of seclusion, Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power had made a huge breakthrough and had reached the peak of the 61st level.

Yan Wushen could hear his telepathic transmission. His spiritual power had reached at least level 62, or even higher.

Supreme Saint Xueqi wanted to follow him into the palace, but he was stopped by a cultivator guarding the palace gate. “His Highness only invited Supreme Saint Ruochen. The rest of the cultivators please wait outside the palace.”

“What do you mean? With my cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, I’m not qualified to enter?” Supreme Saint Xueqi said angrily.

The cultivator from the Yanluo clan said, “The only reason that Supreme Saint Ruochen was able to enter was because of his cultivation. As for you, even if I didn’t stop you, you wouldn’t be able to enter.”

“I refuse to believe this. It’s just a gate.”

After his cultivation advanced by leaps and bounds, Supreme Saint Xueqi’s confidence soared. He took a step forward. However, before his foot landed on the ground, he entered a chaotic space and was lost inside.

This palace was filled with Dimensional Inscriptions.

Every step was filled with Dimensional Traps. It was a huge test for any cultivator who broke in.

After Zhang Ruochen entered the palace, he saw Yan Wushen sitting alone on the ground in the center of the hall. In front of him was a long red copper table with a pot of wine and two wine glasses.

Other than that, there was nothing else.

Simple.

It was so simple that it looked shabby. It didn’t seem like he had invited an important guest.

After stepping through one Dimensional Trap after another, Zhang Ruochen walked steadily to the side of the table and stared at Yan Wushen, he said, “After coming to the Divine Domain of Destiny, I’ve been waiting for you to come out of seclusion. Finally, we met again.. Did you receive my reply to the letter of challenge? This palace is beautifully decorated. It can’t be the battlefield you chose, right?”

Chapter 2270: The Twelve Blossoms

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

“There are plenty of opportunities to exchange blows at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. There’s no hurry today,” said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen extended his hand and made a gesture of invitation.

There were 24 copper pillars in the hall. Each of them was carved with thousands of Dimensional Inscriptions. There were nine million strange beast patterns. They seemed to be only as thick as three people, but their true diameter and height could support the heaven and earth of 24 worlds.

Zhang Ruochen sat opposite Yan Wushen. Zhang Ruochen straightened his back and said, “Since it’s not the final battle today, are you just inviting me to drink?”

“Yes, I am.” Yan Wushen said with a smile. He looked down at the wine pot on the red copper table.

The wine pot was a yellowish-brown pottery pot and the wine cup was made of the same material.

It was no different from the earthenware made by mortals. It was rough and even irregular.

It looked simple, but Zhang Ruochen saw something unusual. Both the wine pot and the wine cup had an ancient charm. The shape and lines were in harmony with the precepts of heaven and earth.

No matter where they were placed, they were in harmony with everything around them.

Zhang Ruochen said, “This wine vessel has been passed down for at least ten Yuanhui Tribulations, or even longer.”

“How do you know?” Yan Wushen asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Everything in the world will leave special traces of time after a certain age. The traces of time on their surface are very deep and very old. I have seen many

ancient vessels, but only one or two of them have traces of time that can be compared to them.”

“Only ancient vessels can be used to hold ancient wine.”

Yan Wushen sat still. He used his spiritual power to control the wine pot. It slowly flew up and filled the glass in front of Zhang Ruochen.

The wine was very ordinary and there was nothing unusual about it.

“You may have heard of this wine. It’s called The Twelve Blossoms. It was given to our ancestors by a god of Kunlun three Yuanhui periods ago. I know that Brother Ruochen has deep feelings for Kunlun. You must miss your hometown when you come to the Infernal Court. So, I went to the Fane of Yama and took out one of the jugs.”

Burble

Yan Wushen poured himself some wine as he spoke.

In the distant past before the Celestial Court and Infernal Court were established, although the major worlds had deep conflicts with the ten clans of Infernal Court, they were not incompatible with each other. Some cultivators still had a friendship with each other.

“The Twelve Blossoms,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen remembered something. He looked surprised and thought to himself, ‘This is the second strongest liquor in the history of Kunlun that the drunkard once mentioned.’

It was said that The Twelve Blossoms were brewed by Bi Luozi. There were only 12 jars in total.

In Kunlun, they are so valuable that not a single drop could be found elsewhere.

If these really are The Twelve Blossoms, how can it be so ordinary? Has the wine strength disappeared after three Yuanhui periods?’ Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen had once drunk Flaring-Draco Wine, which was ranked eighth among hard liquors.

Only a saint could withstand the strength of Flaring-Draco Wine.

A half-saint once drank it by mistake and died from spontaneous combustion.

Zhang Ruochen reached out two fingers and touched the wine cup.

SIZZLE!

A shocking burning sensation came from the cup.

Zhang Ruochen's two fingers burned and turned red in an instant. Fortunately, his physique was strong. Otherwise, his entire arm would be turned into ashes with just a slight touch.

Yan Wushen said, "The Twelve Blossoms were the Twelve Deific Flowers of Flames. Only when the wine enters the stomach will it bloom. It is said that only someone of godhood can bear this wine. If a saint cultivator or a Supreme Saint drinks it, he will be burned through from the inside out by the Twelve Deific Flowers of Flames, and his soul will be shattered.

"Since Brother Ruochen has the Demigod-level physique, the Neverwithers physique of an ordinary Supreme Saint can not be compared to it naturally. I wonder if you dare to drink this cup of The Twelve Blossoms?"

Zhang Ruochen's fingers had recovered.

After the test just now, Zhang Ruochen understood that Yan Wushen wasn't exaggerating at all. The Neverwithers physique of a Supreme Saint couldn't withstand The Twelve Blossoms.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the cup in front of Yan Wushen and said, "Since Brother Wushen is so generous, how can I not drink? Let me drink first."

Zhang Ruochen's entire right hand was burning while holding the cup.

He drank the wine in one gulp.

The terrifying burning energy flowed down from his throat, entered his stomach, and seeped into his entire body. Suddenly, the Deific Flowers of Flames bloomed in his body. They were in his internal organs and sea of Qi.

Zhang Ruochen's blood boiled, and the flames burned from internally to externally.

The rich fragrance of wine and flowers spread out with the flames, filling the entire palace and twelve gorgeous illusory flowers appeared.

Zhang Ruochen felt the pain erode his entire body. It was like a purgatory of torture.

A moment later, although the pain was still there, Zhang Ruochen felt an indescribable sense of comfort. More than 10,000 Spirits in his body seemed to have been refined hundreds of times.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power strength had broken through the limit and reached the 62nd level.

"What a fine wine! Brother Wushen, it's your turn!" said Zhang Ruochen as he invited Yan Wushen to try.

At that point, how could Zhang Ruochen not understand that Yan Wushen's invitation to drink was fake? Yan Wushen wanted to use the wine to test the depth of Zhang Ruochen's cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen had the Demigod-level physique. It was already difficult for him to bear The Twelve Blossoms in a cup.

Yan Wushen didn't have the Demigod-level physique, so would he dare to drink it?

"It seems like Brother Ruochen is indeed worthy of drinking The Twelve Blossoms," said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen picked up the cup and drank it all in one gulp.

Sizzle

Yan Wushen's body started to burn, and the 12 illusory deific flowers bloomed around his body. They were lifelike, and the vines coiled and connected the 12 flowers together.

Yan Wushen's body wasn't simple. He was able to withstand The Twelve Blossoms in a cup. His body wasn't weaker than his Demigod-level physique. The key was that Zhang Ruochen couldn't see through it.

Yan Wushen gave Zhang Ruochen an unfathomable feeling.

Yan Wushen's face was red. He smiled brightly and said, "Actually, this is my first time drinking The Twelve Blossoms. It's really good wine. Do you know that its biggest benefit isn't increasing the strength of spiritual power?"

"Brother Wushen, what are you talking about?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Wushen said, "Brother Ruochen's cultivation has already reached the pinnacle of the Neverwilt Realm, right? You're only one step away from the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

"That's right," Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

Yan Wushen said, "But you can't break through the first shackle. Thus, you can't enter the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Zhang Ruochen had a thought and said, "It seems that Brother Wushen has the same problem as me."

Just as Zhang Ruochen had guessed, it wasn't that Yan Wushen had seen through him. It was because both of them were facing the same problem.

Yan Wushen nodded and said, "You have a Demigod-level physique. Your battle strength in the Neverwilt Realm far surpasses that of a Supreme Saint in the same. You can even defeat a powerhouse at the pinnacle of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"However, even the Demigod-level physique was shackled with 100 shackles. Moreover, these 100 shackles are much stronger than other Supreme Saints, so is the shackling.

"In this way, the Demigod-level physique becomes an obstacle and a problem. It is harder for you to break each shackle than

other Supreme Saints. They are the shackles that bind a Demigod-level physique. They have already exceeded the range that your realm can break.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “However, as long as you break these 100 shackles and reach the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, the Demigod-level physique will no longer be bound. With the Demigod-level physique, even if you can’t be invincible in the divine realm, you can still enter the top-tier.”

Yan Wushen said, “Drinking The Twelve Blossoms will make it easier for us to break the shackles. Do you think this is beneficial?”

“I see. It seems that I have to thank Brother Wushen for today’s hospitality. I will treat you to a drink in the future.” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen continued, “Since we have drunk the wine, we should get down to business. Where is Kunlun? Where is he?”

Yan Wushen stared at Zhang Ruochen and asked, “Are you going to take him away?”

“Of course,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Wushen said, “I’ve taken him as my disciple. He won’t be wronged in the Yanluo clan. Don’t worry. I’m different from Asurendra Samay.”

“But he doesn’t belong to the Yanluo clan,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Wushen paused for a moment before speaking in a meaningful tone, “Do you think it’s a good thing to bring him back to your side? All the gods in Infernal Court know that you were forced into Infernal Court for Chi Kongyue and Chi Kunlun.

“Chi Kongyue has been saved. If Chi Kunlun returns to your side, what’s the point of you staying in Infernal Court? What else can restrain you in Infernal Court?

“Should a Yuanhui level genius like you be killed in the cradle or nurtured?

“If I were a god of the Infernal Court, I would definitely support you first. I would kill you now to prevent future trouble.”

Zhang Ruochen was silent. He had guessed everything in his mind.

It seemed like an invitation, but the two were competing everywhere. From spiritual power, physical quality, and mentality.

From the moment Zhang Ruochen stepped into the hall, he was at a disadvantage.

The initiative had always been in Yan Wushen’s hands.

There was nothing he could do. Whether it was the Infernal Court or this hall, it was Yan Wushen’s territory. Moreover, Yan Wushen had the winning card of Chi Kunlun in his hands.

The competition had been unfair From the beginning.

Yan Wushen said, “Chi Kunlun is safer with me than any other place in the Infernal Court. If he stays with the Yanluo clan, he can enjoy the cultivation resources that you won’t be able to provide. Neither will the Xue Jue Family nor Empress Chi Yao of Kunlun! I know you don’t lack Godstones, but there are many cultivation resources that Godstones can’t buy.”

Zhang Ruochen looked up and pointed. “There’s a god three feet above you. Aren’t you afraid that the god of the Infernal Court will hear what you just said?”

“In this Hall of Wushen, all the secrets of heaven have been cut off. The god won’t know anything,” Yan Wushen said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “In that case, I’ll take my leave.”

“Hold on.”

Yan Wushen tapped on the table lightly and stopped him. He pointed at the ceramic wine pot and said, “We’ve only had one drink. Why are you in such a hurry to leave? We should drink to our heart’s content.”

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t willing to admit defeat. He sat back down and said, “Fine! Since Brother Wushen wants to drink to

his heart's content, I'll risk my life to accompany you today. I won't miss a drop."

Drinking alone was a battle that could kill people.

The Twelve Blossoms bloomed, and each flower killed people.

Yan Wushen laughed loudly and poured another cup for him and Zhang Ruochen. He said, "As I said before, all the banquets and activities before the Celestial-Hunting Festival are too boring and meaningless. But I still invited you and broke the rule of the Yanluo clan. Do you know why?"

"I'd like to hear about it," Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Wushen said solemnly, "Because my instinct tells me that you, Zhang Ruochen, are the only threat of the Yanluo clan at this Celestial-Hunting Festival. I might as well tell you that the purpose of my banquet is to find out more about you. But up until now, I still can't see through you completely."

"Brother Wushen, are you kidding me? The Yanluo clan shook the Infernal Court. They always came first at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. How could I be a threat to the Yanluo clan? The Nether Clan, Deathkin, Asura, and Ghost. They are the enemies you Yanluo clan should be wary of." Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen picked up the cup and took a sip.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen couldn't drink all The Twelve Blossoms in one go.. It depended on who could last longer.

Chapter 2271: Scarlet Mist

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

It was no secret that Yan Wushen had invited Zhang Ruochen for a drink. The moment the Nine-Dragon Carriage drove into Jiayin District, the news had spread to all the major forces.

Everyone knew that Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen were the top heroes of this era. There would definitely be a battle between them.

It could be a battle of victory or death.

Their meeting was intriguing.

At the same time, a wonderful battle broke out at the banquet hosted by the Yellow Sky Clan.

Lord Xia Yu fought against Yue Tinghai of Puresky Clan, a powerhouse in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Lord Xia Yu defeated Yue Tinghai forcefully and fiercely broke his right arm to avenge her humiliation.

Some people suspected that not only Lord Xia Yu had attained the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but she had also cultivated the third-class saintwill.

Otherwise, Yue Tinghai would not have been defeated so badly. He wasn't able to fight back.

At that point, the position of the number one powerhouse of the Immortal Vampires had become a battle between Lord Bladehell, Lady Wind, and Lord Xia Yu.

When the news spread, the cultivators of the ten clans were shocked.

The strength of the Immortal Vampires had officially entered the forefront of the ten clans.

However, what puzzled countless cultivators was that the powerful Lord Xia Yu was not the captain of the Bloodysky Clan. Thus, Zhang Ruochen, who had come to the meeting at the Hall of Wushen, attracted even more attention.

The clouds surged in the night sky, showing six different colors.

It was the light from the six-colored star fog in the Forest of No Return.

Rumble

Along with the deafening sound of thunder, six-colored rain fell from the sky. It fell on the roof tiles like a beaded curtain and the tears of the heavens.

Pan Ruo stood in the pavilion. Her white clothes were like snow, and her long black hair swayed in the wind. She reached out her slender hand caught the raindrops and looked in the direction of Jiayin District.

Beside Pan Ruo, there was a slender figure in flames. If one looked closely, one would see that it was a woman.

Her name was Mistress Fireborn of the Deathkin.

“You think too highly of Zhang Ruochen, don’t you?” said Mistress Fireborn who looked confused and disdainful.

Pan Ruo’s gaze was as still as water. She said, “It’s not that I think highly of him. It’s the Yanluo clan who thinks highly of him. Why should we look down on an opponent that the Yanluo clan thinks so highly of? If Lady Wind has his support, we have to be on guard.”

Tic-tac

Wujiang walked over with a green paper umbrella in hand. Under the light, his long shadow appeared on the ground. He said, “It’s still unknown whether Zhang Ruochen can walk out of the Hall of Wushen.”

Mistress Fireborn stared at Wujiang. When she saw his handsome face, a different light flashed in her eyes. She said, “I heard that Yan Wushen walked the path of Buddhism. He used a sarira and a Myriad Buddha Lamp, to refine his body to the extreme. You can say that he had a Half-Buddha Physique. If Zhang Ruochen wants to walk out of the Hall of Wushen alive, it will be harder than ascending to the heavens.

“The rain is too harsh, and the wind is too cold. Let’s go back first! Zhang Ruochen is not a threat until he breaks his first shackle.”

Wujiang walked past Mistress Fireborn and came to Pan Ruo’s side. He held the umbrella over, blocking the wind that drifted in diagonally and the rain that fell into Pan Ruo’s palm. Pan Ruo couldn’t help but frown. A hint of displeasure appeared in the depths of her eyes.

At that moment, a shadow appeared in the rain. Kneeling on one knee, it said, “Your Highness, Zhang Ruochen has walked out of the Hall of Wushen.”

Pan Ruo’s eyes sparkled. A beautiful smile appeared on her pale face and she said, “Yan Wushen couldn’t keep Zhang Ruochen in his territory. Zhang Ruochen has already won this battle. Lord Xia Yu and Zhang Ruochen. The Bloodysky Clan is really intriguing this time. They are full of surprises.”

A cold light flashed in Wujiang’s eyes. “I’ll go and meet him.”

Wujiang had already disappeared from the pavilion before he finished speaking.

Mistress Fireborn was holding the green paper umbrella that Wujiang had held just now. She said, “Fighting is forbidden in Winterpage City. Isn’t Wujiang afraid of breaking the rules?”

“Don’t worry. They all know that fighting is within the rules,” said Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo’s hand was still open in the rain. She felt the coldness of the raindrops. Her palm was colorful like a painting.

The raindrops started in the sky and ended on Pan Ruo’s hand.

This was its fate!

“They?” said Mistress Fireborn as she was surprised.

The word “they” shouldn’t be referring to Wujiang and Zhang Ruochen. Could it be that other forces were preparing to attack Zhang Ruochen as well?

...

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen drank three cups of wine before he got up and left.

After dragging Supreme Saint Xueqi out of the Dimensional Trap, Zhang Ruochen stepped out of the Hall of Wushen first. Zhang Ruochen's entire body was covered in flames, emitting the fragrance of flowers and wine. His hair turned red and golden. There was a cracking sound under his feet as he walked.

As soon as Zhang Ruochen walked out of the hall, strange flowers grew on the ground in the garden. There were even petals floating in the sky.

The cultivators guarding the Hall of Wushen stepped back in shock.

Supreme Saint Xueqi was both depressed and curious. Had Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen fought? Who won? Who lost?

Supreme Saint Xueqi wanted to ask, but he saw that Zhang Ruochen was not in a good condition, so he restrained himself.

"Back to Vastsea Manor." Zhang Ruochen ordered after he entered the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

The nine dragons roared, and the carriage rushed out of Winterpage city and drove on the street.

In the carriage, Lian Xi had already gotten down from the bed. She wore a purple robe and had a slim waist. Her hair was like flowing clouds. She sniffed lightly and looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was in pain. She said, "Were you drunk?"

"The Twelve Blossoms."

Zhang Ruochen crossed his hands and tried his best to circulate the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture. He refined the alcoholic properties contained in The Twelve Blossoms.

Although Yan Wushen was testing his depth, The Twelve Blossoms were indeed rare treasures. They had an extraordinary effect on refining the body and breaking the shackles.

Yan Wushen could take out this wine and taste it with Zhang Ruochen. This meant that he was not a narrow-minded person.

Maybe it's not such a bad thing for Chi Kunlun to stay by Yan Wushen's side.

Lian Xi frowned, and she said, "You know very well that there are huge hidden dangers in your body. Whether it's a million times more Yang Qi, or Yanshen's leg, three dragons, and three elephants, you will be consumed by them. How dare you drink such strong and burning wine?"

"Are you concerned about me?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"I'm just afraid that you will torture me again. Or you will be consumed, and I will lose the best place to stay in the Infernal Court."

Zhang Ruochen stared at her with a strange look and said, "It seems that you have thought it through and understand your situation. This is a good thing."

"I only hope that you can agree to let me go if you go to the Battlefield of Merits in the future," said Lian Xi.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Do you still want to go back to the Celestial Court? Can You?"

"You don't have to worry about that! As long as you promise me, I will promise you that I will listen to you and be your most obedient maid in the Infernal Court from now on," Lian Xi said.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and said, "Good! It's useless to keep a woman whose heart is not with me. You can leave whenever you wanted to."

Lian Xi was completely relieved after she heard what Zhang Ruochen said. Lian Xi saw Zhang Ruochen's blood seemed to be boiling, then she asked, "How can I help you?"

"How can you help me with your cultivation?" Zhang Ruochen asked back.

Lian Xi showed a hesitant and gentle look. She approached him and was about to make a move, but Zhang Ruochen pushed her away. He said, "I want to use my body to digest the

power of The Twelve Blossoms slowly. I want to use its power to refine the shackles in my body. I will remember your kindness!”

Whoosh

Supreme Saint Xueqi sat outside the carriage and looked at the empty street. He had a strong sense of doubt in her heart and he became vigilant.

In the Infernal Court, there was no difference between day and night. It was equally lively. Even if it rained, it should not be so quiet.

Suddenly, the Nine-Dragon Carriage stopped.

Lian Xi lifted the curtain of the carriage and asked, “What’s going on?”

Lian Xi was shocked to find Supreme Saint Xueqi, who had severed 72 shackles, did not sit on the carriage at all. Instead, he disappeared without a sound. A layer of pink fog appeared on the street in front of her.

Lian Xi could feel the space within the pink fog with her powerful spiritual power was stretching.

The fog became thicker and thicker. It surged toward the Nine-Dragon Carriage and swallowed the surrounding buildings and streets.

In the end, Lian Xi’s field of vision became completely pink.

An uneasy feeling rose in her heart.

A mocking laugh sounded in the fog. “The Fairy Shadowless from the Portrait of the Nine Beauties of the Celestial Court has come to the Infernal Court and become Zhang Ruochen’s servant. Is there anything more ridiculous than this?”

A carriage appeared out of thin air in the pink fog. The carriage was only 30 meters away from the Nine-Dragon Carriage and its driver was a human-shaped skeleton. Only his face was covered in flesh.

The laughter earlier was from the carriage.

Lian Xi stared at the skeleton driver and sucked in a breath of cold air.

The driver's intact face was exactly the same as Supreme Saint Xueqi's.

Could it be that the Supreme Saint Xueqi had been killed silently and turned into a skeleton?

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and released his spiritual power.

However, the moment Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power came into contact with the pink fog, it was corroded. He could not see through the opponent.

At that moment, a cloud of ghost fog appeared behind the Nine-Dragon Carriage. A black carriage stopped there. A burst of hearty laughter came from the carriage saying, "Don't you feel humiliated to be Zhang Ruochen's servant? Fairy Shadowless, this has nothing to do with you. Leave quickly."

The three carriages stopped in a straight line. The Nine-Dragon Carriage was blocked in the middle.

Lian Xi knew very well that if she left Zhang Ruochen, she would only be a prisoner of the next cultivator of the Infernal Court. When that happened, the situation would be even more difficult than it was now.

"Who are you? Don't you know that fighting and killing are prohibited in the Winterpage City?" Lian Xi asked.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the carriage and said, "Their backgrounds are quite impressive. One of them is one of the three potential goddesses of the Fane of Destiny, Supreme Saint Yanhong. The other is the seventh son of the Ghost Master, Xu. Both of them are ranked in the top 10 among those attained Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Lian Xi's face turned pale instantly.

She knew that Zhang Ruochen had enemies all over the Infernal Court. However, it was unexpected that two powerful enemies came at the same time.

How should they break the situation now?

Since the other party had killed Supreme Saint Xueqi, it meant that they were not here to test and scare him.

Supreme Saint Yanhong's voice rang out from the carriage in front of them, "You've been covered by my mist and lost your spiritual power perception. You were able to determine my identity at the first moment. Zhang Ruochen, it seems that during this period, you weren't just having affair with the Fairy Shadowless in the Vastsea Manor."

In the carriage behind them, Xu said, "You've never seen me before, but you can recognize me. How did you do it?"

"Because you've always been my enemies. I remember everything about you. Break," said Zhang Ruochen.

The Divine Purification Flame surged out of the Nine-Dragon Carriage and spread out like a white cloud. It burned the pink mist until it disappeared and broke the illusion.

The skeletal carriage driver's appearance was no longer that of Supreme Saint Xueqi. Instead, he wore a bamboo hat. No one could see his face clearly.

"So it was all an illusion. Supreme Saint Yanhong must have done this to scare us," said Lian Xi and she heaved a sigh of relief.

At this moment, the real Supreme Saint Xueqi was wrapped in pink threads that were like silk. It was as if he was wrapped in a blood cocoon and could not break free no matter how hard he tried.

If the Supreme Saint Yanhong dared to kill the Supreme Saint Xueqi in the Winterpage City, she would definitely anger the Wargod Bloodximus and the Fane of Destiny would not be able to protect her.

As the Divine Purification Flame burned, the pink threads of mist dispersed and Supreme Saint Xueqi escaped. He quickly retreated to the side of the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

Supreme Saint Xueqi was extremely depressed.

Supreme Saint Xueqi thought that after breaking through 72 shackles, he would have reached the level of a top powerhouse of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He did not expect to suffer two blows after accompanying Zhang Ruochen to a banquet.

The gap between Zhang Ruochen and a powerhouse who attained the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was so big.

CLANG! CLANG!

The wheels of the two carriages slowly turned and drove toward the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

With every 90 meters forward, the space would be compressed.

The space in the front and back seemed to have turned into two invisible walls that slowly moved over. The Nine-Dragon Carriage was pressed to the ground and couldn't move. The stone slabs on the street were all cracked.

Boom Boom

Nine explosions sounded. The nine dragon souls pulling the carriage could not withstand the pressure of space and explode. They retreated back into the carriage.

However, Supreme Saint Xueqi and Lian Xi could not retreat. They could only rely on their own cultivation to withstand the impact of the pressure of space.

After the Nine-Dragon Carriage was re-forged, it was very close to being a Regal Artifact. However, the carriage creaked when the two carriages reached a distance of 90 meters. Cracks started to appear on the carriage.

Chapter 2272: The Difficult Road Ahead and The Traceless Oblivion

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Lian Xi saw the carriages that were coming from the front and back become bigger and bigger. First, it was like a palace, and then it was like a mountain. Finally, it seemed to have transformed into two planets, releasing an extremely imposing pressure.

The sound of the wheels was even more ear-splitting than the sound of thunder, and ripples appeared in space.

Lian Xi and the Nine-Dragon Carriage beside her appeared extremely small.

Lian Xi was known as the king of Sainthood with her attained Supreme Saint cultivation. However, she felt as if she could not breathe and her body was about to be crushed into pieces.

Supreme Saint Xueqi's cultivation was very high. He was not intimidated by the aura of the two carriages. He did not want to just sit there and wait for death. Hence, He gritted his teeth and spread the blood wings on his back. He pulled out a Regal Artifact from between his brows and activated the Regal Inscriptions on the blade.

“Break it.”

Supreme Saint Xueqi grabbed the handle of the blade with both hands. Blood clouds surged out of his body as he slashed out with all his might.

Crash

A blade ray that was like a river of blood tore apart the scarlet mist. It floated above Supreme Saint Yanhong's red carriage and pressed down rapidly.

The sharp blade shone the entire world in blood-red light.

However, this heaven-splitting blade was blocked by a layer of light fog from the frame of the chariot. It could not hurt the chariot at all.

“Futile attempt,” said Supreme Saint Yanhong.

After that, tens of thousands of bone birds that bared their fangs and brandished their claws flew out from the layer of light fog. They let out a dense and ear-piercing cry as they charged towards the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

Supreme Saint Xueqi sheathed his blade and raised it horizontally. He took a step back and billions of precept ley lines appeared under his feet. They activated the defensive power of the blade.

The power of those bone birds was shocking. Every time one of them charged at Supreme Saint Xueqi, it would cause him to tremble slightly.

In just a few moments, Supreme Saint Xueqi’s defense was broken. His armor was torn apart and his arms were drenched in blood. His body slammed heavily into the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

Supreme Saint Yanhong did not attack with her own hands. Instead, she used the bone birds created by the scarlet mist to heavily injure a Supreme Saint who had severed 72 shackles.

It was not that Supreme Saint Xueqi was not powerful enough. It was just that his opponent was too terrifying.

Supreme Saint Xueqi was severely injured. He knelt on one knee on the ground and looked at the bone birds that were swarming towards him. Even though he knew that Supreme Saint Yanhong did not dare to kill him, he still felt a sense of despair and thought, ‘Today, I will definitely die.’

When Supreme Saint Xueqi encountered other cultivators who were in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he was very confident that he could fight them head-on. No matter how weak Supreme Saint Xueqi was, he still had the power to retreat. However, when he encountered someone at the level of the Supreme Saint Yanhong, he lost all confidence in escaping.

“Such power! This is the eighth-ranked cultivator at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. That is one

hell of a Pink Skull.” said Supreme Saint Xueqi as lowered his head and his confidence was completely crushed.

Without a doubt, Supreme Saint Yanhong would be Supreme Saint Xueqi’s inner demon from now on. He would not be able to overcome this obstacle.

Just as the bone birds approached the Nine-Dragon Carriage, a huge dragon soul flew out from the carriage. Its body was as big as a mountain ridge. It opened its mouth like a deep pool and swallowed all the bone birds into its stomach.

ROAR!

The body of the dragon soul coiled around the Nine-Dragon Carriage and let out an earth-shattering roar.

“A Thousand-Koan Realm dragon soul.”

Supreme Saint Xueqi raised his head abruptly and was shocked by what he saw.

ROAR! ROAR!

...

Immediately after, two dragon souls and three elephant souls of the Thousand-Koan Realm rushed out and coiled around the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

They glared ferociously and roared toward the sky. They blocked the two carriages that were crushing toward them and were unable to advance any further.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the Nine-Dragon Carriage and slowly spread out his arms.

Instantly, the power of the three dragons and three elephants erupted. The two carriages in front and behind were pushed back slowly. The Dimensional Inscriptions wall on the two carriages was also broken.

Lian Xi could not believe her eyes.

At that moment, Lian Xi finally understood how powerful Zhang Ruochen was. It was almost impossible for her to kill him with her cultivation and talent.

Now, it was impossible.

In the future... it would be even more impossible.

“What a surprise. That truly is a Demigod-level physique. Zhang Ruochen’s only in the Neverwilt Realm and his body can withstand six Thousand-Koan Realm beast souls. However, he’s still far from it.” said Xu, who was at the back of the carriage.

The next moment, the sound of ten thousand ghosts came from the carriage.

Countless ghosts flew out. Some were humans, some were beasts, and some were birds... There were so many of them. There were more than ten thousand or even more than a hundred thousand.

The ghosts formed six storm vortexes.

In each of the vortexes, a few Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor’s Souls were formed. A few thousand meters tall giant, a Rakshasa with black wings on its back, and a demon ox that had two horns on its head.

Supreme Saint Xueqi’s face turned bitter and he said, “Xu once seized the Spring of Chaos and formed the Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique. He can absorb ghosts and refine them into his body endlessly with the Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique and his attained Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Earlier, he released at least six million ghosts.”

Six million ghosts formed the Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor Soul. The power it released was no less than Zhang Ruochen’s three dragons and three elephants.

What was even more disturbing was that six million ghosts were not all of Xu. No one knew how many Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor’s Souls he could form after he went all out.

The six Ghost Emperor Souls balanced the three dragons and three elephants.

The two carriages drove forward again, crushing the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

“Cultivators who attained the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm within a thousand years are indeed not simple. Those who can enter the top ten are all unfathomable. Even the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint is no match for you.” Zhang Ruochen said this and took out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

After Supreme Saint Yanhong sensed the aura of the Supreme Artifact, she said, “The so-called Yuanhui level geniuses only have this much ability? We’ve only used half of our power, and you’re already forced to use the Supreme Artifact?”

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you. If you use the Supreme Artifact in a battle in the Divine Domain of Destiny, you’ll be taken away by the fane,” Xu said.

Even though Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu were targeting Zhang Ruochen, they didn’t really attack him. They didn’t get out of the carriage. They just drove on the same street as Zhang Ruochen.

This was a loophole in the laws of the Fane of Destiny!

Just like Xu, he had condensed six Ghost Emperor Souls. He didn’t control them to attack. He just walked forward slowly to balance the three dragons and three elephants.

On the contrary, it was against the law for Supreme Saint Xueqi to use his weapons to attack first.

Even if Zhang Ruochen was seriously injured today, they could still say that they had just driven the carriage and accidentally barged into him.

It was a ridiculous excuse, but it was an excuse to avoid the law.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu were here to test his strength. They didn’t dare to do anything to him. They just wanted to use two Regal Artifact level carriages to crush the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

Other techniques, such as the six Ghost Emperor Souls and the illusory scarlet mist, were just to suppress Zhang Ruochen's power.

'They want to force me to act first. That way, they'll have a reason to act as well,' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen put away the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and looked ahead. Supreme Saint Yanhong's carriage was right in front of him.

If Zhang Ruochen was knocked down by Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong's carriage, it would severely damage Zhang Ruochen's prestige in the Bloodsky Clan and the Immortal Vampires.

Even if Zhang Ruochen wasn't injured. It will be a huge loss of face.

After that, Zhang Ruochen will have no chance to represent the Immortal Vampires and wield the Supreme Artifact.

However, if Zhang Ruochen could beat Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong, his reputation would definitely rise to its peak. It would be of great help to Wargod Bloodximius to negotiate with the gods of Immortal Vampires.

No matter how talented you were, you still had to show results in actual combat.

Moreover, this challenge was to test Zhang Ruochen's strength and also his ability to handle a crisis.

'How can I break the suppression of Supreme Saint Yanhong within the scope of the law?' Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment. Then, a large number of Marks of Time light spots flew out of his body. There were tens of millions of them.

Both Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong became alert. They were most afraid of Zhang Ruochen's Time techniques. Although they had prepared for it, they still did not drop their guard.

Whoosh

Dozens of Marks of Time appeared on the front and the back of the carriages.

The Mark of Time light spots released by Zhang Ruochen were bounced back by the power of the talismans as soon as they approached the carriage. They could not enter the carriage.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the Nine-Dragon Carriage and put his hands together.

Tens of millions of light spots flew back and gathered together. They turned into a Bell of Time and enveloped the Nine-Dragon Carriage. Supreme Saint Xueqi and Lian Xi quickly boarded the carriage and hid behind Zhang Ruochen.

Supreme Saint Xueqi and Lian Xi knew that no matter how powerful Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong were, they would not dare to touch the Bell of Time.

The safest place will be the inside of the bell.

Crash

Zhang Ruochen condensed six dimensional chains to connect with the three dragon souls and three elephant souls. He controlled them to pull the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

“Zhang Ruochen, you won’t get away easily.” Xu reached out a hand, pulled open the curtain, and said with a gentle smile.

Rumble

The six Ghost Emperor Souls resisted the three dragons and three elephants. The two sides competed in power and collided fiercely.

“If I want to leave, you can’t hold me back,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen pointed forward. Immediately, the space where the six Ghost Emperor Souls were was shrinking and collapsing rapidly. Even though they tried their best to hold on, the space still shrank smaller and smaller, like a rapidly shrinking ball.

The huge space with a diameter of hundreds of feet quickly became only the size of a fist.

The six Ghost Emperor Souls were all suppressed into the fist-sized spherical space. They could no longer resist the three dragons and three elephants.

Crash

The wheels turned.

The three dragons and three elephants pulled the Nine-Dragon Carriage that was wrapped in the Bell of Time over. The six Ghost Emperor Souls shattered the spherical space and they returned to their original size.

Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu watched the Nine-Dragon Carriage drive away. They didn't chase after it.

Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong's true bodies were on a floating island not far from this street, standing side by side. They looked down at the city and they looked at each other and could see the shock in each other's eyes.

Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong didn't dare to use their true bodies to deal with Zhang Ruochen, the Scion with a special identity, openly in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

Although the two figures in the carriages were only their shadow clones, their true bodies had been controlling everything. With their cultivation and the means they had prepared to suppress space and time, they still let Zhang Ruochen escape unscathed. How could they not be shocked?

"It is indeed as difficult as ascending to heaven to keep the Master of Time and Space." Supreme Saint Yanhong let out a long sigh, feeling helpless in her heart.

Zhang Ruochen had too many enemies in the Infernal Court. If Supreme Saint Yanhong could kill him, she could gain the support of all the major forces. That way, it would be much easier for her to become the Scioness of the Fane of Destiny.

However, Supreme Saint Yanhong realized at the test earlier. Although her combat strength was stronger than Zhang Ruochen's, Zhang Ruochen could leave at any time if he did not want to fight with her.

If they couldn't keep him, how could they kill him?

Xu's gaze deepened and he said, "We couldn't find out his strength even if we worked together. His strength has been doubled compared to when he fought with Warlord Mara."

"At least we found out that his cultivation has reached the peak of the Neverwilt Realm," said Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Xu said, "Before Zhang Ruochen broke his first shackle, he won't be a threat. But what's troubling is that no one knows when he'll do it."

If Zhang Ruochen broke his first shackle, then he would officially enter the Hundred-Shackle Realm. The power of the Demigod-level physique's body would be fully unleashed.

At that time, even the top 10 cultivators at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm like Xu and Supreme Saint Yan Hong would be wary of him.

This was the situation Xu and Supreme Saint Yan Hong would want to avoid most.

"Don't you have an important trump card in your hand? If you use it in the Celestial-Hunting Festival, Zhang Ruochen won't be able to escape as easily as he did today," said Supreme Saint Yan Hong with cold as frost eyes.

Although Supreme Saint Yan Hong was a pink-colored skull, the surface of the skeleton was beautiful skin. It looked beautiful and was no different from a beauty that could topple a nation.

Supreme Saint Yanhong said again, "Fairy Shadowless beside Zhang Ruochen can be refined as a skin for me for the next 100 years. It's perfect. The more I look at it, the more beautiful it becomes."

...

The Nine-Dragon Carriage was badly damaged and full of cracks. It traveled on the empty street and gradually disappeared into the distance.

Wujiang stood in the darkness of the night. His body and the six-colored rain merged into one. He could clearly see the fight just now.

He didn't attack.

Since Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong couldn't stop Zhang Ruochen when they worked together, if Wujiang attacked again, the result would most likely be the same.

However, just as Wujiang was about to leave, he was surprised to find a figure walking in the middle of the street in front of the Nine-Dragon Carriage.

A black figure.

The black figure was like a bamboo pole. Its body was as thin as firewood, but straight like a pencil.

The black figure walked toward the Nine-Dragon Carriage like a deaf and blind man. He couldn't see that it was Zhang Ruochen's carriage, and he couldn't see that the three dragons and three elephants pulling the carriage were Thousand-Koan Realm beast souls.

But could a cultivator in the Winterpage City really be deaf and blind?

'Who is he? What is he trying to do?' Wujiang wondered.

Wujiang used his spiritual power to investigate. However, as soon as his spiritual power approached, it was swallowed by an invisible force and disappeared without a trace.

Wujiang was ranked fifth on the list of those who attained the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm. His strength was above that of Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong.

How could such a strange cultivator appear in Winterpage City? Was his cultivation even stronger than Wujiang?

In the carriage.

Zhang Ruochen did not sense the aura of the black figure. He was still recalling the battle just now. His expression was calm and composed, but his heart was in turmoil.

Although it was only a test battle, Zhang Ruochen deeply felt the power of the top ten powerhouses who attained the Greater Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Whether it

was Xu or Supreme Saint Yanhong, they were like two bottomless abysses.

Even the current Lord Xia Yu was still inferior to them.

This difference was very obvious.

Supreme Saint Xueqi mended his injuries and he asked, “Lord Xia Yu is ranked seventh on the list of those at Greater Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and Supreme Saint Yanhong is ranked eighth. With your current cultivation, are you confident of winning against them?”

Zhang Ruochen did not answer. He only shook his head lightly.

It was unknown whether he was saying “I don’t know,” or “I’m not confident,” or “I’m not their match.”

Supreme Saint Xueqi lowered his head dejectedly and thought to himself, ‘Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong are invincible existences in the same realm. Zhang Ruochen is only in the Neverwilt Realm. No matter how strong he is, he can’t win against them. It’s already amazing that he could escape from their combined attack. It’s enough to shake the ten clans of the Infernal Court.’

“Who are you?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. His eyes became as sharp as a sword as he looked straight ahead.

Zhang Ruochen’s reflex was fast. However, he had only raised his arm three inches when a black shadow passed through the three dragons, three elephants, and the wall of the Nine-Dragon Carriage. It entered the carriage, its fingers moving dozens of times faster than Zhang Ruochen, it cut off a strand of long hair from his neck and pinched it in his hand.

When Zhang Ruochen raised his arm again, the black shadow had already passed through the Nine-Dragon Carriage and appeared on the street behind the carriage. He clutched the strand of hair in his hand and walked away from the carriage.

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift and he appeared outside the carriage. He stood on the street and stared at the bamboo-like black shadow. His eyes were filled with shock and doubt.

“The so-called Yuanhui level genius was just ordinary.” said the black shadow.

His body disappeared without a trace as he walked.

It was as if nothing had happened. It was just an illusion.

Supreme Saint Xueqi jumped off the Nine-Dragon Carriage. He looked in the direction Zhang Ruochen was looking and asked, “What’s Wrong?”

“Did you see it just now?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Xueqi asked, “See what? What Happened?”

“That’s right. He’s too fast. With your cultivation, how can you see him? Is this the Power of Oblivion?” Zhang Ruochen smoothed the hair behind his ear. One strand had been broken and was only an inch long.

It came and went without a trace.

With Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation, he could only see his opponent’s shadow. He couldn’t stop him from breaking his hair.

If he could cut off Zhang Ruochen’s hair, he could kill him.

With such speed, how could Supreme Saint Xueqi see him?

Perhaps only by being prepared and using the Power of Time and Space could Zhang Ruochen have a chance to compete with him in speed. However, his opponent’s body was no different from oblivion. He couldn’t sense it in advance. How could he be prepared?

“Are you testing my strength or showing off? Who are you?” Zhang Ruochen asked as his pupils constricted.

In the distance, Wujiang, who had witnessed everything, held his breath. He felt numb all over.

With Wujiang's cultivation, he couldn't see how the opponent appeared or disappeared. It was terrifying to the extreme.

“For him to appear here, he must be a cultivator participating in the Celestial-Hunting Festival. I hope he's a Thousand-Koan Realm or Banshi Isshou Realm cultivator. If he's in the Hundred-Shackle Realm... I'm probably not his match.”

Wujiang was calculating and guessing in his heart, but he kept shaking his head.

Even the third-ranked Yan Huangtu, the second-ranked Lan Ying, could not be so strong. Could the black shadow be the first-ranked one?

Chapter 2273: Que

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

When Supreme Saint Xueqi returned to Vastsea Manor, Gu Chenzi, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Lord Xia Yu were already waiting outside the manor.

The moment they saw Zhang Ruochen come down from the carriage, they welcomed him like a hero. Supreme Saint Yi Xuan laughed loudly. “The battle on the street has made your name known all over the world. I’m afraid no one will dare to look down on our Bloodsky Clan at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

Many cultivators were paying attention to the battle between Zhang Ruochen, Xu, and Supreme Saint Yanhong on the street. The news spread like wildfire to all the major forces in Winterpage City.

The cultivators of Bloodsky Clan who gathered around looked at Zhang Ruochen differently.

They became respectful and fearful.

That was the look they had when facing a superior.

Zhang Ruochen’s face did not show a trace of joy. Instead, his expression was solemn. He said with a heavy heart, “Let’s talk inside.”

Gu Chenzi, Lord Xia Yu, and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan saw some clues. They immediately stopped smiling and followed Zhang Ruochen into Vastsea Manor. Then, they entered Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

They did not speak on their way to the palace. The atmosphere was heavy.

When they arrived at the main hall, Zhang Ruochen sat at the top like an emperor. He still did not speak, as if he was thinking about something.

Gu Chenzi asked, “What exactly happened? Is Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong’s cultivation far stronger than it

looks?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly and finally spoke, “Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong didn’t use their true bodies or their true powers. It was a somewhat tentative fight, which was hard for us to see through their strength.

“But I can roughly guess that their combat strength is higher than Lord Xia Yu’s.”

“Xu hasn’t even condensed a Grade Three Saintwill. How can he be stronger than me? I’m afraid you didn’t see how I cut off Yue Tinghai’s arm. Do you want to try?”

Lord Xia Yu snorted. She wasn’t convinced.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t seem to see Lord Xia Yu’s battle intent. “Xu has the Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique,” he said. “He can absorb countless ghosts and become one. “Although he only showed the tip of the iceberg of his strength when he was at the street, I can infer from some clues that he has absorbed more than 10 million ghosts into his Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level physique.

“Based on my analysis, I can tell that those ghosts he absorbed aren’t mortals. They were cultivators when they were alive.

“One million ghosts can form a Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor-Level physique. If the strength of ten Ghost Emperor-Level bodies were combined with a high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique, even your Grade Three Saintwill wouldn’t be able to withstand it, right?”

“I’ve looked through the information on Xu. The Emperor-level Heavenly Sight that he cultivated is a high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique. With this technique, he once heavily injured a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint in the Battlefield of Merits.”

Lord Xia Yu’s eyes flashed with shock. She did not expect the Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique to be so powerful.

Gu Chenzi said, “Lord Xia Yu has just broken through to the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. She did not have the time to cultivate a high-level Thousand-Koan Realm

Saint Technique. In terms of foundation, she is indeed lacking compared to Lord Xia Yu.

“However, if Xu is unable to fuse with the Grade Three Saintwill, it is only a matter of time before Lord Xia Yu overpowers him.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was annoyed. “It’s all my fault. If he didn’t take away the Spring of Chaos, how could he have grown so powerful?”

Gu Chenzi was still confused. Since Zhang Ruochen was able to escape from the combined attacks of Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong, even if they were stronger than Lord Xia Yu, there was a limit to their strength.

With the strength of the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan, they could fight against Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong together.

But why was Zhang Ruochen’s mood so volatile?

Zhang Ruochen said, “After breaking through the encirclement of Xu and Saint Yanhong, I met another cultivator whose cultivation far surpasses the two of them.”

“Who is it? Wu Jiang?” Gu Chenzi asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “No, Wu Jiang is far inferior to him. Even if the three of you join hands with me, we might not be his match.”

Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi were all stunned.

They knew that Zhang Ruochen did not joke. Since he had said it so carefully, it must have been carefully analyzed and calculated.

Gu Chenzi analyzed the situation and said, “How is this possible? Wu Jiang is ranked fifth among cultivators who attained the Great Perfection at Hundred-Shackle Realm. The only ones stronger than him are Luo Shengtian, Yanhuang Tu, and Lan Ying.

“Although Luo Shengtian’s ranking is higher than Wu Jiang’s, the two of them have never fought before. Based on past battle

records, even if Luo Shengtian was stronger than Wu Jiang, he wouldn't be much stronger. "Moreover, if he wanted to test you, he had already made his move on Arena of Life and Death. He wouldn't have waited until now.

"Yan Huangtu, who is ranked third, rarely makes a move in public. His latest battle record goes back to 120 years ago. It's impossible to judge his current strength.

"However, since you went to Jianyin District, you must have fought with Yan Wushen before and tested each other's strength. Logically speaking, there is no point for Yan Huangtu to make a move anymore. So he should not be the one.

"So most likely, that cultivator should be Lan Ying, the Divine Fetus.

"There are too many rumors regarding Lan Ying. Any cultivator at the same realm would feel fear towards him. He is an opponent that is almost impossible to defeat.

"I once saw Lan Ying. At that time, we were both Saint Kings and were on the verge of breaking through to the Supreme Saint realm. I was also considered a top elite. I was pretty conceited and never thought that anyone in the same cultivation rank could defeat me.

"However, Lan Ying left a deep impression on me that time. He killed a Supreme Saint, who was on par with me, with a single sword strike. It was clean and neat. It was as if he was the embodiment of slaughter.

"At that time, I thought that even if six of me joined hands, I wouldn't be able to block the six swords on his back.

"If there really was an opponent that even the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan couldn't defeat, then it could only be Yan Huangtu or Lan Ying. Among them, the possibility of Lan Ying is higher."

Lord Xia Yu revealed a cold expression, he said, "At that time, Lan Ying must have borrowed external forces. During the Celestial-Hunting Festival, Lan Ying cannot borrow external

forces, and he can only use one weapon, so his advantage will be greatly weakened.

“I don’t believe that with your current cultivation, you would be killed instantly by him.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said, “That’s right. With our current cultivation, no living being below the Thousand-Koan Realm can defeat the three of us by themselves.

“Only Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen might be able to do it in the future.

“I guess Zhang Ruochen met a Thousand-Koan Realm attendee.

Zhang Ruochen had looked through the information of Lan Ying. He was sure that Lan Ying had never practiced the Path of Oblivion, so it was impossible for Lan Ying to be that person.

As for the Thousand-Koan Realm attendee...

Zhang Ruochen had made the same guess, but he ruled it out.

The guests of the Thousand-Koan Realm could not participate in the Celestial Hunting. There was no need for them to test Zhang Ruochen’s strength. Moreover, before the black figure left, he said, “The so-called Yuanhui level genius is nothing more than this.”

From this, one could infer the character of this person:

He was very confident and competitive. He valued fame and fortune. He was jealous, dissatisfied, and disdainful of Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, who were called “Yuanhui level” geniuses.

If he was really a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint, he wouldn’t be proud even if he chopped off a strand of Zhang Ruochen’s hair.

After all, the difference between Hundred-Shackle Realm and Thousand-Koan Realm was too big. Many Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints had such strength.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Have you forgotten that there’s a mysterious existence ranked first among the cultivators with Great Perfection attainment at Hundred-Shackle Realm?”

Gu Chenzi frowned and said, “The ranking of the Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators, who achieved Great Perfection, was compiled by Realm of Star Ocean. At the beginning, it only included 47 Supreme Saints. As some hidden powerful figures were revealed, it has now expanded to 58.”

“However, the ranking of the top ten has never changed. It tells us their strength is definitely far superior to other Supreme Saints who have reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

“Among them, the most puzzling one is the person who is ranked first. There is only one word written on the list, Que.”

“At the beginning, everyone thought that his name was Que.

“However, some deities have tried to probe this person, but they get nothing.

“Therefore, everyone thought that Realm of Star Ocean deliberately left the first place for you or Yan Wushen.

“After all, you two are too powerful. Once you reach the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, you will definitely be the first.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Even the deities couldn’t figure him out?”

“This is absolutely true,” Gu Chenzi said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “If he is a Master of Oblivion, he can already control the power of Oblivion perfectly. Can the deities figure him out?”

“This...” Gu Chenzi didn’t know how to answer.

Any cultivator had a respectful attitude toward the power of Oblivion.

There were too few beings practicing Oblivion; it was too rare. Because of this rare and unknown, all cultivators were in awe and didn’t know how to deal with it.

For example, if there would only be one cultivator practicing the Path of Time existed in one Yuanhui, other cultivators would not know how to deal with the power of Time and didn't have a way to resist such an attack. Then, they would be filled with respect for a Master of Time. But in reality, although few cultivators were cultivating the Path of Time, it wasn't rare. Moreover, one or two Masters of Time could be born in every era. Hence, after studying the Path of Time more, other cultivators would know how to resist and deal with it, so their respect for it also became lesser.

Lord Xia Yu said, "If he is a Master of Oblivion — even the deities can't predict anything about him, then how does Realm of Star Ocean know Him?"

"What if he is a cultivator trained by Realm of Star Ocean or the Fane of Destiny?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"It's not impossible."

Gu Chenzi's expression also became serious. He said again, "The power of Oblivion may not be able to resist the deities' probe all the time. However, if it's the Fane of Destiny who hides everything about a cultivator, no matter how powerful the deities are, they can't predict or probe anything about him."

"Que will be the biggest variable in this Celestial-Hunting Festival," Zhang Ruochen said.

He had a clear feeling that the black figure was hostile to him.

In the following time, Zhang Ruochen turned on Sundial again. He tried his best to refine the wine power of the Twelve Blossoms and break the first Shackle.

He used the Path of Truth and found that the first Shackle was on his right arm.

Before he drank the Twelve Blossoms, Zhang Ruochen had taken a Fugue pill. He tried dozens of times, but failed.

He practiced in Sundial for about a year before completely absorbing the Twelve Blossoms' wine power.

He took another Fugue pill, but he still did not break the first Shackle. What was better than before was that the Shackle that had not reacted previously shook slightly.

It was a good start!

‘Next, I have to grind them slowly. Iron rods can be ground into needles. I don’t believe that I can’t break a shackle,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Under everyone’s expectations, the seventh day of the fifth month finally arrived.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was a grand ceremony that made all Infernal Court cultivators rejoice no matter where they were. Cultivators of all clans attending the festival became a favorite conversation topic among all Infernal Court cultivators. They placed their hopes on the attendees representing the honor of all the big forces.

The representatives from Bloodsky Clan — 50 Supreme Saints and 50 Saint Kings — had already gathered together and were ready to go. They were full of vigor.

Some rode on Supreme Saint savage beasts, followed by dozens of Saint Slaves. They wore Regal-level armor, and their capes fluttered in the wind.

Some rode on Regal-level war chariots. Beside them were four beautiful female cultivators on their Sainthood.

...

Each of the guests was quite high-profile. They showed their most majestic, wealthy, and powerful side. They were high-spirited and ambitious. They wanted to compete with other forces in terms of imposing manner.

At this moment, Sevenstar Imperial Palace had become the size of a normal palace. It was carried out of Vastsea Manor by 18 Ghost Kings who had survived six tribulations.

All the cultivators of Bloodsky Clan were immediately outclassed.

“Th-That is Sevenstar Imperial Palace. It’s the palace where Wargod Bloodximius once lived. Did you see that figure

sitting in the grand hall? It's Zhang Ruochen."

"My God! Wargod Bloodximius actually passed Sevenstar Imperial Palace to Zhang Ruochen. Is he the heir of the Xue Jue Family?"

...

All the cultivators of Bloodsky Clan were in an uproar.

Not many cultivators knew that Zhang Ruochen had become the owner of Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Those who knew did not publicize it. That was why it caused such a huge shock.

The next moment, Shentu Yunkong and Gaunt, who had been subdued, walked out of Sevenstar Imperial Palace one after another. They stood on both sides of the palace gate and wore guard armor.

Zhou Zhen's status was slightly higher than theirs. However, he could only wear plain clothes and stand outside the palace.

In the hall, Lian Xi and Moyin were like two handmaidens. One was as beautiful as a fairy, while the other was as seductive as a demonic concubine.

"It's one thing for 18 ghost kings — who passed six tribulations — to carry them, but they intimidate others with five Supreme Saints. Some are guards, and some are handmaidens. Aren't they afraid of being beaten to death by envious cultivators from other forces?" Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was envious at the same time.

Although Zhang Ruochen was sighted sitting in Sevenstar Imperial Palace, his consciousness entered the deity world of Wargod BloodXimius.

Wargod BloodXimius said, "The Immortal Vampire deities have agreed to let you take control of the Supreme Artifact. However, they have two conditions.

"First, you must make Immortal Vampires one of the top five in Celestial-Hunting Festival.

"Second, you must help Lady Wind get the position of Scioness."

“If you failed to achieve any, then Bloodsky Clan will bear all the responsibility. No matter what the result of the Celestial-Hunting Festival is, they will automatically be ranked last among the major ten clans and get the least resources.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Their two conditions are too harsh.”

“But I have already agreed,” said Wargod BloodXimius.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes became piercing. He held his breath for a moment and then said with a firmer determination, “I will definitely complete these two missions. I will never let Bloodsky Clan bear all of this.”

“You don’t need to achieve both. You only need to complete one mission to reach your goal.. Comparatively, the second condition they put forward is easier to complete,” said Wargod BloodXimius.

Chapter 2274: The Gate of Destiny

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was held once every thousand years.

A banquet was held before the Celestial Hunt.

According to tradition, the location of the festival was Destiny's Creek, a river located at the foot of Mount Destiny.

If one wanted to reach Destiny's Creek, they had to pass through the Gate of Destiny first.

At this moment, outside the Gate of Destiny, a large group of cultivators from the ten clans had gathered in Tungsten Square. Saint Chariots, Bone Palanquins, Ghost Ships... They were densely parked; moreover, they were all releasing powerful Supreme Saint auras to display their strength.

The ten clans were clearly divided.

When Bloodsky Clan arrived, they attracted the attention of many cultivators.

Among them, Sevenstar Imperial Palace, carried by the eighteen Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords, was the most eye-catching. It caused the various factions to be shocked and exclaim.

Ming, Ghost Master's eighth son, said with a cold expression, "Bloodsky Clan is clearly provoking Ghosts by ordering the Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords to carry the palace. They are not afraid of being suppressed by us."

"In the past Celestial-Hunting Festivals, Bloodsky Clan suffered losses in our hands. This resulted in them being ranked last among the major ten Immortal Vampire clans and receiving the least amount of resources.

"The entire Bloodsky clan, from their deities to the low-level cultivators, has grievances against us.

"It's very normal for Wargod BloodXimius to make such arrangement," Xu smirked.

The grudge between Wargod Bloodximus and Ghost Master was well-known in Infernal Court.

Hence, Dishastan cultivators deliberately targeted Bloodsky Clan at every Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Although Ghost Master's strength was not as strong as that of Wargod Bloodximus, Dishastan's strength was far greater than that of Bloodsky Clan.

It was worth mentioning that Dishastan was ranked third among the nine Ghost Cities of the ghost clan. It was only second to Fengdu¹ and Impermanenton².

Ghost Master was the ruler of Dishastan. He ruled the 72 Netherrealm and 100,000 Ghost Planets.

Xu stared at Sevenstar Imperial Palace, "It seems that the last few Celestial-Hunting Festivals have angered Wargod Bloodximus. He's actually lost his mind and placed all his bets on Zhang Ruochen, who has made countless enemies.

"This year's Celestial-Hunting Festivals will destroy Wargod Bloodximus' reputation. Bloodsky Clan will be thrown into the abyss and continue to sink for thousands of years."

"Don't forget that Bloodsky Clan has Lord Xia Yu with strength that can make her the top ten Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators who achieved Great Perfection. I'm afraid the clan won't be as easy to deal with as before," said Ming.

"But this year, Dishastan has me."

In the past Celestial-Hunting Festivals, the top elite in Ghost Clan was either from Fengdu or Impermanenton. This year was an exception. Xu had become the top elite of Ghost Clan.

It could be said that he represented Dishastan and the entire Ghost Clan. He was the most talented and powerful existence that had stood out from millions of Ghost cultivators in the past thousand years.

...

Sevenstar Imperial Palace landed on Tungsten Square. Zhang Ruochen sat in the palace. The palace door was wide open. He

could see the Gate of Destiny in the distance when he looked up.

The gate was made of tens of thousands of stellar cores. There were all kinds of runes carved on it. Some burned like lava, and some flowed with blood-red lines.

The Gate of Destiny emitted white light, forming a light curtain.

The light on the light curtain seemed to be able to travel to the past and the future. It gave people a mysterious, unfathomable feeling.

“This is the legendary Gate of Destiny!”

Lian Xi, Zhou Zhen, Yan, and Shentu Yunkong all felt like they were in a dream. In the past, they did not dare to imagine that they, as Celestial Court cultivators, would one day stand below Mount Destiny and look up at the Gate of Destiny at close range.

“Legend has it that as long as you cross the Gate of Destiny, you will be baptized by Destiny. The Precepts of Destiny will automatically be born in your body, and you will become a cultivator of the Path of Destiny.

“There are very few cultivators who are qualified to enter the gate of fate in Infernal Court. Are we going to be qualified today?”

Not only them, but all the servants, maids, relatives, and friends who came to the festival along with the attendees showed joy on their faces. They could not calm down their excitement.

Screech!

At this time, a golden Saint Chariot arrived next to Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

It emitted an elegant and charming fragrance.

Lady Wind wore a golden silk mask. Her fair skin was faintly discernible. A pair of blood-red eyes as bright as amber peeked out of her veil. She stared at Zhang Ruochen in the palace and said, “Supreme Saint Ruochen, we meet again!”

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly at her in response.

Lady Wind did not show any displeasure because of his indifference. “Supreme Saint Saint Ruochen, you are the leader of Bloodsky Clan in this festival, but you have never participated in the Immortal Vampire council for the festival. You have even rejected my invitations and visits many times. Staying aloof is bad for our cooperation at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

Zhang Ruochen admired Lady Wind’s shrewdness and character.

No matter how he treated Lady Wind, she could maintain a friendly attitude. There was no trace of dissatisfaction or hatred. She simply showed the soft and tender temperament of a woman.

However, the more this was the case, the more wary Zhang Ruochen became of Lady Wind.

A woman’s mind was difficult to read.

The mind of a powerful woman who could perfectly hide her true emotions was even more difficult to read.

Since he had agreed to Wargod Bloodximius to fulfill the two conditions given by Immortal Vampire deities, it was impossible for Zhang Ruochen to ignore Lady Wind like before.

At the very least, the two of them would work closely together at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Countless thoughts flashed through Zhang Ruochen’s mind. “It was my fault before. If you don’t mind, you can come to Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Is it too late for us to discuss now?”

“It’s my honor to be invited by Supreme Saint Ruochen.”

Under the gaze of countless cultivators, Lady Wind walked into Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Whoosh

Dense Supreme Saint inscriptions and divine inscriptions appeared on the walls of the palace, preventing other

cultivators from probing.

The cultivators from the other clans of Immortal Vampires looked angry. They felt that Lady Wind had placed too much importance and tolerance on Zhang Ruochen. She should teach someone as impudent and rude as Zhang Ruochen a lesson instead of trying to get close to him and pander to him.

Of course, they were angry because they were jealous.

All Immortal Vampires dreamed of taking the beautiful Lady Wind as their wife. However, no matter how hard they tried, Lady Wind did not spare most of them a glance.

Only the leaders of the major clans knew that Lady Wind had no choice.

They had received news that Zhang Ruochen would become the only cultivator in the Immortal Vampires to wield the Supreme Artifact. In this way, his status in the Immortal Vampires would become very important.

Although Lady Wind represented the interests of the lower three clans, Asura and Rakshasa clans competed with the Immortal Vampires for their own interests. Hence, their support for Lady Wind at the Celestial-Hunting Festival would definitely be limited.

Therefore, Lady Wind had to fight for the biggest support within the Immortal Vampires.

Zhang Ruochen had become the target she had to win over.

Lady Wind was a very attractive woman. Although she was wearing many pieces of jewelry, they didn't make her look unsophisticated. Her classy temperament and elegant demeanor would make men feel a strong desire to conquer her.

Lady Wind was tall. Her skin was as delicate as a water lily. She stood straight in the center of the hall and looked into Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

The limelight in the entire hall gathered on her.

Lian Xi was known as one of the most beautiful women in Celestial Court. She was the dream goddess of countless cultivators. However, at this moment, she felt that her

limelight had been snatched away by Lady Wind. She faintly felt a sense of inferiority.

Lady Wind went straight to the point and said, “At the Celestial-Hunting Festival, I need full support from you. Our interests are tied together. No interest among cultivators is more closely related to ours.”

Zhang Ruochen put down the scroll he was reading and said, “Oh? Lady Wind thinks so highly of me, a cultivator with only half of the Immortal Vampire bloodline?”

Lady Wind’s eyes were as bright as the stars, but her tone was a little sad. She said helplessly, “Even Wargod Bloodximus thinks highly of you. How can I Look down on you? Besides, you are my only choice. Whether I’m willing or not, I have to place my hopes on you.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “Is that what Lady Wind says to every supporter?”

Lady Wind shook her head and said sadly, “Supporters? Who are you talking about?”

“Doesn’t Lord Bladehell count?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lady Wind said, “Qitian Clan that Lord Bladehell belongs to is ranked first among the major ten Immortal Vampire clans. Yellowsky Clan is ranked second or third. Therefore, Yellowsky Clan that I belong to is a potential competitor to Qitian Clan.”

“Even if Lord Bladehell supports me, he must first ensure that Qitian Clan is ranked above Yellowsky Clan. With this limitation, his support will be greatly reduced.”

“Supreme Saint Jin Kun of Azuresky Clan and Yue Tinghai of Puresky Clan also compete with Yellowsky Clan for the same interests.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were indifferent. He continued, “What about Mad Whitejade Lion of Stone Clan? As far as I know, his love for you has reached madness. It once said that it would be willing to be your mount.”

Lady Wind shook her head with a smile. “Regardless of whether his so-called love is true or not, he is far inferior to Bloodsky Clan in terms of strength alone. Besides, can a cultivator of Stone Clan really be completely trusted?”

“Then why should you trust me, Lady Wind?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lady Wind said, “Bloodsky Clan is ranked the bottom among the major ten clans. Even if Bloodsky Clan wins first place in the Celestial-Hunting Festival, Bloodsky Clan won’t be ranked top three and won’t pose a threat to Yellowsky Clan.

“Therefore, there is no competition between the two clans

“Second, I believe that Wargod Bloodximius, has already told you about the conditions set by the Immortal Vampire deities. Therefore, I have reason to believe that you will do your best to help me.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly and smiled. “Then, let me ask a selfish question. If I help you with all my might, what benefits will I get?”

This time, Lady Wind took off her golden mask, revealing her flawless face. Her red lips were moist and crystal clear, and her nose was straight and delicate. In terms of beauty, she was no less beautiful than Lord Xia Yu and Lian Xi.

She gave a stunning smile. “As long as you do your best to help me take the position of Scioness, I can marry you in a thousand years. Even if you fail the mission, and I fail to take the position of Scioness, I can still marry you.”

If other cultivators heard this, they would be ecstatic. They would want to sacrifice their lives for Lady Wind.

However, Zhang Ruochen only raised his eyelids slightly. He seemed indifferent.

He didn’t think that Lady Wind would break her promise.

He thought of what Supreme Saint Qingsheng had said, “If you can condense two Grade Two Saintwills, I’m afraid that the forces of Infernal Court who held grudge against you will

have to put down their hatred... They might even want to offer their favorite daughters of their clan to you as brides...”

Zhang Ruochen hadn't broken through to Hundred-Shackle Realm yet, but he had condensed a quasi Grade Two Saintwill.

The deities of Yellowsky Clan and Lady Wind most likely knew about this. If Lady Wind failed to be the Scioness of the Fane of the Destiny, marrying Zhang Ruochen, a Supreme Saint with a Grade Two Saintwill, would be a great option.

If she succeeded in the competition and became the Scioness, she would have to give up her feelings and desires for a thousand years.

And who could say for sure what would happen after a thousand years?

Hence, Lady Wind's promise might seem alluring, but in fact, it was not at all disadvantageous for her and her clan.

It was very likely that the deities of Yellowsky Clan had set up some strategy.

“Lady Wind, are you trying to use a honey trap on me?”
Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lady Wind smiled sweetly and put on the golden mask again, “I just want to tell you, Supreme Saint Ruochen,” she said, “As long as you desire, no matter what the result is, I will be your wife. I will be your closest friend.”

“Among the three Scioness candidates, of course, you will choose your own wife to be the Scioness, right?”

After Lady Wind walked out of Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Moyin snorted coldly. “The candidates for Scioness chosen by the Fane of Destiny are just so-so. She wants to win master's support with her beauty.”

Lian Xi said, “Indeed, she is not fit to be a Scioness.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Lian Xi. Suddenly, she thought of something and quickly lowered her head. A sad and painful look appeared in her eyes. As a deity's daughter, she had been reduced to a handmaiden in Zhang Ruochen's harem. How could she judge Lady Wind?

How could she be qualified to be the future ruler of Soul Realm?

Zhang Ruochen had a different feeling at this moment.

As his cultivation became more profound and he proved himself with absolute strength time and time again, his voice among Immortal Vampires became more and more powerful. Now, even a peerless Supreme Saint like Lady Wind had to lower herself and flatter him.

Infernal Court was indeed a very realistic place.

As long as one was powerful, they could get everything they wanted.

Lady Wind returned to her golden Saint Chariot. Yan Beijun immediately went in to pay his respects.

The golden Saint Chariot was spacious. Lady Wind's exquisite figure stood in the center. Her fair left arms were behind her slender waist. She was in deep thought.

Yan Beijun was annoyed, his eyes cold. "Senior, you are ranked 12th on the list of Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection achievers. You are also a Scioness candidate chosen by the Fane of Destiny. Why should someone as powerful and noble as you lower yourselves to pay your respects to Zhang Ruochen, who's only in Neverwilt Realm?"

"How will other cultivators think about you?"

"Pan Ruo and Supreme Saint Yanhong are probably laughing at you in secret."

Lady Wind, standing with her back to him, said, "There are some things that you don't understand."

Yan Beijun sighed and said, "Senior, with the support of Lord Bladehell, Supreme Saint Jin Kun, and Mad Whitejade Lion, you still have a great chance to seize the position of Scioness. Why do you have to put yourself through this?"

"Although Zhang Ruochen was able to escape from the hands of Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong, it only proves that the Scion of Time and Space is skillful in escaping. That's all."

“His battle strength might not even be comparable to an ordinary warrior who achieved Great Perfection at Hundred-Shackle Realm, let alone an elite like you.”

Lady Wind turned around and stared at him with a cold gaze that Yan Beijun had never seen before. She said, “You know nothing about Zhang Ruochen. From now on, he is our closest ally. You’d better not offend him.”

Yan Beijun was frozen by Lady Wind’s gaze. He didn’t dare to speak again.

But his dissatisfaction grew stronger. He felt that Zhang Ruochen didn’t deserve such treatment. Compared to Lord Bladehell, Supreme Saint Jin Kun, and Mad Whitejade Lion, Zhang Ruochen was still far inferior.

He felt that his senior must have been blinded to make the wrong decision.

“Get Out!” said Lady Wind.

After Yan Beijun exited the golden Saint Chariot, Lady Wind sighed. “Zhang Ruochen has a demigod physique, and he has condensed a Grade Two Saintwill. Even if I become a Scioness, I may not be able to compete with him in the future.

“Zhang Ruochen may not be strong now, but he has Lord Xia Yu and a Supreme Artifact by his side. No matter what, I have to make a bet. I should not lose if I follow Wargod Bloodximius.”

Ding-dong!

Ding-dong!

...

A bell rang nine times in succession throughout the Divine Domain of Destiny.

The Gate of Destiny opened, revealing the towering outline of Mount Destiny and the Fane of Destiny. An ancient and mysterious aura surged out at all the cultivators.

The cultivators from the ten clans rode on their mounts and Saint Chariots and entered through the Gate of Destiny one

after another.

Sevenstar Imperial Palace was getting closer and closer to the Gate of Destiny with the help of the eighteen Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords. A strange thought emerged in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

Looking at the Gate of Destiny, he felt like he had stood in the void space of the universe and seen Death's Door up close.

Why did he have such a feeling?

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and cleared the thoughts in his mind. He carefully comprehended the energy released by the Gate of Destiny. He wanted to know if the legend was true. Could it be that he could condense the Precepts of Destiny just by walking through the Gate of Destiny?

Was it that simple?

The moment he passed through the Gate of Destiny in Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Zhang Ruochen had yet to experience the Precepts of Destiny. However, a strange image appeared in his mind. It was as if he had seen his own fate and the future.

It was in the most luxurious hall of Xue Jue Residence. It was decorated with red lanterns, red umbrellas, and red curtains. It was a wedding night.

He was wearing a red suit. As the groom, he was standing opposite a woman wearing a veil. It seemed like they were bowing to each other.

...

The joyous scene flashed past.

It was supposed to be a happy thing, but Zhang Ruochen became gloomy. He couldn't help but clench his fingers.

He was sure that the scene he saw wasn't a man-made illusion.

On the contrary, like what he had seen in Destiny Pool, he felt a sense of familiarity from his own experience, as well as a sense of strangeness and terror.

Why would he feel familiar with something he had never experienced?

Was everything in the world really pre-destined? Had fate arranged everything?

“Was it the power of the Gate of Destiny that allowed me to see my future? The location of the marriage was in the Xue Jue Residence. Who was that woman? Lady Wind?”

Zhang Ruochen unconsciously thought of what Lady Wind had just said. The two seemed to have a causal relationship.

If Lady Wind failed to be the Scioness, and the deities of Yellowsky Clan want her to marry Zhang Ruochen, would Wargod Bloodximus agree?

Wargod would definitely agree.

Perhaps the deities of Yellowsky Clan and Bloodsky Clan had already decided everything and arranged his fate.

“In that case, Lady Wind, it’s better for you to be a Scioness.”

Zhang Ruochen hated being controlled, planned, and bound. His eyes were cold. He decided to go against his destiny and break the fate that the Gate of Destiny had shown him.

Chapter 2275: The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Destiny's Creek was located at the foot of Mount Destiny. It flowed along the mountain, and it was several hundred feet wide at its widest point. It was like a great river.

At its narrowest point, it was less than a foot wide.

Its water was crimson like blood, with rising dense mist. There was no smell of blood; instead, there was a faint fragrance like an orchid's scent, enticing people. Needless to say, the water was a drink that was even more precious than the Saint Spring.

They had yet to see the actual feast, but the spring water of Destiny's Creek had already made the eyes of the servants and maidservants who had reached the Saint realm shine. Every one of them was like mortals who had been hungry for three days and three nights, unable to restrain the desire in their hearts.

It was no wonder that Infernal Court cultivators would fight over the seats for the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Since there was a feast, of course, there was a hierarchy of seats.

Destiny's Creek was like a human's blood vessel, flowing from the highest point of the terrain all the way to the foot of Mount Destiny.

In the beginning, there was only one main stream that was hundreds of feet wide.

Not long after, the main stream split into ten, turning into ten great tributaries.

Each of the ten great tributaries was divided into ten small branches, turning into a hundred streams.

...

Just like that, one split into ten; ten split into hundred; hundred split into a thousand...

In the end, when the stream flowed to the foot of the mountain, it was actually divided into ten thousand small tributaries that were less than a foot wide.

The seats for the cultivators attending the festival were located on both sides of the stream. Some sat near the main stream, while others sat near the tributaries. The difference between the two was obvious.

The seats were divided into

ten seats of honor, a hundred prime seats, a thousand secondary seats, ten third-tier seats, and a hundred thousand fourth-tier seats.

As soon as they passed through the Gate of Destiny, the cultivators from the ten clans all accelerated their speed using their own methods so they could occupy the best seats.

The ten seats of honor were the most honorable. They had the right to choose the food first. Naturally, they became the primary targets for the top Hundred-Shackle Realm elites who achieved Great Perfection.

The representative of Immortal Vampires for the seats of honor was the most powerful Lord Bladehell.

Lord Xia Yu also joined in.

Zhang Ruochen didn't deliberately fight for the ten seats of honor. The so-called "right to choose the food first" wasn't that attractive to him.

After all, each Supreme Saint attending the festival was entitled an Ampliofruit, the most precious food in the feast. Sitting on the seats of honor would at most allow him to choose the biggest one. It was insignificant.

The top elites of the ten clans would compete for ten seats of honor mainly because they wanted to display and show off their strength for fame and fortune. If a clan did not have a representative sitting on any seats of honor, the clan — from deities gods to ordinary cultivators — would be ridiculed by other clans.

The seat of honor representing the glory of the cultivators of a clan, could boost the morale of a clan's cultivators. Hence, securing it became the top priority.

Above Destiny's Creek was a Spatial Divine Mirror. The entire Infernal Court cultivators could watch everything that happened here.

Zhang Ruochen had read countless books, so he knew the Celestial-Hunting Festival well. Of course, he knew that that Spatial Divine Mirror was called the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms.

It was indeed a Divine Artifact!

Legend had it that by activating the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, one could project the scene of the Celestial-Hunting Festival to myriad Macroworlds at the same time across layers of dimensions.

Most importantly, the Fane of Destiny would deliberately project the projection to myriad Macroworlds in Celestial Court, jokingly calling it an act of "celebrating with the Celestial Court."

Of course, all Macroworlds in the Celestial Court knew that the Celestial-Hunting Festival held once every thousand years in Infernal Court was both a show of strength and a deliberate provocation and humiliation.

Therefore, the deities of all Celestial Court Macroworlds would destroy the projection.

The common living beings in all Celestial Court Macroworlds couldn't see the grand occasion of the Celestial-Hunting Festival at all. Only a very few high-level cultivators who followed the deities had the chance to witness it.

It could be said that every time the Celestial-Hunting Festival was held in Infernal Court, the cultivators of all Celestial Court Macroworlds would gnash their teeth in hatred.

Of course, the Macroworld, which had become a Battlefield of Merits, could not destroy the projection because its deity was not present. Hence, Infernal Court and Celestial Court

cultivators on the Battlefield of Merits could witness all highlights of the festival with their own eyes.

Kunlun was one of such Macroworlds.

At this moment, a huge projection appeared in the sky above the major battlefields, cities, and sects of Kunlun, covering the entire sky. The projection was like an open picture scroll of blood vessels .

Upon closer inspection, they realized that the image projected was a blood-red creek.

The cultivators of Infernal Court were rushing into the two banks of that creek at their fastest speed, fighting for the best seats.

Except for Kunlun cultivators, almost all cultivators of other Macroworlds knew about the Celestial-Hunting Festival. They had long known that the Celestial-Hunting Festival would be held today, so they were not surprised.

On the contrary, they were looking forward to the Celestial-Hunting Festival as they wanted to understand the strength of the new generation of elites in Infernal Court.

After all, the Celestial-Hunting Festival was a grand event in Infernal Court. Although Kunlun cultivators didn't know about it before, they had heard about it recently. The sudden appearance of the projection only scared ordinary people.

Many Kunlun's Eastern Region cultivators gathered at Yunwu Commandery's Royal Mountain. It had become a major force in Kunlun. Therefore, the festival was projected on the sky above there.

Blackie stood on a towering city wall outside Royal Mountain. While looking at the sky with its round and agile eyes, it said coldly, "Two months ago, we caught a Five-Tribulation Ghost Lord who claimed that Zhang Ruochen had defected to Immortal Vampires. Moreover, Zhang Ruochen was going to represent Bloodsky Clan of the Immortal Vampires in the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

"I want to see if Zhang Ruochen, the traitor, is still alive."

BZZZZZZT!

Not far from Blackie, a 30-foot-wide black hole appeared out of thin air.

Han Qiu walked out of the black hole. Her piercing eyes were like lightning. She pointed her sword at Blackie and said coldly, "If you dare to curse again, I'll cut off your cat claws."

Blackie had recovered its Supreme Sainthood, but it was still afraid of Han Qiu, the increasingly powerful Master of Darkness.

The main reason was that this highly ambitious woman had a strong desire to dominate others. She was ruthless and intelligent. She had almost dominated all forces in Royal Mountain. Countless cultivators followed her lead.

When Zhang Ruochen had summoned Han Qiu back and given her a large amount of resources, he had asked her to unite Kunlun's Eastern Region cultivators, who wanted to join him. In fact, he was preparing a way out. He wanted to support a powerful figure who could subdue and dominate all cultivators.

In this way, Kunlun's Eastern Region wouldn't be in chaos and get disunited during his absence.

Behind Han Qiu was Guardian Dragon Pavilion, which was full of talented people and elites. Hence, it wasn't difficult for her to manage Eastern Region with the aid of a scholar like Shangguan Que, who was proficient in education, and a strong and powerful elite like Yan Liren.

However, what Zhang Ruochen didn't expect was that Han Qiu had moved the headquarter of Eastern Region from Eastern Region Holy City to Royal Mountain.

Seeing the dark sword in front of him, Blackie was a little scared. "I didn't curse him," he said. "Why would I curse him?"

"I'm just angry that he didn't bring me along to Infernal Court for such an exciting trip.

"What's more annoying is that he should have told us he was safe and alive. I should be the one who's been sad for a long

time.

“B*stard!”

After Blackie had recovered his Supreme Sainthood, it didn’t dare to leave Royal Mountain for fear of being discovered by Emissaries Vigilants.

Otherwise, it would have gone to Infernal Court long ago. Not only to find Zhang Ruochen but also to find Empress of Thousand Bones.

“Although he went Infernal Court, that doesn’t mean he has betrayed Kunlun. Until now, Heavenly Realm still prevaricate about what happened at Central Imperial City. They failed to give Kunlun a satisfactory explanation. However, everyone witnessed what master did in that battle. He had fought to the death for Kunlun. How many Infernal Court cultivators lost their lives to his sword?

“Even if he really joins the forces of Infernal Court, I believe that it’s either that he has no choice or there’s something he must do.”

Han Xue wore a spotless white robe. She was pure, like an immortal with graceful temperament. She stood at the edge of the city wall with Void Sword floating behind her back. Her bright and watery eyes looked at the projection in the sky.

Guardian Dragon Pavilion members, and Jin Yu and Bao Lie — the disciples of Emperor Ming — all showed up nearby.

...

Central Imperial City.

Ziwei Palace had been renovated. Although it was not as magnificent as it used to be, it had regained its majestic grandeur.

Divine Scripture Maiden, Qing Mo, and Warrior Saint Canglan stood side by side. One was elegant and graceful; one was young and tender; the other was heroic. They stood on the balcony above the clouds and looked at the projection of the sky.

“I see it! I see it! That should be Zhang Ruochen. He’s really alive.” Qing Mo clenched her hands tightly and said cheerfully.

Although Zhang Ruochen had merged with his physical body from his previous life, his appearance was still sixty to seventy percent similar to that of this life. He had not completely changed.

Divine Scripture Maiden and Warrior Saint Canglan looked at Zhang Ruochen at the same time and stared at him.

Then, they looked at each other and smiled bitterly.

They were different from Qing Mo. They thought further and deeper. It was a good thing that Zhang Ruochen survived. But now that he had joined Infernal Court, they were life and death enemies.

If Zhang Ruochen didn’t treat them as life and death enemies and just pretended to join Infernal Court, he would be in danger and could die at any time.

In this way, they hoped that Zhang Ruochen had joined Infernal Court for real.

After experiencing so much, Warrior Saint Canglan’s fiery temper had mostly subsided. Her prejudice against Zhang Ruochen had long disappeared. More than that, she admired and understood Zhang Ruochen, and even had a trace of sympathy for him.

Warrior Saint Canglan said, “Do you think that the Empress, who is now in Celestial Court, is also paying attention to the Celestial-Hunting Festival?”

Divine Scripture Maiden smiled and shook her head slightly.

The feud and enmity between the Empress and Zhang Ruochen was no longer a secret after Zhang Ruochen’s identity was completely revealed. It had long been publicized by some forces with ill intention.

Some said that Empress Chi Yao had plotted to take over her fiancé’s territory; some said that Chi Kunlun and Chi Kongyue were the children of Empress Chi Yao and Zhang Ruochen;

and some said that Empress Chi Yao and Zhang Ruochen had a close relationship and they had been keeping in touch; they were not as hostile as outsiders had imagined.

There were many different opinions. The news had long spread throughout Macroworlds, as if it was intended to destroy Empress Chi Yao's reputation.

Surprisingly, Empress Chi Yao did not use divine power to block these opinions. Therefore, most cultivators guessed that these opinions were mostly true.

Some people pitied Zhang Ruochen, while others envied him.

After all, Empress Chi Yao was a female deity whose beauty could compete with Moon Goddess'. Zhang Ruochen was just a Supreme Saint, but he could share a bed with her. She was even willing to give birth to a son and a daughter for him. Who wouldn't be envious?

Divine Scripture Maiden suddenly realized something. She gazed at the sky and said, "The one behind Zhang Ruochen... is really Fairy Shadowless of Soul Realm?"

"That person really looks like her."

There was a strong light of hatred in Warrior Saint Canglan's eyes, she smiled and said, "There has long been a rumor that Zhang Ruochen has captured Fairy Shadowless, Lian Xi, and brought her to Infernal Court. She has already submitted to Zhang Ruochen and is willing to be his slave and sleep with him every day.

"Hehe, serve the cultivators of Heavenly Realm and their allies right. Zhang Ruochen has become a real man this time."

Divine Scripture Maiden frowned slightly and said, "The rumors may not be reliable."

Warrior Saint Canglan stared at her and shook his head, he said, "My silly sister, Zhang Ruochen didn't touch you. It isn't that he doesn't want to touch you, but he doesn't want to hurt you.

"However, he's a man after all. Moreover, the Lian Xi he captured is a peerless beauty, how could he let her go?

“If Zhang Ruochen acted so innocently in Infernal Court that he couldn’t even subdue an enemy, I’m afraid no cultivator would be afraid of him. He would definitely be greatly disadvantaged.

“Go ask all the cultivators from all Macroworld. How many believe that Lian Xi was still a virgin?

“Hehe, this is great. It’s really great. When I think of how Soul Realm cultivators, who see Lian Xi as a Scioness, wailing in pain, I feel so great.”

...

Yanshen’s divine plane, the Fane of Merit.

Shang Ziyan saw Lian Xi in the projected image. He was filled with agony. He couldn’t help but let out a long howl to the sky. The howl made the flames in the divine plane burn even more vigorously.

“Ziyan, control your mind. Don’t harbor demons in your heart because of this.

“Yanshen’s voice sounded in the divine plane.

Shang Ziyan couldn’t calm down. His chest rose and fell. The rage within him was so great as if it could burn the heavens. Gritting his teeth, he said, “Zhang Ruochen has been the demon in my heart for a long time.”

In Kunlun, Shang Ziyan hadn’t died at Zhang Ruochen’s hands.

Bloodbairn had kept a large amount of Shang Ziyan’s blood. Five-colored Merit Stele had preserved all of his soul fragments.

Shang Ziyan was a descendant that was highly valued by a big shot in the Heaven Realm. The big shot had sent him to the Fane of Merit to practice, intending to train him to become the future ruler of the Fane of Merit.

Now, with the help of that big shot, Shang Ziyan used his blood as the activator to forge Five-colored Merit Stele into a new body. In other words, he had the Five-colored Merit Physique.

Looking up again at Lian Xi, who was behind Zhang Ruochen, Shang Zitao wanted to cry. It was all his fault for losing to Zhang Ruochen. If he could kill Zhang Ruochen, Lian Xi would not have faced such humiliation.

It was hard to imagine how miserable and desperate she was in Infernal Court.

“Remember the humiliation and pain now. Practice hard. Next time you meet Zhang Ruochen, let him have a taste of pain.

“Today, I want you to see the projection of the Celestial-Hunting Festival so you can understand clearly how powerful the new-gen Infernal Court cultivators have become.

“Even Zhang Ruochen can’t rival them,” said Yanshen.

Chapter 2276: Contesting for Seats

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

The ten seats of honor were on the left and right sides of the major stream of Destiny's Creek.

There were ten major tributaries downstream of the major stream. Each major tributary was a hundred feet wide, and there were ten prime seats on the left and right sides. In total, there were 100 seats.

Zhang Ruochen did not fight for the ten seats of honor, but he would not let go of the prime seats.

There were 300 to 400 cultivators fighting for the 100 prime seats. Their cultivation strength was very powerful. They had broken more than ninety shackles or had reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The contest for the prime seats was even more intense than the competition for the seats of honor.

Beside each chair sat several top Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints who were analyzing the restrictive inscriptions surrounding the jade stones used as the seats.

The competition for seats at the Celestial-Hunting Festival was not some combat battles. The one who cracked the restrictive inscriptions on a jade stone first could sit on it.

Once a seat was taken, other cultivators could not snatch it away.

That was why every cultivator had to make an accurate assessment of their own strength. They had to choose the seat that they were most confident of taking down and the one closest to the upstream.

If one made the wrong choice, even if they were Hundred-Shackle Realm elites who had achieved Great Perfection, they might end up sitting at the fourth-tier seats at the festival. Then they would lose their faces even before the festival began.

In this way, the one could analyze the restrictive inscriptions faster, the greater their advantage.

Zhang Ruochen appeared to be in no hurry. He came to a prime seat closest to the primary stream of Destiny's Creek. His eyes covered by Precepts of Truth emitted a dazzling light. He looked over.

He found many restrictive inscriptions in a 30-foot radius around that prime seat.

There was only one Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint of Great Perfection next to the prime seat: the Deathkin's Lord Sinluo. Zhang Ruochen had met him once in Realm of Star Ocean. At that time, Lord Sinluo stood next to Pan Ruo.

According to Luo Sha, Zhang Ruochen had killed Lord Sinluo's younger brother.

Zhang Ruochen had killed too many cultivators in Infernal Court, so he had long forgotten who Lord Sinluo's younger brother was.

Lord Sinluo sensed a cultivator approaching. He sneered in his mind. 'How dare you compete against me for this seat? Don't you know your own strength?'

When Lord Sinluo opened his eyes and saw Zhang Ruochen, he was a little surprised at first, but then he displayed a strong hostility.

"You'd better fight for other prime seats. Don't humiliate yourself," Lord Sinluo said.

Zhang Ruochen didn't leave. He said, "It's just the restrictive inscriptions of one seat. Do you need to spend that much time to analyze it?"

Lord Sinluo stared at Zhang Ruochen as if Zhang Ruochen was an idiot.

'This is one of the best prime seats. Of course, the restrictive inscriptions are powerful that even a Hundred-Shackle Realm elite who achieved Great Perfection will take some time to analyze and crack them?'

‘Zhang Ruochen is really stupid to waste time here instead of looking for another seat that suits him.

Seeing that Lord Sinluo didn’t answer, Zhang Ruochen mobilized the power of Truth to cover the 30-feet-wide space around the seat and decipher it as quickly as possible.

Half an hour later.

“300 Divine inscriptions, 30,000 Supreme-Saint level inscriptions, and 3,000,000 Saint-level inscriptions. There are 30 types of restrictions: Dimension, Darkness, Fire, Ice, Destiny... The restrictive inscriptions are overlapping with each other,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The analysis of the restrictive inscriptions was complete.

Zhang Ruochen strolled to that prime seat. When he reached the edge of 30 feet, he stretched out a hand and pressed it forward. Instantly, the restrictive inscriptions were broken.

When Zhang Ruochen took the seat, Lord Sinluo was still sitting cross-legged on the ground. He was petrified as he stared at Zhang Ruochen’s back.

‘What kind of joke is this? He has completely deciphered the restrictive inscriptions this quick?’

Lord Sinluo was ranked 21st among the Hundred-Shackle Realm elites who had achieved Great Perfection. Although he was qualified to fight for a seat of honor, he thought it would be easy to take a prime seat. Never did he expect that when he had only deciphered a quarter of restrictive inscriptions, Zhang Ruochen, a latecomer, had already secured the seat.

‘With such a speed in analyzing inscriptions, why did he come to take my seat instead of fighting for a seat of honor?’

‘He did it on purpose. Zhang Ruochen must have done it on purpose. He’s deliberately targeting me. D*mn it. I haven’t even made trouble for him, but he provoked me first.’ Lord Sinluo gnashed his teeth in hatred. He felt that Zhang Ruochen was deliberately trying to humiliate him.

This time, Zhang Ruochen had just randomly picked a seat. He really didn’t mean to target Lord Sinluo.

Seeing that Lord Sinluo was unwilling to leave for a long time, Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, “Why are you still here? If you don’t speed up, I’m afraid that all 100 seats will be taken.”

“Zhang Ruochen, don’t be so smug. It won’t be long before I settle new and old scores with you.”

Lord Sinluo grunted heavily. He knew he couldn’t waste any more time, so he quickly left and went for other seats.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t care about Lord Sinluo’s threat. He looked upstream and observed the group of Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators, who were the Great Perfection achievers, fighting for the ten seats.

After carefully identifying each of them, Zhang Ruochen shook his head. He couldn’t find a cultivator who matched the black figure practicing the Path of Oblivion.

‘Is he not a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint? Or is he not a cultivator at all?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Obviously, the higher tier the seats were, the harder it was to analyze and crack the restrictive inscriptions.

There was a total of 110 seats for the seats of honor and the prime seats. Zhang Ruochen was the first to sit. Hence, he attracted a lot of attention. Some were puzzled, some were surprised, and some were envious.

“Zhang Ruochen’s speed of analyzing the restrictive inscriptions is so fast. He could have taken a seat of honor. Why did he choose a prime seat?”

“The restrictive inscriptions for a seat of honor is much more challenging to analyze than a prime seat’s.

“Moreover, even if Zhang Ruochen can analyze the restrictive inscriptions of a seat of honor, he might not be able to break it with his Neverwilt Realm cultivation.

“In my opinion, he’s not confident. That’s why he chose the second-best seat.”

...

All the cultivators watching the Celestial-Hunting Festival were talking about Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power focused on the entire Destiny's Creek.

In order to hide their strength, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi listened to Zhang Ruochen's instructions. They didn't fight for prime seats but went further downstream for secondary seats.

Zhou Zhen, Gaunt, Shentu Yunkong, and the eighteen Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords carrying Sevenstar Imperial Palace could only go to fourth-tier seats further downstream because they were only servants.

Officially, only 10,000 cultivators attended the festival in the entire Infernal Court. There were about 1,000 attendees from each clan.

Zhang Ruochen's main focus was still on upper reaches where Hundred-Shackle Realm elites, who had achieved Great Perfection, were competing for seats of honor. After all, they were the intimidating threats in the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

"The two cultivators next to the top two of the ten seats of honor should be Lan Ying, who's ranked second, and Yan Huangtu, who's ranked third."

One was on the left side of Destiny's Creek; the other was on the right.

One was a Divine Fetus, and the other was a peerless talent of Yanluo clan.

No cultivator dared to compete for the top two seats of honor at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Below Lan Ying was the fourth-ranked Luo Shengtian. Below Yan Huangtu was Wu Jiang, who was ranked fifth.

No cultivator dared to compete for the two seats.

However, the fight along the further spot became more intense. It was no longer an uncontested situation.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly understood obvious gaps present even among the top ten Great Perfection achievers at Hundred-Shackle Realm. Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu were the strongest. Luo Shengtian and Wu Jiang were close behind.

Behind them were Xue, Supreme Saint Yanhong, and Lord Bladehell. They were far behind the four of them. Because of this gap, no one dared to compete with them.

Three Great Perfection achievers at Hundred-Shackle Realm, including Yan and Lord Xia Yu, were competing for the four seats of honor on the left.

“It seems that Lord Xia Yu is not satisfied with my evaluation and wants to compete against Xu. Women like to take things to their hearts.”

Zhang Ruochen could see that Xu’s analyzing speed was faster than Lord Xia Yu’s.

Lord Xia Yu would most likely lose this seat contest.

“If she loses to Xu, not only will she not be able to sit in a seat of honor, she might not even get a prime seat. As the strongest elite in Bloodsky Clan, if she loses so badly, it will hurt the clan’s morale.”

Zhang Ruochen suddenly felt a little regretful. He felt that he should not have let Lord Xia Yu compete against Xu.

At that moment, the Hundred-Shackle Realm elite, the Great Perfection achiever competing against Lord Xia Yu and Xu for that seat decided to give up. He left and went downstream to get a prime seat.

If he could not win, he had to retreat.

No matter what, he had to secure a seat.

As time passed, the situation became clearer. Cultivators were sighted retreating from upstream for prime seats.

However, Lord Xia Yu was still competing against Xu.

The gap of strength between them was not big. The speed of analysis and cracking was about the same. Even if Lord Xia Yu was ahead, she was still in a narrow lead.

However, Zhang Ruochen gradually realized that Xu was deliberately toying with Lord Xia Yu. He deliberately created the illusion that she would be caught up and kept her there.

Xu was trying to give her false hope and then pushed her into the abyss of despair at the last moment.

Many cultivators saw this, but Lord Xia Yu, who was in the game, could not see through it. In her mind, Zhang Ruochen's evaluation of her being inferior to Xu kept echoing, so she kept insisting, trying to prove herself.

'Zhang Ruochen, I ain't weaker than Xu. This time, you are wrong!' Lord Xia Yu thought. She bit her red lips and took another step forward.

The seat was right in front of her, only ten feet away.

Lord Mu Yang, Lord Zhiyuan, and five other Supreme Saints less than 1,000 years old also attended the Celestial-Hunting Festival. However, their cultivation had exceeded Hundred-Shackle Realm, so their feast was not held at Destiny's Creek but in a Divine Bone Pagoda above it. From the pagoda, they could look over the entire Destiny's Creek.

"Xu's speed of analyzing the restrictive inscriptions is much faster than Lord Xia Yu's. But he deliberately slowed down his speed. It's obvious that he's teasing her." Lord Zhiyuan was very angry as he clenched his fists tightly.

Every time at the Celestial-Hunting Festival, Dishastan would target Bloodsky Clan. The two forces had already formed a deep hatred.

"Lord Xia Yu is the top warrior of Bloodsky Clan. If she is defeated now, not only will her state of mind be affected, but it will also affect the morale of the entire Bloodsky Clan.

"Should I remind her?

"Even if she can't secure a seat of honor, she should at least get herself a prime seat," Empress Xiyan said.

Heavenly Lord MUYANG shook his head gently and said, "Lord Xia Yu is stubborn. As long as she is set on something, no one can change her mind."

“I don’t think so. I think her opinion of Zhang Ruochen has changed significantly,” Lord of Spear said.

Lord Mu Yang was stunned for a moment. Then he smiled. “Then send Zhang Ruochen a message telling him to remind Lord Xia Yu. Maybe he can change Lord Xia Yu’s mind...”

“Look! What is Zhang Ruochen doing?” Lord of Spear exclaimed.

Lord Mu Yang, Lord Zhiyuan, and others stared at Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 2277: Seats of Honor

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

After entering the Gate of Destiny, Zhang Ruochen had Moyin transform into a Saint Devourer and flew back into his body. Now, he was alone with Lian Xi.

During the festival, the attendees who were Supreme Saints could bring along a maidservant or servant with them to serve them at any time.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was grand. 5,000 Supreme Saints and 5,000 top-tier Saint Kings were gathered, and they were all no older than 1,000 years old. Such a stunning event was extremely rare in Celestial Court.

There were Ghost Emperors, Supreme Saints from Bone Clan, and Deathkin's powerful figures emitting the death aura. Even though Lian Xi knew that she was in Infernal Court, she was still very shocked.

She didn't dare to imagine what would happen to her without Zhang Ruochen's protection.

'Infernal Court was too powerful. Celestial Court hasn't had so many Supreme Saints in the last 1,000 years. And these are just part of the total in Infernal Court. There more of them.' A deep sense of powerlessness welled up in Bright Xi's heart.

She finally understood why Celestial Court had been at a disadvantage in the Battles of Merits for the past 100,000 years. They could only be under attack.

'I wonder if Celestial Court cultivators who watched the Celestial-Hunting Festival feel the same way? If this continues, the gap between Celestial Court and Infernal Court will grow larger and larger. I'm afraid...'

Lian Xi didn't dare to think further. She felt at loss.

"Lian Xi, stay here. I'll be back soon."

Zhang Ruochen stood up at this moment and walked up Destiny's Creek.

Lian Xi stared at Zhang Ruochen's tall and straight figure. She was puzzled. 'What is he up to?' This question popped up in her mind. Then, her thoughts returned to where they had been. 'The elites among Infernal Court Supreme Saints and the forces they represent are way too many. Can an outsider like Zhang Ruochen really make a difference at the Celestial-Hunting Festival,' she thought.

Although she had already become a spiritual power Supreme Saint, she felt extremely inferior in the face of the elites attending the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

She felt like a weak girl who couldn't fight back. She was surrounded by thousands of burly men. Her heart was filled with despair, helplessness, inferiority, and fear.

However, Zhang Ruochen could stand in front of her by himself. The burly men didn't dare to act rashly.

This planted a subtle seed in her heart.

When Zhang Ruochen was walking upstream, Lord of Spear, Lord Mu Yang, and the others were looking at him. They were all very surprised.

'Did Zhang Ruochen feel regret and is targeting a seat of honor instead?' they guessed.

However, it was too late to go now, no matter how fast his analytic speed was.

The contest for the seats was coming to an end.

Beside the fourth seat of honor on the left, Lord Xia Yu and Xu were less than ten feet away from each other. They were only five or six steps away from each other.

"It's about time. There's no need to continue toying with her."

Xu smirked in triumph. He no longer held back.

One step, two steps, three steps.

He took three consecutive steps and completely widened the distance between him and Lord Xia Yu.

"What? How-How is this possible?"

Lord Xia Yu stared at Xu in disbelief as she took a step forward with all her strength. However, because the restrictive inscriptions within this step had yet to be completely resolved, she was attacked by a Dimensional restrictive inscription the moment she took a step forward; her arm was struck by a Dimensional Rift.

Bright red blood dripped from her arm.

She did not dare to advance any further.

“Xia Yu, your strength is already very strong. However, you shouldn’t have come to compete against me. Why are you bringing shame on yourself?” Xu said.

How could Lord Xia Yu not know that Xu had toyed with her? Intense rage surged out from her pair of bright eyes. She almost could not control her anger and wanted to strike at Xu.

“You can’t take it anymore?”

“You must restrain yourself. You’re the only worthy opponent in Bloodsky Clan. If you’re expelled from the Celestial-Hunting Festival, what’s the point of Dishastan hunting Bloodsky Clan this year?”

Xu laughed.

He liked to watch other cultivators unable to do anything to him even though they hated him to the core.

Lord Xia Yu did not dare to break the rules of the Celestial-Hunting Festival. She had to restrain herself and look down the river.

“Stop looking and go down the river. You can forget seats of honor and prime seats. Perhaps you can try a secondary seat.”

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen came to Lord Xia Yu’s side. He stretched out a hand and said, “Give me your hand.”

“Why are you here?”

Lord Xia Yu was very surprised, but she understood Zhang Ruochen’s terrifying speed of analysis. She decisively reached out a fair hand and held his hand tight.

The next moment, Lord Xia Yu found that there were a lot of Marks of Time around her, and the time flow slowed down.

At the same time, she found that there were Precepts of Truth flowing from Zhang Ruochen's palm into her body and converging into her eyes. Her eyes seemed to have become the eyes of truth, and she could quickly see the distribution of the restrictive inscriptions.

Although Zhang Ruochen's appearance surprised Xu, Xu did not take it to heart.

He was only two steps away from the seat.

It was a foregone conclusion that he would occupy the seat.

He took another step and looked at the seat of honor in front of him with a satisfied smile.

However, his smile soon froze. He looked to the left and saw Lord Xia Yu and Zhang Ruochen standing next to him. They were only one step away from that seat.

‘How can they be this fast?’

The shock in his heart could not be any greater.

At this moment, the Celestial-Hunting Festival attendees as well as the cultivators watching the projection were in an uproar.

Nothing like this had ever happened in the Celestial-Hunting Festival. ‘Zhang Ruochen still has the ability to help other cultivators fight for seats?’

Everyone knew that the closer you reach the seat, the harder it was for you to crack the restrictive inscriptions. Therefore, although there was a huge difference in the cultivation strength among the attendees at the Celestial-Hunting Festival, the difference in the time they sat down was not big.

Hence, it was almost impossible for a cultivator to help another secure a seat.

Zhang Ruochen could help Lord Xia Yu because he had mastered the power of Time and Truth. He had practiced both Paths of cultivation to a very high level simultaneously.

If it were other cultivators, even if they were as powerful as Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu, they could only give limited aid to their fellow cultivators in the contest for seats.

Above Destiny's Creek, in the Divine Bone Pagoda, a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint from Dishastan said, "Cheating. This is cheating. Zhang Ruochen has broken the rules of the Celestial-Hunting Festival. He must be expelled from the venue."

Lord Zhiyuan snorted, "The Celestial-Hunting Festival has never set any rules. None of the rules says you can't help your fellow cultivators secure seats. How can it be considered a violation?"

"The deities are all paying attention to the Celestial-Hunting Festival. They haven't said anything. This means that Zhang Ruochen hasn't breached any rules," Lord of Spear said.

The several Supreme Saints of Bloodsky Clan were overjoyed. If Zhang Ruochen succeeds in helping Lord Xia Yu take a seat of honor, Dishastan will certainly lose face.

This was what Lord of Spear and his peers wanted to see the most!

As expected, Lord Xia Yu took the last step and sat on the fourth seat of honor on the left.

Whoosh!!

The white jade platform emitted a dazzling light and enveloped her. The word "Xia Yu" appeared on the jade platform.

Xu, who was only one step away, was stunned and couldn't accept this result.

He had wanted to tease Lord Xia Yu to lower Bloodsky Clan's morale, but he hadn't expected such an outcome.

Lord Xia Yu let out a long sigh of relief. She quickly withdrew her hand from Zhang Ruochen's grasp and glared at him. However, there was no anger in her eyes. She was just pretending to be angry.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had done something she couldn't tolerate in front of all the cultivators in Infernal Court. Although he was helping her to get a seat, their action was too intimate and could easily spark gossip.

Just like Pan Ruo and Lady Wind, they would never let other male cultivators hold their hands. They were candidates for Scioness. Such a thing would affect their image.

Xu's state of mind almost collapsed. He gnashed his teeth and glared at Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu, who looked like an affectionate, flirting couple. He cupped his hands, bowed to the Fane of Destiny on the top of Mount Destiny, and raised his voice, "Zhang Ruochen and Xia Yu have violated the rules of the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Please expel them."

During the Celestial-Hunting Festival, the deities of all clans in Infernal Court would gather at the Fane of Destiny and enjoy a feast.

After a long time, the Fane of Destiny did not respond.

Lord Xia Yu sneered. "Stop shouting and go downstream. Forget about seats of honor and prime seats. If you don't hurry up, you won't even secure a secondary seat."

Xu was so angry that his lips trembled. "Don't get cocky too early. We'll see." His tone was harsh.

Xu rushed downstream.

Lord Xia Yu went to see Zhang Ruochen again, but found that he had left without a word and returned downstream.

She muttered to herself, "All I did was just glare at you. Don't tell me you're angry over a glare?"

"There're so many cultivators staring at us. I can't act like I'm cooperating with you. Cultivators who don't know the situation might think that we're related.

"Anyway, thank you!"

Regardless of whether Zhang Ruochen could hear her or not, she still said this.

Thinking of how she had been humiliated and Zhang Ruochen suddenly helped her and turned the tables, Lord Xia Yu couldn't help but smile. Her smile could wrap around others like a warm glove.

At Destiny's Creek, Pan Ruo and Luo Sha looked at Lord Xia Yu unconsciously and saw the smile on her face.

Pan Ruo quickly averted her gaze, lowered her eyes, and remained silent. No one could see through what she was thinking.

Luo Sha, on the other hand, revealed an angry expression and muttered something.

Holding hands in public at the Celestial-Hunting Festival was indeed too intimate an act. Moreover, Lord Xia Yu's beauty was no less than that of the nine immortals. So, the scene would naturally trigger speculations about the relationships between her and Zhang Ruochen.

In Royal Mountain.

"Tsk tsk." Blackie pointed at the projection in the sky with its claws and spoke to Han Xue, "Did you see that b*stard? Did you see that? You even said that maybe he was out of options or there's something he must do. In my opinion, he has already become a traitor. He must've enjoyed a blissful life there and long forgotten about Kunlun.

"He suffered losses from women back then, so he'd definitely seek revenge until he's satisfied at Infernal Court.

"I also want to go to Infernal Court. I can't let him continue to fall."

Central Imperial City, Ziwei Palace.

Warrior Saint Canglan slammed her palm heavily on the stone platform, she snorted coldly. "It seems that I'm overthinking. Zhang Ruochen is a b*stard. He isn't in any danger. He's doing too well in Infernal Court that he still has the mood to flirt."

Divine Scripture Maiden stared at Lord Xia Yu. Her bright eyes showed a hint of envy and gloom. She said in a low

voice, “I didn’t expect the Immortal Vampires to have such a beautiful woman. She must be very powerful to be able to sit in the seat of honor.”

All of a sudden, Warrior Saint Canglan became serious. “Do you think Zhang Ruochen has really joined Infernal Court?”

Divine Scripture Maiden shook her head gently and did not answer Warrior Saint Canglan.

Chapter 2278: A Duel

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

The battle for the seating ended quickly.

As expected, the ten seats of honor were occupied by the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints who were ranked in the top ten on the list of those who attained the Great Perfection stage. The only variable was that Lord Xia Yu claimed the seat that should have belonged to Xu.

However, that was only with Zhang Ruochen's help.

From this, it could be seen that the ranking created by the Realm of Star Ocean was accurate. The top 10 elites were obviously stronger than the Supreme Saints who attained the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Zhang Ruochen sat at the top of the main seat by Destiny's Creek. In front of him was a jade table.

There was a bony tripod cup and a jade plate on the table.

In front of him was a large tributary of Destiny's Creek which was 30 meters wide. The water current was rapid, and the fog was hazy. Zhang Ruochen was surprised to find that the cultivator sitting across from him was Lord Sinluo across the fog.

At that moment, Lord Sinluo was staring at Zhang Ruochen with extreme coldness.

Zhang Ruochen ignored Lord Sinluo and looked at the flowing Destiny's Creek. He fills up the bony tripod cup from the creek via a portal.

Destiny's Creek flowed from Mount Destiny. It was like blood-red amber and more fragrant than the holy spring. It was one of the most mystical and precious drinks in the entire universe. In the outside world, no amount of saint stones could buy it.

Zhang Ruochen drank it in one cup and felt it carefully.

The creek water was cool and sweet. It was instantly digested when it entered the stomach. It scattered like silk all over the body, fusing with the blood, bones, Saint Soul, and Spirit.

When Zhang Ruochen passed through the Gate of Destiny, 600 Precepts of Destiny appeared in his sea of Qi and Heavenly Stream.

At that moment, 10 more Precepts of Destiny appeared after drinking one cup of the creek.

Of course, the hundreds of Precepts of Destiny were negligible compared to the cultivators who had comprehended the Path of Destiny since they were young, not to mention condensing the Gate of Destiny.

The water of Destiny's Creek can purify the physique, Saint Soul, Spirit and also benefit the cultivators who cultivate the Path of Destiny,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was to nurture the most top-notch power for the future of the Infernal Court.

Those highly talented cultivators in the Celestial Court had to cultivate the Path of Truth. Whereas those in the Infernal Court had to cultivate the Path of Destiny.

It could be said that almost every one of the 10,000 cultivators from the ten clans who attended the festival had cultivated the Path of Destiny and reached a very high level.

Otherwise, when cultivators of the same realm in the Celestial Court displayed the Path of Truth, their attack power would instantly increase several times. The cultivators of the Path of Destiny wouldn't be able to withstand it at all.

Of course, mastering the Path of Truth or the Path of Destiny didn't necessarily mean that they were invincible.

This was because it would take a very long time to integrate the Path of Truth and the Path of Destiny into one's own saint techniques.

The power was strong, but the outburst was slow.

Many times, when you meet an evenly matched opponent, you might not have the time to mobilize the Path of Truth or the

Path of Destiny. Only by cultivating the Realm-frame of Truth and the Gate of Destiny could you shorten the time to fuse them and gain a greater advantage.

Of course, even if you had the Realm-frame of Truth and the Gate of Destiny, it would still take a long time. As long as the opponent was fast enough, they could suppress you, you wouldn't have time to unleash the power of the Path of Truth and the Path of Destiny.

The other seven Path of the Ancients could restrain them to a certain extent.

Path of Dimension could tear apart the Realm-frame of Truth and the Gate of Destiny.

Path of Time could prevent you from using the Realm-frame of Truth and the Gate of Destiny.

Path of Darkness could devour the Realm-frame of Truth and the Gate of Destiny.

...

Apart from the Path of the Ancients, if the Path of Flowing Light of the 72 Paths of Supreme Saint was cultivated to a profound level, it would be able to suppress them even if it was fast enough.

This was why no path could be absolute.

If one cultivated the Path of Dimension to the infinite level and the Path of Time to the eternal level, even the Path of Destiny and the Path of Oblivion wouldn't be able to shake them. Even the most powerful god wouldn't be able to reach such an extreme level.

Therefore, the strength of a cultivator depended on their realm attained.

As long as a Master of Darkness who cultivated the Path of Darkness to an intermediate level, he could easily slay the cultivators who cultivated the Path of Destiny and the Path of Truth in the same realm.

Whoosh

Along the creek, a Stone Clan cultivator at the Saint King realm drank a large amount of water from the creek. Specks of light appeared behind him and condensed into a gate of light. They turned into a Gate of Destiny gradually.

“I’ve succeeded! I’ve finally condensed the Gate of Destiny. Haha, My battle strength will once again increase by a large margin. As expected of the Destiny’s Creek—the spring of foundation of the Fane of Destiny,” The Stone Clan cultivator laughed loudly.

All the cultivators were agitated after that. They absorbed the water at a faster speed.

The water could only be drunk at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. It couldn’t be taken away.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Lian Xi beside him.

Although Lian Xi’s expression was calm, there was still a hint of interest and curiosity in her eyes. She would look at Destiny’s Creek from time to time. However, she was only a maid and was not qualified to take the initiative to drink from the creek.

Zhang Ruochen waved to her and said, “Come here.”

Lian Xi looked up at the divine mirror in the sky. In the end, she walked over helplessly.

Lian Xi knew that her every move must be watched by countless cultivators of the Celestial Court. However, with her current status, she had to bow to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen threw the bony tripod cup to Lian Xi and said, “Go fill the cup with creek water and feed me.”

Lian Xi took the bony tripod cup and stared at him coldly. She didn’t do as he said.

This was too much.

If it was in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Lian Xi would just obey, but this was the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

At that moment, many cultivators of the Infernal Court at the festival noticed what took place. They smiled playfully and

stared at Zhang Ruochen.

“Zhang Ruochen really knows how to enjoy himself. He actually asked Fairy Shadowless to feed him at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Isn’t he afraid of being attacked by the cultivators of the Celestial Court?”

“There are countless admirers of Fairy Shadowless in the Celestial Court. Zhang Ruochen is truly fearless.”

“The god of the Soul Realm must be watching the Celestial-Hunting Festival. I wonder if he’ll be so angry that blood will spurt out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth? Haha!”

...

Luo Sha felt that Zhang Ruochen was behaving abnormally. She believed that there was a reason for his action.

Was Zhang Ruochen forcing Lian Xi to completely submit to him and never return to Celestial Court?

Or was Zhang Ruochen trying to tell the gods of the Infernal Court that he had completely regarded himself as a member of the Infernal Court and didn’t care what the Celestial Court thought of him?

Or was it just an act of revenge?

“Is this guy really not planning to return to the Celestial Court?” Luo Sha frowned and wondered. She always felt that Zhang Ruochen was staying in the Infernal Court for another reason and didn’t join them wholeheartedly.

Zhang Ruochen saw Lian Xi did not move and only glared at him angrily. His face turned cold and said calmly, “As a servant girl, you actually disobeyed your master. How dare you, Lian Xi. Kneel!”

“A Supreme Saint must not be humiliated,” Lian Xi said defiantly.

In fact, Lian Xi felt extremely wronged and wanted to die. However, every time she thought of dying, Zhang Ruochen’s words would ring in her mind, ‘Those with a divine heart will never be defeated.’

Sometimes, Lian Xi wondered if Zhang Ruochen had said this to her on purpose to prevent her from committing suicide.

“It seems that I have spoiled you too much in the past. I haven’t taught you enough,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen pointed at Lian Xi. Suddenly, a vigorous Power of Dimension pressed down on her slender body, making her tremble.

Lian Xi resisted for a moment, then her slender legs knelt down.

Lian Xi couldn’t resist at all!

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were cold and emotionless the whole time.

The entire Destiny’s Creek was filled with noise.

“Zhang Ruochen is deliberately provoking the Celestial Court and the Soul Realm. Hehe, who knows how many cultivators will be angered.”

“Who said that Zhang Ruochen is a spy sent by the Celestial Court to the Infernal Court? Based on what he did today, he would definitely die when he returned. Would the god of the Soul Realm let him go? Couldn’t the magnates of the Celestial Court see that he was deliberately humiliating the Celestial Court? Even Moon Goddess couldn’t protect him.”

“In my opinion, Zhang Ruochen is trying to prove himself and telling the gods of the Infernal Court of his determination. Otherwise, he would never be able to enter the core level of the Infernal Court. Back then, the Great God Huang Tian wasn’t as smart as Zhang Ruochen. So, no matter how talented Great God Huang Tian was, even when he ascended to godhood, he was always ostracized and marginalized. It wasn’t until he killed his master, Ancient Buddha Yuan Xu, that he proved himself.”

...

There was no lack of genius present who thought they had seen through Zhang Ruochen’s intentions. They were all speaking with confidence.

Yan Wushen sat in the highest seat of another large branch. He stared at Zhang Ruochen from afar. Yan Wushen smiled, he picked up the tripod cup and took another sip.

Yan Wushen had long guessed that Zhang Ruochen would definitely perform well at the Celestial-Hunting Festival and prove himself to the gods.

However, Yan Wushen did not expect that Zhang Ruochen would destroy his own reputation by doing such a despicable thing.

If Zhang Ruochen bullied a woman, he would definitely be despised by all the cultivators of the Celestial Court, including his former friends.

Although it's despicable, being a despised scum is more reassuring to the gods. A bad move, a really bad move.' Yan Wushen thought. He shook his head slightly, but thinking about it carefully, he felt that there was no other way for Zhang Ruochen other than self-destruction.

It was too difficult to deceive the gods.

But by self-destruction, even if the gods in the Infernal Court knew that Zhang Ruochen did it on purpose, they could still accept him. Because he couldn't go back, there was no place for him in Celestial Court. He could only stay in the Infernal Court from now on.

Lord Sinluo sitting across from Zhang Ruochen sighed and said, "Fairy Shadowless, how come you met such a master who doesn't know how to take care of women? Why don't you join me? I won't make you my slave."

Lian Xi stared at Lord Sinluo sitting across from the creek. She didn't say a word. She just silently endured Zhang Ruochen's suppression.

Zhang Ruochen stared coldly at Lord Sinluo and said, "You want to steal my servant? Do you have a death wish?"

Lord Sinluo's eyes were even colder, but he quickly retracted them. He smiled and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, you are so mighty. I wouldn't dare steal from you. However, there is

an interesting segment at the Celestial-Hunting Festival called the duel.”

“Duel?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Sinluo said, “To us, the Ampliofruit is the most precious treasure at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

“But the Ampliofruit is too precious. Each Supreme Saint can only get one. What can we do if we want to eat more? We can only duel and win other people’s Ampliofruits.

“If you win, you get the prize. If you lose, you have to give the prize.

“The prize is the Ampliofruit.

“What I knew was, in the previous Celestial-Hunting Festival, there was a Supreme Saint who won eight Ampliofruits and enjoyed nine alone. He instantly increased his Precepts by 900 million and his lifespan by 27,000 years.

“There was also a Saint King cultivator who won four Altofruits and enjoyed five alone. He instantly cultivated five types of Path to the Great Perfection stage.

“This is the joy of the festival. I wonder if Supreme Saint Ruochen is willing to duel with me?”

Be it the Ampliofruit or the Altofruit, they were both the main dishes of the Celestial-Hunting Festival. They were many times more precious than the water from Destiny’s creek.

The Ampliofruit could instantly increase the Precepts by 100 million. It could also increase a cultivator’s lifespan by 3,000 years. It could help a cultivator cultivate high-level saint techniques at the fastest speed.

It was a treasure that all Supreme Saints below the Thousand-Koan Realm dreamed of.

Because it was precious enough, no Supreme Saint dared to take it out for a duel. If they lost, even a Supreme Saint would probably cry.

Lady Wind’s voice rang in Zhang Ruochen’s ears. “Don’t fight with him. Be careful. Normally, the duel at the Celestial-

Hunting Festival is between the weak and the strong.

“First, it’s to win the Ampliofruit. Second, it’s to become famous by stepping on the strong.

“Lord Sinluo’s cultivation is far higher than yours, but he’s fighting with you. He’s bullying you because you don’t know the rules of the duel. If you’re impulsive, you’ll play right into his hands.

“You have to know that the rules of duel are proposed by the challenger. It doesn’t have to be a battle. It can be chess, painting, the challenge of speed, or sword moves...

“Once you agree with him, he will definitely use what he is best at to fight with you.

“So, among 10,000 cultivators at the Celestial-Hunting Festival who will agree to duel can be counted with one hand.

“The Supreme Saint who won eight matches is now the world-shaking Sword God Feng Chen. He is a miracle-like existence. He is known as the most perfect cultivator in the last millennium. He has no shortcomings and is the strongest in every aspect. He can learn anything as soon as he learns it.”

As Zhang Ruochen listened to Lady Wind’s voice, Lord Sinluo spoke again. He teased, “Are you afraid, Supreme Saint Ruochen? Don’t worry, I don’t want your Ampliofruit. If you lose, just give me Fairy Shadowless.”

“So you like her,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen lifted Lian Xi’s snow-white chin with his finger. Then he stared at her jade-white face and said, “Okay, I agree to duel with you.”

Lord Sinluo was overjoyed.

But fear appeared in Lian Xi’s eyes.

It was not easy to stay by Zhang Ruochen’s side, but it was obvious that it would be even worse to fall into the hands of Lord Sinluo. Was this her fate?

She was angry and desperate.

She was angry that Zhang Ruochen was too heartless.

She was desperate that if Lord Sinluo really won over her, she felt that she would not be able to hold on and would choose to end her own life. What indomitable spirit? What is the heart of becoming a god? Zhang Ruochen was deliberately scheming against her.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was heating up once more. All the cultivators were excited and ready to watch a good show.

Zhang Ruochen changed the topic and said, "But what's the point of only betting on one Ampliofruit? If you want to bet, I'll bet three with you."

"If Fairy Shadowless is a virgin, it doesn't matter. But she's already your woman. How can she be worth three Ampliofruits?" Lord Sinluo laughed mockingly.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Of course, she's only worth one Ampliofruit. But I still have one."

"There are only two," Lord Sinluo said.

Zhang Ruochen looked down and locked onto Xue Tu. He pointed and said, "Xue Tu is my junior brother apprentice. He'll help me with one."

Xue Tu had been watching the show. He thought that Zhang Ruochen would definitely suffer at the hands of Lord Sinluo. He laughed inwardly.

He had been tricked by Zhang Ruochen many times. He really wanted to see how Zhang Ruochen would be tricked as well.

Xue Tu felt as if he had been struck by lightning. His face lost all color.. It really was a disaster from heaven.

Chapter 2279: Archery

There were only 5,000 Ampliofruits and Altofruits in the entire universe.

They took root and sprouted in 500 years, and took another 500 years to blossom and mature.

After one consumes the fruit at the Celestial-Hunting Festival, one can replant the seed. Only after 1,000 years could another 5,000 of the fruits grow out.

Whoosh

In the upper reaches of Destiny's Creek, the banquet food was placed among the sacred flowers and floated down along the current.

The first dish was Ampliofruit.

The Ampliofruit looked like a ball-shaped jade bead. It was sparkling and dripping, and the fragrance of the fruit was overflowing. It glittered in the sacred flower, and the precepts of heaven and earth naturally revolved around it, forming a vortex that could not be seen by the naked eye.

"I can finally taste the legendary Ampliofruit. I hope that I can use it to cultivate the star-slaying saber technique to great success."

"Will my vitality add 3,000 years more after I eat it? Then I will have more time than other cultivators to break into the Divine Realm in the future."

"Adding 100 million precepts in an instant will improve my cultivation greatly."

...

All the Supreme Saints looked over. Their eyes were burning like fire, and their hearts were filled with anticipation.

The ten seats of honor at the most upper reaches of the river quickly picked out the ten highest quality Ampliofruits.

Then, the Ampliofruits flowed along with the current and entered the 10 main creeks, then the fruit came to Zhang Ruochen.

“Keep.”

With a wave of his hand, Zhang Ruochen used his Saint Qi to take the two saint flowers containing the Ampliofruit and flew to the jade table.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the pale-faced Xue Tu and said, “Junior Brother, I’ll keep this Ampliofruit for you first. I’ll return it to you after the duel. Any objection?”

Of course, Xue Tu had objections.

Zhang Ruochen agreeing to duel with Lord Sinluo was no different from giving away the Ampliofruit for free.

‘Arrogant, imperious, and blindly confident. Zhang Ruochen, you’re courting death. Why did you bring me along? Who did I offend? I just want to eat an Ampliofruit at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. My 3,000 years of vitality... sigh... ‘

Xue Tu thought of Zhang Ruochen’s peerless cultivation, and his remaining will to resist also disappeared. He could only swallow his anger.

Xue Tu could only regard that he had fed the Ampliofruit to dogs.

Some of the Supreme Saints next to Xue Tu looked at him sympathetically, while others mocked him mercilessly. They all thought that Xue Tu had met with an unexpected disaster. He had been tricked too miserably by Zhang Ruochen this time.

Lord Sinluo was a top-tier superior of the Deathkin. He had great influence. After promising benefits to the two Deathkin Supreme Saints, he had successfully collected three Ampliofruits.

In the eyes of all cultivators, Lord Sinluo was bound to win. Naturally, the two Supreme Saints of the Deathkin also thought so.

That was why they were willing to do Lord Sinluo a favor.

The battle between Lord Sinluo and Zhang Ruochen attracted the attention of all cultivators. Many of them were talking about it, while some were sneering, thinking that Zhang Ruochen would suffer a double loss.

“Zhang Ruochen doesn’t understand the rules of the Celestial-Hunting Festival, does he? How dare he agree to the duel with Lord Sinluo? Does he think that the duel is a competition of combat power?”

“Lord Sinluo is the third strongest among the Deathkin. Even if it’s a competition of combat power, Zhang Ruochen is still far from it.”

“Zhang Ruochen’s talent may be at the top level, but he’s too confident. Only the courage of a boorish man can make a big difference. In comparison, Yan Wushen is brave and resourceful. The gap between the two was tremendous.”

...

Gu Chenzi, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Supreme Saint Xueqi, Lord Xia Yu, and even Luo Sha all secretly transmitted their voices to Zhang Ruochen. They told him the rules of the duel and advised him not to agree. However, Zhang Ruochen ignored them and showed a determined attitude.

Lady Wind was even more confused. After all, she had already told Zhang Ruochen the rules of the duel.

No matter how impulsive Zhang Ruochen was, he shouldn’t have done it knowing that he would lose, right?

Lord Sinluo smiled brightly and said, “I admire your courage, Supreme Saint Ruochen! However, you have to understand that the way of the duel is decided by the challenger.”

Lord Sinluo paused deliberately. He thought that Zhang Ruochen would be shocked and even go back on his words. If that was the case, he would naturally have other means to make Zhang Ruochen lose face, and he would have to continue to compete with him.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen’s expression remained unchanged. He just quietly waited for Lord Sinluo to continue.

This made Lord Sinluo tense up. He felt that it was very unusual. Thinking that he would never lose and he calmed himself down again.

“For this duel, let’s compete in Archery.”

Lord Sinluo took out a stringless divine tree bow and it’s shaped like a dragon bone. It was about 27 meters long and emitted cold air. Clearly, it wasn’t an ordinary bow.

Gu Chenzi and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan seemed to have guessed that Lord Sinluo wanted to compete in Archery. They looked at each other and sighed. They knew that Zhang Ruochen would definitely lose.

Lord Sinluo specialized in Archery and he combined a Grade Four Archery Saintwill—Pinpoint Piercing Saintwill.

In the entire Infernal Court, Lord Sinluo could be said to be the top-notch Archery Supreme Saint below the Thousand-Koan Realm.

There were only a handful of Supreme Saints in the Thousand-Koan Realm who could compete with Lord Sinluo in archery.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen’s specialization had nothing to do with archery.

Besides that, there had to be a peerless bow to compete in Archery.

Lord Sinluo’s Frostwood Bow was made from the center of the trunk of a divine tree. It was the best material in the world. Moreover, it was a precious Three Element Regal Artifact. When its power was fully unleashed, it could shoot down the stars in the sky from thousands of miles away.

Did Zhang Ruochen have such a bow?

Lord Sinluo thought that victory was within his grasp, he smiled and said, “If Supreme Saint Ruochen doesn’t have a bow, I can lend you one. However, I only have one bow of the Regal Artifact-class. I can only lend you a bow of the Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact-class.”

“No need. I have one.”

Countless cultivators were shocked as Zhang Ruochen summoned the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow.

Zhang Ruochen was holding the bow in one hand and the arrow in the other, then his temperament changed greatly. He was full of vigor and a strong sense of confidence.

Zhang Ruochen had been cultivating in seclusion for decades. He had read a lot of books with his Spirits, including the detailed information of every cultivator at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Only by knowing yourself and your enemy, you will never be defeated.

Zhang Ruochen even knew the rules of the duel. He had pretended not to know it just to numb Lord Sinluo. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen had expected Lord Sinluo to propose an Archery competition.

If a Supreme Saint who had cultivated Archery to the extreme could not compete with Archery, what could he compete with?

“It seems that Zhang Ruochen is not completely unprepared. The bow and arrows he took out are not ordinary Artifacts. Most of them have reached the class of a Regal Artifact.”

“With a bow and arrows, can he compete with the Lord Sinluo? Archery is not that simple.”

“Archery not only involves shooting an arrow, but also tests a cultivator’s strength, eyesight, judgment, arrow intent, and so on. These skills require long hours of cultivation with the Precepts of Archery and the Archery Saintwill to reach the most perfect level. If Zhang Ruochen has not been immersed in Archery for more than 100 years, competing with Lord Sinluo in Archery is just asking for trouble.”

Lord Sinluo didn’t think that Zhang Ruochen had a chance to win either. He walked toward Supreme Saint Yanhong with more confidence than Zhang Ruochen and said, “To be fair and just, please set a target for us, Supreme Saint Yanhong.”

Supreme Saint Yanhong belonged to the Bone Clan, which was a different clan from Lord Sinluo and Zhang Ruochen.

At the same time, Lord Sinluo supported Pan Ruo, while Zhang Ruochen supported Lady Wind, who was on the opposite side of Supreme Saint Yanhong.

It seemed fair for her to set the target, but it was actually unfair to Zhang Ruochen.

After all, Supreme Saint Yanhong had publicly said that she wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Just as Supreme Saint Yanhong was about to agree, Yan Wushen stood up and laughed. He said, "Since Supreme Saint Yanhong is in such a difficult position, why don't I set a more difficult target for the two of you?"

Supreme Saint Yanhong was actually very willing to help Lord Sinluo. However, Yan Wushen had already taken the initiative to suggest it. If she refused, it would undoubtedly embarrass Yan Wushen.

There was no need to offend Yan Wushen for the sake of Lord Sinluo.

Hence, Supreme Saint Yanhong said, "Since Lord Yan is so interested, Lord Sinluo, why don't you ask him for help?"

Of course, Lord Sinluo could not refuse. He could only smile and nod at Yan Wushen.

Everyone in the Celestial and Infernal Court knew about the fight between Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen, so there was no need to worry that he would side with Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Wushen took out a translucent crystal talisman. It was about an inch long and very delicate, he said, "Both of you are Supreme Saints. A normal Archery contest would not be difficult for you. The more difficult the task, the better. The talisman in my hand is the lowest grade Interstellar Communication Talisman. The furthest distance can be traveled at an infinitely close speed to the speed of light for a day, which is about tens of billions of miles.

"Next, I will activate it and shoot it out."

"Whoever can shoot it with an arrow will be the winner."

Of course, Lord Sinluo hoped that the difficulty would be higher. However, Yan Wushen's task could not be called difficult. No Supreme Saint could do it.

"Lord Yan, once the Communication Talisman passes the acceleration stage, its speed will be completely unleashed. No arrows can catch up to it. Furthermore, no Supreme Saint can shoot an arrow tens of billions of miles away," said Lord Sinluo.

Yan Wushen said unhappily, "If an ordinary Supreme Saint can do it, why would I use it to test you?"

Lord Sinluo did not continue to say anything. After all, he was the one who suggested the duel and he was the one who elected Yan Wushen as the taskmaster. At that moment, if he continued to argue, it would only show that he was not decisive enough and did not have the courage.

Moreover, it was not that he did not have the opportunity.

As long as Lord Sinluo seized the moment when the Communication Talisman was accelerating, there was still a chance to shoot it through.

Yan Wushen said, "Forget it. Seeing that you are so reluctant, I will reduce the difficulty for you. I will shoot this Interstellar Communication Talisman towards a desolate asteroid in the sky above the Divine Domain of Destiny."

"If you can not shoot the Communication Talisman, whoever shoots through that asteroid first will win."

"Remember, shoot through, not hit."

"Besides, I won't tell you which asteroid it is. You have to judge it by your own ability."

Yan Wushen activated the Communication Talisman without any warning and shot it out.

The talisman turned into a light beam and flew to the sky.

Before most cultivators could react, Lord Sinluo and Zhang Ruochen drew their bows almost at the same time and pointed their arrows at the sky.

It could be seen that the two of them were extremely quick to react.

The Communication Talisman was too small and too fast.

Moreover, it became faster after every moment.

Lord Sinluo was indeed the top-notch Archery Supreme Saint in the Infernal Court. Almost at the moment when Yan Wushen shot out the Communication Talisman, a Divine Tree Arrow flew out at its tail.

It was as if Lord Sinluo didn't aim at all. He shot the arrow based on feeling.

After that, a smile appeared on Lord Sinluo's face. The victory was within his grasp.

"I'm far inferior to Lord Sinluo in Archery."

Zhang Ruochen had never aimed at the Communication Talisman. He couldn't do that.

Zhang Ruochen was aiming at the Divine Tree Arrow shot by Lord Sinluo.

The moment Lord Sinluo let go of the arrow, Zhang Ruochen activated The Spatial Domain and felt the space fluctuation of the Divine Tree Arrow as it flew rapidly. He then shot the Whitesun Arrow..

Chapter 2280: Spatial Wormhole Mirror

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

‘This arrow will definitely pierce through the Communication Talisman. I will definitely win!’ Lord Sinluo thought.

Just as Lord Sinluo thought he was winning, the Divine Tree Arrow was hit by white light and flew out diagonally.

BANG!

A moment later, there was a loud collision sound.

Lord Sinluo’s face changed again and again. He stared at Zhang Ruochen coldly and said, “Are you shooting the talisman or the arrow?”

“It doesn’t matter if you’re shooting a talisman or an arrow. You didn’t hit it, and I didn’t hit it either. So, we’re even now.” Zhang Ruochen said calmly as he summoned the Whitesun Arrow and held it in his hand again.

No matter what, Zhang Ruochen was able to hit Lord Sinluo’s arrow enough to prove that he had high attainment in Archery. He mustn’t be underestimated.

“A tie? That’s impossible.”

Lord Sinluo’s pupil turned golden. He shot out two beams of light that were dozens of feet long, staring in the direction of the Communication Talisman.

The Communication Talisman had completely burst out its speed. If Lord Sinluo shot out another Divine Tree Arrow, he would not be able to catch up.

Even the extension speed of Lord Sinluo’s spiritual power could not keep up with it. He could not detect it or lock onto it. He could only roughly estimate its flight path based on the fluctuations it left behind.

“The difficulty level has increased. Next, we’ll see which asteroid the Communication Talisman will crash into.”

Some of the Supreme Saints present released their spiritual power, some used their extraordinary eyesight, and some relied on their talent in perception to perform all sorts of tricks.

However, how could the Communication Talisman be so easy to detect?

If it was so easy, who would use it to send messages?

After a short while, most cultivators present lost their trail on the Communication Talisman.

“It’s too fast and too far. Even with Supreme Saint’s Saint Eyes, I can only see a faint shadow within a thousand miles.”

“The advantage of Lord Sinluo will be fully displayed. The red-gold mystic eyes he cultivated were not inferior to the eyes of gods. This was the most fundamental reason why he could become the number one Archery Supreme Saint below the Thousand-Koan Realm in the Infernal Court. Even if Zhang Ruochen has the eye of a demigod, he is still far from it.”

...

Zhang Ruochen’s eyesight was not weak. However, he had only tracked for 10,000 miles before the Communication Talisman disappeared from his vision.

Zhang Ruochen did not panic. He immediately snapped his fingers.

Snap!

The space on the right side of his body collapsed and a spatial mirror with a diameter of three meters appeared.

At the same time, a spatial mirror appeared where the Communication Talisman had disappeared thousands of miles away. It was shaped like a hole and flashed away.

After the spatial mirror disappeared, Zhang Ruochen immediately snapped his fingers a second time.

Snap!

The second spatial mirror appeared.

Snap!

Then came the third one.

...

Many cultivators looked puzzled. They didn't know what Zhang Ruochen was doing.

As a Master of Space, Luo Sha could roughly guess Zhang Ruochen's purpose. She said, "This is the Spatial Wormhole Mirror. It can connect two spatial coordinates in an instant. One is beside Zhang Ruochen, and the other must be near the Communication Talisman."

"Zhang Ruochen used the Spatial Wormhole Mirror to sense the trajectory of the Communication Talisman through space."

A Deathkin Supreme Saint who had lent the Ampliofruit to Lord Sinluo sneered and said, "You want to sense the Communication Talisman just by opening the spatial wormhole? Are you kidding me?"

Luo Sha stared at him mockingly and said, "It's not a spatial wormhole, it's a Spatial Wormhole Mirror. The difference between the two is that the former is a stable space passage, while the latter can only exist for a moment."

Zhang Ruochen did not draw the Dimensional Inscription. He simply snapped his fingers and accurately opened a Spatial Wormhole Mirror. This was the embodiment of cultivating the Path of Dimension to its peak.

Other Supreme Saints who cultivated the Path of Dimension might not have such attainments even if their cultivation had reached the Paramount Realm.

Perhaps only the god who cultivated the Path of Dimension could surpass Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha was extremely envious!

'Zhang Ruochen's attainments in the Path of Dimension have reached such a high level,' Shentu Yunkong thought. He stared at the Spatial Wormhole Mirror that kept flashing beside Zhang Ruochen and was deeply shocked again.

Shentu Yunkong, the number one genius of the Fane of Dimension in the past 10,000 years was also a Master of Space. However, compared to Zhang Ruochen, his attainments in dimension were still far behind.

Luo Sha continued, “The moment the two Spatial Wormhole Mirrors were formed, they became Zhang Ruochen’s pair of Dimensional Eyes. He could see the Communication Talisman at a close distance. Even if he could not see it, he could still sense its spatial fluctuations flying past. In addition, Zhang Ruochen’s powerful deductive and analytical abilities mean that the Communication Talisman can not escape his perception.”

The two Supreme Saints who had lent the Ampliofruit to Lord Sinluo became nervous after hearing Luo Sha’s explanation.

This duel, which was originally a huge disparity in strength, became unpredictable. Lord Sinluo was no longer certain of victory.

The pressured Lord Sinluo suddenly took out a Divine Tree Arrow and put it on the Frostwood Bow. He mobilized all his strength to pull the bow open.

Hundreds of thousands of Regal Inscriptions appeared on the bow. A terrifying chill that could freeze thousands of miles burst out.

At that moment, Yan Wushen informed the cultivators telepathically, “The Communication Talisman landed on a 70-mile-long asteroid about 300,000 miles away. All of you wait and see who can accurately shoot it and pierce through it.”

No one dared to inform Lord Sinluo or Zhang Ruochen telepathically.

After all, they were not the only ones paying attention to the duel. The Immortal Vampires and the Deathkin’s deities were also paying attention.

Who dared to show off in front of the gods?

The tense atmosphere enveloped the entire Destiny’s Creek, including the divine bone jade tower above, the Fane of

Destiny on the mountaintop, and all the cultivators watching the projection of the festival.

The 70-mile-long asteroid looked very big, but it was much more difficult to shoot a sesame seed from 300,000 miles away than standing hundreds of meters away.

More importantly, it had to be shot through.

Even if with the power of a Supreme Saint flew for 300,000 miles, how much could be left?

In the eyes of most cultivators, this was impossible.

Lord Sinluo had accumulated his power to the peak and also infused the Pinpoint Piercing Saintwill into it. He loosened his fingers, and a thunderous sound rang out.

The earth shook violently.

SWOOSH

The Divine Tree Arrow flew through the air, forming a long light path.

In the Fane of Destiny, a god nodded slightly, he said, "Lord Sinluo's arrow is successful! With his talent, he might become the new god of Archery in the Infernal Court in the future. Xue Jue, it seems that your boy hasn't found his way yet?"

Wargod Bloodximus looked at Zhang Ruochen without saying a word.

Lord Sinluo was confident in this shot. At least he was sure that he had found the right target and didn't miss it. The only variable was whether the arrow could pierce through the asteroid?

But even if it couldn't, it wasn't a big deal.

Zhang Ruochen hadn't even drawn his bow. It was very likely that he hadn't found the Communication Talisman at all.

After a while, Zhang Ruochen finally figured out where the Communication Talisman hit through the spatial fluctuation.

He put the Whitesun Arrow on the Azuresky Bow and poured his Saint Qi into it.

Whoosh

Dense inscriptions appeared on the bow and arrow at the same time. They exploded with rippling powerful waves of power.

The light from the Azuresky Bow dyed the sky where Destiny's Creek was. The Whitesun Arrow was like a white sun hanging in the center of the blue sky.

When Zhang Ruochen was in the short period of seclusion, he had completely subdued the vessel spirits of the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow. He could fully display their power.

A cultivator exclaimed, "Zhang Ruochen's bow and arrow have reached the level of Class Five Regal Artifact. Its power is far greater than Lord Sinluo's Frostwood Bow."

Supreme Saint Jinkun, a cultivator at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in the Azuresky Clan, recognized the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow, he said, "That was the bow and arrow of Lord Whitesun, the number one Wargod among the Azuresky Clan's Supreme Saint. Back then, with the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow, he could shoot down stars thousands of miles away. Compared to him, Lord Sinluo is more than a hundred times weaker."

Lord Sinluo was very jealous of the Azuresky Bow and the Whitesun Arrow in Zhang Ruochen's hands. If he could get them, his combat power would definitely rise again. His ranking on the list of those who attained the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm would also be higher.

"Bows and arrows are treasures. It's a pity that they fell into the hands of someone who doesn't know the way of Archery. What a waste. Zhang Ruochen, even if you shoot your arrows, it's already too late! If you admit defeat now, I won't take your two Ampliofruits. I just want your bow and arrows," Lord Sinluo said.

"Admit defeat?"

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. He pulled the Azuresky Bow and pointed the Whitesun Arrow at Lord Sinluo.

Lord Sinluo's face changed as he was being pointed at by a Class Five Regal Artifact at such a close distance. He couldn't help but take a step back and said, "Zhang Ruochen... What do you want?"

This unexpected turn of events shocked many cultivators.

They all stood up abruptly, and their eyes became serious.

Wujiang snorted and said, "Zhang Ruochen, are you a sore loser? If you dare to shoot Lord Sinluo, I will kill you myself."

"Then I must try," said Zhang Ruochen.

Three dragons and three elephants appeared on Zhang Ruochen's arms as he pulled the Azuresky Bow to the limit. He loosened his fingers and the Whitesun Arrow turned into a white beam of light and flew out. It rushed toward Lord Sinluo's glabella with the thunderous sound.

"Such impudence!"

"Zhang Ruochen, don't be rash."

"How disrespectful!"

...

Angry shouts rang out one after another.

Who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen was so audacious that he would actually dare to kill Lord Sinluo at the Celestial-Hunting Festival?

The cultivators who were watching the projection of the Celestial-Hunting Festival were also shocked. They thought that Zhang Ruochen must have lost his mind because he couldn't afford to lose. Otherwise, how could he dare to do such a crazy thing?

"You..." said Lord Sinluo as his eyes widened. He saw the Whitesun Arrow flying toward him and he had no time to retreat. He was so scared that his legs couldn't help but tremble. He fell back.

No one could remain still when facing death.

No matter how strong one's mind was, if they were suddenly scared and lost their mental defense, they could also do something shameful.

Whoosh

Just as the Whitesun Arrow was about to pierce through Lord Sinluo's head, a Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared in front of him.

The Whitesun Arrow shot into the mirror and disappeared.

Rumble

In the sky above the Divine Domain of Destiny, the Whitesun Arrow flew out from another mirror and struck a 70-mile-long asteroid, piercing through it.

Large cracks appeared on the asteroid as it shattered and turned into rubble.

At that moment, a God controlled the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms to project the scene of the asteroid being pierced through by the Whitesun Arrow. When the Divine Tree Arrow flew over, there was only a gravel belt left.

All the cultivators were stunned by the sight of it.

Zhang Ruochen had won! He had defeated Lord Sinluo, who was known as Lord of Archery.

Even the gods who were paying attention to the Celestial-Hunting Festival found it unbelievable. Not to mention the other cultivators, they all stared at Zhang Ruochen and did not dare to underestimate him anymore.

Lord Sinluo was so scared by the Whitesun Arrow that his legs went weak. He fell to the ground as if he didn't know that he had lost all face. His eyes were fixed on the divine mirror in the sky. He couldn't believe that it was real.

"Impossible, impossible... How could Zhang Ruochen do it? I... How could I lose..."

Lady Wind's beautiful eyes gaze deeply at Zhang Ruochen. Her face under the golden mask also showed a look of shock and doubt, she thought to herself, 'This man has already

predicted everything, including the fact that Lord Sinluo will compete with him in Archery. It is most likely within his expectations. Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen, it seems that I have underestimated you in the past. I only saw your cultivation talent and did not see that you have such a terrifying scheme. Lord Sinluo has suffered a great loss this time.'

Luo Sha looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was standing upright with the Azure Sky Bow in his hand, and then looked at Lord Sinluo, who was so scared that he collapsed on the ground, she secretly laughed in her heart, 'The person I have chosen should be so high-spirited.. Other Supreme Saints are far from him.'

Chapter 2281: Arm-wrestling

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

He defeated Lord Sinluo and shattered the stars with an arrow.

Such a halberd shocked the cultivators of Mount Destiny, Kunlun, and even Infernal Court.

Many of them were familiar with Zhang Ruochen's ability until half a year ago. At that time, Zhang Ruochen was only in Saint King Realm. No matter how powerful he was, he could only stir up situations without Supreme Saints' presence.

To a Supreme Saint, half a year was just a snap of the fingers. It was difficult for one's strength to increase greatly in such a short time.

However, under the eyes of millions of people, Zhang Ruochen used Archery to win against the famous Lord Sinluo.

Some cultivators were fascinated by Zhang Ruochen's profound methods.

Some felt that Lord Sinluo had lost too unjustly. Zhang Ruochen didn't win by using Archery. Instead, he won through shady means by using tricks from Path of Dimensional.

Others felt that Lord Sinluo had humiliated Deathkin and the entire Infernal Court. They were eager to try and challenge Zhang Ruochen.

"Lord Sinluo has caused me great loss."

The two Deathkin who had lent Ampliofruit to Lord Sinluo were ashen-faced. Even if Lord Sinluo offered something good to compensate them, it wouldn't be as good as Ampliofruit.

If they hadn't seen how miserable Lord Sinluo was, they would have fought him right now.

Zhang Ruochen took three Ampliofruit from the table in front of Lord Sinluo, "As a Supreme Saint, you can't remain calm in the face of danger. Lord Sinluo, have you never encountered a life-and-death crisis before? "With your temperament, if you continue to be invincible, you might have a chance to become

a god. However, today's shot will be a nightmare you'll never forget. It will be your biggest mental weakness to become a god."

Lord Sinluo was highly embarrassed when he got up from the ground. He turned shame into anger and said, "Do you dare to fight me again?"

Zhang Ruochen looked at the five Ampliofruits on the table in front of him and said, "You have already lost all your Ampliofruits. What else can you offer to fight me?"

"I can still..."

Lord Sinluo wanted to say, "I can still acquire more." However, when he stared at the Supreme Saints of Deathkins, all of them quickly avoided him.

Zhang Ruochen was obviously a scheming person. How could Lord Sinluo defeat him?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Where did this extra one come from?

'Whatever, it's just one extra!'

Downstream.

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

He looked even happier than Zhang Ruochen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

There were five in total.

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

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

This ritual battle was extremely important.

Zhang Ruochen obviously understood Xu’s intentions, he shook his head and said, “You are Ghost Master’s seventh son who’s ranked top ten in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-

Shackle Realm. Aren't you afraid of being ridiculed for challenging me, a Supreme Saint who has just entered Neverwilt Realm? How about this? I'll challenge you."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Where is he?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

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

Zhang Ruochen had seen that huge sword before.

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

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

At that time, Zhang Ruochen was only a saint, but Supreme Saint Manjian was all affability and condescension to Zhang Ruochen. Later, when Zhang Ruochen became Moon

Goddess' emissary, the two of them even fraternized with each other.

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

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

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

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

Boom

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Don’t mind my business. I’m calm.”

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

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

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

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

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

However, they soon understood his intent.

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

But in arm-wrestling, most of Zhang Ruochen’s methods would be useless.

The Demigod-level body was indeed powerful, but Zhang Ruochen hadn’t broken the 100 shackles in his body yet. How much power could he unleash while the power of Demigod was still confined?

Xu, on the other hand, who had attained Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm, had ten times the power of Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique.

Zhang Ruochen's current Demigod-level body was absolutely no match for Xu's.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen knew more than other cultivators about Xu. Xu didn't just have ten times Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique. He had also refined more than ten million ghosts into his body. Once he unleashed the power, even a Supreme saint of Thousand-Koan Realm had to step aside.

If it was a competition of power, Zhang Ruochen would definitely lose.

But was arm-wrestling really a competition of strength?

"Zhang Ruochen has fought Xu before. He knows Xu's strength very well. As long as Zhang Ruochen still has a touch of sanity, he will definitely not agree," Gu Chenzi said.

In his opinion, Zhang Ruochen was not an impulsive person. Therefore, Xu was destined to fail.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan nodded and relaxed. He picked up the tripod cup and drank from the stream. 'Zhang Ruochen wasn't stupid. How could he jump into a trap knowingly he'll lose?'

"Okay, I'll arm-wrestle with you," Zhang Ruochen said.

"PFFT!"

Hearing this, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan spat out a mouthful of water. He stared at Zhang Ruochen, who was upstream.

'Had this guy been provoked into stupidity?'

Gu Chenzi looked puzzled. 'Zhang Ruochen knew that his opponent's power is far greater than his. Why did he agree?'

Xue Tu, who was standing behind Zhang Ruochen, staggered and almost fell to the ground.

'He had just won against Lord Sinluo, and now he was up to no good.

'If you want to play with fire, don't bring me along!'

"Senior... Why don't you bet four? Return mine first," Xue Tu said with an expectant look.

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and said, “You can leave! I’ll take your Ampliofruit first.”

“Senior,”

Xue Tu was unwilling to give up and called out again.

He licked his lips with a fierce look in his eyes. He clenched his hands, wanting to rush up and take the Ampliofruit that belonged to him.

“Go away. You’re disrupting my duel.”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and flicked his finger. A space bubble condensed on his fingertip flew out. And like a glass ball, it covered Xue Tu in it. Xue Tu then bounced to the lower reaches of Destiny’s Creek.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Xu felt happy that his plan had succeeded. He clapped his hands and laughed loudly. “Such courage. I admire you.”

Lord Sinluo, who was standing not far away, was dissatisfied with Xu. However, he hated Zhang Ruochen even more. Hence, it would indeed raise his spirit if Xu could make Zhang Ruochen suffer a great loss.

Above Destiny’s Creek, Xu was the first to stretch out his arm and turn it into a 100-foot-long hand.

Besides a bone ring on his palm, he also wore a purple glove emitting divine power. It was a divine artifact.

Arm-wrestling seemed to be a competition of strength, but it was not just a clash of strength.

Zhang Ruochen activated Armor of the Fire God and stretched out his arm. It also turned into a 100-foot-long hand and held it together with Xu’s ghost hand.

“Wait a minute.”

Luo Sha called out and stood up from her seat. She said, “Since it’s a competition, there must be a referee to make the rules and judge the winner. I think I’m competent to do it.”

Luo Sha knew very well that although it was a competition of arm wrestling, the different rules would have a huge impact on the winner.

Like other cultivators, she also thought that Zhang Ruochen could not win.

However, she wanted to help Zhang Ruochen in her own way, so he would have a greater advantage.

“With the relationship between Your Highness and Zhang Ruochen, it’s not suitable for you to be a judge, right?” Xu said.

The news of Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen appearing together in Realm of Star Ocean and cultivated in Vastsea Manor for more than a month had long spread.

Many cultivators in Infernal Court knew that Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen were very close.

Xu looked down and said, “Your Highness Pan Ruo, why don’t you be the judge of this battle?”

“It seems interesting for Supreme Saint to arm-wrestle. Well, I’ll make a few rules for you to see who will win.”

With a poker face, Pan Ruo slowly stood up and flew as light as autumn leaves to a place not far from Xu and Zhang Ruochen. She said, “First, since it’s arm wrestling, your elbows must not leave the table. Whoever leaves first will lose the battle.

“Second, whoever dips their hands into the water of Destiny’s Creek first will lose.”

“You have no objections, right?”

Xu frowned and said, “Only these two rules?”

“Does arm wrestling have other rules?” Pan Ruo asked back.

Xu didn’t say anything more. In fact, he felt that the rules could be stricter. At the very least, she could’ve added a few more rules.

For example, no Saint Path power Saint Aspect, sacred artifact, spiritual power could be used; they can’t attack each

other; they can't use their second hand... and so on.

The stricter the rules were, the more advantageous it would be for Xu. Zhang Ruochen would have less room to play.

Xu had chosen Pan Ruo as a judge for this purpose.

Although Pan Ruo represented the interests of the upper three clans in Fane of Destiny, she had no connection with Ghosts or Immortal vampires. However, Lord Sinluo had suffered a great loss due to Zhang Ruochen. She must be dissatisfied with him.

Choosing Pan Ruo as a judge was naturally advantageous to him.

However, Pan Ruo did not play by common sense. She set a loose rule, which benefitted Zhang Ruochen.

'It does not matter. Even if the rules are loose, the difference in strength is there. It's impossible for Zhang Ruochen to beat me. I want all his five Ampliofruits!'

When Xu won five Ampliofruits from Zhang Ruochen, he would have a total of six, including his own Ampliofruit.

After taking all six Ampliofruits, his strength would increase again. Perhaps it could help him reach the level of Wu Jiang and Luo Shengtian.

"Begin."

As Pan Ruo shouted, Zhang Ruochen and Xu's power rushed to their right arms while they mobilized their power at the same time.

Whoosh whoosh

Zhang Ruochen's right arm emitted a dazzling blood light.

The Fire God's Gauntlet and armor turned red and connected to the armguard, emitting a scorching power fluctuation. Then, the three elephant souls of Thousand-Koan Realm in his right arm were activated.

Xu's arm hung in the sky above Destiny's Creek. He didn't move at all. He smiled and said, "Zhang Ruochen, is this all you have in your Demigod body? What else do you have?"

Show it as soon as possible. Otherwise, you won't have a chance to show it later."

Clang

An ear-splitting cry of a Phoenix sounded.

A huge phantom of a Phoenix rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body and floated behind him. It was the remnant of Divine Phoenix's soul from Divine Phoenix's saint blood Blood Empress had used to nurture Zhang Ruochen's Demigod body.

At the same time, the ten golden wings on Zhang Ruochen's back spread out as if they had turned into ten golden clouds.

When all the power burst out, it finally shook Xu's arm and moved it a little to the left. However, he quickly steadied himself and straightened his arm.

"You have some ability. Indeed, I should not underestimate your Demigod body and Five-element Chaotic Neverwither physique.

"If you break the shackles in your body, your strength would definitely be ten times or even dozens of times stronger than now. At that time, my arm would be broken by you in an instant. But now, you are still far from it."

Then, he said, "Do you have any other tricks up your sleeves? Or are you at your limit already?"

Chapter 2282: Battle of Wits and Strength

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Xu was not an ordinary person. He had powerful cultivation and could kill enemies across realms. Zhang Ruochen was mentally prepared. However, Xu was so powerful that he only shook slightly even if Zhang Ruochen tried his best. It was far beyond Zhang Ruochen's expectations.

"As expected of the number one Ghost Emperor. It seems that I have to use the power of Truth."

Zhang Ruochen mobilized Precepts of Truth in his body and flowed them all into his right arm. At the same time, dense starlight spots appeared around his body and turned into a nascent starry ocean.

"Zhang Ruochen is finally going to use Path of Truth. It's said that Zhang Ruochen crossed the tenth level of Sea of truth, just like Magnogod Huang Tian."

"Zhang Ruochen's attainments in Path of Truth are indeed very high. He can amplify the attack power of his Saint Technique ten times stronger in an instant."

"Arm wrestling is a competition of Palm power to a certain extent. Zhang Ruochen has spent a lot of energy cultivating his palm strike. If his palm strike is boosted by Path of Truth, the power will be ten times more impressive. Will Xu be able to withstand it?"

"Why didn't Xu suppress Zhang Ruochen immediately when Zhang Ruochen mobilized Precepts of Truth?"

Many cultivators present were curious. If they were in Xu's shoes, the moment Zhang Ruochen mobilized Path of Truth, they would definitely strike first and counter with unstoppable force.

But Xu did not do that.

Did he think that he could withstand ten times the power of Zhang Ruochen's palm strike?

Supreme Saint Yanhong smiled. “Zhang Ruochen has Path of Truth, but Xu has Path of Destiny. Why should Xu be afraid of him?”

“Besides, this is Mount Destiny. Precepts of Destiny converge here. The power of Destiny is stronger here than any elsewhere.”

Xu was the top elite in Supreme Saint Yanhong’s faction. Thus, she was confident in Xu.

Whoosh—

When Zhang Ruochen activated the Realm-frame of Truth, the Gate of Destiny, which was hundreds of feet tall, appeared behind Xu. The eyes of non-Supreme Saint-level cultivators were dazzled by the bright light.

Boom!

With the addition of Precepts of Truth, Zhang Ruochen displayed Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike. With the power of ten times higher, it charged at the Ghost hand.

At the same time, the power of three elephant souls from Thousand-Koan Realm reached its strongest state in an instant. They let out deafening roars.

Xu’s ghost hand suddenly moved back and was half-pressed down.

The entire ghost arm was twisted.

Seeing this, countless cultivators in Infernal Court gasped. They couldn’t help but hold their breaths.

Could it be that the strongest Ghost, Xu, had lost to Zhang Ruochen in Neverwilt Realm?

Ten times the power came and went quickly.

Xu’s arm slowly turned upward, a mocking smile appeared on his face. “Your attainments in Path of Truth are indeed beyond my expectations. My Path of Destiny cannot completely weaken it. However, ten times the power in an instant is not enough to crush me.”

Seeing that Xu was gradually turning his arm back, now it was the cultivators of Bloodysky Clan's turn to worry.

Among them, Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Supreme Saint Xueqi couldn't help but sigh. They had hoped that Zhang Ruochen could create another miracle.

But now, everyone could see that Zhang Ruochen had gone all out. He had used all his trump cards. However, Xu had taken them one by one without even using the ghosts that had been refined into his body.

In other words, Xu didn't use his full strength.

It was like a cat playing with a mouse. No matter how many tricks you used, you couldn't change your fate. When you get exhausted, you would be eaten in one bite.

Xu was the cat playing with the mouse. He always had victory in his hands.

The cultivators of Infernal Court laughed mockingly.

Most of them didn't think of Zhang Ruochen as a member of Infernal Court. He was an outsider to them. That was why they felt humiliated when Lord Sinluo was defeated by Zhang Ruochen.

Now, Xu had used his absolute advantage to play with Zhang Ruochen. Naturally, they felt a sense of joy as if it saved their reputation.

With victory in hand, Xu said, "Zhang Ruochen, don't be discouraged. You are only in Neverwilt Realm but you have the ability to fight with me. You should feel honored."

Zhang Ruochen was not angry. He said, "Do you really think that Path of Truth is that simple?"

"What do you mean?" Xu said.

"The most powerful part of Path of Truth is not the power of the Realm-frame of Truth."

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes. Suddenly, the starlight spots around his body became more extensive.

The light spots quickly became larger and turned into light orbs.

In Xu's field of vision, the light orbs turned into a boundless sea of stars. Each one was as big as a planet as if they were standing in the boundless universe.

The Realm-frame of Truth was actually a realm form that was constructed using Path of Truth.

However, this realm was constructed by various Precepts between heaven and earth.

The more powerful the Realm-frame of Truth, the wider the Precept Realm was constructed. Hence, the stronger the power it could draw.

Back then, Yu Wenjing — the disciple from Fane of Truth — had only cultivated the Realm-frame of Truth of “Heavens Up Above”. The thunder and lightning that surged out of the Realm-frame of Truth forced Zhang Ruochen to use Secret Tome of Time and Space to resolve it.

Now, Zhang Ruochen's Realm-frame of Truth was “Shoreless Star Ocean,” and it was still evolving into “Boundless Universe.” The power it could unleash was naturally stronger.

In Sea of Stars, the starlight orbs flew rapidly toward Xu as if they had turned into real planets.

For other cultivators, they only saw the starlight orbs fly out one by one. They didn't think it was dangerous. However, in Xu vision, real planets were crushing towards him. They were vast and shocking

Xu gritted his teeth and snorted. “Zhang Ruochen, are you arm-wrestling, or do you want to fight?”

“I'm within the rules. Why can't I use other powers?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The planets were getting closer and closer, releasing destructive pressure.

“Damn it. How could the Realm-frame of Boundless Starry Sea be so powerful? Are they really attacking powers or are they spiritual power illusions?”

Xu was caught off guard.

He had met cultivators who had cultivated the Realm-frame of Truth before. However, Celestial Court cultivators had only cultivated the Realm-frame of Heavens Up Above. Before they could use the power of the Realm-frame, Xu had swallowed and refined it.

There were too few cultivators who had cultivated the Realm-frame of Truth.

Naturally, Xu knew very little about the Realm-frame.

The Gate of Destiny flew in front of him. It was like a shining shield, blocking the incoming stars.

Rumble

With each collision, The Gate of Destiny shook violently.

A power wave passed through the Gate of Destiny and crashed onto Xu's body.

The more powerful the Realm-frame of Truth was, the harder it was to control. Zhang Ruochen had cultivated his spiritual power — to the 62nd level — before he could barely use the Realm-frame to mobilize Heavenly and Earthly Precepts in the realm of Realm-frame of Truth. Only then it could be converted into attack ability for his own use.

“I can't let my guard down anymore. I should first defeat Zhang Ruochen with absolute power and then look for classics to study the Realm-frame of Truth in detail.”

Finally, Xu felt threatened by Zhang Ruochen. Worried that something might happen, Xu stopped playing with him. He opened his mouth and spat out eight million Ghosts.

Ear-piercing Ghost cries spread throughout Destiny's Creek.

The sky was covered by Ghost silhouettes. Black clouds scudded and it was dark and gloomy.

Eight million Ghosts quickly merged and turned into eight Ghost Emperor Souls at Thousand-Koan Realm level. They combined with Xu's power and stood in eight different directions.

“Isn’t it too late to use the power of Ghost souls?”

Zhang Ruochen raised his left hand slowly. A corner from microworld of woodlands appeared in the void space and pressed down on his right hand.

The true form of microworld of woodlands moved gradually as if it was about to be fully revealed. It became heavier and heavier.

Inside the microworld was filled with mountains, rivers, plains, and deserts. At first, it was only a corner that was hundreds of miles long. Now, it had grown more than a thousand miles long.

“My God! Zhang Ruochen actually summoned a microworld to suppress Xu’s arm. Is this still arm wrestling?”

“I knew Zhang Ruochen controlled a microworld long ago. Could it be this one?”

“I suddenly feel that Xu was unwise to fight Zhang Ruochen by arm wrestling. It’s better to fight directly. At least when fighting, even if Zhang Ruochen summoned this microworld, he wouldn’t be able to suppress Xu. Xu could retreat or attack. But now, Xu can only passively take it.”

...

As the microworld of woodlands became wider, it exploded with a weight that even the eight Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor Soul couldn’t bear.

The contempt on Xu’s face had long disappeared. He let out a long howl and spat out four million more Ghosts, condensing four more Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor Soul.

The combined power of twelve Ghost Emperor Souls finally resisted the suppression of the microworld of woodlands.

“Watch me shatter your microworld.”

Xu’s entire body tensed up, and his expression was cold as he became completely serious.

He raised his left hand, and a seven-petaled ghost lotus appeared in his palm. Pleiades Lotus gave off a bone-piercing

cold air as it rapidly spun toward the microworld of woodlands.

When Pleiades Lotus spun, the power it gave off condensed into a huge vortex.

Many cultivators present were analyzing and they quickly concluded. “With Pleiades Lotus, Xu will shatter Zhang Ruochen’s microworld of woodlands.”

Wu Jiang sat cross-legged beside the jade table. “I didn’t expect that Xu has been hiding his power. With the twelve Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor Souls and Pleiades Lotus, even if I fought him, I wouldn’t be 100% sure of winning.”

Luo Shengtian, who was sitting opposite Wu Jiang, looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Don’t you think Zhang Ruochen is even more impressive?”

Wu Jiang squinted and nodded slightly.

Zhang Ruochen hadn’t even broken his first shackle, but he could force Xu to use all kinds of trump cards. It really made them — who were ranked at the top of the list in Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackled Realm — feel great pressure.

Sitting at the top, Yan Huangtu said, “This battle is no different from a real battle.”

“At least Xu won. Zhang Ruochen is still a step behind,” Wu Jiang said.

Wu Jiang was shocked by Zhang Ruochen’s strength. Not only did he feel a sense of urgency, but he also felt a deep sense of loss. For if they were in the same realm, he doubted that he could even block Zhang Ruochen’s palm strike.

However, when he thought that he could kill Zhang Ruochen and stop him from becoming stronger by entering Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, the pressure and disappointment disappeared.

Boom

Pleiades Lotus hit microworld of woodlands and penetrated the entire world. The ground was torn apart, mountains collapsed, rivers were cut off, and all the plants were corroded by the power of Pleiades Lotus and turned into black pus.

A microworld was destroyed!

Many cultivators felt pitied for Zhang Ruochen because they could see that Zhang Ruochen's microworld of woodlands had already taken shape and could give birth to life.

Such a microworld was worth as much as a high-level Planet of Life above Class seven.

If sold, it could sell for tens thousand Godstones.

Without a doubt, the destruction of the microworld of woodlands meant that Zhang Ruochen was doomed to lose.

The corner of Xu's mouth rose.

However, what puzzled him was that Zhang Ruochen was as steady as a rock in the face of a certain defeat.

"How can he be so calm?"

This thought just emerged in his mind. Suddenly, Xu felt that the ground was spinning and the space around him was turning.

"Oh no, Zhang Ruochen used the microworld to suppress my arm just to attract my attention. His-his- real goal is to distort space."

He looked to the left and saw that Destiny's Creek, which was originally flowing on the ground, had strangely flown upwards towards the sky.

The cultivators of Infernal Court downstream were now sitting in the sky.

The space on his left turned 90 degrees.

"No-no-, I can't lose..."

Xu growled silently in his heart. He exerted all his strength and pressed Zhang Ruochen's arm down.

But it was too late. Destiny's Creek on the left pressed down at an even faster speed. His 100-foot long ghost hand was soon soaked by the water.

It was a foregone conclusion!

According to the rules set by Pan Ruo, whoever hand-dipped into the stream first would be the loser.

Although Zhang Ruochen did not completely crush his arm, he distorted the space where Destiny's Creek was located and defeated him according to the rules of etiquette.

For example:

Zhang Ruochen had to walk from his original position to a pavilion 500 meters away. However, it wasn't necessarily that he had to walk this 500 meters. He only needed to use Power of Dimensions to shrink the ground into an inch and pull the pavilion in front of him. Now, he just has to walk into it in one step.

Pan Ruo floated in the air and looked at the distorted space. She stared at Zhang Ruochen and Xu, "The winner has been decided! The winner is Zhang Ruochen."

At the same time, Yan Huangtu, who was sitting at the top of Destiny's Creek, suddenly pressed his palm on the ground.

Swoosh

The distorted space was pressed back to its original state by his Palm strike.

Xu was not someone who could not afford to lose, but at this moment, he was stunned and could not accept the result.

He knew that he should not lose, but he knew that he can't complain about losing. Although Zhang Ruochen was opportunistic, Power of Dimensions was also a part of his own power.

If Xu could be more careful and did not underestimate his enemy, Zhang Ruochen would not be able to succeed even if he used the Power of Dimensions.

The contest between Supreme Saints was never a simple contest of power.

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the sky and stared at it for a long time, he let out a long sigh. “In order to win you, I actually lost a Microworld. Now I finally understand that in the contest between Supreme Saints, a Microworld is just a chess piece. What about the contest between gods?”

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeve. Instantly, microworld of woodlands shattered into pieces of the ground. They flew into the sky and hovered above Divine Domain of Destiny, turning into space meteorites and cosmic dust.

Boom!

It wasn't until then that the cultivators attending the Festival in Destiny's Creek realized that Zhang Ruochen had won. He had won five more Ampliofruits.. Instantly, there was a deafening clamor.

Chapter 2283: The Food from The Fanes

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

It was a high price to exchange a microworld of woodlands for five Ampliofruits, but Zhang Ruochen thought it was worth it.

He took the five Ampliofruits in front of him and put them on the jade table with the previous five. He smiled with satisfaction.

Looking at the ten shining Saint fruits, all the cultivators at the feast had eyes burning with greed, envy, and jealousy.

‘If only they were mine.’ Many cultivators had this thought in their minds.

Ten Ampliofruits represented one billion rules and 30,000 years of life.

Some thought that Zhang Ruochen had won too easily. It was only two rounds, and he had the most Ampliofruits among attendees in the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

However, more cultivators recognized Zhang Ruochen from these two battles and regarded him as a strong opponent of the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

It could be said that Zhang Ruochen was lucky and opportunistic to win against Lord Sinluo.

However, who would dare to look down on Zhang Ruochen who had defeated Xu, whose cultivation strength was outstanding?

Lady Wind stared at Zhang Ruochen with her shimmering eyes. She couldn’t help but smile. She finally understood why Wargod Bloodximus had made him the leader of Bloodsky Clan in the festival and supported him fully in taking control of the Supreme Artifact.

After the two battles, Lady Wind had a strange feeling. She felt that Zhang Ruochen’s strength, despite him being at Neverwilt Realm, had become unfathomable.

“Even if I fail to be Scioness and end up marrying him, with his talent and my help, this era will belong to the two of us. We may even overshadow the Scioness of Destiny.

“I hope to see more miracles he can achieve on the Celestial-Hunting ground.” Lady Wind’s recognition of Zhang Ruochen’s strength increased greatly.

When Yellowsky Clan’s deities intended to marry her to Zhang Ruochen, Lady Wind had resisted.

But now, she felt that it might be a good alternative.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had won again, Xue Tu could not be happy. He was depressed and hesitated. In the end, he gritted his teeth and walked upstream.

“I don’t want anything, but I must eat this Ampliofruit. If Zhang Ruochen doesn’t return it, I’ll fight him to the death.” Xue Tu clenched his hands. His eyes were fierce. He was ready to fight to the death.

Pan Ruo didn’t stay. She didn’t look at Zhang Ruochen or Xu. She turned and left. Her demeanor was as cold as ice.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t look at her either. He looked at Xu on the other side of Destiny’s Creek. More accurately, he looked at the huge sword. “Is he still alive?”

Xu knew who Zhang Ruochen was referring to. He stood up and held the huge sword in his hand. “He’s alive! And you’ll see him soon. He’s on the Celestial-Hunting ground.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression didn’t change, but his heart was filled with all kinds of negative emotions.

There was killing intent, anger, pain, and helplessness.

Once Supreme Saint Manjian was sent to the Celestial-Hunting ground, he would become the prey of Infernal Court cultivators. He and Zhang Ruochen would become life and death enemies on the battlefield.

Xu’s state of mind was clearly far superior to Lord Sinluo’s. A smile appeared on his face. “I’m very curious. Would you be able to kill him when you meet him on the Celestial-Hunting ground?”

Zhang Ruochen stared at Xu and said nothing.

“The festival has just begun,” Xu said. “And yet I’ve lost two rounds in a row at your hands.

“However, I am not angry.

“Instead, I’m grateful for these two defeats. After all, what I lost is not my life but my face and five Ampliofruits.

“These two losses show me my weakness. They remind me that I shouldn’t underestimate my enemy. Even a lion needs to use all of its strength to kill a rabbit.

“When countering you and Lord Xia Yu, I only thought about how to humiliate you guys, but I forgot that my ultimate goal was to defeat you.

“I used to enjoy the process of crushing my opponents. The lesson you taught me made me realize that I need to change. The outcome is more important than the process

“So, in order to express my gratitude, I have to remind you that if you meet the owner of this sword, it’s best to kill him with one strike.

“If your determination is not strong and you can’t bring yourself to cut ties with Celestial Court cultivators, you won’t be able to integrate into Infernal Court.

“A person who lacks determination won’t achieve greatness.

“Zhang Ruochen, you’re a very powerful opponent. I look forward to a real fight against you on the Celestial-Hunting Battlefield.”

Zhang Ruochen’s fingers tapped lightly on the jade table. He restrained himself and let out a breath. “Okay, I’ll see you at the hunting ground.”

“Take this. It’s yours now!”

Xu threw out the giant sword. The tip of the sword was in front, and the hilt was behind. It turned into a ray of sword light and flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

It was extremely fast.

Apparently, Xu threw it with all his might.

Zhang Ruochen turned, and the giant sword flew close to his face.

Zhang Ruochen's face was reflected on the body of the sword. His eyes were piercing.

Swoosh!

A large number of Marks of Time appeared, slowing down the flow of time in this space. Zhang Ruochen reached out his hand to grab the hilt of the giant sword and pressed his wrist down.

The body of the sword tilted downward and stabbed into the ground with a swoosh.

Even so, the impact force contained in the sword caused the sword to draw a distance of dozens of feet backward, forming a deep sword path.

Fortunately, Mount Destiny here had a strong geological structure and was densely covered with Divine Marks.

Otherwise, the impact force of this sword could have spread thousands of miles away.

Zhang Ruochen pulled the huge sword out of the ground and held it in his hand. He looked at it carefully and couldn't help but recall the days when he practiced in the heaven. He said, "A Regal Artifact class battle sword. It's indeed a big gift."

Xu had already turned around and left. He waved his hand and said, "I've given away all five Ampliofruits. It's not a big deal to give you a sword."

Gu Chenzi transmitted his voice to Zhang Ruochen. "Xu gave you the sword to stir your state of mind."

Zhang Ruochen knew what Xu was thinking. Nevertheless, from the moment he saw the sword, his unwavering resolution was shaken a bit.

He had decided to ignore all subjects and to turn the world upside down.

But now..

Sigh!

“Senior!”

Xue Tu’s voice sounded behind him.

Zhang Ruochen was in a bad mood. If it were not for the rules of the Celestial-Hunting Festival, he would have already attacked Xu. At this moment, he suddenly turned around and said, “What’s the matter? What do you want?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes emitted a cold light and contained killing intent.

How could Xue Tu know that Zhang Ruochen’s killing intent was directed at Xu?

Being stared at by his eyes, Xue Tu felt a chill all over his body. His throat seemed to be frozen. He stuttered, “Se-Se-Senior, I-I-I con-congratulate you. Congratulations on defeating Xu and winning the second duel.”

Zhang Ruochen completely restrained his emotions. He nodded slightly and said, “Okay. Go!”

Xue Tu’s heart skipped a beat. He turned around and left. However, after taking two steps, he stopped. ‘I came to ask for the Ampliofruit. Why did I leave just like that?’

Mustering his courage, Xue Tu walked over again. He said in a low voice, “Senior, you’ve borrowed my Ampliofruit as a bet. Could you please... Please return it to me now?”

“We must always return what we borrow, right?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu nodded. “That’s right.”

“But why didn’t you return Seamless Purgatory Tower you borrowed from me? So use this Ampliofruit to pay off your debt!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu was speechless. He wasn’t willing to accept this, “I can pay off my debt slowly in the future. Could you give me this Ampliofruit first? After I eat it, my cultivation will rise rapidly. It’ll be good for Bloodsky Clan’s performance on the Celestial-Hunting ground.”

Zhang Ruochen stretched out a finger. The Precepts of Dimension started to gather at his fingertip.

Xue Tu's expression changed when he thought about how he'd been flicked away by Zhang Ruochen's finger. He quickly retreated and walked downstream. He muttered, "D*mn Asurendra Samay, why did he capture Zhang Ruochen's daughter. If he didn't capture her, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have come to Infernal Court.

"If Zhang Ruochen didn't come to Infernal Court, with my talent, I would definitely be famous in this era. How could I be suppressed by him?

"Now I have to live without dignity. No! I can't take this anymore. I must resist."

Zhang Ruochen stared at Xue Tu's back. He thought for a moment and called out, "Xue Tu, I can lend you a Ampliofruit, but..."

Xue Tu was overjoyed. He rushed back and grabbed Zhang Ruochen's arm excitedly. "Senior, if you need anything, just tell me. I, Xue Tu, will definitely do it for you. I won't say no."

"Uh... forget it! Remember, you owe me a huge debt again." Zhang Ruochen handed him a saint flower that contained an Ampliofruit.

Xue Tu held the saint flower tightly. He was so moved that his eyes turned red. He nodded heavily.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't stand Xue Tu's puppy eyes anymore. He waved his hand, asking Xue Tu to leave.

After Xu's defeat, more cultivators came to challenge Zhang Ruochen. However, Zhang Ruochen declined them all. He didn't want to continue.

Winning two duels in a row had raised the morale of Bloodsky Clan to the peak.

Zhang Ruochen didn't have the confidence to win another duel. Secondly, if he lost, the morale he raised with hard efforts would collapse.

5,000 Altofruits flowed down from the upper reaches of Destiny's Creek to the hands of 5,000 top Saint Kings.

The duels became more frequent. They were everywhere.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Lian Xi, who was still kneeling beside him, and said, "Get up!"

Lian Xi's eyes were empty, and she stood up like a puppet.

Seeing her appearance, many cultivators felt heartache. They had wanted to embrace her in their arms and protect her from harm.

At the same time, many cultivators wanted to teach Zhang Ruochen a lesson. They saw him as a b*stard who didn't know how to be gentle with women.

Especially the Celestial Court cultivators who were watching the projection. They shouted on all the Battlefields of Merits, "Charge into Infernal Court, kill Zhang Ruochen with a sword, and save King Daxi."

"Let's gather saint stones to hire the Terrestrial Assassins to cut off Zhang Ruochen's head at Infernal Court."

"Zhang Ruochen is now an Immortal Vampire and a Supreme Saint. He has strong vitality. Even if he is beheaded, he won't die. He has to be cut into pieces."

Zhang Ruochen didn't know that the Celestial Court cultivators had formed an They regarded him as the biggest traitor of this Yuanhui.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

He poured a cup of Divine Jade Dew from the pot and handed it to Lian Xi. "You've helped me win an Ampliofruit. This cup of Divine Jade Dew is for you."

All the Fanes provided the food for the feast.

The Fane of Rakshasa provided "Divine Meat."

The Fane of Asura provided "Dragon Liver and Phoenix Gall."

The immortal Fane provided "Immortal Blood Marrow."

...

Zhang Ruochen's jade table was filled with all kinds of dishes, each of which could tempt even the deities. Some could advance cultivation, some could strengthen the soul, some could increase spiritual power... and so on.

The Divine Jade Dew was provided by the Fane of WineGod. It took 900 years to brew by mixing the essence of the Divine Jade with Divine blood and rare ingredients from all clans. After drinking one cup, one could enter a state of enlightenment.

Each Supreme Saint was only entitled to one pot.

Lian Xi didn't take the three-legged cup. She remained silent and motionless. No one knew what she was thinking. It was as if she was silently resisting.

"You don't know how to appreciate favors."

Zhang Ruochen snorted and drank all the Divine Jade Dew in one gulp.

However, when he raised his head to drink, a deep and sorrowful self-mocking smile appeared in his eyes.

In Infernal Court, free will did not exist for Zhang Ruochen despite him being a goddess' son, let alone a captive like Lian Xi.

Zhang Ruochen did not have any feelings for Lian Xi at the beginning. All he had was hostility and exploitation.

Even now, he remained the same. But something else grew in his heart.

No matter what motive Zhang Ruochen had in the beginning, Lian Xi had become his woman in the end. Zhang Ruochen was very clear that his action would lead to some inevitable consequences. No matter how bad the consequences were, he had to bear them; he had to face them.

Lian Xi had said that she wanted to go back, and Zhang Ruochen did promise to let her go.

However, if she went back like that, she would not end up well.

All the cultivators guessed that Zhang Ruochen deliberately humiliated Lian Xi and forced her to kneel. By doing so, he indirectly insulted Celestial Court and pleaded his loyalty to Infernal Court. However, Zhang Ruochen just wanted to play a villain's role more thoroughly. He wanted to let Celestial Court cultivators know that Lian Xi did not really submit to him. She was just a victim and a poor lady.

This way, there was still a place she could go back.

And when she escaped later, Infernal Court wouldn't think that Zhang Ruochen'd let her go on purpose.

After all, she was just a maidservant.

Lian Xi should be on her own when walking her own path.

“Drinking Divine Jade Dew can help me in the enlightenment of the cultivation Paths. Swallowing an Ampliofruit can help me practice high-level Saint Techniques. I wonder if their effects are really that amazing.”

Zhang Ruochen swallowed an Ampliofruit and prepared to practice a high-level Thousand-Koan level Saint Technique.

It must be known that many people at the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm had practiced high-level Thousand-Koan level Saint Techniques. If someone used it, Zhang Ruochen could not resist it without using the Supreme Artifact.

However, the main purpose for a clan leader to wield a Supreme Saint Artifact was to intimidate others.

In the early stage of Celestial-Hunting, each clan would not expose the Supreme Artifact. In this way, no one knew who had the Supreme Artifact, so they would not simply attack an enemy.

That was why it was very important to practice a high-level Saint Technique of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Without the dragon and elephant souls of Thousand-Koan Realm, Zhang Ruochen could not advance Dragon-Elephant

Prajna Palm Strike to Thousand-Koan level for the time being. Therefore, he chose to practice the fifth level of Incarceration of Divine Demon.

In his plan, he wanted to achieve the fifth level for his Incarceration of Divine Demon. He also wanted to combine this Saint Technique with the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King as well as the five elements of yin and yang to become a real killer move.. It would become a weapon specifically used to counter Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators at the Great Perfection stage.

Chapter 2284: Release the Celestial Captives, Open the Hunting Ground

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

When Zhang Ruochen was in seclusion in Sevenstar Imperial Palace, he spent a lot of time studying the fifth level technique of Incarceration of Divine Demon. He even took out Demonic Incarceration Portrait to comprehend it.

However, it was a high-level Thousand-Koan Saint Technique that even a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint would need a long time to master.

Probably due to the great difference in cultivation levels, even with the help of the Heart of Truth, Zhang Ruochen still felt that the fifth level technique was abstruse. There were still many aspects that he failed to understand.

Zhang Ruochen had asked Divine Sky-connecting Tree for advice. Divine Sky-connecting Tree had told him that when a cultivator executed a high-level Saint Technique, not only the person's power was activated. The technique would also activate or affect the surrounding energy.

It was like when a mortal was waving his palm, it would bring a slight wind.

The wind was the surrounding energy.

The more advanced a high-level Saint Technique was, the higher its compatibility with Heaven and Earth, and the more surrounding energy would get triggered.

That was why it was difficult for a cultivator to comprehend a high-level Saint Technique if his realm was not high enough.

Theoretical speaking, a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint should not be able to master a high-level Hundred-Shackle Realm Saint Technique; a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint could not master a high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique.

In other words, it was highly unlikely for Zhang Ruochen, a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, to master a high-level

Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique.

Even for Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, which Zhang Ruochen had practiced since young, he could only fuse three Thousand-Koan Realm dragon souls and elephant souls. His achievement could only be considered as Minor Completion. If he wanted to achieve the Grand Completion, he would need to fuse two more Thousand-Koan Realm dragon souls and elephant souls. He also needed to develop a deeper understanding of Palm techniques.

With the help of rare treasures, including an Ampliofruit and Divine Jade Dew, Zhang Ruochen's head was clear. He closed his eyes and could feel the various Precepts and inscriptions around his body.

The Precepts in his body became clearer.

Demonic Incarceration Portrait automatically appeared in his mind.

The runes of the Incarceration of Divine Demon floated around the portrait. He could finally understand the previously obscure parts quickly. It was as if they were enlightened.

After a long while, Lord Sinluo, who was sitting across from Destiny's Creek, realized that Zhang Ruochen unleashed massive demonic Qi.

The demonic Qi gathering behind Zhang Ruochen turned into a dark cloud. It evolved into different forms. Sometimes it was a demonic ancient mountain; sometimes it turned into a black tree; and sometimes it was an army of demonic ghosts...

"He is practicing a high-level Demonic Saint Technique with the help of the Ampliofruit and Divine Jade Dew."

Lord Sinluo widened his eyes and gritted his teeth. If he hadn't lost the duel against Zhang Ruochen, he could have used an Ampliofruit to advance the Deathkin's Mindspell that he had practiced for a hundred years to Great Perfection.

Lady Wind, who was sitting not far away, fixed her gaze and thought, 'What a powerful demonic aura. It has triggered the surrounding Precepts. Is Zhang Ruochen practicing a high-level Hundred-Shackle Saint Technique?'

There were many Supreme Saints practicing high-level Saint Techniques with the help of the Ampliofruits. However, there were only a few whose power fluctuations were comparable to Zhang Ruochen's.

It was indeed amazing for a Neverwilt Realm cultivator to be able to practice a high-level Hundred-Shackle Realm Saint technique.

The Supreme Saints who were qualified to attend the Celestial-Hunting Festival were all peerless talents. However, when they saw that Zhang Ruochen was about to succeed in practicing a high-level Hundred-Shackle Realm Saint Technique, they all sighed in admiration.

"This energy waves..."

With a thoughtful look on his face, Yan Wushen was staring at Zhang Ruochen, who was sitting cross-legged.

Boom!

All of a sudden, more demonic Qi condensed with Zhang Ruochen as the center. It emerged out of thin air, turning Destiny's Creek Valley into a Demonic Sea of Qi that extends further.

Behind Zhang Ruochen, strands of demonic Qi intertwined with each other and rose up.

Puurple thunderous lightnings accompanied with the demonic Qi.

Demonic Qi and lightning interweaved and condensed into a huge phantom of a God and Demon. To be exact, it was a twin. The phantom's front was a demon's appearance, and its back was a god's appearance. The phantom was like an indomitable statue looking down on the cultivators in Destiny Creek.

"High-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique," Yan Wushen muttered to himself.

The cultivators of Destiny Creek could feel the terrifying pressure of the Phantom of God and Demon. How could they

not know that Zhang Ruochen had practiced the high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique?

They were even more shocked. They instinctively felt that it should have been impossible.

If Zhang Ruochen was so heaven-defying, then they, who had become the top elites among Saint Kings and Supreme Saints within a thousand years... No, they did not deserve to be called top elites. They were just a bunch of mediocre people.

How could they accept such an outcome?

“Zhang Ruochen must have hidden his cultivation rank. He must have attained Hundred-Shackle Realm long ago.”

“That’s right. It must be so. No wonder Lord Sinluo and Xu lost to Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen is so cunning. He has been hiding his real strength too well.”

“It’s said that regardless of one’s cultivation rank, as long as one practices a high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique, one can use it against a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Does Zhang Ruochen already have the strength to fight against the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint?”

...

Zhang Ruochen had triggered heated discussion. He never failed to surprise others during the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

In the Divine Bone Pagoda hovering above, those Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints couldn’t calm down either. They exclaimed. Among them, there were cultivators who hadn’t practiced the high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique to grand completion.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew the vast demonic Qi into his body. The Phantom of the God and Demon disappeared.

However, the domineering demonic temperament remained on him. His long hair fluttered in the wind, his eyes demonic.

The power of the Immortal Vampire blood in his body surpassed that of human blood.

His Demonic power grew even stronger.

The Kunlun cultivators watching the projection couldn't relate the current Zhang Ruochen with the former him. It was as if he was a gentle and elegant scholar who had completely fallen and turned into an unrivaled demon king who could wield a massive amount of evil power.

Many of them who stood firmly on Zhang Ruochen's side became silent at this moment.

They didn't doubt Zhang Ruochen. However, they perceived that the Infernal Court deities must have forced Zhang Ruochen into such a state, bewitched him, refined his saint soul, or planted an evil seed in him.

On the other hand, Bloodsky Clan cultivators were overjoyed and became more confident in Zhang Ruochen.

With the leadership of Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu, this year's Celestial-Hunting Festival would definitely change their fate. They would not get ranked bottom again.

Bloodsky Clan cultivators only worshipped the powerful ones. It didn't matter whether Zhang Ruochen had changed or not.

So what if he had become a demon?

Good and evil, deity and demon, existed within every living being and dead spirit. No matter what a person had become, it was still the same person.

There was no absolute good or pure evil.

With just a thought, one could become good or evil.

"My Precepts have increased by 100 million, and my lifespan has increased by 3,000 years. No wonder it's a rare fruit that can only be eaten once every 1,000 years." Zhang Ruochen exclaimed after examining his condition carefully.

However, what made Zhang Ruochen most satisfied was the fact that the Ampliofruit had assisted him in practicing high-level Saint Techniques.

Therefore, he did not continue to consume the remaining eight Ampliofruits. He planned to save them for the time he needed

them the most. Now, improving his Precepts and lifespan was not an urgent matter.

Zhang Ruochen's number of Precepts — 1.6 billion — had already surpassed many Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.

“Eh! The first shackle has loosened so much. Could it be the effect of the Ampliofruit?”

Zhang Ruochen found that the first shackle on his right arm was in plain sight. Moreover, he could shake it without consuming a Fugue pill.

If the Ampliofruit could help him break that shackle, then...

He had to reconsider his previous plan.

Nothing was more important than breaking through to Hundred-Shackle Realm.

During the time he was practicing Incarceration of Divine Demon, all duels at the feast had ended.

Most cultivators had eaten all the food, including Ampliofruits and Altofruits.

Altofruit could help a top Saint King practice one of the cultivation Paths to the Great Perfection.

Of course, the Great Perfection here referred to the state of a single Path. In other words, it meant a Saint King could attain one million Precepts of a single Path.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen had reached the Great Perfection in their Saint Kingdom, which was to practice the total Precepts of all Paths to 100 million. It was more than ten times more difficult than practicing a single Path to Great Perfection.

Of course, cultivating a single Path to Great Perfection was not easy either. Without valuable support items like Altofruits, in a thousand years, only a few in the entire Infernal Court could achieve it.

Cultivators like Xue Chen, Luo Sha, and Pan Ruo were waiting for Altofruits. Their cultivation rank stopped at Saint

King realm and did not break through to the next realm.

Before entering Supreme Sainthood, cultivating their main Path to the Great Perfection was very important for them to form a higher grade Saintwill in the future.

Almost all of the Saint Kings present were at Path's Anterior. Before they went to the festival, they had prepared some items that could help cultivate Neverwithers physique. As long as they ate the Altofruits, they could immediately enter Supreme Sainthood.

Furthermore, most of the food they ate were ingredients that could help them form a Neverwithers physique and resist tribulations.

That was why there were Saint Kings broke through to the Supreme Saint realm almost every second.

Saint Kings who could reach Path's Anterior had already overcome countless obstacles. They were only one step away from the Supreme Sainthood. Although there were cultivators who failed to break through, the proportion was less than 10 percent.

It was just an event in Infernal Court, but thousands of Supreme Saints were born in an instant.

The morale of Celestial Court cultivators on the Battlefield of Merits was unprecedentedly low. Some were envious; some had lost their combat spirit, and some were secretly in despair.

Especially the cultivators from the inferior worlds, their feelings were even more complicated. Not only did they suffer a great blow, but they also felt unequal strength. Why did Infernal Court have so many top-notch cultivation resources? Didn't Celestial Court have them?

The four dominant Macroworlds definitely had them, and the Celestial Palace definitely had them. Why didn't they share them?

Were they eaten by those pampered Scions and Scionesses, or were they enjoyed by the deities themselves?

What they didn't know was that the cultivators who could participate in the Celestial-Hunting Festival were mostly Scions and Scionesses. Some were descendants of deities, and some had huge backgrounds. It was very difficult for ordinary cultivators of Infernal Court to practice to the Supreme Saint realm within a thousand years.

The strong would always be strong.

In any case, Infernal Court's goal of sending the projection to all the Macroworlds had been achieved.

Zhang Ruochen released his Saint Devourer. A large number of vines reached into Destiny's Creek to absorb the water.

One couldn't drink as much water from Destiny's Creek as one wanted. If one's physique wasn't strong enough, it would soon reach saturation.

When Zhang Ruochen finished eating the food on the jade table, the Saint Devourer had just reached saturation.

"Master, with the help of the water of Destiny's Creek, I should be able to produce a more powerful Dharmakāya Fruit. Once I have cultivated a Dharmakāya, I should be able to fight against an elite like Xu."

The Saint Devourer did not dare to say too much. After all, Xu was not an ordinary cultivator. He had not used his full strength in the few times he fought against Zhang Ruochen.

The Dharmakāya Fruit was the fourth fruit of the Saint Devourer.

Once a Dharmakāya was cultivated, the Saint Devourer's strength would be comparable to a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint who had achieved Great Perfection.

Ever since the Saint Devourer followed Zhang Ruochen, it had absorbed many strong cultivators and treasures. The Dharmakāya it cultivated was, of course, extraordinary. Otherwise, it wouldn't dare to claim that it could fight against Xu.

"How much longer will it take for your Dharmakāya Fruit to ripe?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

“During master’s seclusion, I absorbed a lot of divine blood from the god corpse. My Dharmakāya is close to maturity. If I can absorb two Ampliofruits, I should...” the Saint Devourer said.

Zhang Ruochen interrupted it. “Don’t even think about it.”

In order to cultivate the Saint Devourer, Zhang Ruochen had spent resources enough for 20 Supreme Saints. What was important was that it didn’t have the threshold of the realm. It could break through fast enough and had great potential in the future.

However, the Ampliofruit would never be given to it. That was Zhang Ruochen’s core interest.

“I can give you Godstones for you to cultivate a Dharmakāya as soon as possible,” Zhang Ruochen said.

If the Saint Devourer could cultivate a Dharmakāya, Zhang Ruochen would have four Hundred-Shackle Realm elites of the Great Perfection. It would be of great help to him to take first place in the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

At the peak of Mount Destiny, a figure tens of thousands of feet tall walked out of the towering Fane building. He wore a black robe and looked very old. Although he was huge, he looked as small as a bean before the Fane building.

“Greetings, High Priest.”

At the feast in Destiny’s Creek region, all cultivators sat upright and said in unison with cupped fists.

The feast had ended, and the Celestial-Hunting battlefield was about to open.

The twelve divisions of the Fane of Destiny: Life Palace, Death Palace, Disaster Palace, Fortune Palace, Joy Palace, Anger Palace, Luck Palace, Misfortune Palace, Past Palace, Future Palace, Illusion Palace, and Reality Palace, each controlling different kinds of power and authority.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival was hosted and organized by the Fortune Palace which played the most important role.

The Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest was the manager chosen by Fukurokuju. A high priest was in charge of everything below Divine Realm.

The Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest raised his voice and said, "Release the Celestial Captives and open the hunting ground."

The space at the foot of the Fane of Destiny shook violently. Dimensional Gates appeared, connecting to different places.

Prisoners with their power sealed were chained. They walked out of the Dimensional Gates. They were all above Demi-Sainthood, and many of them had entered Supreme Sainthood.

There were humans, angels, and elves.

There were dragons and great rocs.

There were also plant-type creatures and stone clan cultivators.

There were monks and Daoist priests.

...

...

More and more prisoners walked out of the Dimensional Gates.

Chapter 2285: The Battle of Celestial-Hunting

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

There was a vast field that stretched as far as the eye could see at the foot of Mount Destiny.

At that moment, the field was filled with captives in ragged clothes. They had been through the vicissitudes of life and were covered with whip marks. Some of them had been imprisoned and enslaved for a thousand years.

There were so many prisoners that it was impossible to count. It was like a sea of people.

CRACK!

A whiplash sounded.

“Move it, speed up! You guys are just a bunch of lowly prey. Now is the time for you to act your part.” said a Bone Clan Knight. He’s riding a bone beast and waved a whip that flashed with lightning. The whip struck Supreme Saint Manjian.

The whip was engraved with a special Divine Mark. Even the Neverwithier physique could not withstand it.

Whoosh

Another deep wound appeared on Supreme Saint Manjian’s back. However, he did not say a word. He gritted his teeth and endured it.

Zhang Ruochen, who was looking for Supreme Saint Manjian, saw this scene and his eyes turned cold.

Xu stared at Zhang Ruochen and said with a smug smile, “Even if a Supreme Saint is reduced to a slave, he has to be obedient. Otherwise, he will suffer. It’s a good thing that you are a Scion and half of the Immortal Vampire’s bloodline run in your veins. Otherwise, you would be like them in Infernal Court.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled coldly. He didn’t argue with him.

Lian Xi stood not far away and she saw the captives at the foot of the mountain. Some of them were famous Supreme Saints, but they had been tortured to an inhuman state. Their vitality was in decline. They were like beggars.

Lian Xi knew some of the young talents. They were once peerless and had given pointers to the world. But now, their faces were bitter and skinny, their eyes were cloudy, and their essence, energy, and spirit had all been wiped out.

There were many, many more...

To the Infernal Court, this was a feast.

To the cultivators of the Celestial Court, what they saw was a miserable scene. It was a great blow to the young cultivators who had just embarked on the path of cultivation.

No matter a saint or even Supreme Saint, once they become Infernal Court's captives, their lives are as invaluable as insects. They would be even more miserable than a mortal.

What was the point of cultivating?

Lian Xi stared at Zhang Ruochen in front of her with mixed emotions.

Whoosh

Two balls of white light appeared on the jade table in front of each cultivator.

A book and a diamond-shaped mirror appeared in the light.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the book and opened it.

In the book, there were records of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting's rules, the number of Celestial Captives, and information on their identity.

"There are more than 13 million Celestial Captives."

"There are 2,274 Celestial Captives of the Supreme Saint Realm."

Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

Supreme Saints were top-level fighters in any realm. They were the pillars of strength and kings of the Path.

One had to know that there were only dozens of Supreme Saints in the entire Guanghai.

More than 2,000 Supreme Saints had been captured by the Infernal Court and turned into Celestial Captives. This was something Zhang Ruochen had never dared to imagine before. How many Macroworlds had the Infernal Court destroyed in the past 1,000 years?

Zhang Ruochen finally understood as he continued reading the book.

It turned out that these Celestial Captives were not all prisoners of the Celestial Court. They also included cultivators from the Macroworlds, Primitive Worlds, secret places in the universe, and ancient civilizations that did not belong to the Celestial Court.

There were even some desolate creatures.

Not all the Macroworlds were the subordinate mortal worlds of the Celestial Court.

For example, the Macroworlds that did not give birth to gods were not qualified to become the subordinate mortal worlds of the Celestial Court.

These Macroworlds were discovered by the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa. At most, they were enslaved, ruled, and raised in captivity. They were reduced to a food source. However, if they were discovered by the Ghost, the Bone Clan, the Corpusian, and the Asura, they would only end up dead.

Other than that, some Celestial Captives were traitors of the Infernal Court.

Gradually, Zhang Ruochen understood why there were so many Supreme Saint Celestial Captives. In fact, many Supreme Saint Celestial Captives didn't come from the weak world. They belonged to the strong world.

Only a small number of Supreme Saints were captured on the Battlefield of Merits.

The Infernal Court and many worlds of the Celestial Court fought on the Battlefield of Merits. In addition, they also fought for all kinds of cultivation resources in the universe. Both forces would send high-level cultivators, either Saint Kings or Supreme Saints.

That's how many Supreme Saints and Saint Kings were captured.

'Huh! There were five Celestial Captives in the Thousand-Koan Realm and one Celestial Captive in the Banshi Isshou Realm. The Gods of the Infernal Court are too bold. Aren't they afraid that the top cultivators of this generation of the Infernal Court will be killed in large numbers?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

"Captain."

All the cultivators from the Bloodysky Clan gathered around Zhang Ruochen with scrolls in their hands.

The rules of each Celestial-Hunting Festival were different. Before the cultivators received the scrolls, all the previous discussions could only be considered predictions.

Now, they had to reconsider and plan.

Gu Chenzi saw the page Zhang Ruochen had turned to and guessed what he was thinking. He said, "This is a passive hunt. No matter how powerful these Celestial Captives are, they were prey."

"What do you mean?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gu Chenzi said, "The spiritual energy of all Celestial Captives is restricted. They can't use their spiritual energy to search. That is to say, we can use our spiritual energy to find them, but they can only use their eyes and ears to find us.

"To be exact, only the eyes can play a role. As for the ears... any cultivator's speed attending the banquet is many times faster than the speed of sound.

"If they are not a match for us, we can immediately escape and hide. If they are not a match for us and want to escape, how can they escape from the range of our spiritual energy?"

Gu Chenzi continued, “There is another point. We all have weapons and even Supreme Artifacts, but they have none. An elite at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm who wields a Supreme Artifact naturally has the chance to kill an armless Supreme Saint Celestial Captive of the Thousand-Koan Realm.”

“As for the only Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm, it’s recorded in the scroll. His hands and feet were bound by the divine iron chains, and his speed and combat strength were greatly reduced. Even if he wanted to slaughter the cultivators of the Infernal Court, how many could he kill? He’s just a trapped beast. He can only be beaten passively.”

Zhang Ruochen flipped to the last page of the scroll. The entire page was filled with the information of the Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm.

“Name: Lord Hornless.”

“Points: 10,000,000.”

“Age: 21,000 years.”

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen’s pupils constricted. He saw an eye-catching label—Avīci Pavilion.

This Celestial Captive, whose cultivation had reached the Banshi Isshou Realm, was actually a member of Avīci Pavilion, which was also a subordinate of Empress of Thousand Bones.

‘Empress of Thousand Bones claims to be one of the gods that the Infernal Court wants to get rid of the most. How much power has she built in the Infernal Court over the past 100,000 years? With so many powerful figures, the strength of Avīci Pavilion is probably not inferior to that of the Macroworld,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

The ranking of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was similar to the Battle of Merits. Both were based on points.

The higher the cultivation of the Celestial Captives, the higher the points one would get after killing them.

Xue Chen said, “I have roughly calculated the points. All the Celestial Captives added together are worth about 600 million points. The entire Immortal Vampires only need to accumulate 60 million points to reach the average level of the ten clans.

“Our Bloodsky Clan only needs to accumulate six million points to reach the median.

“According to the ranking of the Immortal Vampires in the Celestial-Hunting Festival, it will be very difficult to accumulate 60 million points. Therefore, we only need to accumulate six million points to be ranked in the top ten clans.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan flexed his wrist and smiled. “As long as we kill Lord Hornless, we will get 10 million points. Six million points is a piece of cake, isn’t it?”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan stared at Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, and Zhang Ruochen. He was eager to give it a try.

The four of them and a Supreme Artifact might be able to kill the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint.

If they wanted to do it, they had to do something big. Only then would they be able to shake the entire Infernal Court.

Xue Chen did not know that the Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi had already reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he shook his head and said, “Even if a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint is bound by his hands and feet, his battle prowess is still very terrifying. Just like how I bound your hands and feet, it would be easy for you to kill a Saint King.

“Lord Hornless is a big challenge prepared by the gods for Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang. We don’t need to take it.”

The cultivators of the Bloodsky Clan expressed their opinions and analyzed this year’s Celestial-Hunting Festival in detail.

Zhang Ruochen had been reading the rules in the scroll. After reading it, he said, “The points are not only accumulated but also deducted.”

“First rule, 5,000 points will be deducted if you attack your own teammates maliciously.

“Second rule, 500,000 points will be deducted if you kill your own cultivators on purpose.

“Third rule, one point will be deducted if ten people in the territory die. If all the people in the territory die, half of the total points of the entire tribe will be deducted.”

...

“Therefore, although the offense is important, defense is also essential.”

The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was located in a vast starry sky in the Forest of No Return. There were huge life planets, asteroids, and meteorite fragments.

According to the scroll’s records, each of the ten clans in the Infernal Court had a home planet.

There were many low-level clan members of the Immortal Vampires living on their home planet. They didn’t have the battle strength of a half-saint. The cultivators of the Infernal Court who participated in the hunt had to protect them from being killed by Celestial Captive.

Zhang Ruochen understood the other meaning of the Celestial-Hunting Festival after he saw this rule.

The gods were clearly telling them not only to attack and kill but also to learn to protect their own race.

Rumble

The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting opened. A vast six-colored starry forest appeared on the mirror of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms above.

Seeing this six-colored starry forest, Zhang Ruochen immediately frowned and sighed. “The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting is too big. This will be a very troublesome matter.”

The other cultivators also nodded slightly.

Based on the magnificent starry sky before them, they estimated that there were at least thousands of planets and hundreds of millions of cosmic dust and star fragments on this battlefield.

The so-called cosmic dust was not real dust. The small ones were only the size of a fist, but the big ones were bigger than the mountains.

The cosmic dust could hide their appearances.

And the diameter of the entire battlefield was definitely more than 100 million miles, or even wider. Even if it was a spiritual-power Supreme Saint, he would only be able to detect a small area at a time.

As such, finding the Celestial Captives became the most difficult task. It was completely different from what they had initially thought.

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest raised his voice and said, "The Celestial-Hunting Festival has officially begun and it will last for 100 days. The Celestial Captives will enter the battlefield two hours earlier. In these 100 days, you only need to kill one cultivator who is attending the festival or 100,000 low-level cultivators from the Infernal Court and live until the end of the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Then, the Fane of Destiny will restore your freedom."

The Celestial captives heard that and those who thought that they would die for sure were fired up. Then, they released a sharp killing intent.

For the sake of freedom and revenge on the Infernal Court, their killing intent was triggered.

Whoosh

The passage opened, and more than ten million Celestial Captives were teleported to different parts of the battlefield.

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest looked toward the direction of the Destiny's Creek valley and said, "You have two hours to discuss the hunting plan. At the same time, each cultivator will immediately put all their weapons, pills, and talismans into a space container and place them on the jade

table in front of you. Each cultivator can only keep one weapon or armor.”

All the cultivators did as they were told. The gods were watching and no one dared to keep it.

Zhang Ruochen put everything into an Exquisite Dimensional Orb. He was only wearing a white robe and holding a Violet Gourd. Suddenly, he felt relaxed.

Lady Wind glanced at Zhang Ruochen without him noticing. She was puzzled after she saw that Zhang Ruochen had only left a gourd.

Lady Wind wondered, ‘What kind of Supreme Artifact was this gourd?’

With Lady Wind’s knowledge and experience, she couldn’t figure out the origin of this gourd. She could only guess that it was the latest treasure refined by Wargod Bloodixmius. However, could a newly-formed Supreme Artifact fight against the Supreme Artifacts of the other nine clans?

‘Please don’t make any mistakes.’ Lady Wind thought as she was a little worried.

Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest pointed with his finger, and a huge palace appeared in the sky above the Destiny’s Creek valley.

He said, “In the palace, there are robes, storage containers, and various materials specially made for cultivators of various clans. Each cultivator can only take 5,000 kilograms of materials at most.”

All cultivators of different clans flew into the palace.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan and said, “Try to take as many materials for refining pills, setting up arrays, and making talismans as you can. Leave the materials for refining weapons as they are too heavy. It’s also difficult to refine powerful weapons in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting in a short time.”

As Zhang Ruochen entered the palace, he took 10 sets of blood-red robes and a storage bracelet.

The blood-red robes were very strange. They were not made for defense against the attack from the outside world, but they could withstand the cultivator's own power. In short, they weren't defensive at all, but they were very resilient.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't interested in all kinds of materials, but he was pleasantly surprised to find a Godstone.

Unfortunately, each cultivator could only take one.

Zhang Ruochen immediately transmitted his voice, asking each cultivator of the Bloodysky Clan to take a Godstone.

Chapter 2286: One Hundred Thousand Sacred Pills

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Other than the Godstones, Zhang Ruochen had only chosen the materials to set up the dimensional teleportation array. The main material for it was the Dimensional Saint Jade.

The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was too vast. If a cultivator could use the dimensional teleportation array to travel freely in the starry sky and across the planets, then he would have the greatest initiative.

Back in Destiny's Creek Valley, the captains of the ten Immortal Vampires gathered to plan the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, including Lord Bladehell, Lady Wind, Supreme Saint Jinkun, and Zhang Ruochen.

Although the ten great clans were competitors, their interests were closely tied together.

In the end, the captains of the ten great clans decided to go to their home planet first.

They didn't know the situation on their home planet yet. However, the Immortal Vampires on their home planet were the target of Celestial Captives and even the cultivators of other clans who were attending the festival.

If the home planet was destroyed, the total points would be cut in half. The consequences would be unimaginable.

Lord Bladehell stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, you are a Master of Time and Space," he said. "You must be incredibly fast. How about this? We'll take the Immortal Vampires and rush to the home planet as fast as we can to build a base. Then you will attack the home planet of the other nine clans."

Supreme Saint Jinkun was moved and he said, "That's a great idea! It's best to attack the home planets of the most powerful clans, such as the Nether Clan, the Yanluo clan, the Deathkin, and the Ashura."

If they could destroy all the beings living or dead on the planet before the other cultivators arrived, it would be the best for the Immortal Vampires.

Zhang Ruochen, on the other hand, knew that if he did that, he and the Bloodysky Clan would be everyone's target for the next 100 days.

The cultivators who had no enmity with him would also be enraged.

Lord Bladehell had laid a trap for him.

If we destroy the Nether Clan, Yanluo Clan, Deathkin, and Ashura's home planets now, the four clans will definitely see the Immortal Vampires as a thorn in their side, Zhang Ruochen said. "How long can the Immortal Vampires' home planets be preserved?"

Lady Wind shook her head and said, "I think Supreme Saint Ruochen is right. There's no need for the Immortal Vampires to start a war now and make enemies for ourselves for the time being."

Two hours later.

Just as Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest was about to announce the start of the Celestial-Hunting Festival, a demigod from the Yanluo Clan flew over from the sky with a three-foot-tall pill furnace in his hand and landed on the Mount Destiny.

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest cupped his fists and asked, "Why did elixir attendant rush to the Mount Destiny at this time?"

To celebrate the 100th Celestial Hunting Festival, my master spent 800 years refining a cauldron of Saintwill Pills and was ready to give them to these juniors, the demigod elixir attendant smiled. "Unfortunately, the cauldron's opening was a little late, and it didn't make it in time for the main festival."

When Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest heard the elixir attendant mention about his master, his expression immediately became serious. He glanced at the pill furnace in

the hand of the elixir attendant, and his eyes were filled with a trace of surprise and envy.

How could the Saintwill Pill refined by the Grand Supreme Elixir Master of the Yanluo Clan be ordinary?

One had to know that many gods went to seek the pill, but they were unsuccessful.

The cultivators who went to the festival in Destiny's Creek were all excited as if joy had fallen from the sky.

"I was curious earlier. Every time at the Celestial-Hunting Festival, the food provided by the Fane of Yama is the best. However, this year, there isn't any. Apparently, it's just arrived."

"What grade is the Saintwill Pill personally refined by the Grand Supreme? If I can consume one, I might have the chance to condense a fifth-grade Saintwill."

...

The most important thing for the Supreme Saints of the Neverwilt Realm and the Hundred-Shackle Realm was to break the shackles and condense the Saintwill.

Among them, condensing the Saintwill was related to one's future achievements, so naturally, it was the most important thing.

Generally speaking, the pills that aided in condensing the Saintwill were only of King Grade at most, and they were scarce in quantity. However, if a Grand Supreme Elixir Master were to make a move, the grade of the Saintwill Pill that he could refine was probably not as simple as King Grade.

All the cultivators, including Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, Wujiang, and Yan Wushen, had high-hope written all over their faces.

The elixir attendant announced loudly, "You can bring this batch of Saintwill Pills that Grand Supreme Elixir Master has refined into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. There are 100,000 top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills, 10,000 King Grade

Saintwill Pills, 10 Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills, and one Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

“The Elixir Spirit of a top-tier Heaven Grade Saintwill Pill is comparable to a Nine-Step Saint King.

The Elixir Spirit of a King Grade Saintwill Pill varies in medicinal effect and combat strength from the Neverwilt Realm to the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage.

“Ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills are extremely precious and can help to fuse with the Saintwill. However, their Elixir Spirit has the combat strength of an initial stage Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Those Supreme Saints in Neverwilt Realm, do not try to take or consume it or your life will be in danger.

“The only Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is the most precious. Even Grand Supreme Elixir Master did not expect it to be able to form a pill. This is because the Saintwill Pill can not reach Emperor Grade level. This is a pleasant surprise.

“The Elixir Spirit of this Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill has the battle strength of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. Grand Supreme Elixir Master knew that you were no match for it, so he sealed its power. The battle strength of this Elixir Spirit is probably at the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm.”

BOOM!

As soon as he finished speaking, the entire place was in an uproar.

In the Divine Bone Pagoda, Supreme Saints of the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm were all envious.

If they had known that the Grand Supreme Elixir Master was refining the Saintwill Pills for the Celestial-Hunting Festival, they would have definitely suppressed their cultivation and not broken through.

With the help of the Saintwill Pill, they would definitely be able to condense a higher level Saintwill.

The cultivators from the Celestial Court, such as Lian Xi and Zhou Zhen, were all in a daze. They had only refined one batch of pills. 100,000 Nine-Step Saint King and 10,000 Supreme Saints.

What kind of existence was Grand Supreme Elixir Master?

One batch of pills was equivalent to the battle strength of a strong world.

Zhang Ruochen could not calm down either. He finally understood what a Grand Supreme Elixir Master represented. He was already an existence beyond the understanding of ordinary cultivators. He had reached a level that even Supreme Saint could not understand.

Of course, the resources required to refine such a cauldron of Saintwill Pills were unquestionably astronomical. He'd have to go through several Macroworlds to gather all of the medicinal herbs.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan quietly walked to Lord Xia Yu's side, he said telepathically, "Lord Xia Yu, you've already fused with a Grade Three Saintwill, but I haven't. Lend me a hand and help me obtain a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. I owe you one. From now on, I can help you with anything you want."

Lord Xia Yu knew very well that she could fuse with a Grade Three Saintwill. It was already her limit. No matter how good the Saintwill Pill was, it wouldn't mean much.

However, she didn't agree immediately. She looked at Zhang Ruochen and asked, "Do you need help?"

Zhang Ruochen knew that Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was asking Lord Xia Yu for help. He said, "It's just collecting pills. It's not that hard. Go help Supreme Saint Yi Xuan!"

"HMPH! Conceited guy. Be careful not to get nothing." said Lord Xia Yu as she was annoyed. She wasn't happy with Zhang Ruochen's ungrateful attitude.

Lady Wind didn't cultivate the Grade Three Saintwill, so she was determined to get the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

However, she didn't go to Zhang Ruochen this time. Instead, she contacted Lord Bladehell and the Mad Whitejade Lion.

Dozens of elites at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm all targeted the ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pills. Only Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang were interested in Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Of course, only they were interested.

Other cultivators were put off by the Elixir Spirit at the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

"Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is too abnormal. Do you think it's possible to condense a Grade Three Saintwill from a single path after consuming it?" Luo Shengtian asked.

Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, and Wujiang all guessed the same.

It was precise because of this that they wanted to take it down at all costs.

After all, condensing a Grade Three Saintwill from a single path means obtaining 25% of the Canon of that path after becoming a god.

One could completely become the main god of that path.

Lan Ying smiled sinisterly and said, "The battle strength of the Elixir Spirit has reached the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm. Can you take it down?"

Wujiang said, "We won't know until we try?"

"It seems that Supreme Artifact of the Nether Clan is in your hands," said Lan Ying.

Wujiang said, "That's right, it's in my hands. I want that Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill!"

Luo Shengtian's gaze turned to the Yan Huangtu and said, "Why didn't Grand Supreme Elixir Master of the Yanluo clan keep the good stuff for you and Yan Wushen?"

Wujiang interrupted, "The Grand Supreme treats everything equally. How could he be biased?"

Wrong,” Yan Wushen exclaimed. “That’s because Grand Supreme Elixir Master knew we’d definitely be able to take Emperor Grade Sacred Pill,” he said as he walked over and stood beside Yan Huangtu. “How could it have gotten into the hands of Outsiders?”

“That’s exactly the reason.” Yan Huangtu laughed.

Wujiang no longer spoke, and his face turned bitter.

The elites of the Yanluo clan were as numerous as the clouds. There were already eleven elites at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, two to three times more than the other clans. More importantly, the Yanluo clan did not have any factions. They were a unified clan, and there was no internal strife.

If they wanted to take that Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, indeed, no one would be able to compete with them.

After Lan Ying heard Yan Wushen and Yanhuang Tu’s words, even she was in her deep thoughts.

Yan wushen said, “You should go and fight for the ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pills. Don’t you want to fuse a Grade Two Saintwill? Fighting with the Yanluo clan for Emperor Grade Sacred Pill is just a waste of time.”

Zhang Ruochen had been listening to their conversation because their decision would have a crucial impact on the fight for the pill.

It appears that Lan Ying, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang will abandon the fight for the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill in favor of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. Zhang Ruochen exhaled a sigh.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen also wanted to fight for Emperor Grade Sacred Pill and try to cultivate a single Path to Grade Three.

Unfortunately, even if he mobilized the power of the entire Bloodysky Clan to fight with the Yanluo Clan, the chances of getting it were very low.

The Yanluo Clan was too powerful!

“Yan Wushen, I’ll give you the chance to fuse with a single Grade Three Saintwill. I hope you won’t disappoint me.”

Zhang Ruochen lowered his gaze to the Violet Gourd that hung around his waist. The most pressing matter, he believed, was gathering the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and fusing the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill into Grade One.

In fact, the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill had broken the normal level of the Saintwill Pill. It was very likely that the only ten pills in the entire universe were the work of the Grand Supreme Elixir Master.

His Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill had already fused four types of Saintwill. There were still three more.

Zhang Ruochen was still confident about fusing the fifth type.

However, according to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, no living creature could fuse more than five types of Saintwill. In other words, fusing the sixth and seventh types would be very difficult. With the help of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, the chances of success would be higher.

“I need at least two,” said Zhang Ruochen. He didn’t just want two. He had the Violet Gourd, so he was very ambitious. He looked up at the elixir attendant, his eyes sharp to the extreme.

All the cultivators present were rubbing their fists and rubbing their palms. Powerful auras burst out from their bodies. They were either ghostly qi soaring into the sky, blood qi forming a sea, or death qi forming clouds.

From a certain perspective, this battle will determine their future.

Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest released a wave of ghostly Qi that enveloped the ten thousand cultivators who were attending the festival. He swept them up and flew through a spatial door. They flew out of the Divine Domain of Destiny and arrived above the six-colored Forest of No Return.

The elixir attendant stood shoulder to shoulder with him, standing at the very front.

The ghostly cloud stopped and carried everyone. They floated in the pitch-black, cold, empty, and silent universe.

Below them was the starfield where the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was located.

It looked very close, but in fact, it was still 40,000 to 50,000 miles away.

The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms also flew out of the Divine Domain of Destiny and hovered above the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Whoosh

Under the expectant gazes of the cultivators, the elixir attendant opened the lid of the pill furnace. Instantly, it emitted a strange light that was filled with a myriad of colors. It illuminated this universe that was tens of thousands of miles away in a mystical and resplendent manner, making it seem like a dreamy land.

The fragrance of the pills instantly drifted out for tens of thousands of miles, turning into a vast Qi stream of pill that extended toward the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

In the Qi stream of pill, more than 100,000 Saintwill Pills were floating in the air.

The Elixir Spirits of those Saintwill Pills were all manifested. They were of all colors and shone with dazzling brilliance. What was astonishing was that they actually took on the forms of various Saint Flowers.

The Elixir Spirits of the ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills were huge. They were very eye-catching. There were Emperor Sunflowers that were thousands of meters tall, Blood Clovers that were as big as clouds, and Yin-yang Jasmines that were like the Sun and the Moon, there were red Immortal Cactus...

The Elixir Spirit of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was the biggest. It was like a small planet. It rushed at the front and was already 20,000 miles away.

What surprised Zhang Ruochen was that the Elixir Spirit of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was actually a Lotus of Divine Reflection.

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest announced, "The Battle of Celestial-Hunting has officially begun."

The elixir attendant said, "110,011 sacred pills have been released. How much you can collect depends on your abilities. I'm looking forward to your performance this time."

Swish

The 10,000 cultivators from the Infernal Court could no longer contain their excitement and flew forward at top speed along the Qi stream of pill, like a swarm of bees leaving their nest.

The higher the grade of the sacred pill, the further they ran.

Whoever was faster had a greater chance of obtaining a high-grade Saintwill Pill.

Chapter 2287: Pill Snatching

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Dozens of Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm had cultivation levels that far surpassed other cultivators, so they were the fastest. They charged at the front and fought fiercely.

“The Yanluo Clan wants the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Whoever wants to fight for it, they should know their limits first!” Yan Huangtu charged at the front and let out a thunderous voice that reverberated throughout the universe.

Beside him, there were four Yanluo Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Each of them had a strong aura.

To subdue Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, the Yanluo clan was clearly well-prepared. With the strength of five Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, they could sweep away anyone who refused to submit.

The other Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm did not go with them. Instead, they went to seize the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and the King Grade Saintwill Pill.

Swoosh

Swoosh

...

Lan Ying, Wujiang, and Luo Shengtian were also very fast. They each rushed toward a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, just as Zhang Ruochen had guessed at the beginning.

Prosperous Black-robe High Priest smiled and said, “The Yanluo clan is indeed supreme. With just one sentence, even a proud figure like Lan Ying would withdraw from the fight. It seems that Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill will be in Yan Wushen’s pocket.”

The elixir attendant said, “Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Wujiang, and Luo Shengtian are all peerless geniuses. Unfortunately, they have cultivated the Saintwill by studying the most profound path. Even if they can get Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, it won’t be of much significance.”

“As for other cultivators, let’s not talk about the fact that they can’t subdue the Elixir Spirit of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Even if they succeed, the pill alone won’t be able to condense much of Saintwill.”

Prosperous Black-robe High Priest nodded, “Only when Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill falls into the hands of Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen can it arouse some expectations. Now it seems that the challenge has fallen on Yan Wushen.”

The elixir attendant understood that the so-called expectations and challenges referred to condensing a single Grade Three Saintwill and doing things that others couldn’t.

Only Yan Wushen, Zhang Ruochen, and Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill had a chance.

Even if other cultivators got the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, it would be in vain.

The elixir attendant said, “The gods should have the same expectations. However, the possibility of condensing a single Grade Three Saintwill is too slim. I think the gods are more looking forward to whether there are cultivators who can use the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill to fuse a Grade Two Saintwill. It has been many years since a Grade Two Saintwill was born in the Infernal Court.”

Prosperous Black-robe High Priest said, “The ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills refined by the Grand Supreme Elixir Master are extremely rare. Only 300,000 years ago, a Grand Supreme Elixir Master in the Celestial Palace refined a few. With its help, perhaps one or two of the four people, Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang, can successfully combine a Grade Two saintwill.”

The elixir attendant looked in the direction of the river of pill qi and said, “I think Zhang Ruochen has a better chance of

fusing with the Grade Two saintwill. But... he has to get one Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill first.”

“For him, it will be a huge challenge. The competition for ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills is the most intense and cruel. Many Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm have joined hands,” Prosperous Black-robe High Priest said.

The appearance of the Saintwill Pills whetted the appetite of the gods in the Infernal Court. They were very interested in the outcome of the battle.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Dozens of Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm turned into beams of light and quickly caught up to the 100,000 top-tier Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills. However, they didn’t stop or collect them. Instead, they charged forward with all their might.

Top-tier Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills were priceless. Each one could be sold for more than a Godstone.

However, they weren’t of any help to them.

It wasn’t worth it to waste time and lose the chance to take the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift. Every time he disappeared, he would appear hundreds of miles away. A moment later, he surpassed Yan Huangtu, Lan Ying, and the others and charged to the front.

Lan Ying smiled coldly. “You’re a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint. What’s the point of rushing so fast? Collecting more Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills and selling them for Godstones is the right way.”

The Elixir Spirit of a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was comparable to a Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

He knew this. Even though Zhang Ruochen was fast, Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle

Realm didn't see him as a threat.

Could a Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt Realm take a sacred pill of the Thousand-Koan Realm all by himself?

Yan Wushen was also on par with Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Wushen also used the Great Dimensional Shift. His speed wasn't any slower than Zhang Ruochen's, he raised his voice and laughed. "Zhang Ruochen, if you want to take a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, you should bring Xia Yu with you. As long as you can achieve your goal, it's not shameful to borrow external power."

"What if I want to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Wushen's pupils were constricted. He couldn't figure out whether Zhang Ruochen was telling the truth or not.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeve. A large number of Marks of Time gathered into tidal light spots and flew toward Yan Wushen.

Whoosh

Yan Wushen stretched out a golden finger and drew a space crack that was more than 10 miles long. He put all the Marks of Time light spots in and dissolved them.

Taking this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen was one step ahead and caught up with 10 Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pills.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen still had no intention of stopping, Yan Wushen thought to himself, 'What is Zhang Ruochen up to? Does he really have the ability to take Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills or even Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills? Unless... '

Yan Wushen could only think of one possibility. The Supreme Artifact of the Immortal Vampires was in Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Of course, it was almost impossible.

No one knew Zhang Ruochen's strength better than Yan Wushen. In his opinion, before Zhang Ruochen broke his first

shackle, there was still a big gap between him, Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind of the Immortal Vampires.

How could the Immortal Vampires' gods give the Supreme Artifact to him?

Besides, even if Zhang Ruochen had the Supreme Artifact, he couldn't defeat the Elixir Spirit at the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm. If he really fought it head-on, he would most likely be killed instantly. It was simply courting death.

Zhang Ruochen found his first target.

It was a Saintwill Pill of Quasi-Emperor Grade. The Elixir Spirit appeared as a Yin-yang Jasmine. Two bloomed flowers, one Yin and one Yang. It was as lovely as the sun and the moon.

It should be very suitable to help me integrate the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill.

An extremely dangerous aura approached just as this thought flashed through Zhang Ruochen's mind. The scorching airwave appeared to melt his Neverwither physique.

It was a flower from the Yin-yang Jasmine. It pressed down on him from above.

The flower was like a divine sun. It was very similar to the heat from Lord Ming's Stellar Sword. It could fuse with everything and destroy the Neverwither physique.

The flames from the flower were Divine Purification Flame of Emperor Flame level.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen had to raise his arm and unleash an absolute Yang Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike in a hurry. It collided with the flower of the Yin-yang Jasmine.

A fierce collision.

A terrifying power crashed down on him and sent him flying more than a hundred miles.

Zhang Ruochen's blood-red robe was riddled with holes from the Divine Purification Flame. Some of his hair was on fire,

and his right arm was in great pain. Luckily, he had a powerful Demigod-level physique, so he wasn't injured. He was just in a sorry state.

'This is the power of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. I'll probably have to cultivate the Hundred-Shackle Realm to fight it head-on,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

The cultivators of the Infernal Court Realm were all laughing behind him.

"What's the point of rushing so fast? You're overestimating yourself. How dare you try to take the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?" Wujiang snorted. His face was full of mockery and ridicule.

"Zhang Ruochen was indeed skillful to block the Elixir Spirit's attack."

Xu shook his head. "A Thousand-Koan Realm Elixir Spirit isn't so easy to deal with. Zhang Ruochen overestimates his own strength. However, that Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill suits me."

Including Xu, four Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm rushed toward the Yin-yang Jasmine.

"You only know how to show off. Aren't you embarrassed?" Lord Xia Yu glanced in the direction of the Yin-yang Jasmine. Then, she and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan rushed toward another Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.

The four Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm came within a hundred miles of the Yin-yang Jasmine. They sensed the powerful ripples of power from the Quasi-Emperor Grade saint's Pill. They all stopped and took out a Regal Artifact each.

Before they could act, they heard Zhang Ruochen's voice coming from afar.

"Get out of the way, all of you."

The four Supreme Saints looked for the voice and saw Zhang Ruochen standing at the other end of the void space. He was

pointing a Violet Gourd at them... No, at the Yin-yang Jasmine.

“You told us to get out of the way, and we should follow? What a joke,” an Ashura Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm said coldly.

Another Corpusian Supreme Saint of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm suggested, “He’s just a clown in the Neverwilt Realm. Why don’t we cripple him first and then use our own abilities to take the Sacred Pill?”

“He’s indeed a hindrance here.”

Xu’s eyes were fixed on the Violet Gourd in Zhang Ruochen’s hand. Suddenly, he felt a slight fluctuation in the space. His expression changed, and he retreated quickly like lightning.

Whoosh

36 million Dimensional inscriptions at the mouth of the gourd were activated by Zhang Ruochen. They instantly turned into a circular dimensional array that covered hundreds of miles.

“Not good!”

“Why is there a dimensional array?”

The other three Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm realized that something was wrong. They immediately burst out with their fastest speed, trying to escape from the dimensional array.

Boom

Within a few hundred miles, space collapsed and contracted, forming a powerful suction force that gathered at the gourd’s mouth.

The Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill’s Elixir Spirit, Yin-yang Jasmine, was the first to bear the brunt of the suction force. Its massive body rapidly shrank and was sucked into the gourd.

Apart from that, more than ten King Grade Saintwill Pills within the dimensional array were also sucked in.

Even though Xu had escaped from the dimensional array, he has still been pulled back hundreds of meters by the Violet

Gourd's suction force. His body was completely out of his control.

After stabilizing himself, Xu felt his scalp go numb. He stared at the gourd in Zhang Ruochen's hand from afar and immediately fled. He didn't dare to stay there any longer.

"What a terrifying gourd. Although it's not a Supreme Artifact, it's even more terrifying than some Supreme Artifacts. It looks like this is Zhang Ruochen's biggest trump card."

The feeling of weightlessness that was out of his control just now made Xu feel very uncomfortable.

The other three Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm had escaped from the dimensional array. They stabilized themselves and retreated immediately, not daring to get too close to Zhang Ruochen.

Fortunately, the huge body of the Yin-yang Jasmine blocked most of the suction force of the Violet Gourd. Otherwise, the three of them might not have been able to escape.

"Damn it! What kind of gourd was that of Zhang Ruochen? The suction force is too strong. It can't be blocked at all."

"I think it's a top-tier Regal Artifact, and it has the property of dimension. If you meet Zhang Ruochen in the future, you'd better be careful. Don't fail miserably."

"Don't be too nervous. In my opinion, the gourd is only within 300 miles. The suction force is the strongest. Moreover, it will take a long time to activate once. It's nothing to be afraid of. If we launch a long-range attack or don't give him a chance to activate the gourd, he'll have to take a beating."

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had only activated the dimensional array at the mouth of the gourd. He hadn't activated the power of the Golden Sun of Destruction and the stellar core in the gourd, so he hadn't released Supreme Power. The devouring power was also very limited.

"This gourd... is interesting..."

The surprised Lady Wind witnessed that from far away.

A Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill had been taken away so easily. Many cultivators became alert and thought about strategies to deal with the gourd.

Zhang Ruochen didn't stop. He rushed toward another Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

The Elixir Spirit of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was also a flower. It appeared to be a hand. It clenched its four fingers and stretched out its index finger. It emitted a bright red light.

The flower was called the Immortal Cactus.

The cultivator who fought with the Immortal Cactus was Wujiang of the Nether Clan.

The shockwaves from the battle between Wujiang and the Immortal Cactus turned into waves of energy that spread thousands of miles away.

There was no one else besides Wujiang.

No cultivator dared to fight with him.

With Wujiang's powerful cultivation, it was obviously not easy to subdue an Elixir Spirit at the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. One man and one flower. The fierce battle shook the space violently.

Zhang Ruochen had only flown 500 miles away when he was noticed by Wujiang.

When Zhang Ruochen had used the Violet Gourd to collect the Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, it had caused a great fluctuation. Of course, Wujiang had noticed it, so he did not dare to underestimate him.

"This Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill is mine. You'd better not get your hands on it."

Wujiang transmitted his voice in a threatening tone.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't afraid of him. He said coldly, "You've spent so much time, but you still haven't subdued the Elixir Spirit. I don't think you can do it. You'd better step aside and let me do it."

Zhang Ruochen said Wujiang couldn't manage.

How could it be so easy to subdue the Elixir Spirit?

Not only couldn't destroy the Elixir Spirit, but he couldn't damage the pill itself.

It was harder than defeating a Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm or even killing a Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

"How dare you speak to me that way? Who gave you such courage to do so?"

Wujiang felt that Zhang Ruochen was deliberately provoking him. His eyes turned cold. During the fight with the Immortal Cactus, Wujiang put his hands together in front of his chest. A dark brilliance bloomed behind him, condensing 100 hand shadows in a circular formation.

Swoosh

100 black hand shadows each struck out a palm, turning into 100 palms that attacked Zhang Ruochen across the air.

Each palm grew larger and larger.

Finally, it seemed to turn into 100 Mount Wuzhi, releasing a bone-chilling power that completely enveloped Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 2288: Myriad Eye Illusion

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Zhang Ruochen looked up and saw numerous Palm Prints flying toward him. The space was shaking, and the airflow was surging rapidly. The power fluctuated layer by layer. It was like the waves of the Milky Way.

The Palm Prints carried Dark power and swallowed the Saint Light emitted from Zhang Ruochen's body.

“Such a powerful attack from a mere distraction. Wu Jiang is indeed a powerful enemy that can not be underestimated.”

Zhang Ruochen seemed to be here to take the quasi Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. In fact, he had another purpose. He wanted to test Wu Jiang's strength so that he would not be caught off guard when they met on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

The Supreme Saints who could reach the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm within a thousand years were all extraordinary. They all had trump cards. Even a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint would suffer greatly if he underestimated them.

Furthermore, Wu Jiang was ranked at the top of the list of the Great Perfection at Hundred-Shackle Realm. Naturally, Zhang Ruochen paid great attention to Wu Jiang. He didn't dare to underestimate his opponent.

Without confronting Wu Jiang head-on, Zhang Ruochen used Great Dimensional Shift. Before the 100 Palm Prints landed, he crossed space and disappeared.

Wu Jiang noticed this and wasn't surprised. He seemed to have guessed that Zhang Ruochen would use Great Dimensional Shift to dodge the Palm Prints. A cold smile appeared on his face. He said to himself, ‘Masters of Space aren't always successful.’

His lips moved. Instantly, the power of Curse spread out silently from his body. Like fog, like cotton, and like a net, it

enveloped the universe within a thousand miles.

For the Nether Clan, the power of Curse was their most basic method.

It was like the sword of a sword cultivator, the devouring power of a Saint Devourer, the knowledge of a Confucian cultivator...

The mysterious and eerie power of Curse could rival the power of Time and Space.

At this moment, Wu Jiang was using the "Blood-devouring Curse" from the power of Curse. It was a curse specifically used to deal with humans, Rakshasa, Immortal Vampires, and other beings of flesh and blood

Once the curse hit a cultivator, the blood in his body would drain rapidly until he turned into a dried corpse.

Even the caster of the curse didn't know where the disappeared blood had gone and who had devoured it.

Whoosh

The space trembled slightly. Zhang Ruochen appeared. He was only a hundred miles away from Wu Jiang and the finger of the immortal. He stood in a triangle.

The Blood-devouring Curse caught Zhang Ruochen's aura and gathered toward him.

"Not good."

The power of Curse invaded Zhang Ruochen's body. His skin caved in, and his body withered quickly. Even if he mobilized Saint Qi and Divine Purification Flame as defense, he couldn't resist it.

The power of the Blood-devouring Curse was everywhere. Any defense was useless.

"Just enjoy the pain of losing blood!" Wu Jiang shook his head. He couldn't be bothered to watch anymore.

Killing Zhang Ruochen was just as difficult as killing an insect.

Zhang Ruochen folded his arms. His body shrank and quickly turned into a small light dot. The light spot jumped and used Great Dimensional Shift to escape thousands of miles away from the space covered by the Blood-devouring Curse.

“What a terrible Curse power. The curse attacks I encountered in Kunlun are far inferior to Wu Jiang’s ones.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t panic because he knew that there was still a big gap between him and Wu Jiang in terms of pure strength. This time, he fought against Wu Jiang for the quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill to see how big the gap was.

Half of Zhang Ruochen’s body had withered, and he had lost a lot of Saint Blood.

He tried his best to mobilize the Divine Purification Flame and refine the power of the Blood-devouring Curse in his body, but the effect was minimal. He was still losing the blood in his body, and a strong sense of weakness invaded him, making him sleepy.

Logically speaking, the Divine Purification Flame could break the power of Curse, but it depended on the strength of the Divine Purification Flame and the power of Curse. A drop of water could extinguish a candle fire but not a big one.

Divine Purification Flame was Emperor-level flames. But if the users’ cultivations were different, so the number of Fire Precepts they could intergrade was different. And the level of power unleashed was naturally different.

“It seems that I have to reach Hundred-Shackle Realm at least to refine the power of Curse with the Divine Purification Flame. Now... I’m still lacking.” Zhang Ruochen endured the pain of losing blood, he tried other ways to resist the power of Curse.

Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest nodded slightly and praised, “The Blood-devouring Curse is one of the Nether Clan’s six great Curses. Wu Jiang has already practiced to the seventh level at such a young age. “Logically speaking, only a Supreme Saint Netherkin can do it.

“For a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint to practice the Blood-devouring Curse to the fifth level is already considered an outstanding talent.”

The elixir attendant said, “Don’t forget, he’s the disciple of the Fane of Darkness. He has myriad hands and eyes. He’ll definitely reach the heavens in the future. With his strength, he could be invincible in the same realm.”

“Unfortunately, in this era, there’s a Divine Fetus and an elite with Royal Divine Frame. That’s why he’s being suppressed.”

“Zhang Ruochen hasn’t reached Hundred-Shackle Realm yet. It’s not wise to provoke Wu Jiang.”

Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest said, “Zhang Ruochen will die under the Blood-devouring Curse in a moment.”

“Well... right now, they are still in the stage of snatching pills, and they haven’t entered the Celestial-Hunting battlefield yet. It isn’t the official beginning, so I’ll help him. At least, I have to save his life so that it won’t be hard to explain it to Wargod Bloodximius.”

Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest was about to attack, but he noticed something. He stopped and let out a soft exclamation.

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen, who was floating in the space of the universe, let out bright green light from his abdomen. It purified the power of the Blood-devouring Curse.

Even his shriveled body recovered in an instant. His skin became as smooth as jade again.

The green light was the light of the Heart of the Divine Tree. It contained endless life essence and was the nemesis of the Blood-devouring Curse.

In order to improve his spiritual power, Zhang Ruochen had already swallowed the Heart of the Divine Tree and absorbed Divine Sky-connecting Tree’s knowledge. He didn’t expect it to have an effect on the curse at this time.

The Blood-devouring Curse dispersed. Zhang Ruochen's essence, Qi, and spirit were full again. He rushed toward Wu Jiang and the Immortal Cactus' Elixir Spirit.

Wu Jiang's cultivation's level was profound. He had already suppressed the Immortal Cactus' Elixir Spirit. He was at the crucial moment of taking it.

When he found that Zhang Ruochen had dispelled the Blood-devouring Curse and was reapproaching, he couldn't help but look surprised.

“Zhang Ruochen can dispel the Blood-devouring Curse?”

It must be known a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint had suffered a great loss at the hands of Wu Jiang because of Blood-devouring Curse.

‘The power of the Blood-devouring Curse covers an area of a thousand miles. Creatures of flesh and blood can't get close. How did Zhang Ruochen do it? How did he block the power of Curse?’

“Your Blood-devouring Curse is very powerful, but unfortunately, it can't do anything to me. Get out of the way, or I'll take you with me.”

Zhang Ruochen held Violet Gourd with both hands. He stood under the Immortal Cactus and pointed the mouth of the gourd toward Wu Jiang.

Whoosh!

36 million Dimensional inscriptions appeared at the mouth of the gourd. They spread for hundreds of miles.

Wu Jiang knew the power of the gourd very well and dared not to underestimate it. He looked behind him and found an asteroid that was hundreds of miles long in the shape of a giant rock.

He released his spiritual power and condensed it into an invisible hand. He grabbed the asteroid across the air and threw it at Zhang Ruochen.

“Withdraw!”

Zhang Ruochen shouted.

The space collapsed and contracted violently. The asteroid was crushed into pieces in an instant and was put into the gourd.

The swallowing power was not completely blocked. It still fell on the bodies of Wu Jiang and Immortal Cactus's Elixir Spirit and pulled them over quickly.

"What a powerful suction force."

Wu Jiang's face changed slightly and he immediately released the power of darkness.

With his body as the center, the surroundings became dark and swallowed all the power that was close to him. Looking from afar, the area where Wu Jiang's body was formed a huge black hole.

The black hole also emitted a strong suction force. It tugged at the power of the gourd. It was difficult to tell the strong from the weak.

After putting the quasi-emperor-class saint's will pill and the Immortal Cactus Elixir Spirit into the gourd, 36 million inscriptions of space returned to the mouth of the gourd and were restrained.

In the black hole, Wu Jiang walked out and stood more than 10 miles away from Zhang Ruochen. His face was full of killing intent. He said, "Return the quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. I can spare your life for now."

Zhang Ruochen closed the lid of the gourd and stared at him without fear. He said, "I want to see what else you can do. Just show me."

"Okay, you're the one looking for death. Don't blame me."

The black lightning pattern on Wu Jiang's forehead released wisps of electric light. They slowly cracked and turned into an eye. Dense illusory light appeared in his pupils. They formed a myriad eyes lining up in front of him.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's consciousness became blurry. He didn't know if he was in an illusion or reality.

He only felt that the world he was in was illuminated by myriad rays of light. Myriad eyes hung above his head like stars. Each of them gave off an aura that was as terrifying as a god.

If it were any other cultivator, even a Supreme Saint, being stared at by myriad divine eyes, he would probably be kneeling on the ground.

However, Zhang Ruochen held on with a strong will. His body was as taut as iron, and he didn't yield in the illusory realm of "Myriad Eye Illusion".

"Not bad. Your willpower is so strong. It's a pity that your cultivation and spiritual power are too weak."

Wu Jiang walked toward Zhang Ruochen step by step. His face was handsome but extremely cold. He said again, "Your spiritual power is only at the 62nd level, yet you dare to take the initiative to fight against me. Don't you know that with your poor cultivation, you should run from me as far away as possible?"

Zhang Ruochen could hear Wu Jiang's voice and sense him approaching. However, the myriad divine eyes locked onto him, forcing him to fight with all his strength. Other than that, he couldn't even lift a finger.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen activated the will of the Immovable Wisdom King in his heart. He slowly raised his arms. Nine-storey divine palace appeared above his head to counter the myriad divine eyes.

He thought to himself, everything is an illusion. There was no way Wu Jiang could release myriad divine might. It's all illusion. I must overcome the illusion and seek the truth

...

In Qi Stream of Elixir in the distance, Luo Sha, who had just taken a King Grade Saintwill Pill, saw this scene, she was anxious. 'Zhang Ruochen is such a reckless person. How can he challenge an elite like Wu Jiang now?

‘Wu Jiang’s spiritual power has reached the 66th level. He has once defeated a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint with his spiritual power alone. If he performs Myriad Eye Illusion, even a Thousand-Koan Realm elite will have to retreat.’

Wu Jiang walked to Zhang Ruochen and extended an index finger. He spat the power of Darkness from his fingertip. It turned into a black sharp blade and slowly stabbed toward Zhang Ruochen’s glabella.

Crash.

The space slightly shook.

“Stop!”

Luo Sha used the Great Dimensional Shift and appeared in front of Wu Jiang. Circles of spatial ripples appeared under his feet as if he was standing in the center of a lake.

Wu Jiang did not look at Luo Sha directly. He said casually, “Your Highness, you’d better mind your own business. You can’t stop me. If your brother is here, maybe you have a chance.”

“I’m not here to stop you. I’m here to save you,” Luo Sha said.

A look of confusion appeared in Wu Jiang’s eyes. He stopped the blade in his hand and stared at Luo Sha. “Save me?”

“The Celestial-Hunting battle has officially begun. If you kill Zhang Ruochen, you’ll lose 500,000 points. Do you have 500,000 points now?”

Luo Sha’s beautiful eyes were enchanting. A charming smile appeared on her face. “If you lose points, you’ll be expelled from the Celestial-Hunting battle. Don’t you want to participate in the Celestial-Hunting battle?”

Wu Jiang snorted and said, “Now, everyone is fighting for Saintwill Pills. Moreover, we haven’t entered the Celestial-Hunting battlefield yet. Are you threaten me with the rules of the Celestial-hunting Battlefield? Will that work?”

Luo Sha’s gaze turned to the Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest and asked, “High Priest, if I get the pill, other cultivators still want to snatch it by force. They even want to

kill me. Does that count as violating the rules of the Celestial-hunting battlefield?”

Before the Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest could speak, Luo Sha continued, “The high priest had personally announced that the Celestial-hunting battle had officially begun.”

The Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest helplessly smiled bitterly. Immediately, his voice spread across the Qi Stream of Elixir as he said, “Once the medicinal pills are taken, they can not be snatched again. Otherwise, it will be considered as violations in the Celestial-hunting battle and points will be deducted.”

When Wu Jiang heard this, his gentle eyes became ferocious. He stared at Luo Sha and said, “Okay, I’ll remember it! No one can take what belongs to me. Hmph!”

Wu Jiang waved his sleeve and left. His voice then sounded. “It’s not good for Your Highness to get too close to Zhang Ruochen.”

“Thank you for the reminder,” Luo Sha replied.

Myriad Eye Illusion disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen recovered from the illusion. His face was solemn as he thought hard about how to crack Wu Jiang. Just like other cultivators who thought hard about how to crack the Path of Time and the Path of Dimension, there was always a way to resist.

The fragrant wind approached and floated in front of him.

Luo Sha’s long hair fluttered in the wind. She looked alluring. She glanced at Zhang Ruochen and sized him up. She was relieved to see that Zhang Ruochen was not injured and he was still sane.

“I’ve told you not to provoke the top ten Hundred-Shackle Realm elites of the Great Perfection for the time being. How long have you been cultivating? How can you fight against them?”

“They might not look more than a thousand years old, but with the time spent cultivating in the arrays of Time, some of the Hundred-Shackle Realm elites who achieved the Great Perfection have been cultivating for close to ten thousand years.

“You have to at least break through the first shackle in order to start fighting against them.

“Wu Jiang’s Myriad Eye Illusion is very terrifying. Your spiritual power and intelligence are not damaged, right?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently and said, “I’m forcing him to use the Myriad Eye Illusion. Seeing it from the info is different from experiencing it personally.”

“Don’t you think you’re courting death?” Luo Sha glared at him with her phoenix eyes.

“I’ve figured out a way to break his Myriad Eye Illusion!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha was stunned, “Impossible,” he said. “The difference in the strength of your spiritual power is too great. “Even if he doesn’t use the Myriad Eye Illusion and only uses his spiritual power to perform the illusion, you still won’t be able to resist.

“Only my brother’s innate divine eyes and the power of the two shining planets in his pupils can resolve it. That is why my brother’s ranking is higher than his.”

“Not necessarily. No matter how powerful the illusion is, if it is seen through, it will lose its power,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha instantly understood Zhang Ruochen’s thoughts. She said, “You mean you want to see through the illusion with the power of Truth? But the difference in spiritual power is too big. Unless you have one percent of the Canon of Truth and are the Envoy of Truth, you can do it.”

“I don’t need to be the Envoy of Truth.”

Zhang Ruochen said thoughtfully. Then he turned around and looked at Luo Sha, saying, “Just now... Thank you!”

“Haha, you finally thank me?” Luo Sha narrowed her eyes and smiled like a little fox. She felt that she had gained a lot. Even

if she had offended Wu Jiang, it seemed to be worth it.

Soon, Luo Sha stopped smiling and said seriously, “You need to feel the urgency to break the first shackle as soon as possible. Otherwise, you won’t be able to move forward in this Celestial-Hunting battle.”

“Yes, I do need to break the first shackle as soon as possible.”

After Luo Sha left, Zhang Ruochen focused his attention on another quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.

There were three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage fighting for the quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. One of them was Yanhong, one of the three Scioness candidates.

“Perhaps I can try her strength.”

Chapter 2289: Warlord Mara Attaining the Great Perfection

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Zhang Ruochen caused a huge sensation and become the focus of attention when snatching two Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills.

“How dare he snatched a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill straight from Wu Jiang’s fingertips!”

“Who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen will be the biggest winner?”

“The gourd in Zhang Ruochen’s hand is really suitable to snatch the pills. He succeed because he had this advantage that others don’t, not because of his cultivation. ”

...

So far, the only cultivators who had successfully taken Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills were Lan Ying, Luo Shengtian, and Zhang Ruochen.

Needless to say, Lan Ying and Luo Shengtian were well-known in Infernal Court. They were the pace-setters of this generation. However, each of them had only taken one Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Zhang Ruochen, despite being a Neverwilt Realm cultivator, had snatched two pills in a row. Hence, people were jealous.

Even Yan Wusheng — who was as famous as Zhang Ruochen — was still fighting hard. He hadn’t even secured one Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill yet.

Soon, the cultivators realized that Zhang Ruochen didn’t stop there and found a new target. He rushed toward the Blood Clover’s Elixir Spirit and was jumping between Dimensions at an extremely fast speed.

The main force fighting Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover was the beautiful Supreme Saint Yanhong.

“What is he planning to do? After stealing from Xu and Wu Jiang, he wants to go after Supreme Saint Yanhong’s pill now?”

The cultivators watching the pill snatching competition through the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms were all stunned. They thought that Zhang Ruochen was audacious.

Was it really good to make enemies everywhere?

At first, everyone had been speculating how Zhang Ruochen would avoid Wu Jiang, Xu, and Supreme Saint Yanhong on the battlefield of Celestial-hunting. However, they had never thought that Zhang Ruochen would take the initiative to attack.

Thousands of miles away, Lan Ying looked in the direction of the Blood Clover’s Elixir Spirit. He snorted and said, “Zhang Ruochen’s combat strength is far from being first place. Yet there should be no dispute that he should win a prize for his courage.”

Hong Futu, whose muscles bulged, stood beside Lan Ying. With a gravelly voice, he said “We’ve only snatched a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Why don’t we fight for it? Meanwhile, we could teach this arrogant kid a lesson.”

Lan Ying waved his hand, “That Pink Skull is one of the three candidates for Scioness. She’s smart so she won’t make the same mistake as Xu and Wu Jiang. It won’t be easy for Zhang Ruochen to snatch the pill from her. Besides, it’s just a mere Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.”

Lan Ying turned around. His eyes shone with divine light as he looked at the five elites — in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm — from Yanluo clan who were fighting with the Elixir Spirit of Lotus of Divine Reflection.

The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was his target.

The weapon used by Supreme Saint Yanhong was a Class five Regal Artifact, a Purple Cauldron.

Hundreds of thousands of Regal Inscriptions surged out of Purple Cauldron and turned into a purple cloud that covered an area of hundreds of miles. The purple cloud churned non-stop

and summoned 39 streaks of lightning that were as thick as rivers. They wrapped around the three branches of the Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover tightly and suppressed it.

The other two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm who were fighting for Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill did not dare to get close to the purple cloud and retreated to the side.

“It seems that this Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill is going to be snatched by Supreme Saint Yanhong. I can only snatch a few King Grade Saintwill Pills to make up for the loss.”

The two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm sighed, turned into two beams of light, and flew away quickly.

“At least you know your place.

“Oh no, it’s Zhang Ruochen!”

The smile on Supreme Saint Yanhong’s pale face disappeared. She released even more power to activate Purple Cauldron. She wanted to suppress the Blood Clover’s Elixir Spirit as soon as possible.

Zhang Ruochen held Violet Gourd in his hand and came behind Supreme Saint Yanhong. He said, “How could the number one powerhouse of Bone clan, the top-notch elite among the three candidates for Scioness, not use a Supreme Artifact?”

As he said this, Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and created a Dimensional Rift that was dozens of miles long. He slashed toward the spot between Saint Yanhong and the Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover.

Crack!

The dimension was torn apart. The connection between Saint Yanhong and Purple Cauldron was cut off instantly.

Rumble

Without Supreme Saint Yanhong’s control, Purple Cauldron’s power was greatly reduced. The Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover broke through its suppression and turned into a beam of blood

light. It pierced through the thick purple fog and quickly headed toward the six-colored Forest of No Return.

“Zhang Ruochen!”

Supreme Saint Yanhong was about to succeed, but Zhang Ruochen had destroyed her chance. No matter how good her state of mind was, she could no longer control her anger. Her long hair fluttered like willow branches and grew longer. She flew through the air like a blade.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to underestimate her. He released the Spatial Domain and Null Time realm and was ready to activate the power of Dimension and Time.

“Actually, I'm very curious. Is the true form under your skin really pink?” Zhang Ruochen deliberately provoked Supreme Saint Yanhong.

If he could defeat her state of mind and make her panic, her combat strength would be greatly reduced.

“If you have the ability, you might have a chance to see it. However, I'm afraid it'd scare you.”

Supreme Saint Yanhong's face was exquisite as if it was carved out of a Crystal Divine Jade. Her eyes shone with spiritual light. Every cultivator was mesmerized by her appearance even though they knew her true form was a skeleton.

Just as the battle between the two was about to erupt, Supreme Saint Yanhong and Zhang Ruochen sensed that the two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage in Hundred-Shackle Realm, who had left previously, returned. They bypassed them and chased after the Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover.

“HMPH! Wait till I take Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and condense a Grade Three Saintwill. I'll deal with you slowly after then.”

Supreme Saint Yanhong turned into a beam of pink light and flew onto Purple Cauldron. She activated the Purple Cauldron and chased after Elixir of Blood Clover.

The Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill was very important to her. She couldn't afford to lose it.

Zhang Ruochen activated Precepts of Dimension. Just as he was about to use Great Dimensional Shift, a bright arrow cut through the dark universe and flew toward him.

"Lord Sinluo!"

Sensing the aura of the Divine Tree Arrow, Zhang Ruochen figured out who was attacking him. With a 'whoosh', he disappeared and moved a hundred miles away to avoid the arrow.

8,000 miles away, Lord Sinluo hovered in the air. Holding Frostwood bow, he smiled coldly. "With me here, you can forget about taking a Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Aren't the upper three clans supporting Pan Ruo? Aren't you afraid of being criticized for helping Supreme Saint Yanhong?"

"Do I need to explain my actions to you?"

Lord Sinluo drew Frostwood bow again. Another Divine Tree Arrow was placed on the bowstring condensed from cold air. The bow became crystal clear. He commanded, "All arrows fired at once."

Boom

A loud explosion was heard.

The Divine Tree Arrow flew at more than 5,000 times the speed of sound. It split into two in midair, then four, then four, then eight. Finally, it turned into a rain of arrows and flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

It was so fast that it could reach Zhang Ruochen in an instant even though they were shot out thousands of miles away.

Zhang Ruochen drew circles with his hands. Dense Precepts of Dimension flowed from his fingertips, distorting the Dimension in front of him by 180 degrees.

The rain of arrows that flew toward him suddenly flew back in the opposite direction.

“Instead of wasting time to attack me, why don’t you collect more Saintwill Pills?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly. He didn’t want to fight with Lord Sinluo so he left the space immediately. He jumped three times in a row and caught up with Supreme Saint Yanhong.

“Don’t forget about me!”

A 300-meter-wide ax silhouette hacked down from the sky, carrying a strong wind force.

The fluctuation of power locked onto Zhang Ruochen. It forced Zhang Ruochen to freeze the space above his head and form a Spatial Shield to resist the attack of ax silhouette.

Bang!

When the ax silhouette and Spatial Shield collided, it formed waves of energy ripples.

With a crack, Spatial Shield was shattered by the blood-red ax. Seeing that the ax was about to land on Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen held the mouth of the gourd in his hand and hit the edge of the ax hard.

The ear-piercing sound of metal colliding echoed through the vast space.

Zhang Ruochen’s body fell rapidly. He spread out his ten golden wings and gradually stabilized himself. He looked up and saw a thousand-foot-tall Rakshasa Warsoul standing in the starry sky, looking down at him.

Below Rakshasa Warsoul, a four-meter-tall burly figure stood on a cloud of evil Qi.

It was Warlord Mara, the most powerful man in Dhisan, one of the seven great kingdoms of the Rakshasa.

Holding a blood ax the size of a millstone, Warlord Mara glared ferociously and said in a low voice, “Zhang Ruochen, we meet again!”

Supreme Saint Yanhong was slightly surprised to find that it was Warlord Mara who had attacked Zhang Ruochen. But

after a while, a smile appeared on her lips. She did not stay any longer and continued to chase after the Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover.

Zhang Ruochen glanced in the direction where Saint Yanhong had left. He frowned and felt helpless, “Am I that hateful? I can’t believe that you and Lord Sinluo, the elites of the lower three clans and the upper three clans respectively would rather help Supreme Saint Yanhong just to deal with me?”

“What if Supreme Saint Yanhong gets Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill? If her cultivation improves again, it’ll be your fault if Lady Wind and Pan Ruo fail to become Scioness.”

Warlord Mara hated Zhang Ruochen to the bone. “Don’t you know how hateful you are? Today, I’ll fight you again to wash away the shame on Arena of Life and Death.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to fight with Warlord Mara. He looked in the direction of Fortune Palace Black-robe High Priest and said, “High Priest, Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting has begun. Attacking the cultivators of Infernal Court will cost 5,000 points, right?”

Warlord Mara immediately stopped his ax. He was a bit nervous as he was afraid that he would be expelled from Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Black-robe High Priest said softly, “You’ll only lose 5,000 points if you attack your own cultivators maliciously. Now, you’re fighting for Saintwill Pill. Therefore, it’s not against the rules if you attack each other.”

“You’re right, High Priest.”

Warlord Mara bared his snow-white teeth and smiled coldly. He swung his ax again.

When Zhang Ruochen received Warlord Mara’s ax, Zhang Ruochen had discovered that Warlord Mara’s combat power had increased greatly compared to his strength on Arena of Life and Death. He must have broken through the last shackle and reached the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

It wasn't strange. In Realm of Star Ocean's Auction, Warlord Mara had spent 11,000 Godstones to buy a cauldron of Fugue Pills.

With the power of Fugue Pills, it was entirely possible to help him break through the realm.

The bone wings on Warlord Mara's back grew from eight to ten.

Even the ax in his hand was not Parashu, a Class two Regal Artifact. Instead, it was a divine relic, a Class Four Regal Artifact. The ax contained powerful divine power.

Zhang Ruochen did not clash head-on with Warlord Mara. Instead, he used Great Dimensional Shift to jump through Dimensions and rush toward Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover.

"Where do you think you're going? Zhang Ruochen, I must avenge myself today."

Warlord Mara spread his ten wings. His speed was as fast as Zhang Ruochen's, who had used Great Dimensional Shift. In an instant, he had caught up to Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover.

"Split clouds and break the sky."

The blood-red ax hacked down. With the aura like it could split heaven and earth apart.

"Why are they fighting here?"

"What great power. Warlord Mara has broken through to the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-shackle Realm."

The two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-shackle Realm who were suppressing Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover, immediately dodged. Even they didn't dare to touch Warlord Mara's ax.

One had to know when Warlord Mara broke through his ninety-nine shackles, he had fought a Supreme Saint at the early stage of Thousand-Koan Realm to a draw. Since Warlord Mara had breakthrough his cultivation base, his combat powers had increased dramatically, Luo Shengtian was probably the only Rakshasa who could suppress him.

Even a normal Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm would have to dodge his attack.

Boom!

Warlord Mara's ax fell from the edge of the Elixir of Blood Clover and injured the Elixir Spirit's ontology. Tens of thousands of petals light rain flew out from the wound.

One could imagine how terrifying the power of this ax was.

"How could he be so strong? Warlord Mara is a ruthless person who turns shame into courage. If I had known earlier, I would have dug out his heart of Supreme Saint on Arena of Life and Death and sold it. This way, he wouldn't have recovered to his peak so easily, and it would be impossible for him to break through to the Great Perfection stage before Celestial-Hunting Festival,"

Zhang Ruochen felt a little regretful. However, with a powerful Supreme Saint, Warlord Mara, messing things up. It would be very helpful for him to take Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill if he used Warlord Mara well.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen flapped his ten golden wings and flew toward Supreme Saint Yanhong.

"If you're capable, stop dodging. Last time, I was careless and lost to you. Now, I have cultivated the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. I can suppress you with just one hand now."

Warlord Mara propped up his thousand-foot-high Rakshasa Warsoul again, and his eyes followed Zhang Ruochen's flight path.

"It seems that you have a bad memory as you still underestimate your enemy. If you really fight with one hand, you will only be suppressed by me and kneel on the ground again," Zhang Ruochen said.

Thinking of the humiliation of being suppressed by Zhang Ruochen on Arena of Life and Death, Warlord Mara's eyes were as red as blood. He roared and swung his ax horizontally.

This ax not only attacked Zhang Ruochen but also locked onto Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Supreme Saint Yanhong frowned. She had no choice but to control Purple Cauldron to defend in front of her.

Whoosh-

Zhang Ruochen took a step back and stepped into the space ripples. His body sank in.

When he appeared again, he was above Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover. He took out Violet Gourd and activated the Dimensional Inscription at the mouth of Groud.

“Be careful of Zhang Ruochen.”

“Let’s attack him together. We can’t let him take Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.”

The two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm who was watching noticed Zhang Ruochen’s actions. One attacked with a Regal Artifact, while the other spat corpse Qi. They turned into thousands of black-armored Corpse Kings and surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

However, they were too late. The Dimensional Inscription at the mouth of Groud was activated.

The Regal Artifact swords, as well as the densely packed black-armored Corpse Kings, fell into Dimensional Array.

Chapter 2290: Battle For the Gourd

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

“Oh no.”

The two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm were afraid to be sucked into Violet Gourd. Unable to care for the sword and Black-armored Corpse Kings, they quickly shot out two mighty clouds of death. With the rebound force from the clouds, they flew backward like cannonballs.

Boom!

Elixir Spirit of Blood Clover, the Regal Artifact sword, and more than 3,000 Black-armored Corpse Kings within the area covered by Dimensional Array were sucked into Violet Gourd.

“That cauldron...”

In the reflection of Zhang Ruochen’s pupils, Supreme Saint Yanhong’s Purple Cauldron flew over quickly, but it did not shrink in size.

With a ‘bang’, Purple Cauldron crashed heavily into the mouth of Violet Gourd.

At the same time, a large amount of lightning surged out of the cauldron. Like a dragon or a snake, the lightning swam across the surface of the gourd and struck Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s reaction was extremely fast. In an instant, the ten golden wings on his back bent forward and wrapped around his entire body. The wings folded and turned into a Golden Orb.

Violet Gourd and the Golden Orb were sent flying after being struck by dozens of lightning bolts.

Supreme Saint Yanhong’s graceful figure flew out from behind Purple Cauldron like a ghost spirit. Her slender legs landed on the edge of the cauldron. A crisp sound rang out when the red jade bracelets on her ankles collided with each other.

“It’s not that easy to snatch my things.”

The lightning from Purple Cauldron turned the area within a hundred miles into a forbidden zone. It also reflected Supreme Saints Yanhong’s figure, which was both beautiful and demonic.

Suddenly, her eyes shone with a scorching light. She discovered Violet Gourd in the pitch-black dimension and revealed a look of joy. She immediately stretched out her snow-white hand and grabbed at it.

Her silhouette white hand reached over 80 miles in an instant.

Boom!

Just as she was about to retrieve Violet Gourd, Warlord Mara chopped down with his axe and cut off her hand’s silhouette.

Seeing that Warlord Mara had arrived and was rapidly approaching Violet Gourd, Supreme Saint Yanhong let out a cold snort. She kicked Purple Cauldron lightly with her feet, and it immediately flew out to collide with him.

On the other side, two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm were from Corpusian and Stone clan. Their gazes landed on Violet Gourd. They were overjoyed and immediately activated their secret techniques to fly toward the direction of the gourd at their fastest speed.

The gourd itself was a precious asset. Furthermore, there were three Quasi-Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills in it.

Whoever could obtain the gourd would be the biggest winner in this pill snatching competition.

After all, the deities and millions of cultivators from Infernal Court were watching. Whoever performed well would gain higher status and greatest fame in Infernal Court.

“Blood-dripped Corpse Emperor,”

Hundred-Shackle Realm Corpusian in the Great Perfection stage slit his right wrist. Large amounts of corpse blood flowed out and condensed into a Black-armored Corpse Emperor. The aura of a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint erupted from his body.

“Don’t try to fight with me. I, Black-Feathered Corpse Emperor, want Zhang Ruochen’s gourd!”

Black-Feathered Corpse Emperor’s true form moved to the right and blocked the Supreme Saint from Stone clone, Qiang Zun. A palm strike containing corrosive power crashed down.

At the same time, Black-armored Corpse Emperor condensed from corpse blood flew rapidly toward Violet Gourd.

The other cultivators of Infernal Court didn’t expect this to happen. After a moment of shock, they were all in ebullience.

“Quick, go and take Zhang Ruochen’s gourd. That’s the real treasure.”

“Taking the gourd is equivalent to taking three Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills.”

“Zhang Ruochen had thrown the helve after the hatchet this time. So what if he snatched three Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills? He was only paving the way for others.”

Violet Gourd was too valuable. The cultivators that were closer all rushed over.

Meanwhile, the Elixir Spirit of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill that Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan fought for was shaped like a peony, but it was dark green. The flower was more than 3,000 meters long and looked like a flower cloud. It was about to be taken.

However, Wu Jiang stepped in and snatched it.

Wu Jiang held Elixir Spirit of Peony in his palm. He was tall and handsome, he smiled proudly and said, “I know you guys are recalcitrant, but you can’t blame me. You can only blame Zhang Ruochen. Someone has to bear the price for Zhang Ruochen in stealing my Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Lord Xia Yu watched as Wu Jiang disappeared into the darkness of the universe. They were furious, but they restrained themselves due to the Celestial-hunting rules. Therefore, they didn’t attack.

“Wu Jiang is too powerful. Even if the two of us join hands, we might not be his match.” Supreme Saint Yi Xuan sighed.

He was extremely disappointed, "I will keep my promise to you."

Lord Xia Yu stared in the direction where Wu Jiang left and said, "The Dharma Saintwill Wu Jiang unleashed earlier should be a top-tier Grade Three Saintwill. Otherwise, it would be impossible to suppress the Elixir Spirit of Peony with just one attack. Even though we managed to suppress the Elixir Spirit at that time."

"Are you worried that he could fuse a Grade Two Saintwill after obtaining the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?" Supreme Saint Yi Xuan asked.

Lord Xia Yu said, "Forming Grade Two Saintwill is as difficult as ascending to heaven. But Wu Jiang's talent would be considered invincible if he was in another era. Hence, with the help of Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, the chances will greatly increase."

Faced with a figure like Wu Jiang, even if Lord Xia Yu thought highly of herself, she had to admit that there was a big gap between the both of them.

"Don't worry. Zhang Ruochen has already taken two Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills. Once he reaches the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he'll definitely be able to counter Wu Jiang," Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said.

"Not good."

Lord Xia Yu was in the deep space of the universe. Lord Xia Yu had a ghastly expression when she saw Zhang Ruochen and Violet Gourd being hit by Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan followed her gaze and looked over, "Our Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill has been taken away. It's impossible to take it back. Zhang Ruochen's Violet Gourd should have stored the third Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill already. We can't afford to lose that gourd."

"Let's go."

Lord Xia Yu was even more anxious. She knew that Violet Gourd was the only Supreme Artifact in Immortal Vampires. If it was taken away at the start of Celestial-Hunting battle, the

entire Immortal Vampires would become the laughing stock of Infernal Court.

“This bastard Zhang Ruochen, doesn’t he know that he should quit while he’s ahead? Why did he steal from Supreme Saint Yanhong? Now we’re in big trouble!” Lord Xia Yu was speechless. She spread the ten wings on her back and flew at full speed.

“Other than Lord Xia Yu, Bloodysky Clan has another Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm. When did Supreme Saint Yi Xuan breakthrough his realm?”

“This is incredible! Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Zhang Ruochen. Just one Bloodysky Clan has three powerhouses. Who can compete with the ten major clans of Immortal Vampires?”

“If Dishastan continues to be enemies with Bloodysky Clan this year, I’m afraid they’ll suffer a great loss.”

...

After Supreme Saint Yi Xuan’s cultivation was exposed, everyone was shocked.

The forces that had a conflict of interest with the Bloodysky Clan were under even more pressure.

Xu stared at Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, who was rushing to help Zhang Ruochen. He said to himself, “They’ve hidden their strength so well. It seems that Bloodysky Clan is very ambitious for this year’s Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

He opened his palm and lifted Pleiades Lotus. He attacked Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Even if he didn’t take the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he had to stop Zhang Ruochen’s reinforcements. He had to isolate Zhang Ruochen. At the same time, he was helping Supreme Saint Yanhong take Violet Gourd.

Black-armored Corpse King, formed by Black-Feathered Corpse Emperor using blood, was the first to arrive. It reached

out to grab Violet Gourd.

Before the black corpse hand could touch the Gourd, crimson-gold flames that contained destructive heat surged out of the Gourd.

Crack

Even a Corpse Emperor's power couldn't withstand the gourd's power. Its hand was melted by the flames and turned back into a ball of black corpse blood.

The Crimson-gold Flames were the power of Violet Gourd's vessel spirit.

One had to know that a vessel spirit's power was comparable to a Supreme Saint from Hundred-Shackle Realm.

30 miles away, Zhang Ruochen's true form appeared from Golden Orb. He grabbed with his hand and Violet Gourd flew toward him automatically. However, Violet Gourd stopped after flying for a short distance.

Strands of hair wrapped around the Gourd. The strands of hair pulled the gourd tightly and stopped Zhang Ruochen from taking it away.

It was Supreme Saint Yanhong's hair.

Each strand of hair was like a holy chain. It was extremely tough and contained Precepts.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He took a step forward and stepped into the Dimensional Gate. He used Great Dimensional Shift and prepared to descend next to Violet Gourd.

Supreme Saint Yanhong's technique was brilliant as she quickly got rid of Warlord Mara. Her hands emitted a pink fog of light and continued to smash into Purple Cauldron.

The Purple Cauldron flew above Violet Gourd and rotated slowly.

The first circle immediately brought a fierce squall that turned into a huge purple tornado.

The second circle made the squall even more terrifying. It shook the Dimension.

In the third circle...

Purple Cauldron spun faster and faster. It forced Zhang Ruochen — who was using Great Dimensional Shift — to fall out of the Dimension. He was thrown out and his body glided through the void space.

The power of Purple Cauldron was extremely shocking. It swept the sky and earth. Wind blades and lightning shuttled through the tornado. The wind pillar rose to a thousand miles high. The center became a forbidden land of death.

Even a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm didn't dare to approach it.

"Supreme Saint Yanhong's methods are quite powerful," Having to suffer at the hands of Supreme Saint Yanhong twice, Zhang Ruochen had a new assessment of her.

She was an extremely difficult woman to deal with!

As expected, none of the candidates who could become Fane of Destiny's Scioness were easy to deal with.

The power of Purple Cauldron was fully unleashed. Energy ripples surged out like waves. Everyone knew that Supreme Saint Yanhong was suppressing Violet Gourd.

If she succeeded, they would be forced to follow the rules and stop competing.

Supreme Saint Yanhong stood at the edge of the Purple Lightning Storm. Her hair swayed in the void and her robes fluttered. Occasionally, the lightning that flashed by her side reflected her facial features clearly. She was both as beautiful as a fairy and a flirtatious demon.

Boom!

Warlord Mara was the most powerful one amongst everyone present. He was no weaker than a Supreme Saint who was in the top ten of the Great Perfection stage in Hundred-Shackle Realm. He waved the blood-red ax in his hand and slashed it towards Purple Cauldron.

The ax was once stained with the blood of Immortal Vampires' deity. It contained a powerful divinity.

“Such powerful strength,”

Even Supreme Saint Yanhong felt a sense of fear. She hit her palm strike at Purple Cauldron and summoned dozens of bolts of lightning that were as thick as water buckets. They interweaved into a pillar of lightning and clashed with the blood-red ax.

Boom!

The blood-red ax was a Class four Regal Artifact while Purple Cauldron was a Class five Regal Artifact.

When the two artifacts clashed, the power erupted shook the void within a thousand miles and turned the sky and earth upside down.

Warlord Mara’s attack was blocked.

“Warlord Mara, I can give you one of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills. Only if you help me take the gourd,” Supreme Saint Yanhong said.

She needed time to suppress the gourd.

However, there were enemies all around her and they were eyeing the gourd covetously. At this moment, she could only have a chance of success if she win over her allies.

“I want two,” Warlord Mara said.

“Aren’t you too greedy?”

Supreme Saint Yanhong was furious. If it wasn’t for Warlord Mara’s cultivation base which had reached the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm — making his combat power increase exponentially and becoming a top-tier force — he wouldn’t have even been qualified to be her ally in the past.

“More and more cultivators are rushing over. If you don’t agree to my conditions, you might not even get one.” Warlord Mara smirked. He was confident that Supreme Saint Yanhong would definitely compromise.

“That’s my gourd. When Is it your turn to discuss the distribution rights?”

Zhang Ruochen spread his hands and opened up a vast starry sky. He displayed the Realm-frame of Truth “Shoreless Star Ocean.” He wrapped Purple Cauldron, Violet Gourd, Supreme Saint Yanhong, Warlord Mara, and all the cultivators of Infernal Court in this void dimension.

Without the limitation of dimension, the Realm-frame of Truth was perfectly displayed.

Each planet in the Realm-frame of Truth was enormous. They evolved into the geography of mountains and rivers, bursting out with powerful Qi fluctuations.

Zhang Ruochen spread out his hands and suddenly closed them.

“Incarceration of Divine Demon”

A huge phantom of a demon appeared behind Zhang Ruochen and merged with the Realm-frame of Truth. The aura it emitted was sometimes sacred and majestic, sometimes evil and sinister.

When Zhang Ruochen struck his palm strike, the Phantom of a Divine demon also did the same.

In the Realm-frame of Truth, many Precepts of Truth flew out and merged with the Phantom of Divine Demon. The aura emitted by the Phantom of a Divine Demon rose steadily. When the palm strike hit the Purple Lightning Storm, the explosive power reached ten times.

Rumble

The purple lightning storm was pierced through. The palm strike of the Phantom of Divine Demons collided with Purple Cauldron.

On the other side of Purple Cauldron, Supreme Saint Yanhong also made a hand mark. She activated all the Regal Inscription in Purple Cauldron and unleashed its greatest power.

Unfortunately, she did not have the time to activate the Gate of Destiny. She could only rely on her own strength to resist the explosive power of Incarceration of Divine Demon.

THUMP!

As if a god's bell had rung, Purple Cauldron shook violently and crashed into Supreme Saint Yanhong's body. She and the cauldron were thrown far away.

Without the weakening of the Gate of Destiny, no matter how powerful Supreme Saint Yanhong was, she was still far from being able to withstand the ten times the explosive power of the advanced Saint technique of Thousand-Koan level, 'Incarceration of Divine Demon'.

Supreme Saint Yanhong spat out a large mouthful of blood. Cracks appeared on her flawless body.

Pink light radiated from the cracks. It was as if her body was about to fall apart.

This beautiful skin was almost destroyed.

Even though Supreme Saint Yanhong was sent flying, Zhang Ruochen didn't relax. He only heard a shout from above. "Zhang Ruochen, taste the power of my ax."

An Axe with powerful divine power hacked down.

A blood-red rain of light fell from the edge of the ax and locked onto Zhang Ruochen.

The power of the ax compressed the Dimension, making it extremely stable and difficult to break.

Thus, Zhang Ruochen did not use the Power of Dimensions to escape. He reached out and grabbed Violet Gourd. He flipped his body and his left leg started burning. Ten million Crimson-red Divine Precepts appeared from it.

He stepped forward and turned into a flaming cloud that clashed with the ax.

After unsealing the third seal of Yanshen's Leg, Zhang Ruochen had completely refined the Ten million Divine Precepts.. The power he could unleash was far greater than before.

Chapter 2291: Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

After breaking through to the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm, Warlord Mara's combat strength was close to that of the top ten on the ranking. The full power of the ax, a Class Four Regal Regal Artifact, was so powerful that even the stars were about to shatter.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen kick the ax with his foot, cultivators watching the projection all over Infernal Court exclaimed.

Even those cultivators who knew that Zhang Ruochen had a divine leg looked solemn. They held their breath, thinking that his action was too risky. What he had was just a divine leg; he was not a real god. If he fought head-on with a Supreme Saint like Warlord Mara, he might be at a great disadvantage.

Just then, the red battle-ax and the flaming cloud emitted from Zhang Ruochen's left leg collided fiercely.

Boom!

The dark void space of the universe became dazzling like a flaming flower blooming.

In the next moment, Zhang Ruochen and Warlord Mara retreated at the same time like lightning. They were evenly matched. Neither of them had the upper hand.

"How could he...

...block it!"

Countless cultivators gasped. They had a deeper understanding of Zhang Ruochen's power. They immediately understood that their worries were unnecessary.

Warlord Mara was in disbelief. He couldn't defeat Zhang Ruochen, who was in Neverwilt Realm, with his cultivation at the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"Again, try my Hundred Beast Combat Body Art."

Thunder and lightning surged out from behind Warlord Mara. They gathered into a sea of thunder and lightning. The illusory images of beast souls appeared. They all unleashed the aura of a Supreme Saint.

BzzzzzzT

RAWRRRRRRRR!

The sound of the lightning and the roars of the beasts resounded through the heavens and earth.

In the past, before Mara reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm, when he had only attained the minor completion for Hundred Beast Combat Body Art, he fought a Dhisan Supreme Saint, who newly entered Thousand-Koan Realm, to a draw.

Minor completion stage of Hundred Beast Combat Body Art meant that each of the Thunder Beast Emperors had the combat strength of a Nine-Step Saint King.

With the help of the power of the beasts, it was difficult for Warlord Mara to meet an opponent of the same cultivation rank.

Now, not only had he made a breakthrough in cultivation, but he had also made a breakthrough in his Hundred Beast Combat Body Art. His combat power had reached a terrifying level.

The power of each Thunder Beast Soul had reached the level of a Supreme Saint of Neverwilt Realm.

Each of his attacks had 100 Supreme Saints of Neverwilt Realm supporting him. Even an ordinary Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Koan Realm would be injured if he attacked with all his strength.

Before Zhang Ruochen broke through to Hundred-Shackle Realm, he did not plan to fight with a superior like Warlord Mara. He waved Violet Gourd in his hand and said, "If you don't want to be expelled from the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, feel free to attack me."

Warlord Mara thought of something and looked at the black-robed high priest in the distance. He gritted his teeth and said, "Zhang Ruochen, are you a coward? If you have the guts, then fight me openly."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly and ignored Warlord Mara. He used Great Dimensional Shift and left the area.

A fight without benefits was a pure waste of energy.

Warlord Mara was not a brainless person. He was very calculative.

Just like back then, to pursue Luo Sha, he had secretly bribed the handmaidens around Luo Sha. To deal with Zhang Ruochen, he had used Mu Lingxi's Spatial Bracelet to lure Zhang Ruochen to the Arena of Life and Death.

At this moment, he seemed to be challenging Zhang Ruochen, but in fact, he wanted to snatch Violet Gourd.

Warlord Mara's angry roar spread throughout the universe. "When I have accumulated 500,000 points, I will personally tear you into pieces."

Saint Yanhong's skin recovered. Her skin was as smooth as silk, and her face was beautiful. However, there was a stern look in her eyes.

Qiang Zun's sword and more than 3,000 black-armored corpse kings of Black-Feathered Corpse Emperor had been taken away by Violet Gourd. Of course, they wouldn't allow Zhang Ruochen to leave so easily. They immediately chased after him.

Without weapons during the Celestial-Hunting battle, their combat strength would be greatly reduced.

3,000 black-armored corpse kings were one of the most important trump cards of the Black-feathered Corpse Emperor. They couldn't lose them.

Zhang Ruochen teleported himself 17 times until he was 10,000 miles away. When he sensed that the two powerful figures were still chasing him, he stopped.

“You two are so persistent. Do you want to take my gourd?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Don’t misunderstand us, Supreme Saint Ruochen. The pill snatching competition is over. Of course, we won’t break the rules and continue to attack. But...”

Qiang Zun’s stiff face revealed a troubled expression. “We actually want to discuss something with you, Supreme Saint Ruochen.”

Zhang Ruochen held the gourd in his hand and said, “You want to take back the battle sword and the black-armored Corpse King?”

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor let out a hoarse voice, “We fought because of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. In reality, we don’t have any deep enmity with you, Supreme Saint Ruochen.

“If you are willing to return my black-armored corpse king, I promise that I will not participate in the battle against you.”

Qiang Zun said, “That’s what I mean.”

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen did not respond immediately, Black-feathered Corpse Emperor said, “You have made too many enemies of each clan. If Qiang Zun and I become your enemy too, your situation will be even more difficult.”

Qiang Zun said, “If you don’t return my sword and the black-armored Corpse King, I’m afraid we can only follow you. When that time comes, your movement will be restricted.”

“Are you threatening me?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor said, “No! I don’t like to beat around the bush. If there’s anything you want, just say it.

“There are no eternal allies or enemies on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. All cultivators only care about their own interest.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “In that case, I won’t beat around the bush.

“Qiang Zun, your sword is a Class Four Regal Weapon, right? Black-feathered Corpse Emperor, each of your 3,669 black-armored Corpse Kings is with combat strength close to a Saint King’s, right?”

“If you didn’t have them, your combat strength would definitely fall to the bottom of the list of Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

Qiang Zun and Black-feathered Corpse Emperor didn’t deny it.

Zhang Ruochen said, “To be honest, a Class Four Regal Weapon is nothing to me. As for the black-armored Corpse Kings, even if I had 10,000 of them, I wouldn’t be able to control them. They have no value to me.

“It’s not a big deal to return them to you.”

Qiang Zun and Black-feathered Corpse Emperor were overjoyed.

Zhang Ruochen changed the topic. “But if you want me to return them to you, you have to agree to two conditions.”

“Go ahead,” Qiang Zun said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “First, during the Celestial-Hunting battle, you are not allowed to participate in anything against Bloodysky Clan and me.”

“Of course.”

Qiang Zun and Black-feathered Corpse Emperor agreed without hesitation.

“Second, during the Celestial-Hunting battle, you have to do something for me,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Qiang Zun and Black-feathered Corpse Emperor looked at each other and hesitated.

Zhang Ruochen knew what they were worried about. He said, “Don’t worry. I won’t let you do anything that will harm the interests of our clans. Both of you are Hundred-Shackle Realm elites at Great Perfection, first-class figures in the Celestial-Hunting battle. What’s there to worry about?”

“Okay,” said Qiang Zun. “As long as it doesn’t harm Stone Clan’s interests, I can help you with something.”

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor nodded and agreed.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Swear first.”

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor frowned. “We’re all Supreme Saints. All the cultivators in Infernal Court are watching us with divine eyes. How can we break the contract?”

Zhang Ruochen insisted, “No, you have to swear in the name of the god of your clan. If you break the contract, the god of Stone Clan and Corpusians will die a horrible death.”

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor and Qiang Zun felt a chill down their spines when they heard this. They stared in the direction of the Divine Domain of Destiny in fear and cursed in their hearts. ‘Zhang Ruochen is a bastard. He dares to say anything and isn’t afraid of being struck to death by divine punishment.’

“If you don’t dare to swear, forget it. Don’t waste my time.”

Zhang Ruochen acted like he was about to leave.

“Wait.”

Black-feathered Corpse Emperor and Qiang Zun made a vow in the end. However, they didn’t dare to say anything like, “The gods of Stone Clan and Corpusians will die a horrible death.” Instead, they asked the gods of the two clans to bear witness. If they broke the contract, they would die a horrible death.

Zhang Ruochen released the sword and the black-armored Corpse Kings from Violet Gourd and returned them to Black-feathered Corpse Emperor and Qiang Zun.

At the same time, he did a rough count. There were three Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills, 37 King Grade Saintwill Pills, and 458 top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills in the gourd.

The King Grade Saintwill Pills and top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills were what Zhang Ruochen took from Violet Gourd when he flew over the Qi Stream of Elixir after taking the first Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

He had also accidentally collected some other pills when he snatched the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills.

After all, once the spatial array at the mouth of the gourd was activated, it covered a vast area.

All the Saintwill Pills in Qi Stream of Elixir had been taken away.

Each of the ten Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills had an owner.

Apart from the three pills Zhang Ruochen had collected, Wu Jiang, Yan Wushen, Lady Wind, Luo Shengtian, and Lan Ying had collected one each.

Zhang Ruochen didn't pay attention to the other two. He didn't know who had snatched them.

At this moment, only the five Hundred-Shackle Realm elites, the Great Perfection stage attainer from Yanluo clan, led by Yan Huangtu, were still fighting with the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection.

Although the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection was sealed, it still had the peak combat strength of Thousand-Koan Realm. With Yan Huangtu's ability and the help of a Supreme Artifact, he could only trap it instead of defeating it.

The other four Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints were all injured.

Yanluo clan's other Supreme Saints rushed to the battlefield as fast as they could. If nothing unexpected happened, it was only a matter of time for Yanluo clan to collect the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill with their strength.

Zhang Ruochen looked from afar and found that the battlefield of the Yan Huangtu and the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection had moved into the Forest of No Return and entered the six-colored starry sky.

Countless cosmic dust and star fragments floated in the starry sky, showing six different colors.

Lord Xia Yu and the Supreme Saint Yi Xuan met up with Zhang Ruochen.

The Supreme Saint Yi Xuan felt rather guilty and said, "I'm sorry. We were stuck and couldn't rush over to help you in time."

"I saw everything!" Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu's pretty face was as cold as frost, and her gaze was sharp, "I and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan could have snatched a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill," she said.

"Unfortunately, it was taken away by Wu Jiang.

"Zhang Ruochen, you must be careful next time you meet him. The Saintwill he practices might be a top Grade Three Saintwill."

Zhang Ruochen nodded as he thought about his previous encounter with Wu Jiang.

When Wu Jiang fought with him, he did not use the Saintwill at all.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan noticed Zhang Ruochen's gaze and kept staring at the battle in the six-colored starry sky. He said, "All Yanluo clan elites have rushed over. The Emperor-Grade Saintwill pill is already in their possession. I'm really envious."

"I don't think so," Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was stunned. "Does anyone still dare to fight against Yanluo Clan?"

"Why not? The Celestial-Hunting battle was a competition between different clans. There was no such thing as not daring? Look, Wu Jiang, Luoshengtian, Xu, Yanhong... the most powerful Hundred-Shackle Realm elites on the ranking did not leave. Instead, they gathered in the direction of the Elixir Spirit of Lotus of Divine Reflection.

"Do you think they are going to watch the show?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan licked his lips and said, "It is indeed interesting. Why don't we go and have a look? Maybe we will have a chance."

Lord Xia Yu was also interested. Her eyes shone with a bright light.

“Since you are interested, let’s go and have a look. But...”

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes. He stretched out his hand and pinched in the void space.

Instantly, the space around the three of them distorted. They disappeared as if they were invisible.

Even though the distorted space was invisible, it couldn’t escape the radar of Spiritual Power Supreme Saints. However, the fight between Yanluo clan and the Elixir Spirit of Lotus of Divine Reflection had affected an area of 10,000 miles.

10,000 miles was too vast. Even if a person wasn’t invisible, standing in the void space of the universe was like a speck of dust. It was very difficult to be discovered.

After turning invisible, unless a Spiritual Power Supreme Saint looked closely, it would be impossible for them to be discovered.

The three of them entered the battlefield silently and landed on a yellowish-brown star fragment.

This star fragment was two hundred and seventy miles long. It was shaped like a giant mountain ridge. It had intersecting canine teeth, and there were many mountains. The rocks were tough, and some of them had already been metalized.

In the center of the battlefield, the 11 top Hundred-Shackle Realm elites and Yan Wushen activated a Supreme Artifact in the form of a ceremonial scepter. They had suppressed the Elixir Spirit of Lotus of Divine Reflection and were refining the Elixir Spirit’s progressively.

They weren’t like Zhang Ruochen, who could use the gourd to take a pill away before refining it.

If they didn’t refine the Elixir Spirit of Lotus of Divine Reflection, they wouldn’t be able to take it away.

The other cultivators of Yanluo clan protected them from sneak attacks. Their cultivations were all very powerful. There

were close to 1,000 Supreme Saints, and more than 300 of them were in Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Even if powerful figures like Wu Jiang and Luo Shengtian dared to approach them, they would be turned into dust by 1,000 Supreme Saints in an instant.

After Zhang Ruochen observed, he looked thoughtful and said, “Something is wrong!”

“What’s wrong?” Lord Xia Yu asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Logically speaking, the elite that an Emperor-Grade Saint will Pill will most likely to attract should be Lan Ying.. Wu Jiang, Luo Shengtian, and the others have appeared nearby. But why is Lan Ying nowhere to be found?”

Chapter 2292: Lan Ying Made His Move

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power had reached the 62nd level. He was ranked among the best spiritual power cultivators attending the festival, surpassing many Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints. However, he could not detect even a trace of Lan Ying's aura. He felt a little uneasy.

Lan Ying was an unfathomable enemy!

Even if Lan Ying's target was not Zhang Ruochen, this was enough to send chills down his spines.

Lord Xia Yu was a High-Saint Array and Talisman Master. Her spiritual power was even more powerful than Zhang Ruochen's. Not long ago, she had broken through to the 64th level. She was definitely one of the top 20 spiritual powers in the Celestial-Hunting battle.

However, even she couldn't find any trace of Lan Ying.

"Could he have left? After all, everyone knows that no force can win against Yanluo clan. There's no need to waste time here," Lord Xia Yu said.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, "The power of the Elixir Spirit of that lotus is far beyond everyone's expectations," he said. "That's why Yan Huangtu didn't subdue it before the battle for the pill. "Now, all the forces have their hands free. If they attack together, Yanluo clan won't be able to withstand it no matter how strong they are."

"In other words, Yanluo clan has missed the best opportunity to take it. At this moment, all the forces are restraining themselves because that spiritual will of that lotus' Elixir Spirit hasn't been refined yet."

"Yanluo clan is so well-prepared because they know this too."

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan agreed with Zhang Ruochen. "Lan Ying is extremely greedy. He will never give up an Emperor-

Grade Saintwill pill. I'm afraid there will be a good show today."

"If the situation is disrupted, we will have a chance too." Lord Xia Yu smiled and stared at Zhang Ruochen's chiseled profile. Her eyes were deep, and her nose was straight.

She knew how important this Emperor-Grade Saintwill Pill was to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He was thinking about something else.

Since Lan Ying could hide so well, wouldn't it be easy to kill Zhang Ruochen in the future?

With such an enemy, any cultivator would not sleep and eat well.

"I have to break through to Hundred-Shackle Realm as soon as possible."

Zhang Ruochen used the Precepts of Dimension to observe the dimensional structure and distribution of celestial bodies in this starfield. In his mind, he deduced the direction someone would head after snatching the Emperor-Grade Saintwill Pill from Yanluo clan.

"Let's go. Follow me."

Zhang Ruochen took Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan in another direction and came to a boundless galaxy of cosmic dust.

Tens of millions of broken rocks gathered together like a big river, flowing in the starry sky and emitting dark purple light.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Lord Xia Yu, how long will it take you to set up a big array here?"

Lord Xia Yu quickly observed the surroundings and said, "With my spiritual power, I can set up an eighth-class array in an instant. A ninth-class array is too difficult and takes more time."

"I'll use the power of Time to help you set up a ninth-class array as soon as possible," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu frowned, “Is it useful to set up an array here?” She asked. An ordinary ninth-class array could only be used to deal with a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint. It could only cause a certain degree of interference to a Supreme Saint of the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm. It would be meaningless if the array could be broken in a short time.

“A ninth-class array to deal with a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint would take a lot of time to carve the array patterns. It’s not something that can be set up in a short time.”

“It’s just a try. Even if it’s not useful, we won’t lose anything.

“Zhang Ruochen wasn’t sure if there was a cultivator who could take the Emperor-Grade Saintwill Pill from Yanluo clan.

He wasn’t even sure if the pill snatcher would head in this direction.

The array was to prepare one more move ahead.

After spending a long time together, Lord Xia Yu trusted Zhang Ruochen very much. She separated 100,000 spiritual power thoughts into 100,000 spiritual avatars and quickly carved the array patterns in this starfield.

Zhang Ruochen activated many Marks of Time to slow down the flow of time and buy more time for her.

In the distance away, as time passed, the brilliance emitted by the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection became dimmer and dimmer. It was like a star aging and fading away, losing its scorching energy.

The spiritual will of the Elixir Spirit was almost completely refined.

The forces gathered in the periphery began to get restless and slowly approached.

Nearly 1,000 Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan stood in a circle. Their bodies exploded with shocking power, causing the entire starry sky to tremble slightly.

With such power, even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint would feel intimidated.

Suddenly, a crimson flame appeared from the southern starry sky.

The cultivators looked over and realized that it was a meteor shower of cosmic dust and star fragments. It was burning with flames, and its speed was getting faster and faster.

Flaming boulders, flaming mountains, flaming star fragments...

The meteor shower covered the sky and the earth.

If it flew at a certain primitive world or a certain planet, it could destroy the world in an instant.

“It’s just a small trick. Pay attention to your defense and block them.”

As he shouted this, a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint of Yanluo clan took the lead and shot out a golden shield.

As the inscriptions on the Golden Shield appeared, it became eight thousand feet wide and ten thousand feet tall. It spun and flew, turning pieces of cosmic dust into dust.

Rumble

The Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan also attacked. Some used Saint Techniques, while others used saint weapons. They clashed with the meteor shower.

After setting up the array, Lord Xia Yu returned to Zhang Ruochen’s side. “A meteor shower can’t break through Yanluo clan’s defense. It’s a waste of energy.”

“No! The meteor shower can’t break through Yanluo clan’s defense, but it can use the least amount of manpower to create the biggest disturbance and hold back the most Yanluo clan’s Supreme Saints.”

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction of the meteor shower. Using the eye of truth, he saw the figure of the top two figures of the Fane of Barasingha, Hong Futu, in the distant starry sky.

Hong Futu transformed into his true form. He was a pure-blood divine beast. His body was more than 300 miles long, turning the starry sky around him into a sea of blood.

Every breath he took could stir up thousands of cosmic dust, sending them endlessly towards Yanluo clan.

“That’s a Bloodborne. It should be Hong Futu. He has also reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm. It seems like the Fane of Barasingha is the biggest enemy of our Bloodysky Clan during this Celestial-Hunting Festival,” said the Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Hong Futu, who had reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm, made even Lord Xia Yu feel that she was in a tough spot.

Once a pure-blood divine beast matured, it would be at least at the Pseudo-God Realm.

Hong Futu’s battle prowess in the same realm was definitely formidable.

“Since Hong Futu has made his move, then your guess is correct. Lan Ying must be nearby too,” Lord Xia Yu said solemnly.

The Supreme Saint Yi Xuan exclaimed, “Look, Wu Jiang and Netherclan’s dozen Hundred-shackle Realm Supreme Saints have made their move. There’s also Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong”

A large number of cultivators attacked Yanluo clan.

The clash of over 1,000 Supreme Saints erupted with earth-shattering energy waves that spread 100,000 miles away, forming a destructive energy tide.

Other than Yanluo clan Supreme Saints who formed a battle array in the central area, the other Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints did not dare to participate in the battle. They were afraid of getting injured. Once they were seriously injured, if they could not recover within 100 days, it would definitely affect the results of the Celestial-hunting battle.

No one, including the Infernal Court deities, expected the situation to develop to such a stage.

The Celestial-Hunting battle had just begun and the top elites of the ten clans were already engaged in a chaotic battle.

The elixir attendant revealed a worried expression. A battle of this scale could easily result in the death of a Supreme Saint.

The Fortune Palace's Black-robed High Priest smiled at him and said, "Just now, milord sent me an oracle, telling us not to interfere forcefully. Let them fight to see who is more capable and who can keep the Emperor-Grade Saintwill pill. Even if 100 Supreme Saints die, it doesn't matter."

The elixir attendant smiled bitterly and said, "In the eyes of a deity like Fukurokuju, a hundred ordinary Supreme Saints are not as powerful as a powerful Supreme Saint. Then, we shall wait and see what they can do. It is not an easy thing to snatch the Emperor-Grade Saintwill pill from the hands of Yanluo clan."

Yanluo Clan's 11 Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators, who had attained the Great Perfection stage, stood at 12 directions facing the lotus' Elixir Spirit together with Yan Wushen. They shot out Infernal Yama Qi and fused it in the Supreme Artifact in the shape of a ceremonial scepter.

The power of the Supreme Artifact turned the area within a thousand miles into a forbidden zone. If Neverwilt Realm and Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints got close, their lives would be in danger, and their Neverwithers physique would be crushed.

Just as the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection was about to be destroyed, a dot of light appeared out of thin air a hundred miles behind a Yanluo clan elite whose attainment was at the Great Perfection. It was nine lights and eighteen colors.

The speck of light grew larger and turned into a ball of colorful clouds.

The twelve elites of Yanluo clan instantly sensed something. Their eyes flashed with killing intent.

"How dare you covet the Emperor-Grade Saintwill pill? Kill him."

Yan Huangtu drew upon the power of the Supreme Artifact. In the ceremonial scepter-shaped artifact, it released a powerful

supreme-being power to hundred miles into the sky. The power condensed into a gigantic ceremonial scepter shape and slashed towards the nine-colored clouds.

Even an early-stage Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint would be severely injured if he got hit. He might even die.

The Supreme Power caused the stars to tremble.

Swoosh

The nine-colored clouds were as fast as light. Even the Supreme Power could not stop it. In an instant, it rushed behind a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint and formed a human shape.

It was an eight or nine-year-old child. His body was like a divine stone that shone brilliantly but released a monstrous killing aura.

The killing intent was simply too strong. It condensed into a corporeal form and turned into a bloody sword of slaughter.

Whoosh!

Before that Supreme Saint of the great perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm could even use any defensive techniques, his body was slashed in half by the sword.

However, the sword did not contain any power that could destroy the Saint Soul, life force, or spiritual will. Thus, the Supreme Saint was only severely injured and did not die.

Clearly, Lan Ying didn't want to become enemies with Yanluo clan.

Although he was a Spirit of Slaughter, he didn't only know how to kill. He knew the big picture. He also knew how to plan and create momentum. He knew how to hide his strength and bide his time.

In the distance, Zhang Ruochen, who had been observing, saw this scene clearly. He sighed in his heart.

'The Divine Fetus really lives up to his name. He has the power to kill a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm with one move.

‘What’s more terrifying is that it’s very shrewd.

‘This Celestial-Hunting battle will be the greatest challenge for me.. It will also be a trial that can cost my life.’

Chapter 2293: Revelation of Each's Power

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Lan Ying had long since hidden himself among the Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan. Furthermore, he had concealed himself from the perception of all the cultivators. This was precisely why he was able to injure a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Under Lan Ying's control, the Bloody Slaughter was like a streak of blood. In the blink of an eye, it pierced through the bodies of six Yanluo elites at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Although it was not fatal, it greatly reduced their battle prowess. In a short period, they were unable to refine the killing aura that invaded their bodies and recover to their peak condition.

Of course, Lan Ying's ability to succeed so easily was due solely to his own strength. It was also because the Yanluo's elites at the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage were all controlling Supreme Artifacts and refining the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection. They were caught off guard.

If Yanluo's elites and Lan Ying faced each other head-on, no matter how strong he was, defeating the seven Yanluo elite Supreme Saints at the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage would be a difficult task.

The seven elite Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm were injured in a row, which caused the power of the Supreme Artifact to be greatly reduced. Fortunately, the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection was almost completely refined.

“Quickly collect the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection and Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. I will deal with

Lan Ying.”

Yan Huangtu’s eyes were as cold as ice. He turned into a streak of golden light and rushed out to meet Lan Ying’s eighth sword strike.

The Bloody Slaughter was formed from the Qi of Slaughter and Divine Qi in Lan Ying. It contained the murderous intent of billions of ancient creatures. Even if he did not swing his sword down, he would only be suspended in the sky, it was enough to frighten cultivators below the Supreme Saint realm.

Even a Supreme Saint would be greatly affected when faced with the Bloody Slaughter. He would not be able to unleash 70% of his full power.

However, Yan Huangtu’s will was extremely firm. He accurately caught the flight path of the Bloody Slaughter and sent a punch over.

The fist and the tip of the sword clashed.

Slash!

The tip of the sword instantly pierced through Yan Huangtu’s skin and saint blood flowed out.

The sword aura of the Bloody Slaughter cut through the flesh of the right hand of the Yan Huangtu, revealing the golden finger bone and arm bone.

Yan Huangtu seemed to have no sense of pain as he roared loudly.

Instantly, the golden bone was covered in Nine Dragon Divine Marks.

Every single one of the Divine Marks was in the form of nine divine dragons. The number of Divine Marks was inexhaustible, as was the number of dragon shadows. It was as though there were billions of golden dragons flying out of his body domineeringly.

Bang!

The shockwave shattered the Bloody Slaughter, causing it to revert to a gaseous state.

The flesh on Yan Huangtu's arm grew back automatically, returning to its original state. However, the Nine Dragons Divine Marks continued to revolve around his body, emitting a divine light that illuminated the world.

It was a true divine light.

The nine dragon Divine Marks on his bones were not carved by a god. Instead, they grew out from his bones. They were the 'Royal Divine Frame', and their defensive power was unparalleled. Even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint would find it difficult to destroy his bones.

One was a Divine Fetus, and the other was a Royal Divine Frame. It could be said that when Yan Huangtu and Lan Ying were born, they already possessed God's Destiny. They had the potential to become the God of the Galactic and King of the Gods.

It was precisely because of this that Yang Huangtu and Lan Ying suppressed the Wujiang of Myriad Hands and Eyes during this period.

A strange smile appeared on Lan Ying's child-like face. He said, "Ever since I broke through to Supreme Saint Realm, I have been looking forward to fighting with you. Today, I finally have the chance to determine the victor."

Yan Huangtu glanced at a spot not too far away. He realized that the Elixir Spirit of the Lotus of Divine Reflection had been completely refined and was hidden in the body of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Yan Wushen and the three Supreme Saints at the peak of the Hundred-Shackle Realm were using the Supreme Artifact to collect Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

As long as he could stall Lan Ying for a while, Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill would belong to the Yanluo clan.

As for the outer forces, it was almost impossible for them to break through the Yanluo Clan's Supreme Saint formation in a short period. Naturally, there was nothing to be afraid of.

"Great! I've long had my objections about the ranking of Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-

Shackle Realm in the Realm of Star Ocean. Why are you ranked second while I'm ranked third? This ranking has to be changed!"

Yan Huangtu floated in the air, and the soles of its feet lightly stepped downwards.

Whoosh

A golden map unfolded beneath his feet. There were rivers and lakes, mountains and peaks, deserts and oceans... all sorts of landforms and structures were delicate, so fine that the outline of every tree's leaves on the mountain peak could be seen.

It was more like a world than a map.

Lan Ying's smile grew even wider as he said, "With the Qi of Yanluo, you've easily developed the world's map. It seems that you're only one step away from the Thousand-Koan Realm."

As he said this, Lan Ying spread out his right hand.

A nine-colored embryonic universe appeared in his palm. In the universe, numerous stars converged into galaxies. Some converged into rivers, some converged into flowers, and some looked like beautiful women...

Lan Ying lifted up the embryonic universe as if he was holding up a lamp. A deep expression appeared on his child-like face, he said, "The path you developed is only a world. I, on the other hand, have developed a universe. In terms of structure, you have already lost!"

Yan Huantu did not change his expression, he said, "The universe is boundless and the ocean of stars is shoreless. You don't know what the universe is, nor do you know where the edge of the universe is. How can you develop the universe? The universe you have developed is definitely not complete. Perhaps it has already walked on the wrong path."

"When the Grand Supreme preached the Path, he once shared an old tale. The ant asked the mole cricket how big the sky was and how thick the earth was. The ant said that the sky was three hundred and thirty meters high and the earth was three

hundred and thirty meters thick. You and I are unable to reach it.”

“In the universe, what is the difference between you and the ant? Don’t you find it ridiculous that an ant can change the sky and earth?”

An unnoticeable strange look flashed across Lan Ying’s eyes. Then, he actually directly threw the embryonic universe in his hand. Space trembled and the golden world under Yan Huangtu’s feet shattered.

“Good timing.”

Yan Huangtu sensed the enormous energy contained in the embryonic universe. He wrapped his arms around it, and a large number of Precepts flew to the top of his head. They condensed into the shape of the sun and moon, which resonated with the golden land under his feet.

The Sun and Moon revolved and collided with the embryonic universe.

Rumble

The embryonic universe shattered and turned into a star fog the moment they touched.

“This...”

Yan Huangtu found it hard to understand. How could Lan Ying’s attack be so easily broken?

In almost an instant, Yan Huangtu realized that something was wrong.

The star fog formed after the embryonic universe shattered and enveloped the Yan Huangtu and the golden world that he had developed.

Each wisp of fog had the Precepts and the inscription of the array. It was tougher than the sacred chains and trapped Yan Huangtu like a cage.

“I originally wanted to fight you to see who would win today. However, I care more about Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. This battle can only be decided next time.”

Lan Ying's eyes shone with an evil light as he said this. Then, he used his fastest speed to rush out.

He was very clear that the star fog could only trap Yan Huangtu for a moment.

And he had to snatch away Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill at that moment. Otherwise, he would never have another chance.

"You guys keep taking it. I'll go block Lan Ying."

After saying this, Yan Wushen retreated and charged at Lan Ying decisively. As he flew, his body grew larger, turning into a Golden Giant Mode.

His body shone with golden light, and there were no pores on his skin.

"You won't be able to block me for even a second."

Lan Ying smiled maliciously. As he charged forward, he raised his right arm.

It was just a right arm, but it was like a divine sword that could split the world. It contained an unparalleled sword intent. Sharp Sword Qi shot out from the tips of his five fingers.

"Not good, Lan Ying used the Murderous Bane!"

The expressions of Yanluo Clan's Supreme Saints changed. They immediately rushed over, worried for Yan Wushen.

The Murderous Bane was even more terrifying than the Bloody Slaughter.

One Bloody Slaughter could injure seven Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

How could Yan Wushen, who was only in the Neverwilt Realm, block the Murderous Bane?

Unfortunately, a slow remedy does not address the current emergency. Lan Ying and Yan Wushen had already clashed together.

One stood 31 meters tall, like a colossal Vajra God. The other resembled a child. His body glowed with nine lights and

eighteen different colors. He was quick and agile. He waved his sword... no, his arm, slicing toward Yan Wushen's neck.

"I was going to cut off Zhang Ruochen's Demigod-level physique. Since I met you first, I'll break your Half-Buddha Physique. The biggest difference between you and Zhang Ruochen is that you were born in the Yanluo clan, so you won't die."

Lan Ying's arm was about to cut off Yan Wushen's neck.

Suddenly, he lowered his arm and cut at Yan Wushen's left shoulder. As his arm fell, the smile in Lan Ying's eyes became even more intense.

"How can it be so easy to break my Half-Buddha Physique?"

Yan Wushen, who was originally much slower than Lan Ying, snorted and a circle of Rainbow Buddhist light appeared between his brows. In the depths of the circle of Buddhist light, a stone bridge was suspended there. It seemed to exist in Yan Wushen's Sea of Qi, but it also seemed to exist in a certain place in the vast universe.

"Impossible. How could the Yanluo Clan bring two Supreme Artifacts into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?" A look of disbelief appeared in Lan Ying's eyes.

Scepter of Heaven's Pass was here, why did the Bridge of Vaitarna appear as well?

Whoosh

A beam of light of death condensed on The Bridge of Vaitarna. It flew out from between Yan Wushen's brows and landed close to Lan Ying.

Lan Ying had no choice but to retract his arm and hack his way towards the death ray.

Rumble

It was only a stalemate for an instant before the death ray was shattered by Lan Ying.

The difference in cultivation level was too great. Even if Yan Wushen's calculations were deeper than Lan Ying's, it was

still impossible for him to defeat him.

However, he managed to seize this moment, giving Yan Wushen the time to neutralize the Murderous Bane. He used the Power of Dimension to distort the space, causing the sword strike from Lan Ying's arm to only slash past him.

Even so, the sword Qi from the Murderous Bane still forced Yan Wushen back more than ten miles, unable to stop Lan Ying anymore.

“To be able to take one strike from me and still be able to escape unscathed. You are indeed worthy of being called a Yuanhui level genius. I look forward to your growth as soon as possible.”

Lan Ying laughed lightly and flew towards the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

‘Yan Wushen knew that he could no longer stop Lan Ying. ‘With my current cultivation level, if I were to face him head-on, I definitely wouldn’t be able to block the five of Lan Ying’s attack,’ he thought to himself as he stared at his back.

Yan Wushen was very clear that facing Lan Ying head-on was actually the easiest.

That was because everyone was in the open. Even if they could not defeat him, they would still have a certain degree of confidence in surviving with the profoundness of the Path of Dimension.

However, the scariest thing was that Lan Ying did not fight him head-on. Instead, he hid in the dark and attempted to assassinate him. In that case, he felt that he could not even survive.

‘I have to break through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm as soon as possible, no matter the cost,’ Yan Wushen thought to himself.

Lan Ying easily neutralized the attack power of the three Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Then, he used the three Bloody Slaughters to send them all flying.

Then, he reached out his hand to retrieve Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Although the Elixir Spirit of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill had been refined, its power was still extremely strong. The closer Lan Ying's hand got, the stronger the obstruction.

However, how could the obstruction stop Lan Ying?

The hand got closer and closer.

The Yan Huangtu broke through the star fog, but it was too late. I could only watch this scene.

When the other cultivators vying for Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill saw that it was about to fall into Lan Ying's hands, they all stopped fighting. Their eyes were filled with helplessness and apprehension.

“So many elites of the Yanluo Clan can't stop Lan Ying. The Divine Fetus is too terrifying. If Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen don't succeed, they'll definitely be defeated by him. He'll become the most dazzling genius of this Yuanhui period.”

Lady Wind thought to herself, ‘if I can invite Lan Ying to help me, won't the position of the Scioness of Destiny be easy to get?’

Lan Ying was also a member of the lower-three clans.

However, Lan Ying was even more difficult to invite than Zhang Ruochen. She had been rejected many times, and all the gifts she had sent had been returned. It was as if nothing in the world could move his heart.

Zhang Ruochen also had a weakness of being lustful. So a beauty trap could break through his heart.

But Lan Ying had no weakness. He was someone that no one could invite.

Just as everyone expected Lan Ying to take Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, another hand reached out and grabbed it before him.

Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill's obstruction didn't seem to exist to him.

Whoosh

The owner of that hand appeared out of thin air. No one could see what he looked like. He was just a black figure. He was as skinny as a stick and as tall as a bamboo pole.

Lan Ying, who was close by, was slightly startled. Then, his eyes became extremely cold.

Pursue a narrow gain while neglecting a greater danger.

He assumed he had the upper hand, but he had no idea that another person was lurking around the corner.

No matter who it was, whoever dared to plunder his prize would be punished with death.

“Courting death.”

Lan Ying once again condensed the Murderous Bane.. He raised his arm, which was emitting nine lights and eighteen colors, and slashed at the black figure.

Chapter 2294: Que, Ranked First on the List of Cultivators Achieved Great Perfection Stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm

Swoosh

Lan Ying's arm was cut off and sent flying.

Everyone was too far away, so no one could see clearly what the black figure was doing?

Every cultivator was so shocked that their hearts were trembling.

That... That was Lan Ying. The person who was able to defeat the Yanluo Clan's 12 great elites by himself had his arm severed in just one meeting.

Earlier, Lan Ying had used the Murderous Bane. Since he dared to use his arm as a sword, it meant that he was confident that his arm was tougher and sharper than a Regal Artifact.

'How terrifying.' All the cultivators who saw this thought appeared in their minds.

Lan Ying was sent flying for dozens of kilometers. He couldn't believe his eyes when he saw the tall and thin black figure holding Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. He had never thought that there would be a cultivator who could hurt him in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Whish

The broken arm that was sent flying gave off an intense nine-and-eighteen-colored light. Then, it disintegrated and turned into creeks of air that flew back to the wound on Lan Ying's shoulder.

A new arm grew back.

"Interesting! Tell me, who are you?" Lan Ying asked with an evil grin.

Obviously, he wasn't hurt by the broken arm.

There was no response.

Without a sound, the black figure disappeared.

Everything that happened just now happened in a very short period. The black figure only appeared in the blink of an eye.

Only a few of those in the pinnacle of Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints saw him and felt his presence.

As for the cultivators who were watching the projection through the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, most of them did not see him. They had no idea what had just happened.

It was too fast!

“Did Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill get taken away by Lan Ying?”

“What happened just now? I think I saw Lan Ying being sent flying.” A Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint from the Infernal Court who could not participate in the Celestial-Hunting Festival stared at the projection in the sky and asked curiously.

“Are you hallucinating? Lan Ying has been standing on the same spot the entire time. Who could hurt him on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?”

“You’re right. It seems like Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill has fallen into Lan Ying’s hands.”

...

At this moment, Lan Ying’s expression was extremely stern. He shouted coldly, “You want to leave? Dream on.”

Whoosh

Nine-colored light burst out from Lan Ying and illuminated the entire universe. It turned into a nine-colored nebula and instantly spread across tens of thousands of miles. Many cultivators watching the projection couldn’t open their eyes.

Countless precepts of heaven and earth became completely active. With him at the center, they trembled slightly.

The ripples spread over 100,000 miles.

At the same time, Lan Ying's eyes turned into nine-colored divine eyes. A large amount of Ashura divine qi turned into dragon-snake form and circulated around his body. A terrifying aura completely burst out.

At this moment, Lan Ying finally became serious.

When all the cultivators present used their own methods to find the black figure, Zhang Ruochen stood in the Ninth Stratum Array set up by Lord Xia Yu and immediately released the Realm-frame of Truth, The Spatial Domain, and Null Time realm.

"It's him. He did participate in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. But who is he?" Zhang Ruochen was very confused.

With such powerful cultivation, it was obvious that he must be ranked first on the list of Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

That black figure was Que. His name means insufficient.

If that's the case, why didn't Que attend the Celestial-Hunting Festival? Why didn't he take the first row?

Was it because he was low-key?

Or did he have other tasks?

After all, the purpose of entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was to hunt Celestial Captives. They wanted to be high-profile and show off their power in front of others. Hiding their identity and keeping a low profile seemed too deliberate.

He would not have appeared if it hadn't been for Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan were still in a daze. Earlier, the other cultivators did not understand what had happened. However, with their cultivation, they saw it clearly.

There were cultivators below the Thousand-Koan Realm who could cut off the arm of the Lan Ying?

Their first thought was, 'Is that black figure a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint among the Celestial Captives?'

“Get ready, he’s here!”

Zhang Ruochen shouted softly. His face was full of joy, but his eyes were full of caution.

He was right. After taking Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he had broken out of the encirclement from this direction.

Even someone as powerful as Que did not dare to fight against so many Supreme Saint powerhouses alone. He had to escape.

At that moment, Lord Xia Yu had already sensed an extremely weak aura intruding into the formation she had set up.

The aura was so weak that it was as if a mosquito had intruded into a planet with a diameter of a thousand miles.

Fortunately, this was the void of the universe, so it was impossible for there to be such fluctuations. Furthermore, the array had been set up beforehand, so Lord Xia Yu was able to sense it. If it was in a certain living Macroworld, Lord Xia Yu might not even be able to sense Que’s presence at all.

Lord Xia Yu released her spiritual power and formed a seal with her hands. Instantly, a Ninth Stratum Array appeared. Dense array inscriptions interweaved and condensed into a sea of fire formed from the Grim Soul-devouring Flame.

After all, Lord Xia Yu was one of the top elites below the Thousand-Koan Realm, and she had set up the array in advance.

Even though Que was extremely powerful, he was forced to reveal himself by the array.

“Haha! Zhang Ruochen, you’re really amazing. This kid actually barged into the formation on his own.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan wasn’t afraid. Instead, he was extremely excited. He formed a palm with his right hand and released crystalized icy ley lines that spread out like an icy spider web.

In his eyes, no matter how powerful you were, you were only in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How Brilliant could you be?

You might not be a match for him in a one-on-one fight.

But who was easier to annoy, him, Lord Xia Yu, or Zhang Ruochen?

How could the combined power of three powerful figures not take care of you?

Que was still just a black figure. His appearance couldn't be seen clearly. He only spoke in a cold tone, "Zhang Ruochen, you didn't disappoint me too much to be able to set up here in advance and figure out my movements. Unfortunately, this array is far from enough to deal with me."

Boom

Que pointed out with his finger. Instantly, the inscriptions in the array broke one by one and disappeared.

A Ninth Stratum Array that could suppress Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints was like paper in front of him.

Lord Xia Yu controlled the technique formation and condensed the Grim Soul-devouring Flame into a flaming storm. She took the initiative to attack Que.

The Grim Soul-devouring Flame was Lord Xia Yu's trump card. It was the fire of absolute Yin and evil. Under the support of the Ninth Stratum Array, its power was even more terrifying. Even elites like Wujiang and Yan Huangtu would not choose to clash head-on with her, most likely, they would not choose to clash head-on with her.

Lord Xia Yu's battle strength was at the top of the Thousand-Koan Realm. The array had pushed her battle strength up another step.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Que's speed was terrifying. He used all his strength to mobilize the Power of Dimension, Time, and the Realm-frame of Truth to suppress Que's speed and power.

Zhang Ruochen had already distorted many spaces and set up Dimensional Traps in the area where the Ninth Stratum Array was located.

The Power of Time surrounded Que, slowing down the flow of time there.

Zhang Ruochen thought that such a strict arrangement was enough to deal with a powerhouse like Lan Ying. However, Que, who was standing in the array, was unusually calm.

“Zhang Ruochen, with your current Time and Dimension attainments, it seems to me that you are just a piece of cake. Don’t show off in front of me before condensing the Time and Dimension Saintwill. Otherwise, I will look down on you even more. In comparison, Xia Yu’s Grim Soul-devouring Flame plus the array can make me take you more seriously.” said Que.

Que turned into a black creek of light and flew in a straight line in the Ninth Stratum Array, crashing into the Grim Soul-devouring Flame storm.

Bang Bang

The distorted space and Dimensional Traps that Zhang Ruochen had set up in advance did not affect him at all.

Even the Power of Time only reduced his speed by half.

The reduced speed was still far faster than Zhang Ruochen, Lord Xia Yu, and Supreme Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Time Saint Soul and mobilized the dense Precepts of Time. He kept pointing his finger at Que. As long as Que was hit, time in his space would stop for a short while.

Time had stopped, which meant that no matter how fast Que ran, he had to come to a halt.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

...

Que easily dodged Zhang Ruochen’s Power of Time. He couldn’t lock onto it at all.

Que’s figure collided with the Grim Soul-devouring Flame storm.

He had thought that there would be an earth-shattering impact, but the Grim Soul-devouring Flame seemed to have been

swallowed and disappeared without a trace.

“Impossible!” Lord Xia Yu blurted out in shock.

It wasn't easy for even a mid or late-stage Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Koan Realm to take her attack, let alone a Supreme Saint of the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. How could it be resolved without a sound?

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, who was hiding behind the Grim Soul-devouring Flame, couldn't care less. He struck out with the Frozen Universe Palm that he had formed a long time ago.

In front of the palm strike, cold air soared into the sky. Large amounts of ice crystals appeared and formed many icy mountain ridges that extended towards the gap.

These were real icy mountain ridges. There were mountain peaks, an abyss, and a bone-piercing killing intent from the palm.

Lord Xia Yu and the Supreme Saint Yi Xuan did not attack because they owed it to them. Instead, they used a combination of attacks. There was no time lag, and they did not give Que a chance to catch their breath.

Only by using this method would they have a chance to defeat it.

However, no matter how well-prepared they were, they were still a little too optimistic. The mountain ranges of ice and snow shattered as soon as the Supreme Saint Yi Xuan struck out with his palm.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan's vision blurred. He did not know what kind of attack he had received. It was as if his chest had been hit by a sacred mountain. He was sent flying. His ribs were shattered, his body collapsed, and his internal organs turned into a bloody mess, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Fortunately, he had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. If he had been in his previous realm, his body would have been blown up by this attack.

The third wave of attack, which had no time gap, was launched by Zhang Ruochen.

Whish

Zhang Ruochen activated the Yanshen's Leg, which turned into a red light column to attack Que in place of Supreme Supreme Saint Yi Xuan.

Que punched out a simple punch and hit the bottom of Zhang Ruochen's foot.

The divine power contained in the Yanshen's Leg was dissolved in an instant. An overwhelming power hit Zhang Ruochen in the opposite direction, and his body flew backward at an even faster speed.

"Not only the Path of Oblivion, but the power is also so terrifying."

Zhang Ruochen cursed in his heart. He immediately folded the ten golden wings on his back and wrapped them into a golden ball.

Sure enough, the golden ball was struck by an extremely bright black light the next moment.

The golden ball spun rapidly, accompanied by a layer of spatial light fog.

When the black light pierced through the spatial light fog, the power was reduced by more than half. When it landed on the Golden Ball, it dissolved part of the power because of the rapid rotation of the ball.

Boom

The golden ball flew out, and drops of golden blood spilled out.

Zhang Ruochen only dissolved the power contained in the black light after flying for 300 miles. The golden ball opened and revealed itself. Its face was extremely pale, and two of its golden wings were badly mutilated.

Although it suffered serious internal injuries, it did not hurt its root.

In fact, in the eyes of many spectators, Zhang Ruochen was already quite impressive. It must be known that even with Lan

Ying's cultivation, he would lose an arm if he was caught off guard by an attack from Que. Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, who had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, was severely injured in an instant.

It could be said that it was already a great achievement to survive an attack from Que.

Zhang Ruochen had his own analysis. Que was indeed powerful, but he was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm after all. If he was so powerful that he couldn't be defeated, why did he run away after taking the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?

It meant that the top elites in the Hundred-Shackle Realm still had the power to threaten him.

Even if he was ranked first, the difference between him and Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang might not be that big. The top ten elites might be able to fight him. After all, they were not simple characters. They represented the ultimate strength below the Thousand-Koan Realm.

However, Zhang Ruochen had underestimated Que's speed and the strangeness of the Path of Oblivion.

He had mistakenly thought that Que's strength would be his weakness.

It turned out that Que's strength was far superior to battle Warlord Mara, who had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He could easily defeat Zhang Ruochen's Yan Shen leg. It was very likely that he was also number one below the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Warlord Mara was below the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He was the representative of Pure Power Masters. Except for a few cultivators, very few Supreme Saints dared to confront him directly.

Because Zhang Ruochen and the others, Lan Ying, Yanhuang Tu, Wujiang, Luo Shengtian, Supreme Saint Yanhong, Lady Wind, and Lord Bladehell had chased him from eight different directions.

Other cultivators didn't dare to make an enemy out of Que.

Supreme Saint Yan Hong and Xu had already formed an alliance, while Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind were another alliance. They dared to attack and had a certain amount of confidence in taking Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill because they worked together.

Que broke through the Ninth Stratum Array and immediately escaped.

A light appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. He condensed a Spatial Wormhole Mirror and activated a large amount of Mark of Time light spots in the world. He shot them in.

His palm condensed a special Mark of Time from the Precept of Time. He hid it in it and flew out.

He had only recently realized that the Mark of Time light spot wasn't captured from Celestial Court and earth. It was condensed from his own Precept of Time. It was a new time created.

It was his time.

It was called the "Self-Definite Mark of Time".

Whoosh

Behind Que, a Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared.

The dots of light from the Mark of Time flew toward him like a rain of light.

...

Chapter 2295: Home Planet

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

“This again? If you only have this bit of power, it means that you, as a Master of Time, have failed quite a bit.”

Que didn’t even look back. He ignored the light spots of Marks of Time coming from behind.

Whoosh

As soon as the dense light spots of Marks of Time approached him, they immediately dimmed and then disappeared. Like the lights being extinguished, they did not cause any damage to him.

Only the “Self-Defined Mark of Time” condensed by Zhang Ruochen using his Precepts of Time silently touched his body.

The Marks of Time existed everywhere in the world, including in Que’s body.

When a special Marks of Time fell on the body, it was almost imperceptible.

The other cultivators were unaware of the “Self-Defined Mark of Time”. Seeing that Zhang Ruochen’s Mark of Time was dissolved without any counter-measures, they all gasped.

What level was he?

Was he really only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm?

Was the Power of Time so weak?

To deal with Zhang Ruochen, many cultivators in the Infernal Court were thinking of ways to suppress the Power of Time. They had indeed thought of some ways, but it required a lot of manpower and material resources, and they needed to make careful arrangements.

It was beyond their understanding that Que easily dissolved the Power of Time.

Only a few cultivators thought of the Path of Oblivion at the first moment, and their faces became more serious.

Lord Xia Yu's eyes showed a deep sense of powerlessness, she sighed and said, "He's the person you're talking about, right? It seemed that everyone was wrong, including the gods. Que of first place on the list of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was a person, a living person. He was too powerful. It was impossible to defeat him. Is there anyone in the Thousand-Koan Realm who can be his match?"

In her opinion, Que was no longer invincible in the same realm. He was invincible even if he crossed a realm.

Even if Zhang Ruochen, a genius of the Yuanhui level, cultivated to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he might not be his match.

Zhang Ruochen said, "He may not be as powerful as you think. What you see is just the tip of an iceberg."

Lord Xia Yu looked sideways, she said, "Just now, the three of us kept unleashing the most powerful combined attacks. Even Lan Ying and Yan Wushen might not be able to withstand it. However, he easily dispelled it. This means he's a lot stronger than us, and he's also a lot stronger than Lan Ying and Yan Wushen. All the cultivators attending the festival are on a completely different level from him."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "You think that the combined attacks of the three of us can fight against Lan Ying and Yan Wushen. That's because you know their strength and their height.

"However, you know nothing about Que.

"There is no information and records of Que's battle achievements. It is precisely because of this that you feel that he is as unfathomable as the abyss and as tall as a mountain, unable to see the top. You feel that he is already undefeatable. Even before the official fight, your heart has already been crushed. In terms of the state of mind, you have already lost.

"You stood at the apex of the Abyss, looking down. There was a white fog 33 meters below. There was no way to see all the

way to the bottom. Fear was pounding in your chest. However, if you saw that the abyss was only 33 meters deep when the weather was clear, you'd have a good idea of how deep it was. That fear would be significantly reduced."

Lord Xia Yu couldn't understand why Zhang Ruochen was so optimistic, she said, "You think that Que's strength is not much stronger than Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu? However, the three of us, you, and the Supreme Saint Yi Xuan have worked together and made arrangements in advance. They were all easily defeated by him. Moreover, the Power of Time that you used just now was also silently neutralized by him. His various methods have reached an unimaginable level."

Zhang Ruochen said, "The fog that hides the abyss makes it difficult for people to see its depth. However, the abyss is very clear about its depth. That's why Que chose to run away when he was being chased by the eight powerhouses, instead of staying behind to defeat them all and further expand his battle achievements."

As he said this, Zhang Ruochen pointed in the direction where Que escaped. Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, and the others were chasing after him.

Lord Xia Yu said, "Even if what you said is correct, Que's strength is unquestionably superior to Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu. We can't beat him because he's an absolute superior. He deserved to be ranked first in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage. His strength will undoubtedly increase with the assistance of Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill."

Lord Xia Yu continued, "You're just jealous and afraid. You're afraid that you won't be his match even if you cultivate the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Your reputation as a Yuanhui level genius will be taken away."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed and he smiled indifferently when he heard this. "One of these days, I'll defeat him myself. I'll tell you that there isn't an enemy you can't defeat. The only thing you can't beat is yourself. Set aside everything else. Let us travel to the home planet of the Immortal Vampires."

In the pitch-black void.

The elixir attendant and Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest stood side by side.

When Que appeared, their expressions revealed shock, confusion, and astonishment. They both recovered after a long time.

The elixir attendant sighed and said, "I didn't expect so many monsters to be born in the Infernal Court in this thousand years. They can be called the golden generation of this Yuanhui period. What's the origin of the Master of Oblivion?"

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest, shook his head and smiled bitterly. He said, "I'm not sure! He didn't appear at the festival, but he appeared at the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. This is very strange."

The elixir attendant was surprised. "Isn't he one of the ten thousand cultivators attending the festival of the ten clans?"

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest, nodded, said, "In the hundred years since the Celestial-Hunting Festival, there has never been such a special case. Since even I don't know about his existence, it can only mean that he must have a deity-level figure behind him. His appearance on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting must also have a special meaning."

"A cultivator who shouldn't have appeared on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting appeared miraculously," said the elixir attendant. "Furthermore, no deity took action to kill him. In other words, he violates the rules?"

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest said, "The Battle of Celestial-Hunting represents many meanings. The cultivators of the ten clans are fighting for the distribution of their own interests. The three candidates are fighting for the position of Scioness. Including Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, Lan Ying, and Yan Huangtu... Every cultivator has a reason to participate in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. I'm very curious now. What was Que's?"

The elixir attendant said, "Now that Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill has fallen into Que's hands, this pill battle should come to an end. Aren't you going to stop them?"

Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest nodded slightly. Just as he was about to attack, he suddenly heard a voice transmission. He immediately showed a respectful expression and listened attentively.

"I understand. So that's how it is."

After listening to the voice transmission, Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest gave up, he said to the elixir attendant beside him, "I already understand Que's appearance on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. The deity has issued an order. On the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, there's no need to interfere with the matters of Que, Zhang Ruochen, and Yan Wushen. The three of them aren't within the rules of Celestial-Hunting."

The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was vast and boundless. It was filled with star fog and was six-colored.

The Immortal Vampires' home planet had a diameter of 30,000 miles.

Standing in the starry sky, there were ten continents and a blood-red ocean on the planet. It was like a huge blood-red eyeball that was flying from east to west.

There were a total of 240 million Immortal Vampires on the Immortal Vampires' home planet. They had established cities and civilizations.

Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell went after Que and failed. After returning to the home planet, they immediately contacted the leaders of the ten Clans, including Zhang Ruochen.

After some discussion, they named the ten continents of the home planet after the titles of the Ten Clans: Azureky, Yellowsky, Qitian, Demonsky, Bloodysky...

Each clan was responsible for a continent.

For example, there were 30 million Immortal Vampires on the Bloodysky Continent guarded by the Bloodysky Clan. If the Bloodysky Continent was invaded by Celestial Captives and ten clansmen died, one point would be deducted.

This point would be deducted from the Bloodysky Clan.

If the entire clansmen were killed on the Bloodysky Continent, half of the Bloodysky Clan's total points would be deducted and given to the other nine clans.

Zhang Ruochen led the 98 Supreme Saints of the Bloodysky Clan and the two saint kings who had failed to break through to the Bloodysky Continent. Then, Zhang Ruochen told them the details of the discussion.

In the mansion of the governor of Cloud City, the largest city on the Bloodysky Continent, all the powerful figures of the Bloodysky Clan gathered in the lobby.

Lord Xia Yu's face was cold, she said, "The ten great clans will be in charge of a continent. This will divide the powers between the clans and increase competition and internal conflicts. If they were attacked by the Celestial Captives, the other nine great Clans might stand idly by. Lord Bladehell and Queen Wind are making a huge mistake."

Gu Chenzi said, "There's nothing we can do about it. The ten great clans are in competition with each other."

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said indignantly, "What do you mean there's nothing we can do about it? Why should the Immortal Vampires want Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind to make the decision? There are so many powerful figures in our Bloodysky Clan. Can't we seize power? I support Zhang Ruochen to be the leader of the entire Immortal Vampires!"

Gu Chenzi said, "It's useless for you to support him. If we seize power now, it will be an internal conflict. Even if we succeed, the Immortal Vampires will be greatly weakened, and the internal conflict will increase. Isn't this a joke for the other nine clans?"

...

Just as they were arguing endlessly, Zhang Ruochen finally spoke, he said, "Stop arguing. Everyone listened to my arrangements. Lord Xia Yu, immediately contact the array masters of the ten great clans and set up a Defensive Array, a Cloaking Array, and an Offensive Array in the outer space of our planet. This is something that the leaders of the ten great

clans and I have discussed beforehand. There should be no opposition. You are the Immortal Vampires' most powerful Array Master. You'll be in charge of this situation.

"Gu Chenzi, search every secret hideout on the continent carefully. Find all the Celestial Captives hiding on the continent and kill them without mercy.

"Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, you will lead all of the Bloodysky Clan's Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm to the Cosmic Battlefield to kill the Celestial Captives and earn points for our clan. How are your injuries healing?"

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan stood up abruptly. His external injuries had already healed, and he was full of energy. He said, "I am a Supreme Saint of the Immortal Vampires. Sucking more saint blood is more effective than taking healing pills. As long as I don't meet Celestial Captives of the Thousand-Koan Realm, I promise to kill them all."

Zhang Ruochen nodded, and he continued to give orders. "Xueqi, you will lead all the spiritual-power Supreme Saints of the Bloodysky Clan to form an intelligence group to investigate the Celestial Captives' whereabouts. Then, you will send a message to Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and let them finish them off. In addition, we must closely monitor the movements of the other nine clans and find the location of their home planet. Remember, safety first."

"Those cultivators who have just broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm should stay in the Bloodysky Continent for the time being. After their realms have been consolidated, they will hunt the Celestial Captives."

...

The orders were given one after another, and everyone began to take action.

Everyone knew very well that Zhang Ruochen had taken a cautious and steady approach. This way, he might get fewer points, but it was safer.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Supreme Inscription in the gourd and activated the Supreme Power. He subdued 3 Quasi-

Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills, 37 King Grade Saintwill Pills, and 458 top-tier Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills.

Then, he sent the cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan who had just broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm into the Violet Gourd to cultivate.

With the help of the Godstones, the time ratio in the gourd could reach 1:9.

Unfortunately, the Sundial could not be brought into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen would have a greater time advantage.

“According to Lady Wind, only Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu are still pursuing Que. With their hindrance, Que should not be able to consume Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill in a short time. I still have a chance. However, before that, I must break through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

Even if Que could get rid of Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu, Zhang Ruochen predicted that he wouldn't be able to take Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill anytime soon.

First of all, Que must have condensed the Saintwill in the Path he was best at. If he wanted to take Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he had to cultivate another Path shortly.

Only by cultivating a single Path to an extremely profound level could it be meaningful to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Zhang Ruochen didn't think that Que could cultivate a single path to produce a Grade Three Saintwill. The only worry was that Que had already condensed nine types of saintwill. With Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he had condensed the tenth type.

A Supreme Saint condensing the tenth type of saintwill meant that he had surpassed the Ancients and was of epoch-making significance.

No one knew if condensing the tenth type of saintwill would obtain some special power and change?

After all, a cultivator who broke the limit would definitely be favored by Heaven.

Secondly, Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was essentially equivalent to a Supreme Saint. Even if the spiritual will of the Elixir Spirit had been refined, it would still be difficult to refine it with the cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Even if Zhang Ruochen got Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he didn't dare to take it on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. If he was disturbed, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"I hope the Ampliofruit can help me break the shackles."

Zhang Ruochen took out an Ampliofruit and held it in his hand. His eyes were blurred, and his heart was filled with anticipation.

Zhang Ruochen had consumed a cauldron of Fugue Pills before entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting because he couldn't bring any pills in. They numbered in the hundreds.

The medicinal effect of the Fugue Pills couldn't be digested in a short period, so it was all sealed and suppressed by Zhang Ruochen in his blood vessels and heart. Only when the shackle was broken would part of the seal be broken and the efficacy is released.

Besides the Fugue Pills, Zhang Ruochen also swallowed a lot of substandard soul pills, which could improve Spirit, and King Grade pills with healing effects. All of their efficacy was still sealed.

This was a loophole in the rules of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting!

Any cultivator with a bit of brain would do this.

Of course, not every cultivator had a body as strong as Zhang Ruochen's, who could withstand the effects of so many pills and the impact of the Elixir Spirit on his body.

Chapter 2296: Into the Hundred-Shackle Realm

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Zhang Ruochen's first shackle was located in his right arm and embedded in the fascia. It was like an iron chain wrapped around his wrist, restricting the power of his right arm and locking the powerful divine power contained in the demigod body.

Because his physical body was strong, Zhang Ruochen's shackles were also tougher.

It was not until he drank "The Twelve Blossoms" that he showed signs of weakening.

It had been two hours since he swallowed the Ampliofruit. Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Divine Purification Flame to refine it with all his might, and then he performed the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture to absorb it speedily.

At the same time, he unsealed part of the Elixir Qi from the Fugue Pill locked inside his heart.

The Elixir Qi fused with the blood and surged toward his right arm like a tide, constantly battering at the shackle.

"Break!"

Zhang Ruochen shouted.

BANG!

A clap of divine thunder came from his body. His bones shook while the Saint Qi and divine flames transformed into circles of ripples that spread in all directions.

It was not broken.

The shackle remained tough.

"Break!"

Zhang Ruochen attacked again. The power in his body burst out and dispersed like clouds and mist.

The first shackle was like a bowstring stretched to its limits, and it let out a frightening sound.

But he failed again and could not break it.

“Break!”

Zhang Ruochen persevered and continued his onslaught.

“Break!”

“Break!”

...

Even with Zhang Ruochen’s powerful physical body, he could not withstand the tenth attack. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

“I’m almost there. I have to break it no matter the cost and enter into the Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and did not give up. He continued to attack.

“Break!”

“Break!”

...

After attacking consecutively for the 15th time, cracks developed on Zhang Ruochen’s skin. Blood dripped from his pores. Even his Saint Soul was damaged, showing signs of cracking.

Zhang Ruochen’s physique was amazing. He had also taken Divine Herbs before so he recovered at an exceedingly fast rate.

Therefore, he wasn’t afraid of hurting his origin and continued his attacks.

The first shackle had become very fragile. He needed to break it off in one go. If he gave up now, all his previous efforts would be wasted.

“Break it.”

Zhang Ruochen shouted loudly. He gathered all the power in his body and struck hard against the shackle.

He had experienced the process of breaking the shackle countless times, but this time, he felt an unrestrained tide of energy flowing within. His right arm felt like an unstoppable flood that had broken through the bank.

BANG!

Like a bowstring being pulled apart, a deafening sound came from Zhang Ruochen's body.

Then, Zhang Ruochen felt his body becoming lighter. It was as if the chains that had once bound him had broken. His body became relaxed and his Saint Soul was set free.

The first shackle was finally broken.

He had successfully broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm!

From now on, Zhang Ruochen would be considered a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint.

His entire body was covered in blood and sweat. His right arm was in so much pain that it was on the verge of splitting apart. His flesh was badly mangled, but it was still full of power. Rays of divine Qi and multicolored light spread out and shone in the realm space within Violet Gourd.

The demigod's blood boiled over, and the divine force of the demigod body was released.

Zhang Ruochen slowly raised his right hand and gathered it above his head.

The wound on his arm that was emitting the bloody divine light healed quickly. It quickly became as good as new. His skin was crystal clear, and his blood flowed like a river.

"Divine force... I can finally release a portion of my divine force. Before this, I possessed a demigod body, but the divine force I can use is very limited."

He felt that he could unleash a devastating attack with a casual sweep of his palm.

The Thousand-Koan Realm elephant souls in his right arm quieted down. They didn't bring adverse effects to their master like before.

"Now that I've broken the first shackle, the next shackle should be much easier." Zhang Ruochen looked at his right arm with satisfaction. He really wanted to test his might with a Great Perfection elite of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

However, he restrained himself and continued to meditate and practice.

The Ampliofruit was very precious. Its most important function was not to assist in breaking the shackle but to help him comprehend high-level Saint Techniques.

Since he had swallowed one, he naturally could not let it be wasted.

Because Zhang Ruochen wanted to cultivate the "Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill" with all his strength, he mainly focused on practicing the Luoshui Fist technique, Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, Divine Purification Flame, Incarceration of Divine Demon, and Yanshen's Leg, while his swordsmanship and the paths of space and time were temporarily put aside.

His Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike had reached a bottleneck period.

The practice of Divine Purification Flame needed to be done step by step. It was very difficult to be mastered immediately.

Meanwhile, there were no practicing methods for the Luoshui Fist technique. He could only use his own understanding of the fist technique to further deduce the practice methods.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen ultimately decided to continue practicing Incarceration of Divine Demon with the power of the Ampliofruit.

Instead of being greedy, it was better to practice a Saint Technique to perfection.

One move that he could utilize in every battle.

The Incarceration of Divine Demon had already reached the fifth tier of high-level Thousand-Koan Saint Technique. It was unrealistic to advance it to the sixth level in a short time.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen's idea was to combine the Incarceration of Divine Demon and the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King.

He put his hands together.

Whoosh

Torrential saint light surged out of Zhang Ruochen's body. It was bright and extremely hot, reflecting together with the light emitted by the Golden Sun of Destruction in the gourd's inner realm. It was like a Gemini star.

The thousand-mile-tall Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King appeared. It was formidable and sacred. Above its head, nine heavens formed from the heavenly and earthly precepts in addition to Saint Qi that resembled an imperial palace.

Ever since the power of within his blood vessels was activated, Zhang Ruochen had a Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King in his body. At the same time, the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King had transformed. It was much stronger than before.

'Now that I've reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm, I should be able to use my Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King to fuse with the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King and make the Saint Aspect stronger.'

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen activated the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King in the saint's heart.

The Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King was not in the likeness of the Immovable Wisdom King. It was sacred and majestic, like an unrivaled being.

The Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect looked like Zhang Ruochen. He was young, handsome, and had a keen temperament.

From afar, it looked like Zhang Ruochen and the ancient Immovable Wisdom King was facing each other. He seemed

like a pile of dirt beside a towering mountain. However, If Zhang Ruochen wasn't afraid of the towering figure, he must have possessed a powerful strength within that could devour heaven and earth.

At the God-ascension Ceremony, when Zhang Ruochen had just achieved Supreme Sainthood, He had defeated Lord Xia Yu and Gu Chenzi together because he had used the combination of the Saint Aspect and the Divine Shadow Will.

However, that combination only lasted for a short moment.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen wanted to completely refine the two and merge them into one.

No matter how powerful the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King was, it was only a wisp. Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could refine it.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen was extremely ambitious. He would never allow other wills in his body to affect him. Only by refining it into a part of himself could he feel at ease.

After the Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect and the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King were recombined, Zhang Ruochen immediately shot out the divine purifying fire. It turned into a sea of fire and enveloped them.

During the refining process, Zhang Ruochen's consciousness entered a mysterious state.

Some obscure and cryptic content kept entering his mind. There were incomplete exercises, Saint Techniques, and even spells, witchcraft, and secret arts.

It was the bloodline inheritance.

Generally speaking, only high-tier savage beasts or divine beasts could inherit their bloodline. When they reached a certain level, the bloodline inheritance would be released, allowing them to naturally learn some innate divine abilities.

Some could release lightning, some could spit fire, and some could travel thousands of miles in a day.

The difficulty for humans to obtain the bloodline inheritance was far greater than that of savage beasts. Only if the

ancestor's bloodline was strong enough was it possible for him to pass on some things to his descendants through the memory of the bloodline.

For example, a son who looked like his father was a manifestation of the bloodline inheritance.

However, the bloodline memory would become thinner and thinner, making it harder for the descendants to obtain the inheritance.

Even if they obtained it, it was often incomplete.

The bloodline memory that Zhang Ruochen had obtained by fusing with the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King was also incomplete. Most of them were scattered fragments, making it difficult to combine them into a complete spell.

However, he had a vague glimpse of the practice exercises contained within Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture.

At present, Zhang Ruochen had practiced the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture to the highest level. The ninth heaven, "Chi Ming and Yang Tian," was enough to support his practice to the Paramount Realm.

However, if he wanted to achieve divinity, he had to practice higher-level techniques.

If Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture only had nine heavens, it meant that if he practiced to the Paramount Realm, he had to change to a divine level exercise. Not only would it take time, but the compatibility would also be much worse.

According to the bloodline inheritance, at least he knew that "Ciming Heyang Heaven" was not the last level of the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture.

There was still the 10th, 11th, 12th heaven..

Zhang Ruochen did not think about where the complete Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture was for the time being. Because at this moment, the Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect and the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King had completely merged into one.

The Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King disappeared, leaving only Zhang Ruochen's Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect floating in the air.

The Saint Aspect was thousands of miles tall. It gave off a blinding saint light and an explosive aura. It was so powerful that the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints who were cultivating in the inner realm of the gourd felt great pressure.

It was as if they were facing a Supreme Saint from the Paramount Realm and a demigod. They couldn't help but feel awe and respect.

"There's great difference in Zhang Ruochen's Saint Aspect, compared to the time during God Ascension Ceremony."

"The thousand-mile-tall Saint Aspect contains unimaginable power. It could easily destroy the stars with a swing of its arm."

"Cousin has reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How many cultivators left in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting could be his opponents?"

"Zhang Ruochen's aura doesn't look like a Supreme Saint who has just entered the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Even a Thousand Koan Realm Supreme Saint might not have such power."

..

In the gourd world, the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires sighed and discussed amongst themselves.

Some were extremely envious, some were full of respect, and some had eyes that shone excitedly.

At the moment that the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King merged with Zhang Ruochen's Saint Aspect, the Divine Shadow Will of the Progenitor Bloodximius flew out of the heart and merged with the five pairs of golden wings on Zhang Ruochen's back.

The Divine Shadow Will of the Progenitor Bloodximius was also born during the baptism in the immortal blood pool. At that time, it even competed with the Divine Shadow Will of the Immovable Wisdom King.

The Progenitor Bloodximus had 24 pairs of golden wings. He was a great figure in the history of the Bloodysky Clan and the Immortal Vampires. His cultivation skill was almost at the pinnacle of gods.

The moment it was combined with the five pairs of golden wings, Zhang Ruochen felt that the five pairs of golden wings became extremely heavy as if they had turned into ten mountains of gold.

Whoosh

Strange blood-colored lines appeared on the five pairs of golden wings, emitting a demonic light.

A burning pain came from his back. Half of his body seemed to be melting.

Roar

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were scarlet. Blood-red evil lines appeared on his face and body. Two sharp fangs grew out of his mouth, and he let out a long roar.

The deafening sound spread throughout the gourd world, and the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires all felt a piercing pain in their eardrums.

What was even more terrifying was that the aura from Zhang Ruochen's body caused their blood to gradually solidify and had difficulty in flowing.

Even their spiritual willpower was suppressed.

“What a terrifying aura, has Zhang Ruochen become the reincarnated primogenitor of the Immortal Vampires?”

Two Nine-Step Saint Kings who had not reached the Supreme Sainthood could not withstand the pressure from their blood vessels and consciousness. Their legs trembled and was compelled to kneel before Zhang Ruochen.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen turned into a bloody streak of light and flew out of the gourd world. He shot into the sky like a pillar of

blood. The powerful energy in his body instantly swept throughout the entire Bloodysky Continent.

He flew out of the planet's atmosphere and flew thousands of miles away before stopping.

His long hair was blood-red, but his face was as pale as paper and looked extremely handsome and ferocious. The five pairs of golden wings on his back had become extremely large, with multiple blood patterns interweaving on them.

Every time the ten wings flapped, they would form a blood qi storm that would send the space meteorites flying, causing tidal waves to form.

The sky above the entire Bloodysky Continent turned blood-red. Clouds rolled and pressed down on the ground.

On the continent, the 30 million of those from the Immortal Vampires knelt on the ground, trembling in fear.

Gu Chenzi, who was guarding the Bloodysky Continent, stood in the mansion belonging to the lord of the Cloud City. He looked up at the sky with a smile on his face. "He has finally broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Who still dares to make an enemy of the Bloodysky Clan?"

Lord Xia Yu was leading a team of array masters to inscribe array inscriptions in the cloud layer of the clan's planet.

Sensing that the void was shaking and the precepts of heaven and earth were in disorder, she hurriedly raised his head and looked into the distance. Tens of thousands of miles away, on the other side of the planet, a large amount of bloody light emerged over the horizon, forming a frightening storm.

Her eyes narrowed. "It's just breaking through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Why did you cause such a stir? But... now that you've broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm, I can finally have a good fight with you again."

Ever since she had broken through to the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, Lord Xia Yu had always wanted fight with Zhang Ruochen to redeem herself.

However, Zhang Ruochen had only reached the cultivation of the Neverwilt Realm before. Even if she defeated him, she would not be able to regain her face. Therefore, she had been waiting for Zhang Ruochen to break through and reach the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

“Why are his Qi movements so strange? It seems to contain an ancient and powerful divine power. Even the blood within my body has been affected from tens of thousands of miles away. Could it be the aura from the ten great progenitors of the Immortal Vampires?” Lord Xia Yu muttered to herself in confusion.

The ten great progenitors of the Immortal Vampires had established the ten great clans. They were the oldest great divine arts practitioners.

Because the ten great progenitors had existed for too long, their identities had always been in dispute. The great families all said that their progenitors were one of the ten great progenitors who had established their clans.

Therefore, there exist dozens of progenitors.

It was near impossible to find the real ten great progenitors.

However, even if the progenitors' bloodline had awakened, how could it appear in Zhang Ruochen?

He was not a pure Immortal Vampire but a half-human.

Chapter 2297: The Power of Golden Wings

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Zhang Ruochen had caused such a huge commotion that it shook his entire clan planet.

In the Yellow Sky Continent

Lady Wind wore a golden mask and displayed a noble temperament. Her tall figure stood by the churning bloody sea looking up at the sky.

Although Zhang Ruochen stood thousands of miles up in the sky, the energy waves that erupted from his body caused the sea on his clan's planet to behave erratically. There were tsunamis and hurricanes, and blood-red light beams flying through the sky.

Yan Beijun looked at the rolling blood clouds in the sky with unconcealed terror, "How can he be so powerful if he had just broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm... And how can the ten golden wings on Zhang Ruochen transform? The blood-red lines on the golden wings are very similar to the legendary Divine Marks of the progenitors."

There was a legend among the Immortal Vampires that anyone among the cultivators who could awaken the Divine Marks of the progenitors on their wings was the descendants favored by them. They would be blessed with great luck and an extraordinary future.

Every time such a cultivator appeared, the Fane of Immortality would appear and guide them inside to hone their cultivation.

The appearance of the Divine Marks of the progenitors was not only a symbol of power and talent but also of extraordinary significance.

"Zhang Ruochen must have awakened the bloodline of Progenitor Bloodximus. His aura is very ancient and can exert a great spiritual suppression on the Immortal Vampires." Lady Wind said with a smile in her eyes.

The more outstanding and powerful Zhang Ruochen was, the more advantageous it would be for her.

Only in this way could Zhang Ruochen become the sharpest weapon in her hands against Pan Ru and Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Yan Beijun said, "Throughout history, all the cultivators who could awaken the progenitor's bloodline were born with pure blood. Zhang Ruochen's mother may be a deity, but she is a concubine with an impure bloodline. Furthermore, Zhang Ruochen is only a half Immortal Vampire. How could he be favored by Progenitor Bloodximus?"

"Zhang Ruochen talents are practically unseen before. He's a person who can create miracles," Lady Wind replied.

Not far away, there was a tall and sturdy man who radiated saint light.

His long hair was disheveled, and the muscles on his chest, abdomen, and arms bulged. They shone with a metallic luster. He was the Stone Clan's Supreme Saint that has achieved the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, the Mad Whitejade Lion.

Hearing Lady Wind praise Zhang Ruochen, the Mad Whitejade Lion felt a strong sense of jealousy, and he grunted. "It's still unknown whether he has awakened the progenitor's bloodline or not. Besides, he has just broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm. No matter how strong he is, how strong can he be? I'd like to meet him and measure his strength."

Under the golden mask, Lady Wind's sparkling red lips curled up slightly. She didn't stop the White Jade Mad Lion.

She was also curious about how strong Zhang Ruochen was.

When they were fighting for the Saintwill Pill, Zhang Ruochen had hit Supreme Saint Yanhong so hard that blood flew from her mouth. Although there was an element of surprise in that palm, it was a truly glorious accomplishment in battle.

It was enough to make even the top ten Great Perfection elites of the Hundred-Shackle Realm wary and not underestimate

him.

Now that Zhang Ruochen had reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm, how strong was he?

Zhang Ruochen's blood boiled violently. A strong bloodthirsty impulse repeatedly attacked his consciousness. He wished he could drink up all the seawater in the blood-red sea below.

The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms hovered above the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, and it just so happened to reflect Zhang Ruochen's current image. It projected the scene onto the various planets in Infernal Court and also onto the Battlefield of Merits.

Kunlun cultivators were all shocked to see Zhang Ruochen's ferocious and evil appearance.

The cultivators who had been on good terms with Zhang Ruochen felt a tremor in their hearts. They felt that Zhang Ruochen had become unfamiliar and terrifying.

"Something must have happened to my master. How did he become like this?" Han Xue frowned deeply. She was worried for Zhang Ruochen and felt that his current state was extremely abnormal.

Shangguan Que sighed deeply. "He must have fused with his previous body, and the bloodline of the Immortal Vampires has finally fully shown itself."

...

Zhang Ruochen used his strong will to suppress his bloodthirsty impulse. He looked closely. Six figures had appeared in the void not far from him. They all emitted the aura of an elite Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saint.

Roar

The Mad Whitejade Lion let out a lion-like roar that formed into sound waves and spread out towards Zhang Ruochen.

"Zhang Ruochen, let's spar. I really want to know how strong the so-called Yuanhui grade genius is."

Regardless of whether Zhang Ruochen had agreed or not, the Mad Whitejade Lion clenched its claws and pounced forward. Instantly, two claw prints of a few dozens of miles long appeared in the void and flew towards Zhang Ruochen.

The two lion claws instantly surpassed the speed of sound.

The Mad Whitejade Lion wasn't just jealous. He wanted to test Zhang Ruochen's strength. Thus, it used all of his strength to strike out the claw attacks which were high-level Saint Techniques of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Lion King's Heaven Chaos Attack.

The dense precepts interweaved tightly in the two claw prints, and the strong force caused the void to cave inwards.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes darkened as if they had turned into two sharp swords.

Who did you think you were to do as you please?

If it were Lord Xia Yu or Gu Chenzi, Zhang Ruochen would not be angry, and happily spar with them. But who are you to me, the Mad Whitejade Lion. Do I know you very well?

By attacking without permission it could already be judged as a malicious attack on your opponent. As long as Zhang Ruochen was willing, he only needed to send a consciousness signal to the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, and 5,000 points would be deducted from the Mad Whitejade Lion.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not do that.

Since he had broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he was going to find someone to practice with. Although the Mad Whitejade Lion was only ranked 33rd on the list of Hundred-Shackle Realm Great Perfections, it was still acceptable.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen spread his ten wings flat, emitting a dazzling golden light. He turned into a streak of light and flew directly toward the Mad Whitejade Lion.

Bang! Bang!

The golden wings and the two giant lion claws collided, and the claws were torn apart as if they were bubbles.

The Hundred-Shackle grade high-level Saint Technique, “Lion King’s Heaven Chaos Attack” was easily broken by the golden wings.

Seeing this, all the cultivators present were shocked. Zhang Ruochen’s ten golden wings were too terrifying. They were stronger than the Hundred-Shackle grade high-level Saint Technique, and even seemed to be tougher than the Regal Artifacts.

The ten wings flew toward the Mad Whitejade Lion like knives.

The Mad Whitejade Lion’s expression was extremely grave. He stared at the rapidly approaching Zhang Ruochen and immediately activated a crimson iron ring on its wrist. Instantly, hundreds of thousands of Regal Inscriptions appeared.

It was a Class Four Regal Artifact.

The iron ring spun rapidly and became 330 feet in diameter. It released a powerful aura of death.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen’s body tilted slightly. The five golden wings on his left slashed at the iron ring, and a piercing sound of metal colliding rang out. A large number of sparks flew out.

The iron ring was knocked back.

Zhang Ruochen’s body stopped in mid-air for a moment. Following that, he flapped his ten wings strongly and flew at an extremely fast speed zig-zagging towards the Mad Whitejade Lion.

On the planet, many Supreme Saints of the Neverwilt Realm couldn’t see clearly Zhang Ruochen’s face. They could only see the unpredictable golden light streaks flying rapidly.

Compared to before, Zhang Ruochen’s speed was much faster now.

His speed had increased with his cultivation. More importantly, the Divine Shadow Will of the Progenitor Bloodximius had merged with the golden wings. This allowed Zhang Ruochen's ten golden wings to unleash explosive bursts of unparalleled speed.

It was like the innate higher knowledge power of the beast's bloodline inheritance.

The Mad Whitejade Lion's nerves were stretched to the extreme. It released all of its spiritual power and shrank it to a radius of 10,000 feet to capture Zhang Ruochen's figure while striking out constantly with the iron ring.

It could only passively defend.

Bang

A deafening collision sound resembling a clap of thunder rang in the sky above the planet.

With each collision, the Mad Whitejade Lion would be knocked backward for a long distance. After dozens of collisions, he was flustered and shocked beyond words, and thought to himself, "Are Zhang Ruochen's golden wings harder than the Class Four Regal Artifact?"

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen stopped his attack and stood in the air.

The Mad Whitejade Lion let out a long sigh of relief. No matter what, he managed to block Zhang Ruochen's attacks and had gained a general understanding of Zhang Ruochen's strength.

He couldn't fight anymore.

If he fought again, he would most likely lose.

Zhang Ruochen, who had reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm, was indeed terrifying.

"He has just broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and he could already fight equally with me. He is indeed worthy of being a favorite on par with Yan Wushen, and I admire him." Mad Whitejade Lion spoke neutrally.

The cultivators of the Immortal Vampires who were watching the battle nodded slightly, acknowledging Zhang Ruochen's strength.

"To be able to fight equally with the Mad Whitejade Lion, Zhang Ruochen's battle strength is enough to rank within the top five of the Immortal Vampires. It seems that he really has the strength to injure the Supreme Saint Yanhong and it was not merely a lucky blow."

"No matter what, the Bloodysky Clan has another top elite. Together with Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, both of which had achieved the Hundred-Shackle Great Perfection, the Bloodysky Clan's strength makes them the first among the top ten clans."

...

While everyone was discussing animatedly, Zhang Ruochen snorted coldly. "It was not a tie, I was just testing the toughness of the golden wings. Do you think you are qualified to be my opponent?"

"What did you say?" the Mad Whitejade Lion asked.

Zhang Ruochen did not answer him. He turned into a streak of golden light and flew out again with an even faster speed.

Even with the Mad Whitejade Lion's eyesight, it was difficult to track him.

Whoosh

The iron ring flew out. It tried to knock Zhang Ruochen back like before.

However, this time, Zhang Ruochen did not meet it head-on. He only turned his body to the side and flew over the iron ring. Then he flew straight towards the Mad Whitejade Lion.

"Such speed."

The Mad Whitejade Lion's expression changed greatly. He spread his arms and transformed them into a pair of pure white divine lion claws. His human head transformed into a huge lion head.

Zhang Ruochen flew above the Mad Whitejade Lion's head. The five golden wings on his left slashed down like five demonic sabers.

The Mad Whitejade Lion raised its claws above its head and released huge amounts of Saint Light.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

The five wings continuously slashed down, causing the Mad Whitejade Lion's body to plummet from the sky. He felled to the ground from a height of a thousand miles and caused a ridge of mountains to collapse, which revealed a huge pit with a diameter of a hundred miles.

The pit was so deep that the bottom could not be seen.

Following that, Zhang Ruochen suppressed the Class Four Regal Artifact iron ring and flew to the sky above the pit.

The Mad Whitejade Lion climbed up from the rubble at the bottom of the pit. White blood flowed out of its mouth and five deep cuts could be seen on his jade-like arms which were accompanied by multiple cracks.

With his Sacred Imperial Jade's hard physical quality, how could his arms be almost crippled by Zhang Ruochen's golden wings?

"Is he really that strong?"

The Mad Whitejade Lion did not dare to fight anymore. If he continued fighting, his arms would be wasted.

Once his arms were broken, he wouldn't be able to recover for the Celestial-Hunting battle.

He looked up and his face froze. He saw that Zhang Ruochen was using the Divine Purification Flame to refine his Class Four Regal Artifact, the Thousand Dipper Ring.

This Regal Artifact didn't belong to him. It was given to him by a deity from the Stone Clan before he attended the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

The Celestial-Hunting Festival had just begun not long ago, but his weapon had already been taken away. He would

become a laughingstock of the Stone Clan. That deity would be very disappointed in him.

“Zhang Ruochen, we’re just sparring. Why did you take my weapon?”

The Mad Whitejade Lion flew out of the pit and glared at Zhang Ruochen with gritted teeth. For the moment, he did not dare to take it directly out of his hands but instead tried to reason with him

If he could not win, the only option was to try and reason with him.

“Since when are we sparring?”

Zhang Ruochen continued to refine the Thousand Dipper Ring.

When he came to the Celestial-Hunting Festival, he only had a Violet Gourd, which was far from enough. This Thousand Dipper Ring could even be used as a defensive weapon. It had to be said that the various clans regarded the Celestial-Hunting Festival with importance as high-grade weapons could be obtained from it.

Taking one was equivalent to taking a large number of Godstones.

A bold idea suddenly appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Two streaks of blood light flew down from the sky.

Lady Wind and Yan Beijun hadn’t expected that the Mad Whitejade Lion, a majestic Great Perfection Hundred-Shackle elite, would be defeated so quickly.

They immediately went back to the ground to witness this scene.

Zhang Ruochen had snatched the Mad Whitejade Lion’s war weapon and was still refining it. He had no intention of returning it. The Mad Whitejade Lion was furious. He pointed at Zhang Ruochen and cursed him loudly, but did not dare to attack him.

Both of them were stunned.

They were shocked that Zhang Ruochen would be so merciless. After all, Mad Whitejade Lion and Lady Wind were allies.. They were surprised that the usually hot-tempered Mad Whitejade Lion could be restrained.

Chapter 2298: Forced Him Away

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Mad Whitejade Lion was an elite in the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm after all. Lady Wind did not want to lose this powerful ally. She welcomed Zhang Ruochen. “Mad Whitejade Lion had indeed been disrespectful towards you. However, we are now allies together. Please don’t take this to heart and return the Thousand Dipper Ring to him.”

Yan Beijun was dissatisfied with Zhang Ruochen’s behavior. He snorted and said, “You were just sparring, and Mad Whitejade Lion lost. There’s no need for you to take his weapon right?”

Zhang Ruochen stared at him and replied, “Did I agree to spar with him? If my strength was inferior to his, what do you think the result of this battle will be?”

Yan Beijun said, “At least Mad Whitejade Lion won’t take your weapon. Not to mention, he won’t be so aggressive.”

“Is that so? What if I want to spar with you now?”

Regardless of whether Yan Beijun agreed or not, Zhang Ruochen let out a breath.

Whoosh

The Qi condensed into a sword and turned into a beam of light that flew towards Yan Beijun’s heart.

Although it was a breath of Qi, it contained Zhang Ruochen’s Precepts of Swordsmanship and Swordwill. Its power was no less than a high-level Saint Technique.

This breath of Qi was no different from a real Saint Sword.

Yan Beijun’s face changed in shock and he quickly dodged.

However, he had just broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm. There was a huge gap between his cultivation and Zhang Ruochen. How could he dodge it?

Poof

The Sword Qi hit Yan Beijun's heart. The tip of the sword plunged in, impaling his body and knocking him flying back for more than 10 miles.

The Sword Qi pierced through his heart and passed through his body.

A large amount of Supreme Saint's blood flew out and splattered on the ground, burning the soil and melting it into lava.

Then, Zhang Ruochen's five fingers turned into claws. He reached out and grabbed something across the air, taking away one of Yan Beijun's weapons in the form of a jade pendant.

The vessel spirit of the jade pendant resisted fiercely but was strongly suppressed by Zhang Ruochen. It couldn't escape from his palm.

Lady Wind and Mad Whitejade Lion were both stunned on the spot. Zhang Ruochen was acting too unreasonably and did not play by the rules. All it took was just a disagreement for him to retaliate.

Although Lady Wind thought highly of Zhang Ruochen and hoped for his support, Zhang Ruochen's arrogant behavior and his disregard for her made her feel angry.

Did it mean that he could do whatever he wanted just because he was strong?

Zhang Ruochen refined the Thousand Dipper Ring and put it on his wrist. Then he landed on the ground. The ten wings on his back returned to his body. His pupils returned to black and his temperament was no longer as evil as before. He displayed elegant and handsome looks again.

Yan Beijun was a Supreme Saint with strong vitality. Even if his heart was pierced, he wouldn't die.

However, the heart was one of the most important vital points for Immortal Vampires. Once damaged, its vigor would be hard to recover.

Yan Beijun pressed his palm on his heart and slowly got up from the ground. His face was pale white, and he said. “Zhang Ruochen, you’re so cruel. Aren’t you afraid of being expelled from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting by the vessel spirit of Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms?”

“Why would the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms expel me?” Zhang Ruochen replied while walking towards him step by step.

Yan Beijun had seen how powerful and cold Zhang Ruochen was. He resignedly stepped back, “You...” he said. “You maliciously attacked a cultivator who is on your side. It will lose you 5,000 points, and once the points are negative, the vessel spirit of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms will expel you.”

“Maliciously attacked? You’re wrong. We were sparring just now,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Did I agree to this.....”

Suddenly, Yan Beijun was at a loss for words. He understood Zhang Ruochen’s intention.

Zhang Ruochen said, “If Mad Whitejade Lion had severely injured me and stolen my Violet Gourd, would you still think that we were sparring?”

“He wouldn’t have done that,” Lady Wind said.

Zhang Ruochen turned his face and stared at her. “What if he did? Have you thought about the consequences?”

Lady Wind wanted to argue, but after thinking carefully, she fell silent.

In the end, Mad Whitejade Lion was not from the Immortal Vampires, but instead, he was a Stone Clan cultivator.

For the benefit of the Stone Clan, he could beat Zhang Ruochen so hard until Zhang Ruochen could not continue to participate in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. For the entire hundred days of the battle, Zhang Ruochen could have ended up hiding in his home planet to recuperate.

What was more frightening was that if the Supreme Artifact of the Immortal Vampires was taken away, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Did she have any means to counter Mad Whitejade Lion?

Mad Whitejade Lion spoke with a glum face. “What’s the point of saying so much? Just state your conditions for you to return the Thousand Dipper Ring to me.”

Zhang Ruochen said lightly, “Be my mount.”

“What did you say?”

Mad Whitejade Lion roared furiously.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Be my mount during the Celestial-Hunting battle. I’ll return the Thousand Dipper Ring to you in 100 days.”

“Haha!”

Mad Whitejade Lion was so furious that couldn’t help but laugh.

“You’re too arrogant in thinking everyone is below you. I only restrained myself to save Lady Wind’s face. Do you think you can defeat me? A Hundred-Shackle Realm Great Perfection Supreme Saint isn’t as easy to defeat as you think.”

Roar!

Mad Whitejade Lion roared into the sky. A dazzling white light radiated from its skin.

His body grew bigger and bigger, and it continued to expand until it became its true form.

A Jade Lion with a body large as a mountain appeared on the ground. Nearly all of the divine light emitted from its body condensed into a liquid state, forming a sea of divine liquid.

Rumble

The mountains in this area could not withstand the aura from the Jade Lion and collapsed one by one.

Lady Wind quickly stopped the two and said, “Why aren’t you stopping yet. Are you trying to destroy our home planet?”

“Fighting against him would not destroy this planet.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his right arm and slapped at the huge jade Lion.

Divine light shot out from his palm and three elephant souls of Thousand-Koan Realm fell together. The elephant’s impact sunk the area where the Jade Lion was and formed a huge five-fingered basin.

The ground between the five fingers rose upwards, forming four ridges that were 1,000 meters high.

Mad Whitejade Lion struggled desperately under Zhang Ruochen’s palm print. He roared angrily, but it was useless. He was firmly trapped underneath.

Seeing this, Yan Beijun’s expression underwent several cycles. A deep fear rose in his heart.

Lady Wind also held her breath. She was also shocked.

Zhang Ruochen was too strong, wasn’t he?

Mad Whitejade Lion used to be ranked 18th out of all the Hundred-Shackle Realm Great Perfections. After he transformed into his true form, his combat power would increase greatly. Even she had to be careful.

But Zhang Ruochen had suppressed him with one slap?

Because of the hidden powerful elites that kept popping up, along with the elite Supreme Saints of the Hundred Shackle Realm, many of them had eaten rare food items including festival food that contains the Ampliofruit and the Saintwill Pill at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. As a result, many of them broke through their bottlenecks and reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The number of Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm increased from the original forty-seven to eighty-eight ones.

The ranking of the Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was also reshuffled.

Mad Whitejade Lion, who was once ranked eighteenth, fell to thirty-third.

Lady Wind, who was once ranked twelfth, fell to the fifteenth.

Before entering the Celestial-Hunting Battlefield, the Fane of Destiny gave all the cultivators a scroll and a diamond-shaped mirror.

The diamond-shaped mirror was born from the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms. It was of the same origin as the mirror, and it could occasionally display some information about the Celestial-Hunting Battlefield.

For example, the list of Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Once a new Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was born, the list would be displayed, and the latest rankings would appear.

For example, once a Celestial Captive killed a cultivator from the Infernal Court, his position would be tracked by the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms and transmitted to the diamond-shaped mirrors of every cultivator who attended the festival.

...

Rumble

The geological structure of the clan planet was stable. Even so, a large number of canyons still appeared in the thousands of miles around Zhang Ruochen's palm print.

The entire Bloodysky Continent was shaking.

Fortunately, the 30 million Immortal Vampires living on the Bloodysky Continent had gathered in the three big cities. Otherwise, a large number of them would have been killed by accident.

When Zhang Ruochen raised his arm, Mad Whitejade Lion was already exhausted. More cracks appeared on its body.

Deep fear appeared within his massive eyes. Zhang Ruochen's strength was far beyond its expectations. Even the top 10 on

the list of Hundred-Shackle Realm Great Perfection might not be this strong.

“Lady Wind, I wholeheartedly admit my defeat today. I cannot stay on the Immortal Vampires home planet anymore. Farewell.”

A small white cloud appeared beneath Mad Whitejade Lion. He flew into the sky and broke through the layer of clouds.

“Hold on.”

Lady Wind wanted to urge him to stay, so she flew up.

Zhang Ruochen was faster than her, and he stopped her in mid-air, “Let him go!” he said, “An elite of the Stone Clan staying on the Immortal Vampires’ home planet is a danger concealed in plain sight. If we’re not careful, we’ll lose everything.”

Lady Wind said, “But...”

Zhang Ruochen interrupted her abruptly, “You don’t care about the lives of the 240 million Immortal Vampires on this planet,” he said. “But I do, and I also care more about the Immortal Vampires’ points. I don’t want half of their points to be removed.”

Lady Wind said, “So, you forced Mad Whitejade Lion away on purpose?”

“You have to understand that he attacked me first. Besides, didn’t you suspect that the reason that Mad Whitejade Lion was close to you? Since you had, you should get rid of him immediately. Don’t you understand that there is no need to treat suspicious people normally?”

Zhang Ruochen flew back to the ground. He slowly raised his hands and released a large amount of Saint Qi. Instantly, the destroyed land rose again. Lush vegetation grew and became full of vitality.

Lady Wind’s anger gradually abated. She felt that Zhang Ruochen’s words made sense.

More importantly, Zhang Ruochen’s strength was strong enough to play a crucial role in her fight for the position of

Scioness.

The Scion and Scioness of the Fane of Destiny might not be the strongest in an era, but they had to have a strong influence in that era.

As long as Zhang Ruochen was the strongest in this era and she could control him, who would dare to disobey her?

She came to Zhang Ruochen's side and said, "All-knowing almighty one, everyone knows that Mad Whitejade Lion is my ally. You should have given me some face and shown mercy just now."

"I did give you face, so I didn't kill him," Zhang Ruochen said.

When she heard the word "Kill," Lady Wind felt a wave of intense murderous intent and suddenly felt cold all over.

It turned out that Zhang Ruochen already had a desire to kill.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Before Mad Whitejade Lion left, he said, 'I admit defeat.' while in fact, he said that to save his life."

"From this, it can be seen that the so-called mad lion is not crazy at all. On the contrary, he is very shrewd."

"He knows very well that if he dares to say anything refusing me or threaten to take revenge, he will not be able to leave the Immortal Vampires' home planet alive today. If I want to kill him, he won't be able to escape."

"Moreover, he attacked me first. Even if I kill him, he deserves it."

Lady Wind trembled with fear. Zhang Ruochen was even more ruthless than she had imagined.

With Zhang Ruochen participating in the Celestial-Hunting Battle, this year's battle would be even bloodier than the previous ones. There would probably be a lot of casualties.

Lady Wind sighed deeply. "It's a good thing that Mad Whitejade Lion left. We don't have to be on guard against him at all times anymore."

Yan Beijun heard the conversation between Zhang Ruochen and Lady Wind and realized that Lady Wind had suspected Mad Whitejade Lion all along. Now that he thought about it, he also felt that something was wrong. An elite of the Stone Clan had disregarded the interests of his own clan and helped the Immortal Vampires. How could the deity of the Stone Clan still bestow him with a Class Four Saint Artifact?

It was indeed suspicious.

Unfortunately, he had realized it too late. For Mad Whitejade Lion, he had offended Zhang Ruochen. Now that he was seriously injured, there was almost no chance of recovery during the Celestial-Hunting Battle period.

A bitter and self-mocking smile appeared on Yan Beijun's face.

It seemed that he deserved to be severely injured and let his weapon be snatched away.

"Take it."

Zhang Ruochen threw the jade pendant-shaped weapon to Yan Beijun.

Yan Beijun was overjoyed at the unexpected good news. He held the jade pendant with both hands with an awkward and grateful smile, replying. "Thank you, Great Saint Ruochen. I was the one who didn't know the situation. Sorry for causing trouble!"

Zhang Ruochen mobilized the life essence in the Heart of the Divine Tree and pressed his palm on Yan Beijun's chest.

With a large injection of life essence, Yan Beijun's injury healed quickly.

Yan Beijun felt even more ashamed inside. He lowered his head and didn't say anything, but only cupped his hands to show respect for Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen patted Yan Beijun's shoulder and stared at Lady Wind. "I remember you took a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Have you refined it yet?"

“Fusing with the Saintwill is a major event. I’m still adjusting the state of affairs,” Lady Wind replied.

“Try to refine it as soon as possible. If you can merge it with a Grade Three Saintwill, you should be able to enter the top 10 among the list of Great Perfections in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. A bloody battle is coming. I have to prepare too.”

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and turned into a bloody streak of light, and departed by flying away.

Yan Beijun frowned and asked, “Senior sister apprentice, how did Zhang Ruochen know that a bloody battle is coming?”

Lady Wind said, “He must be referring to Mad Whitejade Lion.” Since Mad Whitejade Lion had left, he must have spread the news that Ruochen had broken through the Hundred-Shackle Realm back to the Stone Clan or the top elites of the upper three clans. In this way, the forces that want to kill Zhang Ruochen must act immediately to prevent him from becoming stronger.”

“Will Mad Whitejade Lion do this?” Yan Beijun still did not fully believe it.

Lady Wind said, “I don’t know either, but if Zhang Ruochen’s guess is right, I will teach him a lesson personally when I meet that lion next time.”

“Zhang Ruochen is indeed a figure on par with Yan Wushen. Not only is he powerful, but he is also decisive and ruthless. Fortunately, he is our ally.” Yan Beijun sighed.

...

“Zhang Ruochen has broken through the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Come to the home planet of the Stone Clan and discuss the plan to kill him.”

After Mad Whitejade Lion returned to the home planet of the Stone Clan, he immediately sent people to contact Lord Sinluo and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei of the Deathkin, the Ten-Thousand-Hand Wu Jiang Supreme Saint of the Nether Clan, and Pan Ruo from the Fane of Destiny.

After this battle, Zhang Ruochen's strength had left a deep impression on Mad Whitejade Lion. He only wanted to get rid of this troublesome being immediately.. With this person by Lady Wind's side, Pan Ruo would find it much more difficult to become the Scioness herself.

Chapter 2299: Pan Ruo's Plan to Kill Zhang Ruochen

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

The home planet of Stone Clan was covered in yellow sand. There was no ocean or vegetation. If you stood mid-air and view it from the starry sky, you would think it was a lifeless planet. It was no different from hundreds of millions of barren planets.

The north pole of the home planet was dark and cold. There were only streaks of aurora that filled the sky.

Beneath the aurora fog, there was a grand building in the shape of a pyramid. It was covered with many Supreme Saint Inscriptions. It emitted white light that could illuminate a thousand miles.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Scion Yuan Mo, and Lord Sinlue of Deathkin were the first to arrive. They stood in the tower and listened to Mad Whitejade Lion's narration of the battle between him and Zhang Ruochen.

Of course, Mad Whitejade Lion was hiding something.

After all, he had been beaten so badly. He would not be proud to tell the whole story.

It was very embarrassing!

After listening to the story, the three Supreme Saints of Deathkin in the tower all looked very serious.

Scion Yuan Mo was very upset. He said, "How long has it been since Zhang Ruochen broke through to the Supreme Saint realm? How can he have the ability to defeat you? How did he attain Hundred-Shackle Realm so easily?"

When he was in Kunlun, Scion Yuan Mo didn't see Zhang Ruochen as a worthy opponent.

Even though Scion Yuan Mo had suffered losses in the battle of Xianji Mountain, he felt that Zhang Ruochen had relied on

external forces. Hence, he was unwilling to admit his defeat.

But now, Zhang Ruochen had reached Hundred-Shackle Realm, while Scion Yuan Mo had just entered the advanced stage of Neverwilt Realm. In other words, there was a huge gap in their cultivation strength.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei was the elder brother of Scion Yuan Mo and the top Deathkin elite in the Celestial-Hunting battle. He said calmly, “Zhang Ruochen controls Sundial and has a lot of cultivation training resources. It’s understandable that he can practice so fast.”

“He could defeat Warlord Mara when he was in Neverwilt Realm. Now that he has entered Hundred-Shackle Realm, it isn’t a surprise that he could defeat Mad Whitejade Lion.”

Then, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei stared into Mad Whitejade Lion’s eyes as if he could see through it. He asked seriously, “Did you and Zhang Ruochen really fight dozens of rounds?”

“What do you mean? Would I lie? Zhang Ruochen is indeed very strong, but I’m not much weaker than him,” Mad Whitejade Lion said angrily, his eyes wide.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei quickly tried to calm him down, “That’s not what I mean. I just want to understand Zhang Ruochen’s current strength more clearly so that I don’t make an inaccurate assessment of his strength.

“Based on what you said, I think Zhang Ruochen might have awakened the ancestral bloodline.

“But we have never seen how strong the ancestral bloodline is. Only you know best.”

Mad Whitejade Lion’s expression was solemn. “The ancestral bloodline has greatly increased Zhang Ruochen’s speed. Without using time and space, his speed can even surpass some Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints.”

“When I fight with him, I can only defend passively. It’s hard for me to take the initiative.”

Scion Yuan Mo snorted. “In a battle between Supreme Saints, the speed advantage doesn’t play a crucial role. A single strike

from a Supreme Saint can cover an area of a thousand miles. No matter how fast he is, can he escape to a distance of a thousand miles in an instant?

“Furthermore, formations, the Will of Death, curses... there are many methods that one cannot dodge with just high speed.”

“Scion Yuan Mo, you shouldn’t underestimate a Supreme Saint’s speed. Be careful. You might not even know how you die.”

A clear voice sounded in the tower.

It sounded like a young cultivator.

Scion Yuan Mo looked in the voice’s direction and noticed a figure wearing black armor had appeared in the tower.

That person was standing at the edge of the stone tower. His back was facing them, and he was facing a stone window. The light that shone in from the window cast a long shadow on the ground.

Scion Yuan Mo touched his neck and a bloody mark appeared on his fingertip. He thought to himself, “What a terrifying speed! Not only did he walk in from outside in an instant, he even left a bloody mark on my neck. Did he send me a warning?”

Lord Sinluo and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei looked at each other and nodded.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said probingly, “Are you Que Fei from NNether Clan?”

The man in black armor turned around and said, “That’s right.”

Que Fei turned around. However, the black armor on his body was very strange; it appeared to devour the light. Any cultivator who looked at him could only see a black outline, but they could not see his face.

It was like a human-shaped black mirror, which was bizarre.

“So it’s Que Fei, the second strongest person of Nether Clan. No wonder he’s so powerful,” Scion Yuan Mo thought to himself.

Que Fei was a hidden elite of Nether Clan. He had only recently risen to fame. Now, he was ranked 16th on the list of those in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Mad Whitejade Lion said, “Where’s the Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint? Why isn’t he here?”

Que Fei’s tone was distant.”The ten thousand hands Supreme Saint is refining a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill pill to try and condense a second-grade Saintwill.

“Once he succeeds, Nether Clan will definitely take first place in this Celestial-Hunting battle. Even the Yan Huangtu and Lan Ying will be trampled under his feet.

“Even that mysterious Que won’t be able to win against the second-class saint’s will.”

Hearing this, Yuan Fei, Lord Sinluo, Mad Whitejade Lion, and the others didn’t show any displeasure. After all, Deathkin and Stone Clan were indeed weaker in the Celestial-Hunting Festival, they could only follow the lead of the ten thousand hands Saint.

Mad Whitejade Lion said, “If the Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint doesn’t come, it will be difficult for us to kill Zhang Ruochen with our strength.”

Que Fei snorted. “Why would we need Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint to deal with a mere Zhang Ruochen? We have four Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm here. killing him is like slaughtering pigs and dogs.”

Mad Whitejade Lion knew how powerful Zhang Ruochen was. However, when he thought about how Yuan Fei and Que Fei were both unfathomable elites, the weight in his heart lessened.

Tap. tap

Light footsteps sounded.

Pan Ruo, who was dressed like a man, walked in from outside the tower. She was tall and had a mysterious aura. She said faintly, “You underestimate Zhang Ruochen so much. Be careful not to kill him and die in the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.”

Pan Ruo had already broken through to the Supreme Saint realm. The bright Gate of Destiny hovered behind her. Her figure was sometimes clear and sometimes dim as if she was shuttling between light and darkness.

This was a manifestation of the Path of Destiny that would only appear when one cultivated it to an extremely profound level. It was called the Door of Trueself.

The Door of Trueself was also the Gate of Destiny.

However, the Door of Trueself had already completely fused with the cultivator. It was not separated from each other. The power of Destiny would always remain and never disappear.

With the Door of Trueself, Pan Ruo could weaken her opponent at any time and suppress her opponent at all times. Of course, the degree of suppression was proportional to her cultivation level.

Those whose cultivation level was higher than hers, the lesser the effect of suppression on them.

The few people in the tower all went up to greet her. They cupped their hands and said with a smile, “Congratulations, Your Highness. You have cultivated the Door of Trueself. The position of Scioness is already within your reach.”

According to the tradition of the Fane of Destiny, a cultivator who cultivated the Door of Trueself could directly become a Scion or Scioness.

However, Pan Ruo had only cultivated the Door of Trueself after entering the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Her case was unusual.

Pan Ruo’s cultivation wasn’t as high as the others. However, with her eyes cold and disdainful, she had an aura that surpassed them. She sat at the top, “Don’t let your guard down when dealing with Zhang Ruochen,” she said. “It’s fine if you

don't make a move. But once you do, you must send him to a place of eternal damnation."

There were rumors that Pan Ruo was backed by one of the twelve deities of the Fane of Destiny, Skywrath, who was powerful. Hence, although Que Fei and Lord Sinluo were arrogant, they didn't dare to be presumptuous in front of her.

Furthermore, Pan Ruo's talent in the Path of Destiny was shocking. Her potential was limitless.

Scion Yuan Mo was Pan Ruo's unwavering supporter. He quickly asked, "What's your plan, Your Highness?"

Pan Ruo stared at Mad Whitejade Lion. "Did Zhang Ruochen use the power of Time and Space to defeat you?"

Mad Whitejade Lion looked troubled and shook his head.

Pan Ruo asked again, "Did he use any Saintwill?"

Mad Whitejade Lion shook his head again.

Pan Ruo asked again, "Did he use any weapon?"

Mad Whitejade Lion still shook his head.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Lord Sinluo, and Scion Yuan Mo were all shocked. They didn't expect Mad Whitejade Lion to hide so much from them.

He defeated Mad Whitejade Lion without using the power of Time, Space, the Saintwill. Not even a weapon?

They must reassess Zhang Ruochen's strength.

Pan Ruo said, "Zhang Ruochen, who has reached Hundred-Shackle Realm, is definitely more terrifying than you think. What's more terrifying is that we don't even know how powerful he is."

Que Fei said, "He only broke his first shackle. No matter how strong he is, I'm confident that I can defeat him."

"Saint Que Fei, you must know that our goal was not to defeat him but to kill him. Are you confident that you can kill him?"

Pan Ruo said.

Que Fei fell silent.

Killing someone was much harder than defeating someone.

Pan Ruo said, "I think there are three steps to dealing with Zhang Ruochen."

"The first step is make someone kill him."

"Make someone kill him? Your Highness, are you referring to Lan Ying, or are you referring to Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu?" Supreme Saint Yuanfei asked.

Pan Ruo said, "Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu are still tracking him. They are fighting for the Emperor-Grade Saintwill pill. I'm afraid they have no time to deal with Zhang Ruochen. If we want to chose someone, Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong would be the ones."

Scion Yuan Mo quickly said, "Great idea! Let Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong deal with Zhang Ruochen. First, we can test out Zhang Ruochen's strength. Second, we can let them drain each other's energy. It's best if both sides are wounded."

Pan Ruo said, "Let Mad Whitejade Lion do it. You tell Xu and Yanhong that Zhang Ruochen has broken through to Hundred-Shackle Realm."

"Supreme Saint Yanhong has always wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen to gain the support of all the big forces. She'll definitely be eager to take action."

"Moreover, Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu suffered a great loss at Zhang Ruochen's hands during the Celestial-Hunting Festival and the fight for the Saintwill Pills. They hate him to his core."

Lord Sinluo said, "Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu aren't stupid. They could figure we are using them. Why would they allow others to use them?"

Pan Ruo shook her head, "That's why I asked Whitejade Lion to inform them," she said. Everyone knew that Whitejade Lion was Lady Wind's supporter. He had offended the entire stone clan and even us. Now, he had been humiliated by Lady Wind. Even his weapon had been taken away. He had no choice but to leave. Of course, he wanted to take revenge. "However, we

definitely wouldn't accept him. He had no choice but to seek refuge with Supreme Saint Yanhong."

Mad Whitejade Lion laughed loudly. "Your Highness is the most thoughtful."

Scion Yuan Mo said, "If Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu can't kill Zhang Ruochen, the second step will be our turn to attack?"

Lord Sinluo smiled. "Even if Zhang Ruochen can escape from Pink Skull and Xu, he must be seriously injured. At that time, I can kill him alone."

Pan Ruo shook her head. "We will get penalty of 500,000 points for killing Zhang Ruochen. Unless it's a last resort, we don't have to do it ourselves. So the second step is still get someone to kill Zhang Ruochen."

"And that someone will be?" Scion Yuan Mo asked.

Pan Ruo said, "The Celestial Captives."

Everyone immediately looked enlightened.

Celestial Captives were a huge force on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Although they were prey, many of them were strong cultivators. More importantly, they were hostile to Zhang Ruochen, the traitor. They wanted nothing more than to turn him into ashes.

Pan Ruo said, "I've received news that a large number of Celestial Captives have gathered in the starfield near the third Dark Star. There are even Celestial Captives in the Thousand-Koan Realm guarding it.

"Supreme Saint Que Fei, I heard that your attainments in illusions have reached the level of a High Saint Master. Your task is to inform Celestial Captives and tell them about Zhang Ruochen."

Que Fei let out a long laugh. "Your Highness is amazing. Another brilliant plan to kill two birds with one move. No matter who wins, Zhang Ruochen or Supreme Saint Yanhong will be surrounded and killed by Celestial Captives. We will always be in an invincible position. When Celestial Captives

kills them, we can kill Celestial Captives to earn points.
Haha!”

Pan Ruo was calm. “The third step. If Celestial Captives can’t kill Zhang Ruochen, then we have to do it ourselves.”

Scion Yuan Mo laughed. “With these three strategies, no matter how high Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation is, he’ll definitely die this time.”

...

On the Immortal Vampires’ home planet, Zhang Ruochen stood in the sea and practiced Incarceration of Divine Demon repeatedly.

The huge phantom of the fiend appeared. It merged with the Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect at times and separated at other times. It formed a huge whirlpool that swept to the bottom of the sea thousands of meters below.

The combination of Incarceration of Divine Demon and Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect was not too difficult. What was difficult was that Zhang Ruochen wanted to merge the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill into it.

He rehearsed it dozens of times and failed.

“Combining two powers is not an easy thing. I am still too impatient.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped and let out a long breath. He flew to a nearby island and sat on a rock. He quickly fell into a state of thinking and comprehension.

How can I become stronger in a short time?

With the help of the Heart of Truth, Zhang Ruochen had found the second shackle on his left arm.

However, even with the Fugue pill and the Ampliofruit, it would take more than a few days to break it.

Other than that, Zhang Ruochen could only think of using the Saintwill Pill to fuse the fifth type of Saintwill. If he could truly make his Saintwill reach Class Two, he would be able to deal with powerful figures like Wu Jiang and Lan Ying.

Rumble

At this moment, an ear-piercing sound came from the sky.

Zhang Ruochen looked up and saw a streak of fire flying from the sky. It passed through the atmosphere and crashed into the sea where he was like a meteorite.

Boom.

The fire rushed into the sea. The surface of the sea sank under the pressure, raising huge waves that were hundreds of feet high.

A black meteorite the size of a stone mountain appeared there.

Zhang Ruochen sat on the side of the island. His long hair fell on his shoulders. He was elegant and calm. The waves that hit his face automatically split into two sides.

Looking closely, he saw a line of words carved on the meteorite. "Supreme Saint Manjian is in my hands. Within three days, come and fight against me alone on the ghost clan's home planet. It will be a dead or alive fight."

A letter of challenge flew over from the starry sky.

Based on the Saint aura in the words on the meteorite, Zhang Ruochen naturally knew that the person who sent him the letter of challenge was Xu, the strongest of the ghost clan.

Chapter 2300: The Inescapable Snare

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Lord Xia Yu, who had carved the formation patterns in the outer area of their home planet, followed the trajectory of the meteorite and landed on the island behind Zhang Ruochen. Her clothes fluttered.

Seeing the inscriptions on the meteorite, her eyes darkened. “It’s a trap. You can’t go.”

Zhang Ruochen sat on the reef calmly. “Whether it’s a trap or not, I have to go.”

“Are you crazy?”? At the festival, Xu had suffered so much at your hands. He must be holding a grudge. “After that, you stole his Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. If I were him, I wouldn’t endure it. I would try every means to kill you.”

Then Lord Xia Yu said, “If you go to the home planet of the Ghost Clan, you’ll be walking into a trap. Whether you can defeat Xu or not, you won’t be able to leave that planet alive in the end.”

Zhang Ruochen stood up and said, “You should have confidence in me.”

Lord Xia Yu’s beautiful and cold face showed a hint of regret. She said, “Zhang Ruochen, you have to understand that this is not only a battle between victory and defeat, but also a test for you by the gods.

“After all, you used to belong to Celestial Court. You have countless connections with Celestial Court. If you can’t sever these connections, how can the Infernal Court deities let you continue to grow? The stronger you are, the more reason they will oppress you.

“For the sake of a Celestial Court Supreme Saint, you fought against the Infernal Court cultivators. So what if you win? What will the deities think of you?

“As long as you go, you will lose.

“If Supreme Saint Manjian really sees you as a good friend, he will understand your difficulty.

“Besides, since he had become a Celestial Captive on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, Supreme Saint Manjian’s fate has already been decided. You can’t change it. Why do you need to give away your future for a result that has already been decided?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Must he die just because he became a Celestial Captive?”

“If I’m captured by Celestial Court and become their prey, do you think the Celestial Court deities will let me survive? Saving me means challenging the deities,” Lord Xia Yu said.

Zhang Ruochen remained silent and avoided the topic. He said, “In this Celestial-Hunting battle, what place do you think the Immortal Vampires will get?”

Lord Xia Yu didn’t know why Zhang Ruochen suddenly asked this question. She thought about it carefully and said seriously, “There are seven Great Perfection elites of Hundred-Shackle Realm among the Immortal Vampires now. The total is eight, including you. It shouldn’t be difficult for us to get sixth place. I can even try to secure the fifth.”

“My goal is to be first,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu was stunned.

“Isn’t Zhang Ruochen overambitious?”

“First place?!”

“He is probably the only one in the entire Immortal Vampires who dares to think about it.”

Zhang Ruochen said again, “Accepting Xu’s invitation to the Ghost Clan’s home planet was indeed very dangerous. I’m likely to face not only the Ghost elites, but also the top Supreme Saints of the Bone clan and Corpusians.

“But, isn’t this also an opportunity?”

Lord Xia Yu figured out Zhang Ruochen's intention. She was moved. "You want to take this opportunity to destroy the Ghost Clan's home planet?"

"If the Immortal Vampires want to take first place, the only way is to destroy the home planets of the other nine clans. At the same time, we have to protect our own home planet. Since Xu has sent me an invitation, I'll go along with his plan."

Zhang Ruochen's expression was cold. He spoke of destroying the home planet of the nine clans and killing billions of living beings and dead souls as calmly as water, without a trace of mercy.

The defensive array of the Immortal Vampires' home planet had been set up. Now, they would go to exterminate the Ghost Clan's home planet. They didn't have to worry about retaliation from the Ghost Clan cultivators.

They had to seize the right time to exterminate the other nine clans' home planets.

Lord Xia Yu sensed Zhang Ruochen's determination. She knew that he wasn't reckless and ignorant, so she didn't try to dissuade him. "I'll go with you."

"You stay at our home planet and continue to set up the array. The stronger the array the better. In the future, we might have to stay here and resist the attacks of the nine clans," said Zhang Ruochen.

"The first defense array has been set up. Even if ten Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints, who have achieved the Great Perfection, attack, the home planet can still resist it. It should be enough for now."

Lord Xia Yu continued, "Since Xu dares to invite you to his clan's home planet, it means that the defense array of the Ghost Clan's home planet has been set up. If you can't break the array, how are you going to destroy that planet?"

Zhang Ruochen finally agreed to take her with him.

Lord Xia Yu also proposed to let Gu Chenzi go with them, but Zhang Ruochen turned down her proposal.

The Bloodysky Continent was the foundation of Bloodysky Clan. They needed a top elite to guard it at all times. If they were attacked by the enemy, they would lose.

The Celestial-Hunting battle was too important to be careless.

...

The Ghost Clan's home planet was located northwest of the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Thick dark fog covered the planet, which was floating in the starry sky. It looked almost invisible.

It was like a dark fog in the universe.

Xu stood at the peak of the highest mountain on the planet. With one hand behind his back, he looked at the sky.

Beneath his feet was white snow.

A cold wind blew in the air.

Supreme Saint Manjian was nailed to the northern cliff of the mountain by five ice pillars. His long hair was disheveled, and his saint blood was flowing. The aura of his cultivation Path became weaker and weaker.

"It's useless. I... am just a cripple who has lost Saint Source. Using me to threaten Zhang Ruochen is meaningless. He won't come," Supreme Saint Manjian said weakly.

Xu smirked, "Whether he comes or not, he will lose. However, if he comes, he will suffer a greater loss. His journey will end here."

Ming, Ghost Master's eighth son, stood at the foot of the mountain. He smiled and said, "If he doesn't come, he, a so-called genius of current Yuanhui, will be known as a coward and will be laughed at."

He said, "If Zhang Ruochen doesn't come in three days when your blood runs out, I will extract your Saint Soul and refine you into a ghost slave." "This way, my cultivation can be improved." When Zhang Ruochen fights with me, his state of mind will also be fatally affected.

"No matter what, I won't lose."

Supreme Saint Yanhong and Mad Whitejade Lion stood in a concealing array not far from the mountain peak.

In addition, there were three Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Ye Changzai of Impermanenton¹.

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor of Umbramont¹.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor of Bluewindon¹.

Half of the most powerful saints of the nine Ghost Cities were here.

Killing Zhang Ruochen was a unanimous decision of the Ghost Clan.

The other Ghost Clan Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm didn't join because they were hunting Celestial Captives in the starry sky and couldn't come back for the time being.

With such a lineup, it could be seen how much they valued Zhang Ruochen.

Mad Whitejade Lion asked, "Your Highness, have the Bone clan Supreme Saint of the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm really arrived? Why can't I sense their aura at all?"

Supreme Saint Yanhong smiled, "If you can sense it, won't Zhang Ruochen also be able to sense it? Don't worry. The Bone Clan's Moon-Bull Emperor and Lord Sparrow Bone came with me. At the critical moment, they'll definitely give Zhang Ruochen a fatal blow.

"Apart from that, I've also invited Corpusians' top elite, Mauve Pupa, to hide in a secret place outside the Ghost Clan's home planet and cut off Zhang Ruochen's path of retreat."

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor's body was 760 feet tall. His four eyes were like four magic lamps illuminating the world. He laughed. "With such a lineup, even if Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu come, they'll definitely die, let alone Zhang Ruochen."

“If we don’t attack, then so be it. Once we do, we must make him die a horrible death.” A shadow emerged on the ground. His voice was hoarse.

It was Ye Changzai.

He was always around but rarely appeared in plain sight.

He was the most mysterious elite of the Ghost Clan. Even with Xu’s strength, Xu didn’t dare to provoke him.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor was like a bat hanging upside down on a mulberry tree. His voice merged with the wind, “The Supreme Artifact of the Bone clan have been brought here, right? Together with the Supreme Artifact of our Ghost Clan, our side has a total of two Supreme Artifacts. If Zhang Ruochen dares to come, he will be turned into ashes.”

Mad Whitejade Lion was both excited and worried. “This is clearly a killing scheme. Anyone who comes will die. What if Zhang Ruochen doesn’t come?”

Supreme Saint Yanhong said, “It’ll only take three days. If he doesn’t come in three days, we’ll go to the Immortal Vampires’ home planet. With our strength, we can exterminate the Immortal Vampires first.”

Mad Whitejade Lion was secretly happy. If that was the case, it would be even better.

Supreme Saint Yanhong glanced at Mad Whitejade Lion without leaving a trace. Seeing through his thoughts, she sneered in her heart. ‘You want to use me as a knife, but you have no idea I want to take this chance to get rid of Lady Wind. Before I get rid of Lady Wind, I’ll definitely get rid of you first. But now, you still have some value.’

The reason why so many powerful figures responded to Supreme Saint Yanhong’s attack on Zhang Ruochen was not only because Zhang Ruochen had many enemies, but also his many treasures.

Eight Ampliofruits, three Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills, a large number of King Grade Saintwill Pills, and top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills.

These powerful cultivators were all here for benefit.

Supreme Saint Yanhong could use this to complete her plan to counter Lady Wind.

If it were any other time, it would not be easy to assemble the top masters of the three middle clans. After all, the three middle clans were also in competition with each other.

Mad Whitejade Lion added, “We’d better be careful. Zhang Ruochen is proficient in the Path of Time and Space. If he sneaks in quietly, we will be caught unprepared.”

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor laughed and pointed to the top of his head. “Do you see the seven stars? They are the seven nodes of the Star-Shield Grand Formation of the Ghost Clan’s home planet. They are also Pleiades Lotus, the supreme artifact.”

“With Xu in control of the supreme weapon and the combination of the supreme weapon and the Star-Shield Grand Formation, he can sense every single movement on the planet.”

Mad Whitejade Lion looked up, and his pupils contracted, “Why are there eight stars?”

“Eight stars?”

Supreme Saint Yanhong, the four-eyed ghost emperor, and the Winged Ghost Emperor looked up and saw that the eighth star had indeed appeared in the dark ghostly fog. Furthermore, that star was getting bigger and bigger. It became the size of a pan, a dustpan, a stone mill.

In the end, it covered half of the sky. It was grand and magnificent.

A huge planet was crashing towards the Ghost Clan’s home planet. The powerful gravitational force of the planet caused the wind and clouds to surge on the Ghost Clan’s home planet. Mountains collapsed, rivers collapsed, and the sea surged.

“It’s here!”

Supreme Saint Yanhong was not alarmed. Instead, she was delighted.

Standing at the peak of the mountain, Xu narrowed his eyes and revealed a carefree smile. He raised his palm. The chilly winds of heaven and earth gathered in his palm and condensed into a bone-piercing cold air.

He thrust his palm toward the sky.

This palm contained boundless ghost Qi and hundreds of millions of laws interweaved.

After charging out of the atmosphere of the planet of the Ghost Clan, the size of the palm print was already half the size of the planet of the Ghost Clan. It was like the hand of the heavens.

Rumble

In outer space, the planet that had crashed into them was dented and shattered by the palm print.

The densely packed fragments of the planet continued to fly toward the Ghost Clan's home planet like a meteor shower. They activated the Star-Shield Grand Formation of the home planet and formed a layer of black ghost mist.

Boom Boom

All the meteor showers were annihilated and turned into dust.

The Ghost Clan's home planet shook nonstop. The ghosts on the planet were all scared out of their wits and let out heart-wrenching howls.

When the world calmed down, Zhang Ruochen, dressed in a blood-red robe, appeared above the Ghost Clan's home planet. He was straight and handsome. His long hair swayed. He gave off a majestic aura.

The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms locked onto him again. The projection of the starry sky around the Ghost Clan's home planet spread to all parts of Infernal Court.

At this moment, countless pairs of eyes were staring at the image in the sky — Zhang Ruochen and a star.

Many cultivators didn't know what had happened. They also didn't know why Zhang Ruochen had gone to the Ghost Clan's home planet alone, so they had all sorts of guesses.

No matter what, the projection in the sky had attracted all the cultivators.

They wanted to know what would happen next?

Xu used his spiritual power to explore the surrounding starry sky and said with a smile, “As expected of the Scion of Time and Space. You kept your promise and actually came alone. I wonder if you dare to enter the Ghost Clan’s home planet?”

After saying this, Xu swiped his finger toward the sky.

Whoosh

A crack dozens of miles long appeared in the star-protecting formation. The black clouds were pushed open and appeared in the sky like a Heavenly River.

“There are hundreds of millions of ghosts on the Ghost Clan’s home planet, but I’m alone. If you dare to invite me in, why wouldn’t I dare to go?”

Zhang Ruochen took a step forward. The space distorted and he instantly appeared on the planet.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had moved a planet thousands of miles in diameter from the universe and crashed into the Ghost Clan’s home planet. He was testing the strength of the planet’s defensive formation. He was certain of it.

That was why he dared to come to the planet without any scruples.

Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power spread out and found that there was not a single ghost on the continent under his feet. It was dead silent for thousands of miles.

It seemed that Xu had cleared the battlefield long ago and left.

When Zhang Ruochen’s gaze fell on Supreme Saint Manjian who was nailed to the cliff by the five icicles, his cold and ruthless eyes became even more murderous.

“You-You shouldn’t have come.”

Supreme Saint Manjian’s turbid eyes revealed a sorrowful and bitter light. His heart was moved beyond words.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had joined Infernal Court, even though he knew there was an inescapable snare here, he still came without hesitation!

Supreme Saint Manjian felt deeply guilty. He felt that he had dragged Zhang Ruochen down.

“Hurry...”

Supreme Saint Manjian was about to speak, but the icicle nailed to his head pierced into it. The cold air numbed his will, and the pain made him scream.

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fists and controlled his emotions. He looked around and said, “Call out all the powerful figures who are lying in ambush on this continent. What’s the point of continuing to hide?”

“Zhang Ruochen, I really want to fight against you and defeat you personally... No, I want to kill you and refine your soul into my slave. So, no outsiders will interfere in this battle,” Xu said.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t believe him. He pointed to the mountaintop and said resolutely, “Fighting against me alone will be the stupidest decision you’ve ever made.”

Chapter 2301: Battling Xu

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation

Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

Xu stood proudly on the peak of the mountain, the cold wind in this area became more and more fierce under the influence of his aura. It let out a whistling sound.

The wind force transformed into a wind blade and then condensed into a tornado

Unlike before, at that moment, Xu was completely serious. His aura was as sharp as a Heaven-cleaving sword.

Whoosh

A black ley line condensed in front of him and interwoven into a mysterious pattern

It looked like a talisman, but also like a ghost drawing

“Heaven-Defying Ghost Rune,” Zhang Ruochen read.

When Zhang Ruochen read the information on Xu, he had seen records of Heaven-Defying Ghost Rune.

Heaven-Defying Ghost Rune was a ghost rune created by the Ghost Master. It could communicate with heaven and earth, control thousands of ghosts, and steal the power of the Celestial Court. All of the nine sons of the Ghost Master were extremely talented. However, only the second son, Yuan, had successfully comprehended it.

It was rumored that Xu had also comprehended the Heaven-Defying Ghost Rune, but he had never used it officially. Or perhaps, all the cultivators who had seen him use the Heaven-Defying Ghost Rune had died.

Whoosh

The second one, the third one...

In an instant, 13,500 Heaven-Defying Ghost Runes condensed and floated in the air, emitting dark light.

The air, Ghost Qi, and the precepts of heaven and earth formed a vortex with the Heaven-Defying Ghost Rune as the center.

The wind and clouds both came to a halt.

At that moment, space and time seemed to be frozen. Only Xu's hands were still forming finger seals.

In the Cloaking Array.

Mad Whitejade Lion's eyes suddenly shrank. "He did cultivate the Heaven-Defying Ghost Rune, and he can condense 13.500 at once. His spiritual energy must have reached the 64th level."

The Four-eyed Ghost Emperor laughed coldly. "In terms of spiritual energy, Xu has an overwhelming advantage. Even if Zhang Ruochen's battle strength can compete with Xu, the difference in spiritual energy will be his fatal flaw in failure."

"Haha, Xu revealed his trump card as soon as he attacked. It seems that he's going to defeat Zhang Ruochen easily," Popobawa Ghost Emperor said.

"Defeating a Yuanhui level genius is a glorious deed that will be recorded in the Tome of Ghosts, "Ye Changzai said faintly. "The battle scenes will be preserved in perpetuity. If I were Xu, I would also win the most emphatically."

"Xu and Zhang Ruochen have already had three fights. There's no need to keep testing. The purpose of this battle is to determine the victor and to determine life and death," said Supreme Saint Yanhong,

13.500 Heaven-Defying Ghost Runes flew toward Zhang Ruochen, who was in the center. The space was constantly compressed. Streaks of corrosive power pressed down from all directions

The ground beneath Zhang Ruochen's feet was splintered. His entire body was engulfed and swallowed.

Rumble

The ten wings on his back spread out. Ten streaks of golden light tore through the darkness and rushed in all directions. The five rays of golden light rushed to the ground and broke

the earth. They formed five rifts that extended thousands of miles away. The continent that was tens of thousands of miles long shook violently. Thick yellow dust rose from where the five rifts were

The cultivators who were watching the projection were tingled by such a shocking scene.

An average body such as Zhang Ruochen's could actually erupt with such terrifying power.

The 13,500 Heaven-Defying Ghost Runes were shattered, turning into wisps of ghostly fog and dissipating in the air

Xu's eyes turned cold, and he took a step back, he thought to himself, The Heaven-Defying Ghost Runes that could resist a combination of Supreme Saint of the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm were broken just like that. Zhang Ruochen's ten golden wings have indeed changed. They indeed contain the aura of a progenitor.'

Suddenly, Xu caught a streak of golden light in the rolling ghost clouds.

The golden light moved at breakneck speed. It had appeared in front of him in the blink of an eye.

It was Zhang Ruochen.

The brilliance emitted by the ten golden wings on his back was the source of the golden light.

Boom!

The ten golden wings slashed onto Xu's body, creating an earth-shaking collision sound.

At that moment, both of Xu's hands formed a Lotus print. The precepts in his body turned into a black Ghost Lotus. It wrapped around his body and collided with the golden wings on Zhang Ruochen's back.

Xu's reflexes were incredible

Xu remained calm and looked at Zhang Ruochen at a close distance, he said, "You're very fast, and the power unleashed by the golden wings is also very powerful. But I'm not Mad

Whitejade Lion. Your power is far from enough to fight against the top ten elites of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realmn.”

“Is that so?

Zhang Ruochen released the Precepts of Dimension in him and it turned into a gravitational space, pressing on Xu’s body.

Boom

Xu’s Astral Form trembled slightly. The pressure increased greatly, and cracks began to appear on the Ghost Lotus.

At that moment, the vines of the Saint Devourer rushed out from Zhang Ruochen’s back. They fell down like thousands of strands, flying toward the north cliff of the mountain.

Supreme Saint Manjian was nailed to the northern cliff by five ice pillars and his saint blood gushed out.

Whoosh

The Saint Devourer’s vines released the Divine Purification Flame. It coiled around the five ice pillars, trying to refine them.

Just as the Divine Purification Flame was released, dense Supreme Saint inscriptions appeared on the surface of the stone layer on the northern cliff. The Supreme Saint Inscriptions gave off a blinding light. They condensed icy Qi and extinguished the Divine Purification Flame.

The Saint Devourer’s vines quickly retracted and left the northern cliff.

“AH..”

Supreme Saint Manjian gritted his teeth, but he still let out a painful cry. He was in pain that even his mental state could not withstand. The Supreme Saint Inscriptions on the northern cliff rushed into the Supreme Saint Manjian’s body and froze it inch by inch.

Standing at the center of the Ghost Lotus on the peak of the mountain, Xu laughed, “Do you think it’s that easy to save someone? Before you came here, there were already tens of

thousands of Supreme Saint Inscriptions carved on this mountain.”

The ten-thousand-meter-tall mountain started to radiate with a blinding light.

All of the Supreme Saint Inscriptions were activated.

RAWR!

ROAR!

On Xu’s back, numerous phantoms rushed out. They were in the form of a lion a tiger, a human, and a Rakshasa... There were a total of 12 million phantoms. After they appeared, they turned this world into an extremely sinister ghost world.

The 12 million phantoms condensed into 12 Thousand-Koan Realm Ghost Emperor Souls. Each of them was majestic and filled with saint might. They contained one-tenth of the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint’s power.

The power of the 12 Ghost Emperor Souls combined with Xu’s own power.

Xu slapped out and hit the golden wings on Zhang Ruochen’s back and Zhang Ruochen was sent flying

Since Xu had the upper hand, he naturally had to follow up. Xu immediately struck out a second palm, a third palm... the power of the palm was endless.

Like thunder, a total of 57 palm explosions rang out.

Zhang Ruochen flew 5,000 miles backward. With the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, three dragon souls in the Thousand-Koan Realm, and three elephant souls in the Thousand-Koan Realm, all of Xu’s palm power was blocked.

The two palms came together. The ground cracked everywhere they went, mountains turned to mud, and rivers turned to ice.

This was a collision of power. It was obnoxious and violent.

At that moment, the entire Infernal Court, including the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, trembled.

Who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen would go to the home planet of the Ghost alone to fight with Xu?

“Is Zhang Ruochen crazy?” Many cultivators had such doubts.

No matter how powerful a cultivator was, he couldn’t go alone to the home planet of the Ghost. Moreover, Zhang Ruochen had enemies everywhere in the Infernal Court. Many cultivators wanted to kill him.

What was the difference between his current behavior and courting death?

Only the cultivators of the Celestial Court on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting saw some clues. That was because they could vaguely see Supreme Saint Manjian nailed to the north cliff in the projection.

“Zhang Ruochen barged into the Ghost’s home planet alone. He must have gone to save Supreme Saint Manjian,” A cultivator from Guanghai said excitedly.

“That has to be it. Zhang Ruochen is very close to Supreme Saint Manjian. Supreme Saint Manjian’s life was threatened by the Ghost’s Supreme Saint. Zhang Ruochen had to go to save him.” said another cultivator.

The cultivators who had a close relationship with Zhang Ruochen saw this scene. Although they were worried about Zhang Ruochen’s safety, they felt inexplicably relieved. At least, Zhang Ruochen’s nature had not changed.

It was the same as before. Friendship came first, life and death came second.

Battle projections appeared all over the Infernal Court. The cultivators from the Bloodysky Clan were the most excited.

Dishastan had targeted the Bloodysky Clan in each of the previous Celestial – Hunting Festivals. This resulted in heavy losses for the Bloodysky Clan each time. They were at the bottom of the list of the ten great clans.

Not only did the Supreme Saint who participated in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting feel humiliated, but the cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan also held back their anger. They hated the

cultivators of the Dishastan so much that they gritted their teeth.

Xu of the Dishastan became the number one elite of the Ghost. The cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan thought that the Bloodysky Clan would be humiliated again in this year's Battle of Celestial-Hunting. They were mentally prepared.

What was the use of hating?

What was the use even if they were unwilling?

The difference in strength was obvious. They could only admit it.

However, they didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to single-handedly go to the Ghost's home planet and fight with Xu, the strongest of the Ghost. Suddenly, their blood boiled and their hearts were engulfed with flames. It was as if they had become one with Zhang Ruochen and were fighting with Xu.

Of course, they did not know that Zhang Ruochen had gone to the home planet of the Ghost to save Supreme Saint Manjian.

They only thought that Zhang Ruochen had gone to the home planet of the Ghost to take revenge and avenge the shame of the Bloodysky Clan.

Whether Zhang Ruochen won or lost, at least such a tough act made people want to shout.

In the world where the Bloodysky Clan was located, a teenager pointed to the sky, he said, "If Zhang Ruochen can defeat Xu and make the Bloodysky Clan proud, if anyone dares to say anything against him in the future, I will make his blood spills.

Not far away, a blood-haired girl's beautiful eyes shone with excitement. She said, "If Zhang Ruochen can defeat Xu, I will admit that he can be as famous as my idol, Yan Wushen."

The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Xu completely stirred up the emotions of the cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan.

For the Bloodysky Clan, this battle was no trivial matter.

For Zhang Ruochen, this battle also had far-reaching effects. Once he won, his prestige in the Bloodysky Clan would rise to the peak.

With the support of the entire Bloodysky Clan, he could stand firm in the Infernal Court.

In the Fane of Destiny, the gods were also watching the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Xu.

Compared to the cultivators who only knew how to watch the show, the gods cared more about the outcome.

However, even with the wisdom of the gods, who had a lot of information about Xu and Zhang Ruochen, there was still no definite answer to the outcome.

The Ghost Master's loud voice rang out, "Zhang Ruochen dares to intrude into the Ghost's home planet after breaking only one shackle. He's really young and arrogant. It's a pity, Xue Jue. I'm afraid your grandson will disappoint you." Wargod Bloodixmius remained calm. He sat in his deity world and ignored the Ghost Master

The divine shadow of Asurendra Samay appeared in the temple. He was smiling and said, "Ghost Master, what do you think will be the result of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Xu?"

No one knew how many gods gathered in the Fane of Destiny because they were all sitting in their deity world. Only when they communicated with each other would the divine shadow appear in the temple.

The Ghost Master said, "Zhang Ruochen is talented. Of course, he can't beat Xu in the same realm. But now, one of them has just broken one shackle, and the other has reached the Great Perfection stage, which is equivalent to 99 realms. The result is self-evident. If Zhang Ruochen breaks another 30 or 40 shackles, he may have a chance to win."

The handsome Lord Ming's divine shadow appeared. He laughed, "What 99 realms? Mad Whitejade Lion's cultivation at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm is still crushed by Zhang Ruochen. Ghost Master, you'd better

not be so full of yourself. You might not be able to take it back.”

Asurendra Barasingha’s divine shadow appeared, ‘Why don’t I make a prediction?’ He said. “Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation above the three paths of Time, Dimension, and Truth is commendable. Now, he has awakened the Progenitor Bloodximius’s bloodline and released part of the power of the Demigod-level Physique. He actually has a chance to win this battle, but it won’t be more than 20%.”

Ghost Master’s voice was cold, “I think you all underestimate the top geniuses of the Internal Court. The difference of 99 realms is an absolute difference. To be ranked in the top 10 of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm by both the Realm of Star Ocean and the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms is not just a superficial strength.”

“Zhang Ruochen’s biggest reliance in the past was his countless powerful weapons. He could defeat his opponents with external forces. But now, they are in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen only has a gourd with him.”

“Just a gourd?” Lord Ming smiled.

The Ghost Master said, “Don’t think I don’t know that Zhang Ruochen’s gourd is the Bloodysky Clan’s Supreme Artifact. But what’s the point?”

“The strongest of the Ghost, Bone Clan, and Corpusian, as well as Supreme Artifacts of the three clans, are all near the Ghost’s home planet.”

“Even if Zhang Ruochen defeats Xu with a one-in-a-million chance, he’ll die in the end. Xue Jue, have you prepared the coffin for Zhang Ruochen?”

Seeing that Wargod Bloodximius did not speak, the Ghost Master laughed again. “Actually, Zhang Ruochen has another big weakness. That weakness is Supreme Saint Manjian of Guanghan. Now that Supreme Saint Manjian is in Xu’s hands, Zhang Ruochen’s state of mind must be affected.”

“When two top-level elites fight, their state of mind is bound. You can imagine what the result will be.”

Lord Ming’s heart sank.

The Ghost Master had hit the nail on the head.

No matter what, Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation and spiritual energy were too far apart compared to Xu. Xu also had the advantage of the environment and state of mind.

This battle was very disadvantageous to Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Ming knew Zhang Ruochen’s trump card well. After calculating, even if Zhang Ruochen could overcome the pressure of his state of mind, he only had a 30-40% chance of defeating Xu.

Unless Zhang Ruochen broke 10 shackles and doubled the power of his Neverwithers Physique, he would be able to win easily.

Chapter 2302: Tri-Space Seal

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation

Editor: Endless Fantasy Translation

Smoke and dust rose from the five-thousand-mile-wide land,
the landscape

was destroyed, and the precepts of heaven and earth were in
disorder. The

clouds above the Ghost's home planet exploded.

The two's energy waves would have spread to the starry sky if
it hadn't been for

the Star-Shield Grand Formation.

The space outside the Ghost's home planet was six-colored,
and the star fog

was magnificent. Some of them looked like nine-petaled saint
flowers of

different colors. Some were like conches with swirling Qi
marks. Some were

like colorful rivers that connected billions of miles.

Around 50,000 miles from the Ghost's home planet, in a
purple, green, and red

star fog, there were three Supreme Saints in the Hundred-
Shackle Realm's

Great Perfection stage, led by Pan Ruo. They appeared to be
four divines.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei sighed and said, "With Xu's strength,
he still couldn't

take down Zhang Ruochen even after spending so much time.
Zhang Ruochen,

who has broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm, is
indeed

extraordinary. He's already a top-tier elite below the Thousand-Koan Realm."

Lord Sinluo had a solemn expression on his face and a heavy heart.

Lord Sinluo had wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen ever since he arrived at the

Infernal Court to avenge his brother. Lord Sinluo had never thought highly of

Zhang Ruochen, who had only recently broken through to the Supreme Saint

Realm with his cultivation at the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection

stage.

However, Zhang Ruochen's combat strength had rendered him powerless.

At least, he did not have the confidence to fight with Xu to such an extent.

But Zhang Ruochen could.

Another Supreme Saint of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle

Realm of the Deathkin, Mistress Fireborn, stood side by side with them. Her

slender and graceful body was covered with a layer of scarlet flames. She had a

beautiful face and snow-white skin, which gave her a special charm.

Mistress Fireborn said, "Yuan Fei, you fought with Xu before. How strong was

he? It took him so long to defeat Zhang Ruochen, who had broken one of his

shackles. Does he deserve his reputation?"

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei shook his head with a serious expression. "Xu didn't

fuse the Grade Three Saintwill, but he's ranked seventh on the list of the Great

Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. No one can beat him. Do you

really think he's that simple?

"I did have a battle with Xu, but even if I tried my best, I could only end up in a

draw with him. I can feel that he still has some strength left.

"The reason why we ended up in a draw may be because he wanted to hide his

strength. Or maybe he knew that even if he could defeat me, he would have to

pay a price. That's why he chose to stop."

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was the Deathkin's number one elite. All of the other

Supreme Saints present thought he was being modest when he said such

conservative words. Only Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was aware of the chasm that

existed between him and Xu.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and Xu were just sparring.

While Zhang Ruochen and Xu were fighting to the death.

Being able to fight for

so long without losing was already very surprising to Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

Zhang Ruochen's combat strength was probably not weaker than his, who was

ranked 12th, the Supreme Saint of the Great Perfection stage of the

Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Mistress Fireborn had a charming smile on her face, but she was quite

disdainful in her heart. No matter how strong Xu was, he was still far inferior

to Wujiang

When Wujiang fused the Grade Two Saintwill, the so-called Divine Fetus, Royal

Divine Frame, and Yuanhui-level genius would all be trampled under his feet.

Whoever mastered the Grade Two Saintwill would truly stand at the pinnacle of this era.

Pan Ruo stared in the direction of the Ghost's home planet without saying

anything from start to finish.

Lord Sinluo smiled and said, "Your Highness Pan Ruo used this trick to kill

Zhang Ruochen effortlessly. In my opinion, this is a good opportunity to take

care of the Pink Skull."

"This is a great opportunity." Pan Ruo said without showing any emotion.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and Mistress Fireborn smiled.

Zhang Ruochen was like a dead man in their hearts. Their most feared foe had

quietly shifted to Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Xu's palm strike was strong. The chaotic light and the chilling Ghost Qi kept

bursting out, setting off waves of energy.

Zhang Ruochen's left arm was numb from hundreds of palm strikes. It was

difficult to hold on with the power of the Demigod-level physique and the

enigmatic Primordial Neverwilt Physique.

Because his right arm had broken the shackles, he could continuously release

Divine Power. He was still capable of dealing with it.

“If only I could break the second shackle on my left arm. Even if I fight against

Xu’s thousand palm strikes, I won’t be at a disadvantage.”

Zhang Ruochen knew that he couldn’t continue fighting head-on, so he

mobilized his Saint Qi and released the blood-red aura. He injected it into the

Thousand Dipper Ring on his left wrist.

Whoosh

on the surface of the ‘Thousand Dipper Ring, Regal Inscriptions appeared. They

grew in size and emitted potent Saint Power. They took off in the direction of

the approaching palm.

Boom

The Thousand Dipper Ring became 330 meters in diameter. It shattered the

Ghost Qi contained in Xu’s palm strike and forced him back.

The power of Class Four Regal Artifact was not something that Xu could catch

with bare hands.

Zhang Ruochen stood in the center of the Thousand Dipper Ring. His left hand

and left leg both released Divine Qi and injected it into the ring

Suddenly, the Thousand Dipper Ring shone with boundless brilliance. As it

spun rapidly, it let out an ear-piercing metallic sound. Dense feathers of light

marks flew out from it and exploded with more power than before.

With Divine Power to activate the Regal Artifact, its power was different.

When Mad Whitejade Lion saw this, he became extremely uneasy. In a rage, it

stomped its feet. How could he not be depressed when his own weapon fell into

the hands of someone else and exploded with even more force.

“Using Divine Power to control a Class Four Regal Artifact, Zhang Ruochen’s

every attack will not be weaker than a high-level saint technique of the

Thousand-Koan Realm. This kid is much harder to deal with than I thought.”

Supreme Saint Yanhong frowned.

“Even without a weapon, I can still defeat you,” said Xu.

Xu’s battle intent reached a fever pitch and his Supreme Saint’s power swept

across the entire planet. He landed on the ground and stomped his feet. A

deafening roar erupted from the ground at the same time.

The ground within a hundred miles rose and turned into a magnificent altar. It

was as tall as a mountain.

Xu took a seat in the center of the altar. The precepts of heaven and earth from

all over the world converged on him. His Ethereal Form rose to 330 meters in

height, transforming into a massive ghost. His long black hair fluttered in the

breeze, and his eyes glowed like ghosts. His fingers formed complicated finger

seals

After Xu was cleansed using the Spring of Chaos, his Primordial Ghost

Emperor-Level Physique that he had cultivated was finally revealed.

SCREECH!

WOOOO!

Tens of thousands of Ghost Qi flew out of the Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level

Physique and gathered on his hands like icy serpents. At the same time, the

Ghostly Qi on the Ghost's home planet was also affected. It turned into

hundreds of rivers of Ghostly Qi that were thousands of kilometers long and

rushed towards him.

The advantage of the land was revealed.

Whoosh

A black mark formed on the palms of his hands.

The black mark became bigger and bigger, like a black hole that could devour

everything.

Tri-Space Seal, Spatial-Loch Seal.”

Xu released a loud shout and struck the black mark on his palm.

The Tri-Space Seal was known as Spatial-Loch Seal, Spatial-Sea Seal, and

Spatial-Sky Seal.

They were the famous high-level Thousand-Koan Realm saint techniques in

Dishastan. Spatial-Loch Seal, Spatial-Sea Seal, and Spatial-Sky Seal, each one

was stronger than the last. Legend had it that the power of the Spatial-Loch

Seal was comparable to an all-out attack from an early-stage Thousand-Koan

Realm Supreme Saint.

The Spatial-Sea Seal was comparable to the full-power attack of a mid-stage

Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

The Spatial-Sky Seal was a full-power attack of an advanced-stage

Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

If it was used by a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint, the power of the

Tri-Space Seal would be even stronger. With the Spatial-Sky Seal, he could

fight against a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint at the pinnacles.

At that moment, Xu unleashed the Spatial-Sky Seal with the power of twelve

Ghost Emperor Souls. Its power was more than twice that of an early-stage

Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

Rumble

The Thousand Dipper Ring spun and flew out, colliding with the Spatial-Loch

Seal. The powerful collision force swept across heaven and earth, causing the

earth to collapse layer by layer.

The Regal Inscription on the Thousand Dipper Ring quickly faded with a bang.

It took off and crashed into a patch of land hundreds of miles away, the area

turned pitch-black.

“Zhang Ruochen, your weapon is after all an external object. Your strength is

the origin. You don’t have a Supreme Artifact to use on the Battlefield of

Celestial-Hunting, so your weakness will be exposed. Today, I will kill you.”

said Xu. Then, his Saintwill came out of the mouth of the 330 meters tall

Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique.

The Spatial-Loch Seal continued to fly toward Zhang Ruochen. The black mark

absorbed the precepts of heaven and earth, the air, the soil, and the plants. Its

power didn’t decrease but increased.

“Wow, what a strong seal technique and power. It’s no surprise that it ranks

higher than Lord Xia Yu, who cultivated the Grade Three Saintwill. Lord Xia Yu

is far weaker in terms of power than him.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression did not change. He mobilized the blood-red aura

in his body and injected it into his ten golden wings. The blood patterns on the

golden wings suddenly became extremely bright.

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen tumbled into a streak of golden and red light. He broke through

the Spatial-Loch Seal and flew to the top of Xu's head.

Xu exclaimed in surprise. It was unbelievable.

With the strength of the Spatial-Loch Seal, once it locked on, even the Great

Dimensional Shift would be difficult to perform. However, Zhang Ruochen's

golden wings could break through the field lock of the Spatial-Loch Seal.

It had to be said that the power of the Divine Mark of the ancestor was indeed

not something that a Supreme Saint could understand.

Yanshen's Leg," said Zhang Ruochen. He had already accumulated enough

power. 10 million Divine Precepts appeared on his left leg and released

boundless flames. At the same time, the Precepts of Fire and the Divine

Purification Flame were released, forming a sea of fire under his feet.

The Divine Purification Flame set the sky on fire, turning the ground into red

soil

The altar under Xu's feet showed signs of melting, but he remained calm. His

hands released a sea of Precepts. Like billions of threads, he controlled the

Spatial-Loch Seal to shoot upwards.

The Spatial-Loch Seal had become more than 100 kilometers long. It spun

rapidly and climbed up.

Zhang Ruochen, who had descended from the sky, looked down. The

Spatial-Loch Seal was like an endless black eye of a ghost god. It wanted to devour him.

Zhang Ruochen's state of mind was flawless. He still stepped down without hesitation

The more he did this, the more he couldn't be timid.

Once he was timid, he would lose more than half.

Boom

The flame cloud formed by the Yanshen's Leg collided with the Spatial-Sky

Seal. The earth-shaking destructive power swept across this continent that

was tens of thousands of miles long. Energy waves spread to the other

continents, making all the ghosts on the Ghost's home planet feel terrified and

uneasy.

The continent where the two of them were fighting had long lost all its life. It

was showing signs of being broken, and large gulies appeared, like a piece of

ceramic that was about to be broken.

What was shocking was that pitch-black ghostly qi surged out from under the

bottomless gullies.

This ghostly Qi was more than a thousand times thicker than the Ghostly Qi

that filled the sky above the Ghosts home planet. Even a Ghost Emperor

couldn't produce it.

In the sky, Pan Ruo shook her head lightly. She said,
“Something’s wrong.”

“What’s wrong?” Mistress Fireborn asked curiously.

Pan Ruo said, “Just now, the power of Zhang Ruochen and
Xu’s attack had

reached the level of the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.
The destructive

power of the fierce collision was enough to destroy ten Ghost
home planets.

But you all saw that the Ghost planet only shook slightly.”

Mistress Fireborn said, “This isn’t strange, is it? The Ghost’s
home planet must

have Supreme Saint Inscriptions carved on it. Otherwise, Xu
wouldn’t have

chosen the surface of the planet as the battlefield.”

Pan Ruo nodded lightly and didn’t say anything more.

But Pan Ruo fell into deep thoughts. She was still thinking
about it. She felt

that this wasn’t normal. Perhaps the home planet of the ten
clans wasn’t as

simple as they’d imagined.

The gods must have set up the battlefield for another reason.

At that moment, Xu regretted it. Zhang Ruochen was harder to
deal with than

he’d expected. If this continued, the Ghost’s home planet
might be destroyed.

If that happened, Xu would become a sinner of the Ghost.

“Let’s end this battle, Spatial-Sea Seal,” said Xu.

Xu stomped his foot on the altar. The altar shattered into
pieces, and all the

rocks flew out.

The earth element rocks turned into water elements in an instant.

Splash

A thousand-mile-wide sea appeared under Xu's feet.

The ocean was becoming wider and wider. It was as if this continent, which

was tens of thousands of miles long, would become an ocean.

This was a power

that could change the world. All the Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection

stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm who was hiding on the continent were

shocked.

“Xu cultivated the Spatial-Sea Seal.

Supreme Saint Yanhong's beautiful face revealed a surprised expression.

If Zhang Ruochen doesn't have any other trump cards, this attack will decide

the outcome. If he can force Xu to use the Spatial-Sea Seal, no one will

question his title as a Yuanhui level genius,” Ye Changzai said.

Xu had obviously used all his strength to activate the Spatial-Sea Seal. Even the

330 meters tall Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique had shrunk 1

dozens of feet.

The Spatial-Sea Seal followed the Spatial – Loch seal, which had been shattered

by Yanshen's Leg. In an instant, it flew into the sky and engulfed Zhang

Ruochen. It denied Zhang Ruochen the opportunity to use the Great

Dimensional Shift to flee. He also did not have the opportunity to use t

of Truth's ten times attack power.

Zhang Ruochen was still calm in the face of this attack that could resist the

Supreme Saint of the mid-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. The Immovable

Wisdom King's Saint Aspect and the demonic shadow of the Incarceration of

Divine Demon appeared at the same time.

"You're not the only one who has cultivated the high-level saint technique of

the Thousand-Koan Realm," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen clasped his hands. His fighting spirit was at an all-time high.

The Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King and the demonic shadow

merged into one. They grew to be a thousand miles tall and were identical to

Zhang Ruochen.

Standing in the starry sky, one could see half of Zhang Ruochen's body, which

like a god and demon, floating above his head. The other half of his body

was submerged under the black atmosphere.

This scene was like the manifestation of a god.

Zhang Ruochen, whose body was a thousand miles tall, stepped on Xu's

Spatial-Sea Seal.

Chapter 2303: Internecine

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation **Editor:**

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EndlessFantasy Translation

The Saint Aspect and Divine Shadow of the Immovable Wisdom King had merged. It possessed unrivaled combat power. Incarceration of Divine Demon, a Thousand-Koan Realm high-level saint technique, was now combined with its force. The power was immense, and it was enough to make even a

Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage tremble.

BANG!

The two powerful forces clashed in the air.

Both of them emitted a chaotic light. What made Zhang Ruochen's body different was that it was engulfed in flames like a fire demon lord, causing the ghost clouds to burn.

The chilling Qi on Xu's body was so powerful that it transformed the ocean beneath his feet into a thousand-mile glacier.

"How can he be so... strong..." said Xu.

Xu gritted his teeth and his arms trembled.

Crack

The hundreds of feet thick glaciers shattered and melted. Then it vanished. The entire continent turned white and turned into a fog-filled world. As a result of the battle's aftermath, some areas became the fire domain, while others became dark and cold valleys.

For cultivators below the saint realm, this continent was a forbidden land. Anyone who entered would die.

Xu's 300 meters tall Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique sank more than 100 meters underground. The Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique had long left the void. It was no different from human flesh and blood. It was very solid, but there were cracks now.

The Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique seemed to be about to be broken.

Zhang Ruochen took advantage of the short time he had to suppress Xu. He immediately released tens of millions of Precepts of Time and Dimension, which evolved into a long River of Time and a Gravity-Spatial Domain to suppress Xu.

If Zhang Ruochen seized the opportunity, he would have to kill Xu with one strike.

"Heaven-Defying Ghost Rune!" Xu roared and spat out a cloud of Ghostly Qi of Origin.

27,000 Heaven-Defying Ghost Runes condensed around the Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique, flying around like talismans.

13,500 Heaven-Defying Ghost Runes were a group.

Xu condensed two groups of Heaven-Defying Ghost Runes using the Ghostly Qi of Origin. 27,000 Ghostly Qi vortexes arranged mysteriously, freezing space and suppressing time.

The River of Time and The Gravity-Spatial Domain were blocked. It didn't work on Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique,

"Zhang Ruochen, I've long thought of a way to deal with your Power of Time and Dimension. You'll definitely lose this battle!" Xu laughed loudly.

Xu's eyes were fierce and crazy. His battle intent had reached its peak. He pulled back his arms that held the Spatial-Sea Seal and said silently, "Frozen Dead Saintwill."

Whoosh

Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique grew to 330 meters tall again. A gust of cold air surged out of his body. Instantly, layers of ice formed.

The planet's Ghost Qi froze. The air appeared to be frozen. The entire Ghost planet became an ice ball.

On other continents, Ghost Supreme Saints defended and resisted ordinary Ghost cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen, who was in the center of the cold air, was covered in a layer of white frost. He felt a strong sense of danger. He quickly released the Realm-frame of Truth to form a strange image of a Shoreless Star Ocean. He tried his best to activate the Power of Truth.

"Quick! Quick! Quick!" Zhang Ruochen said.

Xu could already combine the Saintwill with the high-level saint technique of the Thousand-Koan Realm. If Zhang Ruochen couldn't activate ten times the power before he attacked, the consequences would be unimaginable.

The Supreme Saints who were hiding on the continent were also enveloped by the cold air. They could feel the terrifying power undulations from Xu.

"The Hundred-Shackle Realm high-level saint technique requires a long time to be fused perfectly with the Saintwill and unleash its strongest power," Mad Whitejade Lion said, his body trembling. "He truly is a force to be reckoned with. He can use the Thousand-Koan Realm high-level saint technique

and the Saintwill in combat."

Supreme Saint Yanhong was ranked eighth on the ranking of those who achieved the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, a rank below Xu. However, even for her, if she wanted to combine the Thousand-Koan Realm saint technique and Saintwill, she had to try ten times before she could succeed once or twice.

"Xu cleansed himself with the Spring of Chaos. In terms of saint techniques and Saintwill, he has an advantage that ordinary people can't match. With this attack, Xu already has the strength to fight against Wujiang and Luo Shengtian," Supreme Saint Yanhong said.

Although Supreme Saint Yanhong had other tricks up her sleeve, she had to admit that it was very difficult to defeat Xu.

The higher the level of the Saintwill, the more difficult it was to combine with the saint techniques. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen did not try to combine the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill with the Incarceration of Divine Demon. Instead, he activated the ten times attack power of the Path of Truth.

Rumble

After the combination of the Spatial-Sea Seal and the Grade Four Frozen Dead Saintwill, it pierced through the fire cloud above his head, broke The Gravity-Spatial Domain, tore the long River of Time, and collided with Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King.

“Incarceration of Divine Demon,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Thousands of starlight poured out of the Realm-frame of the Shoreless Star Ocean and blessed Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s left hand slapped out. It exploded with ten times the attack power and collided with the Spatial-Sea Seal.

Xu’s hands drew circles beneath the Spatial-Sea Seal. The densely packed Precepts of Destiny condensed into a light door, continually eroding the Path of Truth’s power.

After a short stalemate, the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King and the Spatial-Sea Seal shattered at the same time.

Puff

Zhang Ruochen spat out saint blood. His body flew out like a kite with a broken string. Affected by the cold air, his body was almost completely covered in ice and turned into an ice sculpture.

Bang Bang

The twelve Thousand -Koan Realm Ghost Emperor Souls shattered one after another and turned into twelve ghost clouds.

More than three million of the twelve million ghosts were eliminated by the ghost clouds. It was a devastating setback.

Xu fell to the ground rapidly. The spot on Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique's chest was broken through by Zhang Ruochen's palm power and tured into a mass of Ghost Qi.

Boom

The ground was hit by Xu and it sank, showing a bottomless pit.

Both sides were injured.

The ice that had been covering Zhang Ruochen's body cracked, and his ten golden wings shone brightly once more. He was, however, severely injured, particularly the most delicate organs of the Demigod-level physique and the Saint Soul.

The Spatial-Sea Seal injured Zhang Ruochen's organs, and the chilling Ghost Qi invaded them.

Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul was injured by the Frozen Dead Saintwill, but it was not seriously injured with the protection of the Divine Shadow of the Immovable Wisdom King's will.

'Xu flew out of the pit and landed heavily on the ground. His broken chest slowly solidified, and his face was as cold as water. This was not the result he wanted. Even if he defeated Zhang Ruochen or even killed him, he would still be seriously injured, which would affect the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

He hesitated and fought with the gods in his heart.

If Xu wanted to consider the overall situation, he had to immediately request that Supreme Saint Yanhong and the others attack and kill Zhang Ruochen together.

However, if Xu wanted to leave his name in history and have his name sung throughout the Infernal Court, he had to continue fighting and defeat Zhang Ruochen on his own.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power, on the other hand, detected an extremely unbelievable scene.

The continent, which was tens of thousands of miles long, had many cracks. The largest one ran through the north and south of the continent. The widest part was more than 40 miles as if it had split the continent into two.

In the beginning, Zhang Ruochen was just wondering why the battle was so intense, but the Ghost's home planet had not been broken. Only some cracks had appeared on the surface?

So he used his spiritual power to explore the underground. Unexpectedly, he found a metal structure 10,000 meters below the largest crack.

The crack was tens of thousands of miles long, and it was filled with metal.

It wasn't any ordinary metal. It was the ultimate material of the five elements, the Siderophiles Substance. It spread all over the world and was hidden deep in the planet's core.

Zhang Ruochen certainly didn't think that it was born from nature.

It must have been refined by gods.

"What is hidden inside the Ghost's home planet? It seems that the ten home planets aren't ordinary planets. The Gods of the Infernal Court must have other intentions." Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen intended to investigate underground, but he was well aware that he would be in grave danger. Once the Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage, who was hiding on this continent, made a move, he would find it difficult to deal with him in his current state.

He may even become unconscious.

Therefore, while Xu was hesitating, Zhang Ruochen withdrew the Thousand Dipper Ring. He spread his ten wings and flew rapidly toward the east.

Zhang Ruochen flew out of the continent and into the sky above the chilly sea in an instant.

Zhang Ruochen used the Healing Sacred Pill and the Heart of the Divine Tree to heal his injuries while flying.

“Not good,” said Xu.

Xu recognized Zhang Ruochen’s intent. He made it clear that he intended to travel to the other eight continents to deal with the common Ghost.

How many points would the Ghost lose if those eight continents were destroyed?

It didn’t take long for Zhang Ruochen to refine the chilling Ghost Qi that had invaded his body. Then, he immediately activated all the Regal Inscriptions in the Thousand Dipper Ring. Tens of millions of light-trace feathers appeared.

Whoosh

The huge Thousand Dipper Ring flew out and hit the continent in the east.

Rumble

The Thousand Dipper Ring shattered a ghost city that had gathered tens of millions of souls. The city was destroyed, as was everything within a thousand miles of it.

The six Supreme Saints guarding the ghost city knew that they couldn’t stop the Thousand Dipper Ring, so they escaped immediately.

However, the Thousand Dipper Ring’s aftershock still hit them.

The six Ghost Supreme Saints were all injured and furious.

One of the Ghost Supreme Saints roared, “Attack the cultivators from the Infernal Court who are participating in the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Please use the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms to expel Zhang Ruochen.”

The Supreme Saint of the Ghost also had a rhombus-shaped mirror. Zhang Ruochen’s points could be seen on it.

Zhang Ruochen’s points were still zero.

In other words, Zhang Ruochen didn't have the right to attack other cultivators. Once he attacked, his points would be negative, and he would be expelled from the battlefield.

However, after waiting for a long time, the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms still didn't expel Zhang Ruochen.

The six Supreme Saints of the Ghost looked at each other, puzzled.

Why did this happen?

Zhang Ruochen's attack was actually a test, a guess in his heart.

Back then, when Que had appeared out of thin air, it had already made him a little confused about the rules of the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Later, he, Lord Xia Yu, and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan worked together to deal with Que and snatch the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. However, they weren't expelled, which made Zhang Ruochen even more confused.

At that time, he was wondering if there were hidden rules in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?

For example, everything about Que was not bound by the rules.

Since the gods of the Infernal Court wanted to train Zhang Ruochen to be a weapon and forced him to kill Celestial Captives, how could they value him less than Que?

Since Que wasn't bound by rules, Zhang Ruochen was likely to be the same.

That attack could severely injure the Ghost and test the hidden rules of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Even if Zhang Ruochen failed and was expelled from the battlefield, it wouldn't be a loss for him. Instead, it would be a relief.

Zhang Ruochen had already obtained nine Ampliofruits and three Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills. He had already gained a lot.

The Bloodysky Clan had Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, who were all at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Their results wouldn't be bad.

Zhang Ruochen smiled happily when he saw that the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms had not expelled him. Since that was the case, he was free to go all out and begin killing.

“That attack just now destroyed more than 38 million souls of the Ghost. The total points will be deducted by more than 3.8 million points. Continue!” Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen performed the Great Dimensional Shift. He jumped and flew toward the second continent.

Xu's power was strong, but his speed was far inferior to Zhang Ruochen's. He couldn't catch up no matter how hard he tried. Seeing the destroyed Ghost City, anger burned in his heart, he roared, “Zhang Ruochen, I've changed my mind. I don't want to refine you into a Ghost slave. I want to destroy your soul, kill you, and leave your body unburied.”

Wis nainted at the

Chapter 2304: Unforeseen Circumstances

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:**EndlessFantasy Translation

Supreme Saint Manjian's heart was filled with hatred. He struggled with all his might, trying to break free from Supreme Saint Yanhong's suppression and self-destructing his Saint physique.

Even if he could not die with her, he had to die so that Zhang Ruochen would not have to worry about him.

BOOM!

Supreme Saint Yanhong pushed him back into the cliff wall with a palm across the air. She suppressed Supreme Saint Manjian firmly. Her beautiful face made people feel exceptionally ferocious.

"Just watch carefully. Don't dream of dying."

She smiled and pursed her red lips.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Mistress Fireborn, and Lord Sinluo were all taken aback at the brilliant starry sky. They had not anticipated Zhang Ruochen's power. He had destroyed a Ghost city and forced Xu to use the Supreme Artifact.

"Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen has only broken one shackle. I can't imagine how powerful he would be if he reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm," Lord Sinluo said.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei nodded and said, "We have made up our minds to kill Zhang Ruochen at all costs. It's a very wise decision."

Only Pan Ruo remained silent. Her eyes were locked on the Ghost's home planet.

At that moment, every cultivator in the Infernal Court and the Great Battlefield of Merits looked up. Some people clench their fists. Their hearts were on the verge of bursting out of their bodies. Zhang Ruochen was causing them concern.

Some were ecstatic. They laughed heartily.

“The power of a Supreme Artifact in the hands of a Supreme Saint is so terrifying.”

“In the same realm, a Supreme Saint with a Supreme Artifact can instantly kill other Supreme Saints. There’s no escape. If the Supreme Artifact locks on, even space will be frozen.”

“That time, Zhang Ruochen.... sigh...”

‘When Zhang Ruochen charged into the Ghost’s home planet alone, many cultivators were pessimistic.

When that moment arrived, they still couldn’t accept it. They closed their eyes silently. They couldn’t bear to continue watching.

Caged Zhang Ruochen remained calm in the center of the Supreme Power. He slapped his waist with the Violet Gourd. The gourd swooped down and landed in his palm.

Whoosh

As Saint Qi and Divine Qi poured out of Zhang Ruochen’s palm, the Dimensional Inscription at the mouth of the gourd and the Supreme Inscription inside were activated at the same time. They exploded with a more powerful aura.

Zhang Ruochen’s body shone with golden light. The gourd spun slowly in his hand. It floated like a celestial being.

The Golden Sun of Destruction had merged completely with the gourd. It carried the same Supreme Inscription as the gourd.

‘The difference was that the Supreme Inscription appeared inside and wouldn’t be exposed.

Whoosh

36 million Dimensional Inscriptions interweaved into a circular array hundreds of miles in diameter. It appeared above Zhang Ruochen’s head like a blossoming flower.

“It’s useless. All power will be destroyed in front of the Supreme Artifact.” Zhang Ruochen laughed deeply and

activated the Supreme Power he had accumulated for a long time.

suddenly, a stream of black Ghost Qi gushed out from the seven black Ghost Lotuses in the sky. It converged above Zhang Ruochen's head and turned into a black waterfall that poured down.

The aura in the black waterfall was bone-chilling, but there were tens of thousands of thunder and lightning as thick as buckets.

The seawater under Zhang Ruochen's feet evaporated in an instant, revealing the undersea land.

Crash

At that moment, the space within hundreds of miles of the space array suddenly collapsed, absorbing all the black waterfalls created by the Pleiades Lotus.

The world returned to calm as if nothing had happened.

Xu felt an unprecedented sense of accomplishment that he could kill the Yuanhui level genius Zhang Ruochen. As a result, he couldn't keep his cool and burst out laughing.

"Haha! Zhang Ruochen was killed by me. I must have done something great in this era... this... is impossible..." said Xu.

The laughter disappeared quickly as if someone was strangling Xu.

Xu stared thousands of miles away and saw that the sea had been completely evaporated by the Supreme Power. However, Zhang Ruochen was still floating in the air.

"How is it possible? How could the power of the Supreme Artifact disappear without a trace? Was it transferred to another place by his Power of Dimension? No, it's impossible. With his Dimensional attainments, how could he dissolve the power of the Supreme Artifact? Why? Why?"

Xu trembled, his heart full of confusion and doubt.

Zhang Ruochen's strangeness was beyond his understanding.

Whoosh

The Violet Gourd in Zhang Ruochen's hand became extremely heavy. He had to use all his strength to hold it. A large amount of cold lightning surged out of the surface of the gourd. It shuttled back and forth like a dragon and snake.

Inside the gourd, flames and cold qi were circulating. They formed a huge whirlpool that transformed the Supreme Power contained in the Ghost Qi waterfall.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen shouted coldly, "I'll give it back to you."

The mouth of the gourd faced Xu, who was thousands of miles away.

Boom

A black Ghost Qi light column rushed out of the gourd. Countless bolts of lightning interweaved in the light column and attacked Xu, who was thousands of miles away.

The sea was separated from where the Ghost Qi light pillar passed.

Xu's expression changed drastically. He burst out with his fastest speed and immediately fled.

However, the Ghost Qi light pillar contained a huge amount of energy. It was endless. Under Zhang Ruochen's control, it was like a thousand-mile-long dragon chasing after him.

In the end, there was nowhere for Xu to run. He could only form the Spatial-Sea Seal to resist.

Rumble

The Spatial-Sea Seal blocked for about ten breaths before it shattered and disintegrated.

Taking advantage of the time of ten breaths, Xu successfully activated the Supreme Power of the Pleiades Lotus once again. It clashed with the beam of Ghost Qi and resolved the crisis.

Fear still lingered in Xu's heart. He thought to himself, "That was close... just a little bit..."

The Ghost Qi light pillar was strong, but it traveled for tens of thousands of miles. Xu might be able to block it, but he would

definitely be heavily injured.

Once Xu was heavily injured, he would lose to Zhang Ruochen.

Although Xu had been in a sorry state, he had managed to block it.

How can Zhang Ruochen's gourd be so powerful? Can it even absorb the Supreme Power? What in the world can't it absorb?' Xu was extremely depressed. He gnashed his teeth in hatred.

'What a good gourd. Is it also a Supreme Artifact? That's not right. No Supreme Power is emanating from it' Supreme Saint Yanhong wondered.

Supreme Saint Yanhong was very tempted and wanted to take the Violet Gourd for herself.

If Supreme Saint Yanhong had such a treasure, what was there to be afraid of in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?

Even powerful figures like Wujiang and Luo Shengtian would be afraid of Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Therefore, Supreme Saint Yanhong handed over the task of guarding the Supreme Saint Manjian to Ming. She turned into a pink light path and flew toward the sea area where Zhang Ruochen was.

"Let's attack together and see how much power his gourd can take away!" Four-eyed Ghost Emperor's roar sounded in the eastern sky of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen looked to the east and saw a black mass of Ghost Qi rolling in heaven and earth. A huge ghost shadow was faintly revealed.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor spread his wings in the south, forming thousands of black wind pillars that connected the sky and the sea. A significant amount of seawater was swept into the sky.

'The 330-meter-tall Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique rode the waves and appeared 800 miles away in the

west. He appeared to be standing in the sky, looking down on Zhang Ruochen in the basin.

Supreme Saint Yanhong stood on the sea in the north. The sea turned pink as a whole. Brilliant and beautiful bone flowers bloomed on the water's surface, creating a sea of flowers.

They were not even 500 miles away from Zhang Ruochen. They were clearly terrified of the Violet Gourd in his hand.

Surrounded by four Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, Zhang Ruochen was naturally under a lot of pressure. He raised his head slightly to look at the sky. He was puzzled. Why hadn't Lord Xia Yu broken the Star-Shield Grand Formation of the Ghost's home planet?

Just now, Xu had mobilized the power of the Pleiades Lotus to attack Zhang Ruochen. That was when the Star-Shield Grand Formation was at its weakest. With Lord Xia Yu's array attainments, she could definitely find the weak point of the formation and destroy it with one strike.

Zhang Ruochen's strategy included breaking the Ghost's Star-Shield Grand Formation.

As long as the Star-Shield Grand Formation was broken, he could rely on his extreme speed, the Path of Time, and the Path of Dimension. Even if he was besieged by several Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he could still advance and retreat easily.

But now, there was a change in the plan.

Zhang Ruochen was now trapped in that corner of the Ghost's home planet. It would be extremely difficult for him to resist the attacks of several powerhouses of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Lord Xia Yu was in trouble in the void space outside the Ghost's home planet. She was discovered by Mauve Pupa, the Corpusian's number one powerhouse, who was lying in wait on a star fragment. They began a spiritual power struggle.

Lord Xia Yu blew the best opportunity to break the Star-Shield Grand Formation because of Mauve Pupa.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Mistress Fireborn, and Lord Sinluo were still watching the show in the other void space, ready to reap the benefits.

“Who would have thought that the gourd in Zhang Ruochen’s hand could resist the Pleiades Lotus? Where did that gourd come from?” A greedy smile appeared in Mistress Fireborn’s face.

Any cultivator, including gods, would be tempted by such a treasure.

Pan Ruo said, “Maybe it’s also a Supreme Artifact.”

Lord Sinluo was shocked, “A Supreme Artifact? That shouldn’t be possible! The gourd had been activated many times, but it didn’t release any Supreme Power. Besides, the Immortal Vampires’ Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell are both powerful figures. How could they let Zhang Ruochen control a Supreme Artifact?”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei nodded and said, “Every Supreme Artifact has a great reputation. No one in Celestial Court or Infernal Court can match the gourd in Zhang Ruochen’s hand.”

Pan Ruo had a few ideas, but since no one believed her, she didn’t say anything else.

“There are more than five Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm on the Ghost’s home planet,” Pan Ruo said. “Even if Zhang Ruochen can turn the sky upside down, he’ll definitely die now.

“Perfect. While he’s holding back most of the powerhouses, let’s attack now and break the Star-Shield Grand Formation first. Even if we can’t kill Supreme Saint Yanhong, we have to destroy the souls on the Ghost’s home planet first. We’ll completely suppress the Ghosts and they won’t be able to turn the

tide.”

Mistress Fireborn smiled sweetly, “I agree with Pan Ruo’s decision,” she said. “Indeed, we should attack immediately. It would be a great loss if all the good things on Zhang Ruochen fell into the hands of the Ghost and the Bone clan. I’ll give you the Ampliofruit and the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

I only want the gourd.”

“With the Mad Whitejade Lion coordinating from the inside and outside, it shouldn’t be difficult to break the Ghost’s Star-Shield Grand Formation,” Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said..

Chapter 2305: The Danger Was Not Easy to Overcome

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:**EndlessFantasy Translation

Supreme Saint Yuanfei and Mistress Fireborn's figures became translucent and then vanished into thin air.

Formless, shadowless, and devoid of any aura.

The two of them headed towards the Ghost's home planet to break the formation.

Pan Ruo and Lord Sinluo remained where they were.

Whoosh

The space shook slightly, and a handsome man with long silver hair walked out of the star fog.

He was tall and thin, and his facial features were exquisite. His ears were pointed, and his eyes emitted a strange light.

Although he was only wearing tattered clothes, his noble temperament was still hard to hide.

He was one of the elves.

"Who is it?" Lord Sinluo asked. He immediately took out the Frostwood Bow and pulled it open, pointing at the elf.

The elves belonged to the Heavenly Realm, which meant that that person was a Celestial Captive.

Pan Ruo appeared calm and collected. She glanced at the man and waved her hand, signaling Lord Sinluo to put away the bow and arrow. "How is it? What's the situation with the Celestial Captive?"

"Haha, I can fool Lord Sinluo, but I can't fool Your Highness Pan Ruo. It seems that my illusion is still not perfect." The elf laughed. His body tured into specks of light and disappeared.

Then, the specks of light gathered again and tured into a black shadow in armor.

It was the second most powerful figure of the Nether Clan, Que Fei.

Que Fei's mission was to go to the nearby starfield of the third dark star, to contact the Celestial Captives, and use their powers to deal with Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Sinluo put away the Frostwood Bow. He was quite depressed. He was a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but he couldn't see through Que Fei's illusion.

However, Pan Ruo was only in the Neverwilt Realm, yet she could see through it.

Pan Ruo's cold face did not contain any emotions. She said, "Your illusion is already perfect. Unfortunately, no matter how perfect your illusion is, it can't change a fact."

"What?" Que Fei asked.

"The precepts of heaven and earth," said Pan Ruo.

Then, Pan Ruo added, "The precepts of heaven and earth in the Infernal Court will repel the elves to a certain extent. However, the precepts of heaven and earth do not repel you."

Que Fei said, "That's right. that is indeed a flaw."

"There must be a cultivator among the Celestial Captives who discovered that," said Lord Sinluo.

However, as soon as he finished speaking, his old face turned red and he felt a little awkward.

Que Fei said, "Don't worry about what I do. I will not leave such a flaw. If you want to discover the traces that the precepts of heaven and earth have left on my body, you must at least be a spiritual-power Supreme Saint. Only then will you be able to detect it.

"After I killed that Saint King Realm elf man, I transformed into his appearance and only came into close contact with Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint realm. I should be able to deceive the world."

Pan Ruo asked, "How many Celestial Captives have come?"

Although he was trapped, Zhang Ruochen said calmly, “Four-eyed Ghost Emperor, ranked 49th on the list of Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Popobawa Ghost Emperor ranked 54th. Xu and Pink Skull can still fight with me. Are you two here to die? Didn’t the Mad Whitejade Lion tell

you how he was defeated by me?”

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor’s huge ghost body was hidden in the black clouds, he said in a majestic voice, “You are indeed powerful. I am not your opponent. However, you have to understand that that is not a one-on-one fight. It is four Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle

Realm who want to kill you. Today, you are destined to be destroyed in body and soul.”

Zhang Ruochen’s ten golden wings fluttered in the wind, he said, “Are there really four Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm? There is a fifth one, right? It was said that Ye Changzai of the Impermanenton turned into a ghost. He did not have an ethereal form. There

was only one shadow in the world. He was known as the Soul Snatcher and ranked 18th on the list of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Whose shadow are you hiding in?”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Xu, Supreme Saint Yanhong, Popobawa Ghost Emperor, and Four-eyed Ghost Emperor’s shadow, searching for Ye Changzai.

Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong were both shocked.

Ye Changzai was their secret chess piece. He was the key to killing Zhang Ruochen easily. However, Zhang Ruochen was even more brilliant than they had imagined. He could guess that Ye Changzai was hiding nearby.

A Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was the same as a Nin-Step Saint King. There was a clear difference in strength between them.

However, from the sixth place, Lord Lei of Stone Clan to the 18th place Ye Changzai there wasn't much of a difference in strength between these ten or so Supreme Saints. They all had a chance of defeating each other, it was just that the odds of winning were different.

Therefore, Ye Changzai, Xu, and Supreme Saint Yan Hong were all powerful figures of the same level.

If Ye Changzai suddenly attacked while Zhang Ruochen was fighting with all his strength against four cultivators at the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage, the results would be unpredictable.

With The Heart of Truth, Zhang Ruochen could only vaguely sense that Ye Changzai was nearby, but he could not find him.

"The Ghost of the earth's soul is indeed strange. Fortunately, Ye Changzai's most terrifying part is that he is unpredictable. His strength and talent are not very strong. Otherwise, he would be superior at the level of Wujiang and Luo Shengtian, and would be even more difficult to deal with."

Zhang Ruochen did not want to fight them head-on. He would definitely lose if he fought them head-on. So, he looked up at the sky again, but the Star-Shield Grand Formation still showed no signs of being broken.

suddenly, the image of the underground of the Ghost's home planet appeared in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

If the sky didn't work, then... he could only go underground.

"Maybe the underground of the Ghost's home planet will be another way to survive. The Siderophile Substance can not appear on a large scale inside a planet,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

"Zhang Ruochen, take that move from me first."

Four blood-red eyes appeared in the black cloud where the Four-eyed Ghost Emperor was. Each eye was as big as a mountain and released powerful death power.

Four worlds filled with Ghost Qi flew out of the four ghost eyes and evolved into four ghostly prisons.

The first ghostly prison had an evil mirror hanging high and was covered with Ghost Runes.

The second ghostly prison had copper pillars as thick as a mountain. They gave off shocking heat and were inserted into the sea and connected to the clouds.

The third ghostly prison was made up of 100,000 stone tablets. Each stone tablet weighed 300 million pounds.

The fourth ghostly prison was a scarlet blood pool. Beside the blood pool were endless bones.

Seeing the four ghostly prisons pressing down on him, Zhang Ruochen was surprised, he thought to himself, Ghostly Prison of Vile Mirror, Copper Column, Weighing Stone, and Blood Pool all appeared at the same time. The Four-eyed Ghost Emperor's strength is stronger than recorded in the

information. He's only one step away from breaking through to the Thousand-Koan Realm

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to break through the four prisons, Supreme Saint Yanhong and Xu approached him at the same time.

At the same time, Popobawa Ghost Emperor summoned a thousand-mile-long Ghost-headed Whip. It was like holding a long river and lashing at him at any time.

Chapter 2306: Going Underground

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Fighting against five Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm at the same time was completely different from fighting one-on-one. There were too many factors to consider. At that moment, even if Zhang Ruochen could break the four ghostly prisons of Four-eyed

Ghost Emperor, he did not dare to use his full strength. He also had to be wary of the other powerhouses who could attack at any time.

Zhang Ruochen held the gourd with one hand and activated the Precepts of Dimension in his sea of Qi with the other. He formed a palm and slapped out.

Boom

The palm print landed, and the space shattered layer by layer, revealing dark and empty areas. The four ghostly prisons were torn apart.

The evil mirror shattered, the copper pillar pressed down, the blood pool dissipated, and the 100,000 stone tablets turned to dust.

“He’s that strong?” said the shocked Four-eyed Ghost Emperor. He quickly retreated to avoid the broken space.

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor’s strongest attack was futile in front of Zhang Ruochen. It could be seen that Zhang Ruochen, who had only broken one shackle, already could kill Four-eyed Ghost Emperor.

“Take this!” said Popobawa Ghost Emperor.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor had already pushed the power of the Ghost-headed Whip to the limit. The moment Zhang Ruochen unleashed the Power of Dimension, the thousand-mile-long whip slashed out. The bone-chilling Ghost Qi combined with the sharp whip power.

The Ghost-headed Whip seemed to have turned into a blade. Its power condensed into a single line.

‘Popobawa Ghost Emperor has combined the Ghost-headed Whip, a Regal Artifact, with a strand of Saintwill. It’s soft to the extreme and sharp to the extreme. It’s a bit difficult to deal with.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen threw the Thousand Dipper Ring and collided with the Ghost-headed Whip.

The two collided silently.

The powerful Thousand Dipper Ring seemed to hit the air.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor smiled. The whip bent and continued to attack Zhang Ruochen from another direction.

Zhang Ruochen stepped on the void space with his right foot. The space under his feet distorted. The Ghost-headed Whip slashed past him and headed toward the Four-eyed Ghost Emperor.

The Four-eyed Ghost Emperor roared, “Who are you trying to kill, Popobawa Ghost Emperor?”

Popobawa Ghost Emperor didn’t expect the Power of Dimension to be so mysterious. Zhang Ruochen had used the force to hit him. He quickly withdrew the Ghost-headed Whip.

Whoosh

Taking that opportunity, Zhang Ruochen raised his hands above his head. Under the guidance of the Precept of Time, countless Mark of Time’s light spots and the Saint Aspect of Time appeared at the same time. They formed a Bell of Time that was more than 40 meters tall.

The Saint Aspect of Time was illusory and had no real form.

Simultaneously, the Precept of Dimension and the Saint Aspect of Dimension were released in his sea of Qi. They swirled around his body, transforming a hundred miles into a massive Dimensional Vortex. Countless Dimensional Rifts swooped in.

Supreme Saint Yanhong sensed something was wrong and said, "Attack immediately. Break his Spatial Domain and shatter the Bell of Time."

Xu channeled the Ghost Qi into the sky and into the Pleiades Lotus. He planned to use the power of the Supreme Artifact to suppress Dimension and Time.

Buzz

Abell chimed.

The Mark of Time and the sound fused and turned into waves. They spread in all directions at ten thousand times the speed of sound.

No one dared to touch the Mark of Time. As they retreated, they gathered the Precepts and formed their own domains to defend against the invasion of the Power of Time.

The Saintwill that Popobawa Ghost Emperor had fused was a Grade Five Thread-Slicing Saintwill. The domain was formed by countless sharp lines.

Boom

The Lined Domain blocked most of the Mark of Time, but it was pierced through by the Dimensional Storm that followed closely behind.

"Damn it," Popobawa Ghost Emperor cursed. He spread his wings and flew toward the sky.

"Cut!" Zhang Ruochen Shouted.

Zhang Ruochen, who was hiding in the Dimensional Storm, turned into a streak of golden light and flew out. Ten Golden Wings slashed at Popobawa Ghost Emperor. Popobawa Ghost Emperor used the Ghost-headed Whip to defend, but the golden wings still broke through his defense.

Poot

Popobawa Ghost Emperor's left wing was cut off by Zhang Ruochen's golden wings.

A large amount of Ghost Qi leaked out from the broken wing.

The blood-red aura and the power of the progenitor invaded Popobawa Ghost Emperor's Neverwilt Astral Form and destroyed its mysterious structure. Starting from the broken wing, the Astral Form disintegrated and turned into black fog.

The Popobawa Ghost Emperor was in unbearable pain, he screamed, "Zhang Ruochen's power is strange. He's destroying my Neverwilt Ghost Emperor Physique. I'll leave him to you. I need to find a safe place to refine that power."

With that, the Popobawa Ghost Emperor immediately fled.

"Where are you going?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Zhang Ruochen shot out a divine fire dragon and hit the Popobawa Ghost Emperor's back. Many ley lines appeared on his Neverwilt Astral Form, and his injuries worsened.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor's body fell into the sea thousands of miles away with a thud.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to catch up and finish the Popobawa Ghost Emperor, a terrifying power fluctuation came from above his head.

"The Supreme Artifact has been activated again!" Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head to take a look. He rushed down into the sea and dived deep underground.

"You can't get away!" Supreme Saint Yanhong's soft and beautiful voice came out from her sandalwood lips.

She was very angry.

So many powerful figures had joined hands to attack, but Zhang Ruochen had still managed to severely injure the Popobawa Ghost Emperor. She wondered if the gods watching the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms were very disappointed with her?

"Phew!"

Supreme Saint Yanhong opened her red lips slightly and spat out a mouthful of pink death-chilling Qi. In an instant, the sea area where Zhang Ruochen was frozen into ice.

Zhang Ruochen's body was sealed in ice.

The ice was extremely hard as if it had turned into black iron.

Rumble

Immediately after, the Supreme Power released by the Pleiades Lotus turned into a waterfall of Ghost Qi. It poured down and hit the pink sea of ice below.

Bang! Bang! Bang

The ice sea was broken through and all the ice crystals were vaporized.

Zhang Ruochen supported the Violet Gourd and stood beneath it at a critical juncture. He used the gourd's defensive power to repel the Supreme Artifact's attack.

However, his body was hit to the bottom of the sea.

Before he could catch his breath, the dried-up sea grew dense red bone flowers.

The bone flowers had thorns and were extremely poisonous.

Hundreds of millions of crystal clear bone flower petals flew toward him, making sharp wind-breaking sounds.

Zhang Ruochen's Spatial Domain was constantly being eaten away by the bone flower petals. Although a large number of petals had withered, more petals were approaching his body.

Just as the Spatial Domain was about to be eaten away, Supreme Saint Yanhong's beautiful figure walked out of the petals. Her delicate hands reached out from her red sleeves.

Ten soft and beautiful fingers formed two orchid fingers.

"Last time, you injured me with ten times the attack power of the Path of Truth. I regard that as a great humiliation. Today, do you have the guts to fight me again?" said Supreme Saing Yanhong.

Crash

Behind Supreme Saint Yanhong, the Gate of Destiny appeared. Countless Precepts of Destiny intertwined together.

Zhang Ruochen really did not want to fight head-on with Supreme Saint Yanhong. He knew very well that if he was entangled by her, he would definitely lose today... No, he would definitely die.

He had to think of a way to escape.

“Alright, let’s have a good fight today,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen released the Realm-frame of Truth. The light shadows of the planets appeared to resist the pink bone flower’s encroachment.

All the light from the planets gathered on his body. Instantly, the ten golden wings shone brightly. Three dragon and elephant souls appeared in his left and right arms. He attacked Supreme Saint Yanhong with both palms.

“Death Kiss.”

The Supreme Saint Yanhong smiled charmingly. A pink bone flower condensed between her hands and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

The Death Kiss was a high-level saint technique of the Thousand-Koan Realm that Saint Yanhong had cultivated. The bone flower condensed contained terrifying poison. Even a Supreme Saint wouldn’t be able to escape death if he touched it.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had fallen into her trap, the Four-eyed Ghost Emperor and Xu smiled and attacked at the same time.

‘What the Four-eyed Ghost Emperor had shot out was an Immaterial Artifact. It was shaped like an eye and as red as blood.

Xu activated the power of the Supreme Artifact. The Supreme Power condensed into a 300-meters-tall black skeleton. It descended from the sky and stomped on Zhang Ruochen’s head.

If Zhang Ruochen really chose to fight head-on with the Supreme Saint Yanhong, he would definitely be hit by their

power. He wouldn't be able to dodge at all. That way, even if he didn't die, he would only have half his life left.

A strange scene happened. Zhang Ruochen had clearly struck out with his palms, but his body suddenly flew backward.

Rumble

Supreme Saint Yanhong, Xu, and Four-eyed Ghost Emperor's power all hit nothing.

After breaking free from their power suppression, Zhang Ruochen was about to use the Great Dimensional Shift to enter the underground of the Ghost's home planet. Suddenly, his back felt cold and all the hair on his body stood up.

A sense of extreme danger assaulted his mind.

"Not good," Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen's expression changed. His spiritual power sensed a scene that made his scalp tingle.

The shadow under his feet split into two.

One of the shadows circled behind him and stabbed out with a sword. The tip of the sword had already reached his back.

The shadow was a real shadow, and the sword was a real sword.

The shadow was Ye Changzai, who was ranked 18th on the list of the Hundred-Shackle Realms Great Perfection stage.

"When did Ye Changzai hide in My Shadow?"

Zhang Ruochen recalled the fight as fast as lightning. He vaguely found the reason for the fight.

Ye Changzai had to have been hiding in the shadow of Supreme Saint Yanhong at first. He hid in his shadow when Zhang Ruochen and the Supreme Saint Yanhong came into close contact.

If Zhang Ruochen had really fought the Supreme Saint Yanhong just now, and Ye Changzai suddenly stabbed out from the shadows, how could Zhang Ruochen still be alive?

At that critical moment of life and death, Zhang Ruochen's thoughts were unprecedentedly clear. The ten wings on his back quickly contracted, and his body wrapped into a golden sphere.

Bang

Ye Changzai's sword hit the golden ball, creating a large number of sparks.

The golden ball wasn't sent flying. Instead, it rolled on the blade and crashed into the shadow on the ground.

Boom

A large crater was created on the dry seabed. Cracks were all around the crater.

Xu, Supreme Saint Yanhong, and Four-eyed Ghost Emperor flew to the edge of the crater.

With a wave of the Supreme Saint Yanhong's red sleeve, the dust in the crater was cleared. It was empty. Where was Zhang Ruochen?

Ye Changzai's shadow appeared beside Supreme Saint Yanhong. He said weakly, "Zhang Ruochen has escaped to the depths of the Ghost's home planet."

"How are your injuries?" Supreme Saint Yanhong asked with concern.

Ye Changzai sighed. "Zhang Ruochen is indeed a powerful figure. When the five Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm joined hands, it was almost a sure-kill situation. He broke it and injured me instead. However, he didn't fully defend against my sword. He must have been seriously injured."

Supreme Saint Yanhong released her spiritual power to investigate. Indeed, she found Zhang Ruochen's aura 10,000 meters underground.

"There are a lot of Siderophile Substances in the underground of the Ghost's home planet. There must be a big secret hidden

there. Zhang Ruochen knows that he can't escape, so he took the risk to rush underground to survive."

If Zhang Ruochen could discover the underground, they could, too.

"No matter what's underground, Zhang Ruochen is seriously injured now. We can't miss that perfect opportunity to kill him... Something... is wrong, What's going on?"

Supreme Saint Yanhong raised her snow-white head and looked at the sky.

The sky became overcast with thick black clouds. The seven stars formed by the Pleiades Lotus were covered in layers upon layers. The sky went pitch black in an instant, and one couldn't even see one's fingers.

Cold winds blew in the air.

The entire planet trembled slightly.

"Someone has invaded our planet."

Xu's senses became clearer. He discovered that the Pleiades Lotus, which was the core of the Star-Shield Grand Formation, had been attacked by another Supreme Artifact..

Chapter 2307: The Amorite Curse

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

“With the Grade Nine Star-Shield Grand Formation and the Pleiades Lotus at its core, even ten Supreme Saints at the pinnacle of the Hundred-Shackle Realm wouldn’t be able to break through,” Four-eyed Ghost Emperor explained.

Xu’s expression was solemn as he shook his head, “But the situation isn’t looking good.”

“There’s no need to guess. It was Mad Whitejade Lion who destroyed the formation’s inscription on the planet.”

Supreme Saint Yanhong’s expression was dark as she stared at the north of the Ghost’s home planet. She crossed tens of thousands of miles and saw the Mad Whitejade Lion standing above the northern glacier.

“That damned lion. I will deal with it,” Four-eyed Ghost Emperor roared furiously and controlled a cloud of Ghost Qi to fly towards the North.

Xu remained calm and said, ‘It’s not Lady Wind. It’s the aura of the Deathkin. It seems that Pan Ruo is controlling everything, There’s no doubt that the Mad Whitejade Lion belongs to the upper three clans from the beginning. Whether it’s supporting Lady Wind or joining us, it’s all part of Pan Ruo’s trick.’

Supreme Saint Yanhong’s eyes were cold, she smiled and said, “Pan Ruo is still too young, Although we did lose some of our strength when dealing with Zhang Ruochen. However, there are still five Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm at their peak. If they want to take us down, they’ll need Wujiang’s help and the cooperation of ten Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

“As far as I know, Wujiang is refining the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill in seclusion. He couldn’t come out at that

time. Besides, Pan Ruo can't mobilize ten Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm at once."

"What I'm concerned about is that once the Star-Shield Grand Formation is broken, one strike with the power of the Supreme Artifact can destroy all the souls on the surface of our planet. The Ghost will suffer significant losses. Pan Ruo's goal should be to achieve this," Xu said.

"To resist external enemies, we must first clear the planet's interior. Brother Changzai, can you temporarily suppress your injuries?" Xu added.

Ye Changzai said, "I can still fight."

"Go and help Four-eyed Ghost Emperor. You must take down the Mad Whitejade Lion," said Xu.

The Ghost shadow on the ground became blurry and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

Xu looked at the Supreme Saint Yanhong and said, "I can still use the Pleiades Lotus to hold off for a while. You have to kill Zhang Ruochen as soon as possible and then come back and help me."

Whoosh

Supreme Saint Yanhong's snow-white arm shot out a pink pillar of light into the sky.

A bull's roar and a sparrows cry rang out in the sky.

The Bone Clan's two Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, Moon-Bull Emperor and Lord Sparrow Bone revealed themselves in the void space. The bull's shadow and the bright moon accompanied each other, and the sparrow gave off a brilliant divine light.

"I can take care of Zhang Ruochen alone. Moon-Bull Emperor and Lord Sparrow Bone will help you resist the attack of the cultivators of the three upper races," said Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Supreme Saint Yanhong's body turned into a pink light and disappeared into the ground.

Zhang Ruochen did not completely block Ye Changzai's sword. A bloody hole was pierced through his back.

Fortunately, the Demigod-level physique was strong enough. At the critical moment, the Saint Devourer blocked most of the power on the sword. Otherwise, Ye Changzai's sword would have cut Zhang Ruochen in half.

The bloody hole on Zhang Ruochen's back emitted black mist, corroding Zhang Ruochen's Neverwilt physique and eroding his Origin of Life and the Precepts.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Saint Qi and wrapped the life essence of the Heart of the Divine Tree. He activated it according to the Ninth heaven of the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture. At the same time, he activated the Divine Purification Flame to refine it, but the effect was minimal.

'What is the background of Ye Changzai's sword? How can it be more terrifying than Wujiang's Blood-devouring Curse? It should be an ancient divine relic, and of a very high level,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Only the power of gods could be so difficult to refine.

Once it invaded flesh and blood, it was like maggots in the tarsal bone, difficult to expel.

Zhang Ruochen guessed that Ye Changzai's sword probably contained the Power of Death or the Power of Curse of an evil god in the Infernal Court. It was definitely an ominous evil sword.

Although he had been struck by Ye Changzai's sword, Zhang Ruochen had also injected a large number of Marks of Time into Ye Changzai's Astral physique.

It wasn't easy for Ye Changzai to recover his combat power.

I must refine the evil power that's invading my body as soon as possible. Otherwise, my injuries will worsen if I fight with a powerhouse.

As soon as Zhang Ruochen thought of that, he sensed Supreme Saint Yanhong's presence.

Wisps of pink light fell from the mud. Wherever they passed, the soil and rocks became like lead and iron. Their hardness increased by more than ten times.

Below Zhang Ruochen's feet was the Siderophile Substance.

Unfortunately, there were no gaps in the Siderophile Substance. It was like a huge ball embedded in the planet of the Ghost. There were no so-called opportunities or paths of survival.

Supreme Saint Yanhong's beautiful figure landed on the surface of the Siderophile Substance. Her eyes were as bright as stars. She looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was dozens of feet away and smiled. She asked, 'Why aren't you running?'

Zhang Ruochen put his hands behind his back and straightened his body. He said, "You're the only one chasing me. What can you do to me? Why should I run?"

"Don't pretend to be calm. You were hit by Ye Changzai's Amorite Sword, so the Amorite Curse must have invaded your body. It's fine if you don't fight. You can use the Divine Purification Flame and slowly refine the curse. However, once you fight with me, you won't be able to suppress the corrosion of the

curse. Soon, you'll become a mortal with no cultivation. You'll die of old age in an instant," Supreme Saint Yanhong said.

Zhang Ruochen looked enlightened. He said, "So it's the Amorite Curse."

The Amorite Curse and Wujiang's Blood-devouring Curse were part of the six great curses of the Nether Clan.

Zhang Ruochen could use the Heart of the Divine Tree to purify the Blood-devouring Curse easily because it was a spell that Wujiang had cast across space. However, the Amorite Curse entered Zhang Ruochen's body along with the sword and invaded his blood and Neverwilt physique.

Zhang Ruochen felt a bit of pressure, but he still looked relaxed. He said lightly, 'Wujiang's Blood-devouring Curse

can't do anything to me and I've already refined the Amorite Curse.'

"Is that so?" said Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Supreme Saint Yanhong looked confused. She couldn't figure out what Zhang Ruochen was up to.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You're the only one who came to kill me. It looks like the Ghost's home planet is in some kind of crisis. If I'm not wrong, it should be the powerhouses of the three upper clans who took the opportunity to attack you, right?"

"How could you possibly know that?" Supreme Saint Yanhong was a little surprised.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Mad Whitejade Lion was a hidden chess piece of the three upper clans. After I chased him away, he came to you. Clearly, he wanted to use your power to kill me. The cultivators of the three upper clans stood aside and watched the show. In the end, they would sit back and reap the benefits."

"Half of the top powerhouses of the three middle clans are gathered on the Ghost's home planet. How can the three upper clans sit back and reap the benefits?" Supreme Saint Yanhong laughed.

Zhang Ruochen said, "What if we add in the three lower clans?"

"What did you say?*" Supreme Saint Yanhong asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Do you really think that I would come to the home planet of the Ghost alone? To tell you the truth, the powerhouses of the three lower clans have already gathered in the nearby starfield, including Luo Shengtian."

If it were any other cultivator, Supreme Saint Yanhong would not believe him at all if he said Luo Shengtian's name.

But Zhang Ruochen was different. The entire Infernal Court knew that Luo Shengtian's sister, Princess Luo Sha, was very close to Zhang Ruochen. It wasn't difficult to get Luo Shengtian to help.

Luo Shengtian, Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Lord Xia Yu, and the other three lower clans Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. If they added the powerhouses of the three upper clans... How could they fight?

The three lower clans and the three upper clans could join forces and kick the three middle clans out of the competition.

No!

The one they wanted to get rid of the most was Supreme Saint Yanhong.

“I must not let them break the Star-Shield Grand Formation of the Ghost’s home planet. I have to help Xu defend the formation.”

Thinking of that, Supreme Saint Yanhong ignored Zhang Ruochen. She turned into a streak of light and rushed into the sky.

Zhang Ruochen let out a slight sigh of relief. Then, he used the Great Dimensional Shift and escaped immediately.

Whoosh

A moment later, Supreme Saint Yanhong rushed back. She landed on the surface of the Siderophile Substance and released her spiritual power to search.

Where was Zhang Ruochen’s aura?

“Damn it, I knew I was tricked! Zhang Ruochen’s hatred of the three upper clans was as deep as the ocean. Even if the three upper clans wanted to join forces with the lower three clans, they wouldn’t attack first. They would definitely wait until Zhang Ruochen died before attacking. But now, the ones taking

the lead are the dead. It’s completely illogical.”

Supreme Saint Yanhong felt a little resentful. How could she have been so flustered just now? How could she have missed the best opportunity to kill Zhang Ruochen?

‘When Supreme Saint Yanhong found Zhang Ruochen’s presence again and caught up to him, Zhang Ruochen had already refined almost half of the power of the Amorite Curse.

Underground, the Pink Smokescreen that Supreme Saint Yanhong cultivated could harden mud and stone, greatly affecting Zhang Ruochen’s speed.

“Zhang Ruochen, you truly are a master of deception. It’s no surprise that you can dupe Lord Xia Yu, Lady Wind, Princess Luo Sha, and the other first-class favored women of the Infernal Court into siding with you,” said Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Supreme Saint Yanhong stretched out his hand and pressed forward. Instantly, all the bones buried in the mud came to life. Pink ley lines appeared on the bones and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Zhang Ruochen used ten golden wings to open a path. He moved like the wind in the underground soil. All the bones that blocked his way were chopped into pieces.

“How can you blame me for lying to you? You can only blame yourself for being too stupid,” said Zhang Ruochen. Then he turned around and stared behind him. Countless white skeletons mixed with the soil formed a cylindrical shape. They chased closely behind him.

Behind the bones, Supreme Saint Yanhong flew rapidly with a shower of flowers.

The lifeless underground was completely alive because of Supreme Saint Yanhong’s power.

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze met Supreme Saint Yanhong’s beautiful eyes from afar. Their eyes were emotionless. One was as cold as a stone, while the other was a skeleton from an unknown era.

“Why are you chasing me so closely? Arent you afraid that I’ll take you in?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Zhang Ruochen held the Violet Gourd to his abdomen with both hands. Together with the Saint Devourer, he activated the Dimensional Inscription and Supreme Inscription on the gourd.

Whoosh

36 million Dimensional Inscriptions rushed out from the mouth of the gourd. They covered hundreds of miles underground and enveloped Supreme Saint Yanhong's delicate figure in the Dimensional Array.

'The Power of Dimension and Supreme Power erupted at the same time..

Chapter 2308: Pink Skull

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Boom

The space within a radius of hundreds miles collapsed violently. Whether it was the mud and rocks or thousands bones chasing behind, they were all absorbed into the Gourd.

Naturally, Supreme Saint Yanhong was also pulled towards the suction force of the gourd. She flew quickly toward the mouth of the Gourd.

Seeing Supreme Saint Yanhong's cold and calm face, Zhang Ruochen had a bad feeling.

"Supreme Saint Yanhong should definitely know about Violet Gourd's devouring abilities. So why is she still chasing after me?" Zhang Ruochen thought.

"Zhang Ruochen, this Violet Gourd of yours is such a good treasure. It shall be the compensation for destroying my body."

Supreme Saint Yanhong was originally extremely beautiful. Her figure was alluring and her skin was as white as jade. However, her skin and flesh split open at this moment. Her delicate and beautiful face was broken by her bones. Her eyes disappeared, her nose melted and her red lips burned into ashes.

In an instant, the once jade-like beauty disappeared, turning into a hideous and terrifying Pink skeleton.

The Skull gave off an aura of death, corroding the soil in this area and turning it into an evil land of the dead. Its body expanded rapidly, from more than a meter high to dozens of meters, hundreds of meters...

Finally, its Skull rushed out of the thick soil and reached a height of 1,800 meters.

Zhang Ruochen's body was not even one percent of the size of her toe bone.

Spatial Array — which was hundreds of miles in diameter — could only cover a small part of her body.

The thing even more terrifying was that Pink Skull exuded a divine aura. An Immortal arcane rune emerged on each bone, which could stabilize her body in the collapsed dimension.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. He stared at the giant creature in front of him, and muttered to himself, “So it’s a divine bone that cultivated to the Great Perfection stage in Hundred-Shackle Realm. No wonder Supreme Saint Yanhong could become one of the three Scioness candidates. She was born with an

innate advantage.”

Zhang Ruochen had read Supreme Saint Yanhong’s information, but it was only recorded that she had awakened from the depths of Sanzu River. She had existed for a very long time too.

Who would have thought that she was the recovery of the divine bone?

Pink Skull looked like a human, but her body was crystal clear. Apart from her bones, she had vibrant long pink hair. Every strand of hair was hundreds of miles long, like a divine waterfall.

“Die!”

Pink Skull’s huge bone palm was like a cloud of Divine Qi. It smacked towards Zhang Ruochen.

“It seems that Dimensional Array at the mouth of the Gourd is not strong enough.”

The Dimensional Inscription at the mouth of the Gourd was carved not long after Zhang Ruochen broke through to become a spiritual-power Supreme Saint .

But now, Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power had reached the 62nd level, and his Dimensional attainments were better than before. Therefore, he could carve an even more powerful Spatial Array.

Of course, it was too late to say this now.

Zhang Ruochen felt the powerful divine power contained in the bone palm. He had to use all his strength to activate Violet Gourd's Supreme Inscription. Instantly, Violet Gourd burned and a crimson-gold fire light pillar surged out of the Gourd's mouth.

Fire Pillar was formed from Supreme Power. It was full of penetrative and destructive power.

Rumble

Fire Pillar and Pink Skull's palm mark collided. The surrounding soil melted quickly, and a blinding light spread across the entire home planet of Ghosts.

Pink Skull which was 1,800 miles tall melted the ground around her body into a lake of lava while constantly retreating.

The divine bone palm showed signs of melting as it couldn't resist the Supreme Power.

"So it's a Supreme Artifact! The Immortal Vampires' Supreme Artifact is actually in your hands. Haha, good, very good!"

Pink Skull let out a beautiful female voice. On the ring finger of her divine bone palm, there was an ancient Ruby ring.

Wisps of pink mist surged into the ring.

BZZZZZZ

On the surface of the ring, numerous Supreme Inscriptions appeared. Thousands of ancient hieroglyphs flew out of the ring and flew around it. They released an even more powerful Supreme Power and Death Qi.

"How is this possible? I see... I understand now."

Zhang Ruochen was shocked at first. But then he slowly started to understand the situation.

First of all, the Supreme Saint from Bone Clan who wielded the Supreme Artifact had always been Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Secondly, when they were fighting for the Saintwill Pills, Supreme Saint Yanhong had held Class five Regal Artifact, the Purple Cauldron. However, it was only used to confuse her

opponent so that she could throw him off guard at the critical moment.

Third, Purple Cauldron was not Supreme Saint Yanhong's weapon so the power released by it was limited. That was why Zhang Ruochen — who was in Neverwilt Realm — could injure her with one palm strike.

“You understood the situation too late, just die.”

The aura from the Ruby Ring was exactly the same as the aura from Pink Skull. It was extremely ancient as if it had been worn on her finger since ancient times.

The two Supreme Artifacts clashed and both powers released were extremely terrifying. The power melted the continent they were on and turned it into a sea of lava instantly.

The spirits on the continent were quickly taken away by the Supreme Saint Ghost. Thus, they were not killed.

Saint blood flowed when the sword wound on Zhang Ruochen's back cracked

Zhang Ruochen had to control Violet Gourd with all his strength, so he didn't have the strength to suppress Amorite Curse that had invaded his body. Amorite Curse immediately flowed wildly through his body. It invaded his blood, bones, internal organs, and even rushed to his head.

“Master, I can't suppress Amorite Curse. Instead, Amorite Curse is breaking the Precepts that I have condensed. What should I do now?” Saint Devourer's anxious voice sounded in Zhang Ruochen's body.

Bang!

In the area between Zhang Ruochen and Pink Skull, the Earth core made of Siderophiles Substance shattered and formed a huge crack.

“What's going on?”

Zhang Ruochen and Pink Skull were both shocked.

Siderophiles Substance was extremely hard. It was the material used to forge Supreme Artifacts and Divine Artifacts.

How could it be shattered by the power of two Supreme Artifacts?

Although the power of Supreme Artifacts was strong, Zhang Ruochen and Pink Skull were Supreme Saints after all, not gods.

The crack went straight to the depths of the Earth's core, and banks of Golden Mist surged out.

Whoosh

Something even strange happened. Wherever the Golden Mist spread, Magma was instantly condensed and turned into solid gold.

Real Gold.

Because of the Supreme Artifact's power, the Golden Mist couldn't get close to Zhang Ruochen and Pink Skull. However, it was unknown if it's able to kill a Supreme Saint and turn one into a golden statue.

"There must be a fortuitous encounter deep underground."

Zhang Ruochen and Supreme Saint Yanhong had the same thought.

Pink Skull could see that Amorite Curse was eroding Zhang Ruochen's body. He couldn't hold on much longer and wanted to kill her faster. So, she activated the ruby ring with one hand and formed a pink flower with the other.

Thousand-Koan level Saint Technique, Death Kiss.

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and looked at the magnificent flower falling from the sky. He immediately held Violet Gourd with one hand and formed Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike with the other to activate Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill.

"You are not the only ones who have practiced Saintwill. Let me give a taste of my Saintwill."

The Dragon's roar sounded.

Millionfold Yang Qi and Precepts of the Palm were struck out at once.

At the same time, Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill combined with Palm Power was causing the power of the Palm technique to increase. With a crushing force, it shattered Pink Skull's Death Kiss.

The continuous Palm Power stuck on Pink Skull's chest had forced its 1,800-mile-tall divine bone body to retreat 17 steps.

These 17 steps were the length of thousands miles.

Ptui

Pink Skull was pushed back, while Zhang Ruochen spat out a mouthful of black blood.

The power of Amorite Curse had invaded every part of his body. Only Heart of the Divine Tree and Sea of Qi were not affected and could temporarily block it.

Without thinking, Zhang Ruochen used Violet Gourd to protect his body. He jumped into the crack of Siderophiles Substance and escaped to the unknown depths of the Earth's core.

"How is this possible? How could Zhang Ruochen's advanced Saint technique of Hundred -Shackle level Palm easily break my Death Kiss? Besides that, the remaining power of the palm technique could even repel me.

"Has his cultivation reached Grade Two Saintwill? Impossible, absolutely impossible. Even if he has the talent to fuse with Grade Two Saintwill, he can't succeed so quickly,"

Pink Skull clearly sensed how terrifying Zhang Ruochen's palm strike was. If it wasn't for Death Kiss, even if she had her body of divine bones she would have been injured.

If it had been Popobawa Ghost Emperor or Four-eyed Ghost Emperor, Zhang Ruochen could have killed them both with one palm strike.

Pink Skull felt a sense of crisis, it made her intent to kill Zhang Ruochen increase even more. The divine bones shrunk to the size of a normal human and rushed into the crack of Siderophiles Substances.

As soon as she entered the crack, she understood why the Siderophiles Substance was shattered.

That was because the real Siderophiles Substance only had a thin layer on the surface like an eggshell.

The inside of the ‘eggshell was still made of gold, but its tensile strength was far from the Siderophiles Substances.

The deeper she went into the Earth’s core, the denser the Golden Mist was. The power it contained was even more tyrannical. Even Pink Skull with the power of a Supreme Artifact found it difficult to resist.

When the Golden Mist touched her divine bone, it immediately glowed with golden light.

“What a powerful Golden Mist. How was it formed? It can even slowly assimilate divine bones. Can Zhang Ruochen resist it with his Demigod-level body that has only broken one shackle?”

Pink Skull activated Immortal arcane rune on her divine bone and continued to go deeper into the Earth’s core.

After revealing Grade two Saintwill, Zhang Ruochen knew that Pink Skull would hunt him down at all costs. So, he desperately rushed deeper into the Earth’s core. The injuries in his body continued to worsen, and his saint Qi was greatly depleted. He could no longer activate the Supreme Power of Violet

Gourd.

Gradually, the Golden Mist invaded Zhang Ruochen’s body. His hair and skin turned golden at once, and he lost consciousness.

His muscles also gradually lost consciousness.

“What the hell is this place? Even a Supreme Saint can’t resist this Golden Mist,”

Zhang Ruochen used all his strength to mobilize Divine Purification Flame and Millionfold Yang Qi. He recovered by melting his skin and hair that had turned into gold.

He rushed thousands miles toward the center of the Earth. The Golden Mist condensed here were in a liquid state and turned into a golden river.

“I can’t go any further. Otherwise, even Divine Purification Flame and Yang Qi won’t be able to resist it.”

Zhang Ruochen took out Thousand Dipper Ring and found that this Class four Regal Artifact had turned golden. The inscriptions inside couldn’t be activated, so it turned into an ordinary golden iron ring.

Fortunately, Violet Gourd resisted the erosion of the Golden Mist. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen turned into a light spot and hid in the gourd.

Bang!

Violet Gourd fell into the Golden River and flowed deeper with the current into the center of the Earth.

Zhang Ruochen only wanted to hide in the Gourd and refine Amorite’s Curse. He didn’t care where the river current would take him.

Pink Skull chased him to the bank of Golden River. Yet she didn’t dare to go forward as her divine bone body couldn’t resist it anymore.

At the bank of the river, she picked up Thousand Dipper Ring that had turned into a golden iron ring. Holding it in her hand, she stared at the wide Golden River and said to herself, “It seems that Zhang Ruochen doesn’t want to die at my hands and jumped into the Golden River. However, even my divine bone

body can’t resist it. How can he?”

Pink Skull searched the Golden Realm again. But she couldn’t find any fortuitous encounters or traces of Zhang Ruochen. Thus, she returned to the ground.

The Fane of Destiny

“Grade two Saintwill! Bloodximus, seem like you have been hiding this secret very well. So this is the key point. No wonder Immortal Vampires agreed to let Zhang Ruochen

control the Supreme Artifact.” Ghost Master’s silhouette appeared and snorted.

It had been too many years since a cultivator from Infernal Court could condense a Grade two Saintwill. This was why the deities in Fane of Destiny were shocked.

Without a doubt, Zhang Ruochen had established a solid foundation with Grade two Saintwill to become the leader of this Yuanhui period.

Another Ghost’s deity appeared and said, “It’s a pity that Zhang Ruochen was hit by Amorite Sword. The Amorite Curse has already invaded his body. Plus he was hunted down by Supreme Saint Yanhong, he’ll most likely die on Ghost’s home planet.”

The one who spoke was the city lord of Impermanenton. He was the one who gave Amorite Sword to Ye Changzai.

The city lord of Impermanenton knew a lot about the power of Amorite Sword, so he thought that Zhang Ruochen was doomed this time.

Many deities sighed. It wasn’t easy for a cultivator who could cultivate a Grade two Saintwill to be born in Infernal Court. It would be a huge loss for them if Zhang Ruochen just died like this.

Wargod Bloodximus remained calm, * Our destinies are written in the stars. I believe that Zhang Ruochen’s potential hasn’t been fully unleashed. Xu, Ye Changzai, and Supreme Saint Yanhong are too mediocre. They’re not qualified to kill him.”

The deities supporting Xu, Ye Changzai, and Supreme Saint Yanhong all snorted coldly.

One had to know that Xu, Ye Changzai, and Supreme Saint Yanhong all had a high chance of becoming gods. They were all stunning, Perhaps only a Yuanhui level genius, Wargod Bloodximus, would dare to say that they were mediocre. After all, Wargod Bloodximus stood at a different height from them.

Other deities did not dare to say such things.

This was because when they were Supreme Saint, their performance was similar to Xu, Ye Changzai, and Supreme Saint Yanhong. Some were even worse. To say that the three of them were mediocre, didn't that mean that they were mediocre as well?

Wargod Bloodximius said again, "Don't forget what's inside the Ghost's home planet."

Chapter 2309: Fukurokuju

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Each of the ten great home planets had different fortuitous encounters.

At the same time, these ten great fortuitous encounters were also the ten tests given by Fane of Destiny to the top elites in the past thousand years. Only by passing the tests could one obtain the fortuitous encounters.

The distribution of the ten great fortuitous encounters corresponded to the physiques of the ten clan's cultivators.

It was easier for Ghosts to obtain the fortuitous encounters inside Ghost's home planet.

It was easier for Immortal Vampires to obtain the fortuitous encounters in the home planet of Immortal Vampires.

Ghost Master had always been at loggerheads with Wargod Bloodximus. He snorted coldly. "Only Ghosts can seize the fortuitous encounters in the home planet of Ghost. It's futile for other cultivators to even try."

"I don't think so. Your Ghost cultivators are useless. Letting Zhang Ruochen and Supreme Saint Yanhong break in first. With their talents, they might have a chance to seize the encounter. If so, this would be fate," said Wargod Bloodximus.

Ghost Master was actually quite worried. He's afraid that Wargod Bloodximus was right.

It would be a great humiliation for every Ghost if the fortuitous encounter that belongs to them be taken away by a cultivator from another clan.

Besides, Xu's talent was extraordinary in Ghost Master's eyes. The only Ghost who had a chance to obtain the fortuitous encounter was Xu. If Zhang Ruochen had gotten ahead of Xu,

Wargod Bloodximius would definitely brag about it every time in the future. How could Ghost Master stand It?

The city lord of Impermanenton said, “How could it be so easy to seize the ten great fortuitous encounters? If I remember correctly, only Sword God Feng Chen passed the test and seized one of the ten great fortuitous encounters during the last Celestial-Hunting Festival right?”

Ghost Master said, “In the past ten thousand years, only four young Supreme Saints have successfully seized the fortuitous encounter during the last ten Celestial-Hunting Festival. There were many geniuses in different periods, but none of them succeeded.”

“The fortuitous encounters inside Ghosts’ home planet have already experienced thirty Celestial-Hunting Festival. In the past thirty thousand years, Ghost Clan has produced many outstanding cultivators, but none have succeeded in obtaining them. “Zhang Ruochen is not a Ghost, so the difficulty will only be higher. Wargod Bloodximius, you’ve placed too much hope on him. Be careful that you’ll only be disappointed.”

Wargod Bloodximius said, ” You said so much and tried every means to prove that Zhang Ruochen can’t obtain the fortuitous encounter inside Ghosts’ home planet. But it just shows the anxiety and worries in your heart. You’re afraid that Zhang Ruochen will succeed.”

He continued, “In addition, for 30,000 years the reason why Ghosts couldn’t obtain the fortuitous encounters that should belong to them can only mean that for 30,000 years Ghosts are nothing but trash. Not a single one of them has been cultivating talent.”

“What did you say?”

“How dare you!”

Rumble

Streaks of dark and dense divine power burst out in Fane of Destiny.

The Ghost deities were furious. They felt that Wargod Bloodximius was too arrogant, and was humiliating every Ghost. Wargod Bloodximius had experienced just one Yuanhui Tribulation, yet he was such an outlaw.

No Ghost — including deities from Ghosts — can endure this sentence “for 30,000 years Ghosts are nothing but trash”.

In Wargod Bloodximius’ Divine Realm, countless vast and mighty Ghost Qi and divine smoke poured in. It was like hundreds millions of Ghost soldiers invading, smashing his Divine Realm layer by layer.

Wargod Bloodximius looked at them indifferently. He raised his strong right arm and grabbed at the air. “Halberd, come to me!”

Whoosh

A blood-red halberd appeared in his hand. A divine armor automatically condensed on Wargod Bloodximius’ body. A sharp divine aura burst out, turning into a shocking blood light that destroyed all the Ghost Qi and divine smoke that had invaded his Divine Realm.

“Very good. Compared to talking, I prefer to use my fist. Who wants to fight me?” Wargod Bloodximius shouted. His body was filled with boundless vigor as if he wanted to fight all the Ghosts and Deities.

Rumble

The divine aura of Immortal Vampires’ deities burst out, turning into a bloody mist and colliding with the divine aura of Ghost’s deities.

The three lower clans and the three middle clans had a deep grudge. It was common for them to fight even if they were deities.

The nature of living beings and dead spirits was a contradiction that they could never resolve.

“If dead spritits want to grow stronger, more living beings must die. Not only the living beings of Celestial Court but also the living beings of the lower three clans will be killed.”

This was the root of their hatred!

For example, among the 12 million Ghosts that Xu had refined into Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique, there were also the dead souls of Immortal Vampires and Rakshasa cultivators.

“Alright! Are you going to turn this great festival into a battlefield of gods? This is Fane of Destiny, shouldn’t everyone give me some respect?”

A God statue that was tens thousands miles tall appeared in the void. Its entire body was emitting a dazzling divine light. The Gate of Destiny behind it was three million miles tall and it was as big as a planet.

The silhouettes of the deities stood under the god statue and the Gate of Destiny. They looked extremely small, like mortals standing in front of a god.

“Greetings, Fukurokuju.”

The Ghosts and Immortal Vampire’s deities stopped fighting and returned to their own Divine realm. They sat down quietly.

The god statue spoke again, “It is because everyone here worked together, Infernal Court was able to suppress the myriad realms of Celestial Court for 100,000 years. Do you want to destroy all of the hard work with your own hands?

“I know that there are grudges and conflicts between the various clans, but why must you deities personally take action?

“All of you are existences that shake the world. You are the strongest among the billions of cultivators. You should learn to control your power. If there are grudges, let the juniors of the clans settle them. It will also be a good chance to train them.

“Even gods can not escape death, they will eventually die. The future of Infernal Court lies in the younger generation. Their strength represents the strength of your clan.

The deities were silent. No one dared to be presumptuous in front of Fukurokuju.

The statue looked in the direction of Wargod Bloodximus and said, “Wargod Bloodximus, has Zhang Ruochen really cultivated Grade two Saintwill?”

Hearing Fukurokuju takes the initiative to ask about a young Supreme Saint, the deities were surprised.

After all, Fukurokuju has an unimaginably high status. It was a great honor for any Supreme Saint that Fukurokuju knows his name and asks about it.

Fukurokuju’s attitude could determine Zhang Ruochen’s future position in Infernal Court to a certain extent.

Wargod Bloodximus withdrew his fighting spirit and stood up. He cupped his fists and said, “Thank you for asking, Fukurokuju. Zhang Ruochen has indeed cultivated Grade two Saintwill, but there are still some flaws. It can only be considered as a Quasi Grade two Saintwill.”

Even when facing a Reverend, Wargod Bloodximus had never been so humble.

However, Fukurokuju was different. He had once guided Wargod Bloodximus in his cultivation and was considered half a master of Bloodximus. It was for this reason that he, the unruly war god, respected Fukurokuju so much.

The god statue said, “It seems that your Xue Jue Family is about to usher in the most glorious era. The encounters in Ghosts’ home planet are fortuitous. They originate from God’s Ancient Nidus. If Zhang Ruochen can obtain it, his future achievements may surpass yours.”

Hearing the words “God’s Ancient Nidus”, the deities were shocked again.

The ten fortuitous encounters were all different. Even the deities of the ten clans didn’t know what they were. However, hearing what Fukurokuju said made them realize that the fortuitous encounters inside Ghosts’ home planet were more precious than they had imagined.

The statue said again, “Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting is a test for Zhang Ruochen. If he can pass it, I will give him a

blessing that ensures him to cultivate in Infernal Court in peace.”

This was an extraordinary signal as it represented the will of a Reverend.

Zhang Ruochen had killed many Scions and Scionesses. He had formed enmity with many deities. With the power of Wargod Bloodximus and Blood Empress, they could protect his life. However, they couldn’t stop the deities from killing him.

However, Fukurokuju could.

Of course, the prerequisite was that Zhang Ruochen could pass the test. A test that is more than talent and strength.

In Violet Gourd, Zhang Ruochen used the power of the Golden Sun of Destruction, Heart of the Divine Tree, and Divine Purification Flame to refine Amorite’s curse that had invaded his body.

‘When he recovered to his peak state and walked out of the Gourd, he found that the Gourd was floating on an endless golden water region.

With his cultivation and the power of Supreme Artifact, he could not resist the assimilation power of the Golden Mist on the water.

“Oh no, I’ve lost my direction. How can I reach the shore and return to the ground?”

In just a few breaths’ time, Zhang Ruochen’s body turned golden.

His body was as stiff as iron. Zhang Ruochen used his spiritual power to move back into the Gourd and landed on the surface of the Golden Sun of Destruction.

This time, his skin, hair, flesh, and some of his bones turned to gold. It took Zhang Ruochen a long time to recover as flesh and blood again with the life essence of Divine Purification Flame and Heart of the Divine Tree.

“This is terrible. I’m trapped in this golden sea. I can’t get out at all.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He suddenly sensed something and looked surprised. He muttered to himself, "How did my spiritual power increase so much suddenly?"

After breaking through the first shackle of Hundred-Shackle Realm, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power had increased a lot, reaching the mid-stage of the 62nd level.

However, the strength of his spiritual power had increased by a large margin just now. It seemed that he was not far away from the last stage of the 62nd level.

After careful investigation, Zhang Ruochen found that the reason for the rapid growth of his spiritual power was that his body had been tured into gold. After refining it with Divine Purification Flame and the Golden Sun of Destruction, a part of the strange power had been integrated into his Spirit. This had caused a great increase of the strength of his Spirit.

Of course, there was an even bigger reason.

After refining his body with Divine Purification Flame and the Golden Sun of Destruction, Zhang Ruochen's body would have been greatly damaged. The reason why he could completely recover was that he had Heart of the Divine Tree constantly replenishing his life essence.

In other words, this process could speed up the refining and absorption of Heart of the Divine Tree.

Naturally, his spiritual power could increase rapidly.

Then, Zhang Ruochen found something even more amazing. The second shackle on his right arm had become much looser during the transformation of gold and flesh.

It was a pleasant surprise.

"With the help of Fugue Pill, I should be able to break the second shackle."

It was difficult to escape from here. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen started cultivating in Violet Gourd.

Bang!

After seven strikes, Zhang Ruochen successfully broke the second shackle on his right arm. Suddenly, his Demigod-level physique released more powerful divine power.

Zhang Ruochen stood above the Golden Sun of Destruction. He raised his arms which were shining with divine light, and smiled, "The process of transforming into gold and flesh is so mysterious. This transformation alone is more effective than breaking through 1,000 shackles."

"Moreover, during the transformation, there seems to be some mysterious power of metal property that has merged with my flesh, spiritual power, and Saint Soul."

Zhang Ruochen's expression changed, and he flew out of the Gourd again.

Standing on the Gourd, Zhang Ruochen searched for the direction of the Ground while taking the initiative to accept the erosion of the Golden Mist.

His skin, his flesh, and his bones all lost consciousness completely.

This time, Zhang Ruochen took a risk. He waited until only his sea of Qi had not been turned into gold before he used spiritual power to move his body and flew back to the Gourd.

In this way, his entire body turned into gold.

It took Zhang Ruochen longer than the last time to recover his body.

The process of transforming from gold to flesh was actually very painful. It was as if every inch of flesh and blood in his body had melted and condensed again.

If it were not for Zhang Ruochen's strong will, he would not have dared to try a second time.

It was simply an act of self-abuse.

Although the process was torturous, the rewards were huge.

After this transformation from gold to flesh, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power had officially reached the last stage of the 62nd

level. At the same time, he successfully broke the third shackle on his right leg.

“Continue.”

The pleasure brought by the increase in cultivation and power made Zhang Ruochen forget the pain of the body's transformation process. Instead, he began to enjoy the process.

The third transformation.

In the fourth transformation, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power reached the peak of the 62nd level and broke the fourth shackle.

The fifth transformation.

In the seventh transformation, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power reached the 63rd level and broke the fifth shackle.

In the tenth transformation, his spiritual power reached the mid-stage of the 63rd level and broke the sixth shackle.

The transformation continued.

Zhang Ruochen was completely immersed in it. He thought to himself, “Danger and fortuitous encounter coexist. The Golden Mist can kill a Supreme Saint and turn one into a golden statue. However, it can also quickly raise one's cultivation base. Even cultivating with Sundial isn't this fast.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't know that among Supreme Saints below Thousand-Koan Realm, no one could repeatedly transform their body like him.

First of all, he had Five-element Chaotic Neverwither Physique. He had a strong receptivity to metal properties as it's in one of the five elements.

The Five Elements were a process that could circulate and transform each other.

Metal creates water, water creates wood, wood creates fire, fire creates Earth, and Earth creates metal.

Apart from that, his Demigod-level physique was nurtured from the divine blood of Blood Phoenix. With the Immortal Vampire bloodline, his vitality was far stronger than other

Supreme Saints. Even if his body was damaged, he could recover.

Furthermore, he still had the life treasure, Heart of the Divine Tree.

It was because of these advantages that Zhang Ruochen could continuously transform his body between gold and flesh.

Assuming it was a Pink Skull with a divine bone body, even if she recovered after the golden transformation, her divine bone would still be damaged to a certain extent. After multiple transformations, she would gain nothing but harm her origin.

She could not transform the five elements. If she fought with strength, she would only be injured.

Moreover, the power of the metal attribute could not be transformed into water, wood, fire, and Earth properties that could merge with her body. Naturally, she would not be able to absorb the benefits contained in the Golden Mist..

Chapter 2310: Intergold Tiger

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

After 62 times of turning into gold, Zhang Ruochen had broken the 14th shackle. His spiritual power had reached the late stage of the 64th level, and he now had eighty thousand Spirits.

Zhang Ruochen's body seemed to have absorbed too much mysterious power of metal properties. The Golden Mist was influencing him lesser over time.

Even if he stood in the Golden Mist for an hour, his skin showed no signs of turning into gold.

Later, Zhang Ruochen directly entered the golden water region and immersed himself in it. Finally, he could affect his body again. However, after more than ten times the process of turning into gold, his body was completely immune.

It was amazing. Zhang Ruochen would have died without a doubt if he had touched the golden water a few days ago.

But now, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't even be affected if he swam freely in it.

Sitting on the Gourd, Zhang Ruochen spread his hands. Golden Light appeared on each fingerprint, and every pore turned into golden light spots.

Under his skin, the muscle lines turned golden, and golden threads appeared in his bones.

Even his pupils had a layer of golden edges.

His hair was still black. But when it swayed in the wind, it would shine with golden light.

His Five-element Chaotic Neverwithers Physique had undergone a huge change.

"The Precept of Five-elements, Path of Gold in sea of Qi have greatly increased. It's time to merge the Golden Body Saintwill with Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. In this way,

the level of Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill will become real Grade two Saintwill, not an ordinary one.”

Zhang Ruochen had long cultivated Gold Saintwill, Fire Saintwill, and Earth Saintwill with the help of the esoteric mark he had obtained from Wargod Bloodximius.

Together with Fist Saintwill, Palm Saintwill, Water Saintwill, and Wood Saintwill which had been integrated into one, Zhang Ruochen had cultivated seven Saintwills in total.

Entering Violet Gourd and sitting cross-legged on the surface of the Golden Sun of Destruction, Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Precepts of Five-elements, Path of Gold to activate the Golden Body Saintwill.

Whoosh —

The Golden Body Saintwill instantly merged with his body. Zhang Ruochen’s body turned golden and emitted boundless light.

Zhang Ruochen had cultivated Nine-tremors Saintwill, Heavenly Stream Saintwill, and so on, but the Golden Body Saintwill was completely different from them. It was a type of defensive Saintwill that could strengthen one’s power at the same time.

“yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill.”

Zhang Ruochen formed a seal with his hands and slowly lifted them.

The Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, which contained Fist Saintwill, Palm Saintwill, Water Saintwill, and Wood Saintwill appeared. A Heavenly Stream wrapped in a blood-red sun spun above his head.

“All Saintwills unite, Five-elements as one.”

Under Zhang Ruochen’s guidance, the abnormal image of Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill slowly descended and collided with his body.

Boom!

With the current strength of Zhang Ruochen's body, he still felt as if he had been hit hard. It was like all the bones in his body were about to be shattered.

It was not an illusion. His body could really explode and die.

If he had not absorbed a large amount of the metal properties' mysterious power, broken through 14 shackles, and released a large amount of the power of Demigod-level physique, Zhang Ruochen suspected that he would not be able to withstand the first wave of impact.

This was the first time he truly felt how dangerous it was to fuse with Saintwills.

"According to Divine Sky-connecting Tree, fusing five types of Saintwill is the limit of a cultivator. Furthermore, there are very few cultivators who can successfully fuse five types of Saintwill. There was only one person who succeeded in fusing five types of Saintwill.

"What I'm going to do now is to surpass my predecessors. I have to grit my teeth and persevere. If I can't fuse the fifth, how can I fuse the sixth and seventh?"

Zhang Ruochen felt that he could do it with the fortuitous encounter he had obtained here.

Rumble

The process of Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill attacking his body was like Zhang Ruochen attacking himself with the power of Saintwill. It was much more difficult than he had imagined.

After three breaths only, Zhang Ruochen was heavily injured, All Saintwill dispersed and he spat out a mouthful of Saint blood.

"Again."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were sharp. Without any hesitation, he immediately began the second fusion.

"PFFT."

A moment later, he spat out another mouthful of saint blood.

“Again.”

He failed repeatedly, but he also recovered over and over again.

It was as if Zhang Ruochen was challenging the limits of his body. After 17 tries, the power of Saintwill penetrated his powerful body. Cracks like ceramic appeared on his skin, his muscles showed signs of breaking, and some of his bones began to break.

Hold on, hold on.

Zhang Ruochen could hold on for 15 minutes. As long as he continued to hold on, the Golden Body Saintwill would merge with Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill and become a higher level of Saintwill.

Crack

Some internal organs were broken in his abdomen.

The bones above his head were sunken.

Intense pain came from all parts of his body. Even the transformation process of gold and flesh was far less torturous than this moment.

His life was under an unprecedented threat. If he continued to persevere, he might succeed, but there was also a high possibility that he would die experimenting on himself.

“To fight against long odds is either to succeed or die. The nature of the Five-elements should not be fighting head-on. Instead, they should restrain and generate each other. In the continuous cycle, all the contradictions will be resolved.”

Zhang Ruochen seemed to have thought it through. He suddenly opened his eyes while remaining in the cross-legged position. He used spiritual power to move his broken body and flew out of the Gourd.

Forcing the Golden Body Saintwill to merge with Yin-Yang Five-Element after using the power of the Golden Sun of Destruction was obviously not the best idea.

If he could think another way, he might be able to get an unexpected result.

splash

Zhang Ruochen's body fell into the golden water region.

Soon, his body was covered by the golden liquid. His mouth and nose were sealed, and his pores were closed. He sank deep into the water.

The pain caused by Saintwill gradually disappeared, and the injuries on his body slowly healed.

Zhang Ruochen was overjoyed. He understood that this was a sign that Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill will merge with the Golden Body Saintwill. It was Water Saintwill and Wood Saintwill of Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill that were repairing the golden body.

Zhang Ruochen was completely relieved. He fully understood the mystery of the Saintwills merging process.

Half a day later, the Five Saintwills merged into one. A stronger Grade two Saintwill was born. The golden light on Zhang Ruochen's body became brighter. The golden water around him turned into a chaotic whirlpool and kept spinning.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen had a very mysterious feeling. It was as if he had become the incarnation of Heaven and Earth. He could give birth to everything and change the nature of everything with one thought.

However, this feeling only lasted for a moment before it disappeared.

"Could that feeling just now be the legendary mortal way of communicating with Deva Path? The two paths into one?"

Zhang Ruochen was shocked to find that he resonated with Heaven and Earth in a short instant. The number of Precepts in Heavenly Stream inside his sea of Qi had increased by one billion.

One had to know that cultivating Precepts was something that all Supreme Saints had to do.

In addition, a Supreme Saint from Hundred-Shackle Realm also had to cultivate Precepts to break the shackles on one's body. Only when there were enough Precepts would it be more helpful to break the shackles.

Now, he had 2.8 billion Precepts in his body.

“That state just now was too amazing. In just an instant, it was equivalent to eating Ampliofruit and increasing one billion Precepts. If it could last longer, wouldn't there be more Precepts?”

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself. Maybe after merging the sixth and seventh Saintwills, he would be able to resonate with Heaven and Earth again.

“I didn't expect the first cultivator to merge with Apex Intergold Qi to be an Immortal Vampire. Wait, you have human blood in your body. The descendants of humans and Immortal Vampires, that's interesting.”

A vast and illusory voice suddenly resonated in Zhang Ruochen's ears.

“Who is that? Who's speaking?”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. There was still a living creature at the bottom of the Golden Water region?

He opened his eyes and looked forward. He saw a vast golden world in front of him. In the distance, there was a white sacred mountain.

Even though he was far away, Zhang Ruochen felt a huge pressure on the sacred mountain. His heart pounded violently.

Crash.

The white sacred mountain shook and lifted its huge head.

Only at this moment did Zhang Ruochen realize that it was not a sacred mountain, but a white tiger lying on the ground. The huge white tiger's head filled Zhang Ruochen's field of vision.

A pair of golden eyes like two stars was very penetrating. It was as if it could see through all of Zhang Ruochen's secrets.

Unlike other tigers, it didn't have markings on the tiger's forehead that resembles the Chinese character for "King'."

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Instead, it had the Chinese character "Inter".

It was very ancient and had a special character. Zhang Ruochen recalled it for a long time before remembering that he had seen the same font in a book called the Secret Records of God's Ancient Nidus in Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

It seemed to be answering Zhang Ruochen. It said, "The deities of Infernal Court call me Intergold Tiger. I've been sleeping here for 30,000 years."

Zhang Ruochen was shocked and confused. The Intergold Tiger in front of him was obviously not a Supreme saint. It must be a Divine beast and not an ordinary one.

Why was there a Divine beast sleeping inside Ghost's home planet?

If it was a coincidence, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't believe it.

The key was, which clan did it belong to?

It didn't seem to be related to any of the ten clans.

"I'm sorry, senior. I came here by mistake. I didn't mean to disturb your deep sleep. Goodbye!" Zhang Ruochen wanted to leave, but he found that he couldn't move. The surface of his body had turned into gold, restricting his ability to move.

Intergold Tiger said slowly, "Not all cultivators have the ability to come here. You're the first in 30,000 years. You've reached the most basic condition by fusing with Apex Intergold Qi."

"I saw that you have fused five kinds of Saintwills and cultivated a medium Grade two Saintwill. You had a chance to reach the top Grade two Saintwill, but unfortunately, your Saintwill has a big flaw."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "I'm grateful for your Apex Intergold Qi. Otherwise, it would have been difficult for me to succeed without such an encounter."

“Do you know why you are here?” Intergold Tiger suddenly asked.

Chapter 2311: A Test

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

“What’s the reason?” Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen immediately realized that it was not a coincidence that a Divine beast was sleeping inside the home planet of the Ghost.

Intergold Tiger said, “It seems that you didn’t know.”

“Please enlighten me, Senior.” Zhang Ruochen requested.

“You have fused with the Apex Intergold Qi, and you are only qualified to see me,” Intergold Tiger said. “I’ve also got a test for you. If you pass the test and come back here to see me, I’ll tell you everythin

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He could not figure out what Intergold Tiger meant.

“Test? What test?” Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen was about to ask what benefits he would get if he passed the test.

However, Intergold Tiger said first, “You should ask what my test is first. Because if you can’t pass my test, you are not qualified to know what you will get.”

Did Intergold Tiger just see through Zhang Ruochen’s thoughts?

Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power had reached the advanced stage of the 64th level. He had a strong mental defense. As long as his thoughts and memories weren’t forcibly taken, even a god couldn’t see through his thoughts.

What secret could he hide if someone saw through his heart?

Zhang Ruochen’s hair stood on end. He would have known what he was thinking if it had been a god from the Infernal Court.

He didn’t dare to think about it anymore.

Intergold Tiger said, “You’re scared. I can sense it. You don’t have to be so scared. Even a god isn’t omnipotent.

“A god can plunder your memories and look into your heart. But it’s not easy to read your thoughts. Only someone with the spiritual power of 80th level can do it.

“After all, your will is very strong, It’s easy to break through the defense of your spiritual power, but it’s difficult to break through the defense of willpower.

“There are very few spiritual power gods whose spiritual power has reached the 70th level. Those who can reach the 80th level are all first-class figures. In their eyes, you are no different from a bug in your eyes. Will you read the thoughts of a bug at any time?”

Zhang Ruochen did not feel any hostility from Intergold Tiger. He immediately calmed down and asked, “So your spiritual power has reached the 80th level and above?”

“No!” Intergold Tiger exclaimed. “Despite being a Divine beast, I am not adept at spiritual power. I can spy on your thoughts because you absorbed my Apex Intergold Qi and integrated it into your body, spiritual power, Saint Soul, and even the Precepts that you have cultivated.”

It then added, “Of course, my spiritual power is not far from the 80th level.”

There were countless gods whose spiritual power was less than the 70th level.

For example, among Supreme Saints, those whose spiritual power was less than the 60th level accounted for a huge majority. As for Supreme Saints like the Wujiang, Lord Xia Yu, and Xu, to be able to cultivate their spiritual power to the 64th level and above in the Hundred-Shackle Realm was already

one of the few existences in the entire Infernal Court in the past thousand years. They stood at the pinnacle.

Not only did they have the potential to become gods, but they were also even more outstanding and powerful than many gods of the same age and realm.

Of course, this was only the case at the current stage.

‘Whether or not they could become gods was closely related to their talent, but it was not absolute.

Since ancient times, countless cultivators had outstanding talent but were unable to reach divinity. Some had flaws in their state of mind; some had gone astray. Some had died an unnatural death. Some had been destroyed by inner demons, and some had exhausted their potential and returned to mediocrity.

On the other hand, the more talented cultivators cultivated divinity because they had a larger base.

Intergold Tiger claimed that it wasn’t good at spiritual power, but it also said that its spiritual power wasn’t far from the 80th level. Zhang Ruochen was shocked. He thought to himself that Intergold Tiger wasn’t a simple Divine beast.

Such a powerful Divine beast did not call itself a god... instead, it called itself “I”. There was no condescending contempt, but Zhang Ruochen felt a sense of closeness.

Zhang Ruochen cleared his mind and asked, “What is your test for me, Senior?”

Intergold Tiger said, “Are you participating in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting in the Infernal Court? I want you to defeat the most powerful cultivator on this battlefield and bring at least one of his hands to see me. Then, you will naturally understand what you can get. Go!”

Zhang Ruochen wanted to ask again, but he suddenly felt his body become light. In the next moment, his feet landed on the ground.

‘Where was Intergold Tiger?

At that moment, he stood on the bank of the golden river when he came. He raised his hand and found the Violet Gourd in his palm. The gourd seemed to have absorbed the Apex Intergold Qi. The golden light it emitted became even more intense.

‘To defeat the most powerful cultivator on this battlefield? Que? Or is it the Celestial Captive Lord Hornless of the

Banshi Isshou Realm? Or is Intergold Tiger talking about itself?' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head immediately. He didn't think it was that bad.

'Forget it. I'll return to the surface.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Three days had passed since Zhang Ruochen had entered the underground.

After many battles, the Star-Shield Grand Formation of the Ghost's home planet had been broken. Eight of the nine continents had been destroyed. Some had turned into a sea of lava, while others had turned into thousands of miles of yellow sand. It was dead silent, no living beings or dead souls could be

seen.

Regardless of whether it was the cultivators of the three upper clans or the three middle clans, they were all severely injured.

Pan Ruo, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Mistress Fireborn, Lord Sinluo, and Mad Whitejade Lion gathered together and hid in a star fog about 100,000 miles away from the Ghost's home planet.

"The Ghost's Supreme Saints are already returning to protect their home planet. We can not continue to attack. Your Highness Pan Ruo, shouldn't we retreat?" Mad Whitejade Lion asked while panting.

Three days ago, Mad Whitejade Lion was attacked by Ye Changzai and the Four-eyed Ghost Emperor. He was the most severely injured. Luckily, he could escape. Otherwise, he would have died on the home planet of the Ghost.

Mistress Fireborn was injured by Supreme Saint Yanhong. She was no longer as charming and energetic as before. Her beautiful face was stained with blood and her aura was much weaker than when she was at her pinnacle. The injuries in her body could not be healed in a short period.

Mistress Fireborn regretted participating in this operation, she said, "More than half of the souls on the Ghost's home planet

have been destroyed. They have lost their ability to compete in this Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Why must we destroy the souls on the last continent? I agree with Mad Whitejade

Lion. We should retreat now.”

Pan Ruo’s gaze was cold. She immediately shook her head and said, “No, we haven’t found Zhang Ruochen yet.”

“Supreme Saint Yanhong said that he died in the depths of the Ghost’s home planet. It can’t be fake,” Mistress Fireborn said.

She had fought with Supreme Saint Yanhong before and knew how terrifying she was. Even a cultivator at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm couldn’t last more than a few rounds. Even if Zhang Ruochen could turn the sky upside down, he would probably die.

Pan Ruo said, “Impossible! The Ampliofruit, the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, and the gourd weren’t with Supreme Saint Yanhong. This means that she did not see Zhang Ruochen’s body at all. This is just her own speculation.

“Other than the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill on Que’s hands, what else is more precious than Zhang Ruochen’s corpse in the Battle of Celestial-Huntingfield?

“Are you willing to return empty-handed?”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei’s face turned slightly pale, he advised, “Your Highness, I can understand your feelings. I also want to get Zhang Ruochen’s treasures. I want to find out what’s so great inside the Ghost’s home planet? However, we’re all heavily injured now.

“There are close to 100 Ghost’s Supreme Saints gathered on the last continent of their home planet. There are also two Supreme Artifacts protecting it. Even if we’re at our best, we won’t be able to win if we force our way in.

“This time, we’ve achieved great results. Not only did we get rid of Zhang Ruochen, but we’ve also severely injured the Ghost. We don’t have to waste any more time.”

Pan Ruo’s eyes were fixed on the Ghost’s home planet. She was expressionless, but her hands and fingers were tightly

clasped together. Everyone knew that her emotions must be fluctuating greatly.

In the distance, the black planet, which had been filled with Ghostly Qi, had large cracks in many places, emitting golden light.

“I still can’t accept it. The Ampliofruit and the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill on Zhang Ruochen are things that can not be found anywhere again. They are of great use to me.”

Pan Ruo turned around, stared at Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, and bowed.

“Your Highness, what are you doing?”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei quickly helped her up.

Pan Ruo said, “I want to use The Scroll of Truth and Deceit and sneak into the depths of the Ghost’s home planet to find Zhang Ruochen’s corpse.”

“No! Even with my cultivation, I can’t resist the golden mist from the depths of the Earth. Even if you wield a Supreme Artifact, it will be very dangerous,” Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said.

Pan Ruo smiled, “As the saying goes, fortune comes from danger. Zhang Ruochen’s Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and Ampliofruit were worth the risk. Besides, I’ve cultivated the Door of Trueself. I can weaken the effect of the golden mist on me. I can give it a try.”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Mistress Fireborn, Lord Sinluo, and Mad Whitejade Lion all admired Pan Ruo’s boldness. At the same time, they knew why she did it.

If they were still in the Neverwilt Realm and hadn’t started to condense the Saintwill, they might have risked their lives.

After all, if Pan Ruo in the Neverwilt Realm could find the Ampliofruit and the Saintwill Pill on Zhang Ruochen, she would definitely be able to cultivate a stronger Saintwill. Whether she’s in the Neverwilt Realm or the Hundred-Shackle Realm, there would be endless benefits for her.

Pan Ruo said, “Don’t worry. If my luck is very bad and I die inside the Ghost’s home planet and lose The Scroll of Truth and Deceit, all the treasures I left behind will be yours as compensation.”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei sighed and was about to hand The Scroll of Truth and Deceit to Pan Ruo when suddenly, Mad Whitejade Lion beside him roared, “Oh my God! Who did that? Look, the last continent on the Ghost’s home planet has been sunk by a huge golden palm print..”

Chapter 2312: The Event That Shook the World

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

The giant golden palm print was a thousand miles long, It was like light and fog, sometimes illusory and sometimes real. It continuously emitted soul-stirring energy fluctuations.

Rumble

Below the palm print, there were Supreme Saints of the Ghost fought with all their might. Some used Immaterial Artifacts, while others used high-level saint techniques. However, it was too late. The entire continent continued to sink and the giant home planet shook violently.

A moment later, standing in the starry sky, the dust billowing and chaotic energy can be seen on the distant planet.

A shocking five-finger handprint crater was imprinted on the surface of the planet.

Golden cracks were all around the handprint crater, and the light mist turned into a waterfall.

A bright golden light dot floated above the handprint crater.

Cultivators from the three upper clans flew quickly toward the Ghost's home planet. They finally saw clearly that the golden light dot was a human figure.

“Zhang... Zhang Ruochen, he's not dead...” Mad Whitejade Lion said in a trembling voice. His eyes were filled with shock.

Pan Ruo stood at the front. A flash of undetectable light appeared in her cold eyes.

Whoosh

The ten wings on Zhang Ruochen's back spread. His entire body shone with golden light. Like a god descending from heaven, he slowly landed on the ground.

There was a Ghost city that remained standing in the center of Zhang Ruochen's thousand-mile-wide crater.

The Pleiades Lotus was propped up in the Ghost city by Xu and a few Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm of the Ghost. With the help of the Supreme Power, they were able to block the palm print and save the Ghost City.

Standing on the pitch-black city wall, Supreme Saint Yanhong in Pink Skull form looked at Zhang Ruochen falling from the sky and said in disbelief, "How is this possible? Is that really Zhang Ruochen? Didn't you say that he died underground?"

The two Bone Clan Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, Moon-Bull Emperor and Lord Sparrow Bone, flew to the left and right sides of Pink Skull.

At the same time, Xu, Popobawa Ghost Emperor, Four-eyed Ghost Emperor, and Ye Changzai gathered from all over the city.

"His body was invaded by the power of the Amorite Curse, but it was completely resolved in just three days. and... his cultivation seems to be even higher than before," Ye Changzai said in surprise.

"It's not just higher than before. Compared to three days ago, Zhang Ruochen is much stronger," Xu said with a serious expression as if he was facing a great enemy.

Xu had felt great pressure when fighting with Zhang Ruochen with the Supreme Artifact.

Xu would never have felt this way when fighting with Zhang Ruochen in the past.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the Supreme Saints in the Ghost city and raised his voice. "Xu, we haven't finished yet. Do you dare to fight with me again?"

"Why not?" said Xu.

Xu activated his 300-meters-tall Primordial Ghost Emperor-level Physique and flew out of the Ghost city with the Pleiades

Lotus to confront Zhang Ruochen.

He was the one who invited Zhang Ruochen to fight on the Ghost's home planet. If he didn't show up, wouldn't he be a joke to all the cultivators in the Infernal Court?

Besides, even if Zhang Ruochen became stronger, how strong could he be in just a few days?

Even if Xu was facing elites like Wujiang and Luo Shengtian, he would still dare to fight them head-on. Even if he could not win, he would still have the confidence to escape. Could Zhang Ruochen be stronger than Wujiang and Luo Shengtian?

"Very good," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's speed was as fast as lightning. In an instant, he collided with Xu.

Bang

Zhang Ruochen's fist collided with the black light shield formed by the Pleiades Lotus. Two powerful forces tore the ground under their feet into pieces.

BOOM!

Zhang Ruochen used the Luoshui Fist Technique, and the fist shadows fell like raindrops.

He didn't use the Saintwill, but each fist contained divine force, along with tens of millions of Precepts of Fist and the power of the dragon and elephant soul of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

The sound of the fists was like the waves of the ocean hitting a reef.

"Bare-handed fighting with the Supreme Artifact. Is Zhang Ruochen's body so terrifying?" A Supreme Saint in Ghost City said as he felt his heart tremble.

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor's eyes had extraordinary powers. He could see something was off and he said, "Zhang Ruochen has broken at least 10 shackles. The divine force contained in the Demigod-level physique is being activated. He... He's getting stronger. I'm afraid we'll be in big trouble today.

Everyone, get ready to fight.”

With these words, it was clear that the Four-eyed Ghost Emperor was not as upbeat as he had been.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor was confused. “No, no. Zhang Ruochen can’t break more than 10 shackles in just three days, even with the help of the Fugue Pill and the Power of Time. He must have gotten some kind of opportunity underground.”

Pink Skull lightly stamped her feet and snorted.

A Ghost Supreme Saint who was burning with spectral flame said, “How strange. Why didn’t Xu use the power of the Supreme Artifact to fight back? I don’t believe that Zhang Ruochen’s power is strong enough to suppress the Supreme Artifact.”

“Of course, Zhang Ruochen can’t fight against the Supreme Artifact with his bare hands. But he can use his power and speed to suppress Xu with the Supreme Power of the Supreme Artifact. It takes time for the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint to activate the power of the Supreme Artifact. Zhang

Ruochen didn’t give Xu time,” Pink Skull said.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor’s expression was stern. He said coldly, “I think we must attack now and combine all our powers to kill Zhang Ruochen. A one-on-one fight will only give Zhang Ruochen a chance to defeat each of them.”

Pink Skull sent a voice transmission to Ming, the eighth son of the Ghost Lord. She said, “Is Supreme Saint Manjian still alive? Bring him here.”

BOOM!

Xu held the Pleiades Lotus with both hands and used Supreme Power to form a black light shield.

The black light shield was sometimes dimmed and sometimes dented by Zhang Ruochen’s fist power.

Only part of the Supreme Inscriptions could appear on the Pleiades Lotus. It couldn’t recover completely and its power was suppressed.

“Damn it. How did Zhang Ruochen’s power become so strong?”

Xu stepped back one at a time. Gritting his teeth, he tried his best to circulate the Ghost Qi.

Even without the Supreme Artifact, Xu could have suppressed Zhang Ruochen if it had been before. However, the situation had now been completely reversed.

“Banshee Polearm,” Xu called out.

Xu released powerful spiritual power and mobilized the Ghost Qi on the Ghost’s home planet to form a black polearm.

“Now die,” Xu said.

The black polearm took the shape of a snake and released a bone-chilling fog. It drew a serpentine arc and hit Zhang Ruochen’s back.

The 64th level of spiritual power was the biggest reason why Xu could surpass Supreme Saint Yanhong, Lord Bladehell, and the others and rank seventh. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be able to be above Supreme Saint Yanhong and Lord Bladehell just by relying on his Path’s cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen ignored the black polearm approaching from behind. He released his spiritual power and condensed a light shield behind him as he waved his fist.

Rumble

The black polearm and the light shield clashed fiercely.

The light shield didn’t shatter as Xu had expected. Instead, it blocked his Banshee Polearm and formed circles of energy tides.

“Your spiritual power... damn it, you’ve been hiding the strength of your spiritual power.”

Xu had no idea Zhang Ruochen could boost his spiritual power by two levels in just three days.

This improvement was comparable to the hundreds of years of hard cultivation of other Supreme Saints.

Boom

A golden wing on Zhang Ruochen's back slashed out and sent the black polearm flying.

Taking advantage of the time when Xu's emotions were fluctuating violently, Zhang Ruochen released the Realm-frame of Truth and turned the area within 10,000 miles into a dazzling sea of stars. It was brilliant and beautiful.

He formed palm prints with both hands, and a dragon and elephant phantom rushed out from his left and right arms.

Xu knew very well that Zhang Ruochen was going to merge the Path of Truth into his Palm technique and stimulate ten times the attack power. So, Xu spat out a mouthful of Origin of Ghost Qi and poured it into the Pleiades Lotus.

Crash

The Supreme Inscriptions in the Pleiades Lotus were activated quickly and released a huge amount of Supreme Power.

The Supreme Power condensed into seven black lotus flowers. The black lotus flowers burned with a spectral flame that was hotter than normal Emperor-level Divine Purification Flame. The space was distorted.

"Dragon-Elephant Destruction." Zhang Ruochen called out.

Zhang Ruochen unleashed the 13th strike of the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike. With the augmentation of the Precept of Truth, it exploded with ten times the attack power. It clashed fiercely with the seven black lotus flowers.

Boom

The violent destructive power surged in all directions.

In Ghost City, all the Supreme Saints changed their expressions. They quickly attacked together. The Immaterial Artifacts and Regal Artifacts joined together. They finally blocked the impact of the Supreme Power and Palm strike.

The ground under Zhang Ruochen and Xu's feet melted quickly, turning into red lava.

To be precise, the entire continent was melting. It couldn't withstand the aftermath of the battle between the two Supreme Saints.

Xu's Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique began to burn. He kept letting out a long howl as he tried his best to hold on. After a while, he felt that Zhang Ruochen's Palm strike was rapidly weakening.

"Haha! With the Pleiades Lotus, I can kill a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint and threaten a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. Zhang Ruochen actually dares to fight against a Supreme Artifact with his bare hands. Do you really think that the ten times attack power of the Path of Truth can make you invincible in the world?"

Xu spat out a mouthful of Origin of Ghost Qi again on the Pleiades Lotus. "Today, I will refine you to death here."

In the Ghost city.

Seeing Xu gradually gaining the upper hand, the Ghost Supreme Saints who had planned to attack Zhang Ruochen together all breathed a sigh of relief and smiled.

Only two balls of flames appeared in Pink Skull's deep eye sockets. She felt an unusual power fluctuation and said, "Oh no, Zhang Ruochen has activated the power of the Saintwill."

The Ghost Supreme Saints didn't care. So what if he had activated the Saintwill?

Could the Saintwill fight against a Supreme Artifact?

In the same realm, whoever had a Supreme Artifact was invincible.

Boom

Powerful energy burst out of Zhang Ruochen's body and broke through the defensive light shield formed by the Pleiades Lotus.

In an instant, the seven black lotus flowers were all shattered.

Zhang Ruochen struck Xu's chest with his palm, causing Xu's eyes to widen. Layers upon layers of palm power appeared to

be capable of toppling mountains and turning seas. It ripped a huge hole through the 300-meter-tall Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique.

‘Xu was like a scarecrow, he flew backward and crashed heavily into the array formation of the Ghost city.

Bang

The light of the array formation dimmed for a moment and was almost shattered by him.

Xu had suffered a severe injury that had never been seen before. Many forces were at work in his body. He collapsed to the ground and was unable to stand. He could only sit back and watch as Zhang Ruochen approached him one step at a time.

Zhang Ruochen’s body emitted a five-colored chaotic light. Above his head, there was a mysterious phenomenon of water and fire mixing together. A heavenly river flowed around a blood sun.

“Your Saintwill... is of the Grade Two?”

Xu’s fingers clenched hard. He really wanted to stand up again.

Zhang Ruochen stepped on his back and pushed Xu down again. He said, “As a loser, you don’t have the right to know.”

The Pleiades Lotus crashed into Zhang Ruochen’s chest under the control of the vessel spirit.

The Violet Gourd hanging from his waist flew up automatically. It instantly became as big as a palace and sucked in the Pleiades Lotus that flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

The world suddenly became very quiet.

The Ghost Supreme Saints were all in awe of what they were witnessing. Xu, the Ghost’s number one elite who holds a Supreme Artifact, had been defeated by Zhang Ruochen. He’d been trampled beneath his feet.

Zhang Ruochen’s long hair was disheveled. He slowly raised his head and stared at Ming, who was standing on the city

wall. He said in a commanding tone, “Let him go.”

In the starry sky.

Looking at Zhang Ruochen’s unrivaled heroism, Lord Sinluo, Mistress Fireborn, and the others couldn’t help but feel suffocated.

In their hearts, they compared Zhang Ruochen to Wujiang.

Could Wujiang defeat Xu in such a crushing manner?

“How can his Saintwill be so powerful? Could it be... could it be that he fused a Grade Two Saintwill with the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?” Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said in a trembling voice.

Although Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was the number one elite of the Deathkin, the Saintwill he fused was only of Grade Four.

He knew very well how difficult it was to fuse a Grade Three Saintwill.

Fusing a Grade Two Saintwill was an unimaginable achievement. Even the Peerless Sword God, Feng Chen, didn’t succeed a thousand years ago. He was just a little bit away from the Grade Two Saintwill.

“This is even more interesting! Only in this state can Zhang Ruochen compete with the elites of the three middle clans. Both sides will most likely be injured. Our chance is here!” said Pan Ruo with a joyful smile.

The cultivators who saw the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms were all excited.

‘Xu was extremely famous in both the Infernal Court and the Celestial Court. He was a peerless evil spirit. Zhang Ruochen defeated Xu and crushed the faith of countless Ghost cultivators. At the same time, it shocked all the cultivators in the Celestial Court.

No one had thought that Zhang Ruochen could become so powerful in such a short time.

In the Fane of Merit, Shang Ziyan’s eyes were bloodshot. He roared angrily. He was extremely unpleasant.

His heart was filled with hatred.

‘Not only did he hate Zhang Ruochen, but he also hated the prominent figure of the Heavenly Realm who had resurrected him. ‘His death was also a relief. Why did he have to resurrect him? Shang Ziyan thought.

Facing an enemy like Zhang Ruochen, Shang Ziyan felt extremely desperate.

Lian Xi was in the valley of Destiny’s Creek. She fixed her gaze on the projection above her head. In her beautiful pearl-like eyes, a complicated light appeared. There was hatred, but her heart was racing at a breakneck pace. She couldn’t keep her joy under control, no matter how hard she tried.

Why did she feel joy when she saw Zhang Ruochen become stronger?

Shouldn’t she feel afraid and fear?

Of course, the most intense reaction was in the Fane of Destiny. After all, other cultivators only saw the surface, but the gods saw something more profound.

Chapter 2313: God's Ancient Nidus

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

“What are the opportunities inside the Ghost’s home planet? Why has Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation suddenly increased so much?” A six-horned deity revealed his divine shadow and asked.

The gods couldn’t figure out what was happening inside the Ghost’s home planet, but they could sense that Zhang Ruochen wasn’t the same as before. His strength had increased too quickly.

When Rayan, King of Devala, the Rakshasa’s number one divine kingdom, revealed his divine shadow, he inquired, “Zhang Ruochen has condensed the Grade Two Saintwill, and it’s formed from the Saintwill of five different paths. In this world, he is unbeatable. “Has he already gotten the chance of the

God’s Ancient Nidus?”

The gods of the Ghost fell silent. The realm of the divine became deathly silent.

Ghost Lord’s eyes were cold, and his anger soared to the sky.

The Fukurokuju Statue said, “He hasn’t gotten the opportunity yet, but he’s passed the test. He’s qualified to get the opportunity.”

Even with the wisdom of the gods, it was hard to understand what Fukurokuju meant.

Zhang Ruochen had passed the test, but he still couldn’t get the opportunity?

Wargod Bloodximus was in a good mood. He asked, “Reverend, what exactly is the opportunity in God’s Ancient Nidus? Zhang Ruochen has already fused five Paths and cultivated the Grade Two Saintwill, but he still can’t get it.”

The Fukurokuju Statue said, “This story started 30,000 years ago. Back then, Great Emperor Fengdu woke up two Divine beasts that had slept for countless years in God’s Ancient Nidus. The Intergold Tiger and the Swastika Seiryu were both Archaic God’s Candidate.

“Great Emperor Fengdu wanted to suppress them and take them as mounts, but he was stopped by a powerful will deep in God’s Ancient Nidus. That will told Great Emperor Fengdu that tigers are the kings of all beasts, and dragons are the kings of all spirits. If you take them as your mounts and suppress them as your slaves, you will definitely suffer a backlash in the future.”

Hearing this, the gods of the Infernal Court smiled awkwardly.

What kind of joke was this? Someone actually dared to threaten the number one elite of the Ghost, Great Emperor Fengdu? Even if it was the master of the Celestial Palace who threatened, Great Emperor Fengdu might not take it to heart.

“The Great Emperor will definitely not be afraid of this dragon and tiger,” a Ghost God said disdainfully.

The Fukurokuju Statue was silent for a moment before saying, “In fact, Great Emperor Fengdu did not take the Intergold Tiger and the Swastika Seiryu as his mounts in the end. I don’t know what agreement he reached with the will in the depths of God’s Ancient Nidus.

“In the end, Great Emperor Fengdu brought the two beasts back to the Infernal Court and handed them over to me. I was asked to find suitable young talents at the Celestial-Hunting Festival and be the guide of the two beasts to help them integrate into this era. The Intergold Tiger is the opportunity of the Ghost’s home planet.”

The gods were in a daze after hearing this and were shocked.

With Great Emperor Fengdu’s paramount might, he actually had to compromise with a will in the depths of God’s Ancient Nidus?

Of course, most of the gods didn't think that Great Emperor Fengdu was afraid of anything. They only felt that it should be like what Fukurokuju said. Great Emperor Fengdu had reached some unknown agreement with the will in the depths of God's Ancient Nidus.

'What made the gods even more shocked was why two young geniuses had to be the guides of the two Divine beasts?

Wouldn't it be better if Great Emperor Fengdu and Fukurokuju personally guided them?

Besides, with the cultivation and wisdom of the Divine beasts, would it be difficult to integrate into this era? Why did they need guides?

In the deity realm of Wargod Bloodximus, there were Wargod Bloodximus, Lord Ming, Blood Empress, Bloodlucius, and many other deities of the Bloodysky Clan gathered.

They were all congratulating Wargod Bloodximus and Blood Empress. After all, whether Zhang Ruochen had cultivated the Grade Two Saintwill or become the guide of Intergold Tiger, it was a joyous occasion.

Wargod Bloodximus waved his hand, "The deity has already said that Zhang Ruochen has only passed the test and hasn't become the guide yet," he said. "In my opinion, since the Intergold Tiger is an Archaic God's Candidate, it won't easily choose its own guide. It must have set conditions for Zhang Ruochen."

Blood Empress asked, "What kind of place is God's Ancient Nidus? Why does the Great Emperor Fengdu have to be afraid?"

Wargod Bloodximus's expression turned serious as he said, "Everyone has cultivated to become a god. Logically speaking, there is no place in the entire universe that you can not go. However, there are some forbidden places that even gods can not enter."

The gods listened attentively. After all, there were some secrets that even gods could not know. Only a magnate like Wargod Bloodximus could come into contact with them.

“In the universe, there are five prehistoric civilization ruins. Those gods who haven’t survived the Yuanhui Tribulation, don’t go there. God’s Ancient Nidus is one of them. It has been preserved since the prehistoric era, and it is a very dangerous place.” Wargod Bloodximius added.

Prehistoric civilization referred to the civilizations that existed before the birth of the Celestial Court and the ten clans of the Infernal Court. There were no records in the history books, and only some clues could be found from the prehistoric civilization ruins.

Some gods had explored and discovered the ruins of prehistoric civilization. It was generally believed that there had been a great apocalypse in the universe before the 50,000 Yuanhui period.

All prehistoric creatures had been wiped out.

Therefore, traces left behind before the 50,000 Yuanhui period were called prehistoric ruins.

The so-called eternal and indestructible Macroworld was not a prehistoric civilization. It referred to a Macroworld that had survived 10,000 Yuanhui periods but had not been destroyed. Such a Macroworld was already very rare.

The so-called ancient civilizations, such as the Thousand -Star Civilization, the Tianchu Civilization... and so on, were not prehistoric civilizations either. They referred to a Macroworld that had been eternal and indestructible but later encountered a catastrophe like Kunlun, when the world was

destroyed, some of them survived and had to move to a secret realm in the universe to hide.

Hence, there were strong and weak ancient civilizations.

The key point was how many inheritances the ancient civilization had left behind? Were they heavily injured? Were there supreme elites who survived?

That was why the prehistoric ruins that survived the great destruction were extremely rare. All of them were extremely special places that even gods could not enter.

“Since the Intergold Tiger was brought back to the Infernal Court by Great Emperor Fengdu, then its guide should be chosen from the Ghost,” said the Ghost Lord in the Fane of Destiny.

Wargod Bloodximius sneered, “The Ghost hasn’t produced a Supreme Saint who can pass the test in 30,000 years. Does Intergold Tiger have to wait for another 30,000 years? Or three Yuanhui periods?”

“You...”

The Ghost Lord wanted to say that Xu had a chance to do it.

But seeing that Xu was being suppressed by Zhang Ruochen, he couldn’t say anything,

Asurenda Barasingha said, “Anyone can be the guide of the Intergold Tiger, but not Zhang Ruochen. This child has a deep connection with the gods of Kunlun, Guanghan, and even the Celestial Court. His purpose in entering the Infernal Court is impure. He will most likely rebel in the future.

“In my opinion, we should let Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang give it a try. The great opportunity must be firmly in the hands of the cultivators of the Infernal Court. It can’t be taken away by a cultivator of the Celestial Court.

“Lan Ying is a Divine Fetus. His chances of passing the trial of Intergold Tiger should be very high.”

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Although the gods didn’t know what level the Intergold Tiger and the Swastika Seiryu were at, they were able to make Great Emperor Fengdu compromise. There must be something extraordinary about them.

Moreover, controlling them was equivalent to controlling the bridge of communication with God’s Ancient Nidus.

If any force could get the support of God’s Ancient Nidus, their authority in the Infernal Court would be greatly increased.

Some gods of the Nether Clan immediately supported Asurenda Barasingha and said, “Zhang Ruochen’s goal of breaking into the Ghost’s home planet is to save a Celestial Captive of Guanghai. It can be seen that he is still connected to Guanghai and could betray it at any time. If he gets the support of

God’s Ancient Nidus, the consequences will be unimaginable.

“Making Wujiang the guide of the Intergold Tiger won’t be such a risk. Besides, Wujiang’s cultivation of the Saintwill is only one step away from reaching Grade Two.

“Since Zhang Ruochen can use the power of the Intergold Tiger to fuse with the Grade Two Saintwill, Wujiang must be able to do it too.

“Reverend, I think we should tell Wujiang and the others the secret of the Ghost’s home planet so that they can compete fairly. Zhang Ruochen is just lucky and has the upper hand. It doesn’t mean that he’s the only choice of the Intergold Tiger.”

Wargod Bloodximus roared, “You guys are crazy. For the sake of the Intergold Tiger and the God’s Ancient Nidus, you’re blaming Zhang Ruochen, a junior.”

Ghost Lord said sternly, “Wargod Bloodximus, you can’t change the fact that Zhang Ruochen went to the Ghost’s home planet to save the Celestial Captive of Guanghai. He killed countless spirits of the Ghost and injured many Ghost Supreme Saints. Isn’t this an act against the Infernal Court?”

“That’s not right, is it? Zhang Ruochen was invited by Xu to the Ghost’s home planet to fight to the death. Then he was attacked by many Ghost and Bone Clan Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He had been fighting back passively, desperately trying to survive.

Since when is it against the Infernal Court?” said Lord Ming.

Lord Ming laughed and added, “Unfortunately, the Ghost is too weak. They gathered so many elites, but their home planet was destroyed. Even their opportunities were taken away. Who’s to blame? Poor weaklings.”

Ghost Lord sneered, his eyes turning cold. "It's pointless to argue. Feel free to be self-assured. No matter how talented Zhang Ruochen is, the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms will not let him leave the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting alive if he turns his heart to Celestial Captive and goes against the Infernal

Court. I'll see if you can still laugh then."

Wargod Bloodximus, Lord Ming, and Blood Empress all fell silent.

They were confident in Zhang Ruochen's strength and talent. However, they were not confident in Zhang Ruochen's actions and thoughts.

He had grown up in the human world. Would he really return to the Infernal Court?

"Let him go," said Zhang Ruochen.

Ming, who was standing on the Ghost City's wall, felt a sharp pain all over his body as he looked into Zhang Ruochen's sharp sword-like eyes. It was as if he had been struck by a large sword.

"How is this possible? How could Zhang Ruochen defeat the seventh brother?" Ming thought. He felt extremely depressed and uncomfortable. His confidence and pride had been trampled on by Zhang Ruochen.

He had no other choice but to exchange with Zhang Ruochen.

Xu was the number one elite of the Ghost. If he was defeated, who could stop Zhang Ruochen?

He could only hope that Zhang Ruochen's anger would be quelled as soon as possible.

"You can't give the Supreme Saint Manjian to him," said Pink Skull.

'Ming was stopped by Pink Skull. "Zhang Ruochen, I know you and the Supreme Saint Manjian are very close," said Pink Skull. Her pink skeletal hand grabbed the Supreme Saint Manjian's shoulder and stared at Zhang Ruochen. She added,

“You’re not going to stand by and watch him die. If you want him to

live, you must first do something for me.”

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes. His gaze was as sharp as a knife. “Can’t you see that Xu’s right under my feet? I’ll kill him like butchering a farm animal.”

Pink Skull laughed. “Do you really think that you can do as you please on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting? Xu was the most outstanding Supreme Saint of the Ghost who had been born for a thousand years. He had a high chance of becoming a god. For a Celestial Captive, you killed a future God of the

Infernal Court. Even if the gods could tolerate you, the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms would kill you.”

“You want to kill me, but I can’t kill you?” Zhang Ruochen sneered.

Pink Skull nodded and said, “That’s right. You’re no different from those poor Celestial Captives. You’re our prey.

“If you really want to save the Supreme Saint Manjian, capture all the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans outside the Ghost’s home planet and bring them to me to trade with me.

“This is your only chance.”

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the sky and vaguely sensed the presence of Pan Ruo, Lord Sinluo, and the others.

“I would have let Xu go alive, but you have successfully angered me,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Pink Skull was taken aback when she heard this. Her mind was filled with dreadful thoughts. She was about to put a stop to him.

BANG!

Zhang Ruochen activated the 10 million Divine Marks in his left leg. He stomped down heavily, crushing Xu’s Astral Form into pieces and turning it into a black ghost cloud.

The world shook. All the cultivators were shocked by Zhang Ruochen’s actions.

He... he really dared to kill Xu?

Xu had the Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Neverwilt Physique. Naturally, he wouldn't die so easily. Billions of ghost fog flowed rapidly and gathered in the center, condensing into an Astral Form again.

"Zhang Ruochen, if you dare to kill me, there will be no place for you in the Infernal Court. Even Wargod Bloodximus won't be able to protect you... You... Ah..."

Zhang Ruochen used the Power of Dimension to grab Xu again. He condensed a huge palm print of the Divine Purification Flame and destroyed his Astral Form again.

Xu was obviously not truly immortal. Every time his Astral Form was destroyed, his body would weaken greatly. The speed at which he could regenerate his Astral Form would slow down.

"Saint Devourer swallowed him for me. Use his Ghost Qi to let the Ampliofruit mature as soon as possible."

Countless Saint Devourer vines rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's back. They spread into the ghost fog and absorbed Xu's power crazily.

The Ghost Supreme Saints in the Ghost city were all shocked. Zhang Ruochen was really audacious. He would do anything.

"Zhang Ruochen, do you know what you're doing? Do you believe that I can kill the Supreme Saint Manjian now?" Pink Skull said.

"If you dare to kill him, I'll break every bone in your body and feed it to Huang Tian when I enter the Ghost City," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen left the Saint Devourer behind and flew upon his ten golden wings. He revealed the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King, which was thousands of miles tall, and stomped heavily on the Ghost city below.

Boom

The array's inscriptions of the Ghost city formed a bowl-shaped light shield to block the attack.

However, a lot of the array's inscriptions had been broken. Countless buildings in the Ghost city had collapsed, and all the souls were crying in fear. Even the Supreme Saint was terrified.

Once Zhang Ruochen broke through his defense, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Chapter 2314: Instance of Light

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Pink Skull remained calm and said,

“Don’t be afraid. Let’s attack together. Even if Zhang Ruochen is a being of formidable powers, he will die with our powers combined.”

In Ghost City, Pink Skull and Four-winged Ghost Emperor were not the only ones in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm. Many Ghost Supreme Saints stayed behind to guard their home planet too.

The total number was close to a hundred.

Close to a hundred Ghost Supreme Saints released their Saint Aura and attacked at the same time. Some activated their Immaterial Artifact or Regal Artifact, and some used advanced Saint technique.

Whoosh- Whoosh- Whoosh-

Beams of light like a meteor shower rushed out of the Array Screen and struck Zhang Ruochen.

Such aura and power shook heaven and earth, shocking the cultivators of the three upper races who were near home planet to retreat.

No matter how conceited Zhang Ruochen was, he couldn’t be arrogant enough to take the attacks of nearly a hundred Supreme Saints head-on. However, Zhang Ruochen had been prepared for this. Zhang Ruochen had put away Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King the moment nearly a hundred amount of powers were unleashed in Ghost City. He then used Great Dimensional Shift and dodged far away.

“He escaped pretty quickly. It’s really troublesome to kill a cultivator of Dimensions.”

Pink Skull complained and released spiritual power to find Zhang Ruochen.

suddenly, Zhang Ruochen appeared from a Dimension 300 miles away from Ghost City with Violet Gourd in his arms. He activated Dimensional Inscription at the mouth of Violet Gourd and shouted, “Take them all!”

“Oh no,”

Pink Skull realized that she had been tricked by Zhang Ruochen and quickly shouted, “Put away your weapons.”

Unfortunately, it was too late!

The Ghost Supreme Saints had thrown out dozens of weapons, all of which were covered by Dimensional Array. As the dimension collapsed, Zhang Ruochen took them all into the gourd.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that he was no match with nearly a hundred Ghost Supreme Saints from the very beginning. Even if he attacked forcefully for ten days and ten nights, he would not be able to break through the defense of Ghost City.

On the contrary, he would have to leave in defeat as there are endless powerful Ghost figures in Ghost City.

It could be said that Zhang Ruochen would definitely lose.

If he wanted to break through Ghost City’s defense, he had to use some tricks to have a chance.

Earlier, Zhang Ruochen had deliberately put anger on his face to make Pink Skull think that he had lost his mind and was going to do something reckless and stupid.

After that, Zhang Ruochen intentionally manifested the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King and attacked Ghost City with the strongest means. This action gave Pink Skull the illusion that he wanted to fight head-on.

All of this to lure the enemy.

Otherwise, how could Zhang Ruochen have the chance to take dozens of weapons at once?

“Damn it, Zhang Ruochen is too cunning.”

Pink Skull stomped her feet in anger. She wanted to rush out of Ghost City and tear Zhang Ruochen into pieces.

The Supreme Saints who didn't use weapons but Saint Techniques were secretly glad. The Ghost Supreme Saints who had their Immaterial Artifact taken away felt chills in their hearts. They could only continue to communicate with their artifact's vessel spirit and hope they could take it back.

Zhang Ruochen held Violet Gourd tightly with both hands. He used all his strength to activate the Supreme Inscription inside.

Boom! Boom!

A deafening crash sounded from the gourd. The gourd shook non-stop and almost flew out of his hand.

"Since you want it, take it. I'll give them back to you."

Violet Gourd instantly became bigger than Ghost City below. Beams of light flew out from the mouth of Violet Gourd and crashed into Ghost City.

This included a Supreme Artifact, Pleiades Lotus.

The expressions of all Ghost Supreme Saints changed.

Boom

Under the attack of dozens of weapons, a hole appeared on Array Screen above Ghost City. The power of Array decreased rapidly as the weapons landed in the city and destroyed its Array Inscriptions.

In the end, the Array collapsed completely and the entire Ghost City was reduced to ruins.

Apart from Supreme Saint level cultivators, all the surviving Ghost spirits were scared out of their wits.

Several Supreme Saints had been injured by their own weapons and were covered in dust.

"The Dimension is collapsing."

While Ghost Supreme Saints were panicking, Zhang Ruochen spread out his hands and mobilized Power of Dimensions to

tear open the densely packed Dimensional Rift. The Dimension where Ghost City was located became fragmented, it tuned into a chaotic zone where reality and void coexisted.

“Retreat quickly. The further the better. Without the defense of Ghost City, Zhang Ruochen will become even more difficult to deal with.”

“Oh no, I fell into the void space.”

A Supreme Saint’s realm was already very high. The erosion of the void space on Supreme Saints was limited. Therefore, even if Supreme Saints fell into it, one could quickly escape back to the home planet of Ghost.

Only Supreme Saints who had been hit directly by Power of Dimensional were going to be injured.

Some had their Astral Form pierced through, some had their heads cut off, and some had their bodies split apart. However, none of them were fatal to Supreme Saints.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen’s goal wasn’t to kill them. Instead, he wanted to scatter them, Only then would he have a chance to break them apart.

Ming fell into the void space. Just as he came out, he saw Zhang Ruochen standing in front of him.

“Go back.”

Zhang Ruochen reached out his hand and pressed it on top of Ming’s head, pushing him back into the void space.

Ming came out from another Dimensional Rift but was pushed back by Zhang Ruochen again.

“Go to hell Zhang Ruochen,”

‘Ming’s Astral Form was eroded by the power of the void space. He could only struggle desperately. When he saw Zhang Ruochen standing in the Dimensional Rift, his eyes were full of hatred. His body was farther and farther away from the Dimensional Rift, falling into the Endless Dark Abyss.

“Ladmit defeat and withdraw from Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.”

As this voice sounded, Ming was teleported out of the Star region of Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting by the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms’ power.

Giving up the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was a shameful thing. It’s something all cultivators despised. To those who surrender, it’s going to be hard to raise their heads again for the rest of their lives. It was precisely for this reason that most of the Supreme Saints would rather die in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting than withdraw.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’m going to take you to ruins with me.”

Xu’s fierce roar spread throughout the home planet of Ghost.

Xu’s Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique had been shattered countless times. He had been suppressed by Saint Devourer and was constantly getting weaker. He knew that it was difficult for him to turn the tables today.

Xu was the strongest Ghost. It was all his fault that Ghosts’ home planet had ended up like this. Even if Ming admitted defeat and left Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, he would still be severely punished by Ghost Master. Ming would suffer a fate worse than death.

Since that was the case, Xu might as well die together with Zhang Ruochen. It would make his death more spectacular.

1

Zhang Ruochen had been releasing his spiritual power to look for Pink Skull and Supreme Saint Manjian. He had settled with Ming in an offhand manner. Only now did Zhang Ruochen realize that all Ghost Supreme Saints had escaped from their home planet. Everything within a thousand miles was silent.

“Let’s go!”

Sensing that something was wrong, Zhang Ruochen immediately put away Saint Devourer and prepared to leave

this area first.

“You can’t leave! Accept the baptism of Instance of Light. Our souls shall be scattered together.”

After Xu’s Primordial Ghost Emperor-Level Physique split apart, Ghostly Qi covered the entire home planet.

At this moment, all Ghostly Qi was burning, turning into thousands of green spectral flames.

Zhang Ruochen had read about “Instance of Light” in the book. It was an advanced Saint technique for Ghosts to perish together. It was extremely difficult to cultivate, but once you succeeded, you would be invincible against enemies ten times stronger than you.

‘That was because even an enemy that was ten times stronger would not dare to kill you.

Instance of Light could burn all the power in one’s body, including the Sainthood Source. It could kill an enemy that was ten times stronger when its destructive power is released.

It could be said that the art of mutual destruction was the most important method for a Supreme Saint to save his life.

Xiu Xiu Xiu!

The spectral flames, which were like thousands of stars, gathered together and formed into a single point.

Boom!

That point exploded and turned into a blinding light.

The entire starry sky was lit up and layers of star fog were shaken apart.

Pan Ruo, who stood tens thousands of miles away, was also dazzled by the blinding light and squinted her eyes.

‘The powerful energy wave destroyed everything on the surface of Ghosts’ home planet. The nine continents disappeared completely. All the oceans were vaporized.

Those Ghost Supreme Saints who had escaped from Ghosts’ home planet all had different reactions. Some were happy,

some sighed, and some were silent.

“I didn’t think that Xu would end up this way. He could have been a powerful Ghost Deity in the future, but he ended it all by himself.”

“There’s nothing Xu can do. If Xu doesn’t use Instance of Light, who can stop Zhang Ruochen? The casualties of Ghosts will be even worse.”

“This is hard to accept.”

“Ghost Master should be the one who feels the most pain on Xu’s death. He has put in a lot of effort and placed high hopes on Xu. He wanted to train him to become the new God of Dishastan.”

Under normal circumstances, Ghosts couldn’t reproduce.

The so-called “Nine sons of Ghost Master” were actually the nine adopted sons of Ghost Master, similar to nine disciples.

However, they were different from disciples as these nine sons had entered Ghost Masters’ Astral Form for some time. Their bodies had the divine power and Paths of Ghost Master.

It was worth mentioning that if an Astral Form cultivated by a Ghost could reproduce, it would soon undergo a greater transformation. It would then leave the category of dead spirits and become a member of Nether Clan or Deathkin.

Corpusians were the same as Ghosts.

Nether Clan and Deathkin were similar. The only difference was that one transformed the Qi of dead spirits into The Power of Curse. The other transformed the Qi of dead spirits into The Will of Death.

The descendants of Nether Clan were born to be proficient in curses.

The descendants of Deathkin were born to be proficient in The Will of Death.

The conflict between the middle three races and the upper three races was because of this reason. This was because Fane

of Darkness, which represented the interests of the three upper races, had developed many cultivation methods.

After cultivating these cultivation methods, Ghosts and Corpusian would reach a certain realm. Later, it's very likely that they would cultivate a body that could reproduce and become a member of Nether clan or Deathkin.

Based on the foundation of weakening the three middle races, the three upper races could get stronger over time.

Of course, as Nether clan and Deathkin were able to reproduce, more changes happened to them.

This time, no one thought that Zhang Ruochen could survive.

Mistress Fireborn let out a long breath, "This is the result of being too arrogant. If you force an elite in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm to his death, you will die together with him. Even if we want to kill Supreme Saint Yanhong, we only want her to leave the battlefield."

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei shook his head gently and said, "Zhang Ruochen couldn't stop Xu from using Instance of Light because Xu's spiritual power is strong. If it were a Supreme Saint with weaker spiritual power, he wouldn't have had the chance to do so. So, you'd better not think that you can survive by

mastering the technique of mutual destruction."

"In any case, if Zhang Ruochen and Xu die together, we will have two fewer enemies. This operation is perfect." Mad Whitejade Lion laughed.

"I'm afraid you laugh too early."

Pan Ruo pointed forward and said, "Look, what's that?"

Everyone mobilized their power and looked carefully.

"A gourd. It's Zhang Ruochen's gourd." Mistress Fireborn revealed a look of joy while her body burned with flames. She wanted to fly over and take it.

"Don't be rash."

Pan Ruo stopped her.

“Why? That gourd is an incredible treasure. It can take dozens of weapons at Regal Artifact level at once. Furthermore, Zhang Ruochen’s Saintwill Pills and Ampliofruits are probably inside.”

Mistress Fireborn was worried that Violet Gourd would be taken away by Supreme Saints from Ghost and Bone clan.

Pan Ruo said, “Aren’t you afraid that Zhang Ruochen is in there too?”

Mistress Fireborn’s expression changed slightly. She had seen Zhang Ruochen fight with Xu. Subconsciously, she was a little afraid of Zhang Ruochen.

However, she soon laughed and said, “The Instance of Light is a destructive power that explodes in an instant. How could Zhang Ruochen have time to react and escape into the gourd?”

“Others can’t do it, but he’s a Master of Time,” said Pan Ruo.

Mistress Fireborn couldn’t laugh anymore. She stared at Violet Gourd again. She couldn’t help but feel chills on her back. If what Pan Ruo said was true, doesn’t that mean Xu couldn’t kill Zhang Ruochen even after using a mutual destruction technique? Wouldn’t Zhang Ruochen be truly heaven-defying?

Whoosh

Near Ghost’s home planet, Pink Skull appeared out of thin air with Supreme Saint Manjian in her hand.

Previously, with the power of the Supreme Artifact, Pink Skull had concealed herself and avoided Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power detection. It had also successfully distracted Zhang Ruochen and bought time for Xu to use Instance of Light.

“Zhang Ruochen, oh Zhang Ruochen. You are indeed a very powerful opponent. I would have fallen today if Xu didn’t sacrifice himself. However, the stronger you are, the more valuable you will be if I kill you. The deities must have caught sight of it. Haha!”

Pink Skull threw Supreme Saint Manjian to a Ghost Supreme Saint. Then, she turned into a beam of red light and flew toward Violet Gourd.

She was filled with anticipation for Violet Gourd.

Pink Skull reached out to grab Violet Gourd from hundreds of feet away. However, as the silhouette of her hand got closer, she felt uneasy.

“Something’s wrong, this gourd is a Supreme Artifact. Its vessel spirit must be very powerful. Why didn’t it resist?”

Pink Skull was about to retreat, but she felt a Dimensional ripple appear behind her.

Zhang Ruochen’s figure surfaced from the Dimensional ripple. His body was covered in blood. Like a phantom of death, he stood unswervingly behind her while his chest was so close to her back.

Pink Skull’s heart sank to the bottom..

Chapter 2315: Fighting Against All Saints Alone

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Boom

A palm print wrapped in Divine Purification Flame hit Pink Skull's head heavily. Even though she had a Divine Bone Physique, her joints were still cracking.

The fire in her two bone eye sockets almost died out.

Divine Bone Physique was naturally hard to shatter, but this palm strike had damaged Pink Skull's Saint Soul and spirit. It made it difficult for her to make an effective counterattack in a short time.

Zhang Ruochen did not give Pink Skull the chance to escape and fix her soul. He used Great Dimensional Shift to appear in front of her again and hit her chest with another palm strike.

The battle between Demigod-level physique and Divine Bone sent divine fire flying all over the sky.

Every time Zhang Ruochen sent Pink Skull flying, he would catch up in an instant and hit her again.

Countless figures of Zhang Ruochen and Pink Skull appeared in the vast void space, constantly changing their positions.

As the palm strikes sounded, Pink Skull was sent flying like a rubber ball.

With Pink Skull's cultivation base and the divine force contained in the Supreme Artifact and Divine Bone, she should not have been so passive. However, she had lost the initiative and could not gather her power from the beginning. Therefore, she did not even have the chance to fight back.

"I don't believe that you really have an immortal body. As long as I scatter your Saint Soul and destroy your spirit, can you still be resurrected?"

Zhang Ruochen had read pieces of information on Pink Skull. She had been killed three times by a Paramount Realm

Supreme Saint and had miraculously come back to life three times. She was known as the most difficult Supreme Saint to kill in Infernal Court.

It was because of this that Zhang Ruochen paid special attention to her. Hence, every palm strike was ruthless.

If it were any other Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection Stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm, they would have died dozens of times after being hit by Zhang Ruochen so relentlessly. However, Pink Skull was still shining with divine light. However, her spirit was sometimes concentrated, sometimes dispersed.

Seeing how strong Zhang Ruochen was, the Ghost Supreme Saints looked at each other in fear.

If it weren't for Four-eyed Ghost Emperor, Popobawa Ghost Emperor, and Ye Changzai, they would have run away immediately.

"Zhang Ruochen is still alive, but he didn't completely avoid Instance of Light. He's heavily injured, and his aura isn't as strong as before."

"Don't be afraid. Let's attack together."

The two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection Stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm, Moon-Bull Emperor, and Lord Sparrow Bone attacked first.

"Ebullition of Blood Moon."

In the void above Ghost's home planet, a blood moon appeared quietly. It was bright red and was accompanied by a black Qi of Death. It became bigger and bigger.

Amountain-sized ox-shaped skeleton stood in the center of Blood Moon.

The ox-shaped skeleton released 4.2 billion Precepts from its 1.49 million sparkling bones. They surged into Blood Moon and merged as one.

Rumble

Blood Moon absorbed all Qi of Death in the void space. It condensed into a blazing flame, like a corpse's furnace.

Under the control of Moon-Bull Emperor, Blood Moon spun quickly and flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

Wherever Blood Moon passed, it formed a huge vortex storm.

Sensing the powerful energy fluctuation behind him, Zhang Ruochen's eye narrowed when he saw it. His entire field of vision was a sea of blood-red fire, a hundred or a thousand times hotter than the lava.

The scorching air wave made Zhang Ruochen's skin hurt, especially the wounds.

Earlier, Zhang Ruochen had not completely avoided the attack of Instance of Light. He had been seriously injured, and even his Demigod-level physique had been penetrated. However, there was no wounds on the surface.

'There was no fear in Zhang Ruochen's cold eyes. He shouted, "Sword Ten."

A white soul silhouette flew out of his body and turned into a beam of sharp sword light that charged toward Blood Moon.

The sword light was surrounded by countless Precepts of Swordsmanship.

A Precept of Swordsmanship turned into a sword silhouette.

If one's eyesight was strong enough, one could see that the soul silhouette of the sword light looked exactly like Zhang Ruochen.

It was the sword soul.

The soul of sword intent.

Bang!

The powerful Blood Moon collided with Zhang Ruochen's soul silhouette of the sword light.

Blood Qi was broken and Blood Moon shattered like a mirror. It turned into a cloud of blood and merged with the star fog in the void space.

The sword light didn't lose its momentum and rushed toward Moon-Bull Emperor.

"How is this possible? He doesn't have a sword in his hand, but his sword soul is so powerful. How could it shatter my Hundred-Shackle level advanced Saint technique, Ebullition of Blood Moon in one hit?"

Moon-Bull Emperor was shocked. He had a deeper understanding of Zhang Ruochen's combat strength. Just as he was about to dodge, he found that he couldn't move.

Not only that, six sword silhouettes appeared in each of his six directions. The sword tips were all pointing at him.

How could Moon-Bull Emperor know that Zhang Ruochen's Sword Ten had merged with Power of Dimensions?

When the sword came out, Dimension had already locked on it.

Boom!

The soul silhouette of the sword light and six sword silhouettes hit Moon-Bull Emperor at the same time. Faintly, the sound of bones cracking could be heard.

Moon-Bull Emperor let out a sorrowful roar. The injuries on its bones were nothing. However, the sword soul slashed towards his Saint Soul. Everyone knows that the most vulnerable part of Bone clan's cultivators was the Saint Soul.

His Saint Soul was severely injured and almost scattered. The light on Moon-Bull Emperor dimmed, and he couldn't fight anymore.

"An elite in the Great Perfection Stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm was beaten so badly that he lost his ability to fight?" In the distant starry sky, Mistress Fireborn was shocked.

She used to think that Wu Jiang was invincible among his peers. She admired and worshipped him a lot.

After seeing how terrifying Zhang Ruochen was, she realized that there was always someone better. If Zhang Ruochen reached the Great Perfection Stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm, how many moves could Wu Jiang block?

“Humph!”

Lord Sinluo pulled out his Frostwood Bow. A bone-piercing chill spread out, forming icebergs around him. He wanted to perform Dark Arrow, an advanced Saint technique of Hundred-Shackle Realm, to sneak attack on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was already injured and had been besieged by many Supreme Saints. With Dark Arrow, Lord Sinluo was more than 70% sure that he could successfully launch a sneak attack on him.

Pan Ruo’s palm blocked the invisible arrow on Frostwood Bow and said, “Don’t attack yet.”

“Why?” Lord Sinluo didn’t understand.

Pan Ruo said, “Four-winged Ghost Emperor, Ye Changzai, and Popobawa Ghost Emperor are all in their prime. The cultivators of the three middle races are still the most powerful force in this starry sky.

“If you attack Zhang Ruochen now and fail, Zhang Ruochen will definitely shift his hatred to us. He might abandon the cultivators of the three middle races and attack us.

“Even if you succeed, the cultivators of the three middle races will benefit from Zhang Ruochen’s death. Do you think we can take all the treasures of Zhang Ruochen from them?”

Lord Sinluo slightly nodded as he thought what Pan Ruo said made sense. At this moment, they should watch from a hilltop while two tigers fight and suffer. Thus, he put away Frostwood Bow.

“It’s better to be careful. Zhang Ruochen is different now. Killing him won’t be easy. It’s the right strategy to let the Supreme Saints of the three middle races waste his energy. Let’s continue to heal!”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei held the Supreme Artifact, The Scroll of Truth and Deceit. He then enveloped everyone and hid them.

He had to be careful while facing a superior like Zhang Ruochen.

Without giving Zhang Ruochen a chance to catch his breath, the pair of Divine Bone Wings of Lord Sparrow Bone slashed in front of him like two pitch-black sky blades.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The two Divine Bone Wing crossed each other like two giant scissors.

The Divine Bone Wings not only contained Supreme Saint Inscriptions but also Precepts and Regal Inscription. Lord Sparrow Bone had already refined them into a battle weapon and turned them into Regal Artifacts. They could be used as Lord Sparrow Bone pleased.

Moon-Bull Emperor and Lord Sparrow Bone were performing a combined attack and there were no gaps between their attacks. They wouldn't give Zhang Ruochen the chance to use Great Dimensional Shift to dodge.

The two Divine Bone Wings left Lord Sparrow Bone's body and slashed toward Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Sparrow Bone's true form stood more than 400 miles away.

Zhang Ruochen didn't have time to mobilize Precepts and Saint Qi, let alone activate Violet Gourd. If he used his body to fight against the strongest attack of a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection Stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm, he would definitely be at a disadvantage.

In an instant, he thought of the most appropriate response.

He stepped on lightning and retreated quickly, forming a long circuit. At the same time, the ten wings on Zhang Ruochen's back curled up and wrapped around his body, turning him into a Golden Orb with a diameter of two meters.

The ten golden wings were like ten layers of defense.

Bang Bang!

The two Divine Bone Wings collided fiercely with the Golden Orb. The ball rolled quickly to dissolve the power of Divine Bone Wings.

‘The Golden and black power spread throughout the void space within a thousand miles.

‘When the power contained in the two Divine Bone Wings was exhausted, the Golden Orb crashed into the void space, creating circles of Dimensional ripples. It later disappeared in the center of the ripples.

“Oh no!”

Lord Sparrow Bone immediately realized that something was wrong. It didn’t expect Zhang Ruochen’s defense to be so strong. Zhang Ruochen was already heavily injured, but he could still block the combined attack of them?

Just as Lord Sparrow Bone was about to retreat, a Dimensional fluctuation appeared above its head. The Golden Orb flew out from it.

Crash

The Orb split open and turned into ten golden wings.

Zhang Ruochen, who stood in the center of the Golden Wings, used Yanshen’s Leg to stomp on Lord Sparrow Bone’s back.

Boom

A sea of divine fire appeared the moment the two touched.

Standing in the starry sky, the sea of divine fire was as brilliant as a blooming flower.

The biggest support of Lord Sparrow Bone was the pair of Divine Bone Wings on its back. They didn’t belong to Lord Sparrow Bone but were given to it by a deity of Bone Clan. Its body wasn’t a Divine Bone.

Struck by Zhang Ruochen’s heavy kick, Lord Sparrow Bone’s body fell rapidly. Its back caved in and the hard saint bone broke.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen stepped through Lord Sparrow Bone’s body and flew out from its abdomen. A huge hole was left on Lord Sparrow Bone’s body. The bone was torn and tattered.

‘What was worse was that the broken bone in the hole was ignited by divine fire and was burning fiercely.

Lord Sparrow Bone quickly fled into a distance. At the same time, it used all kinds of techniques to refine the divine fire that had invaded his bone marrow. It could no longer attack Zhang Ruochen.

After severely injuring three Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection Stage of Hundred- Shackle Realm, Zhang Ruochen’s fighting spirit reached its peak. He let out a long howl.

Golden light shone from his back. The thousand-mile-tall Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King appeared. There were nine heavens above his head, and he stepped on the ten thousand corpses from Infernal Court. His long hair danced in the wind, and his aura was majestic.

The Ghost Supreme Saints had cast dozens of advanced Saint techniques. Each move had the power to destroy the world. However, when they entered the Dimension near Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King, they were immediately shattered.

Zhang Ruochen stood between Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King’s brows. He raised his arm and struck out an earth-shaking handprint. It collided with the four Ghostly Prisons cast by Four-eyed Ghost Emperor.

Rumble

The four Ghostly Prisons collapsed. They scattered and spread far away. It was as if four Realms had been destroyed.

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor stumbled and was pushed back hundreds of miles.

Zhang Ruochen’s battle prowess was unparalleled and shocking. However, the Supreme Saints and cultivators who saw the scene through the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms all saw blood flowing from the bottom of Zhang Ruochen’s torn robe. There were many wounds on his body.

Among them, the three wounds on his chest were the most shocking. They pierced through his body and extended to his

back.

These were the old wounds that had been hit by Instance of Light. Following the intense battle just now, the wounds cracked and his saint blood endlessly flowed.

Many people couldn't understand why Zhang Ruochen didn't immediately save Supreme Saint Manjian and escape for his life?

If the battle continued, his injuries would worsen and he would be in danger of dying.

Only Zhang Ruochen was persisting. His eyes were resolute. There was an emotion in his heart that others could not understand. An emotion that could only be released through fighting and killing.

Whoosh

Popobawa Ghost Emperor stood 800 miles away. It struck out with Ghost-headed Whip. The whip spread out from behind the four broken Ghostly Prisons.

Ghost-headed Whip had a cold and unpredictable aura. It was like a black steel dragon with Ghostly Qi.

Zhang Ruochen's power was far greater than Popobawa Ghost Emperor. He reached out with one hand and used Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King to grab Ghost-headed Whip. He dragged the whip and pulled Popobawa Ghost Emperor to his side.

"How can he be so powerful?"

Popobawa Ghost Emperor spread its wings and tured into two ghost clouds. It mobilized all its power but still couldn't stabilize its body.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor was getting closer and closer to Zhang Ruochen. From 800 miles, it was within 30 miles in an instant.

Zhang Ruochen held Ghost-headed Whip with one hand and clenched his other hand into a fist. He punched at Popobawa Ghost Emperor who was coming at him. At the same time, the

thousand-mile-long Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King also threw a punch like Zhang Ruochen.

If Popobawa Ghost Emperor was hit by a punch, even if it didn't die, its Astral Form would definitely explode.

“Ha, Zhang Ruochen, I'm afraid you've miscalculated this time.” The panic on Popobawa Ghost Emperor's face disappeared, and a dark and cunning smile appeared.

Silently, a black silhouette flew out from Popobawa Ghost Emperor's shadow to meet Zhang Ruochen's fist.

The Black Silhouette held a strange sword. The sword was like a snake. It was pitch-black, sometimes invisible, sometimes visible.

When invisible, it didn't emit any power fluctuations. It couldn't be sensed using Power of Dimensions. It was as if it didn't exist in this Dimension.

When it had a form, it emitted a powerful divine force and cursed aura.

It was none other than Ye Changzai and his Amorite Sword.

Chapter 2316 Hunter and Celestial Captive

Ye Changzai was ranked 18th in the list of the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm. Naturally, no other Supreme Saint could compare to him. Amorite Sword in his hand was an extremely ancient cursed sword. At such a close distance, he was ready to attack. He wanted to take the reins with one sword strike.

“Zhang Ruochen, this sword will pierce through you. The Power of Curse will enter your bone marrow and soak into your blood. Eventually, you will die from the curse.”

Ye Changzai didn't waste time talking. He didn't say it from his mouth. Instead, he used his spiritual power to directly enter Zhang Ruochen's ears.

Chi-Chi

Amorite Sword and Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King collided.

Although Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King was an illusion, it was harder than real metal. However, Amorite Sword was sharper, and it could easily penetrate metal.

The moment the sword broke through the Saint Aspect, Golden Qi burst out all over the sky.

“Do you really think that I will fall for the same trick twice?” Zhang Ruochen said expressionlessly.

Before Amorite Sword reached Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen's fist suddenly spewed out layers of invisible Dimensional shock waves. “This-this- is impossible.”

Ye Changzai was hit, and his black figure flew backward.

Although he was an “Earth soul turned Ghost” with an invisible body, he still existed in the Dimension. Hence, the Power of Dimension was the best way to deal with him.

One after another the Dimensional shock waves sent Ye Changzai's silhouette flying seven times.

On the eighth time, the silhouette actually shattered.

“This punch has always been prepared for you. Do you know why you are only ranked 18th? Your concealment is meaningless to a Supreme Saint with a spiritual power of level 64,” Zhang Ruochen said. Ye Changzai was born an assassin. Even with Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power of level 64, Zhang Ruochen could only vaguely sense his existence. Only with the Heart of Truth, Zhang Ruochen could clearly sense that he was hiding in the shadow of Popobawa Ghost Emperor.

He said those words to strike Ye Changzai’s confidence.

500 miles away.

Ye Changzai condensed his ghost silhouette again. He glanced at Zhang Ruochen and Popobawa Ghost Emperor, who were already fighting. Without hesitation, he immediately fled.

Zhang Ruochen was too terrifying. He was already heavily injured, but he still had clear thinking despite being attacked by so many Supreme Saints. Zhang Ruochen was extremely calm. There was no way for Ye Changzai to sneak attack on him.

The power was terrifying. What was even more terrifying was that Zhang Ruochen was the one controlling it.

Earth soul Astral Form was the hardest to break. However, it was hard to recover once it was broken. Ye Changzai had lost the power to continue fighting. It could be said that he could not recover to his peak condition during Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Popobawa Ghost Emperor was no match for Zhang Ruochen. After three consecutive blows, its Astral Form began to crack. Then, Popobawa Ghost Emperor used its secret technique of escape and fled into the distance.

“Where are you going?”

Zhang Ruochen used Great Dimensional Shift to catch up with it. He stomped on its Astral Form and broke it into pieces.

Boom

Popobawa Ghost Emperor screamed. Its Astral Form exploded like a balloon and turned into Ghostly Qi.

Zhang Ruochen didn't give Popobawa Ghost Emperor the chance to re-shape its Astral Form. He spread his hands and countless Saint Devourer's vines rushed out from his back. They absorbed crazily and scattered the Ghostly Qi around.

Zhang Ruochen's injuries became more serious, but golden light shone all over his body. He stared sharply at the Ghost Saints and said, "Who wants to fight?"

A large number of Ghost Supreme Saints had gathered in this void space. There were close to a hundred of them.

However, they had lost the will to continue fighting. They stood rooted to the ground. No one dared to attack Zhang Ruochen first.

They had no choice. After Xu died, Ghost Saints had lost their backbone.

Just now, Moon-Bull Emperor and Lord Sparrow Bone had escaped with Pink Skull. It was unknown whether they were alive or dead. In addition, Ye Changzai and Popobawa Ghost Emperor had been defeated one after another. One had escaped while the other had been refined and absorbed. No matter how strong the Ghost Supreme Saints' willpower was, they had to consider the pros and cons.

If they continued to fight, even if Zhang Ruochen used up his energy, many of them would die with him. What was the point of this?

Ghosts still had to participate in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. There couldn't be any more casualties.

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor led Supreme Saint Manjian and stood up on behalf of Ghost Saints. He spoke to Zhang Ruochen, "We Ghosts admit defeat in this battle. We've lost completely! Zhang Ruochen, as long as you let Popobawa Ghost Emperor live, I'll let Supreme Saint Manjian go."

Zhang Ruochen said, "You want to threaten me too?"

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor met Zhang Ruochen's eyes and his heart jumped. Thinking of Pink Skull, his tone softened, "The ones who want to kill you are Xu, Supreme Saint Yanhong, and Mad Whitejade Lion. We were just invited by Xu to help. We don't deserve to die, do we?"

"Besides, if you insist on killing Popobawa Ghost Emperor, we have no choice but to fight you to death for the dignity of Ghost. By then, won't the cultivators of upper three races hiding nearby benefit?"

The voice of Saint Devourer rang in Zhang Ruochen's mind. "Master, my Ampliofruit has matured."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and put the vines back into his body. He said to Four-eyed Ghost Emperor, "For your sake, I'll spare his life today."

Four-eyed Ghost Emperor's face lit up with joy. He glanced at Supreme Saint Manjian. He hadn't expected that a crippled Supreme Saint would be so important to Zhang Ruochen.

However, this was a good thing. Zhang Ruochen had fought with the cultivators of Infernal Court to save a Supreme Saint of Guanghan. What could Zhang Ruochen do even if he saved Supreme Saint Manjian after all this mess?

The deities were watching.

The cultivators of Infernal Court were watching as well.

Zhang Ruochen had indeed won this battle, but he had also lost!

Where could he find a place in Infernal Court?

Whoosh

The remaining Ghostly Qi quickly gathered in the void space and condensed into the figure of Popobawa Ghost Emperor.

Although Popobawa Ghost Emperor wasn't dead, more than half of its Ghostly Qi had been absorbed by Saint Devourer. Popobawa Ghost Emperor couldn't recover in a short time.

"I'll take Ghost-headed Whip. Do you have any objections?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't care whether Popobawa Ghost Emperor agreed or not. He used Divine Purification Flame and started refining Ghost-headed Whip.

The ghost had no choice but to lower its head under the eaves. Popobawa Ghost Emperor let out a long sigh. It had suffered a terrible defeat today.

Why were Ghosts enemies with Zhang Ruochen?

The cultivators of three upper races standing in The Scroll of Truth and Deceit frowned.

"Ghosts has suffered such a great loss. Are they reconciling just like that?" Mad Whitejade Lion was a little disappointed.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said, "What else can they do if they don't reconcile? If they continue to fight Zhang Ruochen to death, Ghosts will have no hope of turning the tide in this year's Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting."

Killing intent appeared in Mad Whitejade Lion's eyes. "Zhang Ruochen is already at the end of his rope. Next, we'll take action and end his life completely."

"Are you sure that Zhang Ruochen is already at the end of his rope? Just now, he defeated Pink Skull, Moon-Bull Emperor, Lord Sparrow Bone, Ye Changzai, and Popobawa Ghost Emperor consecutively. Does he even look exhausted?" Pan Ruo asked.

Mistress Fireborn stared at her with confusion. "Aren't you being too cautious, Your Highness? Today is the best time to kill Zhang Ruochen."

"I didn't say I wouldn't kill him. But we don't have to be as stupid as the Supreme Saints from Ghost and Bone clan to fight Zhang Ruochen head-on. Don't forget that we still have a backup plan. Let Que Fei use Celestial Captive's power to kill Zhang Ruochen. Wouldn't that be foolproof?" said Pan Ruo

Lord Sinluo asked, "Should we use Dark Arrow to kill Zhang Ruochen first?"

"Forget it!"

Pan Ruo sighed regretfully. “We’ve already missed the opportunity. If we use Dark Arrow now, the chances of us attacking Zhang Ruochen are too low. I was wrong earlier.”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei shook his head, “It’s not your fault. No one expected that Zhang Ruochen could destroy five Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm. The Ghosts were so scared that they didn’t dare to continue fighting.

“Besides, even if Lord Sinluo used Dark Arrow earlier, the chances of success were very low.”

Lord Sinluo looked disapproving. “How is that possible?”

“Even Ye Changzai’s sneak attack failed!” Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said.

Lord Sinluo was silent for a moment and could not refute.

In terms of sneak attacks and assassinations, Ye Changzai was obviously much better than him.

Supreme Saint Manjian’s body was covered in wounds, especially where the five icicles had pierced through. Even now, there were ice shards left in his flesh. The aura of dead spirits eroded his body. Even the energy contained in Supreme Saint’s blood could not heal his wounds.

Of course, even though he was riddled with wounds, the body of Supreme Saint Manjian was still tall and straight.

After Zhang Ruochen refined Ghost-headed Whip, he stared at Supreme Saint Manjian who was standing five steps away. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw that all the Ghost Saints had retreated thousands of miles away.

The two of them looked at each other, but neither of them could laugh.

This was because this was Infernal Court, Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

One was a hunter and the other was a Celestial Captive. “Life is so intriguing. When you returned to Mount Yueshen with Moon Goddess, I knew that you were extraordinary. But I didn’t expect that we would have such an encounter.”

Supreme Saint Manjian broke the silence first and squeezed out a smile.

Zhang Ruochen looked straight into his eyes and said, "Maybe this is fate's arrangement."

"You believe in fate?" Supreme Saint Manjian asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I didn't believe in it at first, but I believe in it today! If it wasn't for fate's arrangement, why are we standing here at this time, this place in such a way?"

The two fell into silence again.

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen waved his hand. Dimensions solidified and turned into an invisible table.

From Violet Gourd, Zhang Ruochen took out a wine jug and a Divine Bone tripod cup. He said, "During Celestial-Hunting Festival, I secretly left half a pot of Divine Jade Dew brewed by Fane of Wine for you."

The food at the Festival could be brought into the battlefield.

"Brothers are indeed brothers. I've only heard of such good stuff before. I didn't expect to have the chance to drink it. It seems that I have no regrets!"

Zhang Ruochen was about to fill his cup, but Supreme Saint Manjian snatched the wine pot from his hand and poured it into his mouth.

Zhang Ruochen looked at him quietly and said, "Brother Manjian, do you know why I have come to Ghost's home planet?"

Supreme Saint Manjian continued drinking without stopping.

Zhang Ruochen continued, "Because I know that you are not willing to die in the hands of Ghost cultivators. You are even more unwilling to be refined into a ghost slave. So even though I know that both of us may die here, I still came to accompany you. Either we die together, or I send you on your way.

"I will give you two hours to run. No matter where you run to, I will come and kill you in two hours. If I catch up with you,

I'll give you a quick death."

Chapter 2317 This Sword Strike

The two-hour escape time was the last chance for Supreme Saint Manjian to survive. Zhang Ruochen knew that if he did not kill Supreme Saint Manjian, he would be in a very disadvantageous position in Infernal Court. However, he could not forget his feelings, so he decided to give him one last chance.

Supreme Saint Manjian obviously understood Zhang Ruochen's intentions. After drinking the wine in the pot, he walked over and patted Zhang Ruochen's shoulder. He laughed loudly. "I won't run, where can I run to? My Sainthood Source has been dug out. My cultivation base is almost ruined. Any Supreme Saint can kill me now. How can I die happily at the hands of my brothers if I get killed by a group of rascals in Infernal Court?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at him and smiled bitterly. "That's too much! You're happy now but what about me? Where can I find happiness? How about I give you six hours? Maybe you can escape from me."

Supreme Saint Manjian shook his head, "Do you know why you found me so quickly? Because he left a ghost mark on my body. Even Ghost cultivators can track us. So, no matter how I escape, I'll die. If you don't kill me, are you going to force me to commit suicide?" When Supreme Saint Manjian said the word "Suicide", his tone spoke volumes. Zhang Ruochen knew very well that it was not that Supreme Saint Manjian did not want to commit suicide. Rather, he knew that suicide would only make him look more useless and would not help Zhang Ruochen in any way.

If Zhang Ruochen wanted to gain a foothold in Infernal Court, what he needed was Supreme Saint Manjian's life.

Supreme Saint Manjian stared at Zhang Ruochen for a long time. When he saw that Zhang Ruochen did not make a move, he shouted, "I am quite accomplished in Swordsmanship. Try and see if you could handle my sword strike."

Although the Sainthood Source of Supreme Saint Manjian had been dug out, his blood of a Supreme Saint and Neverwithier physique still contained powerful saint power. He formed a sword with his fingers. The sword intent spread out and attracted the star fog in the void space.

Strands of six-colored star fog condensed into thousands of illusory swords. They followed the finger of Supreme Saint Manjian and pierced through the void space toward Zhang Ruochen.

The silhouette of the swords entered 300 meters.

Zhang Ruochen stood still.

They entered 30 meters.

Zhang Ruochen still did not move.

15 meters, 9 meters, 3 meters...

Seeing that the sword silhouette was about to pierce into Zhang Ruochen's forehead while his eyes were filled with sword silhouettes.

He sighed and slowly closed his eyes. Golden Light appeared on the surface of his body. It turned into a golden sword and flew out.

Boom!

All the sword silhouettes in the sky were shattered by the Golden Sword.

The golden sword pierced through Supreme Saint Manjian's body and flew across his back. It only returned to Zhang Ruochen's body after flying for dozens of miles.

Zhang Ruochen stood in the void space and did not turn around.

Boom!

Behind him, Supreme Saint Manjian's body exploded and turned into a cloud of Blood Mist. It fell below Ghost's home planet.

The blood rain fell from the sky. It was beautiful and brilliant.

The deities, including the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, must have been paying attention. Zhang Ruochen did not play any tricks. This sword strike killed Supreme Saint Manjian completely, including his Saint Soul and spiritual will.

Playing tricks in front of gods was the stupidest thing to do.

He had to either kill or not kill him.

Zhang Ruochen was an intelligent person. However, a look of pain flashed in his eyes at first. Soon, it was covered by determination and ruthlessness. He regained his ruthlessness once again. He walked a thousand miles with one step. He did not even look back as he walked straight away.

The people of the upper three races — who were hiding in The Scroll of Truth and Deceit

— were stunned when they saw Zhang Ruochen suddenly attack and kill Supreme Saint Manjian so decisively. Mistress Fireborn sucked in a breath of cold air and said, “Who said that Zhang Ruochen is here to save the Supreme Saint of Guanghan? This guy is a cold-blooded ruthless person. He would kill anyone to achieve his goal.” “Isn’t that what Infernal Court Needs?” Pan Ruo asked.

Lord Sinluo furrowed his thick black brows and said, “Don’t you think that Zhang Ruochen’s actions are too deliberate?”.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said, “Is it so important that he’s deliberate or not? The gods only wanted a result. What Zhang Ruochen did was to give them a result. He had completely chosen his side and expressed his determination. I have to say, he is indeed ruthless. He is a powerful figure.”

Mistress Fireborn smiled coldly. “So what if he is powerful? He will still die today! The truly powerful ones are the ones who will have the last laugh.”

The image of Zhang Ruochen killing Supreme Saint Manjian with a single sword strike froze on the projection in the sky. It only disappeared after a long time.

Many cultivators from Kunlun and Guanghan watched this scene in disbelief.

Everyone thought that Zhang Ruochen was going to save Supreme Saint Manjian. However, Supreme Saint Manjian died under his sword in the end.

This was too unexpected!

In Royal Mountain, Blackie started shouting again, “Did you see that? Did you see that? What did I say? This bastard Zhang Ruochen is no longer the same person you once knew. His heart is cold and his hands are ruthless. As the Emperor who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth hundreds, I am ashamed to be inferior to him. No-no- I must set off immediately. I have to bring him back even if I have to bundle or tie him up.”

Han Qiu was dressed in a black robe. Her gaze was like a pair of scissors, she smiled and said, “I think that Zhang Ruochen is even more charming now. As a man who wants to achieve great things, he should kill decisively. As a Celestial Captive, Supreme Saint Manjian must die. If he dies at Zhang Ruochen’s hands, at least he will be less tortured.”

“Cold-blooded,”

Blackie stared with his owl’s eyes wide and bared his teeth.

Han Xue was stunned for a long time. She stared at Blackie who had walked out of Royal Mountain and chased after him. “I’ll go to Infernal Court with you. I’m more familiar with that place than you are. It just so happens that I’m going to visit the Empress.” “What? Empress? Are you serious?”

Blackie didn’t want Han Xue to go with him, but this owl happily went crazy when he heard this news. This little girl finally revealed some useful information. It seemed that the Empress was still alive.

His desire to go to Infernal Court became even more urgent.

The cultivators of Guanghai once regarded Zhang Ruochen as a star of hope. Countless young cultivators worshipped him like an idol. But at this moment, those who hated him wanted to skin and eat his flesh. They regarded him as the most hateful traitor.

A large number of cultivators rushed to Mount Yueshen and knelt before Moon Goddess. They hoped that Moon Goddess

could kill Zhang Ruochen and avenge Supreme Saint Manjian.

However, Mount Yueshen was unusually calm.

Moon Goddess didn't see any petitioners because she was preparing for her Yuanhui Tribulation.

However, the cultivators in Celestial Court were very active. They were afraid that the world didn't know. The news of Zhang Ruochen killing Supreme Saint Manjian was spread throughout Celestial Court. They mocked Moon Goddess's spiritual sense for not knowing.

This storm was even more violent than the time Huang Tian betrayed Celestial Court.

The cultivators of Infernal Court didn't have much emotional fluctuation. They felt that Zhang Ruochen didn't do anything wrong. It was very normal that he cut all ties with previous cultivators since he had joined Infernal Court.

Zhou Zhen, Shentu Yunkong, and Gaunt, who had been caught by Zhang Ruochen in Infernal Court, were terrified after seeing the image.

Zhang Ruochen could even kill Supreme Saint Manjian as he wished, let alone them?

The three of them looked at each other. They no longer had any desire to resist. They decided to follow Zhang Ruochen obediently from now on.

In Wargod Bloodximus' Divinity Realm.

Wargod Bloodximus, Lord Ming, and Blood Empress all heaved a sigh of relief. The thing they were most worried about did not happen in the end.

Regardless of whether Zhang Ruochen did it to achieve his goal or if he was forced to do so, as long as he killed Supreme Saint Manjian, he could shut others up for the time being. No one could use his identity to argue anymore. Lord Ming nodded and said, "This sword strike didn't only take Supreme Saint Manjian's life, it also means that Zhang Ruochen's state of mind has undergone an unprecedented change. From now on, nothing can stop him."

Blood Empress was a little worried. “He’s doing something he doesn’t want to do. He’ll probably be in even more trouble after he enters Thousand-Koan Realm and Banshi Isshou Realm.”

“Everyone has to go through tribulations. Everyone’s heart has to be thoroughly tempered to be unyielding. As long as he has strong willpower, I believe that no matter how big the trouble is, it won’t be difficult for him.”

After saying this, Lord Ming stared at Wargod Bloodximius, “Zhang Ruochen chose his side decisively and drew a clear line with Celestial Court. He passed the first stage! But if... I mean if Zhang Ruochen enters Infernal Court with other motives, how much could Fane of Bloody War and Fane of Destiny tolerate him?”

The entire Divinity Realm fell silent.

Lord Ming’s question was too sensitive and straightforward.

“No matter what his motives are, he is my grandson. No one can touch his life. This is my limit,” said Wargod Bloodximius.

Then he added, “Of course, even if Zhang Ruochen isn’t my grandson, Fane of Bloody War and Fane of Destiny won’t kill him for his talent.

“Just like how Zhang Ruochen didn’t kill those cultivators of Celestial Court. He knew they had other intentions, but he didn’t care. It’s enough as long as they are useful.

“There are only two reasons a person can die.

“The first is that he has no value. The second is that he has greater value after he dies. “As long as he has value, he won’t die.

“Many old geezers want to train Zhang Ruochen into a knife to sharpen the hearts and create pressure for the Supreme Saints in Infernal Court.

“Now that the knife has become sharper, I believe they’ll be satisfied.

“Since he has such special value, you don’t have to worry about his life. Let him have some suffering. Could he, a Supreme Saint break the sky? Honestly, it will make me look at him in a new light if he really breaks the sky.”

Wargod Bloodximus said every word calmly. However, in his heart, he was looking forward to Zhang Ruochen to show even more brilliant light.

He could hold on even if Zhang Ruochen made a mess.

It was only when Zhang Ruochen became mediocre that he was disappointed.

“Ghost Master is really calm. This old man must be very angry. Ghosts have lost their ability to compete in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. They’ve been eliminated early.” Lord Ming laughed.

Blood Empress couldn’t laugh. She looked in the direction of Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Zhang Ruochen was heavily injured, but the road ahead wasn’t easy. There were death traps along the path waiting for him. Blood Empress was worried that Zhang Ruochen was still immersed in the pain of killing Supreme Saint Manjian and did not know that danger was approaching.

Chapter 2318 The Twelve Celestial Captives

The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was vast and boundless. The six-colored star fog was brilliantly distributed, causing people to daydream endlessly.

Whoosh

An angel elder stood on a 200-meter-long space rock in the thick red star fog. His eyes were flowing with saint light as he looked into the distance.

He was quite old. His face was riddled with wrinkles, and his body was hunched. His back's feathered wings were frayed. He had clearly suffered greatly in the Infernal Court.

This was the only way back to the Immortal Vampires' home planet.

From afar, a golden light spot appeared in the starry sky.

It was a person.

That was Zhang Ruochen. His entire body radiated golden light. He took a step into the void. He could jump a long distance with each step he took. He had failed to locate Lord Xia Yu and was about to return to the home planet of the Immortal Vampires.

That angel elder was called Ci Haikong. He turned around and rushed into the red star fog. He said to a Supreme Saint Celestial Captive, who was hiding inside, "That traitor, Zhang Ruochen, is here!"

In the red star fog, a Supreme Saint had used his Saint Blood to carve an array inscription, which could conceal their presence.

A total of 12 Celestial Captives from the Hundred-Shackle Realm gathered in the red star fog, including the angel elder, Ci Haikong. There was a lizard-like Devilkin Supreme Saint, a bald man with a beard, and a plant growing in the whirlpool.

When they heard the name Zhang Ruochen, they all felt a strong desire to kill.

The plant growing in the whirlpool released light spots all over its body, turning into a white-haired old woman.

Her eyes were ferocious. She said, “Zhang Ruochen was originally a peerless talent nurtured by the Celestial Court with countless resources, but he took the initiative to join the Infernal Court. Such a traitor must be cut into a thousand pieces.”

“Zhang Ruochen may have escaped from the Ghost’s home planet, but his body is covered in blood. He must have been seriously injured. Now is the best time to eliminate him,” said Ci Haikong

A skinny Dwarf sat on a crystal-clear rock in the star fog, he said, “In the Saint prison, I heard that Zhang Ruochen killed a large number of Heavenly Realm young geniuses in the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun. That’s how he got the right to join the Infernal Court.

“I have been imprisoned in the Infernal Court for 600 years. I must kill a valuable cultivator of the Infernal Court and return to the Heavenly Realm to be valued again. Zhang Ruochen is the best candidate.”

That Dwarf was called Zhi Shang. He was the only Supreme Saint of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm present.

What was surprising was that he had a weapon in his hand.

It was a silver ax. The handle was taller than his body. On one side of the ax was a sun pattern, while on the other side was a moon pattern. Regal Inscriptions flowed on the edge of the ax.

This Class Three Regal Artifact tomahawk was the weapon Zhi Shang had stolen after killing a Stone Clan Supreme Saint.

Ci Haikong sneered. “With so many Supreme Saints gathered together, it would be strange if we can’t kill Zhang Ruochen. Now, let’s...”

Boom

An explosion sounded.

The space covered by the Saint Blood Array trembled violently under an unknown attack.

“I’m already here. What’s the point of hiding?”

Zhang Ruochen’s voice turned into sound waves that passed through the Saint Blood Array and rang in their ears.

The faces of the 12 Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints changed.

Zhi Shang suddenly stood up. Saint Light shot out from his body, and the tomahawk in his hand released a blinding silver light. “Oh no! Zhang Ruochen attacked us on his own initiative. How did he know we were hiding here?” said Zhi Shang.

“He must have noticed when I was observing him just now,” Ci Haikong said, his eyes serious and guilty. “His spiritual power and perception must be terrifying.”

BOOM!

Another attack was launched from outside.

The space trembled once more, and a large portion of the Saint Blood Array dimmed.

The temperature around them rose rapidly as if they had turned into a furnace.

The 12 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives in the Hundred-Shackle Realm were bewildered. One of them noticed that there were balls of white Divine Purification Flame that burned through the array inscriptions and floated into the array. “Emperor-level, Divine Purification Flame.” Zhang Ruochen called out.

A bald man with a full beard was touched by the Divine Purification Flame. His right arm immediately started to burn and his skin, which was thousands of times tougher than black iron, was burnt red as if it was about to melt.

It was also an Emperor-level flame. The higher the cultivator’s realm was, the more Precepts of Fire were integrated into it. The power of the flame was naturally greater.

Today, Zhang Ruochen's Divine Purification Flame had the terrifying power of refining a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint to death.

Zhang Ruochen spread out the ten golden wings on his back and hovered above the red star fog. He released an endless stream of Divine Purification Flame, covering the red star fog, which was 300 miles in diameter, and turning it into a white sea of fire.

The stability of the entire starry sky was rising rapidly.

"Zhang Ruochen wants to refine all of us to death here. Break out immediately and fight with him," the elderly woman with white hair said.

The elderly woman with white hair let out a long sob. Her white hair stood on end and transformed into white jade-like vines. They wriggled and expanded quickly. They passed through the Divine Purification Flame's layer of flames and collided with Zhang Ruochen, who was hovering above.

Although she was a plant and was afraid of flames, her cultivation was high enough to withstand the refining of the Divine Purification Flame in a short time.

"Anemo Vines," said the elderly woman with white hair.

Zhang Ruochen chanted softly and ignored the white vines. However, the Saint Devourer rushed out of his back and turned into purple vines wrapped in lightning. It spread downward.

"Master, this Anemo Vine belongs to me!" said Moyin.

The entrancing figure of Moyin emerged from Zhang Ruochen's back. Her legs were long, her waist soft as willow, her chest black lace, and her snow-white skin was barely visible.

Hundreds of Raiden Wisterias flew out from the five snow-green fingers on her right hand.

Two waves of vines, one up and one down, collided with each other.

The lightning and the hurricane collided.

BOOM! BOOM!

The white Anemo Vine didn't last long before the lightning turned it into black smoke.

The Saint Devourer had eaten too many elites. With Zhang Ruochen's Demigod-level physique, it had accumulated a lot of benefits. Now that the Ampliofruit had matured, its battle strength was enough to fight against a powerhouse at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

How could a mere Anemo Vine be its match?

"It's the Saint Devourer!" said the elderly woman with white hair.

The elderly woman with white hair was injured by the lightning and she let out a muffled voice.

Suddenly, she sensed something and looked up. The Saint Devourer's hundreds of Raiden Wisterias were like rain as they passed through the layer of flames of the Divine Purification Flame and wrapped around her body.

"Not good," said the elderly woman with white hair.

Before the elderly woman with white hair could dodge, the flower bud at the top of the Raiden Wisteria pierced through her Neverwithers physique.

In an instant, thousands of lightning bolts struck her body.

"AH..." the elderly woman with white hair screamed and almost fainted.

The other eleven Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints instinctively retreated when the Raiden Wisteria entered the layer of flames.

They wanted to rescue the elderly woman with white hair, but the Raiden Wisteria dragged the old woman out of the space where the Saint Blood Array was.

"After her!" said Ci Haikong.

Ci Haikong's angel wings spread out and turned into a white light that shot into the sky.

Crack

A one-meter-thick Raiden Wisteria whipped out from above the layer of flames like a whip. It hit Ci Haikong's body, causing him to spit out blood and fall back.

The remaining 10 Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm looked even more unsightly.

Even if Zhang Ruochen was injured, he seemed to be very powerful. Furthermore, he had the Saint Devourer as his helper.

In an instant, he could capture the Anemo Vine of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. The Saint Devourer on Zhang Ruochen's body was at least at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Today's battle might not be as easy as they had imagined.

"The Saint Blood Array can hold on for at most ten breaths. We can't just sit around and wait for death. Let's attack together and fight our way out." said Zhi Shang.

Zhi Shang grabbed the silver tomahawk with both hands. He continuously mobilized the Saint Qi in his body and injected it into the ax.

The silver light emitted by the silver tomahawk was even more dazzling. Each light was like a sharp blade that could kill cultivators below the Saint Realm.

"Break it," said Zhi Shang.

The silver ax hacked upward, forming a huge ax shadow that was a hundred miles long. It split the red star fog in half and tore a crack in the layer of the Divine Purification Flame with a crushing force.

The ax shadow seemed to have the power to split heaven and earth. It hacked toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen, who was controlling the Divine Purification Flame, only glanced at the ax shadow and closed his eyes.

Crash

Tens of thousands of Precepts of Dimension flew out from between his eyebrows, freezing the space in front of him and turning it into a thousand-meter-thick Dimensional Shield.

The ax shadow hacked at the Dimensional Shield and shattered the frozen space layer by layer, sinking more than 500 meters deep.

“Your power is too weak. It’s far from enough to hurt me,” Zhang Ruochen said indifferently.

Zhi Shang roared. His two thick arms emitted red light streaks. His power grew stronger. He shattered the thousand-meter-thick Dimensional Shield with a boom.

Just as the ax shadow was about to land on Zhang Ruochen’s head, two Dimensional Rifts flew out of his eyes. They directly cut the ax shadow into three pieces and then disappeared into the void.

With Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation, he could use the Power of Dimension as he wished.

“How can he be so powerful?” said Zhi Shang.

Zhi Shang was in disbelief. Didn’t Zhang Ruochen just break through to the Supreme Saint Realm last year? Even if he could fight across realms, he shouldn’t have reached the level of the Thousand-Koan Realm, right?

The information in Celestial Captive’s hands was lagging behind, but Zhang Ruochen’s progress was too fast. Not only was Zhi Shang injured, but the other Celestial Captives were also stunned.

On the other side, the elderly woman with white hair had transformed into a white Anemo Vine after being dragged out of the layer of flames of the Divine Purification Flame by the Raiden Wisteria.

It didn’t take long for Moyin to use hundreds of Raiden Wisteria to absorb all the Anemo Vines.

“Master, my wounds have healed!” Now I’ll have a good time with them.” Moyin said with a soft and pleasant voice and showed a charming smile.

When Xu had used a flash of light to self-destruct, Moyin had also suffered some serious injuries.

Now that her injuries had healed, her battle prowess had risen to a whole new level.

Whack

Moyin controlled hundreds of Raiden Wisterias, enveloping an area of 150 kilometers. All the Celestial Captives who wanted to rush out of the Divine Purification Flame were sent flying back. None of them could escape.

CIE

All the Celestial Captives who were trapped in the Divine Purification Flame were regretful.

Why had they gathered together before?

They had trapped themselves in a cocoon.

Even if they tried to flee separately now, it would be extremely difficult.

The layer of flames of the Divine Purification Flame shrank rapidly. It squeezed the Celestial Captives' space and allowed the flames to condense even more. Que Fei, who had transformed into an Elven Saint King, revealed himself in a white fog about 500 miles away from Zhang Ruochen, he said in surprise, "Zhang Ruochen is really ruthless. He has no mercy for the Supreme Saints of the Celestial Court. He wants to burn them all to death."

At this moment, no cultivator dared to say that Zhang Ruochen had any connection with the Celestial Court.

It was unknown whether the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms was deliberately targeting Zhang Ruochen. They quickly projected the images here to all parts of the Infernal Court and the Battlefield of Merits, causing another uproar.

More cultivators wanted to attack Zhang Ruochen,

Whoosh

The area covered by the Divine Purification Flame was reduced to about 50 meters in diameter. The 11 Supreme

Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm tried their best to break out. Even if Moyin's cultivation was strong, she couldn't completely defend against them.

Zhi Shang was the first to rush out. He flew in an arc and appeared 50 kilometers away.

Then, he roared and raised his silver tomahawk with both hands. He hacked at the hundreds of Raiden Wisteria controlled by Moyin. Only by cutting off these vines could Celestial Captive, who was trapped in the Divine Purification Flame, escape. At that time, with the combined power of the 11 Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, they could fight against Zhang Ruochen and the Saint Devourer.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Zhi Shang from the corner of his eyes. He controlled the Divine Purification Flame with one hand and grabbed the Ghost-headed Whip that he had taken from Popobawa Ghost Emperor with the other.

Whoosh

The Ghost-headed Whip flew out like a dark dragon and wrapped around the tomahawk in Zhi Shang's hand.

At the top of the whip, a palace-sized skull poked out. Its eyes were burning with bone fire, and two sharp fangs poked out of its mouth. It bit Zhi Shang.

Zhi Shang held the ax in one hand and the skull's teeth in the other, struggling to hold on.

Although Zhi Shang was a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he had been imprisoned in the Saint Prison for 600 years. He had lost a lot of blood and Qi. After entering the Battle of Celestial-Huntingfield, his spiritual power had been sealed, so his battle strength was greatly reduced.

Even Popobawa Ghost Emperor, ranked 54th on the list of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, was more powerful than him.

Que Fei floated above the white star fog. A disdainful smile appeared on his handsome face, "These Celestial Captives are really useless. More than a dozen of them are in the Hundred-

Shackle Realm, but Zhang Ruochen managed to capture them all in one go. Tsk, tsk. Looks like I'll have to help them."

His two fingers combined and formed a sword gesture. He drew a circle in front of him.

At the center of the circle, a large amount of heaven and earth Saint Qi gathered together to form a meter-long black sword.

Que Fei strikes out a palm and hits the center of the circle. The black sword flew out like a shuttle of light and hit the skull on the top of the Ghost-headed Whip in an instant, sending the skull flying. Zhi Shang took advantage of the situation to escape. His arm spun like a windmill and swung, throwing the silver tomahawk in his hand out.

The silver tomahawk spun and flew, cutting off a large part of the Raiden Wisteria.

"Damn it! Who's helping them?" Moyin took two steps back. Her charming eyes turned cold. She released her spiritual power to look for the person who had just attacked.

Zhang Ruochen knew exactly what to do. He was much more at ease. He stomped down after activating 10 million Divine Marks on his left leg with a deep breath.

Since he couldn't kill them directly, he had to end the battle another way.

"Yanshen's Leg."

Zhang Ruochen's leg burned with flames. As he stomped down, a huge Yanshen's Leg appeared. The soles of his feet covered a radius of 100 miles.

Rumble

Yanshen's Leg split the cloud of Divine Purification Flame. The vigorous destructive power landed on the 10 Celestial Captives and sent them flying in all directions. Three of the Hundred-Shackle Realm Celestial Captives with lower cultivation could not withstand the power of Yanshen's Leg. Their Neverwithers were shattered, and their spirits were destroyed. They died on the spot.

Chapter 2319: Armor of Darkness

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

The other seven Celestial Captives in the Hundred-Shackle Realm had survived, but they were all seriously injured. The divine flame melted their skin and soaked into their blood, flesh, and bone marrow. It kept burning, making them suffer.

“They’re all yours. Don’t let any of them live,” Zhang Ruochen ordered Saint Devourer. The space around him shook and he disappeared.

From the moment he decided to fight for first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen had hidden all his compassion and made himself ruthless and cold-blooded.

One Word, kill.

Kindness would not only harm him, but it would also not achieve his goal.

‘The 12 Celestial Captives in the Hundred-Shackle Realm represented millions of points.

According to Gu Chenzi’s initial calculations, the Bloodysky Clan only needed six million points in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting to reach the middle level and complete the mission of the Bloodysky Clan’s gods.

Killing all 12 Hundred-Shackle Realm Celestial Captives would almost collect enough points.

If Zhang Ruochen used another method, he could find 12 Hundred- Shackle Realm Celestial Captives hiding in various locations throughout the vast Battle of Celestial-Huntingfield and kill them all while they were attempting to flee.

100 days was not enough.

Therefore, such an opportunity today could only be found by chance.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to kill them for this reason, even if he was seriously injured. He didn’t want to pass up this fantastic

opportunity.

“Master, don’t worry. I will eat them all... one by one...
hehe...”

aid Moyin.

Moyin’s delicate and charming face lit up with a soul-stirring smile. She didn’t need Zhang Ruochen’s instructions to kill and devour Celestial Captives. She couldn’t have wished for anything better.

Whoosh

The vines that had been cut off by the silver tomahawk absorbed the Saint Qi, blood qi, Sainthood Source, and Saint Soul Fragments of the three dead Celestial Captives. Purple leaves and vines instantly grew back.

There were more than 400 purple vines in total. All of them grew to a thousand miles long.

They not only grew the main branch, but they also grew a lot of vines.

Lightning and Divine Purification Flame surged on the vines and leaves. They turned into a sea of lightning and fire, trapping the seven Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints inside. They couldn’t escape no matter what.

“It’s just a Saint Devourer. How can it be so terrifying? With our Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivation, we can’t beat it,” said one of the seven Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.

“A plant that’s not afraid of lightning and fire. Instead, it can control it. It must be Zhang Ruochen’s parasitic plant. Whatever Zhang Ruochen is good at, it can get the same ability,” said another one of the seven Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.

“The seven Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints were angry and desperate at the same time.

They had placed their hopes on Zhi Shang. However, when they looked over, they realized that a streak of blinding golden light had exploded in the distant void.

Zhi Shang was thrown out of the golden light. A bloody hole the size of a bowl had appeared in his chest. The fluctuation of Saint Qi on his body weakened rapidly.

Zhang Ruochen, who stood in the golden light, chased after him. The five golden wings on the left side of his back slashed at Zhi Shang's body one after another. They broke the defense of the Neverwithers physique and cut Zhi Shang into two halves.

Zhi Shang was still alive.

Zhang Ruochen formed a Dimensional Storm with his sleeve, blowing the two halves of Zhi Shang into the sky above the sea of thunder and fire where the Saint Devourer vines intertwined.

"Thank you for the reward, Master," said Moyin.

1

Moyin smiled charmingly and blinked her bright eyes. She separated two vines and twined around the two halves of Zhi Shang, constantly absorbing his blood qi and Saint Qi.

Pan Ruo, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Mistress Fireborn, Lord Sinluo, and Mad Whitejade Lion rode The Scroll of Truth and Deceit to this starfield. They were all shocked when they saw the Saint Devourer vines that covered a thousand miles.

"Those 12 Celestial Captives in the Hundred-Shackle Realm are so weak. They can't even deal with a seriously injured Zhang Ruochen?" Mad Whitejade Lion said in disappointment.

Lord Sinluo was quite disdainful, he said, "Other than the five Celestial Captives in the Thousand-Koan Realm and Lord Hornless, the other Celestial Captives are just easy prey. It's a pity that Zhang Ruochen has all the benefits. Killing them will earn him a lot of points."

Mistress Fireborn looked at Pan Ruo and said meaningfully, "Zhang Ruochen's points are too easy to earn, aren't they?"

There was blame in her words.

Pan Ruo was not taken aback. “Easy? There are 12 Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, one of whom is at the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage. What happens if you fight them both at the same time?”

“I miscalculated, but who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen would be so powerful as soon as he broke through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm?”

“Who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen would be able to obtain a great opportunity in the underground of the Ghost’s home planet, and his cultivation would soar?”

“Just now, we went to the underground of the Ghost’s home planet. You were all terrified by the golden fog. Even the Supreme Artifact couldn’t stop it completely. Zhang Ruochen must have discovered some kind of secret to be given this opportunity.

“Besides, Zhang Ruochen is already seriously injured. Because of the Saint Devourer, he was able to deal with 12 Celestial Captives in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. This is also a variable beyond our expectations.”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said, “The battle strength of this Saint Devourer is indeed terrifying. If I don’t have a Supreme Artifact, I might not be able to deal with it.”

The others were all taken aback when they heard this.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was the number one Deathkin powerhouse, ranked 12th on the list of Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Even if he didn’t use a Supreme Artifact, most of the Supreme Saints in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm weren’t his match.

Did this mean that the Saint Devourer was a Supreme Saint elite in the Thousand-Koan Realm?

Supreme Saing Yuan Fei said, “The seven Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints were suppressed by it. Ordinary Supreme Saints in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm can’t do it.”

“While the Saint Devourer is still dealing with the Celestial Captive, we will attack immediately and kill Zhang Ruochen

first. As long as we kill Zhang Ruochen, as a parasitic plant, the Saint Devourer will naturally die,” said Mistress Fireborn and put on a cold smile.

Pan Ruo said, “Everyone must be on guard against the Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive who hasn’t shown up yet. Be careful not to suffer a great loss.”

“Your Highness Pan Ruo, why are you still so timid even at this moment? The so-called Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive was your guess from the beginning. If he really came, how could he just watch as the Hundred-Shackle Realm Celestial Captives were killed? In my opinion, there is no such person as the Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive,” said Mistress Fireborn.

Mistress Fireborn added, “If you continue to be so conservative, I’m afraid that the plan to kill Zhang Ruochen will fail.”

There was always a battle between women, especially beautiful women.

Pan Ruo didn’t pay attention to Mistress Fireborn. Suddenly, she narrowed her eyes and asked, “Where’s Zhang Ruochen?”

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had disappeared from their sight.

“He must have used the Power of Dimension to move somewhere else. Did he sense that we were hiding nearby?” said Pan Ruo.

Everyone used their own methods to look for Zhang Ruochen.

Que Fei, who was hiding in the white fog, was also surprised. He quickly pressed his hands on his temples and muttered, “Eye of Darkness.”

His pupils dilated and filled the whites of his eyes. His eyes became completely black.

“Power of Darkness. No wonder you can hide so well.”

Zhang Ruochen’s voice sounded behind Que Fei. It seemed to be right beside his ears.

Que Fei's face turned extremely pale. In this critical situation, he pressed his palms together. In an instant, his skin split open.

Pieces of black metal rushed out from under his skin and turned into armor.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen's right palm, carrying the power of three elephant souls in the Thousand-Koan Realm, hit Que Fei's back.

"The Ray of Darkness devours everything," Que Fei shouted.

What was surprising was that Zhang Ruochen's palm could pierce through Zhi Shang's Neverwithers physique. However, when it hit Que Fei's back, it felt like it hit the air.

Not only that but there was also a powerful rotating force pulling his palm forward.

Zhang Ruochen's vision was dark as if he had fallen into a dark abyss. The strong sense of weightlessness made him feel very uncomfortable.

'Armor of Darkness.' Zhang Ruochen thought in his mind.

The so-called Armor of Darkness was an armor refined by the Fane of Darkness using one of the top ten substances in the universe, dark matter. It was supported by the Power of Darkness.

'When the Armor of Darkness was worn, it not only had incredible defensive power, but it could also absorb Saint Qi energy from the enemy's body and transform it into its own power. It even had an impact on time and space.

Que Fei did not bring any weapon into the Battle of Celestial-Huntingfield. He only brought the Armor of Darkness.

Zhang Ruochen's palm power and the Divine Purification Flame, including the Precepts of the Palm, were all continuously absorbed by the Armor of Darkness.

The three Thousand-Koan Realm elephant souls in his arms roared. Even they were absorbed by the Dark Power. They

escaped from Zhang Ruochen's arms and rushed into the armor.

"Zhang Ruochen, I was prepared to deal with you. The Power of Darkness, it's truly amazing, right?" Que Fei laughed.

"I don't believe that a mere Armor of Darkness can swallow everything."

Zhang Ruochen shouted coldly. He mobilized all the Precepts of Dimension in his sea of Qi and rushed towards his right palm. When the Precepts of Dimension gushed out from his palm, they transformed into Power of Dimension and became layers of dimensional shock waves.

Bang Bang Bang

'When the dimensional shock wave struck Que Fei's back, his expression changed slightly. The Armor of Darkness clearly could not absorb the Power of Dimension completely.

The dimensional shock power passed through the Armor of Darkness and hit Que Fei's Neverwithers physique.

Finally, Que Fei couldn't take it any longer. He spat out three mouthfuls of Saint blood in quick succession. His body was the size of a cannonball. Zhang Ruochen's palm power launched him into the air.

Although Zhang Ruochen had injured Que Fei, he had suffered a smaller but comparable level of damage. Blood flowed out of his mouth. His right hand had been corroded by the power of the Armor of Darkness. The bones of his fingers were exposed.

His entire arm was covered in ley lines of Darkness.

'The Power of Darkness was eroding his body. His right arm became numb. He couldn't muster any strength.

"As expected of the nine Paths of the Ancients. The Power of Darkness has been cultivated to a high level. It's so terrifying."

Zhang Ruochen mobilized the life essence of the Divine Purification Flame and the Heart of the Divine Tree to refine the Power of Darkness. At the same time, he turned into a

streak of golden light and used ten golden wings to attack Que Fei.

“The Power of Darkness can’t completely swallow the Power of Dimension. As expected of the nine Paths of the Ancients.”

Que Fei looked back and his expression changed again. He immediately turned into a streak of black light and flew forward.

Que Fei’s speed was faster than Zhang Ruochen had expected. Pink Skull and Xu were ranked higher than Que Fei on the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage list. However, they were much slower than Que Fei in terms of speed.

Below the Thousand-Koan Realm, only Que’s speed could beat Que Fei.

Although Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu were also very fast, it was unknown if they could surpass Que Fei.

The black and gold light shuttles chased and flew in the six-colored starry sky. Wherever they passed, the rocks in the universe crumbled and turned into dust.

“Que Fei has been exposed. Hurry up and chase after him,” said Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei controlled The Scroll of Truth and Deceit and activated the Supreme Power. He brought Pan Ruo, Mad Whitejade Lion, Lord Sinluo, and Mistress Fireborn and chased after the black and gold light beams.

Zhang Ruochen chased after them. He took out the Ghost-headed Whip and lashed it at Que Fei.

“Shadow Clones.”

Que Fei’s body split into 100.

100 Que Fei flew at the same time. Their bodies were disordered and had the power of hallucination.

BOOM! BOOM!

The Ghost-headed Whip smashed dozens of Que Fei’s bodies into pieces, but it didn’t hit Que Fei’s real body.

Zhang Ruochen used the Eye of Truth to identify them, but he found that Que Fei's real body kept changing positions in the illusions. Each illusion could turn into his real body in the next moment.

In other words, he did not have a fixed real body.

"Such a clever Shadow clone technique?"

Zhang Ruochen activated the Power of Dimension again. He performed the Great Dimensional Shift and appeared in front of Que Fei during his rapid flight. He turned around and struck out with his palm.

"Zhang Ruochen, you are seriously injured, but you still chase me. Do you really think I am a pushover?" said Que Fei.

Que Fei was determined. He mobilized the Power of Darkness and condensed a dark longsword in his hand.

Que Fei thrust the sword toward Zhang Ruochen's palm.

If Zhang Ruochen was still in his prime, Que Fei might have been a little afraid of him. But now, Zhang Ruochen was just a sick tiger, trying to hold on.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to directly touch Que Fei, who was wearing the Armor of Darkness. Therefore, what he struck out with his palm was not the power of the palm, but the dimensional shock wave.

Que Fei had been at a disadvantage in the dimensional shock wave. Unlike Ye Changzai, who was unprepared, he sensed the dimensional shock wave. He immediately brandished the dark longsword in his hand, breaking the dimensional shock wave.

"Take this. Darkness descends." Que Fei said.

The dark longsword struck down in Que Fei's hand.

Zhang Ruochen's Ghost-headed Whip shrank to only five feet in length. Driven by Saint Qi, it became hard and straight, like a sword filled with Ghostly Qi.

"I'd like to see if your sword is faster than yours."

Zhang Ruochen was never afraid of anyone in a sword fight.

“Sword Ten.”

Zhang Ruochen used the Ghost-headed Whip and drew a circle around his body.

In the circle, sword Qi crisscrossed. Thousands of Sword shadows appeared and merged with Zhang Ruochen's body. The next moment, Zhang Ruochen soared through the sky and stabbed toward Que Fei.

Diagonally above.

Que Fei slashed down with his sword. Instantly, the starry sky became pitch black, as if night had fallen.

No one could see where the sword was. The sword had merged with the darkness..

Chapter 2320: The Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Darkness Descends was a high-level saint's sword technique created by combining the Path of Sword and the Path of Darkness.

The sword technique was strange, shapeless, and corrosive.

For other Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, this was an unbreakable killing technique. It was very likely that a life-and-death battle could be decided between one or two sword strikes.

Not being able to see the sword was the greatest danger.

However, Zhang Ruochen had the Heart of Truth and released The Spatial Domain, so he could clearly sense the trajectory of Que Fei's sword.

Boom

The skull on top of the Ghost-headed Whip accurately hit the Sword of Darkness in Que Fei's hand. Layers of dark rays spread out like water ripples.

The Ghost-headed Whip shattered the Sword of Darkness with a crack and went straight for Que Fei's head.

Que Fei's head and hands weren't covered by the Armor of Darkness, which was his biggest weakness.

"Darkness Descends has no effect on him. Right, it must be The Spatial Domain. No matter how my sword changes, it's always in space. It can't hide from Zhang Ruochen's spatial perception.

Que Fei reacted quickly. He leaned back and kicked the Ghost-headed Whip.

At the same time, Que Fei mobilized the Power of Darkness. A Sword of Darkness condensed in his hand again. It was as

fast as lightning and stabbed toward Zhang Ruochen's heart.

BOOM! BOOM!

Both of them were extremely fast. Their sword technique attainments were superb. In an instant, they exchanged hundreds of sword strikes. It was difficult to separate.

Que Fei not only used the Power of Darkness, but he also used the illusion technique that he was very good at. Thus, even with the help of the Heart of Truth and The Spatial Domain, Zhang Ruochen still fought with great difficulty. He did not dare to relax even a little.

A battle between top powerhouses could cost one's life if one made a slight mistake.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Pan Ruo, and the others rode The Scroll of Truth and Deceit to catch up. They arrived in the nearby starry sky and watched the intense battle between the two in the distance. They were dazzled by their cultivation and eyesight. They could only see crisscrossing golden and black figures.

Que Fei and Zhang Ruochen were too fast. Pan Ruo and the rest could not get in.

"Their speed is much faster than mine. Only by using a forbidden technique can we compete with them in speed," said Supreme Saint Yuan Fei as he frowned and displayed a solemn face.

Using a forbidden technique required one to pay a price. Either one would lose one's lifespan or one would be weak for a long period after using it.

In short, unless it was absolutely necessary, no cultivator would use a forbidden technique to forcefully increase his speed.

Mad Whitejade Lion said, "Zhang Ruochen's speed has become faster. With my cultivation at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, I can barely see their moves. If I fight them in the same realm, I wonder if I can survive five moves?"

“This is not all of Zhang Ruochen’s speed,” said Pan Ruo.

Everyone’s eyes were fixed on her.

Pan Ruo said slowly, “Don’t forget that Zhang Ruochen is seriously injured. His speed must be greatly reduced. This is one of the reasons.

“Two, do you feel that Zhang Ruochen has not used the Path of Time? If he uses the Power of Time, his speed will be faster than now.”

“Mad Whitejade Lion was puzzled and asked, “Why doesn’t he use the Power of Time?”

“He must have noticed our presence, so he is holding back in case he is ambushed.” Pan Ruo guessed.

The Scroll of Truth and Deceit could indeed hide their aura completely.

“When flying at full speed, however, it would spread out waves and affect the space to some extent.

As the Master of Space, how could Zhang Ruochen not sense it?

They activated The Scroll of Truth and Deceit at full speed to catch up as soon as possible.

“Their bodies are constantly changing, and the Power of Darkness affects my perception. I can’t lock on to them,” said Lord Sinluo, who wanted to use the Dark Arrow, but he couldn’t find the right opportunity to lift the Frostwood Bow for a long time.

“Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, your spiritual power is the strongest,” Pan Ruo said. “Send a message to Que Fei, requesting that he separate from Zhang Ruochen. We’ll use the Supreme Artifact to eliminate Zhang Ruochen.”

“I think it’s not a bad thing for Que Fei and Zhang Ruochen to continue fighting,” said Mistress Fireborn. She put on a smile but she seemed to disagree with Pan Ruo.

“What do you mean?” Mad Whitejade Lion asked curiously.

Mistress Fireborn was very confident in her judgment. She rested her chin on her finger and said, "Zhang Ruochen's injuries are very serious," she said. "We have seen it for ourselves. Although he has defeated several Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, his injuries

will definitely worsen.

"As long as Que Fei can hold him for a while, when he loses a lot of Saint blood in his body, he will fall without our help."

'Mad Whitejade Lion said, "What if something unexpected happens? I think Pan Ruo's strategy is more stable."

Mistress Fireborn glanced at the silent Pan Ruo, she pursed her lips and said with a smile, "Since we have been exposed, we can walk out of The Scroll of Truth and Deceit and surround Zhang Ruochen with our true form to create pressure on him. That way, Que Fei will have a better advantage, and Zhang Ruochen doesn't dare to use his full strength."

"Are you trying to grind Zhang Ruochen to death here?" Lord Sinluo sneered.

Lord Sinluo thought that Mistress Fireborn's strategy was brilliant. He couldn't let Zhang Ruochen die too easily. Lord Sinluo wanted to let Zhang Ruochen fall into despair step by step. In the end, Zhang Ruochen will struggle painfully on the edge of death.

Pan Ruo said, "Who will be responsible in case of an accident?"

"What accident could there be?" said Mistress Fireborn.

Although Mistress Fireborn's tone was calm, there was a hint of conflict in her eyes, she said again, "To kill Zhang Ruochen, the Master of Time and Space, we need a powerhouse who is speedy like Que Fei to tie him up. If we rescue Que Fei and Zhang Ruochen uses the Power of Time and Space to escape,

we may not be able to keep him."

Pan Ruo shut her mouth and did not say anything more.

Swish Swish

Lord Sinluo, Mistress Fireborn, and Mad Whitejade Lion flew out of The Scroll of Truth and Deceit one after another and appeared in the other three directions of the battle circle between Zhang Ruochen and Que Fei.

Pan Ruo's cultivation was low, so she stayed in The Scroll of Truth and Deceit with Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said, "Your Highness, are you still worried about the Celestial Captive of the Thousand-Koan Realm?"

Pan Ruo nodded her head.

"I think what Mistress Fireborn said makes sense. If a Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive was lurking nearby, he would not have stood by and watched as the 12 Hundred-Shackle Realm Celestial Captives were being slaughtered. He would have made his move long ago," Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said.

suddenly.

Pan Ruo's eyes widened and she said, "Oh no, Mad Whitejade Lion is in danger."

A thousand miles away.

A purple meteorite silently crashed into Mad Whitejade Lion.

The purple meteorite was more than two thousand meters long. It was irregular and contained a metallic luster. Its hardness was not something an ordinary rock asteroid could compare to.

Mad Whitejade Lion was a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. His senses were extremely strong. Of course, when it sensed the purple meteorite flying towards it, it immediately transformed into its original form, the Sacred Imperial Jade Lion.

His lion form was even bigger than the purple meteorite. The saint light on its body lit up the starry sky.

ROAR!

Mad Whitejade Lion released a loud roar and raised a sharp jade claw to attack the purple meteorite.

Logically speaking, with its cultivation level, not to mention a small meteorite that was more than 2,000 meters in diameter, even a planet that was more than 2,000 kilometers in diameter could be shattered.

However, just as it waved its jade claws, it was shattered into pieces of Sacred Imperial Jade and flew out.

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Mad Whitejade Lion was hit three times in a row. Each time, a large part of its body would be shattered.

In the end, more than half of its lion form was shattered, leaving only its head and a small part of its body intact as it flew into a nebula.

After suffering such serious injuries, it was very likely that its Saint Soul and consciousness had already been shattered.

The cultivators who saw this through the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms were all shocked. They did not know what had happened?

The original form of Mad Whitejade Lion was the Sacred Imperial Jade. How hard was it? Why was it shattered by a small meteorite?

“Who is it?” said Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei immediately mobilized all his power to activate The Scroll of Truth and Deceit.

Crash

8,000 words flew out of the scroll. Each word contained Supreme Power. Sometimes it was virtual, sometimes it was real. They flew rapidly toward the purple meteorite, trying to suppress it.

A circle of spatial ripples appeared near the purple meteorite and then disappeared.

“Power of Dimension? Could it be Zhang Ruochen’s hidden technique... It can’t be. Zhang Ruochen is fighting with Que Fei. How could he have spare power to ambush Mad Whitejade Lion?”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei released his spiritual power, covering an area of 10,000 miles in search of the disappeared purple meteorite.

The opponent could easily beat Mad Whitejade Lion into pieces. He was definitely a terrifying existence.

Pan Ruo said, “There are only a handful of Masters of Space, but there are many Supreme Saints who cultivate the Path of Dimension. The one who attacked Mad Whitejade Lion was not Zhang Ruochen, but a Celestial Captive, the Celestial Captive of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

“That meteorite is not an ordinary meteorite, but an Armor of Meteorite.”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was stunned, he said, “Armor of Meteorite? As far as I know, the Armor of Meteorite was refined by the Fane of Meteorite, one of the 24 Asura fanes, 100,000 years ago. A total of 16 sets were refined. Only seven sets are still preserved.

“No...

“Since he is wearing the Armor of Meteorite, he should be a Supreme Saint of the Fane of Meteorite. How could he be a Celestial Captive?”

The Precepts of Destiny appeared in Pan Ruo’s eyes as she searched for traces of the purple meteorite. “It’s simple. The Fane of Meteorite doesn’t have such a powerful cultivator.

“As far as I know, one of the five Celestial Captives in the Thousand-Koan Realm is a traitor of the Fane of Meteorite. His name is Saint Lord Zuo Mu. His cultivation has reached the mid-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

“That’s why I dare to guess that Saint Lord Zuo Mu killed the Fane of Meteorite’s captain and took away his Armor of Meteorite. He has been hiding nearby.

“Saint Lord Zuo Mu must have seen through Que Fei’s disguise as the Elven Saint King. Our actions have long been seen through by him. However, he has been waiting patiently for us to make a mistake.”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei had mixed feelings, he said, “I should have thought of this earlier. Among the Celestial Captives, not only are there Supreme Saints from the Celestial Court. Furthermore, even if they are Celestial Captives from the Celestial Court, they wouldn’t care about the lives of the other Celestial Captives on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, They only care about their own survival. Mad Whitejade Lion was tricked by Mistress Fireborn... This is bad, the purple meteorite has appeared again!”

As a weak space fluctuation appeared, the purple meteorite appeared again and hovered above Mistress Fireborn..

Chapter 2321: Each With Their Own Ulterior Motives

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

The 2,000-meter-long purple meteorite crashed heavily on Mistress Fireborn's body. A surging purple murderous aura rushed into her body and destroyed her vitality.

The red flame on Mistress Fireborn's body was extinguished. She screamed and fell rapidly.

Rumble

The purple meteorite hit Mistress Fireborn again, turning her Neverwilt body into a bloody mess as if she was about to explode.

Just as the purple meteorite was about to launch its third attack, the 8,000 words of the Scroll of Truth and Deceit flew over. In an instant, a laugh came from the purple meteorite as it disappeared without a trace.

"Saint Lord Zuo Mu is too cunning. He doesn't even fight head-on with the Supreme Artifact. He would run right after he attacked."

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei's state of mind was usually very calm. But he had lost two Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints of Great Perfection level in an instant. No matter how good one's state of mind was, they would go mad.

He had never suffered such a loss, even when he fought against the three middle clans.

Mistress Fireborn, covered in blood, was floating in the void like a red leaf. There were living signs but no active signs of spiritual power. She entered a state of unconsciousness.

"Hurry back and meet us."

Pan Ruo sent Lord Sinluo a message through voice transmission.

Lord Sinluo was also frightened. He released all of his spiritual power. While he was wary of his surroundings, he flew in the direction of the Scroll of Truth and Deceit.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei split his spiritual power into two and sent them to the side of Mistress Fireborn and Mad Whitejade Lion to check on their condition.

“Luckily, they are still alive,” said Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

Pan Ruo sighed and waved her hand. “Ask the vessel spirit of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms to send them out of the battlefield.”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was helpless and finally nodded his head.

The injuries of Mistress Fireborn and Mad Whitejade Lion were too severe. There was no way they could recover during Celestial-Hunting Festival. It’d be best to send them out of the battlefield.

After Mistress Fireborn and Mad Whitejade Lion were sent out, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei sighed. “If all of us had followed your proposal to stick together, no matter how strong Saint Lord Zuo Mu was, he would not have succeeded. Losing two Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints was disadvantageous to us.”

Pan Ruo remained calm. She said, “Saint Lord Zuo Mu was an ascendant from Snowman Clan. He was later taken in as a disciple by the leader of the Fane of Meteorite. He was extremely talented and was known as the Supreme Saint with the highest potential to attain divinity. It was a pity that he was too

eager for success. In order to break through his cultivation realm at the greatest speed, he had been controlled by his inner demon. Within a few months, he had refined more than ten planets of the Asurans.

“The Supreme Saint from the Fane of Meteorite rushed over to stop him but was killed instead.

“He killed seven Supreme Saints of the Fane of Meteorite in a row when he was on the run to a desolate starry space region. In the end, he was captured by the Destiny Guards.

“Although Saint Lord Zuo Mu was at the mid-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm, with his talent and cultivation in the Path of Dimension, his battle prowess won’t be inferior to a peak-stage Thousand-Koan Realm elite.

“Of course, after entering the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, his spiritual power has been sealed, and he only has one meteorite armor to use. Hence, his attack power should not be so horrifying.

“However, he should still be able to reach the advanced stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm.”

Supreme Saint Yuanfei nodded slightly and said, “It seems that even if we have the Scroll of Truth and Deceit, the two of us may not be a match for Saint Lord Zuo Mu. This battle has become difficult!”

Pan Ruo stared at Zhang Ruochen and Que Fei, who were still in an intense fight. She narrowed her eyes and said, “Ask Que Fei to return. Only with the combined strength of the four of us can we deter Saint Lord Zuo Mu. As for Zhang Ruochen...”

Under the protection of the 8,000 Words of Truth and Deceit, Lord Sinluo returned to the Scroll of Truth and Deceit. With lingering fear, he asked, “What exactly happened to Mad Whitejade Lion and Mistress Fireborn? Is It Lord Homnless? Or is it Luo Shengtian?”

Yuan Fei explained Pan Ruo’s speculation to him.

Lord Sinluo slapped his forehead and showed regret. He said, “Pan Ruo is very thoughtful. If I had listened to her earlier, how could I have lost today?”

“Not yet.”

Pan Ruo said again, “Now that there are three major forces, we still have a chance to kill Zhang Ruochen and take his treasures.

“However, before that, perhaps we can join hands with Zhang Ruochen to get rid of Saint Lord Zuo Mu.”

“Join hands? How could Zhang Ruochen possibly join hands with us?” Lord Sinluo smirked and shook his head.

Pan Ruo’s face remained emotionless. Her eyes were deep.
“Saint Lord Zuo Mu is our common enemy and a great threat to Zhang Ruochen. He might join hands with us. There is no perpetual enemy.”

Moyin, who looked like an evil demonic beauty, swallowed all Hundred-Shackle Realm Celestial Captives. It rushed to the nearby starry region and landed on a cosmic rock. Its aura became stronger.

Zhang Ruochen and Que Fei had already discovered Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s presence. They didn’t dare to continue fighting and separated.

Dark patterns flowed on Zhang Ruochen’s arm. The cold Power of Darkness eroded half of his body.

Que Fei did not gain any advantage either. He was hit in the abdomen by Zhang Ruochen’s last sword strike. The Time Marks entered his body and cut off 300 years of his lifespan. He was weakened.

Moyin walked to Zhang Ruochen’s side and asked with concern, “Master, your injury...”

“It’s okay.”

Zhang Ruochen stood straight, his eyes bright, his temperament outstanding. Although there was no trace of blood on his face, there were three wounds on his chest. Nevertheless, his condition did not affect his fighting spirit at the slightest.

As long as his fighting spirit remained, no one would dare to treat him as a severely injured person.

Creak, creak

Moyin’s snow-white fingers grabbed Zhang Ruochen’s wrist and absorbed the Dark Power that invaded his body bit by bit, transferring it into its own body.

As a Saint Devourer, there were very few powers in the world that it could not absorb.

Pan Ruo stared at Zhang Ruochen and Moyin's intimate scene. But her expression remained the same. She said, "Zhang Ruochen, we are all hunters. Why don't we work together to get rid of the prey who is lurking in the dark?"

Unexpectedly, Zhang Ruochen agreed without hesitation.

"Okay, but I'd like to know. How are we going to split the points after killing him?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Sinluo snorted. "The points for the twelve Hundred-Shackle Realm Celestial Captives are enough for Bloodysky Clan to get a high ranking among the Immortal Vampires. Do you still want the points for a Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive?"

"If you refuse to join hands with us, you will end up dying in the hands of that Thousand-Koan Realm slave."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were indifferent. He didn't even look at him. Instead, he kept staring at Pan Ruo's beautiful face and said, "If that's your attitude, I won't accompany you. Moyin, let's go."

"Wait."

Pan Ruo glared at Lord Sinluo with her bright eyes. "A Supreme Saint's vitality is very strong," she said. "He is hard to kill. Only if we work together and use our Supreme Artifacts will we have a chance to kill the Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive. After we get rid of him, we'll split the points equally."

"What do you think?"

Mo Yin's delicate body leaned gently to Zhang Ruochen's side. She whispered in his ear, "Master, don't believe her. After killing the Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive, we will become their next target."

Zhang Ruochen ignored Moyin and said, "I have a better suggestion. Why don't the points go to whoever kills him?"

Hearing this, Lord Sinluo, Que Fei, and Yuan Fei all laughed. Zhang Ruochen's suggestion was their wish.

"Alright, it's decided," Pan Ruo said.

Such a powerful Thousand-Koan Realm slave must have more than three million points.

No matter what, Zhang Ruochen had to kill him. He couldn't let him fall into the hands of other Supreme Saints of Infernal Court.

To lead Bloodysky Clan to the first place among the ten great clans, to make Immortal Vampires the first of the ten clans, to accumulate the highest total points, this was something he had to do.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that the reason that the twelve Celestial Captives and that Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive appeared must have something to do with Pan Ruo.

It was hard to get a second chance like this.

"Til force him out first."

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Violet Gourd and poured Saint Qi into it. As he activated the Dimensional Inscriptions and Supreme Inscriptions on the Gourd, he secretly transmitted his voice to the Saint Devourer, "When I attack them, you finish them off as fast as possible."

"Them? Master, are you talking about the cultivators of the three upper clans? Aren't we cooperating with them? Why are we attacking them? Even if we finish them off, how are we going to fight against that Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive?"

Moyin was surprised. She hadn't expected Zhang Ruochen, who had just agreed to team up with Pan Ruo's faction, to plot against them.

Pan Ruo and the others won't see this coming.'

He didn't explain much to Moyin. The Supreme Inscriptions and Dimensional Inscriptions in the Violet Gourd were activated. They shone with a dazzling purple-gold light, illuminating the entire starry sky.

“It’s Supreme Power. Zhang Ruochen’s Gourd is a Supreme Artifact. No wonder it’s so powerful. This should be his greatest trump card.”

Que Fei was shocked. He thought about it carefully, ‘If Zhang Ruochen used the Supreme Power of Violet Gourd in our fight, would I be able to resist his attack’”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei couldn’t open his eyes because of the purple-gold light. He used his hand to block it. When he moved his hand away, he realized that Zhang Ruochen had used the Great Dimensional Shift to appear in front of him. He was only a hundred miles away from them.

“Oh no. Quickly activate the Scroll of Truth and Deceit.”

Supreme Saint Yuanfei reacted the fastest. He stepped on the scroll.

Whoosh!

The scroll, which was only 30 meters long, expanded quickly, revealing more words. It became more than 50 kilometers long, more than 50 kilometers long... and it continued to grow bigger. It released more and more Supreme Power.

Words flew out of the scroll and tightly wrapped around the four of them.

KABOOM!

The Dimensional Array at the mouth of the Gourd covered the scroll.

Immediately after, the dimension within the Array rapidly collapsed, so was the defensive barrier formed by thousands of words.

Whoosh

A streak of scarlet-golden Supreme Power surged out of the mouth of the Gourd and transformed into a pillar of flame that was dozens of meters in diameter. It charged toward the scroll.

The defense of the scroll only lasted for a moment. The four people standing on the scroll were all knocked out of it and sent flying.

“Zhang Ruochen, you b*stard, you broke your words. I want you dead...” The pillar of fire hit Lord Sinluo. Half of his right body melted. He grimaced in pain and couldn’t even curse properly.

Yuan Fei and Que Fei were distinctive powerful elites who had survived hundreds of battles and were highly intelligent. Yet, they were caught off guard by Zhang Ruochen. They were dumbstruck, unable to figure out what was going on.

‘A Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive is still lurking around. Why did Zhang Ruochen attack us?’

‘Didn’t he afraid that the Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive would take advantage at the end of our fight?’

“Zhang Ruochen is too sinister. From the beginning, he planned to get rid of us first. Oh no, that Saint Devourer is here. Everyone, break out of the encirclement and leave this space region first,” Pan Ruo said.

She wasn’t injured. Zhang Ruochen didn’t target her since her cultivation was the lowest.

The Saint Devourer’s lightning vines spread toward them from different directions. Its intention was obvious: it wanted to trap them inside and kill them.

Yuan Fei and Que Fei had both been hit by the Supreme Power. They suffered different degrees of injuries. Hence, they didn’t dare to resume the fight. They used the Scroll of Truth and Deceit to clear a path and killed their way out.

Pan Ruo was one step ahead of them. She flew out of the range of the lightning vines.

Lord Sinluo wasn’t as lucky as them. He was wrapped like a dumpling by the vines. After being struck by lightning thousands of times, he finally stopped struggling and fainted. He became the Saint Devourer’s captive.

“Don’t swallow him yet. I have use of him.”

Zhang Ruochen spread his arms. Boundless power erupted from his body. Like a storm, it swept across thousands of miles of starry sky.

‘Wherever the storm passed, space shattered.

Countless tiny Dimensional Cracks were torn open. The purple meteorite had no place to hide. It had to reveal itself.

The purple meteorite was surrounded by a powerful force. Even Zhang Ruochen’s Dimensional Storm couldn’t tear the space there.

“Zhang Ruochen, you’re quite a ruthless character. You dared to scheme against the cultivators of the upper three clans and fight me alone.

“If you hadn’t been injured and were in your prime, you could be strong enough to fight me.

“But now, you’re simply courting death.”

The deep voice resounded through heaven and earth.

Whoosh

Above the purple meteorite, a light flashed and a 60-foot-tall figure appeared.

It looked like a human.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu emitted a cold aura, turning the starry sky into a sky full of flying snow. It was an eerie scene.

A moment later, the purple meteorite was covered in snow and turned white.

Zhang Ruochen was already at the end of his rope. He had used Violet Gourd and Dimensional Storm. Now, he had no energy left to fight.

His consciousness became blurry. If it wasn’t for his willpower, he would have already fallen.

However, he had no other choice. He could only do that.

If he chose to cooperate with the upper three clans, whether he attacked or not, he would expose himself. All the deities were watching, Pan Ruochen could help him secretly, but she would never do so openly.

If Lord Sinluo and the others knew that he couldn’t attack, how could he leave alive today?

If he left directly and didn't cooperate with the upper three clans, his condition could get exposed and get himself killed.

Of course, what Zhang Ruochen was more afraid of was that the upper three clans would cooperate with the Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive to get rid of him first.

Therefore, the only way to survive was to agree to join hands then get rid of the cultivators of the upper three clans by surprise. That Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive might seem powerful and invincible, but he had a huge weakness.

He was not a threat to Zhang Ruochen at all.

Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint whose spiritual power was sealed..

Chapter 2322: The Return of Lord Xia Yu

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Moyin noticed Zhang Ruochen was weak. She spoke to him telepathically, “Master, I’ll fight him. You should look for an opportunity to leave first.”

Moyin’s current strength was no weaker than that of Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong. It was strong enough to fight with a Supreme Saint in the mid-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. However, Saint Lord Zuo Mu was not an ordinary cultivator in the mid-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. If Moyin

did not use a Supreme Artifact, she would definitely lose to him.

“We will leave together. But before that, I have one more thing to do.”

Zhang Ruochen bit the tip of his tongue to wake himself up a little. He folded his hands and fingers into a ball. The Marks of Time in the form of light spots were condensed between his hands.

One of them was the “Self-Defined Mark of Time.”

“You still have the strength to fight?”

Saint Lord Zuo Mu, who was standing on the purple meteorite, looked surprised. Then, he chuckled, activated the power of Dimension, and disappeared from the spot.

Whoosh—

‘The next moment, the purple meteorite appeared above Zhang Ruochen and Moyin.

The purple meteorite suddenly sank and crashed toward the two people below with overwhelming power.

Before the meteorite landed, the strong wind and evil Qi it emitted had already enveloped Zhang Ruochen and Moyin. Every strand of Qi had the terrifying power to cut through the Neverwithers body of a Supreme Saint.

“No wonder Mistress Fireborn lost consciousness after being hit by the purple meteorite twice. This Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive’s attack power is stronger than I imagined.

“Moreover, it’s not just collision. This attack contains the power of Dimension. As the attack landed, the space in all directions compressed inward, making it impossible for the target to escape.”

This thought flashed through Zhang Ruochen’s mind. He stared at Moyin.

Moyin nodded slightly. She raised her snow-white hands. Dense purple vines surged out of her ten fingers.

Lightning and Divine Purification Flame flowed on the vines and turned into a forest-like sea of lightning and fire.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

More than a thousand purple vines collided with the purple meteorite. In an instant, more than a hundred vines broke and flew into the starry sky.

However, the softness of the vines also quickly dispelled the violent and overbearing impact of the purple meteorite.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu let out a soft exclamation. He didn’t expect that a mere Saint Devourer could resist his attack.

Zhang Ruochen, who was below, raised his hands and shot out the Marks of Time.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu, whose spiritual power was sealed, didn’t know what kind of attack power the Mark of Time was. Hence, he didn’t dare to touch it. He immediately flew up on the purple meteorite.

Seeing the Self-Defined Mark of Time land on the purple meteorite, Zhang Ruochen smiled. He said weakly, “Let’s go. I’ll deal with him next time.”

With Self-Defined Mark of Time, Zhang Ruochen could sense Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s location no matter where he was

“Master, lend me Violet Gourd. I can fight him,” said Moyin.

Zhang Ruochen's face grew paler. His aura became weak in a short time. He said with difficulty, "Even if you can fight him, you can't kill him. There's no point in fighting."

Moyin saw that Zhang Ruochen was in a bad situation, so it stopped fighting. It grabbed his wrist and released the space rules to perform the Great Dimensional Shift.

'As Zhang Ruochen's parasitic plant, Moyin also practiced the Path of Dimension.

'The purple meteorite flew up for more than a thousand miles before it stopped.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu, who was standing on the purple meteorite, looked far into the distance. He found that Moyin and Zhang Ruochen had performed Great Dimensional Shift several times and disappeared from his sight.

Without spiritual power, it was impossible to find out which direction Moyin and Zhang Ruochen were heading, let alone their location.

In a Supreme Saint-level battle, a cultivator without spiritual power was like a blind man.

"It's a pity. If I could take Supreme Artifact from Zhang Ruochen, I wouldn't be afraid of any cultivator on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield." Saint Lord Zuo Mu sighed in frustration.

For Celestial Captives, the only way to survive was to kill at least one Infernal Court cultivator who was a participant in the battle.

'This was what the Fane of Destiny had promised!

Saint Lord Zuo Mu's goal was to kill at least 50 Infernal Court Supreme Saints on the Battlefield. He wanted to humiliate the Infernal Court deities and see how far the Fane of Destiny would endure his provocation. He wanted to see if they would break their promise.

'Taking a Supreme Artifact was the most important part of his crazy plan.

Zhang Ruochen retracted the ten golden wings on his back. There were dozens of wounds on his body, three of which pierced through his chest and back. His internal organs were almost completely shattered.

There was also Ghost Qi, Asuran Battle Qi, the Power of Curse, and the Power of Darkness in his body. All kinds of different powers were mixing together, destroying the life force of his Neverwilt level body.

Every time he fought with a cultivator, his opponent's power would enter his body through the wounds.

If his injury hadn't worsened, Zhang Ruochen would have continued fighting with his willpower.

Moyin stared at the wound on his chest. It was a shocking sight.

Zhang Ruochen's body was like broken porcelain as if it could shatter into pieces with a light touch.

"Master, are we going back to the Immortal Vampires' home planet to recuperate?" Moyin asked.

Zhang Ruochen didn't answer her. "Can you set up a dimensional teleportation array?"

"I have never done it before, but it shouldn't be a problem," said Moyin.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Find a hidden planet nearby and set up a dimensional teleportation array first."

The Ghost Clan's home planet was far away from the Immortal Vampires' home planet. It was more than 100 million miles away. Even a Supreme Saint might not be able to reach it in ten days.

"They could only cross over using a dimensional teleportation array."

Four hours later, Moyin and Zhang Ruochen arrived at a reddish-brown planet with a diameter of 5,000 miles. This planet didn't have an atmosphere. It floated in a vast black fog.

‘The fog was formed from all kinds of poisonous gases. cultivators who had yet to attain Saint Kinghood didn’t dare to come close.

Zhang Ruochen used his spiritual power to check the planet. He didn’t find the presence of the cultivators from Infernal Court or Celestial Captives. “This is it!”

Boom!

Moyin threw the unconscious Lord Sinluo on the ground. At the south pole of the planet, it used the jade and divine stone fragments it’d gotten from Zhang Ruochen to set up a dimensional teleportation array.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged on the bank of a lava river. He mobilized the Divine Purification Flame to refine the chaotic energy within his body.

If Zhang Ruochen didn’t refine the power of Xu, Ye Changzai, Que Fei and other opponents, his injuries would only get worse. He would never recover.

Not long after, Moyin finished setting up the dimensional teleportation array. Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was still refining, it didn’t disturb him. Instead, it took out Lord Sinluo’s Frostwood Bow.

She refined the Implement Spirit of Frostwood Bow and prepared it for future use.

A Class Three Regal Artifact was worth nearly 1,000 Godstones. If used well, each arrow could kill a Supreme Saint. It could be considered a great killing weapon.

Apart from the bow, there were six other arrows.

Each arrow was at the level of a Regal Artifact. The material and shape were different.

One of them was translucent, like a crystal. When Moyin injected Saint Qi into it, the arrow disappeared. It became invisible and didn’t emit any fluctuations.

It was a “Soul Arrow” made of Soul Crystals. It was specially used to kill the Saint Souls of cultivators. It was the most lethal to the ghosts who only had souls.

If it was combined with Dark Arrow practiced by Lord Sinluo, it could unleash even a more terrifying power. With it, the user could kill enemies whose cultivation ranks were higher than them.

After Moyin refined Frostwood Bow and the six arrows, it pressed its finger on the head of Lord Sinluo. Tendrils as thin as needles extended out and pierced into his scalp, entering his mind.

Lord Sinluo, who was unconscious, suddenly convulsed, his limbs flailing wildly, and he let out a shrill scream.

Moyin was searching Lord Sinluo's soul, snatching his memories, and searching for an archery technique.

After a long while, tendrils retreated from Lord Sinluo's head and disappeared.

A charming smile appeared on Moyin's snow-white flawless face.

"Eh?"

Sensing a powerful Saint Qi coming from the fog above the planet, Moyin's expression turned cold. She placed a divine wood arrow on Frostwood Bow and pulled it open.

Whoosh!

'Wrapped by a cloud of Blood Qi, a beautiful woman broke through the fog and revealed herself.

She had ten silver wings on her back and was tall. Her long hair was like a waterfall, and her skin was flawless. A jade flute hung on her waist as she flew toward the south pole.

Moyin recognized her. She was Lord Xia Yu of Bloodysky Clan.

"Don't come over."

Moyin pointed the Divine Tree Arrow at Lord Xia Yu. Cold air radiated from the arrowhead, freezing the lava in the south pole into a river of ice.

Lord Xia Yu landed on the top of a crimson mountain. Seeing Zhang Ruochen sitting cross-legged on the ground, she

frowned slightly. “What do you mean?”

Moyin pursed her red lips and smiled. “Master is recovering. No one is allowed to come near.”

“Not even me?”

Lord Xia Yu was a little angry. Her phoenix-like eyes shone with a bloody light.

“Of course.”

Zhang Ruochen did not trust anyone in Infernal Court, and Moyin either.

Moreover, Lord Xia Yu had many suspicious things, to begin with. It could not let her get close to Zhang Ruochen at this time.

For example, during the God-ascension Ceremony, when they were fighting for the leader of Bloodysky Clan, Lord Xia Yu was full of killing intent toward Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Xia Yu had promised Zhang Ruochen to break the Array of the Ghost clan’s home planet. But she disappeared at the most critical moment.

Moreover, she returned only after the battle when Zhang Ruochen was seriously injured.

What a coincidence!

Lord Xia Yu was so angry that she gnashed her teeth. It was just a Saint Devourer and Zhang Ruochen’s pet. How dare it point an arrow at her? How outrageous.

“You aren’t strong enough to block my way.”

Lord Xia Yu’s clothes fluttered in the wind. She flew over directly.

Boom!

Moyin shot the Divine Tree Arrow. It flew out of the bow, leaving a light trail dozens of meters long.

In the beginning, Lord Xia Yu did not see Moyin as a worthy opponent. However, the moment the Divine Tree Arrow flew out from Frostwood Bow, cold air swept across the realm.

Whoosh—

The planet's south pole instantly turned into a glacier continent.

The Divine Tree Arrow was astonishingly sharp, forcing Lord Xia Yu to take out her Soul-siphoning Flute to counter it. Her body was sent flying back from the impact, and she landed on the glacier land a hundred kilometers away in a bad state. She was sent flying back another ten kilometers. Only then did she stabilize herself.

Her right hand holding the flute felt pain and numbness.

“How can it be so strong? Even when Frostwood Bow is in the hands of Lord Sinluo, it can't unleash such terrifying power.”

Lord Xia Yu was amazed.

She had cultivated Grade Three Saintwill, and she was ranked eleventh on the Hundred-Shackle Realm Great Perfection cultivator list. In time, if she could acquire a Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique, with her attainments in Array formation and Talisman, she would probably be ranked seventh or

even sixth, surpassing Pink Skull and Xu.

Lord Xia Yu was caught off guard because she had underestimated Moyin. She was shocked by Moyin's arrow.

Even Zhang Ruochen's pet had the strength of the top ten Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivator list.

“Come at me again.”

Lord Xia Yu was dominant and stubborn. Moyin had triggered her will to fight Moyin as a worthy opponent.

Moyin puffed up her chest and put on a stance. It smiled and said, “Haha, are you afraid of me?”

“Stop fighting. Save your strength. There is still a tough battle ahead.”

Zhang Ruochen's voice was vast and mighty, spreading across the ice continent in the south pole.

The two looked in the direction of the voice. They saw Zhang Ruochen stand up after refining all kinds of energy invading his body. His external injuries were healed. He was shirtless, revealing his well-defined muscles. He was full of masculinity and charm that attracted female beings.

Lord Xia Yu was very proud and conceited, but at this moment, she could not help but take a few glances.

“Let Lord Xia Yu come here. She can be trusted,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Yes, Master.”

Moyin flew to Zhang Ruochen’s side with a smile. She took out a blood-red robe and draped it over him. “I’m moved by a peerless man like Master. I just want to be with you forever, not a second apart.”

“You’re just a parasitic plant. If I were your master, I would refine you long ago. I wouldn’t allow you to have your own consciousness.”

Lord Xia Yu flew over and landed on the ground. She sized Zhang Ruochen up and said, “Why are you so weak? Are you severely injured?”

Although the external injuries had disappeared, the internal wounds wouldn’t heal in a short time.

“It doesn’t matter. I’ve refined the various energy that invaded my body. I have the Heart of the Divine Tree. Give me a day to recover.” Zhang Ruochen’s tone was indifferent.

Lord Xia Yu asked, “Did you destroy the Ghost Clan’s home planet?”

“Did you go back?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Xia Yu nodded. “There was an accident on my side. I ran into big trouble. When I finally got rid of it. I went back and found that the Ghost clan’s home planet had turned into a golden planet. It was surrounded by golden fog. No cultivator could break-in.

“I thought you had died there, but on the way back to the Immortal Vampires’ home planet, I found the marks you left,

so I tracked you here.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes darkened. “I left those marks for you on purpose. By the way, what big trouble did you run into?”

Lord Xia Yu snorted, “Mauve Pupa, the top Corpusian elite,” she said. “This guy was lying in ambush near the home planet of the Ghost clan. When I was about to break the Array, he suddenly jumped out and attacked me. Fortunately, my spiritual power was strong, so I survived.”

“He was ranked tenth on the list of top Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators, and I was ranked eleventh. Originally, I didn’t need to fear him.

“However, he held Corpusian’s Supreme Artifact. In this way, how could I be a match for him? I could only retreat.

“If [had a supreme-being saint weapon, I would not have feared him.”

Lord Xia Yu clenched her snow-white teeth tightly, and her bright eyes displayed strong killing intent.

Lord Xia Yu, who had been running for three days, had nowhere to vent her anger.

Zhang Ruochen put his hands behind his back. “I have an extra Supreme Artifact,” he said. “I can let you use it for now.

“Of course, I have conditions. You have to fight a few tough battles with me. However, if you’re unlucky, you might die.

“But if you’re lucky and survive, I’ll let you have that Supreme Artifact. You should think carefully before you decide..”

Chapter 2323: The Third Dark Star

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

“You have more Supreme Artifacts?”

Lord Xia Yu was stunned and shocked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “What’s there to be surprised about? Xu is dead. His Supreme Artifact naturally falls into my hands.”

“Xu is dead?”

Lord Xia Yu was even more shocked. She instinctively couldn’t accept this fact. She felt that Zhang Ruochen must be joking with her.

‘What kind of person was Xu? If Xu wanted to leave, even a Supreme Saint at the peak of Thousand-Koan Realm might not be able to kill him.

“Has Lord Homless been to Ghost’s home planet?” Lord Xia Yu asked seriously.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “Xu felt that he’d lost too badly during his fight with me. He couldn’t explain himself to Ghost Master. That’s why he used Instance of Light and wanted to die with me. Unfortunately, he didn’t succeed.”

Lord Xia Yu looked at Zhang Ruochen with a strange look, she said, “How could you win? How could you force him to die with you? And how could you survive after he used Instance of Light? How- how many of your words are true?”

“Every word is true. I’ve broken 14 shackles,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu was even more skeptical. She shot him a look that said, “Do you think I’m an idiot?”.

She knew that just a few days ago that Zhang Ruochen had only broken through his first shackle of Hundred-Shackle Realm. Even if he had eaten a cauldron of Fugue Pills, he could not have broken through 14 shackles so quickly.

Even a Yuanhui tribulation-level genius could not be so heaven-defying.

Zhang Ruochen took out Violet Gourd and opened it.

Swoosh!

A black light flew out of the gourd and tured into a seven-petal lotus.

The seven-petal lotus spun slowly in front of the three of them, releasing a thick and cold Ghostly Qi.

In an instant, the sky and Earth became extremely dark. Hundreds of millions of ghosts roared, wailed, and cried from inside the lotus as if there was hell inside.

“Pleiades Lotus!”

Lord Xia Yu opened her red lips slightly. Her pretty face was full of excitement. She stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Did you really force Xu to death? Did you really break 14 shackles? Are you still human?”

At this moment, she finally believed a little. However, her heart was in a mess as she felt humiliated. She felt as if she was being pressed and rubbed to the ground by Zhang Ruochen in all kinds of positions.

They were both outstanding Supreme Saints, but why was there such a big difference.

suddenly, Lord Xia Yu thought of something and asked, “Is it related to the Golden Mist that emanated from Ghost’s home planet?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “There are indeed a lot of fortuitous encounters inside Ghost’s home planet.”

“Isee.”

Lord Xia Yu’s eyes shone with a dazzling light. She looked eager to try.

“The fortuitous encounters in Ghost’s home planet are extremely dangerous. You will die trying to take them,” Zhang Ruochen said rudely.

He made it sound so absolute because he was afraid that Lord Xia Yu would try.

“Humph! Don’t think that you’re invincible. If you can get the encounter, I can too,” Lord Xia Yu said confidently, raising her snow-white chin and eyebrow.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and didn’t say anything more, “I’ve used Violet Gourd to refine Pleiades Lotus. If you agree to my conditions, I’ll give it to you now. You can subdue its vessel spirit.”

Lord Xia Yu knew the significance of a Supreme Artifact for a Supreme Saint. It meant that her road ahead would be smoother and she could crush all her opponents in the same realm.

Even Supreme Saint from Paramount Realm yearned for such an opportunity.

“We have the same interests in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Even without this Supreme Artifact, I will accompany you through any battle. With this Supreme Artifact, I can only say that you know how to win over people’s hearts. You have invested so much in me. Do you really want to Woo Me?” Lord

Xia Yu asked with a faint smile.

Lord Xia Yu was very confident in her beauty and talent. She had won the hearts of countless chosen ones from Infernal Court. However, as her talent for cultivation was revealed, very few cultivators in her generation had a cultivation base that could match her.

Those who had pursued her before knew that they weren’t good enough for her, so they naturally stayed away.

Of course, the most important reason was that Lord Xia Yu had never been interested in romantic relationships. She was extremely cold to all suitors.

Zhang Ruochen hummed and turned to leave, returning to his healing state.

“You can just say it in front of me. There’s no need to beat around the bush. If you’re serious, I’ll definitely consider it,” Lord Xia Yu said.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was as silent as a rock, Lord Xia Yu lost interest and looked at Pleiades Lotus. If she could master a Supreme Artifact, her status in Bloodysky Clan would be completely different.

Moreover, this Supreme Artifact was given to her by Zhang Ruochen.

Who’s Zhang Ruochen?

The man of this Yuanhui Period. Zhang Ruochen is not only a Scion but also the grandson of the clan leader. He was likely to be the successor of Bloodysky Clan’s chief in the future.

With this, who in Bloodysky Clan would dare to target the Xias in the future?

One day later.

Zhang Ruochen’s injuries healed, and his spirit Qi was restored to full condition. The divine force in his body surged, and his spiritual power produced two vague senses.

One of them was relatively close to him, so he could sense it clearly.

The other one was quite far away, so he could only sense a general direction.

These two senses were his perception of Self-Defined Mark of Time on Saint Lord Zuo Mu and Que.

“It’s time to go hunting!”

Zhang Ruochen thought about it carefully but turned his eyes to the still unconscious Lord Sinluo. He said, “Moyin, wake him up.”

Moyin stopped practicing Archery. A Divine Purification Flame shot out from her fingertip and landed on Lord Sinluo.

Chi-Chi-

The next moment, Lord Sinluo let out a scream and jumped up from the ground. He had just extinguished Divine Purification Flame on his body when he was entangled by Zhang Ruochen's Ghost-headed Whip. With a bang, he fell back to the ground.

Lord Sinluo quickly understood his situation. He roared, "Zhang Ruochen if you're really a tough guy, let me go. I want a fair fight with you."

Zhang Ruochen walked over and said, "You are not qualified to fight with me. Tell me, did the upper three races lure the Celestial Captives to ambush me?"

Lord Sinluo snorted and kept silent.

Zhang Ruochen said again, "There are so many Celestial Captives. They can't gather together for no reason. They should have a hiding place, right? Where is the hiding place?"

Lord Sinluo still didn't say a word. He just stared at him and sneered.

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, "It seems like you haven't learned your lesson. Moyin, you do it."

A look of fear flashed across Lord Sinluo's eyes. He stared at the sky and said, "Masters in the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, I want to leave..."

Before he could say the words "leave Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting" a vine whip with lightning struck his face and sent him flying.

Crack Crack!

The vine whip struck relentlessly, sending Lord Sinluo flying in the air, sometimes to the east and sometimes to the west. His body kept twitching.

Lord Sinluo let out a series of screams.

Moyin controlled the vine whip and said, "Master, I have checked the memory of Lord Sinluo. I know where the Celestial Captives are gathered."

“You can check the memory of Lord Sinluo?” Zhang Ruochen was surprised.

Everyone knows that cultivators of important status from Celestial Court or Internal Court must have used divine force to seal their memory and protect some secrets. No external force could forcibly take it away.

Just like when Zhang Ruochen wanted to check Warlord Mara’s mind but was injured by the attack of divine force.

Moyin said, “I only found his memories and consciousness after he entered Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.”

Zhang Ruochen was enlightened. He smiled and said, “I see. That’s right. The divine force of gods can’t enter Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.”

“In the memory of Lord Sinluo, there is a large group of Celestial Captives gathered near the third Dark Star. The 12 Supreme Saints of Hundred-Shackle Realm and the Supreme Saint from Thousand-Koan Realm that we killed are there too,” Moyin said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Let’s go to the third Dark Star now.”

Moyin stared at Lord Sinluo and asked, “What about him?”

“He is useless now, kill him!

Zhang Ruochen said lightly.

Lord Sinluo was anxious after hearing this. However, he could not even convey his desire to escape from Battlefield of Celestial- Hunting at this moment.

It was even more impossible for him to self-destruct his Sainthood Source

He was struck by Thunder Whip the moment he condensed his power.

Lord Sinluo was extremely unwilling as he felt that he will die too humiliating. As a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm, he didn’t even have the chance to die with his enemy.

wait.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped Moyin that wanted to swallow Lord Sinluo. He reached out and grabbed Lord Sinluo's head. Five streaks of blood Qi and spiritual power merged into one. They rushed out of his fingers and entered Lord Sinluo's body.

Divine force surged out of Lord Sinluo's head to fight against Zhang Ruochen.

However, the divine force wasn't too strong. Zhang Ruochen quickly dispelled it.

After a while, Zhang Ruochen withdrew his hand. Lord Sinluo fell to the ground.

"Just as I expected," Zhang Ruochen said with a smile.

Moyin asked, "Master, can I devour him now?"

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and said, "It's better not to kill Supreme Saints of Infernal Court on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting."

"But he wants to kill you," Moyin said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Not from now on!"

"What do you mean?" Moyin asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I broke the guardian divine force in his mind and erased all of his memories outside of cultivations. He will be my helper henceforth."

Moyin looked disappointed and sighed.

Lord Xia Yu held Pleiades Lotus in her hand and descended from the sky. She said, "Lord Sinluo is the son of Lord Chi Hun. With Lord Chi Hun's exceptional cultivation, how did you break his guardian divine force?"

"No matter how strong Lord Chi Hun is, his divine force can't enter Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. The guardian divine force he left in Lord Sinluo's body can't stop me," Zhang Ruochen said.

Gods couldn't leave large amounts of divine force directly in a cultivator's body.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen had been injured by divine forces when he had probed into Warlord Mara's memories. This was because what Zhang Ruochen did had been sensed by the god behind Warlord Mara. The divine force had passed through Dimensions and entered Warlord Mara's body, exploding at that moment.

It was like Staff of the Divine Envoy that Moon Goddess had given to Zhang Ruochen. As long as Zhang Ruochen was attacked by a Supreme Saint, he could borrow Moon Goddess's divine force through Staff of the Divine Envoy.

The Staff of the Divine Envoy itself did not have much divine force.

After waking up, Lord Sinluo followed Zhang Ruochen, Moyin, together with Lord Xia Yu and flew toward the third Dark Star.

The closer Zhang Ruochen got to the third Dark Star, the clearer his perception of Self-Defined Mark of Time became. He knew that he had come to the right place.

"Little Sinluo, you and Moyin will kill the Celestial Captives in the outer area. Don't let any of them escape.

"Moyin, you have another mission besides killing the Celestial Captives. If the Celestial Captive from Thousand-Koan Realm wants to escape, you have to stop him at all costs until we catch up."

After assigning tasks to Moyin and Lord Sinluo, Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu spread the wings on their backs. They turned into two streaks of light, one gold, one silver, and flew toward the Dark Star.

Different planets have different conditions after their dead.

The Dark Star was one of them.

Under the influence of the Dark Star, millions miles of the starry sky around was pitch-black. In addition, a cultivator's spiritual power and vision would be greatly affected by the power of the Dark Star.

For Celestial Captives, this was the best place to hide.

As soon as they entered the area covered by the power of the Dark Star, Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu felt a huge suction force on their bodies pulling them.

As they got closer to the Dark Star, the suction force was getting stronger and stronger.

“Are you sure that the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint is hiding on the Dark Star’s celestial body?” Lord Xia Yu was afraid of the terrors of the Dark Star.

Once a cultivator below Supreme Saint realm landed on the Dark Star, it was as if one had become a mortal. He could not fly off the ground and would be trapped there.

Cultivators below Saint Kings’ realm would instantly be crushed to death by the terrifying gravity and turned into dust once they landed on the Dark Star.

“Just follow me. This Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint is very powerful. If we can kill him, the points of Bloodysky Clan will definitely exceed 10 million. We will be number one in the top ten tribes,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Number one in the top ten tribes. I’m looking forward to it.”

Lord Xia Yu used to be skeptical when Zhang Ruochen told her that he wanted to fight for number one in the top ten tribes. But now, in less than 10 days after Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting began, the points of Bloodysky Clan had reached more than 6 million. They were already number one in the top ten tribes.

Qitian clan, which ranked second, had only accumulated more than 1 million points.

After a while, Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu landed on the third Dark Star. This star was only a few thousand miles in diameter and the size of an ordinary planet.

However, the gravity of the star was extremely shocking. Even with their cultivation base, they felt that they were severely suppressed. It was very difficult for them to fly off the ground.

“The material of this planet is very special. It’s 100,000 times denser than ordinary iron. It contains dark matter and is a

substance to refine Regal Artifacts and Supreme Artifact,”

Zhang Ruochen squatted down and picked up a palm-sized rock. He weighed it in his hand. Unexpectedly, it weighed more than a million pounds.

Perhaps only a Supreme Saint could walk on such a planet normally.

“Hmm. This planet seems to have changed the flow of time. Does it contain special materials to refine time treasures?”

Zhang Ruochen was delighted.

Chapter 2324 Saint Lord Zuo Mu

No matter how strong Celestial Captives were, they didn't have spiritual power. Hence, they couldn't sense danger approaching. Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu moved quickly on the third Dark Star.

After an hour, Zhang Ruochen suddenly stopped. He crouched down and stroked the ground. "He's nearby. The ground is filled with Supreme Saint Inscriptions. I'll break them *all*."

"Wait."

Lord Xia Yu grabbed Zhang Ruochen's wrist and stopped him. "You can track the Celestial Captive in Thousand-Koan Realm, but he can't sense that we're here, right?"

Zhang Ruochen looked down and glanced at Lord Xia Yu's delicate hand. "That's right."

Lord Xia Yu said, "If that's the case, why do we have to fight him head-on? It's better to attack him by surprise."

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his hand from her fingers and smiled "There are not only Supreme Saint Inscriptions on the ground but underground and in the sky too. They are crisscrossed and densely distributed. It's almost impossible for other cultivators to sneak in without anyone knowing."

The power of the third Dark Star was special, its power could make Dimensions extremely stable. It was difficult to perform Great Dimensional Shift and Spatial Wormhole Mirror here. Furthermore, it was even more difficult to use Power of Dimensions with the Supreme Saint Inscriptions' hinder.

With Zhang Ruochen's dimensional attainments, he could try.

However, it was easy to make mistakes. If he wasn't careful, he would fall into the void space.

That was why Zhang Ruochen decided to play it safe and attack.

With his and Lord Xia Yu's battle strength together with two Supreme Artifacts, they would at least be invincible.

The other party was a powerful figure Supreme Saint among Thousand-Koan Realm. Even if a Supreme Saint from Banshi Isshou Realm wanted to kill him, it would not be easy. From the beginning, Zhang Ruochen had been prepared for a long battle. With the enemy's weakness of no spiritual power, Zhang Ruochen would slowly exhaust him to death. Lord Xia Yu put her hands behind her blood robe. Her round chest was lifted high. Her red lips and her snow-white chin were raised, she smiled and said, "Don't forget, there's a High-Saint Talisman Master and a High-Saint Array Master here. How can a mere Supreme Saint Inscription stop her?"

Zhang Ruochen glanced at her with a strange expression. "Since when did you, the ice queen, become so narcissistic and proud?"

When he first met Lord Xia Yu, she was as cold as ice. She was distant and hostile toward Zhang Ruochen. But now, Lord Xia Yu was like a different person in front of him. She became shameless and loved to self-praise. Her previous coldness was gone forever. She had completely let down her guard and resistance against Zhang Ruochen. Perhaps this was the real her.

Lord Xia Yu seemed to realize that she was different from before. She quickly put away her smile and said coldly, "After cultivating Talisman and Array formation to the High-Saint Realm, I could dissolve the Supreme Saint Inscriptions with a snap of my fingers. Watch carefully!"

Lord Xia Yu put her slender finger to her lips and bit it.

A drop of Supreme Saint's blood flew out and gave off a seductive light.

Her finger drew a complicated and mysterious blood talisman in the void space.

Whoosh

Blood Talisman fell to the ground more than 30 meters away like a piece of paper. Instantly, Supreme Saint Inscriptions that interweaved between heaven and earth melted quickly.

Lord Xia Yu was quite proud. She stared at Zhang Ruochen with an expression that said, "I'm very powerful, right?"

Then, she continued to draw talismans and led the way.

Zhang Ruochen knew that he was far inferior to Lord Xia Yu in terms of Talisman and Array formation. So, he nodded and praised, "Very powerful. No wonder you dare to call yourself Lord. You do have some tricks up your sleeves."

"I didn't grant myself as Lord Xia Yu. It was bestowed to me by the 340 billion Immortal Vampires of the Xias," Lord Xia Yu said.

Supreme Saint Inscriptions covered an area of more than two hundred kilometers. In the center stood a pitch-black mountain. The mountain was made entirely of rock. The cliffs on all four sides looked as if they had been slashed by a peerless expert.

At the foot of the cliff on the south side of the mountain, two copper cauldrons emitted green and red light.

The two cauldrons were identical. They had six legs and two ears. One was wrapped around a green dragon and the other around a red scaly dragon. They emitted powerful energy fluctuations.

They were known as Hexad Sun and Moon Furnace.

They were two heavy weapons of Fane of Meteorite, one of the 24 Fane of Asura. They have reached as a Class Two Regal Artifacts. When the two cauldrons were combined, they could unleash the power of a Class Three Regal Artifact.

Lord Xia Yu broke the Supreme Saint Inscriptions. Together with Zhang Ruochen, they arrived at the edge where the light of Hexad Sun and Moon Furnace couldn't reach. Standing in Pleiades Lotus, they could perfectly hide their aura.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu stood below the two cauldrons and used Hexad Sun and Moon Furnace Flame to refine one Regal Artifact after another.

Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu did not attack rashly. They were looking for the best opportunity. Lord Xia Yu said in a

low voice, “Hexad Sun and Moon Furnace are the weapons of Second Saintess Yan Cuo of Fane of Meteorite. I didn’t expect Saint Lord Zuo Mu to take them.”

“There are 16 of them,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu knew what Zhang Ruochen was referring to. Saint Lord Zuo Mu had taken 16 Regal Artifacts. In other words, Saint Lord Zuo Mu had killed 16 Supreme Saints. Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. He stared at the dark area at the bottom of the cliff and said, “So there are 17 of them.”

In the Dark Area, a black centipede-like chain bound the 17th figures. The spikes of the black centipede chain pierced into the rocks and their bodies, making them unable to move.

They were not dead. They were still alive.

Lord Xia Yu also found out. She said in surprise, “The leader of Fane of Meteorite Fang Mofeng, Second Saintess Yan Cuo, Yan Hanyu, and Mo Cuo. The other 14 are all Ghost Supreme Saints.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Saint Lord Zuo Mu knows how to take advantage of the situation. The Ghost top elites are either self-destructed or seriously injured. But instead, he had a steal.”

On Ghost’s home planet, Zhang Ruochen had only taken Xu’s Pleiades Lotus and Ghost-headed Whip of Popobawa Ghost Emperor.

It was just two weapons.

But Saint Lord Zuo Mu had taken all 17 Regal Artifacts.

“The hatred between Saint Lord Zuo Mu and Fane of Meteorite is very deep. It’s totally aimed at them,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu said, “It’s said that Fane of Meteorite made a great effort to capture Saint Lord Zuo Mu. Now that the leader and Second Saintess Yan Cuo have been captured, Fane of Meteorite has lost not only its reputation but also its position in Asura for the next thousand years.”

Saint Lord Zuo Mu has cold feet about the Celestial Captives, thus he just seized and didn't dare to kill them.

Once Celestial Captives killed Supreme Saints of Infernal Court, one would be tracked by the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms. Then the location of the Celestial Captive would be sent to every Supreme Saint of Infernal Court in the diamond-shaped mirror.

Therefore, even if Saint Lord Zuo Mu wanted to kill these captives, he would definitely wait until the end of Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Lord Xia Yu was about to make a move, but Zhang Ruochen patted her shoulder and said, "A Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint's reaction is extremely fast. If you want to sneak attack him, you have to wait for a better opportunity."

At this time, Saint Lord Zuo Mu sneered and said, "Ghost's Supreme Saints are so poor. Most of the weapons used in Celestial-Hunting Festival are Class Two Regal Artifacts. They can't even compare to the weapons of my three junior brothers and sisters. How disappointing."

The Ghost Supreme Saints who had their cultivation sealed lowered their heads and did not say a word.

They had no choice as they were already in this situation. There was no point in arguing.

Now, they could only hope that the top-tier elites of Hundred-Shackle Realm would rush here and kill Saint Lord Zuo Mu. Only then would they have a chance to survive.

However, fewer than five Supreme Saints of Infernal Court had the chance to kill Saint Lord Zuo Mu. There was not much hope.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu said, "Do you know why the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms didn't send you off even if you wanted to leave Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?"

After pausing for a moment, he said, "That's because the Dark Star is a planet that Fane of Destiny arranged for Celestial Captives. Everything is decided by Celestial Captive here.

“The purpose of Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting is to train you. The weak will be eliminated, and the strong will survive

“You are all the weak, so you’ll all die. Haha!”

Mo Cuo, who was nailed to the cliff by the centipede-like chains, gritted his teeth and said, “Do you think Fane of Destiny will really let you go if you killed so many Supreme Saints of Infernal Court?”

Mo Cuo looked like a young man in his twenties. Even though he was covered in injuries, one could still tell that he was handsome and had an outstanding aura. He was a peerless beauty.

He was the most outstanding prodigy of Fane of Meteorite after Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu walked over and stared at Mo Cuo closely, he smiled and said, “Do you think your life is so important to Fane of Destiny and the gods? No, you don’t have the qualifications at all. Among the eyes of Fane of Destiny and the gods, at most, only that old guy from Fane of Meteorite will slightly treasure you.”

“You...”

Mo Cuo glared fiercely at Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu held a two-foot-long short sword that he had just refined and placed it on Mo Cuo’s face, “All the heaven’s favored sons in the last thousand years of Infernal Court had gathered at Battle of Celestial-Hunting. However, the gods pay attention to a few or a dozen of them only. You are definitely not one of them.”

“Senior brother Zuo Mu, it was your fault all those years ago. You can not make the same mistake again.” A gentle female voice sounded.

The one who spoke was Yan Hanyu, who was known as Fane of Meteorite’s number one beauty.

This woman’s skin was as smooth as butter. Her lips were red and her teeth were white. Even though she was wearing a white plain robe, she gave off an extremely stunning feeling.

This was especially so for her delicate and moving temperament. She was like a delicate and sentimental woman.

If one only looked at her appearance, who would have thought that she was a Supreme Saint Realm powerhouse?

Saint Lord Zuo Mu's gaze shifted towards her and landed on her breathtakingly beautiful face, "You said that I was wrong, but didn't you also walk further down the wrong path? Have you ever thought of turning back after betraying Tianchu Civilization?"

Yan Hanyu looked bitter, but when her eyes fell on Mo Cuo, they immediately regained their firmness.

In Pleiades Lotus.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Is Yan Hanyu the Supreme Saint of Tianchu Civilization?"

He asked this question because he saw a trace of Luoji in Yan Hanyu.

"Her identity in Tianchu Civilization is not ordinary. She is a direct descendant of Tianzhu, and her mother is a demigod," Lord Xia Yu said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If her identity is so noble, why did she betray Tianzhu Civilization and become a member of Asura?"

"No one knows the details. However, Tianchu Civilization and Ashuran Planet were very close to each other. The two fought all year round. Yan Hanyu and Mo Cuo might have changed from enemies to lovers. For example, you and Fairy Lian Xi, or you and Rakshasa Princess, or even you and me. Everything is possible!" Lord Xia Yu said.

"Don't compare. The opportunity is coming!"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed. His gaze was like an eagle's.

Rip

Saint Lord Zuo Mu grabbed Yan Hanyu's chest and tore off her white plainclothes, revealing her flawless and delicate body.

His eyes were smiling as he sized her up greedily. “What a pity. If the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms could reflect the scene here and spread it throughout Infernal Court, that old fellow from Fane of Meteorite would probably die from anger, right?”

Yan Hanyu was a Supreme Saint after all. Her state of mind was much more resolute than an ordinary woman’s. She bit her lower teeth and trembled slightly when she was attacked. She did not appear to be weak.

However, Mo Cuo’s heart was bleeding. He screamed, “Zuo Mu, fight me if you want. How could you humiliate a woman? You dare call yourselves a Supreme Saint?”

Fane of Meteorite’s leader, Fang Mofeng said, “If you humiliate Fane of Meteorite like this, even if you leave Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting alive, master will chase you to the ends of the Earth. Can you escape then?”

“Why can’t I escape? At most, I will take your heads and join Tianzhu Civilization. Can that old fellow still barge into Tianzhu Civilization and kill me?”

Saint Lord Zuo Mu laughed maniacally. He then grabbed the back of Yan Hanyu’s neck and lifted her delicate body slightly. Her snow-white jade-like face was about to touch his lips, “Junior brother Mo Cuo, when you helped Fane of Destiny and chased after me, did you ever think that this day would come? As a member of Asura, you didn’t work hard to cultivate the path of killing but fell in love with a woman. You’re destined to be mediocre in your life.”

Boom

Mo Cuo let out a long roar as rays of blood light burst out from his body. He was burning his saint blood in an attempt to break the seal in his body.

The centipede-like chain was shaking until it made “Ding Ding” sounds.

The centipede’s spikes slowly moved out of his body. Just as he was about to break free, two beams of light shot out from Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s eyes and hit Mo Cuo’s chest.

BOOM!

Mo Cuo's body caved in from the hit and a large amount of blood mist flew out.

"Junior brother Mo Cuo, senior has taught you a lesson today. The weak can only be slaughtered by others and suffer helpless pain."

Saint Lord Zuo Mu's gaze was fixed on Yan Hanyu. He was about to humiliate her in front of Mo Cuo to vent the resentment and endless hatred in his heart.

Suddenly, Saint Lord Zuo Mu felt danger and looked up.

A fire cloud containing divine force descended from the sky and reached his head in an instant.

"Yanshen's Leg."

Zhang Ruochen stood above the fire cloud like a peerless evil god. Divine force surged from his left foot. Dense Divine Marks interweaved. The dazzling flame lit up the Dark Star for a short time.

Boom

Half of Saint Lord Zuo Mu's body was stepped into the ground. Even though his arms blocked Zhang Ruochen's left leg, he still spat out a mouthful of purple blood. He was suppressed and couldn't move.

"Great Kun Tun Fingerstrike,"

Lord Xia Yu's steps were like a flash of lightning. She rushed behind Saint Lord Zuo Mu and stuck him.

This finger strike hit right on his head.

Crack Crack!

Cracks appeared and collapsed inward on Saint Lord Zuo Mu's skull around Lord Xia Yu's finger strike.

No matter how hard a Supreme Saint's bone was, it would still crack under such a sharp blow.

Chapter 2325 The First Form

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

BOOM!

Saint Lord Zuo Mu's head exploded. The purple blood mist in his head gushed out like a waterfall. Dozens of broken bones of Supreme Saints were mixed in and smashed into the ground.

Such a sudden change shocked the 17 Supreme Saints present.

A powerful Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint was killed just like that?

The attackers were not Yan Huangtu and Lan Ying, who had taken the Infernal Court by surprise. Instead, it was Zhang Ruochen, who had recently joined the Infernal Court, and Lord Xia Yu, who had previously gone

unnamed.

“Saint Lord Zuo Mu, the strongest among the five Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captives, was killed by them. The Battle of Celestial-Hunting of the Bloodysky Clan this year is going to be heaven-defying!”

The Ghost Supreme Saints looked at each other with mixed feelings.

They were relieved that Saint Lord Zuo Mu had been assassinated, but Zhang Ruochen remained a source of concern for them. Now that Zhang Ruochen had recovered and was coming with great momentum, it was

still unknown whether he would let them go.

Fang Mofeng, the captain of the Fane of Meteorite, shouted, “You two be careful. Zuo Mu's first form is an aqueous devil. He's almost immortal. He won't be killed so easily.”

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power had been locked onto Saint Lord Zuo Mu's corpse without Fang Mofeng's reminder.

Zhang Ruochen discovered that Saint Lord Zuo Mu's Qi of Life, which had been rapidly depleting, was recovering quickly. It was even more vigorous than before.

The shattered head of a corpse on the ground emitted a brilliant purple light.

The flesh and bones melted like ice and turned into purple water.

Splash

The purple water gushed out of the Armor of Meteorite and turned into sword-shaped spikes. They quickly flowed toward Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu.

It was more like a stab than a flow.

The speed of the flow was faster than lightning.

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen used the Power of Time to activate the divine force in his left leg. He moved quickly and grabbed Lord Xia Yu's wrist, dragging her away.

"I didn't come to find you, but you came to me. Today, none of you can escape."

An angry spiritual thought sounded.

The sword-shaped spike condensed by purple water was like 15 sharp purple lights. It chased after Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu, piercing their hearts. Even with the weakening of the Power of Time, the purple

water was still incredibly fast.

"HMPH!"

Lord Xia Yu rotated her five fingers and extended her right hand. In her snow-white palm, the Pleiades Lotus appeared.

Under the urging of her dense blood-red aura, the Pleiades Lotus' Supreme Inscription was activated. Tens of thousands of ghostly mist spread out, and countless spectral flames floated in the air, flickering.

An explosion sounded. The Supreme Power that the Pleiades Lotus unleashed shattered the purple sword-shaped spikes, turning them into dense drops of aqueous that splattered out.

The drops of aqueous dripped onto the ground like purple rain.

Splash

The aqueous purple drops quickly shrank and condensed into a ball again, turning into a seven-meter-tall aqueous giant. It was sparkling and translucent, and it had two arms that looked like the legs of a mantis. The

purple light between its eyebrows was especially bright, it was like a purple sun.

Under its feet, the purple mist churned, accompanied by loud thunder.

‘Is he a living creature or a dead spirit? Or is he both a living creature and a dead spirit, just like the Nether Clan and the Deathkin?’ Lord Xia Yu thought as she was shocked.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s information didn’t mention anything about his other forms.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t panic because of Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s change. Instead, Zhang Ruochen looked interested and he said, “He has strong spatial fluctuations. He’s definitely not from an ordinary clan.”

Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s gaze moved back and forth between the Pleiades Lotus in Lord Xia Yu’s hand and the Violet Gourd on Zhang Ruochen’s waist, he laughed loudly, “You may have ruined my plans, but compared to

the two Supreme Artifacts, it’s just a small matter.

“The Supreme Artifacts are here, but you have to be able to get them.”

Zhang Ruochen stomped his feet, and layers of flames gushed out from under his feet. There were white Divine Purification Flames and Yanshen’s Mark of scarlet flames.

nan instant, the white and red flames covered dozens of miles of heaven and earth, turning it into a blazing inferno.

o matter what clan Saint Lord Zuo Mu belongs to, he was still in aqueous form.

Both water and fire were able to destroy each other.

erhaps Zhang Ruochen could use the flames to refine Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

“Zhang Ruochen, although you destroyed my second form, you still have a long way to go before you can compete with me with your current cultivation.”

Saint Lord Zuo Mu let out a long cry. Large amounts of purple water gushed out of his aqueous body.

The purple water was like a flash flood. It set off waves that were hundreds of feet high. It broke the inferno and spread hundreds of miles away.

Swoosh

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu did not dare to touch the purple water. They spread out their ten wings and flew into the air. Looking down, they saw that the ground below was completely covered by the purple

water. It turned into a purple ocean.

“It’s Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s Precept and It’s in a Path form,” Lord Xia Yu said.

The number of Precepts cultivated by the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint was more than ten billion. He could use his own Precepts to develop his own Path.

The Path form was a manifestation of the Path.

The powerful Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint could use the Precepts he cultivated to evolve a world. If the world was perfect enough, it could become one with heaven and earth and burst out with unparalleled

combat strength.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s body merged with the purple ocean and disappeared without a trace.

With a laugh, dense purple sword rain rushed out of the ocean below and shot toward Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu who were floating in the air.

The dark and lifeless planet was illuminated purple at this moment.

Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu looked at each other and poured Saint Qi into the Pleiades Lotus at the same time.

The Ghost lotus quickly became huge. The seven-petal lotus turned into seven ghost clouds and condensed into thousands of Ghost shadows. They clashed with the purple sword rain like ghost soldiers from the sky.

Rumble

Powerful destructive energy filled the world.

“Be careful. Saint Lord Zuo Mu has activated 14 Regal Artifacts. He’s launching a second wave of even more powerful attacks.”

Just as he warned, Zhang Ruochen sensed a weak spatial fluctuation. He became alert and glanced behind him. Wisps of purple killing qi spread out from the space and condensed into Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s figure.

‘This is... Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s Murderous Shadow!’ Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

The Murderous Shadow reached out its mantis-like arm silently and slashed at the back of Zhang Ruochen’s neck with a sharp purple light.

Zhang Ruochen yanked the Ghost-headed Whip from his waist, activating the bone-chilling ghost qi. He whipped it behind him.

Bang Bang

The Ghost-headed Whip and the Murderous Shadow collided fiercely. The Ghost Qi and the murderous intent formed ripples.

“Break it.”

Behind Zhang Ruochen appeared the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King. It towered hundreds of miles above the ground. The majestic sky above his head emitted a dazzling golden light through its nine layers.

Because it was suppressed by the power of the Dark Star, the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King could reach more than 1,000 miles tall. Its power would be even more shocking.

The Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King slapped down with his palm, causing the Murderous Shadow to fall rapidly to the ground.

Zhang Ruochen was about to chase after it and completely destroy the Murderous Shadow to severely break Saint Lord Zuo Mu's murderous will. Not far away, Lord Xia Yu let out a miserable cry. She was sent flying by

14 Regal Artifacts. She could only rely on the Pleiades Lotus to hold on.

Against a powerhouse like Saint Lord Zuo Mu, even if Lord Xia Yu had the Supreme Artifact, it would still be difficult for him to face him head-on.

Of course, the more important reason was that Saint Lord Zuo Mu had taken more than 10 Regal Artifacts. He was not fighting with the Supreme Artifact with his bare hands.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze fell on the 17 Supreme Saints who were trapped on the cliff by the centipede-shaped chains. Then, he whipped out the Ghost-headed Whip and tied on the centipede-shaped chains. Then, he suddenly pulled.

Whoosh

The centipede-shaped chains were dragged away by Zhang Ruochen like a real centipede.

"If you want to take back your weapons, show me what you can do," Zhang Ruochen said loudly. Then, he turned into a streak of golden light and chased after Lord Xia Yu.

The 17 Supreme Saints escaped, but their cultivation didn't recover. They were still sealed by Saint Lord Zuo Mu's Asuran Battle Qi.

"Burn the Saint Blood and break the seal. Help Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu kill Saint Lord Zuo Mu." Mo Cuo, Fang Mofeng, and Yan Hanyu, the three Supreme Saints of the Fane of Meteorite, were decisive.

They performed a secret technique and burned the Saint Blood in their bodies to refine Saint Lord Zuo Mu's Asuran Battle Qi.

Even though burning the Saint Blood would have terrible side effects and even greatly reduce their lifespan, they had no other choice but to fight to the death.

If Saint Lord Zuo Mu defeated Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu, he would still deal with them.

This was an irreconcilable feud. There was no way they could escape.

The 14 Ghost Supreme Saints wanted to take the opportunity to escape, but they couldn't bear to part with their weapons. So they used a forbidden technique. The spectral flames ignited from them. Their Astral Form

lit up like lanterns and refined the seals in them.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Lord Xia Yu's Pleiades Lotus collided with Saint Lord Zuo Mu's 14 Regal Artifacts more than 100 times in the blink of an eye.

When Zhang Ruochen caught up, Lord Xia Yu's mouth was full of blood. She was severely injured. She held up the Pleiades Lotus's arms and became a bloody mess.

Zhang Ruochen slapped the Violet Gourd. He was about to activate the power of the gourd and take away all the Regal Artifacts.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Saint Lord Zuo Mu clearly knew the power of the Violet Gourd. The 14 Regal Artifacts broke into pieces and flew in 14 different directions, surrounding Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu in the center.

Once the power of the gourd was activated, the 14 Regal Artifacts could fly hundreds of miles away in an instant.

“Zhang Ruochen, it’s useless. Your gourd uses the Power of Dimension collapse. However, the third Dark Star’s space is very stable. Even if the Dimensional Array appears, it won’t collapse. It can’t take away my weapons.”

Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s voice came from all directions.

Every word came from a different direction.

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze was as sharp as a knife. “If that’s the case, what are you afraid of?”

Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s Murderous Shadow appeared on the purple sea below. He laughed loudly. “I’m not afraid. I just feel that we don’t have to be enemies.

“You’ve killed so many cultivators from the Infernal Court, including many Scions and Scionesses. Do you really think you have a chance to integrate into the Infernal Court and become one of them? Don’t dream about

it. The gods of the Infernal Court will always guard against you.

“Back then, Huangtian had the full support of the Stone Ancestor and had been fighting with the Celestial Court for many years. There were hundreds of millions of corpses and great military achievements, but they

still couldn’t enter the core level of the Infernal Court. In the end, they killed their master and finally got recognition.

“Zhang Ruochen, I can see that your idea is not compatible with the Infernal Court. You will never be together with them. You will only be an enemy, not one of them.

“The enemy of an enemy is a friend. Why don’t you cooperate with me?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “How?”

“You killed Xia Yu and offered her Pleiades Lotus to me. I can help you win first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Isn’t it a good thing that we win together?” said Saint Lord Zuo Mo.

Then Saint Lord Zuo Mu added, “You don’t have to worry about the gods knowing what happened on the Dark Star. Even the gods can’t sense it.”

Lord Xia Yu knew that Zhang Ruochen would never cooperate with Saint Lord Zuo Mu, but he still couldn’t help but feel nervous.

As for the 17 Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court who were trying to break the seal, their expressions changed. They all stared at Zhang Ruochen, afraid that he would really cooperate with Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

If that happened, they would definitely die.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu saw that Zhang Ruochen seemed to be hesitating, “You’ve seen my combat strength just now. With your and Lord Xia Yu’s cultivation, even if you have a Supreme Artifact, you’ll definitely lose. It’s not wise to be my enemy.”

no one had expected Saint Lord Zuo Mu to have another form.

In his current form, his combat strength was even stronger than that of the advanced stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. He even had the power to fight against a Supreme Saint at the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan

realm. This was far beyond Zhang Ruochen’s initial estimation.

It should be noted that the Yanluo Clan, led by Yan Huangtu and Yan Wushen, had gathered more than a dozen Supreme Saints at the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage. Together with the Supreme

Artifact, they were able to suppress and refine the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill at the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

In other words, if they did not create a perfect opportunity to kill Saint Lord Zuo Mu, Zhang Ruochen would probably have to mobilize the same number of powerful people to do so.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes met with Saint Lord Zuo Mu's, he sighed and said, "Your threats and antecedents have indeed scared me and moved me. But how can I bear to kill such a peerless beauty like Lord Xia Yu of our

Bloodysky Clan?

"Besides, I've already given her the Pleiades Lotus. I'm too embarrassed to take it back. Unfortunately, I'm too soft-hearted toward women. For her sake, I can only continue fighting today."

Even though she knew that Zhang Ruochen was lying and trying to anger Saint Lord Zuo Mu, Lord Xia Yu couldn't help but smile from the bottom of her heart.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu's Murderous Shadow snorted and said sinisterly, "Another fool who fell stupidly for women. If that's the case, you can die too!"

Saint Lord Zuo Mu was about to activate the 14 Regal Artifacts to continue attacking, but he felt something was wrong. The vessel spirits of the 14 Regal Artifacts were not under his control and could not do as he pleased.

"The reason I talked so much with you just now was to stall you and let them break the seal." Zhang Ruochen said coldly as he stared at the 17 Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court.

The seals in the 17 Supreme Saints had all been broken. 17 waves of powerful saints might burst out from them. Asura Battle Qi and Ghost Qi turned into light pillars and Qi bridges. They were connected to the 17 Regal

Artifacts that had once belonged to them, they were connected..

Chapter 2326 Spatial Purple Rain

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

The captain of the Fane of Meteorite, Fang Mofeng, had broken through 99 shackles and was a top-notch powerhouse in the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

There were two towering bulges on Fang Mofeng's back that looked like a camel's hump. He hugged his abdomen with both hands and spat out a ray of light that was as bright as the stars, scattering on the vast purple

sea.

The starlight was like red, silver, and white threads that intertwined and merged with the sea.

Fang Mofeng was using his Qi of Origin to locate the Armor of Meteorite.

Only by finding the Armor of Meteorite could he find Saint Lord Zuo Mu's real body. Otherwise, not to mention Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu, even a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm would not be able to

do anything to him.

The Murderous Shadow was formed by Saint Lord Zuo Mu's murderous intent and Qi combined with the Asura Warsoul. Although the Murderous Shadow had half the battle strength of a half-god, it was not his true

body.

Rumble

The starlight resonated with the Armor of Meteorite and quickly gathered toward one point in the purple sea.

“That's where Saint Lord Zuo Mu's body is.”

Fang Mofeng used his spiritual power to communicate with Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu.

Almost in an instant, dense and mysterious Divine Marks appeared on Zhang Ruochen's right foot. Scarlet divine flames surged out from the bottom of his foot and pressed down toward where the starlight gathered.

Before Zhang Ruochen's foot landed, the purple sea had already sunk.

Whoosh

A purple meteorite more than 2,000 meters long broke through the surface of the sea and flew out. It fiercely collided with Zhang Ruochen's left foot.

One was purple and the other was red. The two opposing forces made the air arch and turned into two arcs.

The purple meteorite and Zhang Ruochen were in a stalemate in the air for a breath's time before they separated again. One flew up and the other fell down.

On the side of the purple sea, the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Meteorite and the Ghost were shocked.

"Zhang Ruochen actually has the battle strength to fight with Saint Lord Zuo Mu?"

"Legend has it that Zhang Ruochen's leg was from a god whose leg was cut by Moon Goddess of the Celestial Court. It was refined together with his leg and is a divine leg."

"Moon Goddess is so noble and pure. She is so beautiful that countless gods from the Celestial Court and Infernal Court fell for her. However, no man can win her heart. How can she be so devoted to a junior like

Zhang Ruochen?"

Rumors circulated that Moon Goddess was defeated in the battle of the gods at the end of the Middle Ages. As a result, when she vanished, all the cultivators in Celestial and Infernal Courts assumed she had died.

However, the Moon Goddess returned to the Celestial Court alive 100,000 years later.

Because of this, all kinds of speculations were aroused.

Some people speculated that this might be related to a prominent figure in the Infernal Court. However, that prominent figure's strength was too terrifying, so no one dared to criticize him openly.

Zhang Ruochen flew up for more than 50 kilometers before he managed to neutralize the impact of the purple meteorite. His left leg was numb from the pain.

“Just now, my top-down attack, coupled with the pull of the Dark Star on me, could strengthen my strength and give me a huge advantage. However, I could only fight him to a draw. This battle is not easy.”

Even if it was not easy, he had to fight.

Zhang Ruochen circulated Saint Qi through him, and the numbness in his left leg vanished.

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen's body turned into a streak of golden light and flew down.

After the two-thousand-meter-long purple meteorite fell down, it turned into Saint Lord Zuo Mu's body. The meteorite turned into armor.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu landed on the sea and quickly stabilized his body. He glanced at Fang Mofeng, Yan Hanyu, Mo Cuo, and other Supreme Saints by the sea, he snorted angrily, “All the Regal Artifacts have already

been refined by me. Do you think you can take them back?”

With a wave of his sleeve, the Purple Sea stirred up a huge wave that was thousands of feet tall.

The Precepts formed a wave that carried Saint Lord Zuo Mu's terrifying murderous Qi.

Rumble

The seventeen Supreme Saints were already injured. Furthermore, they had burned their Saint blood when they tried to break the seal. None of them could unleash their full power. They were all thrown out by the

waves.

Three of the Neverwilt Realm Ghost Supreme Saints were crushed by the palm print formed by the waves. They turned into three black ghost clouds. Although they weren't dead, it would take years to recover.

The other Supreme Saints were also injured.

Fang Mofeng was the only one who could still stand against the waves.

When Zhang Ruochen attacked earlier, Lord Xia Yu had split herself into 100,000 Spirits and condensed them into 100,000 shadow clones. They stood in the air and formed a horizontal circle, covering a radius of 50

kilometers.

The 100,000 Spirits clones did the same thing as the original body and drew the same inscription of the array.

After the inscription of the array was finished, 100,001 dazzling lights bloomed in the air. The 100,001 array inscriptions resonated and connected with each other, forming a huge circular Grade Nine array.

“Nine Stratum Array of Myriad Spirits.”

Lord Xia Yu used the Pleiades Lotus as the core of the array and merged it with the Nine Stratum Array of Myriad Spirits. Her beautiful figure stood in the center of the Ghost Lotus, and the array with a diameter of 50

kilometers began to move and descend rapidly.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu felt the pressure of the array and the Supreme Artifact, and he had to re-examine Lord Xia Yu. His expression became serious, and he jumped forward three times in a row.

With each leap, his body would grow several times larger.

After the third leap, Saint Lord Zuo Mu's body became the size of a mountain. He raised his mantis-like arms and shot out two Asuran Battle Qi pillars that shot into the sky.

Rumble

As the array formation spun rapidly, the two Asuran Battle Qi pillars were crushed. The Pleiades Lotus, which was the size of a palace, pressed down on Saint Lord Zuo Mu's body. Supreme Power poured down like a waterfall.

Above the Pleiades Lotus, the Grim Soul-devouring Flame gushed out from under Lord Xia Yu's feet. It combined with Supreme Power to refine Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

"Life and death are full of helplessness."

Lord Xia Yu took out the Soul-siphoning Flute. Her clothes fluttered as she played a melodious tune.

Under the light of the spectral flame, Lord Xia Yu's figure was soft and slender. Her curves were graceful, and her hair fluttered. She was like a fairy of music, immersed in the wonderful tune.

The sound of the flute was like the sound of nature. It was pleasant to the ear and beautiful, intoxicating.

However, Zhang Ruochen knew that the tune was the terrifying Hymn of Soul-sacrificion. It specialized in attacking a cultivator's five senses, Saint Soul, and spiritual will.

Back then, before Lord Xia Yu's spiritual power had advanced to the 64th level, the tune from the flute could affect Zhang Ruochen and Shen Nansheng, the Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Now that Lord Xia Yu's spiritual power had greatly improved, the tune from the flute was even more terrifying.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu, whose spiritual power had been sealed, would definitely be severely affected.

ROAR!

Saint Lord Zuo Mu's Murderous Shadow let out a long roar and turned into a phantom. It rushed into the Nine Stratum Array of Myriad Spirits and wanted to attack Lord Xia Yu, who was standing in the center of the

Ghost Lotus.

Crash

A whip flew down from the sky and hit the Murderous Shadow, making a thunderous explosion.

It was the Ghost-headed Whip from Zhang Ruochen, who had rushed back quickly.

The Murderous Shadow was hit by the Ghost-headed Whip and rolled away. He waved his arm and a series of killing flying swords flew out of his palm.

There were seven of them, one after the other, swallowing and spitting out the terrifying sword.

Zhang Ruochen flipped himself in the void space. His ten golden wings were like invincible golden sabers, cutting off all seven of the flying murderous swords and turning them into a gas again.

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen turned into a golden light and rushed to the Murderous Shadow. He formed palm prints with his hands.

Bang Bang

The sound of dragon and elephant chiming burst out with the power of his palms.

In the time of one breath, Zhang Ruochen struck out 13 Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike in a row. Each palm was stronger than the last. When he struck out the 13th strike, Dragon-Elephant Destruction, his

power accumulated to the pinnacle. His body burned like a burning copper furnace.

With a boom, the Murderous Shadow was crushed like a balloon by Zhang Ruochen.

Although the Murderous Shadow had nearly half the power of the original body, it needed the original body to control it. At that time, Lord Xia Yu's Nine Stratum Array of Myriad Spirits was firmly suppressing Saint

Lord Zuo Mu's original body. His spiritual will was also corroded by the Hymn of Soul-sacrificaton, so the power of the Murderous Shadow naturally decreased.

After the Murderous Shadow was destroyed, Saint Lord Zuo Mu's murderous intent was damaged.

The true body that was suppressed beneath the Pleiades Lotus trembled violently and let out an earth-shattering roar, "All of you... Die... Die... Die..."

After calling out "die" three times in a row, the Purple Sea stirred up three layers of waves.

The seawater rolled up and rushed into the sky from the edge of the Nine Stratum Array of Myriad Spirits. The waves became 30-meters-tall, 300-meters-tall, and 3000-meters-tall.

Rumble

The Nine Stratum Array of Myriad Spirits was crushed by the purple seawater. The seawater turned into tens of thousands of ferocious beasts and rushed toward Lord Xia Yu in the center, letting out waves of

whistling sounds.

Some turned into winged dragons, some into three-headed ferocious tigers, and some turned into crimson-eyed demon wolves.

Crack

The formation shattered, and Lord Xia Yu spat out a mouthful of blood.

Lord Xia Yu had already been severely injured. Now, her injuries had worsened, and her spiritual power had been severely damaged. Her face was as pale as death.

Although the sea beasts rushed from all directions, Lord Xia Yu still used the Pleiades Lotus with all her strength to suppress Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

The sea beasts were getting closer and closer. Their shadows blotted out the sky and covered the sun. They looked like they were about to be dismembered.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen had finally arrived at this critical juncture in time. He flew above the Pleiades Lotus constellation. His body was on fire, and a million times more absolute Yang Qi erupted from his body.

He struck out with both palms. Instantly, thousands of dragon and elephant shadows flew out from his palms. They let out a deafening dragon and elephant roars.

The sea monsters that came from all directions were crushed. They turned into tides and retreated quickly.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu, who was suppressed under the Pleiades Lotus, took this opportunity to transform into a slender stream of water. He broke free from the Supreme Power's control and flew up from the east side of

the Ghost Lotus.

The stream of water was like a meandering heavenly blade. It let out an ear-piercing sound as it heavily slashed toward Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu waved his Soul-siphoning Flute and collided with the stream of water. His body couldn't withstand the powerful force and spat out another mouthful of Saint blood. Like a scarecrow, he was sent flying

backward.

Lord Xia Yu was not among the top powerhouses in terms of power.

Lord Xia Yu was ranked 11th because of her Grade Three Saintwill and her status as a High-Saint Array and Talisman Master. Even if Xu and Supreme Saint Yan Hong fought against her, they would be at a significant

disadvantage if she was given enough time to set up an array formation or draw a talisman.

Splash

The stream water quickly merged together to form Saint Lord Zuo Mu's figure. He wore purple armor and he flew toward

Saint Lord Yu. He wanted to get rid of her first and then deal with Zhang Ruochen slowly.

Just now, Saint Lord Zuo Mu had been troubled by Lord Xia Yu's Nine Stratum Array of Myriad Spirits and the Hymn of Soul-sacrificaton. He had suffered some internal injuries.

Zhang Ruochen took the risk to use the Great Dimensional Shift. He appeared in front of Saint Lord Zuo Mu and stopped him.

"Take this!"

Zhang Ruochen threw a punch. A rolling Celestial River appeared around his body. The fist power and the Precept of Truth combined together and exploded with ten times the attack power.

"Infinite Dimensional Seal."

Saint Lord Zuo Mu sensed that something was wrong. He put his hands together.

At this moment, the vast purple ocean shrank to the palms of his hands and formed a circular seal. It collided with Zhang Ruochen's Luoshui Fist Technique.

Boom

Even Saint Lord Zuo Mu couldn't withstand the ten times attack power once it was activated.

The Infinite Dimensional Seal was shattered by one punch. The fist power collided with Saint Lord Zuo Mu's hands. The two aqueous palms and the aqueous saint physique exploded with a bang.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu turned into a purple rain and shattered into tens of billions of raindrops. Each raindrop contained a Precept.

Lord Xia Yu, who had landed on the ground, let out a breath and said, "Is it finally over?"

Fang Mofeng used his spiritual power, he transmitted his voice to the two, "Don't be careless. Saint Lord Zuo Mu is definitely

not dead. He was born in the sea region of the stone star, the origin of the universe. He

was born in a Spatial Purpura Rain and stepped on the path of cultivation. He can merge with space, and his saint soul can merge with each drop of purple rain.

“If the purple water doesn’t vaporize, so does he.

“If space wasn’t destroyed, so does he.

“It took the Fane of Destiny a lot of effort to capture him.”

“So it’s the Spatial Purple Rain recorded in the Secret Tome of Time and Space.” Zhang Ruochen was enlightened.

Chapter 2327: Wujiang's Heart

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

The third Dark Star contained the Power of Darkness, enveloping the entire universe within a million miles. Standing at the edge of the darkness, the scenery resembled an abyss of death, inspiring even Supreme Saints with awe.

Pan Ruo's figure was graceful beyond comparison. Under her slender legs, she stepped on a Nether River that was thousands of miles long. The waves were full of light, and the Nether Qi was vast. It made her temperament elegant and mysterious.

Wujiang was also a peerless figure with great wisdom and perseverance. He was not obsessed with women at all. However, the first time he saw Pan Ruo, he found that he was no different from others. He could feel the location of his heart, he found that his heart was beating.

Pan Ruo seemed to always be covered with a layer of mysterious gauze, which made Wujiang unable to figure it out.

The more it was like this, the more it tugged at Wujiang's heartstrings.

Splash

The water of the Nether River quickly contracted and turned into dozens of flowing water ribbons that twined around Pan Ruo's body, flowing like a stream.

"This is the place. Let's go," said Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo's speed increased dramatically with the help of the Nether River. She was the first to rush into the void region, which was densely populated with Power of Darkness. She was as cold as ice from start to finish, like a snow mountain that hadn't melted in ten thousand years.

"Be careful, I'll lead the way. Saint Lord Zuo Mu is the strongest of all the Celestial Captives in the Thousand-Koan Realm, he's not so easy to deal with," said Wujiang.

Wujiang's voice was gentle and full of heroism, and Spider Lilies appeared under his feet as he walked.

With one step, he was a hundred miles away.

Not long after, Pan Ruo and Wujiang discovered the many corpses of Celestial Captives floating near an asteroid that was two hundred miles in diameter.

Some of the corpses were only half a meter long and looked like butterflies.

Some of the corpses were as big as mountains and had lion heads.

There were all kinds of corpses.

What was stranger was that all of the corpses had turned dry and dim, and their Saint aura had vanished.

"There's a power fluctuation ahead. Interesting, someone actually arrived before us," said Wujiang.

Wujiang's lips curled up, and he was interested to find out who it was.

His spiritual power had reached the 66th level, and there were very few cultivators from the Infernal Court who could compare to him in this Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Even though he was suppressed by the power of the Dark Star, Wujiang's senses were still extremely sharp.

"To be able to kill so many Celestial Captives, he must not be an ordinary person," Wujiang added.

"There's a power fluctuation ahead. Interesting, someone actually arrived before us," said Wujiang.

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“To be able to kill so many Celestial Captives, he must not be an ordinary person,” Wujiang added.

Wujiang was determined to kill Zhang Ruochen not only because Wujiang was the Son of Darkness’s youngest uncle, but also because Zhang Ruochen was a Yuanhui-level genius.

With the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, Wujiang had fused the fourth Saintwill, the Flutter Cloud Saintwill. However, the Flutter Cloud Saintwill was only a Grade Seven Saintwill, he hadn’t cultivated a Grade Two Saintwill.

A Grade Two Saintwill was ten times harder than Wujiang had expected.

The Saintwill Wujiang had fused was still a top Grade Three Saintwill. It only had a hint of a Grade Two Saintwill.

Even if Wujiang took another Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, his chance of fusing a Grade Two Saintwill was still very slim. The bottleneck in his aptitude couldn’t be made up by taking pills.

The only way now was to use the Path of Darkness to devour Zhang Ruochen.

Only then could Wujiang rise to a higher level.

Pan Ruo sighed slightly as she looked at Wujiang, who was hurrying away. Her eyes reflected a thoughtful expression.

The Power of Dimension would be greatly weakened on the Dark Star.

The Power of Darkness, on the other hand, may benefit from the environment. A Path of Darkness cultivator could use 120 percent of his combat power on the Dark Star.

As such, even if Zhang Ruochen’s combat power was no longer the same as before, Wujiang would still be in danger.

‘I hope there really is Dark Space-time Matter inside the Dark Star,’ Pan Ruo thought.

Moyin and Lord Sinluo, who were hunting Celestial Captives, sensed Wujiang’s presence. They stopped their killing and

stood on a black space rock, staring in the direction where Wujiang was coming.

“Who is he?” Lord Sinluo stood behind Moyin and asked.

Moyin’s expression was solemn as she said seriously, “An enemy, a very powerful enemy. ”

“I’ll go and kill him,” Lord Sinluo said.

Lord Sinluo held a Star Slayer that he had just seized, and his body surged with intense battle intent.

“Very good. That’s it. No matter how strong the enemy is, there shouldn’t be a trace of fear,” said Moyin.

Moyin’s red lips were like scarlet pills, and she revealed a smile. She took out the Frostwood Bow and placed a Whitejade Divine Arrow on it, aiming in the direction that Wujiang was flying towards.

The cold air emitted by the Frostwood Bow condensed into a massive ice crystal dragon snake in the surrounding void space as Moyin pulled the bow with her finger.

Boom

The Whitejade Divine Arrow turned into a beam of light that was hundreds of meters long and flew out.

The darkness was cut by the white light, and an ear-piercing sharp sound shook the space,

“You actually dare to initiate an attack,” Wujiang snorted coldly. He did not stop moving, and the black electric mark between his eyebrows slowly split open, turning into a vertical eye.

There appeared to be an endless sea of darkness in the vertical eye, releasing surging energy fluctuations.

A beam of light condensed from the Power of Darkness flew out from the vertical eye.

Rumble

The black and white beams of light collided in the void. Soon, the white beams of light dimmed and turned back into

Whitejade Divine Arrows that fell into the darkness.

The black beams of light continued to shoot out toward Moyin.

‘It has such a strong impact.’ Moyin thought.

Moyin was very confident in her current strength, but she still did not dare to clash head-on with Wujiang. She used the Great Dimensional Shift to avoid the attack.

Lord Sinluo wasn’t afraid at all. He raised a 20-meter long blade with both hands and slashed out.

Boom

The blade split the light pillar.

The black light pillar melted the Star Slayer in his hand and turned it into black liquid.

Lord Sinluo’s tall and sturdy body was sent flying like a rolling watermelon and the space rock under his feet turned into dust with a bang.

‘HMM? What’s going on? Lord Sinluo doesn’t seem to be in a good state,’ Wujiang thought.

The vertical eye of the lightning mark between Wujiang’s brows closed, revealing a puzzled expression.

Moyin teleported to another location and outshot out a second arrow.

Wujiang turned his head and stared at it. He looked at the arrow with his eagle-like eyes and extended his right hand. Although it was only one hand, dozens of hand shadows appeared and revolved around the incoming arrow, continuously neutralizing the power of the arrow.

By the time the arrow landed in Wujiang’s right hand, it had completely lost its power.

Wujiang picked up the nearly two-meter-long arrow and looked carefully. It was made of Divine Bone. There were 27 million inscriptions on the arrowhead, among which were divine.

“Divine Bone Arrow.”

Wujiang spat out these three words, and his eyes became colder. He stared at Moyin and said, “I can sense that you and Zhang Ruochen have an extremely close relationship. Of course, this is not important. I just want to know how Lord Sinluo’s Frostwood Bow ended up in your hands.”

Moyin played with the bone bow that was constantly emitting cold air. She smiled and said, “Lord Sinluo is a tactful person. He has submitted to the Immortal Vampires and become my master’s battle slave.”

Wujiang laughed and didn’t ask any more questions.

Wujiang gently extended his arm. A dark handprint flew out and enveloped Moyin.

It was just a handprint, but in Moyin’s vision, it was like five-fingered heaven and earth. It was boundless. Even if she used the Great Dimensional Shift, she couldn’t step out of the palm print.

‘How can it be that strong?’ Moyin wondered.

The smile on Moyin’s face disappeared, and the feeling of suffocation became more and more intense.

Whoosh

Moyin’s hands turned into dense Raiden Wisteria, and white Divine Purification Flame surged out of the leaves, quickly turning into a sea of lightning and fire.

She retreated toward the Darkstar while resisting the five-fingered hand seal.

Rumble

The Sea of thunder and fire was sunk by the palm print. The Raiden Wisterias were all broken. Broken vines scattered in the void space within a thousand miles. There were still flashes of lightning and fire on the vine leaves, but the Moyin was nowhere to be found.

‘He could escape unscathed under my full-strength attack. Zhang Ruochen has so many talents. He can’t be

underestimated.’ Wujiang thought.

Wujiang used his spiritual power to lock onto the Moyin. He was going to chase after her and kill her before she met up with Zhang Ruochen. However, a roar came from behind.

“Take this, Myriad Glacier!” Lord Sinluo called out.

Lord Sinluo activated his Saintwill and performed a high-level Hundred-Shackle Grade saint technique. He struck out with his palm.

A vast and boundless glacier surged out from Lord Sinluo’s palm and hit Wujiang’s back.

“What are you doing? Stop! It’s me Wujiang! ‘I said Wujiang.

Wujiang thought that Lord Sinluo’s consciousness had been controlled by the Soul Manipulation. Therefore, his voice was infused with spiritual energy, trying to wake him up from his daze.

“No matter who you are, no matter how strong you are, no matter what you are, I’m not afraid of you. If you want to fight, then fight until the world has turned upside down. We won’t rest until one of us dies,” said Lord Sinluo.

Lord Sinluo’s aura was vigorous, and his battle intent surged.

Wujiang furrowed his brow, puzzled as to how Lord Sinluo could have been so arrogant in front of him in the past.

Every time, before the battle even started, Lord Sinluo had already admitted defeat.

“Break it, Wujiang shouted.

Wujiang faced the Myriad Glacier and took large strides forward. His fists and palms struck out, causing the glacier to shatter and the void to tremble.

BANG!

After breaking the Myriad Glacier, Wujiang was like a divine eagle. He leaped down from above and struck Lord Sinluo’s head with his palm, suppressing him firmly.

Lord Sinluo roared, "I want to trade my life force for greater strength. You can't suppress me."

Whoosh

Lord Sinluo's body burned with a brilliant Flame of Death. He had really used a forbidden technique. As his life force continued to burn away, more and more vigorous waves of power erupted from his body.

Wujiang's palm was being attacked all the time. He was almost unable to suppress it.

'Is Zhang Ruochen really so ruthless that he turned him into a war slave?' Wujiang thought.

Wujiang was convinced. Zhang Ruochen dared to turn a Scion into such a state at the Celestial-Hunting Festival. Wasn't that the same as publicly slapping Lord Sinluo's divine father, Lord Chi Hun?

How could Lord Chi Hun endure this?

Wujiang was powerful, but he wasn't without worries.

Lord Sinluo would die if he self-detonated his Sainthood Source at such a close range, no matter how powerful Wujiang was.

Just as Wujiang was in a dilemma, Pan Ruo caught up and said, "Lord Sinluo wasn't refined into a war slave, but a part of his memory was erased."

Pan Ruo pointed at Lord Sinluo's glabella with her slender finger.

Swoosh

The Precepts of Destiny surged out of Pan Ruo's fingers like white threads of light and rushed into the head of Lord Sinluo.

She used the Path of Destiny to construct new memories.

Not just any cultivator of the Path of Destiny could construct the memories of a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Pan Ruo also relied on the Door of Trueself to barely succeed.

After a long while, Lord Sinluo calmed down. He collapsed and fell into a coma.

Wujiang took back his hand and stared at Pan Ruo in surprise, “Your Highness is only in the Neverwilt Realm, but you brought me along with you. I’m really looking forward to your breakthrough to the

Hundred-Shackle Realm. I’ll leave Lord Sinluo to you. I’ll go to the

Dark Star and meet Zhang Ruochen and Saint Lord Zuo Mtl.”

Pan Ruo said, “Wait. There’s something I need to remind you of first. Zhang Ruochen did not arrive by himself. He appeared to have prepared himself for this. He had more than one assistant. You might not be able to win by yourself. Why don’t you kill Saint Zuo Mu First and take the points?”

“Are you concerned about me?” Wujiang turned around and asked with a smile.

Pan Ruo’s eyes were deep. She said coldly, “I’m just afraid that your emotions will affect your rationality. At this stage, getting points is more important to us than killing Zhang Ruochen.”

“But to me, killing Zhang Ruochen is more important than getting points,” said Wujiang.

Wujiang’s figure blurred and disappeared in front of Pan Ruo’s eyes. When he reappeared, he was hundreds of miles away.

“His will is too strong. He won’t be controlled by anyone,” Pan Ruo said to herself.

After thinking for a while, Pan Ruo’s palm lit up. She patted Lord Sinluo’s head to wake him up.

“Come with me to the Dark Star,” said Pan Ruo.

Although Lord Sinluo had recovered most of his memories, he was still in a daze. For some reason, he thought Pan Ruo’s voice was very friendly. He couldn’t resist it at all, so he agreed and followed her, they flew toward the Dark Star in the center.

Zhang Ruochen unleashed The Spatial Domain and the Realm-frame of Truth on the Dark Star, revealing a vast star ocean.

The starlight was dazzling and beautiful.

“Dimensional Tide,” Zhang Ruochen called out.

This was a technique Saint Monk Xumi had recorded in the Secret Tome of Time and Space. Zhang Ruochen had only grasped it when he reached the pinnacle of the Saint King Realm.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't tear open the space on the Dark Star, but he could make the space shake violently like water waves.

Rumble

Under the impact of the shaking, Saint Lord Zuo Mu could no longer hide and was forced out.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu had just revealed his aqueous form when he was discovered by Zhang Ruochen's Eye of Truth.

Zhang Ruochen said, “As a ball of Spatial Purple Rain, you were born to be the prey of a Master of Dimension. You are the material used to refine dimensional treasures. Do you still want to escape? Can you escape?”

In a sense, the Masters of Space were Saint Lord Zuo Mil's natural enemies, like falcons and snakes, cormorants and fish.

Only when there was a huge difference in cultivation could he change his disadvantage.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu had noticed this just now, so he rushed toward the three Supreme Saints of the Fane of Meteorite. He had to possess one of them as soon as possible and transform into a new second form to change his situation.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu had a significant advantage as the Spatial Purple Rain. He could constantly possess new hosts and become a creature of another clan. Furthermore, he could hide it without any flaws.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu had once used his identity as a cultivator of the Snowman Clan to hide it from the leader of the Fane of

Meteorite for hundreds of years. No other race could do such a thing..

Chapter 2328 Three-way Competition

“You can’t escape. Space is frozen.”

Zhang Ruochen stepped forward with his right foot. The Precepts of Dimension in his Sea of Qi were released and merged with the Spatial Domain. Then, they surged toward Saint Lord Zuo Mu, who was rushing forward.

Creak

The space around Saint Lord Zuo Mu seemed to turn into liquid. It shook slightly.

Then, like a frozen river, it solidified inch by inch.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s body was originally merged with the space and could not be seen with the naked eye. However, as the space froze, a faint shadow of him appeared.

Lord Xia Yu’s face lit up. “Did you suppress him?”

“Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s cultivation is very strong. I can only suppress him for a while. Quickly use Soul-siphoning Flute to wear his five senses and spiritual will out.”

The Saint Qi and Blood Qi in Zhang Ruochen’s body surged from under his feet. They rushed in all directions to support the Spatial Domain.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s cultivation had reached the mid-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. His combat strength was close to that of a superior at the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm. Even if Zhang Ruochen tried his best, he could only restrain him for a moment.

Lord Xia Yu obviously knew that it was a critical moment to decide on victory or defeat. With the tip of her left hand’s finger, she cut her skin and blood vessels on her right wrist.

Her scorching red blood dripped onto Soul-siphoning Flute.

Soul-siphoning Flute seemed to have come to life as it absorbed the Supreme Saint Blood. Dense blood-red patterns appeared on its surface. The previous owner of Soul-siphoning

Flute carved these patterns. Every single one of them was a divine pattern.

Swoosh—

More and more divine power surged out from Soul-siphoning Flute.

It was unknown if it was because of the surge of divine power, but the flute sound could already be heard on Dark Star.

Mo Cuo and Yan Hanyu of the Fane of Meteorite were weaker than others. They could only feel a sharp pain in their heads due to the influence of the flute sound. They had to use their Spiritual Power to resist it.

“Soul-siphoning Flute is an ancient divine artifact. With the help of Lord Xia Yu’s Supreme Saint blood, it finally possesses divine power,” Fang Mofeng said.

Lord Xia Yu held the flute with both hands. From her red lips, she exhaled a long breath of energy.

Instantly, a soul-stirring melody reverberated through the heavens and earth.

The sound waves took all sort of forms, including blood-red warriors, soul reavers, headless Asuras, surged toward Saint Lord Zuo Mu, who was sealed in space.

The lingering sound also contained a powerful force. Including Fang Mofeng, the three Supreme Saints of the Fane of Meteorite all had a headache. They retreated quickly and didn’t dare to get too close. “Lord Xia Yu’s flute sound is so terrifying. If you’re not a spiritual power Supreme Saint, you’ll definitely lose your mind and become insane if you took all of it.”

“It’s just Bloodysky Clan. It’s incredible they have Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu at the same time.”

Mo Cuo, Yan Hanyu, and Fang Mofeng were only affected by the sound, but they were greatly weakened.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu was attacked directly by the flute sound. And because his spiritual power was sealed, he couldn’t use it to defend himself. Soon, screams came from the frozen space.

Seeing this, Fang Mofeng let out a long sigh. “Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu are too powerful. Saint Lord Zuo Mu won’t be able to hold on for long. He’s doomed.”

Boom

A purple lightning beam cut through the darkness, connecting the ground and sky.

The ground, which was many times harder than black iron, was hit by the lightning beam. It exploded, and a large amount of gravel flew out. Electrical plasma patterns appeared on the ground.

Moyin’s face was pale as she stood in the center of the lightning; she rushed to Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu. She informed Zhang Ruochen telepathically, “Master, Wu Jiang is here!”

“Noted,”

Zhang Ruochen remained calm when he responded.

Moyin was his parasitic plant. He could sense what Moyin saw, heard, and experienced no matter how far away they were.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen had already known the moment Moyin and Wu Jiang fought in the sky.

“It’s a pity that I couldn’t kill Saint Lord Zuo Mu before Wu Jiang arrived.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed and looked up.

The Death Qi turned into spiraling clouds in the sky. Beautiful petals of Spider Lilies floated in the clouds.

Wu Jiang stood in the center of the spiraling clouds, emitting a wicked and dazzling light.

“Zhang Ruochen, you really surprised me. I haven’t seen you for a few days, but you already have the power to suppress Saint Lord Zuo Mu. It seems that I can’t let you live today.” Wu Jiang’s voice was melodious and resounded throughout the third Dark Star.

Although he had heard from Pan Ruo and Que Fei about Zhang Ruochen's power, Wu Jiang did not think that Zhang Ruochen could be a match for Saint Lord Zuo Mu until he arrived at the third Dark Star.

The scene of Saint Lord Zuo Mu being suppressed and screaming struck Wu Jiang hard.

'Zhang Ruochen's cultivation speed is too fast. If I don't kill him today, I probably won't have another chance in the future.'

If Zhang Ruochen broke dozens of more shackles, Wu Jiang would probably have to flee the next time they met.

Today was Wu Jiang's last chance.

Wu Jiang's gaze quickly landed on Lord Xia Yu and Moyin. With his powerful spiritual power, he could clearly sense that they had become very powerful as well. At least, he could not kill with three or five moves.

If Zhang Ruochen, Lord Xia Yu, and Moyin were at their peak, the three of them could do whatever they wanted on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

With the rise of the trio, together with Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind, the overall strength of the Immortal Vampires was not much weaker than that of Yanluo Clan. They could be considered one of the strongest forces in the Celestial-Hunting battle.

"It seems that this is the only way!"

Wu Jiang's index and middle fingers joined. His arms crossed and formed a cross-shaped hand seal.

The black electric pattern on his forehead reopened.

This time was different from the last time. Wu Jiang fully activated the Dark Power in his body. His long hair fluttered, and his robe swelled. Under the influence of the Dark Power, his body turned into darkness, like a black hole spinning in the sky.

Crash.

A thick black light beam with a diameter of three meters flew out of the black hole and headed straight for Zhang Ruochen, who was trying his best to control the power of Dimension. The power of the black light beam resonated with the power of the Dark Star. The closer it was to the ground, the more powerful it was.

“Moyin, take Violet Gourd and block him for a moment.”

Violet Gourd on Zhang Ruochen’s waist flew out and landed in Moyin’s hand.

With Supreme Artifact in hand, Moyin’s confidence increased greatly. It held the Gourd with one hand, and a large amount of lightning power spread out from its five snow-white jade fingers and poured into the bottom of the Gourd.

All of the Supreme Inscriptions within Violet Gourd were activated.

The Gourd shook violently as it grew larger. In the end, it expanded to the size of a mountain. A golden pillar of flame surged out of the mouth of the massive Gourd, colliding with the dark beam of light that descended from the sky.

Rumble

The power of the Supreme Power and Dark Power collided. They were like two great rivers clashing, releasing a power wave that could topple everything. Moyin had just swallowed a large number of Celestial Captives and was at the peak of its power. With the power of a Supreme Artifact, it could block the black beam of light that fell from the sky.

The three Supreme Saints of the Fane of Meteorite all gasped.

“Why is there another top elite? And it even calls Zhang Ruochen its master. This... The force of Bloodysky Clan is too strong!” Yan Hanyu’s voice was trembling. Fang Mofeng’s expression was solemn. “Wu Jiang wants to attack Zhang Ruochen, break the frozen space, and release Saint Lord Zuo Mu.” “We can’t let him succeed. No matter what, Saint Lord Zuo Mu must die,” said Mo Cuo. “If he doesn’t die, who knows how many Supreme Saints of Infernal Court will die if

he takes revenge? “We’re his first target. We’ll definitely die,” Mo Cuo added.

The three Supreme Saints looked at each other and released a beam of Asuran Battle Qi. They injected it into Violet Gourd to help Moyin resist Wu Jiang

Wu Jiang snorted, “You think you can stop me?”

Spider Lily petals gathered behind Wu Jiang and formed a hundred palm prints.

All the palm prints were in a circular formation.

“How is this possible? Wu Jiang is using the Dark Destructive Light while executing a hundred Life-and-Death Palm Prints?” Fang Mofeng’s expression turned grave.

Both the Dark Destructive Light and Life-and-Death Palm were the ultimate skills of Wu Jiang. They were even more powerful than the normal high-level Thousand-Koan Realm Saint Technique.

Wu Jiang was able to use two ultimate skills at the same time because his spiritual power was strong enough.

It was equivalent to the strength of two cultivators at the same time.

The hundred Life-and-Death Palm Prints landed, creating a powerful pressure that landed on the people below.

Every cultivator on the Dark Star could feel a mountain’s weight on their back. Furthermore, the weight became bigger and heavier. The three Supreme Saints of the Fane of Meteorite trembled. They had no choice but to withdraw the Asuran Battle Qi to protect themselves immediately.

“Does Wu Jiang want to... want to kill all of us on Dark Star?”

Yan Hanyu was the first to collapse. Her protective battle Qi was crushed, and she lay on the ground. Blood dripped from her snow-white skin, and her body trembled.

Boom

Mo Cuo was the second to fall.

The hundred Life-and-Death Palm Prints were less than 100 meters away from the ground. The Death Qi contained in the palm prints hit every cultivator on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen sighed and had to change the direction of the Dimension power. All the Precepts of Dimension rushed to the sky. Above everyone's head, the space froze and turned into a huge space shield. At the same time, the dragon and elephant souls in Zhang Ruochen's arms appeared. He lightly pressed his palm toward the sky.

Crack

The shield formed with Dimensional Power, which was dozens of meters thick, was shattered by the hundred Life-and-Death Palm Prints in an instant. The space returned to its previous state.

The next moment.

Zhang Ruochen's palm print exploded with ten times the attack power under the amplification of Truth Precepts. It turned into a huge golden hand that was tens of thousands of meters long and collided with the hundred Life-and-Death Palm Prints.

Rumble—

The Dark Star, which was thousands of miles in diameter, was slightly shaken by this power.

The hundred Palm Prints in the sky were all shattered and turned into a rain of Spider Lily petals falling down. At the same time, the light pillar of Supreme Power disappeared. Wu Jiang, who was floating in the sky, and Moyin, who was standing on the ground, took a few steps back. Obviously, Wu Jiang didn't gain any advantage in this round.

Wu Jiang seemed to be thinking. After a while, he said, "I underestimated you! I missed the best chance to kill you when we fought for the Saintwill Pill. Now, you and your Saint Devourer have the power to fight against me."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Even without the Saint Devourer, you might not be my match." Hearing this, Wu Jiang smiled again. "Your cultivation in the Path of Truth is indeed very strong.

You can unleash ten times the attack power. However, your physical endurance is limited. Even if you have a Demigod-level physique, how many times can you continuously unleash ten times the attack power?

“Can you break my hundred Life-and-Death Palm Prints once? Can you break it with ten times the attack power?”

“Besides, have you forgotten that I’m more powerful in spiritual power and illusion? If it wasn’t for Princess Luo Sha, you would have died under my Myriad Eye Illusion when fighting for the Saintwill Pill.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Saint Lord Zuo Mu, who was trapped in the space.

Without Zhang Ruochen’s support, more than half of the frozen space had been broken by Saint Lord Zuo Mu. Lord Xia Yu’s flute music could no longer suppress him.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Wu Jiang, the purpose of the Celestial-Hunting battle is to kill Celestial Captives. Why don’t we kill Saint Lord Zuo Mu first and then fight?”

“Once Saint Lord Zuo Mu is dead, the three top elites of Bloodsky Clan will join hands. Moreover, you have two Supreme Artifacts. How can I be a match for you after that?” Wu Jiang’s eyes were filled with mockery as he let out a cold smirk.

Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu had once been nothing in Wu Jiang’s eyes. Now, they had grown into powerful figures that he couldn’t ignore.

Zhang Ruochen said, “So, you plan to rescue Saint Lord Zuo Mu and work with him to deal with me first?”

“That’s right.”

Wu Jiang said this without any hesitation.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, “Working with Celestial Captive to kill a Supreme Saint of Infernal Court,” he said. “If the deities see this, I’m afraid it will affect your future in Infernal Court. Do you really think that the power of the Dark Star can shield everything from the deities’ Perception?”

“So what if the deities see it? In the end, you and Saint Lord Zuo Mu will both die at my hands.” Wu Jiang was full of confidence and didn’t care that Saint Lord Zuo Mu had heard him.

Now, it was a three-way battle. They all wanted to kill the other two sides.

Enemies and friends were not perpetual.

The strongest would be the first target.

Zhang Ruochen had to be on full alert against a great enemy like Wu Jiang. He couldn’t be distracted. Seeing that Saint Lord Zuo Mu was about to escape, he shouted coldly, “Moyin, go help Lord Xia Yu. You must kill Saint Lord Zuo Mu. Leave Wu Jiang to me.”

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Violet Gourd and put it back. He spread his wings and flew into the sky, attacking Wu Jiang.

He retrieved Violet Gourd because he knew that the Supreme Artifact of Nether Clan must be in Wu Jiang’s hands. Only Supreme Artifact could resist the attack of another Supreme Artifact. “Good! I’ll defeat you in a one-on-one fight and take your life.”

Wu Jiang laughed and the black electric pattern on his forehead opened. This time, there was no dark light beam. Instead, ten thousand eyes appeared. It was the Myriad Eye Illusion that had once made Zhang Ruochen lose himself.

With his 66th level Spiritual Power and his status as a High-Saint Illusionist, even Lan Ying and Yan Huangtu would be afraid of him.

Because once a target fell into the illusion, the target could end up dead even when he was lost for a moment.

Chapter 2329 Forming Marriage Alliance with Devala

“Do you think that you can threaten me with the same move?”

Zhang Ruochen stood in the vast starlight of the Realm-frame of Truth. His eyes shone dazzlingly. He raised his arms and activated the power of each star. They turned into hundreds of thousands of beams of light and attacked the ten thousand divine eyes.

Ever since the last time he had been attacked by Myriad Eye Illusion, Zhang Ruochen had been thinking hard of a countermeasure.

In the end, he still felt that only the Power of Truth could break the illusion.

Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power had reached the 64th level, which gave him the confidence to break Myriad Eye Illusion.

The starlight beams targetted Wu Jiang like thousands of arrows aiming to pierce through him.

“He’s not affected by Myriad Eye Illusion at all? Is the Path of Truth that scary? It shouldn’t be!”

Wu Jiang quickly regained his composure after he was stunned for a moment. A hundred Palm Prints appeared behind him again. He smashed the incoming light beams with Life-and-Death Palm.

KABOOM!

The sky above the Dark Star became bright with light and mist.

In the vast starlight, a dozens-of-miles-tall Saint Aspect of Immovable Wisdom King appeared. It was covered in golden light. It was so mighty that its height reached the heavens. Then, a phantom of Divine Demon appeared on the other side of Zhang Ruochen, stepping on ten thousand corpses.

Against a powerful figure like Wu Jiang, Zhang Ruochen used the most powerful Saint Technique.

“Incarceration of Divine Demon, Immovable Wisdom King, merge!”

Zhang Ruochen put his hands together and raised them above his head. In an instant, his long hair flew in the wind, and his aura raised to its peak.

Whoosh! Whoosh

Cold air currents surged around Fang Mofeng, Yan Hanyu, and Mo Cuo on the ground. The trio was like three-leaf boats on the vast sea. They floated up and down and were almost swept away by the air currents.

“I thought that only a few people like Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, and Luo Shengtian would be able to compete against Wu Jiang. I didn’t expect Zhang Ruochen to be one of them.”

Mo Cuo was shocked and ashamed. His reputation as a genius was nothing compared to Zhang Ruochen and Wu Jiang.

Fang Mofeng said, “Let’s leave the third Dark Star quickly. We play no role in this level of battle.”

Yan Hanyu nodded and said, “No matter what, we owe Zhang Ruochen a big favor.” If Zhang Ruochen hadn’t shown up in time, she would have suffered the biggest humiliation in her life. Hence, she was grateful. Mo Cuo nodded in agreement. “I owe him a favor.”

When attacking Saint Lord Zuo Mu, Zhang Ruochen could have waited for a better chance to strike.

But Zhang Ruochen had made a move before Saint Lord Zuo Mu assaulted Yan Hanyu. Hence, he had the intention to save her.

Wu Jiang looked at the Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect and the phantom of Divine Demon. Finally, he felt intimidated. Facing his opponent Zhang Ruochen, he said in a deep voice, “Nether Domain.”

The surroundings changed greatly. The vast and mighty Nether Qi spread for thousands of miles. An illusory kingdom of the nether realm appeared. Black palace buildings, bloody red

stone walls, white skeletal mountains... all sorts of eerie scenes appeared around Wu Jiang. "Netherdeus,"

Wu Jiang spoke in a deep voice.

Nether Qi surged behind him.

In the illusory kingdom, a massive ancient divine phantom condensed. The divine phantom absorbed the Qi of heaven and earth and breathed in Dark Light. It was majestic as it faced the Immovable Wisdom King.

"Fight!"

Zhang Ruochen roared. Together with the Immovable Wisdom King Saint Aspect, they charged into the illusory underworld kingdom. They trampled on the skeletal mountain and destroyed the bloody red stone walls with their fists. Wherever they passed, mountains and rivers within the illusory kingdom were shattered and cities were destroyed.

Finally, the Immovable Wisdom King and Netherdeus clashed. At this moment, it didn't seem like Zhang Ruochen and Wu Jiang were the ones fighting. It was more like a great, ancient battle between Immovable Wisdom King and Netherdeus. They fought until the starry sky was destroyed.

The power of the Dark Star could resist the probe from Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms. Most deities couldn't even sense what was happening there.

However, the state was not absolute.

For an existence like Fukurokuju who had unfathomable Spiritual Power, the power of the Dark Star could not resist his perception.

Fukurokuju's statue was as big as a star and was as tall as three million miles.

The Gate of Destiny behind him was interwoven with countless Precepts of Destiny. Divine light shone, containing an unfathomable mysterious power.

The light of the Gate of Destiny suddenly dimmed.

Then, the scene on the third Dark Star appeared inside the Gate of Destiny.

Many deities opened their eyes in their respective divine worlds and looked toward the Gate of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen, Wu Jiang, and Pan Ruo were all outstanding elites of this generation. They represented the future of Infernal Court. Even the deities were interested in them.

“Bloodysky Clan is amazing. Three powerful elites appeared at the same time. Each of them has the strength of the top ten on the list of Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators,” A God said enviously.

“The overall strength of Immortal Vampires is no weaker than Asuras. They are qualify to challenge Yanluo clan.”

“How can the Immortal Vampires challenge the Yanluo clan without a top elites? Although Zhang Ruochen has practiced the Grade Two Saintwill, his cultivation rank is still far from the Yanluo clan’s elites.”

“I don’t think so! Zhang Ruochen has the ability to fight Wu Jiang. He’s already considered a top-tier elite.”

“In fight against Wu Jiang, Zhang Ruochen most likely will lose.”

In a divine demiplane filled with endless white fog, there was a floating island in the depths of thick white fog.

The island was more like a continent filled with greenery.

On the floating island, Luo Yan, the emperor of Devala — the number one Rakshasa kingdom

– and Wargod Bloodximius of Bloodysky Clan, sat facing each other. Both of them radiated boundless divine power. Their auras were vigorous, and the Blood Qi within them surged like a raging river.

Luo Yan wore a dark red imperial crown, a thousand-word divine talisman robe, and a jade belt around his waist. He played with his divine whip and said, “Bloodximius, you’ve hidden too many things from all. It seems that you have big plans for this Celestial-Hunting battle.”

“I didn’t set my expectation that high. I was hoping that Immortal Vampires could at least make it into the top five among the ten major clans, while Bloodysky Clan could make it into the top three of the ten clans of Immortal Vampires.

“The current situation is far better than my expectation. I can only say that the younger generations are performing good enough.”

Wargod Bloodximus said calmly, but his face was full of pride.

Luo Yan said, “So, you came to my demiplane to show off?”

Wargod Bloodximus shook his head, and his tone became more formal. He said, “Actually, I have something important to discuss with you.”

“What is it?” Luo Yan asked.

Wargod Bloodximus said, “What do you think about Zhang Ruochen?”

Luo Yan’s eyes showed a thoughtful look. He said, “He is a genius. If he doesn’t die prematurely, he will definitely be one of the thirteen Wargods of the Fane of Immortality in the future.”

In Infernal Court, only deities with strong combat strength and outstanding battle achievements were qualified to be called “Wargod.”

There were many deities of Immortal Vampires with strong combat strength. However, only thirteen of them could earn the title. The number was constant.

Wargod Bloodximus was the youngest among the thirteen Wargods of Immortal Vampires.

Rumors said the oldest Wargod of Immortal Vampires had lived for nearly a million years. He was an ancient existence and the leader of the thirteen Wargods. He was known as “Immortal Wargod.”

In terms of combat strength, even the Immortal Vampires' clan leader and the Lord of the Fane of Immortality feared him.

However, Immortal Wargod had not appeared for more than 100,000 years. No one knew where he had gone, and he had not even participated in the War of Gods during the late Middle Ages.

The only proof that he was still alive was the divine fire he had placed in the Fane of Immortality which had not been extinguished. Luo Yan perceived that Zhang Ruochen could become one of the thirteen Wargods of the Immortal Vampires. It was considered a high opinion of Zhang Ruochen as he was seen as someone who could be on equal footing with Immortal Wargod and Wargod Bloodximius.

Wargod Bloodximius said, "You're right. I also think that Zhang Ruochen's future achievements are limitless.

"However, his path is destined to be difficult. It's full of death and danger.

"I tried to probe his future, but I saw blank."

"Are you worried that he doesn't have a future and will fall before he enters Godhood?" Luo Yan asked.

Wargod Bloodximius nodded. But he then shook his head. "I can't predict his future. Perhaps Saint Monk Xumi shielded it from us, or maybe Zhang Ruochen did so himself."

"Himself... Oh, I understand! It's either he doesn't have a future, or his future achievement is brighter than ours, so we can't predict or probe it," Luo Yan said.

A smile appeared on the face of Wargod Bloodximius, and he said, "The future is full of variables. Even fate can't completely decide it. As long as a cultivator is powerful enough, they can control their own future."

"So, you came for him?" Luo Yan said. Wargod Bloodximius nodded. "His future needs him to fight and strive for it. Since he is the most outstanding elite among my descendants, I should pave the way for his future and make his path slightly easier."

“He is already the grandson of the mighty Wargod Bloodximus. With that identity, his path is broad enough. What else you want to pave?” Luo Yan teased Wargod Bloodximus.

Wargod Bloodximus said, “But I also have to cultivate. I can’t protect him forever. And he has too many enemies; they are too powerful. So, I still need to get some forces to back him, the ones that can intimidate the entire Infernal Court.”

“Don’t tell me you’re referring to my kingdom Devala?”

Luo Yan was on guard. He felt that Wargod Bloodximus was scheming against him. This fellow wanted to drag him along.

Wargod Bloodximus nodded. “A marriage alliance! If Zhang Ruochen is married to Devala’s lady, those enemies will stop targetting him.”

Luo Yan was slightly relieved. As long as Wargod Bloodximus was not asking him to take Zhang Ruochen to be his disciple, he was fine. Too many variables would come along if he took Zhang Ruochen as a disciple. His future would become unpredictable too.

Luo Yan smiled lightly. “A marriage is not a big deal. Among the daughters of Devalan deities, there are a few suitable candidates. They are all Supreme Saints who are definitely worthy of your grandson. Do you have anyone in your mind?”

Wargod Bloodximus’ eyes expressed disdain. He snorted coldly. “My grandson is a genius and has the potential to become a Wargod. Not any deity’s daughters are worthy of him. I think Princess Luo Sha...”

“Stop, what did you say?”

Luo Yan’s expression turned grave, his eyes piercing

Wargod Bloodximus said, “Princess Luo Sha’s talent and intelligence can be considered the top in this generation in Infernal Court. Only she is worthy of my grandson.”

“Bloodximus, you are too greedy. Luo Sha is my daughter. In the future, she might succeed the throne of Devala. Do you

really want to form a marriage alliance or you just want to snatch her away from me?!”

Luo Yan slammed the table in anger. He said firmly, “Don’t even think about it. There’s no chance at all.”

Wargod Bloodximius said, “My grandson, Zhang Ruochen, is a genius. As long as I spread the word, believe it or not, the deities of Asuras, Nether Clan, Deathkins, and even Yanluo Clan will bring their daughters to discuss a marriage alliance with me.

“So why did I come to you first?

“In Infernal Court, Immortal Vampires and Rakshasa should stay united because we are all living beings.

“The rise of top elites among our clans will ensure that our interests, status, and voice will be better protected.” Luo Yan shook his head, “Even you Bloodximius can’t predict Zhang Ruochen’s future,” he said. “Why should I gamble on my daughter’s future? What’s worse, if your grandson marries my daughter, won’t I be a generation younger than you? What are you thinking?!”

“You should blame yourself for living for hundreds of thousands of years and taking concubines every year.”

“Nonsense. Since when did I take concubines a year? Even if I agree, I’m the only daughter of Amane and I. Even if I agree, Amane won’t agree, and my Sha’er won’t agree either,” Luo Yan said.

“Not really. I think they’re destined.”

One was the ruler of a divine kingdom, and the other was the ruler of a large clan. At this moment, their faces were flushed red as they were quarreling intensely. Gradually, the two bigshots’ battle intent rose, and they were almost about to fight.

“Although you have cultivated a few more Yuanhui periods than me, it doesn’t mean that the longer you cultivate, the stronger you become. Many old geezers’ strength will continue to decline as they age.”

Wargod Bloodximius summoned his halberd and pointed it at Luo Yan.

Luo Yan spat out a monstrous evil aura. His divine light illuminated the entire divine demiplane. He said angrily, "I'm at my prime. Even if all thirteen Immortal Vampire Wargods can't defeat me, let alone you. I'll destroy all of you with one hand."

Whoosh!

A divine light appeared in the demiplane and condensed into the figure of a lady wearing green gown.

"Amane, don't meddle in this matter. Bloodximius has gone too far. I must teach him a lesson today!" Luo Yan said.

The woman donned in a green gown was Amane. More than 100,000 years ago, she had been the Scioness of the Fane of Destiny. She was one of Fukurokuju's disciples and also the empress of Devala.

Amane gently shook her head. "The two of you are elites among TrueGods who can intimidate the world. Why do you have to hurt the harmony because of a small matter? In my opinion, the two of you do not have the right to interfere. You should let the young people make their own decision."

Luo Yan was puzzled as he could not understand Amane's intention. "Amane, why do you think that there is still room for negotiation? You should stand by my side and resolutely oppose the so-called marriage alliance."

"I saw a trace of the trajectory of Destiny. Neither of us can go against it!"

Amane sighed, her tone full of resignation.

Chapter 2330 Combined

“The trajectory of destiny?”

Luo Yan’s eyes became deep and reserved.

As the former Scioness of the Fane of Destiny, Amane’s understanding of the Path of Destiny was incomparable to many people in heaven and earth.

Wargod Bloodximus could not predict Zhang Ruochen’s future, but Amane could see a trace of Zhang Ruochen’s and Luo Sha’s trajectory of destiny. This was a very impressive method and ability, worthy of the title of Divine Empress.

Destiny was not a deity or any living creature. It was the way of the universe, representing the will of heaven and karma in the universe.

Destiny was fixed.

But fate was a variable.

The combination of fate and destiny determined everything in the world.

The stronger a cultivator’s cultivation was and the more understanding he had about destiny, the more he would respect it.

But those who do not know lack fear for it.

Amane walked elegantly in the deity world. Her divine dress fluttered in the wind. She was elegant and beautiful, accompanied by the sounds of divine and ethereal music. She came to Luo Yan’s side and said, “Let this matter be decided by Sha’er. Fortune and misfortune are two of the biggest variables in destiny. Who can say for sure?”

Wargod Bloodximus laughed, saying straightforwardly, “Amane is clearly more sensible. As expected of the past Scioness. Back then, the two of us trained under Fukurokuju. If I had even the slightest thought of marrying you, how could Luo Yan have the chance?”

He added, “Luo Yan, you have will be returning the favor by giving your daughter in marriage to my grandson.”

What did he mean by returning the favor?

It sounded as if Wargod Bloodximius had deliberately given Amane to him.

Luo Yan had just calmed down, but he was suddenly provoked again, “If it weren’t for the fact that you and Amane are taught by the same master, I would have kicked you out of the deity world long ago.” he said angrily, “If Zhang Ruochen wishes to marry Shaler, he has to walk out of the Battlefield of Celestial Hunting alive. However, I don’t think he has the chance.”

Luo Yan looked at the Gate of Destiny with the divine image of Fukurokuju and saw the battle scene on the third dark star. The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Wu Jiang had reached a climax.

Zhang Ruochen had only broken 14 shackles, but he was able to fight with Wujiang, who had achieved the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Both of them were almost fighting equally. Luo Yan was more or less quite surprised at this.

After all, it was Wu Jiang, the most ancient deity of the Fane of Darkness, and the leader of this generation.

Of course, Wu Jiang’s cultivation was much higher than Zhang Ruochen’s. In the battle between the two, the former always had the upper hand. He moved without haste and used all kinds of Saint Techniques combined with the Nether Domain to attack continuously, Zhang Ruochen was suppressed and couldn’t use the ten multiple attacking power from the Path of Truth at all.

On the other side, Lord Xia Yu and Moyin couldn’t completely suppress Saint Lord Zuo Mu. Instead, Saint Lord Zuo Mu showed signs of breaking free from the Dimensional Lockdown.

The battle situation was very unfavorable for Zhang Ruochen and the Bloodsky Clan. If the balance of victory and defeat continued to tilt, Zhang Ruochen might not have the chance to leave the third dark star alive, and the Bloodsky Clan would lose everything as well.

The look on Wargod Bloodximus's face was slightly solemn and he said, "At this stage, Wu Jiang is indeed a strong opponent for Zhang Ruochen. If Zhang Ruochen can overcome this, he will undergo a new transformation."

Wargod Bloodximus had said "overcome this", not "defeat Wu Jiang." From this, it could be seen that even he did not have much hope for Zhang Ruochen.

It was not because Zhang Ruochen was not strong enough, but because Wu Jiang was too strong.

Luo Yan said, "Why don't we make a bet?"

"What bet?" Wargod Bloodximus asked.

Luo Yan said, "A bet with a Supreme Artifact."

Luo Yan knew very well that it was impossible for him and Wargod Bloodximus to battle because the impact on their surroundings would be too great. However, Wargod Bloodximus had greatly angered him today. How could he swallow his anger if he did not let him bleed?

"How do you want to bet?" asked Wargod Bloodximus

Luo Yan said, "Let's bet on how far the level of the fight between Zhang Ruochen and Wu Jiang would reach. If they can fight to level 7 or more, I will admit my defeat."

Deities had their own assessment of a battle.

For example...

If Zhang Ruochen and Wu Jiang were both evenly matched then it would be a level 10 battle.

If Wu Jiang could defeat Zhang Ruochen easily then it would be a level 0 battle.

Luo Yan wanted to use Wu Jiang as a test to challenge Zhang Ruochen and see what level he could reach.

After thinking for a moment, Wargod Bloodximus said, "Okay, I'll bet with you. If you lose, I don't want your Supreme Artifact. I just want you to agree to the marriage." "Okay, then it's decided."

Luo Yan laughed in his heart. So what if I had agreed? If Sha'er didn't agree, the marriage wouldn't work.

Amane stared at the two of them and shook her head gently.

There was a legend about Netherdeus that was summoned by Wu Jiang.

It was said that in the ancient past, the first person who transformed from Ghost to the Nether Clan was the founding father of the Nether Clan. The name "Progenitor Ming" refers to him.

Of course, the era of the ancestor of the underworld god had passed for tens of thousands of years. Even the gods didn't know what kind of person he was. They didn't even know if he was the first cultivator who transformed into the underworld clan.

The only evidence that could prove the existence of Netherdeus was contained within the eight Nether Scrolls. Some said that Netherdeus wrote it in his later years as a summary of his lifetime cultivation. Others said that the eight volumes of the Nether Scrolls were compiled by an ancient sage of the Nether Clan tens of millions of years ago. They were the cultivation scrolls of the Nether Clan that were gathered extensively for a long time. Of course, in all the legends told, the eight volumes of the Nether Scrolls couldn't remove Netherdeus. They must all have a significant connection with him.

Any one of the eight volumes of the Nether Scrolls could be compared to the cultivation techniques on the Taiyi Divine Techniques Rank.

The Nether Clan had a prophecy since ancient times that if someone could combine the eight volumes of the Nether Scrolls into one and cultivate it to the limits, they would have a chance to find the secret of eternal life.

Eternal life was the thought that could move the hearts of the gods the most.

To find the secret of eternal life, they would give up everything.

Unfortunately, since ancient times, no one had succeeded.

Now, there were only six volumes of the Nether Scrolls in the Infernal Court, and the Fane of Darkness had four volumes. The other two volumes had been lost many years ago. The eight volumes of the Nether Scrolls never had the chance to be combined into one again.

Wu Jiang was cultivating two volumes of the Nether Scrolls, which was the “Nether Domain” volume and the “Nether Ancestor” volume simultaneously. It was equivalent to cultivating two cultivation techniques on the Taiyi Divine Techniques Rank.

At this moment, the Nether Domain and image of Netherdeus that he had displayed were the most concrete manifestations of these two techniques.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen held up the Spatial Domain, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth. He fought against the Nether Domain with the three ancient ways. The Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King was fighting against the apparition of Netherdeus. Divine power surged sky high.

The huge difference in realms revealed Zhang Ruochen’s disadvantages.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t gain the upper hand in this battle.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen was confident that he wouldn’t lose if he maintained the current situation. However, his current state consumed too much Saint Qi. If he continued fighting, he would be at a disadvantage.

“I can’t continue like this or I’ll definitely lose”

Just as this thought flashed through Zhang Ruochen’s mind, he felt a sharp pain all over his body. It was as if every inch of his flesh was being pricked by needles.

The Supreme Saint’s blood in his body was quickly flowing out. “Oh no, it’s the Blood-devouring curse!”

The advantage that Wu Jiang had with his spiritual power was fully displayed. He could still use the curse while maintaining

his peak battle strength. This was something Zhang Ruochen still couldn't do at this stage.

In an instant, one-tenth of the Supreme Saint's blood in Zhang Ruochen's body was lost.

"The Path of Truth has ten times the attack power."

Zhang Ruochen's Realm-frame of Truth shone. Each of the stars shone and released powerful energy waves.

However, before the power of truth could reach him, it was swallowed by the dark power emitted by the Nether Domain and vanished without a trace.

The power in Zhang Ruochen's body quickly weakened, and two-tenths of the Supreme Saint's blood in his body was lost.

"Wu Jiang is so smart. Since he released the Nether Domain, he definitely won't give me the chance to activate the Precepts of Truth and unleash my attacking power multiplied by ten times. In that case, I can only fight to the death."

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that if he lost too much Supreme Saint's blood, his body would quickly become weak. He might not even have the chance to escape alive. Of course, he could choose to run away now. With his mastery of time and dimension, Wu Jiang would never be able to keep him.

But if he ran away, it would be the same as giving the seriously injured Saint Lord Zuo Mu to Wu Jiang, and letting him take millions of points for nothing.

Zhang Ruochen's chance of leading the Bloodysky Clan and the Immortal Vampires to the first place would be very slim. Secondly, if he could escape, what about Lord Xia Yu and the Moyin?

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen sensed Pan Ruo's aura on the dark star. He was doubtful, but at the same time, he became more determined.

He didn't know what he was thinking. The thought of losing to Wu Jiang in front of Pan Ruo made him feel terrible.

"Fight! I can't lose no matter what. As long as I can fuse the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill with Saint Aspect of the

Immovable Wisdom King and unleash the combined power through the Incarceration of Divine Demon, I can break through the Nether Domain.”

Zhang Ruochen had lost three-tenths of the Supreme Saint blood in his body and he was already feeling weak.

However, by banishing the weakness with his strong battle intent, Zhang Ruochen acted as if nothing had happened. He activated the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill and forcefully combined it with the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King along with the Incarceration of Divine Demon.

Failure!

Failure!

He had tried ten times in a row, but could not succeed.

Although Zhang Ruochen had practiced cultivating the Saintwill and also high-grade Thousand-Koan Saint Techniques, he lacked time to polish and fully master both. It was insanely difficult to combine the two.

Wu Jiang felt powerful Saintwill emanating from Zhang Ruochen.

The fluctuating waves of Saintwill thrown off by were far stronger than the Saintwill he had cultivated.

“Could it be that Pan Ruo has guessed correctly that Zhang Ruochen has cultivated Grade Two Saint Will? How... how is this possible...”

Wu Jiang knew how terrifying the Saintwill was. If Zhang Ruochen had cultivated Grade Two Saint Will, it would pose a great threat to him. Thus, he increased the power of his attacks on Zhang Ruochen.

Four-tenths of the Supreme Saint’s blood had been lost in Zhang Ruochen’s body. He had tried 27 times to activate the Saint Will, but he still could not do it.

At this moment, he was on the verge of life and death trying to activate his full potential.

In the world of the deities, Luo Yan said, “Blood and qi are very important to both humans and the Immortal Vampires. If half of the blood of the Supreme Saint is drained, no matter how strong Zhang Ruochen’s will is, he won’t be able to continue.”

Luo Yan did not rejoice at the misfortune of others. Instead, he sighed deeply.

It was one thing to oppose the marriage between Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha, but Luo Sha was eager to see that among those living in the Infernal Court, there could be a role model such as Zhang Ruochen being produced, who wanted to establish a flag for all the living beings in the hell and suppress the Necromancers at the same time.

If Zhang Ruochen died in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, it would not be good for all the living beings in the Infernal Court.

In the battle between the living and the dead, even the deities cared a lot about the differences between the three lower clans, the three middle clans, three upper clans, and the highest supreme clan.

If Zhang Ruochen rose up, it would have an extraordinary significance for all the living beings in the Infernal Court.

The eyes of Wargod Bloodximius were fixed on the Gate of Destiny behind the Fukurokuju. He could not help but release pulses of spiritual power from his hands.

Luo Yan glanced sideways in surprise. Was Xue Jue going to fight his way into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting to save Zhang Ruochen’s life?

No one could break the rules of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

It was for this reason that even the Ghost Master could only watch and not interfere on the deaths before him.

Even if Wargod Bloodximius wanted to fight his way into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, would the Ghost Master and the others let him have his way?

“Zhang Ruochen, it’s time to end everything. Let me be the one to send you off. Your destiny and your many years of cultivation will become the attire for my wedding and they will allow me to become the most dazzling star in this Yuanhui Period.”

Wu Jiang sensed that half of the Supreme Saint’s blood had already been lost in Zhang Ruochen’s body. Thus, he controlled the apparition of Netherdeus to launch his strongest attack.

“Wrath of the Nether Gods.”

Netherdeus apparition let out a long cry as its mouth opened wider and wider, turning into a black hole with a diameter of 100 miles. It flew toward the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King and Zhang Ruochen.

Wherever the black hole passed, the Realm-frame of Truth, the Spatial Domain, and the Null Time realm were all shattered. All the power was swallowed.

At this moment, the powerful deities in the world of deities did not even blink. They were clearly paying special attention to the result of this battle. Some of them even smiled.

Only Supreme Saints of this caliber like Zhang Ruochen and Wu Jiang were qualified to capture the attention of the deities. They didn’t just have the potential to achieve Godhood. If they survived, they would become powerful figures in the world of deities.

“For the 39th time, merge together for me, Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. I want to destroy everything in front of me.”

Zhang Ruochen had long transformed into the likeliness of an immortal vampire. He gritted his teeth and revealed his two fangs. His eyes shone with crimson light, and strange bloody lines appeared on his pale white face.

The huge black hole was approaching.

Zhang Ruochen was like a grain of rice standing at the edge of the black hole. Suddenly, the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King which was about to be destroyed shone

blindingly again. A Taiji Mark materialized before Zhang Ruochen, it spun slowly and was several times larger than the black hole.

“Finally... I’ve succeeded!”

Chapter 2331 Dark Catacombs

“What... What is this?”

Wu Jiang stared at the Taiji Mark. He could feel Zhang Ruochen’s previously weakening aura was getting stronger. It was like a dying fire that had begun burning again.

Rumble

The Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill and the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King combined into one. Using the Saint Techniques of the Incarceration of Divine Demon, it crushed the huge black hole with a diameter of 100 miles before rushing into the Nether Domain and crushing the land into pieces.

There seemed to be no power in the world that could block this attack.

“It’s the Saintwill. Zhang Ruochen has indeed cultivated Grade Two Saintwill.”

“Netherdeus.”

“Life-and-Death Palm.”

Wu Jiang was shocked. The destructive power of the combination of the Grade Two Saintwill and the high level Thousand-Koan Saint Technique was beyond his imagination. He tried his best to activate his Precepts and Ming Qi.

Boom

All of Wu Jiang’s attacks were shattered by Zhang Ruochen.

The huge palm print from the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King landed heavily on Wu Jiang’s body. He flew off like a shooting star and disappeared into the darkness.

The Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King and the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill didn’t last long. They quickly disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen’s figure reappeared and swayed briefly in the void space. Blood flowed from the corner of his mouth. He

trembled weakly which made him feel like he was about to faint.

“Half of the Supreme Saint’s blood has been lost.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression remained resolute. He used the sharp fingernail of his right index finger to pierce his chest, stimulating himself with the intense pain. No matter what, he had to continue.

The battle was not over yet.

He mobilized the Divine Purification Flame and the Heart of the Divine Tree to refine the curse power that had invaded his body.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen spread the ten wings on his back and turned into a streak of golden light. He flew out in search of Wu Jiang’s aura.

The power from that attack must have severely injured Wu Jiang

Moreover, the Qi of Divine Demon and the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill had invaded Wu Jiang’s body.

Now must be Wu Jiang’s weakest moment. It was the best chance to kill him.

Zhang Ruochen searched for Wu Jiang’s aura that was left behind and flew across thousands of miles.

The aura trail suddenly stopped.

“It disappeared?”

Zhang Ruochen immediately released his spiritual power and the Spatial Domain. He searched near and far, not missing any of the traces.

But he found nothing.

Wu Jiang seemed to have vanished from the world.

“There are remnants of dark power. It seems that Wu Jiang used some means of the Path of Darkness to merge with the

darkness of heaven and earth to hide.” Zhang Ruochen frowned and sighed softly.

The existence of the Dark Star was compatible with the Path of Darkness that Wu Jiang practiced, giving him a geographical advantage.

He could attack easily and retreat stealthily.

Of course, the main reason was also that Wu Jiang’s cultivation and spiritual power were much higher than Zhang Ruochen’s, so Zhang Ruochen could not find him.

The total number of precepts that Zhang Ruochen practiced was 2.8 billion.

The number of precepts in Wu Jiang, who had reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, was close to 10 billion, three times more than Zhang Ruochen.

Of the 2.8 billion precepts that Zhang Ruochen had practiced, only 20 million were Precepts of Dimension.

However, Wu Jiang had practiced more than 70 million from the Path of Darkness.

They were both using ancient paths. If the number of precepts differed too much, then it would be extremely difficult for Zhang Ruochen to use dimension precepts to search for Wu Jiang who was hiding in the darkness.

“It seems that Wu Jiang is seriously injured. He can only hide to avoid my pursuit.”

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

His body felt weak again. Even worse, Zhang Ruochen’s rationality was being constantly attacked by a strong bloodthirsty impulse.

The weakness caused by the loss of Blood Qi was not something the Heart of the Divine Tree could heal.

He had to make up for the loss of Blood Qi.

Zhang Ruochen did not only have the blood of a Supreme Saint in his body, but he also had the blood of a demigod.

Every drop of blood contained powerful energy. If it landed on the ground, it could melt the ground within a radius of hundreds of miles and turn it into a field of fire. Every drop of such blood had been tempered over and over repeatedly. It was not easy to recover from its loss.

The fastest way to make up for the loss of Blood Qi was, of course, to suck blood.

If he relied on his body to recover slowly, it would take him at least three years to fully recover.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen had used the Saint blood and the Supreme Saint blood to practice. But at that time, he thought of himself as a human. He had no patience and no impulse to drink blood.

The situation now was completely different from before.

For some things, it would be impossible to stop after the first try... In the end, they would get lost and change so much that they would not even recognize themselves.

Zhang Ruochen didn't care about sucking the blood of enemies and evil people. He was afraid that in the future, in order to suck blood and become stronger, he could suck anyone's blood.

The inner demons of humans were like this, they are magnified step by step.

Now, Zhang Ruochen's inner demons were already deeply planted, how dare he continue being a demon?

However, Zhang Ruochen faced another dilemma. If he couldn't recover his Blood Qi as soon as possible and instead let Wu Jiang recover first, the situation would become even worse.

On the third dark star, Pan Ruo and the Lord Sinluo stood at the North Pole of the planet.

In front of them was an entrance of a dark catacomb that went down vertically. It was so deep that it seemed bottomless.

The catacombs released a powerful pulling force. With the cultivation of the Pan Ruo Neverwilt Realm, he had to go all out to resist it and not fall inside.

Here, the precepts of heaven and earth became distorted. The Precepts of Darkness took up more than 50 percent of all the precepts. They were even more terrifying than the Nether Domain practiced by a Supreme Saint.

The Lord Sinluo looked down at the dark and cold catacombs. He felt a chill run down his spine and said, "This is the entrance to the interior of the Dark Star, right? Once you jump inside, will you be able to get out?" The gravitational force on the surface of the dark star could severely affect even the Supreme Saints.

The pressure on the Supreme Saints on the inside of the star body was naturally stronger. Pan Ruo's expression was calm and she said, "According to the records from the Fane of Destiny, the gravitational force and dark power of the dark star are extremely powerful. This is especially true for the interior of the star body, which can devour even time and space. As the darkness, time, and space accumulated more and more, the formerly shapeless energy will be converted into tangible matter and become Dark Space-time Matter."

Lord Sinluo said in surprise, "How terrifying is the energy contained in the physical form of darkness, time, and space?"

"If the energy of Dark Space-time Matter the size of a speck of dust is drawn out, it can pose a deadly threat to a Supreme Saint from the Neverwilt Realm. Of course, it is unlikely that this dark star will produce a solid Dark Space-time Matter. The possibility of it being liquid is very high," said Pan Ruo.

The Dark Space-time Matter was so powerful that even a sacred artifact would find it difficult to ward it off. Lord Sinluo's desires were instantly aroused.

If he could obtain some, wouldn't he be invincible on the Battlefield of Celestial Hunting?

However, although Lord Sinluo had studied the three Paths of Darkness, Time, and Space, he was still at a relatively

superficial level. He could only be considered a layman. Even if he obtained Dark Space-time Matter, would he be able to use its power effectively?

If he wasn't careful, even his life would be at risk.

Pan Ruo said, "Entering the interior of the dark star is indeed very dangerous. The danger doesn't only come from the dark star itself, but there is also the threat of three powers to cultivators, those being darkness, time, and space."

"Have you noticed that time is distorted on the surface of the Dark Star? We've stayed here for twenty hours, but only two hours should have passed outside."

"In addition, the space has also changed and become unyielding. Even a Master of Space like Zhang Ruochen will find it difficult to make big waves here."

"The power of darkness has been greatly strengthened. The proportion of the precepts of darkness in the precepts of heaven and earth is a hundred times or a thousand times higher than elsewhere."

"After these transformed precepts enter the interior of the dark star, it is very likely that they will be further strengthened to the point that even a Supreme Saint will find it hard to withstand them."

"For example, the flow of time may be a thousand times faster or a thousand times slower. Space may compress cultivators into dust, or it may pull them into an endlessly long thin line. The darkness will devour a cultivator's body, soul, and consciousness." The biggest changes in the flow of time were not the treasures of time refined by the time Gods, but some secret places that were nurtured by the universe.

However, most of these secret places were not suitable for cultivation and were filled with endless dangers.

Some of them even pose a threat to the gods and deities that venture inside.

Lord Sinluo's hands and feet turn cold from Pan Ruo's words and he took two steps back, and said, "Your Highness Pan Ruo, it's better to forget about it. The risk of taking Dark

Space-time Matter is too great. Moreover, it's very dangerous to use it and it's not easy to control even if we obtain it."

Pan Ruo nodded slightly. It seemed like she knew she had to retreat.

BOOM!

A golden streak of light descended from the sky and landed not far from Lord Sinluo and Pan Ruo, stirring up layers of dust.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the dust and said, "Lord Sinluo, it seems that your memory has been restored by Pan Ruo through the Path of Destiny. I wonder if she can restore it if I erase it again?"

Lord Sinluo was shocked and angry at the sight of Zhang Ruochen.

"Why are you here, and where is Wu Jiang?"

The Lord Sinluo stepped in front of Pan Ruo and secretly transmitted his voice to her, saying. "Your Highness, you go first. I will hold him off."

Pan Ruo did not leave.

Zhang Ruochen walked forward step by step and said, "After I defeated Wu Jiang, he escaped." "Impossible. How could you possibly defeat Wu Jiang?"

The Lord Sinluo did not want to accept this fact. However, after using his spiritual power to search the area and not finding Wu Jiang's aura. It seemed that he had escaped.

Zhang Ruochen had only broken through 14 shackles, but he was already strong enough to defeat Wu Jiang?

Pan Ruo looked at Zhang Ruochen in front of her calmly, and said, "You and Wujiang should have both suffered heavy losses, right? I can feel that your aura is very weak. The strength that you are displaying is merely a facade."

Zhang Ruochen said, "No matter how weak you are, it's still easy for me to kill you both. I can absorb the blood in your

bodies after your death to make up for my lost Blood Qi.”
There was blood in the bodies of the Deathkin and Nether Clan.

However, their blood was different from the blood of living beings. It contained a strong Qi of Death.

Zhang Ruochen rushed over with a swoosh.

Lord Sinluo’s face changed. He released a strong icy Qi and formed a palm print with his hands.

Before he could strike, his body was frozen in space. With his cultivation at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, Zhang Ruochen could only freeze him for a moment.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen grabbed Lord Sinluo’s neck, lifted his body, and slammed him to the ground, creating a huge crater on the ground.

Boom

Lord Sinluo’s Qi of Death was scattered by this blow, and blood spurted out of his mouth.

Seeing the blood, Zhang Ruochen’s eyes blurred, and he felt ecstatic. Then he was filled with pain and started to struggle, and his body trembled slightly.

“Die.”

Taking this opportunity, Lord Sinluo hit Zhang Ruochen’s chest with his palm, sending him flying.

The cold Qi contained in this palm froze more than half of Zhang Ruochen’s body.

The cold Qi woke Zhang Ruochen up. He shook his arms and all the ice on his body shattered. The ice shards gathered between his hands and melted, forming an ice sword.

Holding the ice sword, Zhang Ruochen caught up with Lord Sinluo and slashed down.

Crash

With just one slash, Lord Sinluo was knocked to the ground. A bloody scar a foot-long was cut on his right arm.

Crash Crash Crash

Blow after blow, Lord Sinluo was beaten until he was covered in bloody sword wounds. He couldn't resist at all.

Pan Ruo didn't run away. Instead, she stared at Zhang Ruochen.

She could see that Zhang Ruochen had lost a lot of the Supreme Saint's blood in his body. Something was wrong. He wanted to suck blood, but he was restraining himself. Every time he swung the ice sword, he would hesitate for a moment.

It was because of his hesitation that he could not kill Lord Sinluo.

"Door of Trueself."

Pan Ruo stepped on the Nether River. Her body slowly flew up and floated more than 30 feet above the ground. Her ten jade fingers formed fingerprints and controlled the Door of Trueself to fly towards Zhang Ruochen. The Door of Trueself shone brightly and the light rays landed on Zhang Ruochen's body.

Affected by the power of Destiny, Zhang Ruochen's combat power was further weakened.

Lord Sinluo gave a long roar and immediately counterattacked. The Death Qi in his body surged out like a raging river. He struck out with hundreds of palm prints in a row, forcing Zhang Ruochen to retreat.

Whoosh!

At the same time, in the dark void space about a thousand miles away from the third dark star, Wu Jiang's body appeared. It was covered in cracks, like a paper figurine that had been torn apart and reattached.

"Lord Sinluo and Pan Ruo had done well. Now is the best chance to kill Zhang Ruochen."

Wu Jiang's eyes were filled with killing intent and he took out a Supreme Artifact of the Nether Clan, Myriad Curse Bead, and held it in his palm. He sat down cross-legged, put his palms together, and chanted an incantation.

Zhang Ruochen, who was fighting against Lord Sinluo and Pan Ruo, suddenly felt that he was attacked by the curse again. The blood in his body was rapidly decreasing, and he felt extremely uncomfortable.

“Oh no, to think that Wu Jiang still has enough power to cast the Blood – Devouring Curse. Even at this distance, the power of the curse is still astonishingly powerful.”

Zhang Ruochen realized that something was wrong. The power of the curse was too strange to guard against.

Was today such a bad day for him?

Suddenly, an idea flashed through his mind. He remembered what Pan Ruo had said to Lord Sinluo, so he gazed at the dark catacombs in the distance.

Since there was distorted time, space, and darkness inside the dark star, the power of curses should not be able to enter.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen rushed to the catacombs.

“Zhang Ruochen, where do you think you’re going? Let us settle the old scores today.” Lord Sinluo chased after him from behind. An ice dragon hundreds of meters long emerged from his palm. The ice dragon came to life and spiraled above the sky while letting out a deafening roar.

As the head of the ice dragon was about to hit Zhang Ruochen’s back. Zhang Ruochen suddenly turned around. He flew backward while lashing out with the Ghost-headed Whip.

The Ghost head and the ice dragon’s heads collided together.

Crack!

The Ghost-headed Whip sliced through the ice dragon’s body like a hot knife through butter. It emerged out from the dragon’s tail and landed on Lord Sinluo’s chest heavily, penetrating through his body. With a puff, the Ghost-headed Whip flew out from Lord Sinluo’s back.

“I told you, no matter how weak I am, killing you is as easy as a flick of a wrist.”

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth as he spoke. Following that, he jumped into the catacombs with the Ghost-headed Whip still dragging Lord Sinluo's bloody body.

When he landed, Zhang Ruochen turned around and looked up. His pupils constricted fiercely as he saw Pan Ruo had followed him down as well. Both of them lock eyes together.

Chapter 2332 Right or Wrong

A terrible pulling force existed deep within the planet's core. It had the effect of thousands of ropes wrapping around Zhang Ruochen. He was falling at an alarming rate, completely out of control.

He lost his vision, and he couldn't see anything

He couldn't hear anything either.

Zhang Ruochen could only feel a strong sense of weightlessness. He was like a mortal falling off a cliff in the dark.

Whoosh

The Divine Purification Flame surged out of his palm. It gave off a dazzling white light and illuminated the darkness.

As Zhang Ruochen descended, he looked around. The scene in his eyes wasn't a dark catacomb at all. It was a vast expanse with brilliant colors but no end.

'Has the space been pulled out of shape and become infinitely vast? Or has my body become infinitely small under the pressure of space?' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen sensed that the precepts of heaven and earth around him, especially the Precepts of Dimension, had become completely different from the outside world.

Lord Sinluo's body had been penetrated by the Ghost-headed Whip, but he did not die.

The Ghost Rune on the whip gave off a faint light, nibbling away at his spirit and entering an unconscious state.

Above Zhang Ruochen, Pan Ruo's graceful and delicate body was wrapped by the Nether River and caught up with Zhang Ruochen. Her figure merged with the surrounding environment. It was quiet and beautiful.

The Gate of Destiny behind the statue of Fukurokuju became dark. Nothing could be seen anymore. "The interior of the Dark Star is filled with the three Precepts of Darkness, Time, and Dimension. The three powers have evolved to the

extreme. It's hard for Destiny to predict what's going on inside." said the statue of Fukurokuju.

The so-called difficult to predict was not impossible to predict. The Fane of Destiny was too far away from the Battlefield of Celestial- Hunting, so it was difficult for the gods to investigate. In addition to the influence of the Dark Star's power, it was already amazing that Fukurokuju could show the images on the surface of the Dark Star.

If they were closer, it would be another case.

This was the influence of Dimension on the Power of Destiny!

The farther away it was, the harder it was to touch the Power of Destiny.

"Reverend, the structure of the Dark Star is strong. How could there be a catacomb that leads to the depths of the planet's core? This kind of catacomb can't be formed naturally, right?" The Divine Shadow of Blood Empress appeared in the fane and asked.

Fukurokuju said, "To cultivators below divinity, although the Dark Star is dangerous, it is a precious place for bitter cultivation. It can temper oneself, breakthrough bottlenecks, and achieve great breakthroughs. "However, there are too many uncertain factors in the power of the Dark Star. Even if they are well prepared and bring a large number of resources into the star, most of them will end up dead.

"The Battle of Celestial-Hunting is not just a game of hunting Celestial Captives, nor is it just a battle between the ten races. On the battlefield, countless opportunities have been prepared for the most outstanding talents in the Infernal Court. I hope they can use this opportunity to grow quickly.

"Our home planet has great opportunities, and the Dark Star also has infinite possibilities.

"Of course, opportunities and dangers coexist. Whether they live or die, whether they are trapped in the shallow shoals, or whether they are dancing in the sky, depends on their own fates.

"Those with strong destinies can live. Otherwise, they will die.

“Those with strong destinies can break through the barriers and go against the trend. Otherwise, they will be in danger. “Apart from destiny, the will and choices of the cultivator are sometimes more important.

“Immortal Blue Marrow, a Supreme Saint of the Stone Clan, existed three thousand years ago. To overcome the tribulation of Banshi Isshou Realm, he broke through the Gate of the Paramount Realm and came to the third Dark Star. He spent two hundred years opening a path to the interior of the star, which is the dark catacombs that you see now.

“It’s a pity that after 3,000 years, he still couldn’t come out of the Dark Star.”

‘A Supreme Saint of the Banshi Isshou Realm couldn’t even come out of the Dark Star, but Zhang Ruochen had just entered the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Wasn’t it even more dangerous for Zhang Ruochen?’ Blood Empress thought.

Blood Empress was not in despair. Zhang Ruochen was the Master of Time and Space and she believed that he might have a chance of survival.

Ghost Lord’s laughter sounded in the Fane of Destiny, “I have to say, Wargod Bloodximus, your grandson is indeed very powerful. Although the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill is lacking, he was able to severely injure Wujiang. It can be said that he has walked out of his own unique path. If he doesn’t die, his future achievements will be limitless. Pity.”

The gods present could obviously hear Ghost Lord was gloating

Wargod Bloodximus didn’t waste any more words with Ghost Lord. He remained silent.

There was no way to enter the third Dark Star to save people during the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

However, the Battle of Celestial-Hunting only lasted for 100 days. It wouldn’t be too late to bring Zhang Ruochen back after all this was over.

The most frightening thing was that time flowed too fast inside the Dark Star. Before the Battle of Celestial-Hunting was over,

Zhang Ruochen would have already died of old age.

Amane and Luo Yan stood in the Divine Realm and pondered for a long time.

After a while, Luo Yan said, “Zhang Ruochen is indeed a rare talent in this Yuanhui period. He demonstrated not only a powerful and unique Grade Two Saintwill but also his extraordinary will in the battle with Wujiang. With such a will, he should be able to overcome the bumpy road to divinity.”

“If he can come out of the Dark Star alive, Wujiang will no longer be his opponent,” said Amane.

Amane seemed to have a lot of faith in Zhang Ruochen. She was full of hope. Her tone was neither repulsive nor hostile. There was only a vague sense of anticipation and vision.

Inside the Dark Star.

The distance between Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo was getting closer and closer. They kept looking at each other.

There was no emotion or hostility in their eyes, but it was very complicated. It was full of things that even gods could not understand.

“Why did you come down?”

Zhang Ruochen used his spiritual power to transmit his voice to her.

Pan Ruo said, “The inside of the Dark Star is more mysterious than God’s body. Even a Reverend could not find out what happened inside. I came in to tell you that you are not in a good condition.”

“You don’t have to tell me. I know my condition very well,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Pan Ruo said, “Your progenitor’s bloodline has been awakened. The natural instinct of the Immortal Vampires will become stronger and stronger.

“For example, blood consumption.

“You don’t want to drink blood. You’re using your own will to fight against the instinct of the progenitor’s bloodline. It’s very

dangerous. You might lose yourself or have a mental breakdown. I can help you.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at her for a long time and said, “I’ve experienced too many ups and downs. People are different. My will isn’t that weak. You shouldn’t be here. You should return to the surface!”

Confusion and bitterness flashed in Pan Ruo’s eyes. She sighed and then said, “I’ve already come down. How can I return so easily?”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t say anything more. He closed his eyes and mobilized his spiritual power to try to suppress the bloodthirsty thoughts in his heart. He saw all of this as a test of his own will.

If he could not resist the instinct of the progenitor’s bloodline and chose to obey, then he would never be able to surpass the Progenitor.

After an unknown period, the pulling power in his body gradually disappeared. Zhang Ruochen, Pan Ruo, and Lord Sinluo stopped falling. Their bodies floated in the void space.

‘How can this be? The pulling power has disappeared?’ Zhang Ruochen was puzzled.

Pan Ruo said, “We must have reached the center of the Dark Star. Cherish the peace now. I believe that danger will come soon.” “It is indeed very peaceful. This seems to be the most peaceful place in the world,” said Zhang Ruochen. He did not panic or feel uneasy. On the contrary, he enjoyed the feeling now.

The bloodthirsty thought slowly disappeared.

Pan Ruo stared at him, “You’re in denial. You should understand that there will always be fights as long as there are people. What we need to do is to face and fight, not to seek a moment of peace.”

Zhang Ruochen did not want to argue with her, so he chose to remain silent.

The two had been together before, and there were times when they had feelings for each other. However, their idealism was different, so they eventually parted ways. Zhang Ruochen thought a lot about her after he calmed down.

Perhaps there was no right or wrong between them.

They just made different choices.

At that time, they were too weak. They could only choose and couldn't create their own results.

They didn't have many options. They had the option of going left or right. They would perish if they turned left or right. However, they would die in different ways. "If you want to defeat Wujiang, or even the Lan Ying and Que, you have to find the Dark Space-Time Matter. Since we're at the center of the Dark Star, we shouldn't be far from the Dark Space-Time Matter," Pan Ruo said.

Zhang Ruochen put away his thoughts and released his spiritual power and The Spatial Domain to explore the surroundings. "Hey! That's..." said Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen showed a strange expression and looked in one direction.

Here, his spiritual power was severely suppressed.

However, Zhang Ruochen's perception of space became extremely sharp. In this boundless world, he found strange substances.

He threw Lord Sinluo into the Violet Gourd and flew over on his ten wings.

There seemed to be no concept of time and space here. Zhang Ruochen did not know how long he flew and how far he flew. Finally, he arrived near a sapphire that was more than 10 meters tall.

The surface of the sapphire was smooth, crystal clear, and had an ancient aura.

Inside the sapphire, there were wisps of floccule-like substances.

Some of these substances resembled human hair, others arms, and still others eyeballs... all were distorted and deformed. They appeared to be particularly terrifying. Pan Ruo flew nearby and saw the huge sapphire. Her eyes became more and more unsightly. "This shouldn't be a Dark Time-Space Matter, right?" said Pan Ruo.

Zhang Ruochen walked to the sapphire and pressed his palm on it. Instantly, a bone-chilling aura spread out. His hand was stuck to the sapphire and couldn't be separated.

Zhang Ruochen quickly activated the Precept of Dimension and shot it out from his palm. It turned into a spatial shock wave and separated from the sapphire.

Pan Ruo said, "It's not a Dark Space-time Matter, but a Blue Marrow Star."

"Blue Marrow Star?" Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

Zhang Ruochen knew that blue marrow was a rare material to refine a Regal Artifact.

However, it was only a refining material. How could it have the powerful power to attract him?

Moreover, it was only such a big piece. How could it be called a Blue Marrow Star?

Pan Ruo said, "It is indeed a Blue Marrow Star. Its main body is more than 10,000 miles long. It also gave birth to spiritual wisdom and embarked on the path of cultivation. It cultivated the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Sainthood. In the Stone Clan, it was called the Immortal Blue Marrow. However, Immortal Blue Marrow vanished in the Infernal Court three thousand years ago. I didn't expect him to die here.

"However, the aura emitted by this stone is quite ancient. It's more than three Yuanhui periods. It couldn't possibly be the Immortal Blue Marrow from three thousand years ago? Unless... "

Zhang Ruochen thought of a possibility, and his face changed again and again.

3,000 years in the outside world. It might have been 300,000 or 3,000,000 years here.

What was the change in the flow of time? Zhang Ruochen immediately released the Saint Phase of Time and adjusted the Precepts of Time to make a detailed calculation. “This isn’t right. Why is the flow of time calculated like this?” Zhang Ruochen felt incredible.

Therefore, he found that the time flow here was very slow. Even if 1,000 years had passed, it would only be one year in the outside world. If that was the case, the interior of the Dark Star was an excellent place for cultivating. Cultivating here could quickly increase one’s cultivation, which was even more powerful than using the Sundial, as long as one brought enough Godstones, pills, and meditation diagrams.

But it didn’t make any sense.

If it were really that simple, the gods of the Infernal Court would have long used the Dark Star to nurture their juniors.

“There must be a big problem with the space. If it really is the Immortal Blue Marrow, its original body is more than 10,000 miles long, but now it’s more than 10 meters tall. Then it must have been severely compressed by the space. Even with his cultivation of the Banshi Isshou Realm, he couldn’t resist it. In the end, he was crushed into a stone.”

Zhang Ruochen whipped out the Ghost-headed Whip and wrapped the sapphire seven times to confirm his guess.

“Rise!”

Zhang Ruochen mobilized all his strength but could not shake the sapphire. He calculated in his heart that its weight was more than a thousand times heavier than an ordinary star.

It was very likely that it was really a Blue Marrow Star.

Pan Ruo said, “It’s very dangerous here. We have to leave immediately. If we also suffer from space compression, we may turn into a speck of dust. If the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint can’t resist it, we certainly can’t resist it.”

“It’s too late!” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes stared down.

He saw the dense Precepts of Dimension turn into a tidal storm and surge up from the bottom.

The invisible and colorless Precepts of Dimension turned into seven colors here.

“Get in the gourd!” Zhang Ruochen shouted.

Zhang Ruochen flew into the Violet Gourd first. Pan Ruo followed closely behind and rushed in.

The seven-colored tidal storm of Precepts of Dimension swept the Violet Gourd inside. In an instant, the one-foot-tall gourd was compressed by the space and became smaller. It was the size of a fist, then the size of a green

bean.

Finally, it turned into a purple-gold speck of dust that sparkled.

Entering the gourd, Zhang Ruochen landed on the Golden Sun of Destruction. He used all his Saint Qi to activate the Supreme Inscriptions.

He looked up and saw that the internal space of the gourd, which was the size of a planet, was constantly compressed. The sky was getting shorter and the world was getting smaller.

“What do you need me to do?” asked Pan Ruo.

“Don't do anything. You have nothing to do here,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Just as he finished speaking, Zhang Ruochen suddenly thought of something. He pointed at the purple icy rock that was rotating with the Golden Sun of Destruction and said, “Go and activate the power of the Cosmic Glazier Stone.”

Pan Ruo flew onto the Cosmic Glazier Stone and sat down cross-legged. The Nether River that had been circling her body swooped down and wrapped around the giant purple rock.

The internal space of the gourd continued to shrink.

Even the Golden Sun of Destruction and the Cosmic Glazier Stone were compressed and shrunk more than ten times.

Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo felt a huge pressure. Their lives were threatened. They might follow in the footsteps of Immortal Blue Marrow.

Swoosh

As the Supreme Inscription and rays of golden light and purple light soared into the sky, they supported the internal space. Gradually, they resisted the pressure from all directions.

The internal space of the Violet Gourd was stabilized at about 50 meters in diameter.

It was very narrow.

Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo were both relieved. They could not help but look at each other. When their eyes met, time seemed to freeze.

Zhang Ruochen took the lead to look away with an indifferent expression, he said, "The Power of Dimension is not the most terrifying. With the Violet Gourd, we can resist it. However, once the Power of Time and Darkness burst out, it is likely to swallow us."

With that, the narrow space of the gourd became quiet.

After a while, Zhang Ruochen said again, "I have always wanted to ask you a question."

"You want to ask me what I saw in the Destiny Pool? Last time, at the Vastsea Manor, you wanted to ask!" said Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo's eyes were gloomy. Finally, she closed her eyes and smiled bitterly, she said, "You should know that for someone like me, even my memory is a flaw since I came to the Infernal Court. Many of my memories have been erased by myself. I remember you because I can't erase them.

"Maybe you're asking the wrong person.

"You're no longer the Ninth Prince of Yunwu Commandery, and I'm no longer the Princess of Qianshui Commandery. In fact, Princess Yanchen really liked the Ninth Prince, not the Crown Prince of Shengming, nor the Scion of the Xue Jue Family. The Crown Prince of Shengming had brought her nothing but pain. He had personally sent her to Chi Yao's side.

It was he who had forcibly transferred their grudges onto her. Maybe he didn't mean it and didn't want to hurt her, but he couldn't change the final result.

"The people in the past are gone, but the water is still cold today.

"Let bygones be bygones! If you don't want to remember, then I don't want to remember too. You didn't do anything wrong, and I don't think I did anything wrong. I only have the will and unwillingness to choose and not to choose. Right or wrong, it's not important anymore!"

Chapter 2333 10 Years

Zhang Ruochen was not a heartless person. He was the same with everyone around him.

After hearing Pan Ruo's words, the coldness in Zhang Ruochen's eyes melted a little, and he said calmly, "I don't remember how I met Princess Yanchen. I only remember that when we first met, the word 'Chen' seemed to have violated her taboo and accidentally entered her dorm room. From then on, we had a relationship.

"Too many things happened after that. There were disputes, warmth, separation, sadness, and joy. Do you still remember how they went from not liking each other to loving each other?"

Pan Ruo was sitting on the Cosmic Glazier Stone. She lowered her gaze and listened carefully. She didn't say anything.

Zhang Ruochen continued, "They got together because they progressed from knowing each other to appreciating each other, then from appreciating each other to loving each other, and finally from loving each other to being together. Regrettably, they did not complete that final step.

"If they hadn't met in the West Campus. If Empress Chi Yao hadn't sent Wan Zhaoyi to the Eastern Region Saint King Manor to capture Zhang Ruochen on the eve of their marriage. If Zhang Ruochen hadn't helped Huang Yanchen to become a Realm Bearer. If Zhang Ruochen and Empress Chi Yao hadn't had a grudge for 800 years. Would the result have been better?"

Zhang Ruochen spoke slowly as if he were speaking to himself, but he was also thinking about his past and present.

The longer a person lived, the more they would see things differently.

The high spirits Zhang Ruochen had when he was young made him feel at ease. He was hot-blooded and could fight against any strong enemy without thinking twice. Even if he died, he wouldn't hesitate.

But now, Zhang Ruochen would never do that again.

Just as Zhang Ruochen dared to go to Ziwei Palace by himself and question Chi Yao. He couldn't go to Dishastan by himself and challenge Ghost Lord now.

It was not because he was afraid of fighting, but because he did not want to court death.

No matter how difficult it was, there was a better way to solve it than to die generously.

Pan Ruo finally opened her mouth again and said, "There aren't so many ifs. What's in the past is already a foregone conclusion. The only thing that can be decided is the future."

The two sat facing each other. Every word they said seemed to be filled with emotion, but it also sounded like words exchanged between strangers.

Zhang Ruochen was calm. He didn't say anything more. He displayed his fierce look and said, "You don't necessarily need Dark Space-time Matter to defeat Wujiang. As long as my blood and Qi can recover, he'll definitely lose the next fight."

"But your goal has never been to defeat Wujiang. It's to be number one in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting," Pan Ruo said.

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully and said, "The first thing is that we have to survive."

As soon as Zhang Ruochen said that, the space shook slightly.

Countless Marks of Time light spots passed through the purple-gold light membrane formed by the Supreme Power and entered the gourd, enveloping Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo.

Time changed even more.

"Why are there so many Marks of Time all of a sudden? No, the Power of Time is rapidly depleting our lifespan," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen found that the flow of time slowed down by a thousand times, almost to the point of time stopping. Even if a million years had passed here, only a year had passed outside.

However, it was different from cultivating in the area covered by the Sundial. Staying here for a year did not consume a year's lifespan, but a thousand years.

In other words, Zhang Ruochen's life would consume a billion years if he stayed here for a million years, while only a year had passed outside.

Staying here for a year would only take a few breaths outside, but a cultivator's lifespan would be consumed in a thousand years.

"As expected, the Dark Star is not a precious place for cultivating. I must find the Dark Space-time Matter as soon as possible and leave."

Zhang Ruochen's expression was solemn. He realized that the Immortal Blue Marrow was not only killed by the space compression. The extreme change of time should be one of the reasons why he was killed.

About a month later, the space compression force from all directions gradually disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen's tensed nerves relaxed. Fortunately, when they entered the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen asked the cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan to each take a Godstone. These Godstones were now in his hands.

The power in Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo was not exhausted because he could constantly absorb the Divine Qi contained in the Godstones. They could continue to encourage the Violet Gourd and the Supreme Power.

Swoosh

The Violet Gourd grew once more. It grew from a purple-gold light spot into a hundreds-meter-long gourd ship floating in the infinite void space.

The two flew out of the gourd and stood on the surface of the gourd, ready to move forward.

Pan Ruo looked at the sapphire floating in the void space, she said, "Although the Blue Marrow Star has become so big, it contains a huge amount of energy. If the Godstone is

exhausted, it should be able to support us to continue living here.”

Then she said, “I found that your Violet Gourd has refined a lot of stellar cores. Can you take the sapphire in and refine it?”

Zhang Ruochen was not sure. He said, “Its weight is 1,000 times heavier than a normal stellar core. Refining it is equivalent to refining 1,000 stellar cores.”

Zhang Ruochen was naturally interested in the Blue Marrow Star.

Once the refinement was successful, the Violet Gourd’s absorption ability would increase greatly. At that time, it would also pose a threat to Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Que, and others. Under Zhang Ruochen’s control, the Violet Gourd became even bigger, like a gourd the size of a mountain. The mouth of the gourd aimed at the sapphire and placed it inside.

Then, the weight of the Violet Gourd increased greatly. Zhang Ruochen could only use all his strength to drive the gourd to fly quickly.

While flying, Zhang Ruochen used Supreme Power to refine the Blue Marrow Star. This was a long and boring journey. Searching for Dark Space-time Matter was like finding a needle in a haystack. It was hard to find.

At the same time, there was great danger.

Every month, the Precepts of Dimension would erupt like a tidal wave. Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo would hide inside the gourd at the time. They would only come out once the storm had passed.

Three years passed quickly in this dangerous world.

Zhang Ruochen had used the Godstones and the Heart of the Divine Tree to recover the Supreme Saint’s blood. His injuries had also healed.

The Violet Gourd had flown hundreds of millions of miles, but there wasn’t even a trace of Dark Space-time Matter.

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In the past three years, Zhang Ruochen had eaten the remaining seven Ampliofruits. His lifespan had increased by 21,000 years, and the number of Precepts in him had increased by 700 million. The total number had reached 3.5 billion.

With the special environment here, Zhang Ruochen's enlightenment on Time and Dimension had greatly improved.

The number of Precepts of Time and Dimension had increased rapidly. There were more than 40 million of them. If he revealed The Spatial Domain and Null Time realm now, Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could fight against Wujiang's Nether Domain.

However, Zhang Ruochen's enlightenment on Time and Dimension had already made him feel that this trip was worth it. This experience would definitely lay a solid foundation for him to condense the Saintwill of Time and Dimension in the future.

The biggest reason why Zhang Ruochen ate all the Ampliofruits was that he was forced to.

First, he ate up far too much of his life. Zhang Ruochen had lost 2,000 years of his life in just three years. Furthermore, this situation would persist.

Zhang Ruochen lacked confidence and couldn't afford to consume it because he didn't have enough lifespan to support him.

Second, only by eating the Ampliofruits could Zhang Ruochen's cultivation increase rapidly in a short time to deal with the complicated, extreme, and dangerous environment inside the Dark Star.

After eating seven Ampliofruits, Zhang Ruochen spent three years breaking 13 shackles in a row.

Now, the total number of shackles broken had reached 27. The Demigod-level physique had become more powerful, and the divine force that could burst out had become more.

Eating a large number of Ampliofruits also had an even greater benefit. It could help him cultivate high-level saint techniques.

Zhang Ruochen had studied the Time and Dimension saint techniques in the Secret Tome of Time and Space, as well as the manuals collected by Wargod Bloodximius, in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, over the previous three years. Besides the Incarceration of Divine Demon, Zhang Ruochen also cultivated three kinds of high-level saint techniques at the Thousand-Koan level, all of which had reached the minor completion stage. He was only a step away from the grand completion stage. All he needed was time to polish and master them.

The three kinds of high-level Thousand-Koan level saint techniques were:

The leg saint technique could complement Yanshen's leg.

The fire saint technique could perfectly use the power of the Divine Purification Flame.

The other one belonged to the category of dimension. Zhang Ruochen didn't know if he should classify it as a high-level Thousand-Koan level saint technique, but it was more difficult to cultivate than a high-level Thousand-Koan level saint technique. The Ampliofruit had played a big role in achieving such an achievement.

Otherwise, mastering even one of the three high-level Thousand-Koan level saint techniques in just three years, let alone three, would have been extremely difficult. To be more specific, he may not even be able to master one in 30 years.

Zhang Ruochen devoted the majority of his time and effort to Swordsmanship. Both Sword Eleven and Moonlight Melody, the fifth level of the Time Sword technique, had a breakthrough.

The only regret was that he could not integrate the sixth type of Saintwill into the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen stood alone on the top of the Violet Gourd. With his hands behind his back, he looked ahead.

After three years of fruitless searching for Dark Time-Space Matter, he was more or less suspicious and restless.

Dark Time-Space Matter was just Pan Ruo's guess. It might not really exist. If he continued to be wasting time here, it would be a waste of his life.

“With my current strength, it shouldn't be difficult for me to defeat Wujiang at his pinnacle. In the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, only Que and Lord Hornless can pose a threat to me. As for Lan Ying, Yanhuang Tu, and Luo Shengtian, although they are ranked higher than Wujiang, their combat strength should be limited.”

Zhang Ruochen was thinking about whether he should leave the Dark Star now.

However, he thought of another problem. Just as Pan Ruo had said, his goal was to be first in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, not to defeat an opponent in a one-on-one battle. In the final battle, it was likely that he would face more than one strong opponent.

At that time, Dark Space-time Matter could be his biggest trump card.

Whether he could use it or not, it was better to have it in his hands than not. For the past two years, Pan Ruo had been staying inside the Violet Gourd. Her lifespan was far less than Zhang Ruochen's. She could not afford to consume it.

Zhang Ruochen, fortunately, had set up a Time Array on the Violet Gourd two years ago. It might be able to withstand the ravages of time in her lifespan to some extent.

As long as one stayed inside the gourd, one-tenth of one's lifespan would be consumed outside.

Because of the Time Array, even though Zhang Ruochen had spent a long time outside the gourd, controlling it and searching for Dark Space-time Matter, his lifespan was only 2,000 years, not 3,000.

“I can't be impatient. My mind should be calm. I can take this opportunity to comprehend the Path of Darkness. Only by knowing myself and my enemy can I be undefeated.” Zhang

Ruochen took a deep breath and sat down cross-legged to adjust his emotions.

The interior of the Dark Star was filled with a large number of Precepts of Darkness. It was the best place to comprehend the Path of Darkness.

In the Infernal Court, many cultivators had cultivated the Path of Darkness, including the Deva Path of each clan. Many of them were derived from the Path of Darkness. The deeper one's enlightenment on the Path of Darkness, the easier it would be to deal with the Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court in the future.

Time always passed quickly when he cultivated.

Another seven years passed.

Zhang Ruochen not only completed the three new high-level saint techniques of the Thousand-Koan level, but he also made greater breakthroughs in his Swordsmanship, the Path of Dimension, Time, and Darkness.

After ten years of cultivation and the consumption of the Supreme Artifact, Zhang Ruochen had used up all his Godstones.

He couldn't waste any more time. It was time to decide whether to stay or go.

Swoosh

A meandering Nether River flew out from the mouth of the gourd.

Pan Ruo stepped on the Nether River and landed on the surface of the gourd. She looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was standing straight. After a moment of hesitation, she walked over, "It's been ten years!" She said, "It seems that I was wrong. This Dark Star didn't give birth to Dark Space-time Matter."

Over the past ten years, Pan Ruo had been using the Precepts of Destiny to analyze the Blue Marrow Star and obtain a large number of Immortal Blue Marrow's inheritances.

Her cultivation had improved greatly. Zhang Ruochen said, “In ten years, your Path of Darkness, Dimension, and Time have all improved greatly. You didn’t come to the Dark Star to look for Dark Space-time Matter, but to cultivate and breakthrough. Take a shortcut and catch up with the other two Scioness candidates, Lady Wind and Supreme Saint Yanhong.”

Cultivating many Paths of the Ancients at the same time was not a good thing.

If one was greedy, he would achieve nothing.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not find Pan Ruo greedy. Instead, all kinds of Paths of the Ancients could complement each other and gather at the Door of Trueself.

The gaze of her Door of Trueself was more than twice as much as before she entered the Dark Star.

Pan Ruo stared at Zhang Ruochen for a long time and said, “If you are thinking that I’m using your power to help me achieve a big breakthrough in my cultivation? Then yes, I am using you.”

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed her eyes, shook his head, and said, “You never like to explain. You insist that I find the truth and answer myself. Do you know how tired I am?” Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. His pupils contracted rapidly as he looked at the distant void space behind Pan Ruo. “Perhaps I have found the answer. Dark Space-time Matter has appeared!”

About 700 miles away from the Violet Gourd, a black fog appeared. There was rain in the fog. Raindrops spun and flew, forming a huge vortex.

In the center of the Vortex, a yellow copper cauldron could be vaguely seen.

Chapter 2334 Dark Space-time Matter

Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo flew 300 miles away from the black vortex. They didn't dare to move forward. The strong pulling force made them lose their balance and their bodies sway.

What was more terrifying was that the density of Marks of Time increased greatly in the black fog storm. Sharp Dimensional Rifts flew past quickly, and black lightning flashed through.

Time, Dimension, and Darkness. These three powers had evolved to the point where they could easily kill a Supreme Saint.

'The Dimensional Rifts can move so fast. I understand. It's the result of dimension and time merging,' Zhang Ruochen thought. His heart moved, and a dazzling light appeared in his eyes.

Actually, in Zhang Ruochen's understanding, the Dimensional Rifts had always been the simplest and most vicious attack of the Power of Dimension.

It was like the stab and slash in sword techniques.

There was not much fancy, just to kill with one strike at the fastest speed.

But this was not the case. When confronted with a cultivator of a higher realm, Zhang Ruochen could always use his speed to avoid the Dimensional Rift, or he could use arrays, talismans, weapons, and so on to suppress the space and cause the Dimensional Rift to close again, losing its power.

In truth, it was just that they weren't fast enough.

In the world of martial arts, speed was the only thing that couldn't be broken.

The Dimensional Rift wasn't about its size, but its speed.

If the Dimensional Rift flew out quickly enough, the other party would not be able to avoid it at all, let alone cast a

defensive technique to counter it. Perhaps, combining the Mark of Time with the Dimensional Rift was a good path.

‘As the Master of Time and Space, I should take one path. Other Time and Dimension cultivators can’t. Time and Dimension become one,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Whoosh

An inch-long Dimensional Rift appeared between the five fingers of Zhang Ruochen’s right hand.

Around Zhang Ruochen, Mark of Time light spots were captured by him and gathered toward the Dimensional Rift. The two merged into one.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen motioned with his arm. The one-inch-long Dimensional Rift flew out and into the massive black vortex. It was ten times faster than it had previously been.

This was just his first attempt. There was a limit to the Marks of Time he could integrate.

Obviously, the more Marks of Time he could integrate, the faster the Dimensional Rift would be.

Of course, the more Marks of Time he could integrate, the more time he would need to activate them.

There were pros and cons to everything. It was hard to get the best of both worlds.

‘Fighting a top elite head-on may only have a limited effect. However, if I use this move to launch a sneak attack, it should pose a great threat to a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen thought about how to make the Dimensional Rift contain more attributes.

For example, combining with the Precepts of Fire and Swordsmanship.

The most successful Path was the first thing that came to mind. Although the Paths of Darkness and Destiny were both Paths of Ancients, Zhang Ruochen was neither the Master of

Darkness nor the Master of Destiny, nor was he a cultivator of Darkness or a cultivator of Destiny. He was only a passing observer.

It was worth mentioning that the Path of Darkness was the easiest to cultivate and would have the highest achievements in the future.

However, there were very few Masters of Darkness.

Next were the elites of the Fane of Darkness. They were all cultivators of Darkness. Before they entered the Saint Realm, they had used the Precept of Darkness as a seed of Darkness and fused it into their Saint Souls.

Finally, there was another group of cultivators who, like Zhang Ruochen, had not integrated the Precept of Darkness into their Saint Souls before they had cultivated it. It would be very difficult to comprehend the Precept of Darkness. Moreover, even if they had comprehended the Precept of Darkness, they could not integrate it into their Saint Souls.

Therefore, the Path of Darkness and the Path of Destiny, which Zhang Ruochen wanted to study and understand, could not integrate with the Saint Souls, so he could not achieve much.

Zhang Ruochen had meditated here for ten years, but he had only comprehended tens of thousands of Precepts of Darkness.

With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he could certainly use the Path of Darkness to deal with the Saint Kings. However, if he fought with someone like Wujiang, the Path of Darkness was almost useless. Including the Path of Truth, Zhang Ruochen had not fused with the Saint Soul, so he couldn't have very high achievements. However, the Fane of Truth was selfless and rewarded the geniuses with the Canon of Truth, which gave Zhang Ruochen a chance to peek at the Major Path of Truth.

It could be said that without the Canon of Truth, Zhang Ruochen could not cultivate the Realm-frame of Truth, let alone the Heart of Truth. It was impossible to cultivate the Path of Truth to Perfection in the Saint King realm.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to achieve great success in the Path of Darkness and the Path of Destiny unless he could get the Canon of Darkness and the Canon of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen's Dimensional Rift was flying so fast that Pan Ruo, who was standing on the side, could not see it at all. She said, "Those black lightning bolts are not real lightning bolts, but highly condensed Power of Darkness."

As if to confirm her guess, she shot out a Divine Bone Arrow.

Boom

A black lightning bolt hit the Divine Bone Arrow.

The Divine Bone Arrow broke in half and flew out diagonally.

Zhang Ruochen reached out and grabbed at the air. He retrieved one of the broken arrows and brought it before his eyes. Where the arrow had broken, it was as black as ink and as charred as sand.

"What terrifying Power of Darkness. Even the Divine Bone can't withstand a single blow," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were solemn. He released the Realm-frame of Truth, Spatial Domain, and Null Time realm to cover his body.

"The raindrops in the black fog vortex should be Dark Space-time Matter," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Ghost-headed Whip and injected Saint Qi into it.

Crash

Dense Regal Inscriptions appeared on the Ghost-headed Whip. It released strong Ghostly Qi and turned into a black whip snake that flew out. The skull at the top of the whip opened its mouth wide and swallowed a raindrop.

The black raindrop pierced through the skull and flew out.

Zhang Ruochen quickly put away the Ghost-headed Whip. He noticed that the whip had been harmed by the Power of Dimension, and the Regal Inscription had been corroded by the Power of Darkness.

‘The Ghost-headed Whip is a treasure among the Regal Artifacts. It can’t even take a drop of Dark Space-time Matter! Do I have to use a Supreme Artifact?’ Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen held the Violet Gourd in his hand and hesitated.

If the Violet Gourd was swept away by the black fog vortex, it would be a great loss!

Pan Ruo said, “In this world, there are very few vessels that can hold Dark Space-time Matter. Even a Supreme Artifact might not be able to do it. However, some methods can fuse with Dark Space-time Matter and take it.

“The Door of Trueself.”

The bright and shining Gate of Destiny flew out from behind Pan Ruo and continued on its way to the black fog vortex.

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes and looked carefully. He saw a drop of Dark Space-time Matter spinning and flying. When it hit the Gate of Destiny, it was immediately blocked by many Precepts of Destiny, Precepts of Dimension, Precepts of Darkness, and Marks of Time; it was like a spider web wrapping around it.

Pan Ruo waved her arm and the Gate of Destiny flew back.

A black droplet flowed on the door of light.

Her Gate of Destiny was mainly formed by the Precepts of Destiny. The number of Precepts of Dimension and Marks of Time did not exceed 50,000. There were more Precepts of Darkness, but it was not half of the Precepts of Destiny.

Pan Ruo stopped collecting Dark Space-time Matter. She closed her eyes and studied it carefully.

‘She only took one drop, but why are there fewer raindrops in the black fog vortex? Even the speed of the black fog vortex has slowed down.’ Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t spend too much time thinking. He prepared to take one drop first.

‘She has the Gate of Destiny. I have the Saint Aspect of Time and Dimension.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen first released the Saint Aspect of Dimension and flew toward the black fog vortex. The Saint Aspect of Dimension was shapeless and immaterial, but Zhang Ruochen could feel that it was like a vortex, similar to the black fog vortex in front of him.

Not long after, the Saint Aspect of Dimension caught a drop of Dark Space-time Matter, assimilated it, and collected it in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Even if it was just a drop of Dark Space-time Matter, it contained a huge energy fluctuation and was extremely heavy.

Zhang Ruochen finally understood why Pan Ruo stopped taking action after taking a drop. It was not that she did not want to continue collecting, but that she was too weak to do so.

With her cultivation, it was already her limit to take a drop.

“Continue,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen used the Precept of Dimension to seal this drop of Dark Space-time Matter. Then, he urged the Saint Aspect of Dimension to continue collecting.

The Saint Aspect of Dimension collected 13 drops of Dark Space-time Matter in a row before it reached its limit and could no longer carry it.

Zhang Ruochen switched to the Saint Aspect of Time and continued to collect.

Pan Ruo studied the drop of Dark Space-time Matter thoroughly. After sealing it, she began to collect the second drop.

It took about seven days for Zhang Ruochen’s Saint Aspect of Time and Dimension to collect 13 drops of Dark Space-time Matter each. Pan Ruo’s Door of Trueself collected three drops.

The raindrops in the black fog vortex disappeared without a trace.

The Dimensional Rifts and black lightning in the vortex also decreased. They were not as terrifying as before.

“We have collected all the Dark Space-time Matter,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Pan Ruo frowned slightly, she asked doubtfully, “Were we hallucinating in the beginning? The Dark Space-time Matter that I saw turned into a raindrop. The amount was almost endless. How come we only took 29 drops and the Dark Space-time Matter was gone?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I thought you had read all the books in the Fane of Destiny and cultivated the Door of Trueself. You know everything. I didn’t expect that you couldn’t see through it too.”

“Do you know what’s going on?” Pan Ruo asked.

Pan Ruo’s starry eyes finally looked straight into Zhang Ruochen’s eyes again, wanting to know the reason.

“I don’t know,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen knew what was going on. It was a visual illusion created by multiple spaces. 29 drops of Dark Space-time Matter were like 290,000 drops, 2.9 billion drops. The more chaotic the space, the more Dark Space-time Matter one could see.

Pan Ruo snorted coldly.

Of course, she knew that Zhang Ruochen knew the reason. He just didn’t say it on purpose. Zhang Ruochen was dissatisfied with her. He was giving her a taste of her own medicine by doing so. If she continued to ask, it would be exactly what Zhang Ruochen wanted. Fortunately, Pan Ruo didn’t mention it anymore. She stared at the yellow light spot in the black vortex, she said, “A small brass cauldron appeared in the center of the black vortex. It’s too strange. The black lightning can destroy the Divine Bone Arrow, and the Dark Space-time Matter raindrops can damage the Regal Artifact, but they can’t hurt it. Take a guess. What is it?”

Chapter 2335 Back on the Ground

“Why do you have to guess? Just go and take a look.”

Before he finished his sentence, Zhang Ruochen turned into a golden light and rushed into the huge black fog vortex.

29 drops of Dark Space-time Matter were taken away, and the danger of the fog vortex was greatly reduced. A moment later, Zhang Ruochen passed through the dense lightning and the storm within a Dimensional Rift and reached the front of the small bronze cauldron.

The bronze cauldron looked small from afar. In fact, its body was taller than Zhang Ruochen and appeared rather ancient.

It had six legs; each had carvings of strange beast patterns. It was a beast clan that Zhang Ruochen had never seen before.

The body of the cauldron was flat and round, with hollow patterns.

The interior of the hollow patterns was emitting pitch-black brilliance and gas. The gas flowed and revealed a series of strange patterns, which looked like inscriptions and ancient characters.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to be careless. He wrapped his palm with Divine Purification Flame and slowly reached forward.

Whoosh

The patterns in the form of black gas formed a wizardry barrier that blocked Zhang Ruochen's palm.

A Dark Power that corroded flesh and blood made contact with the Divine Purification Flame in his palm, making a sizzling sound.

Zhang Ruochen quickly withdrew his palm. His eyes became serious, and he thought, ‘Just the gaseous patterns that spread out can block me and even corrode my Divine Purification Flame. What is the origin of this cauldron? What's in it?’

Pan Ruo did not go into the black vortex. Instead, she moved her fingers, making predictions using Destiny Precepts.

The Destiny Precepts interweaved on the five snow-white fingers on her right hand. It was as if her palm had turned into a universe.

One of the powers of the Path of Fate was to peer into the secrets of heaven. It allowed the users to predict the past, future, life, death, and fortune.

Pan Ruo opened her eyes, and there was a look of surprise in them. She said, "It's Hexadirection Cauldron. Strange, why is it here?"

"What's the origin of this cauldron?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Pan Ruo said, "Hexadirection Cauldron is a treasure of Lancern Ocean at a divine planet called Saxum."

Saxum was one of the ten great ninth-grade planets of Stone Clan. Legend had it that it was a planet formed from the divine body of a famous figure in the history of Stone Clan after his death.

Although it was only a level-eight lifeform planet, it was very large. It was ten billion times larger than an ordinary lifeform planet. It could house at least ten trillion living beings. The number of planets of this size was very few in the entire universe.

A level-nine lifeform planet was even rarer. Its size was like a macroworld.

Lancern Ocean was one of the few major forces on Saxum. It was equivalent to the Xue Jue family's position in Bloodysky Clan and Mount Zulong's in Kunlun.

Pan Ruo thought carefully and said, "The appearance of Hexadirection Cauldron probably has something to do with Immortal Blue Marrow. He was once the overlord of Lancern Ocean."

"Hexadirection Cauldron is not as simple as a Regal Artifact. With Immortal Blue Marrow's cultivation. Can he control such an artifact?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Pan Ruo said, “You were once a Saint King, but you have several Supreme Artifacts. How do you explain that?”

“Maybe. Immortal Blue Marrow entered the Dark Star because of Hexadirection Cauldron. After all, this is the only place to hide from the deities’ predictions and perceptions.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly and asked no further questions. His gaze fell on Hexadirection Cauldron again, and he extended his hands at the same time.

As he mobilized Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, a Yin Yang Five-Element seal condensed between his hands. It rotated slowly and pressed toward the black gaseous patterns on the outer layer of Hexadirection Cauldron.

The power of Darkness wanted to swallow the Yin Yang Five-Element seal, but it was swept into the seal instead and transformed into Yin Yang energy and five-elemental Qi. “What a powerful Saintwill. It can transform the power of Darkness. Doesn’t that mean that all types of power in the world are transformable? “The Grade Two Saintwill is so powerful. No matter what price I have to pay, I must cultivate it.” Pan Ruo took a deep breath, her eyes piercing with strong resolution.

Zhang Ruochen arrived in front of Hexadirection Cauldron and slapped the lid.

Bang!

The lid shifted, and a finger-wide crack appeared.

A dark blue light gushed out of the crack, accompanied by a strong power fluctuation. The light was like a divine sword. It slashed at Zhang Ruochen and sent him flying.

The Yin Yang Five-Element seal blocked the dark blue light. Zhang Ruochen was not hurt.

“The smell... It’s the smell of elixir. Could it be... that Immortal Blue Marrow is refining pills with the power of Darkness, Dimension, and Time?” Zhang Ruochen looked confused.

He quickly denied this guess because he sensed the fragrance contained the aura of Blue Marrow Star.

“It’s not Immortal Blue Marrow refining pills, but someone has refined him! No wonder there is no Saint Source inside Blue Marrow Star. Even his Saint Soul and the second human form were dismembered.”

The thought sent Zhang Ruochen cold shivers from his head to his feet.

Was there another creature in the Dark Star that was more powerful than Immortal Blue Marrow?

Zhang Ruochen looked around in the darkness, trying to keep calm.

Now, the best way was to leave quietly without touching Hexadirection Cauldron.

However, thinking of Hexadirection Cauldron in front of him, wouldn’t it be a waste if he didn’t take it? Zhang Ruochen was in a dilemma in making the right decision.

Pan Ruo stood outside the black vortex and waited quietly.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen put Hexadirection Cauldron into Violet Gourd. He spread ten golden wings and flew out of the vortex, approaching Pan Ruo quickly. “What’s in the cauldron? I thought I smelled a pill fragrance,” Pan Ruo asked.

“Don’t ask questions. Let’s get out of here first.”

Zhang Ruochen did not explain much to her. He fully activated Violet Gourd’s Supreme Inscriptions, used his Supreme Power to resist the pulling power of the Dark Star, and flew up.

The world Inside the Dark Star wasn’t really vast. It was an illusion of space expansion. After staying here for ten years, Zhang Ruochen had analyzed the dimensional structure inside the Dark Star. No matter how vast the space was, it couldn’t trap him.

Ten years had passed inside the Dark Star, but only a short while had passed outside.

“Why did Pan Ruo jump in? Is she trying to kill Zhang Ruochen while he’s heavily injured?”

Wu Jiang flew to the edge of the dark catacombs. His tattered body was reassembled. At least no obvious wounds were visible on him.

The Dark Star was very dangerous inside.

He was hesitating whether or not to chase after them.

“Forget it. I’ll wait until my injuries are healed before I go in and search for Pan Ruo.”

Wu Jiang’s Spiritual Power spread to the direction where Lord Xia Yu, the Saint Devourer, and Saint Lord Zuo Mu were fighting, and a cold smile appeared on his face. He muttered to himself, “I can take care of them first. The Pleiades Lotus is very powerful, so I have to get it. Eh? The catacombs are emitting a purple-gold light...”

Whoosh

Violet Gourd flew out of the ground and into the sky.

Wu Jiang’s sharp eyes could clearly see Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo standing on the Gourd. He had all kinds of questions in his heart.

Why did they fly up right after jumping down?

Where was Lord Sinluo?

Why was Pan Ruo on Violet Gourd? Violet Gourd flew 10,000 meters above the ground and stopped.

Pan Ruo left the Gourd and flew into the distance. She said coldly, “Zhang Ruochen, sooner or later, I will take revenge for today’s humiliation.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly. He immediately understood why she had said such strange words.

Ignoring her, Zhang Ruochen had a strong foreboding in his heart. He used his Spiritual Power to send a voice transmission to Lord Xia Yu and the Saint Devourer. “Forget about Saint Lord Zuo Mu. Let’s go.”

Lord Xia Yu and the Saint Devourer turned into two beautiful streaks and flew to Zhang Ruochen.

“Master, you have recovered. Why don’t you take this opportunity to kill Saint Lord Zuo Mu?” The Saint Devourer asked.

Lord Xia Yu glanced in the direction where Pan Ruo had flown, “Zhang Ruochen, no matter how talented you are or how strong you are, women will always be your biggest weakness,” she said sarcastically. “Sooner or later, you will die from women.”

Hearing what Pan Ruo said, Lord Xia Yu naturally thought that Zhang Ruochen did not kill her because he liked her beauty.

She thought of Zhang Ruochen’s past misdeeds and was very angry. She thought that Zhang Ruochen had neglected the important mission. If she had killed Pan Ruo just now, Lady Wind would have been able to secure the Scioness position. It would be of great benefit to Immortal Vampires.

“It’s just Pan Ruo. She won’t be able to do much even if I let her live. Don’t meddle in my affairs.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at Lord Xia Yu as he said this.

His gaze was calm, but it was intimidating.

Lord Xia Yu felt as if her entire body was being pricked by needles when she met Zhang Ruochen’s gaze. She swallowed the words that she was about to blurt.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen made her feel a trace of awe. She did not dare to take the risk.

“One look from him can make me feel great pressure. This guy must have made a huge breakthrough in his cultivation.” Lord Xia Yu was very depressed; she felt that it would be difficult for her to maintain her royal bearing in front of Zhang Ruochen in the future.

At the same time, she was also very curious about how powerful Zhang Ruochen was now?

Wu Jiang flew into the sky in anger and confronted Zhang Ruochen. He said in a deep voice, “Zhang Ruochen, what did you do to Her Highness?”

Zhang Ruochen had always disliked Wu Jiang. He was in a hurry to leave, so he said coldly, “What happened between me and Her Highness has nothing to do with you?”

“You are looking for death!”

Wu Jiang was full of killing intent. He took out Myriad Curse Bead and chanted incantations.

Myriad Curse Bead was like a talisman engraved with all kinds of curses. One only needed to use the incantations to trigger the curses.

With Myriad Curse Bead, the power of the curses would become even stronger.

In an instant, the bead gave off a boundless evil light. Countless curses flew out: Bloodsucking curses, dark light curses, heart-breaking curses, boundless curses, forgetting curses, and many more. Dozens of types of curses flew toward Zhang Ruochen, Lord Xia Yu, and the Saint Devourer at the same time.

The Saint Devourer was Zhang Ruochen’s parasitic plant, so it knew that Zhang Ruochen’s injuries had recovered. However, Wu Jiang didn’t know that.

The Saint Devourer and Lord Xia Yu were about to attack, but Zhang Ruochen stopped them. “Step back. I’ll do it.”

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen’s hands spun. White flame radiated from his ten fingers. The flame interweaved into a huge millstone. It grew bigger and bigger. Dense flaming font characters appeared on the millstone.

It was the Thousand-Koan Saint Technique he had practiced in the Dark Star: Blood Grind Ember.

This move was what Zhang Ruochen had seen in Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Before becoming a god, Wargod Bloodximus had practiced to the tenth level. Zhang Ruochen had only

successfully practiced to the seventh level. In the next moment, the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill was also activated by Zhang Ruochen. It merged with the huge flaming millstone. The monstrous flames lit up the darkness within a thousand miles, releasing hot energy.

Chapter 2336 Invincible

The flaming millstone was like a bright sun, spinning across the sky and crushing the power of the curse. “This power... how is it possible?”

Wu Jiang’s face was as pale as paper under the light of the divine fire. His robe was burning, and he couldn’t believe it.

This move was obviously a high-level Saint Technique of the thousand query level, and it was combined with Zhang Ruochen’s Grade Two Saintwill.

Zhang Ruochen had lost more than half of his saint blood. How could he still have the power to perform such a powerful move?

Wu Jiang gritted his teeth and refused to give in. He used all his strength to activate Myriad Curse Bead to fight against the flaming millstone.

Crack! Crack

The wound that had already healed opened again. Blood dripped, and the pain was bone-piercing

Boom

The flaming millstone exploded and turned into a rain of fire.

Wu Jiang was hit by this power and flew backward like a cannonball. A third of his flesh and blood were shattered, leaving his bones and flying out. He was extremely miserable.

This scene shocked Lord Xia Yu, Moyin, and Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

How did Zhang Ruochen become so powerful all of a sudden? Even if Wu Jiang had a Supreme Artifact, he wouldn’t be able to block his attack?

Pan Ruo, who had fled far away, sent a voice transmission to Wu Jiang. “Zhang Ruochen has recovered from his injuries. Run quickly. You are no match for him now.”

A large amount of dark Qi was released from Wu Jiang’s body and turned into a Qi bridge. He fled quickly away from the

third Dark Star and said, “Zhang Ruochen, when my injuries are healed, we will decide the winner.”

“Bring the bow.”

Zhang Ruochen spread out his right hand.

Moyin took out Frostwood Bow and put it in Zhang Ruochen’s hand.

The moment Zhang Ruochen grabbed the bow bone, all the inscriptions on the bow bone appeared and released a shocking cold Qi. Snowflakes danced for thousands of miles.

Whizz

Zhang Ruochen mobilized tens of millions of Precepts of Water element and condensed them into an ice arrow. He pulled Frostwood Bow back.

The ice arrow contained his will to kill. It flew out of the bow and turned into a streak dozens of miles long.

Thud!

The ice arrow hit Wu Jiang, who had fled thousands of miles away. It hit his back and penetrated his body.

A tragic scream echoed through the void space.

Zhang Ruochen was about to shoot the second arrow when Pan Ruo appeared beside Wu Jiang and dragged him into the darkness. The two disappeared without a trace. Zhang Ruochen’s eyelids shrank. He had to shoot the second arrow at Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

When Saint Lord Zuo Mu saw that Zhang Ruochen had defeated Wu Jiang in one move, he knew that things were bad. So he bypassed Zhang Ruochen and escaped from another direction.

Cold air came from behind.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu looked back and found that the ice arrow was close at hand.

“Damn it. How did Zhang Ruochen become so powerful all of a sudden? Even if I’m not injured and in my peak condition, I

might not be able to win against him.”

Saint Lord Zuo Mu turned around and struck out with his palm, shattering the ice arrow.

However, his liquid palm was hit by a large amount of broken ice. The broken ice contained Zhang Ruochen’s killing intent. Not only did it attack his saint soul, but it also froze his entire right arm. Zhang Ruochen shot a second arrow, a third arrow..

After the seventh arrow, half of Saint Lord Zuo Mu’s body was frozen.

“He’s still running. Did he really think he could escape today?”

Zhang Ruochen returned Frostwood Bow to Moyin. He spread out his ten wings. The divine patterns of the ancestor on the Golden Wings emitted a demonic blood-red light. He turned into a streak of golden light and flew out.

He was so fast that he was thousands of miles away in an instant.

Lord Xia Yu was a little stunned. Zhang Ruochen was too powerful. He seemed to have changed after coming out of the catacombs. He was completely invincible.

Moyin stared at her with a smile and said, “Don’t be in a daze. Even if you want to worship master, you should wait until the battle is over. Master just sent a voice message to us, telling us to follow him immediately and stay away from the third Dark Star.” Saint Lord Zuo Mu was born in the origin of the universe, the “Sea Stone Star Dock.” He had ruled the universe for a lifetime, making enemies with the Fane of Meteorite and challenging the Fane of Destiny. Even if he was captured in the end., it was also because the Fane of Destiny’s divine guard’s cultivation was much higher than his. He had reached the realm of life and death.

He had never thought that one day, he would be chased by a cultivator whose cultivation was far lower than his.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen getting closer and closer, Saint Lord Zuo Mu felt like he was at the end of his path. He flew out of

the darkness. In front of him was the colorful starry sky. His pupils were printed in six colors.

He suddenly didn't want to run anymore. He decided to fight Zhang Ruochen to death.

Zhang Ruochen caught up with him and slowed down. White divine fire appeared under his feet. It quickly turned into a sea of fire and enveloped Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu turned around and stared at Zhang Ruochen's young and handsome face, he smiled and said, "This universe has a long history. Countless gods with great achievements were born. It was the space that gave birth to them. However, they were killed by time and returned to dust. They can't last forever."

"Many cultivators say that the Void is the scariest. No matter if it's a living creature, dead spirit, or spirit, as long as they fall into the void world, they'll die."

"But I think time and space are the scariest."

"No matter how powerful a god is, they're born in space. They grow in space and are killed by time." "Time and space are like playing with them. If they're alive, they'll live. If they're dead, they'll have to die."

"Zhang Ruochen, you're the third cultivator to control time and space. If you have time, you must go to the sea stone star dock. Only there can you understand the true meaning of time and space."

"I'll remember what you said today," Zhang Ruochen said.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu's liquid body quickly solidified and returned to human form. He wore purple meteorite armor and said, "Do you dare to fight me without using the power of Dimension?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't say anything. He obviously felt that there was no need to agree to Saint Lord Zuo Mu's condition.

Lord Xia Yu and Moyin caught up. They stood in two other directions and surrounded Saint Lord Zuo Mu in a triangular formation with Zhang Ruochen.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu didn't look at them. He continued to stare at Zhang Ruochen, "Actually, if other cultivators were chasing after me, no matter who he was or how many cultivators he brought, I would be able to use the power of Dimension to escape," he said. "But you, Zhang Ruochen, are the only one who controls time and space. I know that I can't escape today no matter what."

"Before I die, I only have this small request. I just want to know how big the gap is between me and the top genius in the world." Zhang Ruochen stared at him coldly and said, "I'm about to die. There's no need to talk so much nonsense."

He slapped Violet Gourd. It flew up and hung above his head.

Whoosh

72 million inscriptions of space Array were activated at the mouth of the Gourd. They turned into a space Array that covered an area of 800 miles.

Lord Xia Yu and Moyin received Zhang Ruochen's voice transmission. They retreated as far as 800 miles away. Saint Lord Zuo Mu wanted to escape too, but he couldn't.

Boom

As the area covered by the Array collapsed, Saint Lord Zuo Mu was sucked into the Gourd. His vicious curses and angry roars echoed in the void space. Zhang Ruochen took back Violet Gourd and held it in his palm. There was no emotion in his eyes.

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In the past, Zhang Ruochen might have really agreed to the dying man's last request.

But after so many things, he was not so naive and kind-hearted.

Saint Lord Zuo Mu was not a weakling. He was a first-class superior. Even though he was seriously injured, if Zhang Ruochen did not use the power of Dimension to restrain him, it was hard to say whether he would win or lose.

For a figure like Saint Lord Zuo Mu to hide in the Fane of Meteorite for hundreds of years and escape the arrest of the Fane of Meteorite and the Fane of Destiny many times, he was definitely a sinister and cunning person.

In the beginning, Saint Lord Zuo Mu was infatuated with Zhang Ruochen and praised time and space to the sky. He looked like a man who would speak kindly even when he was about to die.

In fact, he was thinking about how to kill Zhang Ruochen and turn the tables.

His only chance to turn the tables was to enter Zhang Ruochen's body and take over Zhang Ruochen's body.

If Zhang Ruochen did not use the power of Dimension to fight with him, he actually had a chance of success, and it was not small.

"Your original body is the purple rain of space. Refining you into one with Violet Gourd should increase the internal space of the Gourd a lot," Zhang Ruochen looked at Violet Gourd and said.

Inside the Gourd, Saint Lord Zuo Mu's resentful voice rang out. "Zhang Ruochen, there are many gods in Infernal Court. They will not let a time and space controller grow. "When you grow to a certain realm, they'll be afraid. "Once they're afraid, they'll definitely kill you. "Don't be too proud. You'll come with me soon."

Zhang Ruochen was unmoved. He mobilized his Saint Qi and injected it into the Gourd. He activated the power to destroy the golden sun and refined Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

Moyin descended from the sky and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen. bowing, it said, "Congratulations, master. You've suppressed Saint Lord Zuo Mu."

Lord Xia Yu flew above the Sea of fire. Her soul-stirring eyes were filled with amazement. She said, "Your Violet Gourd seems to have become more powerful."

Saint Lord Zuo Mu, who had reached the mid-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm, had been taken in. How could she

remain calm?

This was too shocking!

“It’s no big deal. It’s just that Saint Lord Zuo Mu was seriously injured and restrained by space. That’s why he couldn’t resist Violet Gourd,” Zhang Ruochen said lightly.

Inside the Blackstar, Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power had risen to the 65th level. Thus, he modified the spatial inscription at the mouth of the Gourd from 36 million to 72 million.

Moreover, Violet Gourd had refined the blue marrow planet.

The Gourd’s ability to swallow and absorb was naturally different from before.

Moyin said, “It’s a pity that Wu Jiang escaped!”

“It doesn’t matter if he escaped. From today onwards, Wu Jiang will no longer be my opponent. If he continues to be my enemy, the next time we fight, his body and soul will be destroyed. The Dark Fane won’t be able to stop my will to kill him.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes stared at the boundless darkness behind him again. Worry appeared between his brows.

If something terrifying really escaped from the Dark Star and entered the sky-hunter battlefield, would the gods continue to follow the rules and not interfere with the internal affairs of the battlefield?

“Master, what are your plans next? Do you want to continue to hunt down Celestial Captive from the galaxy near the third Dark Star?” Asked Moyin.

Zhang Ruochen said, “No need. A bunch of puny bugs doesn’t have many points. Hunting them down is just a waste of time. Let’s go back to our home planet first. I have more important things to do.” Three figures flew over from the distance.

“Greetings, Supreme Saint Ruochen. I’m Fang Mofeng of the Fane of Meteorite.”

Chapter 2337 A Chess Piece

Fang Mofeng, Mo Cuo, and Yan Hanyu came together.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen, Fang Mofeng cupped his fists and said, "Thank you, Supreme Saint Ruochen, for killing the traitor of the Fane of Meteorite."

"He was captured by the Fane of Destiny and died the moment he became a Celestial Captive, so you don't have to thank me. Just tell me what you want. I'm in a hurry," Zhang Ruochen said.

Fang Mofeng saw that Zhang Ruochen was a straightforward person, so he didn't beat around the bush. "The meteorite armor is a treasure of the Fane of Meteorite. It's of great use to me in the Celestial-Hunting battle. I want to buy it back."

"Since you said you want to buy it, it seems that you know that any treasure that falls into my hands can't be taken back easily." Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "What are you going to offer?"

"10,000 Godstones," Fang Mofeng said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly and said, "It is comparable to the price of a Class Five Regal Artifact. You are sincere. But can you afford that many Godstones?"

"I am still very young, less than 1,000 years old. In the future, I can attain the Thousand-Koan Realm, Banshi Isshou Realm, and even Paramount Realm. I can clear my debt sooner or later." Fang Mofeng's face was full of confidence.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If you die in the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, where should I get the Godstones?"

Fang Mofeng was stunned and didn't know how to answer.

He could take responsibility for what he said, but he couldn't take responsibility for his own life and death.

"I'll repay on his behalf," Mo Cuo said.

Yan Hanyu said, "I'll do so too."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at them with his piercing eyes and raised his voice, "The last person who owed me a debt and wanted to renege on it was my mother's disciple," he said. "Half of his Saint Blood was absorbed by the Saint Devourer, and he sold all his fiefdoms to pay his debts. He still owes me. "If you're trying to copy his methods, I'll make you suffer ten times what he is going through."

"Don't worry, Supreme Saint Ruochen. I will clear my debt as long as I don't die within a hundred years," Fang Mofeng said.

"You'd better not die. You don't want your juniors to suffer."

Zhang Ruochen opened the lid of Violet Gourd. A ball of purple light flew out. It turned into a two-thousand-meter-long purple meteorite and floated in front of Fang Mofeng.

Fang Mofeng's eyes lit up with joy. He immediately activated his secret technique and hit the purple meteorite everywhere.

Swoosh

The purple meteorite turned into armor on him.

"Thank you, Supreme Saint Ruochen." Fang Mofeng touched the armor that he had recovered. He was overjoyed. He cupped his fists and saluted Zhang Ruochen once again.

Streaks of the brilliance of Truth appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. He stared at him and said, "You have broken 99 shackles, right?"

"Yes," Fang Mofeng said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If you are willing to owe me a favor, I can help you break through to the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm during the Celestial-Hunting battle."

Fang Mofeng was stunned. He thought he had heard it wrongly.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly changed his words. He waved his hand and said, "Forget it. You can go!"

Fang Mofeng didn't leave.

Fang Mofeng wouldn't believe that someone else dared to boast like that. But Zhang Ruochen was the one who said it. A person who had just gained Supreme Sainthood had grown to be able to suppress Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

He must have some big secrets. Perhaps he could do something even deities couldn't.

Fang Mofeng asked, "Can the Supreme Saint Ruochen really help me make it into the Great Perfection Stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?"

"I suddenly realized that it doesn't mean much. Even if you broke the 100th shackle, it would take a long time to break all kinds of tiny shackles in your body to reach the Great Perfection Stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"In that case, I don't want to waste time," Zhang Ruochen said.

Fang Mofeng said, "No, even if I only broke the 100th shackle, my strength will be greatly improved. I can become the strongest person among cultivators who have yet to break the 100th shackle."

The Celestial-Hunting battle was of great importance to any force. There was a huge division of interests behind it.

As the number one master of the Fane of Meteorite, Fang Mofeng played an important role. The stronger he was, the more beneficial it would be for the Fane of Meteorite.

Fang Mofeng was afraid that Zhang Ruochen would go back on his words. Fang Mofeng immediately said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen saved my life. I owe you a huge favor even if you don't do so." Zhang Ruochen looked at him deeply and said, "The favor I want is the one that you must return even if you have to undergo sufferings or give up your life in the future."

Fang Mofeng was obviously a decisive person. He pointed at the sky. "I, Fang Mofeng, swear in the name of the Lord of the Fane of Meteorite that if the Supreme Saint Ruochen needs me in the future, I will do my best to help him and return the favor regardless of the price I will pay."

Zhang Ruochen thought a little higher of Fang Mofeng. At the same time, he realized more clearly that Infernal Court was indeed a place where strength was respected. Other things were not important.

“Okay, I’ll help you find the 100th shackle.”. “You must have taken an Ampliofruit. With its power, it shouldn’t be difficult to break the 100th shackle in a month as long as your potential is not too bad,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The deities in the Fane of Destiny saw Zhang Ruochen defeat Wu Jiang and suppress Saint Lord Zuo Mu. His method was clean and neat. He already displayed the heroic bearing of a young lord.

Ghost Lord and the others all fell silent.

They were gods. They could predict the outcome. They all thought that Zhang Ruochen would get defeated by Wu Jiang and even lose his life. However, the result was out of their expectations.

With Wu Jiang defeated and Zuo Mu dead, Zhang Ruochen had officially become one of the most powerful figures on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. No one could stop him.

At first, the gods all thought that Que was the biggest variable on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. But no one had expected that Zhang Ruochen would suddenly appear with so many elites around him. He seemed to be dominating the battlefield.

“It seems that there really are cultivators who are not subject to the laws in this world. Even the gods can’t see through them.”

“Que, Yan Wushen, and Zhang Ruochen are not subject to the laws of the Celestial-Hunting battle. Did you know that they are the chosen ones who can break the rules since the beginning?” A God asked Fukurokuju.

Fukurokuju said, “The existence of the laws is constant, but each person is subject to different universe laws. Watching every Celestial-Hunting battle is like looking at the future of Infernal Court. Although Wu Jiang lost to Zhang Ruochen, he was still not out of the game. It depends on whether he can

recover, reflect on himself, and recover his courage. There are infinite possibilities in each individual.”

In Luo Yan’s divine demiplane

Wargod Bloodximius’ mouth curled into a smile. He said, “You’ve lost!”

There was still a trace of doubt in Luo Yan’s eyes. After a long silence, he let out a long breath and said, “I’m sure that if Zhang Ruochen doesn’t die, his future achievements will not be lower than yours.”

“What a great future son-in-law; why are you still hesitating?” Wargod Bloodximius asked.

Luo Yan flung his sleeves and snorted. “If you are willing to bet, you must admit defeat. I don’t object to this marriage. However, I still have to ask for Sha’er’s opinion and her consent. Bloodximius, are you betting all on Zhang Ruochen?”

Wargod Bloodximius smiled. He left the demiplane without a word.

As the ruler of a divine kingdom, Luo Yan was unhappy with Wargod Bloodximius’ attitude.

“Why are you so angry? Bloodximius has always been like this,” Amane comforted him.

Luo Yan’s tone became gentler as he asked, “I’m not angry at him. I’m just thinking about Sha’er... Sigh, Sha’er hates marriage alliance. Last time, because of the marriage proposal of the Mara family, she was so angry that she ran to the Battlefield of Merits alone. How dangerous!

“She holds a deep grudge against Zhang Ruochen. If she knew that I agreed to the marriage, I’m afraid that she would do something again.”

On Amane’s beautiful face, an elegant and alluring smile appeared. “You don’t understand the love between young men and women. That kid from the Mara family is not worthy of my Sha’er.

“However, Zhang Ruochen is one of the top talents in this Yuanhui period. If it were not because Sha’er highly regarded Zhang Ruochen, he would have died at her hands. He would not have survived until now

“Let’s not talk about the distant future. During the fight for the Saintwill pills, Zhang Ruochen would have died at the hands of Wu Jiang if it were not for my Sha’er’s interference.” Luo Yan snorted. “I only hope that kid can remember this. If he dares to bully my daughter again, I will not forgive him.”

With the profound Path of Truth, after helping Fang Mofeng find the 100th shackle, Zhang Ruochen, Moyin, and Lord Xia Yu immediately set off for the planet where they had set up the dimensional teleportation array.

On their way to the destination

Moyin said, “What’s the use of a Supreme Saint with 99 severed shackles? Why did master spend so much time on him?”

“Furthermore, you gave the meteorite armor back to him with only two empty promises. It isn’t a wise deal.”

“I agree with Zhang Ruochen. We can’t just make enemies. We also need allies,” Lord Xia Yu said.

Moyin said, “If you want allies, you can make friends with more powerful figures, such as Luo Shengtian. The Fane of Meteorite is ranked 18th among the 24 Asuran Fanes. It’s too inferior!”

Zhang Ruochen, who had been silent, said, “Even if I get the meteorite armor, it’s useless. Only the secret technique of the Fane of Meteorite can activate it and use it.

“As for Fang Mofeng and the Fane of Meteorite, it depends on who you compare them to.

“Compared to you, Fang Mofeng’s current cultivation is indeed not strong enough.

“However, in the eyes of cultivators who are not Supreme Saints, he is the young leader of a Fane, a rising star within the Saint realm.

“The Fane of Meteorite’s ranking is indeed not high. However, as one of the 24 Fanes, no matter how weak it is, it is comparable to the top 100 powerful Macroworlds in the western universe of Celestial Court. You should not underestimate Fang Mofeng’s potential.

“Moreover, the Fane of Meteorite is located at the edge of Infernal Court, very close to Tianchu Civilization. It is the only way to reach Kunlun and Celestial Court. Planting a chess piece there will be of great use in the future.”

Lord Xia Yu’s expression changed when she heard him. She looked at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen happened to look at her too. “Don’t look at me like that. I can no longer go back to Celestial Court and Kunlun. Don’t forget that you still owe me a favor.”

Chapter 2338 Return

The Pure Sky Continent... home planet to the Immortal Vampires.

Yue Tinghai was the only Supreme Saint that had reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in the Puresky Clan. After 830 years of cultivation, it was naturally something to be proud of.

He had been hiding his cultivation all this while because he wanted to amaze everyone in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and let the entire Infernal Court know the name “Yue Tinghai”.

However, he had suffered an unprecedented blow on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Before the Celestial-Hunting Battle had even begun, he had been defeated by Lord Xia Yu and had one of his arms cut off. He had suffered the greatest humiliation of his life. Now, when the battle had finally begun, the Bloodysky clan had stolen all the limelight instead.

The hundreds of millions of Immortal Vampires in the Infernal Court only saw Zhang Ruochen sweep all over the place with great achievements. Did anyone even know of his name Yue Tinghai?

Would the Puresky Clan members who had high hopes for him be very disappointed?

“The points of the Bloodysky Clan have reached 12 million, and Zhang Ruochen alone has 10.84 million. Even that nobody, Yi Xuan has accumulated 1 million points. As for me, I only have 590,000 points.”

Yue Tinghai held the diamond-shaped mirror in his hand and looked at the ranking of the points on it. He clenched his hand angrily and wished that he could crush the mirror.

From the start of the battle until now, the Immortal Vampires had obtained 20.4 million points from killing the Celestial Captives. They were temporarily ranked second among the ten

clans. Compared to the first-ranked Yanluo clan, they were only two million points behind.

The reason why the Yanluo clan was so strong was mainly due to their overall strength. They had many Supreme Saints that have reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and many who had broken through 90 shackles or more.

In the previous Celestial-Hunting Battles, the Yanluo clan's points were often double the amount of the number 2 clan and leading by a wide margin.

This time, the Immortal Vampires were able to tightly follow the Yanluo clan's points. This was already an incredible feat. It was the glory of the entire Immortal Vampires.

One could imagine that in the Infernal Court, all the Immortal Vampires should be paying attention to their ranking of points in the Celestial-Hunting Battle. They must all be fired up and shouting the names of the "Bloodysky Clan" and "Zhang Ruochen".

The Celestial-Hunting Battle was a battle of great interest and carries great significance in ranking for a clan.

However, it was more important for the cultivators who participated in the Celestial-Hunting Battle because it represents their future.

Those who performed well in the Celestial-Hunting Battle would naturally be treated as the future leaders of their clans and nurtured accordingly. It was what the people yearned for.

Whoosh

Suddenly, ripples appeared on the ground in front of Yue Tinghai.

Lord Bladehell stood in the blood mist with his long golden hair hanging loosely. He had emerged from the center of the ripples with a majestic aura. "Lord Bladehell, what are you doing in the Pure Sky Continent?" Yue Tinghai asked in confusion.

Lord Bladehell replied, “The Bloodysky clan has been established. Don’t you want to do something?”

Yue Tinghai understood the hidden meaning in Lord Bladehell’s words, and he snorted. “I’ve received news that Zhang Ruochen destroyed the Ghost Clan’s home planet. Even Xu died at his hands, and Supreme Saint Yanhong fled after being defeated. It was obvious that he had hidden his strength before. His combat strength is probably comparable to Lord Lei. With Lord Xia Yu and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, the Bloodysky Clan had become the strongest force of the Immortal Vampires. What else can we do other than watch him continue to stir up troubles on the battlefield?”

“In the Celestial-Hunting Battle, the Bloodysky Clan’s points will not affect the Qitian Clan even if they are ranked first among the ten great clans.” said Lord Bladehell, “However, the Puresky Clan’s ranking might be pushed down by one place.”

“So what?” asked Yue Tinghai

Lord Bladehell said, “It means that the Puresky Clan will get fewer resources. It also implies that you will disappoint the gods of the Puresky Clan.”

Yue Tinghai was silent and he clenched his fists.

No matter what the reason was, the Puresky Clan’s ranking had fallen and he was to take the blame.

With great strength comes great responsibility.

Lord Bladehell continued, “It’s a good thing that Zhang Ruochen is working so hard. The higher the ranking of the Immortal Vampires, the more benefits we’ll get. But there is also a way that we can get more benefits.” “What way?” Yue Tinghai asked.

“Do you remember that the leaders of the Ten Clans decided on one thing at the beginning which was that each of the ten great clans will protect their clansmen on a continent? Whichever clan loses all of their clansmen will have half their points taken away. The points that are taken will be distributed

to the other nine great clans. This is the inside rule of us Immortal Vampires!” Lord Bladehell said.

Yue Tinghai looked enlightened and replied, “You want me to kill the Immortal Vampires on the Bloodysky Continent? But if I do that, a part of the total points of the Immortal Vampires will be deducted.”

Lord Bladehell laughed. “There are only 30 million Immortal Vampires on the Bloodysky Continent. Even if we kill them all, it will only deduct 3 million points from the Immortal Vampires.”

“The Celestial-Hunting Battle has just begun. With Zhang Ruochen and the Bloodysky Clan’s abilities, we can collect more points later. But those points will have to be distributed to us. Don’t you think this is very interesting?”

Yue Tinghai knew that it was highly beneficial to turn Zhang Ruochen and the Bloodysky Clan into tools for them to earn points. Even if they didn’t go out to hunt Celestial Captives, they would still be rewarded handsomely.

Yue Tinghai chuckled and said, “Why don’t you do it yourself?”

Lord Bladehell shrugged, and said, “I’m hunting Celestial Captives. It’ll be too late when we get back to our home planet. If you want to make a move, you’d better hurry up as there are presently no strong elites in the Bloodysky Continent. When Zhang Ruochen comes back, you won’t have another chance.”

His last words echoed in the room. Lord Bladehell’s spiritual avatar had disappeared into thin air.

“Zhang Ruochen, Lord Xia Yu, the Bloodysky Clan...”

The more he repeated these three names, the colder his eyes became.

Although he knew that Lord Bladehell was using him, he had to admit that this was a drastic move. As long as he did it secretly, who would know that he was the one who killed 30 million people on the Bloodysky Continent?

The Celestial-Hunting Battle was unscrupulous. Those who followed the rules would only have mediocre results.

All the Immortal Vampire cultivators on the Bloodysky Continent were connected in three cities.

The largest city was called the Cloud City. The dimensional teleportation array Zhang Ruochen had set up was in the city mayor's mansion in Cloud City. It was guarded by Xue Ningxiao.

Xue Ningxiao's cultivation had already broken through to the Supreme Saint realm. In the past few days, news had kept coming from the starry sky. There was both bad news and good news.

If it wasn't for the fact that she couldn't determine the dimensional coordinates of the Ghost Clan's home planet, she would have led the cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan there long ago. Through the diamond-shaped mirror, Xue Ningxiao could see that Zhang Ruochen's points would suddenly skyrocket every once in a while. While she was secretly glad that he was still alive, she could also guess that an intense battle must have broken out in a faraway place.

As the points of the Bloodysky Clan grew higher and higher, even pushing the Immortal Vampires to second place in the total points, all the Supreme Saints in the clan who once had a problem with Zhang Ruochen had changed their opinions about him.

Zhang Ruochen had won their respect and won hard-earned glory for the entire Bloodysky Clan.

Countless cultivators were looking forward to Zhang Ruochen's return in triumph, and they hoped that nothing unexpected would happen.

Crash

The array suddenly began to revolve while emitting a dazzling light.

Xue Ningxiao was originally sitting cross-legged and cultivating with her body sometimes distinct and other times see-through. At this moment, she suddenly opened her bright

and seductive eyes and her delicate body turned solid. She stood up happily and walked toward the array.

Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu appeared in the array. Xue Ningxiao's worried heart finally calmed down, "Cousin, Lord Xia Yu," she said. "You two are the heroes of the Bloodysky Clan. The news of the Celestial-Hunting Battle will spread everywhere. After the battle, you'll get the chance to cultivate in the Fane of Immortality."

Lord Xia Yu remained cold and serious. and spoke cautiously. "He's the hero. I wouldn't dare to take credit."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Did anything big happen on the Bloodysky Continent while I was away?"

"Last night, a tsunami ravaged our planet. The waves rose up for a thousand meters and almost sank the Bloodysky Clan. Fortunately, Gu Chenzi was there to guard against and repel the tsunami so it didn't damage the three cities," Xue Ningxiao said meaningfully.

Lord Xia Yu's eyes turned cold as he said, "A thousand-meter-high tsunami is definitely man-made. I've set up a Defensive Array on the periphery of our home planet. Since the Array hasn't been broken, it means that the attack didn't come from the outside."

"Humph! It seems that some people among the ten great tribes are jealous of the points that the Bloodysky Clan has gotten. They want to take advantage of the situation and stab us in the back."

"Have you found out who it is?"

Xue Ningxiao said, "I was guarding the dimensional teleportation array last night so I don't know what happened exactly. Gu Chenzi should know more."

Zhang Ruochen's face was cold, but his tone remained calm as he spoke. "The Immortal Vampires must unite if they want to compete with the Yanluo clan for first place. If they want to kill their clansmen and stir up trouble internally, they must be punished as an example."

Then Zhang Ruochen looked up at the sky and said, “Xiao Xiao, send a message to all the Supreme Saints staying behind on our planet. Tell them to meet me at the Cloud City immediately. I’ll personally go and invite those who do not arrive in 12 hours.”

After saying this, Zhang Ruochen disappeared from where he stood.

Xue Ningxiao was shocked by Zhang Ruochen’s strength with his swift and decisive actions. She looked at Lord Xia Yu with worry in her beautiful eyes and said, “Isn’t giving such an order self-proclaiming himself as the leader of the Immortal Vampires? Will it anger Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind? The cultivators from the other clans would also be unhappy.” Lord Xia Yu stroked her chin and stared at the blood-red sky, “Xu is dead,” she proclaimed. “Supreme Saint Yanhong had lost and even Wu Jiang was heavily injured by Zhang Ruochen. How much significance will Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind be? Zhang Ruochen is leading the Immortal Vampires to take first place among the ten clans. Anyone who dares to hold him back will be in big trouble.”

“Even Wujiang had lost to my cousin...”

Xue Ningxiao had not yet received the news of Wu Jiang’s defeat. She was extremely shocked. She immediately understood that cousin Ruochen might eliminate the cultivators who did not agree with him. He would unite all his forces and lead everyone to strive for the number one position that the Yanluo clan held.

The Immortal Vampires were going to change!

Chapter 2339 The Murderer

“You and Lord Xia Yu are too bold. How dare you go to the Ghost Clan’s home planet? If you fail, the favorable situation of the Bloodysky Clan will be ruined.”

Gu Chenzi shook his head as he spoke.

He was a person who sought stability. He didn’t agree with Zhang Ruochen’s reckless behavior. It seemed that he had a great battle record, but it was dangerous. He could very well lose everything if he was careless.

Zhang Ruochen stood under some blood bamboo with his hands behind his back and replied. “If we don’t take risks, how will the Immortal Vampires have a chance to be number one? If we want more, we have to take greater risks.”

Gu Chenzi said, “But some of those in the Immortal Vampires don’t have such an ambition. Instead, they’re jealous of everything the Bloodysky Clan has and those people are looking to bring us down.”

“There are such people everywhere. They act timid and weak in front of outsiders, but they are ruthless when dealing with their people.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes showed a hint of mockery. He let out a long breath and asked, “Who was the one that attacked the Bloodysky Continent last night?”

Gu Chenzi’s sleeves swelled up as if they were filled with wind.

He waved his arm, and seven balls of bloody light flew out of his sleeves.

Each ball of bloody light had a figure accompanying it.

A total of seven creatures were bound and suppressed by the blood-red threads. They knelt on the ground. There were two Supreme Saints from the Neverwilt Realm and five Saint Kings.

“Why are there seven Celestial Captives on our planet?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gu Chenzi said, "They are not Celestial Captives, but instead Blood Captives refined from Celestial Captives."

Zhang Ruochen looked carefully again. Sure enough, the seven creatures' eyes were blood-red. Blood inscriptions floated on their skin. Their faces were ferocious but their intellects were weak.

"Have you found out the one who refined them into Blood Captives?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gu Chenzi shook his head lightly. "I can't. The memories of the seven Blood Captives have been wiped clean, and their Blood Qi has been purified by special methods. However, that person must be a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

"How can you be so sure?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Last night, I fought with him amongst the waves. He wasn't injured and retreated quickly. In an instant, he had disappeared without a trace. Apart from a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, who else could do it?"

"Interesting."

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and released his spiritual power, spreading it across the entire clan planet.

With his current spiritual power at level 65 and the perception from the Heart of Truth, there were few cultivators from the clan that could escape his detection.

"There are only two Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm on the clan planet, namely Lady Wind and Yue Tinghai," Zhang Ruochen said. Gu Chenzi thought for a moment, "It shouldn't be Lady Wind," he replied. "She's much stronger than me and if she attacked last night, there's no reason for her to run away immediately if she missed. Besides, she still needs our strength to take the position of Scioness. She can't offend the Bloodysky Clan at this time."

"Won't we know the result if we just call her here to ask some questions?"

In the Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen didn't trust anyone easily. He only believed in the truth that he had discovered himself.

Gu Chenzi said, "Lady Wind's identity is special. I'll invite her myself."

"There's no need. She's already here!" Zhang Ruochen waved his hand.

Xue Ningxiao walked in quickly. She glanced over at Zhang Ruochen and Gu Chenzi in the courtyard and said, "Cousin, Lady Wind has arrived and she wants to see you."

"Invite her over!" Zhang Ruochen replied.

This courtyard was originally an ordinary place. However, because Gu Chenzi, who was a Supreme Saint, had cultivated here for several days, a holy blood spring was gushing out from the soil. Spiritual medicines grew along with blood bamboos, it had been turned into a misty patch of holy land.

The place where a Supreme Saint lived would be affected by the Precepts. It would evolve and transform and would merge with heaven and earth, connecting with all spirits. Naturally, this was extraordinary.

Lady Wind was extremely talented and powerful. Divine light flowed throughout her body, and her skin was as hard and supple. She wore a mask made from golden threads, making her exquisite face faintly visible. It made her even more beautiful and mysterious.

After entering the courtyard, Lady Wind's razor-sharp eyes looked at Zhang Ruochen carefully. Her red lips curled and she said, "Congratulations, Supreme Saint Ruochen, Your cultivation has improved greatly and you destroyed the Ghost Clan's home planet, even killing Xu, and injuring the Pink Skull. You single-handedly suppressed the Ghost Clan and raised the glory of you Immortal Vampires."

"It's a pity that I didn't get the news in advance. Otherwise, I wouldn't have missed this battle."

Then, she sighed softly, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, why don't you treat me as one of your own. Next time, you must let me

know if there is such a big operation, I'm not afraid of trouble. Fighting for the Immortal Vampires is the duty of every cultivator from it."

Zhang Ruochen said, "There are no elites in the three middle clans, so it's not a difficult bone to swallow. The Bloodysky Clan can swallow it without problem."

Lady Wind's beautiful eyes turned to look at Gu Chenzi and she said, "The Bloodysky Clan is indeed full of talented individuals in hiding. Who would have thought that Mr. Gu Chenzi has also reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?"

Gu Chenzi knew very well that Lady Wind's identity was special. Furthermore, Supreme Saint Yanhong had already been defeated, and Pan Ruo's supporter, Wu Jiang, had also been seriously injured. The position of Scioness was tilting towards her favor. As such a person, Zhang Ruochen could be arrogant and disrespectful towards her, but he didn't.

Gu Chenzi cupped his hands and smiled in return as a compliment. "Last night, I sensed that powerful aura too. But he retreated too quickly and disappeared. I couldn't find any trace of him also." Lady Wind said.

Zhang Ruochen had his back to Lady Wind. His hands were clasped behind his back and he looked cold and arrogant. "It's not impossible to find," he said in a neutral tone.

"What can you do, Supreme Saint Ruochen?". Lady Wind looked towards his back.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I heard that if you practice the Path of Destiny to a certain level, you can recover the erased memories of cultivators. As a candidate for the Scioness of the Fane of Destiny, Lady Wind must be very skilled in the Path of Destiny, right?"

Gu Chenzi praised him secretly in his heart. This was a brilliant move.

It could be a test for Lady Wind and also reveal the true culprit from last night.

Lady Wind looked at the seven figures suppressed in the seven clouds of blood mist and asked, "Are they the ones whose memories have been erased?"

Zhang Ruochen did not respond. He expressed his attitude through silence and created pressure on Lady Wind.

Gu Chenzi nodded to Lady Wind.

Lady Wind certainly understood that Zhang Ruochen was doubting her, so she had to prove her innocence no matter what. She could not lose Zhang Ruochen's support. This was a crucial step for her to become a Scioness.

Lady Wind chose a Saint Kinghood Blood Captive and manifested the Precepts of Destiny. She mobilized the Path of Destiny and pointed a finger between his eyebrows.

The lower the realm, the easier it was for a cultivator to recover his memory.

After a long while, Lady Wind withdrew her finger. A troubled and complicated look in her eyes under the golden mask could be seen, "His memory has been restored," announced Lady Wind.

"Who is it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lady Wind was silent for a while, then she uttered, "Yue Tinghai." Zhang Ruochen said, "Gu Chenzi, kill them." Confusion could be seen briefly in Gu Chenzi's. How could Zhang Ruochen believe Lady Wind's words so easily? Could it be that he did not want to investigate it himself?

Weren't they still suspicious just now?

Zhang Ruochen had his own judgment. When he should doubt, he would doubt. And if he should trust, he would be decisive.

He turned around and walked toward Lady Wind. His nose picked up an elegant fragrance, and the coldness on his face thawed. A smile appeared on his face, "Congratulations, Lady Wind," he said. "You've successfully fused with and used Grade Three Saintwill. It seems that the position of Scioness is already in your hands."

Zhang Ruochen wasn't surprised that Lady Wind could fuse with the Grade Three Saintwill.

With the help of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, if she couldn't even fuse with the Grade Three Saintwill, she probably wouldn't even need the Celestial-Hunting Battle to prove it. She would be instantly kicked out of the list of candidates for the Scioness.

Lady Wind's previous strength was not much weaker than Lord Xia Yu and Lord Bladehell. Now that she had improved, she might be able to replace Xu and rank seventh on the list of Great Perfections at the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Lady Wind faced Zhang Ruochen, and she smiled. "Compared to the Grade Two Saintwill of the Supreme Saint Ruochen, my achievements are nothing. If I want to take the position of Scioness, I still need the support of the Supreme Saint Ruochen."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Supreme Saint Yanhong is seriously injured. I'm afraid it will be difficult for her to recover her battle strength during the Celestial-Hunting Battle. As for Pan Ruo, she is too weak. Her biggest reliance is on Wu Jiang and the cultivators of the three upper clans. Unfortunately, Wu Jiang was severely injured by me. It will be difficult for her to do anything for a short period of time. As for the Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm from the three upper clans, they have also suffered heavy losses. Several of them have already been eliminated."

Lady Wind was quite surprised and she asked. "You defeated Wu Jiang?"

Lord Xia Yu had appeared unbeknownst to them in a corner of the courtyard and killed all seven blood slaves. She glared coldly at Gu Chenzi as if she was mocking him for not being firm enough.

She said, "Defeating Wu Jiang is nothing. Saint Lord Zuo Mu, the strongest among the Celestial Captives of the Thousand-Koan Realm, was even killed by us."

Lady Wind knew that Zhang Ruochen was very strong and that the Bloodysky Clan was at its peak, but she had still underestimated Zhang Ruochen's strength.

Defeating Wu Jiang was no small matter. Even gods would be shocked.

This meant that the Immortal Vampires had a top-tier elite.

Lady Wind quickly calmed down and asked, "In that case, doesn't it mean that the Immortal Vampires already have the strength to compete with the Yanluo Clan?"

"That's the purpose of gathering the cultivators from the ten great clans. This time, the Immortal Vampires would compete for first place, as it is also time for the cultivators from the Infernal Court to reacquaint themselves with us," Lord Xia Yu said.

Lady Wind was very shrewd, but at this moment, an unprecedented ambition was stirred up, and her heartbeat slightly accelerated.

That's right, compete for first place.

If the Immortal Vampires could win first place among the ten clans, her identity as a Scioness would only be expected, and no one would dare to question her.

Now, only the Asura and Yanluo Clan could pose a threat to the Immortal Vampires.

A cold light flashed through Lady Wind's beautiful eyes, and she said "The ten clans must be unified. We can't have any disloyalty. In this Celestial-Hunting Battle, all Immortal Vampires from mortals to gods will take pride in us."

"What if Lord Bladehell and Yue Tinghai have different opinions?"

Zhang Ruochen glanced sideways and asked tentatively.

Lady Wind said, "We've all decided. Even if they don't agree, they have to endure it. The gods are watching. Whoever dares to ruin the plans of the Immortal Vampires will suffer after the Celestial-Hunting Battle."

Chapter 2340 Invite Him in Person

“Remind me when it’s two hours later.”

Zhang Ruochen disappeared into space.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen didn’t leave but entered his Spatial Domain. The Spatial Domain he cultivated was not an ordinary Domain, but a Profound Domain.

The Profound Spatial Dimension was a type of Spatial Domain, but it was higher than most Spatial Domains. It was like the difference between the Door of Trueself and the Gate of Destiny of the Path of Destiny.

Once he released the Profound Spatial Dimension, Zhang Ruochen’s control over dimension and space would increase greatly. He could become an absolute presence.

However, the Profound Spatial Dimension that Zhang Ruochen condensed could only reach a diameter of 300 meters. In a battle between Supreme Saints, it wouldn’t be as effective as the Spatial Domain.

Lady Wind stared at the spot where Zhang Ruochen had disappeared. A look of confusion and thought flashed through her eyes. She took a few steps forward.

“Eh!”

She found that she seemed to be standing still. The distance between her and Zhang Ruochen had not changed.

She took a few more steps.

Nothing had changed.

“Is it the legendary Profound Spatial Dimension?” Lady Wind muttered to herself.

Only the Profound Spatial Dimension was unfathomable for her. She could only stay where she was. The regular Spatial Domain wasn’t that mysterious.

The Profound Spatial Dimension was something that could only be cultivated by the top cultivators practicing the Path of Dimension. With it, one could fight against the Gate of

Destiny and the Realm-frame of Truth. Zhang Ruochen had been inside the Dark Star for ten years. As a result, his number of Dimensional Precepts had increased a lot. Hence, the Profound Spatial Dimension had reached a higher level.

In the Profound Spatial Dimension.

Zhang Ruochen took out Violet Gourd and used his Spiritual Power to investigate. He found that Saint Lord Zuo Mu had been completely refined and turned into Spatial Purple Rain. Saint Lord Zuo Mu had completely merged with the Gourd.

The internal space of the Gourd, which was used to be about 20,000 kilometers in diameter, could now hold a planet.

Now, the volume of the space had expanded several times.

“If I have the chance, I must go to Haishi Star Bastion. If I can find enough Spatial Rain of the remaining six colors, the internal space of Violet Gourd might grow to the size of a star. When that time comes, I can easily snatch an entire world away.”

Zhang Ruochen released Lord Sinluo from the Gourd.

Because Ghost-headed Whip had devoured part of Lord Sinluo’s soul, he was still unconscious.

Zhang Ruochen pressed his hand on Lord Sinluo’s head and erased Lord Sinluo’s memory again.

A Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage could play a great role in the Celestial-hunting Battlefield. Hence, Zhang Ruochen did not plan to take Lord Sinluo’s life.

“Wake Up!”

Zhang Ruochen patted Lord Sinluo’s forehead, and a stream of cool Saint Qi entered Lord Sinluo’s body. Lord Sinluo twitched and woke up. He felt a splitting headache. Pressing his hands on the ground, he panted and asked in puzzlement, “What is this place? Who am I... Uh... and who are you?”

“Moyin, tell him who he is, ” Zhang Ruochen said.

Vines extended from Zhang Ruochen's back, forming an enchanting beauty. The beauty picked up Lord Sinluo and dragged him to the side.

Zhang Ruochen took out the 14 Regal Artifacts. They were the weapons Saint Lord Zuo Mu had taken away from the 14 Supreme Saints of Ghost Clan.

The 14 Supreme Saints of Ghost Clan had fled in a hurry. They did not take their war weapons away, so Moyin took all of them.

Most of them were Class Two Regal Artifacts. Zhang Ruochen only looked at them briefly before throwing them aside. He was not interested.

Then, Zhang Ruochen took out Hexadirection Cauldron from Violet Gourd.

In his opinion, this cauldron was the biggest gain from entering the Dark Star.

The bronze cauldron landed on the ground, sinking the earth. Lines of dark gas wrapped around it, making it look mysterious, ancient, evil, and even ferocious. Facing it, Zhang Ruochen felt like he was standing before an evil god. It was as if he could get devoured at any time.

Zhang Ruochen released the Realm-frame of Truth and activated the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. Carefully, he broke open the gas lines again and examined Hexadirection Cauldron.

This cauldron was a bit strange.

There were no Regal or Supreme Inscriptions inside. Instead, there were dense beast-shaped patterns. There were golden birds spreading their wings, red centipedes coiled around their bodies, and phoenixes dancing in the nine heavens...

These countless beast patterns contained a mysterious charm that Zhang Ruochen could not decipher.

"Is it a Divine Artifact?"

Zhang Ruochen had come into contact with Divine Artifacts, such as Imperial Ruler.

However, his understanding of Divine Artifacts was still very little.

It was said that the divine patterns inside each Divine Artifact were different. They were created by nature and were unique. Even deities could not understand the mysteries of the patterns inside the artifact.

If a Supreme Saint understood the patterns inside the Divine Artifact, he could increase his chances of becoming a god. “No, it shouldn’t be a Divine Artifact. There are so few Divine Artifacts. If Pan Ruo knows about the origins of Hexadirection Cauldron, how could the deities not know? If they know, why wouldn’t they take it for themselves?

“The beast patterns inside Hexadirection Cauldron have endless charm, but they shouldn’t have reached the level of Divine Artifact patterns.”

Zhang Ruochen unleashed spiritual power to communicate with the Vessel Spirit of Hexadirection Cauldron but to no avail.

There was an independent internal space inside Hexadirection Cauldron. It was shrouded in mist, and light suddenly appeared. It was very likely that it was where the Vessel Spirit was.

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to probe it with his Spiritual Power simply. If there was a sleeping Vessel Spirit in the cauldron, the consequences of waking it up would be unpredictable.

If the Vessel Spirit was too powerful, Hexadirection Cauldron might escape his hand and fly away. “It’s best to wait until I leave the battlefield and let Mother see it.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the lid again. He hesitated whether he should open the lid to see what pill was refined inside?

In the end, he restrained himself.

Back then, a ray of energy flew out and sent him flying. If the pill inside was an Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, Zhang Ruochen would be courting death if he opened the lid. That pill would definitely swallow him.

Generally speaking, the combat strength of an Emperor Grade Sacred Pill could almost rival a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

The Emperor Grade Sacred Pill refined by the Yanluo Clan's Grand Supreme Master was also an Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. However, a large part of its power was sealed, making its combat strength equivalent to a peak Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

“Space freeze!”

Zhang Ruochen spread out his hands and released Precepts of Dimension, freezing the space around Hexadirection Cauldron and forming a four-meter-high sealed space box. He put it back into Violet Gourd and stored it properly. “Two hours have passed!” Lord Xia Yu's voice reached Zhang Ruochen's ears.

Zhang Ruochen put away the Profound Spatial Domain and reappeared in the courtyard. He asked, “How many people have arrived?”

Lord Xia Yu said, “Apart from Lady Wind and the cultivators of Yellowsky Clan, no one has come. During these two hours, many Supreme Saints left our home planet. They claimed they were out to hunt for Celestial Slaves.”

“It seems that they still don't take us seriously,” Zhang Ruochen said.

A cold light appeared in Lord Xia Yu's eyes. “In the end, in the eyes of the cultivators of the ten tribes, existing elites like Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind are the true masters. Qitian Clan and Yellowsky Clan are the top two big tribes. Only Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind have the power to rally people.”

“Although we have risen in recent days, many are not willing to accept this fact, so they refuse to obey us.”

Lady Wind did not expect this situation. She said, “I will gather them...” “No.”

Zhang Ruochen gave a meaningful look. “I'll call them myself.”

Before he could finish, Zhang Ruochen turned into a streak of golden light and flew up into the sky.

Lady Wind didn't think that Zhang Ruochen, who was currently so powerful, would really humbly call a group of weaklings to come over. She immediately used her Spiritual Power to send a message to the cultivators of different tribes she was on good terms.

Puresky Continent

In a city of Immortal Vampires, Lord Bladehell's spiritual power clone was having a secret discussion with Yue Tinghai. Thick blood Qi enveloped the room, preventing sound from reaching the outside world.

Lord Bladehell said in a reproachful tone, "What's going on? Your cultivation is at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but you still failed to attack Bloodysky Continent. You disappoint me."

Yue Tinghai was also in a bad mood. He snorted, "Do you think there are no elites in Bloodysky Continent? Last night, another top Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint appeared in Bloodysky Clan." "Who?"

"Gu Chenzi."

Lord Bladehell fell into silence and paced back and forth, he said, "How could this be? How could so many top Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints suddenly appear in Bloodysky Clan?"

"Could it be related to the Fugue Pills that Xue Tu bought?"

"It shouldn't be. Even with the help of Fugue Pills, Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi would need at least 100 years of hard practice to reach the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Yue Tinghai said, "You'd better hurry back. Just now, Zhang Ruochen sent someone to order all cultivators of the ten tribes to go to Bloodysky Continent to meet him."

"It seems that the position of leader of Bloodysky Clan is not enough for him. He wants to be the leader of immortal vampires." Lord Bladehell smiled and said, "Zhang Ruochen

is still too young. He's so proud after only one big victory. The cultivators of the other nine clans won't listen to him. I'd like to see how he ends up."

Yue Tinghai also smiled. "As far as I know, no cultivators from the other eight tribes went except for Lady Wind."

Lord Bladehell snorted, "Lady Wind is short-sighted. She bet on Zhang Ruochen and is destined to lose everything.

"Bloodsky Clan seems to be in the middle of the day now. But when Wu Jiang and Lan Ying free their hands, they'll be the first to be dealt with. Zhang Ruochen won't be able to stay alive for long."

Suddenly, the murderous blood Qi in the room shook violently.

A deep voice sounded above Yue Tinghai and Lord Bladehell. "Yue Tinghai, you controlled the tsunami and intended to kill immortal vampires. How should you be punished?"

"It's Zhang Ruochen," said Lord Bladehell.

He stared at Yue Tinghai. "There were no traces of what happened last night, right?"

Yue Tinghai's expression didn't change. He shook his head.

"Then don't be afraid of him. The deities are watching! I'll leave first. You deal with it properly." Lord Bladehell's Spiritual Power clone dissipated into nothingness.

Yue Tinghai walked out of the room and looked up at Zhang Ruochen, who was floating in mid-air; he smirked. "If you don't have any evidence, don't slander me. Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms does cover here. The entire Infernal Court is watching. Don't make a fool of yourself."

The ten wings on Zhang Ruochen's back spread. Golden light shone behind him. Even the clouds in the sky were golden, "Do you think I'm here to reason with you?" He asked. "I'm here to tell you that my fists are harder. You have to obey me. If you don't, I'll kill you."

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Rumble

A towering Saint Might was released by Zhang Ruochen. The golden light grew brighter, like a divine sun hanging in the sky. In the city, all the immortal vampires felt the pressure until they knelt on the ground, trembling in fear.

Even the Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan felt as if a mountain was pressing down on them. Their legs trembled, and they couldn't control their knees.

Yue Tinghai felt the same pressure. His legs kept sinking into the ground. He couldn't help but be shocked.

Zhang Ruochen's strength was stronger than he had imagined.

However, as a Supreme Saint who had attained the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he couldn't cower before a fight. He still spoke with a tough tone, "Zhang Ruochen, you're too arrogant!"

"I think you're deliberately trying to start infighting. Your Bloodysky Clan is indeed powerful, but once you start infighting, you'll be a sinner of the immortal vampires."

"Hehe, it seems like you're still not convinced!"

Zhang Ruochen sneered. He turned into a streak of golden light and swooped down, throwing a punch at Yue Tinghai. Yue Tinghai's reaction speed was fast, but compared to Zhang Ruochen's speed, it was far inferior. His palm had just reached out when it was hit by Zhang Ruochen's fist to his chest. The bones and joints of his arm were broken.

Bang!

Yue Tinghai's body was bent. His legs left the ground, and he flew backward, breaking through the buildings in the city. After being sent flying for dozens of miles, he hit the city wall and knocked it down.

"So... strong..." Yue Tinghai was in great pain. He lay on the ground as if he had fallen apart. He had just mobilized the murderous Blood Qi and had not completed a full cycle in his body.

Zhang Ruochen descended from the sky and landed beside him. Zhang Ruochen grabbed his neck and lifted him up like a

chicken.

Boom

He pressed hard against the ground again, creating a huge pit dozens of meters in diameter.

The ground shook and dust flew everywhere.

Yue Tinghai spat out blood. His flesh and blood detached from his bones. His eyes were pitch-black, and he was about to faint from the pain.

In the nearby city, the Supreme Saint of Puresky Clan was scared out of his wits. Zhang Ruochen was too terrifying. Yue Tinghai, the number one master of Puresky Clan, couldn't fight back at all.

The tens of millions of immortal vampires in the city knelt even more neatly. They kowtowed and trembled.

"He's still alive. He's tough."

Zhang Ruochen lifted the Yue Tinghai and turned into a streak of golden light. A moment later, he flew back to Cloud City, the largest city in Bloodysky Continent.

He threw Yue Tinghai down from the sky.

Yue Tinghai was a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint at Great Perfection. He was powerful and had profound cultivation. He suppressed his injuries in a short amount of time.

He flipped over and landed steadily. Biting his bloody teeth, he roared, "If you dare, let's fight again."

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had been too fast. Before he could react, he had been knocked down. Therefore, he refused to admit defeat.

As Yue Tinghai's blood burned vigorously in his body, his power got stronger. To regain his dignity, he no longer cared about losing his potential to ascend to a higher level of cultivation.

Standing on the city wall, Zhang Ruochen said indifferently, "You're not qualified to fight with me yet. Kneel and reflect

on yourself. When you've thought it through when you'll get up again."

Rumble.

Thunder rumbled in the sky.

The dense lightning interweaved into the shape of a thousand-meter-long handprint. It pressed down and fell on the top of Yue Tinghai's head. Yue Tinghai let out a long roar. He used all his strength to block the giant handprint of lightning.

"Kneel." Zhang Ruochen shouted. His command contained the Spiritual Power shock wave.

Chapter 2341 Mighty Aura

The more Yue Tinghai took the Spiritual Power attack, the intense the sharp pain he felt in his brain. All of a sudden, he was worn out, and his body trembled. He couldn't help but bend his knees downward.

Roar!

Yue Tinghai let out an indignant roar.

“Zhang Ruochen, as a Supreme Saint, I must not tolerate insult... from now on... I will fight you to death!”

The space around Yue Tinghai shook violently.

Under the suppression of the Dimensional force, Yue Tinghai could not hold on any longer. He knelt on the ground hard, causing the earth to sink.

With Yue Tinghai's body as the center, the space within a five-mile radius was frozen.

The entire world fell into silence.

Whoosh

Lady Wind's beautiful figure flew onto the city wall. Shock appeared in her almond-shaped eyes. “You should not do this.”

“What's wrong?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lady Wind said, “A Supreme Saint would rather get killed than endure humiliation.

“Moreover, Yue Tinghai is a talented elite with the potential to ascend. Not only him, but the forces behind him and even the entire Puresky Clan will view you as an enemy.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Yue Tinghai doesn't have that much influence. A loser has no honor in Infernal Court.

“The cultivators of Puresky Clan worship Yue Tinghai due to his achievement as someone who has attained Great Perfection at the Hundred-Shackle Realm. They won't worship the Yue Tinghai who knelt.”

Lady Wind sighed softly, “Maybe you're right. As long as we lead the immortal vampires to win first place in Infernal

Court's ten clans, all immortal vampires will regard us as their pride and respect us like they respect their deities."

The 23 streaks of Saint Light flew from afar and landed at Cloud City.

They were the 23 Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan.

The moment they saw Yue Tinghai kneeling on the ground, some were terrified; some were angry, and some rushed over. They wanted to save Yue Tinghai, but they were blocked by the frozen space.

"Zhang Ruochen, you're humiliating the entire Puresky Clan. We're no match for you. But when the Celestial-Hunting battle is over, the deities of Puresky Clan won't let you go."

A young female Supreme Saint in her twenties scolded angrily. She spread out her six red wings and slashed at the frozen space with a

sword.

Crack!

Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power moved. A lightning bolt in the form of a dragon and serpent flew down from the clouds. It struck her and sent her flying. Her body was charred; she was severely injured.

"Yue Tinghai did something wrong, so he must reflect on it. On the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, the gods of Puresky Clan can't discipline him, but I can," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Who do you think you are? How can you discipline the Supreme Saint of Puresky Clan?"

"Whether Yue Tinghai did something wrong or not, it's not up to you to decide."

Seven or eight Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan activated their murderous Blood Qi, intending to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's voice became bone-chilling, "I did not kill Yue Tinghai because he could still take a punch from me," he said. "Besides, he is useful. As for you guys, if any of you dare to offend me, I will kill you without mercy."

Hearing this, those Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan felt like they had been splashed with cold water. Their heads became clearer.

The one they were facing Zhang Ruochen!

This guy was famous for being fearless. He had killed countless Infernal Court deities' children, scions, and scionesses. Even the seventh son of the Ghost Lord had died at his hands. What else did he not dare to do?

Lady Wind was really afraid that Zhang Ruochen would start a massacre, she quickly said, "I heard that Yue Tinghai controlled the tsunami last night and wanted to kill 30 million immortal vampires on Bloodysky Continent. I can testify to that.

"Fortunately, he attempted such a serious crime on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Otherwise, the Fane of Immortality would have taken him away and skinned him.

"Did you also participate in what happened last night?"

In Infernal Court, strength was indeed the most important thing. As long as one was strong, they could decide the life and death of the weak.

However, no clan would allow the strong to slaughter their own clansmen. Such a person would only end up like Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

In comparison, the punishment of the immortal vampires was even heavier.

Not to mention the 23 immortal realm Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan, even Yue Tinghai, who was kneeling on the ground, had a change in expression.

Even if he killed 30 million clansmen on the Celestial-Hunting Battlefield, it was not a big deal for a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. After all, he alone was worth more than 30 million clansmen. If the attack had succeeded last night, the deity of Puresky Clan would have protected him. The Fane of Immortality couldn't do anything to him.

However, the operation had failed last night, and Zhang Ruochen and Lady Wind had found out about it. Now that he'd lost so much face, the deity of Puresky Clan would definitely be very disappointed in him. Would the deity still protect him?

"No... No. We don't know what happened last night."

"Did Yue Tinghai really commit such a heinous crime?"

"I don't know what happened last night. It has nothing to do with me."

The Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan sensed that something was wrong. They all became obedient.

The reason why they dared to disobey Zhang Ruochen's orders was that they knew that Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell would never submit to Zhang Ruochen. They had thought Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell would definitely stand up to him.

However, Lady Wind was actually on Zhang Ruochen's side. Together with Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi, they had formed a force that even the other eight clans combined couldn't contend with.

"They're here!"

Zhang Ruochen looked up and saw the blood clouds rolling in the sky. He felt the powerful aura of the saintly way.

The Supreme Saints of the ten clans were coming from all directions on the planet.

Yue Tinghai's kneeling was a warning signal.

The cultivators of the other seven clans were afraid of the same fate. Who dared to wait for Zhang Ruochen to personally invite them?

"Yao Bing of Sealsky Clan is here. I've led seventeen Supreme Saints of our clan to greet Supreme Saint Ruochen."

Eighteen streaks of blood light descended from the sky and landed outside Cloud City.

"Saint Yihui of Demonsky Clan is here. I've led twenty-four Supreme Saints of our clan to pay respects to the Supreme

Saint Ruochen.”

Blood-red figures descended outside Cloud City.

Apart from one or two Hundred-Shackle Realm elites, the others who stayed behind to guard Immortal Vampires’ home planet were all Supreme Saints who had just entered Neverwilt Realm.

A moment later, more than 100 Supreme Saints gathered outside Cloud City.

Apart from Qitian Clan, all the cultivators from the major clans had arrived.

Zhang Ruochen snorted and ordered, “Lord Xia Yu, go to Qitian continent personally and invite all the Supreme Saints of Qitian Clan here. Remember, you must invite Lord Bladehell.”

Lord Xia Yu frowned and said, “Lord Bladehell is on our planet?”

“Even if he isn’t here, there must be a Spiritual Power clone.” Zhang Ruochen gave a meaningful look.

A dense blood cloud flew over from the horizon, rolling like a sea of blood.

A heavy and overbearing voice came from the blood cloud. “Don’t bother Lord Xia Yu. I and the Supreme Saints of Qitian Clan are here!”

The blood cloud swooped down like a waterfall and crashed to the ground.

The Blood Qi instantly covered thousands of miles of land. When the blood Qi dispersed, Lord Bladehell and more than a dozen Supreme Saints of Qitian Clan appeared outside the city gate.

It was not Lord Bladehell’s Spiritual Power clone, but he himself.

Seeing Lord Bladehell appear, the cultivators of other clans who obeyed Qitian Clan all breathed a sigh of relief. Their

eyes shone with excitement. They seemed to have someone to rely on and were no longer afraid of Zhang Ruochen's might.

Without Hellblade Realm backing them, they didn't dare to challenge Zhang Ruochen.

Groups of people approached Lord Bladehell, ready to fight Zhang Ruochen.

The female Supreme Saint of Puresky Clan, who had been charred black by Zhang Ruochen's lightning strike, came to Lord Bladehell. She said weakly, "Zhang Ruochen acted arbitrarily. He started infighting and humiliated the Supreme Saint of Puresky Clan. Lord Bladehell, please do justice!"

"Yue Tinghai would never do anything to harm immortal vampires. Zhang Ruochen planted the evidence on purpose. He thinks he can be lawless just because he is strong," another cultivator said.

The other Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan all stood behind Lord Bladehell.

They radiated powerful Saint Might. They were full of fighting spirit. Lord Bladehell glanced at Yue Tinghai, who was kneeling on the ground. He snorted, "How could a figure like the Supreme Saint Ruochen and Lady Wind do something like this on purpose? Don't be presumptuous!"

All the Supreme Saints of Puresky Clan were stunned.

The Supreme Saints of the other clans looked at each other. They weren't sure what Lord Bladehell was trying to do.

Lord Bladehell stood straight and spoke righteously. He said, "I think that the more Tinghai does something wrong, the more he should be punished.

"The situation of the immortal vampires is great now. We should stay united as one and fight against outsiders. We should strive to achieve better results in the Celestial-Hunting battle. Only then will we live up to the expectations of our gods and the entire immortal vampires. "At this time, I will not let anyone who dares to create internal strife go.

“Let Yue Tinghai kneel first. Kneeling on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield is better than being sent to the Fane of Immortality to be skinned.

“The young cultivators in Infernal Court are still lacking in respect. It’s a good chance to temper his character.” When he said the last sentence, Lord Bladehell’s eyes were as cold as a blade. He glared at Yue Tinghai, obviously threatening him.

Yue Tinghai was extremely humiliated. He thought that his situation would change when Lord Bladehell returned to their home planet. Who would have thought that Lord Bladehell would cast him aside after using him and shift all the blames on him?

‘No, it shouldn’t be.

‘Lord Bladehell is a proud man. How could he give up so easily? There is no way he would willingly submit to Zhang Ruochen.

‘Why?

‘Why?’

Yue Tinghai’s heart was filled with a grievance, confusion, resentment, and confusion.

“Supreme Saint Ruochen, let’s enter the city to discuss our big plans.”

Lord Bladehell waved his hand and took the lead to enter the city gate.

On the city wall, Lady Wind and Lord Xia Yu both showed strange expressions.

Zhang Ruochen had only been in Infernal Court for a short time, so he didn’t know Lord Bladehell very well. However, they had interacted with Lord Bladehell many times, so they knew what kind of person Lord Bladehell was. How he acted just now was definitely unusual.

Lord Xia Yu was puzzled. She muttered to herself, “What is Lord Bladehell planning?”

Zhang Ruochen didn't seem to care. If Lord Bladehell was willing to obey, it would be a good thing.

If he refused to do so, Zhang Ruochen could just beat him into submission.

Lady Wind said, "Lord Bladehell is ranked in the top ten on the top Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators. Since he took the initiative to show his goodwill, we have to show him something."

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly. He walked down the city wall with Lady Wind and Lord Xia Yu to welcome Lord Bladehell.

From Afar, Lord Bladehell cupped his hands and bowed. He laughed and said, "Saint Ruochen is indeed the prodigy of the Xue Jue family. After the Celestial- Hunting battle, he will definitely be famous throughout the world. I admire him."

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, "I haven't even reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. What's there to admire, Lord Bladehell?"

Lord Bladehell said seriously, "Being able to defeat Wu Jiang before attaining the Great Perfection stage makes your achievement even more impressive. Luo Shengtian can't do it, neither can Yan Huangtu, nor can Lan Ying."

Lord Xia Yu and Lady Wind suddenly understood, and then the two girls smiled.

The Supreme Saints behind Lord Bladehell who hadn't received the news that Zhang Ruochen had defeated Wu Jiang were all struck by Lord Bladehell's words.

They all understood why Lord Bladehell's attitude toward Zhang Ruochen changed drastically.

If Zhang Ruochen had only defeated Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong, even if Lord Bladehell knew that he was no match for him, with the support of the other clans, he still had the confidence to fight against Zhang Ruochen.

As long as Wu Jiang and Lan Ying made their moves, Zhang Ruochen would most likely die horribly and cease to become a threat.

However, just now, when Lord Bladehell received the news that Zhang Ruochen had defeated Wu Jiang, he instantly dismissed all ill thoughts against Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen, who could defeat Wu Jiang, would not be afraid of Lan Ying.

Whose presence could threaten him on the entire Celestial-Hunting battlefield?

Maybe Que could.

However, there were not many feuds between Que and Zhang Ruochen. He definitely wouldn't make someone enemies easily. All sorts of thoughts flashed through Lord Bladehell's mind. In an instant, he thought of the immortal vampires' gods. Now, immortal vampires had many elites. They could already rival Yanluo Clan and Asuras.

With such an advantage, the immortal vampires' gods must have hoped that the immortal vampires could fight for better ranking: second place, or even first.

If he, Lord Bladehell, interfered, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't let him go. The Immortal Vampires' gods would also be angry.

It was because of all these considerations that Lord Bladehell rushed back to his home planet, ready to discuss the big plan with Zhang Ruochen. Only in this way would he get a share of the achievements in the future.

The Spiritual Power clone of Supreme Saint Jinkun of Azuresky Clan asked Lord Bladehell telepathically, "Did Zhang Ruochen really defeat Wu Jiang?" Lord Bladehell said, "Don't harbor other ill thoughts against Zhang Ruochen. Not only did he defeat Wu Jiang, but he also killed Saint Lord Zuo Mu. Moreover, he has cultivated a Grade Two Saintwill and held two Supreme Artifacts in his hands.

"It's said that even his parasitic plant, the Saint Devourer, has the battle strength of the top 10 Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators.

"With such strength, the number of people who dare to challenge him on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield is not more than five."

The expression of Supreme Saint Jinkun became grave. He said, "In this case, in terms of power among the elites, the immortal vampires have already surpassed Asuras. Can we compete against Yanluo Clan?"

Lord Bladehell's expression became grave as he nodded his head heavily and said, "This is indeed something that we didn't dare to imagine before. I'm afraid the immortal vampires' gods are also very surprised.

"The gods must have great expectations for us. After all, Yanluo Clan has been the number one clan in every Celestial-Hunting battle. If we can defeat them this time, all of our names will be listed in Fane of Immortality's record.

"Rewards are secondary. The meaning behind it is the most significant. Even the deities care about it.

"Defeating the most upper clan despite being a lower clan is what we, the immortal vampires, want the most. Whoever screws things up at this big-time will have to suffer the consequences after the Celestial-Hunting battle ends.

"This must be why Zhang Ruochen called us here."

Chapter 2342 Bloody Shadowseed

Yue Tinghai was still kneeling outside the city. He was suppressed by the giant palm made of lightning and thunder. The ground beneath him was in ruins.

Close to 200 Supreme Saints from the ten great clans gathered at the Cloud City Governor's mansion.

At the top, there were seven chairs. Lord Xia Yu, Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Supreme Saint Jin Kun, Gu Chenzi, and Saint Lord Yi Hui sat atop them.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the middle of the row of seven chairs. He appeared to be the leader.

Saint Lord Yi Hui of the Demonsky Clan was a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm hidden in the Immortal Vampires. He was only listed on the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm after entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Of course, most of the Supreme Saints were looking at Lord Sinluo, who was standing behind Zhang Ruochen.

They were all surprised. How could a top-tier powerhouse of the Deathkin come to the Immortal Vampires' home planet and stand behind Zhang Ruochen like a guard?

Zhang Ruochen displayed a strong saint's might, but his tone was calm. He said, "I asked you to come here today to discuss one thing. We are going to combine all the powers of the Immortal Vampires to take down the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. "I think the ten great clans shouldn't have any more grudges. Those who have grudges should put them aside first. Those who have conflicts should restrain themselves first. This Battle of Celestial – Hunting is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. It's the time for the Immortal Vampires to show off their power in the Infernal Court. We must unite and take first place among the ten clans."

"First place among the ten clans?" everyone present muttered.

Everyone present was a Supreme Saint. They were calm, but many were still shocked. They had guessed why Zhang

Ruochen had summoned the cultivators of the ten clans, but they hadn't expected him to be so ambitious?

A Supreme Saint stood up with a serious expression and said, "It's not easy to fight for first place. The Yanluo Clan and Asura are both powerful. We may not be weaker than them. But there's still a big gap between the number of the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints. This was one of the reasons.

"Secondly, if the Immortal Vampires show too much of their abilities, they might become the target of public criticism and be suppressed by the alliance.

"Of course, we are not afraid of a single clan. However, if two or three clans join forces, we are definitely not their match.

"So, I want to know how Supreme Saint Ruochen plans to resolve these two points."

Fighting for first place in the ten clans was not a slogan. Once they did it, they would face a huge challenge and resistance. It was very likely that a Supreme Saint among them would die in battle.

Dying in battle was not scary.

As long as they had a chance to win first place in the ten clans, they were not afraid of battle or death.

What they were afraid of was that fighting blindly was not worth dying.

Zhang Ruochen had already done careful thinking and deduction, he said, "First of all, my opponent is only the Yanluo Clan. As for the Asura, they are indeed very powerful. However, there are too many internal forces and they are divided into 24 fanes. The hatred between the fanes is very deep and there are many contradictions. It is impossible to unify them.

"If the Asura can not be unified, there is nothing to be afraid of.

"If we want to defeat the Yanluo Clan, we need two steps.

"First, we need to be united. We need to combine all our forces to kill the Celestial Captives to get more points. "Most of the

Celestial Captives are hiding in the starfields near the seven Dark Stars. Besides the third Dark Star, which Lord Xia Yu and I have cleared once, we need to go to the other six Dark Stars.

“Secondly, I will personally go to the home planet of the Yanluo Clan and destroy more than half of the Yanluo Clan. This is my promise to everyone.”

All the Supreme Saints present were moved.

Zhang Ruochen’s promise was no small matter. The home planet of the Yanluo Clan was full of danger. The Ghost’s home planet couldn’t compare to it.

Just breaking into the home planet of the Yanluo Clan was almost impossible.

The Yanluo Clan had more than a dozen Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. There were also many powerful Array Masters, Talisman Masters, Illusionists, Summoners, and Necromancers. All of them were at the level of High-Saints.

Some of them had the strength to fight against Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The Immortal Vampires had Zhang Ruochen, Lord Xia Yu, Lord Bladehell, and Lady Wind. They could fight against several Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm on their own. That was why they dared to challenge the supreme position of the Yanluo Clan. Otherwise, it would be like hitting a rock with an egg.

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Zhang Ruochen continued, “If the Immortal Vampires really try their best to fight for the first place among the ten clans, they will definitely be suppressed by the alliance. However, there is one condition: we must defeat the Yanluo Clan.

“Before we completely defeat the Yanluo Clan, the other clans will only watch from the sidelines.

“What I want to say here is that all of you are the most outstanding powerhouses of the Immortal Vampires in the past

thousand years. If we can even defeat the supreme clan, why should we be afraid of a group of weaklings?

“Of course, we have to be fully prepared. If we are really suppressed by the combined forces of multiple clans, we have to be able to withstand them.

“Therefore, the most important thing is our defense. This matter will be handled by Lord Xia Yu. She’s one of the most powerful Array Masters in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. She also has the Pleiades Lotus, a Supreme Artifact. The defensive array she has set up can make our home planet impregnable.”

Yao Bing, the captain of the Sealsky Clan, stood up and said, “Supreme Saint Ruochen, I have a question.”

“Speak,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Yao Bing said, “Among the Celestial Captives, there’s a Supreme Saint, Lord Hornless, in the Banshi Isshou Realm. No one knows where he is hiding. If we go on a large-scale campaign against the six Dark Stars, we will definitely suffer heavy losses. How can we guard against him?”

“Before we go on a large-scale campaign against the six Dark Stars, I will scout the way first. If I find Lord Hornless, I will attack him first. I may not be able to defeat him, but it shouldn’t be too difficult to pin him down.” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen exuded a strong sense of confidence.

This confidence could not be shaken no matter how great the danger was. It infected the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints in the mansion, making them feel confident. Their worries and worries were reduced.

Yao Bing stared into Zhang Ruochen’s eyes and nodded deeply. “If Supreme Saint Ruochen really takes the lead, then I shall lead the Sealsky Clan to closely follow your footsteps.” Following that, several other Supreme Saints stood up and voiced their concerns. Zhang Ruochen answered smoothly, showing that his decision to fight for the first place of the ten clans was not a spur-of-the-moment decision. It was a deliberate decision.

“The Azuresky Clan will listen to Supreme Saint Ruochen’s orders.”

“The Mendsky Clan will listen to Supreme Saint Ruochen’s orders.”

When all the cultivators had no objections, Zhang Ruochen spoke again. “There is one thing that everyone should have guessed. The home planets of the ten clans are not ordinary planets.

“There’s a huge opportunity inside the home planet of the Ghost. There should be something extraordinary inside the home planet of the Immortal Vampires. have any cultivators gone underground to investigate?”

The news of the home planet of the Ghost had long been sent back to the home planet of the Immortal Vampires. No one who could cultivate to the Supreme Saint realm was stupid. They could definitely guess the clues of the ten home planets.

How could the Fane of Destiny and the gods favor one over the other?

A pale-faced Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint shook his head. He said, “I’ve gone underground to investigate. I found that the entire home planet is like a huge living creature.”

“What do you mean?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint said, “Thousands of meters underground, there are many underground rivers of blood. They’re complex and endless. They’re like blood vessels in a person’s body.

“Furthermore, the river is very strong. It’s very difficult to destroy by the Supreme Saint’s power.

“I once followed a river and tried to find where the rivers of blood converged. However, I encountered a very strange thing. The blood in my body decreased unknowingly. Luckily, I retreated quickly. Otherwise, I would have turned into a dried corpse.”

More than one person had entered the underground blood river. All of them had lost a lot of blood.

The most serious one had half of his body withered. His skin was like tree bark, and the outline of his bones could be seen. Furthermore, with his cultivation of the Supreme Saint realm, he found it difficult to recover.

“Could it be the Blood-devouring Curse?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Supreme Saints who had entered the underground shook their heads. One of them said, “No, it can’t be. After being hit by the Blood-devouring Curse, the blood in his body disappears on average.

“In the underground, however, the blood begins to disappear from the surface of my body or concentrates in a specific area.”

It was shocking to hear that the blood of the Immortal Vampires who were the best at manipulating with blood and those Supreme Saint’s blood was taken without a sign.

Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought, he thought to himself, ‘Although there are great opportunities inside the Ghost’s home planet, there are also great dangers. If I didn’t have the Violet Gourd, the Five-element Chaotic Neverwithier Physique, and a powerful Demigod-level physique, I’d be in big trouble if I forced my way in.

‘There must be great opportunities inside the Immortal Vampires’ home planet, but there must be great dangers if I want to pass the test.’

Zhang Ruochen had the experience of entering the Ghost’s home planet. He had a certain degree of respect for the inside of the Immortal Vampires’ home planet. He didn’t dare to hope for the opportunities inside the planet.

Of course, just because he didn’t dare to Hope didn’t mean he didn’t dare to try.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Lady Wind, wanting to know more.

Lady Wind had stayed behind to guard the home planet. It was impossible for her not to have been underground. With her

cultivation, she might have already found some clues.

While Lady Wind was hesitating, Zhang Ruochen said, “The opportunity on the home planet belongs to every Supreme Saint of the Immortal Vampires. I said just now that we should all work together and obtain the same information. There’s nothing to hide.”

Hearing this, everyone nodded in unison. Their recognition of Zhang Ruochen grew. Lady Wind shook her head. “It’s very dangerous underground,” she said. “To be precise, it’s very dangerous. If you’re not a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, you’ll die if you try to break in. If you’re not a Supreme Saint of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, you’ll die if you try to force your way in.

“I did find something. The reason why everyone suffers blood loss might be related to the legendary Bloody Shadowseed.”

‘Bloody Shadowseed?’ All the Supreme Saints present looked puzzled. None of them had heard of it.

Some even suspected that Lady Wind had made it up to hide the truth.

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t suspicious. After refining part of the Heart of the Divine Tree, he had inherited a lot of knowledge and insight from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. He had some clues about the Bloody Shadowseed.

The Fane of Destiny had the largest collection of books in the universe. They had collected countless books from the Macroworlds. As one of the candidate Scionesses, they were all knowledgeable. They read thousands of books and knew all sorts of secrets and strange things.

“The legend of the Bloody Shadowseed is very old,” Lady Wind said. “It can be traced back to the birth of the Immortal Vampires.

“Some records say it was a tree, others say it was a humanoid creature, and still others say it was a dead spirit. There are too many records, but there is no unified explanation. Even its existence is a myth.

“The most important legend is that the Bloody Shadowseed grew out of the Pale Blood Soil. With the disappearance of the Pale Blood Soil, it also became extinct.”

Someone exclaimed, “Pale Blood Soil! What kind of treasure grew out of the Pale Blood Soil?”

The other Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires were also excited. Their eyes were shining and they could not calm down.

The Pale Blood Soil was the number one relic of the Immortal Vampires.

The Immortal Vampires were not a race that was born and raised naturally. They originated from the human race.

The first progenitor of the Immortal Vampires was called Yin. He was once a human and was buried in a patch of Pale Blood Soil after his death. It was unknown how many years later, he came back to life from the Pale Blood Soil, and that was how the Immortal Vampires came into being.

Yin lived in a time that predated the ten primogenitors who founded the ten great clans. He was a myth. Even the god of the Immortal Vampires was not sure if he really existed.

Yin was also known as the primogenitor. The Pale Blood Soil was known as the soil of immortality, the soil of resurrection, and the soil of rebirth. There were even rumors that the Pale Blood Soil was related to the secret of immortality.

Unfortunately, after countless years, the Pale Blood Soil had been used up.

Of course, many cultivators suspected that the Fane of Immortality definitely still had the Pale Blood Soil, which was used as a place for the gods to sleep. Perhaps one day, they could be awakened from the soil.

Lady Wind said, “Everyone, it’s best not to have too much hope. All of this is just my guess. Besides, the Bloody Shadowseed was indeed useful, but it was also very dangerous. It’s best not to go underground without reaching the Supreme Saint Realm.”

They were already connected to the Pale Blood Soil. How could the saints of the Immortal Vampires remain calm?

Even though they had a slim chance of survival, many Supreme Saints were willing to put their lives in danger. Zhang Ruochen saw the excitement in their eyes. He frowned and regretted asking Lady Wind to reveal this secret in front of everyone.

The more people who couldn't control their desires knew, the faster they would die.

"How about this? I, Lady Wind, and Lord Bladehell will go in first to investigate and gain a deeper understanding of the internal situation of our planet. If we can control the danger, it won't be too late for us to go in and try to seize the opportunity," Zhang Ruochen said.

Chapter 2343 A Song

The water on the home planet of the Immortal Vampires was blood-red.

They arrived at the underground river after entering the hole. The water was not only redder but also stickier here. It had a faint bloody odor as if it had been formed from blood.

The river was complicated and had many branches. It was like a maze.

Cultivators without strong spiritual power couldn't get out of the river.

The river was made of sealed crystal rock. It was milky white in color, and there were streaks of spiritual light flowing inside. It was like a spiritual snake swimming inside, emitting white light spots.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen condensed his Saint Qi into a four-foot-long Saint Sword and slashed out.

The crystal rock was broken, leaving a meter-long and deep sword scar.

"How is it so strong? Lady Wind, what are these crystal rocks?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, a casual slash could create a fifty-meter-long sword qi canyon on the ground. From this, it could be seen how hard the crystal rocks were. They were comparable to the bones of Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints. They could be used to refine sacred artifacts.

"I've never seen them before," said Lady Wind.

Lady Wind shook her head and she added, "Actually, I can't even tell if they're natural materials, or if they're bones or fascia of some creature."

Lord Bladehell, who was standing aside, let out a soft exclamation.

The crystal rock that Zhang Ruochen had cut open with his sword began to show specks of light. They grew at a speed visible to the naked eye and returned to their original appearance. Zhang Ruochen, Lady Wind, and Lord Bladehell all had powerful cultivations, but at this moment, their backs were numb. A thought popped up in their minds, ‘Is this planet really a giant blood-devouring creature?’

After a moment of silence, Zhang Ruochen said, “Let’s go! I’m looking forward to seeing what’s beyond the blood pool? What secrets are hidden in the depths of this planet?”

Releasing the Profound Spatial Dimension, Zhang Ruochen formed an egg-shaped Qi shield. He followed the direction of the blood flow and headed deep into the planet’s core.

Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell followed closely behind.

The deeper they went, the wider and sturdier the river became. It was almost impossible to breakthrough.

Suddenly, a melodious song entered Zhang Ruochen’s ears. It sounded like a peerless beauty was singing a classic song. He couldn’t help but be intoxicated by it.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and looked at Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell.

Obviously, they had heard the song as well. Their faces were filled with shock and doubt. The blood-red aura in their bodies surged.

“I didn’t hear such a strange sound when I came in last time,” Lady Wind said.

Lord Bladehell said, “Last time, you went underground from the Yellowsky Continent. This time, we went underground from the Bloodysky Clan. We must have encountered something different.”

Zhang Ruochen used his spiritual power to investigate, but found nothing. He said seriously, “Everyone, be careful. If you encounter an irresistible danger, don’t fight. Retreat to the ground immediately.”

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Lord Bladehell was confused, he said, “It’s strange. We’ve been in the ground for so long, but our blood hasn’t been sucked away. Is it because our cultivation is strong and we’ve made all kinds of defenses that the Bloody Shadowseed can’t get close to us?”

Lady Wind’s eyes also showed a hint of confusion. She said, “If it really is the Bloody Shadowseed, they definitely won’t be afraid of us. Our defenses won’t be able to stop them.”

“Be careful.”

Zhang Ruochen’s low voice rang out.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen waved his Saint Sword like lightning and slashed at a certain spot in the blood pool.

Zhang Ruochen quickly retreated. He opened his hands and activated the Profound Spatial Dimension. It condensed into a rapidly spinning Dimensional Vortex as if it was defending against something.

The water in the underground blood river churned violently.

Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell didn’t know what had happened, but they still tried their best to defend using the blood-red aura wrapped around their bodies.

“Leaving so soon? Get back here!”

Zhang Ruochen shouted. He stretched out his palm and strands of Saint Qi flew out from his fingertips. They trapped a ball of blood and dragged it back forcefully. The ball of blood made a sharp and ear-piercing sound. It made Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind’s eardrums hurt.

SWOOSH!

The pool of blood suddenly disintegrated and turned into a gaseous state, much like a hungry wolf.

It was impossible to see with the naked eye because the blood-colored waves were flowing in all directions. Even with spiritual power, they were unable to detect the Qi fluctuation.

Zhang Ruochen was able to find it because he had the Profound Spatial Dimension.

Anything that entered the Profound Spatial Dimension could not escape his perception.

The gaseous wolf was more than five meters tall, but when it was suppressed by Zhang Ruochen, it became only the size of a fist. At this moment, it emitted a strong blood light. Its eyes were fierce, and it still let out a sharp cry.

Lord Bladehell closed his hearing and came to Zhang Ruochen's side. He looked at the blood wolf, surprised, and said, "Is this a wolf soul? Huh..."

The gaseous blood wolf suddenly turned liquid again, no different from the blood-red water around it.

Despite that, it was unable to escape Zhang Ruochen's palm.

"It's a Bloody Shadowseed. It must be it," said Lady Wind.

Lady Wind's eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen's palm with excitement and said, "Legend has it that if you can refine and absorb the Bloody Shadowseed, you can improve your Blood Qi and Saint Soul. You should give it a try and quickly."

The most important thing for the Immortal Vampires was Blood Qi.

As long as one could continuously strengthen their Blood Qi, their cultivation would increase quickly.

Zhang Ruochen didn't try to refine the blood in his hand because even if he just held it in his hand, his urge to devour blood would increase greatly. If Zhang Ruochen really refined it, he probably wouldn't be able to suppress his urge to devour blood in the future.

"I'll give it to you. You do it!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen handed the ball of blood to Lady Wind. Lady Wind was 90% sure that Zhang Ruochen was suppressing the Bloody Shadowseed, and it was a very powerful one.

So she immediately took it and carefully suppressed it between her hands. She refined it and destroyed the spiritual will of the Bloody Shadowseed.

When Lord Bladehell saw that, he couldn't help but lick his lips and think to himself, 'To be able to excite Lady Wind so much, it appears that the Bloody Shadowseed must be endowed with the ability to greatly improve one's Blood Qi and Saint Soul. This is not a dangerous thing, but a precious blood medicine.'

However, Lord Bladehell quickly realized that he didn't sense the aura of the gaseous wolf just now. If it weren't for Zhang Ruochen, he would have fled because his blood was being sucked.

'Since Zhang Ruochen can suppress the Bloody Shadowseed, it seems that I have to be friendly to him so that Lady Wind won't be the only one getting all the benefits.' Lord Bladehell thought.

Lord Bladehell stared at Lady Wind's graceful and beautiful figure with a strange look, he thought to himself, 'The Bloody Shadowseed is given away just like that. Zhang Ruochen and Lady Wind must have a special relationship. Maybe they've already had a good relationship. This woman is willing to fight hard to become a Scioness.'

If Lord Bladehell Blood Qi and Saint Soul were stronger in the same cultivation realm, his battle strength would naturally be stronger.

Lord Bladehell knew very well that if he wanted to improve his battle strength again, he could only work on his Blood Qi. It was already difficult to make big breakthroughs in other aspects.

The more he accumulated now, the stronger he would be when he broke through to the Thousand-Koan Realm in the future.

Lady Wind completely destroyed the spiritual will of the Bloody Shadowseed. It no longer turned into a gaseous wolf, nor did it make sharp sounds. It turned into strands of Blood Qi and was continuously absorbed by Lady Wind.

Lady Wind's Blood Qi kept rising, and her power fluctuated greatly.

Lord Bladehell approached Zhang Ruochen and asked him in hushed tones for advice on how to capture the Bloody Shadowseed. When Lord Bladehell discovered that he needed to practice the Profound Spatial Dimension, he immediately dismissed the notion. “Supreme Saint Ruochen, can you help me capture a Bloody Shadowseed?” asked Lord Bladehell.

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Lord Bladehell felt that it was inappropriate to make such a request. He quickly added, “I will definitely reward you handsomely.”

“What handsome reward?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Bladehell glanced at Lady Wind and said, “I can give you double, no, ten times what Lady Wind can give you.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his eyebrows and said, “What did Lady Wind give me?”

Lord Bladehell gave an evil smile that everyone understood, he said, “There are countless Immortal Vampires’ beauties. With my cultivation and identity, it’s not difficult for me to find ten beauties no weaker than Lady Wind. Lady Wind’s status is nobler and her cultivation is stronger. That’s why she’s more attractive.

“Don’t worry, Supreme Saint Ruochen. What I’m giving you is at least a Saint Realm. If you want, I can capture all the beauties of the Celestial Court.”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression didn’t change. He smiled bitterly in his heart. It seemed that because of Lian Xi, he was already famous in the Infernal Court. Even Lord Bladehell was willing to do what he wanted to please him.

‘This wasn’t a bad thing!’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

One had to reveal some weaknesses to make those who feared you feel at ease.

Zhang Ruochen said in a low voice, “Don’t tell anyone about me and Lady Wind.”

“I understand,” said Lord Bladehell.

Lord Bladehell thought that he had something on Zhang Ruochen and Lady Wind. He was secretly pleased. If he left the Battle of Celestial-Huntingfield and the three of them fell out, he would have at least one trump card to use.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I don't need ten Saint Realm beauties for the time being. If I come across a Bloody Shadowseed, I can suppress it for you. But, you have to help me do one thing!"

"What is it, Supreme Saint Ruochen? Just say the word," Lord Bladehell said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "After we return to the ground, you must persuade Yue Tinghai to prioritize the overall situation and refrain from doing anything detrimental to the Immortal Vampires' interests. I believe he will definitely listen to you."

Lord Bladehell's heart tightened. He thought to himself, 'Does Zhang Ruochen already know that Yue Tinghai attacked the Bloody Continent because of my instructions?'

"Okay, I will persuade him to make up for his mistakes by hunting the Celestial Captives," said Lord Bladehell.

At this time, the melodious song was heard again. It was getting clearer and closer.

Zhang Ruochen's face turned solemn. He held up the Profound Spatial Dimension and wrapped Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind in it. He said, "The truly powerful Bloody Shadowseed should be here. You Go and protect Lady Wind. I will deal with it."

Chapter 2344 Saint Bloody Shadow

The song was pleasant to the ear, like the sound of nature.

However, Zhang Ruochen could not determine which direction it came from. He only knew that it was getting closer and closer, which made his hair stand on end. However, he could not block his hearing. Once he lost his hearing, it would only give the Bloody Shadowseed a greater opportunity to take advantage of him.

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind blocked their hearing at once. However, they felt even more tormented when they could not hear anything.

The song contained powerful illusions. Gradually, it affected Zhang Ruochen.

As the song changed, Zhang Ruochen recalled all kinds of scenes in his mind.

There were scenes from his assassination by Chi Yao 800 years ago. Another scene occurred 800 years later when he encountered a white-haired Kong Lanyou in the bamboo forest. When he first saw Chi Yao's statue, this was the scene. Another scene involved him standing in front of Ziwei Palace. Then there was the scene where he saw Huang Yanchen sever her robe.

Every image and memory hit a weak spot in his heart.

“What a brilliant illusion. It merged with the song and made me lose myself,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual will was so strong that he woke up in an instant. He roared, “Break!”

His voice combined with his 65th level spiritual power and exploded with a powerful force.

The song disappeared. All the images in his mind faded away.

The underground river suddenly became extremely quiet. Only the sound of water flowing could be heard.

‘Has the Bloody Shadowseed retreated? The underground is indeed terrifying. It's not a place to stay for long,’ Zhang

Ruochen thought.

“Supreme Saint Ruochen, what’s wrong?” asked Lady Wind.

Lady Wind’s swaying figure walked toward Zhang Ruochen in the Profound Spatial Dimension like a swaying willow. Her eyes showed concern and tenderness. Her gaze seemed to be able to melt everything in the world, including men’s hearts. Zhang Ruochen did not have much psychological fluctuation. Lady Wind only cared about him because of his strength.

Otherwise, even if Zhang Ruochen died here, she would not give him a second look.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Where is Lord Bladehell?”

Lady Wind shook her head and said, “I don’t know. He suddenly disappeared. Could he have been taken away by the Bloody Shadowseed?”

Zhang Ruochen frowned and immediately released his spiritual power to investigate.

But he found nothing.

It shouldn’t be. Even the Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint could escape. How could Lord Bladehell be taken down so easily with his cultivation?

And even if he was taken away, he should have left his presence and traces.

‘Could it be that Lord Bladehell has been completely swallowed by the Bloody Shadowseed?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen’s face became even more unattractive as a result of that.

Lady Wind’s cultivation wasn’t much higher than Lord Bladehell’s. She was clearly terrified. She showed her frail and delicate appearance. Zhang Ruochen’s arm was grabbed by her slender hands. Her tall and delicate body squeezed into his arms. She said, “We must have encountered the Saint Bloody Shadow of the Bloody Shadowseed. The Saint Bloody Shadow is the scariest. It has already gained wisdom.”

Zhang Ruochen felt the warm and fragrant body of hers in his arms. He lowered his head and glanced at Lady Wind. A flash of doubt appeared in his eyes and said, “You are a candidate for the Scioness and a powerhouse among the Supreme Saints. You should have some courage and bravery. Isn’t it just the Saint Bloody Shadow? Why are you so afraid?”

“Windy is just a girl after all. There will be times when Windy feels afraid and timid. Supreme Saint Ruochen, aren’t you afraid that Windy will get angry at you for making fun of Windy?” said Lady Wind.

Lady Wind raised her snow-white neck. Her eyes were sparkling and full of resentment.

Zhang Ruochen said, “We can’t stay here for long. Let’s leave first.” “But... Windy wants to refine another Bloody Shadowseed. Supreme Saint Ruochen, please help Windy.”

Lady Wind kept calling herself “Windy”. She wasn’t as noble and sacred as before. Instead, she had a gentleness that could seduce a man’s heartstrings.

Fortunately, it was Zhang Ruochen who was standing here. If it were any other man who was still so affectionate after being embraced by Lady Wind, he would have surrendered long ago. Let alone a Bloody Shadowseed, he would do anything for her, including dying for her.

Zhang Ruochen looked at her closely and said, “Refining a Bloody Shadowseed has greatly increased your Blood Qi. Can you bear refining another one?”

“Of course, I can. If you are willing to help, Windy can satisfy you in everything,” said Lady Wind.

Lady Wind smiled and took off her golden mask, revealing an exquisite and flawless face. Her long eyelashes fluttered and her red lips were full of seductive luster, she said charmingly, “I will be your woman sooner or later. I don’t mind giving myself to you sooner.”

She untied her blood-red robe, revealing a crystal-clear snow-white body, as she spoke. Her curves were stunning, more enticing than any other scenery.

At the same time, her fragrant lips moved closer to Zhang Ruochen's face.

"Do you really think that I'll fall for that?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Zhang Ruochen's expression did not change. He reached out a hand and pressed it roughly on Lady Wind's face. He exerted force on his wrist and crushed her head with a bang, turning it into a cloud of blood mist.

A painful and sharp cry resounded throughout the Profound Spatial Domain.

Lady Wind's headless body turned into a liquid and turned into a stream of blood that circled around Zhang Ruochen's body.

The stream of blood flowed to Zhang Ruochen's head and extended out a woman's head. Her long hair fluttered in the wind, but her facial features and face could not be seen clearly. She said coldly, "So what if you have seen through me? I will still devour all your blood."

The blood-red liquid woman's head was very close to Zhang Ruochen. If she stuck out her tongue, she could lick his face.

However, Zhang Ruochen remained calm and said, "You must be the Saint Bloody Shadow, right? You're indeed powerful. In the beginning, I was fooled by you and completely fell into your illusion. It's a pity that you don't know me well enough. Otherwise, you wouldn't have lost everything.

"Also, don't be so arrogant in my Profound Spatial Dimension."

The stream of blood snorted and contracted violently. Like a blood-red iron chain, it tried to entangle Zhang Ruochen.

At the same time, the liquid head bit Zhang Ruochen's neck.

"Freeze!" Zhang Ruochen shouted.

The space in the Profound Spatial Dimension froze.

The stream of blood and liquid head became motionless in an instant.

Zhang Ruochen's body shrank to the size of a thumb. He flew out of the confinement of the stream of blood and became a normal person again.

"Moyin, can you absorb the Bloody Shadowseed?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Master, Moyin is more than willing," said Moyin.

The Saint Devourer extended from Zhang Ruochen's back and separated dozens of roots. It pierced into the stream of blood and directly refined and absorbed it.

Obviously, this Bloody Shadowseed was much stronger than the one given to Lady Wind. Zhang Ruochen almost fell into its hands.

Zhang Ruochen certainly didn't want to give such a powerful Bloody Shadowseed to Lord Bladehell.

"It seems that the Bloody Shadowseed prefers spiritual power attacks. Its physical attacks aren't strong. Once it's frozen in space, it can't break through space and escape," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had a certain understanding of the Bloody Shadowseed. This kind of soul-like and liquid-like creature was similar to Ye Changzai of the Ghost. Both were good at hiding, making it impossible to guard against.

However, their weaknesses were also obvious.

Once they were found, they were no longer terrifying

Of course, each Bloody Shadowseed was different. Zhang Ruochen had only encountered two. He could not guarantee that the other Bloody Shadowseeds had the same weakness.

Furthermore, even if the Bloody Shadowseeds had obvious flaws, he would be extremely dangerous if he came into contact with someone with greater spiritual power and illusion attainments.

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind were still in the area covered by Zhang Ruochen's Profound Spatial Dimension.

Lord Bladehell looked at the stream of blood being absorbed by Moyin and said, "It was so easy. Did you take down another one?"

"Easy? I almost died at its hands just now. The spiritual power and illusion attacks of the Bloody Shadowseeds are very terrifying. You should be careful. Don't let your guard down," Zhang Ruochen said seriously.

Lady Wind asked, "Did you fall into an illusion just now?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at Lady Wind. He couldn't help but think of the beautiful and seductive scene just now.

He said, "Yes! In the illusion, the Bloody Shadowseed turned into you. It used all kinds of tricks to lure me. I still remember it. Unfortunately, the illusion is just an illusion."

"Haha!"

Lord Bladehell let out a clear laugh. He only controlled the muscles on his face when he saw the cold eyes of Lady Wind staring at him, he said solemnly, "It was indeed very dangerous. The Bloody Shadowseed could actually choose cultivators' weaknesses to cause hallucination. It seems that it has very high intelligence. Moreover, it must have heard our previous conversation and thus did so."

"Your conversation? What did you say?" Lady Wind asked.

Lord Bladehell shrugged and said, "Nothing. Zhang Ruochen didn't tell me anything. I don't know anything."

Lady Wind's Blood Qi increased significantly after refining and absorbing the Bloody Shadowseed. The power waves from her body were stronger than before. With such strength, she didn't think she would lose to Lord Lei, who was ranked sixth on the list of Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The coldness in Lady Wind's eyes disappeared. She said softly, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, can you help me capture another Bloody Shadowseed?"

Zhang Ruochen had heard this before in the illusion.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You can refine and absorb it?"

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“I have to try. The stronger I am, the more helpful I will be in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Besides, you haven’t forgotten my promise to you, have you? Whether I become a Scioness or not, we are all on the same side.”

There was a charming smile in Lady Wind’s eyes.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen understood what she meant. He thought to himself, ‘So she also thinks that she can use me to work for her with her beauty.’

If it weren’t for the fact that Lady Wind was still valuable, Zhang Ruochen would have slapped her hard in the face with the method he used to deal with the Bloody Shadowseed.

There was no such thing as a free meal in this world. He didn’t want to give anything, but he wanted to take everything. Even Lord Bladehell knew better than her what a deal was.

If he wanted to take something, he had to give something.

Chapter 2345 A Treant

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Bloody Shadowseed contains thick Blood Qi. Refining one at a time can greatly increase a cultivator’s Blood Qi for a short period, but it will also have a strong impact on a cultivator’s body. I think, Lady Wind, you’d better not refine and absorb other Bloody Shadowseeds for a short period to avoid a backlash.”

Just as Lady Wind was about to say something, Zhang Ruochen continued, “There are still many Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints. They haven’t refined the Bloody Shadowseeds yet. We should give them a chance.”

Lady Wind’s eyes sparkled beneath the golden mask. She had a good idea of what was going

on.

‘It seems that Zhang Ruochen isn’t stupid. A verbal promise won’t make him support me wholeheartedly. We must give him some tangible benefits.’ Lady Wind thought.

This was normal. After all, Lady Wind and Zhang Ruochen didn’t have a deep relationship before.

How could Zhang Ruochen give her all the benefits for free?

After the Saint Devourer absorbed the Saint Bloody Shadow, it retreated back into Zhang Ruochen’s body.

Zhang Ruochen carefully sensed and discovered that Saint Devourer’s energy fluctuation had greatly increased. Even his spiritual power had grown. It was in a very active and full state.

Zhang Ruochen thought, ‘If I can capture more Bloody Shadowseeds, the overall strength of the Immortal Vampires will definitely increase greatly in a short time. Then, what will the Yanluo Clan fear?’

‘No, that’s not right.’

Zhang Ruochen quickly realized his mistake, ‘I can find a way to increase the overall strength of the Immortal Vampires in the home planet. Yan Wushen and Yanhuang Tu are both

extraordinary people. Can't they seize the opportunities in the home planet of the Yanluo Clan?'

After witnessing what occurred on the home planets of the Ghost, the Dark Star, and the Immortal Vampires, Zhang Ruochen realized that the so-called Battle of Celestial-Hunting was more complicated than simply killing the Celestial Captives.

There were too many opportunities in the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

The Celestial Captives were hunted to find the next pillar of the Infernal Court. This goal was the competition between different clans, as well as the distribution of opportunities across the battlefield.

"Let's not hurry to catch the Bloody Shadowseed. Let's go to the underground river where the blood water gathers. We might find something bigger." said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Violet Gourd and flew into it with Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind.

The gourd flowed down the river and swam toward the center of the planet.

It was unusual for the underground river to be filled with the Bloody Shadowseeds. There had to be a source.

That source must be even more precious.

Zhang Ruochen had achieved a breakthrough in his cultivation inside the Ghost's home planet. This news spread like wildfire across the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

The cultivators of the ten clans all guessed that their home planet must be extraordinary.

Thus, the Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court entered the underground of their home planet to look for opportunities. This became even more important than hunting Celestial Captives.

On the home planet of the Nether Clan.

The heavily injured Wujiang stood on the top of a towering black mountain. Beside him was a volcanic crater that was emitting thick smoke.

His pale and handsome face revealed a malevolent expression. He said in a low voice, “Zhang Ruochen, no matter how powerful you become, I will defeat you and avenge myself.”

Wujiang jumped into the crater of the volcano.

On the home planet of the Bone Clan.

A pink skeleton stood on the vast and boundless field. It suddenly hit the ground with its palm. The ground was instantly torn apart and a bottomless hole appeared.

The pink skeleton walked in step by step.

In the Fane of Destiny.

The gods of various clans were talking about the opportunities in the home planet and the chosen figures among the Supreme Saints of their clans.

Even they cared about the opportunities in their home planet.

“This year, many talented heroes be born. Many opportunities will be taken away.”

“I’m afraid it won’t be that simple. In the last festival, only Sword God Feng Chen succeeded. The festival before, no one succeeded. How can you take the opportunities in the ten great home planets just like that?”

“Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, Yanhuang Tu, Que, Lan Ying, Luo Shengtian, and Wujiang. Their talents are definitely among the best in the past. They can all succeed.”

In the divine world of Wargod Bloodximius, a god asked, “What are the opportunities inside the Immortal Vampires’ home planet? How can there be a Bloody Shadowseed?”

“Is it the Pale Blood Soil?” Another god asked tentatively.

“The opportunity in our home planet was planted by the Lord of the Fane of Immortality 5,000 years ago. Naturally, only the Lord knows the secret of it,” said Wargod Bloodximius.

“In the past 5,000 years, countless geniuses have been born in the Immortal Vampires. Some have caught the Bloody Shadowseed, and some have reached the deepest part of the planet. However, none have been able to take away the opportunity. This shows that it’s not easy to take the opportunity.”

Another god said, “Zhang Ruochen is a genius of the Yuanhui level. It shouldn’t be difficult for him to enter the deepest part of the Immortal Vampires’ home planet after passing the test of the Intergold Tiger. Maybe he’ll have a chance to take the opportunity.”

Wargod Bloodximius’s face was solemn. He looked in the direction of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and said meaningfully, “That little boy...”

That was all he said.

He didn’t continue.

Of course, Wargod Bloodximius knew what was happening inside the Immortal Vampires’ home planet. He knew that Zhang Ruochen had never been willing to consume blood. He had never truly regarded himself as a member of the Immortal Vampires.

Wargod Bloodixmius wasn’t worried that Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t get the opportunity. He was worried that Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t take it even if he could.

Whoosh

The Violet Gourd was protected by the Supreme Power. It moved through the underground river.

BANG!

BOOM!

Along the way, the Bloody Shadowseed attacked the Violet Gourd, but it couldn’t penetrate the gourd wall or the Supreme Power light membrane. The three of them arrived at the center of the planet safely.

When Zhang Ruochen, Lord Bladehell, and Lady Wind walked out of the gourd, they were shocked.

The core of the planet was empty.

At first glance, heaven and earth looked like a huge hollow ball with a diameter of more than 500 miles.

The Blood Qi in the core space filled the air, and the sound of water could be heard from all directions. It turned out to be blood waterfalls falling from the sky. A sarcophagus more than 3 meters long was supported by the Blood Qi in the center of the sphere-shaped space.

Zhang Ruochen and the other two were more than 200 miles away from the sarcophagus. They were fortunate to have good eyesight, so they could clearly see the ancient ley lines and unidentified characters on the sarcophagus.

A tree growing on the sarcophagus was more eye-catching than the sarcophagus itself. A Treant!

The tree was crystal white, more transparent and delicate than saint jade. It looked like a graceful and charming girl.

The hair of that beauty was straight up like a tree branch. It extended in all directions and pierced into the soil and rocks.

Lord Bladehell held his breath for a long time before letting out a long breath. He stared at the Treant in a daze and said, "So those river channels are her hair. No, no, it's her branch."

"She is the real Bloody Shadowseed. The ones we met before were mostly her Spirits or Blood Qi clones," said Lady Wind. Her eyes were filled with respect as she bowed to the Treant.

Lord Bladehell swallowed and said fearfully, "Let's go. Let's get out of here. If we wake it up, we'll all die here."

Lady Wind nodded. "We can just catch some Bloody Shadowseeds wandering in the branches. This will greatly increase the Immortal Vampires' overall strength."

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the sarcophagus and the Treant. He had no intention of leaving. "What do you think is in the sarcophagus? Could it be the Pale Blood Soil?"

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind, who had planned to leave, suddenly had a cold look in their eyes.

That's right!

Legend had it that the Bloody Shadowseed grew in the Pale Blood Soil and became extinct along with the Pale Blood Soil.

Since the Bloody Shadowseed had appeared, there might really be Pale Blood Soil in the sarcophagus.

Zhang Ruochen's Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill had already fused five types of Saintwill. He only needed the Earth Saintwill and Fire Saintwill to complete it.

According to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, no one had ever fused six types of Saintwill together. It would be extremely difficult for Zhang Ruochen to break through, even with the help of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

However, if he could get the Pale Blood Soil, his chances of successfully fusing the Earth Saintwill would be higher.

Zhang Ruochen walked along a stone path toward the floating sarcophagus.

The opportunity was right in front of him. He had to take it.

"Supreme Saint Ruochen, don't take any risks," Lord Bladehell called out.

Lady Wind also tried to persuade him. "It's too dangerous. The Immortal Vampires need you to lead them. If something happens to you, how can we compete with the Yanluo and Asuras for first place?"

Zhang Ruochen stopped and looked at the Treant. He was deep in thought, then he smiled. "You're right. We should put the big picture first. However, I'm only going to scout the way. If there's any sign of the Bloody Shadowseed itself, I'll retreat immediately."

With that, he continued climbing.

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind looked at each other and followed.

They thought they were extraordinary. Of course, they wanted to take the opportunity in the sarcophagus, so they wanted to try.

Their expressions changed as they stepped onto the stone steps.

An invisible pressure fell on the two of them. Aside from that, a strange and unknown sound entered their ears, interfering with their thoughts and creating illusions.

Every step up a step, it was as if a mountain would fall from the sky and press down on them.

Before they had even walked 50 kilometers, the two of them were drenched in sweat and their cheeks were flushed red. It was extremely challenging.

The strange noises beside their ears became even louder. It was as if thunder was constantly rumbling, causing them to feel uneasy.

“I feel like... I feel like I’m carrying a planet on my back. Can you still continue moving forward?” Lord Bladehell panted heavily as he asked Lady Wind.

Lady Wind gritted her teeth and shook her head.

The two of them raised their heads and looked at the Treant on the sarcophagus. They noticed that the tree’s trunk, which resembled the young lady’s body, had suddenly grown incomparably tall and lofty. It was as if it had risen for ten thousand kilometers, and its body was emitting an incomparably brilliant divine might. Both Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind felt as if they had been struck by lightning. Their bodies trembled slightly, and they immediately retreated without thinking.

If they continued to move forward, they would most likely be unable to withstand the pressure of the Treant and collapse to the ground. They might even lose their lives on the road.

Zhang Ruochen walked nearly 200 miles. Suddenly, the spherical hollow world shook slightly.

“What’s going on?”

He stopped and looked forward.

He saw wisps of blood-red light appear on the Treant’s two snow-white slender arms. Its ten fingers moved rhythmically.

Chapter 2346 A Trade

Two bright red Blood Qi streaks flowed around the Treant's arms. They reflected a network of ley lines that looked like human bloodstream inside the arms.

Ten long, slender fingers hung on the thighs. They moved rhythmically as if they were strumming the strings of a zither.

FUH!

The gentle sound of breathing rang in Zhang Ruochen's ears, bringing with it a fragrant wind.

The tree-like hair swayed gently, shaking the heaven and earth space. It made the hollow underground world and even the entire planet tremble.

"We can't go any further," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen held his breath and carefully stepped back.

This Treant was no different than any other living being. It had blood and was alive. Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation would not be enough to land a hit on her if she was awakened.

When they returned to the bottom of the stone steps, Zhang Ruochen was still calm, but his back was wet with sweat.

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind weren't much better than him. They restrained their Qi with all their strength and didn't move, as if they had become two stone statues.

When the Blood Qi on the Treant was restrained and the hollow world returned to peace, the three of them finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Let's go back to the surface," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen and the other two entered the Violet Gourd again without saying anything else.

Riding the gourd, they swam upstream toward the surface.

On the way back to the surface, Zhang Ruochen captured three Bloody Shadowseeds.

The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires were still waiting in the governor's mansion. Seeing that the three of

them had returned safe and sound, they all went forward to ask about what had happened in the underground.

Lady Wind's aura was noble. She said coldly and arrogantly, "We can already confirm that the ones who entered the underground river and sucked away your blood are the Bloody Shadowseed.

"Although the Bloody Shadowseed is dangerous, it is also a treasure that can strengthen the Blood Qi and Saint Soul. Refining one is equivalent to decades of hard cultivation. It will bring unimaginable benefits to your cultivation in the future."

BOOM!

All of the Supreme Saints were ecstatic in the governor's mansion, and their eyes shone with fervent light.

Every increase in strength meant an increase in competitiveness on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

If refining one required decades of bitter cultivation, how terrifying would the Bloody Shadowseed be to cultivators Blood Qi and Saint Soul?

Perhaps, it would bring endless benefits to the cultivation of the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm.

"What are you waiting for? Let's attack together and hunt down the Bloody Shadowseed." said one of the Supreme Saints.

Some of the Supreme Saints could not wait any longer and were prepared to go underground.

Lord Bladehell snorted coldly, "Although the Bloody Shadowseed is good, it's not something you can capture. Even with the cultivation of the Supreme Saint Ruochen, he was almost at a disadvantage. If you want to go underground, you'd better think twice before you risk your lives."

The Supreme Saints who had gone underground were all fearful. They agreed with Lord Bladehell's words.

Lord Bladehell added, "Everyone, you should be more rational. If you're not powerful enough, you'll definitely die."

“Sigh! I’ve just broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm not too long ago, and my cultivation isn’t stable yet. It seems like I’ll miss the Bloody Shadowseed.” said one of the Supreme Saints.

“Not everyone can get lucky. We should be more level-headed. If we get lucky, we’ll be lucky. If we lose, we’ll lose.” said another Supreme Saint.

All the Supreme Saints shook their heads with bitter smiles.

Even though they were unwilling, they thought, if we don’t even have our lives, why do we still need the Bloody Shadowseed? All of a sudden, the thoughts in their hearts disappeared, leaving only endless disappointment.

Zhang Ruochen saw all this and raised his voice. He said, “I’ve said before that I’ll lead everyone to take first place among the ten clans for the Immortal Vampires. Naturally, I’ll put improving the Immortal Vampires’ overall strength first.

“I have a way to capture the Bloody Shadowseed. Everyone has a chance to refine and absorb it.”

All the Supreme Saints’ gloomy eyes brightened in an instant. They stared at Zhang Ruochen in disbelief.

Many people doubted whether his words were true or false?

They had no doubts that Zhang Ruochen would be able to capture the Bloody Shadowseed. They had a feeling Zhang Ruochen wasn’t going to give them the Bloody Shadowseed to refine and absorb.

Everyone knew that capturing the Bloody Shadowseed was dangerous.

Why would Zhang Ruochen take such a risk?

Just because he wanted to increase the overall strength of the Immortal Vampires and lead everyone to win first place among the ten clans?

This...

How could there be such a selfless person in the world? Only a fool would do such a stupid thing.

Zhang Ruochen took out the three Bloody Shadowseeds and imprisoned them in the Profound Spatial Dimension.

The three Bloody Shadowseeds each took the form of three strange beasts. Their bodies shone with crimson light.

Lord Xia Yu used her spiritual power to analyze the three Bloody Shadowseeds and felt a huge amount of Blood Qi. She sent a voice transmission to Zhang Ruochen. “Are you crazy? You’re giving the Bloody Shadowseeds to all the Immortal Vampires? They may listen to you now, but it’s not certain whether you’re friends or enemies after leaving the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting!”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t respond to Lord Xia Yu. He turned to all the Supreme Saints and said, “I’m not giving you the Bloody Shadowseed for free. I’ll take a certain amount of Godstones. If you’re willing to buy it, you can find Xue Ningxiao and register with her.”

“But we don’t have any Godstones.” some of the Supreme Saints sounded.

All the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints were anxious and helpless.

“Just acknowledge your debt to me. I’m not afraid of you going back on your word, right, Xue Tu?” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Xue Tu, who had just returned to his home planet. However, when he saw Xue Tu’s appearance, he frowned deeply.

After Xue Tu came to the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, he left his home planet and claimed that he was going to hunt Celestial Captives.

However, his points were pitifully low these days. On the contrary, he had several more Regal Artifacts on him.

He wore leopard-print golden light armor. He held a sword in his left hand and a blade in his right. There was a string of bone beads around his neck, a chain around his waist, and a defensive white jade crown on his head. He looked

nondescript, but the Supreme Saints around him were all envious.

Xue Tu had clearly robbed many Supreme Saints in a surprise attack. That's why he had such a bountiful harvest.

Zhang Ruochen did not know that he was the one who had stimulated Xue Tu. He had also made Xue Tu realize that robbing others was the fastest way to get rich.

That was why Xue Tu had always thought that the Battle of Celestial-Hunting was a great opportunity for him to make a fortune.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen staring at him, Xue Tu put away his happy smile and snorted. "If anyone dares to deny my senior brother's debt, I, Xue Tu, will be the first to refuse."

As he said this, Xue Tu cursed in his heart. 'I knew it. He wants to make a fortune again. It should be easy to capture the Bloody Shadowseeds. The reason why they made it sound so dangerous was most likely Zhang Ruochen's way of making money. I'm not buying from Zhang Ruochen. I'll catch them myself.'

While Xue Tu was thinking, Zhang Ruochen gave the three Bloody Shadowseeds to Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, and Lord Bladehell.

"Come here."

Zhang Ruochen waved at Xue Tu and called him to the side. Zhang Ruochen looked at the various Regal Artifacts on Xue Tu and patted his shoulder. Zhang Ruochen said, "You're right. Indeed, no cultivator can blame me. You've robbed many Supreme Saints, right? How many Regal Artifacts do you have?"

Xue Tu had a bad feeling. Instinctively, he wanted to retreat.

However, Zhang Ruochen's hand on his shoulder pressed him down.

"Six!" Xue Tu cried.

"Don't lie to me," Zhang Ruochen said. "My spiritual power has reached the 65th level."

Xue Tu was filled with hatred and resentment, he thought indignantly, 'How long has it been since he broke through to the spiritual power Supreme Saint? He's already reached the 65th level. Is he still human? He was torturing me not only physically, but also mentally.'

In the end, Xue Tu chose to accept his fate and said, "Including my own weapons, there are nine in total. No more, really no more!"

Zhang Ruochen spread his hand and signaled him with his eyes.

Xue Tu appeared disheartened. He removed the Regal Artifacts one by one, mechanically and numbly, and handed them to Zhang Ruochen.

Xue Tu really wanted to slap himself. Why did he want to show off?

Why did he expose these Regal Artifacts to Zhang Ruochen?

He had learned his lesson!

He was still young. He had to be careful in the future.

Zhang Ruochen put away the eight Regal Artifacts that Xue Tu had handed him. He waved his hand, "Go. There are still many Regal Artifacts on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. You must seize the opportunity. After we leave the battlefield, it won't be so easy to get rich again!"

Walking out of the governor's mansion, Xue Tu looked back at the towering door. He gnashed his teeth and stomped his feet. "Just wait and see," he said. "I'll be more cautious next time. I won't let you take what belongs to me again."

In the next few days, Zhang Ruochen spent a lot of time capturing more than 100 Bloody Shadowseeds.

Not every Supreme Saint could refine a Bloody Shadowseed. In fact, most of the Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints could refine one at a time.

Lord Bladehell had once visited Yue Tinghai. He had no idea what Yue Tinghai had said to him. Yue Tinghai admitted his mistake and apologized to Zhang Ruochen and the Bloodysky

Continent's Immortal Vampires. He was eager to make amends.

All of this was within Zhang Ruochen's expectations.

Whether Yue Tinghai was submissive or suffering humiliation, now was the time for extra hands, so Zhang Ruochen didn't make things difficult for him.

On a tower in the governor's mansion, Zhang Ruochen leaned against the railing and looked into the distance. He thought about the ancient sarcophagus and the Treant underground

Right now, fighting for the first place of the ten clans is the most important thing. I can't take too much risk. But when everything is set, I must go again. There must be something amazing in the sarcophagus.

Next, I should get the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill first.'

Zhang Ruochen's palms erupted with Time Precepts, which condensed into Self-Defined Mark of Time light spots. He closed his eyes and focused intently.

Although Que had taken the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he was chased by Yan Huangtu and Lan Ying. He shouldn't have a chance to refine it in a short time.

However, after entering the Dark Star, Zhang Ruochen began to feel uneasy.

After all, the time ratio inside the Dark Star was different from the outside world.

Que had a part of Zhang Ruochen's Self-Defined Mark of Time on him. No matter how far he ran, Zhang Ruochen could find his position accurately.

Whoosh

A fragrant wind blew into the tower.

Lady Wind, wearing a blood-red robe, appeared beside Zhang Ruochen. She wasn't wearing a gold silk mask. Her face was exquisite, and her skin was as white as snow. She was as beautiful as a painting.

“You can buy a Bloody Shadowseed with at least 200 Godstones. Supreme Saint Ruochen, you’re letting them off too easily.” Lady Wind’s voice was very pleasant and unforgettable.

Zhang Ruochen removed the Self-Defined Mark of Time from his hand and said, “Lady Wind was born from a prestigious family. You’re talented and are an outstanding disciple of the Fane of Destiny. Of course, you wouldn’t lack Godstones.”

“But for most Supreme Saints in the Neverwilt Realm, 100 Godstones are all they have.”

Lady Wind’s eyelashes fluttered slightly, revealing her pearly teeth, she smiled and said, “I never believed that Supreme Saint Ruochen truly wanted to join the Immortal Vampires. Now that I see you are thinking of them and fighting for better results for the Immortal Vampires, I have no doubt.”

“Tell me, why are you here?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lady Wind said, “Supreme Saint Ruochen should have guessed it already. Why do you pretend like you don’t know?”

“If you want to buy a Bloody Shadowseed, you can look for Xue Ningxiao,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lady Wind said, “I want to buy a Saint Bloody Shadow. She doesn’t have one. The Supreme Saint Ruochen must have one, right?”

me

“I’m not lying to you. Saint Bloody Shadows are extremely dangerous. I only caught two in total. The Saint Bloody Shadow could not only improve a cultivator’s Blood Qi and Saint Soul, but also the spiritual power of the cultivator. Lady Wind should know that it’s not worth it to sell something of this level on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lady Wind said, “I’ll give you 10,000 Godstones.”

Zhang Ruochen turned around and looked directly into her starry eyes, “10,000 Godstones is not a small amount, but it’s

not enough to move me. If you can give yourself to me, I can consider it.”

The two looked at each other as if they wanted to see through each other’s hearts.

After a long while, Lady Wind smiled. “Supreme Saint, how can you be so forgetful? Have you forgotten what I said?”

“I don’t want to make empty promises. We are all Supreme Saints. There’s no need to play such tricks. It’s better to be realistic,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Many expressions flashed through Lady Wind’s eyes. She thought to herself, ‘Zhang Ruochen is really a womanizer. He wants to make me his woman now.’

Lady Wind didn’t think that being a womanizer was a mistake. After all, how could there only be one woman for a strong man like him?

Zhang Ruochen had cultivated the Grade Two Saintwill and defeated Wujiang. He was destined to be the champion of this era. His future potential was limitless. However, if Lady Wind followed him now, it meant that she was betting all her chips on him.

What if he lost?

Zhang Ruochen watched Lady Wind’s expression change, he laughed. “Don’t think about anything else. I want you to give yourself to me. I don’t want you to become my woman right now. I want you to come with me and help me get the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.”

Lady Wind felt that Zhang Ruochen was teasing her to test her bottom line.

Lady Wind said, “The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was taken by Que. We don’t know his location yet. How can we take it back from him?”

“Besides, Que’s cultivation is unfathomable. Even if we work together, we might not be his match.”

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the sky and said, “Of course, I can find him. No matter how strong he is, he is only one

person. How can he be stronger than the entire Immortal Vampires?”

Chapter 2347 The Home Planet of Yanluo Clan

Zhang Ruochen wouldn't let all the Immortal Vampires attack together. It was too risky to deal with Que. Besides, Que cultivated the Path of Oblivion. An army wouldn't be effective against him.

Only Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Lord Sinluo, and Yue Tinghai were traveling with Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Xia Yu stayed on the home planet and continued to set up the array.

Taking the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill represented Zhang Ruochen's personal interests, not the interests of the entire Immortal Vampires.

Lord Bladehell and Yue Tinghai were willing to help Zhang Ruochen because they had no choice. After all, both of them had participated in the plan to attack the Bloodysky Continent.

If Zhang Ruochen wanted to take revenge on them, he would definitely send them to charge into the battle and do the most dangerous thing.

Since that was the case, they might as well agree to help Zhang Ruochen deal with Que and help him get the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Even if Que could breach the heavens, he would have to admit defeat with so many powerhouses working together.

Whoosh

The space shook slightly as a light flashed.

Zhang Ruochen and the others arrived in a distant starry sky via the dimensional teleportation array in Cloud City.

Six-colored star fog surrounded them. They were thousands of miles away from the Immortal Vampires' Home planet.

"We're not far from Que. Wait for me. I'll set up a dimensional teleportation array first."

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power and found a rock meteorite that was more than 600 miles long in the nearby

starfield. He released 100,000 Spirits and placed several purple Dimensional Saint Jades and a Godstone on the ground.

The Godstones of the Bloodysky Clan had been used up by Zhang Ruochen in the Dark Star.

However, many Godstones from the cultivators of the other nine clans had fallen into Zhang Ruochen's hands.

"With this teleportation array, we can attack and retreat. We have the initiative. I'll set up a Cloaking Array to hide this rock meteorite."

Lady Wind's spiritual power was not insignificant. She also possessed the abilities of a High-Saint Array Master.

In the myriad worlds of the Celestial Court, there wasn't even a single High-Saint Array Master in the weak worlds, besides the gods who expertise in arrays. But there were many new generation Supreme Saints in the Infernal Court.

The competition in the Infernal Court was strong

An hour later, the Dimensional Array and Cloaking Array were formed. Zhang Ruochen and the others restrained their aura and flew quickly in the direction of Que.

Not long after, a blue planet appeared in front of them.

The closer they got, the bigger the planet became.

"Que is hiding on that planet?" asked Lady Wind.

She added, "There seems to be a lot of life on that planet. It's not a barren planet. No... almost all the living planets in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting are home planets of other clans."

Zhang Ruochen also realized that something was wrong. He stopped first and said, "A home planet? This is the center of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Which clan's home planet is it?"

Lord Bladehell's face had a strange expression and he said, "The Yanluo Clan's."

Everyone looked at each other with fear in their eyes. Then they looked at Zhang Ruochen.

How could Que be on the Yanluo Clan's home planet?

There were only two possibilities.

First, Zhang Ruochen's senses were wrong.

Second, Que had been captured by the Yanluo cultivators and locked up on the home planet.

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind had all seen Que's extraordinary methods. They were obviously more willing to believe the former.

"My senses are correct," Zhang Ruochen said with certainty.

Zhang Ruochen then added, "There are two possibilities. First, Que hid in the home planet of the Yanluo Clan. After all, the most dangerous place is the safest place.

"Also, hiding here can make the Yanluo Clan afraid to attack.

"Secondly, Que discovered the mark I planted on his body and purposely lured me to the Yanluo Clan's home planet. He wants to use the Yanluo Clan's hand to deal with me, and he also wants to use my hand to restrain the Yanluo Clan.

"No matter what, the first step is to enter the Yanluo Clan's home planet first."

Lady Wind said, "The Yanluo Clan's home planet must be protected by layers of arrays. It's the most difficult place to breakthrough in the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. With our strength, even if we activate the Supreme Artifact, we can't break-in."

"Even if we force our way in, we'll die. This is the Yanluo Clan's headquarters," Yue Tinghai said.

"Of course, we can't force our way in," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the Violet Gourd and said, "You guys enter the gourd first. I'll think of a way to enter the home planet of the Yanluo Clan myself."

After putting Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Yue Tinghai, and Lord Sinluo into the gourd, Zhang Ruochen thought carefully

for a while. Then he used a Dimensional Warp and disappeared.

Not every cultivator in the Yanluo Clan had the surname “Yan”.

In fact, the surname “Yan” was the prominent surname in the Yanluo Clan. It represented the noblest bloodline and the most powerful inheritance.

The surname Wu was the 19th surname in the Yanluo Clan.

Wu Wuji had cultivated for more than 800 years and reached the Neverwilt Realm of the Supreme Saint. Among the Wus, he was considered the pride of his generation and the son of tomorrow.

Wu Wuji stepped on a rainbow and flew through the void space. This time, he had earned 50,000 points from hunting Celestial Captives. He had heard that the inner parts of his home planet contained great opportunities, so he rushed back immediately.

BANG!

Suddenly, Wu Wuji crashed into an invisible wall. His body was in immense pain, and his vision blurred. He nearly fainted from the impact.

“Oh no, there’s an ambush,” said Wu Wuji.

Wu Wuji was punched in the back of the head just as this thought crossed his mind. His vision abruptly went black, and he lost consciousness.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the space and looked at Wu Wuji carefully. Then, he pressed his palm on Wu Wuji’s head and mobilized his spiritual power to invade.

Zhang Ruochen did not forcefully erase the divine power of the defensive consciousness in Wu Wuji. He only peeked at his memories after he entered the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

“From now on, I am Wu Wuji, a Supreme Saint at the pinnacle of the Neverwilt Realm,” said Zhang Ruochen

Zhang Ruochen changed into Wu Wuji's robe and held Wu Wuji's scissor-like Regal Artifact in his hand. He used the Divine Purification Flame to refine the vessel spirit.

Then, he transformed.

Zhang Ruochen reshaped himself into Wu Wuji's appearance. He was tall and sturdy. His shoulders were wide and his eyes were like copper bells. The scissor in his hand looked like a scorpion's pincer.

Zhang Ruochen threw Wu Wuji into the Violet Gourd and flew toward the home planet of the Yanluo Clan.

"Halt."

Two Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints walked through a light screen and stopped Zhang Ruochen when he was still a thousand miles away from his home planet. It was a man and a woman. They were both very young

Zhang Ruochen looked at them carefully. He was shocked. Although they weren't at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, they had both broken 92 shackles.

The Yanluo Clan was indeed full of powerhouses.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands and said in a deep voice, "Wu Wuji greets both Supreme Saints."

The male Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was called Xue Kai. He said in a calm tone, "So it's you. How come you came back to our planet so quickly? How many Celestial Captives did you kill?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "I heard that there was a great opportunity on our planet. I wanted to try my luck, so I came back early."

The female Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was called Xue Ling. She snorted with ridicule.

Even Xue Ling and Xue Kai were hesitant to enter their home planet. A mere Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt Realm wished to go. He had no idea where he stood.

Xue Kai said, “This is a critical period. Any cultivator who wants to enter or leave the home planet has to pass the verification of the Mirror of Revelation.”

“What happened? Why is it so troublesome to return to the planet?” Zhang Ruochen looked at the ancient mirror in Xue Kai’s hand and asked.

Xue Ling said coldly, “It’s not in your place to ask.”

Four days ago, Que had sneaked in behind a Yanluo cultivator who had returned to the planet.

Because of that, Xue Ling and Xue Kai were severely reprimanded by Yan Huangtu. Now that hundreds of millions of people on the planet were in danger, they couldn’t escape the blame. Naturally, they weren’t in a good mood.

Zhang Ruochen did not continue to ask. He calmly accepted the reflection of the Mirror of Revelation.

The Mirror of Revelation could not reflect his true body with the current strength of Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power and the Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification.

“You may pass,” said Xue Kai.

Xue Kai put away the Mirror of Revelation and opened a corner of the Grand Array of Defense of the home planet.

Zhang Ruochen flew to the gap of the array and paused slightly. He memorized the dimensional coordinates and flew through the clouds toward the ground.

More than 80 percent of the Yanluo Clan’s home planet was covered in water. Islands were scattered everywhere. Each island was full of life, with trees and seabirds.

The sky was blue and the clouds were white. The water was clear and the sand was white.

The environment here was different from other places in the Infernal Court. Zhang Ruochen felt as if he had returned to Kunlun.

Flying in the direction he sensed, Zhang Ruochen came to a halt outside a large city.

This city was the biggest city on the planet. There were 40 million Yanluo clansmen living in the city.

“Que sure knows how to pick a place and hide here. Even if the Yanluo Clan’s Supreme Saint finds him, he probably won’t dare to fight him. This way, he can focus on comprehending the Path and refining the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.” said Zhang Ruochen.

Que cultivated the Path of Oblivion. Once he hid in a crowded place, Yan Huangtu wouldn’t be able to find him in a short time.

Zhang Ruochen did not use his spiritual power to deliberately investigate after entering the city, but he still sensed the powerful presence of the Path.

Among them, the presence emitted from a 17-story tower in the center of the city was the most powerful.

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the geographical structure of the entire city and studied the inscription of the array in the city. He muttered to himself, “That should be the array hub of the entire city. There are several powerful Array Masters gathered there. It seems that Yan Huangtu also guessed that Que would hide in this city. They are all smart people and not easy to deal with.”

Que’s position became clearer.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the busy intersection. He looked up and could see through the buildings and layers of array enchantments. He saw an ancient Bloodbeast carriage passing by the river, it was driven by a 12-or 13-year-old boy.

The river was 40 meters wide and paved with bluestones on both sides.

The Bloodbeast looked like a cow or a giant wolf. It had blood-red fur all over its body. The carriage was made of redwood and hung with a string of wind chimes. It made a bell sound when it moved, which was very pleasant to hear.

When Zhang Ruochen crossed dozens of streets and saw the ancient Bloodbeast carriage, Que, who was sitting cross-legged in the carriage, suddenly opened his eyes and said to himself, "Have I been discovered?"

"Stop the carriage," said Que.

The boy who was driving the carriage pulled the rope tightly and the Bloodbeast stopped immediately.

At that time, Zhang Ruochen's figure had already silently stood on the other side of the river with his hands behind his back. He stood quietly and became one with the surrounding environment.

The boy who was sitting in the carriage looked back and asked, "Sir, why did you want to stop the carriage?"

"Because the person I was waiting for has arrived." A low voice came from the car.

The boy looked around with a pair of bright eyes, looking for the person that Que was talking about.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Do you know who I am?"

"There is only one person in the world who can find me because he has left a Self-Defined Mark of Time on me," said Que. His voice was vague and uncertain.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I can't believe you discovered me. It seems that you are stronger than I thought."

"If I can't even do that, how can I be the strongest in this era? I have studied the Path of Time as well," Que said.

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised. Just like he was the Master of Time and Space, he was still cultivating and studying the Path of Truth, Darkness, and Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen studied the Path of Darkness and Destiny because he was terrified of them, not because he wanted to master them.

The more Zhang Ruochen was afraid of power, the more he had to understand it and study it.

Only when Zhang Ruochen knew himself and his enemy could he be calm and unhurried.

This was probably the reason why Zhang Ruochen lacked studying the Path of Time. It meant that the Power of Time made him feel danger and he had to understand it.

“You can’t be the strongest in this era because of me,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Que said, “You’re impressive. You weren’t even qualified to fight me the last time I saw you. But this time, you’re much stronger. To be exact, you’re stronger than I expected. But you are still weak. You’ve only broken 30 shackles and are far from being my match.”

“I think it’s just the right time. We can’t wait until you’ve refined the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, right?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Que said, “How can you be sure that I haven’t refined the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?”

“Because you’re still comprehending the Path. That means you’re not ready to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill to condense the Saintwill,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Que said, “Then can you tell which Path I’m comprehending?”

Zhang Ruochen looked at both sides of the river and said, “Water! These days, you have been sitting in the carriage and driving along the river. There are traces of wheels on the stone slabs.

“Moreover, compared to the first time I saw you, you have less sharpness and more flexibility and patience.

“After the first time I met you, I discussed with the cultivators of the Bloodsky Clan. My evaluation was that you are competitive and narrow-minded. But after practicing the Path of Water, you slowly make up for your weakness in character.

“Water benefits all things without fighting for it. It flows downward and does not reverse the formation. This is the first Major Path of cultivation.

“I’m guessing you cultivate the path of Water not only to compensate for your spiritual weakness but also to compensate for the flaw in your Saintwill. If your Saintwill still has a flaw, it means that the Saintwill you cultivate must be extremely brilliant. You have likely reached Grade Two.”

In the carriage, there was a long silence.

The boy driving the carriage scratched his head in confusion and asked, “Sir, are there any marks on the ground? Why can’t I see them?”

“There are some marks that you can’t see, just like how you can’t see the precepts of heaven and earth. However, the precepts are there, and the marks are there too.” Que sighed softly.

Chapter 2348 Xi and The Eight Sons of Life and Death

“Water nourishes all living things, but it flows calmly. It doesn’t compete with all living things, and it doesn’t ask for anything in return. Who can achieve such a state of mind?” said Que.

Following that, Que continued, “You say that I’m competitive, but what about yourself? Aren’t you the same? Once you step onto the path of cultivation, if you don’t compete, you’ll only become mediocre.

“I’m very curious. How can a person like you, who fights with people, gods, and heaven, cultivate the Path of Water to the Great Perfection stage in the Saint King Realm?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You’re curious, and so am I. Why don’t we each ask each other two questions to resolve the doubts in our hearts?”

“Okay!”

Que agreed.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Since you asked first, I’ll answer first. The Path of Water means not only not fighting, but also tolerating everything “My Path of Water gives birth to all kinds of things, including all good and bad, praise and abuse, justice and evil. I can accept all of them because that’s who I am and the world I live in. I can live along with the good and evil no matter what.”

Que fell silent again and thought carefully about what Zhang Ruochen had said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “I am very curious. Why did you appear on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting? If I remember correctly, you were not among the cultivators of the ten clans at the Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

Que said, “Every cultivator who enters the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting has his own mission. The mission of the weak is to hunt Celestial Captives, while the strong have other goals.

“Just like the three candidates for the position of Scioness.

“Before you entered the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, the God behind you also gave you a mission, right?”

“I entered the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting with two goals.

“First, to kill the only Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, Lord Hornless.

“Second, to make up for the flaw of the Saintwill and cultivate the complete Grade Two Saintwill.

“To me, the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting is a cultivate, a trial, and a test.”

Zhang Ruochen believed that Que was not lying, but he did not believe him completely. Who knew how much truth Que was telling and how much he was hiding?

Que asked, “Second question, the Saintwill that you have combined now should have nothing to do with the Path you are cultivating. But why can you reach the Grade Two level?”

Undoubtedly, what Que cared about the most was the Grade Two Saintwill.

Although Zhang Ruochen did not guess wrong, he had indeed cultivated a Grade Two Saintwill. However, this Grade Two Saintwill had a huge flaw.

In other words, he still could not be considered to have cultivated the Grade Two Saintwill.

The harder it was to cultivate the Grade Two Saintwill, the more incomplete the Saintwill was. It was nearly impossible to cultivate a complete Grade Two Saintwill.

Until recently, only one or two Supreme Saints could cultivate a complete Grade Two Saintwill in a single Yuanhui period.

Que thought that his talent for cultivation had surpassed Sword God Feng Chen from a thousand years ago. However, he still could not complete the flaw and take the final step.

The Battle of Celestial-Hunting was his last chance.

Now, Zhang Ruochen was in front of him, making him feel pressure and urgency.

Zhang Ruochen said, “My Grade Two Saintwill is not perfect, but as long as the Saintwill is strong enough, it can naturally burst out the power of the Grade Two Saintwill.”

Zhang Ruochen’s Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill had already fused with five kinds of Saintwill, which was considered top-class among the Grade Two Saintwill.

Even if it was not complete, it could still burst out the power of the middle-lower Grade Two Saintwill.

However, the Grade Two Saintwill that Que cultivated obviously could not reach that level. Its power was probably still at the level of the Grade Three Saintwill.

Zhang Ruochen did not tell Que the whole truth. At least, he did not tell him that he was walking on the path of perfection of the Saintwill.

However, this path was too difficult. Although Zhang Ruochen was very confident, he was also very clear that the chance was slim. He needed to seize the good fortune of heaven and earth to succeed.

Que sighed and said, “So your Grade Two Saintwill also has flaws. The hardest part of a Grade Two Saintwill is having no flaws.

“Generally speaking, a Grade Two Saintwill is formed by the fusion of four Saintwills. It’s like putting a four-corner scale on the ground and placing four Saintwills on the four corners. The selection of the four Saintwills, their strength, and compatibility with the cultivators themselves are all very high requirements if you want the scale to be the most stable. It’s almost impossible.

“If it’s a Grade Two Saintwill formed from five types of Saintwill, the difficulty would be ten times higher.

“I wonder how Wargod Bloodximus and Huang Tian managed to form two perfect Grade Two Saintwill. I thought Wargod Bloodximus taught you the experience of fusing Saintwill, but I didn’t expect you to be a failure as well.”

Fusing Saintwill did not mean that the higher the grade, the better it was. It had to be perfect and stable. The higher the

grade, the more difficult it would be. This wasn't a good thing.

For a top-tier Supreme Saint, fusing the third and fourth Saintwills wouldn't result in more than Grade Seven.

The lower the grade, the greater the chance of success.

Only when he discussed the Path with Zhang Ruochen would he mention fusing four and five Saintwills.

It was already a great achievement for other Supreme Saints to be able to fuse two kinds of Saintwills into one.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It's my turn to ask the second question. You don't belong to the camp of the ten clans, but you appear on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. This is very unusual. I think you don't have the right to interfere in the fight between the ten clans. Or rather, you have some kind of restriction. What is this restriction?"

"Why do you think I have a restriction?" Que asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Because... I found out that you don't dare to kill people. Or rather, you don't dare to kill the cultivators of the Infernal Court who participated in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. When you fought for the Saintwill Pill, you held back everywhere. You didn't dare to use your full strength."

Que laughed. "So, you think I don't dare to kill people, so you don't want to live?"

Without any warning, Que flew out of the frame, crossed the river, and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Almost without any time, he was already close to Zhang Ruochen. The index and middle fingers of his right hand merged, and the two fingers pointed like swords, directly piercing Zhang Ruochen's glabella.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was too low, so he had never seen Que's real face clearly. He could only see a black shadow.

This time, Zhang Ruochen finally saw his face and figure clearly. His face was thin and his gaze was sharp. Other than these two points, there was nothing else.

Facing an opponent like Que, Zhang Ruochen was naturally on high alert at all times.

Whoosh

The Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, the Realm-frame of Truth, and Spiritual-power Domain were all released in an instant. At the same time, Zhang Ruochen spread out the ten golden wings on his back and retreated rapidly.

Zhang Ruochen had seen Que's speed before. Not to mention being invincible in the same realm; even among the Supreme Saints of the Thousand-Koan Realm, few could catch up with Que.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen's speed was not slow either.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen instantly retreated 6 kilometers and knocked down a long string of buildings.

Que's fingertip slowly approached his glabella. Even if he used the Power of Dimensions to block it, the suppression of the Power of Time was still useless.

"Even if I try my best, my speed is still inferior to his."

Zhang Ruochen was already prepared. The two fingers of his right hand formed a sword gesture, releasing a dazzling divine light. He stabbed out like a golden rainbow.

"Sword Eleven."

In the ten years Zhang Ruochen was on the Dark Star, he had consumed the Ampliofruit and cultivated Sword Eleven to the top level. He was only one step away from the Great Perfection stage.

A ray of light flashed across the sky above the Yanluo Clan's home planet as he stabbed out with his sword.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen's fingers collided with Que's fingertip, directly shattering his fingers, arms, and body. Que's body was like mud and sand, shattering into smoke.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen's sword only shattered Que's clothes, turning them into shreds of ribbons that fell to the ground.

"Just as I thought, a trap." Although he had expected this to happen, Zhang Ruochen was still a little depressed after it happened.

Que's robe clone sat in the carriage from start to finish. He didn't know where his original body was hiding in the city.

Such a big commotion naturally alarmed all the Yanluo cultivators in the city.

Whoosh

Whoosh

Eight light shadows descended in an instant, forming eight Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. They surrounded Zhang Ruochen in the center.

At the same time, the 17-story tower in the center of the city had dense array inscriptions. A thick pillar of light shot up. The pillar of light shot up to a height of 30,000 meters. It split into eight parts and fell down. It crashed into eight directions of the city where Zhang Ruochen was.

In this short period, the city was imprisoned. The eight light pillars held up an upside-down light bowl, turning this place into a cage.

The Yanluo Clan's quick reaction and thorough preparation surprised Zhang Ruochen.

However, he didn't panic.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the eight Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm standing in eight directions. He said calmly, "Won't Yan Huangtu and Yan Wushen come out personally? I'm afraid the eight of you won't be able to keep me."

"If Supreme Saint Ruochen underestimates them, I'm afraid you'll suffer a great loss. Be careful not to lose your life here."

A handsome young man, Xu, wore a loose black robe and held an ebony staff. He crossed the light wall of the array's membrane and walked 300 meters to Zhang Ruochen.

Although Zhang Ruochen retained Wu Wuji's appearance, the Yanluo Clan cultivators were able to deduce his true identity after he used the Power of Time, Dimension, and Truth?

Zhang Ruochen looked at the young man in front of him and asked, "Who are you?"

"Xi," he said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I didn't expect you to be so young, Xi, ranked 13th on the list of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Xi, isn't your real name? As far as I know, the word 'Xi' originated from ancient times."

"In ancient times, the Path of Wiccan was very popular, and there were many Wiccan cultivators."

"Women were called witches, and men were called warlocks."

Xi shook his head and smiled. "Supreme Saint Ruochen is very knowledgeable, and I admire you. Xi cultivates one of the Ten Deva Paths of the Yanluo Clan, the Deva Path of Great Wiccan. It was created by the ancestors of the Yanluo Clan based on the Path of Wiccan."

Xu ranked 13th was definitely not a simple character. With eight Supreme Saints of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and the help of the array, even with Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he still felt great pressure.

Zhang Ruochen looked carefully at the eight cultivators standing in all directions again.

When they were fighting for the Saintwill pill, all eight of them showed up. However, their main focus at that time was to suppress the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. When Lan Ying attacked them from behind, they were all severely injured in an instant. It was impossible to judge their strength.

After careful observation, Zhang Ruochen's expression became more and more serious.

The eight of them breathed in and out in unison. Their auras intersected and weaved into a net. They were one and the same.

Xi said, "Of the eight of them, four of them cultivate The Book of Life and the other four cultivate The Book of Death. In the Yanluo Clan, they're called The Eight Sons of Life and Death. The Indestructible Great Array formed by the eight of them once trapped Yan Huangtu for ten days and ten nights.

"Supreme Saint Ruochen shouldn't have come to the home planet of the Yanluo Clan. You've become a pawn for Que."

Zhang Ruochen shrugged and smiled. "Will the Yanluo Clan let me go?"

"Of course not."

Xi said straightforwardly, "The fact that Supreme Saint Ruochen was able to defeat Wujiang and unite the Immortal Vampires demonstrates your desire to challenge the Yanluo Clan's supremacy.

"I have to say that the Immortal Vampires have indeed become one of the few opponents of the Yanluo Clan. Since Supreme Saint Ruochen is here, we must kill you even if we know that we are being used.

"As long as you die, the Immortal Vampires will not be a threat to the Yanluo Clan."

On a ship outside the city.

Que looked into the city and saw the array activated. The saint light shone for thousands of miles, he chuckled. "O' Zhang Ruochen, you think you've seen through my weakness in my state of mind, but you don't know that I deliberately let you see it. Only when you see my so-called weakness will you underestimate your enemy and fall into my trap.

"I hope you're stronger than I thought. How boring it would be if you died at the hands of the Yanluo Clan."

The ship moved away, leaving only a clear stream of water.

Yan Huangtu stood at the top of the 17-story tower in the city. Behind him sat 64 Array Masters of the Supreme Saint realm,

six of whom were High-Saint Array Masters.

With his hands behind his back, Yan Huangtu looked at the city in the distance, he said coldly, “Bring me Xue Kai and Xue Ling. Allowing Que and Lan Ying to sneak in was already a big mistake. Yet Why was Zhang Ruochen able to break in? Was the defense of the Yanluo Clan’s home planet so weak?”

At every Celestial-Hunting Festival, the Yanluo Clan could control the overall situation no matter how big the challenge was.

But this time, as the strongest warrior of the Yanluo Clan, Yan Huangtu felt that he was more than capable. Even if all the powerhouses were sent back, he still felt that he could not control the situation.

Que, Lan Ying, and Zhang Ruochen were not easy to deal with. Each of them was more scheming than the other. They were powerful and had plans. It was difficult to deal with them.

They could turn the world upside down wherever they went with their abilities. A cultivator in a wide black cloak stood behind Yan Huangtu. There was no head, only two balls of spiritual fire dancing in the cloak.

The cloak emitted a hoarse voice, “Que came to our home planet to escape from you and Lan Ying. He wanted to comprehend the Path in peace so that he could refine the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Lan Ying came to our home planet to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. However, besides coveting the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, Zhang Ruochen also came to our home planet intending to kill our clansmen. This person is the most dangerous.”

Yan Huangtu said, “Once the battle breaks out, a large number of Yanluo Clansmen will die. Que or Lan Ying, it’s the same. However, we can only kill one now.”

Chapter 2349 Breaking the Array

The Eight Sons of Life and Death's Indestructible Great Array might be powerful, but Zhang Ruochen was not alone. It might not be impossible to break the array if he released Lord Bladehell, Lady Wind, Lord Sinluo, and Yue Tinghai from the Violet Gourd.

However, this was the home planet of the Yanluo Clan. Not only did they have The Eight Sons of Life and Death and Xi, but they also needed Yan Huangtu, Yan Wushen, and a large number of Supreme Saints.

If Lady Wind and the others were released, the Yanluo Clan would definitely view him as their greatest enemy and would only mobilize stronger forces to deal with them.

Zhang Ruochen reverted to his true form and said, "Wu Wuji is still in my hands. Do you not care about his life or death?"

"If Supreme Saint Ruochen kills Wu Wuji, there will naturally be someone with the surname Wu to avenge him," said Xi.

As Xi said that, his eyes emitted a dark ray. He softly chanted two words, "Soul Capture."

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen's vision darkened and he felt dizzy.

Soul Capture was one of the most powerful techniques of the Path of Wiccan. With Xi's cultivation, if he wanted to, he could control all living beings within a radius of 10,000 kilometers and be controlled by him.

Xi's spiritual power was one of the best in the Yanluo Clan. It had reached the 65th level and was no weaker than Zhang Ruochen's.

That was why he could use the Path of Wiccan to influence Zhang Ruochen.

Whoosh

Whoosh

The Eight Sons of Life and Death, who had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, all put their

hands together. The power of the Path exploded from their bodies.

Four of them were covered in white light. Four of them were covered in black light.

The Power of Death and the Power of Life interweaved. Each of the eight was accompanied by a book. In addition, the book emitted both white and black light. A slew of enigmatic words jumped on it.

“The Indestructible Great Array is about to take shape. Zhang Ruochen’s defeat is already set. I didn’t expect to take him down so easily.” The cultivator in the wide black cloak on the 17th floor laughed hoarsely.

Yan Huangtu’s tensed nerves relaxed slightly, “Xi and The Eight Sons of Life and Death are working together. Even though I know them very well, I’m still afraid of them. Zhang Ruochen has never fought with them before and lacks vigilance. That’s why he was ambushed by Xi.

“Coming to the Yanluo Clan’s headquarters, even the Lan Ying and Que have to hide carefully. Zhang Ruochen exposed his tracks, so he’s doomed to die today,” said the cultivator in the wide black cloak.

Yan Huangtu did not let his guard down completely. His eyes stared at the array in the distance.

Xi chanted an ancient incantation. The ebony staff in his hand gave off a gray light.

Xi looked at the drowsy Zhang Ruochen and could not help but smile.

Killing Zhang Ruochen was something that many people wanted to do.

If Zhang Ruochen died in his hands, there would be endless benefits for him in the future.

All of a sudden, Zhang Ruochen’s eyes, which had been dull, opened wide and burst with a fierce and terrifying light. His whole body trembled as if he had been struck by lightning, and his brain hurt.

“Oh no, it’s a spiritual power attack. How could he attack me with spiritual power?” said Xi.

Xi didn’t expect Zhang Ruochen had already divided his Saint Soul into six parts. Although the Soul Capture technique was powerful, it could not target the six Saint Souls at the same time. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen was only slightly affected.

The reason why he looked sleepy just now was that he was waiting for an opportunity.

The more Xi wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen, the greater the flaw in his state of mind and the weaker the defense of his spiritual power.

Zhang Ruochen took advantage of the situation. His spiritual power of the 65th level erupted in full force. It flew out like thousands of needles and rushed into Xi’s body. Even though Xi was shocked in time, he was unable to completely block it. His spiritual power was severely harmed.

Xi’s face turned extremely pale. He took a few steps back.

‘Zhang Ruochen... Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power is actually not weaker than mine... how is this possible? This is impossible...’ Xi thought. He was shocked. He quickly adjusted his state of mind and recuperated from the spiritual power injury. Xi cultivated the Deva Path of Great Wiccan, and his spiritual power was far superior to Zhang Ruochen’s.

The main reason Xi was injured by Zhang Ruochen was his desire to win.

The more Xi wanted to kill his opponent, the bigger his weakness would be.

Zhang Ruochen did not continue to attack Xi. In his opinion, the biggest threat was still The Eight Sons of Life and Death. His hands formed palm prints and struck out like lightning toward a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in front of him.

After breaking 30 shackles, Zhang Ruochen’s Demigod-level physique released a large amount of divine power. As he struck out, the air instantly exploded with a thunderous sound.

The Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was calm and collected. The white Book of Life hovering above his head flipped quickly. His hands formed a mark to meet Zhang Ruochen's palm print.

Boom

The moment the palm prints collided, dense words flew out from the other seven books and rushed into the light of the Book of Life above the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The combined power of The Eight Sons of Life and Death contained a certain degree of amplification.

Zhang Ruochen's palm seemed to hit an iron wall. The other side did not move at all, but he was thrown backward.

The Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm behind Zhang Ruochen took advantage of the situation and took a step forward. His right hand formed a finger print and poked at Zhang Ruochen's back.

Both his speed and strength had reached an incredible level.

He would be pierced through if he was hit by Zhang Ruochen's fingertip, no matter how strong Zhang Ruochen's physical body was. Swoosh

as

The space was distorted. The finger that was clearly aimed at his back pierced through Zhang Ruochen's armpit.

Zhang Ruochen twisted his body in mid-air. Using his arm as a sword, he slashed at the neck of the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm with a brilliant light.

The body of the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm suddenly shrank and turned into a streak of black light. He retreated to his original spot.

Zhang Ruochen's sword cut through the air.

In the other direction, another Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm seized the opportunity. He clenched his fist and shot out a thunderlight pillar as thick as a bucket.

The thunderlight pillar swooped down on Zhang Ruochen. It circled around Zhang Ruochen and flew back in the opposite direction, affected by the Profound Spatial Dimension. It collided with the Supreme Saint's fist in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage.

Rumble

The exchange just now seemed to be one move after another.

In fact, their speed was extremely fast. Other than a few elites like Yan Huangtu, the other cultivators could only see human figures flashing. Lightning flashed and thunder roared. Ear-splitting sounds kept ringing.

Only the true elites understood the danger.

“Bell of Time.”

A large bell slowly condensed and formed from countless Mark of Time's light spots, spinning rapidly, with Zhang Ruochen's body as the center.

“Return to your positions.”

Any cultivator knew how terrifying the Power of Time was. The Eight Sons of Life and Death stopped attacking and returned to their positions. The power in their bodies burst out completely. They activated The Book of Death and The Book of Life above their heads.

BOOM!

The Bell of Time rang, and a large number of Mark of Time's light spots fell down. Together with the sound waves, they rushed in all directions like waves.

The light of The Book of Death and The Book of Life collided with the Mark of Time's light spots and quickly annihilated them.

BOOM!

The bell rang again.

Dense ancient characters flew out of The Book of Death and The Book of Life and collided with the Mark of Time's light spots. The two disappeared into nothingness once again.

BOOM!

BOOM!

The bell kept ringing, but the Mark of Time's light spots could not reach 900 meters away.

Xi's spiritual power recovered. He stood at the edge of the array and observed Zhang Ruochen in the Bell of Time, he said, "It's pointless. No power can break the Indestructible Great Array once it is activated. The Eight Sons of Life and Death can trap a Supreme Saint of the Banshi Isshou Realm for a moment, let alone you."

An eight or nine-year-old child stood in a city courtyard filled with seven-colored begonias. His entire body was bathed in silver light.

That boy was the number one powerhouse of the Asura, Lan Ying.

Lan Ying looked in the direction of the battle ripples and revealed an evil smile. "What a powerful Indestructible Great Array. The Eight Sons of Life and Death of the Yanluo Clan are not easy to deal with!"

Hong Futu was four meters tall and his blood-red muscles were exposed. He stood not far away and his fists were bigger than an ordinary person's head, he said in a deep voice, "That's only if they have the chance to form an array and surround their opponent. Only then can they unleash their strongest power."

Lan Ying nodded. "Que is more powerful than I thought. He actually found a scapegoat like Zhang Ruochen."

"No matter how powerful he is, he'll still be chased by us until he can only escape," said Hong Futu.

Lan Ying shook his head and said, "If he didn't have the Supreme Artifact, even if the two of us joined hands, we might

not be his match. Que is very powerful. As long as I can devour him, I will definitely rise to a higher level.”

Hong Futu said, “Why don’t I devour Zhang Ruochen first? It is said that Zhang Ruochen has cultivated the Grade Two Saintwill. If I devoured him, I would definitely grow to be stronger than Que.”

“You’re probably right. However, Zhang Ruochen has fallen into the Indestructible Great Array. I’m afraid he has no chance of survival. What a delicious dish. I can only watch him be destroyed.” said Lan Ying. He shook his head and sighed.

Yan Huangtu’s spiritual power had always covered the entire city. Even if Lan Ying wanted to sneak attack The Eight Sons of Life and Death and let Zhang Ruochen out, the chance of success was slim.

Zhang Ruochen stood upright in The Indestructible Great Array, still calm and collected.

“Come out.”

Zhang Ruochen opened his left hand. A black droplet appeared above his palm. He said to himself, “I can only test your power.”

The black droplet was a Dark Space-time Matter.

BANG!

Zhang Ruochen’s five fingers shot out. He activated the Precepts of Time, Dimension, and a small number of Precepts of Darkness. The Precepts hit the Dark Space-time Matter. Instantly, the black droplet exploded and released a strong dark ray.

The entire world turned pitch-black in an instant.

The entire planet of the Yanluo Clan was covered by a black light screen at this moment. The outline of the star became dark and blurry.

The city where the Indestructible Great Array was located fell into an extremely dark state.

At the same time, the space expanded violently and attacked in all directions. The powerful space shock wave hit The Eight Sons of Life and Death. Even with the protection of the Indestructible Great Array, they were still thrown back.

“Oh no, this power...”

Xi gathered the ebony staff above his head. In front of him, a 10-meter-wide round Mark of Wiccan condensed. However, his body still flew out and fell into the ruins.

“The power of the Dark Space-time Matter in an instant is so powerful. Furthermore, I have only released about one-third of the power of Time, Dimension, and Darkness with my current enlightenment.”

With that in mind, Zhang Ruochen transformed into a ray of golden light and flew into the sky.

The Precepts of Dimension in his body surged out at the same time, condensing into dozens of swords and circling his body as he approached the light screen of the array.

“Dimensional Sword Dance, break.”

Dozens of swords condensed from Power of Dimension merged together and stabbed out.

Wherever the sword tip passed, space shattered into pieces.

The Sword Qi ripped the space where the array’s light screen was torn apart with a bang, creating a massive hole.

Zhang Ruochen followed behind the Dimensional Sword and flew out.

The Dimensional Sword Dance was a spatial technique that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated in the Dark Star. It was harder to cultivate than the high-level saint technique of the Thousand-Koan level. Of course, this technique was extremely powerful and could break through anything.

Zhang Ruochen vanished after flying out of the array. It was almost as if he had vanished into thin air.

Yan Huangtu rushed to the city at the first moment. There was a vast area of ruins under his feet. It was filled with broken

walls, and the ground was filled with potholes. It was pitch-black.

The dark power corroded the entire city and the area covered by the array.

“What happened just now? What power did Zhang Ruochen use?” Yan Huangtu shouted and questioned The Eight Sons of Life and Death and Xi.

Although The Eight Sons of Life and Death were blown away by the dimensional shock wave, their defense was strong and they were not seriously injured.

However, everyone was weak, as if they had aged hundreds of years in an instant.

With blood on the corner of his mouth, Xi crawled out of the ruins and said, “Darkness... Dimension... Time... is... is a Dark Space-time Matter. It was discovered by Zhang Ruochen. Cough, cough.”

Yan Huangtu’s figure flashed and came to Xi’s side. He pressed his palm on his back.

Divine Qi surged out of Yan Huangtu’s palm, helping Xi refine the Power of Darkness that had invaded his body.

Xi’s hair turned white, and his face looked like a dead person. He said, “It’s a liquid Dark Space-time Matter. Even though it’s just a drop, it expanded the space thousands of times in an instant. A speck of dust can expand to the size of a palace, or even larger.

“Even if the space around Zhang Ruochen expanded, the space shock wave that burst out could kill a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in an instant.

“In addition, a large amount of Power of Time and a small amount of Power of Darkness gushed out. It must be because Zhang Ruochen’s Path of Darkness is still in its early stages, with little Power of Darkness in the Dark Space-time Matter.

“That’s why I’m still alive.”

Yan Huangtu's face turned ugly. He said, "If the Dark Space-time Matter is so terrifying, doesn't that mean Zhang Ruochen is invincible? Who can control him on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?"

Xi shook his head, "It's not that simple! Although the Dark Space-time Matter could erupt with unparalleled power in an instant, it was difficult to control this power. Just now, the space was so small. Zhang Ruochen was also in the attack range of the Dark Space-time Matter.

"If I'm right, Zhang Ruochen must be injured. And it's quite severe."

Chapter 2350 Communicating with Lan Ying

The entire city that was enveloped by the array had been razed to the ground. The Power of Darkness, Time, and Dimension had yet to completely dissipate.

This place had become a restricted area for cultivators below the Supreme Saint Realm.

Rumble

In the sky, the wind and clouds raged as a golden vortex with a diameter of more than 50 kilometers appeared.

The vortex stirred up a whistling hurricane and emitted a terrifying energy fluctuation, causing the members of the Yanluo Clan on the ground to keep quiet out of fear.

Yan Huangtu raised his head and looked over. His expression became even more unsightly as he roared, “Be on guard! Lead all the Yanluo clansmen away from the city!”

It was too late!

Swish

A Dimensional Tide erupted from the golden vortex, bringing with it countless Dimensional Rifts as it slammed towards the ground.

Rumble

Wherever the Dimensional Tide passed, buildings collapsed one after the other, streets were cut off, and the array’s light patterns were ripped apart... The entire city was then engulfed in thick black smoke, becoming deathly silent and dilapidated.

Countless Yanluo clansmen had died an unnatural death.

The defensive light barriers that the various Yanluo Clan’s Supreme Saints had erected only protected a small portion of their clansmen.

This was a war where there was no right or wrong. As long as you killed others and others killed you, everything would be bloody. To obtain the final victory, you had to be ruthless. There could be no mercy at all.

This was how the laws of the Infernal Court worked.

“Zhang... Ruo... chen...”

Violent waves of divine Qi surged out from the body of Yan Huangtu. Veins bulge on his face.

The ground beneath Yan Huangtu’s feet sank with a thud. He shot into the sky, wrapped in divine light, and punched at the golden vortex. The vortex was ripped apart, and the sky was shattered.

In the shattered vortex, Yan Huangtu didn’t find any trace of Zhang Ruochen. He disappeared again.

Lan Ying’s childish eyes flashed with surprise in the courtyard filled with seven-colored begonias. “As expected of the Master of Time and Space,” he said. “Zhang Ruochen can vanish without a trace. I can’t pick up on his presence.”

Lan Ying had some experience in the art of concealment.

When Lan Ying had seized the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, Lan Ying had avoided the perception of nearly 1,000 Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan. He had hidden inside them to successfully launch a sneak attack. If Que had not come out of nowhere, the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill would have been in his pocket long ago.

Hong Futu said, “What’s more terrifying is that he actually found the Dark Space-time Matter.”

Lan Ying’s face darkened.

Even if Lan Ying was hit, the destructive power of the Dark Space-time Matter would most likely injure him severely. Zhang Ruochen was nothing more than an ant in Lan Ying’s eyes before entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. With a stomp, he could kill him.

Lan Ying became more interested in Zhang Ruochen after learning that he had defeated Wujiang

At that moment, Lan Ying was finally afraid of Zhang Ruochen.

Lan Ying said, "If Zhang Ruochen hadn't revealed this trump card, I might have suffered a great loss when I fought with him. Now, even if he uses Dark Space-time Matter, he might not be able to hurt me.

"Senior Brother, your sense of smell is a thousand times better than an ordinary Supreme Saint's. Find Zhang Ruochen. Now is the best time to deal with him."

Hong Futu's human head cracked. It expanded several times and turned into a huge beast head.

Hong Futu's nose was shaped like a bull's. It took up one-third of the volume of the head. It was enormous. He inhaled deeply. Wisps of smell rushed into his body in an instant.

Suddenly, Hong Futu noticed something. His expression changed.

Lightning surged out of his blood-red muscles. Hong Futu was about to punch back with all his strength. He realized that Zhang Ruochen's presence was in this courtyard.

"Are you sure you want to do this here?" Zhang Ruochen's voice sounded out of nowhere.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't be seen in the courtyard. He spoke like a ghost.

"Stop!" said Lan Ying.

Lan Ying was very calm. His eyes shone with nine lights and eighteen colors. He locked onto one of the directions and looked across the pond. He laughed evilly and said, "Amazing. You found us!"

Hong Futu dispersed his power and stood beside the Lan Ying like an iron tower.

Hong Futu didn't dare to make a move here. After all, there were many Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan in the city. Once his position was exposed, it wouldn't be easy to escape.

Zhang Ruochen appeared by the pool bit by bit and became solid.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I can sense you when you're observing me. Even though you've hidden well, you can't hide from the Eye of Truth."

Lan Ying's lips were flushed and his teeth were pearly white. His skin was silver in color. "Then why didn't your Eye of Truth see through the trap?" he asked.

Zhang Ruochen hung the gourd on his waist. He looked free and easy. He said while smiling, "The Power of Oblivion can dissolve the Truth near itself into nothingness. It's like your eyes. They can see me, but they can't find it."

"You're walking into a trap by coming here. Do you really think we won't dare to attack? You have to understand that the Yanluo Clan wants to kill you more than us," Hong Futu said.

Zhang Ruochen provoked them with a gesture and said, "If I can escape from their attack once, I could do it again. What about you? Can you escape if The Eight Sons of Life and Death trap you in The Indestructible Great Array?"

Lan Ying's eyes turned dark. "You're already injured. How dare you talk so arrogantly?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Do injured people dare to come to you?"

Lan Ying looked at Zhang Ruochen with his hands behind his back.

If Lan Ying was certain that Zhang Ruochen was seriously injured, he would use the Supreme Artifact to suppress Zhang Ruochen as quickly as possible. Lan Ying would devour him before the Yanluo Clan's cultivators arrived.

Zhang Ruochen said casually, "Actually, there is no hatred between us. The two of you only wanted to kill me on the orders of Asurendra Samay."

"Asurendra Samay's orders are the reason why you must die," Hong Futu said.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Lan Ying and said, "But right now, the most important thing for us to do is to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. If we don't act now, Que will swallow it.

“When that happens, his cultivation will surely rise to another level. No cultivator can keep him in check on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. You’ve been chasing him for so long. How can he let you go?”

Lan Ying’s eyes kept changing. He smiled and said, “Why are you sure Que will swallow the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill soon?”

“If I were him, I would definitely save the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill for after the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. That way, I’ll have enough time to comprehend the Path. Maybe I’ll have a chance to condense a Grade Three Saintwill from a single Path.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Que is currently comprehending the Path of Water, and he has already reached a very deep level. Besides, you are wrong about one thing!”

“What is it?” asked Lan Ying.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Have you ever thought of trying to condense a Grade Three Saintwill from a single Path? Because it is almost impossible. He wants to condense the tenth Saintwill from the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.”

“The tenth Saintwill... ” Lan Ying muttered.

Lan Ying’s face became serious. The words “The tenth Saintwill” hit the softest spot of his heart.

Although the ninth Saintwill was called the limit of what a Supreme Saint could condense, the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was a rare treasure in the world.

Lan Ying thought, ‘If it helped, Que might really be able to condense the tenth Saintwill.

If Que succeeded, would his body transform even more?’

Zhang Ruochen said, “Do you still remember the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill that disappeared when we fought for the Saintwill Pill? I’m sure Que took it away.

“With the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, I can condense the tenth Saintwill.

“With the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, I can merge the tenth Saintwill into my flawed Grade Two Saintwill and become a top and complete Grade Two Saintwill. This day shouldn’t be far away.”

Lan Ying smiled. “So, you’re here to cooperate with me?”

“That’s right. At least we can deal with Que. Taking the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is our common goal,” Zhang Ruochen said.

DUI

Lan Ying was obviously tempted. He asked, “Who should take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?”

“Whoever lives gets it. Didn’t you want to kill me? Once we’ve dealt with Que, we’ll decide who lives and who dies,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lan Ying’s lips twitched. He indicated Zhang Ruochen with his finger. “Good,” he said with a smile. “Your suggestion is appealing to me. However, I can sense that Que has left the city. It won’t be easy to find him.

“This planet is only so big. Where can he hide? Besides, the Yanluo Clan will help us find him. I’ll leave first. I’m afraid your location will be exposed soon. Yan Huangtu isn’t a simple person. He’ll find us here.

Before Lan Ying could finish his sentence, Zhang Ruochen’s body turned into a speck of light and disappeared into the air.

Hong Futu said in a deep voice, “Junior Brother, you don’t really believe him, do you?”

Lan Ying laughed. “Of course, I can’t trust Zhang Ruochen, but his words make sense. In many situations, we have to kill the strongest first. That’s why Que must die.”

“What about the Yanluo Clan? Perhaps they were even more terrifying than Que. Zhang Ruochen had grown to such a powerful level. Yan Wushen, who was as famous as him, wouldn’t lag too far behind. Yan Huangtu, Yan Wushen, and

The Eight Sons of Life and Death. With such a lineup, even Que must flee,” said Hong Futu

Lan Ying said, “Yanluo Clan wants to deal with Zhang Ruochen the most, not us. Do you think I’ll really fight Zhang Ruochen to the death after I take care of Que? I only need to sell him to the Yanluo Clan to kill him.

“Let’s go. If Zhang Ruochen can find this place, so can Yan Huangtu. We shouldn’t stay here for long.”

Yan Huangtu appeared in the field of colorful begonias not long after Lan Ying and Hong Futu had left. His skin was as icy as ice.

Xi walked into the courtyard and asked, “Is this where Lan Ying and Hong Futu were hiding?

“When the Dimensional Tide swept down just now, only a few places were able to resist the power. This is one of them. Unfortunately, they have already left.”

Yan Huangtu’s expression was volatile. His heart was filled with anger, but he controlled himself with his will, telling himself to remain calm and restrained.

One had to cultivate his mind before cultivating a path.

One had to cultivate his spirit before cultivating a technique.

Xi said angrily, “What kind of place do these people think the Yanluo Clan’s home planet is? They come and go as they please. It’s really hateful.”

In all the Battles of Celestial-Hunting, the Yanluo Clan had never been touched before. The dignity of the Supreme Clan had been trampled on by Que, Lan Ying, and Zhang Ruochen. The Yanluo clan had lost a lot of faces!

Yan Huangtu said, “It seems that there is only one way to lure them all out and capture them

all.”

“Which is?” asked Xi.

Yan Huangtu said thoughtfully, “The opportunities in the home planet of the Yanluo Clan.”

“This... is not very good, right? What if the opportunities in the home planet are really taken away by them?” said Xi. He was a little worried and felt that Yan Huangtu’s action was quite risky.

Xi quickly said, “In my opinion, I can send ten Supreme Saints to put all the people on our planet into their robes.”

“Then wouldn’t it be more convenient for Zhang Ruochen to kill people? Besides, can you guarantee that Zhang Ruochen is among the people? Or Lan Ying? Or Que?”

Yan Huangtu continued, “Don’t worry! Wushen had most likely taken the opportunity of the home planet. If we lure the ambitious Que, Zhang Ruochen, and Lan Ying into the underground, they’ll fight themselves first. We only need to harvest the rewards at the end.”

Xi said, “They’re all very smart. It won’t be easy to lure them into the inner parts of the home planet.”

“It’s precisely because they’re very smart and powerful that they’ll investigate even if they know it’s a trap,” said Yan Huangtu as he swayed his fingers and thought carefully.

After separating from Lan Ying and Hongfu Tu, Zhang Ruochen left the city and escaped to the bottom of the sea.

Using Dark Space-time Matter to break the array had indeed hurt him, and it was not light.

When he reached the bottom of the sea, he continued to descend and rushed into the mud and rocks tens of thousands of meters deep. After setting up a Cloaking Array, he spat out a mouthful of black blood.

It was the uncontrollable Power of Darkness that had backfired on him.

The impact of the Power of Time and Dimension on him had almost been resolved by him.

Using the power of the Divine Purification Flame and the Heart of the Divine Tree, Zhang Ruochen refined all the Power of Darkness in his body. Although his injuries had not fully recovered, he was no longer in serious danger.

‘I should be more careful when using Dark Space-time Matter in the future,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Walking out of the array, Zhang Ruochen thought carefully. He didn’t return to the ground immediately. Instead, he rushed deeper into the planet’s core, intending to find opportunities in the planet of the Yanluo Clan.

Since he was already here, he had to give it a try.

With his current cultivation, he could maintain an extremely fast speed even in the depths of the planet.

To his surprise, the geological structure of the home planet of the Yanluo Clan had no other space apart from being very hard. It was completely different from the home planet of Ghost and the home planet of Immortal Vampires.

After two hours, Zhang Ruochen flew out of the deep sea on the other side of the planet and floated on the surface of the sea.

‘How can this be? This shouldn’t be! Is the opportunity of the home planet of the Yanluo Clan not in the planet’s core?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t dare to use his spiritual power to investigate. He was afraid that the Supreme Saint of the Yanluo Clan would find out. Thus, he gave up on the idea of continuing to look for opportunities. He planned to go to the city on the home planet to get information first.

After such a long time, the Yanluo Clan couldn’t just sit around and wait to die. They should have been making a move now!

Chapter 2351 Yan Zhexian

Wind-gather Island was the fifth largest island on the planet. It housed up to 10 million Yanluo clansmen.

The Yanluo clansmen were born with great strength. Even mortals could lift an elephant with one hand. Naturally, there were many cultivators among them.

Zhang Ruochen discovered a teahouse on a simple dock shortly after arriving on the island. He drank bitter, slightly hot tea from a thick porcelain bowl.

The tea was very ordinary.

Zhang Ruochen, on the other hand, calmed down after consuming it. He reflected on his initial decision to pursue cultivation.

Without so many grudges, the oppression that kept falling on him, and the special background of the “Crown Prince of Shengming” or the “Ninth Prince,” he should have been able to live a peaceful life in his previous life.

Instead, he had come to this planet to rob, kill, and kill a group of low-realm cultivators and mortals who bore no ill will toward him.

They were all things he had to do, but they were not the things he most wanted to do.

He didn’t know when he had become like this. It seemed that he had gone against his original intention. Where would he go next?

Zhang Ruochen looked at the tea-yellow water in the bowl.

He was so unfamiliar with the water that he did not recognize it!

Gulp

After finishing the bowl, Zhang Ruochen collected his emotions and his eyes became extremely sharp. He still had to take the next route.

He had no way to retreat. If he took a step back, he would be smashed into pieces.

Whoosh

100 spiritual power light spots flew out of Zhang Ruochen's body and landed in different areas of Wind-gather Island. They turned into 100 Spirit avatars of him.

Soon, in a small city, one of his Spirit avatars heard two Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints on the island talking about something that caught his attention.

"Buddha's light has appeared in the North Pole. It shines for thousands of miles. It seems that the opportunity of our planet has appeared. Yan Wushen will most likely take it away."

"I heard there's a Rainbow Bridge of Buddha's light that has appeared in the North Pole, spanning across the glacier continent. The sound of Buddha's chant is coming from underground, just like the voices of ten thousand buddhas."

"In the beginning, Yan Huangtu guessed that the fortuitous encounter on our planet might be a Buddha sarira. After all... that place has a dense Buddha aura, and its quality is shockingly high. There are also images of Buddha and Bodhi trees."

"Don't you know that there is the latest news?"

"What latest news?"

CV

The voice whispered, "It is said that the supreme treasure of Buddhism, the Bright Kannati, may also be there."

At first, Zhang Ruochen was still listening carefully.

However, when Zhang Ruochen heard about "Buddha Sarira" and "Bright Kannati", he smiled and gently shook his head.

Buddhism had been around for tens of thousands of years. There were, however, only six people who could be called "Buddha."

The last Buddha was called the Sixth Buddha by all the Buddhists in the world. He died during the last Yuanhui period, before the establishment of the Celestial Court.

From then on, there was no longer a Buddha in the world.

The Sixth Buddha passed away and left behind 84,000 sariras. They were Buddha sariras and supreme treasures of Buddhism. The bodhisattvas and Buddhas in the Buddha sect wanted to obtain one and use it to comprehend the wondrous technique of reaching the realm of Buddha.

However, out of the 84,000 sariras, 83,990 of them turned into a Bright Kannati the moment they were born. Only ten of the sariras of Buddha were left in the ten sacred grounds of the Buddha sect.

How could a treasure like the sariras of Buddha end up in the Infernal Court?

The Bright Kannati, on the other hand, was said to be made up of more than 83,990 Buddha's sariras. Someone later refined it into a Buddha Artifact using an unknown method.

As a weapon, the power of the Bright Kannati was comparable to a Divine Artifact.

As a Buddha's treasure, it could help all Buddhists in the world to cultivate and comprehend the Path.

As the crystallization of the Buddha's sariras, it could open up civilization, make all living beings intelligent, and make all living beings spiritual.

It could be said that the Bright Kannati was a treasure more precious than a Divine Artifact.

'The Buddha's sarira and the Bright Kannati. It seems that Yan Huangtu wants to use them as bait to lure me, Lan Ying, and Que to the Northern Glazier Continent.' Zhang Ruochen withdrew his Spirits and thought so.

He could see that this was a trap, but he could not suppress the palpitations in his heart. He could not help but look north.

A faint golden glow indeed appeared in the northern sky.

If there was anything better than swallowing Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills to comprehend a single top-tier Saintwill, it would have to be a Buddha's sarira.

If there was anything better than swallowing Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills to aid in Saintwill integration, it had to be the Bright Kannati.

Yan Huangtu had seen that for Zhang Ruochen, Lan Ying, and Que, cultivating the Saintwill and integrating the Saintwill were the most important things. That was why he had released this news.

If they didn't go, they would be restless and unable to enter the state of cultivation.

"Okay! To integrate the Grade One Saintwill, even if this news is only one in ten thousand, I have to go," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well how difficult his path was now. He could not let go of any opportunity.

He cut a bloody mark on his right index finger. A drop of Supreme Saint's blood dripped from it and fell into the tea bowl.

The water in the tea bowl boiled and turned into a ball of Blood Qi.

The Blood Qi condensed into another Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's clone soared into the sky and flew north.

The two Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints guarding Wind-gather Island sensed Zhang Ruochen's clone when it flew over their heads. The two looked at each other and were about to send a voice transmission to Yan Huangtu.

Suddenly.

Rumble

Wind-gather Island stretched for over a thousand miles. A terrifying spatial pressure crushed it. Mountains and rivers collapsed, causing the ground to sink.

The mountains turned into flat land. All the buildings were crushed.

A moment later, the entire island sank to the bottom of the sea. Many Yanluo clansmen were buried alive. What was more terrifying was that they didn't even know where their enemies were until they died.

"Whoa! What... What just happened?"

"Is the planet destroyed?"

At the dock, the Yanluo clansmen who were carrying goods were so scared that they sat on the ground.

They had seen the scene of the sky falling and the earth-shattering with their own eyes. Except for this dock, everything else had become a part of the sea.

The tea-maker in the tea shed was trembling. He stared at Zhang Ruochen, who was still sitting on the bench.

Zhang Ruochen had been calm and indifferent from the beginning to the end.

However, the tea-maker saw with his own eyes that when Zhang Ruochen raised his hand and pressed it down again, a vast land disappeared in front of him.

"It's... It's you... You Devil..." the tea-maker said with trembling lips and extreme fear.

Zhang Ruochen stood up. He wanted to pay and leave but found that he didn't have any money on him. So, he pulled a strand of hair from his head and put it on the table. He said, "This counts as tea money!"

He turned around and was about to fly away.

The tea-maker mustered up his courage and asked angrily, "Why don't you kill us too?"

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the sky and was silent for a while. He said, "What I can see in front of me are still living people. What I can't see, they are already ants."

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen had already left when a golden light flashed.

The tea-maker climbed up from the ground with difficulty and looked at the strand of hair on the table.

“One hair for tea money. Who... Who does he think he is?”

The tea-maker's finger touched Zhang Ruochen's hair. Suddenly, an unbearable power of the Path surged into his body.

CRASH!

Two Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan flew up from the bottom of the sea. Both of them were seriously injured.

“Quick, send a message to Yan Huangtu. Wind-gather Island has been sunk by Zhang Ruochen. He's heading north.”

The North Pole of the Yanluo Clan's home planet was originally a glacial continent. But now, most of the ice that was thousands of meters thick had melted, revealing black soil and rocks.

The air was cold.

The sky was covered by golden clouds. Beams of light shot straight down from the gaps between the clouds.

Zhang Ruochen landed on the continent and listened carefully. He vaguely heard the Buddha's chant coming from afar.

There was more than one person who chanted.

Zhang Ruochen thought, ‘The Buddha Qi is so strong. My spiritual power has obviously increased after breathing and exhaling. Yan Wushen and Yan Huangtu couldn't create such a treasure land. It seems that the opportunity of the Yanluo Clan's home planet is here.

‘A place with dense Buddha Qi must have a spiritual treasure of heaven and earth. After swallowing it, I should be able to increase my spiritual power.’

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power as he moved forward.

The deeper he went into the continent, the thicker the Buddha Qi became. It was shocking. If he didn't know that he was in Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen would have thought that he was in a Buddha sacred ground.

The precepts of heaven and earth had changed greatly. With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he could only activate the Precepts in him. He couldn't activate the power of the precepts of heaven and earth.

Apart from that, a lock appeared in the space.

"Why is there a lock? Did I come to a Buddha's realm?"

Zhang Ruochen was a little excited, but he was also extra cautious.

What he was hoping for was that such an incredible Buddha realm would contain a Buddhist Sect treasure.

He was concerned that, because there was a Path lock, the Yanluo Clan had set up an impenetrable net on this continent. The road ahead was fraught with peril.

The so-called "Path Lock" was the Shackle of Deva Path.

The Shackle of Deva Path was the same as the shackles in a cultivator. It would imprison a cultivator's power. Some would imprison the physical body, some would imprison the Saint Soul, and some would imprison the spiritual power.

The more Shackles of Deva Path, the greater the suppression of a cultivator.

Generally speaking, there were many shackles in a god's divinity. They were the shackles formed by the gods' own Path.

A towering mountain appeared in front.

The shape of the mountain was like a huge sleeping Buddha that was hundreds of miles

long.

Above the mountain, the golden clouds were brilliant.

Zhang Ruochen, standing 500 miles away, gazed at the sleeping Buddha. He was stunned and filled with an inexplicable sense of awe. He was even more convinced that this location was extraordinary. There has to be a huge opportunity here.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’ve been waiting for you here for a long time!”

A graceful figure emerged from behind an ice and snow-covered hill in front of him.

It was a young lady in her early twenties. She was dressed in white and looked stunning. She had long black hair and held a meter-long brush.

She looked very elegant and had the aura of a scroll.

Her temperament was similar to that of Divine Scripture Maiden.

However, there was a bit of heroic spirit and coldness about her.

Although this woman hadn’t reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and had only broken 99 shackles, Zhang Ruochen felt a sense of danger from her.

Today, there were less than ten people on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting who could make him feel danger.

“Who are you?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Yan Zhexian of the Yanluo Clan,” she said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I’ve read about you. You’re the most powerful spiritual power genius of the Yanluo Clan in this generation. You’ve received guidance from the Supreme Leader.” “Is that all you know about me?” Yan Zhexian asked.

Zhang Ruochen observed her carefully and he said, “You are less than 300 years old this year. You should be proficient in Talismans, right? Your spiritual power should have just reached level 65. I guess your spiritual power broke through because you got an opportunity here.”

“It seems that you have some insight. It’s not unreasonable for Yan Wushen to regard you as the number one enemy,” said Yan Zhexian.

She continued, “Unfortunately, you shouldn’t have barged into the home planet of the Yanluo Clan alone, much less start a massacre. You should be aware that in history, people as daring as you have all died without a place to be buried. You are no exception.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Can you make me die without a burial place?”

Yan Zhexian picked up the brush in her hand and pointed it at Zhang Ruochen. “I am more than capable.”

Boom

Zhang Ruochen stood still. Dense Dimensional Rifts flew out from his body. Like dozens of blades dancing, he slashed at Yan Zhexian.

Affected by the Path Lock, even a Supreme Saint couldn’t unleash the destructive power of something shocking here.

Yan Zhexian shook her wrist. Her brush resembled a swiping dragon. She drew a round-shaped rune quickly.

Instantly, dense light patterns wrapped around her body.

BOOM!

The Dimensional Rift hit the light patterns and disappeared.

“Heaven-halberd!”

Yan Zhexian’s slender figure flew up and waved her brush toward Zhang Ruochen.

The stroke turned into a halberd and shot out like a shooting star.

The halberd pierced Zhang Ruochen’s body with a bang. He disintegrated into a wisp of Blood Qi and dispersed in the air.

Yan Zhexian’s eyes were cold. She raised her voice and said, “Zhang Ruochen, I know that your real body is nearby. Why don’t you show yourself?”

“I have to say, the Yanluo Clan is indeed full of powerhouses. There are hidden dragons and crouching tigers. They are more powerful than I thought.” Zhang Ruochen’s voice sounded.

Zhang Ruochen appeared out of thin air. He walked toward Yan Zhexian with his hands behind his back and said, “But, aren’t you underestimating me by coming to deal with me alone?”

“Of course, I won’t be alone. But if you can’t even defeat me, they don’t have to show themselves,” said Yan Zhexian. Her eyes were full of confidence. Her beautiful figure seemed even more breathtaking.

She wasn’t afraid of a powerhouse like Zhang Ruochen. Instead, she was happy.

The joy was hidden in her heart.

“Seal Talisman-World.”

Yan Zhexian held a brush in her hand and wrote the word “World” in midair and it flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

In the eyes of outsiders, it was the word “World.” A magnificent world was pressing down on Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. This world was extremely real, and it gave him substantial pressure. It did not seem like an illusion at all.

Chapter 2352 Flowers Dancing in the Mortal Realm and The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha

The world condensed by the Talisman was vast and boundless, covering Zhang Ruochen's field of vision. The terrifying and peerless power seemed to want to kill him and bury him under the thick soil.

The attacker wished to seize Zhang Ruochen's soul first before killing him.

Zhang Ruochen's protective Saint Qi was deformed by the Talisman's world. He could not control his body and slid backward.

BANG!

His feet sagged. He was standing on the ground. The Profound Spatial Dimension of 300 meters in width appeared out of nowhere.

He spread his hands and drew a dustpan-like shape. Then he quickly closed them and formed two palm prints.

ROAR!

The dragon elephant roar resounded throughout heaven and earth.

Three dragon and three elephant souls flew out at the same time. They combined with the power of the Palm from the two palm prints and clashed with the Talisman's world.

An earth-shattering explosion spread out from Zhang Ruochen's palm.

The Talisman's world was shattered by the power of the Palm and disintegrated.

However, the moment the Talisman's world was shattered, the shock wave exploded and sent Zhang Ruochen flying dozens of miles

again.

Zhang Ruochen's body was as light as a leaf thanks to the Profound Spatial Dimension's protection. He landed on the

ground without leaving a trace of dust. He fixed his gaze on Yan Zhexian, who was as beautiful as a graceful fairy and hovered in the sky. He thought, 'What a powerful Talisman technique. A talisman is more powerful than a Nine Stratum Array. In the last thousand years in the Infernal Court, is there a Talisman Master more powerful than her?'

Lord Xia Yu's Talisman abilities were far inferior to hers, at least as a Talisman Master.

Of course, no matter how powerful Yan Zhexian's Talisman technique was, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid. He was only filled with a strong sense of surprise.

It had to be known that it took a long time for an Array Master to set up a Nine Stratum Array. As a Talisman Master, Yan Zhexian did not spend much time. He could reach the power of a Nine Stratum Array just by drawing a "World" talisman.

Any Supreme Saint would be shocked by such a strange thing

There were only two explanations.

The first was that Yan Zhexian's spiritual power was far greater than the 65th level, allowing her to summon a great talisman in an instant to fight against Zhang Ruochen, a top-tier powerhouse comparable to the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

The second was that Yan Zhexian had spent a lot of time drawing the talisman in advance and hiding it on her body. At this moment, she only drew the talisman out.

Talismans were easier to preserve than arrays. Zhang Ruochen felt that the second explanation was more likely.

It was already shocking that Yan Zhexian could reach the 65th level of spiritual power at her age. After all, many gods' spiritual power hadn't reached the 70th level.

If her spiritual power reached the level of a god, how shameful would it be for the gods whose spiritual power was still at the 60th level?

Zhang Ruochen could reach the 65th level in a short time, but he had obtained Sundials, Apex Intergold Qi, Heart of the

Divine Tree... all kinds of opportunities. Each of these opportunities was extremely precious and was a treasure that even gods hoped to obtain.

Yan Zhexian's achievements in spiritual power and Talisman had reached a level that even Zhang Ruochen was amazed by.

However, even in the second case, it was not an easy thing

Because the more powerful the talisman, the more precious materials were needed to refine the talismans that could bear it. Not only was it difficult to refine the talisman, but the ink needed to draw the talisman also had high requirements.

In the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, it was not easy for Yan Zhexian to solve these two points.

High-Saint Talisman Master and High-Saint Array Master could be very powerful or very weak. As long as they were given enough time and materials and were well prepared, there was almost no upper limit to the combat power they could unleash.

On the contrary, if they did not have enough time and materials, their combat power would be greatly reduced.

SWISH!

The Talisman's world was shattered. Yan Zhexian's expression didn't change. She was as rock-solid as a mountain. She carried out the second round of attacks. As she danced, her posture sagged. The brush in her hand was like a dragonfly skimming the water. She kept tapping out and condensing Heaven-halberd talismans.

Each talisman was a Heaven-halberd.

The Heaven-halberd turned into dense black dots with the force of ten thousand arrows piercing the heart. It hit Zhang Ruochen on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dodge. He spread out his ten golden wings. They turned into a streak of golden light and met the Heaven-halberd rain.

Yan Zhexian finally looked surprised. She hadn't expected Zhang Ruochen to be so brave. She treated her Heaven-

halberd talismans as if they were nothing. BOOM! BOOM!

The progenitor's blood patterns on the ten golden wings gave off a crimson light. Like a sky-splitting golden saber, they shattered the Heaven-halberds.

Heaven-halberd talismans weren't talismans prepared in advance, but with Yan Zhexian's attainments in talisman techniques, each talisman could pose a threat to the Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen destroyed them one by one like a paper butterfly. He arrived in front of Yan Zhexian.

"Take this!" Zhang Ruochen shouted.

He threw out a punch. Dense Precepts of Fist flowed along his arm and towards his five fingers.

An illusory Celestial River appeared naturally. It circled around Zhang Ruochen's back and gave off a majestic aura.

With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he could use the Luoshui Fist Technique with all his strength. Even powerful figures like the Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong might not be able to take it.

Yan Zhexian did not dare to take it head-on. For a spiritual power Supreme Saint who specialized in Talisman, such a close distance and such a powerful attack was already a fatal threat.

However, her mental quality was strong. She remained calm in the face of change. She reached out the brush in her hand and drew a huge circle with a diameter of 120 feet. The circle contained the Qi of absorption.

The Luoshui Fist Technique looked soft, but it was actually very domineering. It seemed like it would never return.

However, when Zhang Ruochen wanted to break all of Yan Zhexian's defenses with one punch, his body was pulled into the circle. His vision darkened. When he regained his vision again, he found that he had returned to his original position and was still standing on the ground.

Boom

The punch hit the ground, causing sand and stones to fly and black dust to roll up.

Zhang Ruochen understood what had happened. The circle that Yan Zhexian had drawn was similar to the Spatial Wormhole Mirror. It had transported him from one space coordinate to another and neutralized his Fist technique effortlessly.

It was a Spatial Wormhole Mirror created by the Talisman technique. It was extremely brilliant.

Zhang Ruochen finally saw clearly that Yan Zhexian's talisman was hidden in the jade-green sacred brush in her hand. That brush was extraordinary and contained endless mysteries.

No one knew how many talismans she had kept in the brush?

"So you wanna play using Power of Dimensions. I'll play with you then," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's tone was cold. He looked up and saw Yan Zhexian dancing like a fairy.

The ink on the tip of the brush turned into a rain of flowers.

The sky turned dark red under the influence of the talisman.

A beautiful flower flew down from the dark red clouds.

The strange flower was very similar to the legendary Moon Crimsonia. Its petals were like silk and there were thousands of threads. Yan Zhexian stood in the center of the Moon Crimsonia and continued to draw the inscription of the Talisman technique. Suddenly, more flowers appeared in the sky, turning hundreds of miles into a sea of flowers.

The sea of flowers kept sinking, and the pressure of heaven and earth kept increasing. It pressed down on Zhang Ruochen from all directions.

'What is this?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen held up the 300-meter-wide Profound Spatial Dimension to resist the pressure of heaven and earth. He

looked at the beautiful sea of flowers in the sky. It was simply a scene of beauty in the human world.

Unfortunately, it contained the killing intent of death. The more beautiful it was, the more it killed people.

“Flowers dance in the human world to mourn for all living things.” Yan Zhexian chanted.

Yan Zhexian continued, “If you cast this technique elsewhere, the flowers of the Moon Crimsonia would be like the bright moon shining in the sky. The brilliance could shine for 100,000 miles and the sea of flowers could stretch for 30,000 miles. Unfortunately, here, you can only see 800 miles of the sea of flowers because of the influence of the Path Lock.”

Yan Zhexian’s voice was beautiful and vast like a song.

“A beautiful woman like you should be able to dance in the world of flowers. Not doing things like mournfully bury people,” said Zhang Ruochen.

A world-shaking saint might burst out from Zhang Ruochen. Tens of millions of Precepts of Dimension surged out crazily. In an instant, the Profound Spatial Dimension grew from 900 meters in diameter to 90,000 meters in diameter.

The Moon Crimsonia and Yan Zhexian fell into the Profound Spatial Dimension.

To reach 3 kilometers of the Profound Spatial Dimension, one had to integrate the Saint Aspect of Dimension into it. The Profound Spatial Dimension was very unstable and could collapse at any time.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen would only use this move when he was in a life-and-death situation.

But now, as his spatial attainments became more and more advanced, Zhang Ruochen became more and more familiar with the control of the Profound Spatial Dimension. It will be the norm in the future.

“Dancing in the world is beautiful and moving. Please take a look at my sword dance, Lady Yan.” “Dimensional Sword Dance.”

In the Profound Spatial Domain, invisible swords appeared. Only Supreme Saints with spiritual power could detect them. They were swords that had been condensed from dimension. There were a total of 36 of them.

The dimensional swords were like wind blades in the air and ice blades in the water.

The moment Yan Zhexian landed in the Profound Spatial Dimension, her face turned pale. She quickly bit her arm and used her saint blood to dye her white brush hair.

Swoosh

36 dimensional swords interwoven into a sword net and slashed at her.

Boom Boom

Yan Zhexian drew a blood talisman. While blocking the dimensional swords, she rode the Moon Crimsonia and fled out of the Profound Spatial Dimension.

Zhang Ruochen's fingers on the sword suddenly closed.

36 dimensional swords combined into one. They pierced through the blood talisman and the Moon Crimsonia and flew past Yan Zhexian.

The sharp sword Qi tore through dimension and her skin.

Yan Zhexian flew out and fell to the ground in a sorry state. Blood dripped from her neck, dyeing half of her white dress red. The sea of flowers in the sky was attacked by the Power of Dimensions. The flowers withered and disappeared into specks of light. The dimensional swords split into 36 again. They flew back to the 10,000-meter Profound Spatial Dimension and floated around Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen walked forward. The sword followed him like a shadow.

"It turns out that you're no match for me. But you're indeed very strong. To be able to survive the dimensional swords, you're at least two levels stronger than Xu and Supreme Saint Yanhong who don't have a Supreme Artifact."

Yan Zhexian stood up straight and looked at Zhang Ruochen coldly. She said, “Don’t talk to me like a victor. This battle has just begun. You’ll definitely fall at my feet later.”

Whoosh

Figures appeared around Zhang Ruochen with white sigils in their hands.

There were a total of 61 Supreme Saints. Each of them had spiritual power over level 60. They had all cultivated Talisman.

Yan Zhexian’s appearance was even more heroic than before. The jade-green brush in her hand became 3 meters long. It turned into a spear and struck the ground. Instantly, the earth shook violently and space shook violently.

Rumble

The mountains broke through the soil and rose up.

Yan Zhexian’s red lips were as bright and clear as gemstones. He said, “All the Talisman cultivators of the Yanluo clan are here. Together with me, we have prepared a large talisman to kill you.”

“The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha.”

There were 62 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters, including Yan Zhexian, who continued to carve Talisman inscriptions.

Some of the Talisman inscriptions flew into the sky, while others fell to the ground.

Seven mountain peaks rushed out of the ground.

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Each of them was ferocious and angry. They took the form of ghost spirits. They became higher and higher, and their power became more and more shocking. They squeezed Zhang Ruochen’s Profound Spatial Dimension until it was only 300 meters in diameter.

It was getting smaller and smaller. Obviously, the Talisman Masters of the Yanluo Clan had tampered with this area and combined it with their Talisman.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen wasn't arrogant enough to fight against dozens of Supreme Saint Talisman Masters on his own. Besides, Yan Zhexian was in charge of the Talisman array.

The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha sealed off the seven directions.

IIS.

Each evil spirit released a powerful spiritual power and looked down at Zhang Ruochen.

"I must not let The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha take shape. Otherwise, I will die today."

Zhang Ruochen controlled the 36 dimensional swords and turned them into a streak of golden light. He rushed to the most powerful position of the Talisman Array, which was where Yan Zhexian was.

'How does Zhang Ruochen know that my position is the strongest and weakest point of The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha?' Yan Zhexian thought.

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Yan Zhexian was about to mobilize the power of The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman, but he was surprised to find that Zhang Ruochen's body had made a space jump and arrived in front of her in an instant. The dimensional sword pierced her glabella.

"It can't be!" Yan Zhexian said.

Yan Zhexian had seen the power of the dimensional sword and knew that she could never resist it. She sighed in her heart. Zhang Ruochen was indeed as outstanding as Yan Wushen. It was not unjustified for her to die under his sword.

The dimensional sword broke through the runes and pierced through her glabella.

However, she didn't die. She wasn't even injured. There was only a hint of coolness between her eyebrows. The dimensional sword was like a breeze blowing across her snow-white forehead. It didn't contain any lethality. Yan Zhexian touched her glabella with her fingers in disbelief.

Zhang Ruochen actually let her go? He could have killed her with a single strike, but he turned the dimensional sword back into space at the last moment.

Zhang Ruochen had already flown over her head. Like a heavenly dragon, like a swan goose, and like a cloud, he rushed toward the Reclining Buddha Hill. On the golden ground, he turned into a blood-red dot.

“Zhang Ruochen, there are 270 Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan guarding this place. Even if you can turn the world upside down, you will die without a burial place,” shouted Yan Zhexian as she stared at the blood-red dot in the distance.

“Thank you for the reminder.”

Zhang Ruochen’s indifferent voice was blown back in the wind.

The blood-red dot disappeared into the air as if it had been swept away by the wind.

A Supreme Saint Talisman Master came to Yan Zhexian’s side, he said, “Zhang Ruochen is too terrifying. Although The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha hasn’t formed yet, it isn’t something a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint can split apart with a single sword. But he did it.”

“What do we do now?” Another Supreme Saint Talisman Master asked.

Yan Zhexian’s gaze was cold. The jade-green brush shrunk and inserted itself into the silk belt. “The road to the Dracopent Temple isn’t that easy. Let’s chase after him. We have to stop him no matter what.”

She raised her head and looked at the golden buddha light that was swallowed by the black clouds. “The sky has changed. Has Yan Wushen taken the opportunity?”

A lightning bolt flashed across the sky. The sky darkened completely, and the Buddha’s light was swallowed up by it.

BOOM!

Then, a deafening thunder sounded. It was unknown whether the sound came from the sky or from the ground.

Chapter 2353 The Twenty Devas

This world was originally as peaceful as the purified land of the Buddhist kingdom. However, black clouds covered the ground and lightning flashed at that moment. The entire space began to boil.

It was as if an evil demon had invaded the Buddhist kingdom.

Drip-drop!

Black raindrops fell, causing the pitch-black world to become even darker and colder.

The wind blew on the ground with a chilling whistle.

The raindrops were as heavy as saint iron. When they landed, they left deep holes in the hard ground.

A drop of rain was like an arrow.

The purified land of the Buddhist kingdom suddenly became extremely dangerous.

Zhang Ruochen held up the Class Two Regal Artifact, Metal Parasol. He stood in the rain and looked ahead.

In his field of vision, it was hazy and dim.

The curtain of rain was like intermittent lines that fell from the sky to the ground.

Most of the raindrop lines were black, but occasionally, a golden line would appear. When it landed on the ground, the hole it created was bottomless and contained the penetrating power that could kill a saint.

Zhang Ruochen felt a strong sense of danger. If it weren't for the faint Buddhist light in the temple on the Reclining Buddha, he might not have wanted to continue forward.

“What is this place? Is it the Buddhist kingdom or the demonic realm?”

The path to the Reclining Buddha Hill was difficult to traverse.

To climb the mountain was even more difficult.

The Path Locks between heaven and earth were even denser. Even with Zhang Ruochen's cultivation as a Supreme Saint, he felt that the path to the mountain was very difficult to traverse.

Whoosh

A Death's Door flew through the rain not far from Zhang Ruochen.

It appeared to be a door, but it was actually a five or six-meter-long Dimensional Rift. The rift flew very fast. On the other side, the Power of Oblivion spread out.

Boom

Another demonic thunder hit the cliff, cutting down the huge rocks the size of houses and falling down the mountain.

CAW! CAW!

A strange and cold cry came from a copper tree. On the tree, there was a crow with blood-red feathers. Its eyes were like human eyes. When it stared at Zhang Ruochen, it had a bloodthirsty look.

It flapped its wings and flew toward Zhang Ruochen. It screamed sharply, "Blood! Blood! Blood..."

"I haven't even sucked any blood yet, and you want to suck my blood?"

said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen raised his hand and pointed. A strong and absolute Yang finger power turned into sword qi and flew out.

The blood-red crow flapped its wings and turned from one to a group. They rushed toward Zhang Ruochen from all directions.

The finger sword only killed three of them.

"I can't believe it can split into two," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. The white Divine Purification Flame spread out from his body and formed a huge fireball.

The blood-red crows hit the fireball and their feathers burned.

Boom

The fireball expanded with space and turned into a shockwave. It was like an autumn wind sweeping away fallen leaves. All the crows were sent flying and their bodies shattered.

Only one blood-red crow escaped and flew into the darkness.

There were too many dangers in the darkness. Zhang Ruochen didn't chase after it. He muttered to himself, "There are Nine-lives Blood Ravens of Thousand-Koan Realm here. It really isn't a treasured land of the Buddha realm."

Since it was a place to store opportunities, how could it not be dangerous?

Ordinary people couldn't reach a place of opportunity.

Zhang Ruochen held the parasol and continued to climb higher. The only sacred ground on Reclining Buddha Hill was the copper temple atop the Buddha's head.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen was standing outside the copper temple. There were 384 bronze stairs in front of him. It was magnificent. If he climbed it, he could reach another world.

Faintly, he could see the outline of the bronze temple and the thick bronze pillars in front of the temple.

Zhang Ruochen climbed the stairs one step at a time.

There were fresh bloodstains on the stairs. There were remnants of sacred artifacts. The bloodstains seemed to have merged with the bronze stairs. Even the rain couldn't wash them away. Not long ago, a fierce battle between Supreme Saints must have broken out here. Some were injured, and some might even have died.

The rain fell even faster.

The parasol made a popping sound. At the top of the bronze stairs, Zhang Ruochen, dressed in blood clothes, stood between the two bronze pillars. He turned to the right and looked at the bronze pillar on the right.

The bronze pillar was as thick as a millstone. It was more than 200 feet tall. There was a tall and mighty statue on it. It had

three eyes and held a sword in each arm. It was in the posture of raising its hand to cut the sky.

Although it was a bronze statue, it gave off terrifying power. It had a terrifying aura.

Zhang Ruochen could only hold his breath in front of it. He was under extreme duress.

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A Supreme Saint wouldn't dare to look at it like that. As for cultivators below the Supreme Saint Realm, they'd most likely be kneeling on the ground before they reached the bronze stairs.

There were a total of 20 bronze pillars that surrounded the bronze temple.

The bronze statues on the bronze pillars were all different.

There were golden Bodhi Buddha trees, giants holding battle axes, celestial maidens with human bodies and fishtails, and heavenly dragons with nine heads.

Zhang Ruochen walked under the bronze pillars. He didn't dare to look at their figures carefully because he felt a splitting headache just by looking at them. It was as if they were all forbidden figures that he could look at without being a Supreme Saint.

'Who are they? Why are their bronze statues cast on the pillars of this bronze temple?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen had read countless ancient books in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, but he couldn't find their corresponding figures.

"They're the Twenty Devas," said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu's burly figure walked out from behind the bronze pillar with the nine-headed heavenly dragon.

The divine light on his body was restrained. He lacked his usual sharpness, but he lacked any killing intent when confronted by his adversaries. He looked like any other strong man.

However, the more he did so, the more Zhang Ruochen knew that Yan Huangtu must have made a breakthrough and become even more terrifying.

A Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm not only had to break the shackles but also had to cultivate the Precepts.

Some Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm only had three billion Precepts in them. Some of them had ten billion Precepts. The difference in combat power between the two was like heaven and earth.

Even though they were both at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, there was still room for improvement.

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised at all when he saw Yan Huangtu. He looked calm like meeting his old friend. He said, "The Twenty Devas. What an unfamiliar name."

"The reason you don't recognize this name is that they've been around for too long," Yan Huangtu explained.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "How long?"

"At least 300,000 years, maybe longer," said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu stood by the bronze pillar and looked down at the pitch-black mountain. He continued, "About 300,000 years ago, they disappeared completely. How long ago was this name first born? Perhaps only the greatest gods know it now.

"The Twenty Devas represent the 20 most powerful gods in your universe.

"Before the Celestial Court was established, they ruled over everything, maintaining order in the world and intimidating the ten races of the Infernal Court. The gods had to bow to them. In that era, the cultivators of the Infernal Court could only live in darkness. How could they have the glory of today?"

Zhang Ruochen listened quietly. It was like a lost history book being flipped open page by page. "Every era had different Twenty Devas," Yan Huangtu said. "In the same way, they represent the strongest of that era. The bronze statues on the

20 pillars are actually the first Twenty Devas. Who knows how many tens of thousands of years have passed since our current era.”

“Then why don’t you tell me why the last Twenty Devas completely vanished 300,000 years ago?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Huangtu didn’t appear to be in a rush to fight Zhang Ruochen. “Legend has it that they went to do a big thing,” he said leisurely. “All twenty Devas set out together, but only two and a half returned.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. He was shocked and confused. He asked, “Why two and a half?”

Yan Huangtu turned around and stared at Zhang Ruochen. “You’re most curious about the half, right? That half refers to Sixth Buddha.”

“When Sixth Buddha fled back to the Western Buddha Realm, he was only left with half a body. According to legend, the calamity he faced not only cut off half of his Buddha body, but also half of his lifespan. That’s why he died in the last Yuanhui period.”

Zhang Ruochen said firmly, “Impossible.”

“What’s impossible?” Yan Huangtu said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Sixth Buddha is the most powerful Buddha cultivator in the entire universe in the last ten million years. He’s the sixth Buddha. who can cut off half of his Buddha body and half of his lifespan?”

Yan Huangtu’s eyes were dazed, “I know why you don’t believe me,” he said. “It’s because your master, Saint Monk Xumi, isn’t even as powerful as Sixth Buddha. In your heart, your master should have invincible influence, right? Unfortunately, Sixth Buddha was among the Twenty Devas, but not him.”

Zhang Ruochen knew that Yan Huangtu wanted to use this to mess with his mind.

In the Celestial and Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen had read a lot of ancient books. He had a better understanding of Buddhism, Kunlun, and his master, Saint Monk Xumi.

According to the ancient books, even when Saint Monk Xumi had achieved great success in his cultivation, he had learned a lot from the debates with the Sixth Buddha. He often felt inferior.

In front of the Sixth Buddha, Saint Monk Xumi was only a junior.

Although Zhang Ruochen respected Saint Monk Xumi and knew that his cultivation of Buddhism was boundless, he was one of the few powerful figures in the world. However, he also respected Sixth Buddha and didn't dare to judge him easily. Zhang Ruochen said, "In the battle 100,000 years ago, how many gods in the Infernal Court died at the hands of Saint Monk Xumi? Outside Kunlun, how many planets are still blood red?"

Yan Huangtu nodded, he said, "It's undeniable that Saint Monk Xumi was indeed powerful enough to reach the level of Buddha when he died. The gods who participated in the battle against him all praised him. Unfortunately, that was his final glory. He died in an instant and didn't have the chance to become the Seventh Buddha."

Yan Huangtu entered the copper temple as he spoke.

There was a bronze statue in the temple. It had the body of a dragon, but it had three heads.

One was a child.

The other was an elder.

The middle one didn't have any facial features. There was only a "Swastika" symbol on its forehead.

Yan Huangtu bowed to the bronze statue and said slowly, "He's one of the Twenty Devas in 300,000 years, Dracopent."

Zhang Ruochen gazed at the bronze statue. He felt that the statue was growing taller and taller, forming a stronger and more oppressive force.

Yan Huangtu continued, “Dracopent is the former leader of the dragons, the dragon supreme. He has nine wives and nine sons. All of them are extraordinary. The ninth son is the most talented and has the most extraordinary achievements. His name is Ji Wang

“As a cultivator in Kunlun, you should have heard of his name, right?”

Of course, Zhang Ruochen had heard of it. It was the Dragon Lord’s name, Ji Wang.

He was said to be in charge of the Shenlong Chaos Tower of Sun and Moon, one of Kunlun’s ten great Divine Artifacts. He was a person who roamed across myriad realms.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You said that 300,000 years ago, only two and a half members from the Twenty Devas came back alive. Who are the other two, besides Sixth Buddha?”

“One of them is the master of the Celestial Palace of Celestial Court,” Yan Huangtu said.

The master of the Celestial Palace was mysterious, and Zhang Ruochen knew very little about him. However, he was able to control the Celestial Palace and command all the realms, so he was naturally not a trivial existence.

Yan Huangtu said, “No one knows the other. Perhaps only the master of the Celestial Palace and Sixth Buddha know who he is.”

“Some guessed that he is Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations. Some guessed that he is God Panyuan of the Pangu Realm. Others guessed that he is the previous clan leader of our clan.”

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes. “The gods of the Infernal Court can be listed in the Twenty Devas?”

Yan Huangtu was silent for a moment. Then he added, “In fact, there’s a legend that the Twenty Devas are not just twenty of them, but Twenty-four Devas. The other four Devas are from the Infernal Court.”

Then Yan Huangtu laughed and shook his head. He said, “They’re just legends. How can we juniors who are less than 1,000 years old figure out what happened hundreds of thousands of years ago? How can we possibly know the secrets of heaven-level figures?”

“Time has changed, and the world has changed. The rise and fall of the Celestial and Infernal Court have changed. Now, it’s just the two of us talking. Whether it’s the Twenty Devas or the Twenty-four Devas, they’ve long been in the past. All the glory of the past has vanished.”

Whoosh

Outside the temple, the sharp sound of rushing wind could be heard.

Yan Zhexian appeared at the gate. Her beautiful figure was projected on the ground under the Buddhist light, leaving a long black shadow. Behind her, there were more shadows on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen looked back at Yan Zhexian and said, “I didn’t know you were just stalling for time by telling me so much.”

Chapter 2354 The Battle in the Temple

Yan Zhexian only stood at the entrance of the temple casually. Dense runic patterns naturally appeared around her delicate body, interweaving like a spider web.

White saint light radiated from her body, resonating with the Buddhist light in the temple.

“Since you kept your sword and didn’t kill me just now, you can destroy your cultivation. I can guarantee that you will leave this place alive,” Yan Zhexian said.

Yan Huangtu stared at her deeply and didn’t say anything. It was obvious that he had tacitly agreed to her promise.

Zhang Ruochen held the wet black parasol in his hand and said calmly, “If I cripple my cultivation, even if I can leave this place alive, I’ll soon die somewhere else.”

Yan Zhexian said, “I can guarantee your life until the day you die of old age.”

Yan Huangtu revealed a faint smile, he said, “The words of the direct descendants of the Yan clan must carry weight. Xian’er said that she can secure your life, so she can. Zhang Ruochen, I think this is your only choice now. Otherwise, what awaits you is death.”

“You think you can kill me? Yan Zhexian, where are the hundreds of Supreme Saints you mentioned? Why don’t I see them?” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes looked contemptuous, but his heart was already tense. When he looked around, he was actually looking at the layout and environment of the copper temple.

Logically speaking, Que and Lan Ying would never miss the opportunity on the Yanluo Clan’s home planet. They would definitely come.

But why didn’t he see them along the way?

Since the Yanluo clan had set up an inescapable net here, they must have sent out all their powerhouses. Where had Xi gone?

What happened to The Eight Sons of Life and Death? Where had Yan Wushen gone?

It was not wise to fight with Yan Huangtu at this moment.

Yan Huangtu saw that Zhang Ruochen wanted to escape. He said, "Stop looking. There is only one exit from this copper temple."

Yan Huangtu's finger was pointing to where Yan Zhexian was standing at the time.

Yan Zhexian twisted her wrist and drew a flame-shaped rune pattern in front of her to seal the temple door.

Although the flame rune pattern had not yet been activated, it emitted a shocking amount of heat, turning the Buddha platform, bronze statues, and pillars in the copper temple crimson.

"You can't leave today. The will of the Yanluo clan has never been shaken by anyone since ancient times," Yan Zhexian said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "The temple door has been sealed. Are you planning to fight me to the death here, Brother Yan?"

"I'd love to." said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu slowly rolled up his sleeves, he said again, "Since you've defeated Wujiang, you're naturally qualified to fight me. The Imperial Path I cultivate is to continuously defeat powerful enemies, accumulate momentum, and achieve a big breakthrough in the state of mind. Only then can I achieve a big breakthrough in cultivation.

"The Imperial Path is the supreme will that can control all the ways in the world. Only with a big breakthrough in the Imperial Path can I integrate more Saintwill and breakthrough to the level of the Grade Two Saintwill.

"That's why I can't do what you can do by consuming the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills. What I want is to defeat all the opponents in the world or kill them."

Yan Huangtu's aura continued to rise, and wisps of golden divine light shot out of his pores and filled the entire copper

temple.

ROAR!

Dragon roars came from within his bones, and they were deafening.

The fire runes that Yan Zhexian had drawn trembled from the impact. She was shocked and thought, ‘Fifth uncle’s cultivation has become even stronger!’

Yan Zhexian knew that Yan Huangtu was able to fight head-on against a peak Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

To other Supreme Saints at the peak of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, this was something unimaginable. Because they were still pursuing the ranking below the Thousand-Koan Realm, Yan Huangtu was already vying for the position of the top elites below the Banshi Isshou Realm.

The difference between the two was thousands of miles.

Now, Yan Huangtu has become even more unfathomable. Yan Zhexian felt that he could no longer see through him.

“It seems that Yan Huangtu can take down Zhang Ruochen without our help in this battle.” A Supreme Saint Talisman Master laughed behind her.

Yan Zhexian stared at him coldly. “Zhang Ruochen isn’t easy to deal with. If he counterattacks and triggers the Dark Space-time Matter, have you thought about the consequences?”

The destructive power of the Dark Space-time Matter had long spread throughout the Yanluo clan. Even the Supreme Saint’s expression changed when he heard it.

The copper temple was so small. If Zhang Ruochen was forced into a life-and-death situation, it was entirely possible that he could use the Dark Space-time Matter to perish together with Yan Huangtu.

“Does this mean that Zhang Ruochen is invincible?” said the Supreme Saint Talisman Master as his face turned solemn. He was no longer as optimistic as before.

“How can there be an invincible person in the world? If Zhang Ruochen uses Dark Space-time Matter, he will be the one to die.”

Yan Zhexian stated solemnly. Then she said, “Help me carve runes. I have to draw another flower dance runes and bury Zhang Ruochen in grief.”

BOOM!

A bolt of dark purple lightning fell from the clouds and hit the top of the copper temple. Instantly, dense lightning covered the temple.

Lightning also spread out from the temple, taking the form of a dragon and a snake dancing

Yan Huangtu and Zhang Ruochen’s power had reached a climax at that point.

Yan Huangtu took the lead. His fist wrapped in divine light struck out like a shooting star.

When Yan Huangtu struck, a massive golden shadow rushed out of his body, resembling an ancient Emperor God.

Zhang Ruochen was unafraid. He struck out with his palm, and the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King rushed out of his body.

Boom

OW.

The fist and palm collided, producing a more deafening sound than the thunder just now. The sound reverberated in the copper temple, shaking the space so much that it seemed like it was going to explode.

If it had been a Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt Realm, he would have fallen to the ground with blood pouring from his seven orifices if he was in the temple right now.

Their bodies separated in an instant.

BANG!

Zhang Ruochen flew backward and hit the copper wall behind him, which was more than 30 meters away. The sound of metal colliding was like the sound of the Great Lyu Bell being hit.

Ancient Divine Marks appeared on the copper wall, blocking all the impact.

Zhang Ruochen's body was strong and uninjured. He slid down from the copper wall and quickly recovered.

Yan Huangtu took four steps back and steadied himself, he said, "No one under the Thousand-Koan Realm can match my power. Not Lan Ying, not Luo Shengtian, not Wujiang, not you. If you want to continue this battle, Zhang Ruochen, you'd better show your true ability."

Yan Huangtu's ultimate power and defense had been established by the Royal Divine Frame.

It was said that when Yan Huangtu had just broken through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he had received a punch from a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. Although his flesh and blood had been destroyed, his bone structure was undamaged and could regenerate flesh and blood.

His Saint Soul and Sainthood Source were inside his bones.

Even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, let alone a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, would struggle to kill Yan Huangtu at his current level of cultivation.

'Yan Huangtu is indeed powerful. If I want to compete with him in power, I need to break at least 80 shackles in my body. Warlord Mara was also very powerful, but he's far inferior to Yan Huangtu,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

In terms of power, Que and Lan Ying were probably not as powerful as Yan Huangtu.

Only Luo Shengtian, the divine prince, might be able to fight him head-on. After all, Luo Shengtian mainly cultivated power. He had a pair of natural divine eyes and refined two active Divine Planets.

If Yan Huangtu's physical body was not extremely powerful, how could he withstand two active Divine Planets?

Zhang Ruochen said, "On the path of cultivation, not only physical strength is refined, but also the Path. I'd like to see how much power you can burst out under the suppression of the three Great Paths of the Ancients."

Crash

The Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body at the same time and covered the entire copper temple.

Zhang Ruochen stood where he was. His hands moved slowly. Dense Precepts of Time rushed out of his sea of Qi and revolved around his body, turning into the illusory image of a long River of Time.

"Take this too!" Zhang Ruochen shouted.

Zhang Ruochen struck out with his palm. The illusory image of the long River of Time continued to rush toward Yan Huangtu.

Under the suppression of the Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth, Yan Huangtu seemed to have fallen into a swamp. It was as if there were thousands of chains wrapped around his body, and lava poison was corroding his body.

Boom

Yan Huangtu's foot stomped on the ground, and golden Yama Qi surged out crazily, forming a world map scroll.

At the same time, the Gate of Destiny appeared behind him, finally blocking the suppression formed by the three Great Paths of the Ancients.

Splash

The sound of water flowing could be heard.

The River of Time passed through the golden world created by Yan Huangtu, crashing toward his chest.

Yan Huangtu didn't dare to let the River of Time touch him. He quickly performed the high-level Thousand-Koan Realm saint technique and shouted, "Streams of Myriad Dragons."

He punched out and countless dragons flew out. They were all golden and turned into a river of myriad dragons.

The river of myriad dragons collided with the River of Time. There wasn't any earth-shattering sound, but the two continued to cancel each other out.

'The Nine Dragons Divine Marks on Yan Huangtu's Royal Divine Frame are truly enigmatic. They can actually block the attack of the long River of Time after combining with the fist technique of the Streams of Myriad Dragons,' Zhang Ruochen thought, secretly amazed.

Yan Huangtu was even more taken aback. In this punch, he had used all of his strength. The combined power of the Divine Marks and the Thousand-Koan level fist technique could only compete with Zhang Ruochen. It was amazing.

The River of Time flowed from beginning to end. Yan Huangtu's fist power had also been exhausted.

In this short break, it was time to test the two of them.

The person who changed their moves the fastest would be able to strike the second strike first. They would be able to gain an advantage in the next battle.

As a Master of Time, Zhang Ruochen clearly had a huge advantage. He didn't spend time condensing a saint technique. Instead, he picked up the Violet Gourd hanging by his waist and used the Great Dimensional Shift to smash at Yan Huangtu's head.

Yan Huangtu was shocked. No cultivator had ever dared to fight him in close combat. Was Zhang Ruochen courting death?

And what was he holding in his hand?

A gourd!

Yan Huangtu didn't have time to use the saint technique. He had to raise his arm to block.

Yan Huangtu's body was the most powerful shield, thanks to the Divine Royal Frame. He was unconcerned about any attacks.

BANG!

The Violet Gourd cracked Yan Huangtu's arm. Blood splattered everywhere.

This injury was like an old itch to Yan Huangtu. He was about to counterattack, but Zhang Ruochen moved sideways and swung the gourd toward his back.

If it were any other cultivator, they would have to close their eyes and wait for death when Zhang Ruochen changed his move so quickly.

But Yan Huangtu wasn't afraid. He arched his back and a boundless divine light burst out from his body. The Violet Gourd hit his back and broke the divine light. There was a loud bang.

Yan Huangtu's body rolled on the ground like a rubber ball.

"Take that," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift and appeared next to him again. He smashed the gourd in his hand like an invincible Divine Artifact. He didn't waste time activating the Supreme Power contained in the gourd. Zhang Ruochen wanted to suppress Yan Huangtu so that he couldn't fight back.

Outside the copper temple.

Yan Zhexian and the Supreme Saint Talisman Masters were stunned.

They had been looking forward to the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Huangtu. After all, they were both geniuses of the generation. They would definitely use all their skills to fight. Watching this battle might benefit them.

But who could tell that two peerless Supreme Saints were fighting in the temple?

What was the difference between fighting with two local ruffians and hooligans?

One was smashing with a gourd, while the other was blocking without rhyme or reason.

A Supreme Saint Talisman Master found it hard to understand, he said, “That shouldn’t be! Yan Huangtu has already reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. With the Royal Divine Frame, his physical strength should far surpass Zhang Ruochen’s. How can Zhang Ruochen be his opponent in close combat?”

“Yes, in close combat, Yan Huangtu is absolutely invincible,” said another Supreme Saint Talisman Master, feeling depressed.

The battle between the two in the temple disappointed him greatly. There was no elegance, no wonder, and no earth-shattering.

However, Yan Zhexian saw otherwise and said, “You only talk about strength, but forget about speed. Which one of you can see Zhang Ruochen’s moves clearly?”

The Supreme Saint Talisman Masters looked carefully and found that there were as many as 17 figures of Zhang Ruochen in the temple. With their cultivation, they could only see seven of them as afterimages. They could not tell which of the other ten were real bodies.

They were helpless because Zhang Ruochen was too fast!

Yan Zhexian said, “Although Yan Huangtu’s power was strong, he is suppressed by Zhang Ruochen’s speed.”

Then she said, “In fact, Yan Huangtu’s speed is not slow. However, being trapped in Zhang Ruochen’s Profound Spatial Dimension and Null Time realm, even if it has 100% speed, it can only exert 70%.”

Yan Zhexian thought to herself, ‘if I am trapped in the current situation of Yan Huangtu, what will happen to me?’

Yan Zhexian shook her head and told herself, ‘If I fight with Zhang Ruochen in the future, I must not enter within 3

kilometers of him, at least outside the Profound Spatial Dimension.'

It wasn't until now that Yan Zhexian realized that Zhang Ruochen hadn't used his full strength when fighting with her.

"The narrower the space is, the more advantageous it is for Zhang Ruochen. The plan to assassinate Zhang Ruochen in the copper temple appears to be a blunder." Yan Zhexian sighed softly and thought about how to help Yan Huangtu.

Zhang Ruochen was a strong enemy. He was more difficult to deal with than expected.

At this moment, the battle in the copper temple took a turn for the better. Taking the risk of withstanding three strikes from Zhang Ruochen, Yan Huangtu took out the Supreme Artifact, the Scepter of Heaven's Pass. He waved his hand and struck out, sending Zhang Ruochen flying.

Because he had been hit on the head three times by the gourd, Yan Huangtu's scalp was broken. His face was covered in blood. Holding the Scepter of Heaven's Pass, he stomped his feet and gritted his teeth. "Come on, who's afraid of who?"

The bloody Yan Huangtu looked like a ferocious ghost. Just his appearance alone could scare off many cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen wiped the Saint Blood off the gourd and his robe, "Forget it," he said. "If we had to use the Supreme Artifact and fight in such a small space in this copper temple, the power of the Supreme Artifact would have killed both of us before the winner was determined."

"You'll die, but I won't. Fight! Keep Fighting!"

Yan Huangtu had suffered so much just now. He was being chased and beaten by Zhang Ruochen. It didn't matter if it hurt, but it was a loss of face. So how could he let it go?

Chapter 2355 Slaining Hong Futu

Of course, Zhang Ruochen didn't want to continue fighting. Yan Huangtu was too resilient. It had been hit so many times by the Violet Gourd, but it hadn't hurt him at all.

Zhang Ruochen probably had to use the Power of Time to destroy Yan Huangtu's lifespan. Or Zhang Ruochen could use the Divine Purification Flame to refine it slowly. Only then would he have a chance to kill Yan Huangtu.

However, the Nine Dragons Divine Marks on the Royal Divine Bone in his body could resist the erosion of the Power of Time. Even if he stood still, it would take a lot of effort and time for Zhang Ruochen to kill him with the Power of Time. It was not an easy task.

As for refining Yan Huangtu with the Divine Purification Flame, it would take even more time.

In other words, with Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he could not kill Yan Huangtu.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen had come to the Yanluo clan's home planet to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and continue to fight with Yan Huangtu. It was harmful to him and not beneficial.

RUSTLE!

The fragrance of flowers drifted into the copper temple.

Beautiful spiritual flowers bloomed at the temple's entrance, beneath Yan Zhexian's feet, and soon covered the entire copper temple.

Not only were the spiritual flowers runes, but even the fragrance of the flowers were runes as well.

I can't stay here any longer. Yan Huangtu has the help of dozens of Supreme Saint Talisman Masters. He is at the advantage now.' Zhang Ruochen thought as he gazed at Dracopent's statues in the center of the temple. The Buddhist light in the bronze temple was emitted from a round ancient mirror on Dracopent's chest.

The ancient mirror was only the size of a palm, and its surface was full of light and colors.

As a Master of Space, Zhang Ruochen had sensed a strange Power of Dimension fluctuation from the ancient mirror when he stepped into the bronze temple. The Precepts of Dimension around the ancient mirror were distorted.

“I’ll leave first. I’ll fight again in the future,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen moved quickly and rushed toward the ancient Buddhist light mirror. At the same time, his body shrank rapidly.

“Where are you going?”

Yan Huangtu shot out and chased after Zhang Ruochen. He raised his arm and activated some of the Supreme Inscription on the Scepter of Heaven’s Pass, emitting a blinding saint light.

This attack was aimed at stopping Zhang Ruochen.

If Zhang Ruochen continued to rush toward the Buddhist light ancient mirror, the illusory image of the Scepter of Heaven’s Pass would definitely strike him. If he was hit by the Supreme Artifact, Zhang Ruochen would be heavily injured even if he didn’t die.

Once Yan Huangtu forced Zhang Ruochen back and fell into the sea of flowers runes, he would naturally have more ways to deal with him.

It could be said that the angle and speed of this attack contained everything that Yan Huangtu had learned all his life. It wasn’t a saint technique, but it was more terrifying than a saint technique.

“If I wanted to leave, you won’t be able to keep me,” said Zhang Ruochen.

A black-light flew out of Zhang Ruochen’s hand and landed on Yan Huangtu’s chest with a whoosh.

The black light was from the black parasol of Class Two Regal Artifact that Zhang Ruochen kept in his sleeve. This attack

was like a sword in his sleeve. It had an unexpected effect.

Yan Huangtu frowned. He quickly changed the direction of his attack. The Scepter of Heaven's Pass struck the black parasol accurately.

The black parasol exploded, turning into pieces of iron cloth and metal shards.

The Class Two Regal Artifact was very weak in front of the Supreme Artifact. It couldn't withstand a single blow.

When Yan Huangtu looked up again, Zhang Ruochen had already rushed into the ancient Buddhist light mirror.

Entering the mirror was like jumping into the water.

Yan Zhexian stared at the bronze statue and said worriedly, "Zhang Ruochen broke in after Que and Lan Ying. Yan Wushen can't handle them alone. We..."

Yan Huangtu interrupted her, "Zhang Ruochen and Lan Ying's main goal is to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Under normal circumstances, they won't attack Yan Wushen.

"Besides, with Yan Wushen's intelligence and strength, he'll definitely have a way to deal with it. We don't need to worry.

"On the contrary, when we send a large group of people in, Zhang Ruochen, Lan Ying, and Que will sense danger. They'll definitely turn around and deal with the Yanluo clan first. This isn't good."

Yan Zhexian felt that Yan Huangtu's point made sense. She nodded slightly and said, "In that case, we'll set up more powerful runes and arrays in this copper temple. It's best to seal all three of them inside until the Celestial- Hunting Festival ends."

The 62 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters, including Yan Zhexian, and a large group of Yanluo Clan Array Masters gathered outside the copper temple and began to carve inscriptions.

Zhang Ruochen bumped into the surface of the ancient mirror, creating spatial ripples. Then, his vision darkened, and his body was pulled into another space out of control.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen regained his vision and found himself in a green world.

There was a ray of good luck all around him. Around him, ancient golden trees grew. They glistened like pure gold.

There was also a lake.

The water in the lake was green.

No, what's that?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen's expression froze. He saw a huge green mountain in the eastern sky. Looking from a thousand miles away, he could feel its towering height.

The average height of the mountain was more than 100,000 meters, and he couldn't see its end.

WHOOSH!

A deep breath sounded between heaven and earth.

Rustle

The metal tree shook violently in the wind, and a lot of golden leaves fell down.

At that moment, the green mountain range seemed to rise and fall, and it trembled slightly.

When the wind blew away the clouds and mist, Zhang Ruochen finally saw some details of the mountain range. He found that the mountain was covered with giant scales.

It wasn't a mountain range. It was a giant green beast.

However, its body was humongous. He couldn't tell what creature it was.

The three Thousand-Koan Realm dragon souls in Zhang Ruochen's left arm let out anxious moans. They were very nervous and uneasy.

What exactly did the Fane of Destiny hide inside the ten home planets? Why do such terrifying creatures always appear?' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't someone who would be blinded by fortune and treasures. Seeing the mountain ridge entrenched here, he was even more certain that there was no so-called Bright Kannati or Buddha sarira, he wanted to retreat.

At that moment.

Boom

A loud sound came from hundreds of miles away.

Then, a powerful nine-colored chaotic light burst out from the direction of the loud sound. The force swept away all the leaves on the golden trees near Zhang Ruochen.

The golden trees became bald.

"It's Lan Ying's presence," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power was affected by the Path Lock and he could not be detected hundreds of miles away. So he took off and hovered in the air near the clouds.

Around 500 miles away, Lan Ying, Hong Futu, Que, and Yan Wushen were fighting in shambles.

Lan Ying, Hong Futu, and Yan Wushen were all attacking Que at the same time.

"Leave behind the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, and I'll let you leave this place," said Yan Wushen. He activated his Golden Giant Mode. He was valiant and fierce, and his body was surrounded by eighty-one Buddha halos as he attacked with a palm after palm.

"You think you can snatch the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?" said Que.

Even though Que was suppressed by the Path Lock, his technique was still as smooth as flowing water, and his body appeared and disappeared at times.

Whoosh

Suddenly, Que appeared in front of Hong Futu in a flash and waved out an invisible force.

Hong Futu's face changed in shock. He quickly retreated. At the same time, he activated the power of lightning as quickly as he could. He raised his arms and crossed them to block in front of him.

CRACK!

Hong Futu's arms were broken. His body was thrown hundreds of meters away, leaving a long ravine on the ground.

Hong Futu was in extreme pain. Apart from his broken arms, a one-meter-long wound appeared on the chest of his four-meter-tall body. Saint Blood gushed out like a spring.

What was even more terrifying was that the Power of Oblivion invaded the wound.

With the wound as the focal point, Hong Futu's body faded away, gradually fading into oblivion.

One had to know that Hong Futu was a pure-blooded Divine Beast, Bloodborne. In the future, he would at least be a pseudo god.

Hong Futu, as a young Divine Beast, could instantly kill an opponent in the same realm, and he could even kill cultivators from the Celestial Court across multiple realms.

His battle strength was not unparalleled, but it could also be said to be at the top of the line.

However, under the circumstances of being besieged, he was actually seriously injured by one move. It could be said that he had suffered a great blow in his heart.

Crash

Hong Futu gritted his teeth, and a fierce light flashed in his eyes.

After activating the ancestral divine power contained in the divine blood, he resisted the Power of Oblivion that invaded his body and slowly refined it. His severed arms grew back.

Just as Hong Futu stood up and prepared to fight again...

Suddenly, an ice-cold hand silently grabbed his neck from behind.

Whoosh

A Dimensional Sword cut off his head.

Hong Futu's life force was strong. Even after his head was cut off, he still let out an earth-shattering roar, "Who? Who are you?"

Divine Power and lightning surged out of his scalp.

"Shh! Lower your voice," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen held the antennae in the shape of a pagoda above Hong Futu's head. Divine Purification Flame erupted from his palm, condensing into a Deific Flower of Flames. It encircled his head, including the Divine Power and Lightning that had been released from his head.

In the Deific Flower of Flames, curses and screams could be heard.

A moment later, Hong Futu's head was reduced to ashes and scattered on the ground.

Only a fist-sized Sainthood Source remained in Zhang Ruochen's palm.

The Sainthood Source was unusual. It was brimming with divine material and Divine Marks. It was gleaming and gleaming. Inside the Sainthood Source, there was also the Soul Shadow of the Divine Beast, Bloodborne.

"The Sainthood Source of a pure-blooded Divine Beast is indeed extraordinary. It's very close to the Divinity Source. This is good stuff. If a Supreme Saint refines it, he might become a pseudo god. At the very least, it's possible to even become a Demigod."

Zhang Ruochen nodded with satisfaction and put away the Sainthood Source.

Hong Futu's headless body still had a strong spiritual will. He waved his fist and attacked Zhang Ruochen. Rays of divine light appeared on his fist.

Even if Hong Futu was at his peak, Zhang Ruochen wasn't afraid of him, not to mention that his head had been chopped

off.

Hong Futu was sent flying like a scarecrow by a wave of Zhang Ruochen's hand.

Swoosh

Several Dimensional Rifts cut his body into seven pieces.

Hong Futu was dead. Seeing that his body was about to turn into the original form of a young Divine Beast, Zhang Ruochen quickly put its body into the Violet Gourd.

Zhang Ruochen had killed Hong Futu in the Profound Spatial Dimension. From the outside, nothing could be seen there. Everything was silent.

However, Hong Futu's original form was hundreds of miles long. It was definitely huge.

That was why Zhang Ruochen had to put away its body before it turned into its original form. He couldn't let Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Wushen find out that he was hiding nearby.

This time, Zhang Ruochen wanted to sit back and watch them fight before making his move.

Because of Asurendra Samay, Hong Futu and Lan Ying, including the Fane of Barasingha, were Zhang Ruochen's biggest enemies. On the surface, Zhang Ruochen went to find Lan Ying to form an alliance, but everyone had their own ulterior motives. How could he be lenient when he had the chance to kill him?

Zhang Ruochen had always been decisive when facing enemies that could threaten his life.

As for why he didn't kill Yan Zhexian earlier, it was because Zhang Ruochen had enough enemies in the Infernal Court. He didn't want to form an irreconcilable hatred with the Yanluo Clan anymore.

In the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen killing the clansmen of the Yanluo clan on their home planet wouldn't create too much hatred.

After all, it was unlikely that 100 million or hundreds of millions of Yanluo clansmen would give birth to an ordinary Supreme Saint. Their value was very limited.

However, Yan Zhexian was different. She was a direct descendant of the Yanluo clan and had extraordinary talent. Her future was limitless.

Killing her would definitely anger the god of the Yanluo clan behind her. It would do Zhang Ruochen a lot of harm and no good.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know when, but he had learned to consider the way he did things from the perspective of benefits. He didn't think about right and wrong and good and evil like before.

Perhaps this was the price of growth, a helpless act to survive in a cruel environment.

However, he had lost part of his original self and heart.

The inner demon would not appear for no reason.

After cleaning up all traces, Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the Battle of the three people not far away.

Even if Zhang Ruochen hid in the Profound Spatial Dimension at another time, he would not be able to hide from the senses of Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Wushen. However, they were in the midst of an extreme battle. They were extremely focused, so how could they have the spare energy to care?

"Yan Wushen's cultivation has increased so much. He broke at least 20 shackles. How did he do it?" Zhang Ruochen was extremely shocked.

One had to know that he could break 30 shackles because he had eaten nine Ampliofruits and a large number of Fugue pills. He had also cultivated in the Dark Star for ten years.

Yan Wushen must have gotten a great opportunity to break these shackles.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the green mountain ridge in the distance and said to himself, "Is it related to that creature?"

He needed not only talent and hard work to become a Yuanhui level genius, but also a great inheritance and luck. He had to reach the limit in all aspects.

Obviously, Yan Wushen's luck was not much worse than Zhang Ruochen's.

The Path of Oblivion that Que cultivated was indeed strange and unpredictable. It could change without a trace. However, Lan Ying and Yan Wushen were not easy to deal with.

Lan Ying released more than 13 billion Precepts in him, which evolved into a nine-colored embryonic universe. He also developed the Asura World with Qi of Slaughter to suppress Que's Power of Oblivion.

Yan Wushen, on the other hand, activated his Light of Origin and Profound Spatial Dimension, forcing Que to reveal his true form. He could not turn into oblivion to escape.

Zhang Ruochen, 'The Precepts cultivated by Lan Ying actually reached 13.7 billion. Wujiang had only cultivated 9.7 billion, and Yan Huangtu has just broken through 10 billion. As expected of a Divine Fetus that was nurtured by the Divine Qi and Qi of Slaughter for three Yuanhui periods.

It is said that in the past Battle of Celestial-Hunting, only on rare occasions would a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm breakthrough 8 billion Precepts. Sometimes, in thousands of years, there would not be a Supreme Saint at the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage with more than 8 billion Precepts.'

Zhang Ruochen was even more certain that killing Hong Futu was the right decision. Killing him was equivalent to cutting off one of Lan Ying's arms.

Chapter 2356 The Ultimate Battle

‘The Power of Oblivion doesn’t seem to be invincible. Under the interference of Dimension, Origin, Slaughter, Chaos... all kinds of powers, it’s faintly suppressed!’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen observed and comprehended carefully. He knew too little about Oblivion.

Every time, Que’s body turned into oblivion. Zhang Ruochen’s vision and spiritual power couldn’t sense his existence. However, in an instant, Yan Wushen and Lan Ying released a domain that could force him out again.

Yan Wushen hasn’t cultivated the Path of Destiny, but he has cultivated the Light of Origin. He’s becoming more and more difficult to deal with. This person is my enemy for life.’ Zhang Ruochen.

No one had ever put so much pressure on Zhang Ruochen.

No one had ever received such a high evaluation from Zhang Ruochen.

Although Zhang Ruochen had fought Yan Wushen three times and Yan Wui seemed to be slightly better than him three times, he had used all his trump cards and won very narrowly.

If he was not careful, he might lose.

In the Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen had the help of the Sundial and all kinds of opportunities, but he still could not pull the gap between the two.

He suspected that he would be surpassed by Yan Wushen if he relaxed a little.

Yan Wushen’s existence was like a fierce beast chasing after Zhang Ruochen. Sometimes, he could even keep up with him, forcing Zhang Ruochen to not dare to stop.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of such an opponent. On the contrary, he hoped that there would be more such opponents.

Only in this way could he always keep an enterprising and hard-working heart.

Humans could not live without pressure.

Wargod Bloodximius would not have been able to reach his current cultivation level after just over 100,000 years of cultivation if it hadn't been for Huang Tian during the last Yuanhui period.

The Light of Origin was a light that could only be formed when one cultivated the Path of Origin to an extremely high level. It was known as the first ray of light at the birth of the world.

With the Light of Origin, there would be all things.

This light could create all things, destroy all things, and reshape all things.

Of course, all things included the cultivator himself.

Where the Light of Origin shone, the soil, water, trees, and flowers all turned into tiny particles that were difficult to see with the naked eye. The entire world was like sand, and it was rapidly disintegrating.

Even Que was affected by the Light of Origin shone on him.

There was a Power of Oblivion surrounding his body, blocking the Light of Origin. His body did not decompose. However, the Power of Oblivion was also suppressed.

The Path of the Ancients countered each other.

'The Light of Origin can suppress the Oblivion, forcing Que to show up and fight them. Can Dimension and Time do the same?' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen thought of a strategy to deal with the oblivion and Que, but he was disappointed to find out. If Que entered the oblivion state, he could only use Dimension and Time to escape immediately. At most, he could only guarantee his life.

Not more than five people could survive Que's pursuit in the Thousand-Koan Realm. Wujiang, Luo Shengtian, and even Yan Huangtu might not be able to do so.

There were very few Supreme Saints in the Thousand-Koan Realm who could survive a fight with Que.

Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could survive. It seemed to be a great achievement, but it was not what he wanted.

Zhang Ruochen could only save himself by fleeing because once Que entered oblivion, he would no longer be in Time and Dimension and could no longer be harmed.

It was a state of jumping out of the three realms and out of the five elements.

“I’ve got it! Null time,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes lit up.

Null time had something in common with oblivion, which might be able to restrain it.

The so-called null time was actually time that was out of the scope of the Precepts of Time. It was no longer in time.

The reality was positive.

Null was negative.

People always stood at a certain point in the River of Time. Time was in front of them and null time was behind them.

If Zhang Ruochen’s time attainments were higher, he would be able to condense more Self-Defined Marks of Time. Then, he could combine them with the Null Time realm he had cultivated to form the Absolute Null Time realm.

The Absolute Null Time realm would definitely be able to restrain Que.

If the Absolute Null Time realm was strong enough, it was very likely that there would be time reversal. In other words, time was negative.

Even a moment of time reversal was enough for Zhang Ruochen to do a lot of things.

However, it was too difficult to reverse time. With Zhang Ruochen’s current time attainments, he could only condense

several Self-Defined Marks of Time at one time. It was still far from condensing the Absolute Null Time realm.

“Is there really no way at this point?” Zhang Ruochen stated.

Zhang Ruochen had always thought that Que must be under some kind of restriction, so he did not dare to kill anyone on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. This speculation was confirmed at that moment. He had been restrained in his fight with Lan Ying and Yan Wushen.

But what about after leaving the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?

How could he fight with him then?

Zhang Ruochen sighed softly and closed his eyes. He completely immersed his mind to perceive the power in Que.

‘Time and Dimension are part of the Path of the Ancients. They must be able to restrict Oblivion in some way. The reason why I find it difficult to deal with it must be because I don’t understand Oblivion well enough.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Gradually, the sounds of battle became softer and softer.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart became more and more tranquil. He entered a mystic realm. Specks of starlight scattered from his body and evolved into a starry world in the Profound Spatial Dimension.

The Heart of Truth shone brightly in his body.

All of a sudden, Que’s movement in the distance, the changes in his moves, and the changes in his footwork appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

This strange realm lasted for a moment and then disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly opened his eyes and smiled, he said, “My Path of Time and Dimension have not cultivated the Saintwill, let alone the augmentation of the Canon. At present, it is indeed difficult to fight against Que’s Oblivion.

“However, in the Path of Truth, I not only have the Canon, but also the Heart of Truth. How can Que’s oblivion escape the

perception of the Heart of Truth?”

Zhang Ruochen suddenly understood.

At the same time, he made up his mind to find Saint Monk Xumi's final resting place immediately after the Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Only there would he have a chance to find the Canon of Time and Canon of Dimension. Only then could he achieve a big breakthrough in his Path of Time and Dimension.

Zhang Ruochen used the Heart of Truth to sense him and Que felt a chill run down his spine while he was fighting with Lan Ying and Yan Wushen.

Que immediately realized that there must be a powerhouse hiding nearby.

‘Forget it. Let’s end this quickly.’ Que thought.

Que was uneasy. He stopped fighting with Lan Ying and Yan Wushen.

A long sword flew out from between his eyebrows and fell into his hand. The sword was four feet and two inches long and as thin as a cicada’s wings. It emitted a dazzling white light, like a sword condensed from light.

SWOOSH!

Que swung his sword backward with no grace. The Sword Qi shone like divine moonlight. It landed at an awkward angle on Yan Wushen’s Golden Giant Mode.

Yan Wushen’s defense was probably not much weaker than Yan Huangtu’s Royal Divine Frame with the Half-Buddha Physique and the golden body.

Whoosh

The sword dragged on the golden arm, emitting golden spots of light.

Yan Wushen was unable to block it in the end, and his huge golden body was sent flying.

A shallow sword scar appeared on his arm.

Yan Wushen's heart trembled. Que's seemingly casual sword had fused with the Power of Oblivion, and it had almost broken through his golden body.

On the other side, Que's sword had broken through Lan Ying's embryonic universe, leaving a deep gash on his tender face, and his head had almost been split into two.

Lan Ying and Yan Wushen stood on both sides of Que and stopped for a moment. Both of them were obviously shocked. They realized that Que had finally become serious and was a lot stronger than before.

Que's body was sometimes illusory and sometimes real. He elegantly raised the long sword and gently stroked it with two fingers. He said, "This sword is my Imperial Artifact of Precept. It has always been nurtured by my Sainthood Source. Today is the fourth time it shows its appearance in front of people.

"If you don't die today, you should remember its name, Kagemaru."

Yan Wushen clenched his five fingers tightly. Golden light flashed and the sword mark on his arm disappeared. He smiled and said, "To cultivate an Imperial Artifact of Precept to your level, you can be considered the number one person below divinity in this Yuanhui period."

Que said, "You don't understand the meaning of the existence of the Imperial Artifact of Precepts. Was the Supreme Artifact very strong? Was a Divine Artifact very strong? Yes, they were! But, they were all external objects.

"If you want to truly become a peerless figure in the universe, you have to cultivate yourself.

"The Imperial Artifact of Precept is made up of the precepts that I have grasped. It is a part of me. The more perfect the Precepts I have comprehended, the more perfect it will be. "If my Path deviates, it will tell me immediately.

"My future is not to control a Divine Artifact, but to nurture my own Imperial Artifact of Precept into a Divine Artifact. A Divine Artifact is immortal, and I will be Immortal with it."

Most cultivators cultivated the Imperial Artifact of Precept as if they were honing their own Path.

Very few cultivators actually used the Imperial Artifact of Precept as weapons.

For Que to be able to cultivate to such a high level, not only was his mind outstanding, but he also had a unique understanding of the Path. He was definitely not someone ordinary people could compare to.

“So, you have also cultivated the Swordsmanship, and you have even integrated the Swordsmanship and the Oblivion,” Lan Ying licked his lips and said with a stern smile. There was no fear in his

eyes.

Que raised his sword and stood proudly, he said, “How could I integrate the Swordsmanship and the Oblivion? I’m just walking the path of my predecessors. The Oblivion Sword was created many years ago after my master lost to the Sword of Time and spent a Yuanhui period creating it.

“Now, my master’s sword technique has reached the Mahayana stage. Unfortunately, the person who defeated him back then has already died. He won’t be able to avenge himself.”

Lan Ying’s hand reached into his chest and grabbed a blood-red sword from his flesh.

The sword was long and slender, and it emitted a demonic light.

“Since we’re both sword cultivators, why don’t you try my Sword of Asura first?”

THUMP!

Lan Ying’s finger flicked on the sword.

Instantly, Supreme Power and Qi of Slaughter surged outward.

Lan Ying had a total of six swords, and each of them was extraordinary. Two of them were Supreme Artifacts, while the other four were Divine Artifacts.

The Sword of Asura was ranked first among the six swords, so he brought it to the Celestial- Hunting Battlefield.

There were countless legends about the Sword of Asura. There was a saying that it once belonged to an ancient god Asura the Great. It was originally a Divine Artifact. The Sword of Asura, however, was shattered in an earth-shattering battle.

The Asura descendants had collected all the fragments and reforged the sword, but only one Supreme Artifact had been forged.

Lan Ying was able to obtain the Sword of Asura because he had climbed Mount Asura, the ancient god Asura's burial ground.

No one knew what kind of opportunity Lan Ying had gotten on Mount Asura. They only knew that he had taken the Sword of Asura and cultivated the Asura Sword Technique after he left the mountain.

Que had already witnessed the power of the Sword of Asura after being pursued by Yan Huangtu and Lan Ying. "Zhang Ruochen, since you're here, don't hide any longer," he said solemnly.

There was a strange look in the eyes of both Lan Ying and Yan Wushen.

Zhang Ruochen put away the Profound Spatial Dimension and revealed himself. He slowly walked toward them, "No wonder you're ranked first in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm," he said. "You still have the strength to sense that I'm hiding nearby when you're fighting two powerhouses."

"I'm just bluffing. I'm not sure if you're really hiding nearby," Que said.

"It doesn't matter!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes swept over Lan Ying and Yan Wushen. "Let's kill him together first, then fight for the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill."

“I didn’t expect that I would join hands with you one day,” Yan Wushen said with a smile. Lan Ying’s body released colorful lights that reflected the entire world. The Sword of Asura in his hand had already been swung out. “Kill! Kill! Kill...”

In this area, sounds of killing rose in all directions and blood light filled the air.

A battlefield of thousands of soldiers and horses appeared. There were Ghost Knights holding Bone Spears, Giants holding sharp swords, and spirits of the dead in black robes... the sword moved, and the Asura world appeared. The four of them seemed to have arrived at an ancient battlefield.

“Dimensional Sword Dance.”

Zhang Ruochen activated the Realm-frame of Truth and 36 Dimensional Swords appeared around him.

The swords flew around his body. They combined with the Precept of Truth and exploded with more and more powerful waves of power. When the waves of sword Qi increased tenfold, they flew toward Que like a rain of swords.

“Thousand Heads and Bodies.”

Yan Wushen created 999 shadows that spread out in all directions. He was actually using the Yanluo Clan’s forbidden technique, the Great Yanluo Thousand Heads and Bodies Technique.

His true body and 999 shadows formed a Pagoda of Origin.

As the 1,000 Pagodas of Origins pressed down on Que, they brought the Light of Origin with them.

“Ever since I stepped into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, today, I finally feel a sense of danger. If I kill all of you, I will be the only one in this era,” said Que.

The divine light in Que’s eyes shone brightly, and the aura on his body rose to its peak. His long hair shot up.

The Kagamaru in his hand drew a snake-shaped scar. It tore open the Asura World and blew away thousands of soldiers.

The sword Qi was like lightning as it clashed with the Sword of Asura in Lan Ying's hand.

The Oblivion devoured the Supreme Power on the sword.

Boom

IS.

as

A loud sound that could shatter the Supreme Saint's eardrums rang out. Lan Ying was sent flying backward. His feet landed on the ground again and he retreated several miles before he stabilized himself.

“Fight!”

Without any hesitation, Lan Ying roared and charged forward again.

Chapter 2357 All of Them Were Powerhouses

The Dimensional Sword Dance was a technique that Zhang Ruochen had combined dimension and sword technique into one. It had invincible destructive power. With the enhancement of the Path of Truth, the Dimensional Sword exploded with ten times the attack power. Its power was terrifying.

SWISH! SWISH!

The 36 swords cut many of the Path Locks in this world.

Even with Que's cultivation, he didn't dare to take them head-on.

He displayed a move as fast as a ghost and kept dodging. No matter how fast he was, how could he dodge all 36 swords?

WO

One of the swords stabbed directly into Que's heart.

Just when Zhang Ruochen thought that the attack would heavily injure him, Que's body became illusory. The Dimensional Sword seemed to pierce through the air and pass through his body.

Then, four more Dimensional Swords slashed at Que's body, which was resolved by his blurry state.

'As expected, the blurry state of Que is no longer in dimension. Even the Dimensional Sword can't hurt him.'
Zhang Ruochen thought and his heart sank slightly.

The Path of Truth's ten times attack power was only temporarily increased.

The power of the 36 Dimensional Swords was quickly diminished. They were no longer unstoppable.

Bang Bang

Que's Kagemaru Sword struck out 36 times in one-thousandth of a breath, destroying all 36 Dimensional Swords.

The oblivion broke the dimension.

SLASH!

Yan Wushen drew 1,000 Pagodas of Origin above his head. The wind force was also locked onto Que as a result of the pressure. Que, on the other hand, had the time to swing his sword at Zhang Ruochen.

Then, Que raised his sword and soared into the sky. He took the initiative to face the Pagoda of Origin. His figure was elegant and graceful, containing an invincible power.

The sword Que swung at Zhang Ruochen contained the Power of Dimensions. The densely packed Precepts of Dimension trembled. Then, the sword Qi created a space jump and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen in an instant.

The Sword Qi was not sharp, but there was no fluctuation of power.

It was like a ray of light without any offensive power.

The more it was like this, the more Zhang Ruochen felt the danger. However, in his Profound Spatial Dimension, with just a thought, his body had retreated 300 meters.

“Condense!” Zhang Ruochen shouted.

Zhang Ruochen put his hands together, and the space in front of him froze layer by layer.

The Sword Qi broke the frozen space by 230 meters before it dissipated.

If such a powerful attack had hit a planet, that planet would have been split into two.

The purpose of Que’s attack was not to kill Zhang Ruochen. He only wanted to force Zhang Ruochen to retreat so he could break Yan Wushen’s Pagoda of Origin and the Great Yanluo Thousand Heads and Bodies Technique.

He did it!

Que’s body turned into an illusory light beam and shot into the sky, destroying all the 1,000 Pagodas of Origin.

Que’s Kagamaru struck Yan Wushen’s chest with incomparable precision. When it collided with the golden body, a golden bell chime that reverberated for tens of

thousands of kilometers rang out. Yan Wushen clasped his hands together and clamped onto Kagamaru, dissipating a portion of its power.

“Your golden body is even harder than I imagined,” said Que.

Que wanted to retract his sword, but he realized that Yan Wushen’s hands were grabbing onto Kagamaru tightly.

“Asura Heaven’s Kill,” said Que.

Lan Ying’s body appeared behind Que, transitioning from blurry to solid.

Que’s Sword of Asura exploded with Supreme Power. Light broke through the clear sky, and he executed the Asura Sword Technique, slashing out horizontally.

Que snorted lightly, and Kagamaru turned from solid to blurry, leaving Yan Wushen’s palms.

In an instant, the sword turned from blurry to solid again.

SWISH!

SWISH!

Que waved more than 300 swords in a row, interweaving into an Oblivion Sword Domain. Dense sword light filled the entire world.

The Sword of Asura and the Asura world collided with the Oblivion Sword Domain.

BOOM!

The attack was evenly matched with Lan Ying’s. Both Lan Ying and Que were sent flying at the same time.

It seemed that they were evenly matched, but Lan Ying was not happy at all. That was because he had attacked with all his strength and activated the Supreme Power.

However, Lan Ying didn’t have time to accumulate power. He had received his attack in a hurry.

Such a result was already shocking enough.

The four people present were all peerless figures. They had been through more than a hundred battles. Each of them knew

how to seize the opportunity and perform the most lethal moves.

As soon as Que was thrown out, tens of thousands of starlight beams flew out from Zhang Ruochen's Realm-frame of Truth. They hit him like thousands of arrows piercing through his heart.

Que gritted his teeth and put his body into a blurry state.

"Come out!"

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen shouted at the same time.

Their Profound Spatial Dimension was pushed to the extreme and suppressed the space where Que was. Then, the Light of Origin and the Null Time realm descended, forcing Que to reveal his body again.

Boom

The light of the stars in the shape of the Realm-frame of Truth hit Que.

Even though he was on the verge of death, Que was able to defend himself thanks to his incredible reaction time.

He blocked with his sword. Dense Precepts appeared on the sword and formed a circular arc of light to resist the light of the stars.

'How could I block it?' Que thought.

He flew backward again like a cannonball.

Lan Ying had already calculated the best time to attack. He sneaked out from behind Que and slashed across his waist.

Crack

Saint Blood splashed all over the place.

Que fell to the ground. A long sword wound appeared on his waist, and he bleed out Saint Blood continuously. Lan Ying laughed loudly, "I've fought with you so many times. Finally, you're bleeding!"

Lan Ying had previously been injured every time they fought, but Que had escaped unscathed.

How could Lan Ying not be happy? Seeing the wound on Que's waist, even Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were slightly relieved. They thought to themselves, 'It seems that he's not invincible.'

"Nobody has ever been able to harm me. You're pretty good," Que said.

Que's gaze turned extremely sharp.

He suddenly stomped on the ground. Suddenly, thick ice appeared on the ground under his feet and spread to the three people standing in three directions.

The ice rose from the ground and turned into three ice dragons. They let out deafening dragon roars. "Om!"

The Buddhist light on Yan Wushen's body was boundless. He spat out the first syllable from The Six Syllables Mantra. The ice dragons that rushed in front of him instantly exploded and turned into pieces of ice crystals.

"Not good," said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen's spiritual sense was astonishing. He sensed that danger was approaching

He immediately understood that the three ice dragons that Que had shot out were used to block the Light of Origin.

Without giving Yan Wushen a chance to react, a light sword as thin as a cicada's wings appeared on his upper right.

The sword slashed at Yan Wushen's neck.

BOOM!

The collision caused golden light to fly everywhere.

Yan Wushen's golden body was broken by the Power of Oblivion and flew out like a scarecrow. A long gash was left on his neck and he almost lost his head.

"How is this possible? How can the Power of Oblivion be so terrifying? My Golden Giant Mode and my Half-Buddha Physique can not be broken by even a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint," said Yan Wushen.

The golden light on Yan Wushen's body dissipated. He was worried that Que would continue to chase after him. Even if Yan Wushen did not die if Que has struck again, his head would most likely be severed.

Hence, after landing on the ground, Yan Wushen immediately fled into the distance, pulling a certain distance away.

Que was also very shocked. Yan Wushen was only slightly injured after being hit by his full-strength attack?

It should be known that he planned to kill Yan Wushen in one attack.

This was the most important part!

Because once Yan Wushen died, Que would be able to deal with Zhang Ruochen and Lan Ying without the suppression of the Light of Origin.

But the attack didn't work this time. Que had already been attacked by Zhang Ruochen and Lan Ying, so he'd missed his chance to kill Yan Wushen.

“Asura Cross-slash!”

Lan Ying's body seemed to split into two in an instant. He slashed out two swords at the same time.

The two swords crossed each other.

The Sword Qi was formed from the Qi of Slaughter, the chaotic qi, the Divine Qi, and the Supreme Power. More importantly, the Asura Sword Technique was amazing.

The Sword Qi Cross seemed to contain a unique space in the center that crazily absorbed everything in this space.

Que only felt that the space was divided into four parts, forming another four walls of Sword Qi.

“Mirror of Oblivion.”

Que's Kagemaru dispersed, and all the Precepts of Oblivion sank, forming a round, smooth mirror under his feet. The space around the mirror became distorted, and the sword Qi immediately turned into oblivion as it approached.

Lan Ying's Asura Cross-slash was swallowed by the Mirror of Oblivion as soon as it got close and silently dissipated.

Lan Ying's tender face revealed a hint of surprise.

BANG!

Que displayed unparalleled speed and punched Lan Ying's chest, causing his body to explode and turn into a colorful and chaotic light fog. "Huh?"

Que was a little surprised. No matter how weak Lan Ying's defense was, he shouldn't have been killed so easily, right?

Que didn't have time to investigate Lan Ying's life or death and he diverted his attention to Zhang Ruochen.

Kagemaru has condensed on Que's hand again.

Que and Kagemaru merged into one. They turned into a sword of flowing light and flew out, hitting Zhang Ruochen's River of Time.

The sword broke the River of Time.

The tip of the sword struck Zhang Ruochen's right palm from the head of the River of Time to the end of the river.

Zhang Ruochen's speed was not much slower than Que's thanks to the Profound Spatial Dimension and Null Time realm. He moved out at the first opportunity, avoiding the sword.

It could be said that only Zhang Ruochen's speed could compete with Que's.

Swish Swish

Kagemaru slashed again, but Zhang Ruochen dodged it again.

Each holds a sword, one chasing, and one dodging.

It didn't take long for Que to slash out thousands of swords. Finally, he caught up with Zhang Ruochen, forcing him to a corner.

The white light sword was right in front of Zhang Ruochen's eyes, filling his pupils. Yan Wushen's golden body was also

shattered. Que's Oblivion Sword must have been terrifying. If he was hit, his body would be split into two.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Violet Gourd and hacked it out at the critical moment. It slammed into Kagemaru. Sword Qi erupted and spread in all directions.

Zhang Ruochen slid back more than 10 miles. His body was hit by the Oblivion Sword Qi, leaving four bloody holes in his chest.

Swoosh

Kagemaru flew in a circle in the air and landed on the ground, revealing Que's tall and thin figure.

He stood there as if he was standing in the center of the universe, displaying a King's Qi of the first place on the list of Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Zhang Ruochen had to raise his understanding of Que to another level after the battle. A person who could cultivate the Grade Two Saintwill and the Master of Oblivion was indeed a rare existence in a Yuanhui period.

"Why did you stop?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Que said, "If I continue to attack, you won't be able to fight back. In the end, you won't be able to escape death. But I'd like to see your Grade Two Saintwill before you die."

Grade Two Saintwill couldn't be seen all the time.

In an era, the probability of two Grade Two Saintwill appearing at the same time was very small.

Of course, Que wanted to see Zhang Ruochen's Grade Two Saintwill. Perhaps he could comprehend something from it. It would help him perfect his Grade Two Saintwill.

"Aren't you afraid that you'll die under my Grade Two Saintwill?" Zhang Ruochen understood Que's intentions and smiled.

Que said, "With your cultivation of breaking 30 shackles, if you can threaten my life, I deserve to die at your hands."

“Okay, as you wish,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen spread his ten golden wings on his back and flew up.

Then, the huge Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King appeared behind him, giving off a dazzling golden light. He displayed the saint technique, Incarceration of Divine Demon, and combined it with the Saint Aspect.

As Zhang Ruochen’s aura became stronger and stronger, Que’s eyes became more and more serious.

In this world, Zhang Ruochen could be considered one of the cultivators who could make him cautious.

The sword in Que’s hand drew out sword moves one after another. He also mobilized the Saintwill he had cultivated and merged it with the sword moves, reaching a natural state.

His Grade Two Saintwill was a combination of the Path of Oblivion, Swordsmanship, Path of Flowing Light, and the Path of Wind.

He was so fast because he had excelled in both the Path of Flowing Light and the Path of Wind. He had also bred the top-tier Grade Four Saintwill.

The Path of Flowing Light was the fastest among the speed category Path. It was one of the best among the 72 Paths of Supreme Saint.

Que closed his eyes and completely immersed himself in the sword technique.

He had to go all out with this strike. He had to not only break Zhang Ruochen’s Saintwill but also kill Zhang Ruochen. When he entered the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, he did have the restriction of not killing anyone. However, Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, and Lan Ying had joined forces and threatened his life.

How could he just sit there and wait for death?

“Yin Yang Five-Element, Incarceration of Divine Demon.”

The Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill and the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King merged into one. Zhang Ruochen stepped on Que while standing in the center of the Divine Demon's shadow.

With the support of the Saintwill, this attack triggered a heaven and earth phenomenon. Thunder and lightning struck the nine heavens above the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King.

There were hundreds of millions of corpses below. It was the scenery of hell.

The entire world was dark.

“Oblivion Sword form, A Thousand Revolutions and One Sword.”

When Que flew up, his body disappeared. He merged with Kagemaru and attacked the Yin Yang Five-Element light cloud below the Divine Demon Shadow's feet. As soon as they came into contact, the Yin Yang Five-Element light cloud turned into a Taiji Mark.

Chapter 2358 The Last Seal

The Taiji Mark spun rapidly, emitting five-colored saint light.

Five different powerful forces surged within. Like a Doomsday Millstone, they could crush everything in the world.

Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could compete with a Supreme Saint at the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm with this attack.

Even if it was as powerful as Kagamaru, when it hit the Taiji Mark, it was pulled in by the spiral Qi contained in the mark. The sword's direction was shifted.

However, soon, 16 billion Precepts burst out from the sword. With a loud bang, the Taiji Mark was broken.

Boom

The Incarceration of Divine Demon was also pierced through by the sword.

Kagamaru was like a beam of light. It passed through the huge Divine Demon's shadow and stabbed straight at Zhang Ruochen, who was floating in the center of the shadow.

Zhang Ruochen did not panic amid a life-or-death situation. Instead, his thoughts were unmistakable.

Zhang Ruochen did not understand enough about Que.

However, Zhang Ruochen understood his own power very well.

With the 3.6 billion Precepts that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated, it was easy for him to defeat other Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Zhang Ruochen did not think much of the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints who had cultivated more than ten billion Precepts and had already transformed into Path.

Because the more Precepts, the better. One had to know how to use them exquisitely.

But Que also knew how to use the Precepts in the best way. The number of Precepts was many times more than Zhang Ruochen's. It could be said that Zhang Ruochen knew that he would lose without a doubt before the battle even started.

He might even die.

However, Que had made a fatal mistake.

He should not have given Zhang Ruochen the chance to use his strongest attack when Yan Wushen was still alive and Lan Ying's life was uncertain.

He was too conceited!

The conceit was the biggest weakness of all geniuses and powerful people.

Zhang Ruochen had the opportunity to save his life and change the outcome today because of Que's error.

As long as Zhang Ruochen could block Que's sword, even if it was only for a short time, Yan Wushen and Lan Ying would seize the opportunity to give Que a fatal blow.

When Que attacked with all his strength, his defense would be at its weakest.

Zhang Ruochen's challenge was to see if he could block Kagemaru for a split second. The outcome, their life and death, their success and failure, all depended on this split second.

Yan Wushen stood on the ground in the distance and his neck wound had healed.

Yan Wushen's eyes burned like fire as he watched the shadow of the Divine Demon collapse. Kagemaru was getting closer and closer to Zhang Ruochen, he couldn't help but say, "Zhang Ruochen, no matter what, you can't die under Que's sword. Otherwise, I will regret it for the rest of my life. You must die under my palm if you want to die."

Boom

Yan Wushen's palms collided. His body shone with a peerless golden light again. His golden body grew bigger and bigger,

transforming into Golden Giant Mode.

Inside the golden body, there were thousands of Buddha chants, and the sound of Buddha was like thunder.

A Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared in front of him. He was ready to cross space and attack at any time. Even though it was very dangerous to walk through the Spatial Wormhole Mirror in this world full of Path Locks, he wasn't afraid at all.

After Lan Ying's body exploded, he turned into a colorful and chaotic light fog and filled the world.

At this moment, all the chaotic light fog started rolling. Like boiling water, energy tides burst out.

Of course, Que knew that Lan Ying was probably not dead. He also knew that Yan Wushen would definitely attack.

Therefore, Que didn't just want to kill Zhang Ruochen. He wanted to lure Lan Ying and Yan Wushen to attack and kill them too. Otherwise, if Lan Ying, Yan Wushen, and Zhang Ruochen wanted to escape, he could only kill one person at most.

If Que wanted to kill, he had to kill all of them.

Kagemaru finally broke through all of Zhang Ruochen's defenses, and the tip of the sword hit the bottom of Zhang Ruochen's left foot.

If any other cultivator faced such a threat, he would most likely perish, even if his cultivation had advanced to the Banshi Isshou Realm.

However, Zhang Ruochen's leg was not ordinary. It was a divine leg.

Whoosh

His entire left leg turned golden in an instant. 10 million crimson Divine Marks of Flame appeared. A large number of divine flames surged out from his foot and clashed with Kagemaru. It suppressed the sword's momentum for a moment.

At that moment.

Yan Wushen stepped into the Spatial Wormhole Mirror and appeared beside Kagemaru in an instant. He struck out with all his strength.

Although Que had merged with Kagemaru and seemed to be one with the sword, he was still injured.

However, as long as Yan Wushen hit him, it would still hurt Que.

“I’ve been waiting for you for a long time!”

Que’s voice was heard.

Kagemaru, which had collided with Yanshen’s leg, changed its attack direction and slashed down vertically.

The sword tip reached the top of Yan Wushen’s head and wanted to split his body into two.

This was a premeditated killing sword!

Yan Wushen was obviously prepared. He demonstrated the adaptability and reaction speed of a peerless genius at this critical moment of life and death. He shouted, “Bridge of Vaitarna!”

An ancient stone bridge flew out from between his brows and collided with Kagemaru.

The Bridge of Vaitarna was not a Supreme Artifact, but a stone bridge formed naturally from heaven and earth. It had been formed for tens of millions of years.

Legend had it that this bridge was once located in the distant dark starry sky between Celestial Court and Infernal Court. Although it was a bridge, it was connected to many worlds.

The bridge was hundreds of millions of miles long when it was fully opened. It has the potential to cross the galaxy and connect all worlds.

Later, many gods of the Yanluo clan worked together to take the Bridge of Vaitarna away.

Even with the power of the gods of the Yanluo Clan, they could not refine the Bridge of Vaitarna into an artifact. They only left a large number of secret engravings on the bridge.

They could easily use the Bridge of Vaitarna as a weapon by controlling the secret engravings.

The Bridge of Vaitarna that flew out from Yan Wushen's glabella was not its actual body, but a light shadow condensed from a secret art.

BOOM!

Kagemaru was indestructible and cut the Bridge of Vaitarna in half. The sword light landed on Yan Wushen's body.

Yan Wushen turned around and jumped into the Spatial Wormhole Mirror.

Crack

The Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared on the ground a hundred miles away. Yan Wushen rushed out and crashed heavily into the ground. His body was covered in blood and he was severely injured.

Que was also in great danger. When he was controlling Kagemaru and attacking Yan Wushen, Lan Ying rushed out with the Sword of Asura in his hand from the colorful and chaotic light fog.

Flames were burning in Lan Ying's eyes, and the Sword of Asura in his hand was so red that it was dripping blood.

"Take my strongest move, World-destroyer Asura."

With this attack, Lan Ying activated his Saintwill and released all the Precepts in his body. The Sword of Asura in his hand became extremely heavy. He held the hilt tightly with both hands and used all his strength to slash out.

The Asura world within a thousand miles turned completely red.

Boom

The Sword of Asura and Kagemaru collided heavily.

In an instant, Que reappeared. He held the hilt tightly and fought against Lan Ying.

In the end, Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's cultivation was still too low. Only Lan Ying was Que's strongest enemy and the one who could threaten him the most.

The two held each sword in a stalemate.

On Lan Ying's child-like face, a sinister smile appeared. He said, "Zhang Ruochen's Incarceration of Divine Demon and Yan Wushen's Bridge of Vaitarna have long exhausted your Saintwill's power. You are now an arrow at the end of its flight. Rather than struggling, it's better to save your energy to escape."

Que didn't say a word. His face was as grim as iron, and his eyes were sharp and fierce.

Lan Ying was right. Most of Que's strongest sword power had been consumed by Zhang Ruochen's Grade Two Saintwill and Incarceration of Divine Demon. However, there was also a strong Swordsmanship power that rushed into Zhang Ruochen's left leg through the soles of his feet.

Zhang Ruochen's left leg was a god's leg. It could indeed burst out a strong power, but that power was not completely under his control.

Que's sword attack contained a strong Power of Oblivion. It broke through the last seal that Moon Goddess had placed on Yanshen's leg.

Suddenly, the divine power and divine flame, which were ten times stronger than before, gushed out crazily.

This power could only be controlled by comprehending the Divine Mark of Flame. However, Zhang Ruochen had only comprehended 10 million Divine Marks of Flame. After the seal was broken, the number of Divine Mark of Flame had reached 100 million.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't possibly control it.

Zhang Ruochen's plan was to wait until he had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm before he could break the fourth seal that Moon Goddess had placed on the leg. Then, he would seclude himself for some time and slowly comprehend 100 million Divine Marks of Flame

without anyone disturbing him, he would control all the divine power contained in the leg.

Zhang Ruochen's plan was disrupted, and he fell into a desperate situation instead.

The divine flame in his left leg was raging uncontrollably. His flesh and blood were burned red like a hot iron. They glowed golden as if they were about to melt.

Zhang Ruochen tried his best to control 10 million Divine Marks of Flame to suppress the divine flame, but he failed.

The divine flame spread to his waist through his meridians, sainthood meridians, and blood vessels. His whole body gradually burned.

The Demigod-level physique was indeed powerful, but the divine flame was cultivated by Yanshen. It could be used to burn and refine gods. Wasn't it easy to burn and refine a demigod?

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fists. His body was writhing in agony. The fire melted his meridians, sainthood meridians, and blood vessels. His body was turned into gold by the fire.

Even after suffering so much, Zhang Ruochen still didn't give up. He struggled to activate the Heart of the Divine Tree and recover his melted body.

"Precepts of Water!" Zhang Ruochen called out.

In the Heavenly Stream, a large number of Precepts of Water rushed out of his sea of Qi to fight against the divine flame.

However, it was a drop in the bucket.

Tens of millions of Precepts of Water couldn't stand up to the blazing divine flame.

The more dangerous the moment, the clearer Zhang Ruochen became. Suddenly, he thought and said, "Yin Yang five elements, Elemental Conversion."

The power of the five elements countered each other.

Since Zhang Ruochen could transform the power of metal contained in the Apex Intergold Qi into water, fire, earth, and

wood, he could transform the power of fire contained in the divine flame into metal, wood, water, and earth. With the conversion of the five elements.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and let the divine flame burn his body. He cultivated the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill and activated the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture.

In the distance, the green scale-covered mountain range raised a huge dragon head. On the top of the head, there was a swastika mark. "His body has integrated the Apex Intergold Qi. It seems that he has passed the Tiger's preliminary test. He's indeed a peerless hero. He actually thought of cultivating the Yin Yang five elements and achieved incredible results." said the Swastika Seiryu.

The Swastika Seiryu had been paying attention to the battle between Zhang Ruochen and the other three. He was actually quite amazed. Their talents, minds, and methods were all Grade One.

He had waited here for 30,000 years and seen countless talents of the Yanluo Clan. However, there were only one or two who could reach the level of the four of them.

The Swastika Seiryu said, "It's a pity that this kid's body contains the power of the divine flame. It's so powerful that he can't control it. The five elements conversion was indeed a good method. Unfortunately, the divine flame was too powerful. The conversion speed couldn't keep up with the refining speed of the body.

"It's been 30,000 years here. I can't sleep anymore. Since I've decided to come out, Tiger, you should come out with me!"

The Swastika Seiryu decided to help Zhang Ruochen. After all, if he was burned to death by the divine flame, the Intergold Tiger would lose its guide. Who knew how many years it would take before it could be born.

If one is to be born, both must be born together.

Just as Zhang Ruochen's internal organs began to melt, a cool dragon-shaped Qi flow surged into his body.

This dragon-shaped Qi flow was the same as the energy released by the Heart of the Divine Tree. It was also of the wood element. It protected his body and bought him more time.

Zhang Ruochen didn't have time to care about where this dragon-shaped Qi flow came from. He just greedily absorbed it. While recovering his burned body, he continued to activate the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill to transform the divine flame.

Boom!

Inside his body, there was an explosion. It was the thirty-first shackle. The divine flame had shattered it.

Boom

A moment later, the thirty-second shackle was broken.

Lan Ying and Que's swords collided. In the end, the Sword of Asura broke Kagamaru and slashed at Que's chest, leaving a deep bloody scar.

Que's body was almost broken into two.

Lan Ying laughed. "Now you know that the so-called Imperial Artifact of Precept is not as strong as you think, right?"

"You are too proud!" Que snorted.

The broken Kagamaru turned into dense Precepts, and soon, it condensed into a sword again.

Que ignored the wounds on his body and attacked with all his strength. He slashed out with his sword, and Lan Ying could only defend passively.

After more than two thousand strikes, Que broke through Lan Ying's defense and pierced through his chest. The Power of Oblivion burst out, and Lan Ying's chest became a transparent hole.

Lan Ying screamed and retreated quickly.

His speed was incomparable to Que's. He was caught up in an instant.

“Slash!”

Que used another sword technique of Oblivion to cut into Lan Ying’s right arm.

His entire right arm was swallowed by oblivion and disappeared.

Lan Ying was shocked and scared. He looked around to find Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen. He was no match for Que alone. It was even difficult for him to escape.

Unfortunately, Yan Wushen disappeared after he fell to the ground with serious injuries.

Zhang Ruochen was hit by Que’s sword. His body burned up and he fell to the ground. A large area of golden land was burned into a lava lake. Most of them had died from self-immolation.

How could Que be so powerful? The three of them had failed miserably together.

Lan Ying had never accepted his fate. He had never been afraid of anything. But at this moment, he felt a trace of despair. It was not because of Que, but because of oblivion.

No matter how strong Que was, if he had not mastered the Path of Oblivion, he would definitely not be able to do anything to him.

Que followed closely behind Lan Ying, he said, “Aren’t you the Spirit of Slaughter? Don’t you have an undying body? I want to see what will happen when the nine-colored chaotic qi and the Qi of Slaughter in your body completely turn into oblivion.”

Chapter 2359 Lan Ying's Downfall

"If you want to kill me, you will have to pay a heavy price," said Lan Ying.

Lan Ying's face turned ferocious, and silver demonic marks appeared on his face.

The Power of Oblivion continuously devoured the chaotic energy and Divine Qi in his body, making him weaker and weaker. If he continued to sit and wait for death, he would definitely be worn to death.

Instead of doing that, he might as well fight back with his life.

"Chaos beginning, birthing Asura."

The Sword of Asura flew out of his hand and floated above Lan Ying's head, emitting an astonishing blood light.

The sword light turned into sword Qi, forming a circular sword domain.

In the sword domain, Lan Ying's missing arm grew back. Soon after, his body became chaotic, like a human-shaped nine-colored universe.

Three hundred years ago, Lan Ying had absorbed all the divine Qi and Qi of Slaughter from an ancient battlefield relic before he was born.

He was a cultivator in Saint Realm when he was born.

Although he had become a Supreme Saint, there was still a large amount of divine Qi and Qi of Slaughter hidden in the depths of his body.

At this moment, Lan Ying used a secret technique to draw out the hidden power by burning his divine Qi.

Que sensed that Lan Ying's aura was getting stronger and stronger. He knew that he was going to give it his all. His eyes turned cold and he took two steps forward. Kagemaru in his hand left a long sword mark and slashed at the Sword of Asura's domain.

Whoosh

The blood-red sword domain was torn apart by a twelve-meter-long gash.

“It’s useless to burn your divine Qi in front of absolute strength.”

Que raised his sword and rushed into the sword domain. His sword was like a light as it stabbed at the center of Lan Ying’s brows.

“Is that so?”

Lan Ying, who was standing in the center of the chaotic light, suddenly opened his eyes. Two beams of colorful lights flew out from his pupils and collided with the sword light that was coming straight at him.

Rumble

The collision of two powerful forces shook the sword domain until it collapsed.

Que retreated backward until he was outside of the chaotic fog. Only then did he stabilize his body. He stared at Lan Ying and muttered to himself, “He has become so much stronger?”

Burning his divine Qi was to burn the foundation of his godhood in exchange for a short period of powerful strength.

The Qi of Slaughter on Lan Ying’s body surged. He grabbed the Sword of Asura and chased after Que.

“As long as I kill you, I’ll be first on the list of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

Lan Ying’s aura was ferocious. He slashed down with his sword vertically.

Que used his nimbleness to escape at high speed. He did not confront Lan Ying head-on.

Que had to pay a huge price to burn his divine qi. As long as he could stall Lan Ying for a while, he would collapse without attacking.

“Where are you going?”

Lan Ying raised the Sword of Asura above his head. The sword qi and the Qi of Slaughter condensed into an Infernal Asura in the sky. As he slashed down with his sword, the blood-red Infernal Asura also pressed down.

Que looked up as he ran away and immediately mobilized the Power of Oblivion.

Whoosh

In an instant, Que's body turned into oblivion and disappeared from the ground.

The suppression of the Infernal Asura caused the land within a thousand miles to shake violently.

The sword Qi of the Sword of Asura was like a blood-red aurora, piercing through the golden land from north to south.

Crack

Que appeared from oblivion and was hit by the Sword Qi of the Sword of Asura. His body was split into two, flying left and right, and a large amount of blood spilled on the ground.

However, the two halves of his body quickly got up from the ground. A dazzling light appeared on both halves of his body, and the other half grew out. Instantly, two identical figures stood on the left and right, as if they had used the clone technique.

Both Que and Yan Wushen raised their heads at the same time and looked at the eastern sky with sharp eyes.

There was a blazing sun floating in the sky.

The blazing sun emitted the Light of Origin.

In the center of the blazing sun, there was a heroic figure. It was none other than Yan Wushen, who had disappeared earlier.

Previously, if Yan Wushen hadn't used the Light of Origin at the critical moment to force him out of the oblivion, Lan Ying's attacks would have been ineffective.

Lan Ying let out a sinister laugh as he walked over step by step, "You've already been invaded by the Qi of Slaughter,

you'll definitely lose today. Hand over the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and I'll let you live."

"I've already swallowed the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill." Que's split bodies spoke at the same time, making a series of overlapping sounds.

"What did you say?" Lan Ying asked angrily.

The Qi of Slaughter on Lan Ying's body became even more intense. His eyes were about to pop out of their sockets, and he was extremely angry.

Lan Ying had to pay a huge price to burn his divine Qi. He wanted to snatch the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and make up for his losses.

If Que had already consumed the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, then Lan Ying had only one option.

"I'll devour you," said Lan Ying

A vast, chaotic mist surged out of Lan Ying, emitting colorful lights as it spun rapidly.

Even a large portion of Lan Ying's body turned into mist, enveloping Que's split bodies and pulling them toward the center of the vortex.

Devouring was the innate ability of the Lan Ying.

Once any powerhouse was absorbed into his body, they wouldn't be able to escape the fate of being refined. There was no way for them to break free. This was because the body of the Lan Ying was formed from Qi of Slaughter. It was the Spirit of Slaughter.

If one couldn't break through the Qi of Slaughter, they wouldn't be able to escape.

Que appeared extremely calm as he said, "If you wish to devour me, you are only destroying yourself."

Que, who was standing on the left, executed the Path of Flowing Light and charged towards the center of the vortex at his fastest speed. His body emitted a blinding light as his body exploded.

“Return to oblivion,” said Que.

Lan Ying let out a terrified cry, “You want to die... together...”

Boom

After Que’s body exploded, the Power of Oblivion that was formed devoured the colorful and chaotic light that spread for hundreds of miles and instantly turned into oblivion.

Even the golden soil on the ground, as well as the space itself, vanished.

The area with a diameter of hundreds of miles directly turned into oblivion. At the edge of the oblivion, there was a space-shattering zone. Half of it was golden and the other half was black.

Lan Ying had fallen!

No one would have thought that Lan Ying, who should have unlimited possibilities in the future and had the potential to become a deity, would actually die here.

Que’s other body stood at the edge of the oblivion, holding Kagemaru in his hand. He stared at the sun in the eastern sky and said, “How do you wish to die?”

Yan Wushen was extremely shocked. He still could not accept the fact that Lan Ying had died. After a long time, he finally calmed down, he said, “You self-destructed half of your body to kill Lan Ying. Your combat power must have dropped drastically. Do you think you can still kill me?”

Que said, “Blow up half of my body and my battle power will definitely drop? Your understanding of me is still too little.”

The battle intent on Que did not decrease. He burst out with extreme speed and charged straight at Yan Wushen.

Kagemaru was like a shooting star that pierced through the sky. In front of the tip of the sword, oblivion was formed.

“The Six Paths of Reincarnation.”

Behind Yan Wushen, the huge shadow of Progenitor Yama appeared. He punched out, forming a scene of The Six Paths

of Reincarnation. The world shook.

Kagemaru broke through The Six Paths of Reincarnation with a crushing force. The sword slashed across Yan Wushen's face, leaving a deep bloody scar.

Que changed his move quickly and swept the sword across.

Yan Wushen froze the space, forming layers of Spatial Shields. However, he was still hit by Que's sword, leaving a bloody wound on his abdomen. He was almost cut in half.

BANG!

Yan Wushen fell heavily to the ground, creating a huge pit with a diameter of dozens of meters.

'Half of his body was self-destructed, how come it didn't weaken at all?' Yan Wushen thought. He flipped over and stood up with one hand on the ground. His pair of Divine Eyes of Origin stared at Que, who was floating in the air, trying to see through him?

"This era is my era after all. It's over. Send my regards to Lan Ying!" said Que.

Que held his sword with both hands and raised the white light sword above his head. Streaks of lightning-like white light connected the sword and the sky, illuminating him as if he was a divine being.

Just as Que was about to slash down, he sensed a spatial fluctuation.

Above his head, a palm-sized Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared.

A black droplet flew out from the mirror.

BOOM!

The black droplet exploded, forming a terrifying destructive wave. It contained Darkness, Dimension, and Time, three different attacking powers.

Even though Que's reflexes were extremely fast and he had escaped for miles in an instant, he was still pierced through by

a Dimensional Rift. The Power of Darkness and Time invaded his body.

Yan Wushen, who was in the pit, had already activated the Bridge of Vaitarna between his brows. He intended to fight Que to the death.

The sudden accident made him slightly stunned. He looked up into the sky.

He saw a crimson fire cloud appear.

Every cloud was like a ball of divine fire, burning fiercely and releasing a terrifying power that made one's heart palpitate.

The sea of fire clouds covered the entire sky, with no end in sight.

A foot as big as a mountain broke through the clouds and stepped on the top of Que's head. "Zhang... Ruo... Chen... Chen..."

Que felt a strong and hot air pressure pressing down on his body, making him unable to move.

Being attacked by the Dark Space-time Matter, Que was extremely weak at the moment. He immediately used the Power of Oblivion and his body rapidly turned into oblivion. Only by turning into complete oblivion could he neutralize the power of Zhang Ruochen's kick.

"I knew you wouldn't die so early."

Yan Wushen coughed up blood and laughed. He released the Light of Origin and the Profound Spatial Dimension at the same time and suppressed Que's body, forcing Que to be unable to completely turn to oblivion.

Rumble

Finally, Zhang Ruochen's Yanshen's leg and Que's palms collided.

The golden earth couldn't withstand the impact and sank. The powerful Qi waves sent Yan Wushen, who was standing in the distance, flying for more than ten miles.

When all the power fluctuations calmed down, Yan Wushen looked over. Zhang Ruochen stood on the ground, his left leg still burning with divine flames. The ten golden wings on his back were like ten clouds.

Que's presence didn't disappear, but it became very weak.

Whoosh

Que flew out from the broken ground. He was covered in blood. Standing in front of Zhang Ruochen, he glanced at Yan Wushen in the distance. His eyes were filled with unwillingness and coldness.

Que had killed Lan Ying in today's battle, but he hadn't expected to end up in the hands of Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, two cultivators whose cultivation was still far from the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You are seriously injured. Lan Ying's Qi of Slaughter, the Power of Dimension, Darkness, and Time of the Dark Space-time Matter, as well as the divine flame power of Yanshen's Leg, have all invaded your body and are destroying your flesh and Saint Soul. Do you still want to fight?"

"You seem to have become stronger!" said Que.

It was obvious that Zhang Ruochen had broken eight more shackles.

The total number of broken shackles reached thirty-eight.

"It's all thanks to you," Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Wushen walked up from another direction, forming a triangle with Que and Zhang Ruochen.

Obviously, Yan Wushen no longer regarded Que as his biggest enemy but was also on guard against Zhang Ruochen.

Que knew that Yan Wushen still had a trump card that he had not used yet, so he could not ignore him. He suggested, "Zhang Ruochen has mastered the Dark Space-time Matter and has achieved a great breakthrough in cultivation. Why don't we join hands and kill him first?"

Yan Wushen said, "If you give me the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, I'll join hands with you."

Then he added, "Don't tell me that you've already eaten the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Only Lan Ying will believe that."

Zhang Ruochen picked up the Violet Gourd and injected Saint Qi into it. The Supreme Inscription inside the gourd revived and released more and more power.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You'd better think it through. This is the home planet of the Yanluo Clan. Even if you and Yan Wushen join hands to kill me, you won't be able to escape. Only if you and I join hands will we have a chance to survive today. I only want the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. I don't want your life."

Zhang Ruochen continued, "Outside, the Yanluo clan cultivators must have set up an impenetrable net at this point. We can't break out by force. Only if we join hands to capture Yan Wushen can we make them fear the consequences."

Que asked, "You want to work with me?"

"There are no eternal enemies in the world, only eternal interests," Zhang Ruochen said.

Que took out the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and held it in his left palm. The pill was sealed inside a crystal, emitting a dazzling light. There were dense pill ley lines that spread outward and interweaved like a spider web.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's eyes tightened.

Que indeed hadn't swallowed the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was rare. It was a treasure that even the Grand Supreme Elixir Master couldn't refine. No one knew how amazing its power was. It could even help a cultivator condense a single Grade Three Saintwill.

Any cultivator who saw it couldn't control their desires.

Que smiled and said, "You all want the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Who should I give it to?"

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were both extraordinary people. They quickly restrained their emotions and forced themselves to calm down.

“Why don’t I take it myself?”

Que’s eyes turned cold. With a crack, he crushed the crystal on the surface of the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. He pinched the pill between his fingers and fed it to his mouth.

“Dimensional Freeze.”

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen used their strongest Power of Dimension at the same time to suppress Que.

At the same time, a golden pillar of light formed by Supreme Power rushed out from the Violet Gourd and charged toward Que’s chest.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen’s swift and fierce attacks forced Que to not be able to swallow the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Que had to use the Oblivion Sword to break through the frozen dimension. Then he swiftly dodged the Violet Gourd’s attack.

“Dimensional Sword Dance.”

“Yama Naraka.”

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen reached a tacit understanding. They rushed forward and used their skills. They wanted to kill Que first before fighting for the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Chapter 2360 A Sudden Turn of Events

The strange mark on Yan Wushen's forehead emitted an extremely dim light, causing the Buddha aura and precepts of heaven and earth to continuously gather towards him.

At the same time, the nearly four billion Precepts in his body surged out and formed a materialized Infernal world.

The cold wind whistled, and tens of thousands of ghosts wailed.

In that Infernal world, Blood Suns were hanging in the sky, tens of thousands of tombstones, divine coffins floating, and white skeletons marching. When Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen first fought in Luoshui, he was forced to use the Sundial to resolve this powerful attack.

Now, Yan Wushen's cultivation was many times higher than it was back then, and he had developed the Yama Naraka again. Its formation had suppressed Zhang Ruochen to a certain extent.

'He has already cultivated four billion Precepts, 400 million more than me.' Zhang Ruochen thought as he was a little surprised. He didn't know what Yan Wushen's opportunity was, how he could have improved so much.

"A mere Yama Naraka can't suppress me," said Que.

In front, Que let out a long whistle.

Kagemaru was like a white rainbow piercing the sun. It flew into the sky and clashed with the Infernal world.

One sword split into eight swords, then sixty-four swords, evolving into five hundred and twelve swords.

TO

Finally, ten thousand swords flew together.

"If I was at my peak, I would only need one sword to break his Yama Naraka."

Que used all his power to tear Yama Naraka apart with ten thousand swords, turning them into wisps of ghastly ghost

mist. At the same time, he spat out blood and suffered the backlash from all the power in his body.

Pfft

Zhang Ruochen's thirty-six Dimensional Swords combined into one and hit Que's chest.

Que's hands formed sword fingers and controlled the ten thousand swords to block his chest. The dense sword light was like sparks on water, colliding fiercely with the Dimensional Swords.

Bang Bang

The ten thousand swords shattered.

The Dimensional Swords pierced through Que's chest with crushing power and flew out of his back.

The impact of the sword sent Que's body flying backward. He crashed into a golden mountain and created a deep pit on the cliff.

Zhang Ruochen didn't give him time to catch his breath. He flew to the top of the golden mountain. His left foot burst out with earth-shaking divine power and pressed down heavily.

The golden mountain was more than 3,000 meters high. Its geological structure was compact and even more stable than a mountain made of gold.

Boom

The mountain sank under the foot of the Yanshen's Leg. A large amount of soil and rocks melted.

A moment later, the golden mountain disappeared. There was only a divine flame fire domain and a golden lava lake below.

Zhang Ruochen spread the ten wings on his back and controlled his body to balance. His spiritual power locked onto Que's Qi fluctuation. He secretly mobilized his Saint Qi and injected it into the Violet Gourd to activate the Supreme Inscription.

Yan Wushen arrived not far away. His gaze was solemn. The strength of Zhang Ruochen's leg astounded him.

The strange mark between his brows flashed with dark light again. He didn't know if he wanted to activate Yama Naraka again or the Bridge of Vaitarna.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Yan Wushen from the corner of his eyes. He was on guard.

CRASH!

Que turned into a black light beam, broke through the golden lava, and flew into the air.

His injuries became more serious. His skin was charred black by the divine flame. He no longer had the heroic bearing of number one on the list of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He was no longer human, and blood kept gushing out of the wounds on his body.

Que looked at Zhang Ruochen with his eyes and waved his right hand.

“Zhang Ruochen, here is the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill,” said Que.

A ball of bright light flew to Zhang Ruochen at an extremely fast speed.

11

Zhang Ruochen was worried that there was a trap. He used the Power of Dimension contained in the Profound Spatial Dimension to neutralize the impact of the light fog, causing it to slowly stop in front of him.

Upon closer inspection, it was indeed the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill in the light fog.

Although Zhang Ruochen was extremely excited, he did not lose his mind. He quickly understood.

This was a delaying tactic and a diversion.

Que was very clear that the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was a hot potato. It was the root cause of the siege.

Even if Que ingested the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill right now, he would almost certainly be captured by the Yanluo

Clan, thrown into the pill furnace, and refined into a pill once more.

Hiding in the Yanluo Clan's home planet was a brilliant strategy.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's cultivation had far exceeded his expectations. They were the two biggest variables in his defeat today.

At that moment, the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill could not be kept. Que could only give it away.

The keeper of the pill could only be Zhang Ruochen.

This was because even if Zhang Ruochen received the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he would not refine it immediately. Instead, he would save it and further enhance his Grade Three Saintwill.

'I'll leave it with you for now. When I recover, I'll take it back myself,' Que thought.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen knew that if he took the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he would be attacked from all sides and end up like Que. But he still reached out and took the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill without hesitation.

"The path I'm taking now is too difficult. I can't do it without the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill." Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen took the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Without thinking, he rushed to the exit of this world at his fastest speed.

Ahead.

Specks of light scattered in the air.

The specks of light were nine-colored and formed a small vortex.

A blood-red sword flew out of the nine-colored vortex. It dragged a dozens-meter-long tail and slammed into Zhang Ruochen's chest.

"Sword of Asura!" Zhang Ruochen exclaimed.

Zhang Ruochen's pupils contracted. He was both surprised and shocked.

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'Who was controlling the Sword of Asura?

'Was it the sword spirit or Lan Ying?'

Not to mention Zhang Ruochen, even Yan Wushen and Que were shocked.

The speed and power of the Sword of Asura were extremely powerful. Moreover, it was very precise in timing. It had been hidden perfectly.

The sword attack contained profound sword comprehension and rushed toward Zhang Ruochen's weakest point.

How could the sword spirit do it?

At that critical moment, it was too late to use any means. However, Zhang Ruochen had used three moves in a row to resolve the crisis of death.

The first move was to use the power of the Profound Spatial Dimension to perform Dimensional Freeze instantly.

The second move was to rapidly shrink his body.

The third move was to bend the ten wings on his back and wrap his body inside, turning it into a golden ball the size of a marble. With the strength of the golden wings and the power of the Progenitor's blood vein, this move was always effective in the face of sudden danger.

BANG!

The Sword of Asura seemed to break through the layer of paper, piercing through the frozen space. The tip of the sword hit the golden ball with astonishing accuracy.

The golden ball was covered in blood streaks. It turned into a streak of golden light and flew backward.

The golden ball hit the ground and stirred up a thick layer of dust.

Zhang Ruochen's figure reappeared in the dust. All ten golden wings on his back were pierced through and golden blood flowed out. A bloody hole appeared on his back. The Qi of Slaughter invaded his body.

As Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Divine Purification Flame to refine the Qi of Slaughter, he released his spiritual power to guard against Que, Yan Wushen, and the Sword of Asura.

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly. He understood Que's previous situation. Being attacked by a group of freakishly strong geniuses was indeed a huge pressure.

More importantly, these freakishly strong geniuses couldn't die no matter how they fought.

Just like Lan Ying, he seemed to have survived the fatal attack.

Wisps of colorful light mist rushed out from the Sword of Asura and condensed into the figure of Lan Ying.

Lan Ying stood on the sword with his bare feet and said, "Don't look at me with such strange eyes. You are not qualified to kill me."

"Did you swallow the sword spirit and become one with the Sword of Asura?" Yan Wushen said with a smile as if he was deep in thought.

Lan Ying glanced at him coldly, "You don't know how great the Sword of Asura is. It's just that after it was reforged, it couldn't give birth to a sword spirit. That's why it remained at the level of a Supreme Artifact and couldn't advance any further.

"I ascended Mount Asura and became its sword spirit. That's why I was able to take it away.

"In the future, it and I will both step on the peak of gods and Divine Artifacts.

"Que, if you want to nurture a Divine Artifact, why wouldn't I want to nurture a Divine Artifact as well?"

Lan Ying wasn't a human, nor was he a living being or a dead spirit. He was a Spirit of Slaughter nurtured by the Qi of Slaughter on the ancient battlefield.

Because of that, Lan Ying could become the sword spirit of the Sword of Asura.

The Qi of Slaughter and the sword spirit could exist at the same time.

A trace of disdain could be seen in Que's eyes as he looked up, he said, "We are different. My future has unlimited possibilities. And your future will definitely be restricted by the Sword of Asura. When you decide to take control of the Sword of Asura and become its sword spirit, the so-called Divine Fetus is already dead!"

The Light of Slaughter on the Sword of Asura surged unceasingly, showing how intense the emotional fluctuations of Lan Ying were.

Just as Lan Ying was about to activate the Sword of Asura and attack Que, a loud laugh came from the direction of the golden world's exit. "Why hasn't your battle ended yet? Looks like I'm early!"

Yan Huangtu put his hands behind his back and strode forward, dragon shadows weaving around his body.

The Eight Sons of Life and Death followed closely behind Yan Huangtu and lined up in a row. The Yama Qi on the eight of them intertwined and complemented each other. The burst of power was much stronger than that of Yan Huangtu.

Zhang Ruochen's expression didn't change, but he looked toward the exit of the golden world. His eyes shone with a deep light.

Yan Huangtu glanced at Que, Lan Ying, and Zhang Ruochen one by one. He smiled. Everything was planned.

"All three of you seem to be seriously injured. Who has the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill? Hand it over immediately!" Yan Huangtu's tone was strong, and his eyes were sharp.

Before the other three could speak, Zhang Ruochen pointed at Yan Wushen and said, "Yan Wushen has already taken the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill."

"That's right. I gave it to him personally," Que said.

Standing on the Sword of Asura, Lan Ying could clearly see the situation, he said coldly, “Yan Wushen’s cultivation speed is too fast. Even I underestimated him. I didn’t expect him to become the final winner. In my opinion, Yan Huangtu, you are no longer his match. He is the number one powerhouse of the Yanluo Clan.”

The three of them knew very well that to break the dominance of the Yanluo Clan, they could only divide and alienate them.

They were all top geniuses. They didn’t believe that Yan Huangtu wasn’t jealous of Yan Wushen’s talent at all? He didn’t care about being surpassed by Yan Wushen?

Even if he wasn’t jealous, he didn’t care. The cultivators of the Yanluo clan would probably have many discussions.

Besides, did Yan Huangtu really not want the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?

Yan Huangtu might be able to surpass Yan Wushen and become the number one person in the Yanluo clan if he swallowed the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Such a temptation is not for everyone.

Yan Huangtu’s gaze swept over the four people. At least, he couldn’t find any flaws in Zhang Ruochen, Que, and Lan Ying. Finally, his gaze fell on Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen stared deeply at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Using an Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill to test the will of the Yanluo cultivators is probably the wrong idea.”

“Brother Wushen, what do you mean?” Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

Yan Wushen’s breath in and out deeply. He obviously didn’t expect Zhang Ruochen to be so shameless and ruthless.

Yan Wushen stared at Yan Huangtu and The Eight Sons of Life and Death and said, “The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is with Zhang Ruochen. Forget it. Whether it’s with him or not, we have to kill all three of them. They’re all heavily injured. There’s no better chance than this.”

One of The Eight Sons of Life and Death looked like a scholar. He asked in a puzzled tone, “Why do we have to kill all of them?”

“Yes! What if we can’t find the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill after killing them?” Another one of The Eight Sons of Life and Death said.

Yan Wushen’s eyelids shrank. “What do you mean? Do you really doubt that I have the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill? So what if I do have the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill? Are you qualified to take it?”

Yan Huangtu’s gaze turned cold as he stared at the two people who had just spoken, he said, “The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill should have been given to Wushen to swallow. If it was really on him, how could he lie? The two of you should stop spouting nonsense and let outsiders see you as a joke.”

Yan Huangtu’s words seemed to be reprimanding the two Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. However, Yan Wushen thought he heard an alternate meaning and his heart sank slightly.

Maybe Yan Huangtu didn’t care about the title of the number one powerhouse of the Yanluo clan before, but he did care about it after being called too many times.

Maybe Yan Huangtu didn’t envy Yan Wushen’s talent before, but he would always change his mind when compared with others.

“Will he be dissatisfied with me taking away the opportunity of our clan’s home planet?”

This thought flashed through Yan Wushen’s mind. He laughed and said, “My cousin knows me well. Today, I have to keep the three of them. Leave Zhang Ruochen to me. You can split the other two.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Yan Wushen put his hands together. His body emitted two lights, one extremely bright and the other extremely dark. The powerful and chaotic Yama Naraka Qi gushed out from under his feet and turned into a sea of Qi that was bright and dark.

“Nothing can be done on the Bridge of Vaitarna and the flowers bloom on the other shore.”

Rumble

The air churned, the space vibrated, and the whole world shook violently.

An ancient stone bridge rushed out from between Yan Wushen’s eyebrows.

The stone bridge was only a few hundred feet long, but it dominated the landscape for a thousand miles. Many secret patterns resurrected on the bridge and formed Path Locks that resembled chains, all of which fell on Zhang Ruochen’s body.

Chapter 2361 Escape

Arctic Ice Continent.

Pitch-black demonic clouds covered the sky, and the cold night rain dripped incessantly.

Raindrops could pierce through mountains and the hardest rocks.

BANG!

Lightning would occasionally streak across the sky like a bright sky blade, traversing thousands of miles before dissipating into nothingness.

This land, which was unknown whether it was Buddhist land or the demon's domain, had become even more dangerous.

Moyin, Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Yue Tinghai, and Lord Sinluo stood in a Cloaking Array not far from the Reclining Buddha Hill. They were looking at the Dracopent Temple from afar.

They did not follow Zhang Ruochen into the temple but hid at the foot of the mountain.

Lord Bladehell's face was gloomy and his eyes were deep. He said, "Six hours have passed."

"Zhang Ruochen is still too reckless. If he takes us into the copper temple, the danger will be reduced a lot. How can he fight against Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Huangtu alone?" Lady Wind sighed softly, wearing a golden veil.

Even if Zhang Ruochen defeated Wujiang, she still did not think that he had the strength to fight against Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Huangtu.

It is not so easy to achieve the impossible.

Yue Tinghai said in a low voice, "Maybe he doesn't want to take us with him. After all, the Bright Kannati and the Buddha's sarira can only be shared by themselves, not equally."

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

Lord Sinluo growled and took a step forward, ready to teach Yue Tinghai a lesson.

Moyin raised her hand gently and stopped Lord Sinluo, she smiled and said, “Even if my master wants to take the Bright Kannati and the Buddha’s sarira for himself, it’s because he can take them. If you go, Yan Zhexian can kill you without the help of Yan Huangtu. What right do you have to talk about my master? Haven’t you kneeled enough?”

Yue Tinghai was the number one powerhouse in the Puresky Clan and was obeyed by tens of thousands of people. He felt proud and said, “Who do you think you are? You are just Zhang Ruochen’s servant. Do you have the right to criticize me?”

Moyin’s expression was seductive. She licked her red lips and looked at Yue Tinghai as if she were eating

Lord Bladehell knew very well how terrifying Moyin’s cultivation was. He moved sideways and stopped between them, he smiled apologetically and said, “Miss Moyin, we haven’t heard anything from Zhang Ruochen. We’re all worried about his safety. Please think of the bigger picture. Don’t lower yourself to his level.

“Hurry up and apologize to Ms. Moyin.”

The more Yue Tinghai learned about the Saint Devourer’s power, the more he despised it.

With the Yanluo clan’s arrangement in the Dracopent Temple and the monstrous strength of Que, Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, and the others, Zhang Ruochen, in Yue Tinghai’s opinion, would most likely not be able to come out alive if he barged in alone.

As long as Zhang Ruochen died, the Saint Devourer would die too. What was there to be afraid of?

However, Yue Tinghai still had to give face to Lord Bladehell.

Yue Tinghai cupped his hands and said perfunctorily, “I was not careful with my words just now. Please forgive me, Ms. Moyin.”

Lord Bladehell quickly tried to smooth things over. He smiled and said, “You should know how terrifying Zhang Ruochen’s opponent is today. We are all very worried. After waiting for a long time, we will inevitably become impatient. It is human nature.”

“You do things flawlessly,” Moyin said coldly.

“Since you all know how powerful Que, Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, and the others are, you should understand my master didn’t take you there because he didn’t want you to die,” she said, turning to face the crowd at Dracopent Temple.

Moyin’s words left Lord Bladehell, Yue Tinghai, and Lady Wind speechless.

They were indeed top-notch powerhouses below the Thousand-Koan Realm. However, if Zhang Ruochen really brought them to break into the Dracopent Temple, they would be more or less afraid.

After all, fighting for top-class treasures would definitely lead to a life-and-death battle.

They were in great danger of dying in a life-and-death battle with powerhouses at the levels of Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Huangtu.

Lady Wind said, “Yan Huangtu and The Eight Sons of Life and Death have entered the temple. Yan Zhexian and Xi have set up an inescapable net around the copper temple. However, they are targeting the powerhouse in the temple. They don’t know that we have also come to the home planet of the Yanluo clan.

“I think we can take this opportunity to break the Yanluo clan’s plan first. This way, once Zhang Ruochen escapes, he can leave smoothly.”

Lord Bladehell shook his head, “No! There were over 200 Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan outside the copper temple, including top powerhouses like Yan Zhexian and Xi. At most, we can only break through their formation for a while. Soon, they will be able to rearrange their formation.

“I think we must attack from the inside and outside at the most appropriate time to truly break through the formation of the Yanluo clan.”

Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell looked at Moyin, wondering what she would decide. “I agree with Lord Bladehell. Wait for my master’s signal!” Moyin said.

Yue Tinghai’s eyes sparkled, “We can’t do it without a backup plan. If Zhang Ruochen dies in the copper temple, the Yanluo clan cultivators will immediately establish formations on their own planet. By then, it will be too late for us to think about how to leave.”

Even Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind didn’t dare to ignore this problem.

If Zhang Ruochen died in battle, the plan of the Immortal Vampires to fight for the first place among the ten clans would fall through. They had to think of a way to escape from the Yanluo clan’s home planet.

“If you want to escape, hurry up and leave. I won’t stop you,” Moyin said coldly.

Yue Tinghai wanted to leave, but he was afraid that Zhang Ruochen would escape alive. When the time came for Zhang Ruochen to settle the score, Yue Tinghai wouldn’t have a good ending

Yan Wushen released the Bridge of Vaitarna’s true vessel. Just one part of it suppressed the space, making it difficult for Zhang Ruochen to move.

On the other side, The Eight Sons of Life and Death formed The Indestructible Great Array to trap the heavily injured Que. Waves of attack power shot out, turning into an ocean of energy that swallowed Que’s body.

Yan Huangtu faced Lan Ying again.

Lan Ying had lost a significant amount of chaotic energy, Qi of Slaughter, and Divine Qi in the previous battle. It could be said that his vitality had been greatly damaged.

Lan Ying's attack power had greatly decreased although he had the Sword of Asura as his body. The sword had been dulled by Yan Huangtu's Scepter of Heaven's Pass. It was showing signs of being suppressed.

It had to be said that Yan Huangtu's plan was very successful.

If Que, Lan Ying, and Zhang Ruochen were all in their prime, the Yanluo clan wouldn't be able to hold them back even if they mobilized hundreds of Supreme Saints to attack them.

Yan Wushen's eyes were bright, he raised his voice and said, "Zhang Ruochen, I haven't had enough fun in the past three big battles. I haven't been able to determine the winner. Why don't we have a fair and just battle today? The winner will live, and the loser will die."

Although Zhang Ruochen was suppressed by the Bridge of Vaitarna, he smiled and said, "This is the home planet of the Yanluo clan. I have a bond in my heart, but you can enjoy yourself. How can it be fair? Besides, this Buddhist land is compatible with your power. It gives you an absolute geographical advantage and allows you to burst out with stronger combat power. How could it be fair?"

Zhang Ruochen said in a voice transmission, "There's a third point. I've got the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. What's the point of fighting with you? A stone bridge can't stop me."

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen released a large amount of Divine Purification Flame from his body. It formed a flame light shield and burned the lock patterns on his body.

He slowly lifted his left leg.

Powerful divine power surged out of his leg, forming a magnificent power. "Blazing-flame Kick, one hit to subjugate demons."

Zhang Ruochen used Yanshen's leg to cultivate the high-level Thousand-Koan level saint technique, Blazing-flame Kick, that he had honed in the dark star.

This kick was based on strength. It was heightened by the Path of Fire. It could set off the Precepts of Fire between heaven and earth, unleashing unrivaled destructive power.

When combined with the Yanshen's leg, it was even more powerful.

RUMBLE!

His left foot landed and instantly caused the ground to sink. Powerful Fire Qi surged up with the dust and broke the suppression power of the Bridge of Vaitarna.

Zhang Ruochen spread his ten golden wings and flew out of the golden dust toward the exit of the golden world.

"Brother Wushen, I'll leave first," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen exited the golden world with a whoosh as he passed through a layer of water light curtain.

Yan Wushen looked at the huge pit on the ground with a diameter of 100 kilometers. His eyes were extremely solemn. Zhang Ruochen's kick had shocked him.

If that kick wasn't aimed at the ground but at Yan Wushen, would he be able to block it?

"Zhang Ruochen's cultivation speed is even faster than mine. This time, I let him walk in front! I have to fuse the fifth Path of The Six Paths of Reincarnation Saintwill as soon as possible." said Yan Wushen to himself.

Yan Wushen felt immense pressure. For the first time, he was afraid.

Yan Wushen was afraid that he wouldn't be able to keep up with Zhang Ruochen's cultivation speed and would be left behind.

If that day really came, there would definitely be a serious flaw in Yan Wushen's state of mind. His perfected body of good and evil might split up again.

Next, he had to work hard.

No!

It wasn't only hard work.

Yan Wushen had to work hard and cultivate hard. He wouldn't let go of any chance to become stronger.

Wasn't Zhang Ruochen always working very hard with his life at stake?

Yan Wushen's cultivation environment was too comfortable.

Yan Wushen chased after him. He couldn't let Zhang Ruochen escape. He had to get the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill no matter what.

Outside the Dracopent Temple, 61 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters and nearly 200 Yanluo clan's Supreme Saints formed a three-layered encirclement. Sealing this place as tight as an iron chain.

With Yan Zhexian and Xi as the leaders, more than a dozen first-rate Yanluo clan's Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm gathered together.

"Zhexian, you don't have to be so nervous, do you? Let's not talk about whether the three of them can get past Yan Huangtu, Yan Wushen, and The Eight Sons of Life and Death. Even if they manage to break out and enter the copper temple, how can they get past us?" A Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm with 99 severed shackles laughed.

Clearly, Xi had great confidence in the arrangements outside the copper temple, he said, "Let alone Que, Lan Ying, and Zhang Ruochen, even a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm can forget about breaking through the runic array we've set up. It's even more impossible for them to break through the combined attack of 198 Supreme Saints.

"I don't know why, but I just feel uneasy. I always feel that something unpredictable will happen."

Yan Zhexian frowned slightly. Deep in thought, her beautiful eyes turned to look at the foot of the mountain. "Yan Huangtu is chasing Que and has brought The Eight Sons of Life and Death," she explained. "Lan Ying pursued Que and brought Hong Futu with him. Zhang Ruochen came to the home planet

of the Yanluo clan to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. But why did he come alone?”

“You suspect that there are other Immortal Vampires who came to the home planet of the Yanluo clan with Zhang Ruochen?” Xi’s expression changed slightly.

Yan Zhexian said, “Since I was young, my spiritual sense has always been very accurate...”

At that moment, an exclamation sounded. “All the Supreme Saints are on full alert. Zhang Ruochen has come out from the golden world! Talisman Masters activate the runes. Wherever you are Lord Zhexian, please come and take charge.”

Chapter 2362 Danger Is Everywhere

The Dracopent's statue stood in the center of the copper temple on the altar.

A subtle spatial fluctuation appeared in the ancient mirror on the chest of the statue.

Swoosh

A light spot flew out of the mirror.

The light spot landed on the ground and turned into Zhang Ruochen's figure.

The runes in all directions were activated as soon as Zhang Ruochen appeared, creating a sea of flowers in the temple's narrow space.

The sea of flowers was colorful and beautiful.

On the ground, it was bright purple and red. In the air, petals flew like rain.

SWOOSH!

A petal flew past Zhang Ruochen's cheek.

The petals were sharper than blades. It all broke through his protective Saint Qi and the Demigod-level physique's skin defense, leaving a shallow bloody mark on his face.

A drop of Supreme Saint's blood flowed out of the wound.

"What a powerful rune mark. It's just a petal. Yet, it's more powerful than a full-strength strike from some Supreme Saints."

Zhang Ruochen immediately held up the Profound Spatial Dimension. He controlled the size of the dimension to three meters in diameter, forming the strongest defensive power.

At the same time, the blood-red aura in his body surged out of his pores.

The blood light illuminated the three-meter-wide Profound Spatial Dimension, transforming it into a massive blood-colored embryo. The light then made its way from the copper temple to the outside world.

Under the Reclining Buddha Hill, there was a dark area. The five powerhouses of the Immortal Vampires all sensed the powerful Path fluctuations coming from the hilltop. They knew that something big was going to happen, so they tensed up.

Suddenly, the copper temple, which was shining with golden light, burst out with a dazzling blood light.

Lord Sinluo was delighted. He said, "That's the signal from Master Ruochen. Let's hurry up and attack together. We will work together from the inside and the outside to break the arrangement of the Yanluo clan."

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind both looked surprised and pleased when they saw the blood light coming from the temple. Their opinion of Zhang Ruochen had advanced to a new level.

'Zhang Ruochen was able to escape from the fight with powerful figures like Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Huangtu. Did this mean that Zhang Ruochen had the battle strength to fight with them?' Yue Tinghai thought.

Yue Tinghai's face changed again and again, and he felt very upset.

Suddenly, Yue Tinghai realized that his mind was indeed much weaker than everyone present. He was not as experienced and profound as Lord Bladehell, and he was not as watertight as Lady Wind. He was still too impulsive in doing things and speaking.

"Attack the copper temple!"

Just as Yue Tinghai shouted this sentence, Lord Sinluo had already drawn his Frostwood Bow and shot an arrow.

Crack

The Divine Tree Arrow shot out a 100-meter-long tail of light and struck a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint outside the copper temple. It pierced through his body and left a bloody hole the size of a basin.

He was instantly severely injured and lost his battle prowess.

Moyin's movement was as fast as a ghost. She climbed up the Reclining Buddha Hill and came to the bottom of the 384 copper stairs. Her snow-white hands pressed down on the ground.

Swoosh Swoosh

Moyin's ten fingers turned into ten Raiden Wisterias and charged up the stairs, entangling the ten Yanluo clan Supreme Saints.

After a series of screams, the ten Yanluo clan Supreme Saints were all charred by the lightning

Ten Raiden Wisterias shot up into the sky and threw them away before they fell down the mountain.

“Enemy Attack!”

“A powerful enemy is attacking from below the mountain.”

The top of the copper stairs was in chaos.

The Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan were all focused on the temple. Who would have thought that an enemy would attack from behind?

As Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, and Yue Tinghai joined in the battle, the combined attack formation formed by the 198 Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan was quickly destroyed. They could only defend with great difficulty.

The Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan were all extremely depressed.

No matter how powerful Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, and the Saint Devourer were, they wouldn't have been able to win against the enemies' combined attack formation if they hadn't been ambushed and fought head-on. They wouldn't have been so easily broken through.

In the Fane of Destiny, the gods were all paying attention to the Dracopent Temple.

Unfortunately, they couldn't see the golden world created by the Swastika Seiryu. They didn't know what was going on

inside. They could only make all sorts of conjectures and calculations.

Zhang Ruochen was the first to return to the copper temple, exceeding the expectations of most gods.

“This junior’s cultivation has improved quite a bit. Could he also get a share of the opportunity of the Yanluo clan’s home planet?”

“Do you feel it? Zhang Ruochen has the aura of the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.”

Even though the gods were deep and knowledgeable, they were still surprised and couldn’t figure it out.

They couldn’t figure out how Zhang Ruochen had taken the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill from Que?

Luo Yan frowned. His eyes showed that he was thinking. “It’s incredible. This kid from the Xue Jue family is really interesting. The impossible has become possible for him.”

Amane’s temperament was gentle and moving. She said elegantly, “If Zhang Ruochen can protect the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and fight his way out of the encirclement, there will be a bigger change. By then, the situation on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting will definitely change.”

“Whether or not he can fight his way out of the encirclement and escape the Yanluo clan is indeed a bigger test.” Luo Yan said and nodded.

There was an inescapable net in front and a powerful enemy chasing after him.

In Luo Yan’s opinion, even if he gave Zhang Ruochen twice the combat power, it wouldn’t be easy for him to break out of the encirclement. The key was still to see if the other Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires could display their extraordinary power. The gods of the ten great clans of the Immortal Vampires all gathered together and paid close attention to the home planet of the Yanluo clan.

They knew very well whether the Immortal Vampires could suppress the Yanluo clan on the Battlefield of Celestial-

Hunting and take first place. This battle played a crucial role.

“If I was young, I would have already used a forbidden technique and burned my blood. With my strongest power, I would have first paralyzed the first layer of power formed by the 198 Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan.

“Then, I would kill my way up the copper stairs and break the formation and runes from the outside. Killing a group of Array Masters and Talisman Masters would be as easy as chopping vegetables.

“Look, those juniors are clearly much stronger than the Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan, but they are fighting so weakly and without any imposing manner. If this was when I was their age, I would have already washed the ground with the blood of the Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan.”

A god of the Yellowsky Clan was very anxious. He covered his head and beat his chest. He wished he could go to the battlefield himself.

This crucial battle was too important for the Immortal Vampires.

“There are hundreds of Supreme Saint Talisman Masters and Array Masters in the temple. Zhang Ruochen won’t be able to hold on for long. If Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell are not able to threaten the Yanluo clan’s Talisman Masters and Array Masters from the outside in time, the Immortal Vampires may be extinguished today,” said an elder clan chief.

The god of the Yellowsky Clan shouted again, “Burn the Saint Blood and cast the forbidden technique. Hurry up and fight. Let’s turn the world upside down. Whatever supreme clan, step on them.”

The other gods of the Immortal Vampires rolled their eyes.

Who would burn the Saint Blood to fight unless it was a life-or-death situation?

Not everyone was as crazy as you. It was a miracle that a madman like you could cultivate until divinity alive.

“Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind are indeed quite talented. It’s a pity that they don’t know how to seize the opportunity. Even if they don’t burn their Saint Blood, they should at least use their trump cards, right? At this moment, why are they still doing nothing?” The god from the Yellowsky Clan said, he clutched his chest, looking as if his liver was in pain.

Actually, Lord Bladehell, Lady Wind, Moyin, and even Yue Tinghai were all going all out to attack the upper echelons.

However, there were too many Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan. Although they had destroyed dozens of them in one wave of attacks, there were still more than a hundred Supreme Saints. Under the leadership of Xi and more than ten Hundred-Shackle Realm powerhouses, they quickly stabilized their formation.

Xi wore a wide black robe and held an ebony staff in his hand. His face was delicate and pretty as he said condescendingly, “Lord Bladehell, you dare to barge into the Yanluo clan’s home planet? Are you here to die?”

Lord Bladehell sent the four Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan flying with a single slash. He climbed a few levels higher and laughed, “You are just a weakling ranked thirteenth. How dare you say that I am here to die?”

Xi’s expression did not change and his voice was even colder, “Alright! Let me see if your blade is as tough as your mouth.”

He raised the ebony staff above his head and chanted a series of ancient incantations.

The black light emitted by the ebony staff was like thin threads that extended to an endless distance

CAW! CAW!

In the darkness, an ear-piercing raven’s cry sounded.

The two Nine-lives Blood Ravens were covered in blood. They released an aura that was comparable to that of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint as they attacked Lord Bladehell at the same time.

What Xi cast was the Wiccan technique, Soul Capture.

He used it to control all spirits.

Although the Nine-lives Blood Ravens were powerful, their intelligence and willpower were far inferior to that of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Hence, Xi was able to control two of them with his level 65 spiritual power.

As Lord Bladehell was restrained by the two Nine-lives Blood Ravens, the battle outside the copper temple became even more intense.

Yan Zhexian and 61 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters guarded the only exit of the copper temple, which was the door.

Dozens of Supreme Saint Array Masters sat cross-legged on the four sides of the copper temple. Each of them released their spiritual power and pushed the three Ninth Stratum Array to the extreme. Among them were three Array Masters.

In the temple.

The “Flower dance in the mortal world” rune pattern complemented the three Ninth Stratum Arrays. It suppressed Zhang Ruochen so much that he could only defend passively. He couldn’t even move a step.

Flower petals rained down on Zhang Ruochen.

Two of the three Ninth Stratum Arrays were offensive arrays. They formed 81 Saint Swords and an Array Beast whose combat power had reached the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

After defending for a few breaths, Zhang Ruochen’s body was covered in blood. There were 27 wounds.

Luckily, he had avoided his vitals. The wounds were all shallow.

“The Yanluo clan has really put in a lot of effort. Even if I, Lan Ying, and Que aren’t injured, they’re all at their peak. It won’t be easy to break through the runes and arrays in the copper temple.” said Zhang Ruochen.

In Zhang Ruochen’s eyes, the danger here was enough to threaten the life of a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint.

He could only hope Moyin and Lord Bladehell could attack from the outside as soon as possible.

It was much easier to break the formation from the outside to the inside.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen did not place all his hopes on others. He thought quickly and thought of a way to break the situation.

‘I will retreat first.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen was about to rush toward the ancient mirror on the chest of the Dracopent statue, but a figure flew out from the ancient mirror first and manifested into Yan Wushen’s appearance.

“This is even more troublesome. It’s really a double disaster,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen thought of something. He formed his right hand into a palm and attacked Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen obviously didn’t expect such a situation in the copper temple.

Yan Wushen immediately activated his Golden Giant Mode and exchanged a palm attack with Zhang Ruochen. Powerful power erupted from their palms and shattered a large number of runes.

The petals disappeared into thin air.

“Zhang Ruochen, you have no way out. Give me the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and I’ll give you a fair chance to fight.”

Yan Wushen had fought with Zhang Ruochen three times, but he still hadn’t won. It had become an obsession in his heart.

If Yan Wushen didn’t break this obsession, it would affect his cultivation state of mind.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t answer him. His body moved to the right like lightning.

The Array Beast that was chasing after Zhang Ruochen suddenly rushed toward Yan Wushen with great momentum.

Yan Wushen knew that he had been tricked by Zhang Ruochen again. He had to raise his golden arms and hit the Array Beast.

The Array Beast's attack was so powerful that even with Yan Wushen's power, he was pushed back and pressed against the wall of the copper temple.

Taking this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen threw out a drop of Dark Space-time Matter. Then, his body turned into a golden light and rushed into the ancient mirror on the chest of the copper statue.

Boom

The Dark Space-time Matter was detonated. The vigorous power of Darkness, Time, and Dimension spread out and filled the entire copper temple, destroying a large number of runes and inscriptions of the array.

There was even a powerful force surging out from the temple gate.

At this time, Zhang Ruochen returned to the golden world where the Swastika Seiryu was.

Zhang Ruochen saw Que, who was ragged all over, rush over with Kagamaru in his hand as soon as Zhang Ruochen landed on the ground.

Que's speed was extremely fast. His flight trajectory was like a black line. He passed Zhang Ruochen and rushed into the water curtain to the copper temple.

'It's no surprise that Que is ranked first in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage. He's already been heavily injured, but he can still break through the Indestructible Great Array and escape from The Eight Sons of Life and Death,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

The Eight Sons of Life and Death caught up.

Zhang Ruochen calculated that the destructive power of Dark Space-time Matter had been exhausted, so he turned around and rushed back into the water-screen.

SWOOSH!

Back in the copper temple, Zhang Ruochen found that the originally narrow space in the temple had become pitch-black. His vision was greatly affected, and he could hardly see anything.

It was caused by the remnants of the Dark Space-time Matter. The energy fluctuation in the temple was extremely chaotic. Even spiritual power could not detect it.

Zhang Ruochen did not have time to check whether Yan Wushen had been killed by the Dark Space-time Matter, nor did he have time to find where Que was hiding. He immediately set up the Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth, he hid above the heads of the copper statue and stared at the ancient mirror on the copper statue's chest.

A moment later.

Space ripples appeared on the surface of the ancient mirror.

One of The Eight Sons of Life and Death rushed out first.

Kagemaru pierced the head of one of The Eight Sons of Life and Death, a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage, just as Zhang Ruochen was about to attack. Blood splattered and dyed the copper statue red.

The next moment, Kagemaru flew back to Que's hand and chopped off the second of The Eight Sons of Life and Death who had rushed out of the ancient mirror.

Chapter 2363 Teasing Zhexian

Pfft!

Ugh!

Que killed three Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in a row. His attacks were fast, accurate, and ruthless. It was clear that he had been hit with true fire today, and he couldn't care less about the "No Killing" prohibition.

Just as Que was about to kill the fourth member of The Eight Sons of Life and Death, the pitch-black copper temple shone with the Light of Origin.

Yan Wushen charged out of the darkness. Half of his flesh and blood had disappeared, revealing a large number of golden bones. His face was ferocious, and he looked like the Infernal Yama.

The Precepts of Origin in his palms formed a Pagoda of Origin.

"Die!" Yan Wushen shouted.

He leaped up and smashed the Pagoda of Origin towards Que.

Yan Wushen was also enraged today.

In an instant, the entire copper temple was filled with powerful qi. The wind howled, and the Qi surged.

Que had no choice but to give up on his killing intent. He swung his sword backward, leaving behind a dazzling arc of sword light that slashed toward the Pagoda of Origin.

Boom

The Pagoda of Origin shattered, turning into an even more dazzling Light of Origin.

Yan Wushen and Que each spat out a mouthful of blood and flew in two different directions.

Suddenly, the remaining five members of The Eight Sons of Life and Death all appeared in the copper temple. They saw

the three members lying on the ground and realized that their life force was rapidly losing.

The Eight Sons of Life and Death had grown up together and cultivated together. They were like brothers.

Seeing this scene, they felt like their eyes were about to explode. Each of them held up The Book of Life and The Book of Death. They activated the incomplete Indestructible Great Array and attacked Que.

“Kill!”

Que is half-knelt on the ground. He supported his body with his sword. Biting his bloody teeth, he charged forward.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Yan Wushen. He was very surprised.

In such a small space like the copper temple, Zhang Ruochen had activated Dark Space-time Matter and Yan Wushen was actually able to survive.

Yan Wushen was heavily injured. After getting up from the ground, he didn't care about his injuries. He rushed to the side of the three Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He mobilized his Power of Origin and Buddhist light to purify the Qi of Oblivion that invaded their bodies.

Que's three swords hit their vitals, and the Power of Oblivion had invaded their bodies.

If they didn't dissolve the Power of Oblivion in time, no matter how strong their vitality was, they would be devoured by the Oblivion in a moment. They would die without a trace.

Zhang Ruochen turned into a breeze and flew down from the top of the copper statue. He glanced at Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen also stared at him.

Their eyes met. There were all sorts of complicated emotions in their eyes.

If Zhang Ruochen attacked, this was the best time to kill Yan Wushen. He would definitely die.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't do so. He quickly looked away and rushed to the temple gate.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to kill an opponent like Yan Wushen while he was saving people. This was one of the reasons.

The other reason was that Yan Wushen couldn't be killed.

The Dark Space-time Matter destroyed the rune patterns and many array patterns in the temple. When Zhang Ruochen arrived at the door, he found that there were remnants of the array of inscriptions floating in the air.

"Not good!"

In front of him, a blinding sword light flew over. The light was so bright that Zhang Ruochen felt like he was going blind.

Zhang Ruochen quickly closed his eyes and used his spiritual power to analyze.

"It's the ninth-class sword array," said Zhang Ruochen.

The blinding sword light came from 81 swords. Under the control of dozens of Supreme Saint Array Masters, they turned into a long sword dragon and charged toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen extended his right hand and rotated his five fingers.

Suddenly, 36 Dimensional Swords condensed in the space in front of him and collided with the 81 swords.

This ninth-class sword array was guarded by a High-Saint Array Master. It was extremely powerful.

When the swords collided, they let out deafening sword chimes.

The sword light transformed into thousands of sharp sword Qi that flew out and collided with the copper temple's walls, pillars, and floors, leaving white marks.

It was unknown what the copper temple was made of or what mysterious power it possessed. It could not be destroyed even by a Supreme Saint. It was unshakeable even by Dark Space-time Matter.

“Violet Gourd,” Zhang Ruochen called out.

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Violet Gourd and used Supreme Power to protect his body. He pressed his arm against the ground.

The 36 Dimensional Swords turned into a sword path. The sword rolled from the ground all the way to the distance and hit the High-Saint Array Master who was in charge of the sword formation.

CRACK!

The High-Saint Array Master’s defense was penetrated. Three Dimensional Swords pierced through his chest, abdomen, and right leg.

The High-Saint Array Master let out a scream and was sent flying backward.

Yan Zhexian waved her dark green brush in her hand as she realized she was about to be hit by the other seven Dimensional Swords and killed by the chaotic swords. It cut the Dimensional Swords in half by forming seven runic patterns.

The ninth-class sword array’s power was greatly reduced when it was not under the control of the High-Saint Array Master.

“Break!”

Zhang Ruochen’s body released a burst of space vibration power that struck 81 swords.

All the swords flew out in pieces.

Yan Zhexian’s body was suspended above the 384 copper steps. She looked at Zhang Ruochen at the same level. Her beautiful eyes were cold and sharp, she said, “I didn’t expect that you could kill your way out of the copper temple. Let us fight again.”

“If you don’t want the Yanluo clan to suffer heavy casualties, you’d better not stop me,” Zhang Ruochen said.

In the end, the Battle of Celestial-Hunting and the War of Merits in Celestial and Infernal Courts were completely

different.

The War of Merits was a life-or-death struggle. It was a fight for life and death.

The Battle of Celestial-Hunting was just a competition between the various races in Infernal Court. It didn't have to be a battle of life and death. It could only be described as a battle of advantages, a battle of honor and disgrace.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to become too hostile with the Yanluo clan on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting if it wasn't the last resort.

“Great Rocfish Talisman!”

Yan Zhexian's brush was stained with the blood of the Rocfish and she drew a genuine Rocfish.

The Rocfish spread its wings and flew toward the temple gate.

The ten tattered golden wings on Zhang Ruochen's back spread out. They turned into a streak of golden light and cut the Rocfish in half. Then he flew toward the pitch-black night rain.

After flying for a distance, Zhang Ruochen sensed that something was wrong.

The night rain had disappeared!

Everything was bright in front of him, and a cold wind blew around him.

He stood in a world of white snow. The mountains were covered in snow, and snowflakes were falling. He couldn't see the end of the world.

“This is... an illusion formation!” Zhang Ruochen exclaimed. Zhang Ruochen opened his palm and caught a snowflake in it.

The snowflake melted and turned into a drop of ice water.

It appeared to be very real and not an illusory formation.

“What a brilliant illusory formation. It's got to be set up by both the High-Saint Array Master and the High-Saint

Illusionist. The Yanluo clan is really full of talents,” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

“Zhang Ruochen, now you know you’ve been tricked, right? I have no intention of fighting you alone. I just want to lure you into the formation.”

Yan Zhexian’s voice was still cold, but it was particularly pleasant.

RUMBLE!

The vast glacial world shook.

Seven towering snow-capped mountains broke through the ground and stood up.

The seven peaks looked like seven Maleficents. Their faces were terrifying, but they released a powerful oppressive force that landed on Zhang Ruochen from seven directions.

This suppressive force was real. It compressed Zhang Ruochen’s Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth, making the space he could move in smaller and smaller.

“Myriad Glacier illusory formation, together with The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman, nearly a hundred Supreme Saint Talisman Masters and Supreme Saint Array Masters working together. Is that enough to kill you?”

Yan Zhexian’s figure appeared on the top of one of the snow peaks. She was beautiful and had an extraordinary temperament. She was like a pure and flawless snow lotus.

“With the High-Saint Array Master, High-Saint Talisman Master, and High-Saint Illusion Master all working together to set up these two arrays, it would be enough to kill a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, let alone me,” Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

“I’ll give you another chance. Cripple your cultivation and you’ll have a way out. Think carefully. This is your only chance,” Yan Zhexian said.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “Your arrays can kill me, but you’re also in the array now. I can guarantee that I’ll kill you

before the array kills me.”

“Really?”

Yan Zhexian only said one word, but seven overlapping voices sounded in the cold wind. At the top of the other six snow peaks, Yan Zhexian also appeared. Her white clothes fluttered, and she held a jade brush. She looked like an ice fairy.

It was hard to tell which is her true self out of the seven Yan Zhexians.

Yan Zhexian didn't have a choice. She had to enter the formation of The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman to wield great power.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Yan Zhexian on the top of the seven peaks and said, “I'm afraid you don't know how profound my attainments in the Path of Truth are. Using the illusory formation to deal with me will be the stupidest decision you have ever made.”

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen turned into a streak of golden light and flew to the top of one of the snowy peaks at the fastest speed.

Yan Zhexian looked at Zhang Ruochen who was flying straight toward him. A look of surprise appeared on her clean face. She thought to herself, ‘The illusory formation is not an illusion. How could he see through it so easily? Is he also the Master of Truth?’

Yan Zhexian had no time to think. She immediately activated the rune patterns.

Even without the Myriad Glacier illusory formation, she was confident that she could kill Zhang Ruochen with The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman.

Rumble

One of the snow peaks moved. It looked like Maleficent. A pair of huge hands of ice and snow formed an ancient seal and slapped down Zhang Ruochen.

This palm print was as powerful as a full-strength attack from a peak Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen evaded it with extreme speed and continued to fly upwards.

The second Maleficent-shaped snow peak formed a seal.

The third snow peak attacked.

Zhang Ruochen evaded the power of the five snow peaks in a row. Finally, when the sixth snow peak struck the palm print, there was no way to dodge. He had to activate the Violet Gourd and activate the Supreme Power.

A thick golden pillar of fire surged out from the mouth of the gourd and collided with the snow palm that was as large as a cloud.

The two forces clashed and could not hold out.

The palm print from the seventh snow peak was suppressed at that point.

‘More than 60 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters attacked at the same time. Their power is too powerful. It is indeed not something that my current cultivation can withstand.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes darkened. He left the Violet Gourd with both hands and flew out from between the fingers of the snow palm print in a flash.

Above his head was the seventh palm print.

“River of Time!” Zhang Ruochen called out.

Zhang Ruochen struck out with his palm. Tens of millions of Precepts of Time gushed out of his body. He activated the Mark of Time in this space and condensed a River of Time that was as long as 300,000 meters.

The River of Time collided with the snow and ice palm print. The flow of time changed, making the palm print fall very slowly. Taking this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen flew from the edge of the ice and snow palm print to Yan Zhexian on the peak.

No matter how calm Yan Zhexian was, her beautiful face was filled with shock and panic.

Once The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talismans were used, they were comparable to the combined attack of seven pinnacle Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints. They could even fight against Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints.

No matter how heaven-defying Zhang Ruochen's combat strength was, he was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How could he break through The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman's attack circle?

Didn't this mean that even if several pinnacle Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints attacked him at the same time, they wouldn't be able to kill him with Zhang Ruochen's strength?

Zhang Ruochen came close to Yan Zhexian. He pinched her fingers and snatched the brush from her hand in an instant.

Yan Zhexian turned to escape, but Zhang Ruochen grabbed her shoulder. Her beautiful face showed pain. She was about to cut off her arm to survive, but Zhang Ruochen grabbed her neck.

Saint Qi gushed out from Zhang Ruochen's fingertips and invaded her body.

"Tell those Supreme Saint Talisman Masters to stop activating the runes, or else..." Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Zhexian's face showed determination. She gritted her teeth and said, "Don't even think about it. Even if I die, I'll drag you down with me."

The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman had already taken shape. Even without Yan Zhexian, they were still powerful. Zhang Ruochen wasn't confident that he could break them. Capturing Yan Zhexian was the only way he could think of to break the situation.

"Did I say I wanted to kill you?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

no

Zhang Ruochen's lips moved closer to Yan Zhexian's snow-white ears. He breathed gently, "You should know who I am,"

he said softly. "I'm a man who takes care of women. I didn't even kill Fairy Lian Xi. How could I bear to kill you?"

"Shameless man," said Yan Zhexian.

Yan Zhexian thought of the reason why Zhang Ruochen didn't kill her earlier. It was likely that he had some kind of intention for her. She felt a chill in her heart. She hated this person to the core.

Yan Zhexian had a strong personality. She released her spiritual power and wanted to continue fighting Zhang Ruochen to death.

However, just as Yan Zhexian released her spiritual power, she felt a sharp pain in her brain.

Yan Zhexian's spiritual power dispersed immediately and she was unable to condense it into attack power.

"You won't be able to use me to escape from the home planet of the Yanluo clan," Yan Zhexian said.

Zhang Ruochen kissed her crystal-clear face. His pupils turned blood-red. He said sinisterly, "Since you say I'm a shameless person, I can only do shameless things. Even if I die today, it's worth it!"

"What are you doing?" Yan Zhexian asked.

Yan Zhexian couldn't move. The kiss from Zhang Ruochen made her feel even more disgusted. She wanted to tear this shameless person into pieces.

"I wonder if the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms can reflect here."

Zhang Ruochen looked up. One hand was around Yan Zhexian's neck, and the other hand reached toward the collar of her white robe. His five fingers slowly moved inside, feeling the soft touch.

"All Talisman Masters, Listen up. Stop activating the rune patterns."

Yan Zhexian trembled in fear. She closed her eyes and shouted.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes became serious again. He withdrew his hand and gently stroked her cheek. He said, "Thank you."

"You can't escape today. The Talisman Masters will listen to me, but the other Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan won't," said Yan Zhexian. Her delicate body was still trembling. She had never been humiliated like this since she was young.

Zhang Ruochen was the shameless one she had to kill first.

Chapter 2364 Battle of Two Yans

The dense runic patterns gradually disappeared as Yan Zhexian's voice rang out.

Buzz

The seven snow peaks in Maleficents form melted and vaporized.

A star-like shine burst out of Zhang Ruochen's body. He controlled the power of the Realm-frame of Truth to attack Myriad Glacier illusory formation.

The illusion disappeared, revealing the real scene outside Dracopent Temple.

It was a dark night, icy cold rain was splashing the 384-story bronze stairs. Chaotic ripples of battle were still present.

“Kill!”

Bang Bang

Boom!

...

The sounds of killing, attacking, and Saint Qi colliding intertwined.

Outside Dracopent Temple, Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan stared at Zhang Ruochen as if they wanted to eat him.

How dare he blaspheme the Honorable Yan Zhexian? This was an act of capital crime.

“Zhang Ruochen, I advise you to release Yan Zhexian immediately. Otherwise, the cultivators of Yanluo clan will chase you to the ends of the Earth.” a Supreme-Saint Talisman Master was so angry that his eyes were red.

“Yan Zhexian is the pearl of Yanluo clan. She is sacred and inviolable.”

“Zhang Ruochen, you are the grandson of Wargod Bloodximius. Yet you are not a true man. You can only be regarded as a sinister and despicable scoundrel.”

Even though Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan were furious, none of them dared to attack. They could only curse.

Without the strength of runes and arrays, they were no match for Zhang Ruochen. Who would be able to bear the responsibility if they angered this crazy bandit, making him kill Yan Zhexian?

“Have you said enough? If you’ve done, get out of my way. I don’t want to kill you and get my hand dirtier.” Zhang Ruochen was extremely cold. He grabbed Yan Zhexian’s neck with one hand and held her in his arms.

Wisps of Divine Purification Flame appeared in his other palm.

Whoosh

Moyin’s graceful and attractive body flew out of Spatial Wormhole Mirror above Zhang Ruochen’s head and landed outside Dracopent Temple.

Her hands turned into dozens of thunder fire vines. They quickly spread out and entangled the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters. The thunder and Divine Purification Flame on the vines instantly refined the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters until they lost their battle strength.

She dragged the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters to her side and floated them around her body.

Some vines wrapped around their neck, and waist. Some pierced through their chest.

The 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters were not weak, but they weren’t good at close combat. When they were suddenly attacked by Moyin, they naturally couldn’t defend themselves at all.

Furthermore, Moyin’s current combat strength was even stronger than many Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints.

How could the majority of them, who were still Neverwilt Realm talismans be compared to her?

“They’re all fresh and delicious Supreme Saints. I really want to eat them all.”

Moyin revealed an enchanting smile as she stared at those Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters who were restrained.

“Demon, you’re courting death.”

The remaining Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters joined forces and quickly drew a great talisman.

The dense talisman inscriptions interweaved to form a beast that was hundreds of feet tall. It released cold rays of death. Its aura was overbearing and its gaze was fierce.

“It’s only a matter of time if I want to kill them. You better not force me.” Moyin licked her red lips and smiled.

The dozens Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters of Yanluo clan were suddenly indecisive about their action.

Yan Zhexian did not expect that nearly 200 Supreme Saints led by Xi could not stop Moyin. This Saint Devourer managed to break through five Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires.

If Yanluo clan’s Supreme Saint had set up a Defensive barrier, this Saint Devourer would not have been able to open Spatial Wormhole Mirror.

Below the bronze stairs.

Lord Bladehell restrained Nine-lives Blood Raven and Xi on his own. He displayed the power of a Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivator at his peak state. Each slash seemed to be able to cut through mountains, rivers, and stars.

Lady Wind knew very well that the gods must be watching this battle. Hence, she did her best to display her true strength as a Destiny Scioness candidate.

Behind her, the Gate of Destiny released a bright light. Every ray of light was a Precept of Destiny that suppressed the cultivation of Yanluo clan’s Supreme Saints.

At the same time, she held a three-foot-long white feather in her hand.

When the feather waved, it stirred up a breeze.

All Yanluo clan’s Supreme Saints who had been hit by the wind were bewitched. Some of their eyes became conflicted,

some confused, and some murderous. The wind attacked the Supreme Saints around them.

There were many Supreme Saint cultivators of Yanluo clan, but at this moment, they were attacking each other. It was a mess.

This was why Moyin could open Spatial Wormhole Mirror and meet up with Zhang Ruochen.

The white feather in Lady Wind's hand was called Destiny Feather. It was a treasure of Destiny. It contained a large number of Destiny Divine Mark.

With her profound attainments in Path of Destiny, the feather could affect a cultivator's spiritual will. It could even change parts of a cultivator's memories.

The memories of some lower-level Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan were altered by Lady Wind using Destiny Feather, thinking that they were members of Immortal Vampires.

This was a very terrifying trick from Destiny!

Even if a person's body was changed, as long as his memories and mental state remained unchanged, he would still be the same person.

However, if a person's memories and mental state were changed, would he still be the same person?

The power of Destiny was mysterious and could easily change a person. If Lady Wind's Path of Destiny was even more profound, she could turn a Supreme Saint into a weak ant with a wave of Destiny Feather.

Or, she could turn a small rock into a mountain that was heavier than a hundred stars.

Deva Path of Great Wiccan that Xi cultivated could suppress Lady Wind to a certain extent. Unfortunately, Xi was held back by Lord Bladehell and could only watch as the Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan killed each other.

In the temple.

Swoosh!

The blood-red Sword of Asura flew out from the ancient mirror of Dracopent statues.

The sword flashed.

The sword stabbed into the back of one of the five Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm that was attacking Que. Following that, Lan Ying's body rushed out from the sword and dragged the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm to the edge of the temple's gate.

In the next moment, Yan Huangtu chased after him and shouted, "Lan Ying, you can't escape."

Lan Ying was indeed extremely weak, but he still had a sinister smile on his face. "Let me leave Yan Luo clan's home planet. Otherwise, I will destroy his body and soul."

Que caught the perfect timing and used the sword to force the remaining four Supreme Saints to retreat. He turned into an afterimage and rushed out of the temple gate.

His body turned into an illusion and rushed into the heavily injured High-Saint Array Master's body. Then, Que merged with his body.

"If you want to kill me, you'll have to kill this High-Saint Array Master as well." The High-Saint Array Master spoke, but it was Que's voice.

Boom

Thunder rumbled in the sky.

A bolt of lightning streaked across the sky.

Yan Huangtu released his spiritual power. He knew the current situation very well.

Although Yanluo clan had lost this battle, they still had a strong will to fight. If they continued fighting, none of the cultivators who had broken into Yanluo clan's home planet would survive.

Yanluo clan still had a higher chance of winning

Yan Huangtu's gaze fell on Que and Lan Ying who were both at the end of their rope.

As long as they were killed, it would be much easier to deal with Zhang Ruochen and Immortal Vampires.

However, if this battle continued, they would be forced to fight to the death. It was hard to imagine how serious the losses of Yanluo clan would be.

Yan Huangtu's eyes were sharp and as cold as an emperor's, "All the cultivators who died today are heroes of Yanluo clan. I promise to do my best to take care of your clansmen. Your names will be written on the scrolls of Fane of Yama."

All Yanluo clan cultivators understood that Yan Huangtu had already made his decision.

He could not back down from this battle.

After this battle, there would be no one on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting who could compete with Yanluo clan.

Whether it was for Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills or the glory of Yanluo clan, Yan Huangtu had to continue the battle.

Yanluo clan cultivators who were restrained by Que, Lan Ying, and Moyin all had a gloomy look in their eyes. They knew that they had been abandoned today.

Yan Zhexian, on the other hand, appeared very calm. He was neither happy nor sad.

"As expected of the cold-blooded Divine Bones of Imperial Path. Good, very good. Today, even if I have to be refined and die here, I will kill a bunch of Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan and bury them with me." Lan Ying faced the sky and roared. He was about to make his move.

"Stop."

A deafening voice rang out from Dracopent Temple.

Yan Wushen walked out step by step and stood not far from Yan Huangtu. His gaze was cold and sharp as he said, "Let them go."

The Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan who thought that they would die for sure regained their spirits and stared at Yan Wushen in unison.

Yan Huangtu said, “We can’t let them go. If we let them go, there will be endless trouble. Today is the best chance to get rid of them.”

Yan Wushen turned around and looked at Yan Huangtu, “The best chance? The Supreme Saints present here are all elites of Yanluo clan that have been around for thousands of years. They are the pillars that will support the future of Yanluo clan. Sacrificing a large number of Yanluo clan’s elite in exchange for victory, what kind of best chance is that?”

“Yanluo clan can not accept today’s humiliation. If they want to win back their reputation, they must make sacrifices,” Yan Huangtu said.

Yan Wushen said, “We should be responsible for today’s humiliation. We should not sacrifice them and let them bear it.”

Yan Huangtu stared at him deeply, his gaze as sharp as a knife.

Yan Wushen shifted his gaze away and his tone became gentler. He said, “Right now, many Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan are seriously injured and their lives are on the line. Our first priority is to save them.

“Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting is not a battle of life and death. We don’t have to fight to the death. Whether it’s for our honor or disgrace, it is not worth sacrificing too much.

“Yanluo clan has been sitting in the top position for too long. Many cultivators think that they are truly supreme. Today’s humiliation can be considered a lesson for all of us. From now on, it is true glory to know shame and courage and regain the glory that we have lost.”

Yanluo clan’s leading figure of this generation had always been Yan Huangtu.

Therefore, everyone followed his lead.

Although Yan Wushen's age was not much different from Yan Huangtu, he had stayed in Saint King Realm for too long. Yan Wushen was known as a top genius, but his strength was far too inferior.

Moreover, Yan Wushen cultivated alone and rarely interfered with the internal affairs of Yanluo clan most of the time.

It was only until today, when Yan Wushen and Yan Huangtu had a disagreement and fought against each other, that many Yanluo clan cultivators saw the aura of a king on Yan Wushen.

Yanluo clan was no longer one-man in power, but a pair of peerless geniuses.

“Good! This is your decision. If Yanluo clan loses in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, you will take full responsibility,” Yan Huangtu said.

“No matter what the outcome of my decision is, I will take full responsibility.”

Yan Wushen's gaze swept over Que, Lan Ying, Zhang Ruochen, and the others and said, “You can leave now!”

The battle on the bronze stairs stopped.

All Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan retreated.

Que, Lan Ying, Zhang Ruochen, and Moyin all had Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan in their hands. They left Arctic Ice Continent with Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Lord Sinluo, and Yue Tinghai. Then they flew out of the atmosphere and Star-Shield Grand Formation of Yanluo clan's home planet.

Zhang Ruochen went with Immortal Vampires.

He turned to Lady Wind and asked, “Are there any arrangements on Yanluo clan's home planet?”

“Don't worry. They're just a bunch of low-level Yanluo clansmen. I can kill them with a little bit of force,” Lady Wind said with a smile.

They flew thousands of miles in the void space, but Yanluo clan cultivators didn't chase them.

Moyin still used her vines to entangle the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters. “Master,” she said with a smile, “Since Yanluo clan cultivators didn’t chase us, why don’t you give them to me as nourishment?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, “Forget it! Killing a Supreme Saint of Yanluo clan would not only deduct a lot of points. It would also create an irreconcilable feud. There was no need to do this. Yan Wushen was right. Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting wasn’t a life-and-death battle. The gods wouldn’t care about the lives of these elite Supreme Saints.” Moyin was slightly disappointed. She let go of the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters.

Zhang Ruochen sealed Yan Zhexian’s spiritual power. He pushed her on her back and sent her to the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters.

Then he took out the jade-green pen and sniffed it. There was a hint of Yan Zhexian’s body fragrance on it. “This pen will be considered your gift to me. I’ll see you again.”

Zhang Ruochen used Great Dimensional Shift and brought everyone hundreds of miles away.

Yan Zhexian gritted his teeth in anger. He stared at Zhang Ruochen and the others who were running away in the distance and said, “Shameless brat, the next time we meet, I will become stronger. Then, I will definitely chop off your hand and cut off your tongue.”

After grasping the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm. Lan Ying swallowed him after flying out of Yanluo clan’s home planet. Then, he merged with Sword of Asura and turned into a streak of blood-red light, and rushed into the six-colored star fog.

His injuries were too severe. He could only recover his combat powers by devouring the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Yan Wushen stood above the atmosphere of Yan Luo clan’s home planet and pointed in the direction where Sword of Asura had escaped. He said, “Within ten days, I will definitely

go to Asura's home planet and flatten Fane of Barasingha. From now on, I will kill every cultivator of Fane of Barasingha I see."

A large number of blood-devouring bugs flew out from the underground of Yan Luo clan's home planet, sucking countless members of Yan Luo clan into dried corpses.

It was a method left behind by Lady Wind.

Chapter 2365 Ten Dragon Souls

On diamond-shaped mirror, the points of Yanluo clan dropped from 25 million to 14 million.

The points of Immortal Vampires also dropped from 23 million to 20 million, temporarily ranking first among the 10 clans.

Asura who is ranked third also dropped their points, but their total points still exceeded Yanluo clan's, reaching about 17 million.

In City lord of Cloud City's mansion.

Zhang Ruochen sat at the top of the hall, looking at the rankings and data on diamond-shaped mirror. He said, "Yanluo clan lost 11 million points. It must be the result of the large number of deaths."

"But our points have been deducted by 3 million. What happen?"

Lady Wind sat on Zhang Ruochen's right side and said, "We broke into Yanluo clan's home planet. As long as we attack a Yanluo clan's Supreme Saint, we will lose 5,000 points."

Zhang Ruochen said, "There are not more than 300 Yanluo clan's Supreme Saints that we have attacked. The most points will be deducted is 1.5 million. How can 3 million be deducted?"

Lord Bladehell looked embarrassed and said, "It's me. I killed two Yanluo clan's Supreme Saints by mistake. 1 million points will be deducted."

"I also killed one," Lady Wind said.

On Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, 5000 points were deducted for attacking an Infernal Court Supreme Saint.

Half a million points were deducted for killing an Infernal Court Supreme Saint.

If the points were negative, they would be kicked out of the battlefield.

This was a rule set by Fane of Destiny to prevent large-scale killing.

Zhang Ruochen checked the points of Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind on the diamond-shaped mirror.

He found that Lady Wind only had 70,000 points left.

Lord Bladehell's points were even worse. He has only 800 points left.

In other words, Lord Bladehell didn't dare to attack any cultivator now. He had to stay put.

Once he attacked, 5000 points would be deducted.

If his points were negative, he would be expelled from Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting by the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms.

It could be said that Immortal Vampires had won the battle, but it was a close one. Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell were almost expelled from the battlefield.

Lord Bladehell stood up abruptly, picked up his saber, and walked out. "I'll go hunt Celestial Captives now to earn points. I'll earn back the points that have been deducted as soon as possible. I won't hold Immortal Vampires back."

"Don't worry,"

Zhang Ruochen stopped him and said, "In the Battle of Yan Luo clan's home planet, it was a life or death situation. No one could control their power. It's understandable that one or two Supreme Saints were killed."

Lord Bladehell thought that Zhang Ruochen would take this opportunity to punish him to get revenge.

He didn't expect that Zhang Ruochen, who was always cruel, would let him go.

The more he did so, the more nervous Lord Bladehell became.

"Don't be so nervous. The most important thing for us now is indeed to kill Celestial Captives. However, you won't go alone. We'll go together."

Zhang Ruochen waved at Lord Bladehell, signaling him to return to his seat and continue the discussion.

Lord Bladehell walked back carefully, trying to maintain his head held high and cold. “It’s not good to go together, is it? We just went to the home planet of Yanluo clan and killed everything. Yanluo clan will definitely take revenge.

“Besides, We Immortal Vampires are now ranked first among the ten clans. We’re in the limelight. The other nine clans probably want to break into our home planet and wipe out all our clansmen.

“Anyone can go out to hunt Celestial Captives. However, Supreme Saint Ruochen, you must stay on our planet. Only with you can we guarantee that nothing will go wrong.”

Lady Wind’s beautiful eyes were deep. She nodded her head and said, “Lord Bladehell is right. Only with you can we be a deterrent.

“Not only because of your powerful strength, but also because you are not within the rules of the war of Celestial-Hunting. You could attack and kill Supreme Saints without deducting your points. Who dares to provoke you?”

On diamond-shaped mirror, Zhang Ruochen’s personal points were still 10.84 million, accounting for half of the total points of Immortal Vampires.

In the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen was ranked first in personal points.

He had attacked many Supreme Saints on the home planet of Yanluo clan, but he hadn’t deducted a single point.

Now, almost all cultivators knew that Zhang Ruochen wasn’t within the rules.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said. “No. We must hurry and go to the dark stars as soon as possible. At this stage, Yanluo clan has suffered heavy losses, they can’t even take care of themselves. It’s difficult to organize a large-scale attack on Immortal Vampires’ home planet in a short time.

“Cultivators from other clans should still be focused on finding fortuitous encounters on their home planet. Besides, they’ll definitely want to see Yanluo clan fight against the two elites of Immortal Vampires. They won’t attack too early.

“Besides that, there’s another important reason. Lord Hornless from Banshi Isshou Realm, hasn’t given himself up. No one knows where he is hiding.

“Therefore, I must go and hunt Celestial Captives. At least I can hold Lord Hornless back when encountered with him.

“Lord Xia Yu and Lady Wind are going to guard our home planet. They should be able to make sure nothing goes wrong.”

Immortal Vampires who are present were all elites in Hundred-Shackle Realm. They were the top fighting forces.

They all nodded and agreed with Zhang Ruochen’s analysis.

Lady Wind furrowed her willow-like eyebrows and said, “Why should I stay on our home planet? I don’t have enough points right now. I have to go out and hunt Celestial Captives.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Your mission is important. You have to stay on our home planet.

“Right now, the biggest threat to us is Yan Huangtu.

“He was the least injured in the battle on the home planet of Yanluo clan, but he lost all his reputation. He hates Immortal Vampires to the bone. He might come alone and wipe out the people on our home planet.”

Lord Xia Yu snorted. “Yan Huangtu is strong, but I’m confident that he can’t break the Defensive Array of our home planet by himself.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “What if Yan Huangtu uses Shapeshifting technique and becomes a Supreme Saint of Immortal Vampires? There are other secret techniques that could allow him to sneak into our home planet.”

Lord Xia Yu went silent and fell into deep thought.

Zhang Ruochen continued, “Only Path of Destiny cultivated by Lady Wind and Path of Truth cultivated by me can see through the foreign cultivators who want to sneak into our home planet. This is why Lady Wind has to stay on our home planet!”

“Okay! I will stay on our home planet temporarily and personally guard the gate of Star-Shield Grand Formation. I will not let any foreign cultivators enter our planet.”

Lady Wind said to Zhang Ruochen in a concerned tone, “How are your injuries? Why don’t you rest for two days and then go to Dark Star?”

Her voice was particularly soft and beautiful.

Any man who heard such concern and looked at Lady Wind’s beautiful eyes would feel his heart melt.

Lord Xia Yu’s eyes were full of disdain. She said to herself in a voice that only she could hear, “Crocodile tears.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “It doesn’t matter. Just give me half a day. It’s enough to stabilize my injury. You all can leave too. Gather the Supreme Saints of the big tribes. Half a day later, we’ll set off from Cloud City. We’ll go directly to the first dark star through dimensional teleportation array.”

The cultivators of the ten big tribes left one after another. They were busy preparing for the battle.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Lord Xia Yu, who was still sitting in her chair, “Why are you still here? Don’t you have anything else to do? Immortal Vampires’ home planet would definitely face a cruel war in the near future. The array you’ve set up might play a crucial role.”

Lord Xia Yu’s beautiful face was frozen without any expression.

“I stayed to remind you not to be blinded by beauty. Don’t think that you’re so charming that you can easily win a woman’s heart. Who knows? Others might just want to use you,” Lord Xia Yu said.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but laugh. "You mean Lady Wind?"

"I don't dare to criticize the future Scioness of Destiny, but..."

Lord Xia Yu's crystal-like eyes met Zhang Ruochen's, she added, "Lady Wind has a noble status, pure bloodline, and the potential to become a god. Even a God would want to marry her. Once she becomes Scioness of Destiny, she will have more choices in the future. How could she like you? Your identity is too special!"

"Didn't you say that you wouldn't dare to criticize the future Scioness of Destiny?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Xia Yu snorted and said, "Did she promise you something?"

Zhang Ruochen was still indifferent and said, "How do you know?"

"You gave her two Bloody Shadowseed, and one of them is a Saint Bloody Shadow. If you weren't infatuated with her, how could you do such a stupid thing?" Lord Xia Yu said in a reprimanding tone.

Zhang Ruochen said, "She said that she would marry me and be my wife no matter if she could become Scioness of Destiny or not. Any man would be moved by such a promise."

"If she becomes a Scioness, she will break off all love within 1,000 years. After 1,000 years, she will step down from her position as Scioness of Destiny. With her status as the Scioness of Destiny, even a warlord would want to marry her. Do you really think you can win the heart of the beauty? You've been deceived, but you don't know it," Lord Xia Yu said.

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Zhang Ruochen touched the hair above his forehead and said, "What you said makes sense. But what does it have to do with you? Why are you angrier than me?"

Lord Xia Yu stared at Zhang Ruochen with her bright eyes, unable to say a word.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I gave you a Supreme Artifact. Are you infatuated with me? Are you lying to me?"

"I'm different from her," Lord Xia Yu said coldly.

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and said, "Go away! Remember to mind your own business. If Lady Wind finds out that you told me this today, you'll be killed. Women are all petty."

Lord Xia Yu stood up, flicked her sleeves, and walked out coldly. "Wait,"

Zhang Ruochen's voice came from behind.

Lord Xia Yu stopped and said in a deep voice, "What else?"

"I have only one Saint Blood Shadow left. Take and refine it! Refining the Saint Blood Shadow can not only improve your blood qi and Saint Soul but also spiritual power. It should be of great help to you."

Zhang Ruochen took out Saint Blood Shadow and turned it into a ball of blood light. He threw it at Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu caught Saint Blood Shadow in her palm. Her beautiful eyes were full of surprise, confusion, dazed, and even a trace of panic.

Since she was young, Zhang Ruochen was the only one who treated her well, except for her brother and the ancestor of Xias who had died. He had given her all kinds of precious treasures that even the gods wanted without extra thought.

If he wasn't stupid, he must have had other intentions.

"What-What are you trying to do? What do you mean?"

Lord Xia Yu's voice trembled as she spoke in a low voice.

She really wanted to say that if you wanted to buy people's hearts, you could buy off Lord Bladehell, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, or Gu Chenzi. They all had gods behind them. But the Xias behind her, the ancestor of the gods, had already fallen. They couldn't give you much support.

Zhang Ruochen took out Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Holding it in his palm, he studied it carefully. Without looking

at her, he said, “You’re very important. Raise your spiritual power as soon as possible. It’ll be best if you can break through to the 65th level.”

“Oh, right. You’re not only a High-Saint Array Master but also a High-Saint Talisman Master. What about this? Except for Array Masters, I’ll transfer Immortal Vampires’ Talisman Master to you. You must guard Immortal Vampires’ home planet well. If you can’t do it, you won’t get anything good in the future!”

Zhang Ruochen trusted very few people in Infernal Court.

Lord Xia Yu was someone worth spending a lot of resources to cultivate.

Unfortunately, her temperament was still a bit lacking. She needed to be honed.

Guarding the home planet was a test for her.

After Lord Xia Yu left, Zhang Ruochen put away Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Just as he had expected, although the spiritual will of the Elixir Spirit had been refined, the energy contained inside was too great. It wasn’t something he dared to refine with his current cultivation.

Once he swallowed it, his body would definitely explode and die.

He estimated that he would only be able to withstand it if he cultivated the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm, broke all the shackles in his body, and awakened his demigod body completely.

Then, Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes to check the ten dragon souls flowing in his saint meridian.

The ten Blue Dragon Souls gave off a cold aura and swam in the saint meridian relentlessly driving the divine flame from Yanshen’s Leg away.

It was the ten dragon souls that appeared out of nowhere that saved Zhang Ruochen’s life.

Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen observed carefully and found that the ten Blue Dragon Souls were exactly the same. There was a swastika symbol above their heads. The aura they emitted was not the aura of Path.

It was the aura of divinity.

The auras of the ten Blue Dragon Souls were of the same origin.

“Could it be the ten dragon souls of a divine dragon?”

Zhang Ruochen was very shocked.

Each dragon soul was no weaker than a dragon soul in Thousand-Koan Realm.

“Could it be related to the fortuitous encounter on the home planet of Yanluo clan? No, fortuitous encounters on home planets should be extraordinary. How could it be only the ten dragon souls of a divine dragon?”.

Ten dragon souls in Thousand-Koan Realm were indeed extraordinary to the Supreme Saint.

However, for a divine dragon, they were probably equivalent to ten scales on its body.

“Forget it. Since I’ve got ten dragon souls, I’ll refine them first. Maybe I’ll be able to improve the power of Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike,” Zhang Ruochen thought.

Chapter 2366 The Return to the Hidden

The news of the battle against the Yanluo Clan's home planet quickly spread throughout the Celestial-Hunting battlefield and shocked all the forces.

Yanluo Clan, known as the supreme clan, had an absolute advantage every time they fought in the Celestial-Hunting battle. They had won first place among the ten clans. They had never suffered such a defeat.

Almost half of their clansmen had been killed, and countless Supreme Saint elites had been killed or injured.

What was even more humiliating was that the first place had been taken away by Immortal Vampires.

“Zhang Ruochen led a group of Immortal Vampires and ambushed Yanluo Clan's home planet. He severely injured Yanluo Clan at the cost of zero casualties. He is not somebody that we can underestimate.”

“First, he exterminated Ghost Clan. Then he targetted Yanluo Clan. He can stir up endless storms alone.”

“As far as I know, Zhang Ruochen and Immortal Vampires were able to succeed because Que and Lan Ying were also on Yanluo Clan's home planet.”

“Anyway, this time, Yanluo Clan has lost their faces!”

After hearing the news, all the cultivators who participated in the Celestial-Hunting battle sighed with awe.

In the past Celestial-Hunting battles, although there had been competition and friction between the ten clans, such an intense battle was very rare. In less than half of the 100 days, two home planets had already suffered severe casualties. There was even a clan's most powerful elite who died. Many Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints, who had attained the Great Perfection stage, had died tragically or left the battlefield.

No one knew where the war would take place next time?

On the Rakshasan home planet

Devala was the head of the seven great Rakshasan Divine Kingdoms. It was known as “the Nation among Nations” of ten thousand countries and “the Rakshasan Stronghold.” Its forces far surpassed the other six divine kingdoms, so it had to shoulder greater responsibilities.

On the home planet, nearly 100 million Rakshasas were under Devala’s protection.

The Devalan prince, Luo Shengtian, was a handsome, well-built hunk. Among Rakshasan males, he was considered a Prince Charming.

Standing by a green lake with a royal bearing, he sighed with some regret. “If I had known that Yanluo Clan’s home planet was so lively, I would have visited the place.”

The lake bank was lined with snow-white willow trees whose long, hanging branches were gracefully drooping down, wafting to and fro in the breeze.

Luo Sha stood below the willow branches. The beauty in cyan robe, who gave off a noble demeanor, curled her lips into a graceful smile. “My dear brother, you just want to join the fight, right?”

Luo Shengtian nodded. “For cultivators like me, it’s hard to improve further except for breaking through to the Thousand-Koan Realm. Only by fighting with a superior of the same level can we find our shortcomings and improve further.”

“Que, Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Wu Jiang, and the rising stars — Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen — are all worthy opponents to meet once in the bluemoon.”

Luo Sha smiled faintly. “In your eyes, I’m not considered a rising star?”

Luo Shengtian said with a serious face, “You, Pan Ruo, Xuemo, and Lord Jadebone are still a step behind. You will only know who will stand out when you reach the Great Perfection Stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

Luo Sha put away her smile and said with a deep look in her eyes, “Zhang Ruochen has initiated a war against Yanluo Clan. He probably has some big plans.” Luo Shengtian snorted. “If

he wants to lead the Immortal Vampires to aim for the first place among the ten clans, he is seeking his own destruction.”. Yanluo Clan would not let this go. The other eight clans would never allow the Immortal Vampires to become the first among the ten clans. Zhang Ruochen is still too young. Flaunting his brilliance in every aspect will definitely get himself into trouble.”

Luo Sha raised her pretty face and looked at the clear blue sky. “Zhang Ruochen killed Supreme Saint Manjian. It’s enough to show how determined he is. Anyone who wants to stop him will have to pay a heavy price.”

Luo Shengtian looked surprised. “Are you thinking that he has a chance?”

“I have no idea.”

Luo Sha shook her head lightly. “But he isn’t an ordinary person. He can always create miracles. Brother, you didn’t expect him to defeat Wu Jiang in such a short time, right?”

Luo Shengtian asked, “You think so highly of him?”

“I didn’t feel so. I’m just thinking that if he succeeds, it will be also a good thing for the Rakshasas,” said Luo Sha.

Luo Shengtian asked, “What benefits will we get?”

“Immortal Vampires do not only represent the three lower clans. They are also living beings. If they can push Yanluo Clan out of the top place, the three lower clans and the living beings will have a much higher status in the Infernal Court,” Luo Sha said.

Luo Shengtian thought for a while and said, “Are you saying that we shouldn’t attack Immortal Vampires, but we should help them at the right time instead?”

Luo Sha shook her head and spoke like a wise lady, “No. We shouldn’t help them. Immortal Vampires are attracting attention. They are the subject of public criticism. If we help them, we will become the subject of controversy too.”

Luo Shengtian could not understand what his little sister was thinking. “Then what are you trying to say?”

“Instead of harming or helping them, we should do nothing.”

Luo Sha smiled and said, “However, there’s a long feud between Warlord Mara and Zhang Ruochen. We must warn Warlord Mara not to get manipulated and invade Immortal Vampires’ home planet.”

“Don’t worry. I will handle this matter. He won’t dare to disobey me even if he has ten balls.” Luo Sheng Tian clenched his right fist and released bolts of lightning.

Luo Sha continued, “There will definitely be a battle between Yanluo Clan and the Immortal Vampires. Even the upper three clans and the middle three clans might join it. They can’t wait to destroy the Immortal Vampires. This is an opportunity for us.” “What opportunity?” Luo Shengtian still didn’t understand.

Luo Sha continued, “When all elites of each clan go to the Immortal Vampires’ home planet, what will happen to the defense of their own home planet?”

Luo Shengtian suddenly came to a realization. “If we destroy their home planet, even if we can’t get the first place, we’ll be in the top three.”

“It depends on how many elites Zhang Ruochen and the Immortal Vampires will attract. Also, it depends on when Yanluo Clan attacks Immortal Vampires.”

Luo Sha suddenly thought of something and asked, “Brother, are you confident in cultivating a Grade Two Saintwill?”

Luo Shengtian shook his head with a smile. “It’s not easy to do so. In a Yuanhui period, only a few can succeed.”

Even though he had a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he didn’t dare to take it because he wasn’t confident.

There was only one Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. If he failed, he wouldn’t have another chance.

Luo Sha said, “Brother, tell me the truth. What are your chances?”

“If I didn’t have the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, I wouldn’t have any chances. With the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, I have a twenty to thirty-30 percent confidence level,” said Luo Shengtian said.

Luo Sha’s eyes brightened up. “There’s extraordinary fortuitous encounter hidden inside every home planet. Now is your time to visit the underground of this planet.”

Luo Shengtian said, “I have been there, but unfortunately, I found nothing. The Rakshasan home planet is completely different from Ghost Clan’s home planet. There are no secret realms or treasure lands. Perhaps there is no fortuitous encounter inside the Rakshasan home planet at all.”

“I did find something though,” Luo Sha said.

Luo Shengtian couldn’t control his emotions. He said in surprise and anticipation, “You found a fortuitous encounter?”

“Maybe!”

Luo Sha opened her snow-white palm right palm, and a ball of light appeared on it.

With a wave of her hand, the ball of light flew out and landed on the ground, turning into a translucent skeleton.

The skeleton sat cross-legged. It was a Supreme Saint’s remains, and each of its bones was at Neverwilt state.

Although there were tiny dots and lines carved all over the skeleton, one could not identify the patterns of these carvings.

“It’s just a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint skeleton.”

Luo Shengtian looked disappointed.

Luo Sha said, “Don’t you think it’s abnormal to have a Supreme Saint skeleton on a planet that doesn’t even have a Demi-Saint?”

“It is indeed abnormal.”

Luo Shengtian carefully observed the Supreme Saint skeleton again and finally noticed the small dots and lines on the bones. He exclaimed, “Who on earth carved so many holes and lines

on these bones? That person must've been bored out of his mind."

"It's a type of word character," said Luo Sha.

Luo Shengtian was surprised. "How is that possible? I've read many books, but I've never seen this type of character."

Luo Sha said, "This type of word character has never been recorded before. However, I once saw 57 ancient symbols on a stone tablet in the imperial ancestral land."

"At that time, when I asked daddy about them, he shook his head and said he didn't know the meaning of these symbols either."

Luo Shengtian said, "Father has already lived for hundreds of thousands of years. For someone as experienced and knowledgeable as him, how could there be anything that he was clueless about?"

Luo Sha continued without answering his question, "So, I asked mom. She said 57 symbols on the stone tablet were the oldest 57 characters of the Rakshasas. They formed the foundation of the complete writing system of the Rakshasan civilization."

Luo Shengtian pointed at the skeleton on the ground and said, "So, the symbols on its body are the ones you saw on the stone tablet?"

Luo Sha shook her head again. "No, they are even older than the symbols I saw on the stone tablet. However, there is a subtle connection between the two that can be deciphered."

"Have you deciphered them?"

Luo Shengtian knew that his little sister was much smarter than him.

Moreover, Luo Sha had obtained a Divinity Source and part of a Stellar Soul of God when she was in Kunlun. Now, her spiritual power was stronger than his, and her understanding of the word characters had become better than before.

Therefore, he had great expectations in his heart.

Luo Sha took out a scroll of beast skin and handed it to Luo Shengtian. “The time is too short. I only managed to decipher the ancient language carved on the head. Take it and have a look. You might comprehend something helpful to form a second-grade Saintwill.”

Luo Shengtian unscroll the beast skin to take a look. He blurted out, “The Return to the Hidden.[1]”

“That’s right. It’s The Return to the Hidden.”

Luo Sha blinked her eyes and inadvertently looked at the sky above her.

The Rakshasan deities in the Fane of Destiny exclaimed in shock when they heard these four words.

“It’s The Return to the Hidden! The Return to the Hidden! The text on the skeleton is actually The Return to the Hidden!”

“It must be the complete version. And should be the earliest script.”

“The portion of The Return to the Hidden in the Rakshasas’ possession is less than one-tenth of the earliest script. And most of it was just a few words of enlightenment shared by the deities of later generations.”

“The advent of The Return to the Hidden will open up a new path of the Rakshasan cultivation system.”

The divine spirits flew in the direction of the Rakshasan home planet one after another.

Rumble—

Luo Yan sat in his Divine Plane and spat out a mouthful of murderous Qi. It turned into a thunderstorm and dispersed all the divine spirits.

Immediately after, he snarled, “What are you all trying to do? The Return to the Hidden was deciphered by my daughter. Are you trying to steal it?

“Back then, there were plenty of you who had personally studied the skeleton. Unfortunately, you were lacking in knowledge that you failed to identify it. That was why we

buried the skeleton on our home planet and waited for the right owner.”

“Obviously, my daughter was the one The Return to the Hidden had been waiting for. This was fated long ago.”

At this moment, Luo Yan was in an extremely good mood. When he spoke, there was a hint of pride and schadenfreude.

In fact, after that skeleton was discovered in an ancient land of the Fane of Rakshasa, he had studied it himself. But to no avail, he found nothing. He had not expected those holes and lines on the skeleton to be word characters.

There was indeed a stone tablet with 57 symbols engraved on it in the imperial ancestral land.

But this stone tablet on the ground was not eye-catching at all, so Luo Yan had not deliberately studied it.

Moreover, the words on the skeleton were completely different from the 57 symbols. At least, he could not see any connection. Who knew that his daughter was so smart that she could link the two together and even decipher them?

Many Rakshasan deities had studied that skeleton.

The Rakshasan deities immediately tried to recall the holes and lines on the skeleton. However, to their surprise, they failed to recall any despite their photographic memory.

The images in their minds were very blurry.

It was as if an invisible force had erased part of their memories.

“The ancestor who carved the characters on the skeleton must be an extraordinary person. After countless years, the divine spell effect he cast on the skeleton is still not completely worn out,” a Rakshasan deity sighed.

Luo Yan beamed with delight. He turned to Amane and whispered, “Are the words on the skeleton really related to the 57 symbols on our ancestral land’s stone tablet?”

Amane understood her daughter too well. She shook her head lightly, “You actually believed it?! Sha’er knows the

importance of The Return to the Hidden. And she knows the deities are paying attention to the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Do you think she would tell the truth?”

Luo Yan was slightly stunned, but he immediately revealed an awkward expression.

Amane continued, “Among the deities which have seen the skeleton, some of them with strong spiritual power can remember the words on the skeleton. If they were to decipher it according to the 57 ancient symbols, they would not find anything.”

Luo Yan said, “So, what is recorded on the skeleton is not The Return to the Hidden?”

“Not necessarily.”

Amane shook her head gently. “Maybe yes. Maybe No. Only Sha’er knows the answer. And whether the secret of the skeleton is related to the holes and patterns on its surface remains a question.

“But one thing for sure is... She must have discovered the secret of the skeleton. After all, fusing Saintwills to form a new one is not a trivial matter. There is no way she will harm her brother and lead him to the wrong path.”

[1] 归藏 Guicang

An ancient divination text related to the Yijing ** (The Book of Changes).

<http://www.chinaknowledge.de/Literature/Daoists/guicang.html>

Chapter 2367: Planning the Next Move

In the pitch-black space of the universe, no light could be seen. It was cold, hollow, and silent.

Suddenly,

a dazzling light lit up, burning through the darkness.

“Dragon-Elephant Destruction.”

The dragon’s roar shook the sky and earth, causing ripples to appear in the space.

Ten green dragons covered in divine fire surged forward like ten Celestial Rivers, crashing into a black demon tree tens of thousands of meters tall.

Each branch of the black demon tree was like a hand, resisting the attack desperately with boundless strength.

The tree was one of the five Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captives, a Heaven Devourer.

“Zhang Ruochen, as a cultivator from Celestial Court, you’re willing to be a pawn of Infernal Court. I-I curse y-you. Y-You shall d-die horrible d-death...”

The Heaven Devourer roared as it released tens of billions of Precepts in its body. They transformed into Path, forming an illusory majestic yet spooky city. The city clashed with the ten green dragons.

KABOOM!

The city collapsed.

Then, the huge tree exploded.

Under the burning of the divine fire, the life force of the Heaven Devourer quickly vanished. It turned into ashes.

Eventually, what remained was only a Sainthood Source of demonic Qi in the void space of the universe.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Sainthood Source telekinetically from the void space. He said to himself, “A Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm is so weak. It’s so easy to kill.”

The other Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm who were hunting the Heaven Devourer twitched their lips when they heard this.

‘He is too OP!’

Even though they had helped Zhang Ruochen block the escape route of the Heaven Devourer, they were still terrified that Zhang Ruochen could kill a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint with one palm.

‘Doesn’t this mean that Zhang Ruochen only needed one palm to kill them?’

Before attacking the dark star, Zhang Ruochen had refined the dragon souls of the ten green dragons — the Swastika Seiryus — into his left arm.

For some reason, when the ten swastika green dragon souls were refined into Zhang Ruochen’s arm, they devoured the three Thousand-Koan Realm Dragon Souls in his arm. It was as if other dragon souls were not allowed to coexist.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen might seem like releasing one palm strike; he actually struck out ten dragon souls.

In fact, each palm contained the power of 13 dragon souls of the Thousand-Koan level. Even without the support from a Saint Technique, a casual palm strike was comparable to a full-strength strike unleashed by a Supreme Saint of the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

It was even more powerful.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had struck out with his full strength. With the divine fire and the Saintwill of Fire fusing into his palm strike, how could the Heaven Devourer possibly withstand it?

Although Zhang Ruochen had yet to practice Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike to the grand completion of Thousand-Koan level, his palm strike was far more powerful than many Thousand-Koan level Saint Techniques.

‘These ten dragon souls are extremely precious. Under my nurturing, I might be able to grow to the level of one in ten thousand deaths and one in life, or even the ultimate realm. If I can get ten elephant souls that can also grow, why wouldn’t my dragon and Elephant Prajna palm reach the peak?’ Zhang Ruochen thought as he sighed.

Holding a diamond-shaped mirror, Gu Chenzi walked to Zhang Ruochen’s side with a look of awe. “After a few days of continuous battles against the first and second dark stars, we have killed 307 Supreme Saints, 17,000 Saint Kings, and countless Saints and Demi-Saints among the Celestial Captives.

“At present, the total points gained by Immortal Vampires reached 71 million, which secures Immortal Vampires the top spot.”

Zhang Ruochen fell into deep thought for a while. There had been a point in the past when Sainthood and Demi-Sainthood were cultivation ranks out of his reach. At that time, Saint Kings and Supreme Saints were even legendary figures to him.

But now, they had become prey and targets for him to hunt. They were powerless to fight back in his hands.

More than 300 Supreme Saints and 17,000 Saint Kings were massive numbers. Some Macroworlds could not even nurture this many Saint elites.

With so many Saint elites driven to become prey on the battlefield, no wonder Infernal Court valued the Celestial-Hunting battle so much.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t help but think, in this world where the strong preyed on the weak, what kind of elite was a truly powerful elite?

What kind of Macroworld was a truly powerful Macroworld?

When Kunlun was at its most glorious, there were many deities and Saints in the past. What was it like?

Zhang Ruochen collected his emotions and asked, “How many points did I gain?”

“28 million,” Gu Chenzi replied.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. “That’s all?”

Gu Chenzi let out a bitter smile. “Other than the Immortal Vampires, Asuras, and Yanluo, the total points of all the other seven clans combined are not as much as yours. You are No. 1 in the Celestial-Hunting battle.”

All the cultivators present had witnessed Zhang Ruochen’s brutal slaughtering methods. He showed no mercy to any Celestial Captives.

If these images were all projected by the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, Zhang Ruochen would definitely be called the “Slaughter King.”

All the living beings in Celestial Court would be scared to death when they saw this scene.

Now, they would never believe that Zhang Ruochen would betray Infernal Court. They felt that Zhang Ruochen had completely regarded himself as a member of Immortal Vampires.

Even if Zhang Ruochen returned to Celestial Court now, no cultivators there would accept him. They would only regard him as a deviant and execute him.

It could be said that Zhang Ruochen had already completed the first trial given by the Infernal Court deities. Wargod Bloodximius, Blood Empress, and Lord Ming all breathed a sigh of relief and nodded in satisfaction.

It was a big decision that required a great resolve from Zhang Ruochen. He had to experience pain that ordinary people couldn’t understand.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression was calm. “What about the casualties of Immortal Vampires?”

“Three Supreme Saints died here when Celestial Captives self-detonated,” said Gu Chenzi. “Some Supreme Saints were severely injured, but they survive.”

This time, Zhang Ruochen led over 600 Immortal Vampires to fight together. They had the absolute advantage.

When being forced to the brink, the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives would self-detonate their Sainthood Sources.

However, their spiritual power was sealed. When these Celestial Captives wanted to self-detonate, their spiritual wills would get suppressed instantly. Only under rare circumstances could some Supreme Saints self-detonate successfully and cause casualties to the Immortal Vampires.

Otherwise, if they wanted to kill more than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives, the Immortal Vampires would have lost more than 300 Supreme Saints.

Celestial Captives were slaves and prey after all.

Their roles and fates had already been decided when they entered the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

This was a game between hunters and prey. From the start, it was already unfair.

The 600 or so Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints stood on the surface of the huge Violet Gourd like divine beings. They flew out of the dark starfield within the vicinity of the second dark star.

Whoosh—

A Communication talisman flew over from afar and landed in Gu Chenzi’s hand.

After reading the contents of the talisman, Gu Chenzi was stunned. He reported it to Zhang Ruochen, “It’s a message from Supreme Saint Xueqi. Yan Wushen broke into the Asuran home planet and killed most of their clansmen. He has rushed to the fifth dark star to meet with Yan Huangtu.”

It was almost impossible to wipe out a clan.

A Supreme Saint of each clan would at least take a few clansmen with them. This was the only way to ensure that the total points would not be deducted in half.

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. “He did it. He’s really ruthless!”

The Asuras knew that Yan Wushen would definitely pay them a visit, so they must have made a foolproof plan and set up an inescapable trap. Many powerful figures were waiting for Yan Wushen to fall into the trap.

Under such circumstances, even Zhang Ruochen had to think twice before going to the Asuran home planet.

Not only did Yan Wushen go alone, but he also killed most of Asuran clansmen. More importantly, he escaped unharmed.

He was like a celestial being.

Gu Chenzi was also very shocked. “Yan Wushen is indeed a top elite. I’m afraid only you can compete with him.”

“Yan Wushen is indeed amazing, so is Yan Huangtu. Yan Huangtu’s presence, can restrict Yan Wushen,” Zhang Ruochen said thoughtfully.

Gu Chenzi looked confused. He didn’t quite understand what Zhang Ruochen meant.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen had never taken Yan Huangtu seriously before. He had never seen Yan Huangtu as a threat. In his opinion, Yan Huangtu was flinty and conceited. Hence, Yan Huangtu should not be a tough opponent.

But this time, it was beyond Zhang Ruochen’s expectations.

Yan Huangtu restrained his anger and did not rashly barge into the Immortal Vampires’ home planet alone. Instead, like Zhang Ruochen, he led the Supreme Saints of Yanluo Clan to attack other dark stars and fight for points.

That was why, although almost half of Yanluo Clan had been killed, their points had risen rapidly to 60 million over the past few days. They weren’t far behind the Immortal Vampires.

From this, it could be seen that Yan Huangtu wasn't as simple as he appeared. Hatred and humiliation couldn't affect his emotions and judgment. He was a resilient person who knew when to yield. He knew how to judge the situation and was shrewd.

Such character was the most terrifying.

He was unfathomable and unpredictable.

The way he acted was just the facade he wanted all to see.

Even the strength he displayed might not be his true strength.

"It's a pity. If Yan Huangtu was really an obstinate and autocratic person, he would attack the Immortal Vampires' home planet, leaving Yanluo Clan without a leader, and getting 3,000 points would be considered amazing for them in such situation." Zhang Ruochen sighed.

The Immortal Vampires' points had risen rapidly recently. The cultivators of the ten clans were under pressure. They stopped fighting and focused all their energy on killing the Celestial Captives.

Under Yan Huangtu's leadership, Yanluo Clan destroyed the Celestial Captives gathered near the fourth dark star and started attacking the fifth dark star.

The battle for points was in full swing.

"We have to take down at least one dark star and get 100 million points. Only then can we guarantee that our current ranking — top one among the ten clans — is safe," said Zhang Ruochen.

Not all Celestial Captives gathered around the seven dark stars.

It was just that the space region where the seven dark stars were located was strategic for hiding, so the population of Celestial Captives was more concentrated there. Fighting in these seven places could collect many points in a short time.

A star map was floating in front of Zhang Ruochen after Gu Chenzi opened it. Gu Chenzi pointed to a black ball and said,

“Yan Huangtu and Yan Wushen are both on the fifth dark star. There was no room for us to interfere the battle there.

“So now we are left with only the sixth and seventh dark stars.

“The three middle clans are the ones who attacked the sixth dark star. They have occupied it since a long time ago. More than half of the Celestial Captives hiding there have been wiped out.”

“If we go now, we might fall into the trap they set. And once we do so, it will affect the entire battle.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly, “Although there was no top elites among the three middle clans, we should not underestimate their combined strength. There is no need to compete with them for the remaining points. What is the situation of the seventh dark star?”

Gu Chenzi took a deep breath and said with a solemn expression, “The seventh dark star is quite special. It is the largest dark star on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, covering a space region a diameter of six million miles.

“That place is like the abyss of death or a forbidden land.

“All the Infernal Court Supreme Saints who participated in the Celestial-Hunting battle have never returned after they entered it. Seventy-three Supreme Saints went missing there.

“No one knows whether it was due to man-made cause or it had something to do with the environment inside the dark star.”

“Many cultivators perceived that Lord Hornless is likely to be there. Therefore, no force dares to barge in easily. In contrast, more and more Celestial Captives are hiding there.”

“The seventh dark star is where Celestial Captives gather the most. If any force can take it down, their points will significantly increase.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at the huge black ball on the star map.

Gu Chenzi continued, “However, I’ve received news that the Supreme Saints of the upper three clans, led by Pan Ruo, Yuan Fei, and Que Fei, are rushing toward the seventh dark star.

“It seems that the upper three clans are planning to crack the tough nut.”

Lord Bladehell laughed coldly. “Ever since Wu Jiang has been severely wounded by Supreme Saint Ruochen, he hasn’t shown up.

“The upper three clans don’t have any top powerhouses to hold down the fort currently. Hence, once they enter the complex environment of that dark star region and encounter Lord Hornless, they will suffer heavy casualties.”

“Why don’t we wait for a while and let the upper three clans take the lead? We can attack after they return in defeat,” said Gu Chenzi.

Everyone looked at Zhang Ruochen to see how he would make a decision.

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze was sharp. “I hope Lord Hornless is really on the seventh dark star. After all, his points alone are 10 million.”

At this moment, two things came to Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

The first was Intergold Tiger’s test.

Only by passing the test could he obtain the special opportunity inside Ghost Clan’s home planet. At that time, his cultivation might rise to a higher level in a short time.

Second, Lord Hornless was a cultivator of Avīci Pavilion, and the leader of Avīci Pavilion was Empress of Thousand Bones.

The first place in the Celestial-Hunting battle was so important to her.

Could it be that Lord Hornless showing up on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield was part of Empress of Thousand Bones’ plan?

Chapter 2368: A Kindred Spirit

Zhang Ruochen stood alone in a six-colored star fog and looked ahead.

Color, light, time, space, and the precepts of heaven and earth all showed signs of distortion here.

Further ahead was a pitch-black and empty space, containing unpredictable dangers. The star fog turned into twisted ribbons that lingered on the surface of the darkness.

Those Saint cultivators who traveled the universe were most afraid of encountering such a place.

That place was at the edge of the seventh Dark Star.

‘The energy here was 100 times stronger than the third Dark Star. The seventh Dark Star is not a place for ordinary cultivators,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

The core area covered by the third Dark Star was only one million miles in diameter.

The seventh Dark Star was six million miles in diameter.

Even a Supreme Saint would find it extremely difficult to ascend to the third Dark Star. Zhang Ruochen suspected that an ordinary Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint might not even be able to fly off the ground when he ascended to the seventh Dark Star.

The target of 600 Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires was too large, so Zhang Ruochen stuffed them all into the Violet Gourd.

Zhang Ruochen decided to investigate the situation of the seventh Dark Star on his own first. To avoid unnecessary casualties, he would then release all of the Supreme Saints to wipe out the seventh Dark Star.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to fly into the dark space, the Heart of Truth suddenly trembled and sensed something.

“Huh?”

He looked back and looked across the layers of space. He saw a meteoroid thousands of miles away.

There were many powerful energy fluctuations on the meteoroid.

...

This meteoroid was like a stone mountain tens of thousands of meters long. It flew in the universe and never once stopped.

There were dozens of saint corpses lying on the ground with blood stains on them.

The Saint Blood was ignited and turned into a sacred flame with the smell of blood.

The powerful Wills of Death subdued the thirteen Saint King Celestial Captives and forced them to kneel on the ground. They lacked the dignity and power of a Saint King. Their clothes were tattered, and they were as skinny as sticks. They were the same as the beggars on the streets.

Even their eyes had become cloudy due to the long period of torture, humiliation, and enslavement. They had lost the spirit and energy that a Saint Realm powerhouse should have.

Apart from that, there was also a white-bearded elder in the Supreme Saint Realm.

The Supreme Saint Blood in him had been drained countless times. His blood qi had become extremely thin, and he was even skinnier. His old face was like a layer of skin covering his bones.

The white-bearded elder knelt on one knee in front of Yuan Mo and Qi Yang. He looked at the dead body on the ground. His heart was aching, but he still spoke in a pleading tone, he said, “I am the Supreme Lord of the Southern Sword Realm. My Lords, please spare our lives. We will definitely do our best to serve you. From now on, all living beings in the Southern Sword Realm will be your slaves. We will construct

100,000 sacred temples throughout the world and carve the divine statues of my lords, which will be worshipped by all slaves.”

Yuan Mo raised his chin and revealed a mocking smile. He said, “A Supreme Lord of the realm is actually willing to kneel at my feet. Aren’t you too cowardly?”

“It’s not that I’m afraid of death, it’s just that I don’t dare to die.”

The white-bearded elder knelt on the ground and lowered his head. He laughed miserably.

Then, he said, “I’m the only living being in the Southern Sword Realm who has cultivated to the Supreme Saint realm. At least, I have some use. I can speak to the Supreme Saint of the Infernal Court and beg to be a slave.”

“But if I die, who can speak for the living beings of the Southern Sword Realm? They will either become food for the Rakshasa or be killed by the Ghost and the Corpusian. They will become wandering ghosts with corpses strewn all over the place.”

As he spoke, he started to shed tears.

“I don’t ask for anything else... I just... I just want to find a way for them to live.”

Behind the white-bearded elder, the thirteen Saint Kings were also covered in tears.

They were not crying for themselves, but for the billions of lives in the Southern Sword Realm.

They were already the strongest powerhouses of the Southern Sword Realm, but they were unable to find a way for the mother world to live. The pain in their hearts, the unwillingness in their hearts, and the helplessness in their hearts made them want to die.

However, they struggled to live until now.

Qi Yang wore golden armor and was extremely handsome. His long and narrow eyes were raised as he smiled evilly, “Are there any beauties in the Southern Sword Realm?”

“Yes... There are. If my lord accepts the Southern Sword Realm as your slave realm, all the beauties in this realm will belong to you.” A Saint King Celestial Captive had an expectant look in his eyes.

Qi Yang smiled, he snorted, “I already have 7,000 concubines in my imperial palace and 30,000 slaves. There are many Saints and Saint Kings among them. How can the mortal women of the Southern Sword Realm be of my taste? I was just joking with you, but you actually took it seriously!”

The Southern Sword Realm’s 13 Saint Kings gritted their teeth and struggled furiously to get up.

“A bunch of lowly slaves. Do you still want to resist?” said Yuan Mo.

Yuan Mo’s eyes turned sharp as he released an even more powerful Will of Death. He suppressed them until they knelt on the ground again, and the sacred bones on their bodies crackled.

“Trash like you don’t even have the right to be my slaves. You should just be the prey when you are in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.”

The white-bearded Supreme Saint elder lowered his head. His eyes were filled with despair as tears dripped down.

He could not help but think about why the universe was so cruel. What did the Southern Sword Realm do wrong to end up like that?

He was a gifted genius. He was determined to lead the Southern Sword Realm to prosperity. He did not have a path of cultivation for the Saint King Realm. Instead, he created his own path of cultivation.

He did not have a path of cultivation for the Supreme Saint Realm, but he cultivated painstakingly for five hundred years and developed a method to become a Supreme Saint.

When he reached the Supreme Saint Realm, he thought that he could finally realize his dream. However, what came next was the attack of the Infernal Court.

In front of the Infernal Court, he was as weak as an ant.

Qi Yang said, “Don’t talk so much nonsense with them. Kill them and bring their saint corpses back quickly. We still need some saint corpses to build The Altar of Death.”

Just as Yuan Mo was about to make his move, he suddenly felt a powerful wave of Saint Qi. He raised his head and looked forward.

Whoosh

A streak of golden light approached from afar and landed on a rock in the starry sky. It condensed into an evil and handsome figure.

Who was it, if not Zhang Ruochen?

The arrogant Yuan Mo and Qi Yang noticed him. Their expressions shifted in fear. They couldn’t help but take a step back. To defend themselves, they each summoned a weapon at the Regal Artifact level.

The Saint King and the Supreme Saint of the Southern Sword Realm were both confused.

Why did these two powerful Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court suddenly become so nervous?

What were they afraid of?

Could it be that the young man with ten Golden Wings was an important figure?

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. He said, “So it’s you two. Long time no see.”

Yuan Mo was the younger brother of Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, the number one powerhouse of the Deathkin. He was once the commander of the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun’s Northern Region and a top Deathkin powerhouse below the Supreme Saint Realm.

Qi Yang was the son of Lord Qi Tian of the Deathkin. He had also been to the Battlefield of Merits in the Northern Region. Like Yuan Mo, they were both first-class powerhouses below the Supreme Saint Realm.

Qi Yang had a strong desire for beauty. His goal in taking part in the War of Merit was to capture one of the nine beauties from the *Portrait of the Nine Beauties*. He had even set his sights on Fairy of a Hundred Flowers at the time.

Yuan Mo and Qi Yang were both extremely talented. They had the battle strength to fight a Supreme Saint with the cultivation of a Saint King.

Now, the two of them had reached the Neverwilt Realm.

Yuan Mo's face muscles trembled. "Why are you here?" he asked quietly. "Are the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires arriving soon?"

Yuan Mo had killed a large number of innocent people in Kunlun. Zhang Ruochen had a strong desire to kill him. However, he hadn't found a chance to do so in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen gazed sharply and said. "Is this how you speak to me?"

Yuan Mo felt a shiver run down his spine as he sensed Zhang Ruochen's cold killing intent. He continued to retreat, he said tremblingly, "My elder brother is Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, the number one powerhouse of the Deathkin. If... If you dare to... kill me, my elder brother will... will definitely make you die a horrible death."

Zhang Ruochen walked over step by step and said, "Are you threatening me? I, Zhang Ruochen, have never been provoked by a weakling in such a presumptuous way. If I don't kill you, I will not be able to wash away the humiliation on me."

Qi Yang's face had turned ashen from fear. When he saw Zhang Ruochen walk by, he quickly retreated into the distance.

How could he be a hero and help Yuan Mo at that time?

Zhang Ruochen had even said such shameless words. Obviously, he wanted to find an excuse to kill Yuan Mo. What was the difference between rushing forward and seeking death?

Zhang Ruochen didn't deduct points for killing people.

Killing one was murder, and killing two was also murder.

“If you dare to escape, I will drain the blood on your body one drop at a time and make you beg for death,” said Zhang Ruochen as he glanced at Qi Yang.

Qi Yang, who had wanted to escape, was so scared that his legs went soft. He stopped in place with a sad face.

Yuan Mo sensed that Zhang Ruochen’s killing intent was getting stronger and stronger. He knew that Zhang Ruochen must be trying to settle the old scores of Kunlun.

Zhang Ruochen was like a peerless demon king now. Even his elder brother would be afraid, let alone him.

Swoosh

Yuan Mo used a forbidden technique to burn the Qi of Death in his body. He turned around and fled at an extreme speed.

“You think you can escape from me with your cultivation?” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen stretched out his hand and pointed across space.

Whoosh

A Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared in front of his fingertip.

With a bang, Yuan Mo fell from the Spatial Wormhole Mirror and was stomped on the ground by Zhang Ruochen.

The divine flame burst out from his feet and burned through the Qi of Death and The Will of Death protecting Yuan Mo. It refined his body and burned his flesh.

Yuan Mo was in great pain. He roared, “I want to...”

Before he could say the words “I want to withdraw from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting,” the space was frozen by Zhang Ruochen. His voice stopped abruptly.

Qi Yang, who stood on the side, watched Zhang Ruochen refine Yuan Mo. He gritted his teeth, his heart trembled. He said, “Zhang Ruochen can kill a person without a word. It’s too terrifying. What are the gods thinking? How could they let

such a terrifying guy enter the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?”

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm looked at each other in shock and fear.

They were curious. Was this young man a cultivator from the Infernal Court or a Celestial Captive?

If he was a cultivator from the Infernal Court, why would he be so ruthless to his own people?

Under Zhang Ruochen's watchful gaze, Yuan Mo was reduced to ashes. He tucked the Supreme Sainthood Source away.

Qi Yang was shocked when he saw Zhang Ruochen staring at him. He swallowed and stepped back. "I..."

"How dare you speak of yourself in my presence," Zhang Ruochen said.

Qi Yang remembered that Yuan Mo had been turned into ashes by Zhang Ruochen because he said something wrong. His face turned green, and he quickly said, "Lord Ruochen, I... I... I swear to God that I did not kill innocent people on the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun. My goal is to capture a fairy from the *Portrait of the Nine Beauties*."

"Yes, yes. We are, in fact, on the same side. I have no friendship with Yuan Mo. We're not on the same team. Good kill, good kill. Yuan Mo must have eaten God's guts to dare to provoke Supreme Saint Ruochen. He deserves to die."

Zhang Ruochen approached Qi Yang step by step. He patted his shoulder lightly and said, "You also think he deserves to die?"

Qi Yang's body was slapped so hard that he almost knelt on the ground. He bowed and said, "He definitely deserves to die."

Zhang Ruochen pressed his palm on Qi Yang's shoulder. After a long time, he pulled it back. "You're a sensible person. Like me, you always follow principles."

Qi Yang let out a long sigh of relief and stood up again, "I have 7,000 concubines and 30,000 servants. They were all

captured from all realms. They're all first-class beauties. Since the Supreme Saint Ruochen is a fellow kindred, you must come to my imperial palace as a guest after the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. I guarantee that you will be satisfied."

"How can I do that?" said Zhang Ruochen.

"No, if you don't come, you are not giving me face. So either way, I must have you come by invitation," said Qi Yang.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Well, it's rare for you to have such a heart. You are indeed a better person than Yuan Mo."

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm were even more stunned. It was hard to imagine that a Scion of the Supreme Saint-level would curry favor with another Supreme Saint of the Infernal Court.

Who was that Supreme Saint of the Infernal Court?

Qi Yang asked tentatively, "If the Supreme Saint Ruochen is here, are you planning to attack the seventh Dark Star?"

"If I wanted to attack the seventh Dark Star, I would definitely bring the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires with me. Why would I be alone?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Qi Yang was confused. "If we're not going to attack the Dark Star, are you having another goal, my lord?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Didn't you say that we're in the same boat? You should understand why I'm here."

Qi Yang was shocked. He stared at Zhang Ruochen's evil eyes and said, "Is it true? Supreme Saint Ruochen is interested in Her Highness Pan Ruo?"

"If not, how could she have escaped from the third Dark Star alive? Who do you think is more attractive? A Scioness from the Fane of Destiny or your 7,000 concubines?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Other cultivators would not believe such nonsense.

However, as a "fellow cultivator", Qi Yang knew the allure of beauty.

Even Qi Yang coveted Pan Ruo. It was just that Pan Ruo's background was overwhelming, and her cultivation was stronger than his, so he didn't dare to act rashly.

'It seems that Zhang Ruochen killed Yuan Mo not only because of their enmity in Kunlun. Maybe it has something to do with Pan Ruo,' Qi Yang thought.

Everyone in the Infernal Court knew that Yuan Mo had been pursuing Pan Ruo and was her most loyal follower.

Since Zhang Ruochen was targeting Pan Ruo, how could he not get rid of this eyesore?

...

Chapter 2369: The Altar

The white-bearded elder knelt in front of Zhang Ruochen and said piously, “My lord, please accept the Southern Sword Realm as your slave world. We will offer our worship to you.”

“We are willing to be your slaves.”

The 13 Saint King Celestial Captives said in unison.

Qi Yang pointed at them and sneered disdainfully. “Who do you think Supreme Saint Ruochen is? All of his slaves are either Scions or Scionesses. Who do you think you are to serve under him?”

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm gritted their teeth and endured the humiliation without saying a word.

Zhang Ruochen waved at Qi Yang and said, “You make a move first and wait for me.”

“They are just Celestial Captives of an undeveloped Macroworld. Why do you care about them... Okay, okay, I’ll go first...”

Qi Yang tactfully flew out of the meteors and retreated to the sky above a patch of starry fog hundreds of miles away.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the 14 cultivators kneeling on the ground. They were all shabbily dressed and in dire straits. They were inferior to the commoners.

“Since you can become the top powerhouse of a realm, you must be wise men. Why don’t you understand the law of the jungle? Rather than live in humiliation, it’s better to die in a fierce battle,” Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

“We can die in a fierce battle, but... What about the others in the Southern Sword Realm?” said the white-bearded elder, he looked sad and helpless.

Zhang Ruochen squatted down and looked at the wrinkled face of the white-bearded elder. He said, “It’s so humiliating to be a

slave of the entire realm. It's better to die than live. Is this the kind of life you want?

"As long as you live, there is hope. If you die, there is nothing! Nothing!" The white-bearded elder said while shaking his head.

Zhang Ruochen was not a heartless person, but he still could not understand their persistence.

What was the belief that supported them to live?

To survive, they had to persevere even if it meant being a slave, having no dignity, and being as lowly as a dog. All they desired was a glimmer of hope, which they could only wish for.

Was there really hope for the future of the Southern Sword Realm?

Would the future of Kunlun also face the choice of destruction and survival?

Zhang Ruochen stood up and let out a long sigh. He said, "This is the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. You are destined to die. No one can change this."

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm had a spark of hope that was finally lit, but it was mercilessly extinguished.

Yes, they were a group of Celestial Captives and a group of prey.

No hunters would ever let go of their prey.

Zhang Ruochen changed the topic and said, "But there is a saying, it's better to help yourself than depend on others."

"Ourselves?"

"What can we do by ourselves?"

...

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm looked at each other, not understanding what Zhang Ruochen meant.

If helping oneself was useful, who would kneel down and beg others?

Zhang Ruochen said, "If I want to kill you and get points, it is just a matter of a snap of the fingers. However, if you can play some role, help me do one thing. Although I can not save your lives, I can help the Southern Sword Realm find a way to survive."

"There's a way out?"

A Saint King Celestial Captive asked quickly.

Zhang Ruochen just looked up and did not say a word.

The white-bearded elder understood and asked, "What do you want us to do, my lord?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "What is your purpose in coming to the seventh Dark Star?"

"We heard that the Celestial Captive powerhouse is hiding in the seventh Dark Star and can intimidate the cultivators of the Infernal Court," the white-bearded elder replied honestly. "We came here specifically to seek refuge to survive."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "This is also my goal!"

The white-bearded elder was capable of cultivating the Supreme Saint Realm with his knowledge. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen's intent was already clear to him.

"If you can help me find the information of the Celestial Captives in the starfield where the seventh Dark Star is located and Lord Hornless is hiding," Zhang Ruochen said, "I promise you that I will protect the lives of those from the Southern Sword Realm for 10,000 years."

"Only... For 10,000 years?" The white-bearded elder asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "10,000 years is not a short time!"

The white-bearded elder discussed with the 13 Saint King Celestial Captives for a while. Then, he kneeled in front of Zhang Ruochen again and kowtowed heavily.

He said, "Sir, the Southern Sword Realm is not a Microworld, but a Marcoworld. There has been no birth of gods because of the devastating disaster and the loss of inheritance."

"Why are you telling me this?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The white-bearded elder stared at the ground, he said, "I want to tell you, my lord, that the Southern Sword Realm is full of talents and geniuses. They are not a burden to you. As long as you are willing to teach them, they will become a powerful force under you in the future."

Then, the white-bearded elder spat out a three-inch sword-shaped token. He held it in his hands and handed it to Zhang Ruochen.

"If you agree to teach the Southern Sword Realm to fight, we will risk our lives to do what you asked us to do."

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm said in unison.

There was a tragic and resolute feeling in them. They knew that they were doomed. They could only pin all their hopes on Zhang Ruochen.

Even though they did not know this person, they had no choice.

Zhang Ruochen touched his hair and said, "It seems that you are not stupid at all. On the contrary, you are very smart and know how to bargain."

"I can see that you are different from other cultivators in the Infernal Court. You have a kind heart. You want to help the Southern Sword Realm. You don't want innocent lives to be destroyed," the white-bearded elder said.

Zhang Ruochen smiled coldly. "I have a kind heart? You probably didn't see it. When I killed, I didn't even blink an eye."

"But you're willing to protect the Southern Sword Realm for 10,000 years. Even if we didn't finish the mission, you'd still do it, right? I believe in you," the white-bearded elder said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Don't think you can see through me. Go do your job. If you succeed and help me, I'll seriously consider helping the Southern Sword Realm."

The white-bearded elder and the thirteen Saint Kings were overjoyed. They said in unison, "Please accept the realm

token. You are now the Supreme Lord of the Southern Sword Realm.”

“Please accept the token, my lord.”

...

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the realm token and held it in his hand. Then, he released Lord Bladehell from the Violet Gourd.

“I’ll leave them to you! It should be easier for the Celestial Captives to spy on the other Celestial Captives.”

Zhang Ruochen briefed Lord Bladehell on what happened. Then, he picked up dozens of saint corpses on the ground, flew out of the meteors, and met up with Qi Yang.

Qi Yang stared at the meteors that had flown far away and asked, “Where are the dozen Celestial Captives from the Southern Sword Realm? Did you let them go?”

Qi Yang didn’t know what had happened inside because Zhang Ruochen had just released the Profound Spatial Dimension to cover the entire meteor.

“Don’t ask anything you shouldn’t ask,” Zhang Ruochen said coldly with his hands behind his back.

Qi Yang naturally didn’t think that Zhang Ruochen would let them go after a few pleas from the Celestial Captives. However, when he thought about how badly Yuan Mo had died, he suppressed his curiosity and didn’t dare to ask any more questions.

“Let’s go. Take me to see Pan Ruo,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Qi Yang thought he’d heard wrong. He said in shock, “Supreme Saint, What are you doing? Are you trying to steal her? Her Highness Pan Ruo has a powerful backer. Please don’t act rashly.”

“It seems like you have forgotten what I just said,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Qi Yang quickly shut his mouth. He held it in for a while and said in a low voice, “Her Highness Pan Ruo has a large group

of powerful figures from the three upper clans gathered around her. It's probably... Not good for you to go so openly."

"You're right. We can't swagger out like this," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen transformed into Yuan Mo and said, "This should be enough, right?"

Zhang Ruochen's voice changed. He sounded exactly the same as Yuan Mo.

His aura, eyes, and power fluctuations were flawless.

Qi Yang circled around Zhang Ruochen three times. He swallowed his saliva when he saw the surging Qi of Death around him.

If Yuan Mo hadn't died right in front of him, he wouldn't have believed that the person in front of him was actually Zhang Ruochen.

"Everyone says that the Immortal Vampires' Shapeshifting technique is amazing. I've finally seen it today!" Qi Yang exclaimed.

Qi Yang and Zhang Ruochen used the Qi of Death to carry dozens of saint corpses and flew away quickly.

Soon, they arrived at a rocky asteroid at the edge of the dark space.

After verifying their identities, the two of them entered the interior of the asteroid through an invisible enchantment. Only then did Zhang Ruochen sense a Supreme Saint's powerful aura.

Supreme Saint cultivators from the Nether Clan, Deathkin, and Stone Clan flew past him from time to time.

The total number of Supreme Saints was most likely greater than 1,000.

The Celestial Captives' bodies were piled upon an altar on the asteroid. On the altar, their Sainthood Source flashed.

Scarlet Saint Blood flowed down from the altar and filled up the mysterious inscriptions on the ground.

The corpse of Celestial Captive had over a million bodies piled up like a small mountain. Their souls flew around the altar and let out hoarse howls, using the corpse skin as a sacrificial flag and the sacred bones as pillars.

Nearly 300 Deathkin Supreme Saints had gathered near the altar. They continued carving inscriptions with the Will of Death.

With each inscription, the power of the altar became stronger.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Why are you building The Altar of Death?"

Qi Yang smiled proudly and said, "This Altar of Death was built by Her Highness Pan Ruo. It has a divine and unfathomable power. With it, we can dominate the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Even if Lord Hornless comes, he will die."

Qi Yang threw dozens of saint corpses to a Deathkin Supreme Saint. He raised his head and looked at The Altar of Death which gave off a terrifying aura. "Her Highness Pan Ruo is a genius of the Fane of Destiny. Only she can build such a magnificent masterpiece in such a short time," he said.

"Is this the secret weapon you used to conquer the seventh Dark Star?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Qi Yang was worried that Zhang Ruochen would destroy the altar. He stopped smiling and said quickly, "The Altar of Death is almost complete. It has the power of self-defense. Supreme Saint Ruochen, please don't act rashly."

"What if I want to?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Qi Yang said anxiously, "There are nearly 300 Deathkin Supreme Saints near The Altar of Death. Supreme Saint Ruochen, as soon as you activate your power, they will sense it and release The Will of Death to combine with The Altar of Death.

"The power of nearly 300 Supreme Saints' Will of Death combined with altar enhancement. I'm afraid you won't be able to resist it with your current cultivation."

Following that, Qi Yang bent his body and quickly said, “I have no intention of threatening you. I’m only thinking about your safety and my own life.”

Pan Ruo’s beautiful figure walked out from a gray light door below the altar. She looked at the two of them.

Qi Yang sensed her and quickly straightened his body. A smile appeared on his handsome face and he said, “Greetings, Your Highness Pan Ruo. Your Highness is even more beautiful than before. You are as beautiful as the moon in the nine heavens.”

Pan Ruo was quite tall. The water of the Nether River surrounded her. Destiny’s sacred light radiated from every inch of her skin. It was a stark contrast to the desolate surroundings here.

Her gaze fell on Zhang Ruochen. “So you are here too, Yuan Mo. I was about to find you. Follow me to the altar.”

With that, Pan Ruo walked into the altar.

Qi Yang stared at the side of Zhang Ruochen’s face and was stunned for a moment.

Wow!

If it was outside The Altar of Death, Zhang Ruochen certainly would not be able to destroy it. However, once he entered the inner part, the self-defense mechanism of the altar would be ineffective. With Zhang Ruochen’s terrifying cultivation, the altar that the three upper clans had painstakingly built would probably be torn down in an instant.

More importantly, the altar was covered in secret engravings. Even gods couldn’t find out what was happening inside.

Zhang Ruochen had come for Pan Ruo. What if he did something reckless after entering the altar?

Pan Ruo was bringing disaster to herself.

Qi Yang was extremely anxious. He wanted to expose Zhang Ruochen’s identity several times, but he restrained himself because the image of Yuan Mo’s tragic death appeared in his mind.

That image would probably haunt him for the rest of his life.

“I shall take my leave from Supreme Saint Ruochen and Her Highness Pan Ruo,” said Qi Yang.

Qi Yang turned to leave, but he found that he couldn’t move, Zhang Ruochen’s voice rang in his ears. “You’ll go in with me. If you dare to escape or try to reveal my identity, I can guarantee that you’ll die a worse death than Yuan Mo.”

“I... I don’t want to disturb you...” Qi Yang replied telepathically

Qi Yang followed Zhang Ruochen into the altar miserably.

The precepts of heaven and earth in the altar were chaotic.

The Sainthood Sources emitted bright light and released a large number of precepts, forming a chaotic environment.

The ground was a liquid surface like the surface of the water. Ripples would appear when one stepped on it.

Pan Ruo stood in the center, holding the cyan-brown Compass of Destiny. The bright Door of Trueself appeared with a light stroke of her hand.

“Follow me into the Door of Trueself,” she said.

Qi Yang was intrigued and inquired, “The Door of Trueself is formed by the interweaving of the Precepts of Destiny. Inside is Her Highness Pan Ruo’s Realm of Trueself. Why are we entering her realm?”

“Don’t ask so many questions. Just go in.” Zhang Ruochen ordered.

Then, Pan Ruo’s gaze fell on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took the lead and walked in.

Qi Yang thought to himself, ‘Is Her Highness Pan Ruo smart enough to see through Zhang Ruochen’s true form? So, she wants to trap him in the Realm of Trueself?’

The more Qi Yang thought about it, the more he felt it made sense. He quickly followed and stepped into the Door of Trueself.

The interior of the Door of Trueself was another scene. It was a vast expanse of whiteness with only a white stone island floating in it.

It was raining eternally in the sky.

The rain was also white.

Drip Drip

Zhang Ruochen stood on the island and closed his eyes to listen to the sound of the rain. He smelled the faint fragrance approaching him, he said, "It is said that every cultivator can cultivate a realm of his or her own. The world is what the heart is like. "I didn't expect your world to be so simple and pale. "Why is there no vitality at all?"

Pan Ruo stood beside Zhang Ruochen and stared straight ahead. Her eyelashes were long and curved. She said, "The more I think, the more mistakes I make. I'm not really simple and pale. I just have to choose this."

"Can't you stop the rain?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Pan Ruo said, "Why should we stop? I think it's good."

Qi Yang stood to the side. He didn't understand what they were saying, but he instinctively felt that Pan Ruo and Zhang Ruochen were both strange.

One was as cold as ice in Qi Yang's eyes, and the other was ruthless.

But at that moment, no matter how he looked at it, they were shy towards each other.

Pan Ruo wasn't like this when she normally communicated with Yuan Mo.

When Zhang Ruochen killed Yuan Mo, he was not as calm and gentle as he was now.

Suddenly, Pan Ruo asked Zhang Ruochen a question that made Qi Yang's heart jump. "Is Yuan Mo still alive?"

"He's dead!" Zhang Ruochen said.

Pan Ruo said, "Did you kill him because of Kunlun?"

“Because of myself.” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Zhang Ruochen did not want her to continue asking. So he decided to ask her, “How did you see through my Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification?”

“Do you think I’m still the same person? Actually, I don’t need to see it. When you appeared in front of me, I knew it was you. A person can change anything, but if his heart does not change, he will definitely notice.” Pan Ruo said.

The more Qi Yang listened, the more he felt that something was wrong. He felt that he had heard things he shouldn’t have heard and knew things he shouldn’t have. He felt a chill run down his spine. He felt like a disaster was coming.

Dong

Qi Yang knelt on the ground, trembling, and said, “I... I didn’t hear anything. I, too, don’t know anything. Can you please allow me to leave the Realm of Trueself now? I’m not at all interested in your secret.”

Zhang Ruochen acted like he couldn’t hear him. “I’m here to ask you a question.”

“What is it?” Pan Ruo asked.

“Why did Lord Hornless appear on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting? Was it because of the Empress?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

...

Chapter 2370: Destruction of the Altar

“Lord Hornless willingly surrendered to become a Celestial Captive. He gave up his life to assist the Empress in accomplishing that great feat,” said Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo didn’t hide her admiration for her breathtaking face.

She admired those who dared to sacrifice themselves to accomplish great things and give more people a better future.

Zhang Ruochen said, “It’s not easy for a cultivator to cultivate from a mortal to Banshi Isshou Realm. Is it worth it to sacrifice everything?”

Pan Ruo said, “Yes.

“Even the Empress is not sure if the Grand Supreme Master is still alive. Maybe his sacrifice is not worth it at all.”

Pan Ruo’s tone was firm. She added, “Even if it’s just a one-in-a-million chance, it’s worth it. If I die, I can play a role in saving the Grand Supreme Master. I will give up my life without hesitation and have no regrets.”

“Just like when you gave yourself to Chi Yao?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Pan Ruo replied.

“It seems that you’ve lost a lot of your memories,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Pan Ruo said, “I don’t care what memories you want me to remember, but I know that the Empress did the right thing. She has a heavy responsibility on her shoulders. She’s stronger than anyone else. She can face all the joys and sorrows of the world.

“Zhang Ruochen, you are not like her. You are not as strong as her. You still don’t know where your future leads you.”

“Really?” Zhang Ruochen seemed to be asking himself.

Pan Ruo asked, “Do you have a dream?”

“Do you have an ultimate goal?”

“What kind of life do you think you should live in the future?”

Then Pan Ruo added, “You did not. You’re just walking on the path that others want you to walk on. The path that the Shengming Empire’s old cadre wants you to take, the path that Moon Goddess wants you to take, the path that Blood Empress wants you to take, the path that Wargod Bloodximius wants you to take...”

“But I’m different. I always know what I want to do, what I’m doing, and what cultivation means.”

Qi Yang, who was kneeling by the side, finally understood the meaning of curiosity kills a cat. His entire body was trembling. He only felt that his death was imminent.

What did these secrets have to do with him?

He didn’t want to know at all.

If he had known earlier, he wouldn’t have entered The Altar of Death, much less enter Pan Ruo’s Realm of Trueself.

Now, he couldn’t escape even if he wanted to.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t have any intentions of targeting Pan Ruo. The two of them were old friends. They might even be old lovers.

“Your Highness Pan Ruo, Supreme Saint Ruochen, you two are people with great supernatural powers. Why don’t you erase this memory of mine? If it doesn’t work, erase all my memories. Then I won’t know anything!” Qi Yang begged.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and remained silent.

Pan Ruo sighed. “Lord Hornless doesn’t know that you’re working with the Empress. Before he became a Celestial Captive, he received a mission to die at my hands. He’ll do his best to cooperate with me and take first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.”

Zhang Ruochen finally opened his eyes. They shone with a fiery light. He said, “You can kill a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint?”

“Of course, I can’t kill a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint with just my cultivation. But I can use the Compass of Destiny to control this Altar of Death and combine the power of 300 Deathkin Supreme Saints. That power is enough to kill anyone on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting,” said Pan Ruo. She had an aura as strong as a mountain.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Spirits of the gods are all paying attention to the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. No matter how real your acting is, there must be a god who will see through it.”

Pan Ruo said, “So this battle must be carried out on the seventh Dark Star. The seventh Dark Star contains a huge amount of energy. It’s enough to avoid the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, and it can also deceive the gods’ senses and predictions.”

“What if the gods’ spiritual power is strong enough?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Pan Ruo shook her head slightly, “Impossible!” She said, “The distance between the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and the Fane of Destiny was very far, to begin with. It was hundreds of millions of miles away, and it was difficult for the gods’ senses to reach it. With the influence of the Dark Star’s energy, no matter how strong the spiritual power is, it will be useless.”

“It’s not that simple. Let me do it!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Pan Ruo said, “Indeed, you should do it. All the points will be given to you, and you will definitely be first in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. However, if you can’t do it by yourself, The Altar of Death can help you.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were determined. He shook his head and said, “I told you not to get involved, so don’t get involved.”

Pan Ruo frowned and said, “You can’t be his opponent. If you try to be brave, you will only die. Since you’re here, come

with me. Use The Altar of Death and fight on the seventh Dark Star. Lord Hornless will recognize you as long as you're with me."

"Don't think of the gods of the Infernal Court as simple. We shouldn't be close. Being enemies is good for everyone."

Zhang Ruochen looked at the white rain in the sky and said, "Let me out. It's time to go. If you don't, those who are looking at the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms will think that I've really done something to you!"

"Right! I'll think carefully about what you asked me."

...

The Altar of Death was made of more than 1.7 million saint corpses. It was magnificent and saint light shot into the sky. Before it could operate, the power it released made even the Saint Soul of the Supreme Saint feel uneasy and trembling.

The number one powerful figure of the Deathkin, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, was a young man who looked quite elegant.

He stood below The Altar of Death, and his body was filled with pride, he said, "Only on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting can such a majestic altar be built. If it were any other place, I'm afraid that they would have to kill all the living beings in a Macroworld to build it. From today onwards, we Deathkin will dominate the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting."

A purple-haired girl with a green-gold staff came to the side of the Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, she reported excitedly, "The Altar of Death has been completed. A total of 1,790,000,000 secret engravings have been carved on it. It can absorb the dark energy released by the Dark Star and convert it into offensive and defensive power. Now, we can enter the dark space and conquer all the Celestial Captives."

Around the altar, the Deathkin Supreme Saints were ecstatic. Their faces were filled with anticipation.

Today, the Deathkin would shake the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. All the cultivators in the entire Infernal Court would be in awe of them.

Next, they could use the power of The Altar of Death to take care of the Immortal Vampires and fight against the Yanluo clan. In the end, the Deathkins would have the last laugh in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei asked, “Is Her Highness Pan Ruo in the altar?”

“Yes!” the purple-haired girl replied.

After some thought, the purple-haired girl said, “Yuan Mo and Qi Yang are in there too.”

“What are they doing in there?” Supreme Saint Yuan Fei asked.

The altar was filled with the Precepts and the arcane runes of death. If cultivators who were not familiar with the altar entered, it would be very dangerous.

BOOM!

A deafening sound came from inside the altar.

The ground shook and the small asteroid beneath the feet of the cultivators of the three upper clans was shaken until it deviated from its trajectory. The asteroid showed signs of cracking.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei’s expression changed and he was about to charge into the gray door of light beneath the altar.

BOOM!

The door of light shattered.

The dense cracks in space passed through the door and there were more than a hundred of them. They were like inch-long flying knives that crashed into Supreme Saint Yuan Fei’s body.

It was too fast!

Supreme Saint Yuanfei couldn’t avoid them. Five bloody holes appeared on his body.

Fortunately, he had activated the Supreme Artifact, *The Scroll of Truth and Deceit*, in time so he wasn’t hit by more Dimensional Rifts.

However, the purple-haired girl standing not far from him wasn't so lucky. Hundreds of Dimensional Rifts struck her. Her slim figure was like a sieve. She was launched over ten miles away.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei gave the purple-haired girl a glance. His face was riddled with blue veins. "The Power of Dimension..." he roared. "That's the presence of Zhang Ruochen. Immediately activate The Altar of Death."

Boom

Another loud sound.

The altar was made of more than 1.7 million saint corpses shattered with a bang. The corpses were thrown into the sky like crushed stones.

The 1.790 million Death arcane runes had yet to display their full potential before they started to crack.

A powerful dimensional storm erupted from the center of the altar like a tsunami. It hit the bodies of the three hundred Deathkin Supreme Saints and sent them flying.

Some of their muscles and bones were injured by the Dimensional Rifts. Some of their bodies were deformed by the chaotic space.

Crack!

The asteroid couldn't withstand the impact of such a powerful force. It cracked and shattered.

Not only the Deathkin Supreme Saints but also all of them were dumbfounded!

The Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan and the Stone Clan were also at a loss. They didn't know what had happened and were in a panic.

Zhang Ruochen held a corpse in his hand and flew up from the collapsed Altar of Death. He floated 10,000 meters away from Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, he raised his voice and said, "Last time, you three upper clans plotted against me and wanted to kill me. Today, I'll return the favor."

Then, he threw the corpse in his hand at Supreme Saint Yuanfei.

The corpse was wrapped in the Divine Purification Flame. When it fell in front of Supreme Saint Yuanfei, it was only burned to the bones.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei sensed the aura on the corpse. It belonged to Qi Yang.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei's state of mind was originally very profound, but now, he was furious. He gritted his teeth and asked, "Where is Yuan Mo?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't answer him. He spread his ten golden wings and flew away.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei and Deathkin's Supreme Saint attacked together. They cast killing saint techniques one after another.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen was too fast. After the killing saint techniques flew out, they had already lost sight of him.

Pan Ruo's face was pale, and there was blood at the corner of her mouth. She flew out of the ruined Altar of Death. She was so weak that she almost fell to the ground, "Zhang Ruochen's Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification is too powerful," she said. "He turned into Yuan Mo and came back with Qi Yang. He hid it from me. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have let my guard down. I never thought that Zhang Ruochen would be so bold to break into the gathering place of the cultivators of the three upper clans."

The Supreme Saints of the Stone Clan and the Nether Clan rushed over. They stared at the destroyed Altar of Death in a daze.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei suppressed the killing intent in his heart and comforted her. "It's not your fault. There are many powerful figures in the Yanluo clan. They all suffered because of Zhang Ruochen's Shapeshifting technique, not to mention Qi Yang leading the way.

"Qi Yang must know that Zhang Ruochen had transformed into Yuan Mo's figure. He caused all the Supreme Saints of the Deathkin to lose everything. He deserves to die."

A Supreme Saint of the Deathkin gnashed his teeth. He wanted to whip the Supreme Saint bone on the ground.

Que Fei, who was wearing the Armor of Darkness, said, "Zhang Ruochen destroyed The Altar of Death. He must be worried that we will use The Altar of Death to deal with the Immortal Vampires in the future.

"Since Zhang Ruochen is here, it means that the Battle of the second Dark Star has ended. The Immortal Vampires must have set the seventh Dark Star as their next target. We can't delay any longer. We have to act immediately."

A Stone Clan Supreme Saint said, "Without The Altar of Death, what should we do if we meet Lord Hornless?"

"As long as the three upper clans can summon ten Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm to activate *The Scroll of Truth and Deceit* with me, it will be enough to trap Lord Hornless for a while. Don't be too concerned," Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said.

Que Fei said, "I just got word that Wujiang has emerged from the Nether Clan's home planet's underground. He's fully recovered and is on his way to the seventh Dark Star. He'll be able to meet us soon."

The news that Wujiang was on his way boosted the morale of the cultivators of the three upper clans, who had recently suffered a setback.

"Wujiang's injuries have healed so quickly. He might have gotten an opportunity from his home planet."

"Great! Wujiang's heart is strong. This time, he will undoubtedly fight Zhang Ruochen and avenge himself."

"Someone can stop Wujiang as long as he comes, even if he runs into Lord Hornless."

A top-notch powerhouse represented not only a powerful fighting force but also the spiritual support of countless cultivators.

Just like Zhang Ruochen to the Immortal Vampires and Luo Shengtian to the Rakshasas, as long as they were here, the

cultivators of the clan would be full of confidence and fighting spirit.

...

Zhang Ruochen went to meet Lord Bladehell after leaving the broken asteroid.

After flying for a while, Zhang Ruochen found Lord Bladehell in a crimson fog of stars.

Lord Bladehell had silver hair, his figure was tall and straight, and he had a dignified aura. He asked, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, you came back so quickly. How is it? Has The Altar of Death been destroyed?"

"Yes!"

Zhang Ruochen was still deep in thought. He answered casually.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen felt something was wrong. His eyes became sharp. He glared at Lord Bladehell and said, "How do you know about The Altar of Death? Who are you?"

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen moved in a flash and crossed a hundred feet in an instant. With his five fingers, he grabbed Lord Bladehell's neck.

The three upper clans had been acting in secret. Before Zhang Ruochen went to the rock asteroid, he had no idea that they were building The Altar of Death.

Lord Bladehell had no way of knowing.

Lord Bladehell's body exploded, transforming into a ball of crimson gas.

A long hair fell from the gas.

"It's fake," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. Although he had been thinking about what Pan Ruo had said and was a little absent-minded, he had been fooled by a single hair. It could be seen from this that the caster must be a person of great skill.

Zhang Ruochen immediately released his spiritual power to check his surroundings. He was secretly relieved that he did not find an ambush.

He twirled the strand of hair and a series of Precepts of Truth appeared in his eyes. He raised his head to look around and said, "So it's you. Your Thousand-illusion has become even more brilliant. Come out!"

Chapter 2371: Visions of the future

“Haha! Zhang Ruochen, how come your vigilance has become so bad?”

A burst of melodious, bell-like laughter rang out in the fog of stars. The sound came from left to right unpredictably.

Luo Sha’s slim and tall figure strolled out of the fog. She was at least 1.8 meters tall and her long and straight legs moved, full of youthful vigor. Her slim waist turned slightly, and she possessed a soul-stirring charisma.

She was dressed in ornate robes and had her hands clasped behind her back. Her long hair was tied into two braids. Her beautiful face that cause nations to fight over always had the pure smile of a young and innocent girl.

Such a young, clear, and pure-looking woman was like a lamb without any aggression. Who would believe that she was hiding military strategies within and full of schemes?

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Where is Lord Bladehell?”

“He is ranked in the top 10 on the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm list. With my cultivation, how can I eat him? Besides, the Immortal Vampires are also human-shaped creatures. I have no appetite for those at all.”

Luo Sha bit her red lips lightly and touched her belly. “I’m really hungry! Zhang Ruochen, do you have anything to eat?”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Seriously where is Lord Bladehell? Is Luo Shengtian nearby also?”

The ten clans were all rivals.

Zhang Ruochen had to make no mistakes in order to win first place among the ten clans.

“Lord Bladehell, Lord Bladehell, everything you speak of is about Lord Bladehell. Is he your lover? If I wanted to harm

you, the one who became Lord Bladehell just now would not be a hair, but my royal brother. With my royal brother's cultivation, even if you didn't die from the sneak attack just now, you would at least lose a layer of skin, right?"

Luo Sha beckoned with her finger and said, "If you want to know where the Lord Bladehell is, follow me."

She turned into a streak of green light and flew away.

"Since Luo Sha turned into the Lord Bladehell's appearance to trick me and knows that I had destroyed the Altar of Death, it can be seen that she knows the stars around the seventh Dark Star like the back of her hand." Zhang Ruochen thought to himself. "There should be many Supreme Saints of the Rakshasa scattered around nearby."

Lord Bladehell's cultivation was indeed very strong, but Luo Sha's Thousand-illusions technique was hard to guard against.

If they really fought, Lord Bladehell would most likely not be Luo Sha's match.

Zhang Ruochen's thoughts swirled around in his head, and then he chased after Luo Sha and flew into the Dark Star Domain covered by the energy of the seventh Dark Star.

They didn't enter into the depths and instead halted at areas by the edge.

The two of them landed on an asteroid that revolved around the Dark Star.

The asteroid was more than 1,000 meters long and flat. Dozens of Rakshasa girls were stationed there. They were all Supreme Saints with lithe bodies and snow-white skin.

The Rakshasa girls were all beautiful, especially those who had reached Supreme Sainthood. They were all as beautiful as fairies and possessed devilishly slim figures.

"The princess is back!"

Rakshasa girls came forward one after another.

Their bodies carried elusive fragrance, and their eyes were glistening. They didn't have the imposing manner of a

Supreme Saint. Instead, they carried a gentle and seductive charm.

Even though many of their cultivation was above Luo Sha's, they behaved extremely respectfully to Luo Sha. From this, one could see Luo Sha's methods and abilities.

Luo Sha smiled and said, "Look who I brought back. Zhang Ruochen, the grandson of the Wargod Bloodximus. He has talent, status, and good looks. You fairies are lucky!"

Then he said hurriedly, "Han Ying, didn't you kill a dragon in the Supreme Sainthood? Hurry up and cook it. I'm hungry."

Other than the Rakshasa girl named Han Ying, all the other Rakshasa girls looked at Zhang Ruochen.

Their beautiful eyes flashed with fiery light as if they wanted to swallow Zhang Ruochen.

Not every Rakshasa girl looked at faces like Luo Sha, but they all worshipped the strong. There was not a single Rakshasa girl who could dislike an elite that emerges once in an era like Zhang Ruochen.

"Supreme Saint Ruochen, I heard that you defeated Wu Jiang. Is this true?"

"Has Supreme Saint Ruochen condensed and used the Grade Two Saintwill? I swore 500 years ago that I would only marry a genius who could condense the Grade Two Saintwill."

"I am Yan Qing of the Yan Saint Clan of Devala, and I have long heard of Supreme Saint Ruochen's great name. Seeing you today, you are indeed extraordinary. I wonder if we can get to know each other as friends?"

There were Rakshasa girls who introduced themselves with unconcealed love in their eyes.

If the Supreme Saints were like this, it could be seen that the Rakshasa girls were indeed bold in nature. They express their emotions freely and few were pretentious.

Luo Sha stood at the side and quietly looked at Zhang Ruochen who was being surrounded by the girls. Her face was full of smiles as she waved her hand while saying, "All of you

can leave now. If you want to get to know Supreme Saint Ruochen, there will be plenty of opportunities in the future. Now, let me discuss important matters with him.”

These Rakshasa girls could attain Supreme Sainthood within 1,000 years. Naturally, they had very high standards. Only someone with family background and talent like Zhang Ruochen was worthy of them to take the initiative to approach.

If a female cultivator’s talent was too high, there would be countless lonely old people.

If they are talented, then naturally their standards would also be high.

When they reached Supreme Sainthood and sometimes even became gods, they would look down on the weak even more. Their feelings for men and women would also gradually fade, and they would focus more on understanding the Deva Path.

After the Rakshasa had dispersed, Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha sat in the heptangular palace. Dragon meat, liver, and ears carrying an elegant fragrance were served before them.

Just a sniff was enough to make saliva flow.

The heptangular palace was an Imperial Artifact of Precept.

The various precepts flowed densely in the temple. One could eat and cultivate at the same time.

Luo Sha was a glutton.

Zhang Ruochen had known this when he first met her in the Zuling Realm.

Luo Sha ate elegantly and without cutlery by picking up pieces of fragrant dragon meat with her two jade fingers and putting them into her mouth. She chewed delicately and a layer of grease shone on her cheeks.

Her big, bright eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen, “Try some,” she said. “There are only a few dragons that have attained Supreme Sainthood in the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. These ingredients are very precious! However, Han Ying’s culinary skills are far inferior to Qing Mo. I had wanted to bring Qing Mo back to the Infernal Court when I was in

Kunlun, but that girl was too stubborn. She wouldn't come with me no matter what."

Zhang Ruochen was still wary of Luo Sha. He didn't touch the food on the jade plate. "You were spying on me when I met Yuan Mo and Qi Yang right? Your spiritual power is so strong that I didn't sense anything at all."

Before Luo Sha had broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm, she had been able to control the corpse of a Supreme Saint with the help of the Dark Divinity Lotus. Her spiritual power was already very strong.

Now, it had grown a lot and wasn't much weaker compared to Zhang Ruochen's.

Luo Sha nodded, "My spiritual power is strong because of the foundation I built from reading books since I was young," she said. "I have traveled all over the world to gain more knowledge. In the end, I obtained the Stellar Soul of God inside the Divine Python's corpse in Kunlun. That's how I advanced through leaps and bounds."

Of course, Zhang Ruochen knew about the Divine Python's corpse.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen had seized the Divine Python's corpse and fused the evil spirit with the divine corpse. Luo Sha, on the other hand, had taken the more precious Divinity Source and the Stellar Soul of God.

Luo Sha's cultivation of the paths and increase in spiritual power must have something to do with it.

"Where is Lord Bladehell?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha rolled her eyes and said, "Why is it Lord Bladehell again? Don't worry, I didn't do anything to him. Besides, Lord Bladehell is also a tough guy. How can he be taken care of so easily?"

"Tell me your purpose."

Zhang Ruochen was very direct. He didn't want to waste too much time.

Luo Sha licked his lips and wiped her fingers on the scarf, saying, "Since Supreme Saint Ruochen doesn't like foreplay, let's get to the point. I want to work with you. To be more precise, I want to work with the Immortal Vampires to take down the seventh Dark Star."

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. He smiled and said, "I prefer to work alone compared to working with others."

"No, you do." Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen replied, "How so?"

"Because in the Battlefield of Celestial Hunting, the Immortal Vampires have enemies everywhere. Only the Rakshasa clan can be your friend."

Luo Sha placed the jade plate containing the dragon meat in the center of the table, and said, "The seventh Dark Star is too big for the Immortal Vampires to take over. Besides, the three upper clans have been staying here for many days so you wouldn't have any advantage over them."

"Go on," said Zhang Ruochen

"The Rakshasa clan has been operating and setting up on the seventh Dark Star. They have a better grasp of information there than the dozen or so Celestial Captives that you can send out at a short notice."

"The dark dimension of the seventh Dark Star is 100 times wider than other Dark Stars," said Luo Sha. "Without detailed and accurate information, you won't be able to wipe out the Celestial Captives hiding everywhere, let alone in a few days. Even if you have a few years, you won't be able to wipe them out."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Now that you mention it, there seems to be a basis for cooperation. But, how do I know that you won't betray the Immortal Vampires at a critical moment?"

Luo Sha picked up the dragon meat and ate another piece, she laughed and said, "What good would it do the Rakshasa clan to betray the Immortal Vampires? For them to provoke a great enemy like you for no reason... The Rakshasa clan certainly

does not want to follow the footsteps of the Ghost and the Yanluo clan.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Where is Luo Shengtian? I want him to come out and talk to me personally.”

Luo Sha straightened her pink back and sat upright, and she said heroically, “I can make decisions for the Rakshasa.”

“But only if Luo Shengtian makes a move can we have more confidence in killing Lord Hornless,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Although Lord Hornless’s realm was profound, his spiritual power was sealed, and his hands and feet were bound by divine chains. His combat power was greatly reduced. Zhang Ruochen had dark time and space matter, so he was confident that he could kill him.

However, if Lord Hornless wanted to escape, Zhang Ruochen couldn’t stop him.

Therefore, he needed an elite to help tie him down.

Luo Sha said, “If you want to kill Lord Hornless, I can help you.”

“You?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were full of doubt.

Luo Sha smiled and said, “I will personally go with you to kill Lord Hornless. Now, do you believe me?”

“You are playing with your own life,” Zhang Ruochen said in a deep voice.

When one’s cultivation reached Lord Hornless’s level, even the fallout of a battle could threaten Luo Sha’s fragile body.

Luo Sha said, “I love my life very much, so I am not joking.”

Zhang Ruochen could not guess what Luo Sha’s trump card was, but she was indeed extraordinary, so he temporarily believed her.

Zhang Ruochen finally let down his guard. He raised his glass and said, “Then I wish us a great victory to take down the seventh Dark Star as soon as possible.”

After clinking his glasses and drinking, Zhang Ruochen asked, "The three upper clans must have started to move. Your Highness, when do you think we should set off?"

Luo Sha's almond-shaped eyes stared straight at Zhang Ruochen's evil and handsome face, and she said, "There's no rush. Let the three upper clans clear the way for us first. We'll set off after they've cleared the array patterns, runes, and saint technique traps. Come, let us talk again."

"Talk about what?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "About... how about feelings? I'm still curious. Are you a passionate man or one that is fickle with love?"

"Boring."

Zhang Ruochen stood up and was about to leave. Suddenly, he stopped. He thought of something and sat back down.

Luo Sha curled her red lips and chewed on the dragon liver in her mouth. "Why aren't you leaving?" she asked.

"I have a few questions. I want to communicate with you to know what you think about them," Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha looked very interested. "That's great! Supreme Saint Ruochen has already treated me as a close friend. Now please tell me what are you confused about, and maybe I can help you figure it out," she said excitedly.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Does your Highness have a grand goal or vision?"

Luo Sha had a strange look in her eyes, and she smiled while saying, "This is the question that Wargod Bloodximius asked you to think about, right?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't say anything.

Luo Sha said, "Actually, only a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint would think about this question seriously and make a careful decision. The fact that the Wargod Bloodximius asked you to think about it at this stage is correct. If you figure it out earlier, you will be less troubled when you are in the Thousand-Koan Realm."

“Why the Thousand-Koan Realm?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha stood up with her arms behind her back, and she spoke frankly with assurance, “The most important thing for the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint is to transform the Path. The so-called transformation of the Path is to show what the heart is thinking.”

“Therefore, cultivators at this stage will ask themselves all sorts of questions, such as by inquiring themselves about the gains and losses in their lives. They will ask about the right and wrong of the past and the direction of the future... and so on. Then, they will solve the problems one by one.”

“The more complete one’s state of mind is, the more complete one’s Path will be.”

“At this stage, the most important question is the cultivator’s vision. Every cultivator at this stage will have a vision that they will have to work hard to achieve. It can also be called a dream and goal.”

“The Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Koan Realm calls this ‘The heart determines your future achievements.’”

“Of course, it doesn’t mean that the bigger the wish, the better. For example, some cultivators in the Thousand-Koan Realm make a grand wish to become the leader of the Rakshasa in their lifetime. As such, the grand wish will take root and become his obsession.”

“However, as his cultivation grew higher and higher, he realized that this vision could not be realized. Instead, it gives birth to a mental demon which consumes him and causes him to become a madman that had lost his mind.”

“Therefore, for every cultivator in the Thousand-Koan Realm, when they asked about their future goals and dreams, they decided based on their strength and true thoughts. The more false and empty the wish is, the worse the result,” she said darkly, “Just like...”

Zhang Ruochen woke up from deep within his thoughts and asked, “Just like what?”

“You must not hit me if I said it,” Luo Sha warned.

Zhang Ruochen replied, “Just say it. I won’t hit you.”

Luo Sha said, “Just like Saint Monk Xumi. He made a grand vow that he wouldn’t attain Buddhahood until the Infernal Court was empty. But in the end, he died in the hands of the Infernal Court deities. Isn’t that ironic? What are you doing, Zhang Ruochen? This is the territory of the Rakshasa. You can’t go back on your words...”

This was a complete provocation!

She knew that Zhang Ruochen was the disciple of Saint Monk Xumi, but she still said such words. so wasn’t she asking for a beating?

Based on his previous experience beating her up, Zhang Ruochen seriously suspected that Luo Sha was deliberately courting death and wanted to be beaten up by him... because females always said one thing but secretly think of the opposite.

Chapter 2372: Direction

Zhang Ruochen had raised his hand but didn't hit her in the end. Shaking his head, he said, "If the Infernal Court isn't empty, He swears that he won't attain Buddhahood? You might have misunderstood what he meant by that."

"For the so-called Infernal Court to be empty. It's not to destroy everything in Infernal Court, but instead to overcome all evil in the world."

On the last page of the Secret Tome of Time and Space is written, "If the Infernal Court isn't empty, I swear I won't attain Buddhahood."

Zhang Ruochen had read countless books, and there were records of these words which are related to Saint Monk Xumi in them.

It was a great aspiration that Saint Monk Xumi made after listening to the sermon of the Sixth Buddha several Yuanhui periods ago.

At that time, the Infernal Court was not called the Infernal Court. The Infernal Court's Ten Clans also communicated frequently with the other macroworlds. They were not as opposed to life and death as they were now.

"What? Do you want to make the same aspiration as Saint Monk Xumi? Don't you ever force yourself to become a monk!" Luo Sha was a little nervous and worried.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'm selfish and also not that selfless and great."

"It's good to have selfish motives. It's better than not being selfish. People who aren't selfish are too unreal. They don't look like people," Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What's your vision of the future?"

"I... I've thought about it. Actually, my ambitions aren't that big. In the future, being the Empress of Devala or the leader of

the Rakshasa will be enough,” Luo Sha said seriously.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to grab her and beat her up.

Wasn't she afraid of being beaten up just because of her pretty looks?

Luo Sha said, “What's with your expression? I think that with my talent, it's only a matter of time before I become the Empress of Devala. If my father doesn't pass the throne to me, will he pass it to my royal brother? At the moment, my brother is still far behind me.”

“Do you dare to say that in front of him?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“What's there to be afraid of, even he thinks so too.”

Luo Sha snorted and said, “You know why I believe in destiny, but have no desire in joining the Fane of Destiny and become a core Scion? I don't even care about the position of the Scioness of Destiny.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You've already said this before. Becoming the Scioness of Destiny will require you to sever all feelings and desires for 1,000 years...”

“It's all a lie. It's just 1,000 years. For a Supreme Saint, that is not a long time. For a princess like me, who will attain godhood in the future, the time passes with a snap of the finger.” Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen was speechless. He was silent for a long time before asking, “Then how many of your words before were true and how many were false?”

“Why do you care so much about whether what I said was true or false?”

A cunning light flashed in Luo Sha's eyes and she laughed, “Do you want to know the truth and lies of the destined one for you? Don't open your mouth yet... since you want to know so much, let me tell you,” she said. “Any of my words may be false. However Zhang Ruochen you are indeed the destined one for me. Those words are true.”

Hmph

Zhang Ruochen did not have a good impression of the Rakshasa. He had always been hostile to them.

The first time he stepped onto the Battlefield of Merits, he saw the Rakshasa roasting human flesh. That left a deep impression of disgust on him.

But he could not hate Luo Sha.

It could be that because she was too beautiful, or perhaps it was because she did not eat the flesh of humanoid creatures, and they both cultivated spiritual power, or maybe it was because Luo Sha had never done anything to hurt him.

It's because Zhang Ruochen had a good impression of Luo Sha that he was willing to confide with her all his inner feelings like a friend.

Luo Sha saw that Zhang Ruochen was sitting there like a withered stone ignoring her, so she restrained her arrogance a little, saying, "Actually, the biggest reason is that even if I become the Scioness of Destiny for a thousand years, it won't help me much when I become the Empress of Devala in the future. If that's the case, why should I waste 1,000 years working for the Fane of Destiny?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Becoming the Fane of Destiny can bring more benefits to the Rakshasa and Devala. Didn't your father tell you about the strong relationship between them and urged you?"

"Well..."

Luo Sha rolled her eyes and smiled. "I understand now, so there is where your confusion lies."

"What do you understand?" Zhang Ruochen looked at her calmly.

Luo Sha said, "You're conflicted inside. Should you do what you want or what others force you to do? You want to be yourself, but inside you don't even know what you really want."

"When you killed Supreme Saint Manjian, you were in pain, weren't you?"

“If you want to survive in the Infernal Court, but have to do countless things you don’t want to do, you must be in pain, right?”

“You don’t like killing, but you’ve gone further and further on the path of slaughtering. Aren’t you afraid of growing inner demons if you go against your heart?”

“Zhang Ruochen, do you feel that because of responsibilities, feelings, survival, protection... and other external reasons, you haven’t been doing things according to your heart and have become someone you don’t even know?”

“In your heart, there is a lack of perseverance... a perseverance that is worth persevering for.”

Luo Sha’s eyes were exceedingly penetrating. It almost seemed that she could see through Zhang Ruochen and force him into a corner with nowhere to go. He had to face his own heart.

For everyone... the path of cultivation required constant reflection.

It requires you to correct your own mistakes and see clearly in confusion, and also to guide yourself amid difficulties.

Luo Sha said, “My father forced me to be the Scioness of Destiny. My mother taught me countless principles and responsibilities, but I still didn’t follow the path they arranged because I have things I wanted to do and know what I want. Being the Scioness of Destiny will only bind me for a thousand years.”

“Some cultivators can stand on their own after merely reaching the Demi-Saint realm

“Some cultivators have reached the Supreme Saint realm but still don’t know what they want in the future.”

“Do you think my royal brother is okay? The Divine Prince of Devala is one of the most dazzling geniuses of the past thousand years. However, in my opinion, he is a loser. Specifically, a loser who is dragged down by the identity of the Divine Prince!”

“He could have broken through to the Thousand-Koan Realm seventy years ago and continued to advance. However, for the sake of the Celestial-Hunting Battle and Devala, he suppressed his cultivation until now.”

“Is he wrong to do that? There’s no wrong.”

“It’s because of people like him who keep giving. That’s why Devala has always been the leader of the seven great kingdoms of the Rakshasa,” she said. “But he can’t change the fact that he’s a loser. He’ll be bound by his identity all his life. There will be more things to restrict him in the future.”

“Zhang Ruochen you are the same. You didn’t want to participate in the Celestial-Hunting Battle but still came. You could have not come instead.”

Zhang Ruochen replied, “Do I have a choice?”

“Of course, you can choose, but you didn’t. If you, Zhang Ruochen, are a heartless and cold-hearted person, who can control your will? Unfortunately, you are not that kind of person. This is the source of your pain and confusion. The coldness on your face is all an act because the more unscrupulous and ruthless you act, the more you struggle and suffer.”

Luo Sha sighed. “Just like me, I fell in love with you.. a man who doesn’t love me and caused me to become more indecisive than ever. Do you think we’re doomed?”

There was a long silence.

“I understand!”

Zhang Ruochen’s solemn face suddenly relaxed.

Luo Sha said, “It’s good that you understand that I have been encumbered by you.”

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had been thinking and had a direction in mind.

There was a direction, but no answer.

Because the answer was too difficult, he still did not know it without a doubt. In other words, he did not dare to confirm the

answer without further confirmation.

Pan Ruo said that he had been walking the path that others wanted him to walk.

Yes!

Zhang Ruochen was indeed confused in the past. From the moment he became the ninth prince of Yunwu Commandery, his heart had been confused. At that time, hatred was all he had.

But hatred was not a person's future.

The future that Zhang Ruochen wanted was not necessarily to become a deity or a ruler of heaven and earth. He wanted a peaceful and tranquil world where there was no killing, no cannibalism, and no evil... where all his friends and family could live happily without all the bad things around them and live out their years fully, and all of his descendants would continue for generations.

However, this was precisely the hardest part.

His birth that was out of the ordinary meant that the life he imagined was an extravagant hope.

Wanting peace and tranquility was countless times harder than cultivating to achieve divinity.

Perhaps...

This chaotic and cruel universe needed a new order!

That's right!

A brand new order.

To establish that new order, he had to work hard on his cultivation and become stronger.

This was a path to follow, and it was something that Zhang Ruochen had always longed for in the depths of his heart.

After thinking this through, the pain and struggle in Zhang Ruochen's heart were reduced by more than half. He felt a sense of relief and joy as if he had just gotten free from a

swamp. Despite that, the path he had chosen was as difficult as ascending to heaven.

It was very likely that he would not reach the end even if he worked hard in his lifetime.

However, he was willing to keep going until the day he ushered in a new order.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and immersed himself in the grand vision that he imagined. In his mind, he tried to perfect the perfect picture of the new order bit by bit to get a complete answer.

Whoosh

Gradually, Zhang Ruochen's body bloomed with an increasingly bright white light, like a saint lamp that was set alight.

Luo Sha exclaimed in surprise. She carefully observed Zhang Ruochen and found that he was currently extremely divine. There was an aura of flawless solemnity and sacred, inviolable dignity.

This scene was like when Zhang Ruochen wielded the Imperial Ruler and charged into the thousands of soldiers of the Infernal Court alone. It left a lasting impression on her heart.

Crack! Crack!

The 12 shackles in her heart broke automatically in an instant.

By now, Zhang Ruochen had broken 50 shackles.

After a long while, Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes. He raised his hand and looked at it.

Then he stood up and looked around his own body.

Then, a warm and sunny smile appeared on his face, and he said, "Thank you, Your Highness. I have benefited for life from your words today."

Luo Sha didn't think that she had helped Zhang Ruochen much. However, she was used to Zhang Ruochen's cold look and he turned so gentle and modest all of a sudden. It made

her feel like she had eaten honey, all sweeten up inside. She was also about to give a modest reply.

Zhang Ruochen abruptly changed the topic, “However, there are many flaws in what you said. Forgive me that I can’t agree with you blindly.” He continued. “For example, I don’t think it’s appropriate to comment on the prince. If it weren’t for his and your father’s hard work, you wouldn’t have the right to do as you please. As another example, if you want to be the empress, but don’t want to sacrifice for Devala, why should the people of Devala submit to you?”

“Get lost!” Luo Sha replied.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t continue anymore. He smiled briefly and walked out of the heptangular palace.

The moment he stepped out of the palace, the smile on his face disappeared and turned cold again.

He looked up at the pitch-black void and declared, “Only by becoming stronger can my vision become reality. and the reality I’m facing now is the cruelest.”

Pan Ruo’s figure could not help but appear in Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

She was always like that since the beginning. She always said such harsh words and never wanted to communicate properly. However, she had pointed out the biggest flaw in Zhang Ruochen.

Half of the reason why Zhang Ruochen was able to realize enlightenment today was because of her causing him to have a realization.

Otherwise, he didn’t know when the twelve locks around his heart would break.

“Sooner or later, I will tell you my answer. Now how about your answer? What is your vision and purpose of coming to the Infernal Court?” Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

...

In just three days, the cultivators of the three upper clans had broken through the layers of defense set up by the Celestial

Captives. They had traveled millions of miles to reach the sky above the seventh Dark Star.

In the past three days, almost all the Celestial Captives they had killed were useless troops in the Saint King Realm.

However, the three upper clans had suffered heavy losses because of the arrays, runes, and saint technique traps that Celestial Captives had set up in advance.

Two Supreme Saints had fallen, and hundreds of them were injured.

There were more than 700 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives gathered on the seventh Dark Star. They occupied one-third of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. They were a huge force that couldn't be underestimated.

If the three upper clans attacked forcefully, they would suffer heavy losses.

...

In the heptangular palace...

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha received the news immediately.

Luo Sha crushed the communication talisman and laughed.

"This is interesting! More than 700 Supreme Saints all gathered together. The cultivators of the three upper clans must have been shocked."

"Without the Altar of Death, the battle for the three upper clans will not be easy," Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha said, "The three upper clans initially thought that the Celestial Captives would be scattered in this millions of miles of dark space and could be defeated one by one. Now, all the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives are gathered together, they are unable to attack."

On the Dark Star, spiritual power and cultivation would be severely suppressed. However, that would be an advantage for the Celestial Captives instead.

One side was determined to die and wanted to drag a few people down with them.

The other side cherished their own lives and just have the will to hunt.

Once the war started, even if the three upper clans had an absolute advantage, they would suffer countless losses to vanquish the Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star. Thus, the three upper clans didn't dare to fight.

Luo Sha said, "If the Altar of Death is here, the three upper clans can launch a strong attack. Zhang Ruochen, I'm afraid that the monks of the three upper clans are hating you to death right now!"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and chuckled.

Without the Altar of Death, Lord Hornless and Pan Ruo couldn't continue their drama.

What decision would Lord Hornless and Pan Ruo make next?

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Did the message you received only contain information about the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives on the Dark Star? What about the Celestial Captives in the Saint King Realm, Saint Realm, and Demi-Saint Realm?"

"Cultivators below the Supreme Saint Realm will be suppressed till they were like ordinary people on the seventh Dark Star. Once the war starts, they will be cannon fodder," Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "But there are many Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint Realm. There are millions of them. One Saint King might be cannon fodder, but what about 10,000 Saint Kings working together? One saint might not be able to exert much power but what about 100,000 of them?"

Luo Sha nodded and said, "You're right. Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint Realm are the biggest variable in this battle. But so far, the Rakshasa clan hasn't found out where they're hiding yet."

"Lord Hornless isn't an ordinary person," Zhang Ruochen said. "He's a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm. Since he can hide millions of Celestial Captives, he must have his reasons. We have to be careful."

Celestial Captives could die as they pleased, but the Supreme Saints of the Rakshasa and the Immortal Vampires were all precious. They were the foundation of the clan's future.

Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen naturally had to be careful.

Luo Sha said thoughtfully, "Then let the three upper clans help us first. We'll take action after they have drawn out Lord Hornless trump card. Zhang Ruochen, why don't you accompany me to find someone?"

"Who?"

"Yan Guang of the Deathkin, the most powerful necromancer on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting."

"Why do we need to find him?"

"To borrow an army from him."

...

Chapter 2373: The Legion of Death

After the Altar of Death was destroyed, there were still over a million corpses of the Celestial Captives preserved.

All the corpses were handed over to Yan Guang.

As the most talented necromancer seen in the past thousand years of the Infernal Court, Yan Guang's spiritual power had reached level 65. As long as he had enough high-level corpses and spirits, even the top elite of the Deathkin, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, had to be wary of him.

According to reason, Yan Guang, who was only 759 years old, should be able to retain his youth and remain young forever.

However, he was extremely old. Half of his hair was white while the other half was black.

Cultivating the Path of the Necromancers has caused his body to be severely corroded.

Over a million corpses of Celestial Captives floated in the void, stretching for hundreds of miles long and turning the place into a Sea of Corpses.

Some of the corpses were sacred beasts whose bodies were even bigger than mountains.

Some of the corpses were smaller than human bodies, resembling reptiles.

In the Sea of Corpses, clusters of bluish spectral flames floated, illuminating the pitch-black world in a ghastly and terrifying way.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha stood in their respective Profound Spatial Dimensions and came to the edge of the Sea of Corpses. They restrained their aura and carefully conceal themselves.

“He could split and summon out 100,000 spiritual avatars. This Yan Guang is indeed not a simple person.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the elderly person in the Sea of Corpses. He saw the old man holding a bone scepter and summoning numerous clones. The clones were using their fingers to constantly draw runes onto the corpses of the Celestial Captives.

“He’s drawing death talismans. With those talismans, he can control all the saint corpses by himself,” Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked and replied. “The corpses here were at least Demi-saints when they were alive. There are also many Supreme Saint corpses. Even if they are dead, they can still unleash powerful battle strength.”

One person controlling an army of a million saint corpses?

The thought of it was shocking!

How powerful was the battle might that Yan Guang could unleash then?

“If I’m not wrong,” Luo Sha said, “The Deathkin have lost their Altar of Death. They can only settle for the next best. Yan Guang will control the Legion of Death and act as the vanguard to charge into the Dark Star and destroy the fort made up of more than 700 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives. As long as we disrupt Lord Hornless’ arrangements on the dark star, the three upper clans will have a chance to destroy all of them.”

“This is likely the best plan!” Zhang Ruochen exclaimed.

Luo Sha laughed. “That’s why I want to destroy their best plan and borrow this Legion of Death.”

“It won’t be that easy.”

Zhang Ruochen pointed to the southeast edge of the Sea of Corpses and said, “See? Four Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints with 99 severed shackles are guarding there. Beside Yan Guang, that Lie Chang at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm is also there.”

Luo Sha said, "That's why I brought you here. With your cultivation, it's as easy as taking care of a few cats and dogs."

"It's not that easy."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, "The armies of the three upper clans' Supreme Saints are less than a thousand miles away from here. They could arrive here at a moment's notice and even the slightest movement will alarm them. When that happens, thousands of Supreme Saints will come together. How many can your Highness defeat?"

A cunning look appeared on Luo Sha's snow-white face. "Where are the cultivators of the Immortal Vampires? How about you dispatch them to pin down the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans?"

Zhang Ruochen turned his face and stared into her eyes. "I was just about to ask your Highness where are the Supreme Saints of the Rakshasa? Don't tell me there are only dozens of Rakshasa girls following you to the seventh Dark Star?"

Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen do not completely trust each other. They hid the cultivators from their clans in the dark and would not deploy them until the last moment.

"Then there's nothing we can do. We can only watch the three upper clans use the Legion of Death to conquer the seventh Dark Star and collect a large number of points."

Both of them covered up and did not give in to the other. Each of them did not want to be used by the other side.

After a while, Luo Sha thought of something. She blinked and said, "Don't you have a Gourd? Why don't we use the Gourd first and take away the Saint Corpses of the Celestial Captives here?"

"We can't use the Gourd for now."

Zhang Ruochen said again, "But I have another way. Moyin, come out."

Whoosh

The vines of the Saint Devourer extended from Zhang Ruochen's back like tentacles, forming the Moyin's seductive

figure.

Zhang Ruochen transmitted his voice to the Moyin and gave an order.

Moyin took the order and left them.

Luo Sha stared in the direction where Moyin had left and said, “This Saint Devourer is very powerful. Zhang Ruochen, how could you let her retain the independent spirit and Saint Soul in her body? Be careful to nurture a tiger that may result in calamity for you.”

“I don’t need you to remind me. I know how to deal with it,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Luo Sha touched her slender chin and asked, “Where did you send her?”

“You’ll find out later!” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Luo Sha looked at the Gourd on Zhang Ruochen’s waist and laughed. “Are all the cultivators of the Immortal Vampires hiding in this gourd?”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression didn’t change, but his heart fluttered briefly.

He had to admit that Luo Sha was indeed smart. It was hard for him to keep secrets from her.

Perhaps she had guessed that the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires were hiding in the Violet Gourd before she suggested using the Gourd to keep the Sea of Corpses.

Her suggestion was just to probe him.

Zhang Ruochen denied it, “You’re too suspicious of me!” he said. “I don’t use the Gourd to take away the Sea of Corpses because there are too many precious treasures in the Gourd. I can’t just put the cultivators in without considering them. Also, Lie Chang and Yan Guang are still in the Sea of Corpses!”

Luo Sha smiled and didn’t say anything.

Zhang Ruochen immediately changed the topic. “There are millions of saint corpses in the Sea of Corpses. Even if we take

them away, are you confident that you can control them?”

“I can do whatever Yan Guang can do,” Luo Sha said.

Time went by with every passing minute...

Yan Guang’s spiritual power clones carved death talismans on each saint corpse.

“It is done!”

Yan Guang laughed with the bone scepter in his hand and withdrew his 100,000 spiritual power clones. In an instant, a cold and terrifying aura erupted from his body. Streams of cold air condensed into frost that spread for hundreds of miles.

“Rise!”

Yan Guang raised the bone scepter in his hand and chanted an incantation.

Instantly, the Silent Sea of Corpses erupted with clamoring.

All the saint corpses stood up and let out roars, killing cries, and wails. Their bodies emitted a powerful Qi of Death as they greedily absorbed the Power of Darkness released by the Dark Star.

A Legion of Death had come to life.

Lie Chang, who was standing behind Yan Guang and bearing a heavy shield, couldn’t help but suck in a breath of cold air.

Originally, as an elite of the Great Perfection in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he was quite proud and didn’t take Yan Guang seriously. But at this moment, he felt the huge pressure of death.

Lie Chang said, “Lord Yan Guang is worthy of being the number one Necromancer of the past thousand years, Her Highness Pan Ruo did not misjudge him. Now, we will lead the Legion of Death to attack the seventh Dark Star and destroy all the Celestial Captives.”

Yan Guang was quite proud of himself in his heart, and he said, “With this Legion of Death composed of saint corpses, who else in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting can match me? I want to personally chop off the head of Lord Hornless and

prove to the gods that I am the most outstanding cultivator in the past thousand years.”

“Congratulations, Sir!”

“In this battle, Sir Yan Guang will surely become the greatest hero of the Deathkin.”

The four Supreme Saints that had broken the ninety-nine shackle of the Hundred-Shackle Realm joined together with Yan Guang and Lie Chang, and they spoke flatteringly.

In Yan Guang’s heart, he was even more pleased with himself. He even felt that his position was above Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Pan Ruo, and even Wu Jiang, just as if he had become the first person of the three upper clans.

Luo Sha looked at the Sea of Corpses and said, “Why hasn’t the Saint Devourer taken action yet? If we don’t act now, we won’t have a chance!”

“It’s coming!”

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the night sky.

In the endless darkness, a dazzling flame flew over the Sea of Corpses. It headed toward the place where the Paths were the densest thousands of miles away.

That was where the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans had gathered.

The streaks of flame were countless rocks and asteroids in the starry sky. They turned into a meteor shower.

Zhang Ruochen had learned this move from Hong Futu. He could use it to create the greatest amount of disturbance at minimum cost. This would create chaos and pin down the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans.

“Now, do it.”

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha rushed into the Sea of Corpses as fast as they could.

They had no choice. This place was too close to the seventh Dark Star. Its atmosphere was much more solidified than in the

third Dark Star. They couldn't use the Great Dimensional Shift.

The six Supreme Saints in the Sea of Corpses immediately sensed their auras.

“Watch Out! Enemy Attack!”

Lie Chang shouted loudly. The heavy shield on his back emitted a dark light. It flew out automatically and crashed into the oncoming duo.

Bang

Zhang Ruochen hit the heavy shield with one punch, and violent waves burst out.

The surrounding saint corpses were all sent flying.

The heavy shield flew back.

Lie Chang had just caught the heavy shield when the expression on his face changed dramatically.

“This power...”

The returning heavy shield carried an overwhelming crushing force with it.

He could not control his body and flew backward, knocking countless saint corpses over and sending white bones and corpses flying everywhere.

“I'll leave them to you. As for Yan Guang, I'll take care of him.”

Luo Sha's melodious voice rang in Zhang Ruochen's ears.

“Deal with Yan Guang alone?”

Zhang Ruochen turned around abruptly and looked at Luo Sha's graceful figure. It was hard to imagine how she could take care of an elite like Yan Guang...

Could the title of the number one Necromancer be false?

Even if Yan Guang did not control the Legion of Death, Luo Sha might not even be his opponent.

Not to mention that the surrounding saint corpses controlled by Yan Guang were his home ground.

Even Zhang Ruochen wanted to end the battle quickly. Before Yan Guang activated the power of the Legion of Death, he would be the first to deal with him instead of fighting head-on.

Worried about Luo Sha, Zhang Ruochen left Lie Chang who had been pushed back, and rushed toward Yan Guang.

“Assemble a tactical formation.”

The four Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saints who had broken 99 shackles, each summoned a Regal Artifact spear. They assembled in a tactical formation and thrust their spears at Zhang Ruochen simultaneously.

The combined attack of the four people was more powerful than the full-strength attack of Supreme Saint Lie Chang.

Zhang Ruochen stretched out his left arm and casually struck out with his palm. A palm print the size of a cloud landed on the four of them.

Bang! Bang!

Bloody mist burst out from their bodies as they were sent flying like mere scarecrows.

They were shocked to the extreme. The four of them working together could not block an attack from the intruder?

Ignoring them, Zhang Ruochen flew to a place not far from Yan Guang and Luo Sha. He let out a soft exclamation.

Yan Guang and Luo Sha were ten steps apart. They looked at each other without moving. It was a very strange situation.

“What a powerful spiritual power field. Luo Sha is fighting Yan Guang’s with spiritual power.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped ten steps away. He didn’t move forward.

A spiritual power fight was very dangerous. It couldn’t be disturbed.

Lie Chang and the four injured Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm charged forward again. A strong Power of Death erupted from their bodies.

“How dare you trespass here. Who are you to be so bold?”

Lie Chang knew that the newcomer had profound cultivation, but with such a violent battle that had erupted here, the cultivators of the three upper clans could arrive in an instant. Naturally, they had nothing to fear.

“All of you should leave the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting on your own accord to save your lives.” Zhang Ruochen turned around and stared at them.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen was too fast for them to see his face clearly.

Now that they had seen him clearly, they all turned pale with fear and couldn't help but step back.

“Zhang Ruochen!”

“How could it be this killer?”

“What should we do now?”

...

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, “I'll count to three.”

“One!”

“Two!”

“Three!”

As soon as he finished speaking, Zhang Ruochen raised his left arm above his head and suddenly brought it down separating the air.

His five fingers burned with divine fire.

Ten giant green dragons coiled around his five fingers and palm and roared furiously.

Before the palm print pressed down, the powerful power and heat scared the five people, including Lie Chang, so much so that their bodies trembled and could not move.

“How can he be so powerful? Is Zhang Ruochen really just a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?”

Everyone was shocked and afraid.

The five couldn't withstand the pressure and were afraid of being killed by Zhang Ruochen's palm. They shouted almost at the same moment, “I'm leaving the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.”

Bang

Zhang Ruochen tore open a Dimensional Rift and smacked all five of them into the void and he recited, “Let the deities watching over all of you personally enter the void space to save you.”

Although the space here was stable, with Zhang Ruochen's dimension attainments, he could still tear open a rift.

The power of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms could not cover the area where the Dark Star was. Naturally, it could not hear their voices to teleport them away from the battlefield.

Bang

Yan Guang, who was fighting with Luo Sha, spat out a mouthful of blood. His old body bent over as he coughed violently.

Luo Sha's graceful figure rushed to Yan Guang's front with a swoosh and struck his head with a palm.

Crash

Nine spiritual energy chains rushed out from her palm and entered Yan Guang's body, binding his spiritual energy and Saint Soul.

Yan Guang struggled fiercely and roared unwillingly, “No, it's impossible. I'm the number one Necromancer. My spiritual energy is strong enough to rank in the top five on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. How could I lose to you?”

“Your spiritual power is indeed strong. It's a pity that carving death talismans on millions of saint corpses consumed too

much of it from you. Otherwise, I would need to spend more effort to defeat you.”

Luo Sha waved her sleeve and sent Yan Guang flying toward Zhang Ruochen like a fallen leaf. “Send him out of the battlefield,” she commanded.

Zhang Ruochen did not hesitate to shoot Yan Guang into the Dimensional Rift.

“It’s useless. I’ve set up death talismans on these saint corpses. You can’t control them. You can’t... you can’t...”

Yan Guang’s body disappeared into the void, and the Dimensional Rift closed again.

“Just because others can’t control them doesn’t mean I can’t. Calling yourself the number one Necromancer doesn’t mean you are the number one Necromancer.” Luo Sha smiled and shook her head gently.

Then, she opened her jade-white palm. Her palm was like the surface of the water, and a black lotus floated out.

It was the Dark Divinity Lotus.

The Dark Divinity Lotus was a divine level treasure that could control evil spirits. It only grew on the divine corpses and would absorb all of its power. Only then would it bloom and mature.

Zhang Ruochen, who was standing guard by the side, suddenly felt extreme danger. It was like the tip of a blade on his back or a blade against his neck. Life and death could be decided in an instant.

“Who is it?”

He suddenly turned around and looked behind him. His gaze was sharper than two divine swords.

The Realm-frame of Truth, Profound Spatial Dimension, and the Null Time Realm were all revealed in an instant, and his body burst into white divine flames.

There weren’t many people on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting who could still cause him to feel such a sense of

danger.

...

Chapter 2374: A Hidden Talent Below and A Bright Genius Above

The Qi of Death and spectral flame floated and roared in the ghastly sea of corpses.

Zhang Ruochen's body felt as if he had fallen into an ice abyss. It was so cold that his bones were about to freeze.

His eyes were intertwined with the Precepts of Truth. He scanned the saint corpses in all shapes and sizes. He wanted to pierce through the corpses, even time and space, to find the source of danger.

However, the killing intent disappeared in a flash.

It disappeared without a trace.

Luo Sha, who was emitting a charming fragrance, approached Zhang Ruochen and asked cautiously, "What's wrong?"

"He's gone! Hurry up and collect the saint corpses. We have to leave immediately," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's expression was still as solemn as ever.

Zhang Ruochen was certain that the sense of impending danger he was experiencing was not a figment of his imagination. There must be a top powerhouse hiding among the corpses, attempting to ambush and kill him.

Unfortunately, the other party did not expect that he had the Heart of Truth and amazing perception.

After being detected by Zhang Ruochen, he immediately ran away.

Luo Sha was both shocked and confused.

She had never seen Zhang Ruochen so nervous. She thought, 'Was there really a powerful figure hiding nearby just now?'

She couldn't sense anything with her level 65 spiritual power. She didn't notice any changes even after she unleashed the Profound Spatial Dimension.

How powerful was the other party to be able to be so silent?

Luo Sha had always believed that with her spiritual power achievements and that hidden trump card, she could be fearless on the Celestial-Hunting Battlefield.

At that moment, she realized that there was always someone better than her. If she did not raise her cultivation to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, she was still far from it.

Whoosh

Under Luo Sha's command, the Dark Divinity Lotus bloomed with divine light right away.

The entire sea of corpses was sucked into the black lotus.

An extremely alluring redness appeared on Luo Sha's snow-white face. It was obvious that she had used all her strength to do it.

This space became dark, empty, and silent again.

"Let's go!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha hid in the dark space and flew away quickly.

Splash

A Nether River meandered over. The water was sometimes dark and sometimes bright.

Pan Ruo's beautiful figure stood on the Nether River. She was like a flawless spiritual flower, blooming with a beautiful scent. The pitch-black world instantly became bright because of her arrival.

She looked in the direction where Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha had left. Her long, thin eyebrows furrowed slightly.

The Legion of Death had been taken away. The three upper clans' plan to conquer the seventh Dark Star without

bloodshed had been ruined again.

There were still wisps of Qi of Death floating in the air.

Suddenly, Pan Ruo sensed something. Her pretty face, which was as calm as the surface of a lake, suddenly turned cold. She asked, "Who is it?"

A tall and thin black shadow appeared silently in the front of the Nether River.

Strangely, his body could swallow the light from the Nether River, so Pan Ruo couldn't see his figure and face clearly.

However, Pan Ruo still figured out his identity at once. She said, "Que!"

"Your Highness Pan Ruo is more shrewd than I thought. You recognized me just by showing a slight flaw. In time, when I cultivated to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, I will definitely amaze the world." Que said with a firm and resolute tone.

Pan Ruo said, "Are you here on purpose?"

"Actually, I'm here to find Lord Hornless and Zhang Ruochen. Lord Hornless is my biggest challenge since I came to the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Zhang Ruochen is the target I have to kill no matter what," Que said.

Pan Ruo had a thought and said, "Then why didn't you attack just now?"

"I was going to attack just now, but Zhang Ruochen is more powerful than I thought. He immediately noticed my slight killing intent and never gave me any chance to sneak attack again," Que said.

Pan Ruo was even more taken aback. Que's cultivation was so profound that despite being the number one powerhouse on the list of the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage, he could still conceal his identity and sneak attack and kill his opponent.

In that way, who else could he not kill?

Pan Ruo said, "With your cultivation, why do you need to sneak attack? Even if it's a head-on fight, Zhang Ruochen is definitely not your opponent."

"Zhang Ruochen is not as simple as you think. I can defeat him in a head-on confrontation, but it's difficult to kill him. Once he knows that I've come to the seventh Dark Star, it will be much more difficult to kill him," Que said.

Pan Ruo said, "So, you're giving up this opportunity for a better next opportunity?"

"Yes," said Que.

"I need Your Highness' help to create the next opportunity," he continued.

"Why should I help you?" Pan Ruo asked.

"Zhang Ruochen's cultivation has improved too quickly. It has reached an unprecedented level. Now, his strength has entered the top ranks. Only a few people are qualified to kill him on the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. And I'm the most qualified one," said Que.

Que's tone was calm with a hint of supreme aura. He continued, "If Your Highness wants to become the Scioness, your biggest threat is not Pink Skull, but Lady Wind. So, you have to kill Zhang Ruochen.

"Once Zhang Ruochen dies, the Immortal Vampires will be exterminated, and Lady Wind will be thrown into the abyss.

"We can't let Zhang Ruochen continue cultivating. Otherwise, if he is successful, no one will be able to stop him."

It was obvious that Zhang Ruochen posed a significant threat to him after receiving such a high evaluation from the number one powerhouse on the list of the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage. He wanted to get rid of him as soon as possible.

Pan Ruo's emotions surged, but she remained calm. "That's right. Zhang Ruochen is our common enemy. The three upper clans have suffered heavy losses because of him. Tell me, how can I help you create an opportunity?"

Whoosh

The tall and thin black shadow on the other side swallowed all the darkness around him and formed a man in black armor.

He looked ordinary and sallow.

It was hard for anyone to link him to Que.

It was unknown whether his current appearance was his true form.

Que stepped into the Nether River and stood beside Pan Ruo's magnificent figure, he said in a low voice, "From now on, I will be a Supreme Saint-level guardian by your side. When the war breaks out, I will look for the best opportunity to surprise Zhang Ruochen and Lord Hornless and give them a fatal blow."

Pan Ruo looked at the man in front of her carefully and said, "I can't see any flaws in your qi-restraining technique, Mr. Que. However, it may not be able to fool a superior of Zhang Ruochen's level."

"As long as Your Highness' Door of Trueself can block the detection from Zhang Ruochen's Path of Truth, he won't be able to find any clues," Que said.

Pan Ruo's expression was as usual, but she sighed in her heart. Que was too dangerous. He clearly had the absolute advantage, but he was still unscrupulous.

If Que plotted to kill someone, that person would probably die.

"With Mr. Que's support, my position as Scioness is already within reach."

Pan Ruo said with a smile. Her smile was beautiful, sacred, and mysterious. It had an alluring bearing that could topple all living things.

However, Que's will was astonishing. Standing so close to her, he was not affected by her beauty and temperament. It was as if no external force could shake him.

Only this kind of strong willpower could condense a Grade Two Saintwill.

Even if the Saintwill was incomplete.

BANG!

A streak of lightning tore through the darkness and approached from afar.

The lightning flew in front of Pan Ruo and condensed into Wujiang's handsome and extraordinary figure.

His entire body emitted a dark ray. The violent and heavy power on his body surged in all directions like a tidal wave, exploding with a terrifying aura capable of killing gods and demons.

This was the result of achieving a great breakthrough in cultivation, but not being able to perfectly control the new power.

Both Pan Ruo and Que looked at Wujiang.

The number of precepts in Wujiang had increased greatly. It had broken through ten billion precepts. The fatal injury from the battle with Zhang Ruochen had also healed.

Wujiang took a deep breath. His eyes shone with fervent and malicious light. He said, "It's Zhang Ruochen's presence. He came here just now."

"He was here. He destroyed The Altar of Death and took the Celestial Captives' saint corpses," Pan Ruo said.

"Since I'm here," Wujiang said, "He'll have to pay a heavy price for everything he's done. He will pay for the humiliation last time."

Que, who was standing on the side, glanced at Wujiang indifferently.

Wujiang sensed him and immediately stared at him.

Pan Ruo knew that Wujiang's spiritual power had reached level 66. On the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, almost no one could compare to it. She was worried that he would discover Que's true identity.

"Who are you?" Wujiang's tone was filled with hostility.

Because Wujiang had never seen Pan Ruo alone with another man, and so close to him.

Wujiang wondered, 'How could this person enter Pan Ruo's Nether River?'

The Nether River was Pan Ruo's defense. If one was not absolutely trusted, they would not be able to enter.

Que was silent.

Pan Ruo said, "He is a hidden powerhouse that I invited. He can play an important role in attacking the seventh Dark Star this time."

"Almost all of the powerhouses on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting are on the list of those who achieved the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. What other hidden powerhouses can there be?"

Wujiang stared at Que. There was disdain and provocation in his eyes. He said, "Since I'm here, I can destroy the seventh Dark Star in an instant. Why do I need the help of an outsider?"

Pan Ruo wondered if she should tell Wujiang about Que's identity.

Que shook his head to signal at Pan Ruo. He transmitted his voice to her and said, "Only by deceiving Wujiang can we deceive Zhang Ruochen and Lord Hornless."

Pan Ruo said, "Is the Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint confident of conquering the seventh Dark Star?"

"I have already obtained half of the opportunity of the Nether Clan's home planet. Not only have my injuries healed, but my cultivation has also improved. I came to the seventh Dark Star to devour Lord Hornless so that I can break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm and take the other half of the chance," Wujiang said.

It was not that they could not break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

There were three reasons why those Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm did not

breakthrough.

First, they had to suppress their realms and fuse with a stronger Saintwill. They had to accumulate more precepts so that they could cultivate to their best state.

Only in this manner could they gain access to the Thousand-Koan Realm and reap greater benefits.

Second, not every Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm could break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm. The threshold of the cultivation realm was enough to stop many cultivators who wanted to breakthrough.

Third, and most importantly, every Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm had to enter seclusion to break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm. If the time was shorter, it would generally take two to three years. It could even take a hundred years if the time was longer.

The Battle of Celestial-Hunting only last for a hundred days, it would not be enough for one to enter seclusion to breakthrough.

Wujiang knew that he absolutely couldn't fuse a Grade Two Saintwill, and he didn't want to waste any more time, so he planned to break through immediately. Then, he would sweep across the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting to maximize the benefits.

He'd already spent a long time in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage, and he was only one step away from the Thousand-Koan Realm.

If he could use the Path of Darkness to devour Lord Hornless, it was entirely possible to break through the realm in an instant and save years of seclusion.

"You took half of the opportunities?" asked Que.

Que finally carefully observed Wujiang.

Wujiang revealed an unhappy expression and said, "Is there a place for you to speak here?"

SWOOSH!

Wujiang's right hand clenched his claws and turned into a ray of black light. He rushed in front of Que like lightning.

As Wujiang attacked, numerous claw shadows appeared and sealed off all of Que's paths of retreat. At the same time, the claw prints released a dark power that sucked everything out of the surrounding space.

However, Wujiang's claw missed Que.

Que's figure stood on the other side of the Nether River and said, "Your cultivation has indeed improved a lot. However, it's still impossible to devour a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. Be careful that you don't choke yourself to death."

A look of disbelief appeared in Wujiang's eyes as he looked at Que in a daze.

After coming out from the Nether Clan's home planet, Wujiang had great confidence in himself. Even if he did not break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm, he would still be invincible in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. At least, the likes of Luo Shengtian and Yan Huangtu would definitely not be his match.

But now, a nameless person could actually dodge Wujiang's claws.

Although Wujiang didn't use his full strength, he just wanted to test his opponent's strength.

"Again," said Wujiang.

Wujiang, undeterred, gathered his strength and prepared to launch another attack.

"Stop!" Pan Ruo shouted.

Pan Ruo stopped between them, she advised, "Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha appearing here at the same time means that the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa have formed an alliance. The army of the two races has probably come to the seventh Dark Star to snatch points. So, the most important thing now is to destroy the Celestial Captives first."

Wujiang's eyes were still fixed on Que. He restrained his power and said, "I only used 50% of my speed just now. You might not be my match if I used all of my strength."

"Let's go to the Dark Star first," said Wujiang.

Wujiang took off on his own. He gathered with the Nether Clan's Supreme Saints a moment later. They were only a few tens of thousands of feet from the Dark Star.

Wujiang was energized at the time, and Nether Qi was gushing from his body.

The auras of the cultivators of the three upper clans were activated when Wujiang arrived.

"The Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint is here!"

"The Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint's might is so terrifying. I wonder how much his cultivation has improved."

"Finally, there's someone who can stop Lord Hornless."

...

Wujiang took out the Supreme Artifact, Myriad Curse Bead. He held it in his palm and shouted, "All the Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan, listen up. Together with me, we will activate the beads and unleash the Blood-devouring Curse. We will curse and kill all the living beings on the Dark Star."

...

Chapter 2375: A Heavy Loss

Wujiang's hands released the Myriad Curse Bead, which floated hundreds of meters away.

Whoosh

Hundreds of Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan stood behind Wujiang in different directions. They were like the divines from the heavens, channeling the Nether Qi with all their might. They shot out from their hands and turned into beams of light that poured into the Myriad Curse Bead.

In an instant.

The Myriad Curse Bead exploded with an extremely dazzling light that illuminated ten thousand miles of space.

At the same time, the Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan, led by Wujiang, chanted the Blood-devouring Curse in unison.

The Blood-devouring Curse was one of the six most terrifying curses of the Nether Clan. It could silently sip away the blood of all living beings and turn them into dry corpses.

Most of the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star were living beings full of blood qi.

At that moment, they were horrified to find that their bodies were rapidly shriveling up. They were getting weaker and weaker. The blood in their bodies was flowing out of their control. However, they didn't know where they had lost it.

"The Blood-devouring Curse! It's the Blood-devouring Curse..."

"We can't resist it at all. We can only wait for death. This curse is the nemesis of all living beings with blood qi... ah... I can't accept this... I can't just die like this..."

All the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives fell into panic.

The Supreme Saints of the Stone Clan and the Deathkin were all shocked when they saw what happened.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei sighed, “The Blood-devouring Curse is the best way to kill the Celestial Captives. It seems like all the points here will be taken by the Nether Clan.”

“Wujiang’s cultivation base is higher than before. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be able to control the Myriad Curse Bead, which is supported by hundreds of Supreme Saints,” another Supreme Saint of the Deathkin said.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei nodded and said, “Wujiang’s cultivation level has reached its peak. No one can stop him.”

Wujiang’s current cultivation level was the level that Supreme Saint Yuan Fei had always dreamed of reaching.

Unfortunately, there was still a gap between humans.

Just the physique of Wujiang’s myriad hands and eyes was two to three levels lower than Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

Furthermore, Wujiang’s master was an extremely great existence in the Nether Hall, which made Supreme Saint Yuan Fei unattainable.

Thinking of this, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei sighed again.

Whoosh

A five-colored light appeared on the Dark Star and formed a circle that spread out in all directions.

The Supreme Saint Celestial Captives attacked one after another and injected the power in their bodies into the five-colored circle.

The five-colored circle became brighter and brighter as it released the Supreme Power. The entire space started to boil.

“Why are there fluctuations of Supreme Power?”

“Don’t tell me that the Celestial Captives can control a Supreme Artifact?”

The expressions of the cultivators from the three upper clans changed.

Swoosh

A five-colored Saint Sword flew out of the circle and slashed toward the Myriad Curse Bead.

The tip of the sword clashed with the bead.

BOOM!

Hundreds of Nether Clan Supreme Saints all trembled and were sent flying.

Among them, Wujiang, who controlled the Myriad Curse Bead, let out a muffled sound. His face turned pale and he was sent flying more than ten miles away.

A violent wave of Supreme Power swept across hundreds of miles, forcing the Supreme Saints of the Deathkin and Stone Clan to fend for themselves.

“It’s the Pentastone Sword!”

“How could the Pentastone Sword of the number one powerhouse of the Stone Clan be snatched away by the Celestial Captives?”

“The Pentastone Sword belongs to Lord Lei. How... how could it be on the other’s hand? That’s not possible, absolutely impossible.”

...

Hundreds of Celestial Captives flew out of the Dark Star and charged toward the cultivators of the three upper clans, who were stunned and in a state of chaos.

These Celestial Captives had ferocious expressions and their eyes were filled with killing intent. They were burning their lifeforce and bursting out with extreme speed.

Pan Ruo, who had just returned, stood on the Nether River and witnessed everything. She immediately shouted, “Retreat! Retreat quickly and distance yourself. They are going to self-detonate their Sainthood Source and perish together with you.”

The Supreme Saints of the three upper clans were all pale with fright.

Some of them ran away in panic.

Some of them released their spiritual power in an attempt to suppress the spiritual will of the Celestial Captives and stop them from self-destructing. Unfortunately, the spiritual power released was dispersed by the sword Qi from the Pentastone Sword.

“It’s too late! Today, all of you will die... Haha...”

“If you want to die, we will die together.”

“If the Infernal Court wants to kill us all, we can only die together.”

Dozens of Celestial Captives laughed crazily and charged into the area where the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans gathered.

Rumble

Earth-shattering sounds rang out.

Their Sainthood Source and Neverwithers physique exploded at the same time, releasing dozens of destructive powers.

From afar, they looked like fireworks in the night sky. They illuminated the pitch-black world like it was daytime. It was brilliant and beautiful.

The terrifying qi spread thousands of miles away.

3,000 miles away, Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha stood. The layers of shock waves continued to jolt them. They couldn’t standstill. The energy in the center of the self-detonation was probably very concentrated.

“Wujiang was too rash. Attacking the seventh Dark Star so aggressively and forcing Celestial Captives into a desperate situation would backfire. Perhaps the boiled frog effect might be a better solution.”

Luo Sha sighed. She felt that it wasn’t worth it for those Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court who had died tragically.

It was Wujiang’s wrong decision that had killed them.

Dozens of Supreme Saints had self-detonated at the same time. The impact of the detonation was too powerful. At that

moment, the center area was still in chaos. All kinds of power interweaved, and lightning and fire filled the air.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Wujiang underestimated Celestial Captive’s strength and determination. It was too easy for him to destroy more than 700 Supreme Saints. Also...”

After a moment of silence, he said, “How did the Pentastone Sword fall into the hands of Lord Hornless?”

The person controlling the Pentastone Sword must have been Lord Hornless.

Other Celestial Captives couldn’t control such a powerful force.

Luo Sha frowned deeply and said, “Even the Pentastone Sword has been lost. I’m afraid Lord Lei is doomed. This is a big trouble!”

That’s right.

Big trouble!

Lord Hornless was the Banshi Isshou Realm powerhouse. In the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, no one could defeat him.

With an additional Supreme Artifact, it was as if his power got redoubled.

Who would dare to provoke him?

There was a tragic scene in the dark space not far from the seventh Dark Star. More than 200 Supreme Saints from the three upper clans were present. As they floated in the void, their bodies were incomplete.

The Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan suffered the most losses because they were the closest to the Dark Star.

Some of the Supreme Saints of the Stone Clan had their bodies shattered into pieces of stone. Some of the Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan had their immortal bodies explode and turn into a ball of dark gas. Some of the Supreme Saints of the Deathkin only had one arm and one head left.

“The Scroll of Truth and Deceit!”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei immediately unfurled the Supreme Artifact of the Deathkin and turned it into a thousand-mile scroll. It enveloped all the Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court to prevent the Celestial Captives from launching a second suicidal attack.

The other Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm were all on high alert. They escaped from the area where the Celestial Captive self-destructed and were almost unharmed.

They all held up their Regal Artifacts and formed a defensive force at that point.

The vitality of a Supreme Saint was strong, especially a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. Even if their Neverwilt physique was shattered, they would not die and their cultivation would not drop to the Saint King Realm.

There were only thirty-four Supreme Saints from the three upper clans who were killed by the Celestial Captives' self-explosion.

The stone fragments floating in the void slowly gathered together and formed a stone body once again.

Balls of black Nether Qi also started to gather under the control of the Sainthood Source, forming the outline of a human.

Tentacles grew out of one of the heads of the Deathkin Supreme Saint, forming a neck, chest, hands, and legs. Gradually, they formed a complete body.

Of course, they had suffered such serious injuries. They couldn't recover completely in a short time.

Wujiang looked at the shocking scene in front of him. His eyes lost focus. Then, he revealed a furious expression again. "Such a hateful group of prey. I'll kill all of you."

Losing to Zhang Ruochen had made a huge flaw in Wujiang's state of mind. He couldn't calm down.

Wujiang's cultivation had improved greatly this time. He thought he could sweep through the Battlefield of Celestial-

Hunting, but he'd already suffered so much in the first battle. His emotions were naturally even more extreme.

Splash

The water of the Nether River swept over and stopped Wujiang, who wanted to charge into the Dark Star alone.

Wujiang looked back. His gaze fell on Pan Ruo and said, "Let me go. I want to avenge the dead cultivator."

"Calm down first. Lord Hornless is in control of the Supreme Artifact and hundreds of Supreme Saint Celestial Captives are gathered on the Dark Star. If you go now, it will be suicide," said Pan Ruo

Pan Ruo's tone was cold. She mobilized the Power of Destiny to help Wujiang control his emotions.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and Que Fei rushed over. Both of their eyes were filled with dissatisfaction.

The fact that the Celestial Captives were able to cause such a huge loss to the three upper clans meant that they had to bear the main responsibility for their recklessness.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei advised, "The most important thing for us to do now is to stabilize our position so that we won't be attacked by the Celestial Captives."

"Not good!"

The four of them sensed danger at the same time. All of them looked behind them.

A meteor shower tore through the dark space and flew towards the 200 or so three upper clans Supreme Saints who had just reformed their saint physiques.

Looking closely, the meteor shower was actually over a million stone swords.

The stone swords were covered with a layer of sacred light.

If this wave of attacks hit, the 200 or so Supreme Saints, who were already heavily injured and extremely weak, would most likely be wiped out. It would be an unbearable pain to the entire three upper clans.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and the others' defensive measures were mainly placed on the edge facing the Dark Star. Who would have thought that such a powerful attack would suddenly erupt from behind?

Everyone's faces were extremely pale.

Wujiang was indeed worthy of being a level 66 spiritual power powerhouse. He was the first to notice the rain of stone swords and displayed the reaction speed of a top-notch powerhouse. He rushed over immediately.

"Nether Domain."

"Netherdeus."

The Nether Qi from Wujiang's body spread out for hundreds of miles, revealing the Nether Domain. The black palace, the blood stone walls, the white bone divine mountain... it was as if an ancient Nether kingdom appeared under his feet.

At the same time, the phantom of the Netherdeus rose up and collided with millions of stone swords.

Everyone was shocked and forgot to rush to help.

3,000 miles away, Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha were also slightly absent-minded.

"Where did these stone swords come from? Which force did it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Dense Precepts of Truth appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. He looked in the direction where the stone swords flew.

Luo Sha said, "Wujiang must be crazy! He's alone against millions of stone swords. The swords can chop him into ashes."

BOOM!

Millions of stone swords smashed Wujiang's Nether Domain into pieces. Then, they exploded the phantom of Netherdeus.

Wujiang's body turned into a 9-meter-wide black hole.

Any stone sword that hit the black hole immediately disappeared.

However, more rain of stone swords continued to fly towards the 200 or so Infernal Court Supreme Saints who had just formed their saint physiques.

Luckily, Wujiang was able to stall for time. Pan Ruo controlled the Nether River to flow over quickly and swept the 200 Supreme Saints away from the danger zone.

After the rain of stone swords flew past, the black hole could no longer withstand it. It exploded and shot out tens of thousands of stone swords.

CRACK!

Wujiang stood during the tumultuous Power of Darkness. He spit blood out of his mouth. His body was splattered with blood. "I will try my hardest to make up for my mistake," he panted heavily.

...

Luo Sha shook her head and said, "Impossible. How can Wujiang withstand this wave of attacks? There must be a problem. There must be."

"His Nether Domain is more than twice as powerful as before, especially its defensive power." Zhang Ruochen commented.

Zhang Ruochen had fought with Wujiang before. He knew more than Luo Sha and could see through its hidden power.

When Wujiang manifested the Nether Domain just now, Zhang Ruochen had a completely different feeling from the last time he fought.

Last time, Wujiang had only manifested the Nether Domain.

This time, it was as if the real Nether Domain had appeared.

This feeling was as if the Realm-frame of Truth had transformed from the "Shoreless Star Ocean" to the "Boundless Universe".

The Nether Domain was a strange phenomenon formed when Wujiang cultivated one of the eight volumes, the Nether Domain volume of the Nether Scrolls. During this period, it must have undergone a qualitative change, which could

increase Wujiang's battle strength and defense, it was even more powerful.

"The opportunity Wujiang received in the home planet of the Nether Clan must be related to this. It has improved his understanding of the Nether Scrolls. I just don't know what is new in his Nether Domain."

Luo Sha looked thoughtful. Her red lips curled up slightly. It was unknown what she was up to.

"The three upper clans have stabilized their formation. It's hard for the Celestial Captives to take advantage of this. Next, they'll probably fight a long battle," Zhang Ruochen said.

"With Pan Ruo's intelligence, she'll definitely take the strategy of encircling and then attacking from afar. In this way, she'll drag Celestial Captives to their death. After all, there's no Saint Qi of heaven and earth, saint stones, or Godstones on the Dark Star."

It was obvious that among the three upper clans, Luo Sha only looked up to Pan Ruo and regarded her as the biggest opponent of her generation.

As for the likes of Wujiang and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, they were both power-type cultivators and her royal brother should deal with them.

"Do you think Lord Hornless would be trapped on the Dark Star so easily without considering this?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha immediately understood and said, "You mean..."

Zhang Ruochen's hand pointed in the direction where the millions of stone swords had flown.

Chapter 2376: Snowpetra

There were more than 700 Supreme Saint-level Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star.

One could imagine the number of Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint-level in this galaxy. The Rakshasas and the three upper clans had yet to find any of their tracks, making them a huge variable.

Just now, their tracks were finally discovered.

The one million stone swords that attacked the cultivators of the three upper clans were not very powerful. However, each stone sword gave off a different aura.

If it wasn't an attack from the Celestial Captives, who were below the Supreme Saint Realm, Zhang Ruochen really couldn't think of a second possibility.

Zhang Ruochen spread out his ten golden wings and was about to burst out to track down the Celestial Captives.

"Hey, are you trying to do this alone? Aren't you afraid of ending up like the Nether Clan? Shouldn't we continue to work together?" Luo Sha called out in a clear and beautiful voice.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and asked, "Your Highness, what do you mean?"

Luo Sha pursed her lips and snorted. She reached out a small hand that was as fair as snow and said, "Take me with you."

Zhang Ruochen looked down at her flawless hand.

It was a hand that countless cultivators in the Infernal Court dreamed of holding. Her forearm was crystal clear, and her fingers were long and slender. Her skin gave off a faint fluorescent light. It didn't look like a hand. It was like a work of art carved by a god using saint jade.

"Let's go!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Luo Sha's wrist, which was slightly cold. Her skin was delicate and smooth. He spread out his ten golden wings and burst out with extreme speed. He turned into a streak of golden light and rushed in the direction of the stone sword.

Zhang Ruochen was so fast that thousands of Thousand-Koan Supreme Saints could not catch up with him.

Luo Sha didn't seem to care about locating the Celestial Captives at all. Her beautiful eyes were fixed on Zhang Ruochen's chiseled profile, whether it was his cold eyes, straight as a mountain nose bridge, or tightly pursed lips that made her heartstrings tremble.

'What a lovely man. How could I have met you in my life? For I am so noble, so beautiful, so talented, and so free. How could I be trapped in a love net like other shy women?' Luo Sha thought and sighed softly.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen could feel the fiery love in Luo Sha's eyes. He spoke in a ruthless tone, "Your Highness is a very intelligent person. You should understand how absurd it is to decide your own feelings because of an illusory prophecy."

"Who said it's just because of a prophecy? I really like you. I like you from the bottom of my heart," Luo Sha argued.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know if Luo Sha's words were true or false. After a moment of silence, he said, "Then you'd better control your feelings because we're not meant for each other."

Luo Sha's eyes darkened slightly. She could no longer tell.

That's right!

They were destined to never be together.

Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen were too special.

Luo Sha could be stubborn and do whatever she wanted. But her father would never agree to this, and the royal family of Devala would also strongly oppose it.

At the same time, it also included Zhang Ruochen's heart.

Luo Sha knew Zhang Ruochen better than the gods of the Infernal Court. He was too hostile to the Infernal Court. To be more specific, it was his beliefs that clashed with the Infernal Court.

Zhang Ruochen despised the fact that the Infernal Court only knew about killing and destroying.

Zhang Ruochen desired that all things in the universe awaken, become vibrant, and live in harmony. He desired for life to become more exciting, civilization to become more brilliant, and the world to become more prosperous.

Zhang Ruochen had been through every battle and slaughter to save others since the day they met. He had not killed for the sake of killing, but of destroying.

What the ten clans of Infernal Court had done was contrary to Zhang Ruochen's firm belief.

It was destined that Zhang Ruochen would not be able to integrate into the Infernal Court. What he was doing now could not be his original intention.

For some reason, the more Luo Sha thought about it, the more her heart hurt. There was no longer a trace of joy. She wanted to break free from Zhang Ruochen's grasp.

Finally, Luo Sha asked, "Have you killed any innocent people?"

Zhang Ruochen did not understand why Luo Sha suddenly asked such a question. He answered expressionlessly, "Yes."

Luo Sha asked again, "Have you ever killed for the sake of killing?"

"I haven't reached the Thousand-Koan Realm yet. Why is everyone asking me all kinds of questions?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "Answer me first."

Zhang Ruochen thought for a long time and kept thinking about the past. He said, "Yes."

Luo Sha looked surprised. She said, “Why? A good person like you has done so many things against your will. Can you pass the Thousand-Koan and Banshi Isshou test?”

“Do you know what my heart is made of?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Zhang Ruochen stared into her eyes. He lowered his voice and said, “Sometimes, even I’m confused.”

Zhang Ruochen went into deep thought during the following period. He had to admit that Luo Sha had dug up things he didn’t care about before, causing him a lot of trouble.

His mind was full of distracting thoughts.

Luo Sha stared at him. Although he looked calm on the surface, he sometimes frowned and sometimes was confused. She could not bear to see him continue to be so distressed, she said, “I don’t know what you’ve experienced in the past. However, the Zhang Ruochen I know has always been an extremely determined and strong-hearted person. I believe that you’ve found the path you want to take next. You won’t be as confused as before.”

This was a simple sentence, but it made Zhang Ruochen’s heart skip a beat.

It was unusual and heartwarming to hear such a sentence from a woman who had been hurt by him numerous times. What he lacked the most since he was a child were encouragement and recognition.

What a child needed made Zhang Ruochen extremely touched.

Because no one had ever treated him like a child.

It only made him stronger and stronger.

“Instead of spending so much time studying me, you should think more about your own heart. The right person... if you keep saying that, you will only look as ridiculous as a child.” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were cold. He quickly collected his emotions and released his spiritual power to explore the area he had flown past, not letting go of any clues.

“You can keep pretending,” Luo Sha muttered to herself.

The Dark Star suppressed spiritual power greatly.

Even with Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha’s 65th-level spiritual power, they could only explore extremely small areas.

Therefore, it took them half a day to find the tracks left by the Celestial Captives in the empty space of the universe.

Luo Sha mobilized the evil energy and moved a giant rock to her side. She sensed the aura on it and said, “They’ve left and hidden again.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “We can only explore a radius of 100 miles at one time. The Celestial Captives can hide in an area of millions of miles. It is almost impossible to find them in less than 10 years.”

Luo Sha nodded and said, “Besides, it will be more difficult to find them if they keep moving.”

Zhang Ruochen pressed his hands to his temples and activated the Precept of Truth in his eyes.

Swoosh

His eyes opened and burst out a bright light like the stars.

Even if the space was filled with Power of Darkness, he could see thousands of miles away with the Eye of Truth. The Cloaking Array and barrier could not hide from his eyes.

After looking in all six directions, Zhang Ruochen closed his aching eyes and said, “They have left this area.”

“This is bad! No one knows which direction they are going. If we pursue in the wrong direction, they will only go further and further away.” said Luo Sha as she shook her head lightly.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha were well aware that, in comparison to Lord Hornless on the Dark Star, the group of Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint Realm would be much easier to eliminate.

Furthermore, there were tens of millions of points worth of Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint Realm.

They were no less than the 700 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives on the Dark Star in terms of points.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha would win more than half of the Battle of Merit if the Celestial Captives were discovered.

Zhang Ruochen's pupils were dilated and he said, "Go find them. We have to find them."

Zhang Ruochen had to take first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting no matter what.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen released tens of thousands of Spirits and condensed them into shadows. Like a swarm of bees leaving a nest, they flew in all directions.

"The environment here is special. Once your shadows flew a hundred miles away, your body would lose its perception and control over the shadows. Even if you are killed, you won't know who attacked you," Luo Sha reminded him.

Luo Sha didn't release her Spirit shadows because she wanted to control The Legion of Death in the Dark Divinity Lotus.

Zhang Ruochen nodded, "I understand what you mean," he said. "But I'll retract my shadow at a certain time. If one of the shadows doesn't come back, it means something's wrong. This way, at least we'll know which direction to go."

This was a long pursuit and retrieval, which tested Zhang Ruochen's endurance and perseverance.

Three days had passed, and Zhang Ruochen had lost 200 Spirits, but he still could not catch up with the Celestial Captives.

When he retrieved his Spirits, one of the shadows came back with Lord Bladehell and a Saint King Celestial Captive.

They met on the way.

Zhang Ruochen remembered the Saint King Celestial Captive. He was a cultivator from the Southern Sword Realm.

Lord Bladehell smiled and said, "You must be looking for the Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saints on the seventh

Dark Star, aren't you?"

"It seems that you have good news," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Bladehell glanced at Luo Sha and said warily, "Your Highness is here as well."

Zhang Ruochen said, "The Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star are powerful, and the three upper clans are involved. So, I have formed an alliance with the princess. The Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasas will kill the Celestial Captives together. We are on the same side. There is nothing to hide."

Lord Bladehell laughed, "I was worried that it would be risky to kill the Celestial Captives with only the Immortal Vampires. Now with the princess leading the Rakshasas as our support, the chances are much higher!"

Lord Bladehell gestured to the scrawny Saint King Celestial Captive.

The Saint King Celestial Captive was too scared to look up at Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha. He said in a trembling voice, "We've found the location of the Celestial Captives. Supreme Saint Ruochen, please don't forget your promise."

The Celestial Captives had no relationship other than being prisoners.

Other Celestial Captives, in the eyes of the cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm, were no different than cultivators of the Infernal Court.

That was why it was normal for the Celestial Captives of the Southern Sword Realm to sell them out to save hundreds of millions of lives in their homeworld.

The Saint King Celestial Captive flew more than 100,000 miles with Zhang Ruochen, Lord Bladehell, and Luo Sha. Then he slowed down and stopped.

Zhang Ruochen looked around and asked, "Have we arrived?"

"We've reached the nearby area," said the Saint King Celestial Captive.

Luo Sha smiled and said, "It seems that we've been chasing in the right direction. We're so close to them."

Lord Bladehell activated his blood-red aura. His golden hair became brighter and his eyes turned blood-red. He locked his eyes on a pitch-black asteroid thousands of miles away.

The asteroid was a hundred miles long, and its color was extremely dark. It looked like a crouching turtle.

The Saint King Celestial Captive still lowered his head and pointed at the asteroid. He said, "They're hiding there! There's a very strong Cloaking Array on the asteroid."

"The Celestial Captives' spiritual power is sealed. How can they set up an array?" Lord Bladehell asked.

The Saint King Celestial Captive said, "They used Saint Blood to carve the array."

Zhang Ruochen stared at Luo Sha and asked, "Where are the Rakshasa cultivators?"

"I've sent a message to them. They're on their way," Luo Sha said.

The asteroid that had been motionless suddenly moved slowly. It became faster and faster.

Lord Bladehell's face changed. He asked, "What's going on? Did they sense something? Are they trying to escape?"

The hundred-mile-long asteroid reached the speed of sound within a few breaths.

It was getting faster by the second.

The Saint King Celestial Captive was panicking. He said, "Once that asteroid is fully activated by the cultivators on it, its speed can reach a hundred times the speed of sound. It can travel a thousand miles in an instant. At that time, I won't be able to find it."

"It can even travel at 100 times the speed of sound in the area where the Dark Star is," said Lord Bladehell.

Zhang Ruochen spread out his ten golden wings, and his body emitted a dazzling light. He was about to catch up.

“Wait a moment.”

Luo Sha stopped Zhang Ruochen, but his eyes were fixed on Saint King Celestial Captive, who had his head lowered. She said, “Be careful of any tricks. Don’t fall into the Celestial Captive’s trap.”

“Your Highness, you are indeed worthy of being the brains of the current generation of the Devala. You made the correct decision. I almost missed it. The Celestial Captives despise the cultivators of the Infernal Court. He might not work for us wholeheartedly.”

Lord Bladehell walked in front of the Saint King Celestial Captive and pointed his finger at his glabella. He injected a stream of spiritual power into it to retrieve his memories.

“It’s useless. If it really is a trap, the powerhouses among the Celestial Captives will definitely cut off part of his memories. They will not leave such a flaw for us.” Luo Sha said.

Indeed, Lord Bladehell did not find anything unusual after his investigation. He said, “Perhaps we are too sensitive. Even though they are just lowly Celestial Captives, they do not dare to play tricks in front of us.”

“We can’t wait any longer. Even if it’s a trap, we must track them down,” said Zhang Ruochen.

To be on the safe side, Zhang Ruochen asked Lord Bladehell and Luo Sha to stay where they were and act according to the situation. Then, he chased after the hundred-mile-long asteroid alone.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen came close and took out a Class Two Regal Artifact.

The sword spun rapidly between his hands. On the surface of the sword, dense Regal Inscriptions emerged, emitting a dazzling blue light.

SWOOSH!

The sword flew out. Hundreds of sword shadows separated from the sword.

Boom

About 500 meters away from the asteroid, the sword collided with a layer of a blood-red array. As the array's light membrane appeared, the scene inside the light membrane also appeared before Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

The so-called asteroid was actually a magnificent city of stone that was hundreds of miles long.

The city was completely snow-white and seemed to be covered in a layer of wind and snow. It gave off an ancient and archaic charm.

“The city name is Snowpetra, that's Lord Lei's true form. Lord Lei had been refined into a Celestial Captive's nest...”

In the distance, Luo Sha and Lord Bladehell were both shocked.

Lord Lei's true form was a city.

Chapter 2377: Massacre

Snowpetra was originally a barren city in an ancient ruin.

After countless years of baptism, it gave birth to a spirit, and the spirit condensed into a true soul. Under the guidance of the Stone Clan's gods, it embarked on the path of cultivation.

It was called Lei.

The gods of Stone Clan had placed high hopes on Lei. Hoping that he could cultivate divinity and transform Snowpetra into a divine city to support the greatest Fane of Stone Clan.

Lei did not let them down. He displayed outstanding talent and became one of the leading figures of this era.

He was titled, Lord Lei after reaching Supreme Saint realm.

Who would have thought that Lord Lei would be defeated on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?

In Snowpetra, there were beams of holy light like fireflies. They were Celestial Captives who were sitting cross-legged on the ground. There were countless of them and even the weakest one was a Demi-Saint.

The city walls were covered in blood inscriptions.

It was the power of blood inscriptions that had burst out. They formed a formation and blocked Zhang Ruochen's Class Two Regal Artifact sword.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

After a series of ear-piercing sword sounds, spiderweb-like cracks appeared on the battle sword.

Boom!

The battle sword exploded.

Dozens of sword fragments flew out and charged at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized Precepts of Dimension and formed a three-thousand-meter-wide Profound Spatial Dimension. All the sword fragments flying toward him twisted and avoided his body.

“What a powerful Defensive Array,” Zhang Ruochen sighed.

Suddenly, dense stone swords rose up in Snowpetra. The tip of the sword was facing up, and the hilt was facing down.

“Oh no!”

Luo Sha frowned deeply. Holding Dark Divinity Lotus in her hand, she flew quickly toward Snowpetra.

“Why are there so many stone swords?”

Even though Lord Bladehell was thousands of miles away, he felt the danger and instinctively wanted to escape.

However, he thought of the hundred Immortal Vampire’s Supreme Saints who were still in Zhang Ruochen’s gourd. No matter how many stone swords came hitting, he could block them all.

What was there to be afraid of?

Lord Bladehell stayed where he was. He glared at the Saint King-level Celestial Captive and said, “Low life, is this a trap?”

The Saint King-level Celestial Captive trembled in fear at Lord Bladehell’s Supreme Saint Aura. He lay in the void space and said in a trembling voice, “I don’t dare, I definitely don’t dare...”

“I don’t think you dare either.”

Lord Bladehell stared at the blood vessels on the Celestial Captive’s neck. If he hadn’t been worried that Zhang Ruochen would scold him, he would have already opened his mouth and sucked the Celestial Captive’s blood dry.

In his eyes, no matter how strong Celestial Captives were, they were just food.

...

Zhang Ruochen was decisive. He released Saint Aspect of Time and Saint Aspect of Dimension at the same time. He extracted a drop of Dark Space-time Matter from each of the two Saint Aspects.

The two drops of Dark Space-time Matter spun around each other, releasing blacklight threads that twisted together.

Releasing two drops of Dark Space-time Matter at once was very dangerous. Zhang Ruochen had never tried it before, but he had no choice but to do it now.

Boom

As soon as the two drops of Dark Space-time Matter collided with the blood-red array, they immediately exploded and turned into a huge black cloud, enveloping the entire Snowpetra.

Looking from afar, it seemed to be swallowed by darkness.

The chaotic power of time and space spread in all directions, forcing Luo Sha who was trying to get close, to stop. She had no choice but to immediately use her defensive power to resist.

Within a 500-mile radius, even a Supreme Saint wouldn't dare to get close to the forbidden zone.

Only Zhang Ruochen, who had profound attainments in Time and Dimension, avoided the strongest impact of Dark Space-time Matter and rushed toward Snowpetra again.

This was the moment.

He charged in in one go.

The blood-red array light screen was carved by tens thousands of Saint-level cultivators. Even if two drops of Dark Space-time Matter exploded at the same time, they still couldn't break it.

Snowpetra shook violently. All the Celestial Captives were shocked.

The sky became extremely dark and nothing could be seen.

What was more terrifying was that the light screen was corroded by the dark energy and became much dimmer.

The densely packed stone swords floated in the air, but they didn't know where to slash.

All the Celestial Captives looked at the high platform in the center of Snowpetra.

Kymorpho, one of the five thousand Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captives, was standing on the high platform. She was an old woman with white hair. It was as if there was a mountain on her back. Her body was so bent that it almost touched the ground.

Kymorpho's eyes were blood-red. She looked up and said hoarsely, "Here he comes. Kill him."

Bang!

Just now, where the two drops of Dark Space-time Matter hit, an extremely sharp sword light pierced through the array and struck straight down to Snowpetra.

It was Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's body was wrapped by 36 Dimensional Swords and flew down.

Hundreds thousands of stone swords suspended in the air turned into sword rain and flew out.

"Profound Spatial Dimension."

"Dimensional Warp."

"Dimension Solidification."

...

Zhang Ruochen used Power of Dimensions to the extreme to block and dodge the stone swords.

At the same time, the 36 Dimensional Swords danced wildly, making dense sounds of metal and stone colliding. All the stone swords that approached him were smashed into powder.

They flew from the sky to the ground.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen landed in the city. The hundred-mile-long ancient city sank dozens of feet. The force under his feet

shook the dozens of Saint-level Celestial Captives closest to him until their bones and blood were separated, turning into blood mist and skeletons.

More than 300 Saint-level Celestial Captives were thrown out. They were badly injured and couldn't get up from the ground.

Divine flames surged from Zhang Ruochen's feet. His aura soared. One strike towards the sky sent the sword stream that was made of thousands stone swords to fly all around.

“Stop!”

Kymorpho who stood on the high platform made a deep and long sound.

Hundreds thousands of stone swords stopped attacking in the air. They floated above Zhang Ruochen's head like stars.

Zhang Ruochen was fearless. As a Master of Time and Space, he wasn't afraid of being surrounded. This didn't scare him.

His gaze fell on Kymorpho. He was a little surprised. “I didn't expect a Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive.”

“Zhang Ruochen. I'm from Demon God Realm. My name is Kymorpho. I've cultivated in the Supreme Saint-level for 9,000 years.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Cultivated for 900 years yet you've only reached the initial stage of Thousand-Koan Realm. Your talents are so-so, you'll never reach divinity. Oh wait, you even can't touch the edge of becoming a demi-god.”

“I don't want to argue with you because you've fallen into a fatal trap. Now, I just want you to know who killed you.”

Kymorpho's voice was soft and weak, she looked old.

Zhang Ruochen was noncommittal. “Really?”

“It seems that you don't believe me,”

Kymorpho laughed. Her voice was very strange, it sounded like a ghost's cry.

“Bring them up,” she said.

Immediately, 13 Celestial Captives, including the Supreme Lord of Southern Sword Realm, were escorted up by a group of Celestial Captive elites made up of Nine-Step Saint Kings. They all knelt below the platform.

Kymorpho said, “You used them to spy for you, but with their cultivation level how could they escape my eyes. Do you really think that there aren’t any capable people among Celestial Captives?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes swept over the 13 Celestial Captives of Southern Sword Realm.

He found that there were many more wounds on their bodies. Two of them had their flesh cut off with a knife. Only their heads were left with flesh and blood, but their bodies had turned into white bones.

It was obvious that they had experienced torture.

“This is what happens when you join Infernal Court!”

Kymorpho waved her arm, and thirteen streams of blood mist flew out from her palm and landed on the bodies of the 13 Celestial Captives of Southern Sword Realm.

Instantly, the 13 Celestial Captives let out shrill screams. The bones on their bodies gradually melted, and they could no longer support their bodies. They collapsed to the ground.

The blood mist that Kymorpho shot out had the power to corrode bones.

The stronger the life force was, the longer it would be tortured. The bone-eroding pain would last until one’s death.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were extremely cold.

He was about to attack, but as soon as he moved, dense blood inscriptions appeared under his feet. They were like thousands of tentacles pulling his feet.

There were 30,000 blood inscriptions controlled by 30,000 Saint-level cultivators.

Those cultivators included Demi-Saints, Saint-level cultivators, and Saint Kings.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen raised his feet again.

The number of blood inscriptions increased to 100,000. Now, the blood inscriptions were controlled by 100,000 Saint-level cultivators.

The cultivation and battle strength of a Supreme Saint was indeed far superior to other Saint-level cultivators.

However, a large number of ants could bite an elephant to death.

Furthermore, Saint-level cultivators were much more powerful than ants. They were scorpions, wasps, and centipedes. Let alone 100,000, even 10,000 of them could kill a Supreme Saint if they were well prepared.

Kymorpho's trap in Snowpetra wasn't just set up with 100,000 Saint-level cultivators, it was with a million.

"Don't move. The more you move, the more blood inscriptions you'll draw." Kymorpho revealed her yellowish-brown teeth and smiled.

Zhang Ruochen could see that Kymorpho was at the center of everything. "You broke the spiritual power seal?"

"You can see that? That means you're not that stupid,"

Kymorpho released her Saint Aspect of spiritual power. Hundreds of blood rivers appeared behind it, converging into a blood butterfly that was hundreds of feet long.

The Butterfly's body was in the form of a Kylin.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Without strong spiritual power, you can't see through that the Southern Sword Realm's Celestial Captives are working for me.

"Without strong spiritual power as a support, you can't set up the blood inscriptions array and trap. It's not difficult to guess that you broke through the spiritual power seal. I'm just curious. How did you do it?"

"My spiritual power has reached 66th level, but it has always been hidden. It only shows the strength of a 60th level. Gods

from Infernal Court are too stupid to notice this. Therefore, I easily broke through the spiritual power seal placed on me.” A contemptuous smile appeared in Kymorpho’s eyes.

Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply and said, “This labor job of sealing Celestial Captives’ spiritual power should be done by some Demigods and pseudo gods. Most of their spiritual power is below the 70th level. They might be fooled by you.”

In the void space, Lord Bladehell lifted the Saint King-level Celestial Captive, he said angrily, “Damn you! How dare you join hands with those Celestial Captives to deceive me. Believe it or not, I will suck your blood right now! After the battle of Celestial-Hunting is over, I will lead Immortal Vampires to suck the blood of all living beings in Southern Sword Realm.”

“I don’t think this has anything to do with him. It’s Kymorpho who tampered with his memory. Lord Bladehell, don’t waste your time on him. Come with me and break the blood inscriptions array first and save Zhang Ruochen,”

Luo Sha threw out the seven-cornered palace and released dozens of Supreme Saint-level Rakshasi.

They quickly formed an array and stood around Luo Sha. They released their spiritual power and shot it into Dark Divinity Lotus.

Whoosh

Luo Sha pushed it lightly.

Dark Divinity Lotus flew out like a miracle. An endless army of death flew out and attacked the blood inscriptions array.

Luo Sha was very confident in Zhang Ruochen. A group of Celestial Captives below the level of a Supreme Saint could not do anything to him.

However, Kymorpho was a huge variable. Her spiritual power was too strong. It was enough to pose a fatal threat to Zhang Ruochen.

Only by breaking through this layer of defense could Zhang Ruochen advance and retreat calmly. He would not be trapped

and die inside.

“This Rakshasa Princess is so amazing.”

Lord Bladehell looked at the sky full of saint corpses. He withdrew his contempt and picked up his saber to join the attack.

Boom! Boom!

Dense booming sounds came from all directions of Snowpetra.

Kymorpho raised her head to take a look. Her expression changed slightly. “Attack! Kill Zhang Ruochen as fast as you can.”

In the ancient city, the blood light on the ground flourished.

Millions of blood inscriptions spread toward Zhang Ruochen like countless poisonous snakes.

“You don’t even know you’re about to die.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly as he strike the gourd.

As Violet Gourd flew up, Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires flew out one after another. They all released terrifying Saint Aura and charged in all directions like endless weapons descending from the heavens.

There were more than 600 Supreme Saints.

Among them were Lord Sinluo, Yue Tinghai, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and others. They were all elites in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

In Snowpetra, apart from Kymorpho, everyone was below Supreme Saint Realm.

If the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires hadn’t broken into blood inscriptions formation, they could have fought back with the arrangements they had made in Snowpetra.

However, Kymorpho was too clever. She wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen, but she didn’t expect Zhang Ruochen to bring an army of Immortal Vampires’ Supreme Saints into the city.

“So many Saint-level Celestial Captives. That’s great.”

“They’re all points. Kill! Kill! Kill!”

“You think you can stop me with just a few blood inscriptions? You’re too naive.”

...

The army of more than 600 Supreme Saints was a terrifying force no matter where they were.

The Celestial Captives in Snowpetra were slaughtered by them.

This was a massacre and a harvest. Kymorpho and Celestial Captives had indeed prepared all sorts of methods. However, they were not facing a Supreme Saint. Instead, they were facing an army of Supreme Saints.

Kymorpho’s teeth trembled. A murderous look appeared in her eyes as she released an ear-piercing sound wave from her mouth.

Wherever the sound wave spread, the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires immediately held their heads in pain and fell from the sky. They rolled to the ground. Their spiritual power and Saint Souls were severely injured.

Whoosh —

Suddenly, a dimensional barrier formed around Kymorpho, blocking all the sound waves.

The sound wave surged back and attacked Kymorpho.

“Power of Dimensions.”

Kymorpho noticed this and immediately stopped the sound waves and spiritual power attacks. Her body entered the Saint Aspect of spiritual power and became one with it.

The Saint Aspect of spiritual power of the blood butterfly let out a long cry. “Zhang Ruochen, I want you to die miserably.”

Zhang Ruochen had already broken free from the blood inscriptions and appeared below the high platform not far away from Kymorpho. He looked at the 13 Celestial Captives of Southern Sword Realm whose bones had melted. Not only had their bones turned into pus, but even their flesh and blood had been corroded.

They were all screaming and suffering unbearable pain.

The Supreme Lord of Southern Sword Realm said with a trembling voice, “Zhang-Zhang Ruochen, don’t-don’t-don’t forget... your promise to us...”

“Even though what you did wasn’t very efficient, I still managed to find them. If Immortal Vampires win first place among the 10 clans, you’ll definitely have a share of the credit. You can go in peace. I’ll take care of Southern Sword World!”

Hearing this, the 13 Celestial Captives who had been in extreme pain, smiled.

Bzzz

Zhang Ruochen waved his arm and shot out Divine Purification Flame, burning the 13 of them into ashes.

They couldn’t be saved anymore.

Rather than for them to continue suffering, it was better to give them a quick death.

As for the idea of preserving their Saint Souls, Zhang Ruochen didn’t even think about it. As the gods of Infernal Court wanted him to be a merciless saber.

If a saber was too soft and dull to kill a Celestial Captive, how could it be a saber of the gods?

If he wanted to get more resources, become stronger quickly, and cultivate the Grade One Saintwill, he had to be the saber at this stage.

Zhang Ruochen raised his face and looked at the blood-red butterfly in the air with killing intent in his eyes.

Swoosh!

He spread his ten wings and flew up. His left arm formed a palm print, and the Phantom of ten Swastika Seiryus appeared. They burst out with a deafening dragon’s roar and struck at him with a palm.

Chapter 2378: Disfavored Saints

RIP!

The blood butterfly's body released a dazzling red glow that carried the smell of blood. It illuminated the once white Snowpetra to blood-red.

In front of it, red crystals condensed and formed a protruding round shield. It was even bigger than a palace and made up for the mysterious ancient runes and strange beast portraits.

The ten Swastika Seiryu phantoms collided with the round shield and exploded with ten loud sounds in a row.

The dimension shook.

Surprisingly, the shield blocked the attack and didn't break.

It was incredible!

It must be known that Zhang Ruochen's palm strike was an all-out attack. It was the tenth palm of Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, Dragon in Nine Heavens. Its power was no weaker than the advanced Saint technique of Thousand-Koan Realm.

How could a Supreme Saint at the initial stage of Thousand-Koan Realm resist it?

Obviously, Kymorpho was using a spiritual power defensive spell.

Only the spiritual power of 66th level could resist the palm strike of Zhang Ruochen's all-out attack.

"Your spiritual power is indeed very strong. Your battle strength has probably surpassed Saint Lord Zuo Mu, who is known as the strongest Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive. Killing you should give me extra points,"

Zhang Ruochen flew up in the air. His desire to fight grew stronger.

Although the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms couldn't see the area covered by the dark star, Zhang Ruochen didn't believe that the gods of Infernal Court couldn't see what was happening here.

"You still want to kill me? Zhang Ruochen, take a good look. All the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires are destined to die here." The blood-red butterfly let out a vicious laugh.

Kymorpho was much soberer than the other Celestial Captives. She had never thought that she would leave Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting alive.

Since that was the case, the more Infernal Court Supreme Saints she killed, the happier she would be.

Only now did Zhang Ruochen realize that the light emitted by Kymorpho's Saint Aspect of spiritual power was the same as the power of the 13 Celestial Captives of Southern Sword Realm. They had the characteristics of eroding the bone.

"Oh no, it's Bone-eroding blood Qi. Everyone, be careful. Don't get caught in the red light."

"Ah... It's so uncomfortable. Bone-eroding blood Qi has entered my body..." an Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint clutched his chest crazily. He wanted to dig out his every bone.

"Supreme Saints who have been corroded by Bone-eroding blood Qi, stop fighting and refine it with all your strength. Don't let it corrode your bone marrow and blood."

...

Screams and curses rang out continuously.

Within a short period of time, 17 Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires who were stained with red light lost their fighting strength. They had no choice but to sit cross-legged and refine the Bone-eroding blood Qi that had invaded their bodies.

Furthermore, more Supreme Saints were affected one after another.

The morale of an army of Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints was once again severely affected.

“A Supreme Saint with a spiritual power of level 66 is too terrifying. She can fight against a thousand soldiers alone. Let’s go and help Zhang Ruochen.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi rushed to Zhang Ruochen’s location.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart was calm. He sent a message to Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi, “Leave this to me. You two, lead the Immortal Vampires to break through the Supreme Saint-level Celestial Captives first. As long as we break the formation, no matter how many Saint-level Celestial Captives there are, they won’t be able to escape the slaughter.”

“But Kymorpho’s spiritual power is too strong!”

Gu Chenzi was a little worried. He was afraid that Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t be able to handle it alone.

“That’s right! Kymorpho’s cultivation has reached Thousand-Koan Realm. She’s outstanding in both cultivation and martial arts. She has no weakness.” Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was also worried.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Listen to my orders and do what you have to do.”

2.6 million Saint-level Celestial Captives were scattered all over Snowpetra. Apart from the one million cultivators who controlled the blood inscription trap, there were also 160 more. They controlled the defensive and attacking blood inscription arrays respectively.

At this moment, the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires hadn’t even broken through the first layer of the blood inscription trap.

A million Saint-level Celestial Captives was a sea of people. Even if they were to cut melons, they would not be able to do so in a short period of time.

Further away, the one million Saint-level Celestial Captives that were controlling the blood inscriptions array were in

combat mode. They controlled one million stone swords and flew above all the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires.

Swoosh Swoosh!

Sword Qi crisscrossed and formed a web.

There were too many stone swords and this situation could pose a threat to the Supreme Saints' lives.

Gu Chenzi and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan realized that Celestial Captives weren't that easy to kill. If they didn't destroy the three formations of Celestial Captives as soon as possible, Immortal Vampires would definitely suffer heavy losses even if they won today.

A heavy victory was a defeat.

"Let's go!"

Gu Chenzi and Yi Xuan chose to believe Zhang Ruochen.

No matter how strong Kymorpho was, could she be stronger than Wujiang?

She was definitely no match for Supreme Saint Ruochen.

Right now, their only worry was that Zhang Ruochen wouldn't be able to take down Kymorpho.

The longer the battle between the two lasted, the more Immortal Vampires would be affected. Therefore, the more serious the casualties would be.

They were even more worried that if Kymorpho was defeated, and while facing death she would choose to self-destruct. In such a small space like Snowpetra, if a Thousand-Koan Realm and a 66th level spiritual-power Supreme Saint self-destructed, the consequences would be unimaginable.

The key was that no one's spiritual power could stop Kymorpho from self-destructing.

Gu Chenzi and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan were both worried. They only hoped that Zhang Ruochen could show off his might and kill Kymorpho in a short time, not giving her the chance to self-destruct.

Only in this way could Immortal Vampires obtain victory at the smallest price.

“A group of cultivators, come with me to the south and kill. We will break the formation of Saint-level Celestial Captives who are controlling the attack of the blood inscription array.”

With such a loud shout, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was the first to push towards the south.

“I’ll go with you.”

“Count me in.”

...

In an instant, more than 40 Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints followed closely behind Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and charged towards the south of the city.

Another 100 Supreme Saints followed Gu Chenzi and Yue Tinghai, and charged towards the north. They planned to break the blood-inscription Defensive Array so that Lord Bladehell and Rakshasa Princess, who were outside the array could join in the battle.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well how important his battle with Kymorpho would be to the battle.

He had to use 100% of his strength to end the battle quickly.

He lifted Violet Gourd with one hand and gathered it above his head. He mobilized an endless stream of Saint Qi and activated the Supreme Inscription in the gourd.

Boom!

The gourd shot out dazzling purple and golden lights, like thousands bolts of lightning shuttling between heaven and earth.

A Supreme Artifact has terrifying powers that could allow a cultivator to cross realms and kill enemies. Kymorpho sensed the fluctuation of Supreme Power and immediately stopped using Bone-eroding blood Qi to deal with Immortal Vampires. She concentrated her spiritual power, condensed a sharp

sword-like spiritual power light strike, and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

A 66th level spiritual-power Supreme Saint could control or kill an ordinary Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint with just a glance.

The spiritual power attack launched by Kymorpho with all her strength forced even the top Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint to retreat immediately. They didn't dare to fight her head-on.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't retreat.

Although his spiritual power wasn't as strong as Kymorpho's, he had reached the 65th level too.

He might not be able to fight it.

But he could protect himself.

"Thundergod Reverend!"

Zhang Ruochen's Saint Aspect of spiritual power appeared. It was formed by thunder and lightning. It was huge and looked exactly like him. It was like a thunder mountain, blocking in front of him.

The spiritual power light spike collided with Thundergod Reverend.

Powerful spiritual power shockwaves swept in all directions.

Saint-level Celestial Captives who were close all bled from their eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. They cried out in pain.

Their spiritual power and Saint Souls were scattered, and their sea of consciousness became empty.

The spiritual power shockwave was too strong, and the spiritual power seal set up by the gods vanished into thin air.

Let alone Saint-level Celestial Captives, even Immortal Vampires' Supreme Saints were injured. They were scared out of their wits, afraid that they would become an idiot who had lost consciousness. They quickly rushed into the distance.

Everyone just wanted to run as far as possible.

“Their spiritual power is too strong. It’s even stronger than the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of our clan.”

“That’s insane. Their spiritual power is at least level 65.”

“Luckily, Zhang Ruochen is here. He can stop her. Otherwise, countless Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires would die under her spiritual power.”

“Isn’t Celestial Captives’ spiritual power sealed? Are gods so unreliable?”

...

Thundergod Reverend blocked the spiritual power attack from Kymorpho, buying time for Zhang Ruochen. He pushed the Supreme Inscription in Violet Gourd to the extreme.

Boom!

Like a volcano erupting, a golden pillar of light surged from the mouth of the gourd. The fiery waves rushed toward the 30-meter-long blood-red butterfly.

Facing a Supreme Artifact, Kymorpho was very clear that she would definitely not be able to block it and was going to be beaten until her soul was scattered.

Therefore, the blood-red butterfly flapped her wings and drew hundreds thousands of blood inscriptions on the ground, twisting them into a blood river. She drew the power of hundreds thousands of Saint-level Celestial Captives who had set up the blood inscriptions trap, into her body.

The scarlet-golden light collided with the blood river, and the violent power quickly spread through Snowpetra.

Even the outer layer of the blood inscription array trembled violently as if it was about to be torn apart.

The Supreme Power continuously evaporated and refined the blood inscriptions in blood river. The two powers clashed and tens thousands of Saint-level Celestial Captives were refined into ashes.

In such a confrontation, the lives of saints were worthless. They were turned to ashes.

It was for this reason that Battlefield of Merits between Celestial Court and Infernal Court would not allow Supreme Saints to get on the internal battlefield. As Supreme Saints' destructive power was too terrifying, it was a disaster for ordinary creatures.

Kymorpho was extremely crazy. She did not care about the lives of those Celestial Captives, she laughed ferociously. "The Supreme Artifact is indeed powerful, but there are no spirits in the dark star to replenish the consumption of the body. Zhang Ruochen, how much longer can you hold on?"

Zhang Ruochen was exhausted. The Saint Qi in his body was severely depleted. Even with four Sainthood Sources, he couldn't hold on.

The Supreme Artifact consumed too much Saint Qi.

"Don't worry. It's more than enough to kill you."

Zhang Ruochen looked down and saw that Lord Sinluo and hundreds of Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires had already entered the Saint-level Celestial Captives formation. They were killing everyone.

Their saint blood flowed like a river on the street.

Because of the large number of Saint-level Celestial Captives dying, the power of the blood river controlled by Kymorpho gradually weakened.

"Moyin, come and control Violet Gourd."

Zhang Ruochen moved to the right. Then, he rushed toward the blood-red butterfly that was hundreds of feet long with extreme speed. While flying, he took out a Sainthood Source and crushed it with his five fingers, turning it into a divine rain of light.

Zhang Ruochen absorbed all the light rain into his body.

The Saint Qi that had been severely consumed recovered more than half in an instant.

Moyin and Zhang Ruochen had fought in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and consumed countless Celestial Captives. Now, they were even more powerful. They were two or three

times more powerful than Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind, who were the top 10 elites in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

To put it bluntly, if Wujiang hadn't gotten the fortuitous encounter on Nether Clan's home planet, he might not have gained any advantage against Moyin.

The reason why Zhang Ruochen had tamed Saint Devourer as a parasitic plant, kept its spiritual consciousness, and provided it with an endless supply of food was because he saw its potential. He saw that it could continue to grow until it became a god.

Unlike other cultivators, who would hit many plateaus.

After becoming a parasitic plant, it could even share some of Zhang Ruochen's enlightenment. It was more or less proficient in all kinds of power and Paths that Zhang Ruochen cultivated.

Such a Saint Devourer was rare in the entire universe.

Of course, it was worth Zhang Ruochen's effort to cultivate it.

Now, it was time for this Saint Devourer to show its true value.

The two snow-white palms of Moyin pressed on the bottom of Violet Gourd. The power of the blood river was sent flying to the ground by her power. After landing on the streets of Snowpetra, they continued to retreat.

However...

She managed to block it in the end!

Moyin's long hair fluttered in the wind and cut more than a dozen Saint King-level Celestial Captives who were trying to sneak attack from behind into more than a hundred pieces. A happy smile appeared on her bewitching face as she said, "I haven't tasted a level 66 spiritual-power Supreme Saint yet!"

"Oh no."

Kymorpho realized that the cultivator holding Supreme Artifact had been replaced. She immediately realized the danger.

Unfortunately, it was too late!

With Zhang Ruochen's current speed, if his opponent made even the slightest mistake, one would come to a bad end.

"No need to look. I'm up here."

Zhang Ruochen stepped on a cloud made of divine flame and urged the power of Yanshen's Leg. He descended from the sky and pressed onto the back of the blood-red butterfly.

Boom!

The blood-red butterfly was the Saint Aspect of Kymorpho's spiritual power. It couldn't withstand the power of Zhang Ruochen's foot. It exploded like a balloon and turned into a sky full of red light.

Zhang Ruochen's foot pressed onto Kymorpho's original body, pressing her down from the sky to the ground.

Boom!

Snowpetra was Lord Lei's original form. It was also an ancient city. It could be called an indestructible city as every stone was as hard as jade.

Zhang Ruochen's stomp caused the ground in the city to sink.

Kymorpho was not only a powerful spiritual-power Supreme Saint but also a Thousand-Koan Realm Martial Arts Supreme Saint. Naturally, her body was very powerful. However, she was badly injured by Zhang Ruochen's stomp. Her body was penetrated and almost broke into two from her waist.

Zhang Ruochen used the divine flame to refine Kymorpho under his feet.

"After reaching the 66th level of spiritual power, it's not so easy to be killed. You can't kill me, you can't kill me... Even if my body is destroyed, my spiritual power will not be destroyed,"

Kymorpho laughed loudly. Then, her body was shattered and broke into pieces.

Every piece of the broken flesh seemed to have a consciousness. Every drop of blood on the ground seemed to

have an independent soul.

They all flew in the same direction, re-condensed into the body of Kymorpho.

Chapter 2379: Merciless Zhang Ruochen

Although Kymorpho had re-condensed her body, the aura on her body was much weaker than before.

Only her spiritual power was still full.

Zhang Ruochen didn't give her a chance to catch her breath. He burst out with rapid speed. His left arm burned like hot red iron and hit Kymorpho's chest with his palm strike.

The speed was so fast that his body seemed to have disappeared.

Because of her powerful spiritual power, Kymorpho's reaction was astonishing. She was far faster than other Thousand-Koan Realm's Supreme Saints. When Zhang Ruochen had just formed his palm strike, she had already mobilized her spiritual power and summoned wind from ten directions.

This wind was a hundred times more terrifying than squalls. It could be used to change the landscape of a world and change the trajectory of the stars.

The ten wind forces condensed into ten translucent human-shaped Wind emperors.

The human-shaped wind emperors let out a long howl and swung their sabers.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

In an instant, the six human-shaped wind emperors were shattered by Zhang Ruochen's palm power and turned into a chaotic wind blade. Countless Saint-level Celestial Captives were chopped into pieces.

The sabers of the human-shaped Wind emperors landed on Zhang Ruochen with the sound of metal colliding with rocks.

However, it was blocked by ten golden wings. Zhang Ruochen could not be hurt at all.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen's palm strike finally hit Kymorpho, shattering her body again.

In an instant, Kymorpho's body condensed in another place.

She put her hands together and shouted, "Condense!"

The remaining four human-shaped Wind emperors collided and turned into a 33-meter-tall knight. He wore armor, held a spear, and rode a dragon.

Rustle! Rustle!

The wind between heaven and earth gathered toward him.

The sound of the air flowing was like a surging river.

The knight's aura grew stronger and stronger. His eyes shone with blue light and lightning interweaved in his body. While riding the dragon, he charged toward Zhang Ruochen.

Rumble

Wherever the knight passed, strong winds raged.

The Saint-level Celestial Captives within 300 meters turned into blood mist and were crushed into particles by the wind. Even the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires were all thrown away. Their bodies were covered with deep bloody scars.

Some Supreme Saints were cut in half.

Zhang Ruochen stood in the middle of the street and looked at the approaching knights. His long hair flew up. "I don't believe that I can't kill you."

The power of the knight was almost the same as Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

However, Zhang Ruochen was different now. He had broken 50 shackles. If he met Saint Lord Zuo Mu again, he was confident that he could defeat him even without the Supreme Artifact.

Crash.

36 Dimensional Swords appeared and floated around his body.

“Unite!”

The 36 swords combined into one.

They hacked down.

This sword strike cut open the stable dimension in Snowpetra. It tore a long Dimensional Rift and pierced through the knight’s head.

The knight formed by wind was directly split into two.

“How is this possible?” Kymorpho was shocked.

Swoosh

The Sword Qi was extremely sharp. It passed through the knight and crossed hundreds of feet. It cut her body into two halves.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t give Kymorpho the chance to condense her body. He released Profound Spatial Dimension and forcefully separated the two halves of her body. Precepts of Dimension condensed into dimensional chains and wrapped around the two halves of her body.

The two halves of her body struggled desperately and burst out powerful saint power, trying to escape.

“You can’t get out,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“What’s the use of trapping my body? I’m strongest at spiritual power,”

Kymorpho’s gloomy voice sounded behind Zhang Ruochen.

Dense Spirits gathered together and condensed into a giant shadow that looked like a soul.

It was the form of Kymorpho.

The body of a Kylin and the wings of a butterfly.

“Soul Devouring,” said Kymorpho.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to have expected it. The Saint Aspect of spiritual power, Thundergod Reverend, and Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King rushed out of his back at the same time. They combined and turned into the Immovable Wisdom King that was covered in thunder and lightning.

This Immovable Wisdom King looked exactly like Zhang Ruochen. With endless power, he stomped down.

Kymorpho tried to fight back, but the thunder and lightning from the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King broke her spiritual power thoughts, making her weaker and weaker.

“No... This is impossible. your spiritual power is only at level 65. How can you fight against me?”

Kymorpho was not convinced at all. She roared with grief and indignation.

This was the first time she felt the threat of death on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

With the strength of her spiritual power and her cultivation of Thousand-Koan Realm, she felt that she could look down on all her opponents on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. The number one master of Stone Clan could not escape after falling into her spiritual power trap. In the end, she was punched by Lord Hornless until her soul was scattered.

However, in the battle with Zhang Ruochen, she was extremely sullen. Not only did she lose the upper hand, but her body was also shattered several times.

With the suppression of Profound Spatial Dimension, it was not easy for her to escape.

Zhang Ruochen said lightly, “Your spiritual power is indeed much stronger than mine, and you use it perfectly. However, I have the spiritual wills of two ancestors. Not to mention that your spiritual power is only at the 66th level, even if you reach the 67th or 68th level, you won’t be able to break through my spiritual defense.

“If you can’t break through my spiritual defense, how could you fight me?”

The Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King contained the Immovable Wisdom King’s spiritual will. After combining it with Zhang Ruochen’s Saint Aspect of spiritual power, it was naturally able to suppress Kymorpho.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Kymorpho would definitely go all out. She might even self-detonate her saint heart and Sainthood Source to kill all the creatures in the Snowpetra.

Thus, he cast a glance at Moyin.

Kymorpho went completely mad. She laughed loudly “Zhang Ruochen, you traitor of Celestial Court. Even if I die today, I’ll destroy your body and soul. I’ll bury all the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires with you.”

The blood inscription array shattered. Luo Sha took the lead and flew above Zhang Ruochen and Kymorpho. She was extremely nervous, “Careful! Not only is she going to self-detonate her Sainthood Source, but she’s also going to self-detonate her saint heart. Once the saint heart is self-detonated, the destructive power will be even more shocking.”

She waved her arm and struck with Dark Divinity Lotus.

Luo Sha then mobilized her 65th level spiritual power to forcefully suppress Kymorpho’s thoughts of self-detonating.

Luo Sha absolutely could not let her succeed.

“I can finally enter Snowpetra and kill my way through. I can collect a large number of points. I can kill a group of Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint realm with a single slash,”

The formation was shattered. Lord Bladehell was ecstatic as he charged in with his saber.

However, when he saw that Kymorpho was about to self-destruct and the chaotic energy that filled Snowpetra, his expression immediately changed.

“Oh my god! This is... Escape!”

Lord Bladehell wasn’t as stupid as Luo Sha who had run to the center where the destructive energy was most concentrated. He spread his wings and turned around to run as fast as he could.

Escape!

Run!

Zhang Ruochen is dead. Immortal Vampires are finished. Everything is over! This was the only thought in Lord

Bladehell's mind.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha's spiritual power were very strong. They were the top cultivators of the same generation, but they still couldn't stop Kymorpho. Kymorpho's two half bodies were already burning.

The spiritual power body also released a spiritual power storm, which gave Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha a splitting headache.

At this critical moment, Moyin activated Violet Gourd and aimed the mouth of the gourd in the direction of Kymorpho. She opened her red lips slightly and whispered, "Collect!"

Zhang Ruochen seized this fleeting opportunity. He waved his palm and mobilized the power of Profound Spatial Dimension. He struck the two halves of Kymorpho's body and spiritual body toward Violet Gourd.

Whoosh —

After keeping Kymorpho into Violet Gourd, Moyin was quite decisive. She threw Violet Gourd with all her strength.

No one knew if Violet Gourd could withstand the destructive energy formed by the self-detonation of a Thousand-Koan Realm's Supreme Saint. After all, Violet Gourd was not a pure Supreme Artifact. It was a vessel that Zhang Ruochen had randomly refined.

It was unknown whether Moyin was intentional or not. Violet Gourd flew in the direction where Lord Bladehell had escaped.

In the dark void space, Lord Bladehell flew rapidly, he thought to himself, "I have to escape. The further the better. Staying there will only lead to death. I have to protect myself. I still need to support the future of Immortal Vampires."

Boom!

A loud sound came from behind.

The dimension shook.

Lord Bladehell was shocked. Why was the sound so close? The destructive power of the self-destruction of a Thousand-

Koan Realm Supreme Saint was more terrifying than he imagined.

Lord Bladehell even wanted to burn his saint blood and use a forbidden spell to increase his speed.

However, he could not help but turn his head and look. He saw a ray of light energy charging toward him, it was right in front of him.

The light energy was from the mouth of Violet Gourd after Kymorpho self-destructed.

Lord Bladehell was so frightened that he didn't dare to move. He watched as the light energy which was even stronger than Supreme power charged past him and extended out into the darkness thousands kilometers away.

He was only a few meters away from the light energy.

After a long time, the destructive energy finally calmed down.

Lord Bladehell was petrified for a long time. His mind was blank. After he finally regained his senses, he couldn't help but gasp. Then, he decisively kept Violet Gourd and flew quickly toward Snowpetra.

Standing in the broken city, Zhang Ruochen let out a long breath.

He would rather fight a Supreme Saint at the peak of Thousand-Koan Realm than a Supreme Saint with the 66th level of spiritual power. The latter was too difficult to deal with. Moreover, once one self-detonated, there was no way to stop it. It was equivalent to dying together with him.

If Kymorpho did not want to die, she would use self-detonating to negotiate with Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen would most likely choose to let her go.

Just now, if Luo Sha had not risked her life to join the battle in time and mobilize her spiritual power to suppress Kymorpho, delaying the most precious moment, it was hard to say whether he could put Kymorpho into Violet Gourd. At least Zhang Ruochen wasn't absolutely sure.

It was too dangerous!

It was practically risking his life.

Luo Sha's long dress fluttered and landed lightly on the ground. She spread out her hand and held Dark Divinity Lotus.

Zhang Ruochen looked at her and said, "I believe what you said the other day!"

That was it.

Luo Sha was very smart. Of course, she knew what he was referring to, but she pretended not to know. She asked, "I've said so many things. Which one are you referring to?"

The sounds of battle were endless, and the flames soared into the sky.

Where they were, it was exceptionally quiet. A strange atmosphere had descended upon them.

It had been extremely dangerous just now, but Luo Sha had rushed up to help him without hesitation. There was no need to say anything more. Zhang Ruochen will remember all ties of comradeship.

Perhaps she had lied a lot, but that sentence should be true.

Unfortunately, they were not the same kind of people. Rather than suffering in the future, it was better to stop the spread of feelings now and cut off all possibilities. In Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen would never allow himself to fall in love. That would be his biggest flaw and obstacle.

Lord Bladehell held Violet Gourd and descended from the sky. He laughed loudly and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, I have taken back your gourd. It is indeed a Supreme Artifact. It is not damaged at all."

There was no trace of shame on his face. Instead, he looked like he had done a great service, he continued to laugh and said, "Fortunately, I was quick. Otherwise, it would have flown tens thousands miles away. The void space is too vast. Once it flies too far away, it will be difficult to find it."

Luo Sha stared at Lord Bladehell with a look of extreme disgust and said, "The Supreme Artifact has a vessel spirit. It can fly back to its owner."

Lord Bladehell pretended to be stupid and said in surprise, "Really? Is it so magical? It's a pity that I don't have a Supreme Artifact."

Luo Sha said, "Lord Bladehell, don't you need to collect points? The battle is still not over!"

"Leave the following battle to me,"

Lord Bladehell handed Violet Gourd to Zhang Ruochen with both hands. Then, he burst into the formation of Saint-level cultivators with his blood Qi which was as vast as the river and sea.

In the past, Lord Bladehell would have been overjoyed to get Violet Gourd. He would have taken it for his own. He would never return it to Zhang Ruochen.

Now, he would not dare to do so even if he was given the guts.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Lord Bladehell had abandoned all the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires and escaped alone.

Logically, Lord Bladehell should have been punished severely for running away at the last minute.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not expose him.

In the face of life and death, it was not a huge mistake to choose to run away.

That was why it was so precious for Luo Sha to choose to resist difficulties in the face of life and death and fight side by side with him. How could he not be touched?

When Lord Bladehell finally left, Luo Sha thought that Zhang Ruochen would say a few sincere words. For example, thank you for your help, Your Highness. I, Zhang Ruochen would bear firmly in mind.

Or, your highness is very affectionate. Even if I, Zhang Ruochen can't marry you in this life, you will have an important place in my heart.

...

Unfortunately, the merciless Zhang Ruochen turned around and left to hunt Celestial Captives with Moyin.

Luo Sha was so angry that her eyes bulged and her cheeks trembled, she stamped her feet and said, "What an ingrate. Do you think that it's my responsibility to treat you well? I swear that if I ever speak to you, smile at you, think of you in my heart, and care about your life again, I will slap myself."

Luo Sha thought about it and realized that there was no need to mistreat herself because of this bastard. She immediately regretted it and thought to himself, "Even if I do, I should slap him."

...

Fane of Destiny.

The scene of the battle just now appeared in Fukurokuju's Gate of Destiny

Wargod Bloodximus walked out of his Divine Plane and said, "Why isn't the spiritual power of Kymorpho sealed? Whoever is in charge of this matter must be severely punished."

It was too dangerous just now. A large number of Immortal Vampires' Supreme Saints would have died.

"They didn't even notice that a Celestial Captive hid her spiritual power. Such a ridiculous thing has never happened before."

"Punishing gods who are careless is only secondary. The key is to reward points. Kymorpho is too powerful. If they kill her, we have to give Immortal Vampires at least five million points."

"Yes, Kymorpho's points must be higher than Saint Lord Zuo Mu's."

"Fane of Destiny must give Immortal Vampires an explanation for what happened today. Our young Supreme Saint almost died."

...

Immortal Vampires' gods stepped forward one after another.

To be able to get first place in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen and the young Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires were fighting desperately. Outside the battlefield, the gods of Immortal Vampires naturally did their best to fight for the best situation given to Immortal Vampires.

For five million points, for the first place, and for the pride of Immortal Vampires, Immortal Vampires' gods had all put aside their past grudges and united.

In any case, they were on the right side, so they weren't afraid of making a big deal out of it.

On the contrary, it was Fane of Destiny that couldn't afford to lose their reputation. They needed to control the situation so that the outside world wouldn't know about it.

Chapter 2380: Battle for Points

If there were no mistakes made in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, none of the gods would be qualified to stand up and blame Fane of Destiny or ask for points.

However, there were mistakes.

Those who could cultivate divinity, and those who could survive in the cruel environment of Infernal Court, were all beings of wisdom and treachery.

How could they let go of this opportunity?

They didn't even need to exchange glances with each other to know what to do next.

Qi Feng was a pseudo god, General of the Fane of Destiny's Adjudication Division.

He wore divine armor and knelt down on one knee under the statue of Fukurokuju. He said, "I was careless and almost made a big mistake. Please punish me, Reverend."

Fukurokuju's voice was majestic. He said, "Your division should be the one to carry out the punishment. However, Fortune Palace is the host and the organizer of Celestial-Hunting Festival. If something goes wrong on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, I will take care of it."

Punishing the gods was not a trivial matter.

However, with Fukurokuju's status and cultivation base, he was actually so cautious and unwilling to overstep his authority while making the decision. This made all the gods present fall into deep thought.

They realized that the internal struggle in Fane of Destiny must have reached an extremely severe stage.

This was not a good thing!

If this continued, not only would Fane of Destiny fall into chaos, but the entire Internal Court would fall into civil war.

Fukurokuju said, “Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun’s field has been reopened. It has become the most important battlefield between Celestial Court and Infernal Court. Go there now and report to Skywrath. If you don’t obtain enough merits and make up for your mistakes, don’t come back.”

“Yes, sir,”

General Qi Feng stood up and left Fane of Destiny.

Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun’s field was divided into the internal battlefield and the external battlefield.

The internal battlefields were the battlefields for cultivators below Supreme Saint level. The most brutal and bloody battlefields happened there.

The external battlefields belonged to Supreme Saints and the gods.

Of course, without great benefits, Supreme Saints and the gods would not personally enter the battlefields, much less erupt in large-scale battles. They were more concerned to maintain the fairness of the internal battlefields and fighting in the dark.

For example:

The plan to destroy the roots of Kunlun’s field was decided and participated by the gods.

However, in the vast starry sky outside Kunlun’s Field, there were Divine Planets, God tombs, and ancient world-protecting cities. In short, these had huge benefits to them.

Because of this, the number of gods sent by Celestial Court and Infernal Court to the external battlefield of Kunlun’s field was gradually increasing.

They were not sent to kill each other, but to fight for treasures.

After a short period of silence, Wargod Bloodximius spoke again, “Reverend, Immortal Vampires are the biggest victims. Fortunately, my grandson was good enough to overcome the

difficulties and kill a strong enemy. Five million points should be given to him no matter what.”

The biggest victim?

The gods from Stone Clan were furious. They felt that Wargod Bloodximius was too shameless while lying through his teeth. At this moment the gods from Stone Clan were about to step out.

Luo Yan of Rakshasa appeared a step before them and said, “My daughter contributed to killing Kymorpho. If you were to give five million points, Rakshasa should at least be given two million points.”

Then, he added slowly, “Rakshasa would have almost been the biggest victim. I almost... lost my daughter.”

As he said that, Luo Yan did not forget to look at Wargod Bloodximius as if he was saying, “Even you, Wargod Bloodximius has no sense of shame. I will not hold back anymore! Who has not been barefaced when they were young?”

The gods from Stone Clan were even angrier. Luo Yan, you are an emperor, one of the few magnates in Rakshasa, why do you have to learn from Wargod Bloodximius. How could Rakshasa be the greatest victim? It was your daughter who mindlessly risked her life. Even if she died, it would be for nothing.

Of course, these words could not be said out loud.

In the entire Stone Clan, there were not many gods who dared to offend Luo Yan.

Although Fortune Palace hadn't decided if they should reward them with five million points, Immortal Vampires and Rakshasa's gods were already fighting over points.

“How could Rakshasa still want points? Does killing Kymorpho have anything to do with you?”

“Kymorpho died from self-destruction. Princess Luo Sha participated in this battle, so why can't she get points? I think Rakshasa should get half of the points.”

“Who dares to share the points of Immortal Vampires? Come on, let’s fight! Come on now. I don’t care even if I have to burn my divine blood and self-destruct my Divinity Source.” The god of Yellowsky Clan went crazy again. His fighting spirit rose as he pointed at Luo Yan who was standing in the center of the Fane.

The expressions of the gods from Immortal Vampires and Rakshasa changed. They all quieted down and they distanced themselves from him, not daring to provoke him.

Even Luo Yan’s eyelids twitched.

He knew that god. He was the son of the Yellowsky Clan’s leader. He had fought all his life and never lost a single battle.

Every time he was about to lose, his enemies would be scared away by him.

That was because, ever since this god started cultivating, he had self-detonated his Sainthood Source three times and his Divinity Source once. He had killed many elites whose strength far surpassed his.

His experience in self-detonation was incomparable. He could choose the best time to self-detonate and never give his opponent a chance to escape.

Most importantly, his constitution was special. Every time he self-destructed, he could kill his enemy, but not himself. After that, he could cultivate his Sainthood Source and his Divinity Source again. It could be said to be extremely heaven-defying.

Some gods guessed that he had swallowed Pale Blood Soil.

Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to be so reckless and not die.

Taking advantage of the chance when Fane of Destiny quieted down, a god of Stone Clan finally stood up, “We, Stone Clan, are the biggest victims. The most potential person of Stone Clan, Lei has died. Fifteen Supreme Saints of Stone Clan have died at the hands of Kymorpho. Reverend, you must compensate Stone Clan with at least ten million points.”

The gods of the various races looked at him with sympathy.

Half of the Supreme Saints who could participate in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting had a chance of becoming a god. For a rising star like Lord Lei, as long as he was not killed entirely, he had a 70-80% chance of reaching divinity.

Stone Clan was indeed the one who suffered the most. It was quite miserable.

Suddenly, an ear-splitting sound rang out.

“Does Stone Clan still have any sense of shame? In Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, death and injury were inevitable. How could you ask for compensation when a few juniors die? The number one genius of Ghost died from self-explosion and his soul was scattered. Did Ghost Master ask for compensation?” said Wargod Bloodximius.

Damn!

Ghost Master who sat in his Divine Plane was fuming and almost spitting blood. What does it have to do with me?

What’s the point of mentioning this? Am I someone you can mock?

Forget it, hold it in.

Let them fight. It would be best if they shed all pretenses and fought.

Luo Yan acted like an emperor and said in a low voice, “On Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, you can only gain points by killing a Celestial Captive. How could you gain compensation after being killed by a Celestial Captive? Do you think Infernal Court hasn’t lost enough reputation?”

“That’s right. Stone Clan has humiliated Infernal Court. They should be punished with points.” A god suggested.

Things were getting more and more outrageous.

The gods of Stone Clan were furious. They couldn’t bear it anymore and showed their divine shadows in Fane of Destiny.

“If the god of Fane of Destiny wasn’t careless, how could the young heroes of our clan die?

“Lei, has extraordinary talent and cultivated the Grade Three Saintwill. With the willpower of Snowpetra’s city lord, he will definitely become a god. However, he died because he misjudged the enemy’s strength. What a tragedy!

“Who dares to punish Stone Clan’s points? I will fight him until the end.”

When the son of Yellowsky Clan’s leader heard this, he was overjoyed. He rushed forward and said, “Come, let’s see could self-destruct their Divinity Source and dies first.”

...

The gods of the three races argued endlessly, causing the respected gods to be dumbstruck.

The main point was that the gods who dared to personally appear and argue were all powerful. Normal pseudo gods and new gods didn’t dare to show their faces in front of them.

In the end, in order to control the situation and prevent it from spreading, Fukurokuju announced, “Kymorpho’s spiritual power has reached the 66th level. She’s a Celestial Captive whose power is second only to Lord Hornless. Two million points don’t fit her status. We’ll increase her points to seven million.

“Zhang Ruochen of Immortal Vampires has six million points, and Rakshasa has one million points.”

The gods of Stone Clan was about to start a fight.

Fukurokuju added, “This mistake has indeed caused losses to Stone Clan. Fortune Palace will compensate you with Godstones.”

How much could Godstones compensate?

The rankings and benefits of Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting were astronomical. That was why the gods had to fight for it.

However, Stone Clan’s god was also very clear that being able to obtain Godstones as compensation was already the best outcome.

If it weren't for the fact that Fukurokuju was easy to talk to and was a good person, would Death Reverend and Skywrath give Godstones as compensation? Even if they killed General Qi Feng to pay for their crimes, they would never compensate with Godstones.

Naturally, everyone was happy with the current distribution.

After returning to their respective Divine Planes, Luo Yan still had a smug smile on his face. He thought to himself, it didn't take much effort for him to obtain one million points. It seemed that there were times when he had to fight. If he was always restrained by his identity, he would only be at a disadvantage.

Amane said, "Now, you should understand Luo Sha's intentions, right?"

Luo Yan's smile instantly disappeared, and he was incomparably angry.

An ancient god of Yanluo Clan appeared in Fane of Destiny. His long black hair fell to the ground, and he clasped his hands in front of his chest and said, "Your Excellency, I have a suggestion."

The appearance of this ancient God made the gods of the various races very surprised, and they all kept quiet.

Fukurokuju smiled and said, "Ancient God of Knowledge, here's no harm in speaking."

The Ancient God of Knowledge slowly said, "Hornless has obtained a Supreme Artifact, Pentastone Sword. With this sword, it's very likely that he has already broken the chains on his body. Those juniors on the battlefield are far from his match now."

Fukurokuju said, "Gods are not allowed to interfere in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting in any way. This is the rule of the past. No matter how strong Hornless becomes, he can not be brought out of the battlefield ahead of time."

The Ancient God of Knowledge said, "Of course, I don't dare to ask Reverend to change the rules of Battlefield of Celestial-

Hunting. However, Hornless has become more powerful and harder to kill. Shouldn't his points be higher?"

The ten gods instantly understood what the Ancient God of Knowledge wanted.

In the past battles of Celestial-Hunting, the gods of Yanluo Clan had almost never interfered.

Why would the venerable Ancient God of Knowledge of Yanluo Clan personally appear in Fane of Destiny this time to interfere with Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?

It was mainly because he felt threatened by Immortal Vampires.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had led an army of Immortal Vampires' Supreme Saint to a great victory, and his points had soared again. It was as difficult as climbing to the sky for Yanluo Clan to catch up with Immortal Vampires.

After all, there were only a certain amount of points on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Therefore he could only make a fuss about Lord Hornless.

As long as Lord Hornless's points were high enough, Yanluo Clan could kill him and have a chance to turn the tables.

Even though the Ancient God of Knowledge had an extraordinary background and was extremely ancient, Wargod Bloodximius had no taboos. He said impolitely, "Is Yanluo clan so confident that they can kill Hornless?"

The Ancient God of Knowledge said, "If there are still cultivators who can kill Hornless on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, they must be from Yanluo clan. Your Excellency, I suggest raising Hornless's points to 30 million."

"Isn't that too high?" The leader of Yellowsky Clan said.

The Ancient God of Knowledge smiled, he said, "Kymorpho can have 7 million points. Hornless's combat strength is several times higher than hers. Isn't it normal for his points to be several times higher? As long as his combat strength is strong, his points should be higher. Isn't that what you said just now?"

Obviously, Ancient God of Knowledge was telling Immortal Vampires that if Hornless's points couldn't be raised, then Kymorpho's points couldn't be raised either.

Chapter 2381: Luo Sha's Strategy

Without a doubt, the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires and Rakshasa had eliminated the Celestial Captives in Snowpetra.

At this moment, the city was littered with corpses. Saint blood converged into a lake.

The Supreme Saints of Rakshasa had only arrived after Immortal Vampires, thus the Celestial Captives they killed were far inferior to Immortal Vampires. More than 70% of the points fell into the pockets of Immortal Vampires.

White stones soaked in blood dyed the city red. Resentment surged into the sky.

Zhang Ruochen's robe was wet as he was covered in blood. He was a little tired. He sat on the back of a stone and took out diamond-shaped mirror.

It wasn't his body that was tired, but his heart.

The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms couldn't reflect the scene of the dark star, but they could sense who had killed Celestial Captives. They knew how to distribute the points.

"Immortal Vampires have 103 million points."

"Zhang Ruochen's points are 41 million."

"Yanluo clan has 72 million points."

If nothing unexpected happened, Immortal Vampires would win.

After all, there were only a certain amount of points on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Almost all the dark stars had been cleared. The remaining Celestial Captives were all weak and had very few points.

The Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires were all collecting Saint blood and Sainthood Source.

The Supreme Saints of Rakshasa were also cleaning up the battlefield. Some were collecting saint corpses, while others were collecting Saint Souls.

Luo Sha walked to Zhang Ruochen's side. Looking at his determined eyes and face that was solemn. She smiled and said, "You've won everything. You have more than 100 million points. Why aren't you happy at all?"

"I'm not unhappy," Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha said, "You're right. Under your leadership, you killed millions of Saint-level Celestial Captives. No matter how you lie to yourself and numb yourself, you can't pretend that it has nothing to do with you. What's the point to look at the mirror in your hand for so long? Why don't you take a good look at this bloody battlefield as a victor? Or are you afraid to look?"

Zhang Ruochen put away diamond-shaped mirror, jumped off the stone, and said coldly, "There are many Saint-level Celestial Captives' corpses on this battlefield. Why don't you go and collect them to expand your Legion of Death?"

With that, Zhang Ruochen turned around and left.

Luo Sha called out, "I have an important matter to discuss with you."

Zhang Ruochen didn't stop.

"What are your plans next?"

Zhang Ruochen still didn't stop.

Luo Sha said, "About Yanluo clan."

Zhang Ruochen finally stopped and said, "Continue."

Luo Sha said, "Immortal Vampires now have more than 30 million points than Yanluo clan, and there aren't many points left on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. If you were Yan Huangtu and Yan Wushen, would you just sit there and wait for defeat?"

"Of course not," Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha said, "If you were them, what would you do?"

Zhang Ruochen thought of something and his expression changed slightly.

Lord Bladehell walked out of nowhere, he said, "Obviously they would gather all elites of Yanluo clan and attack the seventh dark star immediately. Only by eliminating the Supreme Saint-level Celestial Captives and Lord Hornless on the seventh dark star can they have a chance to turn the tables."

Lord Bladehell continued to talk, "So, we have to gather Immortal Vampires and Rakshasa's cultivators immediately and kill all the Supreme Saint-level Celestial Captives before Yan Luo clan arrives at the seventh dark star. With that, Immortal Vampires will truly secure their position as the first place within the ten clans."

Luo Sha rolled her eyes and said, "Are you in charge of Immortal Vampires?"

"I'm sorry, I'm just passing by. Your Highness, Supreme Saint Ruochen, please continue." Lord Bladehell quickly disappeared from the street.

Luo Sha humphed and continued, "Lord Hornless has obtained Pentastone Sword. His combat power has increased greatly. No one dares to fight him head-on. How can Yanluo clan not understand this?"

"Now, the upper three clans, Rakshasa, and Immortal Vampires are all on the seventh dark star. Even if an army of Supreme Saints from Yanluo clan really comes, how many points can they get? They can't catch up with Immortal Vampires at all.

"So I think, Yan Wushen or Yan Huangtu, has gone to Immortal Vampires' home planet. Moreover, Yan Huangtu would be the one who went."

Lord Bladehell retreated step by step and said in shock, "Impossible! Is this your Highness' prediction? Or have you already received some news?"

"I don't need any news to deduce it,"

Luo Sha glared at Lord Bladehell and felt that this guy was exceptionally annoying, she continued, “There are so many elites in Yanluo clan. Yan Wushen, Yan Huangtu, Xi, Yan Zhexian, can all take charge alone. How can they all attack the fifth dark star? If I’m not wrong, after Yan Wushen exterminated the members of Asura’s home planet, Yan Huangtu had already set off. Calculating the time, he has already arrived outside Immortal Vampires’ home planet.

“Lady Wind and Lord Xia Yu are no match for Yan Huangtu. Immortal Vampires’ home planet is in imminent danger. If you must wait for the news, by the time it arrives, it will be too late!”

Lord Bladehell said, “I’ll lead a team of Supreme Saints back to our home planet.”

Luo Sha chuckled. “You? Back then, even by deploying all the masters of Yanluo clan, they couldn’t stop Que, Zhang Ruochen, and Lan Ying. Can Immortal Vampires compare to Yanluo Clan?”

Zhang Ruochen agreed with Luo Sha’s guess, but he didn’t show too much panic. Instead, he thought calmly, “Immortal Vampires took most of the points in the battle of Snowpetra. Your Highness, you must be very dissatisfied. Do you think it’s unfair? So, you’re going to send me away?”

“Yes, my purpose is to send you away. However, if you decided to stay here, let’s join hands and continue to attack the seventh dark star.” Luo Sha tilted her head and smiled.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Lord Bladehell, “I’ll go back to our home planet now. From now on you’ll lead the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampire and continue to work with Rakshasa to hunt Celestial Captives. Remember, be careful of Luo Sha. Don’t let her use you.”

Lord Bladehell stared at Luo Sha and sneered. “Don’t worry, Supreme Saint Ruochen. I’m very careful.”

Zhang Ruochen burst into a streak of golden light and flew away.

After flying more than 1,000 miles out of Snowpetra, Zhang Ruochen was still worried. He summoned Moyin, “You stay here and help Lord Bladehell in secret. You can collect fewer points, but don’t let Immortal Vampires suffer too many casualties.”

Not long after Zhang Ruochen left, Luo Sha and the top masters of seven great Rakshasan Divine Kingdoms were having a meeting in a secret place outside Snowpetra.

“Zhang Ruochen has left. It will be much easier for Rakshasa to gain more benefits from the cooperation with Immortal Vampires,” Luo Sha said.

A Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm said, “If Zhang Ruochen leaves, who will fight against Lord Hornless and Wujiang? Without top elites, it will be difficult for us to fight against the upper three clans and Celestial Captives.”

Luo Sha was confident. “That’s easy! Tian Shuang, go do something.”

A Rakshasi who broke 99 shackles stepped forward with her long legs. “What do you need me to do, Princess?”

“Go tell the upper three clans in secret that Zhang Ruochen has left the seventh dark star and gone to the home planet of Nether Clan, Deathkin, and Stone clan,” Luo Sha said with a smile.

Tian Shuang smiled and said, “If that’s the case, I’m afraid that a large number of the upper three clans’ Supreme Saints will leave and rush back to their own home planet. Wujiang might even try to kill Zhang Ruochen.”

“Once the upper three clans are weaker, it will be easier for us to destroy the Supreme Saint-level Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star. Your Highness, that’s a good plan.”

Someone raised doubts. “The upper three clans can’t threaten Immortal Vampires’ ranking now. Why would Zhang Ruochen destroy their home planet? I’m afraid this plan won’t fool the upper three clans.”

Luo Sha said, “Who said Zhang Ruochen went to the upper three clans’ home planet just to kill people? He went to seize the fortuitous encounter of the upper three clans’ home planet. I don’t believe that they won’t panic after hearing this.

“It’s better for us to spread the news that Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation improved so quickly because he seized the encounters of Ghost’s and Immortal Vampires’ home planet.”

“Seizing the fortuitous encounter of a home planet to Zhang Ruochen is as easy as pie.”

The cultivators of Rakshasa nodded slightly. They had to admit that this move would indeed cause chaos in the upper three clans.

Immediately after, Luo Sha looked into the darkness and said, “Brother, since you’re already here, come out and meet everyone. I’ll have to rely on you to pin down Lord Hornless for the next battle.”

The Devalan prince, Luo Shengtian walked out of the darkness. His body was majestic and his divine force surged.

“Your Highness.”

“Your Highness is here. Haha, That’s great!”

The cultivators present were all excited.

It turned out that the Devalan prince had arrived. Now there was nothing to worry about, Rakshasa would definitely win this battle!

...

Not long after, the news of the destruction of millions Saint-level Celestial Captives in Snowpetra and Zhang Ruochen’s rush to the upper three clans’ home planet reached the ears of the upper three clans’ cultivators.

Pan Ruo immediately made a decision, she said, “It can’t be trusted. I just received news that Yanluo clan has destroyed the Celestial Captives on the fifth dark star. Zhang Ruochen must be worried about Yanluo clan’s revenge, so he rushed back to his home planet. This is Luo Sha’s plan to weaken our strength.”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said, “That’s right. Immortal Vampires’ points have already exceeded 100 million. There’s no need to go to our home planet to slaughter our clansmen.”

“No, Zhang Ruochen is going to take the fortuitous encounter on our home planet,” Wujiang asserted.

His heart couldn’t calm down.

After all, Wujiang had only gotten half of the fortuitous encounter on Nether Clan’s home planet. If the other half was taken by Zhang Ruochen, he would regret it for the rest of his life.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said, “The fortuitous encounter on our home planet isn’t so easy to take away. Zhang Ruochen is indeed a rare figure in this Yuanhui period but...”

Wujiang interrupted him and said, “I’ll leave this to you. I have to rush back to our home planet. The encounter in Nether Clan’s home planet must not be lost.”

Before he could finish his words, Wujiang had already broken through space and left.

Pan Ruo sighed. “Zhang Ruochen has become an inner demon of Wujiang. This move of Luo Sha’s move is ruthless. However, it won’t be so easy for Rakshasa to take the points on the seventh dark star. I’ll definitely make her pay a heavy price.

“Cultivators of the upper three clans, listen up. Stop surrounding the seventh dark star and retreat into The Scroll of Truth and Deceit. Hide in the dark first. Let’s make room for Rakshasa and Immortal Vampires.”

Chapter 2382: Well-planned Strategy

Immortal Vampires' home planet was blood-red. In the starry sky, it was especially dazzling.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen flew outside of the planet's atmosphere.

Below, clouds churned like an endless sea of blood. One could see the outline of the continent and the distribution of the sea.

Whoosh

A corner of the planet's surface array opened.

Lady Wind walked out without wearing a gold mask. Her beautiful face revealed a charming smile. "Why did Supreme Saint Ruochen come back all of a sudden?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Seeing that the formation is intact, my worried heart finally settled. I originally received news that Yanluo clan had wiped out all the Celestial Captives on the fifth Darkstar. I was worried that Yan Huangtu would come to our home planet to slaughter our clansmen. It seems that my worries are unnecessary."

Lady Wind said, "With me and Lord Xia Yu guarding our home planet, even if Yan Huangtu comes, it won't be a big deal. Why would Supreme Saint Ruochen come back personally? I see that Immortal Vampires' points have increased by tens of millions. What is the situation on the seventh Darkstar? Has it been taken down?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, "The seventh dark star is under the control of Lord Hornless. It's not that easy to completely destroy it. I have some ideas that I have to set up now. If the powerful elites of Yanluo clan dare to come, I will make sure they never go back."

...

Lord Xia Yu had led the Array Masters of Immortal Vampires to set up the formation from the start of Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Three defensive arrays had been set up, one stacked on top of the other. Even if Lord Hornless came personally and used a Supreme Artifact, he would not be able to break the array.

There were six Offensive Arrays.

Besides that, the Universe's talisman was also set up to deal with the Supreme Saint elites.

Immortal Vampires had set up so many formations to block the enemies from leaving their home planet. These formations and runes were the strongest first line of defense.

They were like the walls of a city.

Whoosh

Whoosh!

...

The formations of their home planet were opened layer by layer.

Under Lady Wind's lead, the two of them passed through three layers of the Defensive Arrays. They walked through the void space as if they were walking on flat ground.

Suddenly, Lady Wind who was walking in front said, "Why did Supreme Saint Ruochen come back from the starry sky? Why didn't you return from the dimensional teleportation array of our home planet?"

Zhang Ruochen, who was walking at the back, had a flash of light in his eyes. He decisively punched Lady Wind's back.

As he punched out, an earth-shaking dragon's roar sounded.

The nine dragon Divine Marks appeared on his fist and released violent divine force.

Lady Wind seemed to have expected this. She was one step ahead of him as she activated the Path of Wind's Saintwill and

merged it into her body. She then turned into a streak of light and disappeared into the arrays.

Zhang Ruochen's punch was like a stone sinking into the sea. It was swallowed by the formation.

"Yan Huangtu, I knew you would come. How can you hide from my Gate of Destiny with your Shapeshifting technique?"

Lady Wind appeared 300 meters in front of 'Zhang Ruochen'. She hovered in the air with the Gate of Destiny condensed behind her.

The Gate of Destiny was like a mirror, reflecting Zhang Ruochen's true appearance.

It was the domineering and mighty figure of Yan Huangtu.

Since he was recognized, Yan Huangtu twisted his body and changed back to his original appearance. He snorted. "I underestimated you. You have some ability to become a candidate for Scioness. But you are far from being able to fight with me."

Yan Huangtu's Yama Qi surged out like a dragon, forming a Golden Scroll of Heaven and Earth.

"I've already lured you into the array. Do you think that I will fight you alone?" Lady Wind laughed.

Lord Xia Yu slowly descended from above Lady Wind, her long dress fluttering in the wind.

Following that, countless array inscriptions appeared in all directions of Yan Huangtu.

Pleiades Lotus was the most important key in this array. Every petal was 770 feet long and each petal had array inscriptions.

"Heavenly Fire Tribulation."

Lord Xia Yu flicked her finger, and the array revolved while unleashing its offensive power.

Bzz

The array condensed into hundreds of flaming rivers, releasing scorching energy. All the rivers twisted together and

converged into a torrent that crashed into Yan Huangtu.

Even though Yan Huangtu was protected by a Supreme Artifact, Scepter of Heaven's Pass, his defense was still broken through by the power of the array. Blood spurted out of his mouth, and like a shooting star, he was thrown into the void space of the universe.

The torrent flames knocked Yan Huangtu thousands of miles away before it ran out of energy.

Lady Wind could clearly see that the flesh and blood on Yan Huangtu's body had been burned by the flames, revealing a large amount of golden Divine Bones. She could not help but feel proud of herself.

Yan Huangtu was such a powerful figure, the strongest elite of the supreme race who has a God's Destiny.

In this era, who could make him suffer such a huge loss?

She did it!

The gods should have seen it. With this brilliant performance, when Immortal Vampires take first place among the ten races, who else could compete with her for the position of Destiny Scioness?

Royal Divine Frame allowed Yan Huangtu's defense to reach a shocking level. Even after suffering an unprecedented amount of damage, he still did not die.

His body was almost half-skeletal and his aura was extremely weak. His eyes were filled with resentment and hatred, "When I recover, I will lead a Supreme Saint Army of Yanluo clan to flatten Immortal Vampires. Lady Wind, Lord Xia Yu, don't cry for victory too fast."

With that, Yan Huangtu coughed up blood again.

"You still want to flatten Immortal Vampires? I'll kick you out of the battlefield today."

The silver wings on Lady Wind's back spread as she chased after Yan Huangtu.

After refining Saint Bloody Shadow, Lady Wind's combat strength had improved greatly. She was fearless. She only wanted to get rid of Yan Huangtu and not lay up trouble for the future.

For her, this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

As long as she could get rid of Yan Huangtu and take the Supreme Artifact of Yanluo clan, Lady Wind's influence could even surpass Zhang Ruochen's.

As for Lord Xia Yu, even though she'd used the formation to heavily injure Yan Huangtu, she could only be her foil. Lord Xia Yu had only created an opportunity for her to shine in the future.

Yan Huangtu's injuries were too severe. It was obvious that he was unable to contend against Lady Wind, a first-class elite in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm. After temporarily suppressing his injuries, he immediately fled at his fastest speed.

"You won't be able to escape! My title is wind. Path of Wind is my main path, and Path of Wind is specialized in speed. Not to mention that you are now seriously injured, even if you were at your peak condition, your speed might not be faster than me."

Lady Wind had a smile on her face as she pushed the Precepts of Wind to the extreme, merging her body with the wind.

It was not an ordinary wind, but a silent squall that could stir up storms in the starry sky. Its speed was extremely fast.

Being able to chase after Yan Huangtu was definitely something worth showing off. With such a battle record, after becoming a Scioness, no cultivator in the Infernal Court would dare to look down on her.

Logically speaking, Lord Xia Yu should have attacked together with Lady Wind. With their combined strength, they would have more confidence in chasing Yan Wushen out of the battlefield.

However, Lord Xia Yu always remembered Zhang Ruochen's instructions. No matter what happened, she couldn't leave

their home planet. She had to protect Star-Shield Grand Formation.

Looking at Lady Wind and Yan Huangtu chasing after each other and disappearing thousands of miles away, Lord Xia Yu felt a bit uneasy.

How famous was Yan Huangtu? How could he be chased by Lady Wind to such a sorry state?

This scene was hard to believe.

“Yan Huangtu is also a human. There will always be times when he will fall.” Lord Xia Yu repeated this in her heart, trying to convince herself.

“Lady Wind is one of the top ten elites in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm. There shouldn’t be any accidents chasing after the heavily injured Yan Huangtu. Even if she can’t expel Yan Huangtu, she should be able to protect herself. What do I have to worry about?”

Lord Xia Yu thought carefully. “What would Zhang Ruochen do if he faced such a situation?”

After a moment, she calmed down and continued to stay on her home planet.

After a long wait, Lady Wind finally returned.

Lord Xia Yu was finally relieved.

“Lord Xia Yu, why didn’t you go after Yan Huangtu with me just now? Do you know the consequences of letting a tiger return to the mountain?” Lady Wind reprimanded seriously.

It was obvious that Lady Wind couldn’t do anything to Yan Huangtu. Therefore, letting him escape!

Lord Xia Yu was very calm and said, “My mission is to guard our home planet. I won’t step a foot out of our home planet.”

“Do you know what it means to adapt to circumstances? If you and I had attacked together just now, how could Yan Huangtu have escaped? We could even seize the Supreme Artifact of Yanluo clan. The best situation has been ruined by you,” said Lady Wind.

Lord Xia Yu didn't argue with Lady Wind. In short, Immortal Vampires had the upper hand now. As long as their planet wasn't harmed, they wouldn't lose.

Nothing was more important than protecting their home planet.

As for the responsibility of Yan Huangtu escaping, Lady Wind insisted on adding it to her. She just had to accept it. The gods were watching anyway. They had their own judgment as to whether she had done anything wrong.

If Zhang Ruochen came back, he would definitely agree with her.

She didn't care what Lady Wind thought of her.

Lady Wind said, "Do you still want to cultivate divinity? Do you want to revive the Xias? Dream on! Why don't you rely on Zhang Ruochen? After all, he dotes on you now. When he cultivates divinity, he'll definitely be a powerful figure among the gods. At that time, he'll take better care of you. It's easier to rely on a man than to work hard. After all, with your beauty, you have the ability to rely on a man."

If it was Lord Xia Yu's previous personality, she won't restrain her anger and would have taught Lady Wind a lesson.

But now, she understood that the bigger picture was more important.

The planet still depended on her and Lady Wind. If they fought, they would definitely give Yanluo clan a chance.

Therefore, Lord Xia Yu remained silent.

"Forget it. I'm not the leader of Immortal Vampires, so I can't punish you. Let's wait for Zhang Ruochen to come back and see how he punishes you. Hurry up and activate the array," Lady Wind said.

Lord Xia Yu was very careful. She checked Lady Wind with her spiritual power and confirmed that there was nothing wrong with her before opening the array layer by layer.

Lady Wind turned into a streak of light and flew into the atmosphere. Standing on the sea of clouds, she looked down at

Immortal Vampires on the continents. Her red lips curled up slightly. "I'm finally here!"

Her moving eyes looked up and landed on Lord Xia Yu's slender figure, she smiled like a silver bell, "Lady Wind's greatest weakness is her desire to succeed. She has an extreme desire to prove herself to the gods. The more she does so, the easier it will be to deal with her.

"But you... how should I put it? Xia Yu, you've really changed a lot. You're so cautious that I didn't expect you to be so careful. I almost thought that I wouldn't be able to break into Star-Shield Grand Formation."

Lord Xia Yu's heart tightened as she asked coldly, "Who are you?"

With a thought, Lord Xia Yu activated Star-Shield Grand Formation's Offensive Array. Dense lightning bolts flashed above her head, emitting a powerful rumbling sound.

Lady Wind added, "Your spiritual power is very strong. You've already reached the peak of the 64th-level right? There's a slight deviation from the information I've obtained. But, you're still weaker than me. That's why your spiritual power can't see through my true form."

"You are Yan Zhexian," Lord Xia Yu said.

Lord Xia Yu's spiritual power was already at the top level.

In Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, there were not more than ten cultivators whose spiritual power was stronger than hers.

Only Yan Zhexian and Xi had such spiritual power.

No matter how marvelous a man's Shapeshifting technique was, it was impossible for him to learn a woman's subtle eyes and movements to the point of being lifelike. Therefore, the Lady Wind in front of her must be Yan Zhexian.

Everything was clear now!

Yan Huangtu didn't want to change into Zhang Ruochen's appearance and intrude into Immortal Vampires' home planet. Instead, he used desperate measures and the trick of luring the tiger away from the mountain.

Only after luring Lady Wind away could they have a chance to enter Immortal Vampires' home planet, which was defended like an iron bucket.

In order to deceive Lady Wind and Lord Xia Yu, Yan Huangtu had gone through a lot of trouble, and he was ruthless enough to himself.

Lady Wind slightly twisted her slender waist, and her body changed into Yan Zhexian's appearance. She wore a white robe and looked as delicate as an otherworldly fairy.

She smiled and said, "Since I've entered Immortal Vampires' home planet, your formation can't do anything to me anymore. Once your Offensive Array land, the first ones you kill will definitely be Immortal Vampires."

Yan Zhexian spread her arms and flew toward the nearest continent like a white swallow.

Lord Xia Yu didn't attack with the array. After all, to kill a superior like Yan Zhexian, the destructive power would spread all over the planet.

Back then, when Supreme Saint Yanhong and Yan Zhexian were dealing with Zhang Ruochen, they had cleared out a continent and set up a large number of Supreme Saint inscriptions and formation patterns to stop the destructive power from engulfing the entire home planet.

Boom

Boom!

..

Every time Yan Zhexian flew past a city, she would strike out a talisman.

Then, the city sank. All Immortal Vampires were reduced to ashes with the city.

She felt a strong sense of joy in her heart.

"Zhang Ruochen, you shameless person. When you humiliated me back then, did you ever think that this day would come for Immortal Vampires' home planet? This is just a small amount

of payback. In the future, I will cut off your hand and tongue, making you pay an even greater price.”

Every time Yan Zhexian thought of Zhang Ruochen, she gritted her teeth in hatred. She finally felt that there was something crawling on her face that could not be washed clean.

Perhaps, only with his blood could it be washed clean.

“I have already destroyed six continents. Immortal Vampires’ points should have been deducted a lot, right?”

Yan Zhexian took out diamond-shaped mirror and was stunned.

Immortal Vampires’ points didn’t change at all.

“Could it be that there’s a delay in the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms?”

Yan Zhexian immediately denied herself. She felt extremely uneasy and said, “No! There must be a problem.”

“Of course there’s a problem.”

Lord Xia Yu’s figure appeared mid-air. She stood in the center of Pleiades Lotus and emitted a beautiful blood-red light, she said, “Yan Zhexian, it’s true that your spiritual power is stronger than mine. However, can it be stronger than all the Array Masters and Talisman Masters of Immortal Vampires combined? You’re so proficient in illusions. Can’t you see that you’re in a huge illusion formation?”

Yan Zhexian’s heart thumped. She realized that she had underestimated Lord Xia Yu and made a fatal mistake.

Underestimating the enemy was the most common mistake made by top elites.

Yan Zhexian was still too young and lacked experience, unlike Lord Xia Yu who often honed herself on the Battlefield of Merits. Although her personality was extreme, her sense on the battlefield was sharper than any cultivator.

Yan Zhexian quickly calmed down and said, “You knew my identity from the start?”

“No, you really fooled me. I have to say that this is your ability. If I didn’t have any arrangements, Immortal Vampires might have suffered a great loss today.”

Lord Xia Yu continued, “Ghosts, Yanluo clan, and Asura’s home planets have all met with accidents. Do you think that as the guardian of our home planet, I didn’t make any arrangements? To tell you the truth, there is not a single member of Immortal Vampires here. There is only an illusion formation waiting for you to jump in.”

Yan Zhexian was silent for a long time, she said, “In this era, there are not many cultivators that I can consider my opponent. From today onwards, you, Xia Yu, can be considered one of them. Next, let me see if you have the ability to deal with me.”

Lord Xia Yu didn’t want to fight Yan Zhexian alone. She waved her arm and numerous Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampire appeared. They pushed the formations to the extreme.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’ve proven to you that your Supreme Artifact and Saint Bloody Shadow weren’t given to the wrong person. Yan Zhexian is my gift to you.”

Chapter 2383: The Changes Underground

Zhang Ruochen returned to his home planet through the teleportation array.

The moment he stepped out of the teleportation array, Zhang Ruochen frowned and looked up at the sky. The sky was dark and filled with all kinds of chaotic power fluctuations.

“Am I too late?” He muttered to himself.

Xue Ningxiao had been standing guard beside the teleportation array. When she saw Zhang Ruochen, she immediately showed joy and said, “Cousin, you came back early. Could it be that the battle on the seventh dark star has ended?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. He released his spiritual power instantly and covered the entire planet.

“Eh?”

There were many inscriptions of illusion formation on the planet, covering every continent.

Zhang Ruochen could see the illusion formation not only because his spiritual power was stronger than Yan Zhexian’s, but because he had The Heart of Truth. He could see through illusions and sense reality without using his eyes and spiritual power.

“All the clansmen have been hidden. It seems that Lady Wind and Lord Xia Yu are smarter than I thought.”

Although there was some damage on the continent of their home planet, but no clansmen were injured or killed.

Zhang Ruochen was quite satisfied with this result.

It wasn’t easy to fight with Yan Wushen or Yan Huangtu. It was already amazing to ensure that they wouldn’t suffer any losses.

Lord Xia Yu sensed the dimensional fluctuations and landed beside the teleportation array. She used her spiritual power to probe Zhang Ruochen and asked, “What is my obsession?”

She wanted to confirm whether the person in front of her was really Zhang Ruochen.

“Your brother died because of you,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu put away her spiritual power and Pleiades Lotus. She let out a sigh of relief and said, “You’re finally back!”

Then, she told Zhang Ruochen about the detailed process of Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian coming to Immortal Vampires’ home planet.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised and stared at Lord Xia Yu.

The one Zhang Ruochen favored the most to protect their home planet was actually Lady Wind. After all, Lord Xia Yu’s character was too obvious and could be easily attacked.

He didn’t expect that Lord Xia Yu could overcome her character weakness and make both Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian suffer.

Yan Huangtu’s trick of self-injury to win the enemies’ confidence didn’t work, so he had definitely suffered a great loss.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Where are the clansmen on our planet?”

Lord Xia Yu said, “There are 240 million clansmen on our planet. Lady Wind and I have arranged 24 Supreme Saints. Each Supreme Saint took 10 million clansmen.

“Of course, Lady Wind and I are also within the 24 Supreme Saints.”

With a Supreme Saint’s cultivation and higher knowledge, it was easy for one to take in 10 million clansmen.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “You can’t put all eggs in one basket. What you did was right. How did you arrange the 24 Supreme Saints?”

Lord Xia Yu said, “Most of them stayed on our home planet and hid in various secret places. Some turned into stones and slept underground, while others went into the belly of the blood fish and hid in the sea. Some hid in the starry sky through the teleportation array. Unless Yanluo clan finds all these Supreme Saints, they will never be able to kill all Immortal Vampires.”

As long as their clansmen were not killed, their points would not be deducted by half.

According to the calculation of killing ten clansmen, one point would be deducted.

Even if Yanluo clan could kill 99% of Immortal Vampires, they would only deduct 24 million points at most, which was within the range of Immortal Vampires could accept.

Zhang Ruochen said, “It’s better to be careful. Powerful cultivators of Path of Destiny can deduce many things. No matter how well they hide, they can still be found.”

“Even if other Supreme Saints are found, I will protect the lives of the last 10 million people,” Lord Xia Yu said.

Zhang Ruochen believed in Lord Xia Yu’s determination. “Give me a clansman with a stronger cultivation base.”

With the advantage Immortal Vampires had now, as long as their clansmen were not wiped out, it would be fine.

Even if only one of them was alive, it’s not considered wiped out.

With Lord Xia Yu and Lady Wind’s arrangements, it was almost impossible for Yanluo clan to wipe out Immortal Vampires.

Zhang Ruochen asked for a clansman just to take precautions.

Lord Xia Yu released an elder from Pleiades Lotus. His cultivation base was about the ninth change in Fish-dragon Realm. He was considered a superior on this planet. He could survive without food or water for at least a few months.

Zhang Ruochen pulled out a strand of hair and blew on it.

The hair turned white instantly, and a small dimension appeared inside.

With his current cultivation as a Supreme Saint, even a strand of hair was a treasure for ordinary cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen put the elder into the dimension inside the hair. Then, he took out Yan Zhexian's dark green pen and cut the hair. He inserted the hair into the brush of the pen and hid it in the deepest part.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the pen in his hand. Then, he activated Precept of Truth. His fingertips released a bright star-like light, washing every brush of hair and assimilating their aura.

"You said that Yan Zhexian escaped into the underground?" He asked casually.

Lord Xia Yu said, "Yan Zhexian is more powerful than I imagined. The array had already enveloped her, but she used a forbidden technique, Great Yanluo Thousand Heads and Bodies Technique, and manifested a thousand clones.

"The array only destroyed 935 of her clones, her true form tore through the array and escaped.

"I chased after her and heavily injured her a few times, but she escaped every time. In the end, she sneaked into the underground. I didn't dare to enter rashly. Therefore, I'm currently worried about this matter."

It wasn't that Lord Xia Yu didn't dare to chase after her. She was worried that there were still other powerful figures from Yanluo clan hiding outside their home planet. They might use this opportunity to break into the array.

"I'll deal with her. You just have to guard our home planet," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu said, "It's been a long time since Lady Wind went to kill Yan Huangtu. She hasn't come back yet."

"Yan Huangtu must have been seriously injured by the array. Lady Wind's strength wasn't ordinary. Her attainments in Path of Destiny are high and she's very alert. Unless Yan Huangtu

brought more powerful figures, it's not a problem for her to protect herself." Zhang Ruochen said.

The difference in points between Yanluo clan and Immortal Vampires was huge. The entire clan must be fighting to kill the Celestial Captives. Time was precious. It was already out of Zhang Ruochen's expectations that Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian could come to Immortal Vampires' home planet at the same time.

More powerful figures.

All of a sudden, Zhang Ruochen thought of the three middle clans.

After the defeat of Ghost's home planet, the three middle clans had become low-key, strangely low-key.

"If Yan Huangtu can't mobilize the elites of Yanluo clan, will he mobilize the elites of the three middle clans? However, the three middle clans also want to compete for the ranking of the ten clans. This is a dog in the manger attitude if the middle three clans help Yanluo clan, they won't do such a thing right?" Zhang Ruochen thought.

Now, apart from Immortal Vampires and Yanluo clan who were far ahead, the other eight clans didn't have more than 40 million points.

Nether clan's points were second only to Immortal Vampires and Yanluo clan. They were in third place with 38 million points.

Rakshasa, who was in fourth place, had a very small difference of 35 million points from Nether clan.

Apart from Ghosts who had fallen behind, the ten clans only had a difference of several million points from the other clans. If they were lucky, they could instantly catch up with dozens of Supreme Saint-level Celestial Captives.

How could the three middle clans keep a low profile at this time?

Even if they didn't, they should have gone all out to hunt the Celestial Captives instead of dealing with Immortal Vampires.

Even if they beat Immortal Vampires, could their points still surpass the previous one?

“Oh no. Lady Wind is in danger,” Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed slightly.

Lord Xia Yu said, “Yan Huangtu is heavily injured. It can’t be fake.”

“It’s not Yan Huangtu or Yanluo clan’s elites, it’s Pink Skull. The middle three clans would never attack a cultivator of Immortal Vampires at this time. They would put aside their hatred and focus on killing Celestial Captives to collect points. However, Pink Skull would, she would kill Lady Wind,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu trusted Zhang Ruochen’s judgment and asked, “What should we do now?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, “This is the battle for Destiny Scioness. Lady Wind must face it herself. Even if I rush over in time and help her pass this trial and save her life, she will lose this precious opportunity to prove herself. In the future, even if Immortal Vampires get first place in the ten clans, she might not be Destiny Scioness.

“Pan Ruo has cultivated the Door of Trueself. She’s the first choice of Fane of Destiny’s gods.

“But if Lady Wind can block this wave of crisis, even if she only escaped from Yanluo clan and Pink Skull, the position of Scioness of Destiny will definitely belong to her.”

In Zhang Ruochen’s opinion, it was not rash for Lady Wind to chase after the heavily injured Yan Huangtu. It was the right thing to do.

If the enemy was heavily injured and one did not attack, then when would they attack? Should they wait for Yan Huangtu to recover and return with Yanluo clan’s Supreme Saint army?

Of course, Lord Xia Yu’s actions were not wrong too.

Each of them had their own mission, so their decisions were naturally different.

The only thing Zhang Ruochen was worried about was that Lady Wind was too eager to win. Her rationality and judgment would be affected, and she would fall into Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull's trap without realizing it. Once she was successfully ambushed by Pink Skull, the first attack could kill her or seriously injure her.

It was hard to say if she could survive.

Lord Xia Yu was very worried. "Lady Wind becoming Destiny Scioness represents the interests of the lower three races and Immortal Vampires. Are we really going to ignore it? If she is killed, it will be a heavy blow to Immortal Vampires."

"If you really want to save her, go tell Yan Huangtu that Yan Zhexian is in your hands. That might be useful"

Zhang Ruochen didn't care about Lady Wind's life. However, he had invested some capital in her. If she was really killed, wouldn't he lose everything?

Everything was up to fate.

"How should I tell Yan Huangtu?" Lord Xia Yu asked.

"Figure it out yourself,"

Zhang Ruochen moved his body and arrived at the entrance where Yan Zhexian had sneaked underground.

He could only find her if he followed the traces she left behind.

"I hope you didn't die at the hands of Bloody Shadowseed," Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself. Then, he went underground.

Only the living Yan Zhexian was more valuable.

Lord Xia Yu thought for a moment. Then, a smile appeared on her beautiful face. "This is the only way!"

She flew to the upper atmosphere of Immortal Vampires. She released her spiritual power and activated the blood-red clouds. The clouds seemed to have turned into rivers. They gathered into three words — Yan Zhexian.

Each word was one-third the size of the planet.

With the Supreme Saint's eyesight, one could see these three words even if they were millions of miles away.

With these three words, Yan Huangtu should understand the meaning behind them.

If he dared to kill Lady Wind, Yan Zhexian would definitely die.

Zhang Ruochen followed Yan Zhexian's aura all the way to the center of his home planet.

The further he went, the more shocked Zhang Ruochen became.

Zhang Ruochen had captured a large number of Bloody Shadowseeds underground. However, there were still many left. How could Yan Zhexian, someone who was seriously injured, have the ability to sneak into such a deep place?

Not long after, Zhang Ruochen arrived at the center of the planet. It was a spherical space with a diameter of 500 kilometers.

The space was filled with blood-red waterfalls. Blood Qi filled the air, and endless wave sounds could be heard.

"Yan Zhexian must be very capable to make it all the way here."

Zhang Ruochen found footprints covered in blood on the ground. He looked at the footprints and his eyes narrowed. The bloody footprints led to the stone coffin that was more than 30 meters long, which was at the center of the spherical space.

There was a tree growing on the stone coffin.

The tree was snow-white and crystal-like jade. It looked like a graceful girl. Her hair turned into white branches and pierced into the soil, and there were rocks all over the planet.

Zhang Ruochen had seen it the last time he came.

This time, Zhang Ruochen found that the "Girl" had some subtle changes. The location of the heart had turned blood-red.

Many bloodlines spread out from the heart and covered the tree trunk.

What was more shocking was that he heard the beating of the heart like a drum.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that this “Girl” was the real Bloody Shadowseed. Therefore, he stepped back decisively and planned to leave immediately.

At this moment, he found that a corner of the stone coffin was opened more than 200 miles away.

The coffin was emitting yellow light.

The extremely pure yellow light seemed to be separated from the black yellow.

At the same time, his Five-element Chaotic Neverwither Physique was fluctuating out of his control. The five elements in his body automatically started a cycle over and over again.

Among them, the power of Earth was growing rapidly.

“Is it the legendary Pale Blood Soil in the stone coffin?”

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth. In the end, he decided to step on the stone steps and walk toward the stone coffin and the “Girl”.

There was no other way. There were seven types of Saintwill in Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. If he took the ordinary path to cultivate it, it would be impossible to fuse them together. No matter how talented he was, it would be useless. No matter how strong his will was, it wouldn't work.

There was never a lack of talented and strong-willed cultivators in this world.

If he wanted to become a legend, not only did he have to be tough, but he also needed the support of legendary-level treasures.

Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill were legendary-level treasures that could cultivate and refine Saintwill. They could help him break

through the basis of Grade one Saintwill, but it was still not enough.

Only Pale Blood Soil was strong enough.

As long as he could fuse with the sixth Earth Saintwill, he should be able to touch the edge of Garde one Saintwill or even directly reach Garde one Saintwill. At that time, it would definitely shock all cultivators, including gods.

He had to take this risk.

Chapter 2384: Madre Bloody Shadow

Zhang Ruochen stepped on the stone steps again. He was surprised to find that although the tree in a girl's form had changed, the pressure on him was not as great as the last time.

The tree's disturbance to his spiritual power was also minimal.

But another strange power was affecting his spiritual power and judgment, leading him to approach the stone coffin step by step.

Zhang Ruochen clearly sensed this power. However, as if he lose his mind, he couldn't stop himself from moving forward. At this moment, he was like a donkey with a carrot hanging in front of his eyes.

To eat the carrot, he could not control himself to move forward.

Of course, other than the mysterious power that was guiding him, his subjective consciousness too wanted to approach the stone coffin. Without this consciousness, no matter how strong the guide was it couldn't do anything to him.

"Who is it? Who is guiding me?"

The circulation of the five elements in Zhang Ruochen's body was faster.

The chaotic brilliance turned into a five-colored cloud and wrapped around his body.

The power of Earth surged out of the stone coffin and rushed into his body continuously. However, it was like dense invisible threads that pulled his body.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen walked to the bottom of the tree beside the stone coffin.

The tree in the shape of a young girl was graceful and moving. It was so beautiful that it could make one's soul tremble.

However, when one looked at it up close, one realized that her body was actually 120 feet tall.

The sound of her heartbeat was as shocking as thunder, but Zhang Ruochen was not affected at all.

The stone coffin was more than 100 feet long. It was magnificent and emitted strong ancient charm. It was like a rectangular stone palace. One could only feel the impact when they came close.

Zhang Ruochen stood next to the stone coffin. His body was not even one-fifth of the height of the stone coffin.

The aura from the girl-shaped tree was far less terrifying than the last time, but it still suppressed Zhang Ruochen. It was as if he was carrying a rock on his back.

Many gods could not give him such great pressure.

Under such pressure, flying was just wishful thinking.

“The bloody footprints extend to the bottom of the stone coffin. Yan Zhexian must have been here. Where did she go? Did she enter the stone coffin?”

“Grow!”

“Grow!”

“Grow!”

He shouted three times in a row.

Zhang Ruochen resisted the pressure and his body grew three times.

Finally, he became 50 feet tall and turned into a giant.

He looked into the stone coffin through the opening. Suddenly, he felt a strong sense of dizziness. His spirit, Saint Soul, and body seemed to have fallen into a whirlpool. His body fell into the stone coffin uncontrollably.

“Oh no.”

Zhang Ruochen’s hand desperately grabbed the stone coffin and urged the power in his body with all his strength.

He felt danger. The stone coffin was like the mouth of a demon. Once he fell, he would be devoured until there were no bones left.

A beautiful song rang in his ears.

The song came from above and came out of the tree in the shape of a girl.

“So the power that lured me here was her. I’m afraid that Yan Zhexian has also fallen into her trap.” Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and mobilized his spiritual power and the Heart of Truth, he resisted the illusory sound and hypnotic power contained in the song.

Logically speaking, if Yan Zhexian’s spiritual power was strong, she could restrain Bloody Shadowseed. However, she was seriously injured. Therefore, making it extremely difficult for her to enter the core of the Earth.

It was even harder to get close to the stone coffin.

However, if the girl-shaped tree wanted to lure her into the stone coffin, all the obstacles would disappear.

“Go in. I don’t have much time. I need the blood of Immortal Vampires.”

A beautiful voice entered Zhang Ruochen’s ears.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen felt his body being slapped. All his strength was scattered and he fell into the stone coffin.

Who was It?

Was it her?

“It’s over. It’s said that wealth comes from danger, but most people die in danger. Only a few people can get wealth. Did I lose this gamble?”

Zhang Ruochen knew how terrifying the tree in the girl’s form was. It wasn’t something he could fight with his current cultivation.

“I’m afraid my blood will be sucked dry by it.”

The stone coffin was only a few meters tall, but Zhang Ruochen had fallen for a long time and still hadn't reached the bottom of the stone coffin.

Everything around him was dim yellow.

Powerful and pure Earth power continued to rush into his body.

Precepts of Earth and the five elements in his body were growing rapidly.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen saw a cloud of mist below. It was emitting black, white, gold, cyan, and red. The five elements power were moving in disorder.

In the center of the five-colored light was a beautiful figure with long hair. It was Yan Zhexian, whom Zhang Ruochen had been looking for.

She seemed to be floating in the water with her eyes closed.

"Does she also have Five-element Chaotic Neverwithers Physique?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Although Zhang Ruochen was shocked, he was not surprised.

Zhang Ruochen could find the materials to cultivate Five-element Chaotic Neverwithers Physique, which are the five-element spiritual treasures, and Five-element Divine Objects. How could the huge Yanluo clan not find them?

Moreover, even the ninth Prince of Yunwu Commandery with such a weak physique could cultivate successfully. Yan Zhexian's foundation was far stronger than his, so the difficulty of cultivation was much lower.

"It's not Five-element Chaotic Neverwithers Physique, but Five-element AzureTerra Neverwithers Physique," Yan Zhexian opened her eyes and said.

Zhang Ruochen thought that Yan Zhexian was dead, but he was shocked when he saw her suddenly speak.

Wait, something's not right.

The woman in front of him was Yan Zhexian, and her voice was also her.

However, Zhang Ruochen felt unfamiliar. He felt an oppressive pressure. It was as if the person standing in front of him was not a Supreme Saint but a god.

The one who spoke was not Yan Zhexian.

Zhang Ruochen instinctively wanted to release Profound Spatial Dimension, the Realm-frame of Truth, and Null Time realm. However, he could not release any of them. He was extremely shocked.

How powerful was she?

Yan Zhexian said, “When cultivating the Five-elements physique, every cultivator has a different way. The Five-elements shaped everything in the world. They are unpredictable and have billions of forms.

“Just like a leaf, even with the same material, the Five-element have different ratios, thus its form would be different too. They can be green tender leaves, yellow withered leaves, or stone leaves buried underground.

“Five-element Chaotic Body is the strongest of the Five-elements physique.

“Chaos represents the world before the creation of Heaven and Earth. There was no space, no time, no everything.

“The fact that you can cultivate Five-element Chaotic Body is both a coincidence and a necessity driven by a certain force. There are too many traces of top elites on your body. It is a chess piece that countless people are playing. Some people want you to go east, some people want you to go west, some people want you to live, and some people want you to die. When the first chess player placed you on the chessboard, all the chess players had their eyes on you.

“In the chaos, there is no direction or fixed position. Your future depends on the chess players behind you and how well they could play the game.”

Zhang Ruochen said in a deep voice, “Who are you? Why are you telling me this? My future depends on me.”

“You can’t decide! The chess players behind you are all very powerful. No matter how hard you try, you can’t escape their chess game. You should be glad that you are still a useful chess piece,” Yan Zhexian said.

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and blood seeped out.

Yan Zhexian said, “You don’t have to be so angry. In this game, many gods are not even qualified to be chess pieces. It is something to be proud of that you can play a role on the board.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You know so much. It seems that you are also a chess player.”

“No, I am also a chess piece, and a discarded chess piece.”
Yan Zhexian’s face showed a bitter self-mockery.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. Why are you discarded when you’re so powerful.

How powerful must the chess player be to be able to control you?

Zhang Ruochen was smart, after all. He quickly adjusted his emotions and calmed down. “You’re the Bloody Shadowseed outside?”

“I’m Madre Bloody Shadow,” Yan Zhexian said.

Zhang Ruochen gasped. She was indeed a divine-level creature.

Yan Zhexian said, “I don’t have much time. I’m leaving this world. Do you have anything else to ask?”

“Is Five-element Chaotic Neverwith Physique really ranked first among the Five-element physiques?”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t believe it.

Because in the history of Kunlun’s field, there had been more than one Five-element Chaotic Body.

Cultivating the Five-element Chaotic Neverwith Physique didn’t seem too difficult. With Zhang Ruochen’s innate horrible physique, he could successfully cultivate once he

found the Five-element spiritual treasure and Five-element Divine Object.

“I’ve said it before. It’s both a coincidence and a necessity that you can cultivate it successfully. With this physique, almost no other living creature could cultivate it successfully postnatal except for the disciples of the Zhang family in Kunlun’s field. As a disciple of the Zhang family, the exercises you cultivate should be the ancestral Trāyastriṃśa, right?” Yan Zhexian said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Trāyastriṃśa? No, it’s not.”

Yan Zhexian snorted. “Trāyastriṃśa is ranked second on Taiyi Divine Techniques Rank. It’s not a secret in Celestial Court and Internal Court. What’s there to hide? In the past, your Zhang family’s patriarch, the Immovable Wisdom King, cultivated Trāyastriṃśa to Maṇicīrā level. He fought against the heavens without losing a single battle. Trāyastriṃśa ranking was created by him.”

The age of the Immovable Wisdom King was unknown, but from her tone, it seemed like she had seen him in person.

Zhang Ruochen had actually suspected that Empyrean Emperor Ming’s Scripture was a part of Trāyastriṃśa.

Therefore, he wasn’t particularly surprised to learn the truth.

“If you hadn’t cultivated such a divine technique, if your bloodline wasn’t special, how could you have successfully cultivated Five-element Chaotic Neverwith Physique?” Yan Zhexian asked.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What is the fortuitous encounter of Immortal Vampires’ home planet? Why did you lure us here? Is there Pale Blood Soil here?”

Yan Zhexian said, “The first question is that the opportunity doesn’t belong to you, so you don’t have the right to know.

“The second question is that I lured this girl from Yanluo clan here because she has the Five-elements physique. Maybe she can withstand my powers after I die. I lured you here because you have the bloodline of Immortal Vampires

“As for the third problem, Pale Blood Soil is right in front of you.”

Zhang Ruochen understood that the fortuitous encounter of Immortal Vampires’ home planet was her, Madre Bloody Shadow.

She was about to die. Before she died, she wanted to find a creature with a Five-elements physique to accept her inheritance. She chose Yan Zhexian.

Zhang Ruochen was confused. “I have the Five-elements physique too. I’m stronger than her and have the bloodline of Immortal Vampires. Why can’t I accept your inheritance?”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t care much about the inheritance of Madre Bloody Shadow. After all, compared to the inheritance of Saint Monk Xumi, the latter was definitely stronger and more suitable for him.

However, he really couldn’t understand.

“You’re not suitable. You just need to provide blood. My time is up. Now, give me your blood!” Yan Zhexian said.

“Why on earth?”

A snow-white root wrapped around Zhang Ruochen’s body and pulled him to Yan Zhexian.

Yan Zhexian’s eyes softened quickly. The oppressive aura around him disappeared. The tree root of Madre Bloody Shadow wrapped around her. Streams of blood-red mist continuously surged into her body, converging towards her lower abdomen.

Yan Zhexian seemed to be in great pain. Her entire body trembled, and she let out an ear-piercing scream.

Madre Bloody Shadow’s voice rang out in this space. “After living for thousands of years, experiencing countless periods of time, and seeing all the good and evil in the world. In the end, I’ll still die.

“Master, you’re right. Pale Blood Soil can not allow any living creature or dead spirit to live forever. When it’s time to die, it

will be destroyed. When it's time to die, no matter how much it struggles, it will still die.

"I only hope that in the next life, I can continue to search for the answers you didn't find back then, and also continue to search for you. Am I really just your sacrificed piece? I don't believe it, I don't believe it! You must have been killed by them!"

The voice completely disappeared.

The blood and Essence Qi in Yan Zhexian's body all flowed towards her lower abdomen. It became even more painful, and her body gradually withered.

Finally, she bit Zhang Ruochen's neck. She bit through his blood vessels and sucked his blood to make up for the loss of blood in her body.

Zhang Ruochen was tightly entangled by Madre Bloody Shadow's roots. He couldn't stop her at all.

Zhang Ruochen only felt pain and humiliation. His head was dizzy from the loss of blood.

For a moment, Zhang Ruochen thought of himself as a member of Immortal Vampires. He felt that he had humiliated Immortal Vampires. He was Immortal Vampires' Scion, but he was bitten on the neck and sucked blood by a woman from Yanluo clan.

Was there anything more shameful than this?

What Zhang Ruochen didn't realize was that the power of Madre Bloody Shadow, his blood, and Yan Zhexian's blood had all gathered at Yan Zhexian's lower abdomen.

Gradually, Yan Zhexian's lower abdomen bloated as if she had been pregnant for months.

"No. If this continues, she will suck all the blood in my body,"

Zhang Ruochen was about to faint from Yan Zhexian's suction. He couldn't control himself anymore. He let out a long howl. Sharp teeth grew out of his mouth. Turning his head, he bit Yan Zhexian's neck, his mouth full of blood.

Chapter 2385: Each Respective Battlefield

The attack formation of their home planet was not just for show. Even if the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint was struck by the formation, there was a high chance that he would die.

Hence, Lady Wind concluded that Yan Huangtu must have been severely injured.

If Lady Wind could use this opportunity to expel Yan Huangtu from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, who else would be qualified if she did not become the Scioness?

Yan Huangtu had been running away and couldn't heal his wounds.

His injuries worsened and he became weaker and weaker.

The two of them chased each other and soon entered the deep space zone.

“Yan Huangtu, you should leave the battlefield of your own accord! If you continue to worsen your injuries, it will definitely affect your progress in the next few decades. You don't want Yan Wushen to catch up with you, do you?” Lady Wind said.

She knew very well what kind of pressure it was for a young elite to appear in the same clan.

Of course, Lady Wind's pressure did not come from her fellow clansmen.

Although Zhang Ruochen came aggressively and advanced rapidly, stealing all the limelight of his generation of Immortal Vampires, he was a man after all. No matter how fast he rose, he could not affect Lady Wind.

Lady Wind's pressure came from within the Fane of Destiny.

It was Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo was the competitor who put Lady Wind under pressure and made her feel like she needed to get rid of her quickly. Lady Wind would be extremely uneasy if she was surpassed by Pan Ruo.

Lady Wind believed that Yan Huangtu would definitely feel the same pressure as he and Yan Wushen were competitors.

Yan Huangtu, who had been fleeing, abruptly came to a halt. He turned around to face Lady Wind.

‘He actually stopped fleeing. It seems like he wants to have one last fight,’ Lady Wind thought to herself.

The right thing to do was not to flee.

If Yan Huangtu continued to run, he would only get weaker and weaker.

Now, at least he still had the strength to fight.

If Yan Huangtu could heavily injure Lady Wind within three to five moves, he would be in an undefeatable position. He would not need to continue running.

On the other hand, if he could not gain the upper hand in a short period, he could still choose to withdraw from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

From Lady Wind’s point of view, that was definitely what Yan Huang Tu was thinking.

If it was before, Lady Wind hadn’t refined the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintill Pill, cultivated Grade Three Saintwill, and absorbed the Bloody Shadowseed, she really didn’t have the confidence to block three to five moves from Yan Huangtu’s strongest attack.

However, with Lady Wind’s current strength, even if Yan Huangtu wasn’t injured, she still had the confidence to fight him.

‘It was time to prove myself!’ Lady Wind thought.

Lady Wind smiled and flew closer to Yan Huangtu with her silver wings.

“Very well. I will defeat you personally today and break the legendary halo on you, Yan Huangtu,” said Lady Wind.

Even though Yan Huangtu was heavily injured, Lady Wind didn’t dare to underestimate him. All her spiritual power was focused on him, and she was extremely cautious.

The two of them were thousands of miles apart.

They were getting closer and closer.

Yan Huangtu’s face turned contemptuous when Lady Wind was within a hundred miles.

Countless creatures in the world wanted to defeat Yan Huangtu and make a name for themselves. Unfortunately, most of them had already turned into ashes.

Seeing the smile on Yan Huangtu’s face, Lady Wind’s expression changed.

Lady Wind’s vigilance was extremely high due to her cultivation of the Path of Destiny, and she sensed an extremely dangerous aura.

Whoosh

A huge scarlet skeleton appeared in the vast starry sky above Lady Wind and Yan Huangtu’s heads. It exuded a foreboding aura. The two people beneath it were as insignificant as dust.

It was Supreme Saint Yanhong’s true form and it was 1,800 miles tall.

With all its might, the divine bone skeleton slammed down. The power of the Supreme Artifact Ring on its finger was unleashed by this palm. It was Supreme Saint Yanhong’s most powerful attack.

It aimed to kill Lady Wind completely.

BOOM!

Lady Wind’s body was like a piece of ceramic as it exploded inch by inch, unable to escape.

Not only did Lady Wind turn into a cloud of blood mist.

Even her Supreme Saint bones were broken.

Even if Supreme Saint Yanhong possessed the Supreme Artifact, she would struggle to defeat Lady Wind in a direct confrontation. Lady Wind, on the other hand, was killed instantly by the surprise attack.

The 1800-mile-long divine skeleton shrank to the size of a normal person, transforming into a pink skeleton. It landed close to Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu immediately distanced itself from Pink Skull and said, “Lady Wind has fallen. Congratulations, Supreme Saint Yanhong, you are one step closer to becoming the Scioness.”

Pink Skull was clearly a skeleton, but her long hair fluttered in the wind. Her fingers gently stroked the ends of her hair as it walked towards the direction where the blood mist gathered, she said, “The Immortal Vampires Supreme Saint has a strong life force. That B*tch may not be dead yet. We must destroy her Sainthood Source, Saint Soul and Spirit. It would be best if we incinerate her Saint Blood as well.”

The Supreme Saint’s life force was much stronger than the Saint King’s.

Pink Skull and Lady Wind had fought for hundreds of years in the Fane of Destiny. They had a deep grudge against each other. Once they seized the opportunity, they wanted to destroy the other party’s bones and ashes. They would use the cruelest methods to torture one another to death.

Suddenly, Pink Skull stopped. The bone fire in its eye sockets flickered.

Yan Huangtu sensed that something was wrong. He asked, “What’s wrong?”

“There’s no Sainthood Source, not even a saint heart. How is that possible? That’s... The Destiny Feather. She actually got the Destiny Feather...” Pink Skull said.

A three-foot-long white feather floated in the blood mist.

The Divine Mark of Destiny appeared on the white feather, sucking away all the blood mist in the area.

SWISH!

The white feather turned into a ray of white light and flew out at high speed.

“Stop her!”

Pink Skull shouted loudly. In an instant, the pink Qi of Death on its body was released, forming a spherical barrier.

Yan Huangtu stomped his foot, and Yama Qi was released, turning into a golden world map.

BOOM!

The Destiny Feather’s speed was extremely fast and its penetrating power was extremely shocking. It broke through the unformed pink barrier and the golden world map and flew into the distance.

Lady Wind’s figure reappeared and stood on the feather. Her skin was pale and her aura was weak. She thought, ‘That B*TCH, that sneak attack is too strong. Fortunately, I have refined the Saint Bloody Shadow, which greatly increased the strength of my spiritual power and Saint Soul. Otherwise, even if the Destiny Feather can protect my Sainthood Source, my Saint Soul and spiritual power will be shattered.’

Pink Skull immediately went to chase after Lady Wind, but Yan Huangtu didn’t follow.

Lady Wind’s injuries would almost certainly not heal after the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. She was already a non-essential character. And Yan Huangtu had more pressing matters to attend to.

“Exterminating the members of the Immortal Vampires’ home planet is the most important thing,” said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu looked in the direction of the Immortal Vampires’ home planet.

The blood-red planet appeared to him to be the size of a jade plate.

Swoosh

A streak of light cut through the starry sky and landed in Yan Huangtu’s hand.

It was a Communication Talisman.

The Communication Talisman was sent by Yan Wushen, and it recorded a dimensional coordinate.

“This is great. With this dimensional coordinate, the Immortal Vampires’ home planet will be a dead planet.” Yan Huangtu laughed.

After cultivating for so many years, Yan Huangtu rarely got angry. However, the last battle on the Yanluo Clan’s home planet made him extremely angry.

He had never suffered such a humiliation. Not only was he disgraced, but he also made the Yanluo Clan lose face.

He had to take revenge.

This humiliation had to be washed away with the blood of the Immortal Vampires and Asura.

Because Yan Wushen had already destroyed the Asuras’ home planet, Yan Huangtu had no choice but to destroy the Immortal Vampires’ home planet, no matter what the cost.

The dimensional coordinates Yan Wushen sent over were the coordinates of the dimensional teleportation array on the Immortal Vampires’ home planet.

Although the array set up by the Immortal Vampires sealed the space, it didn’t seal the dimensional teleportation array they set up themselves.

Yan Huangtu could descend directly onto the Immortal Vampires’ home planet with this coordinate in hand.

The source of Yan Wushen’s dimensional coordinate was actually quite simple. This coordinate was known by several Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires, and it was convenient for them to return to their home planet.

Yan Wushen only had to apprehend one of them. It would be extremely simple for him to obtain the dimensional coordinate using his methods.

Yan Huangtu sat cross-legged and began cultivating. The golden bones on his body emitted a dazzling light. The nine

dragon divine marks rushed out of his body like thousands of dragons twining around him.

Yan Wushen's flesh and blood were rapidly growing on his body.

After a moment, his external injuries were completely healed. No wounds could be seen at all.

Before entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Yan Huangtu had swallowed a Quasi-Emperor Grade Recovery Elixir. It had been floating inside his head. Once he was injured, the Elixir Qi would be released.

Yan Huangtu had recovered fifty to sixty percent of his injuries in just two hours.

"Lady Wind actually thought that this little injury would affect my cultivation progress for the next few decades. I had no idea that with the help of the Quasi-Emperor Grade Recovery Elixir, I could recover quickly regardless of how serious the injury was," said Yan Huangtu.

Every Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill was sky-high in price. It was not something that an ordinary Supreme Saint could afford.

The Fugue Pill that Yan Huangtu had bought in the Realm of Star Ocean was only a Half-King Grade Sacred Pill. The price of one pill was already worth twenty Godstones.

A Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill was many times more precious than a Fugue Pill. Without a few thousand Godstones, one could forget about it. It could be said that it was something that even Supreme Saints found hard to obtain.

Of course, the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was even more precious. This was because it broke the normal grade of the Saintwill pill. It was very likely that in the entire universe, only these ten pills from the Celestial-Hunting Festival were the work of the Grand Supreme Elixir Master.

It was something that the Grand Supreme Elixir Master refined and nurtured this generation of juniors to help them condense Grade Three Saintwill and Grade Two Saintwill.

If a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was placed outside, its value would probably only be lower than a Supreme Artifact.

As for the only Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, it was a pill that even the Grand Supreme Elixir Master might not be able to refine. It was a product that exceeded the Grand Supreme Elixir Master's expectations, and its value could no longer be measured by Godstones.

In other words, it was even harder to refine than divine pills.

Yan Huangtu took out the dimensional teleportation array and was about to descend to the Immortal Vampires' home planet.

Suddenly, he saw huge words appear on the distant blood-red planet, Yan Zhexian.

The steel-like face of Yan Huangtu instantly turned cold.

'Something had happened to Yan Zhexian!' Yan Huangtu thought.

In the current generation of the Yanluo clan, Yan Huangtu was a genius, and Yan Wushen was a genius that was hard to come by in a Yuanhui period. On the other hand, Yan Zhexian was a genius in spiritual power and Talisman. She was deeply loved by one of the ancient gods in the clan and was groomed as an Archsaint Talisman Master.

An Archsaint Talisman Master had a higher status than many gods.

Of course, even so, Yan Huangtu's will to destroy the Immortal Vampires' home planet was still firm. He couldn't choose to compromise just because Yan Zhexian was in trouble.

He didn't dare to activate the teleportation array and travel to the Immortal Vampires' home planet because he couldn't figure out who had kidnapped Yan Zhexian.

Yan Huangtu wondered, 'How could Lord Xia Yu, who had grown stronger with the help of Zhang Ruochen, have the ability to do that?

Could it be that Zhang Ruochen had returned to the home planet?'

The possibility was very high.

Moreover, the Immortal Vampires' home planet must have prepared a foolproof plan. If Yan Huangtu went now, he would undoubtedly be walking into a trap.

"Yan Zhexian is in their hands. They will make me hesitate. Besides, I haven't fully recovered yet. I won't be able to win against Zhang Ruochen in his territory. How about..." said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu put away the dimensional teleportation array and transmitted his voice to Supreme Saint Yanhong. "Have you caught up with Lady Wind?"

"She can't escape," Supreme Saint Yanhong said.

Yan Huangtu said, "I'll lend you a hand and capture her alive."

Supreme Saint Yanhong also saw the words on the Immortal Vampires' home planet. She understood Yan Huangtu's intentions and said, "We can spare that B*tch's life, but you have to help the Bone Clan enter the top five of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting."

"Alright! However, the Bone Clan's legion of Supreme Saints must follow me and enter the Immortal Vampires' home planet through the teleportation array and turn it into a Death Star. And you have to use the Path of Destiny to help me predict the whereabouts of all the Immortal Vampires. Find them and kill them all," Yan Huangtu said.

Supreme Saint Yanhong said, "I want to take Pan Ruo's life."

"I can promise you that," Yan Huangtu said.

After bargaining, the two of them reached an agreement.

...

On the seventh Dark Star.

After the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans hid in The Scroll of Truth and Deceit, Luo Sha didn't fall for it. She brought the Supreme Saints of the Rakshasa and the Immortal Vampires with her and hid as well.

No one wanted to be the first to fight head-on with Lord Hornless.

It all depended on who had more patience.

The Yanluo clan and the Immortal Vampires were fighting for first and second place.

The Nether Clan, Rakshasa, and the Deathkin were fighting for third, fourth, and fifth place.

Their stalemate finally led to the arrival of the Yanluo Clan's legion of Supreme Saints.

Yan Wushen was the leader.

Yan Wushen had come with the mindset of fighting a tough battle. He wanted to achieve the impossible. He thought that the three upper clans and the lower two clans were already locked in a fierce battle with Lord Hornless.

When Yan Wushen came to take a look, there was no sign of them?

On the Dark Star, millions of Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were waiting there. It was as if they were saying, "You don't need to steal the glory. Your prey is right here. It's all here waiting for you. No one is competing with you."

Yan Wushen circled around the Dark Star. Then, he retreated with the Yanluo clan's legion of Supreme Saints and hid.

The seventh Dark Star fell into an extremely strange atmosphere. There were many powerful figures, but no one could be seen. Some of the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives finally couldn't hold it in anymore and flew out of the Dark Star.

However, they had only flown a few hundred miles when they were shot by a sacred arrow.

Everyone hiding in the dark was anxious.

Pan Ruo was anxious because she couldn't find an opportunity to communicate with Lord Hornless. She couldn't send him the message that Zhang Ruochen represented the Empress.

Luo Sha was anxious. The Rakshasa and the Nether Clan were only a few million points apart.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was anxious. The Deathkin and the Rakshasa were only a few million points apart.

Yan Wushen was even more anxious. The difference in points between the Yanluo clan and the Immortal Vampires was too big. He and Yan Huangtu had to open two battlefields. They had to risk their lives to bring the Immortal Vampires down from the first place.

The prestige of the supreme clan must not be tarnished in their generation.

One had to know that their generation was considered the golden generation in the Yanluo Clan. It was the strongest generation in this Yuanhui period. Of course, the Immortal Vampires' generation could also be considered the golden generation.

No matter how anxious they were, they had to hold it in now.

The points of the hundreds of Supreme Saint Celestial Captives in the seventh Dark Star could determine the final ranking. Whoever became the winner would have the last laugh.

Chapter 2386: The Last Day of the Battle

“Princess Luo Sha, we have been waiting for four days. When are we going to attack the seventh Dark Star? If we are worried that Lord Hornless is too powerful, we can attack from afar and deplete their Saint Qi. To do nothing like this is too passive!”

This was the sixth time Lord Bladehell came to see Luo Sha.

If it weren't for Gu Chenzi and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan stopping him, he would have led the Immortal Vampires' Supreme Saint cultivators away to take care of the Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star alone.

Lord Bladehell was very anxious. It wasn't easy for Zhang Ruochen to leave. He could finally show off and help the Qitian Clan collect more points. However, Princess Luo Sha led the cultivators of the two clans to hide and didn't dare to attack.

Once Zhang Ruochen returned, Lord Bladehell would lose his authority again.

How could Lord Bladehell not be anxious?

In the heptangular palace, Luo Sha was calmly practicing her calligraphy.

Luo Sha said, “Our enemies aren't just Lord Hornless and the 700 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives on the Dark Star. There are also the three upper clans, the Yanluo clan, and perhaps some hidden Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. At this time, if they don't move, we can't move.”

Lord Bladehell said, “We will lose 5,000 points if we attack the cultivators of the Infernal Court maliciously. If we kill one, we will lose 500,000 points. They all value points now. Do

they dare to attack us? There are only a few cultivators like Zhang Ruochen who don't follow the rules."

Luo Sha calmly practiced her calligraphy and said, "They won't attack first. Instead, they will force us to attack them first. At that time, we will be the ones losing points."

"If we don't attack, no matter how much they force us, it will be useless," Lord Bladehell said disdainfully.

Slap

Luo Sha slapped Lord Bladehell without warning.

Lord Bladehell was completely taken aback. Then, from his chest and abdomen, a wave of rage erupted.

Lord Bladehell thought angrily, 'What was that for?

'She, Princess Luo Sha, is unbelievable. She is the daughter of Luo Yan and Amane. You are born with extraordinary nobility. However, I am not an ordinary cultivator. How can you hit me just like that?

'Furthermore, I am being slapped in the face.

'This is a great humiliation.

'A Supreme Saint can be killed but not humiliated.'

Luo Shengtian, who had been silent the entire time, stood up from his seat. He did not move or show his might. However, Lord Bladehell's anger was suppressed by him.

Luo Sha smiled sweetly and said, "I am forcing you this way! Hey, I am only demonstrating. Why are you getting angry, Lord Bladehell?"

It's more than angry.

Lord Bladehell thought, 'Even if you had thousands of reasons, I would have broken at least one of your hands with just this slap if it hadn't been for Luo Shengtian standing by the side.'

Restraint? Forbearance?

Those didn't exist.

He, Lord Bladehell, represented the face of the Qitian Clan. If his face was damaged, what was there to endure? With a slap, it would be a deadly enmity.

Lord Bladehell's face tensed up and he said coldly, "Your Highness, is this a demonstration? How could the three upper clans and the Yanluo clan humiliate me in such a way?"

Luo Sha shook her head and said, "No, it won't be that simple. However, when the time comes, it won't be just your face that will be slapped, Lord Bladehell. But the entire face of the Immortal Vampires. Once the Immortal Vampires lose all their faces, will you fight or not? Will you take the initiative to attack them?"

The Battle of Celestial-Hunting was a competition between the ten clans, an all-round competition.

The Immortal Vampires would lose all face if the battle ended. Even if they won first place, they would be mocked by a large number of people.

Luo Sha continued, "When I slapped you just now, the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms didn't deduct any points. Don't you think it's interesting? There are too many loopholes in the so-called rules. They're useless."

Lord Bladehell glanced at Luo Shengtian and calmed down. He said, "I'm curious. How would they make the Immortal Vampires lose all their faces?"

Luo Sha shook his head. "Which clan suffered the most humiliation in the whole Battle of Celestial-Hunting?"

"The Ghosts," Lord Bladehell said.

Luo Sha said, "The Battle of Celestial-Hunting had just begun, and the Ghosts were destroyed by Zhang Ruochen alone. It was indeed shameful. However, the number one Ghost powerhouse died heroically. He would be respected by all the Ghost cultivators. Besides, the Ghosts were destroyed by the cultivators of the Infernal Court. Zhang Ruochen is a rare gem in a Yuanhui period. It's not shameful to lose to him."

Lord Bladehell's eyes narrowed. He asked, "You mean the Stone Clan?"

“Yes,” said Luo Sha.

Luo Sha said, “Lord Lei was the representative of the Stone Clan. He was the Supreme Artifact’s controller, but he was assassinated by the Celestial Captives and the Supreme Artifact was also taken away. The cultivators of the Infernal Court wouldn’t pity him. They would only insult him and the entire Stone Clan. Not only would they disgrace the Stone Clan, but they would also disgrace the entire Infernal Court.

“Think about it. If our two clans attack the seventh Dark Star right now, the Celestial Captives, including Lord Hornless, would regard us as their biggest enemies.

“If the battle reached the point where it was in full swing, the top powerhouses of the three upper clans and the Yanluo clan would suddenly attack us and plot against us. They don’t need to plot against too many people. They only need to plot against you, Lord Bladehell, me, and my royal brother. If the three of us fall into the hands of Lord Hornless or are killed by him, what will be the consequences?

“If Lord Hornless humiliates us, the Rakshasa cultivators and the Immortal Vampires won’t be able to take down the Dark Star. At that moment, if they are slightly provoked by someone, the Rakshasa, and the Immortal Vampires who carry their hatred will attack the three upper clans and the Yanluo clan. That way, we will fall into their trap.”

Lord Bladehell’s expression changed again and again when he heard this. At the same time, he was a little afraid of Luo Sha.

Lord Bladehell thought, ‘This woman’s thoughts were too deep!

‘Perhaps, she also wanted to use this method to deal with the three upper clans and the Yanluo Clan.’

Luo Sha said, “Lord Bladehell, you have walked into a blind spot. In the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, no matter how powerful the Celestial Captives are, they are just prey and points. They are not our opponents. You can’t even tell your opponents apart. No wonder you were the number one powerhouse of the Immortal Vampires back then, but you

couldn't represent the Immortal Vampires to control the Supreme Artifact.”

“Alright, I'm convinced. I'll take my leave,” said Lord Bladehell.

Lord Bladehell turned around and left. There was still a knot in his heart that he couldn't resolve.

When Lord Bladehell thought of putting the overall situation first, he temporarily endured it. However, Princess Luo Sha was too arrogant. Sooner or later, he would have to teach her a lesson.

Of course, Luo Sha knew that Lord Bladehell hated her, but it didn't matter. She didn't care about a mere Lord Bladehell.

It was a good thing to make him hate and angry.

Only then Lord Bladehell was easy to manipulate and deal with in this state.

The Rakshasas and the Immortal Vampires were both in an alliance and were competing for points.

Luo Sha saw that Lord Bladehell was about to walk out of the gate, she said, “None of the clans dare to take the points on the seventh Dark Star. However, there are other Celestial Captives on the battlefield. If Lord Bladehell is too bored, you can lead the Immortal Vampires to sweep the area.”

After Lord Bladehell's presence disappeared, Luo Shengtian sighed, “Lord Bladehell is a powerhouse who condensed a Grade Three Saintwill after all. He has a bright future. You shouldn't have offended him.”

Luo Sha said, “It was just a slap. He wasn't injured.”

“You slapped his face,” Luo Shengtian said.

Luo Sha said, “He was too stupid. If he impulsively led the cultivators of the two clans to their deaths, we would have suffered a crushing defeat! This slap can make him sober up a bit.”

Luo Shengtian shook his head and planned to chase after Lord Bladehell.

Luo Sha said, “Did you swallow the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?”

Luo Shengtian shook his head, he said, “Although I’ve comprehended some things from the Return to the Hidden, there’s still only a 30-40% chance of cultivating a Grade Two Saintwill. I intend to cultivate in seclusion for some time after the Battle of Celestial-Hunting concludes. When I’m completely prepared, I’ll take the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Perhaps the likelihood will be even higher.”

Luo Sha sighed. She wanted to say something but stopped. Finally, she waved her hand, “Go!” She said, “But remember, Lord Bladehell holds a grudge. It’s useless to apologize to him. As long as he has absolute power, he’ll naturally give in and give up on revenge.”

Luo Shengtian chased after Lord Bladehell.

Luo Sha sighed again.

‘This royal brother looked mighty and domineering, but he was indecisive. He was even more indecisive than Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen was only indecisive in matters of the heart.’ Luo Sha thought.

A Grade Two Saintwill could only be condensed in two ways. Either way, it was a success or a failure. There was no such thing as a 30-40% chance.

Even if there was only a slight chance, other cultivators would have already swallowed the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. They wouldn’t hold it in their hands all the time and gradually lose their confidence in trying to condense a Grade Two Saintwill.

How could a Grade Two Saintwill be condensed without a big heart and great boldness?

Luo Sha was certain that once they left the Celestial-Hunting Battlefield, her royal brother’s Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill would be taken away by her father. This was because her royal brother could no longer condense a Grade Two Saintwill, and swallowing it would be a waste.

Hesitation was a big taboo.

“Both Wujiang and her royal brother have lost the right to try for a Grade Two Saintwill. Who will be the next to fall?”

Luo Sha unconsciously wrote Yan Huangtu’s name on the sand table.

“It should be Yan Huangtu. He cultivates the Imperial Path and must defeat all the powerhouses of his generation to accumulate his might to the pinnacle before he has the chance to condense a Grade Two Saintwill. Unfortunately, he was born in the wrong era. He is destined to be a foil to this era.”

Luo Sha crossed out the name of Yan Huangtu. Finally, she wrote names such as Que, Yan Wushen, and Zhang Ruochen on the sand table.

In the fourth row, she also wrote Lan Ying and Pan Ruo, but there was a question mark at the end.

“The Grand Supreme Elixir Master personally refined a batch of Saintwill Pills. He thinks highly of the cultivators of this generation and wants to help them. If Zhang Ruochen was the only one who cultivated the perfect Grade Two Saintwill in the end, he would be very disappointed,” Luo Sha mumbled to herself.

...

Time flew by.

Before they knew it, dozens of days had passed. It was the last day of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

During this time, the three upper clans, the Rakshasas, and the Yanluo clan all sent their top powerhouses to attack the Celestial Captives on the Dark Star. Of course, they mainly attacked the Celestial Captives instead of fighting them head-on.

There were almost no casualties among the Celestial Captives on the Dark Star.

However, they had consumed a lot of their Saint Qi and were in an extremely weak state.

If it weren’t for the various clans in the Infernal Court restraining each other, they would have been exterminated

long ago.

They would have been exterminated long ago if it hadn't been for the various clans in the Infernal Court restraining each other.

Except for the seventh Dark Star, the Celestial Captives on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting had been repeatedly wiped out by the cultivators of the other clans. Almost all of them had been eliminated.

The Immortal Vampires still ranked first with 92 million points.

The Yanluo clan ranked second with 82 million points.

The Nether Clan ranked third with 41 million points.

The Rakshasas ranked fourth with 39 million points.

The Deathkin ranked fifth with 35 million points.

The Bone Clan ranked sixth with 30 million points.

The Asuras ranked seventh, the Corpusians ranked eighth, the Stone Clan ranked ninth, and the Ghosts ranked tenth.

The Immortal Vampires' points were decreasing because they had lost nearly ten million points after being slaughtered in large numbers.

In addition, Yan Huangtu had captured tens of millions of Immortal Vampires and brought them to the edge of the seventh Dark Star. He had killed them cruelly in front of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms.

At that time, the entire space was filled with screams and wails.

The scene spread throughout the ten clans of Infernal Court.

The Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints couldn't help but launch an attack against the Yanluo clan cultivators.

Hence...

Many of Immortal Vampires' points were deducted.

At that time, Lord Bladehell finally understood what it meant to lose face, what it meant to be humiliated, and what it meant

to force you to attack. He knew that his points would be deducted, but he still couldn't control himself and had to rush forward to fight.

Luo Sha's slap didn't wake him up.

However, Yan Huangtu had woken him up!

...

Yan Wushen and Yan Huangtu stood side by side in the air, gazing at the stars in the sky.

Yan Huangtu asked, "After obtaining the opportunity of our clan's home planet, you should have condensed a Grade Two Saintwill, right?"

"We should all be clear that the most important thing on the path of cultivation is to keep moving forward bravely and climbing higher mountains. A mere Saintwill is just a fleeting moment for us. How to write about the future is more important than this." said Yan Wushen as he did not directly answer Yan Huangtu's question.

But Yan Huangtu already had the answer. He said, "This is the last battle. No matter what, we must not lose to the Immortal Vampires, even if our methods are a little despicable."

Yan Huangtu had disdained to torture and kill the Immortal Vampires in the past.

Yan Huangtu had no choice but to do it for the sake of the Yanluo clan.

"There is no distinction between noble and despicable means. There is only a difference between being useful and being useless," Yan Wushen said.

Yan Huangtu said, "Next, I will go to the Immortal Vampires' home planet and find all their people. As long as we kill them, the scales of victory will tilt in our favor."

Yan Wushen said, "The Immortal Vampires' home planet has been built like an iron wall. It will be extremely dangerous."

"I'm not going alone. There are also the Bone Clan cultivators," Yan Huangtu said.

Yan Wushen said, “Bring all the Array Masters, Talisman Masters, and The Eight Sons of Life and Death with you. They can disrupt the Immortal Vampires’ array formation outside the planet. That way, after you enter the planet, you can easily capture Lord Xia Yu and the Immortal Vampires’ Array Masters and Talisman Masters in one fell swoop.”

Although one of The Eight Sons of Life and Death had died, they quickly picked another Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm to substitute.

Of course, the Indestructible Great Array formed by the Eight Sons of Life and Death was not as good as before.

Yan Huangtu revealed a surprised expression and said, “I’ve taken all the powerhouses away. What about you?”

“I have my ways. Moreover, I’ll come to the Immortal Vampires’ home planet soon to meet you. At that time, when we join hands, the situation of the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting will be under Yanluo Clan’s control. We’ll use our actions to tell the entire Infernal Court that the position of the Yanluo clan as the supreme clan is not something that any clan can provoke.” said Yan Wushen. His long hair fluttered in the wind, his eyes were sharp, and there seemed to be flames burning in his pupils.

The nebula churned and the air current surged. It was as if it was a sign that a world-shaking battle was about to begin.

Yan Huangtu said, “Then I will cut off half of the Immortal Vampires’ points first. If I want to fight, I will beat them into the mud and let them remember the power of the Yanluo clan forever.”

“Be wary of Zhang Ruochen,” Yan Wushen reminded.

Yan Huangtu had already flown away. His voice traveled back. “Facing a great force, even if Zhang Ruochen has the power to reach the heavens, he’ll be like a boat in the water that capsizes instantly and shatters into pieces.”

“Yeah, in the face of the great force, how can one person’s power turn the tide?” said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen turned around and entered the dark space. A moment later, he appeared in front of the cultivators of the three upper clans.

Chapter 2387: The Great Momentum

Although Yan Wushen was the only one who came, the atmosphere in the three upper clans became tense. All the important figures appeared, including Wujiang, Pan Ruo, Que Fei, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, as well as nearly 20 Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The three upper clans were filled with powerhouses. If the three clans joined forces, even the Yanluo clan would not be able to contend against them.

Yan Wushen showed no fear and said, “You don’t have to set up such a formation. I came here as a friend.”

“A friend?”

When Wujiang saw Yan Wushen, he was eager to make a move. He snorted, “On the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, if you are not one of us, then you are our enemy.”

Yan Wushen smiled and said, “If that’s the case, aren’t the three upper clans all enemies?”

Killing intent shot out from the eyes of all the powerful figures present.

Because of Pan Ruo’s influence, the three upper clans may form an alliance army. Back then, she had promised the cultivators of the three clans that she would lead them to seize the second, third, and fourth places in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

If Zhang Ruochen hadn’t led the Immortal Vampires to a sudden rise, and if Lord Lei hadn’t died at the hands of the Kymorpho and Lord Hornless, she might have succeeded.

Even now, Pan Ruo hadn’t kept her promise, but no cultivator from the three upper clans blamed her.

The Battle of Celestial-Hunting had just begun. When everyone was still looking down on Zhang Ruochen, Pan Ruo had set up an inescapable net to kill him.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen was too powerful. He had defeated Wujiang and shocked all the cultivators from the three upper clans who had looked down on him.

Could it be Pan Ruo's fault?

No.

In the case of Lord Lei's death, it was the fault of the god of the Fane of Destiny. Is it possible that Pan Ruo is to blame?

No.

At least so far, the Nether Clan and the Deathkin were in the top five.

Pan Ruo's cold figure walked out and faced Yan Wushen. She said, "Mr. Yan, what do you mean by you are our friend?"

Yan Wushen had fought side by side with Pan Ruo in Kunlun. He had a good impression of her. He explained, "The Yanluo clan and the three upper clans are working together to destroy the Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star."

The powerhouses of the three upper clans all laughed coldly.

Working together?

The Yanluo clan probably wanted to use the three upper clans to take the lead while they followed behind to take advantage of the situation.

Were the cultivators of the three upper clans that easy to fool?

"If we destroy the Celestial Captives together, what about the points?" Supreme Saint Yuan Fei asked calmly.

Yan Wushen said, "The Yanluo clan only wants the points from Lord Hornless. The other Supreme Saint Celestial Captives belonged to the three upper clans."

All the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans were in an uproar. They felt incredulous.

Lord Hornless' points were sought after by the Yanluo clan. In other words, they desired Lord Hornless' death at their hands.

Why did the cultivators of the Infernal Court not attack the seventh Dark Star?

Because Lord Hornless was far too powerful and the various clans restraining each other!

Once the battle started, he alone could kill a lot of people.

No one could bear the responsibility of losing a large number of genius Supreme Saints.

Now, Yan Wushen had taken a tough nut to crack and the remaining 700 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were not that difficult to deal with.

More importantly, the 700 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were worth tens of millions of points.

Pan Ruo's heart trembled slightly. Why did Yan Wushen have the confidence to kill Lord Hornless who wields the Supreme Artifact?

Was it because the Yanluo clan had the means to kill Lord Hornless? Or did Yan Wushen just say these words to deceive them and actually have another plan?

Yan Wushen said, "You'd probably still doubt my sincerity. To tell you the truth, the reason I chose Lord Hornless was that I had to kill him to obtain all the opportunities on the Yanluo clan's home planet."

"Why should we believe you?" Wujiang asked.

Yan Wushen said, "Because your three upper clans are not qualified to be the Yanluo clan's enemies. Even so, why would I lie to all of you?"

Immediately, a series of angry curses rang out.

"Yan Wushen, how dare you?"

"How dare you look down on the three upper clans. Are you picking a fight with us?"

“If the three upper clans join forces, no matter how strong your Yanluo clan is, I’m afraid you will be defeated. Fight! Fight! Fight!”

Yan Wushen crossed his arms in front of his chest. His eyes were filled with disdain as he said, “Even if the Yanluo clan does nothing now, none of you have the points to catch up with us. Am I right?”

The cultivators of the three upper clans gritted their teeth in hatred.

They couldn’t refute Yan Wushen due to his arrogance.

Only Pan Ruo, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, and a few other cultivators remained calm as they thought about Yan Wushen’s true goal.

After a while, Pan Ruo said, “I believe you.”

Yan Wushen laughed out loud, “Indeed, only Pan Ruo is a sensible person. There are too many mediocre people in this generation of the three upper clans. They have disgraced the three upper clans. Thinking back to the Battle of Celestial-Hunting 2000 years ago, the three upper clans had many powerful cultivators. All of them were ranked in the top five. In this round, if we do not cooperate with the Yanluo clan, I’m afraid that no one will be able to enter the top five.”

Wujiang smiled coldly and was about to speak.

Yan Wushen said, “There’s only one day left in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Time is tight. If the three upper clans don’t cooperate with the Yanluo clan, I can only look for the middle three clans. The Bone Clan and the Corpusians would very much want to enter the top five.”

Pan Ruo stopped Wujiang and said, “Isn’t the Yanluo clan cooperating with the Bone Clan?”

“They’re just using them. Whether it’s Pink Skull or the Bone Clan, they won’t amount to anything. Of the three upper clans, Her Highness Pan Ruo and the Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint are people that I like. Our cooperation could last for a thousand years even after the Battle of Celestial-Hunting,” said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen was telling Pan Ruo indirectly that he would support her to be the Scioness of Destiny.

However, other than Pan Ruo and Wujiang, the other three upper clans Supreme Saint were so angry that their faces turned red.

What does Yan Wushen mean? We are all people who have cultivated to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm within a thousand years. We have the potential to become gods, yet you didn't even see our worthiness?

You really look down on the heroes of all realms.

Yan Wushen then looked Pan Ruo in the eyes and said, "If the three upper clans work together with the Yanluo clan, it is possible to crush the Immortal Vampires."

Wujiang, who was originally full of hostility towards Yan Wushen, could not help but ask, "Crush the Immortal Vampires?"

Yan Wushen gave him a look of affirmation, "As long as we exterminate the Immortal Vampires, we'll cut their points in half," he said. "The Nether Clan had a chance to trample them and ascend to second place. What was the point of defeating Zhang Ruochen, Wujiang? Wouldn't it be more satisfying to crush the Immortal Vampires to dust and watch Zhang Ruochen's hard-won glory crumble?"

Wujiang's eyes flashed with a cold light. He smiled. "So the Yanluo clan wants to use us to deal with the Immortal Vampires."

Yan Wushen didn't deny it and he said, "From the beginning to the end, only the Immortal Vampires were the enemies of the Yanluo clan in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Aren't the Immortal Vampires also the enemies of the Nether Clan? So, our interests are the same."

"Okay! I'm in this!" Wujiang said.

Yan Wushen smiled. "The Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint is indeed the strongest of the three upper clans. You are indeed the most outstanding hero of this era. You should have such courage in the face of major events."

“But I have one condition,” said Wujiang.

“Speak,” said Yan Wushen.

Wujiang said, “Zhang Ruochen must die by my hands.”

Yan Wushen praised, “A man was born to be a man, that is the way it should be. Avenge yourself and return the favor. When the time comes, I will personally hold the fort for you and witness you decapitate Zhang Ruochen’s head.”

Since Wujiang had agreed, the Deathkin and the Stone Clan would not reject cooperating with the Yanluo clan.

After all, they were not in a competitive relationship with the Yanluo clan. It would be best if they could take advantage of it and take care of Zhang Ruochen, their enemy.

Pan Ruo said, “Of course, the three upper clans can cooperate with the Yanluo clan. But even if we join forces with the four clans to conquer the seventh Dark Star, it’s still risky. You have to know that the cultivators of the Rakshasas and the Immortal Vampires are still lurking in the dark.”

Yes, once they started a war with the Celestial Captives, how could the Rakshasas and the Immortal Vampires sit still?

Yan Wushen said, “The Rakshasas and the Immortal Vampires are not worth worrying about. Just let them continue to hide. The battlefield we have created is not on the seventh Dark Star at all.”

The cultivators of the three upper clans were all stunned.

How could the battlefield not be on the seventh Dark Star?

Pan Ruo seemed to have guessed Yan Wushen’s intentions. She said calmly, “You want to use the dimensional teleportation array?”

“No, to be exact, it should be a dimensional teleportation array of darkness,” Yan Wushen said.

Pan Ruo said, “The battlefield is on the Immortal Vampires’ home planet?”

“That’s right,” Yan Wushen said.

Pan Ruo let out a long sigh and revealed a look of admiration. She said, "That's killing two birds with one stone."

Except for a few people present who understood what was going on, the other cultivators were still confused.

How did the battlefield end up on the Immortal Vampires' home planet?

Pan Ruo said, "Even if you mobilize the Dark Star's Power of Darkness and activate the dimensional teleportation array, it's impossible to enter the Immortal Vampires' home planet directly. Have you forgotten that there's a space-isolating array?"

"Yan Huangtu will break the array of the Immortal Vampires' home planet in advance," Yan Wushen said.

Pan Ruo's heart sank. Against a powerful opponent like Yan Wushen, all of Zhang Ruochen's previous efforts would be in vain.

His momentum...

Yan Wushen's momentum was set. He brought the forces of the Yanluo clan, the three upper clans, and the Bone Clan to the Immortal Vampires' home planet. Who could stop him?

Zhang Ruochen?

No one could.

Zhang Ruochen might not be able to stop Yan Wushen, Yan Huangtu, and Wujiang working together, even if he had extra heads and hands. There were also Que, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Que Fei, Pink Skull, and others.

Was the Immortal Vampires' first place among the ten clans going to be taken away just like that?

Was the Empress' and Sword Saint Xuanji's plan all for naught again?

Was Lord Hornless going to die in vain?

Were the billions of lives in Kunlun going to continue living in the flames of war and humiliation? Being trampled, killed, and enslaved?

No!

That was definitely not the case.

There was still a chance, there had to be a chance.

“Since Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull have already gone to the Immortal Vampires’ home planet, I’m afraid that all of the Immortal Vampires will die very soon,” Pan Ruo said. Then she asked, “Is it still necessary for us to relocate the battlefield there?”

Yan Wushen looked at Pan Ruo suspiciously and said, “Your Highness, can you locate a better battlefield?”

Yan Wushen’s Divine Eye of Origin was staring at Pan Ruo as if her soul was about to be exposed. Yan Wushen’s vigilance was unrivaled among cultivators of the same generation.

“The other few Dark Stars are all good choices. For example, the third Dark Star,” Pan Ruo said.

The reason why the battlefield could not be located on the seventh Dark Star was that the Rakshasas and the Immortal Vampires were here, which would affect the outcome of the battle.

Therefore, the battlefield had to be relocated somewhere else.

There was an uncertain factor in the interior of the third Dark Star, which was the biggest reason why Pan Ruo wanted to lure everyone there. Only in this way could the Immortal Vampires and Zhang Ruochen have a chance of survival.

Yan Wushen shook his head gently and said, “It’s true that we have a greater advantage in the battle on the Dark Star, but the Celestial Captives will never agree.”

Pan Ruo did not speak again.

Yan Wushen’s will was stronger than Wujiang. He would not be controlled by anyone, and his mind was extremely terrifying. If he continued to speak, he would definitely be suspected, and the consequences would be unimaginable.

Yan Wushen withdrew his gaze from Pan Ruo and said, “Next, I still have to meet Lord Hornless. I’ll take my leave first!”

Many cultivators present still did not understand Yan Wushen's intentions.

Another battlefield?

How?

Should the Celestial Captives go to the Immortal Vampires' home planet?

Yes, that was Yan Wushen's plan.

Won't Yan Wushen be afraid of being struck to death by Lord Hornless?

Yes, Yan Wushen was fearless.

"Yan Wushen is courting death. He thinks his cultivation is strong, and he dares to go to the seventh Dark Star alone. Wait and see. With Lord Hornless's cultivation, he won't need three strikes to kill Yan Wushen."

"Yan Wushen claims to be a Yuanhui level genius. He's even more arrogant than Zhang Ruochen. He'll definitely pay the price."

"It's best if Yan Wushen doesn't die. After all, working with the Yanluo clan is beneficial to us."

"He's being suicidal. What can he do?"

The cultivators of the three upper clans were discussing and mocking. They were ready to watch a good show.

At that moment, Pan Ruo suddenly said, "I'll go with you."

This was the only chance to get close to Lord Hornless. She couldn't miss it.

Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen and the Immortal Vampires would definitely lose.

In the past, the Immortal Vampires had the absolute advantage. There was no need to deliberately mobilize the pawn such as Lord Hornless. But now, she couldn't. Only by using this pawn well could she break Yan Wushen's momentum.

Yan Wushen turned his head and looked surprised. "Your Highness Pan Ruo..."

Pan Ruo did not give him the chance to reject and said, "I have cultivated the Door of True Self. If the negotiation fails, I can suppress the power of Lord Hornless. You will have the chance to escape."

Then, she added, "Only if we go together can we have a chance to negotiate. After all, you can only represent the Yanluo clan, not the three upper clans."

Yan Wushen's shocked expression disappeared and he nodded with a smile. He said, "Good, you have guts. Even if the negotiation fails, I will definitely send you away first."

Watching Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo flying towards the seventh Dark Star, the cultivators of the three upper clans were still in shock.

Has Her Highness gone mad?

Negotiating with the Celestial Captives and changing the battlefield with Lord Hornless, was there anything more ridiculous than this?

The two flew side by side. Yan Wushen said telepathically, "Does Her Highness have a deep relationship with Zhang Ruochen?"

"Why do you ask that, Mr. Yan?" said Pan Ruo. Her face was as cold as an ice mountain, without any emotion.

Yan Wushen said, "I heard that you fell into the third Dark Star with Zhang Ruochen, and he let you escape once. That's why I'm a little confused."

"I heard that on the eve of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, you treated Zhang Ruochen to a drink, The Twelve Blossoms. I also know that you took Chi Kunlun as your disciple. Aren't your relationship with Zhang Ruochen closer?" Pan Ruo said.

Yan Wushen was stunned for a moment. Then he laughed loudly. "I was worried that your Highness Pan Ruo will be like other secular women and your heart has been captured by Zhang Ruochen. After all, only he and I are heroes of this Yuanhui period. There are no women who can resist our charm. The difference is that although I am from Yanluo Clan, I cultivate Buddhism. I am destined to have no attachments

and be heartless and joyless all my life. But he was a person with emotions... No, to be exact, it should be when he seemed to have emotions, but in reality, he was heartless. When he seemed to be heartless, he actually had emotions. Your Highness Pan Ruo, you have to be careful!”

Pan Ruo obviously knew the reason behind his words. She said coldly, “I cultivated as a Buddha too.”

Yan Wushen was stunned again. He said solemnly, “Alright, now that your Highness Pan Ruo has said this, I can rest assured! We will definitely win this battle.”

Chapter 2388: Zhang Ruochen's Cruelty

Zhang Ruochen did not know how long he had been asleep. It seemed that 10,000 years had passed. He finally woke up.

He rose from the ground and sat. His mind was a jumbled mess and a blur. His body appeared to have transformed into something else. For a long time, his thoughts could not be brought together.

Zhang Ruochen wondered, 'Who... Who am I?

'Where am I?'

...

After sitting quietly for a long time, Zhang Ruochen's memories finally came together.

But his memory only stopped at the moment when he was talking to Yan Zhexian... No, it was the moment when he was talking to the Madre Bloody Shadow.

What happened after that?

He seems to recall that he and Yan Zhexian were kissing each other. They kissed each other's necks passionately.

'How was that possible?'

Zhang Ruochen frowned as he wondered. He could not calm down for a long time.

Could it be that he could no longer control his Yang Qi?

Otherwise, how could he kiss Yan Zhexian on the neck?

Zhang Ruochen could not help but touch his neck. He felt a faint pain.

However, the blood vessels bitten by Yan Zhexian had long healed. There was no scar.

Zhang Ruochen sensed something. He lowered his head and saw Yan Zhexian.

One had to know that they could only bring one weapon when they entered the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, so they were not wearing sacred robes or raiments. For two Supreme Saints, if something happened that was out of their control, their attires would be destroyed.

Yan Zhexian was very fair. She looked like she was made of divine jade.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at her and immediately looked away.

There was nothing much to see. Women were all the same.

However, Zhang Ruochen's gaze quickly fell on Yan Zhexian again. He couldn't look away.

Yan Zhexian's exquisite and suffocating figure curled up in his lower abdomen. She looked like she was five or six months pregnant.

Zhang Ruochen was a calm person, but at that moment, his eyes turned cold and he could not help but form a palm strike.

WHOOSH!

Divine fire scourged in his palm.

Finally, he withdrew his palm, he muttered to himself sadly, "Zhang Ruochen, you are really too weak. The so-called callousness and so-called ruthlessness are all faked. When you really need to kill decisively, you can't do it."

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that this ill-fated relationship with Yan Zhexian should not exist.

Although it was just an ill-fated relationship, he actually had a child.

If Zhang Ruochen let Yan Zhexian live and let the child be born, he would have had endless troubles in the Infernal Court. This was even more troublesome than having Chi Kunlun and Chi Kongyue.

The best way was to kill Yan Zhexian and the fetus in her belly decisively to prevent all this from happening.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen really could not kill his own flesh and blood.

Even if the child's mother hated him to the bone.

Even if he hated the baby's mother to the bone.

He could not do it. He just could not strike his child.

'God's will is playing tricks on me. Why would I have such a relationship with her? Could it be that the gods of Infernal Court deliberately set a trap for me?' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen tried hard to recall, but he could not remember why he and Yan Zhexian kissed each other on the neck. He could not remember what happened after the kiss.

"Maybe this child is not mine," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to slap himself as soon as he had this thought. A man could be promiscuous and amorous, but he couldn't avoid responsibility or refuse to accept it.

'Zhang Ruochen, your ambition is to break away from the situations of all the worlds and establish a new law and order. Now, what is in front of you is only a small problem, a very tiny problem.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

After a fierce psychological struggle, Zhang Ruochen stood up calmly, took out a robe, and put it on for Yan Zhexian.

Then, Zhang Ruochen looked around.

This was a 12-meters-high, 39-meters-long, and 18-meters-wide enclosed space.

In this space, a dense mist and colorful light were flowing around.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Zhexian should be in the sarcophagus.

At the bottom of the sarcophagus, there were numerous hard white roots. They grew close to the sarcophagus and extended up the stone wall, passing through the sarcophagus lid.

‘Are they the roots of the Madre Bloody Shadow?’ Zhang Ruochen pondered.

Zhang Ruochen jumped up and hit the top of the stone lid with his palm.

BOOM!

The earth-shattering sound kept echoing in the sarcophagus.

Zhang Ruochen slumped to the ground. His arm was in a lot of pain. In disbelief, he looked up.

How could he not open a coffin covered with one palm with his current physical strength?

Fortunately, he had only used a small amount of power. If he had used all of his strength, the recoil could have hurt him. It meant he had used all of his strength and struck himself.

“This is bad,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen rushed to Yan Zhexian like lightning. He put his wrist on the ground and leaned his head against her belly. He listened carefully with a solemn expression.

The explosion of the palm just now was so shocking. The rebounding force was so powerful. The baby was still in the early stages. How could the baby withstand such an impact?

Zhang Ruochen blamed himself. He had not been thinking properly!

Fortunately, the baby’s heartbeat was still normal and its vitality was still strong.

Zhang Ruochen let out a long sigh of relief.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. He retreated faster and stood straight in the other corner of the sarcophagus. He put his hands behind his back and exuded a cold aura.

Yan Zhexian opened her eyes and slowly sat up.

Yan Zhexian’s current state was not much better than Zhang Ruochen’s. She only had a vague impression of what had happened before she fainted.

A moment later, Yan Zhexian felt something in her belly. She also noticed Zhang Ruochen, who was standing in the distance. Then she woke up suddenly.

A Supreme Saint-level figure was indeed not an ordinary woman. She did not scream or cry.

Yan Zhexian was more decisive than Zhang Ruochen. She slapped her stomach.

Zhang Ruochen's mouth corners twitched. In his eyes, there was a flash of rage. He was about to launch an attack.

Something strange happened.

The baby in her belly seemed to sense danger. It released a streak of blood-red divine light and bounced Yan Zhexian's falling palm back.

Yan Zhexian's hand was bloody and mangled.

"Such vigorous divine power. This is a natural Divine Fetus," said Zhang Ruochen. He was overjoyed.

Yan Zhexian's eyes were red. She wanted to strike a second time.

Zhang Ruochen's anger grew. He couldn't believe Yan Zhexian would be so ruthless towards her own flesh and blood.

"This child has gathered all the divine power and spiritual Qi of the Madre Bloody Shadow after her death. You can't kill her. Why don't you let me try?"

Tap Tap

Zhang Ruochen walked over step by step. He pretended to take out a sword from the Violet Gourd.

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'It was too dangerous!

'I had to get close to her first and suppress her by surprise.'

Yan Zhexian did not strike the second palm because she felt the heartbeat of the baby in her belly. She was a girl and had a life. She was kicking gently and full of vitality. Moreover, she had never felt so close before.

Although this feeling of flesh and blood being connected was only for a moment, she already knew that she could not do it anymore.

There was love at first sight, but the love between a mother and her child was much deeper. Even if she only felt the baby move slightly, she couldn't bear the thought of losing it.

'Yan Zhexian, you are of the Yanluo clan. How could you become so weak? The child in your belly is Zhang Ruochen's son. Are you really going to give birth to her?' Yan Zhexian wondered.

Yan Zhexian had an answer in her heart. She took a deep breath, raised her head, and stared at Zhang Ruochen who was holding a sword. She yelled, "Don't you dare! If you dare to kill her, I will self-detonate my Sainthood Source and perish with you."

Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'Yan Zhexian, you have changed so fast!

'One moment, you want to kill your child, and the next moment, you want to protect your child with your life.'

Zhang Ruochen wanted to make sure that Yan Zhexian wouldn't attack the baby again, so he said coldly, "I can't leave this bastard alive. She'll become a shackle in my heart and a stumbling block on my path of cultivation. I must kill her."

Zhang Ruochen was full of killing intent. His eyes turned bloodthirsty.

Yan Zhexian said resolutely, "Zhang Ruochen, you heartless, cold-blooded monster. No wonder you could kill Supreme Saint Manjian without hesitation and slaughter the Celestial Captives. She's your child. How could you kill her?"

"A great man must be ruthless. Today, not only will I kill her, but I'll also kill you. I'm a Yuanhui-level genius. My future is limitless. I can't let you affect my cultivation," Zhang Ruochen said decisively.

The sword in his hand rang.

Yan Zhexian looked around at the enclosed space, “You’re so disgusting. You don’t have any sense of responsibility that a man should have. I know I’m no match for you. However, my spiritual power is higher than yours. You can’t stop me from self-detonating my Sainthood Source. If you dare to take another step forward, we’ll die together.”

At that moment, Yan Zhexian seemed to have completely forgotten about losing her virginity. She only wanted to protect her baby.

She looked down on Zhang Ruochen even more and hated this man.

In the past, it was because Zhang Ruochen was too shameless, and his methods were too despicable.

Now, it was because Zhang Ruochen did something and didn’t want to take responsibility. He even wanted to kill his own woman and child.

He’s a monster.

Good for nothing.

His sins were intolerable.

‘No... why do I think that if I’m pregnant with his child or became his woman? We’re just two strangers. It’s all the Madre Bloody Shadow’s fault. If it wasn’t for her, we wouldn’t have this ill-fated relationship.’ Yan Zhexian thought.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to be intimidated by her, but he also seemed to be woken up by Yan Zhexian’s scolding. His face revealed a look of repentance and said, “You’re right. The child is innocent. How about this? After the Battle of Celestial-Hunting ends, you and I will return to the Bloodysky Clan. After the child is born, you can return to the Yanluo clan.”

Yan Zhexian understood what Zhang Ruochen meant. After the child was born, it would belong to him. She could do

whatever she wanted. From then on, they would forget about one another and pretend that nothing had happened.

The child had nothing to do with her.

Yan Zhexian was naturally furious. She thought, ‘Who does Zhang Ruochen think he was? Did he think that I couldn’t even raise a child? The Yanluo clan was the supreme clan. My grandfather was a god, my great-grandfather was an ancient god, and my great-grandfather was a Grand Supreme Master.

How could the Xue Jue Family dare to take my child away?

The child was mine. Don’t even think about it.’

However, Yan Zhexian was worried that she would anger that monster, Zhang Ruochen. She was worried that he would kill her child with his sword again. So, she said perfunctorily, “Fine! As long as you don’t kill her, I will do as you said.”

Swoosh

In an instant, Zhang Ruochen appeared in front of her. He stabbed Yan Zhexian 144 times with his sword.

Yan Zhexian’s eyes were filled with sword light. She didn’t have time to defend herself.

“Zhang Ruochen, you can’t be so cruel. Please, let her live... She’s innocent... how can you be so cruel...”

Yan Zhexian cried and pleaded.

She cried until she lost her voice.

A moment later, Yan Zhexian found that Zhang Ruochen didn’t kill the baby in her belly. He only used the sword hilt to seal her cultivation. Even her Spirits were locked in the saint heart by the sword hilt.

Only now did she realize that she had no chance to self-destruct in front of Zhang Ruochen.

It happened in a flash!

It was even faster than the speed at which she released her spiritual power.

However, it was good that he did not kill the baby in her belly. At least Zhang Ruochen still had some humanity.

Yan Zhexian was actually very bright. It was just that she was too young and lacked experience. Her cultivation seemed to have reached the Supreme Saint Realm. In fact, she spent most of her time in seclusion and studied Talismans on the clan's sacred ground.

Even when she fought in duels, her opponents were her own clansmen.

Among the Yanluo clan, who would dare to hurt her? Who would dare to trick her?

In the real secular world, she might not even be able to compete with a teenage girl. Compared to Yan Wushen and Yan Huangtu, her gap was many miles apart.

Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have been able to fool her so easily.

Her attack just now had surprised Zhang Ruochen, and her speed seemed to have become faster. He immediately mobilized his spiritual power to analyze. He wanted to know if he had made any progress during this short period of sleep?

After analyzing, Zhang Ruochen was shocked beyond words.

'What was going on?' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

"The Madre Bloody Shadow said that the opportunities on this planet don't belong to me, but... But why has my cultivation improved so much?"

The number of precepts had increased by more than one billion.

The total number of precepts had reached five billion.

Despite the fact that there was still a significant gap between Zhang Ruochen and the likes of Yan Huangtu and Wujiang, it had already saved him several decades of hard cultivation time. Naturally, his combat prowess had improved significantly.

Among them, the five elemental precepts of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth had increased the most dramatically, by several orders of magnitude.

There was also an even bigger surprise.

The Five-element Chaotic Neverwithers Physique became stronger, and the power of the five elements in him became purer. Every drop of blood, every inch of skin, and every bone seemed to be condensed from the purest power of five elements; it didn't contain any impurities.

Even the power of the Demigod-level physique, the divine blood of the Phoenix, had become one with the chaotic five elements.

His body was like chaos, and the five elements were like clouds and smoke.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen's physique wasn't actually the Inborn Five-Element Chaotic Body. It had been cultivated and had many impurities. But now, his physique was even purer than the Inborn Five-Element Chaotic Body.

Zhang Ruochen was so excited that he almost trembled.

This was because this physical body could perfectly match the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill and create a possibility for him to cultivate the Grade One Saintwill. He finally had hope.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen was eager to fuse with the Earth Saintwill and take himself to the next level.

He thought of the Pale Blood Soil again.

The Madre Bloody Shadow had said that the Pale Blood Soil was right in front of him.

Where was it?

Chapter 2389: Attack of Insanity

“Forget it. The most important thing right now is to find a way to escape,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen hadn’t found the Pale Blood Soil, and he restrained himself from fusing the Earth Saintwill.

He had been trapped in the sarcophagus for god knows how many days. He also wondered if the Battle of Celestial-Hunting concluded?

Probably not.

If the Battle of Celestial-Hunting had ended, the gods of the Immortal Vampires and the Yanluo clan would have come to the planet’s core to save him and Yan Zhexian.

Yan Zhexian’s belly was either this big after the Madre Bloody Shadow infused it with divine power and Qi, or she had been pregnant for months. Overall, Zhang Ruochen was concerned when he saw her belly.

When Zhang Ruochen entered the planet’s core, the Immortal Vampires indeed had the absolute advantage. It was almost impossible for them to lose.

However, the Yanluo clan would never give up the first place to the Immortal Vampires. They would definitely fight back fiercely and use all means at their disposal. The Battle of Celestial-Hunting would become more and more intense in the later stages.

Zhang Ruochen had to return to the battlefield this instant.

He began to try all kinds of methods to open the sarcophagus.

Yan Zhexian gradually recovered from her breakdown in the corner.

When she woke up just now, her mind was a mess, and then she found that she was pregnant. Later, she and Zhang

Ruochen both wanted to kill the baby in her belly. She had been in an unprecedented extreme mood swing.

After she calmed down, she immediately understood many things.

First of all, she had been deceived by Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had never thought of killing the baby in Yan Zhexian's belly. If he wanted to kill the child, he would have done it when she was unconscious.

Yan Zhexian thought, 'Damn it!

'Damn Zhang Ruochen!

'He probably wants to use this method to continue pretending to be cold-blooded and heartless. Also, he's testing me to see if I won't kill the baby in my belly again.'

Yan Zhexian closed her eyes. The more she thought about it, the angrier she got.

She was angry that she thought she was smart, but she was fooled by Zhang Ruochen. Especially since she had been too weak just now. She had begged Zhang Ruochen and even cried.

It was too humiliating!

It was even more humiliating than when she had been captured by Zhang Ruochen on the home planet of the Yanluo clan and taken advantage of.

Next, she understood another thing. She and Zhang Ruochen didn't have intercourse.

Because she sensed Zhang Ruochen's blood in her body.

She was different from Zhang Ruochen. She was born with the Five-element AzureTerra Neverwithers Physique. The divine power and spiritual Qi of the Madre Bloody Shadow did not change her physique too much.

Her physique had reached its pinnacle and could not continue to change.

Therefore, Yan Zhexian knew that she had Zhang Ruochen's blood in her body, but Zhang Ruochen did not know that he had her blood in his body.

Earlier, they were not kissing each other but sucking each other's blood.

However, now that she was pregnant, who would believe that she and Zhang Ruochen were innocent?

Moreover...

Yan Zhexian looked at the robe that belonged to Zhang Ruochen. There was nothing under the robe. Suddenly, she let out a long sigh. Were she and Zhang Ruochen really innocent?

No one in the whole Infernal Court would believe it.

The divine power and Qi of the Madre Bloody Shadow, which had been cultivated for many years, gave birth to the baby in my womb. But it absorbed my blood and Zhang Ruochen's. It has something to do with Zhang Ruochen. Destiny, why should I be entangled with Zhang Ruochen?' Thinking of that, Yan Zhexian let out a long sigh again.

Yan Zhexian looked at Zhang Ruochen in the distance and recalled her brief encounter with Zhang Ruochen.

In terms of talent and intelligence, Zhang Ruochen was definitely the best among the cultivators of his generation.

In terms of appearance, Zhang Ruochen was a first-class handsome man.

In terms of family background, the Xue Jue family was ancient and powerful, and Wargod Bloodximus was revered and worshiped by all cultivators of the Infernal Court.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to have no choice. He was a fatal attraction to every woman. But why did Yan Zhexian not like Zhang Ruochen?

After thinking for a long time, Yan Zhexian had an answer.

The most fundamental reason was not that Zhang Ruochen had taken advantage of her. After all, Zhang Ruochen only wanted

to leave the home planet of the Yanluo clan alive. He didn't mean to humiliate her and take advantage of her.

The most fundamental reason was that she hated Zhang Ruochen from the start.

Zhang Ruochen was a cultivator from the Celestial Court, but he betrayed the Celestial Court and joined the Infernal Court. He could even kill his close friend, Supreme Saint Manjian.

Many cultivators also said that Zhang Ruochen was a spy sent by the Celestial Court to the Infernal Court.

Yan Zhexian didn't like either of these two types of people.

The man she liked was not only talented but also an indomitable hero. He was a strong man who valued loyalty and righteousness. He would not easily change his beliefs and stand, and he should not be a sinister and despicable person.

In the last Yuanhui period, Wargod Bloodximus and Huang Tian were the two most outstanding talents.

However, Yan Zhexian only worshiped Wargod Bloodximus and despised Huang Tian.

If Zhang Ruochen were still with the Celestial Court, Yan Zhexian would be filled with endless expectations and admiration for him even if they were enemies. It was even possible for her to fall in love with him.

She was such a willful and romantic woman who yearned for her husband to be perfect.

From the beginning, she had been prejudiced and disgusted with Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Zhexian thought, 'This baby belongs to me alone. Zhang Ruochen can forget about having anything to do with my baby. After the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, I will return to the Yanluo clan and give birth to her. I will never marry any man in my life.

'Now, I have to stall Zhang Ruochen. I can not let him return to the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Without Zhang Ruochen, the Immortal Vampires will never be a match for the Yanluo clan.'

Yan Zhexian stood up and walked to Zhang Ruochen. She asked, "You still can't open the sarcophagus?"

"Yup!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had tried all kinds of methods, but the lid of the sarcophagus did not move at all.

There were no divine patterns or mechanisms inside the sarcophagus.

They were completely trapped here!

Yan Zhexian was delighted. She said calmly, "Let's not go out. When the Battle of Celestial-Hunting is over, the gods will come to save us. Why don't we just talk for now?"

"What was there to talk about?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Zhexian said, "Our relationship has become closer now, yet we don't know much about each other. Should we keep distancing ourselves forever? Or we could try to get to know each other better."

"Is that necessary?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Yan Zhexian wanted to hold him back and didn't want him to go out.

"I've heard a lot about you," Yan Zhexian said. "You've succeeded in crossing the tenth region of the Sea of Truth. You have two children with Kunlun's Goddess Chi Yao. You are a highly regarded emissary of the Moon goddess. You have fought with Yan Wushen three times. You have fought against the Saint Realm Warriors of the entire Infernal Court alone etc... You are one of the most legendary cultivators of this Yuanhui period.

"But why did you join the Infernal Court? Don't you have a deep hatred for the Infernal Court? Don't you hate the Immortal Vampires the most?"

"Did you ever think that the cultivators who used to worship you and admire you would be disappointed? Did you ever think that the gods who once groomed you would be heartbroken? Although you were ostracized and suppressed by many cultivators in the Celestial Court, you still have many

friends who support you and share your hardships with you. Many gods protect you.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Are you sure you want to have a good talk with me?”

“I just want to know, have you really betrayed your beliefs, betrayed your friends, or become a spy of the Celestial Court?” Yan Zhexian asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Are these the only two possibilities in your eyes?”

Yan Zhexian frowned and said, “Could there be a third possibility?”

“There are many things that you don’t understand. With your noble status, you can do whatever you want. You can choose your future, choose what you like, and dispose of what you dislike. However, there are countless lives in every world. They don’t have a choice.”

With that, Zhang Ruochen continued to figure out how to open the sarcophagus.

...

At the beginning of the battle, the spiritual-power Supreme Saints sent by the Immortal Vampires to gather intelligence on the other nine clans had all returned.

Now, 324 cultivators were participating in the battle on the Immortal Vampires’ home planet. 172 of them were Nine-Step Saint King. Even though they had consumed the Altofruits and earned a large number of heavenly and earthly treasures at the festival, their realms still hadn’t broken through.

Of the remaining 152 Supreme Saints, nearly 100 of them were Talisman Masters and Array Masters.

Lord Xia Yu, who was in charge of the clan’s home planet, had been under a lot of pressure recently.

The Immortal Vampires’ points were constantly being deducted. She knew that the Yanluo clan must have found those Supreme Saints who had their clansmen with them. All the clansmen had been slain.

Zhang Ruochen had guessed correctly. Yan Huangtu had already formed an alliance with Pink Skull.

Only the three Scionesses of Destiny could accurately predict where the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires were hiding.

“The Yanluo clan will definitely attack our home planet. Why hasn’t Zhang Ruochen returned from underground? Please be safe.”

Lord Xia Yu was worried. She wanted to go underground immediately, but she didn’t have the strength to fight against the Bloody Shadowseeds. She had to restrain herself.

Lady Wind had not returned and was believed to have been doomed. The Immortal Vampires’ home planet was completely dependent on Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu had sent cultivators to the seventh Dark Star. She wanted Lord Bladehell to lead the Immortal Vampires’ legion of Supreme Saints back to their home planet. However, she had already sent three Supreme Saints out and none returned.

It was the last day of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, and the unease in Lord Xia Yu’s heart grew stronger and stronger.

A Saint King descended from the sky and walked in quickly, he bowed and said, “Reporting to Lord Xia Yu, six High-Saint Array Masters and one High-Saint Talisman Master from the Yanluo clan, as well as more than a hundred Supreme Saint Array Masters and Talisman Masters, have appeared in the sky above our home planet.”

“They have come! The Yanluo clan actually has six High-Saint masters, how terrifying,” said Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu was a little flustered, but she had to control her emotions and expression. She had to remain calm. ‘So what if there were six High-Saint masters? They couldn’t break the formation I had set up in a day,’ She thought.

Another Nine-Step Saint King barged in and reported in panic, “The 52 Supreme Saint Array Masters of the Bone Clan have appeared not far from our planet. There are also three Supreme

Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm escorting them.”

Lord Xia Yu asked, “Has Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull appeared yet?”

The Nine-Step Saint King shook his head.

“This is bad. Hundreds of Bone Clan Supreme Saints have appeared above our home planet,” Another cultivator came in to report.

Rumble

An earth-shaking explosion erupted in the sky, and the entire planet shook.

In the starry sky, many small and large-scale asteroids were gathered densely as they flew towards the blood-red home planet of the Immortal Vampires. They were blocked by the light barrier of the array and exploded with a dazzling light like fireworks.

The entire home planet seemed to have been ignited.

Meteors streaked across the sky, and the sound of collisions was endless.

The cultivators on the home planet saw that the sky had been hit and created dense ripples. The sound was deafening. Even with their cultivation, they felt like the end of the world had arrived.

How could cultivators like them stop the Yanluo clan and the Bone Clan once the Star-Shield Grand Formation was broken?

“Why hasn’t cousin Ruochen returned yet? Without him, how can we fight against the strong enemies?” said Xue Ningxiao as she bit her lip. She wanted to go underground immediately.

The other Immortal Vampires were also worried. They asked, “Why hasn’t Lord Bladehell brought the Immortal Vampires back to defend?”

“It’s the last day. Even without Zhang Ruochen and the Immortal Vampires’ legion of Supreme Saints, we have to defend with our lives.”

“Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull haven’t shown themselves yet. Once they deployed the Supreme Artifact, our Star-Shield Grand Formation might not last a day.”

...

Xuemo swaggered into the governor’s mansion.

While all the Immortal Vampires were panicking and anxious, he was calm and relaxed. Not like Lord Xia Yu who was pretending to be calm. He was truly fearless.

Lord Xia Yu was ready to leave the governor’s mansion to take charge of the attack array and launch a counterattack.

Xuemo stopped her and said, “Xueqi hasn’t returned.”

That was a very strange phrase that came out from Xuemo’s mouth!

Lord Xia Yu was very anxious and did not have time to listen to Xuemo’s nonsense. She was about to walk past him.

Xuemo stopped her again and said, “Xueqi is one of the leaders of the intelligence group. He has the coordinates of the dimensional teleportation array on our planet. Don’t you think it’s a big problem that he didn’t return?”

Lord Xia Yu’s heart tightened. She realized that something was wrong, but she quickly shook her head and said, “Impossible. Xueqi couldn’t have betrayed the Immortal Vampires.”

“Of course, he couldn’t have betrayed the Immortal Vampires, but someone could have taken away part of his memories. If I’m not wrong, Xueqi was either killed or kicked out of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting,” said Xuemo.

Lord Xia Yu shouted, “Xue Ningxiao, destroy the dimensional teleportation array immediately!”

Xue Ningxiao was stunned outside the hall.

Xue Ningxiao thought, ‘Destroy the teleportation array?’

‘How would Lord Bladehell and the Immortal Vampires’ legion of Supreme Saints return?’

Xuemo smiled, “Ningxiao, don’t listen to Lord Xia Yu. Destroying the dimensional teleportation array is the worst plan. Once Yan Huangtu fails, they will attack the array on our home planet. How long can your array block them? There are seven High-Saint Array Masters and two Supreme Artifacts outside the planet.”

Lord Xia Yu said, “What do you suggest we should do?”

“The first step is to put this dimensional teleportation array on top.”

Xuemo pointed to the sky.

Lord Xia Yu thought of something and said, “You mean to put the teleportation array into the attack array of the Planet?”

“Haha, no wonder Zhang Ruochen values you so much. It seems that he’s not stupid just because of your body. That’s right. Put the teleportation array into the attack array. Activate it when Yan Huangtu and the others are about to arrive. Beat them up first,” Xuemo said.

Lord Xia Yu said, “But then the teleportation array will be destroyed!”

“It doesn’t matter. There’s another teleportation array on our planet. Zhang Ruochen asked me to keep an eye on it. No other cultivator knows its dimensional coordinates except us. Of course, the Saint Devourer at Lord Bladehell’s side knows it too.”

Then, Xuemo said, “If the first plan can’t severely injure the Yanluo clan and the Bone Clan, then the second plan can only be activated.”

“What’s the second plan?” asked Lord Xia Yu.

Xuemo pointed to the ground and said, “The strongest defense and most terrifying attacks of the Immortal Vampires’ home planet are never in the sky, but underground.”

Chapter 2390: Bone Clan's Defeat

A thousand years ago, Xuemo's cultivation had reached the Supreme Saint Realm with his heaven-defying talent in Kunlun, where the precepts of heaven and earth were incomplete. Back then, he was Blood Empress's greatest enemy.

Blood Empress joined forces with Emperor Ming and Yan Lirento killed Xuemo.

To be exact, they didn't end Xuemo completely. He preserved his head and Saint Soul and hibernated for a thousand years.

After a thousand years, Xuemo woke up. His cultivation fell to the bottom. He didn't have a Sainthood Source or a complete body. However, he had cultivated and reached the Nine-Step Saint King Realm in the Endless Abyss within a few years.

At his pinnacle state, the precepts within Xuemo had exceeded 90 million. He could challenge the invincible Yan Wushen.

Xuemo seemed to be more than a thousand years old, but it couldn't be considered that. Zhang Ruochen's soul had merged with the Ninth Prince's body 800 years later. But that doesn't mean Zhang Ruochen was already over 800 years old, right?

In fact, the current Xuemo was completely different from Xuemo from 1,000 years ago. As though he had reincarnated.

Some Immortal Vampires god saw Xuemo as extraordinary. He used his divine spirits to ask the chief of the Demonsky Clan, "When did such a powerful junior appear in the Demonsky Clan? He just broke through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm and already possessed such paramount might."

The chief of the Demonsky Clan said calmly, "He's powerful? The Demonsky Clan is full of geniuses. Xuemo can only be considered to be above average!"

The god who asked just now really wanted to spit on the face of the Demonsky Clan chief.

The god thought, ‘Above-average?’

‘Why don’t you find another above-average person if you have the ability?’

Many gods of the Immortal Vampires had long been aware of Xuemo. He was the first cultivator from the Infernal Court to break into the Dark Star after entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

After coming out of the Dark Star, his cultivation had reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

In this Battle of Celestial-Hunting, there were a total of fifty-three cultivators who had entered the Dark Star. There were only six who could escape, and the death rate was almost 90%.

Xuemo was one of the six survivors. It was hard not to be noticed.

In Wargod Bloodximius’ divinity realm, the gods of the Bloodsky Clan were also discussing Xuemo.

“Xuemo’s body was already destroyed,” Blood Empress explained, “but in the Endless Abyss of Kunlun, he obtained the secret cultivation method of the Ancient Path of Wiccan and condensed the Deva Wiccan Demonic Physique.”

“Cultivating the Path of Wiccan? Interesting,” said Wargod Bloodximius.

For Wargod Bloodximius, who looked down on all living things, to say “interesting” was obviously something out of ordinary.

“The precepts of heaven and earth in this era are very different from those in the ancient times. It is no longer suitable to cultivate the Path of Wiccan. For him to be able to cultivate the Path of Wiccan to such an extent is indeed extraordinary,” said a god.

The Path of Wiccan was not inferior to the Nine Great Paths of the Ancients. It was a power that even gods yearned to grasp.

Apart from that, the Path of Wiccan also had all sorts of ancient secrets that could open up the various ancient ruins.

Unfortunately, times had changed. Today, there were very few cultivators who could cultivate the Path of Wiccan successfully. Even the Deva Path of Great Wiccan of the Yanluo clan had been modified so that the Yanluo clan cultivators could cultivate it.

Blood Empress said, “He can control the Power of Wiccan. It should have something to do with cultivating nine Demonstone Engravings at the same time.”

...

Amane once again descended into Luo Yan’s divinity realm and said, “Just now, I went to read the Tome of the Divines. Xuemo is ranked second in first class, second only to Yuan Qianmo.”

Luo Yan was surprised and said, “With such a high ranking, does that mean that he will definitely become a god?”

Amane nodded and said, “Yuan Qianmo is a demigod. He is just one step away from becoming a god. To be exact, he could have become a god two hundred years ago. It’s just that he has been suppressing his realm.”

The Tome of the Divines was one of the six Heavenly Tomes of Destiny. In the Celestial Court and Infernal Courts, the names of Supreme Saints who had a 10% chance of becoming a god would naturally appear on it.

The higher the chance of one becoming a deity, the higher the ranking.

Those who could be classified as first-class were almost all demigods. They were definitely people who could become deities.

Xuemo was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but he was already classified as first-class and was ranked second. Naturally, Luo Yan was shocked.

Luo Yan sighed, “Why are there so many outstanding figures in this thousand years?”

“Not this thousand years. It should be this Yuanhui period. This Yuanhui period has given birth to too many powerful juniors. It’s just that there are especially many in this thousand years.” Amane said.

Luo Yan’s eyes darkened, and he said, “Perhaps it is a sign that a cruel era is about to arrive. I hope that the War of the Divines from 100,000 years ago will not happen again.”

Even a prominent figure like Luo Yan did not wish for a large-scale War of the Divines to erupt.

Every time he thought about it, Luo Yan felt that the battle from 100,000 years ago was too terrifying.

The injuries from that battle had affected him for 100,000 years.

Luo Yan and Amane’s hearts were heavy. They knew very well that there would be an even more chaotic era soon. It was impossible to avoid it.

It was very likely that it would be even crueler than 100,000 years ago.

Luo Yan said, “Zhang Ruochen’s name hasn’t appeared on the Tome of the Divines yet?”

“It’s strange that his name suddenly appeared! He’s ranked 87th in third-class,” said Amane.

Zhang Ruochen was in a very low ranking.

Luo Yan said, “It shouldn’t be because he was able to condense the Grade Two Saintwill. It’s because his state of mind has changed. It’s good that he got a ranking... At least there’s still hope for him.”

Many cultivators thought that with Zhang Ruochen’s talent, he would definitely become a god.

But in reality, Zhang Ruochen’s name didn’t appear on the Tome of the Divines for a long time. According to the gods’ analysis, the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm would be big obstacles for Zhang Ruochen. He might not be able to break through and would not advance forever.

...

On the Immortal Vampires' home planet.

The asteroids still crashed crazily onto the Star-Shield Grand Formation. The seven High-Saint Array Masters used the asteroids as a cover to break into the array and begin to break it.

At the same time, Xuemo moved the dimensional teleportation array to the sky and placed it inside the array.

All the Immortal Vampires' Array Masters stood at the important nodes of the attack array, waiting for Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull to come.

Lord Xia Yu looked up and said, "The High-Saint Array Masters of the Yanluo clan and the Bone Clan are already breaking the first layer of the Star-Shield Grand Formation. Why don't we activate the attack array first and deal with them?"

Xuemo stared at the teleportation array and said, "If they want to break through the array, it won't be that soon. Focus on dealing with Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull. Don't just attend to one thing and lose sight of another."

Two hours later.

There was no response from the teleportation array. However, the first layer of the Star-Shield Grand Formation was on the verge of collapse. 70% of the inscriptions on the array had been broken.

Lord Xia Yu was anxious and said, "Yan Huangtu might not come through the teleportation array. I think we have to activate the attack array immediately and deal with the seven High-Saint Array Masters first."

Xuemo said, "Calm down! The 300 Bone Clan Supreme Saints were gathered outside to resist the power of the attack array. You will not be able to kill the seven High-Saint Array Masters. Yan Huangtu will undoubtedly attend. I'm certain of it. Very soon, the moment the first layer of the Star-Shield Grand Formation is broken, he will come to the teleportation array. That's the best time."

BOOM!

The first layer of the Star-Shield Grand Formation was broken.

Many asteroids fell and hit the second layer of the Star-Shield Grand Formation like raindrops.

While most of the cultivators' attention was attracted, a beam of light appeared in the teleportation array floating in the void.

Lord Xia Yu stood on the Pleiades Lotus and said, "Finally! Activate the array and launch the strongest attack."

All the Immortal Vampires' Array Masters released their spiritual power and Saint Qi activated the dense array inscriptions.

The first wave of attack was crucial because all the invading cultivators were gathered in the array at this time, which was equivalent to a fixed-point attack. However, once they escaped the first wave of attack, the invading cultivators would instantly scatter, and the effect of the attacking array would greatly decrease.

"Wait a moment."

Lord Xia Yu was stopped by Xuemo. His gaze was fixed on the three-dimensional teleportation array. Through the light, he could see inside.

There was a figure in the array.

It wasn't Yan Huangtu nor Pink Skull.

It was Sang Ki, a Bone Clan Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He was 40 meters tall and had a pitch-black physique. He held a dark-red evil saber.

"Haha! Yan Huangtu is indeed powerful. He sent a bait first to make sure nothing went wrong. Zhang Ruochen's woman, I'll leave this to you. I'm going to meet the Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Xuemo turned into a blood shadow. It shot out at high speed and crashed into Sang Ki in the portal, sending him flying.

Lord Xia Yu didn't pay much attention to the way Xuemo addressed her, but she was shocked by Xuemo's behavior.

A mere Supreme Saint at the beginning of the Hundred-Shackle Realm dared to challenge a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

'Do you think you're Zhang Ruochen or Yan Wushen?' Lord Xia Yu thought.

Swoosh

A beam of light appeared once again in the dimensional teleportation array.

It's here!

Lord Xia Yu did not look at Xuemo who was courting death anymore. Together with the Immortal Vampires' Array Masters, she activated the ninth-class attack array to the extreme. The Pleiades Lotus under her feet emitted an extremely dark radiance and merged with the array.

Yan Huangtu, Pink Skull, and more than 100 Bone Clan Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm appeared in the dimensional teleportation array.

All of them were powerhouses, and their saint might surge.

Pink Skull said, "Actually, we don't need to send Sang Ki over. The main forces of the Immortal Vampires are all on the seventh Dark Star. With our strength, even if all the Immortal Vampires on our planet were to ambush outside the teleportation array, they would only be like a mantis trying to stop a chariot. Moreover, they might not know that we have the coordinates of the teleportation array."

Yan Huangtu's eyes shone with a golden light as he stared at the light of the teleportation array. His expression changed as he shouted, "All cultivators, activate your Artifacts to defend yourselves. Hurry!"

The attack array's power attacked the teleportation array from all directions. It was a lightning bolt in the shape of a dragon. Each bolt had a diameter of 3 meters.

CRACK!

The teleportation array shattered instantly and turned into dust.

More than a hundred Bone Clan Supreme Saints were sent flying.

The Regal Artifacts were shattered by the bolts of lightning. The bones of the Bone Clan Supreme Saints were turned into ashes.

In just an instant, fourteen Bone Clan Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm perished and their bodies were burned to ashes.

Many of the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints of the Bone Clan were severely injured and their bones flew in the air.

Only the bones of the 40-odd Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints of the Bone Clan were relatively well-preserved and could continue fighting.

Pink Skull was also blasted away by the array. However, she had a divine bone body and she managed to activate the Supreme Artifact to protect her body in time. Hence, her injuries were not serious.

However, the Bone Clan being so heavily injured made her so angry that she was about to go crazy.

“Lord Xia Yu, you’re courting death.”

Pink Skull’s body grew rapidly, becoming 100 meters tall, 1,000 meters tall, 10,000 meters tall, and 100,000 meters tall... its enormous and ferocious body waved a huge hand and slapped Lord Xia Yu, who was standing on the Pleiades Lotus.

Lord Xia Yu remained calm and controlled the attack array.

Over a hundred dragon-shaped lightning bolts flew out from the array and struck the giant divine skeleton’s body. Pink Skull turned black and fell back into the array.

Chapter 2391: The Pale Blood Soil

“Those severely injured Bone Clan Supreme Saints, retreat from the battlefield at once.”

“Those who can still fight, quickly disperse or gather beside me and Supreme Saint Yanhong. Do not clash head-on with the offensive power of the formation.”

Yan Huangtu immediately sent out two telepathic messages. He was also injured.

The Immortal Vampires’ Array Masters, led by Lord Xia Yu, created this attack array. They put in a lot of time and effort to set it up. They also had a Supreme Artifact as the array’s core. Its power was, of course, terrifying.

“I will withdraw from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.”

“I... I want to withdraw from the battlefield.”

...

Voices were heard one after the other. The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms then teleported the cultivators away.

At that critical moment, they did not feel ashamed. Their priority was to stay alive.

There were a total of 47 Bone Clan Supreme Saints in the attack array, including Yan Huangtu, Pink Skull, and Sang Ki. All of them were the top-notch powerhouses in the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The array was still operating as streaks of dragon-shaped lightning flew out. However, it was very difficult for them to pose a threat to the lives of the Bone Clan Supreme Saints in the array.

Their cultivation was strong and their speed was fast. They could avoid dragon-shaped lightning and even fight against a

bolt of single dragon-shaped lightning.

They had only forced the two Bone Clan Supreme Saints to retreat from the battlefield after three consecutive breaths.

There were 45 left.

Yan Huangtu's face was ice cold. "Where is Zhang Ruochen?" he demanded of Lord Xia Yu. "Why hasn't he shown up?"

Even though Lord Xia Yu's array was powerful, the person Yan Huangtu feared the most was still Zhang Ruochen.

As Lord Xia Yu controlled the array, she said, "Zhang Ruochen is in the array. Can't you see him?"

The Bone Clan Supreme Saints were shocked. They looked around.

Yan Huangtu snorted. "Zhang Ruochen isn't even on the planet."

After the first wave of attack, all the cultivators were thrown into chaos. They were all injured. If Zhang Ruochen was on the home planet, that would be his best chance to attack.

He could use the Violet Gourd to kill them all.

But Zhang Ruochen didn't attack.

There was only one explanation. Zhang Ruochen wasn't even on the home planet.

Lord Xia Yu knew that Yan Huangtu was probably trying to trick her, so she kept her mouth shut and concentrated on mobilizing the power of the array. She condensed hundreds of dragon-shaped lightning bolts and attacked Yan Huangtu.

The whole world became dark.

The violent power surged everywhere. It could easily tear apart the Supreme Saints' Neverwithers physique.

Lord Xia Yu still didn't know how to pretend.

Yan Huangtu's guess was confirmed when he saw Lord Xia Yu in this manner. He is no longer hesitant. He channeled the Yanluo Qi into the Supreme Artifact, the Scepter of Heaven's Pass.

Besides him, 13 other Bone Clan Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm also poured their power into the artifact.

The power of the Supreme Artifact caused the attack array to tremble violently. The huge home planet also shook and many Dimensional Rifts appeared in the air.

“Use the Supreme Artifact to kill that b*tch Xia Yu and tear her into pieces.”

“Use all of your strength to avenge the fallen Bone Clan Supreme Saints.”

“Kill! Kill all the Immortal Vampires.”

...

All the Bone Clan Supreme Saints were filled with death aura and killing intent.

Originally, they were here to beat the Immortal Vampires to the bottom of a pit. However, they had only just arrived and had been severely injured.

How disappointed were the Bone Clan gods when they saw this scene?

The entire Infernal Court was probably laughing at the Bone Clan.

Fight!

They would regain their lost face.

Pink Skull and the other 17 Bone Clan Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints activated the Supreme Artifacts and attacked Lord Xia Yu from another direction.

They knew very well that the Pleiades Lotus beneath Lord Xia Yu's feet was the core of the attack array.

The attack array would naturally be destroyed if they killed Lord Xia Yu and destroyed the core.

...

Within the sarcophagus.

“What a strong Power of Earth.”

Zhang Ruochen pressed his palm on the wall of the sarcophagus. Instantly, the Precepts of Earth in him became very active. Then, the precepts of the five elements were all very active.

His palm showed signs of petrification.

He quickly withdrew his palm. The petrified part of his palm quickly disappeared and returned to normal.

At the same time, a powerful and pure Power of Earth fused into his body and spread throughout his body.

‘What’s happening? Could it be... ‘ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart beat faster. He revealed a happy expression and carefully observed the sarcophagus wall.

His spiritual power could not penetrate it and was isolated by a mysterious power.

Zhang Ruochen, on the other hand, could see something extraordinary with the Eye of Truth. The sarcophagus had a very dense structure. Even if it was only a stone wall, the Earth’s Power contained within it was greater than that of a planet.

“Interesting, very interesting! No wonder the Madre Bloody Shadow said that the Pale Blood Soil was right in front of us,” said Zhang Ruochen and he couldn’t help but laugh.

Yan Zhexian noticed the sarcophagus’s unusualness. She asked, “Could this sarcophagus be made from the Pale Blood Soil? It’s amazing. How much Pale Blood Soil was used?”

The Pale Blood Soil was the number one Artifact of the Immortal Vampires. It was also known as the immortal soil, the soil of rebirth, and the soil of resurrection.

If a sarcophagus was made from the Pale Blood Soil, one could imagine how precious it was.

Yan Zhexian said, “Release the seal on me now.”

Zhang Ruochen ignored her. He sat down cross-legged and prepared to refine and absorb the Pale Blood Soil.

Since he couldn't open the sarcophagus, he could only "devour" it.

Perhaps he could take this opportunity to fuse the Earth Saintwill.

'The precepts of the five elements in my body are 300 million, far more than other Paths. The chances of success should be high,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

He thought for a moment. Just in case, he took out a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and held it in his palm. He was ready to swallow it at any time.

Yan Zhexian's cheeks swelled with rage after Zhang Ruochen ignored her. "Can you digest all of these Pale Blood Soil by yourself?" she asked. "Aren't you afraid of dying as a result of overeating?"

Zhang Ruochen stared at her.

He couldn't let anyone disturb him while he was fusing the saintwill. Even if Yan Zhexian's cultivation was sealed, she could still be a threat. So, Zhang Ruochen put her into the Violet Gourd.

"You have all the divine power and Essence Qi of the Madre Bloody Shadow in your body," Zhang Ruochen said to himself as he patted the gourd. "The advantages are numerous. Don't even try to compete with me for the Pale Blood Soil."

The baby in Yan Zhexian's belly was many times more powerful than the energy contained in a divine source.

Even though she was the one carrying the baby, it gave her more benefits.

Yan Zhexian's future path to godhood would be easier than countless cultivators.

Furthermore, the speed of her cultivation would be ridiculous. Yan Wushen and Yan Huangtu might not be able to catch up.

It could be said that Yan Zhexian had taken away the opportunity of the Immortal Vampires' home planet!

Time transcended quickly. The Precepts of Earth in Zhang Ruochen's body grew more and more. They kept changing into the Precepts of Water, Precepts of Fire, Precepts of Metal, and Precepts of Wood.

In such a short time, the precepts of the five elements increased from 300 million to 400 million, and then to 500 million.

When they grew to 800 million, the total number of precepts of the five elements in Zhang Ruochen's body had transcended the sum of all the other precepts. It had reached a critical point.

His body was no longer in the state of flesh and blood. It was colorful, like a colorful human-shaped Godstone.

The five precepts were gathered into five different colored rivers. They made their way through his body. They broke the shackle wherever they went, like a river breaking a bank.

CRACK!

CRACK!

...

The shackles broke one by one.

Zhang Ruochen's Five-element Chaotic Neverwithers Physique expanded again. He shouted, "Saintwill merge with the five elements."

The Earth Saintwill was released and rushed toward the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. The two forcefully collided.

Boom Boom

The Saintwill collide again and again.

However, the repulsion was too strong. The Earth Saintwill kept bouncing back. There were no signs of fusion.

Zhang Ruochen didn't take the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill immediately. He wanted to try it first. After all, this was the sixth type of Saintwill, not the seventh.

If he could succeed without taking the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, his chances of cultivating the Grade One Saintwill would increase greatly.

...

...

Lord Xia Yu and the Immortal Vampires' Array Master managed to hold on for 15 minutes and forced the two Bone Clan Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm out of the battlefield.

However, the attack array was also damaged by the two Supreme Artifacts. It was on the verge of collapse.

At the northwest border of the Demonsky Continent, more than a hundred Immortal Vampires looked at the sky filled with thunder and fire. They could clearly feel the destructive power colliding with each other.

Most of the cultivators were Nine-Step Saint Kings. Their bodies trembled and their legs swayed uncontrollably.

"The collision of three Supreme Artifacts can be considered a high-level battle in a battle between Supreme Saints."

"The array is about to be broken. Who can stop Yan Huangtu and Supreme Saint Yanhong?"

"A Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint with my cultivation level can kill me with the snap of his finger."

Xue Ningxiao looked at the shocking battle in the sky and controlled the fear in her heart. She followed the instructions of Xuemo and formed two thousand-meter-long blood-red hands, tearing apart the plains beneath her feet.

Rumble

A hundreds-of-meters-wide crack appeared.

Below the crack was a dimensional teleportation array.

"Now you have a total of 140 million clansmen on you," Xue Ningxiao said. "Divide them equally amongst yourselves."

140 million clansmen were released from the sleeves of the 14 Immortal Vampires Supreme Saint. They were standing in the middle of the plains. There was an ocean of people with no end in sight.

“Each cultivator will take a million people. I will teleport you away,” said Xue Ningxiao.

One of the Supreme Saints said, “I am not leaving. I want to continue guarding my home planet.”

Xue Ningxiao said, “The reason why Yan Huangtu and Supreme Saint Yanhong came to our home planet is not to occupy this planet, but to kill all the Immortal Vampires. Protecting our people is the most important thing right now.”

“I’ll go first.”

A Nine-Step Saint King did not say anything else. He used his blood-red aura to envelop a million of his clansmen and stood in the teleportation array.

SWOOSH!

The array was activated and sent him to a certain part of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Following that, the teleportation array lit up continuously.

The 63 Nine-Step Saint Kings of Immortal Vampires were dispatched not long after. They traveled to 63 different locations in the starry sky, bringing 63 million clansmen with them.

A deafening roar, ten times louder than before, erupted from the sky.

The Supreme Power turned into a shockwave that could be seen by the naked eye. It descended from the sky and covered the entire planet. It surged toward the ground of their home planet.

Pfft

In an instant, a Nine-Step Saint King spat out blood and half-knelt on the ground.

Even Xue Ningxiao, who had reached the Supreme Saint Realm, had her eardrums ruptured and two blood lines flowed out.

Fortunately, the 14 Supreme Saints had kept the remaining seventy-seven million members of their clan.

“The attack array has been compromised. There isn’t enough time to keep teleporting. Everyone, go underground.” said Xue Ningxiao.

Xue Ningxiao turned into a streak of light and flew into the air. She descended from the sky and stomped on the teleportation array, intending to destroy it.

After waiting for so long, Lord Bladehell and the Immortal Vampires’ legion of Supreme Saints did not return. There was no point in continuing to keep this teleportation array. At the very least, they could not leave it for Yan Huangtu and Supreme Saint Yanhong.

“You are not allowed to destroy the array.”

Supreme Saint Yanhong’s voice came from the sky.

Supreme Saint Yanhong’s voice contained powerful spiritual energy. It was just a simple sentence, but it made Xue Ningxiao’s thoughts blurry. She flew in the air and could not continue to stomp down.

Supreme Saint Yanhong’s voice was like a command, and Xue Ningxiao couldn’t resist.

The skeleton-like Supreme Saint Yanhong broke through the atmosphere and flew towards the teleportation array.

Supreme Saint Yanhong could use the Path of Destiny to predict the locations of the 63 Nine-Step Saint Kings who had just left as long as she could protect the teleportation array.

Otherwise, the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was so vast. Even if the Bone Clan and the Yanluo clan had the power to reach the heavens, they would not be able to find all 63 Nine-Step Saint Kings within a day.

However, the Immortal Vampires knew that the teleportation array had to be destroyed.

“I’ll hold her for a moment. You guys destroy the teleportation array immediately.”

Just now, the Supreme Saint who said that he would “continue to guard our own planet” let out a long roar. The Saint Blood in his body burned as he spread out his six blood wings and flew into the sky, crashing directly into Supreme Saint Yanhong.

“You bunch of trash want to destroy the teleportation array? Dream on.” said Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Supreme Saint Yanhong released all of her spiritual energy and covered the area within a thousand miles. She suppressed all the Immortal Vampires cultivators.

At the same time, she struck the head of the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saint who was burning his Saint Blood.

Boom

His head exploded and his body was split into two.

The difference in cultivation level was too great. He could not stop Supreme Saint Yanhong for even a second.

Supreme Saint Yanhong was overcome with indescribable joy. Previously, the Immortal Vampires had severely injured the Bone Clan, and they had already formed a feud. She was finally going to be able to teach the Immortal Vampires a lesson.

She did not need to kill them. All she needed to do was to beat them into a sorry state.

After all, as an intruder, killing an Immortal Vampire cultivator would cost her 500,000 points.

Suddenly, Supreme Saint Yanhong sensed a dangerous presence and looked up.

The body of the Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint, which she had split in half, remerged. Her body turned crimson red and emitted a blood-red light that was boundless. She unleashed a wave of ever-increasing destructive power.

Not good, that's a self-detonated Sainthood Source! Is this Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint crazy? It's just a competition for rankings, not a life-and-death battle.'

Supreme Saint Yanhong cursed in her heart. She immediately mobilized all of her strength and injected it into the Supreme Artifact ring to boost her defense.

Although her opponent was only a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, such a close self-detonation would pose a huge threat to Supreme Saint Yanhong.

Using this opportunity, Xue Ningxiao's body became illusory and escaped Supreme Saint Yanhong's spiritual pressure. She stomped on the teleportation array, shattering it into fragments.

Following that, Xue Ningxiao turned illusory once more as if she had blended into the air and charged into the ground.

Boom

The powerful destructive force of the self-detonated Sainthood Source crashed into Supreme Saint Yanhong's body. Her body fell straight down. On the plains, a huge pit with a diameter of a few hundred meters was created.

Dust rolled and surged.

Supreme Saint Yanhong crawled up from the bottom of the pit. She was not injured at all. Her body released a monstrous Qi of Death that covered the entire planet, she shouted, "Listen up, Bone Clan Supreme Saints. Go after the Immortal Vampire's cultivators that escaped underground. Don't kill them. Just destroy their Neverwither Physique or snatch their Sainthood Source. Destroying their cultivation is the true torture for them."

Chapter 2392: Colourful Radiance Brought Light to the World

Lord Xia Yu was launched into the air the moment the attack array was shattered. Saint Blood splattered everywhere as her skin split open.

She gritted her teeth and forced herself to stabilize her body. She sent a telepathic message through her spiritual energy, “All Array Masters, withdraw from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting immediately.”

“However, there are still two Star-Shield Grand Formations that need our protection.”

“No, we can still continue fighting.”

“There are still twenty hours before the Battle of Celestial-Hunting ends. We can delay them for as long as we can.”

None of the dozens of Array Masters of the Immortal Vampires left. Some entered the two Star-Shield Grand Formations, while others entered the illusion formations on the ground to continue fighting.

The first ranking of the ten clans was very close to their possession. On that crucial last day, they had to persist no matter what.

If they persevered for a moment longer, the time that the Yanluo clan and the Bone Clan would have to chase after the Immortal Vampires would be reduced by a moment.

If they persisted for a moment longer, Zhang Ruochen might be able to rush back and stabilize the situation.

For the Immortal Vampires, there was no moment that they were more eager to see Zhang Ruochen than now. Not only the cultivators on the battlefield of their own clan but also the

Immortal Vampires in the entire Infernal Court who were watching the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms.

Lord Xia Yu knew very well that the attack array had been destroyed. Under the combined efforts of the Yanluo clan and the Bone Clan cultivators, the two Star-Shield Grand Formations would soon be broken.

Rather than continuing to resist and having her cultivation destroyed, it was better to leave the battlefield immediately.

However, she couldn't protect herself now, so she naturally couldn't order other cultivators.

A golden light rushed over.

It was Yan Huangtu.

“Die!” Yan Huangtu shouted.

Yan Huangtu didn't use any saint techniques and just threw out a punch without any fancy moves.

Lord Xia Yu barely held up the Pleiades Lotus to block the punch.

BANG!

She flew out, and more blood spilled from her body.

Yan Huangtu's punch was like a divine mountain pressing down. The power was endless, and it shook all the bones in her body to the point that they cracked and almost shattered.

Blocked it?

Yan Huangtu was slightly surprised. He chased after her and threw out another punch.

Lord Xia Yu's expression was ice-cold as she blocked it once more. Her slender body flew out like a scarecrow. The flesh and blood on her arms turned muddy, revealing her jade-like bones.

Yan Huangtu threw out the third punch.

Lord Xia Yu landed heavily on the ground, her entire body was in a bloody mess.

BANG!

Yan Huangtu landed on the ground, causing a slew of cracks to form. As he walked towards Lord Xia Yu, who was lying on the ground, the Nine Dragons Divine Marks revolved around his body, he said, “You were able to create a huge problem for me with the array, and you were able to take three punches from me without dying. You’re quite impressive. You stood out in the Celestial-Hunting Battle. The Immortal Vampires had undoubtedly nurtured you well. I don’t want to kill you. Surrender yourself by handing over the Pleiades Lotus and the Immortal Vampires!”

Lord Xia Yu stretched out her hand, which was half flesh and half bone, and supported herself on the ground. She slowly got up, flames burning in her eyes, and her expression was extremely resolute, she said in a deep voice, “I can’t admit defeat to the enemy. I’d rather die... than retreat.”

Every word was squeezed out from between her teeth.

Whoosh

She used a forbidden technique, and her bloody body began to burn.

“Heaven and earth devour blood and the Grim devours the soul.”

Blood-snake-shaped flames shot through her skin, flesh, and bones. Immense pain spread throughout her body, and she could not help but let out a long scream.

Her Supreme Saint’s blood and lifespan were quickly depleted, and they were converted into powerful energy, causing the aura that erupted from Lord Xia Yu’s body to grow stronger and stronger.

Above Lord Xia Yu’s head, the Pleiades Lotus was covered with countless Supreme Inscriptions. The energy it released was cold and dark, causing the thousands of miles long continent beneath their feet to be instantly covered in a thick layer of black ice.

Tens of thousands of souls flew out from the Ghost Lotus and howled in the sky.

The expression on Yan Huangtu's face turned completely cold as he said, "Continue rejecting my good intentions. Next, you will have to bear the responsibility of your own life and death."

Lord Xia Yu was a powerhouse who could enter the top ten of those who attained the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. After burning her Saint Blood and lifespan, her battle prowess had increased greatly. In addition, she had a Supreme Artifact. It was enough to pose a threat to Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu could only go all out and could not show mercy to her.

Even Yan Huangtu had to go all out. One could imagine how powerful Lord Xia Yu's battle prowess was at this moment.

RUSTLE!

Yan Huangtu arched his back and waved his Scepter of Heaven's Pass.

The light of the Scepter of Heaven's Pass was boundless, and wherever it shone, the black ice instantly melted.

Finally, the two streams of Supreme Power collided, and the continent beneath their feet began to collapse.

All of the illusion formation inscriptions were shattered.

The cultivators on the continent were flung into the air, and many of them were severely injured and forced to flee the battlefield.

Lord Xia Yu retreated dozens of miles. More than 70% of her flesh and blood were blown away by the Supreme Power storm. Even if she used a forbidden spell, she still couldn't fight against Yan Huangtu.

"I have to fight! Must never admit defeat. Must never retreat." Lord Xia Yu muttered.

Lord Xia Yu was strong and stubborn. She never bowed to any cultivator, including Zhang Ruochen. Although he had defeated her, she had never admitted defeat to Zhang Ruochen.

It could only be considered a spar with Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Huangtu was now an enemy that threatened the entire Immortal Vampires, so it was even more impossible for her to admit defeat.

BOOM!

BOOM!

...

The Supreme Artifact collided fiercely. The continent under their feet split into dozens of islands.

Huge waves rose on the blood-red sea.

The powerful energy storm kept blowing hurricanes on the planet. The whole world became extremely dark.

“I can’t lose. I can’t lose. I once promised Zhang Ruochen that no one could break into our home planet. Even if I have to fight to the last drop of my blood, I have to defend.” Lord Xia Yu muttered.

90% of Lord Xia Yu’s flesh and blood were sent flying by Yan Huangtu. Her internal organs were torn and tattered. She looked like a skeleton, but she still held up the Pleiades Lotus and fought fiercely with Yan Huangtu.

Xuemo defeated Shang Ki, the Bone Clan Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He spread his ten black wings and flew in mid-air. He looked at the sea area where Lord Xia Yu and Yan Huangtu were fighting and was stunned for a moment, he said, “This woman looks delicate and cold. However, she is too stubborn. She actually fought head-on with Yan Huangtu who has the Royal Divine Frame. How long can she hold on with her body and the Supreme Artifact?”

Xuemo was not as stubborn as Lord Xia Yu. He was smart enough to dive into the ground.

“I better go find Zhang Ruochen first. If he doesn’t come out, no one can stop Yan Huangtu.” said Xuemo.

Although Xuemo had defeated Sang Ki, he had been seriously injured. His chest had been pierced through.

Fortunately, the Deva Wiccan Demonic Physique had an extremely strong self-healing ability, so it didn't affect him to continue fighting. Otherwise, he would have already retreated from the battlefield and wouldn't have taken his own life as a joke. There was no point in forcefully holding on.

All the gods of the Bloodysky Clan gathered in the Wargod Bloodximius's divinity world.

Blood Empress nodded in satisfaction, she said, "Xia Yu's will is firm, and she has successfully fused a Grade Three Saintwill. She can ascend to godhood. If she can survive this hurdle, she might be able to soar to the sky in the future and become another god of the Bloodysky Clan who has mastered the Canon. Chen 'er, you are good at seeking the talented!"

There were very few gods who could master the Canons in the entire Bloodysky Clan. Each of them was an existence that could hold up the sky.

All the gods present sighed.

They knew very well that Lord Xia Yu would definitely submit to the Xue Jue Family. It was already too late to rope her in now!

They did not see that the Supreme Artifact had been given out.

They heard Blood Empress's tone. It was as if she was commenting on her own daughter-in-law.

Perhaps, after the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, Lord Xia Yu would marry into the Xue Jue Family and become a core member, completely dispelling the thoughts of the other gods.

The Fane of Thousand Clearwater had always been enemies with the Xia Family and had annexed a large amount of the Xias' territory.

The lord of the Fane of Thousand Clearwater was only a pseudo god, sitting at the bottom of the throne. At this moment, he was thinking about whether he should take the initiative to return the territory to the Xias. After all, with the

support of the Xue Jue Family, Lord Xia Yu had a high chance of becoming a god in the future.

Furthermore, even if Lord Xia Yu was unable to become a god, as long as she could marry Zhang Ruochen, a world-shattering peerless genius, how could he, a pseudo god, afford to provoke her?

Blood Empress only had one son, Zhang Ruochen.

Moreover, everyone could see that Wargod Bloodximius had high hopes for Zhang Ruochen and intended to nurture him as the future successor of the family.

“No, wait a little longer. What if Lord Xia Yu dies at the hands of Yan Huangtu?”

The lord of Fane of Thousand Clearwater closed his eyes again and waited quietly for the result.

The gods of the Bloodysky Clan actually hoped that Lord Xia Yu would admit defeat and withdraw from the battlefield immediately. After all, it was already very impressive to be able to fight with Yan Huangtu until now.

If she continued to hold on, she would be in danger of dying.

Actually, the one who was most depressed was still Yan Huangtu.

It was just the Battle of Celestial-Hunting and there was no great enmity between the two sides. Was there a need to risk their lives like this?

Back then, the reason why Xu self-detonated his Sainthood Source was entirely because he was the leading figure of the Ghosts. He had to bear the main responsibility for the destruction of his own planet. Even if he escaped from the battlefield, he would still be cruelly punished by Ghost Master.

Ghost Master was known for his ruthlessness and Xu would most likely die.

Since Xu was going to die, he naturally chose to kamikaze. He would die a more heroic death.

Lord Xia Yu was only ranked fourth among the Immortal Vampires. Why did she have to fight to the death with Yan Huangtu? Losing to him was an honorable thing. It wasn't shameful at all.

To the Immortal Vampires, the most important thing was blood.

More than 90% of Lord Xia Yu's Saint Blood had been lost, so how could she still hold on until now?

Yan Huangtu looked carefully and finally found that Lord Xia Yu's bones and heart were engraved with array inscriptions, forming a ninth class array. Blood Qi kept gushing out of her heart, supporting her to keep fighting.

"How can a heart contain so much blood Qi? How did she do it?" Yan Huangtu found it hard to understand.

Of course, Yan Huangtu didn't know that Lord Xia Yu had sealed the Saint Bloody Shadow inside her heart.

During the time when Yan Huangtu was delayed by Lord Xia Yu, the two Star-Shield Grand Formations hadn't been broken. A large number of powerhouses from the Bone Clan and the Yanluo clan were still blocked outside the planet.

However, the Array Masters of the Immortal Vampires had been wiped out.

Some of them fled the battlefield.

Some of their Sainthood Sources were taken away and banished to the void.

Some were beaten to death by the Bone Clan Supreme Saints and perished in mid-air. Their flesh and blood turned into ashes and scattered on their own planet.

This battle was too cruel.

It was the same for the Bone Clan and the Immortal Vampires.

In the Fane of Destiny, the Immortal Vampires' gods were all cold and solemn. They weren't moved by the Immortal Vampires' defeat. After all, this was what they had expected.

They were already very satisfied that the Immortal Vampires could fight to this extent.

The only thing that made them angry and confused was where Zhang Ruochen had run off to? If he had been there, the battle wouldn't have ended up like this.

Pink Skull stood at the edge of the broken dimensional teleportation array. The Gate of Destiny appeared behind her.

Precepts of Destiny flew out of the door like threads. They pulled the broken array back and restored it to its original state.

The bone fire in her eyes jumped as if she was smiling.

"Stop fighting and finish her off immediately. Killing all the Immortal Vampires is more important," Pink Skull sent a voice transmission to Yan Huangtu.

"Alright, it's time to end this!" said Yan Huangtu

Yan Huangtu controlled the Scepter of Heaven's Pass and sent the Pleiades Lotus flying.

At the same time, he punched out with both fists, and thousands of dragon shadows with Divine Marks flew out and hit Lord Xia Yu's body.

Crack

Lord Xia Yu flew up. The array on her body broke inch by inch.

The crystal-clear bones of the Supreme Saint broke like glass. Lord Xia Yu's eyes were filled with unwillingness, she felt bitter and she said, "Even if I try my best, I can't change the outcome of failure. Zhang Ruochen... I have disappointed you... I'm sorry..."

At that moment, she didn't want to consider herself a lord anymore.

It wasn't that her confidence had been crushed, but that she didn't have the face to see Zhang Ruochen again. The Saint Bloody Shadow and the Supreme Artifact had been given to her and helped her cultivate the Grade Three Saintwill.

Unfortunately, she was still defeated and couldn't defend her home planet.

...

After the Madre Bloody Shadow died, all the Bloody Shadowseeds in the underground disappeared.

Xuemo followed the blood river and came to the center of the planet through a maze-like river. Zhang Ruochen was sitting cross-legged under a jade tree in the form of a young girl. He sat on the foot of the tree and emitted colorful light.

"This kid is still cultivating in such a critical moment. Wasn't there a sarcophagus in the center of the planet? Where is it?"

Xuemo was also very interested in the opportunities on his own planet.

Just as he stepped on the stone stairs and was about to walk toward Zhang Ruochen, the colorful brilliance on Zhang Ruochen's body suddenly increased by 10,000 times. The colorful tidal waves formed sent Xuemo flying backward and his body crashed into the stone wall.

Whoosh

The colorful brilliance flowed through the river channels, causing the water to flow backward. It spread from the planet's core to the surface. The cultivators in the river channels were also washed away.

Colorful light pillars flew out from the ground.

At that moment, the entire planet was like a blood-red light bulb that was lit up. Dazzling colorful light emitted from all parts of the planet. It was beautiful.

The planet was like it was made of sand, soil, rocks, mountains... all of them were separated, revealing a complicated jade-white hard river channel.

The Madre Bloody Shadow's body was completely detached. It was more than 10,000 miles tall, in the form of a jade tree.

Every river was a branch.

Even though the Madre Bloody Shadow had fallen and the divine power, Essence Qi, and soul fragments had all entered Yan Zhexian's stomach, they still gave off an extremely shocking aura.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged at the foot of the tree. The colorful light emitted from his body illuminated the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. It could be seen from hundreds of millions of miles away.

Although it was not even one-tenth of the brilliance of a star, it shocked all the gods, who were brighter than a star.

...

Chapter 2393: Flooding the Fane of Destiny

They were all stunned as they stood in the colorful starry sky, whether it was the Immortal Vampires or the Bone Clan's Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.

"It's... It's a tree. The planet is so huge."

Some of the cultivators were shocked and couldn't help but kneel in front of the jade tree.

When the Madre Bloody Shadow was alive, her spiritual power was extremely powerful and few gods could compare to her. Now that she was dead, the remaining spiritual power was released as the tree's body was revealed. It was able to affect the Supreme Saint's spiritual power.

Only Yan Huangtu, Pink Skull, Xuemo and a few other Supreme Saints with strong spiritual power were able to resist the attack of the spiritual power.

The last two Star-Shield Grand Formations collapsed when the planet disintegrated.

The cultivators of the Yanluo clan and the Bone Clan gathered together and retreated to a place thousands of miles away from the jade tree.

The scene in front of them was too spectacular and shocking. It made them wary.

"Look, look, the colorful light is coming from Zhang Ruochen."

"The precepts of this world have become very active. They are flowing regularly with Zhang Ruochen as the heart of the world, especially the precepts of the five elements. They are growing more and more."

"What a terrifying power fluctuation. Has Zhang Ruochen comprehended Path under the tree?"

Yan Huangtu's ferocious gaze was fixed on Zhang Ruochen, who was motionless. Even he was taken aback.

The Precepts of Fist, Palm, Water, Earth, Metal, and Wood in Zhang Ruochen had a total of more than three billion precepts. All of them were gathered together, they flowed in a circle.

Sometimes, all the precepts are condensed into six different types of Saintwill.

Sometimes, the six types of Saintwill merged into one.

Sometimes, they spread out and turned into precepts ley lines.

The state of the Saintwill was very unstable, causing the soil, rocks, and water that had scattered out of the home planet to undergo unimaginable changes. Just a moment ago, they had turned golden and turned into metal. In the next moment, the metal melted and turned into water.

After a while, the water solidified and turned into stone.

Immediately after, dense trees grew out of the stone and turned into a forest.

In the area of more than ten thousand miles covered by the jade trees, all the materials were undergoing the transformation of the five elements. It did not conform according to nature and was completely unreasonable.

Gradually, the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill condensed from the six kinds of Saintwill stabilized.

At this moment, the entire world fell into a strange silence, as if all the sounds had disappeared.

The gods in the Fane of Destiny, including the ancient gods who had closed their eyes to rest since the start of the Celestial-Hunting Festival, all turned their gaze to the starry sky, where the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was located.

"How can six types of Saintwills merge into one? Impossible, I don't believe it."

"Six types of Saintwills, and each of them is at Grade Four or Five. Once they merge, how strong will the Saintwills become?"

“How can a Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivator have such a shocking colorful radiance?”

A thought appeared in the hearts of all the gods, but none of them said it out loud.

This was because they all felt that it was impossible.

For a Supreme Saint to be able to fuse a Grade Five Saintwill meant that he had the potential to become a god. He was known as the “God Candidate”.

Be it the Celestial Court or Infernal Court, the vast majority of gods cultivated with their Grade Four or Grade Five Saintwill to the divine realm.

For Supreme Saints like Lord Xia Yu, Lord Bladehell, and Yan Huangtu who could cultivate Grade Three Saintwill, once they became gods, they would become powerhouses among gods. If they could grasp the Canon, it would be easier for them to overcome the first Yuanhui Tribulation. Of course, there was also a huge gap between cultivators who could cultivate Grade Three Saintwill.

As for the Grade Two Saintwill, it was too rare. Once a cultivator became a god, he would become a heaven-defying existence like Wargod Bloodximius and Huang Tian. He would have the chance to conquer the entire universe in the future.

However, Zhang Ruochen’s current state was one level higher than when Wargod Bloodximius and Huang Tian were young.

“Could that be the Grade One Saintwill?”

Many gods had their guesses.

The gods could still recognize the Grade Two Saintwill. After all, many Supreme Saints had succeeded in cultivating it in history, and there were many written records about it.

The Fane of Destiny had recorded the Grade Two Saintwills that had been born in ancient times into a book. There were thousands of Grade Two Saintwills recorded in the book.

When Zhang Ruochen combined five different types of Saintwills, they were able to accurately determine that it was a

powerful Grade Two Saintwill, but it wasn't perfect.

They could also provide an accurate assessment of Que's unfinished Grade Two Saintwill that he had cultivated.

Ordinary gods, however, would not dare to make such an assessment of Zhang Ruochen's Saintwill. Because no cultivator had ever succeeded in combining six different types of Saintwills. At the very least, no such record could be found in any of the books.

Moreover, no matter how powerful the Grade Two Saintwill was, it could not cause such a big commotion for Zhang Ruochen.

After holding his breath for a long time, Wargod Bloodximius only spat out two words. "This kid..."

In Wargod Bloodximius's divinity world, the gods of the Bloodysky Clan were silent. They didn't say anything to congratulate Zhang Ruochen. It was as if they'd all suffered a blow and needed some time to recover.

Lord Ming was spinning the Stellar Sword in his hand and said to himself, "The legendary Grade One? No, the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill wasn't complete. How can the incomplete Saintwill be considered as Grade One?"

Supreme Saint Qingsheng looked at the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms in the sky and lowered his head and sighed, he said, "It's getting harder and harder to understand. What is going on in this world? Participating in a Celestial-Hunting Festival, the Grade Two Saintwill is condensed. No, it's very likely to be even stronger. No wonder you can only be a family head. Trash, you can't understand it. You can't understand it. Xue Qingsheng, you'll never understand it!"

At the foot of Mount Destiny.

The Gate of Destiny, which was made of tens of thousands of stellar cores, emitted a light that alternated between brightness and darkness.

In the "Destiny's Creek" where the Celestial-Hunting Festival was held, the water of the stream went against the current and

surged toward the top of Mount Destiny. It rushed straight into the Fane of Destiny and flooded the fane for several feet.

Such a strange and horrifying phenomenon actually happened in the Fane of Destiny, which caused waves of exclamations.

The peace was broken.

Ghost Master's shadow appeared, he said sternly, "The Gate of Destiny, yin, and yang are unstable. The Destiny's Creek flowed backward, flooding the fane. This is a bad omen, a warning from destiny. It means that Zhang Ruochen has a rebellious heart. Sooner or later, he will lead disaster to the Fane of Destiny. We must get rid of him as soon as possible. We can't let him continue to grow."

Asurendra Samay's shadow also appeared. He said, "I agree with Ghost Master. The Fane of Destiny is sacred ground. Nothing like this has ever happened. Zhang Ruochen will definitely become the enemy of the Fane of Destiny in the future."

The gods in the Fane of Destiny clearly did not expect such a thing to happen on the mountain. A Supreme Saint had just condensed the Saintwill. It wouldn't cause such a big commotion, right?

The three gods, Wargod Bloodximus, Blood Empress, and Lord Ming, appeared at the same time.

Wargod Bloodximus said in a deep voice, "Ghost Master, Asurendra Samay, my grandson is only a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. His cultivation base is not even one-tenth of one-hundred-thousand of yours. Yet, he is being targeted by all of you. Do you still wish to keep your reputation?"

In the Infernal Court, gods could not interfere in matters of those cultivation were below divinity. They could not even interfere in the fight for benefits between the various powers.

Therefore, even the Scioness of Destiny, who was in charge of the Fane of Destiny, could only be a Supreme Saint.

It was against the laws for Ghost Master and Asurendra Samay to ask the Fane of Destiny to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Blood Empress said, “You want to kill my son with a personal grudge. Do you really think the Xue Jue family is easy to bully?”

“You’re both ancient gods who have cultivated for hundreds of thousands of years. You’re still so narrow-minded. There’s no room for a junior Supreme Saint. If this gets out, your reputation will be ruined!”

Lord Ming continued, “To be honest, no matter how strong a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm is, in my eyes, he is no different from the ants on the ground. I will not even look at him, let alone compete with him. If I compete with the ants, what is the difference between me and the ants?”

Lord Ming was telling the truth.

It was not just a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. It could be said that any Supreme Saint was no different from an ant in his eyes.

Who was Que?

He did not care at all.

Who was Yan Wushen?

‘I will remember your name when you reach the divinity state. Before you become a god, no matter how strong you are, you are still an ant.’ Lord Ming thought.

Ghost Master laughed coldly, he said, “Xue Jue, this son of yours is too arrogant. He is really like you, arrogant and conceited. However, I am very cautious. I do not dare to underestimate those juniors. I’ll pay attention to any Supreme Saint who has the potential to become a god and get his name to appear in the *Tome of the Divines*. You know very well that Zhang Ruochen is not an ant. He has already broken the limits of the Saintwill from ancient to modern times. His future achievements may be even higher than yours, Xue Jue.”

“The more you try to belittle Zhang Ruochen, the more you want to help him get away from the anomaly of the Fane of Destiny,” Asurendra Samay said.

To Ghost Master and Asurendra Samay, Zhang Ruochen was indeed a small character, almost negligible. Their hatred was not on Zhang Ruochen at all, but on the Wargod Bloodximius.

Killing Zhang Ruochen would not only cut off the future hope of the Xue Jue family but also deal a severe blow to the Wargod Bloodximius.

They could even use Zhang Ruochen's special identity to drag the Wargod Bloodximius down with them.

Killing Zhang Ruochen was only a means to an end.

Dealing with Wargod Bloodximius was the actual goal.

Ghost Master continued, "The Saintwill that Zhang Ruochen has cultivated has most likely reached the legendary Grade One. Now, there was an ominous sign on Mount Destiny. This meant that Zhang Ruochen would certainly oppose destiny and become its enemy in the future. It's better to kill such a rebellious son as soon as possible."

Wargod Bloodximius's words were so shocking that he wouldn't stop until death. "To oppose destiny and become its enemy. Many gods in the Infernal Court don't believe in destiny, right? Many of you were eager to change your destiny, weren't you?"

Ghost Master and Asurendra Samay didn't dare to speak.

This topic was too sensitive. Only Wargod Bloodximius dared to say such words in the Fane of Destiny.

All the gods in the Fane of Destiny quieted down, along with gasps.

Wargod Bloodximius continued, "If I remember correctly, the number one powerhouse of Ghosts, Great Emperor Fengdu, who doesn't believe in destiny the most. He once said, 'my destiny is in my hands.'"

The gods didn't dare to speak anymore. They all thought that Wargod Bloodximius was crazy to pull Great Emperor Fengdu out as a shield.

Great Emperor Fengdu dared to say, "My destiny is in my hands" because others were invincible and fearless. Of the

three World Trees, “Fengdu Ghost City” had one. It was on par with “Yama Boundless Realm” and “Divine Domain of Destiny”.

There were differences among gods as well.

Then, Wargod Bloodximius said, “Just now, I received news that Great Emperor Fengdu had transcended the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation in the remote starry sky.”

This hint was even more obvious.

He said it outright, “The reason why Mount Destiny has such an ominous sign is not because of a nobody like Zhang Ruochen, but because of Great Emperor Fengdu, who is more important.”

The gods had been completely shocked by the news that Great Emperor Fengdu had transcended the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation, so it didn’t matter whether Wargod Bloodximius was courting death or not.

It was the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation, not the tenth Ghost Tribulation.

Apart from the cultivators of the plants and some special clans, the gods who had transcended the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation were all extremely rare.

Apart from that, there were also differences in the difficulty of different clans transcending the Yuanhui Tribulation.

It was harder for the Ghosts’ gods to transcend the first Yuanhui Tribulation than for the human gods.

As a Ghost, Great Emperor Fengdu was able to survive the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation.

In the Infernal Court, the three lower clans had the most difficulty to survive the Yuanhui Tribulation, followed by the three middle clans, and then the three upper clans. It was the easiest for the Yanluo clan to survive the Yuanhui Tribulation.

Of course, the difference between difficulty and ease wasn’t too big.

“How is this possible? How can we not sense the powerful ripples of power from the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation?”

“It’s normal that we can’t sense it because the starry sky is too far away from the Divine Domain of Destiny.”

“I did some predictions just now. The time when Great Emperor Fengdu transcended the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation should have been recent.”

A god muttered to himself, “Could it be that Great Emperor Fengdu is the cause of the ominous phenomenon on Mount Destiny?”

The moment he said this, he immediately shut his mouth.

This matter was of great importance and had far-reaching implications. Other than Wargod Bloodximus, no other gods dared to speak carelessly.

Ghost Master and Asurendra Samay were also stunned for a moment. Then, they were secretly delighted. Whether or not Great Emperor Fengdu had really survived the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation, Wargod Bloodximus’s words were tantamount to offending him.

Of course, Wargod Bloodximus was talking nonsense. In fact, he did not know whether Great Emperor Fengdu had survived the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation or not. He just pulled him out and used him as a shield for Zhang Ruochen.

After all, if Ghost Master and Asurendra Samay really pointed out the ominous vision of Mount Destiny at Zhang Ruochen, then Zhang Ruochen would die without a doubt. No one could save him.

The gods of the Fane of Destiny placed great importance on omens and celestial phenomena.

Because they believed it.

As for whether this lie would be exposed, Wargod Bloodximus wouldn’t worry for the time being.

Firstly, Great Emperor Fengdu had indeed gone to the desolate galaxy.

The desolate galaxy was too vast. Even if he transcended the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation, no cultivator would know about it.

Secondly, to transcend the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation, Great Emperor Fengdu would definitely go into seclusion for a long period. It could be a few months, or it could be a few hundred years.

If Great Emperor Fengdu failed to transcend the tribulation, it would naturally be for the best. It would be like he had been missing for thousands of years.

After tens of thousands of years, who would still remember what happened on Mount Destiny?

Even if they did, they would be too embarrassed to bring it up again.

If Great Emperor Fengdu succeeded in transcending the tribulation and returned, Wargod Bloodximus believed that with his status, he would not care about such a trivial matter. Did it matter what the god of Fate of Destiny thought of him?

Moreover, if Great Emperor Fengdu knew that Zhang Ruochen was once an emissary of Moon Goddess, he would more or less show some mercy.

Wargod Bloodximus seemed to be arrogant and reckless, but in fact, he had already thought of all kinds of escape routes.

The Divine Shadow of Asurendra Barasingha appeared and said with a smile, "We haven't received the news that Great Emperor Fengdu has survived the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation. How did Wargod Bloodximus find out before us?"

Chapter 2394: Rescuing Lord Xia Yu

Ordinary gods wouldn't dare to get involved in this matter.

However, Asurendra Barasingha was an incredible figure, one of the prominent figures of the Asuras. Four Yuanhui periods ago, he founded the Fane of Barasingha by himself. At that time, no one thought that the Fane of Barasingha would be able to stand for long.

The Asuras were always in bloodshed and war, so the creation and downfall of a fane were common to them.

However, the Fane of Barasingha did not collapse. Instead, it trampled on the ancient fanes and became the second-ranked fane among the Asuras.

Even Wargod Bloodximius did not dare to say that he could lead the Xue Jue Family to become the second-largest faction of the Immortal Vampires in just four Yuanhui periods.

Moreover, Asurendra Barasingha had started from scratch and did not have a family of his own.

In terms of cultivation, Wargod Bloodximius was confident that he could beat Asurendra Barasingha. However, he was far behind in terms of managing and expanding his forces.

Ghost Master claimed that the Supreme Saints whose name appeared in the *Tome of the Divines* would pay attention to them. In reality, he spent very little energy and didn't pay much attention to them.

However, Asurendra Barasingha valued nurturing the talents of his juniors. He did many things by himself. He would pay close attention to every Supreme Saint who had the potential to become a god. If he could win them over, he would do everything he could to win them over. If they were enemies, he would assassinate them directly.

In addition to the Supreme Saints who had the potential to become gods, the Fane of Barasingha also set up divisions for the extremely talented half-saints, saints, and Saint Kings. They made specific plans to recruit them.

Since this Yuanhui period, the Fane of Barasingha had nurtured a new generation of powerhouses that were almost comparable to the Fane of Asura.

Lan Ying and Hong Futu were the younger generation geniuses that Asurendra Barasingha had personally subdued. In these thousand years, they were among the top powerhouses of the Asuras.

Asurendra Samay was the target that Asurendra Barasingha had spent countless efforts to rope in.

These were just the tip of the iceberg of what Asurendra Barasingha had done.

In the entire Infernal Court, Asurendra Barasingha was one of the few people that Wargod Bloodximius feared. It was not only because of his outstanding cultivation base but also because of his extraordinary means.

When Wargod Bloodximius and Asurendra Barasingha looked at each other, a voice sounded.

“Barasingha, do you think that Great Emperor Fengdu won’t be able to survive the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation? Or do you think that Xue Jue will make a joke out of Great Emperor Fengdu?”

Luo Yan’s mighty Divine Shadow appeared and his voice was majestic.

Asurendra Barasingha smiled, “Your Majesty, you are wrong. Of course, I believe in Wargod Bloodximius and even more so that Great Emperor Fengdu will be able to survive the tenth Yuanhui Tribulation. I’m just curious.”

“Every god has their secrets. Why are you asking so many questions? If Xue Jue’s words are false, Great Emperor Fengdu will have his plans. It’s not good for you to interfere, right? After all, we are all from the three lower clans!” Luo Yan said.

Barasingha's eyes flashed. He cupped his hands and said, "Your Majesty is right."

Barasingha retreated and his divine shadow disappeared.

The reason why Asurendra Barasingha stopped interrogating was Luo Yan's last sentence, "we are all from the three lower clans."

There were many conflicts between the ten clans in the Infernal Court.

Specifically, the life-or-death battles between the three lower clans and the three middle clans.

That was why the three lower clans couldn't fight among themselves first.

This was the biggest reason why Luo Yan would appear at this time.

The second reason was that Luo Yan admired Zhang Ruochen's talent and looked forward to Zhang Ruochen's future. If Luo Sha could marry Zhang Ruochen and become his wife, it would undoubtedly draw him into the Devala's camp.

'Since Amane said that she saw the destiny of Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen, no matter if their future is a blessing or a curse, we have to help them now,' Luo Yan thought.

Wargod Bloodximus retreated to the divinity world and fell into deep thought.

From the beginning, Wargod Bloodximus was confident that Zhang Ruochen would try to break through to the Grade One Saintwill. He longed for Zhang Ruochen to walk the path that he hadn't been able to walk before.

However, the combination of the sixth Saintwill had triggered the phenomena on Mount Destiny, which was far beyond his expectations.

Because Fukurokuju and Luo Yan were in charge of Mount Destiny, Zhang Ruochen's negative influence was temporarily suppressed. However, this was not the end of the story. Later, there would be a violent backlash.

Wargod Bloodximius thought, ‘After this, it’s hard for those gods not to pay attention to Zhang Ruochen. Especially the gods who had a grudge against Zhang Ruochen. In the past, they had many children. Even if Zhang Ruochen killed one or two of them, they would still feel fine. Their path of growth would not be smooth. But now... Their wills will probably become quite radical.

‘And those gods and Supreme Saints who believe in destiny will attack. They’d rather kill the wrong person than let it go.’

Wargod Bloodximius was indeed powerful, but he had only cultivated for more than 100,000 years.

Just like Huang Tian, he didn’t even have the power to resist the lord of Fane of Truth.

There were powerful figures like the lord of Fane of Truth in the Infernal court, such as Luo Yan.

Luo Yan was only at a disadvantage when he fought with Wargod Bian Zhuang, the number one wargod of the Celestial Court. It was obvious how powerful his cultivation was. Even Asurendra Barasingha was afraid of him.

The reason why Wargod Bloodximius wanted to establish an alliance with Luo Yan was to find shelter for Zhang Ruochen.

Wargod Bloodximius thought, ‘What Luo Yan cares about is his daughter. If things get out of control, he might not show up again. It seemed that he had to ask that old fart to show up. No, wait a little longer. I don’t want to alarm him for the time being. It won’t be too late to alarm Zhang Ruochen after he has crossed the threshold of the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm.’

Wargod Bloodximius was well aware that, while Zhang Ruochen had performed admirably, the likelihood of him becoming a god was too remote, and the enemy had little regard for him. The enemy’s priority was still Wargod Bloodximius.

Only when Zhang Ruochen was sure that he could become a god would a world-shaking storm come.

‘Since he has performed so well, there must be many forces who want to bet on him. Alliance... more alliances will work. As long as the net of interests is big enough, even the Fane of Destiny would not dare to touch him.’ Wargod Bloodximius thought.

The grim look on Wargod Bloodximius’s face disappeared. He smiled and thought of his past self.

With his unyielding character, the net of interests formed by marriage would be of great help to him if he could grow to the position of the clan chief.

Zhang Ruochen’s situation was worse than before. Naturally, he needed more marriages with other forces.

Wargod Bloodximius immediately sent a divine thought to Supreme Saint Qingsheng and ordered, “Make a list of all the unmarried Scionesses of Infernal Court or the direct disciples of the gods.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s expression became very strange when he heard the divine thought, he thought to himself, ‘Father, what are you doing? Are you going to choose some young partners to show off your status after becoming a clan chief? Or are you going to arrange a marriage for Lord Ming?’

Supreme Saint Qingsheng did not think about Zhang Ruochen. After all, he had just received the divine thought of Wargod Bloodximius, asking him to prepare for the marriage between Zhang Ruochen and Princess Luo Sha. He claimed that this matter was already 70-80% complete.

The divine thought of Wargod Bloodximius came again. “Oh, right. Prepare a list of all unmarried Scionesses of Destiny within 100,000 years.”

“Including those who have become gods?” Supreme Saint Qingsheng asked.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “Yes.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was sure that his father was planning to arrange a marriage for his sixth brother, Lord Ming.

Wargod Bloodximius, on the other hand, believed that if Zhang Ruochen married a former Scioness of Destiny, it would be seen as him taking the initiative to express his goodwill to the Fane of Destiny. The Fane of Destiny would most likely accept such a gesture if they saw Zhang Ruochen's talent and potential.

...

Aside from the head and the Sainthood Source, Lord Xia Yu's body had almost turned into jade bones. Many of them were shattered, like strewn gems.

However, the broken body didn't fly out.

Instead, it was wrapped in colorful lights. It floated down from the sky until it reached the root of the jade tree and landed in Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Zhang Ruochen cut open his wrists. Blood dripped out and fell on Lord Xia Yu's body.

The blood was red, but it also emitted a colorful mist.

The blood contained not only the Heart of the Divine Tree's majestic life force but also the Pale Blood Soil. It could resurrect even the dead.

Whoosh

Pieces of broken saint bones condensed again.

Blood, meridians, and saint veins grew out of the saint bones. Strands of life grew out of the bone marrow and merged with Zhang Ruochen's blood.

Zhang Ruochen looked thousands of miles away and locked onto a Yanluo clan Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He reached out with one hand. Before the Supreme Saint could react, a Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared and pulled her in.

"Oh no..." said the Yanluo clan Supreme Saint.

She wanted to struggle, but she found herself in front of Zhang Ruochen.

"Lend me your blood," Zhang Ruochen said.

That Supreme Saint was one of The Eight Sons of Life and Death.

She stared at Lord Xia Yu, who was floating in the air, and guessed what Zhang Ruochen was going to do. She put her hands together and summoned The Book of Death.

BOOM!

The Book of Death was shattered by Zhang Ruochen's palm.

At the same time, a Dimensional Lockdown power came from all directions and pressed on her body, making her unable to move. She wanted to resist, but she couldn't even use her power.

Zhang Ruochen cut the vein on her wrist, drew out her Supreme Saint blood, and injected it into Lord Xia Yu's body.

Her flesh, blood, and skin immediately grew on her crystal-clear bones.

"How dare you!"

"Let's kill Zhang Ruochen together and save Wu Fei."

...

The other seven of The Eight Sons of Life and Death each held up the Book of Life or the Book of Death and attacked Zhang Ruochen at the same time.

The saint might of the seven masters at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm shattered the colorful light between heaven and earth. Countless precepts of heaven and earth gathered toward them, forming seven huge precept vortexes.

The surviving cultivators of the Immortal Vampires were worried about Zhang Ruochen. They didn't think that he could fight against the seven masters at the Great Perfection stage when he saved Lord Xia Yu.

Unfortunately, their cultivation was too low to help.

"Good timing. With all your blood, it should be enough!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen left a spiritual power clone to support Lord Xia Yu's body. He rushed to the first Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm like a flash of light.

The first Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm reacted quickly. He was the first to attack. Using The Book of Life, he created a Tree of Life and swept it across.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen's palm was like a blade. It is cut down diagonally.

The tree of life was split into two. The first Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was also sent flying. A foot-long wound was left on his chest.

In the next moment, Zhang Ruochen appeared diagonally above the second Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Yanshen's leg kicked out and crushed his Neverwithier Physique. Many of his bones were broken.

The third Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was hit in the back by Zhang Ruochen. A basin-sized hole appeared in his chest.

...

The seventh Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm met Zhang Ruochen's fist with full preparation.

As a result, the saint bones in his entire arm were turned into dust.

He struck out seven times in a row, severely injuring seven Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. The whole process only took a breath of time.

What was even more terrifying was that Zhang Ruochen had only used physical strength from the beginning to the end.

He wanted to test what level of his physical strength had reached.

After all, he had already broken through 68 shackles and the shackles of the Demigod-level physique had become even smaller. Moreover, his Five-element Chaotic Neverwithers Physique had improved and absorbed a large amount of Pale Blood Soil.

“With my current physical strength, I should be able to defeat a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint, let alone a Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage.” Zhang Ruochen stated.

Zhang Ruochen released the Profound Spatial Dimension and enveloped the seven Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

In the profound dimension, dense dimensional chains formed and bound them. They dragged them to the bottom of the jade tree.

“Fight! A Yanluo clan Supreme Saint would rather die in battle than live as a prisoner.”

One of the Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm had just shouted this. Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeve, and the space immediately froze. The Supreme Saint couldn’t open his mouth and circulate the Yanluo Qi.

Next, the seven Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm had their wrists cut open. They let out their blood and gathered toward Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu’s flesh and blood grew quickly in the thick blood mist. Her skin was as white as jade and as soft as fat. Her body’s life aura gradually returned. She appeared to be even more stunning than before.

However, she did not wake up.

Zhang Ruochen could not sense Lord Xia Yu’s consciousness fluctuations. He could not help but frown.

What was going on?

Could it be that most of the Saint Souls and Spirits had been shattered, and only a small amount was preserved?

If that was the case, even if Lord Xia Yu were to come back to life, she would not be able to wake up.

Unless a spiritual-power Supreme Saint was willing to pay the price of his life to summon her soul. Moreover, it had to be a spiritual-power Supreme Saint whose spiritual power had exceeded the 65th level.

Zhang Ruochen had defeated eight Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in an instant, shocking all the cultivators present. However, that did not include Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu lifted the Pleiades Lotus and shouted from afar, “Before Xia Yu died, she saved most of her Saint Soul and Spirits into the Pleiades Lotus.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his eyes and stared at him. Then he landed on the Pleiades Lotus and said, “How about a trade? The lives of the Eight Sons of Life and Death for the Pleiades Lotus.”

Yan Huangtu laughed. “The Eight Sons of Life and Death are much more important than Lord Xia Yu. Only a sentimental person like you would be willing to trade. How about I add one more condition?”

“Why are you talking so much? I’ll take it back myself then,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Huangtu shook his head. “I guarantee that before you touch the Pleiades Lotus, Lord Xia Yu’s Saint Soul and spiritual power will all be destroyed.”

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes and nodded. “That’s right. I’m a sentimental person. I’m very tender to women. Tell me, what other conditions do you have?”

“Where’s Xian ‘er?” Yan Huangtu asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You mean Yan Zhexian? She’s... fine. You don’t have to worry.”

“Where is she?” Yan Huangtu asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “She’s in a very safe place. No one can hurt her.”

The more Zhang Ruochen said this, the more worried Yan Huangtu became.

Yan Huangtu had tens of thousands of cousins like Yan Wushen. Their bloodlines were very far apart. However, Yan Zhexian was his niece. She was his elder brother's only daughter and the favored daughter of the ancestor.

Before the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, the ancestor had talked to him alone. Any cultivator of the Yanluo clan could be injured. Yan Zhexian must not be injured. Otherwise, he would be in trouble.

“Return Xian ‘er and The Eight Sons of Life and Death. I will immediately return Lord Xia Yu’s Saint Soul and Spirits to you,” Yan Huangtu said.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He looked at Lord Xia Yu, who was still in a deep sleep. Finally, he took out the Violet Gourd and let Yan Zhexian out.

‘Yan Huangtu finally breathed a sigh of relief when he saw Yan Zhexian. ‘Zhang Ruochen has some grace. He didn’t do anything to Xian ‘er... this... that is...’ he thought to himself.

Yan Huangtu’s eyes fell on Yan Zhexian’s lower abdomen. His eyeballs almost popped out.

Then...

An extremely enraged roar erupted between heaven and earth.

Chapter 2395: An Audacious Act

“Zhang Ruochen, you... you’re courting death. You’ll be dead. You should be cut into a thousand pieces...”

Yan Huangtu was trembling with anger. He couldn’t help but curse and even speak incoherently.

From the moment Yan Huangtu knew that Yan Zhexian might be captured, he had thought of all kinds of possibilities. However, he felt that Zhang Ruochen should know how important Yan Zhexian was in the Yanluo clan. There was no way he could kill her. At most, he could injure her and imprison her.

Therefore, Yan Huangtu was not particularly worried about Yan Zhexian’s safety.

However, Yan Huangtu did not expect Zhang Ruochen to be so crazy. He actually... actually made Yan Zhexian carry his child in her belly. How long had she been pregnant?

Had she been forced? Had she been wronged?

Yan Huangtu knew that Yan Zhexian loathed Zhang Ruochen. She couldn’t have a good impression of him, let alone give birth to his child.

‘That’s right!

‘She must have been forced.

‘Xian ‘er must have suffered a lot.’

Yan Huangtu was furious at the thought.

You, Zhang Ruochen, used to be the Divine Envoy of Moon Goddess. How could she have a Divine Envoy like you? You have completely disgraced Moon Goddess! You have also disgraced Wargod Bloodximius!

‘How could you be such a beast?’ Yan Huangtu thought angrily.

Yan Huangtu gritted his teeth until they were about to break. Suddenly, he felt a weak spatial fluctuation coming from his side.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen crossed the Spatial Wormhole Mirror and appeared in front of him. Ten dimensional chains had already wrapped around the Pleiades Lotus.

Although Yan Huangtu had taken the Pleiades Lotus, he hadn’t had time to refine the vessel spirit, so he couldn’t control it as he wished. The dimensional chains wrapped around him and dragged him away.

“Zhang Ruochen, how dare you attack first!” said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu responded quickly. He dashed out the door, clutching the Pleiades Lotus in his hands. While gathering power in his right arm, he released dazzling golden light and divine power. He pushed out with his palm.

Yan Huangtu didn’t attack Zhang Ruochen. He attacked the Pleiades Lotus instead.

Yan Huangtu, who had been through countless battles, could make the most rational and accurate judgments even in his most angry moments.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He moved faster than Yan Huangtu and protected the Pleiades Lotus. He threw a punch toward Yan Huangtu’s palm strike.

“You’ll be in a mess if you care. Zhang Ruochen, you’ve been tricked!”

Yan Huangtu’s voice came from above Zhang Ruochen’s head. Holding the Scepter of Heaven’s Pass, he hacked downward with Supreme Power.

“There are two Yan Huangtu!” Zhang Ruochen exclaimed.

Zhang Ruochen was taken aback. He didn't freak out. The fist power has yet to return. It collided with Yan Huangtu in front of him, sending him flying for dozens of miles like a cannonball.

When the Scepter of Heaven's Pass struck, Zhang Ruochen had already released the Profound Spatial Dimension, freezing the space layer by layer.

Bang Bang

The Supreme Power was unstoppable.

The frozen space was pierced through and fell on top of Zhang Ruochen's head.

Even if Zhang Ruochen had a Demigod-level physique, he would be severely injured if he was hit by the Supreme Artifact.

Zhang Ruochen waved the Violet Gourd and clashed with the Scepter of Heaven's Pass.

The two Supreme Artifacts made a deafening sound of a collision. All the Bone Clan cultivators standing nearby were knocked back.

The Violet Gourd's Supreme Inscription, after all, hadn't fully recovered. It was unable to obstruct the Scepter of Heaven's Pass. Zhang Ruochen fell for more than 70 miles before regaining his footing.

His body was covered in bloody scars.

His arm, which was holding the Violet Gourd, was bleeding from the Supreme Power's attack.

Zhang Ruochen sighed. "I can't underestimate you. I didn't expect you to have a hidden card."

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had predicted that Yan Huangtu would be angry.

Once he was angry, his rationality and judgment would be affected.

Therefore, he seized the opportunity to take the Pleiades Lotus by surprise. Unfortunately, he had underestimated Yan

Huangtu's battle awareness. He could maintain his best fighting state even in the angriest moment.

The Eight Sons of Life and Death was far from him in this aspect. That was why they were defeated by Zhang Ruochen in an instant.

What was even more shocking was Yan Huangtu.

Ever since the last fight, Yan Huangtu had studied repeatedly to think of a strategy to deal with Zhang Ruochen. He had revealed his biggest trump card, the Great Demonic Shadow, to heavily wound Zhang Ruochen.

However, after being hit by the Supreme Artifact, Zhang Ruochen had only received a minor injury... No...

All the minor injuries were gone!

Just now, the wounds on Zhang Ruochen's body healed in an instant. The blood that had escaped also flowed back into his body.

In this exchange, both of them were surprised. It seemed that Zhang Ruochen had suffered a slight loss, but he had successfully taken back the Pleiades Lotus.

In this way, the one who suffered a loss was Yan Huangtu.

'Compared to the fight in the Dracopent Temple, Zhang Ruochen's power has improved a lot. It's going to be difficult to deal with him now!' Yan Huangtu thought.

During the fight in the Dracopent Temple, Yan Huangtu's power was far greater than Zhang Ruochen's.

At that time, Zhang Ruochen had relied on his speed and dimensional advantage to force Yan Huangtu to take a beating.

However, in the previous exchange, Yan Huangtu's real body had been sent flying by Zhang Ruochen's punch. The strength advantage that Yan Huangtu was most proud of had been surpassed by Zhang Ruochen. His state of mind had suffered a certain blow.

Fortunately, there were still a large number of powerful figures from the Yanluo clan and the Bone Clan present. Yan Huangtu

still had full confidence in suppressing... No, killing Zhang Ruochen.

If Yan Huangtu didn't kill Zhang Ruochen, the hatred in his heart couldn't be dispelled.

If Yan Huangtu didn't kill Zhang Ruochen, how would the Yanluo clan retain their dignity?

...

The cultivators of the entire Infernal Court were shocked.

It wasn't because of the short battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Huangtu. The two were indeed stunning. However, compared to Yan Zhexian, their battle was nothing.

Many of them were even more furious than Yan Huangtu.

"Zhang Ruochen is a cultivator from the Celestial Court. How dare he be so arrogant in the Infernal Court? Supreme Saint Zhexian is the favored daughter of the Yanluo clan. She's a thousand or ten thousand times nobler than the princesses of the big countries. How dare he humiliate her?"

"Outrageous. I'm going to report this to Lord Qianmo. Lord Qianmo has always regarded Supreme Saint Zhexian as his confidante. Knowing this, he'll definitely personally cut Zhang Ruochen into pieces."

"It is said that as a result of Zhang Ruochen's affair with the Fairy Shadowless, cultivators from all realms in the Celestial Court labeled him the number one traitor of the Yuanhui period and formed an alliance to eliminate him. I propose that cultivators from the Infernal Court take similar action."

"An outsider who lives under someone else's roof dares to misbehave in the Infernal Court. He should be taught a lesson."

"Just a lesson? In my opinion, we should take his blood, crush his bones, and devour his soul."

...

Because of Lian Xi, Zhang Ruochen became the common enemy of all Celestial Court cultivators.

Because of Yan Zhexian, Zhang Ruochen became the common enemy of all the cultivators of the Infernal Court. Especially the cultivators of the Yanluo clan, the reaction was the most intense. They had already gathered and went to the temple to petition the gods and execute Zhang Ruochen in the cruelest way possible.

Wargod Bloodximus, Lord Ming, and Blood Empress were also shocked by Yan Zhexian's bulging belly.

After a while, Wargod Bloodximus sat upright and pretended to be calm, "I underestimated this kid. There's no need to arrange a marriage for him. I've already found a suitable partner. Yan Zhexian isn't bad. She's good enough for my grandson."

"If he's good enough, he can do whatever he wants?"

A rather stern voice appeared in the divinity world.

The gods of the Bloodsky Clan all stood up and looked to the west.

They saw an imposing figure forcefully enter the god realm of Wargod Bloodximus. His face was slightly old, but he was full of energy. His long black hair fell to the ground.

He was Yanluo clan's Ancient God of Knowledge.

He was here to punish him!

An ancient god was at least a god who had lived for hundreds of thousands of years.

The Yanluo clan held Ancient God of Knowledge in high regard. He was in charge of the clan's instruction. Countless gods had listened to his sermons. It had been heard twice by Wargod Bloodximus.

Wargod Bloodximus was considered a young and frivolous person among gods. However, in front of a sage-like Ancient God of Knowledge, he couldn't be so frivolous.

Ancient God of Knowledge said, "Xue Jue, Zhang Ruochen's talent is very high. His future has unlimited possibilities. I can understand why you are indulging him. In the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, the gods couldn't interfere. The participants

were responsible for their own lives. This was something the Yanluo clan could accept. However, there was a bottom line. Killing people was fine, but insulting the Yanluo clan's women. Do you think he deserved to die?"

The gods didn't dare to speak.

Ancient God of Knowledge had always been gentle. He had never killed. He was as pure as the snow in Infernal Court. This was the first time the gods had seen him get so angry.

The mighty divine might he released shook the entire divinity world.

"Ancient God of Knowledge's words are too harsh," said Wargod Bloodximius with a smile. "Zhang Ruochen's personality is like mine. He seems arrogant, but in reality, everything he does is carefully thought through. He wouldn't do something that would insult the Yanluo clan. I believe they're in love."

Ancient God of Knowledge stared at him.

Wargod Bloodximius pretended not to see him and continued, "One of them is a talented Talisman Master, and she's extremely beautiful. The other is the most outstanding person in the Yuanhui period, handsome and free. Aren't they a match by heaven?"

Ancient God of Knowledge certainly hoped that this would be the case.

If Yan Zhexian and Zhang Ruochen were in love and had a child, it would be a good thing for everyone. With Zhang Ruochen's talent, the Yanluo clan could not ignore him. They were eager to take him in.

Ancient God of Knowledge's anger subsided a little. He said, "If Zhang Ruochen forcefully insulted Xian 'er, it would be useless. Xue Jue, you'd better be mentally prepared."

Suddenly, an old and distant voice entered the divinity world. "The baby in Yan Zhexian's stomach is the reincarnation of the Madre Bloody Shadow. Yan Zhexian had taken the opportunity of the Immortal Vampires' home planet!"

Hearing this voice, all the gods of the Bloodysky Clan, except for the Wargod Bloodximius, bowed.

It was the Yanluo clan leader's voice.

"I didn't expect that this matter would alarm the leader of the Yanluo clan." The gods looked at each other.

Wargod Bloodximius laughed. "Haha! Now it's explained clearly. My grandson is indeed innocent. Ancient God, your Yanluo clan has gained a great advantage this time. You actually obtained the opportunity of the Immortal Vampires' home planet."

The anger in the eyes of the Ancient God of Knowledge disappeared completely, but he still pretended to be angry, he said in a deep voice, "If the Madre Bloody Shadow wants to reincarnate, she must need a large amount of blood from the Immortal Vampires. How dare you say that the baby in her belly has nothing to do with Zhang Ruochen?"

Besides, many eyes in Celestial and Infernal Court have seen it. Can this be explained clearly? Can this be explained?"

Of course not.

If it was announced to the public that Yan Zhexian had the reincarnation of the Madre Bloody Shadow in her belly, it would be very dangerous for Yan Zhexian. It was enough to attract the gods to take a risk.

In short, Zhang Ruochen had to take the blame.

Ancient God of Knowledge said, "There is only one way to solve this problem. Zhang Ruochen will join the Yanluo clan."

"Join?" asked Wargod Bloodximius.

Wargod Bloodximius laughed. This old man seemed to be honest and kind, but he was full of deceit. He wanted to abduct Zhang Ruochen, a top genius, and take him under the Yanluo clan.

"No, no. My grandson can't join another clan. We can't afford to throw away our reputation."

When Wargod Bloodximus said this, he sent a voice transmission to Luo Yan.

Even the Ancient God of Knowledge, a respected god, was shameless enough to try to steal Zhang Ruochen. Wargod Bloodximus suddenly felt that he had underestimated the influence of Zhang Ruochen's successful integration of the sixth Saintwill.

He was now a rare commodity!

Ancient God of Knowledge said sternly, "Can the Yanluo clan afford to lose face? Even if it was explained to the outside world that they were in love, the cultivators in the world would think that it was the Yanluo clan's woman who took the initiative to fall in love with Zhang Ruochen. Only Zhang Ruochen's marriage can make up for this negative influence."

"There's a reason that you didn't know. The reason why I opposed it."

Since the fault wasn't on his side, Wargod Bloodximus no longer felt guilty and addressed himself as "I".

Ancient God of Knowledge asked, "What reason?"

Before Wargod Bloodximus could speak, Luo Yan's sky-shaking divine voice erupted, "There's always a first come, first served, right? Zhang Ruochen has long been engaged to my daughter, Luo Sha. Even if the women of the Yanluo clan are pregnant, they'll have to wait in the back row."

Ancient God of Knowledge looked doubtful. "Already engaged?"

How could he be engaged? It would be strange if Luo Yan agreed to this marriage before Zhang Ruochen had successfully fused with the Grade Two Saintwill. Therefore, the Ancient God of Knowledge didn't believe it.

Amane followed Luo Yan. She was dignified and beautiful. As a junior, she wasn't as arrogant as Wargod Bloodximus. She bowed respectfully to the Ancient God of Knowledge and said, "This is absolutely true. Master personally instructed me to do it."

Amane's master was, of course, Fukurokuju.

This marriage was the blessing that Fukurokuju had bestowed upon Zhang Ruochen.

If Fukurokuju personally arranged the marriage, it would be the same as announcing to the outside world that there were three forces behind Zhang Ruochen. They are Fortune Palace, Devala, and the Xue Jue family.

At that time, any god who wanted to touch Zhang Ruochen would have to think carefully.

Amane's words surprised even Wargod Bloodximus. He thought to himself, 'No wonder the marriage was so smooth. It was the Reverend's idea. Now Zhang Ruochen had some defensive means!'

Ancient God of Knowledge said, "They are not officially engaged, and the outside world doesn't know. I think we can make way. After all, the Yanluo Clan's favored daughter is already pregnant."

"I'm sorry, I can't make way! I won't object if the Yanluo girl wants to marry Zhang Ruochen, but she can only be a consort. I also want to save face. My daughter must be the most honorable mistress when she marries," Luo Yan said firmly.

Wargod Bloodximus had already sat back down as if it had nothing to do with him. With a smile on his face, he looked at the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, but his eyes suddenly shrank as if he had seen something incredible.

Great changes had happened in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Chapter 2396: There Will Be No Compromises

No one had expected that when Zhang Ruochen took the Pleiades Lotus from Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, whose cultivation had been sealed, had torn open the frozen space that suppressed the Eight Sons of Life and Death, allowing them to escape.

Before Zhang Ruochen could return to the tree, a sharp pain came from his head.

Yan Zhexian's finger shattered the spiritual clone left under the tree.

The spiritual clone was condensed by Zhang Ruochen using 1,000 Spirits.

The destruction of 1,000 Spirits didn't damage Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power greatly, but it also caused him serious injuries.

A spider web-like talisman rune flew out from Yan Zhexian's fingertip and covered Lord Xia Yu's body. She looked at Zhang Ruochen in the distance and said with a cold voice, "It's best if you don't attack me with your Path of Dimension. A flick of my finger, her body, which she had painstakingly condensed, will instantly turn into many pieces of flesh and blood."

On the side, the Eight Sons of Life and Death quickly formed The Indestructible Great Array.

Four Books of Death and four Books of Life floated above their heads, emitting a dazzling radiance that was as bright as the stars.

Despite the serious loss of blood in their bodies, with their cultivation in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and the power of the array formation, they still

had the battle strength to overpower the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

The Eight Sons of Life and Death were all enraged. They wanted nothing more than to rush up to Zhang Ruochen and teach him a lesson so they could regain their lost face.

This time, they would never give Zhang Ruochen the chance to defeat them one by one.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were fixed on Yan Zhexian's tall and slender figure.

Divine light flowed from Yan Zhexian's body, and the spiritual power fluctuation she emitted was even more powerful. It could affect the vision of all cultivators who were staring at her. Her figure was like a shadow.

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'Her spiritual power should have reached the peak of the 65th level. What a mistake! I have benefited greatly from the sarcophagus. Not only did the Five-element Chaotic Neverwithers Physique achieve the greatest transformation, but my spiritual power has also increased greatly. As the recipient of the Madre Bloody Shadow's Spiritual Qi, divine power, and Divine Soul, Yan Zhexian must have gained more benefits.

'Although I sealed all 144 acupoints in her body, I didn't seal the divine embryo in her belly. It doesn't seem difficult for her to break the seal in her body by mobilizing the power of the divine embryo.'

It was too late to regret now!

Zhang Ruochen was depressed because he had become passive as a result of a lapse in judgment. He, on the other hand, remained calm and devised a solution to the problem.

If Zhang Ruochen had not been soft, he would have killed Yan Zhexian and the baby in her belly and none of these complications would have happened.

Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu would not have threatened Zhang Ruochen if he had been cold-blooded enough to disregard Lord Xia Yu's life. Who could possibly stop him?

Unfortunately, it was these shackles and weaknesses in his character that allowed the enemy to take advantage of Zhang Ruochen.

But that was also why he felt that he was still a living person, not a soulless pawn that was manipulated by others.

Seeing that everything was going well, Yan Huangtu wanted to laugh but seeing Yan Zhexian's protruding belly, he couldn't, he asked in a deep voice, "Xian'er, did Zhang Ruochen mistreat you while you were on the Immortal Vampires' home planet?"

Yan Zhexian was speechless.

She wondered, 'Is that how he shows his concern?'

Could she answer this question?

It was the same as asking her, "Did Zhang Ruochen force you to have a child, or did you do it voluntarily?"

Should she say yes or no?

Yan Zhexian certainly knew the secret of the reincarnation of the Madre Bloody Shadow. She could not expose it, even if it was misunderstood by all the cultivators in the world.

The only way was to acquiesce.

The baby was Zhang Ruochen's.

As for whether it was forced or voluntary?

It was not for outsiders to know.

Zhang Ruochen scolded, "You're pregnant. You should take care of the baby. Don't participate in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting anymore. Leave the battlefield immediately."

Yan Zhexian raised her eyelids and said, "You can't control me."

"Of course, I can't control you, but I can control the child in your belly. I can't control where my strikes would land. When the battle starts later, I won't stop no matter what," Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Zhexian secretly gritted her teeth and said, “Zhang Ruochen, you’re the one who should leave the battlefield.”

Yan Huangtu’s eyes turned cold. He asked, “Xian’er, are you sure you want to let him leave the battlefield?”

Yan Zhexian’s answer was very important.

If Yan Zhexian was humiliated by Zhang Ruochen, Yan Huangtu and the Yanluo clan cultivators would not allow Zhang Ruochen to leave the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting alive.

If Yan Zhexian was willing to let Zhang Ruochen leave, then... her behavior was a bit funny, and people had to think about it.

Yan Zhexian was so angry that she was about to vomit blood. Why would her uncle ask so many questions?

Yan Zhexian said, “Zhang Ruochen let me go once on the home planet of the Yanluo clan. I’m just repaying his kindness.”

In the end, although Yan Zhexian hated Zhang Ruochen, she didn’t want to kill him.

The reason why Yan Zhexian had destroyed Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual clone was that everyone had their own master in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. She had no choice but to do so. Just like Luo Sha, although she liked Zhang Ruochen very much, she had to put the interests of the Rakshasas first in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

Coming to the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting represented more than just herself.

They have to put their personal feelings aside.

It’s the same as how Zhang Ruochen had to kill Supreme Saint Manjian.

“Alright, I respect your decision,” said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu’s eyes flashed with the words “I understand.” “Zhang Ruochen, you should know this flute, right?” he said, pulling out a blood jade flute.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen knew it. It was Lord Xia Yu's Soul-siphoning Flute.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes flashed with surprise. He immediately checked the Pleiades Lotus in his hand. Then he let out a long sigh. "I didn't expect that Yan Huangtu, who cultivates the Imperial Path, would be so cunning."

"The Imperial Path is unpredictable," Yan Huangtu said.

There were only 100,000 Spirits of Lord Xia Yu in the Pleiades Lotus. Her Saint Soul was nowhere to be found.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Is her Saint Soul in the Soul-siphoning Flute?"

Yan Huangtu nodded, he said, "My last attack sent the Pleiades Lotus flying in advance. She had no chance to hide her Saint Soul in it. The Soul-siphoning Flute had been hanging on her body and became the carrier of her Saint Soul. I have won. What else do you have to say?"

Zhang Ruochen was silent.

Yan Huangtu said, "If you want Lord Xia Yu to live, you should immediately withdraw from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. This is the best outcome for you."

Zhang Ruochen remained silent.

Yan Huangtu said, "I know that your cultivation has improved greatly and your fighting spirit is high. You must be very unwilling. However, it's useless. Look at this starry sky. The powerful figures of the Bone Clan and the Yanluo clan are gathered. As for you Immortal Vampires, you are either a low-level Nine-Step Saint King or a seriously injured Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint. This is the momentum. You can't turn it over by yourself! I believe that even if you leave the battlefield, the Immortal Vampires' gods won't blame you."

Hundreds of Supreme Saints of the Bone Clan gathered here. Every one of them was extremely imposing.

Pink Skull stood in the repaired dimensional teleportation array and predicted the coordinates of the 63 Nine-Step Saint Kings of the Immortal Vampires who had left. At the same

time, he sent the Supreme Saints of the Bone Clan to chase after them; they wanted to destroy the Immortal Vampires that those Nine-Step Saint Kings had taken away.

Other than Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, and the Eight Sons of Life and Death, all the Array Masters of the Yanluo clan formed three ninth-class arrays under the leadership of six High-Saint Array Masters. They formed three giant beasts that looked like centipedes.

All the Talisman Masters of the Yanluo clan drew the Great Orbital Talisman. It formed a circular wall that sealed off this space.

The cultivators of the Immortal Vampires had come out of seclusion because of Zhang Ruochen. Their cultivation was low, but their fighting spirit was strong.

However, at this moment, because of the reversal of the momentum, Zhang Ruochen was tightly held by Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian. They all looked depressed as if they felt that the momentum was over.

“Zhang Ruochen is indeed strong, but it’s a pity that it’s hard to fight alone. The Yanluo clan is destined to be the supreme clan. No clan can challenge them.”

“I feel so bad. I had a chance to win first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.”

“Supreme Saint Yao Jia died in vain!”

...

As a cultivator of the Imperial Path, Yan Huangtu was very satisfied with the current atmosphere. He suppressed any enemy with his power and was very happy. If he could force Zhang Ruochen out of the battlefield, his momentum would rise to a higher level. He would have a chance to fuse a Grade Two Saintwill.

As a winner, he didn’t have to defeat the enemy himself.

Utilizing the momentum was the true winner.

Yan Huangtu said, “Your Power of Dimension and Time is indeed mysterious. Maybe you can take away Lord Xia Yu’s

body from Xian'er, or maybe you can take away the Soul-siphoning Flute from me. However, you can't do both at the same time.

"After all, Lord Xia Yu is a Supreme Saint who has fused a Grade Three Saintwill. She's also the number one beauty of your Bloodysky Clan. Are you willing to watch her die? Instead of struggling bitterly, why don't you take a step back and take the beauty home?"

"I can promise you that as long as you withdraw from the battlefield, I will not exterminate the Immortal Vampires and leave the Immortal Vampires in second place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting."

Yan Huangtu's words were very tempting. It made the eyes of the Immortal Vampires shine and made them lose their will to fight.

Second place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting seemed to be a very good result. It had far exceeded the expectations of the Immortal Vampires' gods.

However, Zhang Ruochen remained silent.

Yan Huangtu's eyes were cold. He seemed to have lost his patience. He waved his sleeve and said, "Go and capture all 14 Immortal Vampires' Supreme Saints who have their clansmen with them."

Instantly, a team of Array Masters from the Yanluo clan controlled the 300-mile-long centipede formation to fly toward the Madre Bloody Shadow jade tree.

The 14 Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints who stood near the jade tree had 77 million clansmen with them. They all looked at Zhang Ruochen in panic.

The aura of the centipede formation was comparable to that of a Thousand-Koan realm Supreme Saint. They couldn't resist it at all.

Some Immortal Vampires weren't willing to lose. They wanted to take first place among the ten clans. Although they were heavily injured, they were still charged at the 14 Supreme Saints, trying to cover their escape.

“It’s already the last day. How can we give up just like that? Let’s fight to the death with the Yanluo clan.”

“Retreat quickly. As long as the Immortal Vampires aren’t wiped out, we still have a chance.”

They knew that they were just like a mantis trying to stop a chariot, so they all looked at Zhang Ruochen. Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen seemed to have chosen to compromise with Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian. He had no intention of attacking.

The 300-mile-long centipede formation swooped down and exploded with terrifying force. Even a Supreme Saint couldn’t stand firm in the face of such power. He resembled a ship at sea.

“Fight!”

“I will self-detonate my Sainthood Source and destroy it.”

A Supreme Saint from the Qitian Clan revealed a look of determination as he spread his blood-red wings and flew toward the centipede formation.

A slightly plump High-Saint Array Master from the Yanluo clan chuckled within the centipede formation. “He’s just a Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt Realm. He won’t be able to destroy my Gigantic Centipede Formation even if he self-destructs.”

WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

He raised the staff in his hand. Immediately, ten layers of defensive halo shot out from the centipede’s body.

The other Array Masters within the centipede also raised their staffs.

The ten layers of the defensive halo became even brighter.

To them, the self-destruction of a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint was insignificant.

Only the self-destruction of a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint could pose a threat to their array. From this, one could see how powerful the array they had set up was.

However...

The 300-mile-long centipede formation shook violently. Tens of thousands of inscriptions of the array were shattered from the back.

“How is it possible... He hasn’t self-destructed yet...”

More than 20 Array Masters of the Yanluo clan looked up.

They saw a fire cloud breakthrough 10 layers of defensive light. It broke through the Gigantic Centipede Formation and rushed toward them.

A remarkable figure was wrapped in the fire cloud.

Only Zhang Ruochen was capable of such an entrance.

Boom

The centipede formation exploded and turned into a cloud of divine flames.

More than 20 Array Masters of the Yanluo clan flew out. Most of them were severely injured. Their bodies were charred black and they screamed in pain.

“It’s the Divine Purification Flame... It’s invaded my body...”

“It’s not just the Divine Purification Flame. Other divine flames are refining my Saint Soul...”

The next moment, more than 20 Array Masters of the Yanluo clan were pulled back by the Power of Dimension. They were all trampled under Zhang Ruochen’s feet.

The divine flames were still burning on their bodies. Some of them were only left with bones.

Zhang Ruochen said in a deep voice, “I’m sorry! Since I’m on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, I represent the entire Immortal Vampires. No threat can make me surrender. Let her go!”

The Immortal Vampires watching the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms all breathed a sigh of relief.

Zhang Ruochen did not disappoint them. Although he was a womanizer, he was able to forsake his personal feelings and

sever all ties in the face of major events.

One needed such boldness to achieve great things.

The Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint who was about to self-detonate was stunned. Then he revealed a look of ecstasy and stopped activating the blood-red aura in his body. As long as Zhang Ruochen was willing to fight, it would be extremely difficult for the Yanluo clan to exterminate the Immortal Vampires.

Because Zhang Ruochen was very powerful, he was one of the strongest cultivators on the battlefield.

After many battles, many of the Immortal Vampires had let go of their prejudice. They worshiped Zhang Ruochen like an idol.

Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, the Eight Sons of Life and Death, and all the cultivators of the Yanluo clan wanted to attack at the same time.

Crack

As soon as they moved, there was the sound of bones breaking under Zhang Ruochen's feet.

Some of the Yanluo clan's Array Masters' bones were shattered.

"Zhang Ruochen, do you think I will be threatened?" Yan Huangtu's eyes were cold. He had no intention of compromising.

Over 20 Array Masters, including two High-Saint Array Masters, were extremely valuable. Many Macroworlds lacked even a single High-Saint Array Master. However, in Yan Huangtu's opinion, the Yanluo clan's face and dignity, the supreme clan's status, and a firm heart were more important.

Yan Wushen was the one who compromised on the Yanluo clan's home planet previously.

However, Yan Huangtu would never compromise.

If Zhang Ruochen dared to kill more than 20 Array Masters, he would be hunted down by the Yanluo clan endlessly.

Yan Huangtu stared at Zhang Ruochen, “Kill them!” He said. “If you kill them, I’ll kill Xia Yu right now. I’ll do as I say. Next, all the Immortal Vampires present, including you, will suffer the Yanluo clan’s most vicious revenge.”

No cultivator doubted Yan Huangtu’s will.

Zhang Ruochen had long known that Yan Huangtu was such a ruthless person. Nothing could threaten him, so he had prepared a second strategy.

Chapter 2397: An Undefeated and Unkillable Force at Its Pinnacle

“Since no one is willing to compromise, we can only fight to the death.”

Zhang Ruochen swept his foot horizontally, creating a Qi wave that sent more than 20 Yanluo clan Array Masters flying like kicking rocks.

Whoosh

A Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared, and all Array Masters sank into it.

In the distance.

Yan Huangtu’s eyelids twitched as he realized that something was wrong.

No one knew where the other end of the Spatial Wormhole Mirror was connected to. However, Yan Huangtu had guessed it in advance and retreated rapidly.

As expected.

Just as Yan Huangtu retreated, the Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared where he was floating earlier. More than 20 Array Masters with divine flames burning on their bodies flew out and let out heart-wrenching screams.

Some of them had their bones almost melted from the fire and were on the verge of death.

“Zhang Ruochen’s timing is precise!”

Yan Huangtu sighed. He had to use his icy power to help them expel the divine flames on their bodies.

When more than 20 Array Masters had been suppressed by Zhang Ruochen, Yan Huangtu could have chosen not to compromise. However, now that he had been thrown in front of Zhang Ruochen, he could not leave them to die.

This was Zhang Ruochen's plan!

To wait until the right moment and force Yan Huangtu to save them immediately.

Yan Huangtu extinguished the divine flames on more than 20 Array Masters in half a breath. Another space Spatial Wormhole Mirror opened on the right side of his body, and Zhang Ruochen rushed out.

At that moment, Yan Huangtu had an illusion that space seemed to freeze and time seemed to stop.

No!

It was not an illusion.

Space had really frozen and time had indeed stopped for a moment,

Zhang Ruochen's right hand grabbed onto the Soul-siphoning Flute.

Zhang Ruochen struck with his left palm toward Yan Huangtu's chest.

Yan Huangtu knew how terrifying Zhang Ruochen's palm print was. He didn't dare to take a direct hit from him. Even if he had invincible defense and the Royal Divine Frame, he definitely wouldn't be able to take it.

ROAR!

Yan Huangtu roared. Tens of thousands of golden dragon shadows rushed out of his body. He released monstrous divine power, shattering the solidified space. He gave up on the Soul-siphoning Flute and retreated quickly.

He didn't stop until he was 300 meters away. He still had lingering fear.

"The combined Power of Time and Dimension is terrifying," said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu couldn't move at that moment. All of his power, including his thoughts, had stopped. It was as if he was at the mercy of others. That feeling was extremely painful for him.

Fortunately, time had only stopped for a moment. If it had been any longer, Yan Huangtu was afraid that he would have lost the confidence to fight Zhang Ruochen.

“Xian'er, kill Xia Yu... Xian'er immediately...”

Yan Huangtu had just communicated with his spiritual power when he came across a startling scene.

At that moment, the space where Yan Zhexian, the Eight Sons of Life and Death, and Lord Xia Yu were was collapsing in a large area, forming a space with a diameter of hundreds of meters. All of them sank into the void.

From a distance, the scene looked like a thin layer of ice on the surface of a lake had shattered. They all fell into the water.

“Zhang... Ruo... Chen...”

Yan Huangtu squeezed out these three words from between his teeth.

Above the shattered space, there was still a space Spatial Wormhole Mirror that had not dissipated.

Clearly, in the half-second it took Yan Huangtu to save more than 20 Array Masters, Zhang Ruochen had first attacked the space where Yan Zhexian and the others were and then attacked him.

His moves were nimble.

“The Master of Time and Space... This is the Master of Time and Space! Are there still any cultivators able to take him down in the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?” Yan Huangtu exclaimed.

Yan Huangtu was filled with regret. If he had known earlier, he would have ordered the Array Masters and Talisman Masters of the Yanluo clan to set up a great array to suppress time and space. Otherwise, how could he fight with Zhang Ruochen when both time and space were under his control?

...

Yan Zhexian and the Eight Sons of Life and Death were also regretting it.

The Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was located in the colorful divine fog nebula in the Forest of No Return. The space was so stable that even with their powerful cultivation, they could only tear a crack in the space at most.

However, Zhang Ruochen, the Master of Space, mobilized the Precepts of Dimension. He shattered a vast space hundreds of meters long with one palm and swept all of them.

“I’ll assist you in returning to the battlefield. You must put a stop to Zhang Ruochen. The first place is within the Yanluo clan’s grasp. We must not lose now.” Yan Zhexian stated.

Yan Zhexian stood in a sinking Fragment of Space. Her ten fingers moved quickly and drew eight talismans. She struck the Eight Sons of Life and Death. Before the space closed again, she pushed them out of the void.

Yan Zhexian and Lord Xia Yu sank deeper into the void and were swallowed by the darkness.

Of course, Yanluo clan’s Ancient God of Knowledge and Wargod Bloodximius quickly rescued them from the void.

“Finally, they were out of the battlefield. Now, I have nothing to hold me back. I can finally fight to my heart’s content.” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen checked the Soul-siphoning Flute and confirmed that Lord Xia Yu’s Saint Soul was inside. So, he took out her spiritual power from the Pleiades Lotus and put it into the flute’s internal space.

Then Zhang Ruochen threw the Soul-siphoning Flute into the void.

Countless gods were watching the battlefield. Zhang Ruochen believed that the god who had saved Lord Xia Yu would take the Soul-siphoning Flute with him.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen didn't attack Yan Huangtu anymore. He flashed across the Spatial Wormhole Mirror and appeared in front of Pink Skull.

"Zhang Ruochen, you're too late. I've sent 63 Bone Clan Supreme Saints to kill the 63 Nine-Step Saint Kings of the Immortal Vampires."

Pink Skull had anticipated that Zhang Ruochen would be the first to deal with her. She was prepared. Divine light radiated from her body. She pointed to Zhang Ruochen.

There was a ruby ring on the bone finger.

It was the Bone Clan's Supreme Artifact.

Pink Skull had used all her strength against Zhang Ruochen.

This finger strike was a high-level saint technique of the Thousand-Koan level. It interchanged from fast to slow and it was unpredictable. Even though Zhang Ruochen had the Heart of Truth, he still couldn't figure it out. He couldn't help but be shocked.

'Pink Skull has such a unique technique. With this finger strike, even powerful figures like Wujiang and Yan Huangtu might not be able to escape unscathed.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

BANG!

Thousands of starlight spots rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body, forming the Realm-frame of Truth—Shoreless Star Ocean. Then, the rays of Light of Truth shone on Pink Skull.

Zhang Ruochen finally saw the bone finger's attack trajectory clearly.

Due to the influence of the Profound Spatial Dimension, in Pink Skull's eyes, Zhang Ruochen's body was sometimes far, sometimes close, sometimes left, and sometimes right. It also gave her a hard time figuring him out.

Just as Pink Skull was in a daze, the Pleiades Lotus flew out of nowhere and collided with her bone finger.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen's palm print hit her chest heavily. Ten Swastika Seiryus flew out of his palm. Pink Skull screamed and flew more than 100 miles away.

"Impossible... How could he break my Illusory Finger so easily? It's combined with the power of the Supreme Artifact."

Immortal Inscriptions lit up on Pink Skull's divine bone, neutralizing the power of Zhang Ruochen's full-strength palm.

Pink Skull didn't get the opportunity on the Bone Clan's home planet, but she did have some luck. She had a better understanding of the Immortal Inscriptions on her bones.

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen crossed space and appeared in front of Pink Skull again.

Before she could stabilize herself, she struck again.

Boom

Pink Skull flew out again.

"I don't believe that you really can't die," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen continued to attack. This time, he mobilized the Divine Purification Flame to refine the Immortal Inscriptions on Pink Skull.

Zhang Ruochen had heard from Luo Sha that Pink Skull was immortal. It had been killed three times by a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, but it had come back to life three times. It was extremely strange.

Zhang Ruochen refused to believe it.

There was only absolute power in the world. How could there be an immortal?

In a breath's time, Zhang Ruochen had sent Pink Skull flying 13 times. She couldn't fight back at all. Every time she cursed, her voice was interrupted halfway through.

Yan Huangtu and the Talisman Masters of the Yanluo clan gathered together. Staring at Zhang Ruochen and Pink Skull,

they pointed and said, “Seal that space.”

More than 60 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters of the Yanluo clan attacked together. They struck out the runes that had been carved long ago that looked like a city wall.

The runes that looked like a city wall originally covered an area of 20,000 miles. Now, they quickly shrank and only covered an area of 10,000 feet.

They wanted to continue shrinking, but were blocked by Zhang Ruochen’s Profound Spatial Dimension and the Realm-frame of Truth.

“Enough!” Yan Huangtu said.

More than 60 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters attacking at the same time was enough to suppress Zhang Ruochen. It was equivalent to turning from a fierce tiger into a trapped beast.

Yan Huangtu activated the Supreme Power of the Scepter of Heaven’s Pass. It rushed into the city wall rune patterns and attacked Zhang Ruochen’s waist and abdomen.

Zhang Ruochen could not use the Great Dimensional Shift to dodge. He could only use the Pleiades Lotus to meet it head-on.

The Ghost Lotus spun and released a large amount of cold ghost qi.

Boom

When Yan Huangtu attacked, Zhang Ruochen was already prepared.

Therefore, he wasn’t at a disadvantage in this exchange.

The two retreated quickly.

“As expected, Zhang Ruochen’s Power of Dimension is suppressed!” Yan Huangtu was delighted.

Zhang Ruochen was the first to dissolve the Supreme Power of the Scepter of Heaven’s Pass. Then, he used the Pleiades Lotus, which was still spinning rapidly, to turn into a streak of golden light and attack Yan Huangtu again.

Yan Huangtu was not afraid. He shouted, “Come and fight.”

However, Yan Huangtu’s face quickly turned ugly because Zhang Ruochen had released the Null Time realm. In this realm, the flow of time slowed down a lot.

It was as uncomfortable as the freezing of space and the stopping of time.

What was more uncomfortable was that Yan Huangtu found that the slowing of time was continuous. It did not disappear in an instant.

On the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen had obtained several opportunities in a row. The Precepts of Time and the Precepts of Dimension had increased by nearly ten times. Naturally, their power had increased greatly. They could even affect a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm to a certain extent.

It also had a huge impact on a Supreme Saint below the Banshi Isshou Realm.

BOOM!

Yan Huangtu’s Scepter of Heaven’s Pass moved much slower than Zhang Ruochen’s. His skin split open, his internal organs ruptured, and half of his body was broken when the Pleiades Lotus landed on his chest.

However, the Royal Divine Frame was intact.

‘Another Supreme Saint with abnormal defense. Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull are perfect for each other,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Just as Zhang Ruochen thought of Pink Skull, she attacked from behind. She activated all the power of the Supreme Artifact ring and suppressed Zhang Ruochen.

“Petals of Pleiades Lotus bloom in seven.” Zhang Ruochen chanted.

The Pleiades Lotus in Zhang Ruochen’s hand instantly split apart. Seven petals flew out, all carrying Supreme Power. They attacked Pink Skull and Yan Huangtu at the same time.

The three powerhouses activated three Supreme Artifacts in the city wall rune pattern. They fought fiercely.

Surging Ghost Qi, Divine Purification Flame, immortal divine power, Nine Dragons Divine Marks, Supreme Power... all kinds of power shuttled chaotically. They kept crashing into the runes.

The more than 60 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters of the Yanluo clan were all nervous and sweating. They had tried their best, but they still couldn't control the runes. They looked like they were about to be crushed.

"Zhang Ruochen is too strong. He's fighting two people at the same time, but he still has the upper hand. I feel that the runes will soon be crushed by the power of three Supreme Artifacts."

"If Supreme Saint Zhexian was still here, she might be able to suppress Zhang Ruochen with her attainments in Talismans."

...

On the other side, hundreds of Supreme Saints of the Bone Clan all moved out to encircle the cultivators of the Immortal Vampires.

The focus of the encirclement was naturally the 14 Supreme Saints with 77 million Immortal Vampires. As long as they were destroyed, the points of the Immortal Vampires were likely to be cut in half.

After all, the 63 Supreme Saints sent out by Pink Skull could easily wipe out 63 Nine-Step Saint Kings.

"Break out, break out immediately. Zhang Ruochen has already restrained the most powerful figures of the Yanluo clan and the Bone Clan."

"For the glory of the Immortal Vampires, I have no regrets in dying today."

"We must show the momentum of our last resort in order to intimidate the Bone Clan cultivators. Let's not hide anymore. Let's burn our saint blood together and cover the 14 Supreme Saints' escape."

...

The Immortal Vampires charged at the Bone Clan's legion of Supreme Saints with murderous intent.

The Bone Clan Supreme Saints were intimidated by their aura. Did these Immortal Vampires really want to die? It was just the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Why did they have to fight to the death?

Did they not care about their lives?

Did they have bloodshot in their eyes?

If they all self-destructed, wouldn't they die together with them?

An Immortal Vampires Supreme Saint had already self-destructed!

The Bone Clan Supreme Saints slowed down their attack and spread out quickly. They didn't dare to fight the Immortal Vampires at close range.

If they chose to fight at a distance, the speed of casualties would definitely slow down. It would take more time to destroy the Immortal Vampires.

Zhang Ruochen, Yan Huangtu, and Pink Skull were in a bad situation.

Yan Huangtu's body was constantly broken by Zhang Ruochen, and many blood and pieces of flesh flew out. In the end, more than 90% of his flesh and blood were lost, leaving only a golden Royal Divine Frame.

Lord Xia Yu had previously been unable to withstand the rebound force of the Supreme Artifact, so Yan Huangtu had beaten her until she was left with only her saint bone.

The wheel of fortune turned.

At that moment, Yan Huangtu could not withstand Zhang Ruochen's attack either. He was sent flying countless times, and his flesh and blood were almost lost.

However, Yan Huangtu was different from Lord Xia Yu. His Royal Divine Frame was indestructible. His Sainthood Source,

meridians, and sea of Qi were all hidden in his bones. He had been beaten so miserably, but he was still full of battle strength. He was extremely abnormal.

The Immortal Vampires watching the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms were all excited. They felt that Zhang Ruochen was avenging Lord Xia Yu. He was giving him a taste of his own medicine.

Yan Huangtu was such a powerful figure, but he was beaten to a pulp by Zhang Ruochen. It was only a matter of time before he was defeated.

After all, no matter how strong a defense was, it could not be unbreakable forever.

Chapter 2398: The Death of Supreme Saint Yanhong

The two Array Masters of the Yanluo clan rode two 300-mile-long centipede formations and flew to the sky above the battlefield where Yan Huangtu, Pink Skull, and Zhang Ruochen were.

The figures of the Eight Sons of Life and Death hovered above the city wall runes. They put up their defense and did not attack.

The flesh on Yan Huangtu's face was completely destroyed. His teeth, cheekbones, and jaw were all exposed. He looked very ferocious. He said in a deep voice, "How long can you keep activating the Supreme Artifact?"

"I can fight for an entire day. How about you? When will you run out of Yanluo Qi and divine power?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

They all needed the divine power inside their bones to support them, whether it was the Nine Dragons Divine Marks on Yan Huangtu or the Immortal Inscriptions on Pink Skull. Even the divine bones could not protect their Sainthood Source and Saint Soul once their divine power was depleted and the divine matters were destroyed.

Yan Huangtu could no longer sit still as Zhang Ruochen had discovered his weakness.

This was because the divine power contained in his divine bones was indeed about to be exhausted and could not be maintained for long.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen was still full of spirit. Although Yan Huangtu did not believe that he could really last a day with such a battle intensity, he felt that he was unfathomable and could not see the bottom.

Pink Skull was even worse. She couldn't maintain its peak battle strength anymore, and her aura was slipping.

"After he had combined the Demigod-level physique and the Five-element Chaotic Neverwith Physique, his physical body became tougher. His battle endurance is actually better than my Royal Divine Frame?"

Yan Huangtu sent a voice transmission. "All cultivators, attack together."

"Fight, kill Zhang Ruochen."

The Eight Sons of Life and Death immediately mobilized the power of the Book of Life and the Book of Death. They turned into the Tree of Life, the Lake of Life, the Bloody Death Tablet, the Deathly Plume... and four other different forms. They attacked Zhang Ruochen through the air.

The eight of them formed a formation, and their aura and power increased layer by layer.

As they joined the battle, the city wall runes, which were already on the verge of collapse, finally showed signs of damage.

"This is it," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen released The Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect and propped it up a thousand miles high. The magnificent power fluctuation swept in all directions and completely shattered the city wall runes, which were on the verge of collapse.

More than 60 Yanluo Clan Talisman Masters spat out blood and flew in all directions like scarecrows.

Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull knew that Zhang Ruochen's Saint Aspect was powerful, so they retreated at the same time.

"Where do you think you're going?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had already prepared the Violet Gourd.

At the mouth of the gourd, 72 million Dimensional Inscriptions lit up, causing the space within 800 miles to tremble.

“Zhang Ruochen is finally going to use the Violet Gourd! Retreat, as far as possible,” said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu turned into a streak of golden light and fled into the distance.

“We can’t escape. Zhang Ruochen has been planning for a long time. He deliberately used the Violet Gourd at this moment to capture us all in one fell swoop.”

Pink Skull became much calmer after realizing the gap between her and Zhang Ruochen. On the contrary, she could see more clearly.

Although Yan Huangtu was very fast, he could not escape to a distance of 800 miles.

The reason why Zhang Ruochen used the Violet Gourd at this time was that he had calculated that the divine power in their divine bones had been greatly exhausted. They could no longer break free from the suction force of the Violet Gourd and the power of space collapse.

“Yan Huangtu, I will help you escape. You have to remember your promise to me,” said Pink Skull.

The divine light on Pink Skull surged. She manifested a divine bone true body that was 1,800 miles tall. A Gate of Destiny appeared behind her. She charged toward the Violet Gourd.

She mobilized the remaining divine power and attacked with a punch.

Boom

The space array covered an area of 800 miles and quickly collapsed.

The eight attacks from the Eight Sons of Life and Death were absorbed into the gourd immediately. They couldn’t hurt Zhang Ruochen at all.

There were also Talisman Masters of the Yanluo clan who could not control their bodies and flew into the gourd.

If Pink Skull had not used her huge divine bone true body to block most of the space collapse power, the Eight Sons of Life

and Death would have all been sucked into the gourd by Zhang Ruochen.

“What a pity. The good opportunity to catch them all in one fell swoop was destroyed by you,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked at the divine bone skeleton that was attacking with a fist.

It was just a fist, but it was as huge as a blood-red mountain. It was covered with Divine Marks and carried a terrifying divine might.

Compared to Pink Skull, the Immovable Wisdom King’s Saint Aspect was much shorter.

“Incarceration of Divine Demon.” Zhang Ruochen chanted.

Zhang Ruochen activated a Divine Demon’s shadow and combined it with the Immovable Wisdom King’s Saint Aspect. His feet stepped on hell and struck out a palm power with the nine heavens above his head, clashing with Pink Skull’s fist power.

“Ten times attack power.” Zhang Ruochen muttered.

The Realm-frame of Truth shrank rapidly and combined with the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King, making the palm strike ten times more powerful.

Boom

With a crushing force, the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King sent the 1,800-mile-tall skeleton flying backward. The divine light on its body quickly dimmed.

The Eight Sons of Life and Death had originally escaped behind Pink Skull and thought they were safe.

At this moment, they raised their heads and looked at the divine skeleton flying over their heads. Their hearts trembled.

Before today, they couldn’t believe that Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull would be defeated so miserably.

Zhang Ruochen crossed space and caught up with the flying divine skeleton. He flicked his fingertip.

A drop of Dark Space-time Matter flew out!

With his current cultivation, he could activate the stronger power of Dark Space-time Matter, allowing darkness, dimension, and time to erupt more perfectly.

Boom

The Dark Space-time Matter landed on the skull of the divine skeleton and quickly wrapped around its head, which was more than 200 miles long.

The three ancient powers of darkness, dimension, and time were eroding the Immortal Inscriptions on the divine skeleton. They wanted to destroy the Pink Skull's Saint Soul hidden in the skull and destroy her completely.

Zhang Ruochen didn't kill the cultivators of the Yanluo clan. Apart from not wanting to make another strong enemy, the biggest reason was that the cultivators of the Yanluo clan had never taken the initiative to kill him.

Even if they were enemies, it was because of competition, not personal hatred.

Moreover, the competition was initiated by Zhang Ruochen.

Pink Skull was different. Before entering the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, she had already declared that she wanted to take Zhang Ruochen's life and was plotting to kill him.

Seizing the opportunity, Zhang Ruochen naturally wanted to kill her as well.

The gods wanted Zhang Ruochen to be the blade and it's about to unsheathe.

Three drops of Dark Space-time Matter were shot out in a row. The Immortal Inscriptions on the pink skull dimmed completely. There was no more light. All the ripples on her body returned to silence.

The entire void seemed to have quieted down.

“One of the three Scioness candidates, Supreme Saint Yanhong, was... killed by Zhang Ruochen... just like that...”

“Zhang Ruochen is in big trouble. Supreme Saint Yanhong has a great relationship with the Fane of Destiny and the Bone Clan.”

“I don’t believe it. I don’t believe it. Supreme Saint Yanhong has a Neverwilt physique. Even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint can’t kill her. How can she be killed by Zhang Ruochen?”

“The Immortal Inscriptions on her head have been destroyed. How can she still be alive?” A Bone Clan cultivator sighed.

...

Zhang Ruochen flew above the planet-sized divine skeleton. He released his spiritual power and inspected it. Then, he shot out Dimensional Inscriptions to entangle it.

The 1,800-mile-tall divine skeleton gradually became smaller. It became the size of a normal human.

Zhang Ruochen sealed the Supreme Artifact ring. Then, he put Pink Skull into the internal space of a Regal Artifact.

Although Pink Skull was dead, her divine bone was very valuable. The Immortal Inscriptions on the divine bone were also of great research value.

Furthermore, even though she had been eroded by three drops of Dark Space-time Matter, Zhang Ruochen had a vague feeling that there was still a strange area in the depths of Pink Skull’s skull that could not be inspected by spiritual power.

Perhaps there was a greater secret hidden in her body.

After doing all this, Zhang Ruochen held the Pleiades Lotus in one hand and the Violet Gourd in the other. With a disdainful look, he looked at Yan Huangtu in the distance and shouted, “Where’s your clone?” He asked. “Why don’t you activate this trump card? It’s useless to hide in the dark. I’ll find him soon.”

“Zhang Ruochen, you’re worthy of being a Yuanhui-level genius, but I won’t admit defeat,” said Yan Huangtu.

The original Yan Huangtu was like a golden skeleton. He was too heavily injured and couldn’t regrow his flesh in a short

amount of time.

The Eight Sons of Life and Death and the two centipede formations flew quickly to Yan Huangtu's side. The Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan all had bloodshot eyes and were full of fighting spirit. They were ready to fight Zhang Ruochen to death.

They didn't believe that Zhang Ruochen could really defeat all the powerful figures of the Yanluo clan on his own.

...

...

Yan Wushen had set up a 300-meter-wide dimensional teleportation array on the seventh Dark Star. It could mobilize the Power of Darkness and Power of Dimension inside the star to achieve long-distance dimensional teleportation.

Lord Hornless had done some research on the Path of Dimension and confirmed that this teleportation array was indeed safe and reliable. It was not one of Yan Wushen's traps.

He waved his hand and said, "All Supreme Saint Celestial Captives, enter the array."

"There's no rush. We can wait a little longer," Yan Wushen said.

Pan Ruo gave Yan Wushen a strange look.

Lord Hornless also cast a puzzled look and said, "Why wait?"

Yan Wushen said, "The teleportation array on the Immortal Vampires' home planet must have been exposed. It has likely been destroyed. We can't teleport at a fixed point. Therefore, we have to wait for the Yanluo clan and the Bone Clan cultivators to destroy the Star-Shield Grand Formation on the Immortal Vampires' home planet. Otherwise, it will be quite troublesome."

Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo stood three thousand steps away. There was also a teleportation array under their feet. The array light flickered and they could be teleported away at any time.

Obviously, Yan Wushen was very careful when dealing with a powerhouse like Lord Hornless.

Survival came first.

Lord Hornless asked, “Didn’t you receive the Communication talisman from the Yanluo clan? Didn’t they send you the news that the array had been broken?”

Yan Wushen shook his head.

Pan Ruo looked at Yan Wushen again with a look of understanding.

Although Yan Wushen had not heard that the Immortal Vampires’ Star-Shield Grand Formation had been breached, he had heard that the Immortal Vampires’ home planet had released an unusually colorful light.

It was obvious that the Star-Shield Grand Formation had been broken.

The colorful light most likely had something to do with Zhang Ruochen.

In addition, when Yan Wushen had set up the formation earlier, he was doing it neither fast nor slow. He didn’t seem to be in a hurry at all.

Thus, Pan Ruo guessed that Yan Wushen was stalling on purpose.

Stalling.

Pan Ruo wondered, ‘Why was he stalling on purpose?’

Yan Wushen probably wanted to exhaust Zhang Ruochen and Yan Huangtu to the greatest extent possible so that both of them would suffer heavy losses.

The worst-case scenario was that Yan Wushen probably wanted to use others to kill.

He wanted to use Zhang Ruochen to kill Yan Huangtu.

No cultivator in the world knew how powerful Zhang Ruochen was better than Pan Ruo and Yan Wushen. What was powerful was not only his combat strength but also his heart.

A heart that grew stronger the more he fought in adversity.

The more desperate he was, the more he could burst out with extraordinary strength.

Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull seemed to have the advantage and were powerful, but in Pan Ruo and Yan Wushen's eyes, they might not be a match for Zhang Ruochen together.

Pan Ruo thought to herself, 'All cultivators in the world think that Yan Wushen is a martial fanatic without scheming and wisdom. They all think that he absolutely can't beat Yan Huangtu. However, a cultivator who can come and go freely on the Battlefield of Merits without any schemes or wisdom has died countless times. Moreover, how can Yan Wushen not know the jealousy and hatred that Yan Huangtu has for him? Two tigers simply cannot live on the same mountain!'

In the sky above the seventh Dark Star, Wujiang, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, and the others were standing on *The Scroll of Truth and Deceit*. They were all astonished.

They never expected that Pan Ruo and Yan Wushen would actually persuade Lord Hornless to lead all the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives to the Immortal Vampires' home planet.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said solemnly, "I understand! Two armies face off against each other. It's not easy for Lord Hornless to kill Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo."

Wujiang thought for a moment, then he smiled and said, "I understand now too! It turned out that it was not difficult for the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives to go to the Immortal Vampires' home planet. The key was to have enough courage to talk to them. In terms of deep thought, I am far behind Pan Ruo and Yan Wushen. Why did I only think of this now?"

"Over the past dozens of days, all the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives, including Lord Hornless, have used up a lot of their Saint Qi. They are unable to sustain a long-lasting battle. After all, on the Dark Star, they can only continue to use up their Saint Qi. Therefore, those Supreme Saint Celestial Captives want to leave the seventh Dark Star more than anyone else," Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said.

Wujiang said, “The seventh Dark Star is now a cage that they can not escape from. If they go to the Immortal Vampires’ home planet, the situation will become complicated and chaotic. Only then will they have a chance to escape.”

“If only Yan Wushen promises one or two more things to Lord Hornless... ” Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said.

Wujiang nodded, he said, “Yan Wushen purposely waited until the last day because he knew that on the last day, all the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives’ desire to live would reach its peak. They would no longer think that they would die for sure. “If their desire to live was strong enough and there was a glimmer of hope in their despair, how could they not agree?”

Chapter 2399: Lord Hornless

The gravity of the Dark Star was immense. For those cultivators below the Supreme Saint Realm and without spiritual Qi or Saint Qi, it was a forbidden land of death.

Even a Supreme Saint's strength and speed would be suppressed to an extremely low point on the Dark Star.

That was why Yan Wushen calculated that the "3000 steps" was a safe distance to negotiate with Lord Hornless.

The divine chains that bound the feet of Lord Hornless had long been cut off by the Pentastone Sword.

However, the divine chains on both of Lord Hornless's hands were still there. They could only be pulled apart by a foot, which would greatly limit the power of Lord Hornless. If that was not the case, the safe distance of three thousand steps was far from enough.

The true form of Lord Hornless was a green hornless dragon. It has cultivated for eight thousand years before it reached the Supreme Saint Realm.

Compared to the Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court who participated in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, Lord Hornless was a late bloomer. If he had not met Empress of Thousand Bones, he would not have been able to break through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Right now, although his cultivation had reached Banshi Isshou Realm and became an important figure in the Avīci Pavilion, he was already over 10,000 years old.

He was nearing the end of his lifespan.

Rather than dying of old age in another 100 years, he might as well die with some value to repay the great empress for her kindness.

Perhaps the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was a good place to die.

Lord Hornless was in human form. He held the Pentastone Sword in his hand and stood tall. His body was sturdy and his skin was covered with scales. He didn't look old at all.

After a long time, he withdrew from his thoughts and looked at Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo in the distance.

“What the empress did must be done by obtaining the Destiny Token and Canon of Destiny. Therefore, I must help Pan Ruo reach first place among the ten clans. However, with the Nether Clan and the Deathkin's points, how could they compete with the Immortal Vampires and the Yanluo clan? Could it be...”

Lord Hornless' gaze swept over Yan Wushen, leaving no trace.

Could it be that Pan Ruo wants to tell me that she has cooperated with Yan Wushen to help the Yanluo clan get first place in the ten clans? Lord Hornless felt that Pan Ruo wanted to say something to him, but she didn't dare to say it. That was why he guessed so.

Perhaps the great empress had some kind of arrangement with Yan Wushen that allowed her to get the Destiny Token and Canon of Destiny from him.

...

SWOOSH!

A Communication talisman tore through the darkness and fell into Yan Wushen's hand.

Yan Wushen grabbed the talisman and looked at it. At first, he was startled, but then his eyes became bewildered.

Pan Ruo didn't see the content of the Communication talisman. She was curious about what had happened that could make Yan Wushen lose his composure.

Yan Wushen quickly regained his composure and stared at Lord Hornless, he said, “The Star-Shield Grand Formation of the Immortal Vampires' home planet has been broken. You can teleport there without worry. There are no Nether Clan, Deathkins, Stone Clan, Immortal Vampires, and the Rakshasa's legion of Supreme Saints surrounding you. You

can escape wherever you want. Moreover, you can also absorb the colorful divine fog in heaven and earth to recover the severely depleted Saint Qi in your body.”

“Kid, it sounds nice. I believe that a large number of your Yanluo clan cultivators are guarding over there, ready to hunt us down at any time to increase their points, right?” Lord Hornless said in a deep voice.

Yan Wushen smiled bitterly and replied, “I originally planned to do so, but unfortunately, something went wrong. The Yanluo clan powerhouses sent to the Immortal Vampires’ home planet are engaged in a fierce battle with the Immortal Vampires. I’m afraid that both sides have suffered heavy losses.”

Lord Hornless’s eyes were filled with disbelief, he said, “Most of the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires are here. How can they have the ability to start a war on their home planet? You, Yan Wushen, are just trying to lure us to teleport over as soon as possible. Since that’s the case, I will stay here for a while longer.”

Yan Wushen was not anxious. He said, “You are also an elite who has cultivated for more than 10,000 years. Don’t you know that there are heroes who could face a group of enemies of the same realm single-handedly in this world?”

“One versus many?” Lord Hornless sneered.

When their realm was low, there were indeed some cultivators who could fight one against dozens.

After all, there were too many mediocre people in the same realm.

It was impossible to fight one against many after reaching the Supreme Saint Realm! Because every Supreme Saint could fight one against many when they were young.

Yan Wushen said, “Zhang Ruochen of the Immortal Vampires is such an existence. With him guarding the planet, he is comparable to thousands of soldiers and horses. Even a hundred Supreme Saints of the same realm might not be able to suppress him.”

“Is Zhang Ruochen that strong?” Lord Hornless asked.

Here comes the opportunity!

Pan Ruo quickly spoke, “When Zhang Ruochen became famous, Lord Hornless had already been captured by the Fane of Destiny and locked up. It’s normal that you didn’t hear about him,” she said. “That man was born in Kunlun. On the Battlefield of Merits, he had wielded the Divine Artifact—Imperial Ruler. He had single-handedly fought against the legion of Saints of the entire Infernal Court. Wherever he transcended, he swept through everything. He and Yan Wushen were the most outstanding talents of this era. They were known as geniuses of the Yuanhui-level. Let alone the Supreme Saint realm, they can fight against a group of people. Even if they become gods in the future, they can fight against ten people in the same realm.”

Lord Hornless’ pupils contracted slightly when he heard the name “Kunlun.” He showed a glimmer of comprehension.

“Why would a cultivator from Kunlun come to the Infernal Court?”

Lord Hornless inquired to confirm his guess.

Pan Ruo looked at Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen said, “Because Zhang Ruochen still has half of the blood of the Infernal Court. He is the grandson of Wargod Bloodximius.”

“The grandson of Wargod Bloodixmius... Then his father would be... I see. I understand!” said Lord Hornless. He was moved. He could confirm what Pan Ruo wanted to tell him.

Lord Hornless’s expression didn’t change.

However, Yan Wushen sensed a faint killing intent from Lord Hornless.

Who was this killing intent directed at?

Yan Wushen was very vigilant and secretly guarded against it.

“As a cultivator of Kunlun, he willingly defected to the Infernal Court. Such a traitor deserves to die,” said Yan

Wushen.

Lord Hornless exuded a venomous hatred for Zhang Ruochen. “All Supreme Saint Celestial Captives, listen up,” he said with a wave of his hand. “We’ll teleport to the planet of the Immortal Vampires. I won’t be able to control the other cultivators once we arrive. We can each flee separately. But would the Celestial Captives of the Avci Pavilion and the Celestial Court dare to murder Zhang Ruochen alongside me?” “I’ll follow your orders, Lord Hornless.”

Almost half of the 700 Celestial Captives spoke. Their voices were filled with strong killing intent.

They hated Zhang Ruochen bitterly for being willing to surrender to the Infernal Court.

Besides, they knew very well that it was hard to escape from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Only by following Lord Hornless would they have a better chance of survival.

Whoosh

The first batch of 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives teleported away instantly.

Following that, Lord Hornless and the remaining 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives entered the teleportation array.

The moment they stepped into the teleportation array, Lord Hornless suddenly turned around. He held his sword with both hands and slashed at Yan Wushen.

The colorful sword radiance surged and locked onto Yan Wushen.

No one expected Lord Hornless to suddenly attack. If it was any other cultivator, they would definitely be killed instantly. However, Yan Wushen was prepared. He pressed his hands on his temples and the Bridge of Vaitarna shot out from between his eyebrows.

BOOM!

The colorful sword light was blocked by the stone bridge.

Blood oozed out from between Yan Wushen's eyebrows and he flew hundreds of meters away. On the ground, he crashed into a long ravine and his body was covered in blood. Pan Ruo was also sent flying by the shockwave. The Nether River that protected her body was turned into water droplets.

"Audacious Celestial Captive, you are courting death."

Deep roars rang out in the sky. Wujiang and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei led the Supreme Saints of the three clans and rode *The Scroll of Truth and Deceit*. They quickly rushed to the seventh Dark Star.

Unfortunately, the light of the dimensional teleportation array dimmed. All the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were teleported away.

Yan Wushen got up from the ground and touched his bloody forehead. He looked at Pan Ruo. But he found that Wujiang had already helped her up. Wujiang pressed his palm on her back to heal her. He even said something like "You're taking too much risk".

Pan Ruo pushed Wujiang away and wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth. She looked very determined and said, "This little injury won't kill me!"

Wujiang was not angry. If Pan Ruo was not such an independent and strong character, he would lose interest instead and would no longer see her as attractive.

There were thousands of beautiful women, but very few who weren't pretentious.

Yan Wushen walked over and said, "It's strange. I didn't sense any killing intent from Lord Hornless at the beginning. But just now, when we talked about Zhang Ruochen's background, he seemed to have changed his mind and wanted to kill me. What's going on?"

Of course, Pan Ruo guessed what was going on.

At first, Lord Hornless must have thought that the cultivator chosen by the empress was Yan Wushen, so he would not kill them.

But after knowing that Zhang Ruochen was the cultivator chosen by the empress, his killing intent increased greatly. He wanted to kill Yan Wushen with one sword strike and help Zhang Ruochen kill a powerful enemy.

Unfortunately, Yan Wushen was too vigilant. He actually blocked the sword strike and was not killed.

Pan Ruo said, "Lord Hornless is a cultivator of the Avīci Pavilion. The master of the Avīci Pavilion was born in Kunlun. When Lord Hornless found out that Zhang Ruochen was a traitor to Kunlun, his emotions would naturally become extreme. Besides, the cultivators of Infernal Court and the Celestial Captives are mortal enemies. How could Lord Hornless not have killing intent towards us? He just wanted to escape and hid it well."

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and Wujiang nodded their heads lightly.

Yan Wushen shook his head and did not agree with Pan Ruo's point. This matter was not as simple as it seemed on the surface. He felt that there was a crucial point that he had overlooked.

Pan Ruo interrupted Yan Wushen's train of thought and said, "Let's hurry up and teleport to the Immortal Vampires' home planet. If we delay any longer, those Celestial Captives points will be collected by the Yanluo clan and the Bone Clan!"

The cultivators of the three upper clans teleported away one after another.

Yan Wushen stood alone on the seventh Dark Star. He looked at the Communication talisman in his hand. What it said was, "Zhang Ruochen's cultivation has improved greatly. Yan Zhexian has been expelled from the battlefield. Supreme Saint Yanhong has fallen. Yan Huangtu is heavily injured. The situation is extremely critical."

"The situation seems to be different from what I expected at the beginning! What went wrong? Cough, cough!" Yan Wushen coughed out a mouthful of golden blood.

It was not easy to block a sword from a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. He had sustained serious injuries.

The hundreds of Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan received Yan Wushen's message. Under the guidance of Xi, they quickly descended to the seventh Dark Star and stood at the edge of the teleportation array.

“Greetings, Lord Wushen.”

After Yan Wushen went to the Asuras' home planet alone, he became extremely powerful. Now, the Supreme Saint of the Yanluo clan was extremely respectful to him.

After a short period of recuperation, Yan Wushen's injuries had recovered, he said with a powerful aura, “Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, and the Eight Sons of Life and Death have already been defeated by Zhang Ruochen. Next, we will shoulder the responsibility of taking the first place of the ten clans for the Yanluo clan. The glory of the supreme clan must not be lost to our generation.”

“Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight for the glory of the supreme clan, and fight for the first place of the Yanluo clan.”

The Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan were filled with fighting spirits. They followed Yan Wushen and stepped into the teleportation array.

...

Chapter 2400: A Dramatic Turn

The Albajade Tree, which was more than ten thousand miles tall, was like rootless duckweed floating in the same spot where the Immortal Vampires' home planet used to be. Its entire body was glowing with radiance. Around the Albajade Tree, there were fragments of different sizes of stars. They were left behind after the home planet had disintegrated.

Rumble

A chaotic battle at the Supreme Saint-level erupted here.

Even in the Battlefield of Merits, it was rare to see a battle of this level. It could be said that the sky was falling and the earth was shaking.

The Immortal Vampires' Nine-Step Saint Kings and the heavily injured Supreme Saints had all retreated from the battlefield. Of course, many of them were forced to retreat by the Bone Clan Supreme Saints.

If they continued to stay on the battlefield, not only would they not be of any use, they would become a burden.

As for self-detonation of the Sainthood Source...

There were only a few cultivators who were determined to die.

Other than Zhang Ruochen, there were less than 50 Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints left on the battlefield. Under the pursuit of hundreds of Bone Clan Supreme Saints, they could only hide in the Albajade Tree and use the complicated environment inside the tree to continue fighting.

Of course, it was only a matter of time before they were all captured.

On the other side, Zhang Ruochen had single-handedly defeated the Eight Sons of Life and Death and forced them out of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. He had also destroyed

the two centipedes formed by the Array Masters of the Yanluo clan.

His battle results were astonishing.

However, when Zhang Ruochen sent the Eight Sons of Life and Death into the void, he was ambushed by Yan Huangtu's Great Demonic Shadow and was punched in the back. Even with the defense of his ten golden wings, he was still badly injured and his face was pale.

The Great Demonic Shadow was a secret technique cultivated by Yan Huangtu according to one of the ten Deva Paths of the Yanluo clan, the Deva Path of Great Demonic. It was condensed from the souls of millions of demonic cultivators and was very powerful, it was about 70% of the original body.

This was Yan Huangtu's biggest trump card, which had never been used publicly before.

With this move, Yan Huangtu was confident that he could dominate this era.

Unfortunately, in this era, more and more powerful figures appeared. Especially Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, made Yan Huangtu feel like he would be surpassed.

Yan Huangtu's original body and the Great Demonic Shadow stood side by side, looking at the injured Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Huangtu said, "The Immortal Vampires will all be wiped out soon. The defeat is set. There's no point in continuing to fight. How about this? Give me one Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and one Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. I promise to give the second place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting to the Immortal Vampires."

Zhang Ruochen glanced in the direction of the jade tree.

Hundreds of Bone Clan Supreme Saints surrounded the 10,000-mile-high Albajade Tree. They activated the bone fire and burned the Immortal Vampires who had escaped into the tree.

Any Immortal Vampires would grit their teeth at this sight.

Zhang Ruochen tried his best to remain calm. “How many points will the Bone Clan lose by attacking the Immortal Vampires so desperately? It doesn’t seem to be beneficial to them!”

“As long as we don’t kill the Immortal Vampires, we won’t lose many points. At most, one or two million.”. As for the self-destruction of the Immortal Vampires cultivator, of course, it has nothing to do with the Bone Clan. After all, he chose to commit suicide.” said Yan Huangtu while he was inhaling the colorful mist to recover from the severe depletion of Saint Qi and injuries.

Zhang Ruochen was caught in a dilemma.

As long as Zhang Ruochen attacks with all his might, it shouldn’t be long before he can drive the seriously injured Yan Huangtu off the battlefield and finish off this formidable foe.

However, the Immortal Vampires couldn’t wait that long.

If Zhang Ruochen returned to the Albajade Tree to rescue now, he would definitely be surrounded by hundreds of Bone Clan Supreme Saints. Even if he managed to escape, he would definitely be heavily injured.

Fighting one group at a time wasn’t easy. He would definitely have to pay the price.

“I still have a clansman with me. As long as he doesn’t die, the Immortal Vampires still have a chance to hold on to the number one position among the ten clans.”

Right now, Zhang Ruochen only hoped that on the battlefield on the seventh Dark Star, Lord Bladehell and Moyin could kill more Celestial Captives and collect more points. They must not disappoint him.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were sharp. He was about to attack.

BOOM!

A powerful spatial ripple appeared in the direction of the Albajade Tree. Then, more than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives appeared.

As soon as these Supreme Saint Celestial Captives appeared, they immediately spread out and fled in different directions.

“We’ve finally left the seventh Dark Star. What a dense energy aura. Quickly absorb it and recover the Saint Qi.”

“There’s a large group of Bone Clan Supreme Saints gathered here. Everyone, quickly run. Absorb that energy while you run.”

...

The colorful divine fog at Celestial-Huntingfield was not the Saint Qi of heaven and earth, the Spiritual Qi of heaven and earth, the blood-red aura, or the Qi of energy that the cultivators of the Infernal Court breathed and breathed.

The Qi of energy contained in the colorful divine fog could be absorbed by all kinds of cultivators.

However, it was complicated to refine in one’s body.

The Qi of energy in the world was actually connected. They were the same in nature, but they had different attributes. It was like a cup of water. It could be salty, tasteless, sweet, bitter, hot, cold...

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. His expression changed again and again.

How could this be?

How could the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star be teleported here all of a sudden?

“Impossible, impossible... The Dark Star has an extremely strong pulling force. The dimensional teleportation array can’t operate there. It’s even more impossible to teleport a cultivator away. Unless...” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. Then Yan Wushen’s figure appeared in his mind.

It must be Yan Wushen.

It was Yan Wushen who had set up the dimensional teleportation array of darkness and mobilized the enormous

Power of Darkness contained in the seventh Dark Star to make the teleportation array work.

Only he had this ability.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't set up the dimensional teleportation array of darkness.

It wasn't because Zhang Ruochen's spatial attainments were inferior to Yan Wushen's, but because his understanding of the Path of Darkness was still at the elementary level.

"It seems that Yan Wushen's Path of Darkness is also very high. Yan Wushen, Yan Wushen, I underestimated you." Zhang Ruochen said as his face turned solemn. He felt his heart sink to the bottom.

Yan Huangtu was surprised at first too, but he quickly figured out the reason. He nodded slightly, but there was no joy on his face.

The most excited ones were none other than the Supreme Saints of the Bone Clan.

More than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were suddenly sent to them. It was as if a pie had fallen from the sky. Naturally, they were extremely excited.

A Supreme Saint of the Bone Clan, who was in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, was the first to withdraw the bone fire, he waved his hand and said, "Don't worry about the Immortal Vampires for now. Follow me to hunt the Celestial Captives. Killing so many Supreme Saint Celestial Captives might help us enter the top five.

"The Immortal Vampires have nowhere to run. Leave them to the Yanluo clan to deal with!"

Hundreds of Bone Clan Supreme Saints were extremely excited. They quickly chased after the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives.

They all had weapons and could attack from a distance. They weren't afraid of the Celestial Captives exploding their Sainthood Sources.

Whoosh

A moment later, Lord Hornless and the other 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were teleported to the starry sky near the Albajade Tree. They didn't escape immediately. Instead, they quickly formed a formation.

Lord Hornless saw Zhang Ruochen from afar. He had a complicated look in his eyes.

He raised the Pentastone Sword and pointed at him. "That human man with ten golden wings is Zhang Ruochen, that bastard. Let's go and kill him."

Lord Hornless sent a secret message to one of the Celestial Captives, a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

That Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was a purple beast from the Demon God realm of Celestial Court. Its upper body looked like a human, and its lower body had elephant-like legs. It is tall and sturdy.

The purple beast held a war hammer that it had taken from a cultivator from the Infernal Court. It led more than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives and charged toward Zhang Ruochen and Yan Huangtu.

Lord Hornless stayed where he was and carefully observed the Albajade Tree.

With a flash, he hid on a branch. The branch was as thick as a river and was crystal white.

After a while, spatial fluctuations appeared again.

Under the leadership of Pan Ruo, Wujiang, and Supreme Saint Yuanfei, more than 1,000 Supreme Saints from the three upper clans arrived at the same time. Each of them was like a divine soldier and a heavenly general. Their saint might be unparalleled.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei scanned the entire starry sky. He had a general understanding of the current situation.

"This is bad," Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said. "Half of the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives have gone to kill Zhang

Ruochen! They're no match for Zhang Ruochen. They're just giving him points."

Wujiang fixed his gaze on Zhang Ruochen. "We can't let Zhang Ruochen continue collecting points," he said in a deep voice. "Otherwise, the Immortal Vampires will sit firmly at the top of the ten clans."

Wujiang took out the Myriad Curse Bead and held it in his right palm.

Beside him, Pan Ruo asked in confusion, "Where did Lord Hornless go?"

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and Wujiang's hearts sank. They realized that something was wrong.

Whoosh

A brilliant colorful light appeared above their heads. Powerful Sword Qi slashed down.

Lord Hornless stood on the branch of the jade tree. The Pentastone Sword in his hand became hundreds of miles long. Like a colorful sacred river, it fell into the camp of the three upper clans' Supreme Saints.

Normally, the three upper clans had many Supreme Saints. No matter how high Lord Hornless's cultivation was or how powerful the Pentastone Sword was, he could easily neutralize them.

However, right now, they had just teleported over. Their formation was not stable and they did not expect to be ambushed by a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. Of course, they did not have the time to join forces to defend.

CRACK!

CRACK!

...

Dozens of the three upper clans' Supreme Saints were crushed by the Supreme Power of the Pentastone Sword.

There were also nearly a hundred Supreme Saints who screamed and were sent flying. Their injuries were severe.

With just one sword strike, they were able to achieve such a spectacular result. The three upper clans' Supreme Saints were all shocked by the battle prowess of the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint before them. They all retreated.

"Be careful, Lord Hornless is hiding in the tree." Supreme Saint Yuan Fei shouted.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was shocked. He and the 10 or so Supreme Saints beside him immediately held up *The Scroll of Truth and Deceit*. The scroll spread out and extended for hundreds of miles. It turned into a layer of defensive light.

Wujiang's eyes were cold. He summoned the power of the Myriad Curse Bead and started to curse Lord Hornless.

Lord Hornless laughed. His body became blurry and he charged into the depths of the tree branch.

The Albajade Tree was the true body of the Madre Bloody Shadow. There were more than 100,000 branches and they crisscrossed with each other. Once one hid within it, it was like a drop of water that dripped into the ocean. It was extremely difficult to find it.

The Supreme Saints of the three upper clans did not dare to recklessly chase after it.

"What do we do now?" said the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans.

Everyone present turned their gaze at Pan Ruo, Wujiang, and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

Pan Ruo stared at the scattered branches of the jade tree. The branches looked dense, but in reality, the two closest branches were dozens of miles apart. The furthest branches could reach hundreds of miles.

The gap between the branches was wide.

Pan Ruo said, "Just now, I used the Path of Destiny to predict. Within that jade tree doesn't only have Lord Hornless. There are dozens of Immortal Vampires and the rest of the Immortal Vampires on them. As long as we kill them, the Immortal Vampires' points will be halved."

Then, Pan Ruo continued, “Everyone should have seen the data on the diamond-shaped mirror. Lord Hornless’s points have increased to 30 million. As long as we kill him and the Immortal Vampires, both the Nether Clan and the Deathkins will have a chance to take the second place among the ten clans.”

“I’m willing to lead the Nether Clan Supreme Saints to exterminate Lord Hornless and kill all the Immortal Vampires.”

“I’m willing to lead the Deathkin Supreme Saint in.”

Wujiang and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei spoke almost at the same time.

Both of them looked at each other in surprise.

Wujiang snorted coldly. “You think you can kill Lord Hornless alone?”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei smiled, “Doesn’t the Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint want to kill Zhang Ruochen? Zhang Ruochen had the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, and two Supreme Artifacts. If the Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint uses the Path of Darkness to devour Zhang Ruochen, he might have a chance to fuse the Grade Two Saintwill.”

Wujiang’s expression changed.

“There are more than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives who want to kill Zhang Ruochen,” Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said. “I’m afraid they will have more than 20 million points.”

After careful analysis, Wujiang finally made a decision. He raised his voice and said, “Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan, listen up. Go and kill the group of Celestial Captives charging at Zhang Ruochen as fast as you can. Make sure to kill them all.”

Swoosh

Before he could finish his words, Wujiang turned into a streak of lightning and flew over first.

A large group of Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan followed closely behind.

The corners of Supreme Saint Yuan Fei's lips curled up as he looked at them.

The 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives seemed to be easier to deal with than Lord Hornless. However, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei knew that they were chosen by Lord Hornless and most of them were determined to die.

The Nether Clan Supreme Saints would have to pay a huge price to surround them.

As for finding Lord Hornless and killing him, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei had his own methods.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei looked at Pan Ruo and clasped his hands together. He smiled and said, "Your Highness, please use your Path of Destiny to find the position of Lord Hornless and the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints. We, the Deathkins, will deal with them."

"Alright!" Pan Ruo said.

Que, who was standing not too far away from Pan Ruo, revealed a strange expression. He looked at Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and was curious. How did this cultivator, who was much weaker than Wujiang, dare to kill Lord Hornless?

Although he was curious, he did not ask.

'Perhaps I will have to act up in the end,' Que thought to himself.

Chapter 2401: Curse of Dark and Light

Seeing more than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives charging at him, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid. Instead, he was happy. He had to keep such a large amount of points.

Of course, he would never fight them head-on.

Even if more than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives each used a saint technique and combined their power, they could easily kill a Supreme Saint at the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm. Even a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint would have to avoid their attacks.

Within a thousand miles, some Celestial Captives had already attacked.

Whoosh

A snake-shaped electric arc transcended through the void and struck Zhang Ruochen's chest.

Zhang Ruochen didn't move at all. He used his body to dissolve the attack. He laughed deliberately, "You weaklings, don't even think about hurting me from a long distance."

Perhaps it was because he had refined the Pale Blood Soil, but Zhang Ruochen's injuries healed quickly. He had mostly recovered from the punch from the Great Demonic Shadow.

Even Zhang Ruochen was surprised.

The Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were enraged. They thought to themselves, 'You're a traitor who defected to the Infernal Court. How dare you laugh at us?'

"The traitor deserves to die. I'm going to self-destruct with my Sainthood Source and die with him. Help me get within a thousand steps of him," a Bodhisattva from the Western Buddha Realm said angrily like a Vajra.

After reaching the Supreme Saint Realm, one can be titled “Bodhisattva” in the Western Buddha Realm.

This Vajra-like Bodhisattva’s Dharma name was Dao Yuan. His cultivation had reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He was one of the top five powerful figures in this group of Supreme Saints.

They got closer and closer. In a moment, they were within 50 kilometers of Zhang Ruochen.

All the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were delighted. As long as they got closer, they didn’t need to self-destruct with their Sainthood Source. They all attacked together. Hundreds of saint techniques covered him. No matter how high Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation was, he would be reduced to ashes, including Yan Huangtu, who wasn’t far from Zhang Ruochen and had to die.

Dao Yuan had been paying attention to Zhang Ruochen. Suddenly, his expression changed. “Not good, Zhang Ruochen has disappeared!”

Whoosh

The space trembled.

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift and appeared among the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives.

“The Spatial Domain.”

“Null Time realm.”

“The Realm-frame of Truth.”

“The Immovable Wisdom King’s Saint Aspect.”

“Thundergod Reverend.”

Zhang Ruochen used five techniques in a row. He also used the Pleiades Lotus as a shield. He used six different things at once, squeezing his spiritual power to the limit.

The Spatial Domain and Null Time realm greatly reduced the speed of all the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives.

The Realm-frame of Truth could allow Zhang Ruochen to see through all illusions and fantasies. It could also increase his attack power, greatly increasing the battle strength of Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect and Thundergod Reverend, each strike could make a Supreme Saint Celestial Captives bleed or explode.

Some were heavily injured, while others were killed instantly.

In just six breaths, the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect and the Thundergod Reverend had killed nine Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints and injured 54 Supreme Saints. There was bloody fog rolling in the starry sky.

It was a shocking scene to fight against more than 300 Supreme Saints alone and destroy the bodies of 60 to 70 Supreme Saints in a row.

All the cultivators watching the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms felt their souls tremble.

Zhang Ruochen had only maintained his peak condition for six breaths, but he was already out of strength. His head was dizzy. He quickly put away the Thundergod Reverend and continued to control the Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect and the Pleiades Lotus with all his strength, one attack, one defense.

The Supreme Saint Celestial Captives' attacks continued to hit Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen was able to use the mysteries of The Realm-frame of Truth to predict in advance and move out to avoid their attacks.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was like a wolf in a flock of sheep.

He could only kill Celestial Captives but they couldn't hurt him at all.

Countless cultivators who were onlookers fell silent as they witnessed this scene. They wondered how this could have happened. Even if the spiritual power of the Celestial Captives was sealed, there were far too many people. How could they be helpless in the face of such adversity?

In the end, a god came up with an answer. Zhang Ruochen cultivated Time, Dimension, and Truth at the same time. These three Paths of the Ancients allowed him to not only kill enemies across realms but also be at ease when facing attacks from low-realm cultivators, he could advance and retreat freely.

Besieging was ineffective against Zhang Ruochen.

“This is the terrible thing about a Master of Time and Space! The higher the cultivation, the more powerful he is.”

Some gods of the Infernal Court recalled the battle when they besieged Saint Monk Xumi.

If it hadn't been for Saint Monk Xumi's desire to protect Kunlun, the Infernal Court might not have been able to kill him even if they sent a swarm of gods to besiege him, because they couldn't keep him.

Of course, even though many gods attacked Saint Monk Xumi, they still couldn't kill him.

Saint Monk Xumi used all his divine power to transform it into the power to protect Kunlun before he died.

It was a martyr's death.

He had fought for 100,000 years for the lives of Kunlun. He had also fought for time for the severely injured gods of Kunlun to recuperate.

All the gods of an eternal and indestructible Macroworld couldn't die.

“If Zhang Ruochen keeps killing like this, won't the points between the Immortal Vampires and the Yanluo clan widen again?”

Yan Huangtu stopped healing and killed more than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives with his Great Demonic Shadow.

“Zhang Ruochen, do you not care about the lives of the remaining Immortal Vampires? If all of them are killed, what's the point of collecting more points now?”

Yan Huangtu himself hunted the Celestial Captives, while the Great Demonic Shadow held the Scepter of Heaven's Pass and guarded by his side. It was used to defend against the Celestial Captives' attacks and to guard against Zhang Ruochen's sudden attack.

Zhang Ruochen didn't say anything.

Under the hunting of the two powerful figures, even if the Supreme Saint's vitality was strong, the Celestial Captives kept dying.

Many heavily injured Celestial Captives were killed several times. Their souls and bodies were instantly destroyed.

Not long after, nearly 100 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives died.

The remaining Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were killed to the point of fear. They immediately scattered in all directions.

"Zhang Ruochen isn't someone we can kill. Let's wait for Lord Hornless to come and kill him," the purple beast stared at Zhang Ruochen with fear. He turned into a phantom and fled into the distance.

"Going somewhere?"

Zhang Ruochen folded his arms. A powerful space shock wave spread out with him at the center.

36 Dimensional Swords condensed around him. They turned into a rain of swords and flew toward the fleeing purple beast.

The purple beast was a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He had a million points.

Any cultivator would look at it with shining eyes. It was more attractive than a beautiful woman.

The Dimensional Sword Dance was a technique comparable to the high-level saint technique of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

The purple beast looked back and saw the rain of swords flying toward it. Its Saint Soul trembled. It felt like it was locked on to death.

Boom

The Great Demonic Shadow appeared in the middle of the attack. It waved the Scepter of Heaven's Pass and controlled the Supreme Power, shattering more than half of the Dimensional Swords.

Only five Dimensional Swords caught up to the purple beast. They were blocked by the purple flames he spat out, neutralizing Zhang Ruochen's fatal attack.

Zhang Ruochen's face darkened. Yan Huangtu was still interfering.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to pay attention to him for the time being. He used the Great Dimensional Shift and prepared to continue chasing after the purple beast.

Bang

He was only halfway through casting the Great Dimensional Shift when he was bounced back by an invisible space wall. His body reappeared in space. Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen sensed that something was wrong in advance, so he wasn't injured.

He steadied himself and looked forward.

A dark green light ball appeared out of thin air around him. It had a diameter of about 30 meters and trapped him inside.

The light ball was originally invisible. It only appeared after he hit it.

At this moment, the light of the dark green light ball gradually faded and disappeared into nothingness.

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to act rashly. He knew that the light ball was still there.

'Did someone set this trap in advance? No, that's not right. If this ball of light was here earlier, my Spatial Domain and Realm-frame of Truth would have sensed it,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Yan Huangtu was surprised when he saw this.

A moment later, he seemed to have guessed something. He turned his head and saw a large group of Nether Clan Supreme

Saints flying into the void. They formed small teams to hunt the escaping Celestial Captives.

“Zhang Ruochen, you can stay here. I’ll go hunt the purple beast first!”

Yan Huangtu laughed loudly. He turned into a streak of golden light and chased after them.

Zhang Ruochen, of course, saw the Nether Clan Supreme Saint. He had attained enlightenment. He turned on his Eye of Truth and took a look around. “Wujiang, I know you’re hiding nearby,” he said. “What kind of enchantment is this?”

There was no response in the void.

However, the dark green ball of light with a diameter of 30 meters naturally appeared and quickly shrank.

27 meters, 24 meters, 21 meters...

The space that Zhang Ruochen could move in became smaller and smaller.

Zhang Ruochen’s face darkened. Wujiang had learned his lesson. He no longer fought him head-on. Instead, he took full advantage of his situation and hid in the darkness to curse him.

“Rise!”

Zhang Ruochen opened his hands and held up the Profound Spatial Dimension, blocking the dark green light ball 9 meters away.

The Profound Spatial Dimension could hold up to 3000 meters. Zhang Ruochen thought that he could break the light ball directly. However, the strength of the light ball was far stronger than he had expected. At first, it was only about 30 feet in diameter, but soon, it was pushed back to 30 feet in diameter.

‘It seems that Wujiang is using the Myriad Curse Bead. A Supreme Artifact should be that powerful,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

The dark green light ball didn’t continue to shrink, but hundreds of Nether Clan Supreme Saints flew in this direction.

They were all mobilizing their Nether Qi and activating the Regal Artifact in their hands. It seemed like they wanted to attack together and kill him in the light ball.

Hidden in the darkness, Wujiang held the Myriad Curse Bead with both hands and mumbled, "Trapped in the Curse of Light and Dark, you can't escape. Today is your funeral."

At this moment, Wujiang didn't show any emotion on his face. He was frighteningly calm.

If Pan Ruo, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, and the others were here, they would be shocked. This was because they all felt that after being defeated by Zhang Ruochen, Wujiang had become extreme and reckless. There was a huge flaw in his state of mind.

But who would have thought that it was all an act?

In fact, after being defeated by Zhang Ruochen, Wujiang's state of mind had not collapsed. Instead, it had been tempered. He had become more reserved and deep. Otherwise, he would not have gotten half of the opportunity of the Nether Clan's home planet.

The reason for his disguise was that after careful analysis, Wujiang felt that there might be spies in the three upper clans, and they had a different relationship with Zhang Ruochen. Otherwise, there would not always be mistakes in their actions.

Wujiang had several suspects, including Pan Ruo and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

The purpose of pretending to be blinded by hatred was to make the spy look down on him. The more careless he was, the easier it would be for the spy to give himself away.

Earlier, when Pan Ruo was injured, Wujiang immediately went to help her heal. He wanted to investigate her background. Although he didn't think that Pan Ruo was a spy from the three upper clans, he still wanted to investigate her.

"Break!"

The Pleiades Lotus turned into a black flower. It spread out seven petals and became hundreds of meters in size. Together with the Profound Spatial Dimension, it broke the light ball formed by the dark light curse and turned into dark green light spots.

Zhang Ruochen escaped.

Only a Supreme Artifact could resist another Supreme Artifact.

In the darkness, Wujiang's eyelids twitched. He quickly put away the Myriad Curse Bead.

Whoosh

Above Wujiang's head, Zhang Ruochen rushed out from the spatial ripples. He stomped down with Yanshen's leg. The scorching divine flame dispersed the Power of Darkness enveloping Wujiang, revealing his handsome figure.

Wujiang put his hands together. The divine shadow of Netherdeus appeared behind him.

The Divine Shadow stretched out its huge palm and collided with Yanshen's leg.

After a moment of stalemate, the divine shadow of Netherdeus shook violently and cracked.

Wujiang's face changed slightly. He turned into a black light shuttle and retreated quickly.

BANG!

The divine shadow of Netherdeus shattered and was burned into sparks by the divine flames.

"Netherdeus, such vulnerability."

Zhang Ruochen flew to the opposite side of Wujiang with flames burning all over his body.

Although he said this, Zhang Ruochen thought more highly of Wujiang because he intended to seriously injure him with that kick.

It was indeed remarkable that Wujiang could retreat unscathed.

His alertness and judgment were far better than before.

Wujiang's expression didn't change. "It seems that your cultivation has improved greatly. You can find my hiding place in the dark. What's with the colorful radiance?"

The colorful radiance on Zhang Ruochen's body could be seen throughout the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. It was too shocking. Wujiang was naturally curious.

Wujiang was still uneasy because he didn't understand this.

Time was precious. Zhang Ruochen didn't have the time to talk about this with him. He was going to chase after Yan Huangtu and stop him from hunting the purple beast.

But...

BOOM!

A deafening sound came from afar.

The gold skeleton-like body of Yan Huangtu was slashed back by a blood sword filled with killing intent. It flew more than 200 miles.

The power of the blood sword was so strong that the bones of Yan Huangtu exploded. Golden light dispersed everywhere as if the Royal Divine Frames were about to be shattered.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed. "Lan Ying is here to join in the fun? No... It's her."

Lady Wind's figure appeared beside the blood sword.

She held a 33 centimeters long white Destiny Feather and controlled tens of millions of Precepts of Destiny. She shot it into the body of Yan Huangtu's Great Demonic Shadow, causing it to freeze on the spot.

It didn't mean that Lady Wind's cultivation was stronger than the Great Demonic Shadow's.

It was just that the power of the Destiny Feather could counter the Great Demonic Shadow.

Lady Wind wanted to try to control the Great Demonic Shadow's body, but she didn't succeed. Her two willow-like eyebrows couldn't help but frown.

Lan Ying flew out of the Sword of Asura and condensed a child-like body, he grinned hideously and said, "This Great Demonic Shadow's body was condensed from the souls of millions of demonic cultivators and was repeatedly condensed and assimilated by Yan Huangtu. How can it be controlled by your cultivation? Let me devour it in one bite."

Lan Ying opened his mouth wide and swallowed the Great Demonic Shadow into his stomach.

Chapter 2402: Chant of Death

“Boom.”

The space collapsed and a huge hole appeared. The exhausted Yan Huangtu was pushed into the void by Zhang Ruochen.

Wujiang hesitated for a moment and did not stop him.

It was not necessarily a bad thing for him that Yan Huangtu was driven out of the battlefield.

After swallowing the Great Demonic Shadow, Lan Ying's face suddenly changed. His child-like body became bigger and bigger like a balloon being blown up.

“Not good. The soul power contained in the Great Demonic Shadow is too powerful, and it also has the powerful will of Yan Huangtu.”

Lan Ying's body radiated a rainbow of colors. They shifted between light and dark, barely keeping his body from expanding. He sent a message to Lady Wind before flying into the Sword of Asura.

Lady Wind was stunned. She thought, ‘Lan Ying was unrestrained. How powerful was the Great Demonic Shadow? He dared to swallow it in one gulp. Wasn't he afraid of being stuffed to death?’

It seemed that Lan Ying had to refine the Great Demonic Shadow in a short period and couldn't make a move.

However, after Lan Ying's sneak attack succeeded, he got rid of Yan Huangtu and helped the Immortal Vampires a lot.

Lady Wind was being pursued by Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull a few days ago. She was able to flee because she met Lan Ying. She then made some secret deals with Lan Ying. One of them was to work together to deal with the Yanluo clan.

Lady Wind looked at the Scepter of Heaven's Pass floating in mid-air. A smile appeared on her beautiful face and she was about to retrieve it.

Whoosh

The Scepter of Heaven's Pass turned into a white light and flew away. It landed in Yan Wushen's hands.

Yan Wushen's figure was cold and indifferent as he played with the Scepter of Heaven's Pass in his hands, he said in a deep voice, "The Supreme Artifact of Yanluo clan is not something that you can take lightly. Xi, you are ranked 13th on the list of those who achieved the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Do you dare to fight against Lady Wind alone?"

Xi wore a black robe and held an ebony staff in his hand as he walked out from the hundreds of Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan, he said, "I have subdued two Nine-lives Blood Ravens on my home planet. I have long wanted to battle and raise the ranking of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Two crows with blood-red feathers flew on the left and right sides of Xi and croaked strangely.

The croaks were so strange that even Supreme Saints would feel uneasy when they heard them.

One had to know that Supreme Saints who were ranked in the top 18 of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm were all extraordinary individuals. They had at least fused a Grade Four Saintwill and possessed the ability to cross realms and fight against Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints.

The two Nine-lives Blood Ravens which Xi used the Soul Capture of the Deva Path of Great Wiccan to tame were both in the early stage of the Thousand-Koan realm. If the three of them attacked together, they would be able to fight against a Supreme Saint in the mid-stage or advanced stage of the Thousand-Koan realm.

Yan Wushen warned, "Be careful of her Destiny Feather."

“My Deva Path of Great Wiccan is used to counter the Destiny Feather.”

Xi stepped on the two Nine-lives Blood Ravens, it was as if he was stepping on two blood wheels. He burst forth with unparalleled speed.

He was still a thousand miles away from Lady Wind. The ebony staff in his hand had already started to glow with a dark light. He used a secret technique of the Path of Wiccan and attacked Lady Wind.

Lady Wind's injuries hadn't healed, but she wasn't afraid of Xi at all.

She reached out with one hand and grabbed the hilt of the blood-red Sword of Asura. She looked exhausted. She reached out with her other hand and held the sword with both hands. She finally managed to lift the Supreme Artifact, the Sword of Slaughter.

The battle between Lady Wind and Xi was about to start.

“Lady Wind is being held back by Xi. Then, only Zhang Ruochen remains among the Immortal Vampires,” said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen's gaze shifted from the battlefield between Lady Wind and Xi to Zhang Ruochen. He instructed the Yanluo clan Supreme Saints behind him, “Hurry up and hunt the Celestial Captives. Try your best to collect points.”

A Yanluo clan Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm asked, “Why don't you go and kill Lord Hornless first? He is worth 30 million points.”

Yan Wushen stared at him.

Immediately, the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint did not dare to continue speaking. Together with the other Yanluo clan cultivators, they flew rapidly in all directions.

Yan Wushen shook his head gently and took out the diamond-shaped mirror. He saw the rankings on it.

The Immortal Vampires were in first place with 89 million points.

The Yanluo clan was in second place with 83 million points.

The Immortal Vampires' points were lower because the 63 Nine-Step Saint Kings who had teleported away with 6,300 clansmen were almost all captured by the Bone Clan Supreme Saints, and a large number of clansmen died.

If Zhang Ruochen hadn't killed a large number of Supreme Saint Celestial Captives, the Immortal Vampires' points would have been even more unsightly.

Of course, the Yanluo clan's points were also deducted because they attacked the Immortal Vampires' cultivators.

Yan Wushen said to himself, "There's only a difference of six million points. As long as Zhang Ruochen is restrained, even if we don't kill Lord Hornless, the Yanluo clan can kill other Celestial Captives to close the gap."

It was too risky to surround and kill Lord Hornless. Even if they could, a large number of Yanluo clan Supreme Saints would die.

Yan Wushen knew Supreme Saint Yuan Fei had brought a large number of Deathkins to surround and kill Lord Hornless for all of these reasons, but he was unmoved. Leaving aside whether or not Supreme Saint Yuan Fei could kill Lord Hornless, even if he did, it would be a huge help to the Yanluo clan.

Of course, Yan Wushen didn't believe that Supreme Saint Yuan Fei could kill Lord Hornless.

Lord Hornless could only die at Yan Wushen's hands.

"It's not too late to take care of Lord Hornless after we've locked on to the absolute victory of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting," said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen had to admit that the Yanluo clan had never been forced into such a predicament in the previous Battle of Celestial-Huntings. There was no doubt that the Immortal Vampires led by Zhang Ruochen was indeed very powerful.

He wanted to fight Zhang Ruochen fair and square on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. He wanted to determine

victory and even death.

But now, he couldn't do that. He had to ensure that the Yanluo clan could win first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. He had to do everything he could to deal with a powerful challenger like Zhang Ruochen.

In the face of the Yanluo clan's interests, Yan Wushen's personal feelings had to be put aside.

...

Zhang Ruochen was not interested in fighting Wujiang. He knew that killing the Celestial Captives was the most important thing to do at this moment.

However, Wujiang did not give up. He kept mobilizing the Myriad Curse Bead to cast a curse on Zhang Ruochen.

Wujiang said, "Zhang Ruochen, it's useless. These Celestial Captives are destined to be divided among the Nether Clan, the Stone Clan, the Bone Clan, and the Yanluo clan. It's only a matter of time before the points of the Immortal Vampires are surpassed by the Yanluo clan.

"Once Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and the Deathkins kill the Immortal Vampires hiding in the jade tree... Then, the points of the Immortal Vampires will not only be surpassed by the Yanluo clan, but also by the Rakshasas, the Nether Clan, and the Deathkins. They'll be beaten back to their original state. All your efforts will be in vain.

"Falling to the bottom of a pit must be hard for you, right? But you can't change anything!

"Instead of struggling, why don't you stay and fight me fair and square?"

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen, who was flying, stopped. He stared at him coldly and said, "Okay, as you wish."

Zhang Ruochen was caught off guard by Wujiang's curse. He didn't want to fight just now, so he suffered a few small losses.

Since Zhang Ruochen couldn't shake off Wujiang, he changed his strategy and decided to finish him off as soon as possible.

“Brother Wujiang, Wushen is here to hold down the fort for you.”

said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen crossed space and appeared 300 miles behind Zhang Ruochen. He smiled and didn't seem to plan to attack.

However, Yan Wushen's Spatial Domain was released and covered a vast area. He wanted to stop Zhang Ruochen from escaping and trap him on the battlefield.

Of course, wasn't that the same as trapping Wujiang here?

“Thank you, Brother Wushen,” said Wujiang.

Wujiang was aware of the strangeness of the Dimension and Time. Streaks of dark rays appeared on his body and formed a 9-meters-wide black hole. His body disappeared inside.

Zhang Ruochen turned his head and glanced at Yan Wushen. “You want to join hands with him?”

Yan Wushen shook his head and said, “I've already promised Brother Wujiang that I would give him a chance to avenge himself. So, I won't attack until the victor has been decided.”

“I still believe in your words,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and ignored him. His body flashed and he disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already within 3000 meters of the black hole. Then, he released the Profound Spatial Dimension.

“Dimensional Freeze.”

The space within 3000 meters became frozen.

Only the space around the black hole was affected by the Power of Darkness. It instantly shattered a large area of frozen space.

“Violet Gourd.”

“Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect.”

“Incarceration of Divine Demon.”

“Realm-frame of Truth.”

Zhang Ruochen held the Violet Gourd with both hands. He urged the Supreme Power to condense a red light pillar and fly toward the black hole.

The void burned wherever the light pillar transcended.

The Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect and Incarceration of Divine Demon merged into one. They supported their enormous bodies and formed a cloud-sized handprint. They pressed down from above.

In the Realm-frame of Truth, each star flew out a beam of light. They turned into a torrent of starlight and struck the black hole together with the scarlet beam of light.

Yan Wushen's eyes focused. He saw that Zhang Ruochen was planning to win in one strike. He wanted to get rid of Wujiang in the shortest time possible.

"To control these powerful techniques, Zhang Ruochen must have used all his strength and concentrated his mind. If I attack from behind now, he won't be able to resist at all. He'll be defeated instantly."

Yan Wushen was conflicted. He had already made up his mind to deal with Zhang Ruochen at all costs to win first place for the Yanluo clan.

But now...

The opportunity was right in front of him. He was too embarrassed to attack.

"I still believe you, Yan Wushen." If another cultivator had said this, Yan Wushen might not have taken it to heart. However, Zhang Ruochen's words affected Yan Wushen's state of mind.

Yan Wushen wondered, 'Zhang Ruochen must have said this on purpose to affect my heart. If I attack him from behind now, even if I defeat him or even kill him, I will feel guilty. In the future, in the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm, there will be a huge knot in my heart.'

Finally, Yan Wushen smiled bitterly and did not make a move.

Wujiang was also amazing. With the 66th level of spiritual power, he used the Myriad Eye Illusion to support the divine shadow of Netherdeus. He also released the Nether Domain and mobilized the Myriad Curse Bead to cast thirteen curses in a row.

Rumble

The two of them used their techniques and clashed intensely.

After about three breaths, the divine shadow of Netherdeus has shattered again. The 900-meters-wide black hole was broken by the columns of flames and starlight.

Pfft

Wujiang spat out blood and was sent flying.

It was strange. The divine shadow of Netherdeus and the black hole were both shattered, but the Nether Domain he condensed only suffered some damage. It was because of the Nether Domain's defense. Even if he was hit by the Supreme Power, Wujiang only spat out a mouthful of saint blood.

If it had been any other cultivator, they would have been turned into ashes.

Zhang Ruochen had been attacked by the curse. His spiritual power, physical body, and Saint Soul had all suffered some injuries, but none of them were severe.

His current physique seemed to have a strong resistance to the curse.

Whoosh

After Wujiang flew out, he had yet to stabilize his body when Zhang Ruochen rushed out of the void. The Violet Gourd in Zhang Ruochen's hand hacked directly at the top of Wujiang's head.

Blood spurted out of Wujiang's head with a bang.

Then Zhang Ruochen struck Wujiang's heart with his palm again.

...

...

In the blink of an eye, Zhang Ruochen attacked 12 times in a row. Wujiang's skull was shattered, his chest caved in, and his legs were smashed into bloody mud.

Every move was meant to kill Wujiang.

More than 100 Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan caught up and saw this scene. They were all terrified.

Zhang Ruochen was too bold. He wanted to kill Wujiang.

Did he know who Wujiang was? Did he know who Wujiang's master was?

"Stop."

"Form a formation and attack together. Use the curse to attack Zhang Ruochen."

There were a total of 132 Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan. They formed a strange seal with their hands and chanted curses.

The power of the curse shuttled between them, becoming stronger and stronger.

The starry sky within a thousand miles was enveloped by the Qi of Death.

Yan Wushen, who was watching the battle from the side, felt his heart stop beating. His body turned cold and his body temperature instantly disappeared. Furthermore, it continued to drop.

"The Chant of Death," said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen's expression changed slightly. Golden Buddhist light burst out from his body, expelling the power of the curse that invaded his body. He quickly cast the Great Dimensional Shift and retreated far away.

More than 100 Nether Clan Supreme Saints had cast their curses at the same time. After layers of overlapping, they could easily kill a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen's heart stopped beating. His palm that had been attacking Wujiang slowed down for a moment.

At this moment, Wujiang, who had been beaten to the point of being unable to retaliate, exploded and turned into a cloud of black fog.

Whoosh

The black fog appeared again in the center of the 132 Nether Clan Supreme Saints. It condensed into Wujiang's body. His body was still dripping with blood and was even slightly deformed. Countless bones in his body had been broken.

Fortunately, Wujiang's spiritual power was far stronger than Zhang Ruochen's and protected his Saint Soul.

Otherwise, after being hit by Zhang Ruochen 12 times in a row, even if his body was not destroyed, his Saint Soul would be destroyed.

"I see, it's the Chant of Death. I'll control it and kill Zhang Ruochen."

Wujiang knew that his strength was indeed far from Zhang Ruochen's, so he gave up fighting him alone. His body could not move, but his spiritual power could activate the Myriad Curse Bead and float above his head.

He chanted the curse.

Wujiang and the 132 Nether Clan Supreme Saints' Power of the Curse all gathered toward the Myriad Curse Bead.

"Zhang Ruochen, this Chant of Death was meant to kill Lord Hornless. I didn't expect it to be used on you first. More than 100 Nether Clan Supreme Saints sent you to your death. You've died gloriously!"

As Wujiang's voice rang out, the entire starry sky darkened. Terrifying killing intent brewed.

Yan Wushen retreated a thousand miles again. He was extremely fearful of the Chant of Death. This was the first time he was worried about Zhang Ruochen. 'With the help of the Myriad Curse Bead, the curse can threaten the life of a

Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. Zhang Ruochen can't stop it. is he going to die at Wujiang's hands?'

Although Yan Wushen saw Zhang Ruochen as this generation's only opponent and didn't want him to perish at the hands of other cultivators, there was no reason to save him at this time.

So, Yan Wushen stood aside and wanted to see if Zhang Ruochen could break the curse and break himself free.

...

Chapter 2403: Perception

It was necessary to obtain something personal from the target in order to cast a curse on them. It could be a drop of blood, a strand of hair, or a person's clothing.

Without any of these items, if one wanted to cast a curse on the enemy, one had to use one's spiritual power or gaze to lock on to the enemy.

If one could not lock on to the enemy, the power of the curse would naturally be greatly reduced.

Just like Yan Wushen, he had used the light of Buddha and easily purified the curse that had invaded his body.

Wujiang's spiritual power was unparalleled in the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. No cultivator could compare to him. Zhang Ruochen had moved more than 20 times, but he still couldn't escape from Wujiang's spiritual power lock.

At the end, when Wujiang cast the Chant of Death, he also cast the Curse of Light and Dark, completely trapping Zhang Ruochen.

'What a strange curse.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen stood in a circle of dark green dark light. He didn't panic, but his heart had stopped beating.

No matter how immune his body was to the curse, it couldn't resist the power of such a terrifying curse.

His body temperature dropped rapidly to the freezing point.

His blood flow slowed down.

What was more terrifying was that his heart had lost its vitality. It was like it was frozen or turned into stone. Even with his level-65 spiritual power, he couldn't protect it.

'Many gods of the Infernal Court are probably watching me. If I use the Heart of Truth, I'll definitely be exposed,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could break the Chant of Death by using the Heart of Truth.

But he didn't dare to use it directly.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen could also escape into the Violet Gourd and use Supreme Power to fight against the Chant of Death. However, even though he could save his life, it was the same as giving up the Battle of Celestial-Hunting and completely trapping himself.

Zhang Ruochen came up with several countermeasures in a flash, but they didn't work.

"This is the only way!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes became icy. He unleashed a million times more absolute yang Qi that he had previously suppressed. The divine flames contained in the Divine Purification Flame, as well as Yanshen's leg, became violent as a result.

His body turned red in an instant.

Lub-dub

His heart beat again.

Zhang Ruochen's body burned with divine flames. His two eyeballs turned into fire beads. The dark green light that trapped him became slightly distorted.

"Blood Grind Ember."

A blood-colored millstone gradually formed above his head.

The light of stars in the Realm-frame of Truth spread around his body. It pushed open the dark light and gathered toward the blood-colored millstone. The destructive aura from the blood-colored millstone grew stronger and stronger.

Wujiang's expression froze, he sent a voice transmission to the 132 Nether Clan Supreme Saints at the same time, "What Zhang Ruochen used was the ultimate technique that Wargod Bloodximus was famous for when he was a Supreme Saint. He used the Path of Truth to fuse with it. He probably wants to use ten times his attack power.

“Everyone, listen up. Those who can manifest The Gate of Destiny can use the Power of Destiny to suppress Zhang Ruochen.

“Zang Wentian, Zang Wenhai, Supreme Saint Wu Ji... The ten of you, enter my Nether Domain and form the decagon nether formation.”

The eerie Nether Domain appeared beneath Wujiang’s feet and spread out for hundreds of miles. Inside, there was the white bone demon mountain, the blood-red lake, the magnificent nether city... all sorts of terrifying and unparalleled scenes.

On the Nether Clan’s home planet, half of the opportunities that Wujiang had obtained were related to the Nether Domain, which doubled the effect of his Nether Domain.

Furthermore, as long as he spent more time, Wujiang was confident that he could make the Nether Domain even more mysterious. Even if he became a god in the future, there would be endless benefits.

The ten Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan rushed to the ten directions of the Nether Domain, preparing to form a formation.

Once the formation was completed, even if Zhang Ruochen unleashed ten times his attack power, he wouldn’t be able to break through the defense of the Nether Domain.

“Amitabha! This is great! The opportunity has finally come!”

The Supreme Saint Celestial Captive, Dao Yuan used the “Boulder secret technique.” His body became like a rock fragment floating in this space, ready to ambush Zhang Ruochen at any time.

However, Zhang Ruochen’s Path of Dimension was powerful. He hadn’t found a suitable opportunity.

Wujiang was doing his best to control the Chant of Death, the Curse of Light and Dark, and the Nether Domain. Suddenly, he sensed a rock fragment flying toward him.

“Huh? A stone? That’s not right,” said Wujiang.

Wujiang's expression changed and he shouted, "There's an ambush. Be careful."

"Haha! It's too late. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Everything will be gone."

The stone fragment turned into Dao Yuan's figure. It had a bald head and a round face. Its body gave off a golden light and its body started to crack.

Boom

He self-detonated his Sainthood Source.

The ten Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints who wanted to form a formation were the first to bear the brunt. They were in the center of Dao Yuan's self-detonation. They all exploded into ten balls of blood mist. Only pieces of saint bones were left.

Dao Yuan was a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. The destructive power of his self-detonation was too strong. He pounced on Wujiang and more than a hundred Nether Clan Supreme Saints.

Wujiang gritted his teeth. He was so angry that he was trembling.

If he hadn't used all his strength to deal with Zhang Ruochen, how could a mere Celestial Captives have the chance to self-explode his Sainthood Source in front of him?

Ten Hundred-Shackle Realm Nether Clan Supreme Saints had died. The losses were too great. In the eyes of the Nether Clan gods, it was all Wujiang's fault. He had to take full responsibility.

Wujiang took a deep breath and pressed his palm forward.

Whoosh

A circular dark ray formed in front of the Myriad Curse Bead. It was like a shield, blocking the surging destructive power.

Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised. He hadn't expected such a change.

Actually, Dao Yuan wanted to ambush Zhang Ruochen, but he saw more than 100 Nether Clan Supreme Saints gathered. They weren't prepared at all. They seemed like they could all be killed in one wave.

Thus, he changed his strategy at the last minute.

What was the point of dying together with Zhang Ruochen?

Killing more than 100 Infernal Court Supreme Saints in one go would give him a greater sense of accomplishment.

"This is a good opportunity," said Zhang Ruochen.

BOOM!

Zhang Ruochen shattered the Curse of Light and Dark and struck out the Blood Grind Embers with 10 times the attack power. It passed through the destructive power formed by the self-detonation of the circle and crashed into the circular dark light screen in front of Wujiang.

"Oh no!" said Wujiang.

Wujiang's heart sank when he saw the blood-red millstone that was bigger than a mountain.

A brilliant destructive light wave spread out. The dark light Shield shattered. Wujiang and more than 100 Nether Clan Supreme Saints were thrown out at the same time. They were all seriously injured.

"In the end... I still lost..." said Wujiang.

Wujiang's body had suffered even more damage. The Myriad Curse Bead had an effect on his spiritual power as well. He was injured to some extent.

"Slash!"

Zhang Ruochen chased after him. He waved his hand and cut open a Dimensional Rift.

Wujiang barely held up the Myriad Curse Bead to block it.

"Slash!"

"Slash again!"

...

Layers and layers of Power of Dimension fell on Wujiang. He finally could not hold on anymore. He fell into the broken space, surrounded by oblivion and darkness.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Myriad Curse Bead that was about to fly away and quickly sealed it.

Another Supreme Artifact was in his hands.

In an instant, the space became normal again.

Zhang Ruochen felt a little regretful that he could not kill Wujiang after all.

With his ability to reach the realms of Wujiang, Yan Huangtu, and others, it was easy to defeat him, but it was too difficult to kill him.

Previously, Zhang Ruochen had wanted to kill Wujiang, but he had put himself in a dangerous situation. So this time, he was very decisive. He directly sent Wujiang into the void and made him leave the battlefield.

Next, Zhang Ruochen had more important things to do.

“Killing Supreme Saint Yanhong and defeating Yan Huangtu and Wujiang in a row. Zhang Ruochen is simply too arrogant.”

“I’m afraid that only Que can be his opponent in the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting!”

“Have you forgotten Yan Wushen? Yan Wushen is also a Yuanhui-level genius. He’s definitely not weaker than Zhang Ruochen.”

...

Countless cultivators in the entire Infernal Court were talking about Zhang Ruochen.

At the same time, they talked about Que, Lan Ying, Yan Wushen, and even Luo Shengtian. However, they rarely talked about the defeated Yan Huangtu map and Wujiang.

The loser was destined to be a foil and dim.

Yan Wushen’s eyes were deep. He said, “You haven’t used the Saintwill in your fight with Wujiang. Is it because the

Saintwill you have cultivated has reached a higher level and can not be perfectly integrated with the saint technique?”

The Saintwill had to be combined with the saint technique in order to be transformed into combat power.

This integration required a significant amount of time to cultivate and polish.

Zhang Ruochen’s body was engulfed in flames. His fighting spirit was brimming with zeal. He smiled at Yan Wushen and then disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen reappeared hundreds of miles away.

Time after time, he moved quickly towards the Albajade Tree.

Yan Wushen said, “It seems that Zhang Ruochen has given up on spending a lot of time hunting the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives. Instead, he’s going to rescue the Immortal Vampires hiding in the Albajade Tree. At the same time, he must have set his final target on Lord Hornless. As long as he kills Lord Hornless, he’ll be able to secure victory in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

“Besides, Zhang Ruochen shouldn’t have completely expelled the Power of Curse in his body. He might even have suffered some degree of injury.”

Yan Wushen analyzed it secretly and shouted, “Zhang Ruochen, don’t leave. Fight with me.”

Yan Wushen also used the Great Dimensional Shift to chase after him.

When they reached the edge of the Albajade Tree, more than 30 Deathkin Supreme Saints each took out their Regal Artifacts and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

“Get out of the way,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Pleiades Lotus and turned it into a seven-petaled ghost lotus. He busted all the Regal Artifacts away. Half of them were cracked and half dull.

In front of a Supreme Artifact, a Regal Artifact was nothing.

Then, Zhang Ruochen formed a sacred fire handprint and used the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike. He sent more than 30 Deathkin Supreme Saints flying. The Divine Purification Flame also ignited their Neverwithers physique.

“Oh no, it’s the Emperor-level Divine Purification Flame. Quickly expel them from our bodies. Otherwise, we’ll be burned to ashes,” a Deathkin Supreme Saint cried out.

Zhang Ruochen ignored them and rushed into the Albajade Tree.

...

On the seventh Dark Star.

Luo Sha hovered in the darkness and looked at the seventh Dark Star. “Have you found it? Where are the cultivators of the Yanluo clan and the three upper clans hiding?”

A Rakshasi Supreme Saint stood behind Luo Sha. She was nervous. Bowing, she said, “We... We can’t find them. They’re hiding very well.”

“How can there be no trace of them?” asked Luo Sha.

Luo Sha felt even more uneasy. She asked again, “What’s the situation on the seventh Dark Star?”

Another Rakshasa Supreme Saint said, “All the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives are still gathered on the planet.”

Luo Sha said, “All of them?”

“The Supreme Saints of the six clans have surrounded them. How can they escape?” that Rakshasa laughed.

Luo Sha was silent for a moment before she shook her head and said, “No, no.”

“Your Highness, what’s wrong?” Lord Bladehell asked.

Luo Sha said, “One hour and a half had gone on the last day. How can the Yanluo Clan and the three upper clans remain calm and not take any action? This is one of the reasons.

“The second reason is that the Saint Qi of the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives has almost been used up. Why are they still

waiting for death on the seventh Dark Star?

“Something’s fishy. Investigate deeper.”

The Rakshasas and the Immortal Vampires looked at each other and smiled. They felt that Luo Sha’s worries were unnecessary.

A soft and beautiful voice came from the darkness, “There’s no need to investigate further. The Yanluo Clan, the three upper clans, and the Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star have all left.”

Moyin’s alluring figure flew out gracefully and landed in front of everyone.

“That’s impossible. I’ve checked up close just now. All the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives are still on the seventh Dark Star,” the Supreme Saint who reported to Luo Sha said firmly.

The Supreme Saint added, “If the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives, the three upper clans, and the Yanluo clan all left, how could we not notice them?”

Most of the Supreme Saints present had looks of disbelief on their faces.

Upon hearing Moyin’s words, Luo Sha’s expression turned extremely ugly.

Moyin stared at the Rakshasa Supreme Saint who had just spoken, she laughed coldly and said, “What you saw was just an illusion left behind by them. Their goal was to keep us in the seventh Dark Star. How much time did the Rakshasas waste by having such an idiot like you? Do you know that you have already been sentenced to death?”

The face of the Rakshasa Supreme Saint was deathly pale. He took a step back as his legs became weak.

When he went to investigate, he did not dare to get too close to the seventh Dark Star because he was afraid of danger.

Naturally, he was unable to see through the planet’s illusions.

If he truly caused the Immortal Vampires and Rakshasas to lose in the Battle of Celestial-Huntingfield, the ramifications would be dire. It was highly likely that it was a death sentence.

Luo Sha did not like Moyin, but she still asked patiently, “What’s the situation?”

Moyin said, “I went to the seventh Dark Star just now. After I broke the illusion, there were two dimensional teleportation arrays left on the ground. The smaller one had already been destroyed. The larger one was very complicated. It was completely different from the dimensional teleportation array that master had set up before. I don’t know where it was sent to.”

Luo Sha frowned and muttered to herself, “Setting up a dimensional teleportation array on Dark Star... I understand now. It’s Yan Wushen. It has to be him!”

In an instant, Luo Sha had figured out the whole incident and concluded, “If I’m not wrong, it’s Yan Wushen setting up the stage and performing the last play on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. They must have gone to the home planet of the Immortal Vampires. That’s right, it must be so.”

She immediately took out the diamond-shaped mirror and found that the points on it had not changed much from yesterday.

CRACK!

The diamond-shaped mirror was crushed by her.

“The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms must have done it on purpose. In this last battle, they specifically tested our intelligence and did not remind us about the points.” Luo Sha said angrily as she was breathing heavily.

Ever since she was young, she was the only one who toyed with others.

She didn’t expect that she would be tricked by Yan Wushen today.

The Immortal Vampires all felt their scalps go numb. They didn’t dare to imagine how serious the consequences would be.

How could the Nine-Step Saint Kings and the few Supreme Saints on their own planet stop the legion of Supreme Saints of

the three clans and the Yanluo clan? It was unknown how bad the situation had become.

Lord Bladehell's expression changed several times. He said, "Let's go. We should be able to make it back in time."

"We can make it. We definitely can make it. Zhang Ruochen was on the planet. If he wanted to leave, thousands of soldiers and horses wouldn't be able to stop him. As long as he can leave with some of his clansmen, our points won't be cut in half," Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said in a trembling voice.

The Supreme Saints of the four clans had gathered together. There were also top powerhouses like Yan Huangtu, Yan Wushen, and Wujiang. In fact, none of the cultivators present thought that Zhang Ruochen could escape.

The outcome of losing on the last day seemed to have been decided.

All the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints were angry, disappointed, and unreconciled.

Luo Sha stopped them and said, "Where are you all going?"

"It's none of your business," said Lord Bladehell.

Lord Bladehell was too anxious to talk to her.

At the edge of the seventh Dark Star, the Immortal Vampires had a dimensional teleportation array. Of course, this secret was not meant for Luo Sha. However, it would take several hours to get to the dimensional teleportation array from here.

Unfortunately, the dimensional teleportation array on the Dark Star was different from ordinary ones. Except for Yan Wushen, no other cultivator could use it.

Even with Moyin's dimensional attainment, they couldn't activate it.

Luo Sha had calmed down. Her beautiful eyes sparkled with a strange light, she said, "If you Immortal Vampires want to fight for the first place among the ten clans, you'd better listen to my suggestion. Besides, there's a dimensional teleportation array on the Dark Star. Why do you want to go far instead of near?"

Chapter 2404: Han Jue

The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasas gathered on the seventh Dark Star and surrounded the dimensional teleportation array of darkness that Yan Wushen had set up.

Luo Sha stood alone in the array. From time to time, she would crouch down and use her fingers to gently touch the array patterns on the ground.

Suddenly, the corners of her mouth curled up as she said with a smile, “I knew that Yan Wushen would never leave the array here for no reason. He has finally started to reveal his true side, revealing his methods everywhere.”

Yan Wushen had tampered with the array patterns on the ground.

If the Supreme Saints of Rakshasa and the Immortal Vampires were too impatient and entered the array, they would immediately try to teleport. The final result would be that the teleportation array would be shattered and the space would collapse. The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa would fall into the void and be eliminated.

Luo Sha was also a Master of Dimension. Her attainments in dimension were extremely high and she was able to repair the problematic array patterns one by one.

Lord Bladehell greeted Luo Sha as he walked out of the array and asked, “How is it? Have you finished repairing it?”

Luo Sha nodded.

Then Lord Bladehell and a large group of Immortal Vampires cultivators rushed impatiently into the teleportation array.

No one knew how far the battle on their home planet had progressed, and they could only race against time to return. Every Supreme Saint was extremely anxious.

Luo Sha thought about it and finally said, “I have something to say. I don’t know if I should say it.”

Gu Chenzi cupped his hands and bowed. He said, “Your Highness, are you trying to say that it’s too late for us to rush back to our home planet? Why don’t we kill our way to the Yanluo clan’s home planet and kill their clansmen?”

Luo Sha said, “That’s right.”

Gu Chenzi shook his head and said, “The Yanluo clansmen must have been brought along by the Yanluo clan Supreme Saint. It’s impossible to keep them on our home planet.”

Luo Sha shook her head, she said, “Firstly, we can’t bring all of our clansmen out of our home planet. Secondly, to the Yanluo clansmen, there is no place safer than our home planet. After all, Lady Wind’s Path of Destiny is profound. We can predict where they are hiding.

“Perhaps a large number of our clansmen have been taken away by the Yanluo clan Supreme Saint. However, there must be quite a number of them left on our home planet.

“Thirdly, I happen to know the coordinates of a teleportation array on the home planet of the Yanluo clan.”

Gu Chenzi’s expression kept changing and he finally made a decision. “Your Highness, please send me to the home planet of the Yanluo clan alone.”

“You alone?” Luo Sha was slightly surprised.

Gu Chenzi smiled and said, “I should take the risk alone than bring a large group of cultivators with me. Besides, I’m only going to investigate and see if the Yanluo clan’s home planet is real or not.”

Moyin and Lord Sinluo walked over and said, “We’ll go to the Yanluo clan’s home planet too.”

Luo Sha said, “The Yanluo clan has sent out all their powerhouses. There won’t be too much danger on our home planet. With your three cultivation levels, it should be more than enough.”

Lord Bladehell led hundreds of Immortal Vampires' Supreme Saints and teleported away first.

Immediately after, Moyin, Lord Sinluo, and Gu Chenzi were teleported to the Yanluo clan's home planet.

Luo Shengtian said thoughtfully, "Who do you think will win? The Immortal Vampires or the Yanluo Clan?"

"In reality, it is solely dependent on Zhang Ruochen. The Immortal Vampires will most likely be number one among the ten clans as long as Zhang Ruochen can withstand the siege and hold on until the end of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting," Luo Sha said.

Luo Shengtian was surprised. "Doesn't it depend on who can kill Lord Hornless?"

Luo Sha shook her head. "Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen won't let each other kill Lord Hornless so easily. In that case, Lord Hornless will be very safe. If nothing changes, Lord Hornless will most likely die under Que's sword."

Luo Shengtian said, "Que? Why do you think Que will kill Lord Hornless?"

"With Que's battle strength that far surpassed other cultivators, he must have a purpose for appearing on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. If his opponent is not Que, why did the Fane of Destiny let him enter the battlefield as an anomaly who would break the balance of the ten clans?" Luo Sha asked.

Luo Shengtian thought carefully, "It seems that only Lord Hornless can be Que's opponent on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Although Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen cultivate very fast, they are still far from the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Luo Sha smiled and said, "Nothing is absolute. After all, this is a battle between clans. No matter how strong Lord Hornless and Que are, they are only one person. In front of the clan's legion of Supreme Saints, they were still too weak. With a large number of Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints rushing back, Zhang Ruochen still had a chance to kill Lord Hornless.

Next, it's up to Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, and Que to seize the opportunity.

“Relatively speaking, among the four of them, Zhang Ruochen is in the most disadvantageous position because he has the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.”

Luo Shengtian said, “So, you still favor Yan Wushen and the Yanluo clan in the end?”

Luo Sha smiled but didn't say anything.

Sometimes, no matter how many analyses there were, they couldn't keep up with the changes in the situation.

Luo Sha said, “Let's go to the home planet of the Nether Clan first. It's time for my Path of Destiny to come in handy!”

Luo Sha and Luo Shengtian were the children of the former Scioness of Destiny. They had the best teachers since they were young. With their talent and comprehension ability, their attainments in the Path of Destiny were naturally not weak. They could be used to predict many things, so it was not difficult to find the Nether clansmen.

...

Zhang Ruochen slowed his flight speed as he approached the Albajade Tree.

The Chant of Death cast by Wujiang's alliance with more than 100 Nether Clan Supreme Saints was very terrifying. It hurt Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power and Saint Soul. His body was also severely injured.

Fortunately, he had refined the Pale Blood Soil and had the Heart of the Divine Tree. That was how he had survived.

If it had been Yan Wushen, Yan Huangtu, and the others, even if they had not died, they would have been injured to the point of losing their battle strength.

It's almost impossible to fight against a clan alone. I can't do it without it, and neither can Lord Hornless. Only when my cultivation reaches the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and I release all the divine power of the

Demigod-level physique can I truly fight against a clan,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen desperately hoped that the Supreme Saint of the Immortal Vampires could come back as soon as possible.

He didn't want to lose the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei dared to chase after Lord Hornless because he had the support of the entire Deathkin's Supreme Saint. Lord Hornless fled because he knew that he couldn't win against a clan.

As he flew, he refined the Power of Curse in his body.

After flying for about 500 miles, Zhang Ruochen met a Deathkin's Supreme Saint hiding behind a tree branch.

That Deathkin Supreme Saint was about to send a message to Supreme Saint Yuan Fei with a Communication talisman when Zhang Ruochen appeared behind him and knocked him unconscious with one palm.

Zhang Ruochen removed the Deathkin Supreme Saint's clothes and donned them himself.

After stealing some of the Deathkin Supreme Saint's memories, Zhang Ruochen did not hesitate to use the Divine Purification Flame to burn him to ashes and steal his Sainthood Source.

Then, Zhang Ruochen transformed into his appearance.

These Deathkin Supreme Saints were here to deal with the Immortal Vampires. There was no need to be merciful to them.

If they had to be killed, they had to be killed.

That Deathkin Supreme Saint who had died was called "Han Jue". He was short and fat. He didn't look good.

Next, Zhang Ruochen met six more Deathkin Supreme Saints. They were guarding six different places. After greeting them one by one, they flew over.

Fifteen minutes later, Zhang Ruochen saw the corpse of an Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint.

This Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint had obviously burned his blood and fought with all his might before he died. His body had become shriveled. However, the opponents he faced were far too formidable. They flattened him and nailed him to the white tree like a patty of meat.

The Sainthood Source had been dug out.

Zhang Ruochen kept silent and flew forward.

Along the way, he encountered more than a dozen corpses of Immortal Vampires. Some had been refined into bones. Some had been attacked by the saint techniques of the Deathkins and turned into rotting corpses. Some had been dismembered and their bones were incomplete.

Although he hadn't seen the battle with his own eyes, Zhang Ruochen could guess how cruel the battle had been.

No Immortal Vampires had left the battlefield. They were all burning their blood to fight with the Deathkin pursuers to buy time. Perhaps every time they died, they hoped that Zhang Ruochen would arrive in time.

Unfortunately, there weren't so many things that could be done in time.

Zhang Ruochen was composed. He wasn't angry or depressed. However, the fact that these Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints were willing to die for the honor and benefits of the clan, and fought to the last drop of their blood, had left an impression on his heart.

No matter how much he hated the Immortal Vampires, he had a sense of admiration for the dead.

Boom

The sound of battle came into his ears.

There were strong waves of death qi and blood-red aura moving through the branches.

Zhang Ruochen sped up and landed on a branch that was more than 70 meters thick. He saw nearly 100 Deathkin Supreme Saints attacking 22 Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires.

Seven Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints had been killed by a silk-like Regal Artifact.

There were two Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage. One of them was a young lady. She was ugly and had small eyes. Her entire body was filled with death Qi. She was holding a Regal Artifact made of silk.

The other Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was a burly man with horns on his head. His spiritual power was strong. He held a blue pearl and suppressed the Immortal Vampires who wanted to self-destruct.

Pan Ruo and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei were nowhere to be seen.

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes. He adjusted his robe and flew over openly.

There were more than enough Supreme Saints. They could, in theory, kill a powerhouse like Zhang Ruochen, but it all depended on the circumstances.

They could use the power of each Supreme Saint reasonably if they couldn't organize a joint attack in a short period of time and there weren't any top-tier powerhouses in charge of the overall situation. They were then completely dispersed. Zhang Ruochen couldn't destroy them with time and space, but he could easily defeat them.

After all, there were nearly 100 Supreme Saints. If Zhang Ruochen wanted to escape, it was already amazing that he could keep one-third of them.

The ugly-looking young woman sensed a cultivator approaching. She glanced at Zhang Ruochen and asked, "Han Jue, what are you doing here?"

"The situation outside has changed. Wujiang lost to Zhang Ruochen and was expelled from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting," Zhang Ruochen said.

The ugly-looking woman was slightly shocked. "How is that possible? There are so many Nether Clan saints around

Wujiang. Even if he lost, he wouldn't be expelled from the battlefield."

Chapter 2405: Suppressing a Hundred of Supreme Saints

“Where’s Supreme Saint Yuan Fei? Hurry up and tell him about this. We have to make preparations,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen carried a gust of wind and landed not far from the black-ugly woman. He walked over step by step and looked at the battlefield not far away.

“Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and His Highness Pan Ruo are not here. They have gone to kill Lord Hornless,” the black-ugly woman said.

Including the two Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, there were a total of 94 Deathkin Supreme Saints here.

The Qi of Death on their bodies was thick, and they were filled with corrosive power. Powerful energy waves constantly erupted, causing the air to boil.

The Deathkin Supreme Saints did not attack randomly. Instead, they formed two combined attack arrays.

The innermost one was formed by 60 Supreme Saints.

Each of them released hundreds of millions to billions of precepts. In total, hundreds of billions of precepts interweaved and turned into different attack powers. There were human-shaped lightning, palace-shaped fireballs, and deadly shadows...

Zhang Ruochen didn’t know how the Deathkins had managed to completely merge the 60 Supreme Saints’ precepts into one without repelling each other.

But Zhang Ruochen knew very well that if hundreds of billions of precepts came at him at the same time, he might not be able to withstand all kinds of attacks. He would most likely choose to retreat temporarily instead of fighting them head-on.

But the 22 Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints who were surrounded in the center had no way to retreat. They could only try their best to resist.

They were burning the Supreme Saint's blood in their bodies and turning into 22 human torches. They let out long howls to resist the attacks of the 60 Deathkin Supreme Saints.

"Fight, fight until we are left with the last drop of blood."

"This is the last day of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. The Immortal Vampires must not fall on this day."

...

Xuemo was the strongest of the 22 Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints. He sat cross-legged in the void and revealed nine demonic portraits. It was as if nine demonic worlds had opened up.

Nine blood holes appeared on Xuemo's body. Nine streams of blood flowed out continuously and flowed into the nine demonic worlds to block the attacks of the Deathkin Supreme Saints.

However, Xuemo's body quickly dried up.

The Supreme Saint blood would soon run out.

The other 21 Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints' blood had also burned more than half of their bodies. Their battle strength had declined and they could no longer defend against the Deathkin Supreme Saint's attack.

Despair spreads in the hearts of every Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints.

After spending hundreds of years, they stood out from hundreds of millions of Immortal Vampires and became the kings among the Saint Realm. Every single one of them was ambitious and unwilling to die just like that.

However, they could sacrifice themselves for the Immortal Vampires.

They absolutely could not die on the last day.

If that was the case, today would become their lifelong regret and they would be mocked by other cultivators for the rest of their lives.

“You are the Immortal Vampires and we are the Deathkins. Your lives are destined to be ended by us,” the Deathkin Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm with two horns on his head said in an indifferent voice.

The ugly black woman said, “Hand over the Immortal Vampires hidden on your bodies. Don’t struggle for no reason.”

Zhang Ruochen did not launch an impulsive attack. ‘The 60 Deathkin Supreme Saints in the inner layer are responsible for attacking,’ he thought to himself. ‘The 32 Deathkin Supreme Saints in the outer layer, along with the Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage with two horns, are responsible for releasing the Will of Death to prevent the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints from self-detonating their Sainthood Source. Supreme Saint Long Li, the black-ugly woman, was guarding the outermost perimeter against outside sneak attacks.

‘The two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm pose the least threat. The two combined attack arrays need to be broken at the first moment. As long as their powers can not be combined, the threat is not great.’

Zhang Ruochen’s hands behind his back condensed into numerous tiny Dimensional Rifts after he made his decision.

Each Dimensional Rift was only an inch long.

The black-ugly woman was very cautious. Sensing the spatial fluctuations, she immediately looked at Zhang Ruochen.

Attack.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen formed more than 300 Dimensional Rifts and merged the Mark of Time into them.

He waved his hand.

More than 300 Dimensional Rifts silently flew toward the black-ugly woman and nearly 100 Deathkin Supreme Saints like a black rain of knives.

“Be careful... Ah...”

The black-ugly woman had just shouted when the death qi shield protecting her body was pierced through. Six bloody holes were left on her body. Her flesh and bones seemed to have been dug out.

The inch-long Dimensional Rifts penetrated her body and could take away a piece of flesh the size of a palm.

After the Dimensional Rifts were integrated with the Mark of Time, her flying speed was more than ten times faster than before. At such a close distance, how could she avoid it with her cultivation in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?

Swish

The Supreme Saints’ reaction was very fast, but the Dimensional Rift was even faster.

Half of the 90 Deathkin Supreme Saints were hit by the Dimensional Rift. They made muffled sounds and suffered different degrees of injuries. The attacks of the two arrays were naturally interrupted and the formation was scattered.

Many angry eyes locked on Zhang Ruochen.

“Who are you?”

“There’s no need to ask. It’s Zhang Ruochen.”

Zhang Ruochen felt that it was a pity that he couldn’t tear open too many Dimensional Rifts inside the Albajade Tree. Otherwise, they wouldn’t just be injured.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen's body disappeared in an instant.

A loud bang sounded. Before the black-ugly woman could react, Zhang Ruochen's palm struck her neck. Her tibia broke and her body flew out.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen appeared in front of the Deathkin Supreme Saint with horns on his head. He gently pressed his palm forward.

The Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm barely held up an arm. He wanted to resist, but Zhang Ruochen broke his arm. His body flew away like a cannonball. He crashed into a tree branch. The sound of bones breaking rang in his body, and blood flowed out of his head and back.

In less than a breath's time, he had severely injured two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

THUMP!

Zhang Ruochen stomped on the void with his left foot. The void seemed to turn into water and shook.

Then, the surging sea of divine flames spread out and enveloped all the Deathkin Supreme Saints.

“Bell of Time.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his hands. The Marks of Time between heaven and earth gathered rapidly and condensed into a huge bell above his head. It spun quickly.

Suddenly...

A deafening bell chime sounded.

The Marks of Time and sound waves surged like waves. They crashed into each Deathkin Supreme Saint and sent them flying like fallen leaves.

The Marks of Time had cut off a lot of their lifespan. Their bodies fell into a temporary state of weakness.

At this moment, the divine flame burned through their protective death qi and entered their bodies. Their skin turned

crimson and turned into black dust. It spread into their bodies.

Swoosh

The Pleiades Lotus flew out of Zhang Ruochen's hand. The seven flower petals couldn't be cut off. They dismembered the Deathkin Supreme Saints' Neverwithers physique one by one. Their hands, feet, and heads flew everywhere.

These moves were all unleashed within a breath's time.

The 22 Immortal Vampires were taken aback by Zhang Ruochen's appearance. They couldn't believe a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm had such terrifying battle power. He had defeated nearly 100 Deathkin Supreme Saints on his own.

They would never forget this scene.

"He's Here! He's finally here! Zhang Ruochen is finally here!" An Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint laughed loudly. He couldn't hold it in anymore. He fell from midair onto a tree branch.

Xue Ningxiao stopped using her secret technique. Her face was pale, but a smile appeared on her delicate face. It was as if she had seen a ray of light in the darkness. "It's... It's Cousin Ruochen..."

It was as if being Zhang Ruochen's cousin was a kind of pride.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. He suddenly turned around and punched.

The secret technique was activated by the ugly black woman. She set fire to her life and left a handprint. It smacked into Zhang Ruochen's fist. Her fractured neck had been repaired. Her eyes were red with rage.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen caught her palm, and his body only shook slightly.

After burning her lifespan, the black-ugly woman could burst out with the battle strength of a Supreme Saint in the initial

stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm in a short time. However, it was still not enough in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen kicked her in the chest.

Pfft

The black-ugly woman spat out blood and flew out.

Zhang Ruochen reached out his hand and was about to use the Power of Dimension to pull her back. Suddenly, his head hurt, and the Power of Dimension was interrupted.

It was the Will of Death.

Hundreds of Deathkin Supreme Saints attacked Zhang Ruochen with the Will of Death at the same time, led by the two-horned Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage.

"You're courting death," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew the Pleiades Lotus and used the Supreme Power to defend.

Then, he put his hands together. The huge Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect rose behind him. It released a bright light that was even brighter than the sun. Its aura rose higher and higher.

"All Deathkin Supreme Saints, retreat immediately," said the two-horned Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage. "I'll cover the back."

The Supreme Saints' vitality was strong. Zhang Ruochen's wave of attacks had only killed six Supreme Saints. The rest of the Deathkin Supreme Saints were either injured or had been burned by the Divine Purification Flame. They were all greatly weakened.

Looking at the growing Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect, they couldn't help but feel terrified.

"What a powerful saint might. How is this still a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint? The Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints I've seen are also much weaker than him."

The sound of wind breaking could be heard!

More than 80 Deathkin Supreme Saints flew in different directions. Because they were too fast, their original bodies were already dozens of miles away. The afterimages they left behind were still very clear.

The Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect grabbed the two-horned Deathkin Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and crushed his Neverwither physique. His bones cracked.

"Ah! Zhang Ruochen, you can't kill me. It's just the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. We don't have any personal grudges. Let me go and I'll never forget your kindness." said the two-horned Supreme Saint.

The two-horned Deathkin Supreme Saint cried out in pain. He was scared. He didn't want to be crushed by Zhang Ruochen.

"You're one of the top elite of the Deathkin," Zhang Ruochen said. "You were crushed like a clay figurine in front of so many cultivators. How could you not feel resentment? If I let you go, will you remember my kindness? No, you will remember the hatred and anger in your heart. Once you have the chance, you will definitely think of ways to kill me."

The black-ugly woman flew from behind, holding a silk-like Regal Artifact. It stretched out for more than 1,000 meters, like a bright light thread.

Zhang Ruochen did not look back. A bolt of lightning condensed in the void and struck her body.

This bolt of lightning was a spiritual power attack.

The black-ugly woman's Qi of Death dissipated. With a scream, she fell down.

Boom

The Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect's palm exerted force and crushed the two-horned Deathkin Supreme Saint's body until it exploded, turning into a cloud of blood mist.

The Divine Purification Flame in Zhang Ruochen's palm refined the two-horned Supreme Saint's Saint Soul into a wisp of smoke.

Even until his death, the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm could not believe that Zhang Ruochen would really kill him.

Zhang Ruochen did not chase after the fleeing Deathkin Supreme Saints. They had either been invaded by the Divine Purification Flame or had their lifespans cut off. It would be difficult for them to recover their combat strength in a short period.

At least today, they could not continue fighting.

Xue Ningxiao flew in front of Zhang Ruochen. She looked at her cousin, who had defeated nearly a hundred Supreme Saints with a wave of his hand. Her originally pale face blushed and said, "You shouldn't have killed Supreme Saint Xu Man," she said softly. "He's Deathkin's God Candidate. He has a deity backing him. If you kill him, you'll have a vendetta."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Don't the Immortal Vampires have a grudge against the Deathkin? We've killed many of the Scions and Scionesses of the Deathkin anyway. Killing one more won't make much of a difference."

"The position of Scion or Scioness might not be as high as the God Candidate," Xue Ningxiao muttered. She didn't dare say it out loud.

The Albajade Tree couldn't tear open too much space inside. Zhang Ruochen couldn't send his enemies into the void, so he had to kill them.

"Greetings, Supreme Saint Ruochen."

The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires all bowed to Zhang Ruochen. Their eyes were filled with respect and worship.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Give me all your clansmen."

Xue Ningxiao hesitated for a moment, but said, "Cousin, if you take your clansmen with you, it will definitely affect your combat power."

"Don't worry. I have many Regal Artifacts that are suitable for storing lifeforms. I won't use them as weapons."

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen took out 11 Regal Artifacts. There was a brush, a cauldron, a sword... all of them had stable and huge internal spaces. Even ordinary humans could survive in them for a while.

The Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints all looked at each other.

The only Regal Artifacts they had were all shattered. They had suffered heavy losses. After all, the Regal Artifacts they had brought into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting were their strongest weapons. They were worth more than half their wealth.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen took out more than 10 of them.

This comparison made them feel sad.

They were all Supreme Saints. Why was there such a big difference?

Zhang Ruochen put the 34 million surviving clansmen into 11 Regal Artifacts and stared at the Immortal Vampires. He said, "You're too heavily injured. Leave the battlefield! Leave the rest to me."

The Immortal Vampires didn't leave. They stood still and showed their determination to Zhang Ruochen through their eyes that they wanted to continue fighting along his side.

Only Xuemo stood up, he sighed. "Too much Supreme Saint blood has been lost. We can't continue fighting! Don't just stand there. Let's go together. Zhang Ruochen is The Scion of Time and Space. If he wants to escape, the Deathkin and Yanluo clan Supreme Saints won't be able to stop him."

Thinking of this, the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints nodded. It made sense.

WHOOSH!

Streaks of white light flashed. The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms sent all the Immortal Vampires out of the battlefield.

As Xuemo had predicted, Zhang Ruochen's best option now was to flee with the remaining Immortal Vampires and hide

until the Battle of Celestial-Hunting was over.

This way, the Immortal Vampires could at least be ranked second. They might even have a chance of staying first.

As long as Lord Hornless wasn't killed by the Yanluo clan.

Zhang Ruochen didn't run away. He took out the diamond-shaped mirror and glanced at it:

Immortal Vampires, 89.75 million points.

Yanluo clan, 89.07 million points.

The Immortal Vampires were in the lead. They were still in the lead.

But how much longer could they stay in the lead?

"Luo Sha and Moyin should be able to react soon. I hope the final decision isn't about which clan can kill Lord Hornless."

Zhang Ruochen did not want to kill Lord Hornless, but he also hoped that he could win more easily.

However, to be safe, he had to find Lord Hornless first, or at least stop the Yanluo clan from killing him. If there was a chance, he would not mind cutting off one of Lord Hornless's hands or legs.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power to search for the Qi of Lord Hornless, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, and the others. Then, he spread his ten wings and flew in one direction.

This time, he didn't change into the appearance of a Deathkin cultivator.

The Deathkin Supreme Saint who had escaped just now must have passed the news to Supreme Saint Yuan Fei. With his intelligence, he would be cautious. There was no point in changing into the appearance of a Deathkin cultivator.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen hid in the space as if he was invisible.

...

The *Scroll of Truth and Deceit* unfolded and turned into a lightmap that was hundreds of miles long.

On the scroll, there were not only words, but also mountains, rivers, and lakes.

Words and scenes appeared and disappeared at times, sometimes in nothingness, and sometimes in reality.

400 Deathkin Supreme Saints were standing in all directions of the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*.

Lord Hornless was only about 10 miles away from the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*, and he was being attacked by words one by one. There were more than 100,000 words. Each of them was 33 centimeters long and heavier than a mountain. They turned into a sea of words.

BOOM!

Even though Lord Hornless's cultivation level was high and his defense was impenetrable, he was able to send the words flying. However, even if the words were destroyed and turned into nothingness, they could be formed immediately. They continued to attack him as if they were endless.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and Pan Ruo stood at the center of the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*. There were words beneath their feet.

"Use the words to attack and deplete Lord Hornless's Saint Qi. At that time, he will only have physical strength left and he will be exhausted. Then, we can easily kill him," Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said.

Pan Ruo stood at the side and a look of confusion flashed across her eyes.

She had to admit that she had underestimated Supreme Saint Yuan Fei in the past. This person was not as easy to use as he appeared to be. He had many things hidden in his heart. Just like the power of the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*, it was only now that it was fully unleashed. It had always been hidden.

Originally, Pan Ruo thought that the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit* was given to Supreme Saint Yuan Fei by the Deathkin's

deity.

However, after witnessing Supreme Saint Yuan Fei's mastery of the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*, she couldn't help but suspect that this Supreme Artifact had long been a weapon of Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

It was able to use the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit* to hide all the Deathkin Supreme Saints and from Lord Hornless's senses. After they approached him, they suddenly erupted and trapped him completely.

What did this mean?

It meant that Supreme Saint Yuan Fei had cultivated the Path of Oblivion and his attainments were not low.

Otherwise, how could he accurately control the Power of Oblivion of the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*? This was something Pan Ruo didn't know before.

Not to mention Pan Ruo, even Que, who was standing in the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*, in deep thoughts.

...

Chapter 2406: Yin Yang Five Elements: One Against Three

RAWRRRRRR!

Lord Hornless let out a long roar. The sound waves spread across the vast world where the Albajade Tree was located. The thick branches of the divine tree trembled, and the word characters surrounding them were on the verge of collapsing.

Greenlight burst out from Lord Hornless. His body expanded, turning into a Hornless Dragon that was more than twenty miles long.

The beast had the form of a dragon but with no horns. The scales on its body were as green as jade, reflecting a metallic luster.

If not because the Albajade Tree had too many branches and the space was too small, it would have been difficult for it to be unleashed. The actual body of the Hornless Dragon should have been even bigger.

The divine chains still locked the two front claws of the Hornless Dragon. The Hornless Dragon charged forward and sent the word characters flying. It was not hurt at all.

Inside The Scroll of Truth and Deceit, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was not shocked. Instead, he was delighted. “Lord Hornless has been forced to reveal his true form. It seems like the Saint Qi in his body is almost depleted. Now, it’s time to kill him.”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei laughed. He was in high spirits. All the meridian points in him released a powerful Death Qi. The Qi surged into The Scroll of Truth and Deceit, and he shouted, “Seal of Hollow.”

BAM! BAM!

The countless word characters surrounding the Hornless Dragon suddenly flew away.

They collided and formed a word character that was even bigger than the Hornless Dragon's body — "Hollow."

The "Hollow" character emitted a strange light. Not only was it dazzling, but everything touched by the light gradually became illusory. In the end, it turned into oblivion.

Only the Supreme Saints standing on The Scroll of Truth and Deceit were unaffected.

Of course, the Albajade Tree was not devoured by the power of Oblivion since it was the body of Madre Bloody Shadow.

The word "Hollow" pressed down on the Hornless Dragon's body. The power of Oblivion wrapped around it, and its hard scales gradually became transparent. Despite his attainment of Banshi Isshou Realm, it was clear that it would not be able to hold on for long.

The Hornless Dragon spat out Pentastone Sword from its mouth and continuously slashed toward the word character "Hollow".

The sword light slashed down and easily cut through the word character. However, as if passing through a layer of water, it failed to destroy the word character.

Pan Ruo could see that Lord Hornless had already used all his strength. Unfortunately, the power of The Scroll of Truth and Deceit was too unpredictable. Lord Hornless couldn't escape at all. His death was approaching.

'Lord Hornless entered the Celestial-Hunting battlefield with a death wish. Hence, him dying at the hands of Deathkin might not be a bad thing. Although these thirty million points will go to Deathkin, Deathkin won't be able to surpass the Immortal Vampires,' Pan Ruo thought to herself.

She looked at Lord Hornless with deep respect.

'Sacrifice ourselves to save more people.' Those Celestial Court cultivators who entered Infernal Court were mentally prepared for the worst at all times. Death was also their final destination.

Today was Lord Hornless, and tomorrow might be her.

Que had never been interested in weapons. He only believed in his absolute strength. However, after seeing the power of The Scroll of Truth and Deceit, his originally firm mind wavered a little.

‘If I can control The Scroll of Truth and Deceit, will my battle strength be able to rise to a higher level?’

However, this thought only appeared for an instant as he had shrugged it off immediately.

His mind, which had been steadfast for hundreds of years, could not be shaken. Otherwise, he would have to spend countless amounts of time in the future strengthening his mind. His cultivation leveling progress would be delayed, and it might even affect his potential to attain Godhood.

‘I am who I am. With a single word, I can kill all the enemies in the world. Using other battle weapons will only restrict me.’

Que opened his eyes once more. His pupils shot out a dazzling light. He no longer hid his aura. Like a divine sword being unsheathed, the light pierced through the sun like a white rainbow. His aura soared into the sky.

At the moment that Que held onto his mind, his mind became crystal clear. He vaguely found a way to perfect his incomplete Grade Two Saintwill.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei sensed that terrifying aura. He looked at Que in surprise, and their eyes met.

“Lord Hornless can only die under my sword!”

Dense Sword Qi was condensed around Que. It formed into a ring-shaped rain of swords flying in all directions.

Thud!

“Arghhh! Wh-Who the hell attacked us?”

“How could the attack get into The Scroll of Truth and Deceit?”

...

Before many of those Deathkin Supreme Saints could react, they were pierced by the Sword Qi, and blood flowed

continuously.

The Sword Qi, with the power of Oblivion, had invaded their bodies.

Flesh and blood on their wounds started to turn into nothingness.

The word “Hollow” pressing on the Hornless Dragon started to waver and fade.

KABOOM!

Green Flames erupted from the Hornless Dragon’s body and shattered the word character “Hollow”. It escaped through the gaps in the branches.

“You can’t escape from me!”

Que moved at speed of light. He appeared in the sky above the Hornless Dragon and slashed out with his sword, Kagemaru.

A black sword light that was more than ten miles long appeared. It was like a long snake in the void. It shuttled between reality and the virtual realm, changing constantly. It was very magical.

The Hornless Dragon gave a deep snort and spat out Pentastone Sword, slashing out a five-colored sword light.

Zztttttt

The two sword radiances clashed and broke in the middle before dissipating quickly.

Que furrowed his brows and muttered, “As expected of a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint. He is already at the end of his rope, yet he can still block my attack.”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei’s expression was cold as he stood in The Scroll of Truth and Deceit. He was very unhappy.

He placed all his chips on Lord Hornless. He was about to succeed, but Que destroyed his plan. If he could not kill Lord Hornless, the Deathkin’s ranking would become unsightly.

“If any of you are not dead yet, come with me and reactivate The Scroll of Truth and Deceit. If we fail to kill Lord

Hornless, we will end up being sinners of the Deathkin,” said Supreme Saint Yuan Fei coldly.

The streaks of Sword Qi Que had unleashed were in the tens of thousands. The power of Oblivion contained in each of them was very thin. Hence, some of the Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saints had already absorbed the power of Oblivion and recovered.

Whoosh!

The Scroll of Truth and Deceit once again released a bright light and formed a huge word character, “Hollow.” At the same time, it suppressed Que and Lord Hornless.

Que felt the dense energy contained in the word character “Hollow.” He raised his head and looked at it. “Using the power of Oblivion before a Master of Oblivion. What a joke!”

He ignored the “Hollow” character and disappeared.

When he reappeared, he was already standing on the back of the Hornless Dragon. He held Kagemaru tightly with both hands and suddenly stabbed downwards.

The four-foot-two-inch-long sword body emitted a dazzling light and pierced through the scales on the back of the Hornless Dragon. The Sword Qi pierced through its body. A large amount of blood gushed out from the scales and turned into a fountain of blood.

Growl!

The Hornless Dragon roared miserably, full of sorrow.

It flew at high speed, trying to break free.

However, Que clung to it like shit to a shovel. He pressed down on the sword and stabbed it even deeper.

Boom! Boom!

Pentastone Sword kept slashing at Que, but Mirror of Oblivion dispelled all the attack power under Que’s feet. Mirror of Oblivion was like an impenetrable sphere. Even a Supreme Artifact couldn’t pierce through it.

Pan Ruo's expression was calm. She did not dare to reveal her emotion. However, all her fingernails had already pierced her palm.

'I must restrain myself. I must hide all my emotions.

'Is this the strength of a top Hundred-Shackle cultivator in the ranking?! Que is too terrifying. He is unrivaled.

'Although Lord Hornless' spiritual power is sealed and his Saint Qi is almost exhausted, he is still a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint. How could he fail to break free from Que's sword?'

...

The Scroll of Truth and Deceit flew behind and chased after the Hornless Dragon.

The Deathkin Supreme Saints were shocked by Que's bravery. If they were in his shoes, they would not dare to kill Lord Hornless alone. That was no different from courting death.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei's expression was icy cold. He gritted his teeth and controlled the word character "Hollow" without saying a word.

Whoosh—

Suddenly, a meandering golden light flew out from between the branches.

The golden light charged towards Que, who was on the back of the Hornless Dragon. Someone threw a punch. Mirror of Oblivion under Que's feet reflected the true identity of the golden light. It was Yan Wushen, who was in Golden Giant Mode.

Yan Wushen emitted the light of Origin to resist the corrosion of the Mirror of Oblivion. His golden fist was getting closer and closer to Que.

In front of his fist, an arc of light formed.

Que squinted, pulled out his Kagemaru, and slashed at Yan Wushen.

Clang!

The sound of metal colliding came as Yan Wushen was thrown backward and hit a branch. However, after he was sent flying, he quickly chased after the Hornless Dragon as if he wasn't injured.

Yan Wushen laughed as he chased, "Que, killing Lord Hornless is useless to you. Why don't you leave him to me?"

"Lord Hornless' life is mine. Whoever dares to fight for it must be mentally prepared to die under my sword."

Que's posture was straight as he stood on the back of the Hornless Dragon. He held Kagemaru as thin as a cicada's wing and stared at Yan Wushen, who was chasing after him. Que was actually a little surprised. After taking Que's sword head-on, Yan Wushen did not seem to be injured at all.

Yan Wushen's golden body became even stronger!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Que, Lord Hornless, Yan Wushen, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, and the rest of the Deathkin Supreme Saints controlling the word character "Hollow" continued to attack each other, setting off waves of energy one after another.

From the beginning to the end, Que stood on the back of the Hornless Dragon and did not move. He only defensively blocked the attacks of Pentastone Sword, Yan Wushen's attack, and the word character "Hollow." Every casual swing of his sword neutralized their killing moves.

It was not that Que did not want to end the battle as soon as possible, but because he sensed a strong aura lurking in the dark. In other words, there was someone who had yet to make a move.

The aura was intimidating to him.

Therefore, Que did not dare to use his full strength. He reserved some strength to deal with the attack from the person in the dark.

Zhang Ruochen had already expelled all the Curse power in his body and stayed hidden in a dimension. He followed Que and the rest closely to find the right time to attack.

“It seems that Lord Hornless won’t live no matter what. In that case, I’ll send him off myself.”

KABOOM!

When Que swung his Kagemaru again and sent Yan Wushen flying, Zhang Ruochen spread out his ten golden wings and flew out of the dimension. Holding a Pleiades Lotus, he aimed at Lord Hornless’ head.

All the cultivators saw Zhang Ruochen at this moment.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei’s eyes were bloodshot. He roared, “Stop him!”

Que’s reaction was very fast. He formed a sword tactic with both hands.

Whoosh!

Kagemaru flew out. The tip of the sword stabbed straight at the Pleiades Lotus and struck the center of the lotus.

Energy ripples emerged in all directions.

In the next moment, Que’s figure flashed. He appeared in front of the Pleiades Lotus and grabbed the hilt. The power in his body erupted like a mountain flood, tsunami, and collapsing sky.

Zhang Ruochen was different from before. He wasn’t pushed back by Que. Instead, he punched the Pleiades Lotus and instantly exploded with nine layers of tremor force.

Fist Saintwill, Nine-tremor Saintwill.

Nine layers of tremor force spread toward Que and forced him back nine steps.

Que’s expression changed again and again. ‘Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation had improved so much in just a few dozen days? He broke 68 Shackles and cultivated close to ten billion Precepts.’

Of course, even if Zhang Ruochen was so powerful, Que was still confident that he could defeat Zhang Ruochen.

Que quickly stabilized his posture and activated more power. Thousands of sword shadows appeared on the body of Kagemaru. They crashed into the supreme light protective barrier the Pleiades Lotus formed like raindrops.

As long as the light barrier was broken, the rain of swords would fall on Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Hornless had returned to his human form. He wielded Pentastone Sword and slashed at Zhang Ruochen and Que simultaneously. The Sword Qi enveloped them.

Forced into a corner, Zhang Ruochen and Que retreated immediately. They used different methods to block the penta-colored sword light.

“Haha, this is great. This battle is getting more and more interesting!” Yan Wushen rode a golden light and flew over. He laughed and shot out a Communication Talisman.

Obviously, he was trying to call the Yanluo Clan Supreme Saints to come quickly.

Lord Hornless suddenly stopped running. He waved his sword and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

Pentastone Sword burst out with five-colored supreme power. It condensed into a cloud. Illusory images of golden spears, battle horses, long rivers, majestic mountains, dragon-shaped flames, and green trees appeared and evolved in the cloud.

Que thought for a moment and swung his sword at Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Hornless' goal was to die at Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Que's goal, on the other hand, was to kill Zhang Ruochen first and take back the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. If possible, it would be best to take away the Supreme Artifacts and the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill from Zhang Ruochen.

After all, it was easy to kill Lord Hornless, who was at the end of robe, but there was very little chance to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Even more unexpected was that Yan Wushen had condensed a Pagoda of Origin and suppressed Zhang Ruochen. In his

opinion, no matter who killed Lord Hornless, the person could not be Zhang Ruochen.

In this case, Que had to kill Zhang Ruochen first.

At least he had to force Zhang Ruochen to withdraw from the battlefield.

Que had been the target of public criticism last time. Even if Zhang Ruochen, Lan Ying, and Yan Wushen joined hands, both sides could only fight in an internecine state.

This time, for various reasons, Zhang Ruochen was targeted.

Zhang Ruochen didn't retreat. If he did, he would lose the chance to kill Lord Hornless forever.

Looking at Lord Hornless' performance, Zhang Ruochen guessed that Pan Ruo must have used some method to pass the message to him. That was why Lord Hornless didn't choose to run away when he was at the end of his rope. Instead, he attacked Zhang Ruochen.

He wanted to die in Zhang Ruochen's hands!

"Yan Wushen, don't you want to see my Saintwill? As you wish!"

"Yin Yang Five Elements, Heaven and Earth Rotation."

Zhang Ruochen wasn't afraid of the combined attack of the three powerful forces. Instead, his fighting spirit was boiling. His body was covered in flames, and his long hair stood. He raised his hands and released his Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill.

Suddenly, a five-colored light of Primordia burst out from Zhang Ruochen's body and illuminated the Albajade Tree, that was more than 10,000 meters tall.

A Taiji mark appeared around Zhang Ruochen's body to block Pentastone Sword that Lord Hornless swung at him.

Pentastone Sword contained the power of the five elements. The power was absorbed and transformed by the Taiji mark.

Boom!

Que's Kagemaru hacked down, releasing boundless power of Oblivion and Sword Qi.

However, these powers did not break the Taiji mark. They only made the Taiji mark shake violently. Then, the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill absorbed the power of Oblivion and Sword Qi, transforming them into the power of the five elements and the power of Yin-Yang.

Boom!

The Pagoda of Origin condensed by Yan Wushen hit somewhere above Zhang Ruochen's head, but it still could not break the Taiji mark formed by the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. Its power was also absorbed.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the center of the Taiji Mark. His body spun rapidly, constantly absorbing their attack power. He transformed it into the five elemental power and Yin-Yang power to attack them in reverse.

He had single-handedly blocked three powerful figures.

All kinds of power shuttled between the four people. Any one of them could kill a Supreme Saint.

"How is this possible? Zhang Ruochen...How can he be so powerful?" Supreme Saint Yuanfei trembled. He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Pan Ruo gritted her teeth. Her face was stiff.

In the Fane of Destiny, the deities all looked at the battlefield where the four of them were.

This was Zhang Ruochen's first time using the newly fused Saintwill!

They all wanted to see how powerful the Saintwill was after fusing six types of Saintwill. Was it the legendary first-class Saintwill?

"This..."

Even the deities' mouths were agape when they saw Zhang Ruochen fighting against the three masters alone.

They didn't think that Zhang Ruochen was stronger than Lord Hornless or that he could defeat Que.

However, it was still shocking that Zhang Ruochen could absorb and transform their attack power with the Saintwill and block the three forces by borrowing their strength.

The deities could see the true nature, but the ordinary cultivators who watched the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms didn't.

The cultivators only saw that Zhang Ruochen had fought against Lord Hornless, Que, and Yan Wushen to a draw. Moreover, he hadn't been defeated in a short time. This had completely overturned their understanding of strength.

Chapter 2407: The Fall of Lord Hornless

Que, a top Hundred-Shackle Realm elite on the ranking, was a Master of Oblivion.

Yan Wushen, a Yuanhui-level genius with demi-buddha physique, had attained the Great Perfection in terms of his Precepts at his Saint Kingdom.

Lord Hornless was a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint.

The three powerful figures were all existences that all living beings looked up to. However, at this moment, the three of them could only fight Zhang Ruochen to a draw.

There was nothing more shocking than this.

“With this Saintwill, Zhang Ruochen can definitely go a long way in his future practice,” said a deity who was in deep thought.

All the deities understood that the longer a cultivator could practice, the higher their cultivation level would be.

During a cultivator’s Sainthood, it was crucial to choose a wide enough path, lay a strong foundation, and support themselves to keep going and become stronger.

Even the deities who held grudges against Zhang Ruochen started to think about whether they should kill Zhang Ruochen at all costs or use some means to resolve their feuds.

After all, with such talent, Zhang Ruochen should be able to attain Godhood in less than a thousand years.

Once he ascended, he would be superior among the deities.

A thousand years was too short a time.

If they went into seclusion training, a thousand years might pass already when they came out. By then, Zhang Ruochen would already be a deity.

Certain things had to be resolved in time. The longer they delayed, the more serious the consequences would be.

Zhang Ruochen's weight in the deities' views had changed!

Ancient God of Knowledge and Luo Yan were still in the divine realm of Wargod Bloodximius. They held their wine cups and said no words. No one knew what they were thinking. The atmosphere turned uncanny.

Blood Empress stared in the direction of the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Her eyes were solemn. Apparently, she was worried.

On the surface, Zhang Ruochen was fighting three enemies simultaneously, but in reality, it was extremely dangerous. Once his Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill was broken, the outcome could be tragic for Zhang Ruochen.

It would only take a moment to decide life or death.

The key was that even with her cultivation in the divine realm, she couldn't predict the outcome of the upcoming victory or defeat.

...

After a short moment of shock, Supreme Saint Yuanfei's eyes darkened. He said, "Let's join hands to use the Seal of Hollow."

Pan Ruo could not help but say, "No..."

Supreme Saint Yuanfei stared at her sternly and said, "Your Highness, what do you mean by 'No'?"

Pan Ruo's panicked heart quickly recovered. She said calmly, "The battle between the four of them is very dangerous at the moment. They are in a delicate balance. Once the balance is broken, the lives of the four of them will be in danger."

"Do you care so much about Que's safety, Your Highness? Don't forget Que just ruined our big plan. I don't care about the lives of Zhang Ruochen, Que, and Yan Wushen. I just want to kill Lord Hornless."

Supreme Saint Yuanfei raised his hand. Countless word characters flew up from the ground and imprisoned Pan Ruo.

Que had ruined Supreme Saint Yuanfei's plan, and Pan Ruo was the one who had brought him here. Obviously, this pissed Supreme Saint Yuanfei off and affected their ties.

"Seal of Hollow."

Under Supreme Saint Yuanfei's control, the huge "Hollow" character fell rapidly.

Seeing this, the deities behind Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, and Que couldn't sit still. If the three of them died, it would be a huge loss for either side.

"No deity is allowed to interfere in the Celestial-Hunting battle. This is the rule." Fukurokuju's stern voice spread throughout the Fane of Destiny.

Boom!

The "Hollow" seal landed and hit the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, creating a huge ripple.

The balance was broken. The Taiji diagram around Zhang Ruochen couldn't hold on anymore. It broke apart. The surging power hit the four.

"Ptui!"

The four spat out blood and flew in four directions.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen both had Supreme Artifacts to protect them. Comparatively, they weren't too badly injured. The first thing Que did was virtualize himself into an incorporeal state. Hence, most of the impact force had been neutralized; he did not receive any major injuries.

Only Lord Hornless, who was at the end of his rope, was the most severely injured. His body had almost been destroyed, with large areas left with only his bones.

Even his vitality was rapidly declining.

Everyone could see that Lord Hornless was really done for. It was just one last attack away from taking his life. The life of

this Supreme Saint at Banshi Isshou Realm was about to reach its end.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, and Que couldn't care less about their injuries. They rushed toward Lord Hornless at their fastest speed.

Their speed was even faster than using Great Dimensional Shift at such a close distance. Using the Great Dimensional Shift move would require time.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei gritted his teeth and seized every second. He controlled the word "Hollow" and attacked Lord Hornless.

Lord Hornless knew that he would die today. He smiled bitterly and glared at Zhang Ruochen. He roared, "Zhang Ruochen, you bastard. Even if I die today, I'll drag you down with me."

RAWWRRRRRR!

He transformed into his true form, the Hornless Dragon, and charged at Zhang Ruochen.

The huge eyes of the Hornless Dragon saw Zhang Ruochen flying towards it. There was no sadness or fear. It was already the best outcome for it to die at Zhang Ruochen's hands and help her highness to accomplish her goals.

"No!"

Que, Yan Wushen, and Yuan Fei shouted almost at the same time.

The Seal of Hollow, formed by Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, was the closest to Lord Hornless. It was about to kill him first. Who would have thought that Lord Hornless would want to die with Zhang Ruochen before he died?

The victory that was right in front of them slipped away again.

Once Lord Hornless succeeded and died with Zhang Ruochen, those 30 million points would go to Immortal Vampires.

Lord Hornless was already self-detonating his Sainthood Source. It was too late for anyone to use spiritual power to suppress him.

Yan Wushen and Que forced themselves to stop. They stared at Zhang Ruochen deeply. Then, they fled the scene quickly. They didn't want to die under Lord Hornless's self-detonation.

Zhang Ruochen only exchanged a glance with Lord Hornless. Zhang Ruochen understood all Lord Hornless's emotions. Then he roared, "You won't be able to self-detonate in front of me that easily."

"Null Time Realm!"

The Null Time Realm's domain enveloped the huge Hornless Dragon. In the domain, time slowed down and almost stopped. It bought Zhang Ruochen a moment of time.

"Dimensional Sword Dance!"

36 Dimensional Swords condensed around Zhang Ruochen and wrapped him up. They hit the center of Lord Hornless's brows and pierced through.

Bang! Bang!

Zhang Ruochen and the 36 Dimensional Swords rushed from the head to the tail of the Hornless Dragon. By the time he flew out, he was covered in blood. In his hand was a crystal clear Sainthood Source.

In the end, Lord Hornless could not self-detonate.

The Hornless Dragon let out a mournful cry. Its huge body fell, and its breath of life completely disappeared.

At this moment, the entire world was silent. All eyes were on Zhang Ruochen.

Pan Ruo wanted to cry, but she restrained herself in the end. She knew that Lord Hornless didn't die in vain. Everything was worth it. If she was in Zhang Ruochen's shoes, she wouldn't feel sad if she died under Zhang Ruochen's sword.

...

The battle was still going on in the starry sky outside the Albajade Tree. The Supreme Saints of all races were hunting the escaping Celestial Captives. There were less than 100 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives left.

The Supreme Saint army of the Immortal Vampires rushed back and joined the battle.

“Charge!”

Xue Tu used five Regal Artifacts to kill a Supreme Saint Celestial Captive at Neverwilt Realm. First, he took away his Sainthood Source. Next, he cut off the Supreme Saint’s heart, lungs, and kidneys... In other words, he sorted and stored all the valuable items on the Supreme Saint’s body carefully.

Finally, he collected the drops of blood from the Supreme Saint’s corpse with a jade bottle. Only then did he nod in satisfaction.

He took the diamond-shaped mirror out of habit to check his points.

“1,770,000. Not Bad, not bad. My performance in the Celestial-Hunting battle was too outstanding. I’m even better than some of the Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. I’ll definitely be a prominent talent nurtured by the clan.

“The key is that I’ve seized several Regal Artifacts. I’ve collected a lot of Sainthood Sources, blood, heart, kidneys... I should be able to sell them at a high price. It should be enough to support my training until I reach the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. “Unfortunately...”

Thinking about how Zhang Ruochen had taken eight Regal Artifacts away from him, Xue Tu was resentful.

‘How could there be such a shameless person in the world?’

“I just owe him a Supreme Artifact, and it was already taken away by him. Why does he keep pestering me to repay ‘debts’ at any time?

“When I attain the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm, I must take revenge.

“If he still insists repayment from me, he will have to defeat me first— Eh?”

Suddenly, Xue Tu’s eyes widened. He looked at the diamond-shaped mirror in shock as if he had seen a ghost.

Why did the points of the Immortal Vampires suddenly increase by 30 million?

It was now 120 million!

“Lord Hornless! Lord Hornless must have been killed. He is a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm. Who could possibly kill him?”

Zhang Ruochen’s figure appeared in Xue Tu’s mind. He quickly checked Zhang Ruochen’s score.

A moment later, he was stunned again.

“As expected! As expected... Amazing! He actually killed a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint. How can he be so OP?” Xue Tu lightly brushed his chest to calm himself after he said it. “I was too conceited. I was too conceited just now. I must keep a low profile, a low profile...” he muttered to himself.

Then, he immediately hid the five Regal Artifacts.

Gradually,

Immortal Vampires, Bone Clan, Netherkin, Yanluo Clan... the cultivators of the ten clans all saw the changes in their points. Some were happy and excited, some were silent, and some shook their heads and sighed.

“Yanluo Clan... was defeated in the end...”

“We have become sinners. We have lost the honor of the supreme clan.”

The morale among the Supreme Saints of Yanluo Clan charging at the Albajade Tree went low. It was as if the Celestial-Hunting battle had ended prematurely. Even if they killed all the other Supreme Saint Celestial Captives, their points wouldn’t surpass the Immortal Vampires’.

The defeat was set.

After killing Lord Hornless, the injuries Zhang Ruochen suppressed and endured finally went out of control. Cracks appeared on his body, as if his body was about to explode.

The power contained in the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill ran through his body, shattering his blood vessels, arteries, veins, and meridians.

He could only rely on the Qi of Life contained in the Heart of the Divine Tree to repair his body. However, blood continued to seep out of his skin.

All the Yanluo cultivators lost their will to fight, but Yan Wushen didn't give up. He took out the diamond-shaped mirror and looked at the points on it. Then he stared at Zhang Ruochen, "No, we haven't lost yet. There's still a chance."

Then he raised his voice and asked Pan Ruo, "Your Highness, are the rest of the Immortal Vampires with Zhang Ruochen? Help me calculate. Yanluo Clan owes you a favor."

This favor was owed by the entire Yanluo Clan, not Yan Wushen.

In other words, as long as she helped, Yanluo Clan would support her in pursuing the position of the Scioness of Destiny at the critical moment.

Pan Ruo had no choice.

Her only competitor was Lady Wind.

It was in her interest to defeat the Immortal Vampires.

If she didn't agree, everyone could see that she was helping Zhang Ruochen and the Immortal Vampires. If she continued to investigate, everything that happened in the Celestial-Hunting battlefield would be related to her and Zhang Ruochen.

Pan Ruo held the Door of Trueself and adjusted the Precepts of Destiny. She started to calculate.

Que's face was cold. "Zhang Ruochen, give me the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill,

and I'll leave the Celestial-Hunting battlefield now and stop meddling in the fight between the Immortal Vampires and Yanluo Clan."

There was a strong sense of threat in his words.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei said, "I want a Supreme Artifact, a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, and 100,000 Godstones. As long as you agree to this condition, the Deathkin won't interfere in your fight.

"You can owe me 100,000 Godstones until after the Celestial-Hunting battle. However, you must swear in the name of Wargod Bloodximus and Blood Empress."

Even if the points of the Immortal Vampires were cut in half, the Deathkin would not be able to surpass them.

Since that was the case, it was better to take advantage of the situation and obtain some benefits.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei believed that Zhang Ruochen, who was seriously injured, would definitely choose to compromise and accept any of their terms. Otherwise, if all the major forces joined hands, Zhang Ruochen would not be able to leave the battlefield alive.

Furthermore, the points of the Immortal Vampires would be reduced half if that was the case.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei felt a little regretful. He felt that he didn't ask for enough. He should have made harsher conditions.

Zhang Ruochen temporarily suppressed the chaotic power of the Saintwill in his body. He laughed. "I'm the Scion of Time and Space. I can go anywhere. Do you think I will agree to your terms?"

Swoosh!

Zhang Ruochen turned into a streak of golden light and rushed out.

"Stop right there!"

Yuan Fei controlled The Seal of Hollow to suppress Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to be surrounded. He held the Pleiades Lotus and floated above his head. The lotus bloomed with a bone-chilling black light. Thousands of phantoms appeared and blocked The Seal of Hollow for a moment.

Zhang Ruochen took this opportunity to surprise everyone. He flew to the The Scroll of Truth and Deceit and shouted, “If you want a Supreme Artifact, I can give you one now.”

Violet Gourd appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s hand.

“Quick! Activate the defensive inscriptions of the scroll to strengthen the Seal of Hollow!”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei saw that Zhang Ruochen was getting closer and closer. He thought that Zhang Ruochen was going to activate the Supreme Artifact to attack, so he immediately withdrew the power to control the the Seal of Hollow and activated another power contained in The Scroll of Truth and Deceit:

The Seal of Actuality.

It was to enter defense mode from attack mode.

One by one, the “Actuality” word characters rose up on the edge of the scroll and arranged themselves into a scripture.

However, Zhang Ruochen was so fast that he barged into The Scroll of Truth and Deceit. In the blink of an eye, he appeared in front of Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

Bang! Bang!

He sent 13 palm strikes in a row.

He executed Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike from the first move to the 13th move. All of them landed on Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was sent flying 13 times in a row. All the bones in his body were almost shattered. His body was turning into a pool of blood. It was unknown whether he was alive or dead.

“How dare you!”

The voices of the Deathkin Supreme Saints rang out one after another. They could not contain their anger. They all used their spiritual power of Death power in attempt to crush Zhang Ruochen’s soul and spirit.

However, Zhang Ruochen had already escaped. He flew dozens of miles away from The Scroll of Truth and Deceit.

After Yuan Fei was beaten to the ground, the Seal of Actuality of The Scroll of Truth and Deceit had disappeared. Of course, it couldn’t stop Zhang Ruochen from leaving. Zhang Ruochen could come and go as he wished.

A Deathkin Supreme Saint suddenly cried out, “Oh no, Zhang Ruochen has taken her highness away!”

“He caught her highness using the Violet Gourd. Zhang Ruochen is a beast. How dare he abduct a woman at such a dangerous time?”

“Quick. Stop Zhang Ruochen from leaving. Don’t forget about what he did to Yan Zhexian whom he caught. He has the balls to do anything he wants. If we’re late, things can go awry.”

Chapter 2408: Ambushed

Pan Ruo's cultivation in the Path of Destiny was profound. With the Door of Trueself, she could infer the secrets of all the immortal vampires. She could even track Zhang Ruochen.

Hence, Zhang Ruochen would want to capture her.

Whoosh!

Zhang Ruochen spread his ten wings and flew through the branches.

The Deathkin Supreme Saints had long been left behind.

Yan Wushen chased after Zhang Ruochen for a while, but he was also left far behind.

Only Que cast a Flowing light Technique. He was faster than Zhang Ruochen. He chased after him and attacked him with Kagemaru from time to time.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to stay. He was afraid that he would be surrounded by enemies.

If it was only a few immortal and Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saints surrounding him, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't be afraid. But if there were powerful figures like Yan Wushen and Que among the Neverwilt and Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saints, he would be in big trouble.

Boom! Boom!

The Pleiades Lotus floated behind Zhang Ruochen and clashed fiercely with Kagemaru coming from behind.

The Sword Qi and Supreme Power clashed, creating balls of brilliant energy light clouds.

'I have to fly out of the Albajade Tree as soon as possible. Once I get out, my Dimensional cultivation techniques will be of great use. Que won't be able to catch up to me!'

A thought flashed in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

Suddenly, hundreds of powerful energy waves appeared in front of him. They surged from all directions.

The moment the Yanluo Clan's Supreme Saints received a message from Yan Wushen, they regained their fighting spirit. They gathered all the Supreme Saints of their clan to surround Zhang Ruochen, wanting to fight one last time to win first place in the Celestial-Hunting battle.

"Leave Zhang Ruochen behind and exterminate the Immortal Vampires.

"Yanluo Clan still has a chance. This is a desperate battle. They'll do whatever it takes to cut the Immortal Vampires' points by half.

"Fight! Fight until everything turns into chaos. Die with no regret!"

...

Hundreds of Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan were filled with fighting spirit. They charged toward Zhang Ruochen like a tide.

Zhang Ruochen flew and shouted, "Retreat or die!"

"Hell no! We'll fight even if we have to die."

The Supreme Saint's voice came from all directions.

The Yanluo Clan's Supreme Saint army stayed united. Every single of them was determined to win first place among the ten clans, even if it would cost their lives.

The only pity was that time was too short. Zhang Ruochen was too fast, and Yanluo Clan lacked the leadership of a top elite. They couldn't form a joint attack formation.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were cold. He put his hands together.

Marks of Time in the form of light spots appeared one by one. They wrapped around his body, forming into the shape of a bell.

"Chime,"

Zhang Ruochen shouted.

The Bell of Time rang. Marks of Time and sound waves surged out like a tsunami. They hit the Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan.

BONG!

BONG!

...

The bell chimed again and again. More and more Yanluo Supreme Saints were sent flying.

Not only were they hit by the sound waves, but their lifespans were also cut off by the Marks of Time.

Que slowed down his pursuit and held up the Mirror of Oblivion to resist the attack from the Marks of Time. He was shocked as he thought, 'Zhang Ruochen has suffered the backlash of the Saintwill power. His internal injuries are serious, yet he can execute such a powerful Time Technique continuously? Isn't he afraid of suffering another backlash from Time?'

In the past, he had thought that with Zhang Ruochen's attainment in the Path of Time, Zhang Ruochen would be considered amazing if he could chime the bell three times in a row.

But now, the time bell rang five times in a row.

It must be known that every time the time bell rang, it would be strongly impacted by the time saint phase. If he used it too much, the time saint phase would shatter.

The Bell of Time rang five times, sending countless Yanluo Clan Supreme Saints flying and weakening them.

However, these Yanluo Supreme Saints still charged at him as if they didn't care about their lives.

"Stay out of my way or die!"

Zhang Ruochen's body spun rapidly. He activated Divine Purification Flame in his body. It became a flaming tornado in corn shape.

The ten golden wings were like ten sharp blades, slashing away all the Yanluo Supreme Saints that approached him.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Some of the Yanluo Supreme Saints were slashed by the golden wings. Their bodies were torn apart, and blood splattered everywhere. Some exploded, turning into a cloud of blood mist. Some caught fire once they contacted Zhang Ruochen's Divine Purification Flame.

In a few seconds, Zhang Ruochen broke through the siege line formed by the Yanluo Supreme Saints and flew out.

Behind him, there were dozens of severely injured Yanluo Supreme Saints. Countless Supreme Saints had contacted the Divine Purification Flame. Some of them had even died. Their bodies and souls had been destroyed.

Zhang Ruochen seemed mighty and powerful. He killed hundreds of Yanluo Supreme Saints easily. But his injuries had actually gotten worse. He spat out a mouthful of blood as soon as he got out.

If given other circumstances, he would not have fought against hundreds of Supreme Saints head-on.

Fortunately, he had chased almost all the Yanluo Clan's top elites, Array Masters, and Talisman Masters out of the battlefield. If a Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saint as powerful as The Eight Sons of Life and Death had appeared and blocked one or two of his attacks, he would have suffered dire consequences.

Swoosh!

Zhang Ruochen flew out of the Albajade Tree and saw Lady Wind and the Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint army.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had escaped, all the Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints were overjoyed. They looked at Zhang Ruochen with respect.

It was because of Zhang Ruochen that they felt for the first time how great the Immortal Vampires were. They could be even stronger than Yanluo Clan.

Killing Lord Hornless had made Zhang Ruochen gain the most crucial 30 million points. It had pushed Zhang Ruochen's reputation among the Immortal Vampires to the peak.

Although Zhang Ruochen was injured, he was like an unsurpassable divine peak in their eyes.

"Supreme Saint Ruochen, we will fight along with you," shouted hundreds of Immortal Vampires at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen sensed that a large group of Supreme Saints of the Deathkin and Yanluo Clan had caught up with him. He ordered, "I must leave immediately. Find a safe place to hide and protect the remaining members of the Immortal Vampires."

Since there were a large number of powerful figures of the Immortal Vampires, Zhang Ruochen didn't want to continue fighting to the death. He didn't want to hurt the foundation of his Saintwill either. Finding a place to control the injuries in his body was the priority.

Zhang Ruochen was confident that with his cultivation in the Path of Dimension and Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification, no one would be able to find him in a short time as long as he lay low.

Lady Wind's face was delicate and beautiful. Holding the blood-red Sword of Asura, she said, "Don't worry. The Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints and I will try our best to stop them."

After defeating Xi, Lady Wind was full of confidence and fighting spirits.

If nothing unexpected happened, the position of the Scioness of Destiny would be hers.

Zhang Ruochen reached out his right hand and pressed forward.

Crash!

A dimensional wormhole mirror was formed.

He was about to cross a space through the mirror.

Suddenly, a blood-red sword light with fierce Qi of Slaughter cut through the dimensional wormhole mirror. The sword light aimed at Zhang Ruochen's neck.

The dimensional wormhole mirror was less than three meters away from Zhang Ruochen.

The sword strike was so fast that even a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint could not dodge it, let alone Zhang Ruochen.

“Die!”

The sword light slashed past, separating Zhang Ruochen's head from his neck.

The Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints did not expect such a turn of events. The sight of it caused an uproar among them.

Most of their eyes looked in Lady Wind's direction.

Her hands were covered in blood.

The Sword of Asura in her hands had broken free from her grip and flew out, cutting off Zhang Ruochen's neck.

Lan Ying, who looked like a child, flew out of the Sword of Asura. He let out a grating laugh. “Zhang Ruochen, you've been in the limelight on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. You've fought intense battles, defeated one elite after another, snatched the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, banished Yan Huangtu and Wu Jiang from the battlefield, and even cultivated an incredible Saintwill. “But all your fruits of battle will eventually become mine .”

“What you think you are doing, Lan Ying?” Lady Wind asked in a stern voice.

Lan Ying glanced at her and smiled. “Our cooperation is to deal with Yanluo Clan together and help you gain the position of Scioness. Don't worry, I'll agree to both. But how to deal with Zhang Ruochen is not within the terms of our deal.”

“Did you use me?” Lady Wind asked. “You used me to approach Zhang Ruochen and kill him with a sword when he was defenseless.”

“I just want to devour Zhang Ruochen and take the Saintwill pill from him. If I refine him, I might be able to have the Grade Two Saintwill without practicing.

“Lady Wind, our deal remains. I can help the Immortal Vampires resist Yanluo Clan’s attack and win the top place among ten clans.

“So Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires, you’d better restrain your emotions and think about what’s best for you.

“If you attack me now to avenge Zhang Ruochen’s death, you’ll make another great enemy.

“Why don’t you take a step back?

“Taking a step back is good for all of us.”

“If you fight me to death, Yanluo Clan will be the one who wins in the end.

“It’s not worth it to fight for Zhang Ruochen, who is already dead. From now on, I will take over Zhang Ruochen’s position and lead the Immortal Vampires to the top place among the ten clans.”

The Celestial-Hunting battle had made the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires accept Zhang Ruochen, and many of them admired him and regarded him as their goal.

However, Zhang Ruochen had once been a member of the Celestial Court and had killed countless Immortal Vampires.

There was a wall between them, and it wasn’t something that could be broken in a short time. It was even harder for them to become comrades willing to fight side-by-side till the end.

When Zhang Ruochen was alive, they respected him and were willing to follow his orders from the bottom of their hearts.

But now that Zhang Ruochen was dead, it was unrealistic to risk their lives to avenge him. Their relationship had not reached that stage yet.

Among the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires, only Lord Xia Yu might do that.

All the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires glared at Lan Ying with blood-red eyes, but they did not step out in the end. Some were afraid of Lan Ying's strength, and some were concerned about the interests of the Immortal Vampires.

Seeing this, Lan Ying laughed loudly and flew toward Zhang Ruochen's head with the Sword of Asura in his hand. He opened his mouth, which had turned into mist, and was about to swallow it into his stomach and refine it directly.

Something strange happened. Zhang Ruochen's floating head suddenly regained its spirit.

"Oh no, Zhang Ruochen is not dead."

Sensing that something was wrong, Lan Ying retreated quickly.

However, it was too late. Zhang Ruochen had spat out a mouthful of fire. It hit Lan Ying, burning him until wisps of smoke were emitted.

On the other side, Zhang Ruochen's headless body with a Pleiades Lotus in his hand hit Lan Ying hard.

Bang!

Lan Ying was smashed into pieces and turned into a mass of Qi of Slaughter.

The Pleiades Lotus was about to absorb all the Qi of Slaughter, but the Sword of Asura flew over quickly and took all the Qi of Slaughter before absorbing it into the sword body.

Swoosh!

The Sword of Asura flew far away. The light it emitted reflected the surrounding starry sky into a blood-red color. It was brilliant and strange.

From the body of the sword, Lan Ying's cold voice came.
"The Sword of Asura decapitated you. The powerful Qi of Slaughter should have instantly devoured all of your life force and destroyed your sea of Qi. How can you possibly still survive?"

Lan Ying had been accumulating energy to execute that sword strike for a long time, and the attack had caught Zhang Ruochen off guard. The Qi of Slaughter it contained was even stronger than the one Lan Ying had used to attack Que.

Back then, Que had been prepared. He had mobilized the power of Oblivion and dissolved a large amount of Qi of Slaughter. That was why he survived despite being split into two halves. ‘Could it be Zhang Ruochen was also prepared and dissolved the Qi of Slaughter of the Sword of Asura?’ thought Lan Ying. But he remained skeptical.

‘The Sword of Asura is a powerful divine weapon. No one can dissolve the Qi of Slaughter.’

Zhang Ruochen’s head and body flew together and merged. Divine Flames burned on his body. “How can that little Qi of Slaughter you mobilized destroy me, someone with Five-element Chaotic Neverwithers Physique?”

If it had been before meeting Madre Bloody Shadow, Zhang Ruochen could not have withstood such a powerful strike from Lan Ying.

But now, after refining his physique with the Pale Blood Soil, the Sword of Asura could not kill him. At least, with Lan Ying’s cultivation, Lan Ying could not kill him.

Zhang Ruochen sensed Yan Wushen and Que’s presence. His expression changed slightly. He glanced at Lady Wind and immediately executed dimensional techniques to escape across space.

He appeared 500 miles away the next moment.

Then he opened the dimensional wormhole mirror and stepped into it.

Zhang Ruochen’s sneak attack and words had struck Lan Ying. In fact, the Qi of Slaughter within Zhang Ruochen had not been completely dissolved. And thus, his combat power had greatly decreased.

Therefore, he had to escape and avoid a direct confrontation with Que, Yan Wushen, and Lan Ying.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen could not figure out whether the deal between Lady Wind and Lan Ying had included him.

He wondered whether Lady Wind and Lan Ying were just acting.

Logically speaking, the sword that Lan Ying decapitated Zhang Ruochen, the Sword of Asura, must have shown signs of conserving energy. At that time, it had been in Lady Wind's hand. Hence, she should have noticed the signs.

If Lady Wind hadn't used the power of Destiny to wipe the killing intent on the sword away, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have been caught off guard.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen had gotten too much limelight in the Celestial-Hunting battle. In contrast, the other Immortal Vampires did not stand out. As long as Zhang Ruochen was alive, even if Lady Wind became the Scioness of Destiny, she would draw controversy. Other cultivators would say that she got the position all thanks to Zhang Ruochen.

The Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints in the Celestial-Hunting battle would respect Zhang Ruochen more highly than her since they would think she did not earn the Scioness position with her own efforts.

Zhang Ruochen dying and losing his value on the last day was what Lady Wind wanted to see the most.

So when the time came, she could sit back and reap all the fruits of Zhang Ruochen's victory.

Chapter 2409: The Final Battle

Whoosh!

After crossing the wormhole, Zhang Ruochen instantly arrived 200,000 miles away and entered the deep zone.

He looked back and saw the 10,000-mile-tall Albajade Tree had become the size of a millstone. Its light was still dazzling.

Before Zhang Ruochen could heave a sigh of relief, spatial fluctuations appeared not far away. Another Wormhole Mirror appeared.

“You are fast,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen could tell who was the person easily without even guessing. After all, on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, there was no one other than Yan Wushen who could open a wormhole like him.

RAWWRRRR!

With a long roar, Yan Wushen, who was 96 feet tall, jumped over the mirror and rushed out. He said, “Zhang Ruochen, stop running. Let’s fight!”

Zhang Ruochen ignored him. He pointed with his finger to open a Wormhole Mirror again and stepped into it.

Whoosh!

Yan Wushen caught up again. He raised his voice as he said, “Your injuries are serious. If you continue like this, there will be incurable hidden dangers. Why don’t you stay and fight me? I’ll give you 15 minutes to recover.”

“15 minutes is too short. How about a day?” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Yan Wushen snorted.

Zhang Ruochen did not stop. He continued to cross the space.

Now, the initiative was in Zhang Ruochen's hands. Once he promised Yan Wushen to stop fighting, Yan Wushen would have the initiative instead.

After swallowing the Pale Blood Soil, Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could hold on until the end of the Celestial-Hunting battle.

If he chose to keep running, Yan Wushen would not be able to catch up with him, even if Yan Wushen's attainment in the Path of Dimension was not inferior to his.

"If you want to fight, there will be plenty of opportunities in the future. But today, I only want to take first place among the ten clans. So, I won't accompany you."

With these words, Zhang Ruochen stepped into the Wormhole Mirror for the fourth time.

There was not much time left before the Celestial-Hunting battle ended. Most cultivators stopped fighting and waited for the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms to teleport them back to Mount Destiny.

But Yan Wushen refused to give up. He continued to chase after Zhang Ruochen. "There are rules set by the Fane of Destiny. You are not allowed to take all your clansmen off your home planet. You broke the rules. Even if the Immortal Vampires get the most points, they'll be stripped of their rank," said Yan Wushen.

"The planet of the Immortal Vampires doesn't exist anymore. Why should we follow the rules?" Zhang Ruochen retorted.

...

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen fled for millions of miles in the chase. The colorful fog filled the surroundings, the space quivering.

Que and Lan Ying had practiced the Path of Dimension, but they were not good enough to open a Wormhole Mirror. They

could not catch up with Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, the two Masters of Dimension.

Yan Wushen was still slower than Zhang Ruochen. He could not stop Zhang Ruochen.

If this went on, Yanluo Clan would definitely lose.

Yan Wushen had no choice. He could only use his last move. "I'll give you one last chance. Stay and fight with me. We'll determine the ranking of Yanluo Clan and the Immortal Vampires based on our victory.

"Otherwise, Que and Lan Ying will join the forces targetting you.

"The two of them won't let go of this chance to kill you."

After ten years of practicing in the dark star, refining Pale Blood Soil, and cultivating his sixth type of Saintwill, the gap between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's cultivation and combat strength had widened.

If Zhang Ruochen had not been so severely injured, he would not have minded fighting Yan Wushen to inflict a full defeat on Yan Wushen.

But now was not the time.

Zhang Ruochen did not say a word and continued his escape.

Yan Wushen shook his head and did not hesitate anymore. He waved his hand and sent out two Communication talismans, telling Que and Lan Ying the spatial coordinates of him and Zhang Ruochen.

After that, every time Yan Wushen crossed the Wormhole Mirror, he would send out two Communication talismans.

Yan Wushen believed that the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill had a fatal attraction to Que and Lan Ying. They would definitely try to catch up.

After receiving the message, Lan Ying and Que did not act immediately. They knew that they could not catch up to Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen by flying.

Soon, they received seven Communication talismans in a row.

Que raised his hand. A vast starry realm appeared in his palm. Seven spatial coordinates automatically appeared in his palm, forming an irregular line.

“As expected, Zhang Ruochen will appear in this area next time.”

Que extended his finger and pointed to one of the areas.

As expected, Yan Wushen’s eighth Communication Talisman flew over. The location of the spatial coordinates was very close to the location Que had analyzed.

“But it isn’t enough to analyze the location Zhang Ruochen will cross next time.

“Because the universe is vast. The small area you have figured out is probably thousands of miles wide.

“Even if we reach that area ahead of time, it’s possible that we are still far away from Zhang Ruochen. If so, we won’t be able to stop him from crossing a space again in time,” said Lan Ying.

“Thousands of miles? That’s about it. We just need to stop Zhang Ruochen from opening a Wormhole Mirror again. Even if we can only stop him for a moment, Yan Wushen, who is catching up from behind, will be able to stop him completely.”

Lan Ying and Que did not wait any longer. They entered the dimensional teleportation array and teleported away.

This dimensional teleportation array was the one that Supreme Saint Yanhong had repaired. It had always been guarded by the Bone Clan Supreme Saint.

Whoosh!

The boundless void was silent. Suddenly, a Wormhole Mirror appeared.

Zhang Ruochen’s face was pale. He rushed out.

His internal injuries worsened again.

He knew very well that with Que and Lan Ying’s talent and wisdom, they could definitely catch up once they got the coordinates. Just like back then, Que could not lose Yan

Huangtu and Lan Ying chasing him despite his unrivaled speed.

Those whose cultivation was at their level were not ordinary people.

Yan Wushen was chasing after him too hard. Zhang Ruochen did not have much time to think. He had to keep opening a Wormhole Mirror. The further he ran, the lower the probability of Que and Lan Ying catching up with him.

Swoosh!

A beam of blood-red light hit the Wormhole Mirror Zhang Ruochen had just opened. It shook the mirror until it was unstable.

If he forced his way into the mirror, the mirror would collapse instantly. It was very dangerous.

Zhang Ruochen saw the source of the blood-red light. Thousands of miles away, Lan Ying and Que stood together. They both injected their power into the Sword of Asura at the same time, causing the sword light to hit the Wormhole Mirror in an instant.

When they were on the home planet of Yanluo Clan, they were mortal enemies and had a great enmity with each other.

But for the sake of common interests, they chose to join hands at this moment.

It was at that moment that Yan Wushen caught up to him. From behind, he shattered the Wormhole Mirror that Zhang Ruochen had opened with a punch across space. Then, he enveloped Zhang Ruochen in a Profound Spatial Dimension, trying to stop Zhang Ruochen from using Dimensional techniques to escape.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Yan Wushen, who was standing 33 meters away. He did not continue his escape.

Que and Lan Ying flew over from the other two directions. They were very fast. In a moment, they had crossed thousands of miles and reached the edge of Yan Wushen's Spatial Dimension. They sealed off Zhang Ruochen's escape route.

Three powerful auras squeezed Zhang Ruochen in the middle.

Yan Wushen said, "This isn't what I want to see. You bring this to yourself."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Yan Wushen, Que, and Lan Ying. "I have to admit that each of you is very powerful." His tone was indifferent.

"Zhang Ruochen, you have been through a series of battles today. You are exhausted and wounded. You are not at your best state. If you were at your best state, the three of us would never be able to stop you," said Que

"That's why we cannot allow someone like him to live," said Lan Ying.

Que continued, "Return my Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. I'll leave immediately."

Compared to last time, Que lowered his conditions again. He only wanted the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill back.

He did not want to participate in the fight between the Immortal Vampires and Yanluo Clan. Once he did, he would definitely offend these two clans. Why would he make enemies for no reason?

The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was his, to begin with. It was only right for him to take it back.

Lan Ying's eyes flashed with a sly smile. "Unfortunately, I also want the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Zhang Ruochen, if you give it to me, I'll leave immediately."

Of course, Lan Ying wanted to devour Zhang Ruochen more. However, he was greedy and did not want to let go of the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

If Zhang Ruochen gave the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill to Que, it would be difficult for him to snatch it from Que.

If Que got the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he might leave the Celestial-Hunting battlefield immediately. Lan Ying, on the other hand, would never do that.

Devouring Zhang Ruochen and taking away Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was Lan Ying's ultimate goal.

"This is troublesome. I only have one Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Who should I give it to?"

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen took out a square Spatial Box with a length, width, and height of four meters and held it in his hand. The box was transparent. It was a solid shape formed after the space was frozen.

A small brass cauldron was sealed inside the Spatial Box.

The small brass cauldron was wrapped in a layer of black gaseous patterns. It was extremely heavy, causing the surrounding space to distort slightly. Even the light was sucked in.

Que and Lan Ying's eyes focused on the small brass cauldron.

"This cauldron... is very interesting..."

There were so many treasures and weapons in Infernal Court. They did not recognize Hexadirection Cauldron. They just instinctively felt that it was extraordinary. It was not something a Regal Artifact could compare to.

It seemed reasonable to use it to store the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

"The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is in this cauldron."

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand. The four-meter-tall Spatial Box flew toward Lan Ying.

Lan Ying saw the Spatial Box fly over. He was surprised. "The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is within my reach?"

Soon, Lan Ying realized that Zhang Ruochen was trying to create a diversion. Zhang Ruochen attempted to make Lan Ying and Que could fight first.

Whether or not the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was really in the cauldron, since it was right in front of him, with Lan Ying's character, how could he not take it? Besides, just this cauldron alone made Lan Ying feel that it was something rare and valuable.

Of course, Que understood that there might not be Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill in the cauldron, but there was indeed the Pill Qi of Emperor Grade Sacred Pill flowing on the surface of the cauldron, so he was not willing to give it to Lan Ying directly.

Clang!

Kagemaru flew out and slashed at the Spatial Box.

With a bang, the Spatial Box that sealed Hexadirection Cauldron exploded. The small brass cauldron was completely exposed, emitting an even thicker pill fragrance.

If Que and Lan Ying could savor it carefully, they would discover that although the pill fragrance was potent, it was different from Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills. However, there was no time left to think about it carefully since they want to take the small brass cauldron!

Bang! Bang!

Que flew over while controlling the sword in the air. His Kagemaru kept slashing out to stop Lan Ying from getting close to the small brass cauldron.

After swallowing the Great Demonic Shadow, Lan Ying's cultivation improved again. In addition, Que was injured, so Que could not kill Lan Ying in a short time.

On the other side, the fight between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen was intense.

In the beginning, Zhang Ruochen shot out a drop of Dark Space-time Matter to detonate it, wanting to take this chance to escape.

But Yan Wushen seemed to be desperate. He forced his way through the forbidden zone formed by the explosion of Dark Space-time Matter. With his golden body and the protection of the Scepter of Heaven's Pass, he withstood the chaotic power of Darkness, Dimension, and Time.

Zhang Ruochen's escape plan failed, but Yan Wushen also paid a heavy price.

The destructive power of Dark Space-time Matter was shocking. In the narrow area, even though Yan Wushen was well-prepared, he still could not completely defend himself. His body was covered in bloody holes.

He had been torn apart by the power of Dimension.

As for the power of Darkness and the power of Time, they had inflicted wounds that could not be seen with the naked eye.

Boom!

The Pleiades Lotus and Scepter of Heaven's Pass collided. One bright light and one dark light hit Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen like waves.

Yan Wushen's golden body, which was already in imminent danger, broke with a crack.

Zhang Ruochen spat out a mouthful of blood and flew backward like a kite with a broken string. He hit a cosmic rock and broke it into pieces.

“Again!”

“Yama Naraka.”

Boom!

...

Under Yan Wushen's feet, a magnificent illusory hell appeared. It kept evolving into different scenes. First, it was the beginning of Heaven and earth, then the birth of thousands of spirits, and finally, the death of the galaxy... These scenes kept repeating.

“River of Time.”

Zhang Ruochen stood in his Realm-frame of Truth and stretched out his hands.

Crash!

A river formed by the Marks of Time rushed into Yama Naraka like a flying dragon and hit Yan Wushen.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen was hit in the chest by a bone hand emerging from Yama Naraka. His chest burst open

immediately. Except for his heart, the rest of his internal organs were shattered and turned into bloody mud.

The two of them were thrown out again.

Yan Wushen was hit by the River of Time. His lifespan was cut down for thousands of years in an instant. His body was extremely weak, and strands of white hair appeared on his head.

He raised his arms and let out a long roar. "I can still fight."

Fighting with Zhang Ruochen always stimulated Yan Wushen's wild nature.

The Supreme Saint's blood in Yan Wushen's body burned up. His weak body gradually recovered its power. The shattered Yama Naraka appeared at his feet.

The power of the Saintwill in Zhang Ruochen's body was in chaos. The murderous Qi kept hitting his body. A million times more Qi of Yang rushed to his brain, destroying his rationality and making him a little crazy.

Zhang Ruochen was lying on the verge of death in the void. His blood began to burn. He slowly stood up. His long hair swayed in the flame.

The blood and minced meat scattered in the void flew back to his chest automatically.

"Everything to Nothing."

"Dimensional Sword Dance."

BANG!

When they collided again, Yan Wushen's legs were cut off by Zhang Ruochen's Dimensional Sword.

Zhang Ruochen was hit on the left side of his body by Yan Wushen's strike. Even though he avoided getting hit on his heart, the vital point, his left arm was cut off from his collarbone, tearing off a large piece of flesh.

The wound on his neck, which had just healed, reappeared, forming a circle of red bloody lines.

The old wound receded as if the head and body were about to be separated again.

The fierce battle moved all the cultivators watching the image projected by Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms.

This was no longer a simple battle. It was a battle of victory and defeat, a battle of honor, and a battle of interest between the two clans. It was also a battle of spiritual will between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, the two most outstanding elites of this era.

Chapter 2410: Growling Tiger, Roaring Dragon

After Que and Lan Ying left, the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires, the Deathkin, and Yanluo Clan started a fierce battle in the void near the Albajade Tree.

Under the leadership of Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind, the Supreme Saint Army of the Immortal Vampires launched three attacks and finally broke out of the encirclement.

Unfortunately, the teleportation array was destroyed by the Bone Clan Supreme Saint.

Lord Bladehell stood at the edge of the shattered dimensional teleportation array, his face cold as he said, “Oh no! Zhang Ruochen is under attack from Yan Wushen, Que, and Lan Ying. He might not be able to make it until the end of the Celestial-Hunting battle. Lady Wind, could you repair the teleportation array with your Destiny power?”

Lady Wind shook her head. “Many parts of the dimensional teleportation array have been shattered into dust, and the Dimensional Inscriptions have been destroyed. Its damage is beyond my competence in the Path of Destiny to repair.”

Lord Bladehell took out the diamond-shaped mirror and checked the points on it.

The points of Yanluo Clan were dropping rapidly. It was obvious that the Saint Devourer and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan had arrived on Yanluo Clan’s home planet and were killing Yanluo clansmen.

It was impossible to kill all Yanluo clansmen.

Therefore, the key to the final victory was still Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Bladehell stared at the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires; he used his spiritual power to send a message. “The Celestial-Hunting battle is coming to an end. There’s no point

in continuing the battle. The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires should leave the battlefield immediately. They don't want to lose their points by attacking first."

The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires left the battlefield one after another.

The Supreme Saints of Yanluo Clan, Deathkins, Bone clan, and Stone Clan all stopped fighting because they had killed all the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives. Some left the battlefield directly. Some took out diamond-shaped lenses and stared at the changes in their points.

There were less than two hours left until the Celestial-Hunting battle ended.

As for the Supreme Saints of the Netherkin, they had used the teleportation array to rush back to their home planet before Que and Lan Ying went to kill Zhang Ruochen. They had no choice. Their home planet had been attacked by the Rakshasas, so they had to return immediately.

The battle that broke out on the home planet of the Netherkin would determine the third and fourth places.

...

Que turned around and slashed with his sword. He used the Oblivion Sword technique and hit the spiritual body of Lan Ying.

As the sword light passed through, a large part of the spiritual body of Lan Ying was devoured by the power of Oblivion, and his body was split into two.

"Ah!" A miserable cry came out of Lan Ying's mouth. The two halves of his body could not reunite for a long time.

He was not only a Spirit of Slaughter born from a Divine Fetus but also the spirit of the Sword of Asura. His spiritual body was originally immortal and indestructible. Even if it was shattered ten times, it could still return to its original state.

However, after being attacked by Que's Oblivion Sword technique, he was heavily injured with just one strike.

Kagemaru hovered above Que's head and enveloped him with Sword Qi.

He carefully approached the small brass cauldron. Black gaseous patterns flowed out of the hollow pattern and wrapped around the cauldron.

Que did not believe that Zhang Ruochen would hand over the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill so easily, so he was on guard and did not advance rashly.

“Such strong Power of Darkness. If I touch the brass cauldron rashly, I'm afraid that even with my cultivation, I'll be at a great disadvantage.”

Que observed black gas lines and realized that this brass cauldron was definitely no small matter. After all, the Power of Darkness could not be withstood by just any vessel.

Even a Regal Artifact would be corroded into scrap metal by the Power of Darkness.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen had used the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill to crack the black gas lines.

Que mobilized the power of Oblivion and filled his hands. His arms suddenly disappeared. Only he could sense the existence of his hands.

Both of his hands pressed on the black gas pattern. The power of Oblivion continued to destroy the power of Darkness, forming a two-meter-wide hole. Que walked in.

After a moment of hesitation, Que did not approach. Instead, he struck the lid of the cauldron with his palm.

Whoosh!

The lid was blown away.

A dark blue light rushed out from the cauldron.

The light was dazzling. It illuminated Que's pupils to a dark blue color. Following that, blood flowed out of his eyes.

“What a terrifying light. This is not good. This aura is an Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. The fluctuations of energy are not weaker than that of a Supreme Supreme Saint.”

Que was extremely shocked and quickly retreated.

It was an Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, not an Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

Swoosh Swoosh—

Each streak of light was like a peerless divine sword that stabbed toward Que.

There were more than a thousand streaks of light that flew toward Que.

Kagemaru blocked in front of Que and continuously slashed out, forming an impenetrable sword barrier. However, the power of the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill was too terrifying. The barrier lasted for a moment before it was shattered.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Streak after streak of light beam struck Que's body.

Que desperately used the power of Oblivion to make his body become illusory, but his speed was a beat slower.

After being hit by hundreds of light beams, Que was sent flying with blood all over his body.

In front of Paramount¹ Supreme Saint, even with Que's cultivation, he was nothing. The Emperor Grade Sacred Pill did not attack personally. It only emitted light beams, yet he could not block them.

"He's not dead?" A voice sounded from within the cauldron.

Yes, Que was not dead.

When he was hit by the light beams, his body entered a semi-illusory state, which reduced more than half of the attack power.

Que supported his heavily injured body and turned into an oblivion state, escaping from this area. After entering the oblivion state, even a Paramount Supreme Saint would not be able to find him at a certain distance.

Lan Ying and Yan Wushen looked at the small brass cauldron in shock.

‘How did another Emperor Grade Sacred Pill appear on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield?’

Moreover, this Emperor Grade Sacred Pill was obviously not sealed. Its combat strength was very terrifying.

Not to mention them, even some deities were bewildered at this moment.

Emperor Grade Sacred Pills were extremely rare and even had some effect on gods.

The projection image of Wargod Bloodximius appeared in The Fane of Destiny and said, “The presence of the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill has already broken the power balance of the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. In order to protect the lives of a few outstanding juniors, please end the Celestial-Hunting battle early.”

“Please end the Celestial-Hunting battle early,”

said the Immortal Vampires’ deities appeared one after another simultaneously.

Ghost Master’s voice in a sarcastic tone rang out. “The Celestial-Hunting battle has been held 100 times. No one has ever broken the rules set by the Fane of Destiny. Even if there were only two hours left, they had to wait. If they couldn’t defeat the opponent, Zhang Ruochen could completely withdraw from the battlefield. With the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, how could one Emperor Grade Sacred Pill kill him?”

‘Withdraw from the battlefield?!’

All the Immortal Vampires were with Zhang Ruochen. If he chose to withdraw from the battlefield, they would be considered dead. At that time, the Immortal Vampires’ points would be cut in half.

A Deathkin deity appeared and said, “Bloodximius, don’t worry too much. Since Que can escape with his life, I believe Zhang Ruochen can do it too. Besides, he’s the one who took out the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.”

“The rules set by the Fane of Destiny must not be broken. Otherwise, the Celestial-Hunting battle will not be held in the

future!” said another deity.

...

With Ghost Master leading the way, the other deities of the other clans were happy to watch the show. All of them advised Fukurokuju to stick to the rules set by the Fane of Destiny and not end the Celestial-Hunting battle early.

The Asuran deity, Asurendra Barasingha, and the deity of Yanluo Clan fell silent and did not appear in the Fane of Destiny.

Fukurokuju said, “The Celestial-Hunting battle continues. No deities are allowed to interfere in the battle. Those who violate the rules will be punished by the judicial department of the Fane of Destiny.”

The Immortal Vampire deities were furious.

They were not angry at Fukurokuju. After all, Fukurokuju was in that position, so he had to be fair. He could not help the Immortal Vampires.

If it weren’t for Ghost Master, Fukurokuju might have ended the battle prematurely because he cherished young talents.

That way, the Immortal Vampires would win.

Now, Lan Ying and Yan Wushen could both leave the battlefield, but only Zhang Ruochen could not. With his cultivation, how could he be a match for a Paramount Supreme Saint?

Returning to a Divine Plane, the eyes of Wargod Bloodximius were grim, “Now, I only hope that Zhang Ruochen won’t be so stubborn and will leave the battlefield immediately. Even if the Immortal Vampires can only get second place, I also hope that he can prioritize his life first.”

“I think so too,” Luo Yan echoed as he sat on the side.

The Ancient God of Knowledge stroked his beard and said with a smile, “This is naturally for the best. Everyone will be happy.”

Wargod Bloodximus had not spent much time with Zhang Ruochen, his grandson, but he knew Zhang Ruochen's character very well. He felt that Zhang Ruochen would unlikely withdraw from the battlefield.

He could not help but sigh.

...

Celestial-Hunting battlefield—

Lan Ying left the battlefield immediately.

Only Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, who were severely injured, remained in the void space. They were wrapped in a strand of Pill Qi, like a divine chain. They could not escape.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the small brass cauldron and then at Yan Wushen. "Aren't you going to leave the battlefield? If you don't, I'm afraid you'll die at the hands of the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill."

"I won't leave until you leave the battlefield." Yan Wushen gritted his teeth and fought against the Pill Qi.

The Pill Qi was like a chain, dragging Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen toward the small brass cauldron.

The Emperor Grade Sacred Pill's voice came from the cauldron. "One of you has a demi-buddha physique while the other has a demigod physique. Your bloodlines are very powerful. If I refine you into my body, I might have a chance to become a Divine Pill."

Zhang Ruochen spoke to Yan Wushen telepathically, "Since we don't plan to leave the battlefield early, why don't we cooperate and suppress the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill first? Then we can continue the battle."

"Suppress the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill?"

Yan Wushen widened his eyes. He thought Zhang Ruochen was too crazy.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If I'm not wrong, the small brass cauldron should be able to suppress the Emperor Grade Sacred

Pill, so it can't come out of the cauldron. It can only attack us with light beams and Qi remotely.

"As long as the lid is closed, the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill will be suppressed again."

"How confident are you?" Yan Wushen asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'm not confident. But I have to try, right? I won't admit defeat, and I won't leave the battlefield. If you're scared, you can leave the battlefield now."

"If I leave the battlefield now, Yanluo Clan will lose the chance to become number one.

"Okay, let's suppress the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill first.

"I won't lose the Battle of the Celestial-Hunting without fighting until the last moment," said Yan Wushen.

"Okay! I'll hold it back and divert its attention. You cover the lid."

Zhang Ruochen's broken arm was reattached. His internal injuries were very serious, and his combat strength was far from his peak. However, this did not affect his determination to fight against the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.

No matter what, he had to win first place among the ten clans.

"Saint Aspect: The Immovable Wisdom King!"

A huge golden shadow rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body and kept expanding the Pill Qi around his body. In the next moment, Zhang Ruochen's body contracted and broke away from the restriction of the Pill Qi.

"You still want to escape?"

The Emperor Grade Sacred Pill's voice rang out. Hundreds of thousands of light beams flew out from the small brass cauldron and shot toward Zhang Ruochen.

There were too many of these light beams. Even Que could not block them. Zhang Ruochen, who was heavily injured, did not dare to block them forcefully. He threw out Violet Gourd and contracted his body to rush in.

More than a dozen light beams followed him into the mouth of the Gourd.

Among them, there was a light beam that contained the spiritual clone of the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.

After entering the Gourd, the light beam continued to chase after Zhang Ruochen.

The light beam did not fly straight. It was like a flying sword, slashing at him from all directions.

Thud!

Thud! Thud!

...

Zhang Ruochen was hit by several streaks of light beams. Streams of blood flowed out of his body.

The last streak of light beam stabbed toward his glabella.

At this moment, a door of light flew over and collided with the light beam.

Pan Ruo's slender figure appeared behind the door of light. She pressed her hands forward, and the door of light turned into a spiral shape, absorbing the light beam into her Realm of Trueself.

Pan Ruo then looked at Zhang Ruochen carefully. She frowned, and there was a noticeable gentleness in her eyes. "Why are you hurt so badly?"

"I don't have time to explain. Come with me. Let's suppress the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill first. Yan Wushen won't be able to hold on for long," said Zhang Ruochen.

Pan Ruo was full of questions, but she still agreed decisively. "Okay!"

Yan Wushen could not die. Once he died, it would be useless even if Zhang Ruochen hid in Violet Gourd. He would not be able to escape death.

They could either die together or live together.

When the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill attacked Zhang Ruochen with the light beam, Yan Wushen immediately used his Profound Spatial Dimension to break away from the restriction of the Pill Qi. He circled to the back of the small brass cauldron and picked up the lid.

But before he could do anything, the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill noticed him.

This time, the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill split out dozens of strands of Pill Qi and wrapped around Yan Wushen's body. It wrapped tighter and tighter, crushing his demi-buddha body into pieces. His bones cracked as if they were about to turn into mud.

"Then I'll refine you first. Then I'll deal with the Immortal Vampire who hid in the Gourd," said the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.

Yan Wushen could not move. He was pulled by the Pill Qi and flew toward the small brass cauldron.

"Zhang Ruochen is too... too sinister... he let me cover the cauldron but hid in the Gourd..."

Seeing the small brass cauldron getting closer and closer, Yan Wushen could not say a word. His mouth could not move. He could not shout out to leave the battlefield. He only felt that he would die being duped by Zhang Ruochen today.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo flew out of the Gourd at the same time.

Pan Ruo's cultivation was too low. She burned the Supreme Saint's blood and lifespan at the same time to increase her power to the peak. Then she used all her strength to open the Door of Trueself. The light of Destiny shone on the small brass cauldron.

The power contained in dozens of Pill Qi instantly decreased.

Taking this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen moved his five fingers. 36 Dimensional Swords condensed. He slashed out and cut off all the Pill Qi surrounding Yan Wushen's body.

At this moment, Yan Wushen was only ten feet away from the small brass cauldron.

After escaping, Yan Wushen's deformed eyes shot out two rays of light. They exploded with unparalleled reaction power. He waved his hand like lightning and pressed the lid down.

Boom

The lid closed.

The power from the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill instantly disappeared.

It was finally suppressed again.

The world fell into a long silence.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen looked at each other with smiles on their faces. At this moment, they had completely forgotten that the other party was their enemy.

In the starry sky, tiger roars and dragon roars came from two different directions.

The starry sky near Zhang Ruochen turned white. The light was blazing, illuminating all the darkness in the world. Vaguely, a tiger shadow could be seen in the white light.

On the other hand, the starry sky near Yan Wushen turned blue. It seemed to be able to cleanse the world. The shadow of a dragon meandered in the starry sky.

Chapter 2411: Primeval Divine Genus

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Translation**

The 100-day Celestial-Hunting battle had finally come to an end.

All the cultivators of the ten clans who participated in the battle were teleported back to Mount Destiny by the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms. The battle was brutal with casualties among all the clans.

The surviving Celestial Captives were also teleported back. There were 3,456 of them. Most of them were Half-Saints or Saints. They were ones that slipped through the net and had very few points.

Only four of them who had killed the Immortal Vampires could survive and regain their freedom.

The remaining 3,000 Celestial Captives were killed on the spot. Their flesh and souls were devoured by the cultivators of all races. Their fate was worse than dying on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

The points on the diamond-shaped mirror had all disappeared. No one knew the result of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen at the last moment. All the participating cultivators were waiting anxiously.

“The tiger roars and the dragon roars rang out. The projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms shattered. I wonder what happened.”

“Why are there tiger roars and the dragon roars on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield?”

“Could it be that a deity intervened in the Celestial-Hunting battle?”

“At that time, I sensed an extremely powerful divine power. If the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms did not teleport me away in time, I would have been shattered by the roar,” said a Ghost Clan’s Supreme Saint who had just entered the Neverwilt Realm. He still had some lingering fear.

At that time, he had stayed behind to guard the home planet of Ghost Clan.

A Supreme Saint of the Fane of Barasingha asked Lan Ying in a low voice, “Senior, the Celestial-Hunting battle has ended. Why aren’t Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen back yet?”

The corners of Lan Ying’s lips rose. “There were indeed some accidents on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. I’m afraid they won’t be able to come back!”

Many cultivators heard this.

They all went forward to ask about the situation, but Lan Ying crossed his arms in front of his chest. He was cold and scornful. He ignored them. Other than the cultivators of the Fane of Barasingha, he only saw Zhang Ruochen, Que, Yan Wushen, and a few others in this era as someone on his par. Other cultivators were not qualified to talk to him.

The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires gathered together. When they heard what Lan Ying had said, they all looked grave. They were more anxious than any other clan.

Only Moyin remained calm. It did not believe that anything bad would happen to Zhang Ruochen. After all, it would have been dead if Zhang Ruochen had not survived on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

Of course, it was not something a regular cultivator would know.

Most cultivators did not even know that Moyin was a parasitic plant cultivated by Zhang Ruochen.

Lian Xi, Gaunt, Zhou Zhen, and Shentu Yunkong, who had attended the Celestial-Hunting Banquet with Zhang Ruochen,

were still at Destiny's Creek. When they heard all kinds of news about Zhang Ruochen, they were distraught.

If they were not under Zhang Ruochen's protection in Infernal Court, they might be reduced to livestock or food immediately.

At this moment, a cultivator of the Rakshasa clan walked past them with a Celestial Captive's leg in his hand.

They were all nervous. This was the first time they realized how important Zhang Ruochen was to them and how fragile they were.

"Zhang Ruochen, please survive. If you are dead, what will happen to us?" Zhou Zhen said with a bitter face.

Lian Xi habitually raised her head and looked at the sky.

There was nothing in the sky.

However, during the 100 days of the Celestial-Hunting battle, she had seen with her own eyes from the projection in the sky that Zhang Ruochen had created miracles, again and again, taking one step after another to the peak of the Celestial-Hunting battle.

It seemed that there was an endless amount of combat power in that man's body, and he would never fall.

'He is likely to survive on the last day,' Lian Xi thought.

...

It seemed that he had slept for a thousand years. Zhang Ruochen's hot and painful body was nourished by a cool power. The pain disappeared and was replaced by a pleasant feeling.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and found himself lying on a white beach.

Although the sun in the sky was bright, the light was not so dazzling. When it shone on his body, it felt warm, as if he was bathing in a divine spring. All his limbs and bones relaxed.

In the distance, the seawater was as blue as water. The waves rippled, and the seabirds swooped down to eat the fish. The scenery was beautiful and full of vitality. It was completely

different from the Infernal Court's environment filled with darkness and death.

Beside him, a hundred-meter-tall giant tree grew green leaves. Dense branches hung down like a green umbrella. The leaves emitted sparkling light, like white rain.

Zhang Ruochen sat up. A hint of confusion appeared on his face. He muttered to himself, "Where am I?"

"This is the Divine Plane of Fukurokuju!" A voice rang out.

Zhang Ruochen turned his head and saw a white tiger about five meters long lying next to him. It had a huge head and a very fat butt.

Strangely, it did not have a single hair on its body. Its skin was as white as jade, and there was a golden word "Burial" on its head.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed. He immediately stood up and asked cautiously, "Senior, is that you?"

"It's me. Of course it's me."

Intergold Tiger stood up and shook the sand off its body.

When Zhang Ruochen had first seen Intergold Tiger on Ghost Clan's home planet, it had exuded a terrifying power. Its body was enormous, and one head could fill Zhang Ruochen's field of vision.

Now, it was only slightly bigger than an ordinary tiger, and its aura was completely restrained.

The only thing special about it was that it was hairless.

Zhang Ruochen thought of something, and his expression changed. "Is This Divine Realm World of Fukurokuju?"

Then, he carefully observed his surroundings.

"The place is somewhat far from what I had imagined?"

"It is no different from the real world."

He released his spiritual power to investigate. He could not sense the edge of the world at all.

The more he investigated, the more shocked he became.

There were not just mountains and seas in this Divine Plane. There were also all kinds of creatures. Some powerful creatures had even reached the Neverwilt Supreme Sainthood.

As for whether there were more powerful creatures further away, it was unknown.

One could not tell whether these creatures had been captured by Fukurokuju or were born naturally. If it was the latter, Zhang Ruochen had to say that Fukurokuju must have cultivated to an unfathomable level.

He was a Macroworld himself,
the creator of this world.

“Oh no. The deities can know everything in Divine Plane. Could Fukurokuju already know some of my memories or read my thoughts directly?” Zhang Ruochen became nervous.

It was difficult for Zhang Ruochen to remain calm in the face of a terrifying superior that he could not fathom.

The voice of Intergold Tiger sounded in Zhang Ruochen’s mind. “don’t worry. You have merged with my Apex Intergold Qi. With my protection, no deities can read your memories and thoughts, not even a Reverend can’t.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at it, feeling even worse.

It was game over. With this tiger’s existence, he could not keep any secrets anymore.

Intergold Tiger added, “Don’t worry. I won’t read your thoughts anytime, anywhere.”

‘It claimed it wouldn’t yet it is still doing it now!’ Zhang Ruocheng retorted in his mind.

Intergold Tiger continued, “Since you are not speaking, I can only read your thoughts.

“Besides, this is Fukurokuju’s Divine Plane, his divine realm. You don’t seem to want to reveal any secrets. Since you can’t speak, I can only read your thoughts and communicate with you.”

Zhang Ruochen was speechless. He really wanted to empty his mind.

The white tiger continued, “Don’t be so nervous. You passed my test and are now my guide. Our fates are connected. You don’t have to guard against me.”

‘But you are a deity in Infernal Court,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

The white tiger said, “No, I don’t belong to Infernal Court. I come from God’s Ancient Nidus.”

Although Zhang Ruochen had already vaguely figured out its origin, he was still shocked to hear Intergold Tiger admit it.

God’s Ancient Nidus was one of the most mysterious places in the universe. It was known as the relic of a primeval civilization.

Zhang Ruochen relaxed a little. He finally opened his mouth and asked, “You just said that I’m your guide. What do you mean?”

“Since you’re awake, let’s meet Fukurokuju. He’ll tell you what a guide is. Come on my back. I’ll take you to see him.”

Zhang Ruochen looked hesitant. “This... isn’t a good idea! It’s better if you lead from the front. I’ll fly behind. Just follow.”

What a joke. This was a divine beast from God’s Ancient Nidus. It was on equal footing with the deities of the Infernal Court.

Even the deities did not dare to treat it as a mount.

How could Zhang Ruochen, a mere Supreme Saint, have the audacity to do so?

“With your cultivation, you won’t be able to fly there even if you fly for ten years. Don’t dawdle. Come,” Intergold Tiger said.

Zhang Ruochen saw that it seemed serious, so he took a deep breath. Without hesitation, he leaped and landed on its back.

It was too surreal. A Supreme Saint could actually fly on a divine beast.

Swoosh —

Intergold Tiger released a peaceful white light and turned into a ray of light. It flew toward a certain direction of the deity world and crashed into the void. Lines of Precepts appeared where the space was hit.

They flickered for a moment, then disappeared again.

“My injuries seem to have healed,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Intergold Tiger guessed what Zhang Ruochen was thinking and said, “don’t worry. Half of your injuries were healed by me. Fukurokuju did not investigate you. He did not know that you have the Heart of Truth.”

Zhang Ruochen facepalmed. He really wanted to jump off Intergold Tiger.

There was no secret between him and Intergold Tiger.

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen calmed down. He thought to himself, ‘I must calm down. I’ve fused with Apex Intergold Qi. That’s why it can read my thoughts at any time. Other deities can’t do that.’

“You’re right. That’s true.

“In a sense, our relationship is closer and more equal than that of a human couple. You should absolutely trust me,” said Intergold Tiger.

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly and said nothing. He thought to himself, ‘If our relationship is so close and equal, why can’t I read your thoughts and only you read my thoughts?’

“Because your cultivation is not as high as mine, and your spiritual power is not as high as mine. If one day you surpass me, you will be able to reverse everything,” Intergold Tiger said.

There was no way to refute it.

Zhang Ruochen stopped thinking about this nonsense and asked, “You said that half of my injuries were healed by you. What about the other half?”

“The other half is, of course, yourself. Your self-healing ability is very powerful. I suspect that if I tear you into pieces, your body can be united again. However, it will take a long time,” Intergold Tiger said.

Zhang Ruochen stopped asking and began to think about how to empty himself and not think about anything.

Having his thoughts read by a tiger all the time was no different from stripping naked and running naked on the street.

“If you feel that reading your memory makes you feel conflicted and uncomfortable, then from now on, I won’t read it anymore.”

After saying this, without waiting for Zhang Ruochen to reply with an “Okay,” Intergold Tiger said again, “But I read your thoughts because I want to know more about you. Only in this way can we get along better in the future.”

“Let’s go to meet Fukurokuju first.”

Although he said this, Zhang Ruochen was thinking about how to reject his new identity as a “Guide.”

Intergold Tiger seemed to be easy to get along with. It even helped him to heal his injuries and even became his mount. It was not malicious. However, Zhang Ruochen had too many secrets. He did not want others to know about them. He absolutely could not keep it with him.

The best thing was to let Blood Empress draw out the Apex Intergold Qi in his body and completely cut the connection with Intergold Tiger.

...

Intergold Tiger brought Zhang Ruochen to a sea area in the Divine Plane.

Yan Wushen was standing on top of a green dragon. He had been waiting on the surface of the sea for a long time. When he saw Zhang Ruochen coming, he was surprised at first, but then he smiled knowingly.

Intergold Tiger landed on the surface of the sea. It stepped on the water as if it was walking on flat ground.

Zhang Ruochen looked carefully at Swastika Seiryu under Yan Wushen. He finally understood where the ten dragon souls in his body came from.

So he cupped his fists and said, "Thank you, senior."

"I helped you because I saw that you had merged with the Apex Intergold Qi. It's very likely that you were chosen by Intergold Tiger as a guide. In fact, with your physical quality and willpower, you might not be able to pass the trial," said Swastika Seiryu.

Whoosh—

Clouds and fog churned in the sky.

Layers of white clouds pressed down on the surface of the sea, forming a majestic, gaseous face. The aura it exuded made Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, two Supreme Saints, feel their bodies sink. They could not help but want to kneel and worship.

However, they were all extraordinary people. They held their bodies and did not kneel.

"Greetings, Reverend." Yan Wushen took the lead to bow.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his fists and said, "Greetings, Reverend."

Fukurokuju's imposing face made a deafening sound. "Very good. Both of you are very good. You are qualified to represent Infernal Court and become the guides of the Primeval Divine Genus, which is the two Primeval Divine beasts from the God's Ancient Nidus."

Zhang Ruochen immediately said, "Can I not be a guide?"

Yan Wushen was surprised and looked in Zhang Ruochen's direction.

Yan Wushen knew that Zhang Ruochen was very arrogant, but not to the extent of paying no heed to the identity, "the Guide of the Primeval Divine Genus."

'Zhang Ruochen can't be thinking too little of the Primeval Divine Genus, right?

‘Did you know that many deities wanted to be the guide of Intergold Tiger, but they did not have the chance?’

Before Fukurokuju could ask, Intergold Tiger spoke to him first, “Fukurokuju, I have a secret to report to you. It concerns the cultivator on my back.”

When Zhang Ruochen heard this, his face froze.

‘No way. This white tiger is going back on its words. Just because I’m reluctant to be your guide, you are against me now?’

Zhang Ruochen only knew that Intergold Tiger could read his thoughts. As for whether it could read his memories, he had no idea.

If it could read his memories, it would be very troublesome. Many people would be affected.

Most likely, it could read the memory. After all, its spiritual power was much stronger than Zhang Ruochen’s. When Zhang Ruochen was asleep, his mental defense was very low. The tiger had probably done everything to him!

‘What a b*stard.

‘I thought you were silly and sweet. Little did I expect you to be a scheming b*stard.’

Chapter 2412: The Guide

“What’s the matter?”

Fukurokuju’s voice was like a great bell, and the sound waves spread throughout heaven and earth.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked, but he did not lose his mind. His thoughts spun rapidly, and he thought of a strategy.

Intergold Tiger spoke, “I carried this cultivator on my back,” he said. “Because of the Apex Intergold Qi, I can read his thoughts and some of his memories.

“I discovered that he came from Celestial Court on the other side of the starry sky. He had a close relationship with a Celestial Captive from the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. However, he killed that Celestial Captive for some reason.

“That Celestial Captive’s name is Manjian. He’s a Supreme Saint from Guanghai.”

Fukurokuju’s divine eyes shone brightly as he stared at Zhang Ruochen. “Zhang Ruochen, why did you kill Supreme Saint Manjian?”

“To be honest, when I was forced to leave Celestial Court, Supreme Saint Manjian did take good care of me. He was both my teacher and my friend.

“However, I am now a member of Infernal Court, representing the Immortal Vampires. My grandfather fought against public opinion and placed all his hopes on me. On the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, even if I had no other choice, I had to take action.

“Furthermore, Supreme Saint Manjian knows that he will never leave the Celestial-Hunting battlefield alive. He doesn’t want to implicate me, and he doesn’t want to be tortured to death by other cultivators of Infernal Court. That’s why he wanted to die when we met,” Zhang Ruochen said calmly and slowly.

There were many things that could not be hidden from Fukurokuju.

Rather than denying his relationship with Supreme Saint Manjian, it was better to tell Fukurokuju the truth.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen secretly heaved a sigh of relief. It was clear that Intergold Tiger's move was only a test threat. It did not force him into a dead end.

If Zhang Ruochen continued to refuse to be its guide, what it had said would definitely be more lethal.

Fukurokuju said, "It's a good thing that you can recognize yourself as a member of Infernal Court and understand your own place. However, since Supreme Saint Manjian is close to you and is also your teacher and friend, why didn't you persuade him to join Infernal Court? Wouldn't that save his life?"

"With your talent and strength, coupled with the background of the Xue Jue family, it's not difficult to save the life of a Supreme Saint."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "Supreme Saint Manjian is different from me. He has disciples and clansmen in Guangan. If he joins Infernal Court, countless people will die because of him.

"If I ask him that question, he'll think that I'm humiliating him," said Zhang Ruochen.

Fukurokuju fell silent. After a while, he asked, "You really don't want to be the guide of Intergold Tiger? You probably don't know what a guide is, do you?"

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to reject him immediately. He asked curiously, "I don't. Please explain."

"It starts with the origin of Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu. They were brought out by Great Emperor Fengdu from the God's Ancient Nidus." The God's Ancient Nidus was a primeval civilization relic. The word 'primeval' referred to the era before 50,000 Yuanhui-s

“The gods all agreed that about 50,000 Yuanhui-s ago, there was great destruction in the universe. It destroyed everything at that time. Only the five primeval civilization relics remain. “Perhaps there are other relics of the primeval civilization, but at least Celestial Court and Infernal Court haven’t discovered them yet.”

“The embryos of Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu were preserved from 50,000 Yuanhui-s ago. After experiencing the great destruction, they were finally hatched in this Yuanhui after 50,000 Yuanhui-s.

“That’s why they’re called Primeval Divine Genus, Primeval Divine Beasts, to be specific.”

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were greatly shocked. ‘The two embryos were not destroyed during the great destruction. They were still preserved for 50,000 Yuanhui-s.

‘Even after 50,000 Yuanhui-s, they did not turn into dead embryos. They were even hatched.

‘This...

‘Lan Ying was a Divine Fetus of Lan Ying nurtured for three Yuanhui-s. Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, on the other hand, has survived since ancient times. Her case was rare, and she could be considered a rare treasure in the universe. However, compared to Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu, she was still far behind.

‘They were probably the only two Primeval Divine Genus!’

Fukurokuju continued, “They have experienced the great destruction. They might even have absorbed the special power during the great destruction. They will definitely become the first-class overlord in the world in the future. However, they can’t leave God’s Ancient Nidus.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were puzzled.

‘They can’t leave God’s Ancient Nidus?’

Fukurokuju said, “The laws of Heaven and earth are completely different from those in primeval times. Once they

leave God's Ancient Nidus, they will be attacked by the laws of Heaven and earth and attract punishment.

"Great Emperor Fengdu hid them in his own Divine Plane for thirty thousand years before bringing them out of God's Ancient Nidus and sending them to Infernal Court.

"Even so, they could only stay in their own isolated worlds inside the two home planets. They could not leave.

"It took 30,000 years for them to slowly become more compatible with the laws of Heaven and earth of this era. They were no longer attacked by the laws.

"However, once they activated the power in their bodies when their power reached a certain level, it would still be detected by the laws of Heaven and earth. They would receive the wrath of heaven and earth and die a horrible death."

Zhang Ruochen gradually understood that Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu were creatures that could not be tolerated in this era. They should have died before the apocalypse.

To illustrate this using an analogy, one could regard the laws of Heaven and earth in primeval times were meant for creatures living in the water.

In contrast, the laws of Heaven and earth in this era were meant for creatures living on land.

Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu were two powerful fish that lived in water. However, no matter how powerful the fish were, they would still die on land.

It was simply because the Laws of Heaven and earth were different!

Even the gods could not resist the laws.

Fukurokuju said again, "Not only that, they are unable to cultivate under the laws of heaven and earth of this era."

Yan Wushen said, "Since it is so dangerous to come out, why don't they continue to stay in God's Ancient Nidus?"

Fukurokuju said, "Just now, I said that they experienced the great destruction. It is even possible that they absorbed the

special power during the great destruction and will definitely become the overlords of the universe in the future.

“But there is a prerequisite. They have to leave God’s Ancient Nidus and blend themselves into this era. Otherwise, they will be trapped in the shoals. Their current achievements will become their limit.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “So the guide can help them solve the problem of being rejected by the laws of heaven and earth and not being able to practice, right?”

“Yes.” Fukurokuju said, “One of you has integrated the Apex Intergold Qi, and the other has integrated Apex Swastika Qi. You have integrated with their power at the initial stage.

“As long as they follow you, the laws of Heaven and earth will repel them lesser.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “But this doesn’t address the root cause. It can’t fundamentally change their situation.”

Fukurokuju said, “So after you become their guide, you must help them practice until they can fully integrate into this era. “Of course, as a reward, they will protect your lives and teach you some prehistoric cultivation techniques and knowledge.

“At the same time, you can establish a close relationship with God’s Ancient Nidus, which is equivalent to having a powerful backer and background.”

There were other creatures in God’s Ancient Nidus that originated from primeval times. However, they were born in this era and were not repelled by the laws of Heaven and earth. They could roam free in this universe.

The five ruins of primeval civilization still existed. They had not been flattened by Celestial Court and Infernal Court. This showed how powerful they were.

Yan Wushen asked, “They’re divine beasts. We’re only Supreme Saints. How do we help them in practicing cultivation?”

Fukurokuju said, “You will need to communicate with each other.”

Zhang Ruochen thought for a long time. He asked one last question. “I still don’t understand. Since there are so many benefits to being a guide, why did you choose us two Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm as guides?”

“Wouldn’t it be better if it were you, deity, or Great Emperor Fengdu?”

“It’s not that simple.” Fukurokuju was very patient. He said slowly, “You should know how difficult it is to fuse the Apex Intergold Qi, right? Countless geniuses from Ghost Clan were born over the past 30,000 years, but none of them succeeded. In the end, it became yours.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned. “So you and Great Emperor Fengdu can’t fuse the Apex Intergold Qi,?”

“We can do it,” said Fukurokuju. “Just that it is not possible to reach the state of perfect fusion. And I’m afraid even if Intergold Tiger’s is drained, it is not achievable. If they can’t fuse completely, they won’t be able to be a guide.”

“Even if other deities can fuse with the Apex Intergold Qi, the amount of Qi they absorb will weaken Intergold Tiger for a long time. This is one of the reasons.

“The second reason is that Intergold Tiger pays no heed to the growth potential of deities. It just doesn’t want them to be its guide.”

“The third reason is the most important. The deities’ bodies and Paths of Cultivation have already been fixed. This will affect Intergold Tiger. Compare to deities, Supreme Saints have more flexibility. Their number is higher too. So Intergold Tiger can find the one that suits them best.”

After listening, Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen roughly understood what a guide was.

Fukurokuju asked, “Zhang Ruochen, are you still not willing to be the guide of Intergold Tiger?”

“No, I’m willing to be the guide of Intergold Tiger,” Zhang Ruochen said.

‘Huh? This tiger threatened to expose my secrets indirectly. Do I look like I have a choice?’

Besides, Zhang Ruochen felt that being the guide of Intergold Tiger was indeed a way out. If he could not stay in Celestial Court and Infernal Court, he could at least take refuge in God’s Ancient Nidus when he was facing death.

Intergold Tiger snorted.

It seemed to be dissatisfied with Zhang Ruochen but also proud of making Zhang Ruochen’s compromise.

Fukurokuju said, “Since you’ve recovered, it’s time to go out! The Celestial-Hunting battle has ended since two hours ago.”

Suddenly, a white light enveloped Zhang Ruochen and Intergold Tiger. As the world turned upside down, Zhang Ruochen found that the scene around him had changed and appeared at Tungsten Square at the foot of Mount Destiny.

Intergold Tiger’s aura was restrained, and it stood majestically at the side.

In front of the square was the Gate of Destiny, which was made of tens of thousands of stellar cores. It was majestic and intimidating, as if it could pass through the ancient and modern times and the sea of stars.

“Look, Zhang Ruochen is back!”

“It’s really Zhang Ruochen. He’s not dead. The aura he emitting is really powerful.”

...

Countless pairs of eyes looked at Zhang Ruochen. Some were happy and excited, while others frowned in disappointment.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was revealing his muscular upper body. His long hair was disheveled, and there was a layer of blood-red light in his eyes. He was devilish, masculine, and handsome. His charm was fatal to female cultivators.

In the other direction, Yan Wushen and Swastika Seiryu returned to the Yanluo Clan’s camp. They caused a huge

commotion and were surrounded by many cultivators.

On the other hand, Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu were ignored by them. It was as if they could not sense the terrifying power in their bodies. They only thought that they were ordinary Saint Beasts.

Zhang Ruochen communicated with Intergold Tiger in his heart and asked, “You really only read a certain portion of my memory?”

“Yes. Your sea of consciousness is sealed by many powerful forces. Even I can’t crack it. If I really want to read it by force, I’m afraid your sea of consciousness will shatter, and you will die,” said Intergold Tiger.

Zhang Ruochen had a wonderful connection with Intergold Tiger. He could vaguely tell that it was telling the truth and was not deliberately deceiving him.

“Many powerful forces? Other than my mother, tWargod Bloodximius, Moon Goddess, are there other gods that have put a seal on my sea of consciousness?” Zhang Ruochen frowned.

Intergold Tiger said, “There is a very powerful seal. I feel that the caster’s spiritual power is more powerful than mine. That seal has isolated your consciousness.”

“What do you mean?” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes became piercing.

Intergold Tiger said, “It means that you have a memory that even you yourself are unaware of.”

“How is that possible?!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Even if the sealer was a god, Zhang Ruochen would at least recall some pieces of memory about it. How could he not know about it?

Moyin was the first to come to Zhang Ruochen’s side. She stared at Zhang Ruochen’s body with infatuation and said with a smile, “Congratulations, Master. Your cultivation has improved again.”

Zhang Ruochen’s face was solemn. He just nodded.

Moyin did not say anything more. She turned into a ray of light and rushed into Zhang Ruochen's back.

Then, Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi all rushed forward. They all asked Zhang Ruochen about the result of the Celestial-Hunting battle. More Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires rushed forward to pay their respects.

Zhang Ruochen gradually showed the demeanor of an Immortal Vampire leader of this generation.

The likes of Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell had been completely stolen by him. They were reduced to a foil.

Before Zhang Ruochen could speak, Fukurokuju, Black Robe High Priest, who was thousands of feet tall, walked out from the peak of Mount Destiny. He held a scroll in his hand and slowly opened it. "Now, I hereby announce the rankings of the ten clans in the Celestial-Hunting battle."

The cultivators of the ten clans all looked at Black Robe High Priest with solemn expressions. No one dared to make a ruckus.

In fact, only the top four rankings were in doubt.

The battle between Yanluo Clan and the Immortal Vampires continued until the last moment.

On the home planet of the Netherkin, the Netherkin and the Rakshasa clan fought fiercely for third place. Their points were very close.

Zhang Ruochen knew the final result, so he was very calm.

However, the cultivators of the entire Infernal Court were extremely nervous. Many cultivators gathered near Mount Destiny held their breaths.

Although it was just a ranking, it was related to a clan's glory and interest.

Chapter 2413: Ranked Top among Ten Clans

“10th place, Ghost Clan.”

“9th place, Stone Clan.”

“8th place, Corpusians.”

“7th place, Asuras.”

“6th place, Bone Clan.”

“5th place, Deathkin.”

Every single voice of Black Robe High Priest sounded far away as if it could travel everywhere.

In the Divine Domain of Destiny, although the cultivators of various clans had long expected this, when they heard that their clan’s ranking was actually so low, they were still furious.

An Asuran youth dressed in plain clothes held a black spear in his hand. He let out a long cry, “If it wasn’t for Yan Wushen, our clan’s ranking would not be so low.

“Today, I swear that one day, I will kill Yan Wushen and avenge today’s humiliation.

“On the name of Asundera, once this oath is completed, Heaven and earth will bear witness, and I will die without regret.”

When the oath was completed, a blood-colored divine fog gathered above his head.

An elderly Ghost cultivator sat on a tower in a city in the Divine Domain of Destiny. He muttered, “Ghost Clan lost because they had underestimated Zhang Ruochen in the battle on our home planet. It’s not shameful to be defeated by someone who is at the Yuanhui level. However, we will definitely send talented people to recover our dignity.”

...

Similar scenes happened all over the Divine Domain of Destiny.

Some were reflecting; some were filled with hatred, and some were regretful and silent.

In the universe, every incident or outcome would entail a plethora of facets.

“The fourth is the Netherkin.” Black Robe High Priest’s voice rang out again.

The Netherkin cultivators were silent.

The cultivators of the Rakshasa clan cheered and laughed. Some were happy, while others were sad.

“The third is the Rakshasa clan.”

One of the Netherkin Supreme Saints, who had not entered the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, said, “Wu Jiang put all his energy into encircling the Immortal Vampires. He did not expect that our planet would be attacked.”

“Wu Jiang didn’t do anything wrong. If he had not lost to Zhang Ruochen, even if Luo Shengtian attacked our planet, Luo Shengtian would not have been able to do much,” another Netherkin Supreme Saint said.

“If Wu Jiang didn’t make an enemy of Zhang Ruochen in the beginning, if he put all his energy into hunting the Celestial Captives, wouldn’t the ranking be better?”

“What happened, happened. The Netherkin... No, the three upper clans have all fallen. Zhang Ruochen alone can suppress the three upper clans. After today, he’ll become the leader of the younger generation of the Immortal Vampires.”

“Now, let’s see if Yanluo Clan can retain their former ranking.”

What followed was the result everyone anticipated.

It had been 100 years since the Celestial-Hunting battle had been held. Yanluo Clan had never lost. They had been undefeatable.

In this Celestial Hunting battle, Yanluo Clan deployed a young generation who was even more outstanding. They were all top elites: Yan Wushen, Yan Huangtu, Xi, Yan Zhexian... Each of them could take charge. Their overall strength far surpassed the past generations of previous hunting battles.

However, they fought with great difficulty this time. They were suppressed by the Immortal Vampires led by Zhang Ruochen until the last moment.

Empress of Thousand Bones stood on a small island in a lake in the Divine Domain of Destiny. The island was covered with purple-scarves trees. Their trunks were as tall as dragons. When the wind blew, purple petals danced in the air like butterflies.

She looked in the direction of Mount Destiny. It was quiet and deep.

Sword Saint Xuanji stood to the side and said, "Don't worry, Empress. Zhang Ruochen will win first place among the ten clans."

Empress of Thousand Bones seemed to be standing in a virtual time-space. Sometimes her figure was there, sometimes dissipating. She said, "Zhang Ruochen will do everything he can to hold on until the last moment. He will fight against all the powerful enemies alone. He has gone through life and death several times.

"I know that there is a big reason. It is because of the promise he gave me. He will definitely succeed in the future.

"Xuanji, you have a good disciple."

Sword Saint Xuanji could not hold back the smile on his face. "I didn't teach him anything. He has achieved what he has today because of himself."

Empress of Thousand Bones shook her head, "It is already amazing that a mortal can become a saint by himself.

"Zhang Ruochen has made many outstanding achievements because there are so many people behind him who have been helping him. You must be one of them."

Then, she added, “Many people will die if we save the Grand Supreme Master. Xuanji, it’s time for you to go back to Kunlun!”

Sword Saint Xuanji quickly bowed with a firm attitude, “Saving the Grand Supreme Master and hundreds of millions of people in Kunlun has been my ambition since I entered Infernal Court. Now, hope is right in front of me. How can I run away in fear of death? Please allow me to stay and help.”

Empress of Thousand Bones reappeared. Her figure was extremely beautiful. Her gaze remained on Mount Destiny. “The result is out!”

Black Robe High Priest’s mighty voice spread through Heaven and earth. “2nd place, Yanluo Clan.”

“The first place, Immortal Vampires.”

All the Immortal Vampires’ cultivators on Tungsten Square, including Lord Sinluo, who was standing in their camp, burst in excitement.

“We won, we won, we finally won!” Lord Sinluo raised his fist, his face flushed red as he shouted along with the cultivators around him.

Even the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires let out a long, wild laugh to vent the joy in their hearts.

In the major cities of the Divine Domain of Destiny, the Immortal Vampires all came to the streets and shouted, “Immortal Vampire, Number One!”

“Immortal Vampire, Number One!”

...

Light Communication Talismans streaked across the starry sky like a meteor shower. They flew to all the territories of the Immortal Vampires to spread the news.

Among the vampires, one shouted “Zhang Ruochen,” and it immediately caused a chain reaction.

“Zhang Ruochen!”

“Zhang Ruochen!”

..

From today on, Zhang Ruochen's name was completely bound to the Immortal Vampires, and he became the leader of this generation of the Immortal Vampires.

This generation of Immortal Vampires accounted for 99 percent of the total number of Immortal Vampires.

After all, there were less than one in a hundred or even less than one in ten thousand Immortal Vampires who could live for more than 1,000 years.

The influence of the Celestial-Hunting battle was huge. The publicity effect was enough to make Zhang Ruochen more famous than some deities.

The cultivators of other clans looked on coldly; Some mocked them; Some went up to congratulate the vampires because they were happy to see Yanluo Clan being suppressed.

Today was destined to be recorded in history. The names of "Zhang Ruochen," "Lord Bladehell," "Lady Wind," and "Lord Xia Yu" would definitely be written down by the Immortal Vampires. It would be known for at least hundreds of years.

The cultivators from Yanluo Clan were extremely depressed. Countless people were gnashing their teeth to get second place, but Yanluo Clan cultivators felt even worse than the Ghost cultivators who got last place.

Other than the first place, any other ranking was a humiliation to Yanluo Clan.

Sitting in the Divine Plane, Wargod Bloodximius had already received dozens of congratulatory messages from his good friends.

Wargod Bloodximius did not hide his emotions. He laughed loudly. His laughter spread to the Divine Planes of Ghost Master, Asurendra Samay, and the other deities of Infernal Court. It drew many displeased grunts.

Immediately, Wargod Bloodximius announced, "Today, the Bloodsky clan will celebrate and release all the prisoners except for the cultivators of Celestial Court."

The Immortal Vampires had defeated Yanluo Clan. The vampires were the only race that had brought the supreme clan down from their glory.

Moreover, it was Wargod Bloodximius's own grandson who led the Immortal Vampires to accomplish all of this. Zhang Ruochen was the descendant of the Xue Jue Family, and he made him proud.

The Xue Jue Family had heroes for generations. This was a sign of prosperity, or it could restore the glory of the ancestors.

Wargod Bloodximius was happy from the bottom of his heart. He was even happier than when he had obtained glorious achievements.

The other Immortal Vampires were also very excited. They felt proud.

The son of the chief of the Yellowsky Clan wrote a poem on the spot.

"The so-called Supreme race, topped the past Celestial Hunts."

"The so-called Supreme race, beaten like a dog by vampires. What bad luck!"

Once this poem was written, the faces of the Yanluo Clan's deities all turned ashen.

A deity covered in lightning angrily smashed the table and held a lightning ax as he prepared to charge at him.

However, he was stopped by the Ancient God of Knowledge.

"Why bother to lower yourself to the level of an idiot?" The Ancient God of Knowledge was very reserved. He did not get angry.

The son of the Yellowsky Clan's chief seemed to be in high spirits. He immediately wrote another poem:

"Pretty lassie from Yanluo, raised in a secluded place, hidden from public eye."

"Met Zhang Ruochen in debut, came home with a little one. What bad luck!"

Once the poem was finished, the Ancient God of Knowledge was enraged. He formed a palm print and directly smashed into the Divine Plane of the son of the Yellowsky Clan's chief. This palm print was caught by the chief and dissolved into nothingness in the air.

The chief of the Yellowsky clan hurried over to appease the emotions of the Ancient God of Knowledge. He repeatedly apologized and promised that he would strictly discipline his son in the future.

The rage in the Ancient God of Knowledge remained for a long time. The chief of the Yellowsky clan tried his best to persuade the ancient god, and he even gave away a sacred tree of the Yuanhui level to apologize. Only then did this matter come to an end.

The powerful deities were more composed.

However, a great deal of shame was felt by Yanluo clan's Supreme Saints who had participated in the battle. They were extremely resentful of the situation.

To them, losing to the Immortal Vampires was worse than getting killed.

Yan Wushen was also slightly resentful. In the final battle, Swastika Seiryu and Intergold Tiger roared. The roars knocked him and Zhang Ruochen unconscious at the same time. That was why the Yanluo Clan lost.

If he continued to fight, he might have a chance to turn defeat into victory.

Of course, he also understood why Swastika Seiryu and Intergold Tiger had done so. The injuries on his and Zhang Ruochen's bodies were already very serious, especially since Yan Wushen had lost thousands of years of his lifespan. If they were to continue fighting, it was very likely that both sides would die.

Even if they did not die, the foundations of their cultivation would be damaged.

Yan Zhexian used an illusion to cover her bulging tummy and walked toward the Gate of Destiny. She had a strong

personality. Unwilling to admit defeat, she bowed and said, “The Fane of Destiny has a rule that all clansmen can not leave their home planet. If the Immortal Vampires break the rule, they should be stripped of their ranking.”

The Supreme Saint of the Immortal Vampires was furious.

Lord Bladehell rushed forward and roared, “Our planet has been destroyed. Why can’t we move our people away?”

Yan Zhexian said, “Your planet has been destroyed. Doesn’t that prove the failure of the Immortal Vampires?”

Lady Wind said, “The Fane of Destiny only requires us to protect our people. There is no rule that we must protect our planet.”

Another member of Yanluo Clan walked out. It was Xi.

“Albajade Tree is the home planet of the Immortal Vampires. The Immortal Vampires can’t all leave Albajade Tree, right?”

The cultivators of Yanluo Clan stepped out one after another.

Voices that traveled for tens of thousands of miles rang out in the world. “The Immortal Vampires have violated the rules of the Fane of Destiny. I request Fukurokuju to strip them of their rank and return the Celestial-Hunting battle to a fair and just one.”

There were many Yanluo cultivators in the Fane of Destiny, and they were all shouting and petitioning. There were even cultivators who charged straight into Mount Destiny.

“If the Fane of Destiny can not be fair and just, I will die on Mount Destiny today.”

A Yanluo youth pulled out a sword and slashed his neck. Immediately, blood splattered all over the ground.

Pop!

Another cultivator smashed his own head with a palm and fell into a pool of blood.

They wanted to use their own lives to prove the will of Yanluo Clan and force the Fane of Destiny to give in. They wanted to

use their blood to exchange for the glory and dignity that belonged to the supreme clan.

More and more Yanluo Clan cultivators died. Each and every one of them did not hesitate, and their blood splattered all over the street.

Such a heroic and tragic scene touched even the deities.

The deities of the Yanluo Clan did not stop them. It seemed like they wanted to see if the Fane of Destiny would strip the Immortal Vampires of their ranking.

Although Black Robe High Priest shouted a few times, more Yanluo cultivators committed suicide at the foot of Mount Destiny. The priest did not know what to do.

Whoosh —

Finally, Fukurokuju appeared above the Fane of Destiny at the top of the mountain.

“It’s the Reverend.”

“Everyone, let’s petition the Reverend.”

Countless Yanluo cultivators knelt on the ground.

The Supreme Saints of Yanluo Clan did not kneel, but each and every one of them had looks of anticipation on their faces. They could force a Reverend to send his projection here. In other words, there might be a turning point in this matter.

Fukurokuju’s voice rang out, “The Immortal Vampires did not violate the rules.”

Just this sentence had stirred up the dissatisfaction in the hearts of countless Yanluo cultivators. However, they were afraid of the divine might of Fukurokuju, so no cultivators acted up. However, many cultivators had already pulled out their sharp blades and were prepared to continue declaring their will with death.

Fukurokuju stretched out a gaseous palm and grabbed the Albajade Tree from the Celestial-Hunting battlefield hundreds of millions of miles away and held it in his palm.

The divine tree, which was more than 10,000 miles tall, was as small as grass in his palm.

Fukurokuju took out Lord Hornless' corpse from the divine tree. A green pen flew out of the corpse.

Yan Zhexian's beautiful eyes shrank in Tungsten Square. She immediately recognized that it was her talisman pen.

Fukurokuju plucked a hair from the pen and released the Immortal Vampire that Zhang Ruochen had placed in the space within the hair. The Immortal Vampire was frightened by the invisible divine power and fell to the ground. He trembled and could not speak.

Seeing this, the cultivators of Yanluo Clan were speechless.

Yan Zhexian's pretty face was even colder. She glared at Zhang Ruochen and cursed in a low voice.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to be number one among the ten clans. How could he let Yanluo Clan get hold of him so easily? He had prepared a backup plan.

The Immortal Vampires were even more impressed by Zhang Ruochen.

Fukurokuju said, "The Celestial-Hunting battle is over. The ranking of the ten clans only represents the strength of this new millennium cultivators. If you want to regain your dignity and glory, you will have a chance to fight again in a thousand years.

"Next, I have a few announcements to make."

Chapter 2414: Two

Marriages

“In this Celestial-Hunting battle, the Immortal Vampires are ranked first. All participating cultivators will be rewarded with the opportunity to enter the Ancient Ruins to choose a Destiny Treasure, an item with the power of Destiny. In addition, each cultivator will be allowed to enter the Fane of Destiny to cultivate for 100 days.”

The Immortal Vampires were all extremely excited.

To think they could enter the Ancient Ruins and obtain a Destiny Treasure, even Supreme Saints were ecstatic.

Even if they did not use a Destiny Treasure, it would fetch a hefty price if they sold it. They could exchange it for a large amount of Godstones. With Godstones, they could buy the items they wanted.

As for the opportunity to enter the Fane of Destiny to cultivate, it was something that all the cultivators in Infernal Court dreamed of.

A strange light flashed in the eyes of Lady Wind as she thought, “My Destiny Feather is a Destiny Treasure from the Ancient Ruins. Now that my cultivation level is higher, if I go there, I might be able to find an even more precious treasure.”

“It’s said that the core disciples of the Fane of Destiny need to make great contributions before they are qualified to enter the Fane of Destiny to cultivate for a day. However, we can cultivate for a hundred days in one go. Our attainments in the Path of Destiny will definitely improve greatly.”

“With this opportunity, I might be able to condense the Gate of Destiny in one go.”

“My Gate of Destiny can become even stronger!”

“Don’t get excited. This is just the reward given by the Fane of Destiny. When we go back, the rewards given by the Fane of

Immortality, our respective clans, and our families will be even more generous. Haha!”

The Immortal Vampires were in a frenzy. They felt that everything they had done in the Celestial-Hunting battle was worth it, and they finally got what they deserved.

The other races were all envious.

Fukurokuju’s voice sounded again, “Yanluo Clan is ranked second. All the cultivators will each receive a King Grade Luck Pill and the chance to enter the Fane of Destiny to cultivate for a hundred days.”

It was said that the so-called “Luck Pill” could increase a cultivator’s luck after consuming it.

This kind of thing was extremely mysterious. However, since the Fane of Destiny had openly given it to them, it should have some effect. Whether or not it could improve one’s luck, it would be good to treat it as a blessing gift. Perhaps the success rate would be higher when one broke through.

After all, after the Celestial Hunting battle, those cultivators who had been stuck at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm would definitely try to break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Breaking through was not that simple.

“The Rakshasas is ranked third. All cultivators will be given the opportunity to enter the Fane of Destiny to cultivate for a hundred days.”

Only the top three cultivators could receive rewards.

The Netherkin, Deathkin, Asura clan... the rest of the cultivators were indignant and envious. They only hated their defeat in Celestial-Hunting. Otherwise, all the benefits should have belonged to them.

Wu Jiang’s tone was deep as he said, “I’m afraid that Yan Huangtu and Luo Shengtian will receive countless rewards. With these resources, their practice speed will improve by leaps and bounds. I have to work harder to ensure I don’t fall behind them.”

In Wu Jiang's eyes, Yan Huangtu and Luo Shengtian were his competitors.

Although Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's performance was amazing, they were destined to practice in the Hundred-Shackle Realm for a long time. Not only did they have to break the shackles, but they also had to polish their Saintwills.

Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and Wu Jiang had accumulated enough experience. They would break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm in an instant and continue to advance.

It was still unknown whether Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen could catch up with them in cultivation realms.

If they were one realm lower, no matter how amazing they were, Wu Jiang was confident that he could crush them.

“Fuurei.”

When Fukurokuju called out this name, Lady Wind, who had been waiting for a long time, suddenly became spirited. She immediately took a few steps forward, knelt on one knee, and said, “Greetings, Reverend.”

Fuurei was only the first name of Lady Wind.

Her surname was called “Kagesawa,” and it was a family of the Yellowsky tribe. They ruled over a vast and extremely mysterious region in the territory of Yellowsky Clan.

Fukurokuju said, “I declare that you are officially the Scioness of the Fane of Destiny and will be in charge of everything for the Fane in the next thousand years. Are you willing to accept the appointment?”

Lady Wind suppressed her excitement and said, “Yes, I am.”

She exclaimed silently with joy, ‘I have succeeded. I have finally succeeded!’

From now on, she would ascend to the pinnacle of power in Infernal Court. She could be called the number one person below the deities. Even those Paramount Supreme Saints and demigods would have to fear her status when they saw her. She could even sit on the same level as some pseudo gods.

The gods would not care too much about the secular world. In other words, she was the secular master of Infernal Court.

‘So what if Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen are talented? What is the point for Pan Ruo to practice the Door of Trueself? If they can’t attain godhood, they will stay below me in the end.’ thought Lady Wind.

With her status as a Scioness, she could get a lot of practice resources. It wasn’t necessarily impossible for her to practice the Door of Trueself. Moreover, her cultivation realm could advance by leaps and bounds, leaving Pan Ruo far behind.

If she wanted to, she could even kill Pan Ruo with the help of others without anyone knowing, completely eliminating this threat.

“It’s only a matter of time before I catch up with Wu Jiang, Luo Shengtian, Yan Huangtu, and Lan Ying. By then, I’ll be able to stand proudly at the peak of this era, and I might even ascend before them.”

Lady Wind knew very well how many resources the Scions and Scionesses of Destiny could mobilize. She was full of anticipation for her progress in cultivation.

“Zhang Ruochen!” said Fukurokuju.

Zhang Ruochen was very calm. He walked to Lady Wind’s side, bowed, and said, “Greetings, Reverend.”

Lady Wind was a little displeased. She also paid her respects to Fukurokuju. Zhang Ruochen only bowed, but she knelt on one knee. ‘Is Zhang Ruochen trying to put me, the Scioness, in an awkward situation?’

‘What will the other cultivators think when they see this?’

‘Does Zhang Ruochen think that he is more honorable than a Scioness?’

Lady Wind wanted to stand up, but she realized that as soon as she moved, there was a force as heavy as the stars pressing down on her.

It was divine power.

It was easy to kneel but difficult to get up.

Especially when Fukurokuju had not spoken, how could the person who knelt down get up?

Of course, Fukurokuju did not mean to press her there. Before he finished speaking, there was already an invisible divine will pressing down on Lady Wind until she could not move.

Fukurokuju said, “Zhang Ruochen, you’ve performed well on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. You’ve led the Immortal Vampires to win first place. You’ve even killed a Banshi Isshou Celestial Captive. You can get the final reward, 30 percent of the Canon of Destiny and a Destiny Token.”

Whoosh

Whoosh

The two Destiny Tokens turned into two streaks of white light and flew toward Zhang Ruochen and Lady Wind, respectively.

Zhang Ruochen reached out and grabbed. Just as he touched the token, it suddenly disappeared.

The token rushed into his palm.

Bzzzt

The dense white lightning wrapped around Zhang Ruochen’s right hand and gradually withdrew.

The word “Token” appeared in his palm.

The Destiny Token was formed from the divine power of the twelve Reverends of the Fane of Destiny. It contained the cultivation paths of the twelve Reverends. No cultivator could imitate it.

With the Destiny Token, Zhang Ruochen could have the same transcendent status as the Scioness of Destiny. He could enter the various secret realms of the Fane of Destiny to practice at will.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen’s Destiny Token was different from Lady Wind’s one.

Zhang Ruochen's Destiny Token could only be considered a status symbol.

However, Lady Wind's Destiny Token represented supreme power, as if it was given by the emperor.

Fukurokuju did not mention anything further about the Canon of Destiny. Instead, he said, "You can leave now!"

Lady Wind suddenly felt the pressure on her body gone. She stood up slowly and resumed her noble and elegant posture. She looked at Zhang Ruochen and secretly expressed her dissatisfaction. She said, "The Reverend is the most powerful existence in the world. We should respect him."

"Okay."

Zhang Ruochen responded and retreated to the camp of the Immortal Vampires.

'So what if he is a deity? I will not kneel if I don't feel so.'

His pride was unbreakable.

Fukurokuju said, "There are many outstanding talents in this generation of the Infernal Court: Divine Fetus, demi-buddhas, demigods, Imperial Path Divine Bone, Myriad Hands and Eyes, and a Master of Oblivion... This is the world of the great war. I want to bestow two marriages."

After the vast divine voice sounded out, it immediately caused a clamor that was as loud as a tsunami. It was even more shocking than when Lady Wind became a goddess.

A Reverend personally bestowed a marriage on such an occasion. The honor was immense.

Without a doubt, the status of the person who was bestowed a marriage would rise steadily in the Infernal Court in the future.

Luo Shengtian grinned and whispered to Luo Sha, who was standing by his side, "There will be one or two times a Reverend personally bestows a blessing every thousand years, but personally bestowing a marriage has never happened before, right?"

Luo Sha's pretty face was as flawless as jade, and her eyebrows were slightly furrowed. She said, "It is indeed a little strange. Gods cannot interfere with the affairs of the secular world. So bestowing a marriage to a Supreme Saint is equivalent to interfering with the power wrestling among various major forces.

"Fukurokuju has always been indifferent to secular affairs and has always been neutral. There must be some deeper meaning behind his actions."

Luo Shengtian said, "I wonder who will be the one to be bestowed a marriage?"

Luo Sha thought carefully, and then her eyes shone sharply. She said, "Actually, it's not hard to guess. There are only a few people who can enter Fukurokuju's eye and personally give the marriage. Que, Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Wu Jiang, you, my brother, and Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen.

"Could it be..."

Luo Sha's pair of slightly charming eyes glanced at Zhang Ruochen in the distance. She guessed in her mind, 'Could it be that Wargod Bloodximus personally asked Fukurokuju to give the marriage to Zhang Ruochen? The possibility was very high!'

After all, Zhang Ruochen had too many enemies in Infernal Court. Without the protection of a Reverend, it would be difficult for him to grow up.

Luo Shengtian followed Luo Sha's gaze and asked in surprise, "Zhang Ruochen?"

"It's most likely that guy. and the one who's getting married is most likely Yan Zhexian."

Luo Sha felt inexplicably annoyed, irritated, and jealous. 'Zhang Ruochen is clearly my destiny. Why did this Yan Zhexian steal my man? It's so unfair!

'If the Reverend personally bestows the marriage between Yan Zhexian and Zhang Ruochen, her status as his wife will be irreplaceable.'

‘And when the time comes, Yan Zhexian will target and oppress me whenever I want to meet Zhang Ruochen. Moreover, my name will be tainted.

Luo Sha did not think that she would be the one who would receive the blessing because of her special status; her father was Emperor Luo Yan. He would never allow her to marry Zhang Ruochen. No matter how powerful Fukurokuju was, he could not suppress her father’s will. As a ruler of a Divine Kngdom, he could not compromise and yield to anyone.

Luo Shengtian said, “Zhang Ruochen is really a b*stard. He even got Yan Zhexian pregnant on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Only by bestowing them a marriage, Fukurokuju can appease the anger of the Yanluo Clan.

“Anyone who marries a man like Zhang Ruochen must have eight lifetimes of bad luck. What a pity for Yan Zhexian, the favorite daughter of Yanluo Clan.”

Fukurokuju said, “Zhang Ruochen, Luo Sha.”

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised to hear his name. He had already guessed it, but he did not expect Luo Sha to be his bride-to-be. After all, many cultivators knew he had more enmity with Luo Sha.

Not only had he captured Luo Sha, but he had also beaten her until she vomited blood on the Battlefield of Merits and killed countless Rakshasa Saints.

If Zhang Ruochen had not cooperated with Luo Sha on the Battlefield of Merits, many cultivators would have thought that their enmity was immense.

‘How could Luo Yan, the emperor, agree to this marriage?’ Zhang Ruochen did not dare to go against the will of a Reverend. He walked out.

Luo Sha was stunned when she heard her name. It was completely out of her expectations. Then, her snow-white and crystal face could not hold it anymore. She smiled and walked out happily.

Soon, she caught up with Zhang Ruochen. They walked side by side.

Luo Shengtian was even more stunned. He was petrified. 'Fukurokuju is out of his mind. How could he let my little sister marry that b*stard? She will suffer a lot after marriage.

'Zhang Ruochen has bullied her many times... No, absolutely no. This is unacceptable!'

Luo Shengtian took a step forward. Suddenly, he could not move his body. It was as if there were countless divine chains wrapped around his body. His mother's voice rang in his mind. "Noone has the audacity to disobey a marriage bestowed by a Reverend."

"But, Mother, we can't just watch my little sister walk into a lion's den. Can't Father stop the Reverend?" Luo Shengtian said.

Amane's voice rang out again. "Your father and I have already agreed to this marriage."

Luo Shengtian's rage was instantly extinguished, and he was in confusion.

Fukurokuju said, "I intend to marry the two of you. Zhang Ruochen, are you willing to marry the princess of Devala, Luo Sha?"

"Yes," replied Zhang Ruochen.

Just as Amane had said, "Noone has the audacity to disobey a marriage bestowed by a Reverend."

Fukurokuju had granted the marriage in front of all the cultivators in Infernal Court. Whoever disobeyed his will and refused his good intentions would have severe consequences. It was a thousand or ten thousand times more serious than rejecting a marriage granted by an emperor in the secular world.

"Luo Sha, are you willing to marry Zhang Ruochen of the Xue Jue Family?"

Luo Sha pursed her red lips and said shyly, "Yes."

Luo Sha was the dream girl among countless young elites of the Rakshasa clan. They all wanted to marry her. Seeing that

she had become Zhang Ruochen's bride-to-be under the blessings of Fukurokuju, their eyes turned red with jealousy.

However, none of them dared to stand out and oppose.

Pan Ruo stood in the crowd and looked at Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha standing side by side from afar. One was handsome, and the other was as beautiful as a fairy. They were like a perfect couple.

A hint of sadness appeared in Pan Ruo's eyes. Her ten fingers pierced into her palm. Her heart ached, but she immediately lowered her head. She did not want anyone to see her emotions.

At this moment, Fukurokuju's voice sounded again. "Yan Wushen, Pan Ruo."

Chapter 2415: Total Despair

“How could it be me?”

Yan Wushen muttered in a low voice. Then he seemed indifferent and walked out.

The Path of Cultivation he practiced was destined to have no desires and no emotions in his life. Whether to have a spouse or not, was never important to him. However, since it was a marriage bestowed by a Reverend, there must be a deeper meaning. Hence, he had to agree.

Moreover, he had a good impression of Pan Ruo.

The ones who were most shocked were Pan Ruo and Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression did not change, but his pupils contracted quickly, and his breathing stopped for a moment. But soon, everything returned to normal.

Pan Ruo’s performance was much more obvious than Zhang Ruochen’s. She suddenly raised her head and looked at the Shadow of Fukurokuju in disbelief.

There were too many cultivators who were shocked. Even some gods were surprised. No one noticed her obvious expression.

In the distance, Sword Saint Xuanji’s heart skipped a beat. His expression changed. “Oh no, why did Fukurokuju do this?”

Empress of Thousand Bones said, “What are you worried about?”

Pan Ruo and Zhang Ruochen were both sword Saint Xuanji’s disciples. He knew their personalities.

He said, “The hardest trial in the world is love. Your highness should know that Zhang Ruochen is a man of his word. No matter how hard it is, he will do everything he can to fulfill his promise.”

“That’s true,” Empress of Thousand Bones said.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “In the past, when Zhang Ruochen proposed marriage to Huang Yanchen, he said his feelings for Huang Yanchen would not change in three lifetimes.

“Due to past events, the two of them are estranged. Their ties have broken, but the feelings within Zhang Ruochen remain.”

Empress of Thousand Bones said, “Are you worried that Zhang Ruochen will not be able to control himself and stop Fukurokuju from marrying him?”

“I don’t know what he will do, but he will definitely do something.”

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “I’m more worried about Pan Ruo. She’s more stubborn than Zhang Ruochen, and she’s more affectionate than Zhang Ruochen.”

Empress of Thousand Bones said, “In a sense, Fukurokuju wants to marry Zhang Ruochen. He wants to use the relationship of in-laws to keep Zhang Ruochen in Infernal Court and make his relationship with Infernal Court closer. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen must not refuse. Once he does, he will be criticized and criticized.”

“Pan Ruo has practiced the Door of Trueself, but she hasn’t become the Scioness of the Fane of Destiny. It is already very dangerous. In a sense, Fukurokuju wants to protect her. If she refuses, she will be ignorant of the situation and will only accelerate her death.”

“But she is not afraid of death at all,” Sword Saint Xuanji said.

Ordinary cultivators did not dare to talk about a marriage bestowed by a Reverend. A deity snorted, “The Fane of Destiny wants to form ties with the two geniuses of the Yuanhui level in advance!”

This deity came from the Fane of Darkness, but he only dared to say this in his own Divine Plane.

Pan Ruo represented the Fane of Destiny, and Luo Sha’s mother was the former Scioness of Destiny. The two girls were deeply involved with the Fane of Destiny, and by marrying

them to Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen, the Fane of Destiny was indeed trying to win them over.

...

After a moment of hesitation, Pan Ruo's expression returned to normal. She walked to Yan Wushen's side.

Fukurokuju said, "I intend to bestow a marriage for the two of you. What say you?"

"I'll accept it with all my heart."

After Yan Wushen said that, he could not help but look at Pan Ruo. He was surprised to find that her expression was strange. Her exquisite face was as cold as an iceberg. She did not look happy at all. Instead, she was filled with resistance.

"Why does she show this kind of expression? Could it be that she wants to reject the marriage?"

When this thought appeared in his mind, Yan Wushen's expression became grave and unsightly.

In his opinion, Pan Ruo was a very intelligent woman. She should not have made such a stupid decision. Moreover, what was so bad about him. Countless women from the infernal realm wanted to marry him, but they did not have the chance.

If Pan Ruo really refused, Yan Wushen and Fukurokuju would soon become the jokes of countless cultivators.

Perhaps the Infernal Court cultivators did not dare to laugh at the Reverend. But what about the cultivators from Celestial Court?

Pan Ruo's action might not bother Yan Wushen. That did not mean it wouldn't offend the entire Yanluo Clan.

Seeing that Pan Ruo did not answer for a long time, the atmosphere gradually became tense. Not only the cultivators in Tungsten Square were shocked, but the deities in the Fane of Destiny also showed stern faces.

Black Robe High Priest, whose cultivation realm was high, was so scared that his face turned pale. He spoke to Pan Ruo

telepathically, “It’s an honor to have a Reverend bestow you a marriage. Why don’t you bow and thank him immediately?”

Pan Ruo was not moved.

The surrounding atmosphere became tenser. All the voices disappeared as everyone fell silent.

Fukurokuju seemed to be very patient. He did not urge her but just waited quietly.

Lady Wind smiled and waited quietly for Pan Ruo’s suicidal act.

Luo Sha could not help but look at Pan Ruo. She could not understand why Pan Ruo was so resistant to the marriage arranged by the Reverend.

‘Was she unhappy because she failed to become the Scioness of Destiny?’

‘It shouldn’t be!’

‘Pan Ruo shouldn’t be such a short-sighted woman.’

Zhang Ruochen did not look at Pan Ruo, but he had an inexplicable feeling. It was as if Pan Ruo was waiting for him to express his stance or for him to protect her.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen let out a long breath.

The surrounding was too quiet that even the sound of exhaling was particularly clear, so he attracted the attention of many cultivators.

“It is a great honor to have a Reverend bestowed a marriage. I will protect Luo Sha for the rest of my life. I will never let her down.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his voice and said this. Then, under the gaze of many pairs of eyes, he spread his arms and hugged Luo Sha.

Zhang Ruochen kissed her fair forehead.

Luo Shengtian’s eyes were as wide as copper bells. He gnashed his teeth. He felt that Zhang Ruochen was out of line.

‘How dare this b*stard take advantage of my sis in front of so many cultivators.’

Luo Sha was at a loss at first. Soon, the corners of her lips curled into a smile. She lowered her head. Apparently, she was elated.

Anyone who was smart could see that Zhang Ruochen was breaking the oppressive atmosphere. He was also reminding Pan Ruo not to go against Fukurokuju’s decision.

After all, her response concerned the face of Fukurokuju, the Fane of Destiny, Yanluo Clan, and even Infernal Court.

Pan Ruo understood Zhang Ruochen’s intentions. She felt disheartened. The coldness in her eyes finally melted. “Thank you for bestowing the marriage. I’m grateful eternally.”

She knelt, pressing her nose against the ground. No one could see her expression at this moment.

The projection of Fukurokuju finally disappeared.

Black Robe High Priest threw a grateful look at Zhang Ruochen. Then, he made a few announcements about the Celestial-Hunting battle before wrapping things up.

When everything was over, the cultivators who participated in the Celestial-Hunting Banquet left Mount Destiny one after another.

Zhang Ruochen led Intergold Tiger, Xue Ningxiao, Xue Tu, Xue Chen, and other cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan, as well as Lian Xi, Gaunt, Zhou Zhen, and Shentu Yunkong, out of Tungsten Square and into Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

He turned around and saw that Pan Ruo was still kneeling at the square.

Beside her stood Yan Wushen.

Xue Tu said resentfully, “What’s wrong with this Pan Ruo? She had the audacity to show reluctance when accepting a marriage a deity bestowed.

“If a deity bestows me a marriage, I can do whatever I want at Infernal Court!” Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said enviously.

Gu Chenzi's expression was solemn. "Luckily, she agreed. Otherwise, it would have caused a huge uproar."

Xue Tu chuckled. "She should thank my senior. If he had not been kind enough to hit her at the critical moment, she would have lost her life because of her stubbornness."

"Shut up," Zhang Ruochen said coldly.

Xue Tu immediately felt a chill. He could not help but shiver. He did not dare to say anything else.

The eighteen Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords carried the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and headed straight to the Immortal Vampires' territory.

In the Bingsi District of Winterpage City, tens of thousands of cultivators from the Bloodysky Clan had gathered. When they saw the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and the rest, they immediately let out deafening shouts and greeted them with joy.

In one of the manors in the city district, a banquet had already been prepared.

The important figures of the Bloodysky Clan walked out of the banquet venue one after another. They came to the main entrance and personally welcomed the triumphant return of Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and the others.

Top elites of powerful forces of Bloodysky Clan, including the three major progenitor families, the forces of the six seas, and the forces of twelve cities from the seven mountains, were present. Each force's representative brought along the most beautiful woman in their respective faction. It was obvious that they were trying to rope in and befriend Zhang Ruochen.

The strength of each force was at least comparable to the top 4,000 Macroworlds of Celestial Court.

For example, "Southern Ridge" was one of the seven mountains. The Xia clan where Lord Xia Yu lived had 340 billion clansmen, and they used to have a deity overseeing them. However, the status of the Xia clan was only equal to one of the forces under the "Southern Ridge."

The envoy of the Fane of Immortality, Lord Huoyuan, repeatedly looked in the crowd and asked, "Where is Zhang Ruochen?"

Zhang Ruochen was the main character of tonight's banquet. All the major forces wanted to make friends with him, and they all wanted to marry their most beautiful descendant, whose cultivation was at Saint Realm, to Zhang Ruochen.

After all, the news that Wargod Bloodximius was interested to form marriage alliances with many powerful forces was spread.

Lord Xue Chen went up and bowed to Lord Huoyuan. He said, "Ruochen is injured and can't attend the banquet. He has returned to Vastsea Manor to rest."

Hearing this, Lord Huoyuan and cultivators from all the forces were stunned.

...

Vastsea Manor had been modified by Zhou Zhen, who was a High-Saint Array Master. The scenery was beautiful; the birds sang; the flowers were fragrant, and the lake was green. It was no different from the places for cultivation in Kunlun.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was sitting by the lake, staring at the reflection in the lake.

Outside the manor, it was noisy. The lights were so bright, but he was not moved at all. He was completely immersed in his own inner world.

Intergold Tiger could sense what Zhang Ruochen was thinking, "Like you," he said. "Your inner demon will become stronger. One day, it'll devour you. Do whatever you want. The more you go against your heart, the more trouble you'll face in the future. The path to godhood will be extremely difficult."

Zhang Ruochen did not say anything.

Just like that, he sat by the lake all night. No one dared to disturb him.

The next day, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Lord Xue Chen, Xue Tu... all the cultivators who had participated in the Celestial-Hunting battle came to visit, but they were all blocked by Zhou Zhen.

On the third day, the leaders of the six seas, seven mountains, and twelve cities had come to visit with their beautiful successors, but they could only go back with disappointment.

On the fourth day, Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind came to invite Zhang Ruochen to attend the celebration feast hosted by the Fane of Immortality. Zhang Ruochen refused to attend.

...

Ten days passed, and countless forces were turned away. None of them saw Zhang Ruochen.

The reason he gave was still to seclude himself to heal his injuries.

During this time, Blood Empress came and asked Zhang Ruochen why he turned down all invitations. Zhang Ruochen gave an excuse that he did not like such a lively scene.

Blood Empress told Zhang Ruochen that since the deity had granted him a marriage, he had to go and propose marriage as soon as possible. At the very least, he had to completely settle the marriage in the Divine Domain of Destiny to show that he attached importance to this matter.

He did not need to personally prepare for the marriage proposal and engagement. The cultivators of the Xue Jue Family and Devala would discuss and take care of it.

However, Zhang Ruochen had to participate on the day of the engagement.

The date of the engagement had already been announced to the public. It was set to be held in five days, and it would be held in Fortune Palace. Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo were also engaged on this day.

...

Jianyin District, in a magnificent palace.

Yan Wushen stood alone in the center of the palace. His figure was outstanding, and he was imposing and calm. Streams of Yama Qi that intersected with light and darkness emanated from his body.

Crack!

Suddenly, the space above his head cracked, and a three-meter-wide hole appeared. It was as if the space-time door had been opened.

An ancient and shocking divine might was emitted from the hole.

Respect appeared in Yan Wushen's arrogant eyes. He bowed and said, "Master, I've lost the Celestial-Hunting battle!"

"It's not your fault. Didn't Yan Huangtu lose as well?"

"Your opponent is this Yuanhui's most outstanding prodigy. The Saintwill he cultivates is even stronger than that of Wargod Bloodximus and Huang Tian.

"It's reasonable for you to lose to him." The black hole spun. It was like a whirlpool.

Yan Wushen said, "But I refuse to admit defeat like this."

"So, is this why you want to see me?" A majestic voice sounded.

Yan Wushen said, "Even if Zhang Ruochen walks the path of first-class Saintwill, I'm confident that I'll fight him to the end.

"However, he's the Master of Time and Space. His practice speed is fast. My cultivation progress is far behind him now.

"I have to catch up with him or even surpass him."

The existence in the black hole was silent for a long time. He said, "To narrow the gap of strength, your answer lies in the third dark star.

"Why don't you visit there? Not only does it have a shocking time difference, but it also has a great opportunity.

“If you can walk out of it alive, your cultivation will definitely surpass Zhang Ruochen’s.”

“I’ll go to the third dark star now.”

Although Yan Wushen had lost a lot of his life and knew that the interior of the dark star was extremely dangerous, he did not show any fear.

In this era, he did not want to be inferior to anyone.

Zhang Ruochen’s existence might be his motivation to force himself to become stronger. He could be an enemy for life.

The voice from the black hole rang out, “I can send you to the third dark star, and I believe you can come back alive.

“But have you really made a decision on the practice of the Saintwill?

“You must know that since ancient times, no cultivator has ever been able to practice a first-class Saintwill.

“At least not in the records of all the classics.”

There was no hesitation in Yan Wushen’s eyes. He said, “Zhang Ruochen practiced the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, and he is walking the path of cultivating a first-class Saintwill. My Six Paths of Reincarnation Saintwill is also on the path to become a first-class Saintwill. If he dares to take the path, why shouldn’t I?”

A voice came from the black hole. “Do you really know what ‘The Six Paths of Reincarnation’ means? If you haven’t experienced it, you’ll never be able to understand it. If you can’t, you’ll never be able to practice it successfully.”

Chapter 2416: *To Kill Someone*

Zhang Ruochen's true body sat by the lake, meditating like an old monk. However, his consciousness entered the Qiankun Realm.

Standing under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Zhang Ruochen stared at the sword-shaped Canon mark on the tree trunk. He said loudly, "Empress, I've won first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Can I see you?"

The sword-shaped Canon mark was left by Empress of Thousand Bones. It contained her spiritual will.

When Zhang Ruochen called out the Empress of Thousand Bones' name, she sensed it on the Purple Turban Island. In the next moment, her divine spirit crossed time and space and descended into Zhang Ruochen's Qiankun Realm.

Empress of Thousand Bones was unparalleled. Although it was a divine spirit, the aura she gave off was like the sun in the sky.

Zhang Ruochen was expressionless, neither happy nor sad, he said, "I've got the Destiny Token. I can give it to you now. As for the Canon of Destiny, it hasn't been given to me yet. It's probably because my attainments in the Path of Destiny are too low to bear the power of the Canon."

"Without the Canon of Destiny, what's the use of getting the Destiny Token? Zhang Ruochen, you must have another purpose for meeting me, right? Tell me quickly. I can't stay here for too long," Empress of Thousand Bones said.

“When I agreed to participate in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting and borrow the Destiny Token and the Canon of Destiny for you to comprehend, you promised to give me an Avci token,” Zhang Ruochen explained.

“That’s right. Every Avīci token I give out is because I owe a huge favor. That’s why, as long as a cultivator comes to see me with the Avīci token, I will do something for him,” Empress of Thousand Bones said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Anything?”

“No matter how difficult or dangerous it is, I’ll do it.” Empress of Thousand Bones’ voice was firm and powerful.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I want the Avīci token now.”

Empress of Thousand Bones was smart enough to guess Zhang Ruochen’s intentions when he opened his mouth.

“I don’t need to give you the Avīci token. Just tell me what you want me to do for you.” Empress of Thousand Bones’ tone became serious. She paused and said again, “But you’d better think it through. Do you really want to use this opportunity now?”

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands and bowed slightly. “I’ve thought it through. I want you to kill someone for me. You must kill her within five days.”

“Who is it?” Empress of Thousand Bones asked.

Zhang Ruochen’s lips moved. He said a name through voice transmission.

After listening, Empress of Thousand Bones stared at Zhang Ruochen. “You’re making things difficult for me.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “That’s all I ask.”

“Killing someone in the Divine Domain of Destiny is easy to alert the gods of the Fane of Destiny. Besides, the person you want to kill has the protection of the Twelve Reverends. Once you attack her, the Twelve Reverends will know, which will cause a world-shaking ripple. I’m afraid that no cultivator in the Infernal Court would dare to do this.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “But, it doesn’t include you, right?”

Empress of Thousand Bones was silent for a long time, she said, “It’s not difficult to kill her. However, at the critical moment of saving the Grand Master, I’m not willing to do such a thing. I don’t want to let the Reverends of the Fane of Destiny know that I’m here in the Divine Domain of Destiny.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You once said that you will do it no matter the difficulty.”

Empress of Thousand Bones shook her head gently with a stern look in her eyes, “I know what you want to do,” she said. “But this is very dangerous. It’s equivalent to going against the will of a Reverend or even challenging destiny. Are you prepared to die if you fail?”

“I know what I’m doing,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Well, those from Avīci Pavilion will kill her in five days.”

Empress of Thousand Bones’ divine spirit disappeared, leaving Zhang Ruochen alone under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. His figure was bleak, but his eyes were sharp and determined.

In the next five days, Zhang Ruochen activated the Sundial in the Vastsea Manor. He used the Divine Purification Flame to refine one weapon after another, including the Myriad Curse Bead that he had taken from the Wujiang.

He took out the Regal Artifact that he had taken from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and gave it to the Ancient Abyssal Sword to refine and absorb.

The Regal Inscriptions inside the Ancient Abyssal Sword grew rapidly. There were more than 300,000 of them, reaching the critical point of breaking into a Class Three Regal Artifact.

Five days later.

Xueqi, Xue Chen, and Xue Ningxiao, the three most outstanding young Supreme Saints of the current generation of the Xue Jue family, came to the Vastsea Manor. They looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was wrapped in the divine fire domain, from a distance.

Xue Ningxiao's pretty eyes sparkled, she said, "Cousin Ruochen has worked too hard. He just won the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Everyone is immersed in revelry, but he's not affected. He still chooses to cultivate and improve himself. It's really worth learning from him."

Xueqi said, "The stronger a person is, the more sense of danger they have."

Xue Chen said, "Today is the day he and Princess Luo Sha are engaged. Cultivators from all the major forces have rushed to the Fortune Palace. He's the main character tonight. we can't be late."

"I'll go!"

Xueqi came to the edge of the divine fire domain. Feeling the heatwave, she bowed and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, it's late. We should go!"

In the center of the fire domain, Zhang Ruochen put away his weapons one by one. The flames turned into horned dragons and entered his body.

At this moment, everyone could see clearly that he was wearing the red Armor of the Fire God. He had the Divine Dragonbone Whip, which was a Quasi-Supreme Artifact, around his waist. He wore the Myriad Curse Bead around his neck. He held the Pleiades Lotus in his palm. The Zangshan Demonic Mirror floated above his heart, a Violet Gourd hung on one side of his waist, and the Ancient Abyssal Sword hung on the other.

Everyone who was a Supreme Saint didn't dare to look at him directly.

Xueqi looked at Zhang Ruochen's treasures. He swallowed silently. He was only going to get engaged. Was there a need to reveal so many Supreme Artifacts?

It was too exaggerated!

Though it was exaggerated, it really made people jealous.

Xue Chen and Xueqi had completely different thoughts. They frowned. He could feel the killing intent from Zhang Ruochen.

He didn't look like he was going to get married. Instead, he looked like he was going to kill someone.

He brought all the weapons with him. He didn't want to show them off, but he valued the person he was going to kill.

Xue Chen said carefully, "The engagement gifts have been prepared. We can go to the Fortune Palace now."

"Okay!"

Zhang Ruochen answered and walked out first.

Outside the Vastsea Manor, there was a long convoy pulled by a Saint King-level white bone beast. The carriages were filled with all kinds of treasures.

Zhang Ruochen didn't check the engagement gifts. He took his maid, Lian Xi, and went to the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Xue Chen and Xueqi sat on the backs of a Supreme Saint-level fire beast and led the way. The 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords carried the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and followed closely behind.

The news of the Reverend's blessed marriage had long spread throughout the Infernal Court.

Seeing the marriage parade of the Xue Jue family, countless cultivators in the Infernal Court watched and discussed it wherever they went. Many people had envious looks in their eyes.

"Princess Luo Sha is extremely beautiful. She's the beauty that all the men of the Rakshasa dream of marrying. They didn't expect her to marry Zhang Ruochen in the end."

"Zhang Ruochen is so talented. He's a peerless figure among the Immortal Vampires. He's worthy of Princess Luo Sha."

An Immortal Vampire cultivator said in a low voice, "I don't think Zhang Ruochen wants to marry Princess Luo Sha. He's just forced by the Reverend to agree."

"How can that be? Princess Luo Sha is so beautiful. How can Zhang Ruochen not want to marry her?"

The Immortal Vampire cultivator shook his head and said, “Princess Luo Sha is beautiful, but does Zhang Ruochen lack beauty by his side? Fairy Lian Xi and Lord Xia Yu were both top-notch beauties. It was said that Princess Luo Sha was very powerful. Once Zhang Ruochen married her, he wouldn’t be able to have such a good time anymore.”

Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power was strong. Of course, he could hear the discussions.

However, he didn’t care at all. He just held the Ancient Abyssal Sword and used the white scarf that Lian Xi handed him to repeatedly wipe the sword.

Then he took out a Godstone the size of a human head and sharpened the sword on it.

Crack

Sparks flew when the sword tip rubbed against the Godstone.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror and Violet Gourd were Supreme Artifacts with great power. However, Zhang Ruochen preferred to use the Ancient Abyssal Sword whenever he had a major decision to make.

Holding the hilt, he felt like they were connected by blood. No matter how impetuous he was, he could calm down in an instant.

The Intergold Tiger could feel that Zhang Ruochen’s killing intent was getting more and more intense as he sharpened the sword. His aura kept accumulating, and the aura he emitted became fierce.

The Intergold Tiger said, “It’s a great day for the engagement. Why do you decide to kill someone?”

Crack

The sparks from the sword became brighter.

The Intergold Tiger said again, “Your motive for killing today is too obvious. It will arouse suspicion.”

“Under normal circumstances, of course, people will be suspicious,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The Intergold Tiger said, “Then when is it an abnormal situation?”

“When the inner demon invaded my body, it caused me to lose my mind and turned me into a demon,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Standing aside, Lian Xi could feel the killing intent coming from Zhang Ruochen’s body. She felt that he was like a peerless killing god and couldn’t help but feel frightened.

Zhang Ruochen in this state was simply too terrifying.

Zhang Ruochen no longer suppressed the inner demon and let it erupt wantonly. Then his eyes gradually turned red, as red as blood drops.

Boom

The ten wings on his back spread out. Zhang Ruochen carried the Ancient Abyssal Blade and flew out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, breaking through the air.

In front of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Xueqi and Xue Chen, who was sitting on the back of the fire beast, were sent flying by the blood qi surging out of his body. The two landed on the ground and looked in the direction Zhang Ruochen flew away in shock.

“What a strong killing Qi. What does he want to do?” Xueqi’s expression was grave.

Today was the day of the engagement. Countless important figures were waiting in the Fortune Palace, including some gods. Would Zhang Ruochen dare to run away from the engagement?

If he ran away, not only would he offend the royal family of Devala, but he would also offend Fukurokuju.

Xue Chen said, “The parade can’t stop. Keep moving.”

Then, Xue Chen immediately drew two Communication talismans and sent them out.

The Fortune Palace was one of the twelve divine palaces of the Fane of Destiny. It was located on Fortune Floating Island, which was about 90,000 miles away from Mount Destiny.

Normally, the Fortune Floating Island was completely hidden in space. Other than the gods, no cultivator could see it.

Today, the Fortune Palace was revealed. It floated in the sky and emitted a dazzling light.

Below the divine palace, there was a group of palaces built on a lake. The walls were red and the tiles were green. The divine fog lingered for thousands of miles. This was the outer hall of the Fortune Palace. It was where all the saint realm disciples practiced.

The place where Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha were engaged was in this outer hall.

It was getting dark, but the place was brightly lit. It was extremely lively.

The engagement banquet drew cultivators from all ten clans. The Immortal Vampires were vicious, the Ghosts were sinister, the Stone clan was strange, and the Nether Clan was mysterious. The banquet in Infernal Court was always filled with the stench of blood and terror. Human heads, soul food, infants, and fresh blood were frequently seen at the banquet.

Luo Sha was dressed in red, with feathers from a phoenix embroidered into a hundred phoenixes. There was a jade hairpin on her head.

She was not wearing any makeup, but today, she had drawn her eyebrows and wiped her lips. She walked among the ferocious and terrifying Rakshasas, Ghost Lord, Bone Clan, and Corpasian cultivators, looking especially charming.

When she saw the flesh and blood of human cultivators visiting the banquet table, she frowned, she said in a deep voice, "Didn't I tell you earlier? Supreme Saint Ruochen has half of the human bloodline. Tonight's engagement banquet, no food related to human bodies is allowed."

The two Rakshasis immediately knelt down in fear.

One of the Rakshasis said in a trembling voice, "Your Highness, forgive me. This... This is an order from the Divine Prince. We have already told him, but... but the Divine Prince

said that he just couldn't stand Supreme Saint Ruochen and wanted to do this on purpose."

Luo Sha said, "You don't have to listen to him. Quickly remove it. Remember, this is taboo for Supreme Saint Ruochen. Don't make such a mistake again in the future. Otherwise, I will not let you off easily. I will personally go and talk to my brother."

The two Rakshasis agreed and quickly left.

Luo Sha raised her snow-white head and looked at the night sky that had completely darkened. In her mind, she couldn't help but recall what Zhang Ruochen had said at the foot of Mount Destiny. She couldn't help but smile blissfully.

Suddenly, she felt something. It was as if a pair of eyes were staring at her. She turned her face to the right.

300 meters away, Pan Ruo was also dressed in red.

The two women looked at each other.

Luo Sha was an intelligent woman. Just by looking at each other, she could sense the unusual emotions in Pan Ruo's eyes.

"Her Highness Pan Ruo looks calm, but why do I feel a hint of hostility? No, it's envy. No, it's sadness. It doesn't seem right either. Why do her eyes look so complicated? What's on her mind?"

When Luo Sha looked at Pan Ruo again, there was no one there.

...

Zhang Ruochen flew for a long time. He slowed down and landed by a big blood-red river.

This river was linked to the lake in the Fortune Palace's outer hall. It was 300 meters long and 300 meters wide. The current was swift and brimming with Blood Qi. Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and focused his attention on the current and the waves.

After waiting for about 15 minutes, a huge ship appeared on the blood river.

There was a black flag at the bow of the ship. The words “Yanluo” were printed on it.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes. Blood light flew out of his eyes, causing the river to create waves more than 30 meters high. A deep voice rang out, “Yan Wushen, haven’t you always wanted to fight with me? Today, let’s have a showdown and completely determine who’s the strongest in this era.

“This battle will determine victory and defeat, as well as life and death.”

Rumble

The waves crashed over and stopped the fast-moving giant ship.

Chapter 2417: The Yan Family

Among the Yanluo Clan, “Yan” was the number one surname. It represented the noblest bloodline and had the strongest inheritance.

However, those with the Yan surname were divided into two lines of descent and thirteen gods.

The so-called two lineages were known as the Yan Family of Yama and the Yan Family of Trayastrimsa.

The thirteen gods referred to the other thirteen Yan Families that had given birth to gods. Because they lived in different places to cultivate and their ancestors had different inheritances, they became thirteen relatively independent forces.

Although their strength was far from that of the two-line of descent, they had many clansmen and became an important part of the Yan Family.

The Yan Family of Yama was the strongest. From a certain point of view, they were the representatives of the entire Yan Family. The vast majority of the elites with the Yan surname who were active in the Infernal Court came from this family.

Yan Wushen, Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, Ancient God of Knowledge, as well as the past clan leaders of the Yanluo Clan were all from the Yan Family of Yama.

However, since the recent Yuanhui period, the Yan Family had come up with the third line of descent.

The reason for this was that after the Yanluo Clan’s last clan leader, Yan Huanyu, went missing a hundred thousand years ago, the majority of his clansmen were stationed in the Abyss of Darkness, attempting to rescue Huanyu, who might have been trapped in the Abyss of Darkness.

At that point, the Yan Family of Yama was split into two.

After 100,000 years, this part of the Yan Family members had been vaguely separated and was called the Yan Family of Abyss.

Of course, the Yan Family of Abyss and the Yan Family of Yama were of the same bloodline. Their relationship was extremely deep. At least in the eyes of all the cultivators in the entire Infernal Court, they were still of the same bloodline.

Yan Wushen was born from the Yan Family of Abyss.

Yan Chu was an old man who looked to be in his sixties or seventies. His appearance was ordinary. He wore a white scarf on his head and held a foot-long tobacco pipe in his hand. He stood on a giant ship that was 90 meters tall and breathed out clouds and smoke.

He had lived for 25,000 years and was one of the strongest elites under the god of the Yan Family of Abyss.

Yan Chu could completely run amok in the world and settle all matters if the god could not interfere with the secular world. It was precisely for this reason that Wu Qingzong dispatched him. They needed to ensure Yan Wushen's safety.

Even Fukurokuju could see that Yan Wushen was in danger. He bestowed the marriage between Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo and used the influence of the Fane of Destiny to intimidate the Yan Family of Yama. He did not wish for this Yuanhui-level genius to become the strongest in Infernal Court in the future, and die in the aftermath of the conflict between the previous generation of the Yan Family.

How could Wu Qingzong not see this?

After the Celestial-Hunting Festival ended, Yan Wushen had lost his final value. It was time for him to die. In the current generation of the Yanluo Clan, it was enough to have Yan Huangtu alone.

Puff

Yan Chu looked at the rolling river and exhaled a smoke ring. He was waiting for the Yan Family of Yama to make a move.

The Yan Family of Yama would not be willing to see Yan Wushen marry Pan Ruo. If that happened, Yan Wushen would have two backers, Fukurokuju and Skywrath.

The one who killed Yan Wushen would definitely not be a god.

If a god made a move, it would be the same as breaking the rules that everyone had silently set. At that time, the Infernal Court would not be as calm as it was now.

Every move of a god would set off huge waves.

The conflict between cultivators beneath the divinity was like a raging undercurrent. Even though there were fierce clashes, it was still calm and peaceful on the surface.

Whether it was the Fane of Destiny, the Fane of Darkness, or the leaders of the ten clans, they were all trying their best to maintain this calm. At the very least, before they destroyed all the worlds in the Celestial Court, the Infernal Court couldn't be turned upside down.

What should come will come eventually. Who will make a move? The demigod Yan Yu? The dark walker Yan Xuelai? Or maybe it's Lady Fu Xiang?' Yan Chu's thoughts were in a daze, and many figures appeared in his mind.

Each figure had a mysterious charm. They represented a peerless elite.

At this moment, Yan Chu felt powerful killing intent. Waves more than 30 meters high rose from the blood-red river and swept toward the giant ship.

"Yan Wushen, didn't you want to fight with me?"

...

"This battle will determine victory and defeat, as well as life and death."

Zhang Ruochen's voice turned into waves of sound waves and surged over.

Yan Chu's old eyes shrank in shock and showed an incredulous expression. He said, "I see, I see. They actually

want to use Zhang Ruochen's hand to openly kill. I should have thought of it earlier."

Creak

One of the cabin doors of the giant ship opened. Yan Wushen's imposing figure stepped out and looked at the blood mist surging with murderous intent in the night sky.

Yan Wushen said, "Zhang Ruochen has never been a real lecher. But in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Yan Zhexian is pregnant with his child."

"A beauty trap?" Yan Chu asked.

Yan Wushen shook his head, he said, "If a beauty trap can take down Zhang Ruochen, then I don't need to see him as my lifelong enemy. I believe that the Yan Family of Yama has made some kind of agreement with Zhang Ruochen and promised him something. Zhang Ruochen needed their support if he wanted to gain a foothold in the Infernal Court world. Zhang Ruochen's situation in the Infernal Court world is more difficult than mine."

Yan Chu said, "Since Zhang Ruochen is the blade of the Yan Family of Yama, we don't need to care about him. Let's go to the Fortune Palace first. As long as you marry Pan Ruo, you have two powerful figures behind you, Fukurokuju and Skywrath."

Yan Wushen shook his head, "Fighting with Zhang Ruochen has always been my obsession," he said. "If I retreat without a fight today, my obsession will be even deeper. I'm afraid it will affect my cultivation of the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm, not to mention not being able to cultivate the Six Paths of Reincarnation.

"Fight! Whether it's Zhang Ruochen or the Yan Family of Yama, I'll kill any enemy that stands in my way.

"Fight! I've been trapped in the Saint King realm for hundreds of years. I've accumulated a lot. Why should I be afraid of Zhang Ruochen?

"Fight! Zhang Ruochen came with a purpose. His intent isn't pure and fell to mediocrity.

“Fight! I’ll kill him today. Only when my Path is perfect can I combine the six paths into one.”

The four words “Fight” raised Yan Wushen’s momentum to the peak. The space seemed to freeze and the world was extremely quiet.

Yan Wushen had a fantastic figure. In the wind, his long hair fluttered. He laughed and exclaimed, “Good! This battle should have happened a long time ago! I will raise your son, Kunlun, as my own after you die.”

After returning from the third Dark Star, Yan Wushen’s cultivation had improved greatly.

However, Yan Wushen didn’t have any confidence that he could defeat Zhang Ruochen.

In the face of a life-and-death battle, Zhang Ruochen took it very seriously. He came with all his treasures. How could Yan Wushen not take it seriously?

He said those words to mess up Zhang Ruochen’s heart.

“After you die, I will raise your son, Kunlun, as my own.” In other words, if Yan Wushen dies, so does Kunlun.

Zhang Ruochen was not affected by Yan Wushen’s words at all. He was not worried about Chi Kunlun’s safety at all.

The battle between him and Yan Wushen was not a personal grudge. It was a fair and square battle.

If the Yanluo clan killed Yan Wushen’s disciple Chi Kunlun as a result of this, they would be mocked by all cultivators around the world, and they would also face the Xue Jue Family’s vengeance.

The reputation of the supreme clan was more important than their lives.

How could they do such a shameless thing?

“Stop talking nonsense. Let’s fight,” said Zhang Ruochen.

The Blood Qi under Zhang Ruochen’s feet condensed into strange patterns, like tadpoles and earthworms, which triggered the precepts of heaven and earth. The power of

heaven and earth turned into lightning and struck the giant ship in all directions.

Yan Wushen punched out a black fist shadow that was bigger than the giant ship. It shattered all the surging lightning and laid it on the Blood River.

Lightning flashed on the surface of the river.

ROAR!

Buddhist light burst out from the giant ship.

Yan Wushen activated his Golden Giant Mode and let out a furious lion roar. The roar contained the true meaning of the Six Syllables Mantra.

Om mani padme hum.

The six syllables are combined into one.

The phantom of a golden lion that was dozens of centimeters long appeared on the surface of Yan Wushen's body. The sound waves of the lion's roar were all golden in color. Space was thrown into chaos, and the river was vaporized by the roar.

In the Six Syllables Mantra, each word was comparable to a high-level Hundred-Shackle level saint technique. It could clear away evil creatures, cut off life and death, destroy wisdom, and cut off lifespan.

The six syllables combined into a lion's roar. Its power was even stronger than the high-level Thousand-Koan saint technique.

“Slash! Slash! Slash...”

Zhang Ruochen didn't retreat. Instead, he turned into a streak of light and rushed toward the incoming golden sound wave. He swung the Ancient Abyssal Sword and broke through the layers of waves.

The sound wave that didn't break through rushed within 30 meters of Zhang Ruochen. It was blocked by the Profound Spatial Dimension.

The sound wave rotated in the dimension and surged out in the opposite direction.

“I heard that you went to the third Dark Star. Your cultivation has indeed improved greatly.”

Zhang Ruochen took to the skies above the massive ship. On his body, the Armor of the Fire God burned fiercely. For thousands of miles, the light it emitted illuminated the night sky. The plants on both sides of the river were reduced to ashes, much like paper.

He stomped down, and more than 20 million Divine Marks of Flame appeared on his legs. They condensed into a thick divine cloud.

Yan Chu raised his head and looked at the sky. He revealed a look of surprise and said, “What a powerful divine might.”

For a Supreme Saint to be able to possess and control divine power was already very impressive.

To be able to control such a powerful divine power was naturally even more shocking. Yan Chu finally understood why Yan Wushen would treat this person as his lifelong enemy.

Yan Wushen felt a huge pressure. His eyes were solemn as he leaped up from the huge ship. He took out the Scepter of Heaven’s Pass and slashed it down with Supreme Power.

The Scepter of Heaven’s Pass originally belonged to Yan Huangtu, but now that it had fallen into his hands, there was no need to return it.

Whoosh

The Scepter of Heaven’s Pass became more than 30 meters long, and it collided with the divine cloud formed by Yanshen’s leg.

After an earth-shattering boom, Supreme Powers and divine flames shot out in all directions. Every ball of divine flame landed, creating a crater several meters wide on the ground.

In the pit, the divine flames burned for a long time.

Yan Wushen fell into the dried blood river and hit a crater-like pit on the riverbed. Some divine flames touched his hair and burned it into ashes.

With the current power of Yanshen's leg, Yan Wushen could not completely block it with the Supreme Artifact.

Although Zhang Ruochen's Yanshen's leg had broken the fourth seal on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, he could only control more than 10 million Divine Marks of Flame.

In the five days after activating the Sundial, Zhang Ruochen spent five years refining another 10 million Divine Marks of Flame.

The power of Yanshen's leg was naturally far greater than before.

It could be said that this battle had just begun. Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were already using their most powerful moves. There was no probing attack at all.

“Thousand Yama Shadows.”

Yan Wushen split into a thousand and stood on the ground. The Primordial Infernal Yama Qi, which was formed from the combination of extreme brightness and extreme darkness, covered the ground for hundreds of miles and turned it into a sea of Qi.

In the sea of Qi, the figure of the Progenitor Yama appeared. He stepped on the Nether and held the Nether Tome in his hand.

The Progenitor Yama waved his big hand and slapped Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen pulled out the Divine Dragonbone Whip that was wrapped around his waist and swung it. The body of the whip made crackling sounds. A huge divine dragon rushed out from the inside and released a terrifying divine might.

This bone whip was made from the backbone of a divine dragon. The dragon's soul inside was indestructible and preserved by divine power.

At the same time, a shadow rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body.

It wasn't the Immovable Wisdom King.

The shadow had 24 pairs of golden wings. It was the form of the Progenitor Bloodximius.

If one looked from a hundred miles away, one would see the Progenitor Bloodximius holding a divine dragon and using the dragon as a whip to attack Progenitor Yama. The scene was extremely shocking.

Rumble

The sound of the heavens collapsing and the earth-shattering spread out.

Ten thousand kilometers away, a man and a woman were standing under a large black umbrella.

They were the demigod gods, Yan Yu, and Lady Fu Xiang. Both of them were first-class elites below the divinity in Infernal Court. They were ranked at the top of the *Tome of the Divines* and the *Eminence Ranking*.

The *Tome of the Divines* came from the Fane of Destiny.

The *Eminence Ranking* was written by the Celestial Palace.

Lady Fu Xiang was dressed in a blue crystal veil. Her jade-like arms were long and slender. She took a crystal bow from her bag. Heaven and earth's precepts twisted together and condensed into a translucent arrow on the bowstring.

The direction the tip of the arrow pointed to was precisely the direction of Yan Wushen, who was tens of thousands of kilometers away.

In terms of Archery, Lady Fu Xiang could be said to be the number one elite below the divinity in the entire galaxy. Compared to her, Lord Sinluo was no different from a child who had just learned how to hold a bow.

Yan Yu's voice was gentle. "Put it away first!"

Lady Fu Xiang did not put away her arrow. Her voice was clear and cold. She said, "Do you think Zhang Ruochen can

kill Yan Wushen?” She asked. “I heard that after Yan Wushen returned from the third Dark Star, not only did his cultivation improve greatly, but his lifespan also increased in a heaven-defying way. Without a doubt, he must have gotten some kind of opportunity there.”

Yan Yu said, “We’d better not be the ones who killed Yan Wushen. There’s no internal strife in the Yanluo clan. The Yan Family of Yama and the Yan Family of Abyss are the closest. No, to be exact, there’s no such thing as the Yan Family of Abyss.

“The Dark Parasol of Obfuscatory can indeed hide all the secrets of the heavens, even from the gods. But it can’t hide from the hearts of people. As long as Yan Wushen is killed by an arrow, then everyone will know that you’re the one who shot him.

“I don’t know why Zhang Ruochen wants to kill Yan Wushen, but I can feel the killing intent from him. He also seems to want others to think that he’s representing us.”

Lady Fu Xiang said, “The opportunity is fleeting. If we don’t kill him now, we won’t have another chance until the divine spirit of Fukurokuju arrives.”

Yan Yu crossed his hands behind his back. His sleeve flapped. “Give Zhang Ruochen a chance,” he said casually. “I can tell he’s hell-bent on killing.”

Lady Fu Xiang let go of her fingers, and the arrow on the bowstring disappeared. She carried the crystal bow on her back, which was longer than her slender body.

Chapter 2418: Lady Wind's Death

Although the Divine Domain of Destiny was built on the leaves of the world tree, it was quite vast. At the moment, the city where Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were fighting was relatively barren. Only a few cultivators lived there.

They had long been alarmed by the aftermath of the battle and fled into the distance.

“It’s terrifying. What a powerful force. The precepts of heaven and earth of the entire city have been stirred.”

“Who are they? How dare they fight in the divine domain? Aren’t they afraid of being taken away by the enforcers of the Fane of Destiny?”

“They’re definitely Supreme Saints. We’d better step back to avoid being killed in the aftermath of the battle.”

...

The Fane of Destiny forbade cultivators from fighting in private. Even if there were personal grudges, they had to go to the Battle District.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen’s battle quickly alerted a team of enforcers passing by. They wore armor, rode on white bone beasts, and held saint swords. Their bodies emitted a death glow.

The leader of the enforcers was called Yan Xiao. Although he had a human body, his skin was covered in stone. His cultivation had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle realm.

The enforcers behind him were all at the Saint King Realm.

An enforcer covered in ghostly qi said in shock, “What a powerful battle might. There seems to be a ripple of Supreme Power.”

They were far from the center of the battle, so they couldn't see who was fighting. They could only see blood-red and golden lights, which sometimes shot out for thousands of miles, and sometimes were pitch-black.

The air force formed by the aftershocks of the battle swept across the world like a storm.

Yan Xiao's figure was as straight as a spear. He snorted and said, "The two people who are fighting are called Yuanhui level geniuses. They have the battle strength to kill Banshi Isshou Realm Celestial Captives with the cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How can they not be strong?"

"What? Is it them?"

All the enforcers were in an uproar.

In this era, who else could be called a Yuanhui-level genius besides Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen?

SWOOSH!

SWOOSH!

...

The sound of the wind breaking could be heard continuously. Groups of enforcers came one after another. The leaders were all Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.

In a moment, there were seven hundred Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints enforcers here. There were seven to eight hundred enforcers in total.

When the enforcers arrived, they would ask Yan Xiao why he did not capture the cultivators who were fighting in private. However, when they found out that the two people fighting were Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, they became silent and shocked.

An Immortal Vampire enforcer said in surprise, "If I remember correctly, today should be the day Zhang Ruochen and Princess Luo Sha are engaged. Many important figures have gone to the Fortune Palace. Why is he fighting with Yan Wushen?"

“Yan Wushen and His Highness Pan Ruo are also engaged today.”

“These two are really battle maniacs. How dare they ignore the rules of the Divine Hall? How can the Divine Domain of Destiny be a place where they can fight at will?”

An enforcer leader standing on top of the black python said in a deep voice. She wore a black robe and had a thin face. She added, “Arrest them. Those who break the rules, regardless of their identity, must be severely punished.”

Yan Xiao sneered. “Arrest Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen? With just us? Any one of them can kill all of us.”

That Immortal Vampire leader of the enforcers looked at the sky and said, “Lord Zhen is here, and so is Lord Qi Xin.”

Two whirling black qi tornadoes flew out of the clouds and landed on the ground. They condensed into two terrifying figures.

Lord Zhen was wearing bone armor and his body was a mass of black ghost fog. There was a firefly-like glow dancing in the ghost fog.

Lord Qi Xin was 21 meters tall and his head was like an ox. He held a long spear in his hand.

They were both Marshals of the Adjudication Division. They were subject to the Judge of the Divine Domain’s jurisdiction. Their cultivation had advanced to the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm, and they were ranked among the Marshals’ top ten.

A skinny female leader of the enforcers in a black robe jumped down from the black python’s head and bowed to the two Marshals. She said, “The illegal fighters are Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen. Do you want to take them down?”

Lord Zhen waved his hand, “Qi Xin and I have received orders from the Judge. This is the edge of the exclusive territory of the Fortune Palace. It’s not convenient for the Adjudication Division to interfere. We just need to make sure that their fight doesn’t affect the city.”

“What?”

The black robe female leader of the enforcers looked surprised and said, “The Adjudication Division oversees the order of the entire Divine Domain of Destiny, including the Fortune Palace.”

The three divisions and the twelve palaces were independent forces in the Fane of Destiny.

The Adjudication Division had a high status. Even if the disciples of the twelve palaces broke the rules of the fane, they had to be punished unconditionally.

“Are you questioning the Judge?”

The lantern-sized eyes of Lord Qi Xin glared at her. The saint might that erupt made her tremble.

“Forgive me, my lord,” the black-robed female leader of the enforcers said quickly.

Under the leadership of Lord Qi Xin and Lord Zhen, nearly 1,000 enforcers formed a great barrier that covered thousands of miles. It prevented the aftermath of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen from spreading outward.

The news of the decisive battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen quickly spread throughout the Divine Domain of Destiny, causing a huge uproar.

“What? Weren’t they engaged in the Fortune Palace today? Why did they start the decisive battle?”

“It’s said that this battle not only has to determine the victor, but also life and death. It determines the identity of the strongest person in this era.”

“This battle is too interesting. I want to watch the battle. Perhaps I can witness the death of a Yuanhui-level genius. Just thinking about it makes me excited!”

Many young cultivators from the ten clans had gathered in the Divine Domain of Destiny as a result of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. They ran to inform one another and then rushed to the location where the battle erupted in groups.

In the marriage proposal parade of the Xue Jue family, Xueqi and Xue Chen were so scared that their faces turned pale after they heard the news.

They felt that after Zhang Ruochen had left, he had gone to fight Yan Wushen.

Why?

Even if he wanted to fight, why did he choose today?

Xue Chen said, "I have sent a message to my 14th aunt and father. I believe they have rushed over. What is Zhang Ruochen thinking? Does he think that a life-and-death battle is more important than marrying Princess Luo?"

"I hope that they are not really fighting a life-and-death battle. On a day like today, whoever dies will cause a huge uproar," Xueqi sighed.

The news reached the Fortune Palace.

Luo Shengtian, who was already depressed, smashed a wine jar onto the ground. Monstrous evil Qi surged out of his body and condensed into battle armor, he roared, "Zhang Ruochen, how dare you go to a life-and-death battle with Yan Wushen on the day of the engagement. What do you mean? Are you leaving my sister here? Is the Princess of Devala so unimportant?"

"Where is the Saint Army of Devala? Come with me to capture Zhang Ruochen."

A Saint Army made up of Saint Kings and Supreme Saints gathered around Luo Shengtian. Each of them had a very strong aura, and their fighting spirit was shocking. They were the most powerful guards of Devala, and they usually guarded the royal palace.

Luo Sha, dressed in crimson clothes, chased after them. She looked worried and said, "I'll go with you."

Luo Shengtian shook his head and said, "Don't worry, sister. Leave this to me. Today is your wedding day. Don't go anywhere. Just wait for me to capture Zhang Ruochen and bring him to you."

Luo Sha's eyes were filled with anxiety. "No, you can't stop Zhang Ruochen. I have to go."

Whoosh

Amane's divine shadow appeared and blocked Luo Sha. She said, "Sha'er, where's your usual intelligence and calmness? You'd better not go anywhere on the wedding day."

Luo Sha said, "Mother, the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen will determine life and death. How can I not go?"

Amane said, "The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen will break out sooner or later. Zhang Ruochen chose today's decisive battle because of you."

"Because of Luo Sha?" Luo Shengtian was puzzled.

Amane said, "Zhang Ruochen obviously doesn't have absolute confidence in this battle. If he marries your sister and then dies at the hands of Yan Wushen, won't it destroy your sister's life?"

"Can't we stop them?" Luo Shengtian asked.

Amane said, "The battle has already erupted. No one can stop it anymore. Even if we stop it, they will still fight. Xue Jue and Huang Tian lacked their determination to fight to the death back then. That's why they left behind regrets that they couldn't make up for their entire lives."

Xue Jue wanted to revive the Xue Jue family. He was destined not to throw his life away.

Huang Tian also had its own restrictions, so he could not completely ignore life and death.

Amane said, "No matter whether it was Wargod Bloodximus or Wu Qingzong, they should be supportive. Only when you reach their level will you understand the meaning of this battle."

Not far away, in another courtyard of the Fortune Palace.

Pan Ruo was stunned when she heard the news of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen. Her emotions were mixed, and she could not calm down for a long time. She

stood under the wall and stared at the indistinct waves of Qi in the sky. Her beautiful eyes became sparkling.

Lady Wind was riding in a golden sacred carriage drawn by three saint beasts. The carriage was pursued by two teams of death-defying saint guards. They rushed to the Fortune Palace for tonight's engagement party.

Whoosh

A Communication talisman flew over and rushed into the golden sacred carriage.

Lady Wind grabbed the talisman and looked at it. She was shocked. "This... This is very interesting! Hehe."

A shadow appeared in the corner of the sacred carriage. His voice was hoarse. "Lady Scioness, what happened? Why such a delightful face?"

Lady Wind laughed. "The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen has been brought forward. Someone must die tonight. No matter who dies, it's something to celebrate."

The shadow said, "This is indeed wonderful news! If Yan Wushen died, Pan Ruo would lose the support of the Yanluo clan. If you wanted to get rid of her, there would be fewer obstacles. If Zhang Ruochen died, your position among the Immortal Vampires would definitely rise."

"How can we miss such a wonderful battle?" said Lady Wind as her red lips curled up. Her smile was like a flower.

ROAR!

Suddenly, the golden sacred carriage shook violently.

The three sacred beasts pulling the carriage let out terrifying roars.

Lady Wind revealed an unhappy expression and scolded, "You three, what are you so agitated about?"

The outside became silent.

Lady Wind cultivated the Path of Destiny and was very sensitive to danger. She sensed that something was wrong and her pretty face changed. She said in a low voice, "Uncle."

The dark shadow in the corner was like a black piece of paper. It suddenly propped itself up and turned into a tall and straight white-bearded elder. His eyes were bright, and he did not look old at all.

Kagesawa En was a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of the Yellowsky Clan.

Although Lady Wind had not been officially crowned, she was already a Scioness. Naturally, she needed the protection of a top-notch elite below divinity.

Boom

The murderous aura that surged out of Kagesawa En's body was like a sword blade. It shattered the golden sacred carriage into pieces.

Outside the carriage was a strange world. There were long and thin rivers flowing into the horizon. The three sacred beasts pulling the carriage had already rotted and their flesh and blood had turned into thick water.

“Divine Plane.”

Kagesawa En's expression changed and he shouted, “Lady Scioness, run!”

Kagesawa En immediately activated a forbidden technique. The Supreme Saint's blood in his body burned and his body exploded with a gaze that was even brighter than a star. He activated a Regal Artifact saber and slashed at a corner of the divinity world.

The power of this attack was no less than that of a demigod.

Unfortunately, it did not break through the Divine Plane. Instead, it was struck by a large golden hand. The Neverwithers physique exploded and turned into a cloud of blood mist.

In front of a god, even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint was like an ant. He had no power to resist.

Lady Wind's face was as pale as a sheet of paper. She knew that she could not escape. She stared at the large golden hand and raised her voice, “Who dares to kill me? If a god makes a

move and breaks the unspoken rules of the Infernal Court, you will definitely bring yourself a disaster.”

“The Avīci Pavilion has never placed the rules of the Infernal Court world in their eyes.” A deep voice sounded.

The golden hand descended. It was as if the entire world was pressing down on Lady Wind’s head. The unparalleled power crushed the Saint Soul of the Supreme Saint into pieces.

At this moment, the word “life” in Lady Wind’s palm suddenly exploded with a brilliant divine light. Twelve streaks of divine light shot out and formed twelve majestic divine shadows.

The attack from the golden hand was blocked by the divine shadows of the Twelve Reverends.

At this moment, the true bodies of the Twelve Reverends sensed it.

Fukurokuju, who was in charge of the Fane of Destiny, let out a divine roar from an unknown distance of tens of thousands of miles. The divine roar transcended space-time and charged towards the Divine Plane that trapped Lady Wind.

The entire Divine Domain of Destiny was filled with earth-shattering thunder, causing countless cultivators below the Supreme Saint Realm to kneel and tremble.

Empress of Thousand Bones stood in the pitch-black void space, a long river formed from Marks of Time flowing under her feet. She pushed her palm out into the air, forming a space-time wall that collided with the divine roar.

BOOM!

The space-time wall kept shattering, and the divine roar gradually faded away. In the end, it was completely dissolved.

Empress of Thousand Bones looked in the direction of the Divine Plane and said, “Fukurokuju’s true body has moved. In a breath’s time, you must kill Fuurei and seize the Destiny Token.”

In the Divine Plane that trapped Lady Wind, a vaguely human figure appeared. He hovered in the air and looked down. “It’s

just divine shadows of the Twelve Reverends. It can't save your life."

Lady Wind glanced at the figure and found that it was a middle-aged man with a remarkable figure. He looked somewhat like Zhang Ruochen. However, the temperament of the middle-aged man was like the abyss of the sea. One couldn't see the bottom, and he was like a high mountain. One could only look up to him.

This was the last time Lady Wind saw him.

In the next moment, the divine shadow of the Twelve Reverends was put into a divine bottle by the middle-aged man.

Lady Wind's body shattered into tiny fragments. All of her bones, Saint Soul, and Sainthood Source were destroyed. She had no chance of resurrecting herself.

Even though she was beautiful and talented, under the god's palm, she disappeared in an instant, as if she had never been to this world.

Chapter 2419: The Peerless Sword

The three world trees in the Forest of No Return were located at the core of the starry skies of the Infernal Court. Yama Boundless Realm, Divine Domain of Destiny, and Fengdu Ghost City were all located on top of the world trees.

Although there were gods in the Divine Domain of Destiny, it had been many years since a divine war broke out.

The divine roar of Fukurokuju contained boundless anger. It tore apart the many years of peace in the Divine Domain of Destiny, causing countless cultivators of the Infernal Court to tremble in fear. Even a Supreme Saint could not help but tremble in fear.

In the sky, divine clouds piled up and lightning flashed.

Countless powerful figures with high cultivation looked in the direction of Mount Destiny in shock.

“What happened to make the Lord Reverend so angry?”

“Did a god from the Celestial Court break into the Divine Domain of Destiny?”

“A god from the Celestial Court dares to break into the Divine Domain of Destiny? Even if the number one Wargod Bian Zhuang in the Heaven Palace comes, he will die.”

Compared to the divine voice of Lord Reverend, the decisive battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen was as insignificant as two children fighting.

Although there were twelve Reverends in the Fane of Destiny, only one or two of them were usually in charge. Others had to oversee the Battlefield of Merits, some had to seclude themselves for cultivation, some traveled around the starry sea, and some explored the secret realm of the universe.

During the Celestial-Hunting Festival, only Fukurokuju was guarding Mount Destiny.

When Fukurokuju's true body moved, it immediately triggered the precepts of heaven and earth that spanned millions of miles, causing the gods that were still in the Divine Domain of Destiny to sense it. They were extremely shocked.

"The Reverend's furious roar was actually unable to kill the enemy. He needed to use his true body?"

"Could it be that the Celestial Palace's wargod level powerhouse has really barged into the Divine Domain?"

"No matter who comes, since the Reverend's true body has been activated, they will definitely die without a burial ground. Even if Bian Zhuang comes, it will be useless. The precepts of heaven and earth in the Divine Domain of Destiny are not something that he can easily control."

The gods originally planned to follow in Fukurokuju's footsteps and kill the invading enemy together.

At this moment, a river hundreds of millions of miles long appeared in the sky of the Divine Domain of Destiny. It fell down like the rivers in the nine heavens. The night sky was illuminated as if it was daytime by the light emitted by the river.

"It's a river formed by the Mark of Time," a god said in a trembling voice.

"How many Marks of Time must be mobilized to form such a river? Once it falls into the Divine Domain of Destiny, how many cultivators of the Infernal Court world will die because of it?"

"Time has become chaotic. The precepts of heaven and earth are being reshaped by time."

In the Divine Domain of Destiny, groups of cultivators from the Infernal Court rapidly lost their lifespans. They turned from youth to middle-aged and eventually became white-haired.

Hundreds of millions of cultivators were about to die of old age and turn into dry bones.

Fukurokuju sighed and stopped chasing. He raised his right hand above his head and established communication with the Fane of Destiny. He shouted softly, "Reverse."

Whoosh

The Fane of Destiny emitted a sparkling white light that illuminated the entire Divine Domain.

Standing in the starry sky, the leaf on the top of the world tree was covered in white light and emitted a light that was even more dazzling than the stars.

The hair of Infernal Court realm cultivators who had lost a lot of their lifespan turned from white to black. The wrinkles on their faces disappeared and they returned to their youthful appearance.

The chaotic time was calmed down by the Fane of Destiny.

In the void, Empress of Thousand Bones held a divine sword in her hand. She looked in the direction of the Divine Domain of Destiny and let out a soft sigh.

The long River of Time just now had been slashed out by her sword with all her strength.

She didn't expect that it didn't cause any substantial damage to the Divine Domain of Destiny. Not a single cultivator died. Without a doubt, her current cultivation was far from enough to shake the Divine Domain of Destiny.

Of course, her goal had been achieved, and she had successfully held back Fukurokuju for a breath of time.

Not daring to stay any longer, Empress of Thousand Bones took a step back and crossed the endless void, disappearing without a trace.

Fukurokuju and Luo Yan rushed into the void almost at the same time, arriving at the spot where Empress of Thousand Bones had been standing.

Luo Yan's body was so big that it was like a cloud covering the sky. The Power of Oblivion couldn't even corrode him. He said, "There's a remnant of the Canon of Time. It's that little girl from the Avīci Pavilion. I didn't expect that in just 100,000 years, she had grown to the point where she could escape from us."

Fukurokuju said, "She has a large amount of Canon of Time and is hidden in the void. Naturally, she comes and goes without a trace."

If Empress of Thousand Bones dared to appear in the Divine Domain of Destiny, even if she had mastered a large amount of Canon of Time, it would be difficult for her to escape. The Divine Domain of Destiny contained more than half of the Canon of Destiny in the world. It was not something the Empress of Thousand Bones could resist.

If she was exposed, she would die without a doubt.

Luo Yan said, "The one who killed Fuurei must be a god of the Avīci Pavilion. We must find him and kill him."

The god who killed Fuurei had already left and was hiding silently.

Luo Yan and Fukurokuju both believed that he was hiding in the Divine Domain of Destiny and was one of the gods from the ten clans. Therefore, the two of them split up.

Fukurokuju rushed back to the divine hall and gathered all the gods who were still in the Divine Domain of Destiny. He wanted to gather them together and investigate them one by one.

Meanwhile, Luo Yan rushed to the place where Fuurei had fallen, looking for clues and traces left behind. When he arrived, he found a woman dressed in palace clothes. She had already come here to investigate.

Luo Yan recognized her and asked in surprise, "The fourteen gal of the Xue Jue Family?"

Blood Empress stood on the empty street. Her eyes were as clear as water, and she was deep in thought. She only woke up

when Luo Yan approached her. She did not show the respect and humility of a junior. She said calmly, "It's you."

Luo Yan gritted his teeth. He was furious.

An emperor of a generation had higher seniority than Wargod Bloodximius, but now, he is on the same level as the daughter of Wargod Bloodximius. He was very upset.

Luo Yan was someone who could hold back his anger. He said calmly, "Do you have any clues? Who killed the new Scioness?"

Blood Empress shook her head and said, "The person who did it was very cunning. He escaped at the first moment. Also, I suspect... that he is a god in the Fane of Destiny."

"What?"

Luo Yan was shocked. His face was solemn as he said, "Why do you say that? Do you have any proof?"

Blood Empress said, "I don't have any. However, this person was able to escape quickly and disappear. He's very compatible with the precepts of heaven and earth in the Divine Domain of Destiny. Other than the gods of the Fane of Destiny, there shouldn't be many in the Infernal Court realm who can do this, right?"

Luo Yan nodded and said, "This is going to be a big problem! Let's keep it to ourselves for now."

Blood Empress naturally understood how bad the consequences would be if news of this got out. It would be a serious blow to the Fane of Destiny's reputation. No one dared to publicize it without absolute evidence.

...

The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen was not affected by the chaos because the gods were nearby.

The battle between the two had been going on for almost two hours. There were tens of thousands of attacks, with all kinds of saint techniques, and all kinds of weapons.

Although Zhang Ruochen had many Supreme Artifacts, he did not have an absolute advantage. With his cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he could only activate two or three Supreme Artifacts at a time.

Moreover, if he activated two or three Supreme Artifacts at the same time, the power of the Supreme Artifact would be weakened. Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power was strong. If it were any other Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, they wouldn't be as powerful as activating one Supreme Artifact.

Yan Wushen used *The Book of Death* to protect himself. He held the Scepter of Heaven's Pass in his right hand and a Supreme Artifact glove in his left. He was like a god killer from Infernal Court. Wherever he passed, mountains and rivers would collapse, the earth would crack, and space would tremble, even the formation and enchantment formed by nearly a thousand enforcers could not withstand it. They were shattered by the power of the Supreme Artifact.

All enforcers below the Supreme Saint Realm were injured.

In the end, it was Yan Chu and the Supreme Saint Qingsheng who used the techniques of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint technique to control the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen within a certain range.

"Both of them are full of treasures. Any weapon they take out is a Supreme Artifact. Even the gods will be envious."

"Is this the luck of a Yuanhui-level genius? Under the call of destiny, the Supreme Artifact will naturally gather around them and become their weapon."

"If I have the Supreme Artifact to protect myself and the Supreme Artifact to attack, I can also fight across realms. I can challenge the Thousand-Koan Realm with my Hundred-Shackle Realm."

...

Yan Wushen had made great progress in the third Dark Star. He had broken 70 shackles and had close to 10 billion precepts in him.

“Zhang Ruochen, I have cultivated in the third Dark Star for 150 years. I didn’t expect that I could only draw with you after I came out,” Yan Wushen said in a long voice.

150 years of cultivation in the Dark Star was only two hours in the outside world.

“150 years? How is that possible?” Zhang Ruochen was shocked and showed a look of disbelief.

It was known that the time in the third Dark Star was very strange. The proportion of time was shocking, but it was not a precious place to cultivate, but a place of death.

That was because staying inside for a year would lose 1,000 years of lifespan.

Cultivated for 150 years, Yan Wushen would lose 150,000 years of lifespan. Even though he was a god, he had already died inside. After all, the lifespan of a god was only 129,600 years of the Yuanhui period.

More than half of Yan Wushen’s lifespan had already been cut off by Zhang Ruochen. How could he cultivate for 150 years inside the third Dark Star, and his lifespan would not decrease but increase instead?

Yan Wushen said this deliberately to disturb Zhang Ruochen’s state of mind and make him think.

Suddenly, Yan Wushen, who had been at a disadvantage, seized the opportunity to strike back fiercely.

Rumble

The Scepter of Heaven’s Pass turned into a 300-meter-long cloud and shattered Zhang Ruochen’s Profound Spatial Dimension. It collided with the Pleiades Lotus above his head.

The powerful shock wave of Supreme Power passed through the Ghost Qi formed by the Pleiades Lotus and landed on Zhang Ruochen.

However, the multi-dimensional space formed by the *Secret Tome of Time and Space* dissolved all the remaining waves of the Supreme Power and could not hurt Zhang Ruochen at all.

Zhang Ruochen cleared his mind and stopped thinking about what had happened to Yan Wushen in the third Dark Star. As long as he was killed, nothing would matter anymore.

“Yan Wushen, there is no point in fighting like this. Even if we fight for ten days and ten nights, we can not kill the other party. As long as we can’t kill each other, we’ll never truly win. Since we’ve decided to fight to determine victory and death, why don’t we enter the void and fight?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Wushen said, “Yes, it’s too difficult for us to kill each other. We’ll probably have to fight for a month or even a few months to exhaust each other’s strength before we can stop. Entering the void to fight is a good suggestion. I want to take this opportunity to feel the void more thoroughly.”

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were not absolutely invincible in this era. After all, there was still Que, the Master of Oblivion.

They wanted to learn more about the Path of Oblivion because they both saw Que as a threat.

The cultivators watching the battle nearby were all shocked by the conversation between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen.

Fight in the void?

The Power of Oblivion would erode everything that entered it. Whether it was the Celestial Court or Infernal Court, living beings or dead souls, they could not avoid it. Once they fell into the void, it was equivalent to being dead.

“Do they think they are gods? They are only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and they dare to fight in the void.”

“They are insane. Even gods don’t dare to stay in the void for long.”

“Even if a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint does nothing and tries his best to defend in the void, he won’t last more than two hours. He’ll become a part of the void. If Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen dare to fight in the void, the survivor will be decided in less than an hour. Both of them might even die.”

The Supreme Saint entering the void to fight was like two mortals fighting underwater. The victor and the dead would soon be decided.

If their cultivations were the same, there was a high chance that they would die together.

Yan Chu and the Supreme Saint Qingsheng were both scared. These two little guys were really audacious. Even with their cultivation of the Paramount Realm, they were still in awe of the void. The two Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators treated the void as a battlefield.

Luo Shengtian gulped. When his father took the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill from him, he finally understood what his father had said, “You’re not bold enough to condense a Grade Two Saintwill. It’s a waste to take the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Leave it to your sister.”

Compared to Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen’s bold personalities, he did seem to be a little lacking.

Of course, it wasn’t that Luo Shengtian was timid. It was just that he was too cautious and conservative, which was why he wasn’t bold enough. How could a timid person reach his level?

Luo Shengtian wouldn’t be careless when he encountered real trouble.

Xue Tu stood in the crowd and was extremely happy. He shouted loudly, “Enter the void and determine the winner and loser. Senior brother, I support you. Fight and die with no regrets.”

A Supreme Saint beside him looked at him with a puzzled expression and said, “Aren’t you afraid that the one who will die will be your senior brother, Zhang Ruochen? Or will Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen perish together?”

“Is that so? The probability is high, right? That’s great!”

Xue Tu was even happier. He shouted again, “We must enter the void and fight. We must determine the victor. Let us witness the battle between two exceptional geniuses of the Yuanhui level. The living is the king, and the dead is the bandit. Senior brother, Fight.”

Chapter 2420: Strike Down Yan Wushen With a Slash

Wujiang hadn't fully recovered from his injuries on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. When he heard the news of the life-and-death battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, he decisively stopped recuperating and rushed over to watch the battle.

It was the same for Yan Huangtu.

Beside them stood a large group of cultivators from the Fane of Darkness and the Yanluo clan.

Wujiang said with certainty, "The Divine Domain of Destiny is at the top of the world tree. The spatial structure is stable. With Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's cultivation, they can't break the world's membrane and enter the void."

"Only gods can break a corner of the divine domain. Demigods and Supreme Saints may be able to break the space, but the cracks are definitely not big enough for a cultivator to enter the void," Yan Huangtu concluded.

Even a crack in the space was fatal to a cultivator.

Entering the void was as dangerous as a mortal jumping into a sea of fire. It was courting death.

"That's right. How can the space of the Divine Domain of Destiny be easily broken by the two of them?"

Yan Chu and Supreme Saint Qingsheng finally reacted and heaved a sigh of relief. They began to think about whether they could separate the two of them from each other.

If they did not have a life-and-death grudge, why did they have to have a life-and-death battle?

Wouldn't it be great if they were like Wargod Bloodximus and Huang Tian, the two pride of their generation? Why did they have to decide who would win and who would die?

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen each mobilized the tens of millions of Precepts of Dimension in their bodies and performed the dimensional saint technique. In an instant, the space shook violently like boiling water.

The cultivators who were close to them couldn't stand steadily. Their bodies were pulled and deformed by the space fluctuations.

A three-meter-wide space hole appeared in the center of the most intense space fluctuations. Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were like two fish who had gotten lost in it.

"This is..."

Yan Huangtu and Wujiang were stunned. They realized that Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were not ordinary Supreme Saints. They were Masters of Space.

With the power of a Master of Space, it was easier to tear open space than a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

Yan Chu and Supreme Saint Qingsheng were shocked. They immediately flew toward the area where the space was broken. However, when they arrived, the space hole had already calmed down.

The two attacked with their power, wanting to tear the space apart again. However, no matter how hard they tried, they could only tear a half-meter-long space crack.

"What should we do? There are dangers in the void that even gods fear. They really don't have a fear of taboos. How dare they enter the void for a decisive battle?" Supreme Saint Qingsheng stomped his feet anxiously.

If Zhang Ruochen died in the void, it would be a great loss to the Xue Jue family. Supreme Saint Qingsheng was even more afraid that Blood Empress would be unreasonable and find trouble with him.

Yan Chu was relatively calm, but he still recorded a Communication talisman and prepared to inform the god of the Yanluo clan.

SWOOSH!

The shadow of Wargod Bloodximius and a god of the Yanluo clan appeared on the chaotic battlefield.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng breathed a sigh of relief. He bowed and said, “The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen is out of my control. Please stop them.”

Wargod Bloodximius waved his hand and said, “They want to fight in the void. Then so be it.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was shocked. He hadn’t expected Wargod Bloodximius to have such a response. He knew better than anyone else how much Wargod Bloodximius valued Zhang Ruochen. He favored Zhang Ruochen more than his son.

Did Lord Wargod not care about Zhang Ruochen’s life?’ Supreme Saint Qingsheng thought.

Seeing Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s confused eyes, Wargod Bloodximius shook his head. He was slightly disappointed, “Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen are both walking on the path to condense a Grade One Saintwill,” he said. “They’ve reached the final stage. They’re just one step away from making history. No one will be able to do it again.”

“But that step is too difficult.”

“If there was only one Zhang Ruochen or Yan Wushen in this era, they wouldn’t have been able to cross that step.”

“But they were born in this era at the same time. They’ve cultivated the Path that’s closest to Grade One Saintwill. That makes it possible.”

“They need to find the true meaning of the Grade One Saintwill in the life-and-death battle. They also need a state of mind and a spirit of supremacy. If this battle doesn’t break out now, it will in a few years. No one can stop it.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “But what if...”

“How can there be so many “what if” in the path of becoming a true powerhouse? If there is a chance to reach an unprecedented height, then even death is worth it.”

“If Zhang Ruochen can kill Yan Wushen in one battle and cultivate the Grade One Saintwill, then even if I go to find the unmarried Scionesses of Destiny who have cultivated divinity to marry, they should seriously consider it,” Wargod Bloodximius said in high spirits.

Why did they talk about marriage again?

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was a little speechless. He felt that Wargod Bloodximius was too ambitious. He actually wanted Zhang Ruochen to marry the Scionesses of Destiny who had cultivated divinity. They were such proud women. They were already peerless masters. How could they be willing to marry a junior Supreme Saint?

Even if Wargod Bloodximius wanted to marry them, they probably wouldn't be willing.

Wu Qingzong was the god of the Yanluo clan. He was a prominent member of the Yan Family of Abyss and the fifth son of the previous Yanluo clan leader. He had survived five Yuanhui Tribulations.

Wu Qingzong had no intention of stopping Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen. He shared the same thought as Wargod Bloodximius.

...

...

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen felt their bodies lighten as they entered the void. They appeared to have fallen off a cliff. Then, from all directions, invisible pressure surged, eroding the Yanluo Qi and the blood-red aura they had released.

Even their Profound Spatial Dimension was eroding and becoming smaller and smaller.

The Path of Origin that Yan Wushen cultivated had a strong restraining effect on the Power of Oblivion. He quickly adapted and activated the Supreme Artifact gauntlet. He used a high-level Thousand-Koan saint technique and shattered Zhang Ruochen's Profound Spatial Dimension layer by layer.

The Power of Oblivion eroded through the cracks of the broken Profound Spatial Dimension toward Zhang Ruochen.

“Dragon-Elephant Destruction.”

The roar of a tiger and the roar of a dragon rang out in Zhang Ruochen’s body. Ten dragon souls and ten tiger souls surged out of his arms with the power of his palm, bursting with monstrous battle might.

With the help of the ten tiger souls that he had obtained from the Intergold Tiger, Zhang Ruochen cultivated the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike to the grand completion of the Thousand-Koan Realm’s advanced stage saint technique.

Of course, it could not be called the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike now. It should be called the Dragon-Tiger Prajna Strike.

Boom

The fists and palms met.

A huge cloud of power appeared in the void. Both of them were thrown back.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Profound Spatial Dimension again. He used the *Secret Tome of Time and Space* to shield his body and deployed the Zangshan Demonic Mirror. The demonic mirror revealed an endless mountain range. It enveloped Yan Wushen and suppressed him under the mountains.

Seizing this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen released the Realm-frame of Truth.

“Break it.”

Yan Wushen’s long hair danced in the wind. He waved the Scepter of Heaven’s Pass and broke the demonic mountains one by one. Then he rushed out.

Above Zhang Ruochen’s head, a shadow of the Blood Grind had already condensed. A large number of flames danced in the Blood Grind. The deafening sound of the Blood Grind shook Zhang Ruochen’s eardrums so much that they hurt.

Yan Wushen felt a strong sense of danger and his face changed.

“Not good. Zhang Ruochen has integrated the Path of Truth into the Blood Grind Ember, a Thousand-Koan high-level saint technique. It will explode with ten times the attack power.”

As soon as Yan Wushen had this thought, the Blood Grind had already flown over and crushed his Profound Spatial Dimension. It broke through the Light of Origin and collided with the *Book of Death*, which was guarding him.

Crash

The *Book of Death* flipped quickly, forming page after page of shadows of a book.

Zhang Ruochen had finally seized the opportunity and unleashed the ten-fold terrifying attack power. The *Book of Death* couldn't defend against it either. All the books' shadows were shattered and turned into specks of light.

Yan Wushen was fearless. He let out a long cry and punched at the burning Blood Grind with his Supreme Artifact gauntlet.

BOOM!

The Blood Grind sent him flying.

Yan Wushen spat out blood. He was finally injured. His arm, which was wearing the Supreme Artifact gauntlet, was covered in blood. His bones could be seen.

“It's a pity that the Power of Oblivion has eroded the embers of the Blood Grind. The power has been reduced. Otherwise, even if this attack can't kill Yan Wushen, it should be able to severely injure him and lock in the victory.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed. He took advantage of the victory and continued to attack. He took turns attacking with the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and the Pleiades Lotus, knocking Yan Wushen back.

The blood Qi in Yan Wushen's body surged. Every strike of the Supreme Artifact was like a hammer striking the heart. His body seemed to be torn apart.

Several divine shadows charged into the void and watched the battle from afar.

Zhang Ruochen's battle became fiercer and fiercer. He was like a god of war with endless power. He didn't care about the Power of Oblivion eroding his body. He just wanted to kill Yan Wushen as quickly as possible.

Yan Wushen was always in danger, but he could always turn the situation around and block Zhang Ruochen's sure-kill attack.

"The Bridge of Vaitarna."

Yan Wushen took a moment to clench his teeth. He quickly formed a seal with his hands, and a strange mark appeared between his eyebrows.

Boom

A stone bridge rushed out from between his eyebrows.

Only half of the bridge flew out. It was ancient and grand. The arcane runes on the bridge were revived, dissipating all of Zhang Ruochen's attack power.

Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul was affected by the power of The Bridge of Vaitarna. It showed signs of the Saint Soul leaving his body.

"It has the power to capture Saint Souls. This stone bridge is no small matter."

Zhang Ruochen pulled back the Saint Soul that had flown out of his body. Then he quickly retreated and hid the Saint Soul in the Sainthood Source.

Yan Wushen had finally turned the situation around. How could he let go of this perfect opportunity?

On The Bridge of Vaitarna, the arcane runes shone brightly. They broke through the boundary of the void and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen. They broke through all his defenses.

Boom

The Pleiades Lotus, the *Secret Tome of Time and Space*, and the Zangshan Demonic Mirror flew out and fell into the

darkness.

Zhang Ruochen's fighting spirit was boiling. The Armor of the Fire God on his body burned. He threw his arms out at the same time. Drawing the power of ten dragons and ten tigers, he clashed with the stone bridge.

The shadow of the dragon and tiger instantly shattered.

The divine fire scattered and turned into a brilliant fire cloud.

Zhang Ruochen's arms were bleeding. His body was sent flying by The Bridge of Vaitarna.

Yan Wushen let out a long cry and chased after him. He wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen under the stone bridge with one strike. He spat out blood and pounced on the stone bridge, causing the light on the stone bridge to bloom even more.

At the same time, more bridges rushed out from between his eyebrows.

Yan Wushen and The Bridge of Vaitarna were connected as one. The power that erupted grew to its peak.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had hidden his Saint Soul in the Sainthood Source, they were pulled out by the ancient power of the stone bridge. His Saint Soul flew out of his body uncontrollably. At the same time, the stone bridge was like a stone sword. It swung down from above and hacked at Zhang Ruochen's body.

Even Wargod Bloodximius could not calm down at this moment. His eyes suddenly shone with light.

If Zhang Ruochen was hit by this attack, his body and Saint Soul might not be able to survive.

BOOM!

The Bridge of Vaitarna struck Zhang Ruochen's head. To everyone's surprise, he was not defeated. Instead, he blocked the attack. His body only sank a few hundred feet.

Above Zhang Ruochen's head, a circular stone plate floated.

It was the Sundial.

The moment the Sundial collided with The Bridge of Vaitarna, it released a cyan light and flew out densely-packed light spots of the Marks of Time.

There was no time and space in the void. However, under the influence of the Sundial, the Sea of Time appeared in this area and attacked Yan Wushen.

Time was chaotic.

The time flow in the area where Yan Wushen was was unpredictable.

Yan Wushen was also an extraordinary person. He was very clear that the reason why the light spots of the Marks of Time could stay for so long was that his Spatial Domain had blocked the Power of Oblivion.

If he wanted to dissolve the influence of time, he only needed to withdraw his Spatial Domain.

“Withdraw!”

After Yan Wushen withdrew his Spatial Domain, his body was completely exposed to the Power of Oblivion, and his skin instantly became illusory. Blood flowed out of his body, turning into blood-colored light spots and disappearing.

“It’s time to end this!”

Holding the Sundial in his hand, Zhang Ruochen stepped on the River of Time. He brandished the Ancient Abyssal Sword and cut Yan Wushen’s body in half.

As a Master of Time and Space, Zhang Ruochen’s speed was so fast that Yan wushen could not compare to him. Even if he saw him attack, he would not have the chance to defend.

After Yan Wushen’s two halves flew out, they were quickly swallowed by the Power of Oblivion.

Even The Bridge of Vaitarna and the Supreme Artifact gauntlet could not resist the erosion of oblivion. Yan Wushen’s body was like sand, turning into fine particles and flowing into the darkness.

“It’s over just like that?”

Zhang Ruochen stood in the world's endless darkness. Nothing existed around him. His heart was devoid of joy. Instead, there was nothing but loneliness and boredom.

Ever since he started practicing, Zhang Ruochen had met countless prominent figures. However, no one had given him as much pressure as Yan Wushen. This pressure turned into motivation.

Zhang Ruochen might not have chosen the path of condensing a Grade One Saintwill if Yan Wushen hadn't pursued him relentlessly.

"I didn't expect Yan Wushen to lose so quickly. In the end, the Master of Time and Space is stronger."

"Time and space are the most perfect combination of the nine Great Paths of the Ancients. Zhang Ruochen might become the next Xumi in the future."

The figures watching the battle whispered to each other.

Wargod Bloodximus didn't show joy because of Zhang Ruochen's victory. Instead, his face became serious. He looked at the figures of Wu Qingzong as if he wanted to confirm his guess.

Wu Qingzong was very calm. They looked calm and composed.

This made Wargod Bloodximus's heart sink slightly.

Chapter 2421: The Dark Elemental

The void was boundless and empty.

Everything in the world would be eroded by the Power of Oblivion and eventually disappear.

Zhang Ruochen's Profound Spatial Dimension was only 30 meters in diameter after being eroded by the Power of Oblivion. Therefore, after killing Yan Wushen, he didn't dare to stay any longer and was prepared to leave.

At that moment, he suddenly sensed something and stared at the spot where Yan Wushen's body had disappeared with a surprised look.

With the Eye of Truth, Zhang Ruochen finally saw it clearly. Although Yan Wushen's two halves had become fine particles and merged with the darkness in the void, they had not become one with oblivion.

Those fine particles moved through the air like wisps of black Qi.

The oblivion could not erode them in a short period.

"What a pure Qi of darkness. It is purer and of higher quality than the power cultivated by Wujiang, who is the Master of Darkness." Zhang Ruochen felt incredulous.

He had fought with Yan Wushen many times and knew his power like the back of his hand. Yan Wushen had cultivated the Path of Darkness and his attainments were not low, but he was far from reaching the same level as Wujiang.

Then, where did this Qi of darkness come from?

The Power of Darkness grew stronger. The intensity of the waves quickly surpassed the Hundred-Shackle Realm, Thousand-Koan Realm, and even the Banshi Isshou Realm... It appeared that it would never peak.

The power shook Zhang Ruochen back.

Even the divine shadows hanging in the void showed an expression of disbelief.

Crash

Strands of Qi of darkness gradually solidified and twisted like a twist. Finally, they condensed into Yan Wushen's figure.

Yan Wushen's long hair was standing on end, and his eyes were ferocious and intimidating. His powerful aura was comparable to a few cultivators beneath the divinity. Yan Wushen would tremble as if he were an evil god if he stood in front of Yan Huangtu and Wujiang.

Zhang Ruochen was pushed back 800 miles by Yan Wushen's imposing manner. He felt that Yan Wushen had become completely different from before. It was as if he had entered an evil state. He was very similar to the evil Wushen from before.

There were some differences.

He was eviler than the evil Wushen.

Zhang Ruochen summoned the *Secret Tome of Time and Space*, the Zangshan Demonic Mirror, and the Pleiades Lotus. He stared at Yan Wushen as if he was facing a great enemy. He asked, "The aura of the third Dark Star? Did you absorb its Power of Darkness?"

Yan Wushen looked like an evil god. His eyes were red. He said, "Power of Darkness? No, I devoured the entire third Dark Star."

"Devoured..."

Zhang Ruochen muttered something to himself. His expression was solemn.

The third Dark Star was thousands of miles in diameter. It was 100,000 times denser than ordinary iron. Picking up a rock casually would weigh more than a million pounds. How could a Supreme Saint devour it?

It was more like a Macroworld, condensed from hundreds of thousands of planets.

Even the divine beasts roaming the universe could not swallow it.

In a corner of the void, the Swastika Seiryu's body was coiled and covered with green clouds, he smiled proudly and said, "Zhang Ruochen is very powerful. Unfortunately, he should not have been born in the same era as Yan Wushen. He is destined to be Yan Wushen's stepping stone to the top of the universe. Tiger, after Zhang Ruochen dies, why don't you let him be your guide too?"

The Intergold Tiger stood above a golden light the size of a lake and said, "Isn't it too early to say this?"

The Swastika Seiryu shook its head, it said, "The third Dark Star, although in the Dark Star, it can only be considered to be of medium and inferior size, with a diameter of thousands of miles. However, it is extremely ancient. The Darkness Power within it gave birth to intelligence as well as a Dark Elemental.

"The Dark Elemental devoured the Stone Clan Supreme Saint, Immortal Blue Marrow, who entered the third Dark Star to cultivate. It took away a sliver of the Blue Marrow Supreme Saint's consciousness and was able to cultivate it. It then reached a cultivation level comparable to a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint."

"When Yan Wushen was cultivating in the third Black Star, he was chased by the Dark Elemental for decades. He was almost devoured and possessed by the Dark Elemental.

"Unfortunately, the suppression of the Dark Elemental allowed Yan Wushen to fuse the Grade Five Saintwill and almost complete The Six Paths of Reincarnation. It suppressed the Dark Elemental into The Six Paths of Reincarnation and imprisoned it with a Half-Buddha Physique.

"Then, after decades of refining and purification, the Dark Elemental was almost completely absorbed by Yan Wushen and became a part of his body and Saint Soul.

"When he fused the Grade Five Saintwill, he attracted the phenomenon of the universe. Yan Wushen was in harmony with the precepts of heaven and earth, and his lifespan was

greatly increased. It created a miracle that no one had ever done before or since. The third Dark Star has already been fused into Yan Wushen's sea of Qi. His body and the third Dark Star have become one. They are no different.

"If he uses the power of the third Dark Star and the Dark Elemental, Yan Wushen can even challenge a Supreme Saint. How can Zhang Ruochen defeat him?"

The Intergold Tiger was still calm. He smiled and said, "With his cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, if he uses the power of a Supreme Saint, even if Yan Wushen kills Zhang Ruochen, he will die."

"I don't think so! Yan Wushen has a Half-Buddha Physique and strong spiritual power. He can withstand the power of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint," the Swastika Seiryu said.

The Intergold Tiger said, "If his realm is not high enough, he will be like an ignorant child who controls a world-destroying weapon. Even if he can kill the enemy, he will hurt himself. In the end, we will all die together."

This time, the Swastika Seiryu did not argue with the Intergold Tiger. He said, "This is a life and death battle between the two of them. Yan Wushen has reached the point where he has to use the power of the Dark Star."

More and more gods received the news.

Some of them were very interested in Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen, so they sent down their own projection of the divine shadow to watch the battle.

Blood Empress' divine true body appeared not far away from Wargod Bloodximius. There was a worried look in her eyes.

As long as it was a divine spirit, how could it not see that Yan Wushen had absorbed the Dark Elemental and carried a Dark Star in his body?

'There is no suspense in this battle. As long as the god of Xue Jue Family doesn't interfere, Zhang Ruochen will die without a doubt.' Ghost Master thought as he looked at the solemn Wargod Bloodximius and smiled happily.

Zhang Ruochen's death would be a heavy blow to the Xue Jue Family.

Wargod Bloodximus was congratulated on all sides after winning the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. The Xue Jue Family had three generations of geniuses, as everyone could see. It was a sign of great wealth. They would most likely dominate the Immortal Vampires and shock the entire Infernal Court after a few Yuanhui periods.

Not to mention the Bloodysky Clan and the Immortal Vampires, even the other forces sent gifts to express their goodwill.

As one of the biggest losers in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, Ghost Master was naturally jealous.

Now, only half a month had passed, and Zhang Ruochen, the brilliant son of the Xue Jue Family, was about to die. How could the Ghost Master not be happy?

Asurendra Barasingha nodded and let out a sigh of relief. He said, "The Fane of Barasingha has already formed a grudge with the Xue Jue Family. Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen is going to die at the hands of Yan Wushen. Otherwise, the Fane of Barasingha will have a hard time in the coming days."

Zhang Ruochen could fully unleash the power of the Demigod-level physique once he reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and broke all the shackles in his body. There were only a few of them left from the Fane of Barasingha who could suppress Zhang Ruochen in circumstances where gods could not interfere with the secular world.

When Zhang Ruochen reached the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm, he could control the power of the Demigod-level physique more perfectly. With the power of the cultivation realm, he would be even more invincible under divinity.

Zhang Ruochen would undoubtedly sweep through the Infernal Court if the gods did not intervene.

Wargod Bloodximius, Luo Yan, and Fukurokuju would all come looking for them if the gods intervened. Nobody could stand it.

Asurendra Barasingha attached great importance to the cultivation of the younger generation, so he was very worried about that day. When Zhang Ruochen was in the Saint King Realm, he had almost killed a generation of people in the Heavenly Realm.

Asurendra Barasingha sent a message to Ghost Master. “Zhang Ruochen is about to die. The gods of the Xue Jue family might intervene.”

Ghost Master smiled cruelly and said, “With you and I here, how can we give them the chance to intervene? Since it’s a life-and-death battle, there will naturally be death.”

Lord Yuan Tian of the Deathkins descended into the void. Beside him were three Supreme Saints. They were all his children. They were Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Supreme Saint Yuan Li, and Yuan Shu.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was his sixth son.

Supreme Saint Yuan Li was his fifth son.

Yuan Mo, who had died at Zhang Ruochen’s hands, was his seventh son.

Yuan Fei, Yuan Mo, and Yuan Li were all prodigies of their generation. They were famous at the same time and had the potential to become gods. They were heavily nurtured by Lord Yuan Tian and were regarded as his pride.

However, Lord Yuan Tian placed the most importance on his fourth child, Yuan Shu.

Yuan Shu was no older than 2,000 years old. She was not much older than Supreme Saint Yuan Fei. She was the first child that Lord Yuan Tian gave birth to after he transcended the Yuanhui Tribulation. The Saintwill that she cultivated had reached the peak of Grade Three Saintwill, her cultivation had broken through to the Paramount Realm.

If everything went well, Yuan Shu would undoubtedly become a god before the age of 10,000.

That is why Yuan Shu was bestowed the title of True Lord. She was the ruler of the starry skies and in charge of everything under Lord Yuan Tian's rule.

Although Yuan Shu was a member of the Deathkin, she did not exude an aura of death. On the contrary, she was bright and beautiful. Her skin was snow-white and her body shone with holy light. She had the aura of an empress who ruled over the world.

Supreme Saint Yuan Li and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei stood in front of Lord Yuan Tian in awe. They did not stand straight.

However, Yuan Shu was determined. She did not show any signs of weakness in her state of mind. Her gaze was vast and sharp.

Lord Yuan Tian let out a long sigh, "She can even devour and fuse with a Paramount Realm Dark Elemental. Not to mention this Yuanhui period, even in the past few Yuanhui periods, there has never been such a prodigy. Within a thousand years, Yan Wushen will definitely become a god. Yuan Shu, are you willing to marry him?"

Supreme Saint Yuan Li and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei were shocked. Their father valued Yuan Shu so much that he saw her as his successor. However, to win Yan Wushen over, he was willing to marry her.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei bowed, he said, "Father, Yuan Shu has the potential to become a god. Furthermore, she might even become a god before Yan Wushen. Why should she marry a man she doesn't like? Furthermore, Pan Ruo was bestowed by Fukurokuju and she would be Yan Wushen's first wife. If Yuan Shu were to marry him, her position would definitely be awkward."

Supreme Saint Yuan Li said, "Yuan Shu's attainment has reached the Paramount Realm and the first-class existence below divinity. Yan Wushen is only in the Hundred-Shackle

Realm. When Yan Wushen becomes a god, it will not be too late to consider this matter.”

Lord Yuan Tian snorted. “You are too short-sighted. You don’t understand the Divine Plane at all. Many forces can plan ahead 100,000 or even a million years to do something. It’s too late to plan on Yan Wushen now. I feel like it’s already too late! Fukurokuju is still the best. After the Battle of Celestial-Hunting ended, he arranged marriages for both Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen to someone.

“When Yan Wushen becomes a god, Yuan Shu won’t want to marry him anymore. I’m afraid he won’t even look at her!”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei didn’t expect his father to take Yan Wushen so seriously. No wonder so many gods had come to watch the battle of life and death between Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen.

Let alone Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, even the likes of Wujiang and Yan Huangtu were far from this important.

Was it because he had condensed the Grade Two Saintwill?

Suddenly, Lord Yuan Tian spoke with a profound meaning, he said, “Yan Wushen is likely to be the first to condense the Grade One Saintwill. After becoming a god, no one knows how terrifying he will be. I’m afraid that even the Reverends and the divine kings will be trampled under his feet. He should be like Yan Wushen when he gives birth!”

A bright light appeared in Yuan Shu’s eyes. “Yan Wushen is indeed unparalleled. His luck is heaven-defying and rarely seen. Marrying him isn’t a grievance. However, it won’t be easy for him to defeat Zhang Ruochen.”

Lord Yuan Tian was surprised. “Shu’er actually thinks that Zhang Ruochen can resist the power of a Dark Star?”

Yuan Shu stared at the two people in the distant void, “If it were any other Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, they would have run away from the power of Yan Wushen. But Zhang Ruochen didn’t. Instead, his fighting spirit became stronger!”

“Is he scared?” Said Supreme Saint Yuan Li.

Yuan Shu said, “If you think so, you must be a fool. I think Zhang Ruochen still has a trump card he hasn’t used yet. He should still have the strength to fight. I’m really looking forward to who will be the king of this Yuanhui period.”

...

Yan Wushen’s physical body was reassembled. His imposing manner was magnificent and unparalleled. He slapped out the constantly invading Power of Oblivion. The Power of Darkness that erupted from his body covered tens of thousands of miles.

“Six paths of reincarnation. Life and death can not be destroyed.”

Yan Wushen raised his hands slightly. The Power of Darkness condensed into a palm above his head and slapped Zhang Ruochen.

This palm contained the power of the Dark Star. It had the true meaning of The Six Paths of Reincarnation. Although it wasn’t as powerful as a Supreme Saint’s attack, it was still terrifying. It was far stronger than Yan Wushen’s own power.

Standing in the darkness, Zhang Ruochen felt heaven and earth pressing down on him. There were walls in all directions. The power from each side was ten times stronger than Yan Wushen’s.

“The five elements of yin and yang and the rotation of heaven and earth, they are endless.”

Zhang Ruochen threw out all kinds of weapons, and all kinds of power surged out. He also activated the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, forming a tai chi mark and floating above his head.

Boom

One Supreme Artifact after another flew out. The Profound Spatial Dimension, the Realm-frame of Truth, and the Null Time realm were all pierced through.

The Hand of Darkness and the Taiji Mark collided.

Zhang Ruochen let out a long howl. He controlled the Saintwill and tried his best to absorb the Power of Darkness from his hand. However, the hand was like a dark ocean. It couldn't absorb all of it.

As if it was breaking through a layer of paper, the Hand of Darkness broke through the Taiji Mark and slapped Zhang Ruochen.

"It's over!"

The Ghost Master smiled, feeling extremely happy.

Asurendra Barasingha said, "The Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill that Zhang Ruochen has cultivated is no weaker than Yan Wushen's Six Paths of Reincarnation Saintwill. However, Yan Wushen can control the power of the Dark Star and has fused with the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint's Dark Elemental. His power is too strong for Zhang Ruochen to resist... what? He actually blocked it!"

All the gods who had descended were shocked.

Zhang Ruochen's entire body was burning with flames. His arms supported the Hand of Darkness. Then, a light pillar shot out from his glabella. It shattered the Hand of Darkness into pieces and disappeared.

"A Dark Star is nothing. My grandson has a Macroworld in his body. If he doesn't use the power of the world and the Supreme Saint doesn't come out, who can fight him?"

Just now, he had broken the seal of the Qiankun Realm and allowed Zhang Ruochen to enter his strongest state. He was no longer suppressed and could fully use all the power he had.

Zhang Ruochen had never used the power of the Qiankun Realm, whether it was on the Battlefield of Merits or the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Actually, the Qiankun Realm was a part of Zhang Ruochen. It didn't belong to external forces.

Chapter 2422: The Only Survivor

“He blocked it. He... he blocked it!”

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and Supreme Saint Yuan Li beside Lord Yuan Tian were dazed. The light pillar shot out from the Shenwu Mark between Zhang Ruochen’s eyebrows. It shattered the Hand of Darkness and hit their hearts and minds.

“Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen are so powerful. It seems that even if Wujiang, Yan Huangtu, and Lan Ying have broken through to the Thousand-Koan Realm, they still have to avoid Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen’s attacks. The Battle of Celestial-Hunting has limited their strength.” Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said as he smiled bitterly.

Although Wujiang, Yan Huangtu, Lan Ying, and the others couldn’t bring their trump cards to the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, they couldn’t defend against a Dark Star or a Macroworld?

Lord Yuan Tian said, “Do you still think that Yan Wushen isn’t good enough for your sister?”

Both Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and Supreme Saint Yuan Li shook their heads.

There’s only one Yan Wushen who appeared in a Yuanhui period. He was in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, fighting against Banshi Isshou Realm. He was absolutely stunning.

No one in the Saint Realm could suppress Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen unless a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint appeared, just as Wargod Bloodximius had said.

Ghost Master’s body began to burn with spectral flame, he said, “I didn’t expect that Zhang Ruochen’s body was sealed with a Macroworld. When his body was hosting the Macroworld, he shouldn’t have reached the Supreme Saint Realm. How did he do it?”

Many gods helped Zhang Ruochen to hide the secrets of heaven. The Ghost Master couldn't figure out the secrets hidden in Zhang Ruochen's body.

Besides, there were marks of gods on the wall of Zhang Ruochen's sea of Qi. Ordinary gods couldn't find the secrets in his sea of Qi even if they captured him. At most, they could only kill him.

Asurendra Barasingha narrowed his eyes, he said to himself, "With only the Five-element Chaotic Body, he couldn't possibly host a Macroworld in the Saint King Realm. Did Zhang Ruochen inherit Saint Monk Xumi's mantle and possess the Canon of Dimension in his body? Yes, that must be it."

Yan Wushen was able to absorb the Dark Elemental and host a Dark Star. He possessed the Half-Buddha Physique and had used the power of the Six Paths of Reincarnation Saintwill to succeed.

Luo Shengtian was able to refine the two lively Divine Planets into his eyes because he had a pair of natural-born with divine eyes. The so-called divine eyes were no different from the eyes of gods. There was a huge space inside.

Even so, the two planets that were comparable to stars were sealed layer by layer.

The reason why Luo Shengtian was so powerful was that when he was born, his mother, Amane, had already ascended to godhood. A god's flesh and blood were born with divine blood, divine bones, and even a divine soul.

Furthermore, Luo Shengtian's father was a great emperor of the Rakshasas.

For example, the children of two humans would be humans.

Even if the children of two gods were not gods, the heights they could reach in the future would be extraordinary.

This was why many cultivators only had children after becoming gods, or after transcending a Yuanhui Tribulation.

The stronger they were, the stronger their children would naturally be.

Female gods' children were on a completely different level than male gods' children.

The children of female gods were born with divine blood, divine bones, and divine souls. They were basically born with Divine Embryo, just like the offspring of a divine beast. As long as they weren't too useless, their future achievements would at least be at the level of a pseudo god.

However, every time a female god gave birth to a child, her cultivation would be greatly damaged. She might only have one or two children in her lifetime.

Furthermore, the children she gave birth to were too weak and didn't have complete consciousness. They couldn't control the power in their bodies. The divine-level power would be sealed. Only when they reached the Supreme Saint Realm would it gradually be released.

The same goes for Luo Shengtian and Luo Sha.

When Zhang Ruochen was hosting a Macroworld, he had neither a Demigod-level physique nor was a son of a female deity. He was not unique at all. Why was he so heaven-defying?

Other than the Canon of Dimension, Asurendra Barasingha could not think of any other possibilities.

Que descended into the void alone. He looked at Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen, who were fighting, and a trace of confusion appeared in his eyes.

Que's master had taught him that he had nothing to lose. He could sweep the entire world alone with just a sword.

When his cultivation reached a certain level, he would even abandon his sword and truly become the only one in the world.

"Each has their own path, each has their own journey," Que muttered.

Que's sword quickly cut off the confusion in his eyes. He left the void decisively. He made up his mind that he would never

appear unless he cultivated the perfect Grade Two Saintwill.

...

...

The Power of Darkness of the third Dark Star could cover millions of miles in the starry sky. In the void, although it only covered thousands of miles, it was still very terrifying.

Zhang Ruochen's body seemed to have turned into a colorful stone. It shone with five-colored light. With the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, he controlled the power of the Qiankun Realm and turned the world of darkness upside down.

It was like an endless black ocean that was constantly shattered by the five-colored light.

The Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill was the Saintwill of Zhang Ruochen's six paths.

The Six Paths of Reincarnation Saintwill was the Saintwill of Yan Wushen's five paths. It included the "Origin", "Dimension", and "Darkness" of the Ancient Paths.

To construct The Six Paths of Reincarnation, "Dimension" was the foundation, "Origin" was the essence of everything, "Darkness" was death, "Buddha" was creation, and "Nether River" was flow and change, and lastly, "Yama" ruled the six paths.

Now, other than the Deva Path of Yama, the other five paths had already merged into one.

This battle pitted Zhang Ruochen against Yan Wushen. It resulted from a collision between a Dark Star and a Macroworld. It was also a collision between two paths.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen mobilized more and more power from the Macroworld. The light on his body became brighter as if he was about to melt. He punched through the darkness and sent Yan Wushen flying. Blood spewed out of his mouth.

The power of this palm could reach the level of a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint.

“Again!”

Yan Wushen roared. He activated The Six Paths of Reincarnation again and crashed into Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Wushen pushed the power of the Dark Star to the extreme and reached the strongest state he could control. He broke through Zhang Ruochen’s Yin Yang Five-Element Taiji Mark and sent Zhang Ruochen flying thousands of miles.

It was as if he had been hit by a Dark Star.

Zhang Ruochen’s body kept cracking as if he was going to be smashed into pieces.

But surprisingly, his body recovered very quickly and took the hit head-on.

Yan Wushen’s strength was finally exhausted.

Zhang Ruochen seized the opportunity and launched a counterattack. He punched again and again, hitting Yan Wushen’s chest like a string of pearls.

Bang Bang

Yan Wushen’s chest caved in. Blood gushed out, and his ribs and internal organs were shattered. In the end, he was pierced through by Zhang Ruochen, and his spine was broken.

The shattered flesh and blood turned into particles of Origin and condensed back to build a complete body.

Zhang Ruochen’s face turned solemn. After fusing the Dark Elemental and the fifth type of Saintwill, Yan Wushen’s recovery ability had become so powerful.

If this battle continued, it would probably drag on until everyone was devoured by the void. That was the end.

Yan Wushen obviously realized this too. His eyes were as black as ink. He used his spiritual power to pierce through the void and roared, “Zhang Ruochen, after fighting for so long, how much have you learned about the yin yang five elements?”

“Nothing,” said Zhang Ruochen as he shook his head.

Yan Wushen said, “If you weren’t in a life and death situation, how can you understand The Six Paths of Reincarnation? This is it, this attack will determine your life and death. Are you ready for it?”

“Yes. How could I communicate with heaven and earth and comprehend the true meaning of the yin yang five elements if I wasn’t in a life-or-death situation? Let’s see if you can really force me into a life-or-death situation in the last attack. Please allow me to see the future of the great path of yin and yang and the integration of the five elements,” Zhang Ruochen stated.

“Come forth, Dark Star.”

A strange mark appeared between Yan Wushen’s brows. The Dark Qi surged out like ink, forming a light screen with a diameter of 10,000 kilometers.

It was like a black mirror standing in front of Yan Wushen.

A terrifying sense of danger enveloped Zhang Ruochen’s entire body.

The light screen in front of him was like a door of death. It was desperately pulling him, causing his body to be in pain and slightly deformed.

With a loud boom, the enormous Dark Star flew out of Yan Wushen’s sea of Qi and rushed hundreds of miles on the black light screen. It looked like a crescent moon in the shape of a fishhook.

Only one-tenth of the original body of the Dark Star had appeared. However, the energy waves that Yan Wushen had released were far stronger than before.

Crack

Yan Wushen’s Half-Buddha Physique could not withstand the power of the Dark Star, and a crack appeared between his eyebrows.

One-tenth of the Dark Star rushed out again.

CRACK! CRACK!

Several more cracks appeared between Yan Wushen's brows, and fresh blood flowed out.

...

The divine figures in the distance were all shocked and bewildered.

"What is he doing? is he going to summon the Dark Star out of his sea of Qi? Can he control such terrifying power? Is he not afraid that the Dark Star will kill him instead?" Blood Empress said.

Just because a person could carry a huge rock that weighed hundreds of kilograms did not mean that he could use it as a weapon in battle.

If he could not use it, he would be crushed to death.

More and more Dark Stars rushed out. Yan Wushen's power had exceeded to the extent that an advanced stage Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint could not reach. However, Yan Wushen's entire body was covered in cracks. His skin became like a spider web. It was a terrifying sight as if it would shatter at any moment.

"Take a hit from my Dark Star. I'll crush your body and Saint Soul and destroy both your body and soul."

Yan Wushen shouted. Using The Six Paths of Reincarnation, he controlled half of the Dark Star to suppress Zhang Ruochen.

The third Dark Star was as heavy as hundreds of thousands of planets. Even though it was only half of its original size, it still sent out waves of Qi that forced the Power of Oblivion to retreat temporarily.

Zhang Ruochen stared straight ahead. What he saw was not a star, but boundless darkness.

A great fear, power, and momentum rolled toward him.

If he could not block it, he would definitely turn into dust.

“Qiankun Realm, lend me your power,” Zhang Ruochen shouted.

Streams of power and Qi from the Qiankun Realm in his sea of Qi rushed into Zhang Ruochen’s body.

The five-colored brilliance on Zhang Ruochen’s body multiplied several times. He took the initiative to move forward. He lifted the Yin Yang Five-Element Taiji Mark with his palms and attacked the boundless darkness.

Even the gods stared at him without blinking.

Victory and defeat were decided in an instant. Today, one peerless genius would die, and the other would ride the wind and become the hottest rising star in the entire Infernal Court.

Who would be alive?

Boom

As soon as he collided with the Dark Star, Zhang Ruochen’s arms exploded and turned into two clouds of blood mist. Only white bones were left. Even the Armor of the Fire God was eroded by the Power of Darkness.

Immediately after, blood-red cracks appeared on Zhang Ruochen’s neck, head, chest, and legs.

“Has Zhang Ruochen lost?” Supreme Saint Yuan Fei asked.

Yuan Shu calmed herself down and said, “The power of the Dark Star attacks Zhang Ruochen, but it also backfires on Yan Wushen. It’s still unknown who will live and who will die.”

Lord Yuan Tian said, “If Zhang Ruochen doesn’t have any other means, he’ll most likely die.”

Boom

Zhang Ruochen’s arms were completely broken. His bones turned into powder. He could only rely on his body to resist the crushing power of the Dark Star.

Yan Wushen roared, “Die!”

Yan Wushen’s body was shattered, and the Dark Star rushed out a bit more. Its power was even stronger.

Although his body was shattered, strands of dark Qi connected it. It could be said that it was connected to death.

Just when all the cultivators thought that Zhang Ruochen would die for sure.

Whoosh

A Dimensional Gate opened between Zhang Ruochen's brows. World tree branches flew out and clashed with the Dark Star.

"It's the Divine Sky-connecting Tree," the Ghost Master shouted. His eyes were wide open.

Kunlun's spirit root was the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. It was one of the universe's oldest living things. The aura alone was enough for the old gods to recognize it.

"The Divine Sky-connecting Tree is dead," said Wargod Bloodximius. "That's just a sapling from a dead root."

The Ghost Master was unpredictable. Even a sapling of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree made him drool.

Rumble

The branches of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree kept rushing out of the Dimensional Gate. They crashed into the Dark Star and stopped it.

Zhang Ruochen's body couldn't withstand such a powerful force. It kept shattering, but he still gritted his teeth. He put his palms together and roared, "Come out, Qiankun Realm, suppress the six paths and destroy reincarnation."

The light from the Dimensional Gate surged. A corner of the world rushed out from the inside and collided with the Dark Star.

The two collided. Black and white light intertwined, and energy burst out.

After a long time, the void returned to calm.

"Who won?" Supreme Saint Yuan Fei asked.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei looked over. How could he see Zhang Ruochen's shadow?

There was only one Dark Star floating in the void. It gave off terrifying dark waves.

“It seems that Yan Wushen is the one who has reached the peak of this era,” Supreme Saint Yuan Li said.

Yuan Shu shook her head and said, “Yan Wushen’s aura has completely disappeared. Only Zhang Ruochen is left in this world.”

Zhang Ruochen walked to the top of the Dark Star, step by step, under everyone’s stunned gaze. Step by step, his broken body condensed again. Even the gods were astounded by his ability to recover.

Wargod Bloodximus’s tense face finally relaxed. He let out a long laugh. “Today, my grandson, Zhang Ruochen, is the best in the world. No one can compete with him. Wu Qingzong, are you convinced?”

Wu Qingzong displayed the bearing of a god. “In a life-and-death battle, life and death are acknowledged. Zhang Ruochen won with his true ability. He should be the pride of the world.”

On the day of Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha’s engagement, he killed Yan Wushen and became the best in this Yuanhui period. He was a world-shaking talent and extremely strong combat strength. The news quickly spread to all realms of the Celestial Court and the ten clans of Infernal Court, making the proud sons of heaven of his generation dim.

Chapter 2423: Return From War

Wargod Bloodximius and Blood Empress flew to the top of the dark star at once.

Blood Empress was concerned. She grabbed Zhang Ruochen's right wrist and mobilized divine force and blood Qi into him. It continues to help him heal his injuries and dissolve the dark power that had invaded his body.

Yan Wushen's last attack was terrifying. His power had almost reached the level of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

Wargod Bloodximius was floating mid-air with his hands behind his back. His temperament was imposing but he wasn't angry. He was observing Zhang Ruochen and discovered that Zhang Ruochen's eyes were red and evil Qi was overflowing from his body. Five-element Chaotic saint Qi in his body had turned into blood force. Zhang Ruochen was in a state of bedevilment.

The aura of humans was almost completely devoured by the aura of Immortal Vampires.

Wargod Bloodximius didn't mind if Zhang Ruochen had completely become an Immortal Vampire.

However, he was worried that Zhang Ruochen's mind and will weren't compatible with Immortal Vampires. If Zhang Ruochen was forcefully changed, he wouldn't become an Immortal Vampire, but a crazy demon who had lost his mind.

"He refined Pale Blood Soil. He can heal himself no matter how serious his injuries are. However, his inner demon has completely erupted and occupied his mind. The most important thing now is to send him to Fortune Palace. Only Path of Destiny can suppress his inner demon." Wargod

Bloodximius didn't keep quiet about it, he deliberately let the surrounding gods hear him.

Blood Empress was shocked. She said telepathically, "Send him to Fortune Palace and let Path of Destiny suppress the inner demon in his body? No, absolutely not."

Blood Empress had once summoned Zhang Ruochen's soul and helped him fuse with his body from his previous life. She knew that there were many secrets in his body that could not be known to outsiders.

Wargod Bloodximius knew Blood Empress's worries, "I know that Zhang Ruochen must have an incredible treasure in his body. But a deity wouldn't be interested in the things of a junior. Even the seedling of Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Qiankun Realm, and the fallen Sundial are nothing in the eyes of a deity."

Blood Empress still didn't agree, Wargod Bloodximius said again, "The inner demon corrodes the spiritual will. Outsiders can't help at all. Only Path of Destiny can suppress it. If we don't want Zhang Ruochen to fall into the abyss of the inner demon, we have no choice... Eh..."

Wargod Bloodximius was suddenly surprised. He looked at Zhang Ruochen again.

Zhang Ruochen's blood-red eyes faded slightly.

The bloodlines on the ten golden wings gradually disappeared. They were no longer as evil as before.

"Chen'er's spiritual will is strong. The inner demon has been suppressed by him,"

Blood Empress was overjoyed. She released her spiritual power and turned into dense light spots like fireflies, enveloping Zhang Ruochen's body.

The spiritual power of a god could affect a Supreme Saint's inner demon to a certain extent.

She cried softly, "Wake up."

These two words contained Blood Empress' entire life of spiritual power. It was like a heavenly incantation, shaking

Zhang Ruochen's sea of consciousness and deterring the demonic barrier in his heart. All the distracting thoughts dispersed.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes gradually regained clarity. The chaotic power surrounding his body was all absorbed into his body.

"Chen'er!" Blood Empress called out softly.

Zhang Ruochen turned his head and stared at Blood Empress as if he had returned from a daze. He hesitated for a moment and said, "Mother, where is this place?"

Blood Empress narrowed her eyes and asked doubtfully, "You don't remember anything from before?"

Zhang Ruochen thought about it carefully and shook his head gently.

Blood Empress said, "Your consciousness was invaded by the inner demon. Then a life-and-death battle broke out between you and Yan Wushen. This is the void space."

"A life-and-death battle? I remember... Today is the day Princess Luo Sha and I are engaged. How could the inner demon suddenly invade? What about the inner demon now? Was it suppressed by mother and grandfather?"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were puzzled. As he spoke, he coughed violently. His entire body was weak and he couldn't even maintain his Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivation. He looked like he was about to fall.

He quickly looked at his insides and found that his body was covered in wounds.

His blood, Saint Meridians, Meridians, internal organs, bones, even his Sainthood Source, sea of Qi, and Saint Soul all had dense and tiny cracks. The cracks contained the purest Power of Darkness, power of Origin, Buddha Might, and Yama Qi.

Power of Darkness was the strongest.

Blood Empress supported Zhang Ruochen and said, "You were the one who suppressed the inner demon. My spiritual power only helped a little."

“Where’s Yan Wushen?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blood Empress said, “He’s dead.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen stood there for a long time. He looked around and let out a long sigh.

Wargod Bloodximius stood aside and looked at Zhang Ruochen carefully. His eyes were as deep as an endless pool of blood.

Logically speaking, it was impossible for him to recover his own strength after being corrupted by the inner demon. He knew that Zhang Ruochen had great perseverance.

However, some things couldn’t be endured with perseverance.

“Let’s go. This is not a place to talk. Let’s find a place to heal first. Otherwise, there will be hidden dangers that can never be cured,” said Wargod Bloodximius.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, “I can still bear the injuries. However, today is the day of the engagement. I must go immediately. I can not break my promise. Otherwise, it will damage the face of Fukurokuju and the royal family of Devala. It will also hurt Luo Sha.”

Finally, Wargod Bloodximius showed a satisfied look. He nodded and said, “Very good. Being responsible is the most basic thing a man should have. Let’s go!”

After Wargod Bloodximius, Blood Empress, and Zhang Ruochen left the void space, the shadow of Wu Qingzong appeared in the sky above the dark star. He stared at the star for a moment. Then, he rolled up his sleeve, took the dark star away, and disappeared.

“Two Yuanhui-level geniuses. One has fallen, and the other must soar to the sky and become the leader of this era. Zhang Ruochen, oh Zhang Ruochen.” Asurendra Barasingha sighed and gradually disappeared.

Ghost Master’s eyes changed. Then, he waved his sleeve, broke through the void space, and flew back to Divine Domain of Destiny.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei's eyes narrowed, "Zhang Ruochen killed Yan Wushen. His power has reached his peak. In his desperate state, he can almost challenge a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. It seems that only sister can take revenge for seventh brother."

Lord Yuan Tian was silent.

Yuan Shu's beautiful eyes were as bright as the stars in the sky. She stared at Supreme Saint Yuanfei and said, "Revenge? Why do you want revenge?"

Supreme Saint Yuanfei was stunned. He quickly said, "Seventh brother lost his life in Zhang Ruochen's hands. We have to take revenge. Zhang Ruochen has to bear the responsibility for Deathkin's failure on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. How can we let him off so easily?"

Yuan Shu patted Supreme Saint Yuanfei on the shoulder and said earnestly, "It's different now."

Supreme Saint Yuanfei only felt that Yuan Shu's palm was as heavy as a mountain. Every slap seemed to be able to shatter his Neverwither physique.

Just as it was about to land, all the power was withdrawn in an instant.

Yuan Shu said, "Zhang Ruochen's lot has been cast. Now, whoever dares to touch him in Infernal Court will definitely provoke Xue Jue Family and the royal family of Devala to take revenge. How many forces do you think can withstand their anger? Wu Qingzong has already chosen to remain silent. Why should we go against them? We can't afford to offend them."

Supreme Saint Yuanfei wanted to say something, but he hesitated. He wasn't willing to give up.

Lord Yuan Shu said, "The three slaps I gave you just now, each one of them is comparable to Zhang Ruochen's full-strength attack. Think carefully. Seventh brother was too weak, it was fate that he died on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Don't mention the word 'revenge' again. Be careful not to get yourself killed."

“Thank you for your teachings, sister.”

Supreme Saint Yuanfei cupped his hands and bowed slightly.

Yuan Shu nodded slightly, and said, “However, Zhang Ruochen is too outstanding and has too many treasures. He had been targeted by many forces. Although we don’t dare to touch him, there are still people who dare to. Whether or not he can become a god alive is still unknown.”

After the shadows of the gods disappeared.

Yan Yu and Lady Fu Xiang walked out with Dark Parasol of Obfuscatory in hand.

Their faces were still filled with surprise.

Lady Fu Xiang’s beauty was comparable to Yuan Shu, like a fairy in a painting, her red lips opened slightly. “Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation hasn’t reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm, yet they are so powerful. Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen killed Yan Wushen. Otherwise, I suspect that my arrow from 10,000 miles away might not have been able to kill him.”

Yan Yu was handsome and ethereal, “Lady Wind was assassinated by the gods of Avīci Pavilion. Yan Wushen died in the battle of life and death. I have a feeling that the peace of the various clans in Infernal Court will soon be broken. Zhang Ruochen might very well be the person standing in the center of the whirlpool.”

The various clans in Infernal Court!

It was not the ten clans of Infernal Court.

The ten clans in Infernal Court were only the ten largest clans that holds all the power. In addition, there were many small clans.

For example, Evarcha Culicivoras, Dracula Ant Clan, Calyptra Moth Clan, and so on were affiliated with Immortal Vampires.

Even among Immortal Vampires, there were more than ten great clans and countless small clans.

“Is that so? The good thing in these troubled times is that the strong will be born. Someone should have appeared to break the peace a long time ago. The Tower of Eminence, Afterglow Sprite Valley, the outer realm of the Searock Asterism¹, and the Cumulonimbus.

“I want to catch the stars in heaven, but the road to divinity is long. When can I expect it?” Lady Fu Xiang’s long hair fluttered in the wind. Carrying a crystal longbow, her figure of a meteor-like white light flew out of the void space.

Yan Yu followed closely.

There are very few under divinity who can enter and leave the void as they do.

....

....

Fortune Palace.

The representatives of the major forces were all shocked by the news of “The assassination of Lady Wind” and “The life-and-death battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen”.

“Avīci Pavilion is too impudent. They dare to assassinate the new Destiny Scioness. They are clearly provoking Fane of Destiny. In my opinion, we should mobilize all our forces, flatten them, and kill them all without mercy.”

“The Master of Avīci Pavilion is very secretive. His cultivation is unfathomable. It is said that he has beheaded a god.”

“What do you think Avīci Pavilion is trying to do by killing Kagesawa Fuurei?”

“Zhang Ruochen is also making a mess. He actually went to fight Yan Wushen on his engagement day. Isn’t he afraid of angering Reverend?”

“What’s there to be afraid of? If Zhang Ruochen dies in battle, Why would Reverend blame him? If Yan Wushen dies in battle, Zhang Ruochen will be the only supreme figure in this Yuanhui period. If so, Reverend won’t be too harsh on him.”

Wargod Bloodximius and Luo Yan had made friends all over the world. The representatives of the forces who had come to attend the engagement ceremony were numerous and all well-known. Without the cultivation of a Supreme Saint, they couldn't enter the outer hall of the palace.

The area that stretched for dozens of miles was brightly lit. Countless powerful figures had gathered.

Luo Sha was gorgeous while wearing a phoenix red brocade dress. Accompanied by dozens of Saint-level maids, she stood motionlessly in front of the palace. Her eyes were filled with worry while she looked into the endless darkness.

It was as if she had become a stone that's waiting for her partner.

News of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen kept coming back.

"Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen have entered the void space. They're going to fight to the death."

After receiving this news, Luo Sha desperately wanted to rush over and stop the two from continuing the battle.

She knew very well that once they entered the void space to fight, the chances of them dying together were very high.

Unfortunately, because of the "New Scioness's death", the gods were summoned to Mount Destiny by Fukurokuju. Luo Sha wanted to enter the void space, but there was no way in.

Luo Sheng Tian brought an army and returned to Fortune Palace.

Luo Sha moved towards him and asked anxiously, "Is there any result?"

Luo Sheng Tian shrugged and spread his hands, "I can't enter the void space either. How can I know the fate of those two psychopaths? However, Yan Wushen's Path of Origin has a certain restraining effect on the void space. Fighting in the void space would give him a big advantage."

Luo Sha's heart sank.

Pan Ruo stood in the brightly lit courtyard, surrounded by people. However, she felt that she was the only one in the world. She was exceptionally cold and lonely.

When the news of Lady Wind's assassination came, she already knew what Zhang Ruochen wanted to do.

"Didn't you say that you've already cut off all ties? Why are you still doing this? Why? It's not worth it."

Pan Ruo's eyes were misty. She muttered, "You must come back alive! Otherwise... everything will be meaningless!"

After drinking a lot of wine, Warlord Mara staggered to Luo Sha and Luo Shengtian, he said with his tongue slurred, "Princess... Princess, I think Zhang Ruochen clearly doesn't care about you. If he... if he cares about you, how could he fight to the death on the day of the engagement? How about... How about marrying me instead?"

Luo Sha was nervous and worried. How could she care about him?

Luo Shengtian rolled his eyes. Even if my sister didn't marry Zhang Ruochen, how could you, Warlord Mara be worthy to marry her?

However, Warlord Mara's previous words hit the nail on the head. Zhang Ruochen had fought with Yan Wushen on the day of the engagement and left his sister and countless cultivators at the ceremony. He was indeed a bastard.

Even though his mother had sided with Zhang Ruochen and put in a good word for him, Luo Shengtian was still very dissatisfied.

Luo Shengtian let out a long breath of resentment, he said gently to Luo Sha, "Forget it. Let everyone go. Let's not talk about whether Zhang Ruochen will come back or not. Even if he wins, it will most likely be a pyrrhic victory. How would he come to the engagement?"

Luo Sha stood still, apparently not listening to him.

Luo Shengtian said again, "The new Scioness has fallen. Reverend and father must be busy with this matter. I'm afraid

they won't be able to attend the engagement ceremony. Sister, there's no need to wait any longer!"

"Zhang Ruochen said that he will protect me for the rest of my life. He won't let me down. I believe him!" Luo Sha said firmly.

Luo Shengtian grinned and thought to himself, how could she believe such nonsense? His sister must have lost her mind because of Zhang Ruochen.

Swoosh!

The space shook violently.

A Dimensional Gate was torn open by the divine light.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the Dimensional Gate and appeared in front of Luo Sha. Although his face was pale, his posture was outstanding. He smiled and said, "Luo Sha, I'm here!"

Chapter 2424: At The Engagement Ceremony

The outer hall of Fortune Palace was covered with locks. No one could tear through the dimension except for the almighty gods.

As a result, the guests in the outer hall sensed the dimensional fluctuations and quickly surrounded that area.

The Dimensional Rift had disappeared, leaving only a handsome young man standing in front of Luo Sha. Although he looked injured all over, he exuded a heart-palpitating aura.

“Zhang Ruochen, it’s Zhang Ruochen. Doesn’t that mean...”

“It’s Zhang Ruochen who came back alive,” a cultivator said in a trembling voice.

“Maybe Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen only decided the winner and didn’t fight to the death.”

“Yes, it must be so. If Yan Wushen dies, it will definitely shake the entire Yanluo clan. No, it will shake the entire Infernal Court. The news will spread to all sectors of Celestial Court.”

“Yan Wushen has just broken through the Dark Star and returned. He has triggered a strange phenomenon in the universe. His lifespan has increased, and he is blessed with great luck. How can he die?”

...

Countless voices rang out in the halls.

This too was the place where Pan Ruo and Yan Wushen are engaged. Why did they only see Zhang Ruochen but not Yan Wushen?

The voices of cultivators who did not believe that Yan Wushen would die at Zhang Ruochen’s hands became quieter. They looked at Zhang Ruochen with a strange gaze in their eyes.

Luo Sha bit her red lips and stared at Zhang Ruochen for a long time. Her eyes were misty. She looked like she was crying and smiling. "It's good that you're back. It's good that you're back... I thought you ran away from the marriage. Hehe..."

She said "It's good that you're back" instead of "It's good that you're here".

This meant that she cared more about whether Zhang Ruochen could come back alive than whether he could come to the engagement.

Luo Shengtian, who was standing at the side, didn't sense Yan Wushen's aura. He immediately understood the result of the battle. He wanted to scold Zhang Ruochen, but for some reason, the anger in his heart was filled with curiosity, surprise, confusion, and other emotions. Therefore, he didn't say a word.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng, who had returned early, stood in a corner of the ceremony with Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest, and Lord Samudra of Devala. They looked in the direction of the door.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng smiled like a spring breeze and said, "High Priest, Lord Samudra, I told you that Zhang Ruochen would definitely come. Will you believe me now? The disciples of Xue Jue family would never break their promise."

Black robe high priest frowned slightly. "Unfortunately, tonight's engagement ceremony... Sigh, perhaps fate has already been decided. It's not his fault."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng and Lord Samudra naturally understood why black robe high priest sighed.

Of the two engagement ceremonies, the one between Pan Ruo and Yan Wushen was also grand. There were many guests who came, but the betrothed had died. The engagement ceremony naturally couldn't go on.

It was supposed to be a happy occasion but turned out a funeral.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng and Lord Samudra looked at each other and smiled. Yan Wushen's death wouldn't conflict with their interests anyway. Zhang Ruochen's return was a happy occasion.

They should smile more on happy days.

It wasn't just them. The entire outer hall of Fortune Palace was filled with both joy and sorrow. Yanluo clan and the cultivators from the upper three clans who had come to attend the engagement ceremony gathered in North Wing. The atmosphere here was gloomy. Everyone looked at Pan Ruo with complicated expressions and softly shook their heads.

They all felt that Pan Ruo was too miserable. Although she hadn't become Destiny Scioness, being able to marry a Yuanhui-level elite wasn't bad either.

But fate had toyed with her. Something this sad had happened on the day of the engagement.

"Zhang Ruochen has gone too far."

"Since he ruined his junior Pan Ruo's engagement ceremony, let's go ruin his too."

"The god's favorite of Yanluo clan mustn't die in vain!"

The cultivators were filled with righteous indignation and rushed toward South Wing.

Swoosh

Pan Ruo's figure appeared in front of them. Her body emitted a dazzling radiance of destiny. She called out, "What are you doing? Are you trying to cause trouble in Fortune Palace?"

A Supreme Saint of Fane of Destiny walked out from the crowd. He said angrily, "Pan Ruo, Zhang Ruochen's actions tonight have put you in the most embarrassing situation. It's intolerable."

"Yes, we must all be in an uproar."

...

The disturbance grew louder and louder, reaching the ears of Supreme Saint Qingsheng, Lord Samudra, and Fortune

Palace's Black Robe High Priest.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng and Lord Samudra's expressions turned cold.

Without the gods, they were the greatest here.

They dare to cause trouble in front of them. Did they really think there's no one in Xue Jue Family and Devala?

Seeing that the situation wasn't good, black robe high priest quickly said, "We're in Fortune Palace after all, let me handle this!"

"Thanks, appreciate it." Supreme Saint Qingsheng snorted.

Lord Samudra said, "It's best for High Priest to handle it."

After Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest arrived in North Wing, he quickly suppressed the cultivators of Yanluo clan and the upper three clans. The noise gradually died down.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha walked hand in hand into the center of South Wing in the outer hall. They came to a Yuanhui-level ancient tree and bathed in a white rain of light. There were cultivators who came up to congratulate them from time to time.

"Liu Shen of Mystic Blood Sea. Under the orders of Ethergod Tartarus, I have brought three carriages of sacred medicine, one Quasi-Emperor Grade Blood Pill, and ten pieces of Saint Dragon Skin. Congratulations to Master Ruochen and Princess Luo Sha on their marriage and eternal love."

Supreme Saint Xueqi stood aside and whispered to Zhang Ruochen, "Mystic Blood Sea is one of the seven blood seas of Bloodysky Clan. Ethergod Tartarus is the leader of Mystic Blood Sea and has been famous for hundred thousands of years. Liu Shen is his emissary."

This one clan from Bloodysky Clan was comparable to the top 100 powerful realms of Celestial Court. There were many gods developed there.

Ethergod Tartarus was a giant in the entire universe. He was on equal footing with Wargod Bloodximius.

For such a big figure to send an emissary to deliver gifts, showed the importance of the marriage between Zhang Ruochen and Princess Luo Sha.

Zhang Ruochen had seen Liu Shen before. He was one of the participating cultivators of Bloodysky Clan in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. With his initial cultivation of Hundred-Shackle Realm, he was able to become Ethergod Tartarus's emissary. From this, it could be seen how the first place of Immortal Vampires against the ten clans had such a huge impact on these participating cultivators. It had almost changed their lives.

Liu Shen admired Zhang Ruochen extremely. He was very respectful standing in front of Zhang Ruochen. He didn't act like an emissary at all. Instead, he looked like a soldier looking at his commander.

"Emperor Canghu of Teal Blood Sea, under the orders of Ethergod Ptah, has given you a box of Godstone and ten herbs of Yuanhui level sacred medicine. Congratulations to Master Ruochen and Princess Luo Sha for your uniting and promising eternal love.

Another cultivator of Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

"Armageddon Blood Sea..."

...

Xueqi was a Supreme Saint of Hundred-Shackle Realm. He knew all Infernal Court's famous figures in the back of his hand. He stood beside Zhang Ruochen and introduced them one by one.

He used to dislike Zhang Ruochen, but now he admired Zhang Ruochen.

"Fang Mofeng, Mo Cuo, and Yan Hanyu have come to congratulate you under the order of Fane of Meteorite's lord."

Fane of Meteorite was ranked lower than the other major Fanes of Asura. It was only ranked 18th, but it was still considered an overlord.

In Infernal Court, whether it was the gods or Saint-level cultivators, they mostly befriended cultivators from the same clan. Just like in Kunlun's field, there were humans, dragons, and cats... However, most of the cultivators with the deepest relationships were still in their own clans.

Fane of Meteorite's lord, one of the 24 Asura Fanes, had personally sent his disciples to the engagement ceremony between Zhang Ruochen and Princess Luo Sha. It was undoubtedly a signal of friendship and closeness. It was of great significance.

Almost all the major forces of Immortal Vampires and Rakshasa had sent representatives to the engagement ceremony. They accounted for more than 70% of all cultivators. In addition, Ghosts, Stone Clan, Corpusian, Bone Clan, and Asura had sent representatives of various forces to congratulate them. The Fane of Meteorite was the most typical representative, and rank among the top forces of Asura.

The Ancient God of Knowledge of Yanluo Clan also sent an emissary to deliver gifts.

Only Nether Clan and Deathkin didn't send any cultivators. Even if they did, they would gather in South Wing to attend Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo's engagement ceremony.

Xue Chen, Xue Ningxiao, and the other cultivators of Xue Jue Family received generous gifts from all parties. They were all struck in astonishment.

It was just an engagement ceremony, but all the major forces had sent so many gifts. Wouldn't it be even more amazing when the day of the official wedding arrived?

Is this what happens when the wedding is arranged by Lord Reverend?

Was this the influence of the marriage between the two major forces?

Luo Sha had many close friends. There was the princess of the Divine Kingdom, the daughters of the gods, and the favored women of the top forces in Infernal Court. All of them were stunning and couldn't be compared with ordinary beauties.

After parting with them, Luo Sha quietly came to Zhang Ruochen's side and whispered, "It's just an engagement ceremony. You should rest first. I'll deal with them."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly and said, "As long as I don't fight with others, my injuries won't worsen."

Luo Sha wanted to persuade him again, but she saw more than ten graceful and moving figures walking over with a fragrant wind and pleasant laughter. They were the close friends of her childhood.

Feng Qingli was the disciple of Amane. Her spiritual power had reached the peak of 66th level. Although she was Rakshasi, she wasn't coquettish. She was elegant and holy.

She speculated Zhang Ruochen carefully for a moment. "Yan Wushen is dead?"

"Yes."

Zhang Ruochen was also looking at Feng Qingli. Like the other Rakshasi girls, she was very tall. Even in multiple layers of clothing, one could still see her amazing curves.

Zhang Ruochen only glanced at her casually, but it made Feng Qingli unhappy. "You've only been in Infernal Court for a short time, but there are already many rumors about you."

After a pause, she continued, "Mostly bad rumors. After the engagement, treat my junior well. If you dare to betray her, you'll die a horrible death."

She seemed to be deliberately trying to intimidate Zhang Ruochen. When she said this, her spiritual power burst out invisibly.

Zhang Ruochen saw all kinds of horrifying images suddenly. There were images of his body being cut open, images of Lord Xia Yu, Lian Xi, and other women's souls dissipating... These images seemed to be real and invaded Zhang Ruochen's heart.

It had to be said that Feng Qingli's spiritual power was very terrifying. It was far superior to Wu Jiang and Kymorpho.

A woman in red giggled. She waved her sheer-like sleeves and dispersed Feng Qingli's spiritual power, "Qingli, Master

Ruochen just came back from a life-and-death battle. He's seriously injured, yet you're so strict. If you don't feel sorry for him, my little Sha Sha will! Am I right?"

"Agree, your spiritual power is so strong. After all, Master Ruochen is only in Hundred-Shackle Realm. Even if he's not injured, he probably won't be able to withstand it. Not to say that he's still injured now. If he makes a fool of himself, he'll lose our sister's face," a charming voice chuckled.

Luo Sha stole a glance at Zhang Ruochen. Seeing that he wasn't angry, she breathed a sigh of relief.

She knew very well which of her close friends were real and which were fake. Clearly, there were many b*tches among them.

Luo Sha faked a smile and said, "Zhang Ruochen has killed a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint Celestial Captive in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting before. You'd better not provoke him. Be careful of being beaten up by him. I won't help make peace."

The woman with a charming voice was the representative. Many of her close friends were sneering.

Lord Hornless was indeed a Supreme Saint of Banshi Isshou Realm. However, not only was his spiritual power sealed but his hands were bound by divine chains. He was also heavily injured. When he was killed by Zhang Ruochen, his battle strength wasn't even comparable to a Supreme Saint at the peak of Thousand-Koan Realm.

The woman with a soft and charming voice was Princess Qi of Beyond Ancient Divine Kingdom, one of the seven great Rakshasan Divine Kingdoms. Her cultivation had reached the peak of Thousand-Koan Realm. Therefore, she didn't have much respect for Zhang Ruochen, the so-called Yuanhui-level genius.

Even if Lord Hornless was in his peak state, she was confident that she could kill him.

Luo Sha's group of close friends was all extraordinary and beautiful. Many of them had a high cultivation base.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen didn't have a good impression of them. After Luo Sha introduced them, Zhang Ruochen found an excuse and left decisively.

Princess Qi was wearing a luxurious robe made of a hundred saint flowers' petals. She was gorgeous like a flower fairy. She walked to Luo Sha's side and held her wrist. She said in a delicate voice, "Sister, I think this Yuanhui-level genius is just so-so. It's a pity that you have to marry him!"

Beside her, a goddess of noble status said sarcastically, "I didn't expect that with sister's talent, you too wouldn't be able to escape the fate of arranged marriage. After being attacked by Qingli's spiritual power, he didn't even dare to say a word. It must be because of the human blood in his body that he was so weak.

"After all, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation is quite low. He'll be the one at a disadvantage if he fights with a Supreme Saint of spiritual power at the peak of the 66th level. If it were me, I'd choose to hide too. Hehe."

"It's said that Zhang Ruochen's ranking in Tome of the Divines is very low. It's very likely that he won't be able to become a god. Poor sister."

Luo Sha kept smiling. She had been trying to control her emotions and didn't want to ruin the festive atmosphere of the engagement ceremony. However, the more they talked, the more furious she became. She couldn't control her anger anymore.

At this moment, the ceremony was filled with exclamations.

"Is this for real? Is this possible? Is there a macroworld inside him?"

"How can it be fake? At that time, many important figures entered the void space to watch the battle. The news has already spread!"

"He's only in Hundred-Shackle Realm, yet his battle prowess is so strong that he can suppress a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. This is unheard of. This is too terrifying. I'm afraid that only the two of them have such capabilities."

“It’s said that their strongest combat strength won’t stop at Banshi Isshou Realm.”

...

As the cultivators discussed, they looked at Zhang Ruochen with even more respect.

Princess Qi, Feng Qingli, and other close friends knew that they were discussing the details of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen through voice transmission. They were all shocked after getting a general understanding.

They looked at Zhang Ruochen again, not daring to underestimate him.

This Yuanhui-level genius was more powerful than they had imagined. It seemed that they couldn’t treat him as a normal Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint.

Chapter 2425: Guye

Zhang Ruochen ignored the discussions and stares of the crowd. He sat on a chair and closed his eyes to recuperate. He recalled the battle with Yan Wushen and tries to comprehend what he had experienced.

Although he has been invaded by his inner demon, his rationality had not completely disappeared at that time.

It was The Heart of Truth that had helped him preserve his last shred of clarity.

After the battle ended, Zhang Ruochen recovered with The Heart of Truth when Wargod Bloodximius planned to go Fortune Palace and ask Reverend to suppress his inner devil with Path of Destiny.

However, after the assassination of Lady Wind by Avīci Pavilion, the life-and-death battle between him and Yan Wushen happened at the same time. It was inevitable that people would suspect the connection between the two events. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen played along and pretended that he didn't know what happened, he blamed everything on his inner demons.

In the fight with Yan Wushen, Zhang Ruochen was unprecedentedly free and unrestrained. He was like a dragon soaring in the sky, displaying what he had learned in his life to his heart's content. He had a lot of enlightenment and needed to digest it carefully.

“Even if I can hide it from others, I couldn't be able to hide it from Grandpa.”

Zhang Ruochen heart trembled slightly after carefully recalling the look in the eyes of Wargod Bloodximius. He felt that those eyes seemed to have the power to see through all mysteries.

Rustle.

A faint fragrance wafted over.

There was a faint sound of footsteps.

Zhang Ruochen did not look back or release his spiritual power. However, a picturesque figure automatically appeared in his mind. She was dressed in red, her clothes fluttering in the wind. Her face was hidden in the illusion. Her posture was hidden between precepts of heaven and earth, like a gust of wind and Qi.

She was like a red dress walking without a body.

However, her posture was real.

“Master Ruochen, have you heard of Tome of the Divines?”
Guye Jing said from behind him.

The voice was like a young girl’s, cheerful and pleasant to the ear. It was also like a child’s voice, clear and innocent. If you mused for some time, her voice was like it had experienced boundless secular world and was full of life experiences.

It was just a simple question, but it gave Zhang Ruochen many wonderful feelings.

In Zhang Ruochen’s eyes, among Luo Sha’s close friends, she was the most powerful one. He could not see through her cultivation. Besides that, she could disperse Feng Qingli’s spiritual power attack with one sleeve. It proved that her strength was above Feng Qingli’s.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Of course, I’ve heard of it. It’s one of the six Heavenly Tome of Destiny in Fane of Destiny. Legend has it that the name of every cultivator in the world who has a 10% chance of becoming a god will appear on it automatically.”

“Tome of the Divines has grades A, B, C, and D. Grade A is the best. More than 70% of cultivators who can enter this grade could become a god. Master Ruochen is ranked 87th in Grade D. The probability of becoming a god is less than 20%.”

Guye Jing slowly said while reaching 10 feet away from Zhang Ruochen.

The faint fragrance was getting stronger.

Zhang Ruochen was not very interested in Tome of the Divines. He did not think that this Heavenly Tome was really that bizarre. How could a mere scroll of Heavenly Tome contain the entire universe's information in it?

However, he was still a little surprised when he heard that his ranking on Tome of the Divines was so low.

Guye Jing quietly smiled and said, "It's really incredible that a world-shaking Yuanhui-level genius is only Grade D."

The laughter did not have a hint of mockery.

It was as if she was curious and interested.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Yes, it's unbelievable."

"The ranking of Tome of the Divines is not fixed. The probability of becoming a god will gradually increase if you can make up for your own shortcomings and treat the problem right," Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen understood that this was her purpose.

He said, "Based on Fairy Guye's opinion, what flaws do I have to make up for?"

"Don't call me a fairy. You can call me demoness," Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen finally raised his head and glanced at her. His heart jumped in fear.

He saw red clouds in the sky. Strands of demonic Qi twisted inside the red sheer. He couldn't see her face clearly. He could only feel the bone-piercing coldness and the despairing aura of death.

The aura of death was stronger than Ghost, Deathkin, Bone clan, and Deathkin Supreme Saints.

Earlier, Luo Sha had introduced Guye Jing. Luo Sha said that she came from the Rāhu Mountains. Legend had it that it was the most dangerous place in Rakshasa.

After the death of Rāhu, the Demon Patriarch, his body collapsed and condensed into a realm.

Guye Jing said, "Inner demon! I heard that you went to fight Yan Wushen because you lost your mind after being invaded by your inner demon. Your inner demon has become the biggest obstacle on your path to divinity."

Zhang Ruochen was very calm. He said, "Can you help me get rid of my inner demon?"

"If you go to the Rāhu Mountains with me, it won't be difficult to get rid of your inner demon," Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and said, "What price do I have to pay?"

"I heard that Master Ruochen has a lot of Demonstone Engraving. I want to borrow them to study for a while," Guye Jing said.

So she was here for Demonstone Engraving.

Zhang Ruochen neither admitted that he had the Demonstone Engraving nor denied it, "The Rāhu Mountains is an amazing place. It must contain countless demonic techniques. I think the cultivation techniques that you're cultivating are not inferior to Demonstone Engraving."

Guye Jing could understand Zhang Ruochen's tactful refusal, "The techniques I cultivate are called Nekromanteia Portrait. They are indeed not inferior to Demonstone Engraving. However, my ranking on Tome of the Divines is far from Xuemo."

"Xuemo?"

Zhang Ruochen thought for a while and said, "Is his ranking on Tome of the Divines very high?"

"Second in Grade A," Gu Shejing said.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly understood.

Xuemo had cultivated a little more than a thousand years only, but he was able to rank so high on Tome of the Divines with the cultivation in Hundred-Shackle Realm. Everyone would naturally attribute all of this to Demonstone Engraving.

They thought that it was because he cultivated nine engravings at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen sighed, “You must have checked me since you know my ranking on Tome of the Divines. Well then, you should know that it was a matter of my previous life that I was once a cultivator in Kunlun’s field. In my previous life, I had already fallen. Even if I had Demonstone Engraving, I would have lost it.”

“Master Ruochen, you don’t have to reject yet. You can think about it. The Rāhu Mountains really has a way to help you get rid of your inner demon.”

After Guye Jing left, she suddenly said “Let me remind you, the first in Grade A of Tome of the Divines is Yuan Qianmo. He has a close relationship with Yan Zhexian.”

The fragrance disappeared, and she was gone.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that his inner demon was indeed a hindrance to his path to divinity. However, since The Heart of Truth could help him block his inner demon, he didn’t have to worry too much at the moment.

Besides, Wargod Bloodximius had once said that Path of Destiny could suppress the inner demon.

Zhang Ruochen was planning to spend more energy comprehending the Path of Destiny. It was used to deal with inner demons as well as to be ready to accept the Canon of Destiny.

Path of Destiny was not strong enough to withstand Canon of Destiny.

This was probably the reason why Fukurokuju had not given him 30 percent of Canon of Destiny.

As for what Guye Jing had said before she left, Zhang Ruochen didn’t take it personally.

That was because Zhang Ruochen planned to cultivate in seclusion for the next period of time.

First, to heal his injuries.

Second, to break through the full strength of Yin-yang Five-Elements Saintwill.

Third, to break through the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Once he reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm, the power of Demigod-level physique would be fully released. At that time, Zhang Ruochen might not be invincible under divinity, but he didn't have to fear anyone else.

"Yuan Qianmo! I hope he's not a calculative person as he's someone who got first place in Grade A in Tome of the Divines." Zhang Ruochen did not want to have a strong enemy out of nowhere.

If Yan Wushen heard Zhang Ruochen's words, the coffin would not be able to hold him down, "You call this calculative? You've fought me to death when it's just a marriage bestowed by Reverend. Now, you have made Yan Zhexian pregnant. Why can't Yuan Qianmo kill you to appease his hatred?"

Luo Sha walked over with a smile and asked curiously, "What did Jing say to you?"

"She wants to borrow Demonstone Engraving," Zhang Ruochen said straightforwardly.

Luo Sha understood how much Zhang Ruochen valued the inheritance of Kunlun's field. How could he let it pass to the cultivators of Infernal Court? So she said, "I'll talk to her."

"No need. I've already rejected her," Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha said, "You don't know her. She will take what she wants at any cost. Fortunately, I can still talk to her. Maybe I can dispel her thoughts."

Zhang Ruochen didn't stop her.

Luo Sha's identity was indeed extraordinary. Her father was the Emperor of Rakshasa, and her master was a deity. Even if Guye Jing came from The Rāhu Mountains, she would still be afraid.

Zhang Ruochen didn't ask why Luo Sha and Guye Jing could become best friends and whether they were really that close.

Boom

South Wing let out a deafening noise. Countless cultivators let out long howls as if something incredible had happened.

"What happened? Yan Wushen has already died, but they're still so excited? Didn't the engagement ceremony cancel?"

"Are they trying to cause trouble?"

...

The guests who had come to attend Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha's engagement ceremony were all very curious. They immediately sent people to gather information.

A moment later, the cultivator who had gone to gather information returned.

"What exactly happened?" Supreme Saint Xueqi asked.

The cultivator who had gathered information said, "It's said that the oracle of Mount Destiny has arrived and is preparing to bring Pan Ruo back."

"They're going to the fane now?" Supreme Saint Xueqi asked in shock.

"Yes."

"Only her?"

"Yes."

All the cultivators in North Wing were shocked.

Fuurei was stabbed to death, and the oracle of Mount Destiny immediately came to welcome Pan Ruo. What did this mean?

Could it be that Pan Ruo was going to benefit from this misfortune and become the new Scioness?

This was no longer a possibility, but a sure thing.

Pan Ruo becoming a Scioness had too much of an impact. The representatives of the three major forces of the lower three clans were all deep in thought. Then, they carved out

communication talismans and spread the news like a meteor shower.

There were cheers and acclaims from South Wing to North Wing.

Pan Ruo was as graceful as jade. She was standing straight and dignified. She wore a festive red dress and walked into North Wing. Behind her were a large group of cultivators from the Nether clan and Deathkin.

The oracle of Mount Destiny was bathed in starlight. He stood aside and waited.

Everyone looked at Pan Ruo and whispered to each other.

“What’s she doing in North Wing?”

“Better show some respect to the new Scioness. Be careful not to get into trouble later.”

“Look at how smug the Deathkins and Nether clan are. It looks like Pan Ruo came here to show off.”

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha walked side by side to greet them.

Pan Ruo stared at them, watching them approach from afar. Her face was cold and emotionless, like an iron-and-stone face.

Luo Sha was tall and had a charming smile on her face. She asked, “Congratulations, your highness. It seems that you are going to take over the position of Scioness. May I know why you are here?”

Pan Ruo looked at Luo Sha for a long time and said, “Princess Luo Sha is extremely beautiful and charming. She is indeed the favorite of all men in the world. It is Zhang Ruochen’s fortune to be able to marry you.”

Luo Sha’s red lips were crystal clear. She slightly raised the corners of her mouth and said, “Chen is a peerless genius that only appears once in a Yuanhui Period. It is my pleasure to be able to marry him.”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart tightened. Luo Sha was a bit abnormal.

Why did she suddenly become so intimate and call him “Chen”?

Could she have guessed something?

Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo’s expressions didn’t change, but they seemed tense and unnatural.

“Your Highness Pan Ruo too had the chance to marry a Yuanhui-level genius. What a pity, what a pity!” Luo Sha said.

Pan Ruo walked to a jade table and picked up the wine on the table. She filled three cups and picked up one of them, “I’m here to toast the two newlyweds, especially Zhang Ruochen. If it weren’t for you, I’m afraid I wouldn’t have been Destiny Scioness. What should I wish for the two of you? I wish the two of you a happy marriage for a hundred years.”

With that, Pan Ruo downed the wine in one gulp.

Behind her, the cultivators of Nether clan and Deathkin laughed loudly.

“Wishing you a harmonious union lasting a hundred years! Haha!”

Everyone could see that there was a hidden meaning in her words. She was clearly declaring war on Zhang Ruochen. A hundred years of harmony was fine between mortals, but to a cultivator in Supreme Saint realm, a hundred years was just a snap of the fingers.

Pan Ruo left with the oracle.

The cultivators who attended the engagement ceremony between her and Yan Wushen did not leave. Instead, they became even more jubilant, drinking and laughing.

Not long after, Wargod Bloodximius, Blood Empress, Luo Yan, Amane, and other gods arrived at the outer hall of Fortune Palace. Under the witness of Fukurokuju, Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha completed the engagement ceremony.

The time of the official marriage needed to be discussed separately.

Unlike an engagement, the official marriage could not be carried out hastily. There were many things to prepare.

After the engagement ceremony ended.

In Wargod Bloodximius' Divine Plane, he summoned Zhang Ruochen alone and asked, "Have you comprehended the true meaning of Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill after the battle with Yan Wushen?"

This sentence exposed Zhang Ruochen.

What nonsense about his inner demons had invaded his mind, making him forget the battle process? Obviously, it could not deceive Wargod Bloodximius.

Chapter 2426: Interlocution

In front of a god like Wargod Bloodximius, no cultivator could remain calm. What's more, the secret that he didn't want to reveal was exposed on the spot.

Zhang Ruochen maintained his composure and replied, "I have a slight understanding."

If he continued to deceive, it would only make Wargod Bloodximius contempt and dislike him. It was better to admit and face it calmly.

Wargod Bloodximius was not an ordinary person. There was no point in playing tricks in front of him.

Zhang Ruochen added, "The Six Paths of Reincarnation and Yin Yang Five-Element can be united into one. They represent the foundation of the truth of heaven and earth. However, it is extremely difficult to reach full strength."

"I have now integrated six types of Saintwill. It seems that I am only one step away. However, standing in my current position and seeing the road ahead, I realize that the last step is still far away."

"Difficult. It's almost impossible to unite Yin Yang Five-Element."

In the past, Zhang Ruochen stood on the ground and wanted to ascend to the sky. He saw the majestic mountain peak in the distance connecting with the sky. He thought that he could touch the sky when he climbed up the mountain peak.

He thought that it was possible.

After experiencing thousands of difficulties and blockages, Zhang Ruochen has finally climbed the mountain peak.

The people standing on the ground thought that he was only one step away from ascending to the sky. A light step would

do the job.

However, only Zhang Ruochen, who was standing at the peak of the mountain knew that he was still infinitely far away from the sky. It was many times farther than the road he had taken.

In the past, there was at least a road to climb the mountain. Now, there was no road at all!

The battle with Yan Wushen showed Zhang Ruochen the distance between him and the sky.

The clearer he saw it, the more desperate he felt.

If Zhang Ruochen hadn't been a mortal for three lifetimes and experienced every difficult situation, he would have broken down and given up on ascending to the sky.

"Are you going to give up, or do you want to continue?" asked Wargod Bloodximus.

"I want to continue. I want to condense Grade One Saintwill no matter what it cost," Zhang Ruochen said without hesitation.

Clad in the divine armor, Wargod Bloodximus sat in the center of his Divine Plane. He was silent for a long time, "Only a cultivator who has condensed Grade Two Saintwill can understand the difficulty of condensing Grade One Saintwill. The Saintwill you've cultivated has reached the limit of a Grade Two Saintwill. It even has a hint of the charm of Grade One Saintwill. It's a Grade One I've never reached before."

At this point, Wargod Bloodximus paused and then said, "You should know very well now how far you are from Grade One Saintwill, right?"

"Very clear," Zhang Ruochen said.

Wargod Bloodximus looked into the sky and said, "I too wanted to walk the path of cultivating Grade One Saintwill. However, I gave up in the end due to various reasons. After becoming a god, I've got a deeper understanding of Saintwills, Canons, and precepts of heaven and earth. Do you want to hear it?"

“Please guide me, Wargod.”

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands and bowed.

There were very few cultivators in the world who could guide Zhang Ruochen to break through Grade One Saintwill and find a road for him. Wargod Bloodximius, was one of the few.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “I don’t know how to condense Grade One Saintwill. But I’m sure that with your current ability, it’s impossible to condense it successfully.

“Condensing Saintwill requires external conditions as well as self-strengthening conditions.

“As for external conditions, you have Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and Violet Gourd. They’re all rare treasures. I can even send you to Fane of Immortality and lend you a hand. So external conditions aren’t important.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What more do I need to improve myself?”

Wargod Bloodximius stretched out his right index finger and said, “First, advance your cultivation to the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm and break all the shackles in your body.”

Then he stretched out his middle finger and said, “Second, spiritual power. Your spiritual power must be improved to a more powerful level.”

“My spiritual power has reached the 65th level,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Wargod Bloodximius shook his head, “For other Supreme Saints, the 65th level is already very impressive. However, if you want to integrate with Grade One Saintwill, your spiritual power is far from enough. If you can become a god with spiritual power and reach the 70th level, it will be a great help to integrate with Saintwills.”

Zhang Ruochen’s pupils constricted.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t even dare to imagine that he could reach the 70th level of spiritual power and become a god in Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The 70th level of spiritual power was enough to challenge a TrueGod.

Before he could say anything, Wargod Bloodximius said, “Considering your young age and lack of experience, it’s almost impossible for you to reach the 70th level of spiritual power in a thousand years. So, I want you to reach level 67 or level 68 of spiritual power first.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “With the help of Sundial, even if it takes 1,000 or 2,000 years, I will reach level 70 of spiritual power. It’s the best preparation to integrate with the Saintwills.”

Zhang Ruochen thought that he would get the support of Wargod Bloodximius, but this time, Wargod Bloodximius stared at him without saying a word.

“What do you think is wrong?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “If we only rely on time treasures and Time Arrays to create top-level elites without limit. The number of gods in Infernal Court would be many times more than now. They would have already turned Celestial Court into ashes.

“Sundial is indeed a very powerful time treasure. If Sundial had not been destroyed, it does have that kind of ability.

“Sundial could cover a very wide area. When a cultivator cultivates in it, one could experience, fight, and comprehend inside it. One can experience all kinds of things in life and the world.”

Zhang Ruochen said thoughtfully, “Wargod, you mean that Sundial is incomplete. It can only be used for me to cultivate in it, but not for me to fight and experience in it?”

“You can think of it that way!”

Wargod Bloodximius said, “There are no less than 10 time treasures like the broken Sundial in Infernal Court. Most of them are given to Saint-level cultivators to rapidly increase their cultivation.

“To gods, it’s useless.

“Unless the range of the time treasure can cover the entire body of the god and the entire Divine Plane.

“Even so, the powerful power of a god will still impact Mark of Time, making it unable to enter the god’s body. Just like your current attainments in Time, you can pose a threat to any Saint-level cultivator, but you can’t do anything to a god. You won’t be able to cut off a god’s lifespan if he stood there and let you.”

Wargod Bloodximus continued, “It only took you a very short time to raise your spiritual power from level 60 to level 65. This was the help of Divine Sky-connecting Tree’s Heart of the Divine Tree and Intergold Tiger. However, have you digested the knowledge contained in Heart of the Divine Tree?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Wargod Bloodximus said, “The knowledge contained in Heart of the Divine Tree is already vast enough. With this foundation, it will be much easier for you to cultivate your spiritual power.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “The knowledge contained in Heart of the Divine Tree is all-encompassing. It includes astronomy, geography, the mystery of the arrays, Talisman, pills, language, logic, and arithmetic... Although I have integrated this knowledge, they are still disordered in my mind. Only by deliberately meditating can I find the information I want.”

Wargod Bloodximus asked, “You haven’t integrated Path of Fire Saintwill yet, right? ”

“That’s right.”

“Then let me ask you a question. What is Path of Fire?”

Zhang Ruochen was stunned.

“Is there no knowledge related to Path of Fire contained in Divine Sky-connecting Tree?”

There was.

Of course there was, and there were many of them.

It was because there were too many of them that Zhang Ruochen had no idea how to answer them.

If he organized all the knowledge about Divine Sky-connecting Tree and wrote it down on paper, he could probably load dozens of carriages.

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully. The more he thought about it, the more things appeared in his mind. They were countless and endless making his head hurt more and more. It was as if thousands of needles were stabbing his scalp

“AH!”

With a scream, Zhang Ruochen fell to the ground.

Wargod Bloodximus watched quietly and did not help him, “Although you have integrated Divine Sky-connecting Tree’s knowledge, this knowledge doesn’t belong to you. You still need countless years of tempering and digestion before it can be completely transformed into something that belongs to you. By then, you should be able to become a god with your spiritual power and reach level 70.

“And this process isn’t something that you can complete by using Sundial. In Sundial, even if you cultivate for a thousand years or ten thousand years, the final result will be the same as now. You’ll have a splitting headache as if you’ve gone mad.

“If you want to completely transform this knowledge into your own, you need to travel thousands of miles, experience thousands of worldly affairs, and truly comprehend the knowledge from the details of your experiences.”

Zhang Ruochen forced himself to stop thinking. Gradually, the pain in his head lessened. He got up from the ground, drenched.

Wargod Bloodximus continued, “Walking is an experience. Eating is an experience. Taking a wife is an experience. Killing is an experience. Saving people is also an experience. Everything you experience is an experience. It’s all about comprehension.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Thank you for your guidance, Wargod.”

Wargod Bloodximius said, “Do you know that with your current cultivation, you can be stronger?”

“Stronger? How strong can I be?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “Strong enough that if you do it all over again, you can defeat Yan Wushen without getting hurt. Do you know why you are so weak?”

If a Supreme Saint of Infernal Court heard this, one would cry.

How was Zhang Ruochen weak?

Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “Whether it’s your spiritual power or cultivation, you have improved too quickly. You lack the necessary stabilization.

“You have both Five-element Chaotic Saint Qi and Blood force in your body, but they’re too mixed and not condensed enough. The result is that you can’t cast saint techniques fast enough, and activate the power of Supreme Artifact strong enough. Your reaction speed to danger is slow.”

Zhang Ruochen was deeply touched because it was always difficult to trigger ten times the attack when fighting with top masters. Moreover, it was difficult to perform Thousand-Koan level’s advanced Saint technique in the shortest time.

Wargod Bloodximius continued, “You have Five-element Chaotic Neverwither Physique and Demigod-level physique. You should be invincible in all battles. However, you were repeatedly injured when fighting with Que, Yan Wushen, and Lan Ying. Your Neverwither physique is like paper, and your Demigod-level physique is like tofu.”

Zhang Ruochen did not admit it in his heart. After all, Que, Yan Wushen, Lan Ying, and others were all extraordinary people. It was not shameful to be injured by them.

Besides, they were more seriously injured.

Wargod Bloodximius seemed to see what he was thinking. He said, “You are a person who wants to fuse with Grade One Saintwill. You should look further. Don’t compare yourself with them. Treat them like ants.”

Who knew how Que, Lan Ying, and the others would think when they heard this?

Wargod Bloodximius said: "Your physical body is strong but you have no idea on how to use its powers and protect yourself. What you are facing now is only Supreme Saints like Que, Yan Wushen, and the others. You can still use your physical body to block their attacks and even withstand their attacks.

"If you're facing a Supreme Saint of Banshi Isshou Realm or Paramount Realm, they can break your body into pieces with a single strike. Don't you think it's ridiculous that you can't resist their attacks even though you have the Five-element Chaotic Neverwithier Physique and Demigod-level physique?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "So, the third point to fuse Grade One Saintwill is that I have to condense the Qi in my body and perfectly control my physical body?"

Wargod Bloodximius nodded with satisfaction. He had to admit that Zhang Ruochen had a high comprehension ability.

He stretched out his fourth finger and said, "The fourth point is Saint Soul.

"There are many Scion and Scioness in Celestial Court and Infernal Court. Divinity was born with them and their souls were very powerful. Unfortunately, when your mother gave birth to you, she hadn't become a God yet. Otherwise, your Saint Soul would be much stronger than it is now.

"The fastest way to improve your Saint Soul is to refine The Stellar Soul of God. It just so happens that there's a bit left in Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Go find it yourself and use it.

"I've said so much, but there's only one sentence that sums up all. If you want to fuse a Grade One Saintwill, you have to be the strongest in every aspects of Hundred-Shackle Realm. Spiritual power is the key."

"I understand!" Zhang Ruochen bowed again.

Wargod Bloodximius finally asked, "Why did you pretend to be invaded by inner demons?"

Zhang Ruochen had already thought about how to answer, “Actually, my mind was really invaded by inner demons. It’s just that... I have a treasure on me that helps me keep my last shred of clarity. I can’t reveal that treasure no matter what. There were other gods around, so I naturally couldn’t tell the truth.”

Zhang Ruochen planned to reveal the secret of The Heart of Truth. He couldn’t hide it anymore.

If Wargod Bloodximius also coveted this treasure, Zhang Ruochen could just give it to him to save his own life. Of course, Zhang Ruochen believed in Wargod Bloodximius’s temperament more.

As the most outstanding hero of the last Yuanhui period, he had great luck and countless treasures. How could he steal a treasure from his grandson?

If Wargod Bloodximius didn’t show any interest, Zhang Ruochen could trust him more in the future. He could truly see him as his backer in Infernal Court.

Something unexpected happened..

Wargod Bloodximius said, “Since you can’t reveal it, you don’t have to say anything. Hide your secret. Next, is the second matter. Do you understand the meaning behind Fukurokuju’s marriage to you and Luo Sha?”

“I do! It’s to help me gain a foothold in the Infernal Court world,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “Actually, there’s a hidden meaning. It’s to keep you in Infernal Court forever. The deeper your connection with Infernal Court is, the harder it will be for you to leave in the future. You are a person who values relationships. Only relations can become your bond.”

“I...” Zhang Ruochen’s face changed, and his eyes became serious.

“You don’t have to deny it. Even if you really want to leave in the future, you will still be my grandson and a disciple of Xue Jue family. However, I’m afraid that many things will not be up to you now. At the moment, I’m standing on the side of

Infernal Court. Of course, I hope that you'll stay and do something. Thus, you have to be mentally prepared."

Chapter 2427: Lord Xia Yu's Question

Swoosh!

With a wave of his long sleeve, a small brass cauldron flew out and hovered in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Hexadirection Cauldron.

“This cauldron belonged to the master of Lancern Ocean, Yu Sanjie also known as Lord Labrys. While Yu Sanjie was cultivating in seclusion, it was stolen by Immortal Blue Marrow.

“Immortal Blue Marrow wanted to borrow Hexadirection Cauldron to cross the bottleneck of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. Immortal Blue Marrow was afraid that after Yu Sanjie finished his seclusion, he would investigate this matter. Thus, Immortal Blue Marrow hid inside the third dark star.

“Unfortunately, Immortal Blue Marrow didn't expect that the third dark star would give birth to Dark Elemental. He also underestimated the danger of a dark star and died inside.”

Zhang Ruochen understood.

He had always suspected how could Immortal Blue Marrow a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint have such a treasure as Hexadirection Cauldron?

“A Supreme Saint dares to steal a treasure from a god. Immortal Blue Marrow is really audacious,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Wargod Bloodximus said, “Immortal Blue Marrow doesn't have much time left, and he definitely can't break through to Paramount Realm on his own. He naturally dares to take risks in order to advance and survive.”

Zhang Ruochen wanted to know more about the god, so he asked tentatively, “I heard that gods are omnipotent and omniscient. How could Lord Labrys not notice when Immortal Blue Marrow stole Hexadirection Cauldron? Besides, did Lord Labrys not leave a divine spirit clone to guard the cauldron? Or did he carry the cauldron with him?”

Wargod Bloodximus had achieved his status and strength, thus he dared to call Lord Labrys by his name. However, Zhang Ruochen did not dare to be so arrogant.

Wargod Bloodximus said, “The gods are not as omnipotent as you think, and Supmere Saints aren’t as weak as you think. The gods know a lot of things because they have countless divine spirits.

“If it’s just one divine spirit, even a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint can destroy it. Just like a Saint King could easily destroy one of your divine spirits.

“Secondly, a god’s prediction ability is limited. The higher the cultivation base of the predictor, the harder it is to predict.

“Even for the gods, is not an easy task to predict a Supreme Saint’s action. Unless there is a special relationship between the two, such as a bloodline relationship, master-disciple relationship, and so on. Only then, it will be much easier to predict.

“Therefore, unless Yu Sanjie forms a powerful clone using a large number of divine spirits, only then will it be possible to suppress Immortal Blue Marrow.

“In addition, Hexadirection Cauldron doesn’t belong to Celestial Court nor Infernal Court, but a vessel from the desolate starry sky. Its vessel spirit is powerful, but it has been sleeping. Yu Sanjie hasn’t subdued it, so there are huge variables. How could Yu Sanjie dare to take it with him when he is in closed-door cultivation?”

Zhang Ruochen had many secrets. After coming to Infernal Court, he had been careful as if he was treading on thin ice. The most fundamental reason was that he did not know

enough about the power of the gods. He did not know whether his secrets would be discovered by the gods.

After listening to the words of Wargod Bloodximius, Zhang Ruochen realized that with his current cultivation base, he did not need to be too afraid of the gods.

Unless the gods themselves made a move.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Has Wargod met Lord Labrys?"

Wargod Bloodximius snorted. "How could Yu Sanjie not know that Hexadirection Cauldron has come into being? However, no one in the world can take it away from me. Hexadirection Cauldron was obtained by you from the inside of the third dark star. Naturally, I won't return it to him."

Zhang Ruochen only thought about it secretly. In his mind, he could picture the battle between Wargod Bloodximius and Lord Labrys.

Unfortunately, Hexadirection Cauldron was in the hands of Wargod Bloodximius now. Lord Labrys was doomed to not be able to take the treasure back.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen thought of something and said, "You said that the vessel spirit of Hexadirection Cauldron is powerful and has been sleeping?"

To be called powerful by Wargod Bloodximius was definitely not simple.

Wargod Bloodximius nodded and said, "There are huge variables and potential dangers in this cauldron. You can't suppress it, so I can't give it to you yet. I plan to give it to your mother temporarily and let her keep it. Do you have any objections?"

"No objections," Zhang Ruochen said.

Wargod Bloodximius said, "Emperor Grade Saint Pill in the cauldron is the material that Immortal Blue Marrow has collected for countless years. He was going to refine it to break through to Paramount Realm. Unfortunately, his attainments in Elixir were a little lacking and he almost didn't

succeed. In the end, it succeeded because Dark Elemental refined him into the pill and turned him into an Elixir Spirit.

“When your cultivation reaches the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm, you can ask your mother for it. Swallowing this pill will be of great help to you in breaking through to Paramount Realm.”

Them, Hexadirection Cauldron was kept by Wargod Bloodximius. Now it's about Madre Bloody Shadow and Pale Blood Soil.

It was said that Madre Bloody Shadow's true form divine tree was taken away by Ancient God of Knowledge from Fukurokuju.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “Pale Blood Soil is very mysterious. It is known as the number one treasure of Immortal Vampires. Many gods have never seen it before. It is still a secret that you can refine and absorb Pale Blood Soil. However, this secret won't last long.”

“What will happen if this secret is made public?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Wargod Bloodximius's eyes were sharp, “You will become a human form, Divine Herb. Everyone will want to suck your blood and eat your flesh and bones. Of course, you don't have to worry too much. With your current background, not many people dare to touch you.”

In the end, Wargod Bloodximius reminded Zhang Ruochen, “Refining and absorbing Pale Blood Soil has indeed made your body stronger. Your self-healing ability is top-notch now. You can recover even if your body is torn to pieces. You are almost immortal. However, there is no absolute immortal body in the world. People who think they are immortal usually die the fastest.

“There are endless mysteries in Pale Blood Soil. You can slowly experience it yourself in the future.”

Zhang Ruochen thought in his heart. Why did Wargod Bloodximius say such a thing? Could it be that he had also refined and absorbed Pale Blood Soil?

Zhang Ruochen did not ask this question in the end.

Wargod Bloodximus mentioned Yan Zhexian and Intergold Tiger again and told Zhang Ruochen some things. After listening, Zhang Ruochen didn't say anything. He just nodded slightly.

“One last thing... Forget it. You can leave now!”

Wargod Bloodximus wanted to say something but stopped. He finally waved his hand and signaled Zhang Ruochen to leave.

Zhang Ruochen had a strange look on his face. He was curious. What was the last thing that Wargod Bloodximus was going to say?

One had to know that Wargod Bloodximus had always been decisive and strong. He rarely showed such a look.

“I'll take my leave.”

After Zhang Ruochen left, Wargod Bloodximus shook his head and sighed. He said to himself, “Let Qingsheng talk to him about secular matters. It's not appropriate for me to talk about it personally.”

Then, Wargod Bloodximus opened his left palm. There was a jade token in his palm.

There were words carved on the surface of the jade token — Jadeite.

” It's a little subtle that Jadeite Realm is activated at this time.” He played with the jade token while his eyes became deeper and deeper.

...

The news of Pan Ruochen becoming a new Scioness had been officially confirmed and the news quickly spread.

The details of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen had spread like wildfire.

Some people claimed that both Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen had supreme treasures. They could defeat a

Paramount Realm Supreme Saint with the cultivation of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

There were also rumors that Zhang Ruochen could defeat Yan Wushen because he had inherited the treasures of Kunlun's field and had a lot of Canons.

There were all kinds of rumors, and each one was exaggerated.

They were meant to incite the audacious murderers to attack Zhang Ruochen. Let others do the dirty job of killing Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen didn't care about the rumors in the outside world. He didn't want to explain himself either. He went straight back to Vastsea Manor and prepared to seclude himself to heal his injuries.

...

Lord Xia Yu wore a cyan feather robe. The violet gold phoenix hairpin was stuck in her hair. Her temperament was elegant and didn't contain the evil feeling that a cultivator from Infernal Court should have.

The cultivators of Bloodysky Clan who participated in Celestial-Hunting Festival stayed in Bingsi District because they had to enter Fane of Destiny to cultivate.

They all had respectful expressions on their faces when they saw her walking down the street.

Although Lord Xia Yu had suffered a crushing defeat in the battle with Yan Huangtu and had almost fallen, she displayed the elegant demeanor of Bloodysky Clan and Immortal Vampires. Thus, gaining her the respect of countless cultivators.

Lord Xia Yu had gone through a life-and-death situation once, so her state of mind had undergone a huge change. Her temperament was completely different from before. She had a feeling that she was hidden in the clouds. She was different from her past self who showed everything on her face and didn't know how to restrain herself.

Lord Xia Yu had heard a lot of news along the way.

There was news of Immortal Vampires taking first place in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, news of Fukurokuju's bestowed marriage, news of Lady Wind's death, and news of Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's life-and-death battle.

"I didn't expect so many things to happen while I was asleep."

Before she knew it, Lord Xia Yu had arrived outside Vastsea Manor. She paused and hesitated whether she should go in.

A moment later, she stepped forward and said, "Xia Yu of the Xias has come to pay a visit to Supreme Saint Ruochen."

Whether it was because of the array inscriptions all over Vastsea Manor, or because of Zhang Ruochen's position in her heart, she could no longer barge in like before.

Lian Xi opened the array restriction and looked at Xia Yu standing outside. She said gently, "Supreme Saint Ruochen has been summoned by Wargod. He hasn't returned yet."

"Okay, I'll go in and wait for him," Lord Xia Yu said.

Lian Xi clearly has knowledge of Lord Xia Yu's ability and knew that she held a high position in Zhang Ruochen's heart, so she did not stop her.

Lord Xia Yu did not have a good impression of the cultivators of Celestial Court. She walked in front and said, "As a fairy of Celestial Court and a goddess in the hearts of countless cultivators, are you willing to be Zhang Ruochen's handmaiden?"

Lian Xi was silent.

"That's right. You have no other choice."

Lord Xia Yu walked to a pavilion in the lake. She put her hands behind her back and looked at the beautiful scenery in front of her. She asked, "Can you tell me what happened in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting? Why did I come back to life after I died?"

Lian Xi could watch the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms. Therefore, she knew what had happened.

"Zhang Ruochen saved you," Lian Xi said softly.

Lord Xia Yu said, “I know. He must have saved me. What I want to know is the process, the details, and the answer that has puzzled me for a long time.”

Lian Xi didn't want to pay attention to Lord Xia Yu, but thinking that she couldn't afford to offend her, “Zhang Ruochen is really good to you. He used his blood to rebuild your body.”

Blood Qi was very important to Immortal Vampires.

No matter how close Immortal Vampires were, it was difficult for them to cut open their own blood vessels without hesitation and give their blood to another person.

Hearing that Zhang Ruochen had captured The Eight Sons of Life and Death of Yanluo clan and used the blood of the eight elites to make up for her lost blood Qi, Lord Xia Yu's eyes lit up and her heart beat faster.

Lord Xia Yu was both angry and touched when she heard that Zhang Ruochen had been controlled by Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian everywhere in order to take back her Saint Soul and spiritual power.

When she heard that Zhang Ruochen had not given up on her when he had to make a choice between the future of Immortal Vampires and her life, she realized that Zhang Ruochen really cared about her.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen had helped her everywhere, even giving her a Supreme Artifact. Lord Xia Yu had always thought that Zhang Ruochen had other intentions. He coveted her beauty and wanted to take her into the harem of Sevenstar Imperial Palace to become like Lian Xi, the woman he had toyed with.

However, after experiencing Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Lord Xia Yu had a deeper understanding of Zhang Ruochen. She gradually changed her biased thinking.

With Zhang Ruochen's status and talent, he could have all kinds of beauty if he wants.

If he only wanted her beauty, how could he save her at all costs?

“Zhang Ruochen is a true and righteous person. He is different from those insidious cultivators in Infernal Court and different from those hypocritical cultivators in Celestial Court.”

Lord Xia Yu closed her eyes, but Zhang Ruochen’s figure unconsciously appeared in her mind. She could not get rid of him.

This man had been imprinted in her heart. She would never forget him.

Standing aside, Lian Xi understood what Lord Xia Yu was thinking.

How could a woman be indifferent after being so valued and protected by the most powerful genius of this Yuanhui period?

Even she was a little envious.

Unfortunately, Lian Xi also felt sad for Lord Xia Yu. After all, Zhang Ruochen was too outstanding. Only noble daughters like Luo Sha and Yan Zhexian were worthy of him.

Lord Xia Yu could only be a concubine.

If Luo Sha was pushy, Lord Xia Yu could only be an external concubine and could not enter Xue Jue family.

When Zhang Ruochen returned to Vastsea Manor, he happened to see the two girls standing by the lakeside. A surprised look appeared in his eyes. He walked over and said, “You’ve recovered so quickly?”

Lord Xia Yu had already composed her emotions, she said calmly, “I was too heavily injured this time. Fortunately, Blood Empress helped me to integrate my spiritual power and Saint Soul into my body. However, it will take at least 20 years for me to fully recover.”

“Go in Sundial and cultivate. Recover as soon as possible. It’s a rare opportunity to cultivate in Fane of Destiny. Don’t miss it!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu hesitated for a moment and said, “You don’t have to be so nice to me. I’m afraid I can’t repay you.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned and looked at her carefully, “What’s wrong? Where did the high-spirited, arrogant and capricious Lord Xia Yu go? Just with the failure of Yan Huangtu made her lose her confidence? The Xias entitled you Lord, you have to act like one too.”

“No, it has nothing to do with Yan Huangtu.”

Lord Xia Yu hesitated for a while and finally mustered up her courage and said, “I heard that there is also an Empress in Kunlun’s field who has a close relationship with you. Are you treating me so well just because I have her shadow? Is she also so arrogant and willful? Is she also so domineering and haughty?”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression tightened, and the air around him became colder.

After saying this, Lord Xia Yu regretted it immediately.

She had checked Zhang Ruochen’s information and knew that this matter was taboo for him to mention. But today, she could not help but say it.

The space seemed to be frozen. The more quiet Zhang Ruochen was, the heavier Lord Xia Yu’s mood became.

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen said coldly, “That Empress is very powerful. You are worse than her a hundred times. Don’t even think about competing with her. I asked you to recover as soon as possible because there is a secret matter that I want you to do for me personally. In the entire Infernal Court, there are not many people I can trust. You are one of the few.”

Lord Xia Yu was not angry at Zhang Ruochen’s derision. After all, that Empress was indeed an extraordinary woman. Of course, she did not admit defeat. Just because she could not compete with her now doesn’t mean that she couldn’t compete with her in the future.

She asked, “What’s the matter? Do I have to go?”

“Help me find someone. Someone from Kunlun’s Field.”

“A man or a woman?”

Zhang Ruochen stared at her and said, “A woman.”

Chapter 2428: A Visit From God

Lord Xia Yu's expression kept changing. First, she was wondering why Zhang Ruochen had asked her to look for the person personally?

Second, she was wondering how Zhang Ruochen knew that a woman from Kunlun's field had come to Infernal Court? Could there be cultivators from Kunlun's field hiding in Infernal Court?

Third, she was wondering if this matter would attract the attention of the god and bring disaster to the Xias.

After a while, Lord Xia Yu was very cautious. She asked telepathically, "Who is it?"

"Mu Lingxi, the disciple of Moon Goddess," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu couldn't help but ask, "How did you know she came to Infernal Court?"

Zhang Ruochen took out Mu Lingxi's Bracelet of Dimension and said, "Do you know why I taught Warlord Mara a lesson on Arena of Life and Death? It's because of this Bracelet of Dimension. It's something I gave to Mu Lingxi."

Lord Xia Yu breathed a sigh of relief and said, "So you deduced that Mu Lingxi had come to Infernal Court through this bracelet?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Lord Xia Yu had wanted to ask why Mu Lingxi had come to Infernal Court.

But after thinking about it carefully, she thought it was stupid to ask this question, so she shut her mouth.

With Zhang Ruochen's current status and identity, it was not difficult for him to protect Mu Lingxi in Infernal Court. Unless

Mu Lingxi was too unlucky and fell into the hands of Zhang Ruochen's enemies.

Lord Xia Yu had looked up Zhang Ruochen's information, so she knew who Mu Lingxi was. She could be said to be Zhang Ruochen's number one confidante in Celestial Court. Since Zhang Ruochen had entrusted this matter to her, she naturally had to take it seriously. She won't let anyone know about it.

Lord Xia Yu said, "You joined Infernal Court and killed countless Celestial Captives, including Supreme Saint Manjian. Mu Lingxi must have been ostracized by all sides. Of course, she can't continue to stay in Guanghan. It's understandable that she came to Infernal Court to seek refuge with you. However, if you can guess that Mu Lingxi came to Infernal Court, would Warlord Mara guess it too?"

"With your strength, are you afraid of him?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

A smile appeared on Lord Xia Yu's face. She said, "In your opinion, which path will Mu Lingxi take to come to Infernal Court?"

Zhang Ruochen had analyzed it many times, he said, "The closest place between Kunlun's field and milky way of styx of Infernal Court is about a light-year away. It's about 20 trillion miles away. No one can cross it except for the gods. Therefore, you could firstly rule out the possibility of her crossing the milky way."

The length of milky way of styx, which was the size of the entire Infernal Court, was more than 100,000 light-years.

The distance of one light-year was actually very close. It could be said that Kunlun's field and Infernal Court were very close to each other. (the diameter of the milky way was about 100,000 light-years. It was one of the hundred billions of galaxies in the known universe, some of which could be millions of light-years in diameter. Therefore, the length of Infernal Court is 100,000 light-years. In the universe, it is not too big.)

If it were not for the array left by Lord of Nephilim Island, Kunlun's field and the surrounding starry sky would have been swallowed and assimilated by milky way of styx.

Zhang Ruochen continued, "The major teleportation arrays and spatial wormholes in Kunlun's Field and Infernal Court are all heavily guarded by Infernal Court. It should be difficult for Mu Lingxi to muddle through. Therefore, it can be ruled out too.

"I think the biggest possibility is that she came by Sanzu River.

"There is a special space gap in Kunlun's field that is connected to Sanzu River in Infernal Court. Plus, Sanzu River is so vast that Infernal Court can't completely guard it. It's the easiest place to enter Infernal Court."

After listening to Zhang Ruochen's analysis, Lord Xia Yu shook her head, "Sanzu River is controlled by Ghost, Corpusian, and Bone clan. It is too dangerous to go there. Moreover, it is in the territory of the three middle clans. It is still infinitely far to reach Immortal Vampires from Sanzu River. If she doesn't go through teleportation arrays and spatial wormholes, she may never reach the territory of Immortal Vampires."

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. He asked, "Which path do you think she will take?"

Lord Xia Yu said, "For the cultivators of Kunlun's field, maybe Sanzu River is the only gap. But for the cultivators of Celestial Court, there are many ways to enter Infernal Court.

"Infernal Court is too big. The core area controlled by the ten clans is less than half of milky way of styx. The wider starry sky is in a chaotic area where small clans, small forces, and small tribes fight each other. It is also a place where the big forces of the ten clans fight in secret. The conflict of interests is very fierce, and there are many cultivators of Celestial Court mixed in.

"Mu Lingxi wanted to come to Infernal Court to find you. Her destination must be the Dominion of Bloodysky Clan.

“If I were her, the first step would be to reach the edge of Infernal Court first.

“The second step is to spend Godstones and go through the dark forces: sneak into the Bloodysky Clan’s Dominion through the teleportation array that is not supervised by the ten clans, Fane of Destiny, and Fane of Darkness.”

“There are many dark forces at the edge of Infernal Court. The more famous ones are Avīci Pavilion, Pneuma Hall, League of Ourang Celeste, and the Enchanteur Chamber. They are known as the ten giants of Infernal Court’s Dark World. Each one ran by gods. They are so powerful that even Fane of Destiny can’t completely destroy them.”

Lord Xia Yu continued, “From the edge of Infernal Court to the Bloodysky Clan’s Dominion, there is a path that must be taken. It is called Hoth. To be exact, it is the path that the cultivators of the dark world must pass.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Since it is the path that must be taken to the Bloodysky Clan’s Dominion, why didn’t the gods of Bloodysky Clan destroy Hoth and cut off this path?”

Lord Xia Yu shook his head, “Hoth is an eighth-level planet, ten billion times bigger than an ordinary planet. There are trillions of intelligent lives and countless cultivators living on it. Ordinary gods can’t destroy it at all. This is one of the reasons.”

“The second reason is that Hoth is too profitable. All the major forces of Bloodysky Clan have businesses there, including your Xue Jue Family. Destroying Hoth is equivalent to cutting off a source of income.

“The third reason is that the Master of Hoth is said to be an extraordinary figure who has a close relationship with Fane of Immortality.

“It is the combination of these relationships that have caused Hoth to become a place that no force can control. The major dark forces there are rampant, and countless shady deals are made there too.

“If you want me to find her, my first destination will definitely be Hoth. Also, you’d better give me a token from Xue Jue family. That way, I can save a lot of trouble on Hoth.”

“You know more about Infernal Court than I do. I trust your judgment.”

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself. Avīci Pavilion was very powerful in the dark world, he could ask his master to help find Mu Lingxi. Both openly and covertly could the operation be done.

He used to worry that letting Avīci Pavilion interfere in this matter would harm Mu Lingxi instead.

Now that he knew that the gods were not as omnipotent as he had imagined, Zhang Ruochen was naturally more daring. He could do things more freely.

“Master, Supreme Saint Qingsheng is here to visit.” Zhou Zhen walked over and bowed to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, “It’s about time. Please invite uncle in.”

Zhou Zhen retreated.

A moment later, Supreme Saint Qingsheng and an old man in black walked into Vastsea Manor side by side.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was extraordinary. His red hair was like blood. Along the way, he gave Zhou Zhen, Lian Xi, and the others great pressure. They didn’t dare to look up.

However, the old man who walked with him didn’t have a trace of a saint’s might. He gave people a simple, unadorned, and unfathomable feeling.

Lord Xia Yu glanced at the elder. She, who was usually calm, suddenly changed her expression. She stood up abruptly and retreated to the side.

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised to see her behavior. He could not help but observe the elder in black carefully. The more he looked, the more shocked he became. He felt that this person was not in space at all. It was as if he was walking in another world.

Even though he didn't have any aura, the pressure in Zhang Ruochen's heart grew stronger as he walked closer.

He was even more terrifying than a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. It was obvious that he was a god.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and cupped his fists. "Greetings, God."

Yuan Yi, Lord of Fane of Thousand Clearwater smiled gently with the wrinkles on his face. "Ruochen, you've done wonders for Immortal Vampires and Bloodysky Clan. I'm really impressed with your doing. I've wanted to visit you for a long time."

Zhou Zhen, Lian Xi, and the others were shocked beyond words. Zhang Ruochen's status in Infernal Court had reached such a terrifying level? Even gods had come to visit him personally.

Lord Xia Yu stepped back and was about to leave.

Lord of Fane of Thousand Clearwater noticed her and said, "Lord Xia Yu, don't go yet. I'm here to see you too."

Lord Xia Yu stopped, but her face was still cold. She didn't flatter or be humble just because the other party was a god. She didn't want to be bothered.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng introduced, "Ruochen, this is the Lord of Fane of Thousand Clearwater, one of the gods of Bloodysky Clan."

The confusion in Zhang Ruochen's heart disappeared instantly. He showed a thoughtful look.

Fane of Thousand Clearwater and Lord Xia Yu's Xias were both located on the southern ridge of the Dominion of Bloodysky Clan. They were the two of the more powerful forces in the southern ridge.

After the ancestor of the Xias died, Fane of Thousand Clearwater had been encroaching on the Xias' territory. Both sides had a deep grudge.

The Xias had close to 300 billion people. They had seven saint cities and countless Saint-level cultivators. However, after so

many years of fighting, the Xias suffered heavy losses. Four of the seven saint cities had been lost.

The Xias were not far away from extermination.

Infernal Court was just as cruel as it was. The internal struggles between the powers had never stopped. It was very normal for power without a deity to be swallowed by a power with a deity.

Lord Xia Yu's outstanding performance in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and ability to condense a Grade Three Saintwill meant that she would definitely receive Immortal Vampire's attention and nurture. In the future, she would very likely become a TrueGod.

Yuan Yi, Lord of Fane of Thousand Clearwater, was just a pseudo god. How could he not be afraid?

Once Lord Xia Yu became a god, he would be the first one to be dealt with.

Lord of Fane of Thousand Clearwater could certainly nip Lord Xia Yu in the bud, but Zhang Ruochen was standing behind Lord Xia Yu. After what happened in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, everyone could see how much Zhang Ruochen valued Lord Xia Yu.

If he dared to touch Lord Xia Yu, how could Zhang Ruochen not take revenge on Fane of Thousand Clearwater?

If Fane of Thousand Clearwater was not a force of Bloodysky Clan, but another clan, with Yuan Yi's identity, he would not be afraid of Zhang Ruochen.

However, Wargod Bloodximius had become the leader of Bloodysky Clan, and Zhang Ruochen was highly valued.

Thus, Yuan Yi had to lower himself and take the initiative to visit Zhang Ruochen.

Of course, what really crushed Yuan Yi was a message from Blood Empress not long ago. "I think highly of Lord Xia Yu. How about letting the Xias go?"

Lord Xia Yu had the potential to become a god. She was beautiful and has Zhang Ruochen as her backer. Naturally,

Blood Empress that loves the tree loves the branch. She probably already regarded Lord Xia Yu as her daughter-in-law. Thus, taking her matter a little more seriously.

Xue Jue Family was at the peak of their power. Blood Empress had just killed a pseudo god and fought with Asurendra Samay, who was famous for his battle prowess. When Yuan Yi received Blood Empress's divine order, he was shocked.

He had never expected Blood Empress to personally intervene in this matter.

The difference between a TrueGod and a pseudo god was too great. Moreover, the gods of Xue Jue Family were not easy to deal with. They could not be provoked.

"Lord Xia Yu, Fane of Thousand Clearwater has borrowed four of the Xias saint cities. I have already ordered all the cultivators of our Fane to retreat and return the four saint cities to the Xias," Yuan Yi said.

Lord Xia Yu was stunned. Her face was filled with disbelief.

If not for Yuan Yi's true form being here and Supreme Saint Qingsheng standing by the side, she would have suspected that this was a scam.

Lord of Fane of Thousand Clearwater, a god that everyone could only look up to, had actually taken the initiative to compromise with a Supreme Saint like her?

Of course, she didn't think that she had that much power. She thought to herself, could it be that Zhang Ruochen had gone to ask Wargod Bloodximius to pressure the Lord of Fane of Thousand Clearwater?

Yuan Yi continued, "The territory that Fane of Thousand Clearwater has occupied will gradually be returned to the Xias within three years. Lord Xia Yu, you performed well on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and displayed the prestige of Bloodsky Clan. I have high hopes for you. I will work hard to cultivate with Master Ruochen and strive to enter divinity as soon as possible."

Yuan Yi did not apologize or compensate her. However, as a deity, it was already the limit for him to make such a

concession to a Supreme Saint.

Unless Lord Xia Yu became a deity in the future, Yuan Yi would not be able to yield to her.

After Yuan Yi left, Lord Xia Yu remained motionless as if she had been petrified.

For so many years, the Xias had been bullied by Fane of Thousand Clearwater. They had suffered grievances and countless clansmen had died tragically. However, no one had helped them and they were powerless to resist.

She had never expected that the Lord of Fane of Thousand Clearwater would personally pay a visit to return to the Xias' saint city and territory because of her relationship with Zhang Ruochen and their performance on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

It was all because of Zhang Ruochen.

She only felt that she would never be able to pay back what she owed Zhang Ruochen!

“Thank you.”

Lord Xia Yu clenched her teeth. Tears welled up in her stubborn eyes.

This day had finally arrived after so many years.

She could imagine that at this moment, hundred millions of clansmen in the territory of the Xias were celebrating and singing. Finally, they no longer had to suffer oppression and humiliation.

“Let her be alone. Ruochen, come with me. I... I have something to discuss with you.”

In front of Zhang Ruochen, Supreme Saint Qingsheng was a little embarrassed.

Back then, Supreme Saint Qingsheng had taught Zhang Ruochen a lesson, telling him not to cultivate Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. He had even said that if he could cultivate Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill to Grade Two level, he would write his name upside down.

It was unknown whether Zhang Ruochen still remembered this matter.

He hoped that he had forgotten it!

“Why did Wargod leave this matter to me? Why didn’t he negotiate with Zhang Ruochen himself? Really... This kind of matter. Sigh, is it so difficult to be the head of the family? And it’s only a temporary one.” Supreme Saint Qingsheng felt very upset.

He could be the head of the family.

He could do dirty, tiring, and cheap work.

However, could the word “temporary” be removed? Besides that, why not also improve the treatment for the head of the family?

Chapter 2429: The Future of the Family

Supreme Saint Qingsheng and Zhang Ruochen walked along the lake. There were spiritual flowers under their feet and blood trees by the roadside. Wherever they passed, inscriptions of array appeared. They were like transparent lines and soon disappeared.

“Zhou Zhen is a talent. He has become Lord of Mountain among the High-Saint Array Masters at such a young age. I think his attainments are not far from becoming the King of Sea and Land.

“Xia Yu has condensed Grade Three Saintwill and was able to challenge Yan Huangtu. She’s also a promising talent who has unlimited potential in the future.

“Ruochen, you may be young, but you have many talented people around you. I’m very envious.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said this casually.

Zhang Ruochen did not say much and nodded.

Suddenly, Supreme Saint Qingsheng stopped and said seriously, “You’ve been in Infernal Court for a while. What do you think of this place?”

“It’s fine. It’s no different from Celestial Court,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng beat around the bush. “What do you think of Xue Jue Family?”

“I don’t know much. What do you mean?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng sighed and continued walking forward.

Zhang Ruochen stared at his back and followed him thoughtfully, he asked, “I see that Xue Jue Family is powerful.

The three gods dominate the clan, and Wargod has become the ruler. We are on the crest of a wave. Why do you sigh?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng walked in front. He smiled slyly with his eyes moved.

His smile disappeared as he turned around. He said with a frown, “Yes, Xue Jue Family is indeed a big family that even has three gods. However, gods can’t interfere with worldly affairs. If one wanted to grow and protect their family, they have to rely on Saint-level disciples. Supreme Saints are the pillar of a force’s development.”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart lit up. He understood something and smiled. “Uncle, if you have something to say, just say it.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s face darkened, he said earnestly, “Xue Jue Family is in Dominion of Bloodysky Clan. Their core territory is more than ten million miles wide. They control trillions of Immortal Vampires. Other than that, we have eight million Planet of Life in milky way of styx. To manage such a large family, I am more than willing but I lack talent.”

Before Zhang Ruochen could speak, Supreme Saint Qingsheng continued, “Talents! Every family and force needs an endless stream of talents to flourish and grow stronger. Only then can they have a foothold in this cruel world of competition.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I see that Xue Jue family is full of talents. In the last thousand years, Xueqi, Xue Chen, and Xue Ningxiao have all cultivated Supreme Saint Realm. Not to mention, some of the direct descendants of Xue Jue family have also cultivated to Supreme Saint Realm, right?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “There are some Supreme Saints in Xue Jue Family, but most of them are only in Neverwilt Realm and Hundred-Shackle Realm. To bring up a Supreme Saint requires a huge amount of resources. Some of these resources are very scarce and can not be bought with Godstones. For example, Saintwill Pill.”

Zhang Ruochen completely understood!

After taking such a big detour, Supreme Saint Qingsheng was actually planning to take the Saintwill Pills in his hand.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng struck while the iron was hot. He continued, “During this Celestial-Hunting Festival, Grand Supreme Master refined 100,000 Saintwill Pills in one go. Even the lowest level of it was Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills. No matter what, those are all Grand Supreme Master’s doing!

“Usually, it’s rare for a High-Saint Elixir Master to refine dozens of Saintwill Pills in one batch. Moreover, the level is far from Grand Supreme Master. However, even so, these dozen of Saintwill Pills will be quickly snatched up by all the big forces.

“Ruochen, you must have collected a lot of Saintwill Pills, right?”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Saint Qingsheng’s smiling face. He was like a fox.

“It seems that the family really lacks Saintwill Pills,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “Of course. Condensing Saintwill is too important for Supreme Saints in Neverwilt Realm and Hundred-Shackle Realm. Those Supreme Saints who can’t condense Grade Five Saintwill all choose to stop accumulating at Hundred-Shackle Realm. This has a bad effect on the future of Xue Jue family.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded, “As a member of Xue Jue family, I’m definitely willing to support the family’s future. How about this? I’ll take out 20 top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills and 10 King Grade Saintwill Pills as a contribution.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng shook his head and said, “You’ve made a great contribution to Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. You should be rewarded by the family. How can the family take what you’ve risked your life for? How about this? We’ll buy It.

“I’ll buy Saintwill Pills from you in the name of Xue Jue family.

“One Godstone for one top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills.

“20 Godstones for one King Grade Saintwill Pills.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng knew that he couldn't buy Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills and Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills with Godstones, so he didn't even mention it.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The price is fair.”

“But I want to buy all Heaven Grade and King Grade Saintwill Pills in your hand.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng immediately added, “These Saintwill Pills are useless to you. They're worthless in your hands.”

Zhang Ruochen readily agreed and said, “Okay, I've collected 37 King Grade Saintwill Pills and 458 top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills. I'll sell them all to the family.”

“Ruochen, uncle wants more than this.” Supreme Saint Qingsheng stared at him.

Zhang Ruochen spread his hands and said helplessly, “Uncle, you must have seen the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms. I've only collected so many Saintwill Pills.”

“Indeed, you've only collected so many Saintwill Pills. But there should be more that you've taken from other Supreme Saints, right?” Supreme Saint Qingsheng looked shrewd.

Indeed, Zhang Ruochen had defeated and killed many Supreme Saints of Infernal Court on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. He had also taken their storage. He had taken more than 200 King Grade Saintwill Pills and more than 3,000 top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills.

However, Zhang Ruochen also knew how to plan ahead. Whether it was establishing Ming Sect or Qiankun Realm, he would definitely nurture Supreme Saints in the future.

How could he not keep a priceless treasure like Saintwill Pills?

After a long while, Zhang Ruochen said, “Uncle, I have cultivated Grade Two Saintwill. Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill has merged with the six elements. I would like to ask for your guidance.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's face suddenly turned green, and he let out a series of dry coughs.

"No need, no need... Emm, you are injured. It's better not to do so. How about this? 100 King Grade Saintwill Pills and 1,000 top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills. With this batch of Saintwill Pills, it's enough for the family to use them for ten thousand years."

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and said, "Uncle overestimates me too much. I don't have so many. I really don't."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng stroked his beard and took out a box from his sleeve. He said solemnly, "Wargod has a treasure. He asked me to bring it to you."

"What's this?"

Zhang Ruochen took the box and felt a little pressure on his hand.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, "Before you entered Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, the protective Divine Marks carved on your body by Moon Goddess and sister were all erased, right?"

"In fact, after reaching Supreme Saint Realm, you no longer need the protection of Divine Marks. Supreme Saints are all elites who have grown up. With the protection of Divine Marks, one would be like a baby who has not been weaned.

"However, in order to prevent you from being assassinated by the gods, you need to be prepared."

Zhang Ruochen opened the box. A dazzling blood light burst out from it, causing his eyes to narrow slightly.

It was an ancient belt.

The belt looked like it had been forged from blood jade. It was crystal clear. In the center, it was forged into the shape of a wing with black metal. In the center of the pair of black metal wings, there was a mysterious character with a terrifying aura.

It was a divine text that contained the will of a powerful god.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “That’s the word ‘fight’.”

“Fight!”

The blood in Zhang Ruochen’s body boiled under the light of the blood. The fighting spirit in his body grew stronger and stronger. Array inscriptions in the entire Vastsea Manor trembled.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “This belt is called Wargod Belt. It was given to Wargod Bloodximius by Fane of Immortality when he became the 13th Wargod of Immortal Vampires. It has an incomparable symbolic meaning. Only Wargods of Immortal Vampires is qualified to wear it.”

No matter how profound Zhang Ruochen’s state of mind was, he was still shocked at this moment.

Only Wargods could wear the belt. How could Wargod Bloodximius give it to him, a Supreme Saint?

This was just like how Luo Yan had suddenly asked Luo Shengtian to sit on his throne one day. Luo Shengtian would probably be so scared that his legs go soft!

How could a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint afford such an identity?

Supreme Saint Qing Sheng said, “If a God attacks you, Wargod Belt will be activated in an instant and Wargod Bloodximius will be alarmed. With Wargod Belt, you can cross dimensions and borrow part of Wargod Bloodximius’ divine force. You should have no problem protecting yourself.

“Of course, Wargod Belt is more symbolic. It means that Wargod Bloodximius has high expectations for you. If you can become the Wargod of Immortal Vampires in the future, Xue Jue Family will really be able to look down on the world.”

Zhang Ruochen was touched and his heart was heavy.

“Thank you, Grandpa.”

Zhang Ruochen did not refuse.

He was indeed in danger in Infernal Court. There were gods who wanted to take his life.

He wrapped Wargod Belt around his body. Suddenly, the light on the belt was restrained and became plain.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's eyes shone with envy. As one of the few surviving sons of Wargod Bloodximius, when had he ever been so valued?

Wargod Bloodximius valued Zhang Ruochen far more than all of his children.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, "For Immortal Vampires, when you reach Supreme Saint Realm, you will be given your own fiefdom. With your attainments in cultivation, I have decided to represent Xue Jue Family and give you 300 Planet of Life and 200 mineral planets in Sky Solitude Domain as your private fiefdom."

Xue Jue family was indeed powerful and rich.

Zhang Ruochen was only in Hundred-Shackle Realm, but he had already obtained 500 fiefdom planets.

If his cultivation had higher attainments in the future, wouldn't he have more fiefdom?

For other Supreme Saints, they needed to run their own fiefdom to earn Saint Stones and Godstones to buy cultivation resources. However, Zhang Ruochen was richer than some gods, so there was no need to waste time on fiefdom.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It's too troublesome to manage 500 planets. I heard that Xue Jue family also has businesses on Hoth. Why don't you divide the businesses and territories among Hoth to me?"

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's eyelids twitched, he said, "Hoth is complicated and dangerous. Xue Jue family doesn't have many businesses there. It's meaningless for you to go. Why don't I give you 800 planet fiefdoms, including a sixth-level main star?"

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand, "Uncle, let's not beat around the bush. Hoth's an eighth-level planet. It's billions of times larger than a normal first-level planet. Divine veins could be nurtured inside. Even if it only takes a portion of the benefits, it's still stronger than 800 planet fiefdoms.

“Besides, Hoth is the only way to the edge of Infernal Court and Dominion of Bloodysky Clan. There’s a lot of movement of wealth there. Who doesn’t want to get a share?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng knew that he couldn’t fool Zhang Ruochen. He sighed. “Hoth isn’t that simple.”

“Don’t you believe in my ability, uncle? I’m confident that I can expand Xue Jue family’s business and power on Hoth. I can even control it.” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng glared at him, “Only the top masters in Saint-level can snatch food and benefits from the tiger’s mouth. Even I don’t have the confidence to control those tigers and wolves. You’re only in Hundred-Shackle Realm. How dare you speak so arrogantly?”

“Didn’t I achieve my goal of condensing Grade Two Saintwill?”

“I also achieved my goal of leading Immortal Vampires to get first place of the ten clans!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng shook his head and said, “It’s different. This time, it’s different. Do you know who controls the properties and territories of Hoth within Xue Jue Family?”

“Who?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said in a low voice, “The matriarch of Xue Jue Family, Wargod’s wife, Madam Nixuan.”

Zhang Ruochen’s pupils constricted, and his face became serious.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng thought that Zhang Ruochen would back down. He patted his shoulder and said, “Wargod doesn’t want internal disputes in Xue Jue family. Otherwise, it’ll be difficult for him.”

Zhang Ruochen snorted. “As far as I know, after mother and Lord Ming came back, the first step was to hollow her out and send all the cultivators under her to Battlefield of Merits. How can she still control part of the power and interests of Xue Jue Family?”

When Blood Empress and Lord Ming were young, Madam Nixuan sent them to Kunlun's field to kill them.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, "When brother and sister came back, Madam Nixuan did keep a low profile and chose to hide. But as the wife of Wargod Bloodximius, who would dare to attack her directly? Besides, Madam Nixuan's background is Fane of Asura."

"Leading Fane in Asura," Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng nodded, he said, "Brother and sister can distribute the cultivators of Xue Jue family under her banner to Battlefield of Merits, but they can't control her. She can also mobilize the superiors of Fane of Asura to help her control the property and interests.

"After all, the gods can't interfere with worldly affairs. Brother and sister can't do anything to her.

"Since Madam Nixuan has retreated behind the scenes, we shouldn't take the initiative to cause trouble. We don't want to provoke her and cause internal disputes."

"Madam Nixuan must have married into Xue Jue family after Wargod had passed the Yuanhui tribulation, right? She could represent Fane of Asura and marry Wargod Bloodximius. She must be extremely talented. What are her attainments in cultivation now?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was still unwilling to give up, Supreme Saint Qingsheng threatened, "Madam Nixuan was once Fane of Asura's Scioness. Anyway, I am far from being her match."

"Uncle, the reason why you are still the temporary head of the family is that she still has a lot of power of invisibility. Why don't we join hands and defeat her? By then, the word 'temporary' should be removed from your title!" Zhang Ruochen said seductively.

Chapter 2430: Twenty Years

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was stunned for a moment and shook his head. “No... no... That will stir up trouble.”

“Wargod gave you the temporary head position instead of the official one was probably to test your ability. Xue Jue Family is too big. It needs a strong and decisive figure to support it. Wargod would be disappointed if uncle continued to be so indecisive. Don’t you know what kind of person Wargod likes?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng squinted his eyes. He had long been tempted.

Zhang Ruochen gave him a final blow. “If uncle grants me the territory and property of Hoth, I’m willing to take out 100 King Grade Saintwill Pills and 1,500 top Heaven Grade Saintwill Pills.”

“Sheesh!”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng took a deep breath. This kid really had a lot of Saintwill Pills.

He hadn’t told the truth earlier.

“I’m the head of the family. I don’t accept bribes.”

“I’m selling them to the family. How is that a bribe?”

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen had poured out 2,000 Saintwill Pills. They surrounded Supreme Saint Qingsheng like glowing pearls.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng rolled up his sleeve and put away all the Saintwill Pills. His expression was solemn, he said in a low voice, “The benefits on Hoth are shocking. Even if I give you the property of Hoth as the head of the family, it’s useless. Ni Xuanshi won’t let go.”

“If she won’t let go, then we’ll take it by force. What I want now is a legitimate reason,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“If we take it by force, we’ll definitely start a war. There’s always blood in wars.”

“Since ancient times, achievers always bleed.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng touched his chin with his finger. He felt that Zhang Ruochen was right. If he wanted to become the head of Xue Jue Family, he really had to fight this tough battle.

Only by defeating Ni Xuanshi could all the powerful people in Xue Jue Family truly submit to him.

Only then those forces that were attached to Xue Jue Family would truly regard him as their leader and not continue listening to Ni Xuanshi.

Zhang Ruochen had just taken first place in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, and it was time for him to surge forward with great momentum. If he were to face Ni Xuanshi head-on, no one in the family would dare to say anything.

Moreover, Supreme Saint Qingsheng was still thinking about whether Blood Empress and Lord Ming had instigated Zhang Ruochen to have designs on Hoth and Ni Xuanshi.

Hoth, an eighth-level planet.

In Celestial Court, an eighth-level planet was the size of a small macroworld.

Furthermore, Hoth’s location was special. Taking it down was equivalent to taking down an independent passage at the edge and center of Infernal Court. It could be put to great use at a critical moment. It was definitely a place that all strategists would fight for.

Moreover, Lord Xia Yu needed a reason to go to Hoth and find someone, right?

“2,000 Saintwill Pills and 3,500 Godstones.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng took out the Godstones from a Ring of Dimensions.

The Godstones emitted dazzling divine light and contained powerful energy fluctuations like burning meteorites. Zhang

Ruochen put them all away.

“I need a token that represents Xue Jue Family,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng asked thoughtfully, “Why do you need it?”

“I plan to send an elite to Hoth first. Some preparations must be made in advance.” As he said this, Zhang Ruochen stared in the direction of Lord Xia Yu.

“Deal, it’s just a token.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng didn’t have much hope in this fight.

Ni Xuanshi was too powerful. Even if he and Zhang Ruochen joined hands, they were still far from being enough.

But this fight had to be fought.

Wargod hated people who were afraid before a fight.

Even if he lost, at least he proved that he dares to fight. Maybe Wargod would look at him differently. It was better to be punished than to be ignored.

After Supreme Saint Qingsheng left, Zhang Ruochen opened Sundial.

Besides Zhang Ruochen and Lord Xia Yu, there were also Lian Xi, Zhou Zhen, Gaunt, and Shentu Yunkong cultivating in Sundial. There was also Lord of Sword, Lord of Stone, and Moyin who had been following Zhang Ruochen.

On Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, the fourth fruit of Saint Devourer was ripe.

The fourth fruit was its Dharmakāya.

If Moyin swallowed and absorbed it, her cultivation would increase greatly again. That was why she was separated from Zhang Ruochen’s body and was cultivating independently.

On Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Wu Wuji and the others, who had been subdued and suppressed by Zhang Ruochen, were all exiled after the battle.

Only Lord Sinluo could not be chased away no matter how hard Zhang Ruochen tried. He shamelessly stayed in Vastsea Manor. Seeing Zhang Ruochen turn on Sundial, he ran out and sat beside Zhang Ruochen to cultivate.

What made Zhang Ruochen speechless was that Lord Sinluo's father had no intention of picking him up. Perhaps it was because he was too embarrassed and had given up on him, or he had other motives.

Zhang Ruochen did not enter Sevenstar Imperial Palace to cultivate.

When he fought with Asurendra Samay, Sundial showed signs of recovery. It seemed to cover an area of only 200 meters. However, Sundial could cover Sevenstar Imperial Palace which was more than 200 meters now.

Except that, the more space Sundial covered, the more Godstones it consumed.

Zhang Ruochen had done experiments. After he entered Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Sundial consumed Godstones twice as fast than usual. After he entered Violet Gourd, Sundial consumed Godstones 15 times faster.

If he didn't enter Sevenstar Imperial Palace and Violet Gourd — these two vessels that contained an inner dimension — Sundial's consumption of Godstones was the same even if these two vessels were placed within the 200 meters of Sundial.

The time flow inside Sevenstar Imperial Palace and Violet Gourd was still normal.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know much about Sundial. He didn't understand why this would happen. He could only guess that he had some special connection with Sundial. That was why he'd entered a special dimension. Mark of Time produced by Sundial would pass through the spatial wall and enter that dimension.

...

In Sundial, it took Zhang Ruochen half a year to refine the Power of Darkness that had invaded his body. Thus, his injury

healed immediately.

The power contained in the dark star was too terrifying. This was the longest time that Zhang Ruochen had healed himself.

After his injury healed, Zhang Ruochen did not rush to Fane of Destiny. Instead, he continued to cultivate and prepared to refine all Divine Marks of fire contained in Yanshen's Leg.

Now, he had only refined more than 20 million Divine Marks of fire. Yet, the power of Yanshen's Leg was enough to fight head-on with a Supreme Artifact.

If he could refine and master all 100 million Divine Marks of fire, how powerful would his one leg be?

Moreover, if he did not refine and master all Divine Marks of fire, it would be a hidden danger for him.

...

Time flew by and 20 years passed.

Zhang Ruochen had mastered 80 million Divine Marks of fire in Yanshen's Leg. The strength of his left leg had once again reached an uncontrollable level. Even if he didn't deliberately activate it, the divine fire in his leg was still burning.

With a slight step, his entire leg sank to the ground.

Once again, he became a cripple.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't depressed because of this. Instead, he was very excited. He could feel the terrifying power contained in his left leg. With a step, he seemed to be able to step through mountains and rivers.

In the past 20 years, the number of Precepts in Zhang Ruochen's body had increased to 13 billion, and he had broken 76 shackles.

His spiritual power remained at the 65th level. It seemed to have reached a bottleneck. Even after swallowing a lot of Sacred Pills, it still did not improve much.

"Crash."

Zhang Ruochen activated Armor of the Fire God and covered his entire body. Using the power of the armor, he controlled the divine fire in his left leg. He closed his eyes and sorted out his numb, confused, and blurry consciousness.

If a person stayed in seclusion for too long, there would be problems with his thoughts and consciousness.

It was like a mortal locking himself in a room for dozens or hundreds of days without any contact. After a long time, he would definitely break down and even become mentally deranged.

Of course, with the current strength of Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power, he wouldn't have any major problems after 20 years of seclusion.

Many cultivators who secluded themselves for too long couldn't even distinguish between the real world and their inner world. Or they forget the precepts, forms, and emotions of the real world. They had to force themselves to become an ordinary person, blend into the mortal world and live for a lifetime before they could recover.

It meant "Cleanse your heart in the mortal world and find your true self."

Zhang Ruochen took out the bronze coffin containing a god's corpse. He opened the lid and looked at the changes of God-eater Bugs.

The bronze coffin contained half of a god's corpse. Zhang Ruochen had bought it from Realm of Star Ocean at a sky-high price of 180,000 Godstones.

Even half of a god's corpse was more than 3 million meters long.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen had placed a large number of God-eater Bugs on the god's corpse. Although most of them had been poisoned to death by the god poison contained in the corpse, there were still some who survived.

Zhang Ruochen had great expectations for these surviving God-eater Bugs. He planned to use them to deal with Supreme Saints of Banshi Isshou Realm, or even Paramount Realm

God-eater Bugs on the god's corpse were still asleep and motionless.

But there were also some subtle changes. A layer of green poisonous cocoons appeared on the surface of these bugs.

The poisonous cocoons were not thick. They were translucent like bubbles.

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said to himself, "If it doesn't work, I can activate the power of Sundial. Maybe I can wake them up in a short time."

Zhang Ruochen had a lot of Godstones in his hands. He was not afraid of using them. He was eager to try.

Behind him, footsteps sounded.

It brought a faint fragrance.

"The remnant of the divine soul of this half-god corpse can be used to refine Subdivine Soul Elixir. It can also be used to cultivate the 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords who will carry Sevenstar Imperial Palace for you. If three or five of them could survive the seventh Ghost Tribulation, it will be a huge profit for you," Lord Xia Yu said.

Ghost cultivators who survived the seventh Ghost Tribulation could be titled Ghost Lords. Their cultivation was comparable to a Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Have you recovered from your injuries?"

"Yes," Lord Xia Yu said.

"How long will it take to break through to Thousand-Koan Realm?"

"Although I'm in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm, my accumulation is still shallow. I'm far from Yan Huangtu and the others. I haven't even succeeded in cultivating a Thousand-Koan level saint technique. I'm still far from Thousand-Koan Realm!" Lord Xia Yu's arrogance had lessened, she boldly admitted the gap between her and a top elite.

Zhang Ruochen said, “With the help of Sundial, how long do you think it will take to break through to Thousand-Koan Realm?”

“It’s not that easy. To break through to Thousand-Koan Realm, you have to develop your own Path first. This step was very crucial. It was not easy to succeed just by cultivating for a long time. In Immortal Vampires, all the Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm who had connections would go to Fane of Immortality before breaking through to Thousand-Koan Realm.

“It was said that only the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires who had been to Fane of Immortality could develop the most perfect Path. However, there are very few Supreme Saints who are qualified to enter Fane of Immortality,” Lord Xia Yu said.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “You have made a great contribution to Immortal Vampires in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. How could Fane of Immortality not give you space to cultivate?”

“Of course.”

A smile appeared on Lord Xia Yu’s ice-cold face.

Zhang Ruochen waved his arm slightly, and Pleiades Lotus flew out. It floated in front of Lord Xia Yu and spun slowly.

The smile on Lord Xia Yu’s face froze. She stared at the black lotus, which was more beautiful than any flower. She felt a strong sense of closeness, but she didn’t reach out to take it.

She knew that Zhang Ruochen had given her Pleiades Lotus on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting because he had no one else to use it with.

But now, she could see that Moyin, Lord of Sword, and Lord of Stone were all powerful Supreme Saints. Zhang Ruochen had many elites around him.

Besides, she had already lost Pleiades Lotus when she lost to Yan Haungtu. She didn’t dare to dream of continuing to control the Supreme Artifact.

“What are you waiting for? Take it!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Xia Yu didn’t argue. There was no need for her to reject a Supreme Artifact. She immediately put Pleiades Lotus away.

“I’ll go to Fane of Destiny to cultivate now. I’ll leave for Hoth in 100 days.”

“I’ll go with you.”

It was a rare opportunity to cultivate in Fane of Destiny. Zhang Ruochen knew little about Path of Destiny, so he treasured these 100 days.

...

Blood Empress walked into Wargod Bloodximius’ Divine Plane. There were ripples of water under her feet. Her slender and beautiful figure was reflected in the void space.

“Have you found the god who killed Lady Wind?” Blood Empress asked.

Wargod Bloodximius shook his head and said, “Reverend speculated that the assassin must be a god in Fane of Destiny. So after killing her, he could act in an underhand way.”

“There shouldn’t be many gods left in Fane of Destiny. We can find him eventually,” said Blood Empress.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “The relationship between the three divisions and the Twelve Reverend of the Fane of Destiny is delicate. Without evidence, even Reverend wouldn’t dare to act rashly. Moreover, this matter must not be made public. Tell me, why did you come to me?”

Blood Empress was calm and said, “Yan Wushen is dead, I want to go and bring Kunlun back.”

Wargod Bloodximius asked, “Do you think there is a need for that?”

“There is no need? Do you think because he does not have the bloodline of Xue Jue Family, there is no need to have a conflict with Yan Luo clan because of him?” Blood Empress said.

Wargod Bloodximus' voice sank, "Is this how you talk to your father?"

Blood Express leaned back and didn't look at Wargod Bloodximus's cold face, "Chen 'er is willing to come to Infernal Court because of Kongyue and Kunlun. I don't want to hurt his heart. With Yan Wushen's death, even if Yanluo clan didn't take the opportunity to take revenge, Chi Kunlun wouldn't have had it easy. I'm here just to tell you that I'm going, whether you agree or not."

"Stop."

Wargod Bloodximus stood up, his body was mighty and proud. He said, "Do you really think your father is such a heartless person? Zhang Ruochen didn't mention this to me when he came and see me."

"That's because it's hard for him to tell you," said Blood Express with her back hunched.

Wargod Bloodximus said, "I don't think so. I think he wants to do it himself."

"He wants to do it himself?"

Blood Empress raised her eyebrows and understood something.

Wargod Bloodximus said, "It's best for gods to stay away from worldly affairs. I trust Wu Qingzong. He is not a narrow-minded person. If I were him, with a young genius like Zhang Kunlun by my side, there's not even enough time and effort for me to nurture him. How could I bully him? Moreover, Yan Wushen might not have really died. In that battle, it's not certain who will succeed!"

"Isn't Yan Wushen already dead in body and soul?" Blood Empress revealed a surprised expression.

Wargod Bloodximus sat down again and said with an enigmatic smile, "My girl, you have just only become a god. You still have a lot to learn."

Chapter 2431: The Mount Destiny Incident

Blood Empress said, “Without a physical body, even soul summoning is useless. Moreover, the battle ends in the void. The body particles and the fragments of the Saint Soul will instantly turn into oblivion. No matter how high the cultivation base of Wu Qingzong is, I’m afraid there’s nothing they can do. They can only accept it as it is.”

Wargod Bloodximius shook his head, he said, “No, the place where the battle ends is on the Dark Star. The domain of the Dark Star is enough to absorb all of Yan Wushen’s body particles and Saint Soul fragments. You have to know that Yan Wushen has fused with the Dark Elemental. The Dark Star itself is a part of his body.”

Blood Empress’ eyes were filled with disbelief. She pondered for a long time and then said, “Even so, he can’t come back to life. Even if he does, he’s just a cripple. Will Wu Qingzong pay a huge price to resurrect him?”

When Zhang Ruochen had just attained the Supreme Saint Realm, his body hadn’t been destroyed. By just summoning his soul and almost killing Blood Empress.

With Yan Wushen’s current cultivation, if he wanted to come back to life, a god had to be sacrificed. One god for a saint. Only then ritual would succeed. Moreover, even if he were to summon the Saint Soul, he would have to reincarnate and cultivate it again.

To reach his current level was as difficult as ascending to the heavens.

Wargod Bloodximius said, “Therefore, it depends on Yan Wushen’s spirit and will. If the spirit is strong enough, it can transcend the body and soul and connect to the Celestial Soul.”

“The legendary Celestial Soul?” Blood Empress asked.

Wargod Bloodximius sighed and said, “As of today, all the living beings in the Celestial Court and Infernal Court cultivate the human soul. They cultivate the human soul into the Saint Soul. However, in the distant past, there was a group of Qi Practitioners who cultivated the Celestial Soul. They called the Celestial Souls the primordial spirit.

“The Celestial Soul is not in the living beings’ bodies but has merged with the Deva Path, which is a part of it.

“Those Qi Practitioners tried to cultivate the Deva Path and went against the heavens. In the end, they were punished by the heavens and went extinct.

“There are records of The Six Paths of Reincarnation. It is said that the ancient Qi Practitioners wanted to build something to fight against the Deva Path and rebel against the heavens.

“Zhang Ruochen killed Yan Wushen and shattered his soul. It was equivalent to forcing him into a dead end and forcing him to steal from the heavens. Only by stealing the Celestial Soul and the Deva Path and cultivating The Six Paths of Reincarnation could he have a chance of survival. This is also a step that must be taken to cultivate the Grade One Saintwill and The Six Paths of Reincarnation Saintwill.”

Wargod Bloodximius looked up at the sky, he then continued, “We have already reached the top of the mountain. If we want to ascend to the sky, there is no way. Unless we give up this body, everything that we once had, and use the spiritual method to break the restraints of the Deva Path on living beings, there is a chance of success.

“The path of cultivating Grade One Saintwill is the path of fighting against the Deva Path. One must break the existing rules.

“Yan Wushen chose to steal the Deva Path. He places himself in a hopeless spot, then he will survive. I wonder what Zhang Ruochen will choose?”

“Cultivating Grade One Saintwill is so dangerous. Is there a high chance that Yan Wushen will come back to life?” Blood Empress asked worriedly as she frowned.

The one who was worried was not Yan Wushen, but Zhang Ruochen, who was still on this path.

Blood Empress was silent for a long time. She said, “What is the probability of a dead person crawling out of the coffin? The probability of Yan Wushen coming back to life is ten times lower than this.”

Blood Empress was worried. She wanted to stop Zhang Ruochen from cultivating the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, but she knew it was too late. At this point, Zhang Ruochen could not back down.

Wargod Bloodximus took out the Hexadirection Cauldron and handed it to Blood Empress. He said, “This cauldron has developed unique patterns between heaven and earth. It has the potential to become a Divine Artifact. You can take care of it for now.”

Blood Empress put away the Hexadirection Cauldron and prepared to leave.

Wargod Bloodximus asked, “Are we still going to the Yanluo Clan?”

“Since you think Zhang Ruochen wants to pick up Chi Kunlun himself, I believe in your judgment. He can solve worldly matters himself!” Blood Empress sighed.

She believed in Zhang Ruochen’s ability.

“The secular world indeed has nothing to do with us,” said Wargod Bloodximus. “But there is a big matter that will soon engulf the entire Celestial Court and Infernal Court. Every god will be alerted.”

“What is it?” asked Blood Empress.

“The Jadeite Realm is about to open,” said Wargod Bloodximus. “As the clan chief, I must lead the gods of the Bloodysky Clan to go with me. This time, you will go with me. Lord Ming will stay behind to guard the Dominion.”

...

The main purpose of entering the Fane of Destiny to cultivate was to help cultivators comprehend the Precept of Destiny and

understand the Path of Destiny.

For some special cultivators, cultivating in the fane for a day was more rewarding than cultivating outside for a year. They could achieve great breakthroughs.

Zhang Ruochen was talented, but he had only been in contact with the Path of Destiny for a short time. Obviously, he was not a special cultivator.

Even though he'd tried his best to mobilize his Saint Soul and spiritual power, he'd only comprehended two million Precepts of Destiny after 100 days of cultivation. It wasn't even one percent of any of the precepts of the five elements.

100 days of cultivation was over.

The Bloodysky Clan and the Immortal Vampires bid farewell to Zhang Ruochen at the foot of Mount Destiny. Some were preparing to return to their clan's Dominion, while others were heading to the Battlefield of Merits or the Fane of Immortality to break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm.

All good things must come to an end. Every cultivator had his own path.

"The Fane of Immortality has announced to the public that all cultivators participating in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting have the qualification to enter the fane to cultivate. They can also choose whether or not to join the fane and the Bloodregius Legion."

"The legendary Bloodregius Legion! Those who can join are the elites of the Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints. Those below the divinity can sweep through everything."

"Since I have such an opportunity, I must join the Bloodregius Legion. It's said that the Bloodregius Legion will pass by the Battlefield of Merits. The starry sky is filled with the Supreme Saint corpses of the Celestial Court."

...

Zhang Ruochen had heard a lot of news. Some were about the strength of the Bloodregius Legion, the Fane of Immortality's

reward for participating cultivators, and the latest ranking of the top ten clans...

In general, because of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting's victory, the Immortal Vampires were still in a jubilant mood.

There was also bad news.

"The Battle of Celestial-Hunting has ended. The Infernal Court has sent more legions of saints to the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun. They are preparing to launch a larger-scale war. They want to completely destroy this Macroworld that should have been destroyed in 100,000 years in a short time."

Zhang Ruochen had friends, subordinates, senior brothers, confidants, and even relatives in Kunlun.

How could he be happy when he heard this news?

Unfortunately, he couldn't stop it.

In front of such a level of war, his achievements were insignificant.

"Perhaps only by saving the Lord of Nephilim Island can we force the Infernal Court to retreat."

Zhang Ruochen stood in front of the Gate of Destiny and watched the Immortal Vampires leave one by one. Then, he stepped on the ray of sunset and walked to the top of the mountain.

"With the Precepts of Destiny I have now, I should be able to bear 0.003 percent of the Canon of Destiny. Getting the Canon is the key to saving the lord. This is the only thing I can do now. The life and death of the Kunlun cultivators can only depend on themselves."

Zhang Ruochen walked up Destiny's Creek and crossed the stone stairs.

When he reached the mountainside, the two Deathsworn Guards of the Saint King Realm who were guarding the sacred mountain each raised a spear to block his way.

The two Deathsworn Guards were very arrogant since they could look like Mount Destiny. They didn't think much of

Zhang Ruochen as Supreme Saint.

“Master Ruochen, your 100 days of cultivation are over. You’re not a disciple of the Fane of Destiny. Please leave the sacred mountain as soon as possible,” one of the Deathsworn Guards said in a shriveled and ear-piercing voice.

He was from the Bone Clan.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I want to see the High Priest.”

“There are 12 Black Robe High Priests in the Fane of Destiny. Which one do you want to see?” Another Deathsworn Guard of Ghost asked coldly.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest.”

“Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest is currently not in the sacred mountain. Please go back!” The two Deathsworn Guards said at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes darkened. “You didn’t even report it. How do you know that the Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest is not in the fane?”

“I’ve used my spiritual power to ask. The high priest is indeed not here,” the Bone Clan Deathsworn Guard said.

The Ghost Deathsworn Guard said, “Master Ruochen, why don’t you go to the Fortune Palace? Maybe you can find the High Priest.”

The two Deathsworn Guards were not afraid of Zhang Ruochen at all. They were expressionless, but they were sneering in their hearts.

‘No matter how powerful you are, Zhang Ruochen, would you dare to cause trouble on Mount Destiny?’

Zhang Ruochen was indeed favored by Fukurokuju. However, they were under the Destiny Division and weren’t under the control of Fortune Palace.

‘A cultivator from the Celestial Court has come to the Infernal Court. It’s fine if he doesn’t know how to control himself, but

he's still arrogant. We should have punished him a long time ago.

'Supreme Saint Yanhong died at his hands. The Fane of Destiny has lost a lot of face because of this.

'Be careful. Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power is strong. Don't let him hear you!

'So what if he hears you? Does he dare to attack? I hope he does. There are some big figures in the Adjudication Division and the Destiny Division who have wanted to deal with him for a long time, but they didn't have a reason to.'

The two Deathsworn Guards communicated with each other through spiritual power. They didn't have any respect for the Supreme Saint from the Celestial Court. Instead, they were provoking him.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power was many times stronger than theirs. Naturally, he could hear them clearly.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Why do you need to communicate through spiritual power? If you have anything to say, just say it. I don't dare to do anything to you on the sacred mountain anyway."

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen didn't have any of the legendary killing power, the Bone Clan's Deathsworn Guard didn't have much fear in his heart. He said "Fine then, the Fane of Destiny doesn't welcome humans. No, you don't seem to be a human either. You're only... a b*st*rd."

BOOM!

A powerful saint might burst out. Invisible airwaves sent the two Deathsworn Guards flying.

Along with the saint might burst out the divine flame from Yanshen's leg.

The divine flame engulfed their bodies.

The two Deathsworn Guards immediately let out shrill screams. A moment later, they were burned into ashes and fell to the ground. The long spears in their hands turned into molten iron, dripping on the ground with a sizzling sound.

The power of the divine flame was powerful, and it triggered the divine inscriptions and array of inscriptions on Mount Destiny.

“Such insolence! Who dares to break into Mount Destiny?”

A thunder-like roar was heard. A Destiny Guard in the Banshi Isshou Realm of the Destiny Division turned into lightning and descended hundreds of feet above Zhang Ruochen.

This Destiny Guard had three dog heads, and Ghost Qi was flowing all over his body.

As soon as he descended, the Destiny Guard enveloped Zhang Ruochen in his own Precept Domain.

The Precept Domain that the Nine-Step Saint King had cultivated could only release the precepts that he had cultivated to form a simple domain.

The Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint could transform his Precept Domain into a scenery. It was either a yellow sand world, 300 battle swords, battlefields, or an embryonic universe.

The Precept Domain of a Banshi Isshou Realm powerhouse had already reached a perfect state. He didn't even need to attack. He could suppress other Supreme Saints with just his Precept Domain.

There were nine Ghost Cities in Commander Cerberus's Precept Domain. They suppressed Zhang Ruochen one by one.

The only Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm that Zhang Ruochen had fought with before was Lord Hornless.

However, not only was Lord Hornless's spiritual power sealed but he was also bound by the divine chains. When Zhang Ruochen fought with him, he was already heavily injured. The saint Qi in his body was almost exhausted. His battle strength was ten times weaker than that of Commander Cerberus at the moment.

This was the true Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint.

The first Ghost City pressed down, but Zhang Ruochen couldn't move anymore. His skin seemed to crack.

The second Ghost City pressed down. Zhang Ruochen immediately released the Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth to resist the Commander Cerberus's Precept Domain.

...

Under the pressure of the fifth Ghost City, Zhang Ruochen had to mobilize the power of the Qiankun Realm to resist it.

Nine Ghost Cities were pressing down on Zhang Ruochen's head, causing his veins to bulge. The divine flame under his feet burned fiercely, like a cloud of fire. His eyes shone with sharpness.

'Is this the true strength of the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint? It's indeed powerful. No, this is only the power of his Precept Domain. He hasn't even made his move yet!' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Commander Cerberus was astonished.

He had long heard that Zhang Ruochen's battle strength was comparable to that of the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint when he fought with Yan Wushen. He had thought that it was just a rumor and didn't take it seriously.

But Zhang Ruochen was able to withstand nine of his Ghost Cities without even bending his spine. He was indeed incredible.

Whoosh

The sound of wind breaking rang out continuously.

Deathsworn Guards and Destiny Guards in armor and holding long spears rushed over from all directions.

Five of them had auras that were no weaker than that of Commander Cerberus. In fact, they were even more powerful and profound.

Zhang Ruochen was fearless. When he had killed the two Deathsworn Guards, he had sensed that Commander Cerberus's aura was nearby. However, Commander Cerberus had not shown up. It seemed that he was waiting for Zhang Ruochen to make a mistake.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen suspected that the reason why the two Deathsworn Guards dared to be so presumptuous was probably because of Commander Cerberus's secret order.

"Zhang Ruochen, do you know what you should be punished for intruding into Mount Destiny and killing two Deathsworn Guards?" Commander Cerberus's voice was cold and arrogant.

It was as if Zhang Ruochen had finally fallen into his hands.

Before Zhang Ruochen could speak, the voice of the Destiny Guard came from the left.

"Forcing your way into the Mount Destiny is a death penalty, and so does killing a Deathsworn Guard. You now have two death penalties on hand. Your sins lay heavy upon you and you shall be obliterated."

The dog head in the middle of Commander Cerberus showed its sharp teeth and chuckled. "Do you hear that? Take him down and lock him in the Purgatory of souls of the Destiny Division. If he dares to resist, execute him on the spot and kill him without mercy."

"Stop."

A cold female voice came with the wind.

Then, a graceful white figure wrapped in the bubbling Nether River slowly walked down from the top of the sacred mountain on stone steps.

Chapter 2432: Lord Wu Yue

“Greetings, Lady Scioness.”

All the saint guards below the Supreme Saint Realm knelt on one knee.

Even the Destiny Guards of the Supreme Saint Realm bowed slightly to show their respect.

No matter what, the Scioness represented the twelve Reverends.

Pan Ruo wore a veil and her hair swayed in the wind. She had a mysterious temperament. Her feet left the ground slightly and stepped on the water of the Nether River. Even though her cultivation was still shallow, she still gave off a powerful aura. No one dared to underestimate her.

Commander Cerberus knew that Pan Ruo and Zhang Ruochen had a deep grudge. He was delighted, he cupped his fists and said, “Lady Scioness, Zhang Ruochen is arrogant because of his talent. He used the reputation of Fukurokuju and the Xue Jue family to disregard the laws of the Fane of Destiny. Not only did he barge into the sacred mountain, but he also killed two saint guards. He should be punished according to the law.”

Pan Ruo stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Is what Commander Cerberus said true?”

Zhang Ruochen replied, “No.”

“I saw it with my own eyes. How dare you quibble? Men, take him down!” Commander Cerberus shouted angrily.

“Wait,” said Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo reached out a hand to stop the saint guards and slowly walked into Commander Cerberus’s Precept Domain.

Commander Cerberus naturally didn’t dare to use the Precept Domain to suppress the Scioness. He quickly withdrew the nine Ghost Cities into his body. His three pairs of eyes shone with a strange light.

Why did this new Scioness stop him from dealing with Zhang Ruochen?

Commander Cerberus could not see through it. He really could not see through it.

The pressure on Zhang Ruochen's body lifted. He put away the Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth. However, his left leg was still burning with divine fire. Ordinary Supreme Saints could not get close.

"Why did you kill the saint guards?" Pan Ruo asked.

The two of them were less than three meters apart. Pan Ruo stood at the edge of the divine fire. She could only block it with the water of the Nether River.

Zhang Ruochen stared into her eyes and said, "I didn't kill them."

"Do you think I'm blind? The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms have been hanging on Mount Destiny. Everything you've done has been reflected," Commander Cerberus said in a deep voice.

"You've all seen it," Zhang Ruochen stated calmly. "My leg is divine. It's far too powerful. I have no control over its power. It's all their fault. The two saint guards' cultivations are too low, but they dare to be so close to me. So I didn't kill them. They're pleading for death."

The surrounding saint guards were enraged by Zhang Ruochen's arrogance. They groaned.

Their killing intent condensed into a thick cloud.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Commander Cerberus, he asked, "Are you sure you want to meet the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms? I wonder what crime a Saint King has committed for insulting the Supreme Saint in the Fane of Destiny. Moreover, he is insulting the honorable guest of the Fane of Destiny."

Zhang Ruochen raised his palm, revealing the Destiny Token, as he said that.

Swish

The saint guards had just stood up when they immediately knelt down.

Commander Cerberus's proud and burly body also bent down and bowed to Zhang Ruochen.

"Since Zhang Ruochen has the Destiny Token, it's not considered breaking into Mount Destiny. Commander Cerberus, do you still want to pursue this matter?" asked Pan Ruo.

Commander Cerberus lowered his head and said, "Not anymore. Master Ruochen is innocent."

Zhang Ruochen said, "I want to see Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest."

"Since I'm going to Fortune Palace, do you want to go with me?" Pan Ruo asked.

"Of course, I'd like to go with you."

Zhang Ruochen activated the Armor of the Fire God again and absorbed the divine fire into it. He followed Pan Ruo to the depths of the sacred mountain, leaving a group of saint guards who looked at each other.

"What's going on? Lady Scioness is helping Zhang Ruochen?"

"Zhang Ruochen is too arrogant. He obviously doesn't care about our Destiny Division. He's even more domineering than the gods when he killed the saint guards on Mount Destiny. Nothing like this has happened in the last thousand years."

"He has the Destiny Token and Fukurokuju as his backers. Naturally, he has the right to be arrogant."

...

Commander Cerberus raised his head again and looked in the direction where Pan Ruo and Zhang Ruochen had left. There was no anger on his face. Instead, a smile of success appeared on his face.

Destiny Mountain looked like a mountain, but in fact, it couldn't be called a mountain. It occupied a vast area with many domains and palaces.

Commander Cerberus came to the abode where Lord Wu Yue of the Destiny Division was. He recounted what had just happened.

Whoosh

A shadow of Lord Wu Yue passed through the stone door of the abode and formed in front of Commander Cerberus. It was a middle-aged man with two horns on his head and claws on his hands.

Although it was a shadow, the power it exuded was enough to make Commander Cerberus bow.

The Lords of Destiny of the Destiny Division were the most powerful beings below the divinity. They were responsible for managing all the saint guards. If something big happened, even the high priests of the twelve divine palaces could not control them.

Lord Wu Yue was not angry, but he was mighty. He said, "How dare Zhang Ruochen kill the saint guards of the Destiny Division in the sacred mountain?"

Commander Cerberus knew how powerful Lord Wu Yue was. He didn't dare to hide anything from him, "Zhang Ruochen killed Her Highness Yanhong on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting," he said indignantly. "It was because of this that the two Deathsworn Guards couldn't help but offend him. Who knew that Zhang Ruochen had the Destiny Token and didn't care about the Destiny Division at all? He killed people just like that on Mount Destiny.

"This time, the Destiny Division has completely lost face! Who knows how the Adjudication Division and the Divination Division will laugh at us."

Lord Wu Yue glanced at Commander Cerberus and said, "The two Deathsworn Guards dare to provoke Zhang Ruochen? Or was it you who ordered them to do so?"

Commander Cerberus was shocked. He did not expect Lord Wu Yue's insight to be so terrifying. Suddenly, his back bent even lower and said, "Zhang Ruochen was too presumptuous in the Infernal Court. Shouldn't we teach him a lesson? He's a

cultivator from the Celestial Court. Who knows if he's harboring evil intentions?"

Lord Wu Yue asked, "I heard you went to see Ling?"

THUMP!

Commander Cerberus knelt on one knee and said in a trembling voice, "This... this..."

"From the day you joined the Destiny Division, you should have known that you had to leave behind your Ghost identity. You can't involve yourself in the battles between the ten clans anymore," Lord Wu Yue said in a deep voice

"I understand, I understand," said Commander Cerberus.

Commander Cerberus put his hands behind his back and took a deep breath. He looked at the dark sky and said, "You did meet me, so you can still keep your life. If it were any other Lord of Destiny, your soul would have perished."

"Yes, my lord," said Commander Cerberus.

"Go and Tell Ling that if he wants to use me to deal with Zhang Ruochen, don't play such a low trick. If he angers me, the Ghost Master won't be able to keep him alive."

As soon as Lord Wu Yue said this, thunder sounded in the sky. Commander Cerberus's body shrank in fear.

Lord Wu Yue was too terrifying. Even a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm felt a great pressure in front of him.

"However, Zhang Ruochen is far too arrogant. If the Destiny Division doesn't teach him a lesson, I'm afraid the Adjudication and Divination Divisions will mock us. This I'll leave to you!" Lord Wu Yue stated.

Commander Cerberus's eyes lit up with joy. He thought to himself, it seems that what Ling said is true. This matter can indeed force Lord Wu Yue to act.

Commander Cerberus said, "This matter... is a bit difficult to handle..."

"Difficult to handle? You're a Destiny Commander in the Banshi Isshou Realm. You're dealing with a Supreme Saint in

the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and you're telling me it's difficult to handle? What use do I have for you?"

Lord Wu Yue thought of something and smiled. "Do you really believe the rumors and think that Zhang Ruochen can reach the Paramount Realm?"

Commander Cerberus shook his head. "No matter how powerful Zhang Ruochen is, I'm not afraid. However, Her Highness Pan Ruo seems to be protecting him. I can't do anything on Mount Destiny."

Lord Wu Yue was surprised, "The new Scioness? That's not right. I heard that they fought fiercely in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Moreover, on the day of the engagement, Zhang Ruochen also... Hmm... I see! This Scioness must not be taken lightly."

"Lord Wu Yue, what do you think Her Highness Pan Ruo is trying to do?" Commander Cerberus asked.

"All fights can end because of common interests," said Lord Wu Yue. "Zhang Ruochen is known as the number one genius of this Yuanhui period. If nothing goes wrong, he will soon become the ace powerhouse below the divinity."

"There is no life-and-death conflict between Pan Ruo and him that can not be resolved. Why must they continue to fight? Why don't we do Zhang Ruochen a favor now? Not only can we turn hostility into friendship, but we might even gain his strong support."

Lord Wu Yue's expression kept changing. He said, "Don't deal with Zhang Ruochen for now."

"Are we just going to let this go?" Commander Cerberus was a little anxious.

A gust of cold air was released from Lord Wu Yue. The world around him was completely covered in ice and snow, he said, "I almost made a wrong move just now because of you. Fortunately, Scioness Pan Ruo woke me up. If a person like Zhang Ruochen didn't provoke me, he wouldn't have a life-and-death grudge. There's no need to make an enemy out of

him. There are so many cultivators who want to deal with Zhang Ruochen. I won't be someone else's blade."

...

In Mount Destiny, there was a Fortune palace that was guarded by the Black Robe High Priest.

Most of the disciples of the Fortune Palace who entered the sacred mountain to cultivate lived within a thousand miles of the Fortune Palace.

Zhang Ruochen didn't see Fukurokuju. It was the Black Robe High Priest who had brought him to the top floor of the Fane of Destiny. The soul of the fane was the one bestowed Zhang Ruochen the Canon of Destiny.

0.003 percent of the Canon of Destiny entered his body. Zhang Ruochen suddenly felt that the surrounding Precepts of Destiny were all active and surging into his body.

The Precepts of Destiny in his body were increasing all the time.

Walking out of the fane, the Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest said, "After mastering the Canon of Destiny, you are no different from a Master of Destiny. You have become one of the most suitable cultivators in the world to cultivate the Path of Destiny."

"However, the Canon is something that only the gods can fully control. The Canon of the Path of Ancients is a treasure that can drive the gods crazy."

"The whole world knows that you control 0.003 percent of the Canon. It's good for you, but it will also bring you death."

Lady Wind was protected by the 12 Reverends and was assassinated.

That was why the Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest was deeply worried about Zhang Ruochen's safety.

"Why don't you cultivate for a while in Mount Destiny? It's not too late to leave after you reach the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm," the Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest said.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands, “Thank you for your kindness, High Priest. If there really is a god who wants to assassinate me, I’ll still die if I reach the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. I’m confident that I can protect myself if a cultivator below the divinity wants to kill me.”

The Fortune Palace Black Robe High Priest said solemnly, “Don’t underestimate a cultivator below the divinity. I haven’t reached divinity either, but I’m afraid it won’t be easy for you to escape from me.”

“I don’t dare to underestimate cultivators from all realms. I have to act cautiously.”

Since the Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest cared about him and didn’t treat him as an outsider, Zhang Ruochen naturally accepted it humbly.

The Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest had been worried that Zhang Ruochen would make countless enemies if he didn’t know how to restrain himself. Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had such a humble side, he nodded in satisfaction.

‘Luckily, Zhang Ruochen doesn’t resemble Wargod Bloodximus. Otherwise, he would probably die young,’ the Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest thought.

Wargod Bloodximus dared to be so arrogant. He dared to fight against any powerhouse because he was an absolute cultivator of the Infernal Court. The big shots of the Infernal Court could absolutely trust him. They wouldn’t treat him as an enemy, much less kill him.

If Huang Tian dared to be so arrogant, he would have died long ago!

For a genius, before he became a god, his strength was a part of him. However, he still had to know how to behave. He could not be surrounded by enemies.

The Fortune Palace Black Robe High Priest asked, “Have you gone to The Ancient Ruins to choose a Destiny Treasure?”

“Not yet,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Then when?”

“I want to comprehend the Canon of Destiny first. After I have a deeper understanding of the Path of Destiny, I will choose a suitable Destiny Treasure.”

The Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest thought for a moment and said, “Come with me to the Fortune Palace! I will provide you an abode for yourself. You can slowly comprehend it there.”

“Thank you, High Priest,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Returning to the Fortune Palace, Zhang Ruochen followed a white-robed priest to Lake Abode.

In the palace.

The Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest looked at Pan Ruo, who was sipping tea on the right chair. He smiled and said, “Sorry to keep you waiting, Your Highness. May I know why you are here?”

As he spoke, the High Priest sat on the chair at the side.

Pan Ruo held the teacup. The tea in the teacup was steaming hot.

The tea leaves were gifts from the Rakshasas. It was said that the leaves were from Kunlun. Drinking this tea could help cultivators comprehend the Path.

Pan Ruo said, “The assassination of Fuurei is a disgrace to the entire Fane of Destiny. Seven of the twelve Reverends have passed down a divine order at the same time. We must investigate this matter thoroughly and wipe out the Avīci Pavilion. I am too young to be convinced by the masses. However, you are highly respected and I admire you. I wonder if you have any good suggestions?”

Pan Ruo was able to catch the eyes of the Reverend. The Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest wouldn’t dare to underestimate her.

He smiled and said, “Although the seven Reverends have given two orders, we can completely ignore the first one. After

all, if even the Reverends can't find any results, how can we possibly do it?"

"In my opinion, our focus should be on the matter of wiping out the Avīci Pavilion."

"However, the Fortune Palace is not in charge of external battles. I think that Her Highness Pan Ruo should first discuss with the ten Lords of Destiny of the Destiny Division and the ten Great Adjudicators of the Adjudication Division. The Fortune Palace can mobilize the force of the Realm of Star Ocean to collect intelligence and information about the Avīci Pavilion as assistance.

"In addition, His Highness can also go to the fanes of the ten clans. Every clan should contribute to the fight against the Avīci Pavilion."

Pan Ruo had anticipated that despite her cultivation and experience, she would be unable to summon the high priests of the twelve divine palaces to Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest. It was merely a formality.

She had to let all the cultivators of the Fane of Destiny know that she was really working hard on this matter.

Chapter 2433: Ki Tian

The Ancient Ruins was one of the many hidden realms in Mount Destiny. It was said that there were many Destiny Treasures, each of which was priceless. Many core disciples of the Fane of Destiny were not qualified to enter the Ancient Ruins.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Sundial in the Lake Abode and comprehended the Canon of Destiny for half a year.

After he came out of seclusion, he came to the Ancient Ruins to look for the Destiny Treasures.

Crack

Zhang Ruochen stepped on a piece of green tile and made a cracking sound.

The Ancient Ruins were completely different from what he had imagined.

The sky of the hidden realm was very dark. Only the west side had a faint green light.

The vast land was full of broken walls and withered wood and rubble. It looked like a huge ruin. At a glance, one could not see the border.

Through the broken walls, the huge rocks, and the sacrificial instruments buried deep underground, one could imagine the glory of this place. It felt as if the celestial palace had collapsed.

Such a vast ruin reminded Zhang Ruochen of the Dragon Temple.

‘Was there once a magnificent fane here, and it was also destroyed?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. Even though the whole world was broken, the stone pillars, the rusty cauldron, and the altar still gave off a sacred and solemn aura.

“This used to be the Fane of Destiny,” said Zhang Ruochen.

A low voice sounded beside him with a sigh.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed slightly. He turned his head to look. He saw a black figure standing not far away.

That person was dressed in a black robe. There was no movement of his aura. He appeared to be a mortal. Zhang Ruochen, on the other hand, couldn’t see his face or figure clearly. When he used the Eye of Truth, he only saw three blurry shadows.

Zhang Ruochen’s state of mind calmed down for a moment. He said calmly, “Who are you? Why are you here?”

“Although the Fane of Destiny has collapsed, there are still some ancient places of cultivation. I have been comprehending Path for a hundred years in the Ancient Ruins. Today, I just came out of seclusion and happened to pass by this place,” said the black-robed man.

Zhang Ruochen said, “What a coincidence!”

Could anyone enter the Ancient Ruins?

To be able to cultivate for a hundred years in the Ancient Ruins, this person was definitely not simple.

The black-robed man slowly walked forward, passing through broken walls and stepping over gullies.

Zhang Ruochen did not know why, but he chose to follow.

After walking for a long time, the black-robed man said, “Aren’t you curious how the Fane of Destiny collapsed? How long did it collapse? And who built the new fane?”

Zhang Ruochen was indeed curious, but he didn’t ask.

The black-robed man said, “There is no empire, no family, no fane that can be strong forever. When the apocalypse comes, the whole world will collapse. The Fane of Destiny was destroyed because it wasn’t strong enough. But as long as the inheritance isn’t broken and more excellent successors are born, the fane can be rebuilt, and it will be more magnificent than before.

“The setback of the destruction of the fane is only a short period of darkness. As long as the confidence is not broken and countless cultivators persist in their beliefs, there will always be light. Look at how powerful the newly born Fane of Destiny is now.”

Zhang Ruochen said coldly, “Who are you?”

Zhang Ruochen did not believe that a person who happened to pass by would say such a thing to him.

“My name is Ki Tian. I am a person who has abandoned everything, including myself. Now, I only have the sky above my head. Maybe one day, the sky will also step on it.”

The black-robed man turned around and walked away.

Zhang Ruochen chased after him. However, no matter how fast he moved, he could not catch up with the black-robed man’s slow footwork. He could only watch the black-robed man disappear into the horizon.

Zhang Ruochen panted heavily. Gritting his teeth, he hissed, “Who are you?”

The black-robed man’s appearance made Zhang Ruochen uneasy.

Unknowingly, he walked to the place the black-robed man had taken him to. He saw a dense mass of graves. Some had steles, and some only had a cross. It was extremely desolate.

On the stele and cross, there were names written one after another. They were all cultivators from the Fane of Destiny.

One of the areas was full of new graves.

All cultivators who died in the Fane of Destiny appeared to be buried here.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and sat down cross-legged to adjust his state of mind.

After he had completely calmed down, Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes again. He no longer thought about what the black-robed man had said. He was ready to focus on finding the Destiny Treasure.

After half a year of comprehending the Canon of Destiny, Zhang Ruochen had a deep understanding of the Path of Destiny.

The Fane of Destiny had twelve palaces namely, Life, Death, Misfortune, Fortune, Ominous, Prosperous, Joy, Anger, Emptiness, Reality, Past, and Future. They correspond to twelve different powers.

However, Zhang Ruochen reclassified them.

Life, Death, Misfortune, Fortune, Ominous, and Prosperous, in fact, represented light and darkness.

Joy and Anger represented the heart.

Emptiness and Reality represented oblivion and space.

The Past and Future represented time.

The power of Destiny was all-encompassing.

Words like joy or anger were not simply representing emotions. Instead, it contained more power. For example, Pan Ruo could use the Power of Destiny to cure cultivators with amnesia. In fact, it was a manifestation of the power of the heart.

Lady Wind possessed the Destiny Feather, which could control cultivators' emotions and muddle their memories. That power came from the heart as well.

The power of life, death, misfortune, fortune, ominous, and prosperous was more extensive.

After careful consideration, Zhang Ruochen decided to look for a Destiny Treasure that could be related to time or space.

Swoosh

He released the Precepts of Dimension, Precepts of Time, and spiritual power at the same time, spreading out inch by inch to explore the six directions of space.

If there was a Destiny Treasure that was compatible with dimension or time nearby, he would definitely sense it.

“Huh?”

In just a moment, Zhang Ruochen sensed it. He looked at a tomb the size of a mountain in front of him.

Although it was also a new tomb, it was much larger than the tombs of other cultivators. Clearly, the owner of the tomb had a great background.

Zhang Ruochen's figure flashed. He appeared under the tomb mound and looked up at the words on the stone tablet.

Suddenly, his pupils constricted.

“The tomb of the Scion, Yu Qiu.”

Zhang Ruochen hadn't expected that the previous Scion of the Fane of Destiny would die!

Was It so dangerous to be the Scion and Scioness of the Fane of Destiny?

When he read the content on the stone tablet, Zhang Ruochen sighed with relief. It was later revealed that the Scion had not been assassinated, but had died after failing to reach the divinity.

Those who could become the Scions and Scionesses of the Fane of Destiny must be the top geniuses of their era. Unfortunately, they were also under great pressure.

If they could not break through divinity within a thousand years, they would step down from the position of Scions and Scionesses.

The status of a Scion and Scionesses who were not gods was too embarrassing, and they could not avoid being ridiculed. There would definitely be countless cultivators who felt that they had wasted the massive amount of resources provided by the Fane of Destiny.

They would fight with all their might for the next thousand years, whenever they had the chance to break through to divinity.

In this way, the chances of them failing to break through to the divinity increased greatly.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen slapped his palm on the ground. He threw out all the Precepts of Time and Precepts of Destiny in his body to communicate with the Destiny Treasure in the tomb.

The Destiny Treasure only trembled slightly.

It didn't fly out.

“What? Does it want me to dig up the tomb and enter the coffin to take it?”

Zhang Ruochen didn't do it rashly. The tomb of a Scion who was almost in the divinity wasn't simple. Once he dug up the tomb, it would be disrespectful, and he would definitely suffer a backlash.

“Oh right, the Canon of Destiny.”

Zhang Ruochen formed a finger gesture with both hands and activated the power of the Canon of Destiny in his body.

CLANG!

A white light broke through the soil of the tomb mound and flew straight toward Zhang Ruochen.

It flew around Zhang Ruochen at an unparalleled speed.

It was so fast that even Zhang Ruochen felt danger. If he was hit by it, he would most likely be injured.

As it flew, the flow of time around it became chaotic. Marks of Time appeared on their own and gathered into a light tail behind it.

Zhang Ruochen released the Profound Spatial Dimension and Null Time realm at the same time to suppress it. At the same time, he spread out his right hand and transferred the power of the Canon of Destiny to his palm.

It slowed down and flew to Zhang Ruochen's palm.

It was a white bracelet. It wasn't made of stone, gold, or jade. It looked sparkling, but it wasn't transparent.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen mobilized a beam of blood-red aura and injected it into the bracelet. Immediately, a layer of faint

brilliance appeared on the bracelet. On the surface, there were ancient words that appeared—Universum Bracelet.

The universe is all space and time.

This bracelet was named after the universe and indeed had some connection with time. Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen had the Canon of Destiny. Otherwise, he would not have been able to subdue it.

“From now on, you’re coming with me!” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen put the Universum Bracelet on his wrist. He didn’t plan to continue searching for the Destiny Treasure. He left the Ancient Ruins.

The Destiny Treasure of a Scion wasn’t ordinary. It was also compatible with the Path of Time.

It wasn’t easy to find a better Destiny Treasure. Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to waste too much time in the Ancient Ruins.

As for the power of the Universum Bracelet, he planned to study it after he left.

After leaving The Ancient Ruins, Zhang Ruochen went to the Fortune Palace to thank and bid farewell to the Fortune Palace’s Black Robe High Priest. When he left, he wanted to ask about Ki Tian, but he held back the words.

On the way out of Mount Destiny, Zhang Ruochen could feel that there was a cultivator following him. He was very clever. Even with the Heart of Truth, Zhang Ruochen could not determine the identity of the person.

Zhang Ruochen ignored him and pretended not to notice. He went straight back to Winterpage City.

The Battle of Celestial-Hunting had ended a few months ago. The majority of the cultivators who had taken part in the experiment had now left. The entire city had been deserted. There weren’t many people on the streets. It was difficult to imagine the commotion leading up to the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

The bustle died down.

The pursuer finally left. It seemed that he just wanted to confirm Zhang Ruochen's whereabouts.

When he was about to reach Vastsea Manor, Zhang Ruochen saw a familiar figure on the street.

It was Xue Tu.

Xue Tu wore a gray-white robe. He didn't have a single valuable treasure on him. He was even barefoot and wore no shoes.

Xue Tu checked his entire body again as he stood outside the Vastsea Manor. He walked toward the manor's door after ensuring that he was truly plain.

One should keep a low profile.

Although he was scared to death of Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen had a Sundial and a lot of resources for cultivation. If he followed Zhang Ruochen, he wouldn't be able to get many benefits. If he could salvage some of it, other cultivators would be envious.

'No matter what, I am his junior brother. With our relationship, can he kick me out? As for paying off the debt, I won't even think about it. As time goes by, he will eventually renege.' Xue Tu thought.

Xue Tu thought so and could not help but smile.

"Xue Tu, are you looking for me?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's voice came from behind. Xue Tu was so scared that his whole body trembled. He stiffened and slowly turned around.

He saw Zhang Ruochen standing not far in front of him. He forced a smile that was uglier than crying, "Senior, long time no see. Oh, I almost forgot to congratulate you on your marriage with Princess Luo Sha. From now on, you are the prince consort of Devala."

"Why didn't you come to the engagement party?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu coughed dryly and said, "I was busy."

Xue Tu thought that Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen would die together in the void. Of course, he didn't go to the Fortune Palace to attend the engagement party. Instead, he excitedly went to the House of Enchanteurs and found two beautiful elven women. He drank happily for the whole night.

Zhang Ruochen sized him up from top to bottom. He smiled and said, "You're a Scion after all. How can you be so poor? Where are your shoes?"

Xue Tu's eyes turned red. Crying, he said, "I met a ruthless character in the House of Enchanteurs. I lost all of them in a bet. I was this close to selling my Supreme Saint blood. Look at my clothes. They're illusions."

His words were half true and half false.

Xue Tu's goal in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was clear. He wanted to make a fortune. So he used all kinds of sneak attacks and robbed many Supreme Saints.

As a result, he was able to obtain six Regal Artifacts.

Not counting the Sainthood Source of different levels, the Supreme Saints' blood, bone, heart, etc...

After leaving the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, he sold all the treasures he had and exchanged them for a large amount of Godstones. He stored them in the Realm of Star Ocean for fear that Zhang Ruochen would see them.

He did meet a powerful figure in the House of Enchanteurs, but he lost face, not Godstones.

Zhang Ruochen certainly did not believe in Xue Tu. He said, "I remember that every warrior of the Immortal Vampires can enter the Ancient Ruins to look for a Destiny Treasure. Have you been to the Ancient Ruins?"

"Yes!" said Xue Tu.

"You lost that Destiny Treasure too?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

"Yes! I'm so miserable, Senior! I'm Your Junior Brother and the disciple of Blood Empress. I'm so miserable that I'm not only losing face but also your face and my master's face. Senior, do you have any boots and armor of the Saint Weapon

Level? Give me a pair. I am not picky, just a Regal Artifact level will do.”

Xue Tu looked at Zhang Ruochen with anticipation.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What kind of place is the House of Enchanters you mentioned just now?”

Xue Tu said mysteriously, “It is a branch of the Enchanter Chamber in the Divine Domain of Destiny.”

Zhang Ruochen had heard Supreme Saint Qingsheng mention the name of the Enchanter Chamber. It was one of the ten magnates of the world of darkness in the Infernal Court. It was as famous as the Avīci Pavilion.

Zhang Ruochen looked surprised. “The Enchanter Chamber dares to open a branch in the Divine Domain of Destiny?”

“Senior, you don’t know this. The Enchanter Chamber is different from other dark forces. It has a deep foundation in the Infernal Court.

“The master of the House of Enchanters — located at the Fane of Desitiny — and the Death Palace¹’s Black Robe High Priest have an extraordinary relationship. They have prominent backgrounds!”

Chapter 2434: Combining Saint Technique and Saintwill

Zhang Ruochen didn't care whether Xue Tu was telling the truth or not. He said, "I need you to do something for me. You should have some time, right?"

"It's my bounden duty to help Senior brother."

Xue Tu patted his chest. The next moment, his eyes moved and he asked in a low voice, "Is it dangerous? I'm only at Neverwilt Realm. I'm afraid I can't do something too dangerous!"

"It's not dangerous. Just help me ask about something."

Xue Tu breathed a sigh of relief. "What is it?"

"I want to know everything about Southern Sword Realm," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu's eyes were filled with confusion. "Southern Sword Realm? Is there such a macroworld in the Myriad Realms of Celestial Court?"

"No. Southern Sword Realm isn't a subordinate mortal world of Celestial Court. It's a macroworld without any gods. It should be under the control of some force in Infernal Court now," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu's worries were swept away, he smiled and said, "I was wondering why I hadn't heard of it before. Turn out it's a weak realm without gods. There are so many macroworlds like this in Infernal Court. It's a piece of cake. I'll go check it out."

Just as he was about to leave, he stopped again and said with a fake smile, "Senior, look at me. Should I go barefoot working for you? Honestly, I could go barefoot, but I can't be naked right?"

“If you like being naked, go naked!”

Zhang Ruochen passed through an invisible light screen and entered the array of Vastsea Manor. His body disappeared.

Xue Tu clenched his fists. He was too angry to speak. Finally, he stomped his feet and rushed to Realm of Star Ocean. It seemed that he had to take out a part of the Godstones that he had just stored.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the array again and looked in the direction where Xue Tu had left. He said to Lord Sinluo beside him, “Lord Sinluo, follow him quietly and keep a close watch on him.”

“Don’t worry. If he dares to play tricks, I’ll break his legs.”

Lord Sinluo used a Cloaking Saint Technique. He disappeared and followed Xue Tu quietly.

Zhang Ruochen had promised the group of Celestial Captives that he would protect Southern Sword Realm for 10,000 years.

They had all died in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

However, Zhang Ruochen had made a promise. He naturally took it to heart and would definitely fulfill it.

Zhang Ruochen activated Sundial again. He was not in a hurry to cultivate. Instead, he took out a blood-red bead and removed Supreme Saint Yanhong’s skeleton from the bead’s internal space.

Supreme Saint Yanhong’s body was a divine bone. Legend had it that she had woken up in the depths of Sanzu River. She had been killed three times by a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint and had been resurrected three times. She could be said to be immortal.

Her divine bone body was 1,800 miles tall.

Zhang Ruochen had used dimensional chains to confine her. Now, she looked about the same height as a normal human.

He laid her down on the ground. Other than her head, her entire body was pink. The bone seemed to be made of jade. It was crystal clear and gave off a faint divine light.

Immortal Inscriptions could be faintly seen inside the bones. It was extremely mysterious and contained incomprehensible rhymes of Path.

Zhang Ruochen's finger touched the bone on her left hand. He immediately felt as if he had been electrocuted. The divine light emitted from the bone repelled any cultivator who came into contact with her.

"Interesting. As expected of Pink Skull that even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint couldn't kill. She really is dead but not stiff."

Zhang Ruochen could sense that the divine bone on her body was slowly absorbing the death Qi between heaven and earth.

The cranium of Pink Skull that had been attacked by Zhang Ruochen with three drops of Dark Space-time Matter turned dark. Immortal Inscriptions in the divine bone had also become very dim.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes, mobilized his spiritual power, and gathered them at his fingertips.

He pointed at the forehead of Pink Skull.

His spiritual power condensed into an electric shuttle and rushed into her skull from his fingertips.

There was a strange area inside her skull that could not be explored. It was blurry. As soon as Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power rushed into that area, it was immediately counterattacked by a powerful force.

Boom!

Where Zhang Ruochen's fingertips and Pink Skull's glabella touched, a divine light wave exploded. The force was so powerful that Zhang Ruochen staggered back four steps.

"It contains such terrifying energy. It seems that Dark Space-time Matter didn't kill Pink Skull."

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to probe further. He rested his chin on his finger and thought carefully.

Was Pink Skull a Bone Clan cultivator with intelligence or a living God?

If it was the latter...

Keeping her by his side would be an uncontrollable disaster.

In the next half a year, Zhang Ruochen studied the Immortal Inscriptions on Pink Skull. He tried to draw them on spiritual papers, but all of them failed.

The Immortal Inscriptions were too complicated and mysterious. The best attempt was when Zhang Ruochen managed to draw half of it. Yet the inscription still collapsed and turned into wisps of red smoke.

In the library of Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Zhang Ruochen found some records related to Immortal Inscriptions.

The so-called Immortal Inscriptions could only be cultivated by top-level gods. The more Immortal Inscriptions one cultivated, the more chance one could fight against the Yuanhui tribulation and live another Yuanhui period.

The reason why Truegods were hard to kill was also related to Immortal Inscriptions.

“Forget it. I’ll study Immortal Inscriptions after my spiritual power reaches the 66th level!”

The 66th level of spiritual power was another major watershed for spiritual-power Supreme Saints. Once one reached it, one could fight against Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint using only spiritual power.

Moreover, the cultivator’s vitality will be greatly increased, and his spiritual power could be integrated into his body.

Even if his body was destroyed, his spiritual power could not be destroyed.

Kymorpho in Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive was a 66th-level spiritual-power Supreme Saint. With her powerful spiritual power, she could hide her strength and deceive the pseudo gods of Fane of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to alert the gods, so he didn't look for Blood Empress and Wargod Bloodximius. Instead, he sent Pink Skull into Qiankun Realm.

In Qiankun Realm, death Qi was thin.

If Pink Skull wanted to wake up by absorbing death Qi, it would take hundreds or thousands of years. Even if she woke up, as long as she wasn't a real God, Zhang Ruochen could suppress her again.

Zhang Ruochen tried to communicate with the Canon Mark of Swordsmanship left by Empress of Thousand Bones on the trunk of Divine Sky-connecting Tree. Unfortunately, her divine spirit did not appear this time.

"Lady Wind has just died. The entire Divine Domain of Destiny is in a state of panic. All the cultivators of Avīci Pavilion have gone into hiding. The Empress should have also left. It seems that I can only contact her again when I am far away from Divine Domain of Destiny."

Zhang Ruochen left Qiankun Realm, but Xue Tu and Lord Sinluo were still not back.

So, he took out the bronze coffin containing the god's corpse again, he thought, "I've almost exposed all my trump cards in the battle of Celestial-Hunting and the battle with Yan Wushen. If someone wants to kill me, they must have analyzed me thoroughly, prepared well, and been able to predict all my moves. I must prepare one or two powerful tricks that no one knows about."

Zhang Ruochen had a strong sense of crisis in Infernal Court.

So, he decided to nurture God-eater Bugs at all costs.

He placed the bronze coffin within the coverage of Sundial. Zhang Ruochen did not immediately fly into the coffin. Instead, he tried to use his spiritual power to communicate with Sundial.

The communication failed.

Zhang Ruochen had no choice but to fly into the bronze coffin himself. Suddenly, Mark of Time condensed by Sundial

followed him into the vast dimension in the coffin.

When he landed on the surface of the god's corpse, Zhang Ruochen first carefully observed God-eater Bugs that were sleeping.

Then, he found a place where there was no divine poison and began to cultivate.

Wargod Bloodximius had pointed out his weakness. Zhang Ruochen also knew what he needed to make up for. At the moment, there were at least two things he needed to do besides breaking his shackles.

First, he needed to cultivate Path of Truth. He wanted to be able to draw out ten times the attack power in a shorter time when he fights.

Second, he needed to combine Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill with Thousand-Koan level Saint Technique.

The second thing was the most important one.

Although Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill was powerful, Zhang Ruochen could not integrate it into the Saint Technique and use it as he pleased. He could only use the Saintwill superficially and attack alone.

To cultivate Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill perfectly, it was necessary to integrate it into the Saint Technique first. Only then, one could gain a deep understanding of it through endless battles.

“Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike is a Thousand-Koan level Saint Technique that I am most familiar with. Let Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill combines with it first.”

Zhang Ruochen spread his arms and slowly released Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, condensing a huge Taiji Mark.

...

Time passed quickly.

Zhang Ruochen cultivated for one year and three months in the bronze coffin.

He only cultivated Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike and Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill every day. He cultivated it more than 10,000 times, thus his proficiency in both increased greatly.

It took a lot of time for a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint to use a Thousand-Koan level's advanced Saint Technique.

After cultivating for more than a year, the time for Zhang Ruochen to display Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike was at least half of what it used to be. However, when he wanted to combine it with Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, he could not succeed.

"I'll try again. If I still can't combine it, I won't waste any more time. I will put up with the second best. It should be much easier for me to combine Saintwill with a Hundred-Shackle Realm's advanced Saint Technique."

Whoosh

With a thought, Taiji Mark formed by Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill floated in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Then, he drew his bow and stepped forward. His powerful masculinity ignited his entire body.

Ten Swastika Seiryu phantoms coiled around his left arm.

On his right arm, the phantoms of the ten Intergold Tigers howled.

As the power of the palms grew stronger, Taiji Mark in front of him was pulled into a hollow distortion. It kept rushing toward his two palms.

"Hold on. Quick, just a little bit more..."

Zhang Ruochen's palms were already burning gold. It was as if they were going to melt. The palm power was accumulated to the peak. However, this palm strike had not struck out.

It could not be struck out yet.

"Suppress it!"

Zhang Ruochen made a bold decision. He released Profound Spatial Dimension and used Power of Dimensions to forcibly merge Taiji Mark toward the two palms.

Unexpectedly, it worked.

When Taiji Mark and his palms were completely merged, Zhang Ruochen felt as if his hands did not belong to him anymore. They were as heavy as mountains and he could no longer control the power of his palms.

Bang!

His right palm struck forward with an earth-shaking tiger roar.

The terrifying palm power surged out of the bronze coffin and turned into a golden pillar that shot into the sky.

The bronze coffin was like a bell that had been struck. It made an ear-splitting sound and sent everyone who was cultivating under Sundial flying.

Xue Tu had just entered Vastsea Manor. Before he could call out “Senior brother,” he was sent flying by the power from the bronze coffin. He crashed heavily into the light wall of the array.

Blood flowed out of his ears.

...

Inside the bronze coffin.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the surface of the god’s corpse and looked at the two bloody palms.

The power of that palm was too powerful. It was so powerful that he couldn’t control it, and even hurt himself.

However, Zhang Ruochen looked up at the sky and laughed. He was in a good mood.

No matter what, Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill had finally merged with Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike. Even if it didn’t work every time. Even if it takes a long time to activate it. Even if he would hurt himself by it.

However, this was a good start!

As long as he cultivated diligently, there would be a day when he could master it.

At that time, the palm will be where the heart was.

“If I want to cultivate Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill to full strength, perhaps Power of Dimensions will play a huge role.”

“Dimensions... Yin Yang... Five-Elements...”

“Yin Yang... Dimensions... Five-Elements...”

Zhang Ruochen stood still and repeated these words, trying to find the key to cultivate Grade One Saintwill.

Everything has two sides, Yin and Yang.

Everything is a part of the dimensions.

Everything is composed of Five-Elements.

After thinking for a long time, Zhang Ruochen could not figure it out. He could only shake his head.

How could he comprehend Grade One Saintwill in a day?

Outside the bronze coffin, Zhang Ruochen sensed the aura of Xue Tu. He stopped cultivating and flew back to Vastsea Manor. The wounds on his palms had healed themselves.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Lian Xi and asked, “How many Godstones are consumed in a day?”

“15,” said Lian Xi.

Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply, he muttered to himself, “It’s actually 15 times more than normal. Indeed, the larger the dimension, the greater the consumption. I wonder if the consumption of Godstones are affected by the cultivator’s stronger cultivation or the more amount of cultivators cultivating inside the broze coffin.”

Cultivating for a year cost 15 Godstones.

Cultivating for 1,000 years cost 15,000 Godstones.

An ordinary Supreme Saint could not afford to waste such amount of Godstones.

Xue Tu walked carefully behind Zhang Ruochen and said, “Senior brother, I’ve found out the information about Southern Sword Realm!”

Zhang Ruochen turned around and asked seriously, “What’s the general situation? Which force is in control of Southern Sword Realm?”

Xue Tu said, “The situation is a bit complicated! Originally, Divination Division of Fane of Destiny had figured out the location of Southern Sword Realm in the universe. It is for Death Palace — one of the 12 Fane of Destiny — to go there and attacked it. At last, becoming the private territory of Death Palace.

“But not long ago, a few forces joined forces and paid a high price to buy Southern Sword Realm from Death Palace’s Black Robe High Priest.”

Zhang Ruochen snorted. “Not long ago? How long ago?”

“Not long after Battle of Celestial-Hunting,” Xue Tu said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly, he said thoughtfully, “Southern Sword Realm doesn’t have a powerful inheritance or a treasure land. There’s only one cultivator who reached Supreme Saint Realm through his own trial and error. It can be said to be an extremely low-value macroworld. Yet, someone is willing to pay a lot of money to buy it. Which forces was it?”

“Led by Ghost’s Dishastan. Bone clan’s Roopkund Sea and Corpusian’s Hall of Permanence also paid a lot of Godstones,” Xue Tu said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “So it was Dishastan. It seems that they really came for me. Only very few cultivators know about the deal between me and the cultivators of Southern Sword Realm. Who leaked the secret?”

The master of Dishastan was Ghost Master.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen thought of someone. A cold look flashed in his eyes. He asked, “Is Lord Bladehell still in Divine Domain of Destiny?”

“Him? He left a long time ago. It’s said that he’s going to Fane of Immortality to break through to Thousand-Koan Realm,” Xue Tu said.

“He dared to betray me. Did he think that he can survive by hiding in Fane of Immortality or breaking through to Thousand-Koan Realm?”

Zhang Ruochen’s killing intent soared.

Zhang Ruochen thought about the matter of Southern Sword Realm. The only person he could think of that who would leak the secret was Lord Bladehell.

Zhou Zhen walked in from outside and handed Zhang Ruochen a post. “Master, a Ghost just sent an invitation to the House of Enchanteurs.”

Chapter 2435: Enchanter Palace, Reception Hall

“It’s for Master Ruochen.”

Zhang Ruochen opened the invitation and read it quickly.

Finally, his eyes became sharp when he saw the name at the end of the invitation card.

Closing the invitation, Zhang Ruochen smiled coldly and said, “He actually came to me on his own initiative.”

“Who?” Xue Tu asked curiously.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The fifth son of Ghost Master, Ling.”

Xue Tu was shocked, he said, “There’s a long-held grudge between Xue Jue Family and Dishastan. Whether it’s Wargod, Ghost Master, or the cultivators below, there are countless public and hidden fights. Why would Ling invite you? I get it. It must be the matter in Southern Sword Realm. As far as I know, the cultivator who bought Southern Sword Realm from Death Palace’s Black Robe High Priest was Ling.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “How much do you know about Ling?”

“Not much.”

Xue Tu shook his head gently. “In any case, the nine sons of Ghost Master are all top-level talents and all have the potential to become gods. It was said that Ling had passed the eighth Ghost Tribulation a thousand years ago. I haven’t heard of him in the last few hundred years. I don’t know if he has passed the ninth Ghost Tribulation yet.”

A Ghost who had survived the ninth Ghost Tribulation was one of the top elites below divinity. One was comparable to a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

Xue Tu laughed. “I guess Ling must have wanted to use Southern Sword Realm to blackmail you. But he had miscalculated. Xue Jue Family is a big family. How could they

put Southern Sword Realm in their eyes? I don't think we should go to the invitation tonight. We can't afford to offend an elite like Ling."

"What's wrong? Let's go." Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu was stunned and said, "Senior brother, now is not the time to be impulsive. Why don't we open Sundial and cultivate for 1,000 years? After that, we can go out and kill every last one of them."

"If we keep cultivating in seclusion, our progress will be slow. We will be just wasting our life," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Battle of Celestial-Hunting had only lasted for 100 days, but Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had improved more than cultivating in Sundial for hundreds of years.

The path of cultivation could not be separated from tempering and opportunities.

Southern Sword Realm was indeed insignificant in Zhang Ruochen's heart. However, the promise he made was as heavy as a mountain. No matter how difficult it was, he had to try his best to fulfill it.

Perhaps part of the reason why Dishastan, Roopkund Sea, and Hall of Permanence had joined hands to purchase Southern Sword Realm was to target Zhang Ruochen. However, a macroworld contained countless living beings and buried hundred millions of bones.

After these living beings were killed, countless Corpusians and Ghost souls could be born. The bones buried underground could be cultivated into a large number of Bone cultivators.

If Zhang Ruochen did not go to the invitation, Ling could give the order to wipe out Southern Sword Realm and turn it into a city of dead souls. Thus, increasing the strength of the three forces.

At that time, Zhang Ruochen would not be able to fulfill his promise because he did not save them. His state of mind would be affected.

Naturally, Ling had achieved his goal.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the sky and said, "Let's go to the House of Enchanters now. Xue Tu, lead the way."

"Senior, I have something important to do, so I won't go to the House of Enchanters!"

If it was another time, Xue Tu would definitely go to the House of Enchanters to have fun. However, he had ruined his reputation and suffered a great loss two days ago. Naturally, he wasn't going to embarrass himself again.

Besides, Ling was a powerful existence. He is definitely up to no good in inviting Zhang Ruochen.

How could he, a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint dare to get involved in this matter.

"Are you sure you don't want to go?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"It's not that I don't want to go. Father has passed down a divine order. I have to rush back to Dominion of Bloodysky Clan." Xue Tu had no choice but to lie and blame it on the god.

Zhang Ruochen said casually, "I heard that you have stored a lot of Godstones in Realm of Star Ocean."

Xue Tu's face turned as pale as paper.

Lord Sinluo had returned to Vastsea Manor and was standing at the gate. He had just transmitted his voice and told Zhang Ruochen the secret of Xue Tu.

Xue Tu was sweating profusely. His body was trembling. He cried, "Senior, How-how did you know?"

"How much did you save?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu was about to cry, "I risked my life to get those Godstones. It wasn't easy for me! Senior, I'll definitely pay you back for the Godstones I owe you. However, I need to have some savings in the path of cultivation that costs so much, right?"

"I didn't say I wanted your Godstones. Why are you so nervous?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Hearing this, Xue Tu heaved a long sigh of relief.

Zhang Ruochen asked again, “Do you want to take me to the House of Enchanteurs?”

“No problem. I know that place well.”

“Aren’t you in a hurry to return to Dominion?”

“No, not at all. What could be more urgent than Senior’s matter?”

“Okay. The expenses in the House of Enchanteurs Tonight will be paid by Scion Xue Tu.”

Xue Tu’s face, which had recovered with much difficulty, turned pale again. He was petrified.

...

The House of Enchanteurs was built in Metaform City. It only needed one dimensional teleportation to get there from Winterpage City.

Zhang Ruochen still couldn’t fully control the power of Yanshen’s leg. So he stood by the lake with Xue Tu in Armor of the Fire God, looking at the brightly lit House of Enchanteurs in the center of the lake.

The House of Enchanteurs wasn’t a tower. It was a group of magnificent palaces on the water.

The palaces were golden and resplendent. Saint trees rose from the layers of jade tiles. They gave off purple light. Purple leaves fell like dancing lights. The sounds of singing and dancing could be faintly heard. It gave people endless thoughts.

There were many ships on the lake. Most cultivators on the ships had extraordinary cultivation. They could often sense a Supreme Saint’s aura.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed a familiar aura fluctuation. His eyes fell on a blue ship. The ship seemed to be made of holy jade. It was engraved with Supreme Saint’s inscription, which could stop spiritual power from probing.

Zhang Ruochen could vaguely see the inside of the ship with the Eye of Truth.

He saw the Devalan prince, Prince Luo Shengtian sitting cross-legged. His body was shining brightly, and his aura was like a dragon or a roc. He gave off a faint divine power as if he could overturn heaven and earth.

“It’s him.”

Zhang Ruochen’s face showed a strange expression.

It was out of Zhang Ruochen’s expectations that he would meet Luo Sha’s royal brother in a place like the House of Enchanteurs.

Zhang Ruochen could see that Luo Shengtian had broken through to Thousand-Koan Realm. His cultivation and combat power had both increased by several times. With his current combat power, he could probably severely injure Que and Lan Ying — who were in Hundred-Shackle Realm — with only one move.

Zhang Ruochen had expected that Luo Shengtian would be able to break through to Thousand-Koan Realm before the others.

After all, Que, Lan Ying, Yan Haungtu, and Wujiang were all severely injured on the Battlefield of Celestial Hunting. They needed to spend a lot of time healing first. Luo Shengtian had accumulated his strength for many years. He was just one step away from Thousand-Koan Realm. Naturally, he could break through easily without any injuries.

What Zhang Ruochen couldn’t understand was Luo Shengtian was always serious and he didn’t seem like someone who was addicted to wine and sex. Why did he secretly come to the House of Enchanteurs when he had just broken through and couldn’t perfectly control the explosive power in his body?

The blue ship docked.

Luo Shengtian wore a special holy robe that made him shorter and thinner and wore a golden mask. Accompanied by a 60-year-old man, he climbed the white jade-like steps.

Apparently, the House of Enchanteurs knew the great identity of the Devalan Prince. They sent a beautiful woman in blue from Rakshasa to wait on the shore.

As soon as Luo Shengtian got off the boat, the beautiful woman in blue bowed and invited them into the House of Enchanters with a respectful attitude.

All of this was observed by Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was curious about what was going on with Luo Shengtian. Why was he so mysterious and secretive.

Zhang Ruochen asked Xue Tu beside him, “Can you hide your identity when you enter the House of Enchanters?”

Xue Tu quickly shook his head, “Of course not. the House of Enchanters must have a clear grasp of the identity of every cultivator. The destructive power of a Saint-level cultivator is too terrifying. If a crazy person appears and causes trouble, the House of Enchanters will be destroyed.”

Suddenly, Xue Tu thought of something, he said seriously, “Senior, you just got engaged to Princess Luo Sha. It’s not suitable for you to show up in public. If you don’t want to expose your identity, you can contact the hall master first. With the permission of the hall master, you can hide your real face to others.”

“No need to trouble yourself.”

Zhang Ruochen’s body swayed, and the sound of flesh moving came from his body.

After a moment, he changed his appearance and turned into Xueqi. Even Armor of the Fire God on his body had changed. The divine light had completely disappeared, and the armor was no different from an ordinary one.

Xueqi was also a proud son of Xue Jue Family. He was less than 1,000 years old, and his cultivation had reached Hundred-Shackle Realm. It was reasonable for him to go to the House of Enchanters with Xue Tu.

Although Xue Tu and “Xueqi” were both Supreme Saints, there were many Supreme Saints who came to the House of Enchanters that didn’t receive any special treatment. They could only take the House of Enchanters’s guiding spirit ship and enter the House of Enchanters with other cultivators.

After getting off the ship and arriving outside Reception Hall, Zhang Ruochen finally felt the extravagance of Enchanteur Palace.

Reception Hall was built from materials used to refine Regal Artifacts. It was 300 meters tall and majestic. The two bronze doors could allow dozens of people to pass side by side.

Every detail was meticulously studied.

For example, the phoenix carving on the golden pillars, the lanterns on both sides of the door, the design of the window lattice, the bone carving used for decoration, the planting method of the holy tree spirit flower... All the designs and arrangements were masterful creations. Saint-level cultivators would be amazed when they saw it.

It was completely different from what Zhang Ruochen had imagined. Instead, it was like an art museum.

Every step and scene was beautiful and magnificent.

Such scenery could be seen in just the Reception Hall. He didn't know how many more mysterious scenery there were in the House of Enchanters.

Compared to this place, Zhang Ruochen's Vastsea Manor was no different from a simple thatched cottage.

"If it weren't for all the noise and racket, the House of Enchanters would be an excellent place for self-cultivation," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu stood to Zhang Ruochen's right and looked at the lights in front of him, he sighed and said, "Senior, you may not know this, but there are nine halls in the House of Enchanters. Among them, there are also places that are extremely peaceful and natural. To put it bluntly, any cultivator who comes to the House of Enchanters will probably be addicted to this place. They won't leave until they've spent all their treasures."

Zhang Ruochen chuckled and shook his head. He obviously didn't agree with Xue Tu.

A Supreme Saint's will was very strong. He could control his desires and wouldn't be easily addicted. Of course, this didn't apply to cultivators with inner demons.

There were many cultivators gathered in Reception Hall. Beautiful women in white shuttled back and forth, communicating with them and settling them down.

Some of these women were charming, some had a pure temperament, some came from Immortal Vampires, Rakshasa, Nether Clan, Yanluo clan, and so on. There were also humans, elves, dragon ladies, foxes, and people from Celestial Court.

They were at least Demi-Saints. They were all calm and collected when communicating with a Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen saw two familiar figures. They were Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu.

Both of them had changed their appearances and figures. They wore robes that concealed their auras. Around them were more than a dozen guards with powerful cultivations. They looked imposing and attracted the attention of many cultivators.

The hall master of Reception Hall had reached the Supreme Saint Realm. She was a woman in her 20s. According to Xue Tu's introduction, her name was Han Yun'ge. She was a human.

She looked young and had a very immature temperament. Yet in reality, she was already over three thousand years old and a rather shrewd person.

For a human woman to be able to reach such a high position in Infernal Court, she had to be very shrewd.

Han Yun'ge took the initiative to welcome Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu. She bowed to them and with a faint smile on her face, she used her spiritual power to communicate with them.

No one knew what they were communicating about.

A moment later, Yan Huangtu said, "Tonight, I'll still be staying at Peach Annex. You should know what to do."

"Of course!"

Han Yun'ge immediately called over a white-clothed girl and led the people of the Yanluo clan through Reception Hall to the depths of the palace complex.

“Who has such a high profile to actually speak to Master Han in such a tone?”

“Ordinary Scion doesn't have such power. Could it be a superior from Thousand-Koan Realm or Banshi Isshou Realm?”

“I don't think it's that simple. That person definitely has a powerful background.”

...

Apart from Zhang Ruochen, few cultivators could see through the disguise of Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian. They were all discussing and speculating.

Zhang Ruochen was even more confused. He thought to himself, “What's going on? Why are Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian Here? Did something big happen in the House of Enchanteurs?”

It was understandable if Yan Huangtu had come alone.

The men had just experienced a life-and-death battle on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. He should relax with a romantic experience. However, the appearance of Yan Zhexian made Zhang Ruochen think deeply. Did the elites of Yanluo clan come to the House of Enchanteurs for another purpose?

Then, Zhang Ruochen found traces of several elites. They were all personally received by Han Yun'ge. Clearly, they had a powerful background.

Even Xue Tu realized that something was wrong, he said in a low voice, “Senior, the House of Enchanteurs is a bit strange today. Normally, Han Yun'ge is almost nowhere to be seen. I didn't expect that the hall master of Reception Hall would come in person today and personally receive several groups of cultivators.”

There was envy and curiosity in Xue Tu's tone.

He added, “Xueqi’s status is still a bit low. If Senior revealed your true identity, no matter how lofty the House of Enchanters is, Han Yun’ge would definitely take the initiative to welcome you instead of being ignored.”

Han Yun’ge was dressed in immortal silk wrapped around her wrists. Her temperament was lucid and elegant. She was like a fairy in the clouds and did not have any mundane sense.

A maid in white held a scroll in her hand and walked quickly to Han Yun’ge’s side. Her lips moved as she whispered something to her.

A look of surprise appeared in Han Yun’ge’s eyes. She took the scroll and glanced at it. Then, she could not help but look in the direction of ‘Xueqi’ and Xue Tu.

Han Yun’ge walked over like a gentle and talented lady. She placed her hand on her waist and bowed slightly, “Yun’ge’s greetings to Supreme Saint Xueqi and Scion Xue Tu.”

Many cultivators in Reception Hall looked over.

Some of them were surprised. Why was Han Yun’ge so respectful to Xue Tu and Xueqi? After all, Han Yun’ge was also a Supreme Saint.

Xue Tu was excited as he was finally valued. He couldn’t help but straighten his back and feel honored.

Zhang Ruochen remained calm and showed an extraordinary bearing.

Han Yun’ge transmitted her voice to Zhang Ruochen through spiritual power. “Master Ruochen, why didn’t you tell me that you were coming? Please forgive me for my slight.”

Zhang Ruochen transmitted his voice. “How do you know my real identity?”

“Master Ruochen’s Shapeshifting technique is rather brilliant that Yun’ge can’t see through it. However, the House of Enchanters knows that Xueqi has returned to Dominion of Bloodysky Clan and is not in Divine Domain of Destiny.”

A gentle look appeared on Han Yun’ge’s pure face, which dazzled many cultivators present.

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself. It seemed that the information system of the Enchanter Chamber was very powerful. Most of the information and movements of the Supreme Saints in Infernal Court were under their control.

Han Yun'ge did not transmit another message. She asked, "Supreme Saint Xueqi is an honored guest of the House of Enchanters. Do you want to arrange some ladies of the night?"

"Arrange some ladies of the night?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu looked envious and jealous. He quickly sent a message to Zhang Ruochen, "Han Yun'ge is smart. It seems that she has guessed your identity. In the House of Enchanters, only people with outstanding status and cultivation talent are qualified to request courtesans.

"In other words, if you only have your current cultivation talent and not the status of the grandson of Bloodysky Clan's leader and Blood Empress' son, you are not qualified to request for a lady of the night.

"Even if you are the grandson of the clan's leader and Scion, without your current cultivation talent, you are also not qualified.

"Talent and background are indispensable.

"Of course, if your cultivation has reached Paramount Realm, and you are ranked second-class or above on Divine Ascension Ranking, you are also qualified."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "Forget it, I'm not interested."

Hearing this, Xue Tu was dumbfounded. No cultivator had ever been qualified to request for courtesans, but not request them.

He was even more anxious than Zhang Ruochen, he immediately transmitted his voice, "Senior, the courtesans nurtured by the House of Enchanters are not comparable to those of ordinary Saint-level women. They are all versatile and gentle. Some of them can even reach the level of spiritual-power Supreme Saint with their zither skills and calligraphy.

They are not inferior to those great scholars and Saint Confucians in Kunlun's Field.

"More importantly, once you request for a courtesan, she will belong to you alone for life. She will never come into contact with other men."

"Why is the House of Enchanters so detached? It is because they know that lust can only attract ordinary cultivators. Only love can resonate with the top heaven's pride and God devisee."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen was a little curious. He asked, "It is hard to find a woman like so as you said. Can the Enchanter Chamber nurture a batch of women like this?"

Xue Tu said, "Yes. The power of the Enchanter Chamber is so great. The courtesans they nurture are like their own daughters. The cultivator who fell in love with them is, in a sense, the son-in-law of the Enchanter Chamber. It's said that the house master of Fane of Destiny's House of Enchanters is the lover of Death Palace's Black Robe High Priest in the Enchanter Chamber."

"No wonder you said that the Enchanter Chamber has a deep foundation in Infernal Court. It turns out that their sons-in-law are all over the world, and all are extraordinary," Zhang Ruochen said with a smile.

Xue Tu said, "Senior, are you going to request a courtesan? Let's try. I want to see how amazing the courtesans of Enchanter Palace are. They can make so many powerful and talented people fall for them."

"No," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu was stunned again and said, "Why? I understand. Senior, are you afraid that Princess Luo Sha will know?"

Zhang Ruochen ignored Xue Tu and shook his head at Han Yun'ge. He smiled and said, "Thank you for your kindness. I won't request them for now."

"Okay. the House of Enchanters respects your choice."

Although Han Yun'ge said so, how could the Enchanter Chamber give up on investing in a Yuanhui level genius like Zhang Ruochen?

Once Zhang Ruochen became a god in the future, the position of the Enchanter Chamber would be more consolidated.

However, Han Yun'ge understood that Zhang Ruochen had Fairy Shadowless from Portrait of the Nine Beauties, the number one beauty of Bloodysky Clan, Xia Yu. As well as his fiancée, Princess Luo Sha, who was both intelligent and beautiful. How could he be interested in ordinary flowers?

“Perhaps only Qing ‘er could catch his eye. Unfortunately, Qing ‘er is also arrogant and looks down on all the talents in the world. She might not be interested in this Yuanhui level genius.”

Han Yun'ge thought of Bai Qing ‘er who was in Divine Domain of Destiny. However, even the house master of the House of Enchanters could not force her to do anything.

After all, Bai Qing ‘er's father had a great background. In the last Yuanhui period, he too was a Yuanhui-level genius and was on par with Wargod Bloodximius.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I came to the House of Enchanters to meet Ling. Where is he?”

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen handed the invitation card to Han Yun'ge.

After Han Yun'ge read the card, she smiled and said, “I know about the grudges between Xue Jue Family and Dishastan. I hope that you can respect the rules of the House of Enchanters and not fight. Even if there is a fight, the House of Enchanters has a battle stage with Divine Marks. If there is any conflict, you can go to the battle stage to resolve it.”

“Don't worry. As long as they follow the rules, I won't fight,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Han Yun'ge said, “Lord Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing, the three Supreme Saints are all in Phoenix Annex.”

“Don't tell them that I'm here,” Zhang Ruochen said.

When Xue Tu heard Cang Baizi's name, his face became strange. He was embarrassed, angry, and scared. He just stood there and didn't move.

"What's wrong?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu said, "Nothing, nothing. Senior, I have to remind you that Cang Baizi is an elite of Hall of Permanence. His cultivation is unfathomable. Huo Xing is a big shot in Roopkund Sea. His strength is not weaker than Ling. None of these three elites are easy to deal with."

"If you are afraid, Don't go! Go and investigate something..."

Zhang Ruochen stopped mid-sentence and looked in the direction of the entrance of Reception Hall. A woman dressed as a man walked in.

Chapter 2436: The Gamble

“Why is this demoness here?” Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself.

The womanly figure dressed as a man was clad in dark green commoner’s clothes, with a bracelet of rosary beads in her hand. Her appearance was not particularly outstanding and did not attract much attention from the cultivators.

Although she had performed the secret transformation technique and deliberately restrained the demonic Qi in her body, Zhang Ruochen could still sense the unique aura of death that emanated from her.

This woman was Guye Jing from the Rāhu Mountains

Zhang Ruochen had met her once at the engagement feast. She was one of Luo Qian’s close friends, and her cultivation skill was unfathomable.

Zhang Ruochen only stared at her for a moment, but she noticed it. She glanced over and met Zhang Ruochen’s eyes for a moment. Zhang Ruochen immediately looked away and pretended that he had just seen her by accident.

Guye Jing fiddled at the prayer beads with her delicate fingers. A trace of doubt flashed through her demonic eyes. She did not look at “Xue Qi” anymore and went straight to the depths of the House of Enchanters.

“The House of Enchanters is quite lively tonight.”

Zhang Ruochen said to Xue Tu, “Go and check it out. See what’s going on in the House of Enchanters.”

After leaving Xue Tu, Zhang Ruochen walked alone through the reception hall to the luxurious chambers within the multiple layers of the palace.

Han Yun’ge could tell that he was Zhang Ruochen based on the fact that Xue Qi was not in the Fane of Destiny. The other

well-informed powerful cultivators could also guess that person was Zhang Ruochen.

He had to change his identity.

CRACK

Walking through a dimly lit place, Zhang Ruochen shook his body and instantly changed his appearance.

He became tall and thin with long limbs, His looks weren't handsome, but he had an attractive heroic spirit.

The House of Enchanters had nine sprawling halls, each with dozens of chambers. There were cloud pagodas, lunar boats, and flower platforms. After passing through the reception hall and a stone path above the water, the path forward became more lively with brighter lights.

That was the largest group of halls in the entire House of Enchanters. It was called the "Jadehill Palace."

The Jadehill Palace was built on an island made of saint bones. Its main body was the shell of a turtle which was a Supreme Saint of the Paramount Realm, the shell stood at more than 800 meters tall. Many strangely shaped palaces were built around the mountain. The eaves of the palaces were all adorned with saint fire lanterns.

This group of palaces in the Jadehill Palace was the main body of the House of Enchanters. It included the casino, the fighting arena, the forest of wine pools, and meat trees... it was all-encompassing and did not lack a single thing. More than 90% of the cultivators could only stay here.

The other eight palaces had their unique characteristics and required a costly sum. It wasn't just someplace that normal cultivators could enter.

The Phoenix Annex was located in another palace out of the many that was very close to the Jadehill Palace and they were connected by a stone path on the water.

Zhang Ruochen didn't go to the Phoenix Annex immediately. He wandered around the Jadehill Palace, secretly observing

the arrival of other powerful figures while waiting for news from Xue Tu.

He passed by a 30-foot-high dark ice jade platform and saw 12 beautiful girls dancing on it.

Some of the dancers were fox girls, sexy and charming, with swaying tails, while some were dragon girls, with horns on their heads and possessing a high and mighty temperament. Others were elves, with sharp ears and lively and beautiful looks.

They had been carefully trained and taught, as their dancing was beautiful and pleasing to Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

The other cultivators of the Infernal Court completely lack the manner of powerful saints. They shouted together and threw saint stones or sacred pills onto the stage from time to time.

A Supreme Saint of Corpusian directly climbed onto the dark ice jade platform. Leading a fox girl in one hand, he walked directly to a bustling palace. Countless cultivators of the Infernal Court envied him greatly.

Only do Supreme Saints dared to do this in the House of Enchanters.

It was special treatment for a Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen went to the forest of wine pools and meat and tasted a good wine called "Forgetful Heart". It was indeed a good wine and was comparable to the wine brewed by an obsessed person.

The battle stage was built on the top of the Jadehill Palace. No matter where one stood in The House of Enchanters, one could see it at a glance.

At this moment, there were two Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints fighting on the battle stage.

One was from the Nether Clan, and the other was from the Deathkin.

The two seemed to have a great enmity as the fight was very intense. In the end, the Nether Clan Supreme Saint was more

skilled. He chopped off the head of the Deathkin Supreme Saint, attracting the cheers of countless cultivators.

Passing by a castle-like building, Zhang Ruochen sensed Yan Zhexian's aura. He suddenly stopped and looked up.

The castle was made of black stone. It was five stories tall and built at a grand scale. The top of the gate was made of bones carved with the words, "Citadel Casino."

"What does the Citadel Casino mean?" Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself.

Beside him, a Nine-Step Saint King in chainmail armor with a human body and a taotie head said, "I can't believe you don't know Citadel Casino. Is this your first time in the House of Enchanteurs?"

"You're right. This is my first time."

Zhang Ruochen walked into the castle.

After stepping through the gate, the lights inside were much dimmer, but the clamoring noise was louder and more ear-piercing.

"This is an ancient weapon comparable to a Regal Artifact. I'll give you 90 million saint stones for it."

"This ring contains a strong Supreme Saint's aura. It must be valuable."

"I'll give you three million saint stones."

...

There were ten gambling tables in the hall on the first floor of the castle.

Each gambling table had a vessel wrapped in a glowing shield.

Around the gambling tables were a large group of craze cultivators. They judged the value of the vessel and placed bets.

These cultivators didn't have normally high cultivation, so it was hard to find a Saint King among them.

The Nine-Step Saint King with the taotie head walked to Zhang Ruochen's side and glanced at the ten vessels in the light shields. He shook his head and said, "The first floor is just for the low-end game. We can't see anything good here. Only the things above are really valuable."

They walked to the second floor.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Is this a place to sell vessels or a place to gamble?"

"It is both!"

The Nine-Step Saint King with the taotie head said, "The House of Enchanters can sell artifacts and take money from the gambling games. It's a win-win situation for both sides."

They had arrived on the second floor!

Almost all the cultivators on this floor were of Saint Kingdom, but their realms were lower, so it was difficult to see the figure of the Nine-Step Saint King.

Coming to the third floor, the Nine-Step Saint King with the taotie head arrived at his destination and walked toward the hall.

There were only six gambling tables in the hall. Almost all the cultivators who were gambling here were high-level Saint Kings. There were even some Supreme Saints.

The Nine-Step Saint King with the taotie head came to the bottom of gambling table No. 1. He opened his eyes wide and carefully observed the rusty war hammer on the table and his breath quickened.

He instantly entered the gambler's state.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the war hammer. He saw that although the war hammer was rusty, traces of dark light emitted from the cracks in the rust. There was a powerful aura of a Supreme Saint spreading out through the light shield.

It was the aura of a Supreme Saint that had reached the Thousand-Koan Realm.

“It’s a Supreme Saint ancient artifact. There is something good to be found here.”

He quietly released his spiritual power to check out the Warhammer.

When his spiritual power touched the light shield, it immediately shot out a blinding ray of light. Thunder and lightning appeared.

“Where did this ignorant person come from? How dare he use spiritual power to investigate?”

“This is bad luck. Go ahead and gamble. I’m not here to gamble anymore!”

“Cang Jie, who did you bring?”

...

The cultivators below the gambling table cursed and glared at Zhang Ruochen.

Gamblers are easily irritated when they are gambling.

The Nine-Step Saint King with the taotie head, named Cang Jie, quickly apologized to them and said, “It’s my friend’s first time in The House of Enchanters. He doesn’t understand the rules here. Please forgive him and don’t lower yourself to his level.”

After a while, everyone’s anger subsided.

However, some cultivators chose to leave and didn’t continue gambling here.

Cang Jie transmitted his voice to Zhang Ruochen. “All the vessels here are covered by a light shield. cultivators can only judge its value based on its aura. They can’t use spiritual power to investigate.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I’m afraid it’s quite hard to judge!”

“It’s indeed hard to judge, that’s why it’s called gambling,” Cang Jie said.

Zhang Ruochen thought it was quite new and asked, “What’s the gambling method?”

Cang Jie said excitedly, “More than two cultivators will bid for the vessels together. If the final price is lower than the original value of the vessels, then the winner will be the one with the highest price. Not only can you get the vessels, but you can also get the saint stones of all the bidders

“If the final price is higher than the original value of the vessel, then the one with the lowest price will become the winner and get the vessel and the saint stones of all the bidders.”

Zhang Ruochen asked tentatively, “Winner takes all?”

“Yes! Isn’t that exciting enough?” Cang Jie laughed in reply.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, and said, “From the first level to the third level, I took a rough look. All the artifacts that were put on the gambling table were quite special. It seemed that they were ancient artifacts dug out from the tombs. I’m afraid that it’s not so easy to judge the value of these artifacts.”

Cang Jie said, “You may not know this, but the House of Enchanters and the temple of the dead souls work closely together. The death souls temple travels all over the world and specializes in digging into large tombs. Their main goal is to find powerful corpses and bones to sell them at a high price to the Corpasian and the Bone Clan’s forces. However, they also dug out a lot of ancient artifacts. Most of them were sent to the House of Enchanters!”

“The real good stuff was taken away by the temple of the dead souls first, right?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Cang Jie shook his head hard, “It’s hard to determine the value of the artifacts dug out from the tomb because of the passage of time,” he said. “Some of them look powerful, but in fact, their insides have already rotted away. These turned into dust instantly when activated by saint power.”

“Especially the ancient divine artifacts. They are stained with the power of the deities, and divine marks are formed within them. Even spiritual power can not detect them thoroughly. One must refine them before determining their value.”

“Therefore, these artifacts in the tombs are usually sealed as soon as they are unearthed. Then they are sent to the House of Enchanters or other gambling places, and the cultivators themselves will bet on their value. In this way, the temple of the dead souls and the House of Enchanters will make a profit.”

As long as a Supreme Saint had used an artifact before, it would be a Supreme Saint ancient artifact.

As long as a god used a vessel before, it would be an ancient divine artifact.

However, there was a grade to the artifact, and there was also a difference in how precious it was. The wine cups and war weapons used by the same Supreme Saint might give off the same aura of a Supreme Saint, but the value of the two could not be compared.

If he made a mistake, he would lose everything.

Below the gambling table, there were seven cultivators who had placed their bets.

Four of them bid 100 million saint stones.

The other three bid: 1.2 billion saint stones, 800 million saint stones, and 2.1 billion saint stones.

Besides the gambling table, a person in charge of the Enchanter Palace said, “The aura of a Supreme Saint is coming off thickly from this weapon. It’s a war hammer, and it’s most likely a weapon of a Supreme Saint. Do any more cultivators want to raise the price?”

Cang Jie laughed and sat beside the gambling table, he said, “Based on the Supreme Saint aura that this war hammer gives off, we can determine that its previous owner was a Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Koan Realm. This war weapon should be at least at the level of a Class Two Regal Artifact. How can saint stones measure their value? In my opinion, it’s worth at least 80 Godstones.”

80 Godstones were equivalent to 80 billion saint stones.

The three cultivators who had already placed their bets stared at Cang Jie as if they were looking at an idiot.

If it was a battle hammer, must it be a weapon belonging to a Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Koan Realm?

Even if it was a Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Koan Realm's battle weapon, looking at how rusted it was, it was very likely to be a useless piece of equipment.

A useless piece of equipment would have different values depending on how useless it was.

It was possible that it was worthless, or it was possible that some of the materials used to forge the weapon still had a certain value.

It was very obvious that most cultivators felt that the battle hammer was a worthless weapon.

Especially the four cultivators who had bid 100 million saint stones. They were certain that the Warhammer was worthless and wanted to gamble big with small amounts. If not for this gambling table that limited the lowest bid at 100 million saint stones, perhaps they would have bid for an even lower price.

If the Warhammer was truly worthless, the four of them would have won. They could split the saint stones that the other three cultivators had offered and earn one billion saint stones each.

To a Nine-Step Saint King, one billion saint stones was an enormous wealth.

Of course, if the interior of the Warhammer was intact then it would be a Supreme Saint ancient artifact comparable to a Class Two Regal Artifact, and the winner would be the cultivator who had offered 2.1 billion saint stones.

Not only will he win all the saint stones, but he would also be able to obtain a Supreme Saint ancient artifact that was worth dozens of Godstones. It was a huge profit.

Of course, the probability of this was extremely low.

With the strength of the House of Enchanters, it was still possible to determine the value of a Supreme Saint ancient artifact. If it was truly a Class Two Regal Artifact that was

intact, with the probability being only 20-30%, it would be sent to the fourth floor. There is no way that it could have appeared here.

This kind of gambling depended equally on luck and eyesight.

The person in charge of the Enchanteur Palace stared at Cang Jie and smiled, "How many saint stones are you prepared to bet?"

"I'm poor, so I'll bet 100 million saint stones!"

Cang Jie took out a crimson crystal card and threw it on the gambling table.

The surroundings immediately erupt with jeering sounds.

He had boasted so fiercely just now, and it turned out that he was also a guy who wanted to take advantage of others.

The four cultivators who had already bet 100 million saint stones looked displeased. With one more person betting, the number of saint stones each of them would get if they won would be less!

The person in charge of the Enchanteur Palace asked, "Are there any more cultivators betting?"

There were many cultivators watching, but none of them had placed any bets.

After all, the 100 million saint stones were not a small amount. It was enough to make some Saint Kings bankrupt.

The person in charge looked at the eight cultivators who had placed their bets and asked, "Do you still want to place more bets?"

The cultivator who had placed 1.2 billion saint stones hesitated slightly but did not raise the price in the end.

Although he could not use his spiritual power to investigate or inject his Saint Qi into the vessel, Zhang Ruochen had the Heart of Truth. A mere light shield could not stop his sensing.

Previously, Cang Jie had spoken up for him and explained to him his doubts about the Citadel Casino. He had a good

impression of this person and planned to give him an opportunity.

As a result, Zhang Ruochen secretly transmitted his voice and said, "Raise the price to 2.2 billion saint stones."

Hearing Zhang Ruochen's voice, Cang Jie was surprised and could not help but turn his head to look at him.

Zhang Ruochen nodded at him.

Of course, Cang Jie didn't think that Zhang Ruochen was secretly supporting the others, but he didn't believe in Zhang Ruochen's ability.

2.2 billion saint stones wasn't a small amount.

Did he think that this Warhammer was worth more than 2.2 billion saint stones?

"Brother, can you do it? If I lose 2.2 billion saint stones, I'll have nothing. My hundreds of years of savings will all be gone!" Cang Jie asked telepathically.

Zhang Ruochen patted his shoulder and said, "Trust me."

With this pat, a powerful Supreme Saint's Qi surged into Cang Jie's body.

"So... so you are actually a senior Supreme Saint..."

Cang Jie had seen the power of a Supreme Saint in battle. However, those Supreme Saint in the Neverwilt and Hundred-Shackle Realm were far inferior to this brother... No, senior behind him.

Could it be that senior was a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint?

Cang Jie sucked in a breath of cold air. He was both excited and fanatical, "I, Cang Jie, have finally met my destiny. To be able to receive the guidance of a Thousand-Koan Realm senior Supreme Saint, how can I possibly lose? Perhaps I might even win big today."

The person in charge of the Enchanter Palace asked for the third time, "If everyone is sure that you will not raise your

stakes, I will open the light shield now to test the value of the Warhammer.”

“Wait a minute.”

Cang Jie stood up and tried to control his excitement, but his hands still couldn’t help but tremble. “I bet... I bet 2.2 billion saint stones.” he stuttered.

All the cultivators below the gambling table were stunned.

Someone laughed loudly. “This stupid taotie is too greedy. Does he think that this war hammer is an intact Regal Artifact?”

“A Nine-Step Saint King taking out 2.2 billion Saint Stones to gamble. I wonder if he’ll cry after losing.”

“We’ve made a fortune! With 2.2 billion saint stones, the four of us can each earn an additional 550 million saint stones.”

...

The Ghost Supreme Saint who had placed a bet of 2.1 billion Saint Stones had a grim expression on his face. He threw two more crimson crystal cards onto the gambling table and increased the bid to 2.3 billion saint stones.

“I have senior backing me. How can I be afraid of a Ghost Supreme Saint in the Neverwilt Realm?”

Cang Jie rolled up his sleeves and threw out eight crystal cards in a row. He had bet 3 billion saint stones in total.

The Ghost Supreme Saint was not rich. Although he was furious, he did not continue to bet. He snorted, “Very good. You have the guts, but I wonder if you will be able to take out that many saint stones after you lose.”

“Just mind your own business, old senior. I am confident that I will win all the matches,” Cang Jie said rather arrogantly.

“Those from the taotie clan are too greedy. Just wait and see, he will be crying later.”

“The number of saint stones in this round has reached 7.7 billion in total. It’s a big bet. It is hard to know who will win.”

...

The person in charge of the Enchanteur Palace spoke, "Since there are no more cultivators to raise the stakes, I will open the light shield now. It's up to fate whoever wins or loses."

The person in charge formed a seal with both hands. Two bloody lines appeared on their palms and pressed on the light barrier.

The light barrier gradually faded and dissipated.

In the hall, the other onlookers gathered. They held their breaths and waited for the unveiling of the answer.

The most nervous one was none other than Cang Jie.

Although the senior behind him had profound cultivation, he couldn't use his spiritual power to confirm it, and also who could be 100% correct?

Three billion saint stones... If he lost the bet, not only would he have to sell all of his properties, he would even have to sell himself to the House of Enchanteurs as a slave. Only then would he be able to repay the debt.

But if he won the bet, he would be able to win a lot of saint stones.

Cang Jie pressed his hands on the gambling table. Both of his eyes became blood red and gritted his sharp teeth with his entire body trembling violently. He felt both excited and nervous, with the blood coursing violently throughout his body.

As soon as the light shield was opened, streams of spiritual energy surged toward the Warhammer.

Crack

Unable to withstand the impact of the chaotic spiritual energy, a crack appeared on the surface of the Warhammer.

The cracks gradually increased in size and became as dense as a spider web.

Furthermore, the Supreme Saint aura that flowed out of the cracks also dissipated. It became thinner and thinner as if it

was about to be completely depleted.

Anyone could tell that this Supreme Saint ancient artifact had been corroded by the power of time. All of its essence energy had been drained. It was probably impossible to even refine some rare materials from it.

A piece of trash!

The four cultivators who had only bet 100 million saint stones were so excited that they began to clap their hands on the table and laugh loudly.

“Hahaha, we’ve won! From what I can calculate, we’ve won at least 1.8 billion saint stones.”

“That stupid taotie is so generous. He had bet 3 billion saint stones.”

...

The other cultivators who had bet all looked bitter. They sighed and left the table.

As if struck by lightning, Cang Jie lost all his strength. His strong and tall body slid to the ground. There was only one thought in his mind. “It’s over, it’s all over!”

He didn’t blame Zhang Ruochen. After all, everyone had their moments of failure.

He was the one who had made the decision.

He could only blame himself for being too greedy. He had lost so badly that he didn’t even have a chance to turn things around!

The four cultivators who had bet 100 million saint stones began to collect the crimson crystal cards on the gambling table under countless envious looks from the onlookers.

One card represented 100 million Saint Stones.

“Hold on.”

Zhang Ruochen took a step forward and tapped the gambling table lightly with his finger. “Who said you won?”

The few gamblers who had intended to leave all stopped in their tracks.

Could there be more variables?

Chapter 2437: Rainbow Viburnum

A streak of scarlet blood Qi surged out of Zhang Ruochen's palm. It circled the gambling table and struck the heavily cracked Warhammer. Immediately, the Warhammer let out a rustling sound.

The Warhammer turned into dust and fell to the ground.

From the center of the Warhammer, a rough black crystal flew out and landed in Zhang Ruochen's palm.

A surprised voice rang out. "The Warhammer hasn't been completely corroded."

"The Regal Artifact has been corroded into dust. Why is this still intact? It seems to be an incredible treasure."

...

All the cultivators looked at the black crystal.

The crystal was about the size of a walnut. Although it was a crystal, it wasn't transparent. The crystal seemed ordinary and didn't emit any powerful aura fluctuations.

However, after Zhang Ruochen transferred a wisp of blood energy Qi into it, a powerful dark power surged out of the black crystal. The Qi wave swept in all directions, forcing everyone to step back.

Someone exclaimed, "The Divine Darkness Crystal! It is a divine power crystal refined by deities who practice the Path of Darkness."

"The value of a divine crystal is usually ten times that of a Godstone. Darkness is the path of ancient times, so the price of a divine darkness crystal should be higher. In my opinion, this divine crystal can be sold for at least 15 Godstone."

Cang Jie had already been revived by these words and crawled up from the ground. He was ecstatic as he said, "What? Fifteen

Godstone which means fifteen billion divine stones? Hahaha! I've won!"

"Mine, it's all mine. Don't move... I'm talking to you, don't move! The chips on the gambling table are all mine."

Cang Jie spread his arms and gathered the scarlet crystal cards in front of him.

There were a total of 77 cards.

It was equivalent to 7.7 billion divine stones.

Apart from his capital of 3 billion, plus the 3 billion he paid to the House of Enchanters and the 77 million he took from the gambling table, he had made a net profit of more than 1.6 billion divine stones.

The number of divine stones he won was equivalent to more than half of the wealth that he had accumulated over hundreds of years.

Awesome!

Cang Jie felt as if his Saint Soul was about to leave his body. He laughed non-stop, the wealth he had now was enough to support him to cultivate the Supreme Saint Realm.

Remembering that his senior was still beside him, Cang Jie walked over and bowed respectfully. "Thank you for your guidance, sir."

"Take this... Catch."

Zhang Ruochen threw the Divine Darkness Crystal over.

Cang Jie caught the Divine Darkness Crystal. He was a little dazed. "No, I can't take this divine crystal. You won it rightfully sir."

The value of the Divine Darkness Crystal was too great. It was comparable to the wealth of a Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt Realm. Cang Jie didn't dare imagine himself owning it.

This was a taotie that could control his greed. Zhang Ruochen looked at him in a new light. He thought that perhaps there were some important things that he could tell him to do.

“You have won, so naturally it belongs to you,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Cang Jie’s hands trembled. He thought that a Divine Darkness Crystal could even be considered a small fortune for a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. His senior is indeed a very able person worthy of admiring.

However, as he thought about it again, his senior had won a Divine Darkness Crystal casually.

With his senior eyesight, he would have won a large number of Godstones if he walked around the gambling city.

He could not even compare.

Boom

An explosion came from above the gambling city.

A Stone Clan cultivator came running down the stairs. The entire gambling city was shaking. He was very agitated and shouted, “Everyone, go and take a look. There’s a big bet going on upstairs.”

“Thousand-feet Lord, what is the big bet that got you so excited?”

The cultivator of the Stone Clan named the Thousand-feet Lord said, “It’s the Rainbow Viburnum, one of the two important items in the Citadel Casino.”

Boom

The cultivators on the third floor of the gambling city also exploded.

There weren’t many Saint-level cultivators who liked to gamble.

However, as long as they liked to gamble, most of them had heard of the Rainbow Viburnum in the House of Enchanteurs.

It was said that the starting price of the bet was 1,000 Godstones.

Those who didn’t have a net worth of 10,000 Godstones wouldn’t dare to get involved easily.

Great gods below the Thousand-Koan Realm didn't even have the chance to get involved unless they had their own personal mine like Wu Jiang.

"Let's go and take a look."

"Those who dare to participate in the bet must be big shots."

"I'd like to know the true value of the Rainbow Viburnum. I heard that when the bet reaches the ideal state, its value can not be estimated by Godstone."

...

On the first floor, the second floor, the third floor... all the cultivators in the gambling city rushed to the top floor of the castle in such numbers that the stairways became blocked.

Zhang Ruochen looked calm on the outside and was not so crazy.

Cang Jie was very interested. He was as excited as the other cultivators, and said, "Senior, don't you want to see it?"

"Do you want to go?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Cang Jie said, "Of course, I want to see whatever is happening."

"Then let's go and see it together."

An invisible spatial power gushed out of Zhang Ruochen's fingertips and enveloped him and Cang Jie. Instantly, their bodies shrank and turned into two specks of light. They flew through the blocked stairway, all the way to the top floor of the castle.

Passing through the light veil at the entrance, a powerful divine power pressed on both Zhang Ruochen and Cang Jie.

If Zhang Ruochen had not protected Cang Jie, this taotie would have been pressed sprawling onto the ground.

No wonder all the cultivators who wanted to watch were blocked off in the corridor. Because the cultivators who were not strong enough could not resist the divine power to enter the door of the top floor.

The divine power came from the Rainbow Viburnum.

The top floor of the castle wasn't big. It was about 80 meters long and 60 meters wide. The walls in four directions were made of special crystals. One could see more than half of the Jade Mountain Palace from here.

Apart from Zhang Ruochen and Cang Jie, there were only 25 cultivators in the gambling hall. They were all at least Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The person in charge of this betting was Ye Xiao, the mayor of the Citadel Casino. He was a middle-aged male Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He didn't belong to any of the 10 clans and came from a small clan at the edge of the Infernal Court, the Yakshas.

All those below the 10 clans were all small clans.

The Yakshas had many people. Among the thousands of small clans, they were one of the most powerful. In the past, they were even one of the ten clans.

There were nine people who participated in the gambling.

Zhang Ruochen glanced around. Six of them wanted to take advantage of the situation and bet 1,000 Godstone.

There were only three people who were gambling.

Sitting on the north side of the gambling platform was a Deathkin elite. His face was old, with sunken eyes, and his aura of death was thick. Even if he restrained himself, no one dared to approach him.

He had already placed a bet of 140,000 Godstone.

Seeing this elder, Cang Jie's expression changed. He couldn't help but exclaim, "The god of gambling!"

"God?"

Zhang Ruochen looked puzzled. Although the Deathkin elite had powerful cultivation, he could vaguely sense that his cultivation was at a higher level. He couldn't reach godhood.

It was even impossible to be a fake god.

Cang Jie knew that it was useless for him to use his spiritual power to transmit his voice in front of these powerful figures. So he spoke respectfully in a low voice, "I'm afraid that the god of gamblers is the only one in the Infernal Court who is not a god but can be called a god." He continued, "Legend has it that he once showed off his power in the headquarters of the House of Enchanters 12 lane. He was also killed in the gambling city opened by the dead souls temple and the Pneuma Hall. He even won a bet against a god and seldom lost. Even a god might not be able to match the wealth of the god of gamblers."

To all gamblers, the god of gamblers was the object of their worship. They were all in awe of him.

"If he has won a bet against a god then he must be really capable," Zhang Ruochen thought.

Sitting on the east side of the gambling platform was a cultivator in a black robe. Their figure and face were completely wrapped in a black veil. It was impossible to tell their gender or race.

Even their exposed hands were engraved with magic patterns.

With a slight movement of his hands, more than a dozen shadows appeared.

Zhang Ruochen found that the black veil on the person was a real treasure even though it was gaseous. It could block spiritual power detection and seemed to have other magical uses.

Gaseous treasures were very rare.

With the heart of truth, Zhang Ruochen vaguely sensed that this person's body was cold. It didn't seem like a flesh and blood creature, but more like one from the Stone Clan, Ghost, Corpusian, or Bone Clan.

Sitting in the west was Yan Zhexian.

She wore a talisman that could change her shape and appearance. The runes were dense and mysterious. If Zhang Ruochen didn't know her and knew her special aura, he wouldn't be able to see through her identity.

Behind Yan Zhexian stood two Supreme Saints with profound cultivations.

“As expected of a genius Talisman Master from the Yanluo clan. They only came briefly to the House of Enchanters, but they sent two Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saints to follow along.” Zhang Ruochen said.

They were just following you, not protecting you.

Zhang Ruochen believed that with Yan Zhexian’s favor in the Yanluo clan and her pregnancy, she must have a protective treasure like the Wargod Belt.

“If you’re pregnant, you should stay in the clan to nurture your fetus. Why are you running around? It’s one thing to come to the House of Enchanter, but I didn’t know that Miss Yan likes to gamble too. It’s not good to gamble!” Zhang Ruochen couldn’t help but frown.

Cang Jie gently bumped Zhang Ruochen with his wrist which was as thick as a bucket, and said in a low voice, “Senior, do you feel that the time and space here have become a little different?”

As the Master of Time and Space, did Zhang Ruochen need to be reminded?

This gambling hall seemed to be only 80 feet long and 60 feet wide. It would take at least two miles to walk from the wall to the bottom of the gambling platform.

It was the Rainbow Viburnum that stretched the space!

The closer he got to it, the more the space was stretched.

The flow of time became very chaotic. Sometimes it was fast and other times slow. The Mark of Time turned into a small stream that flowed in the gambling hall.

“Is it a time and space treasure?”

Zhang Ruochen was puzzled, and asked Cang Jie, “What is the origin of this Rainbow Viburnum?”

Cang Jie shook his head and said, “How could a nobody like me know the origin of a treasure of this level? I only heard that

it was dug out from an ancient god's tomb in the Searock Bastion."

"It is said that the temple master of the dead souls hall wanted to break its seal to see if it was an intact treasure. However, after knowing the identity of the owner of the ancient God's tomb, he gave up!"

"Who is the owner of the ancient god Tomb?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Cang Jie shook his head, indicating that he did not know.

Yan Zhexian looked over and said coldly, "What are you chattering about noisily? Are you quarreling?"

Cang Jie was shocked by the cold light in Yan Zhexian's eyes. He quickly hid behind Zhang Ruochen.

There was nothing he could do. He was a Saint King. It was already amazing that he could speak in such a gathering of Supreme Saints.

Zhang Ruochen crossed his arms in front of his chest and walked over without fear. He didn't care about her eyes. Instead, he walked behind her and glanced at the chips on the gambling table. "You're really rich. You've bet 150,000 Godstone."

"Stop, sir."

"My Lady, no one is allowed within 30 feet."

The two Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm of the Yanluo clan looked at Zhang Ruochen with sharp eyes. They stopped him from getting closer.

Zhang Ruochen raised his arms and pressed them down.

The two Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm of the Yanluo clan remained in the same position as before. They froze on the spot as if they had become statues.

This move stunned everyone in the gambling hall. No one dared to underestimate him anymore.

Yan Zhexian knitted her eyebrows together and said, "Power of Dimensions? I didn't expect him to be a powerful space

cultivators. Do you want to take part in the bet?”

“I can’t afford such a big bet. I’m just here to take a look,” Zhang Ruochen said with a smile.

Yan Zhexian said, “That’s good. Since you’re dimensional cultivators, you should have a unique judgment about the Rainbow Viburnum. If you can help me win this round, I’ll give you 10,000 Godstone as a thank you.”

Hearing this, the “Seven-armed elder” who currently has the title of god of gamblers sneered disdainfully.

His eyesight was so brilliant that he had long seen through the true identity of Yan Zhexian. This girl’s cultivation was only at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, yet she didn’t know the immensity of Heaven and earth and had gambled on the Rainbow Viburnum.

At this moment, the bet had already reached more than 100,000 Godstone. She didn’t have any confidence at all. In a desperate situation, she had resorted to desperate measures. To ask for the help of a cultivator she didn’t even dare to go on stage. was there anything more ridiculous than this?

Although the Rainbow Viburnum was a time and space treasure, it was impossible for spatial cultivators to make an accurate judgment without spiritual power.

In the end, it still depended on one’s eyesight and ability.

“10,000 Godstone!”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked and sighed.

What a waste!

“Is it so easy for High-Saint Talisman Master to make money? Or are they extremely rich and can squander away their wealth simply?”

Even favorites like Wu Jiang and Lan Ying had a hard time taking out 10,000 Godstones. Yan Zhexian dared to claim that she would give 10,000 Godstones directly.

Zhang Ruochen was very rich, but he was far less generous than her.

“If I win, will you give me 10,000 Godstone?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Zhexian said, “With my status, how could I go back on my word? But you’d better show me something. If I think you’re useless, you won’t even get one Godstone, let alone 10,000 Godstone.”

“I’ll give it a try.”

Zhang Ruochen was quite interested in the Rainbow Viburnum. He started observing it.

He wasn’t only observing the tree itself, but also the changes in space and time in the gambling hall.

A moment later, he said solemnly, “This isn’t a natural Timespace Viburnum. It’s been refined.”

The Sea Stone Star Dock produced all kinds of natural time and space treasures. There were also Timespace Viburnum, but they were very rare. Rainbow-colored ones were even rarer.

If it was a natural Rainbow Viburnum, and it was alive, its price could even surpass that of a Supreme Artifact.

Even a dead Rainbow Viburnum was worth more than 100,000 Godstone.

However, after being refined by someone, its value became difficult to judge.

It was possible that its price was higher than a living Rainbow Viburnum. It was also possible that its price was lower than a dead one.

More importantly, if it was too old and not preserved properly, the Rainbow Viburnum could have been corroded. It looked magnificent and sparkling on the outside, but once it encountered air, it would instantly turn into sand.

Chapter 2438: Heavens and Earth Slaughterer

Yan Zhexian was interested and asked, “How can you tell that it has been refined?”

Zhang Ruochen spoke confidently, and said, “It was recorded in the ancient books that the Timespace Viburnum came from the Searock Bastion where it grew in the Archean mines. Its initial color was white like jade, and after a Yuanhui Tribulation it will grow into a black or white tree that lights up the surroundings for 500 miles, where three months each will be light and dark and together equal to a single day.”

It meant that the Timespace Viburnum emerged from the Searock Bastion and grew on the Archean mine. In the beginning, it was as white as jade. After the Yuanhui Tribulation, it became black and into two colors. Within 500 miles of the light that it emits, three months were day and three months will be night, and half a year will become one day.

Zhang Ruochen said, “From this, it can be seen that even the black and white Timespace Viburnum causes time to be extremely slow in its light. Half a year under the tree will only be one day outside. Moreover, the time flow within is very stable.”

“A Timespace Viburnum above three colors is rarely recorded in the ancient books.”

“A Rainbow Viburnum is unheard of. If it was born alive, many deities would be alarmed for its value far exceeds that of a Supreme Artifact, and can even be compared to a Divine Artifact.

“The Power of Dimensions released from this Rainbow Viburnum is very unstable and its power of time is also very chaotic. Obviously, this is a dead tree that has been refined by others.”

The cultivator covered in black said hoarsely, “How do you know it’s a dead tree? What if it’s not completely dead?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “The Timespace Viburnum can only survive in the Archean divine mine. If it leaves the divine mine, it won’t be nourished and will die soon.”

Ye Xiao, who was in charge of the auction, pointed to the gambling platform and said, “Don’t you see that there is a cauldron of divine mud under the Rainbow Viburnum? When it was dug out from the ancient divine tomb, the divine mud was already there, and it hasn’t lost its divinity.”

The God of gamblers, the Seven-Armed Elder, revealed a mouthful of yellow teeth. He smiled maliciously and said, “Even a dead tree is worth a lot.”

Yan Zhexian nodded and agreed with the Seven-Armed Elder.

Even a dead tree of the Rainbow Viburnum should be worth more than 100,000 Godstones. If they were lucky, the Rainbow Viburnum wouldn’t be completely dead. Even if it still had a bit of life force, with the Yanluo clan’s secrets, there was still a chance to bring it back to life.

If they gambled to that state, what would 100,000 Godstones be?

Zhang Ruochen said, “If the dead tree is successfully refined and well preserved, its value is indeed very high and comparable to a Supreme Artifact. Selling it for hundreds of thousands of Godstones is not a problem.”

Back then, Zhang Ruochen’s Class Seven Regal Artifact, the Wheel of the Nether Sun, had been sold for 300,000 Godstones in the Realm of Star Ocean because he had the chance to cultivate it into a Supreme Artifact weapon.

True Supreme Artifact weapons were priceless. No one would sell them.

Yan Zhexian noticed that this spatial cultivator seemed to have some discerning eyes, so he asked, "How many Godstones do you think this Rainbow Viburnum is worth?"

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the chips on the gambling table and said, "I don't think there's a need to raise the stakes!"

Yan Zhexian pursed his lips slightly, and his eyes became suspicious. "Do you think this Rainbow Viburnum has been refined but failed? Or has it been improperly preserved and is no longer worth anything?"

"As I said earlier, the space here is unstable and time is chaotic. Even if it's just a dead tree, it shouldn't be in this state," Zhang Ruochen said.

A Corpusian Supreme Saint laughed mockingly. "Don't you know that the Rainbow Viburnum has been refined and turned into a weapon? Weapons need energy to be activated to display their power."

This Corpusian Supreme Saint was Cang Baizi from the Hall of Permanence.

He wore a green robe and a Taoist crown, and he also carried a horsetail whisk. There was a moon mark on his forehead, and he gave off a strong stench of rotting corpses.

Yan Zhexian asked, "How confident are you?"

"What I just said is just a guess. I'm only 30-40% confident." Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to be too confident. After all, Madam Yan wasn't someone to be trifled with.

If he made a mistake and made her lose 150,000 Godstones, she wouldn't be as polite as Cang Jie.

It didn't concern her anyway. He just had to tell the truth.

"Hahaha, 30-40% sure is no different from blind gambling."

The onlookers including Cang Baizi laughed.

Yan Zhexian became hesitant. She had already thrown 150,000 Godstones in. If she listened to this unknown space cultivator and did not raise the bet, even if she stopped the loss now, all the Godstones would go down the drain.

150,000 Godstones. Even if she was born noble, she couldn't take that many

out. She had to ask the patriarch for them.

If the patriarch knew that she had lost 150,000 Godstones on the gambling platform, he would definitely punish her.

She was truly unwilling to resign to her fate.

“No, no. If it was something of no value, how could the Seven-Armed Elder, who is known as the god of gambling, place a bet of 140,000 Godstones?”

Yan Zhexian immediately suspected that this space cultivator with an unknown identity was sent by the Seven-Armed Elder.

The Seven-Armed Elder won every bet. He was well-versed in scheming humans.

Zhang Ruochen saw through Yan Zhexian's thoughts and was speechless. He sighed to himself. With your little experience, you dared to gamble with the god of gamblers. He pitied his ancestors in the Yanluo clan.

After all, she was a mother with child. If she lost the bet and lost her mind, it would be very bad for the child.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to watch her fall into the pit. He decided to do his best to help her win this round or reduce the losses.

Of course, everyone present was a Supreme Saint with extraordinary eyesight. There was also the legendary god of gamblers. Zhang Ruochen was not sure he could pull this off.

The god of gamblers would occasionally stare at Zhang Ruochen with a smile. His smile was very strange, which made Zhang Ruochen feel great pressure. He always felt that those eyes seemed to be able to see through all the unknown in the world.

Zhang Ruochen suspected that the god of gamblers had seen through his ability to change.

Zhang Ruochen threw away all the distracting thoughts in his mind and looked at Ye Xiao. He said, “If I knew the identity of

the owner of the ancient divine tomb that this Rainbow Viburnum is dug out from, I might be able to make a more accurate judgment.”

The Seven-Armed Elder laughed like a spirit. “That makes sense. At least we can judge whether he has the ability to refine a treasure of the level of the Rainbow Viburnum.”

Everyone looked at Ye Xiao.

Ye Xiao said, “This...”

“I think we have the right to know,” Yan Zhexian said.

Ye Xiao hesitated and said cautiously, “Please wait a moment. I have to ask the House Master.”

A clear and pleasant voice came from a certain direction of the Enchanter Palace through the crystal wall. It sounded in the gambling hall. “No need for that. Tell them.”

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction of the voice.

Through the crystal wall and the thick darkness, he saw a woman standing on a red tower at the palace complex in the distance. She was as bright as the moon.

He could just glimpse at the graceful figure before the woman disappeared.

Was she the House Master of the House of Enchanters?

There were only three people in the entire gambling hall who had figured out the woman’s location. They looked over.

Apart from Zhang Ruochen, the other two were Seven-Armed Elder and Cang Baizi.

Ye Xiao said, “The owner of the ancient divine tomb has existed for a very long time. According to the artifacts found, he should be the Withered Divine Lord.”

Hearing this name, most cultivators present were at a loss.

Zhang Ruochen had absorbed the knowledge of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. He closed his eyes and searched for information about the Withered Divine Lord and found some. He was an elite from 40 to 50 yuanhui tribulations ago and

belonged to the Infernal Court, where he was known as the god of the Stone Clan.

When Zhang Ruochen found the information, Ye Xiao also told him some information about the Withered Divine Lord.

“So it’s the Withered Divine Lord whom I’ve heard some legends about. He’s indeed an incredible god.”

“The dead souls temple had dug up the Withered Divine Lord’s grave. How many good things did they dig up?”

“If this news gets out, the Stone Clan’s elites will definitely go and cause trouble for the dead souls temple. No wonder Ye Xiao didn’t dare to say anything. It’s all thanks to the house master’s boldness.”

“I don’t believe that the dead souls temple can dig up the tomb of the Withered Divine Lord. Even if they did, they probably only dug up part of the tomb.”

...

Though millions of years have passed since the age of the Withered Divine Lord, the name of a great man like him can still be remembered throughout the ages, even if his body and spirit have perished.

To be remembered forever is the dream of all the deities in the world.

“With the Withered Divine Lord’s cultivation, it’s not difficult to refine the Rainbow Viburnum.”

“It seems that the Rainbow Viburnum has been refined into a space-time treasure. Its value is very likely higher than a Supreme Artifact weapon.”

“Oh my god, the dead souls temple is willing to give such a valuable treasure to the Citadel Casino in the House of Enchanteurs?”

...

The Seven-Armed Elder snorted lightly, “Blind optimism! The Withered Divine Lord has already fallen for forty to fifty yuanhui periods. The immortal body of the deities might have

already been corroded into bones. How could the Rainbow Viburnum not be corroded?”

Someone retorted, “The Withered Divine Lord must have carved divine marks and supreme inscriptions on the Rainbow Viburnum to resist the corrosion of time.”

“The god of gamblers only said that because he was afraid that others would bet more and raise the price too high.” Cang Baizi said while smiling strangely.

Zhang Ruochen inadvertently looked at Cang Baizi. He thought to himself that this person had profound cultivation of the corpse path so he couldn’t be a lord without any Godstones. However, he didn’t participate in the betting but kept talking instead.

Could it be a secret agent hired by the House of Enchanters?

The six Supreme Saints who had only bet 1,000 Godstones all looked interested. However, they shook their heads dejectedly when they saw the 100,000 Godstones on the gambling table.

“I’ll bet 200,000 Godstones.”

The quiet black-veiled cultivator threw out seven black chip cards and bet 70,000 Godstones more at once.

The Seven-Armed Elder chuckled. “I’m in too.”

Following that, he threw out seven black chip cards and increased the bet to 210,000 Godstones.

A smile appeared on Cang Baizi’s ghastly pale face, and he said, “Didn’t the god of gamblers just say that the Rainbow Viburnum is very likely to have been corroded? Why did he raise the bet himself so quickly?”

The Seven-Armed Elder replied, “Anyway, I’ve bet a lot of Godstones. I don’t care much so I’ll add another 70,000 Godstones. What if... there’s a 10-20% chance of winning?”

Cang Baizi glanced at Yan Zhexian blankly without a trace of expression. Then he smiled and said, “The god of gamblers can only deceive little girls.”

Yan Zhexian obviously trusted the Seven-Armed Elder's eyesight more. She twirled the Seven-Armed Elder black chip cards between her fingers and prepared to place a bet.

Zhang Ruochen grasped her arm.

"Let go? How dare you touch my hand? Do you believe that I'll dare to chop off your hand?" Yan Zhexian's eyes were cold. A sacred flame rune appeared on her arm.

Zhang Ruochen let the sacred flame rune burn his hand and secretly transmitted his voice to say coldly, "Listen to my advice. Don't raise the bet again."

"With your 30-40% confidence in this?" Yan Zhexian didn't transmit her voice and spoke out loud directly.

Seeing that the other party did not let go, she became even angrier. She thought of Zhang Ruochen on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Zhang Ruochen's disgusting hand had touched places that it should not have touched. She had always wanted to chop it off.

A big part of the reason why she joined the bet on the Rainbow Viburnum was that she wanted to use it to deal with Zhang Ruochen and suppress the so-called Scion of Time and Space.

Although all the cultivators in the Infernal Court now misunderstood that she was pregnant with Zhang Ruochen's child, and her great-grandfather even wanted her to marry Zhang Ruochen, it was a pity that she would rather die than agree to that.

A treacherous person like Zhang Ruochen, who was promiscuous and cold-blooded, had also killed his good friend treacherously. So what if he was talented?

She would only hate him.

How could he make her marry him?

In the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen had done everything he could to save Lord Xia Yu. In her eyes, it was not because he valued the friendship, but because he

lusted for Lord Xia Yu's beauty and could not change his lascivious nature.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen did not know that so many thoughts had passed through Yan Zhexian's mind. He said telepathically, "I'm not 30 to 40 percent sure. I'm now more than 70 percent sure."

Zhang Ruochen's hand was still on her arm. For some reason, Yan Zhexian's initial resistance had lessened a lot. Instead, she began to feel an inexplicable sense of intimacy.

She didn't know where this strange emotion came from, but it made Yan Zhexian calm down temporarily to ask telepathically, "Why are you suddenly more than 70% confident?"

"Because the owner of the tomb is the Withered Divine Lord."

"What do you mean?"

"The Withered Divine Lord is indeed a god with powerful cultivation, but he's not proficient in refining weapons, nor is he a cultivator of space and time. A natural treasure like the Rainbow Viburnum cannot be refined just with strong cultivation! If it were Saint Monk Xumi, I would fully support you and bet everything."

Yan Zhexian said suspiciously, "The Withered Divine Lord existed millions of years ago. How do you know him so well? Who are you actually and why should I believe you?"

"If you don't believe me, you have to believe in the deities of the dead souls temple and the twelve deities from the Enchanter Chamber right? If the Rainbow Viburnum was refined into a weapon, would they send it to the gambling table?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Zhexian naturally had thought of that, but she was hoping for a fluke.

Perhaps the deities of the dead souls temple and the twelve deities from the Enchanter Chamber were not that confident and did not dare to unseal it easily.

If it was not unsealed, it could be sold for at least hundreds of thousands of Godstones.

If they lost the bet, they would suffer a heavy loss.

The two powerful groups of deities did not dare to gamble, but Yan Zhexian wanted to gamble.

Zhang Ruochen saw that she still didn't give up and said, "That's all I have to say. I won't persuade you further anymore. Anyway, I definitely won't get your 10,000 Godstones reward!"

The Seven-Armed Elder seemed to have heard the spiritual power transmission between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Zhexian, he smiled and said, "Little girl, listen to his advice and stop here. He's not only a space-time cultivator but also a Master of Space! His judgment is sure to be more accurate than yours."

"But senior, why don't you stop then?" Yan Zhexian retorted.

The Seven-Armed Elder said, "I'm already old and have a lot of Godstones, but I'm afraid of death, so I have to fight. If I win the 10-20% chance and get the Rainbow Viburnum, I can prolong my life and live longer."

Yan Zhexian was very conflicted. It was not like her character to admit defeat without gambling.

Moreover, 150,000 Godstones had been placed out.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Seven-Armed Elder with an incomprehensible look in his eyes. It was obvious that this old man had already seen through his identity. With his shrewdness, he must know that gambling on the Rainbow Viburnum carries a huge risk.

Why did he continue to gamble?

Was it really like what he said, that it was only a 10-20% chance? This did not sound like what the god of gamblers would have said!

Ye Xiao urged, "If you don't raise the bet, you'll automatically give up your bet."

Yan Zhexian clutched the Seven-Armed Elder black chip cards tightly. Her eyes show resoluteness. Just as she was about to throw them onto the gambling platform...

Her hand was grabbed again.

Yan Zhexian thought it was Zhang Ruochen again so her eyes widened. Just as she was about to get angry, she heard Yan Huangtu's voice. "We're not following!"

"Fifth uncle," Yan Zhexian said.

Yan Huangtu let go of her wrist and strongly reprimanded her, "Nonsense! You're being far too bold to fight with the famous god of gamblers. Take the loss of these 150,000 Godstones as a lesson."

In Yan Huangtu's eyes, a bet between Yan Zhexian and the god of gamblers was like a child fighting with a Supreme Saint. It was no different from giving away money. He would lose for sure.

It was the best outcome to stop the loss in time before it happened.

Along with Yan Huangtu were four powerful elites from the Yanluo clan. All of them had cultivation above the Thousand-Koan Realm. They wore robes with multiple talismans and had powerful auras. Clearly, they all had powerful backgrounds.

Yan Huangtu looked at Zhang Ruochen carefully and clasped his hands together, "Thank you for stopping her," he said. "I'll make you my friend no matter whoever wins or loses, and the 10,000 Godstones she promised will be paid to you. How should I address you, sir?"

Zhang Ruochen knew that Yan Huangtu had taken a fancy to his strength and wanted to befriend or subdue him. In short, he had some bearings of an emperor.

"I am the Emperor who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth hundreds." Zhang Ruochen said while clasping his fists in return.

The name sounded familiar to Yan Huangtu, but he had forgotten where he had heard it before.

This person in front of him had profound cultivation and was proficient in the Path of Dimension. It was not unusual for him to have heard of his name.

After he went home, he would slowly investigate his background.

While Zhang Ruochen and the Yan Huangtu were exchanging pleasantries, the betting on the gambling platform was getting more intense. In just a few rounds, the chips thrown out by the Seven-Armed Elder and the black-veiled cultivator had increased to more than 500,000 Godstones, which caused all the cultivators present to be dumbfounded.

After all, there are even some deities who couldn't take out so many Godstones.

The news of betting on the Rainbow Viburnum had spread throughout the House of Enchanters in a short time, and more and more cultivators came to watch the show.

Chapter 2439: Win or Lose

“550,000 Godstones.”

“560,000 Godstones.”

The former was the bet placed by the black-veiled cultivator.

Noqoilpi placed the latter. He would always place his bet of ten thousand Godstones higher than his opponent.

The Wheel of the Nether Sun, owned by Zhang Ruochen, could fetch a sky-high price of three hundred thousand Godstones because it could be refined into a Supreme Artifact. Other top-tier Regal Artifacts could not fetch such a high price.

It could be said that the bet between the Seven-Armed Elder and the black-veiled cultivator was the greatest gambling match in the entire mundane realm. It was destined to shake Heaven and Hell and become a legend.

Cang Jie was scared witless. Despite being a Taotie, his breath became heavy, and his heart had almost stopped beating.

Yan Huangtu had been looking at the black-veiled cultivator with curiosity.

It was not surprising that the Seven-Armed Elder could take out 560,000 Godstones. After all, the old man had lived for more than ten thousand years and won more than ten thousand games.

‘But who is this black-veiled cultivator? How can he afford 550,000 Godstones?’ Yan Huangtu wondered.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The winner is about to be decided!”

“How do you know?” Yan Huangtu asked with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Rainbow Viburnum is undoubtedly a dead tree. Even if it is refined into a Supreme Artifact, it can’t be called a Supreme Artifact now because it doesn’t have

a vessel spirit. A Supreme Artifact without a vessel spirit is worth only about 500,000 Godstones.”

Yan Zhexian looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, “What if the vessel spirit is just asleep? or the Rainbow Viburnum isn’t completely dead?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and did not answer her.

Yan Huangtu sighed lightly. His niece was brilliant and had potential that millions of cultivators could not rival. Unfortunately, she was protected too well and ended up being too ignorant and inexperienced.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” Yan Zhexian asked unyieldingly.

Yan Huangtu finally couldn’t help but speak up. “Those two possibilities of yours are too slim, and the amount of wealth required is something that even the Seven-Armed Elder couldn’t bear.”

“Just now, the Seven-Armed Elder had already said that he was going all out, betting on that ten to twenty percent winning chance. More than five hundred thousand Godstones, betting on a ten to twenty percent winning chance is already a huge risk.”

“Gambling in the two situations you mentioned would cost a million or even a few million Godstones to bet on a one percent chance of winning. The price was too high. Even a deity wouldn’t do such a thing. Didn’t the deities of the Deathwraith Fane and the Enchanter Chamber withdraw?”

It was Yan Zhexian’s first time taking part in a gamble. After hearing the explanation of Yan Huangtu, she suddenly understood. She stole a glance at Zhang Ruochen. Her pretty face covered in runes was embarrassed and red.

The black-veiled cultivator hesitated for a long time. He again put down the black chip card and said, “I don’t want to raise the bet!”

The Seven-Armed Elder stood up and laughed. “Since the bet is fixed, let’s open the last seal and see what color the Rainbow Viburnum is.”

Zhang Ruochen had been observing the Seven-Armed Elder's eyes. 'He didn't seem to be betting on a ten to twenty percent chance of winning. He was very confident. Or am I wrong?'

Zhang Ruochen used the Heart of Truth to sense again, but the subtle feeling told him that the Rainbow Viburnum wasn't worth betting on.

The atmosphere in the hall was pushed to the climax.

The result of a betting involving millions of Godstones was about to be unveiled. Who would be the final winner?

"Noqoilpi! Noqoilpi! Noqoilpi..."

Many cultivators in the Citadel Casino were shouting these two words.

It was the title the Seven-Armed Elder had earned for his zero-defeat record. It was instilled in the hearts of every gambler.

Everyone in the gambling hall was of high status. They all held their breath and were nervous.

Even an experienced gambler like Ye Xiao was trembling in fear during the opening of the seal.

Boom!

The last seal was removed.

The Rainbow Viburnum shot out a dazzling rainbow light, accompanied by the tremendous energy of Dimension and Time rushing toward all directions. Even though everyone in the gambling hall was prepared, there were still a dozen people who were swept away by the spatial turbulence and were thrown hundreds of feet away.

Although the Marks of Time in the form of light spots were dense, they did not form a harmful attack.

"Such a powerful energy storm. Who dares to say that the Rainbow Viburnum has been corroded?" Cang Baizi was excited. He stared at Zhang Ruochen with a mocking look.

Yan Huangtu frowned and sighed. "It seems that the Seven-Armed Elder has won the bet again!"

“Too beautiful. Too exquisite!”

“What powerful active energy of space and time. Could it be that the Rainbow Viburnum isn’t dead but a living tree?”

“Impossible! A living Rainbow Viburnum... this, this will alarm all the deities in Infernal Court...”

“I missed such a divine item. If I had known it earlier, I would have risked everything and made a bet.” A cultivator sighed.

Yan Zhexian regretted it. She felt she should have stuck to her own idea. A treasure like the Rainbow Viburnum was worth gambling, no matter how high the stake was.

Almost everyone present exclaimed in their mind, ‘Noqoilpi was discerning.’

‘Tu Tian, the so-called Emperor who slaughtered the Heavens and Earth hundreds, had misjudged!’

While everyone was immersed in the beautiful halo of the Rainbow Viburnum, only three people remained silent. These three people were Zhang Ruochen, the Seven-Armed Elder, and the black-veiled cultivator.

The Seven-Armed Elder only let out a loud laugh at the beginning.

As the seal was broken, the smile on his face disappeared. His eyes became more and more serious. In the end, his face turned pale. It was clear that something unexpected had happened.

“How could this happen?” Someone shouted in fear.

On the gambling platform, the light of the Rainbow Viburnum in a stone cauldron quickly disappeared.

The tree gradually turned into sand and slid down.

The cultivators who had been excited and amazed just now were all dumbfounded. They could not believe what they were seeing.

Yan Huangtu was stunned for a moment. He then burst into laughter. “It turns out that the energy fluctuation just now was the last essence of the Rainbow Viburnum. The seal was

broken and exposed to the air. It dissipated in an instant. Haha, even Noqoilpi would misjudge.”

Thinking of this, Yan Huangtu couldn't help but look at Zhang Ruochen. He thought to himself, “He is even more perceptive than Noqoilpi. He'll become someone outstanding one day.”

“Impossible! I saw the active living signs. How could it be a dead tree?! Impossible!”

A powerful spiritual power storm unleashed by Noqoilpi. It sent the people closest to him flying. Their hair was disheveled. They landed on the stone cauldron and reached out to hug the Rainbow Viburnum.

When they touched it, the colorful sand fell even faster.

The eyes of the six cultivators who had bet one thousand Godstones were all shining with excitement.

Three of them were extremely happy. Their laughter seemed to be able to shatter the entire castle.

Although the other three were also laughing, Zhang Ruochen was keenly aware that they were all glancing at the black-veiled cultivator.

The glance was quick and obscure. In addition, everyone was attracted by the Rainbow Viburnum. Other than Zhang Ruochen, no other cultivator had noticed it.

Zhang Ruochen was suddenly enlightened. He could not help but smile and sigh. “Amazing!”

No one knew who he was praising.

BANG!

Noqoilpi's face was ferocious. He reached out his eagle-claw-like hand and pierced through the Rainbow Viburnum.

With a bang, the three-meter-tall tree completely exploded.

Noqoilpi's tightly clenched hand slowly opened. A ball of seven-colored light flickered in his palm. Inside the light was a worm the size of an earthworm with a seven-colored ring.

“So it was you who emitted that weak aura of life. It was you...” Noqoilpi’s eyes were about to pop out of their sockets, and he was trembling in rage.

It was apparent that Noqoilpi had sensed the living signs on the Rainbow Viburnum. He thought it was not a dead tree, so he had bet everything.

Who would have thought that a worm had grown in the Rainbow Viburnum?

Zhang Ruochen had a new doubt. ‘Even with my Heart of Truth, I couldn’t sense any living signs on the Rainbow Viburnum. How did Noqoilpi sense it?’

‘It seemed that Noqoilpi was powerful in certain aspects. He must have a big secret.’

An Immortal Vampire in a blood robe with ten wings on his back looked at Ye Xiao and smiled proudly. “Is it the time to announce the result?”

Ye Xiao looked at Noqoilpi, who was still standing on the stone cauldron. He cupped his hands and said, “Senior, are you okay?”

“It’s okay... It’s okay... I accept the result.”

Noqoilpi closed his eyes. He couldn’t calm down for a long time.

This was the first time he had lost after so many years. And he had lost so badly.

“Noqoilpi has suffered a great loss. Even if he has a lot of wealth, I’m afraid it’s a terrible setback for him this time,” Cang Baizi said in a low voice with a smile.

Yan Zhexian was a little scared. If Zhang Ruochen and Yan Huangtu hadn’t stopped her, she might have bet more than five hundred thousand Godstones. She would have faced consequences she could not imagine.

Losing 150,000 Godstones was the best outcome.

Staring at the tall and thin man who claimed himself as the “the emperor who slaughtered Heaven and Earth,” she felt

grateful and curious.

Ye Xiao calmed himself down. He announced, “Everyone can see that the Rainbow Viburnum has lost all of its essences and turned into dust.

“Although the seven-colored sand has some value, it’ll only fetch a price far less than a thousand Godstones.

“Therefore, the winner of this bet is— ”

“Hold on.”

A voice interrupted Ye Xiao’s announcement.

The joy of the six winners was about to reach climax, but they were suddenly interrupted. Hence, they got annoyed. Their eyes were frosty as they stared at the person who had spoken.

The one who interrupted Ye Xiao was Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen walked up to Yan Zhexian and smiled. “Miss, would you like me to buy the worm in the hands of Noqoilpi at the price of a thousand Godstones?”

Yan Zhexian was stunned and could not react in time. ‘Is he crazy? A thousand Godstones for a worm...

‘That’s not the point! Why does he want to buy it from me?

‘I’m not the owner.’

Some cultivators in the hall reacted quickly and understood Zhang Ruochen’s intention.

Cang Baizi laughed loudly. “Do you think everyone is an idiot? Who would spend a thousand Godstones for that worm?! Are you trying to make her a winner by claiming the worm is worth a thousand Godstones? Haha!”

If that worm could fetch that price, coupled with the seven-colored sand’s value, the total value would exceed a thousand Godstones.

When the total value exceeded a thousand Godstones, the six gamblers who had only bet on the value of a thousand Godstones were the first to be eliminated.

The gamblers who had bet on the value of more than a thousand Godstones were only Yan Zhexian, the Seven-Armed Elder, and the black-veiled cultivator.

According to the rules, the one placing their bet on the value closest to the price would be the winner.

If that were the case, Yan Zhexian would win.

Ye Xiao scolded Zhang Ruochen. “Mister, you’d better not break the rules set by the House of Enchanters. An item’s value can’t be determined by you alone.”

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen dared to play tricks openly, the six “winners” were the most furious.

The Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint with ten wings on his back said in a low voice, “Tsk, a fool is trying to act smart.”

“Chase him out. He should be banned from entering the House of Enchanters in the future.”

“Just how badly he wants to win!”

...

Cang Jie was embarrassed. He felt that this must be the first time his senior had visited Citadel Casino and did not know the rules. That was why he made a joke of himself. Cang Jie wanted to explain on his senior’s behalf, but he was suppressed by the intimidating aura from all directions.

He was just a Ninth-Step Saint King. There was no place for him to speak in front of many Supreme Saints.

Zhang Ruochen was still calm, “Haven’t you ever thought that a worm that can grow in a Rainbow Viburnum is not something ordinary?”

“As long as this lady agrees to sell it to me at the price of a thousand Godstones, I have a way to prove that it’s worth more than a thousand Godstones. You’ll be convinced.”

Cang Baizi laughed loudly as if he had heard the funniest thing in the world. He said, “Even if it’s a rare species, it won’t even be worth a hundred Godstones.”

“Everyone here is an experienced cultivator. Even if it were a valuable species we hadn’t seen before, we would’ve heard about it. So, this worm isn’t a valuable species.”

However, the six “winners” were already worried. They talked to each other telepathically with the fear that something might go wrong.

Then, they all took a tough stance.

“Throw him out.”

“If the House of Enchanters doesn’t take action, I’ll do it.”

“How dare you raise a ruckus in front of me?! Are you looking for death?! You would have died if this wasn’t the House of Enchanters.”

...

Those who dared to participate in this game had powerful cultivation and prominent backgrounds.

Instead of arguing with Zhang Ruochen, they unleashed an intimidating aura and dashed toward Zhang Ruochen.

However, there was no slightest change in Zhang Ruochen’s facial expression. Instead, he smiled.

“I dare you!” said Yan Huangtu with a thunderous voice. Then, the four powerful elites behind him unleashed their aura, revealing themselves. Their aura was more imposing than the six “winners.”

One of them was at the middle stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm, while two were at the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm. The last one had reached the Banshi Isshou Realm.

Some cultivators were shocked as they had recognized the identities of those four elites. They exclaimed, “They’re Terra Demons: Xuanwu Ji, Xuanwu Tian, Xuanwu Ying, and their elder, Kun Yunhuang.”

Despite being a small clan, Terra Demons were a clan dominating the borders of the Infernal Court.

Who could make the four great powerful Terra Demons become their followers?!

Among the four elites, there was even one elder who had reached the Banshi Isshou Realm.

Everyone looked at Yan Huangtu, feeling shocked and nervous as they wondered about his identity, ‘Who is he?’

The six “winners” were all stunned.

Yan Huangtu found a chair and sat on it. He said, “What I mean is let him finish his words. Any objections?”

Chapter 2440: Primordial Spatial Worm

Yan Zhexian was happy to win, but she didn't want to lose. She said, "If you can really prove the value of this worm, more than 1,000 Godstones. If I win, I'll give it to you for free."

"Okay! I'll remember that!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen walked up to Seven-Armed Elder, reached out his hand, and said, "Senior, can you let me keep this worm for the time being?"

Seven-Armed Elder opened his palm, and the colorful worm flew into Zhang Ruochen's palm under the cover of spiritual power.

For some reason, the colorful light on the worm's body was much dimmer than before. It had lost a lot of its lifeforce and was in low spirits.

After falling into Zhang Ruochen's hand, the worm's spirit suddenly increased. It opened its small, lively eyes and crawled intimately in the palm.

Its lifeforce recovered speedily.

The cultivators present were amazed.

Zhang Ruochen said, "This is the Primordial Spatial Worm. It shuttles through the universe and feeds on all kinds of Spatial Treasures. It's the fastest creature in the world."

Cang Baizi couldn't help but snicker, "What Primordial Spatial Worm? I've never heard of it. The fastest creature in the world? I think it's the slowest creature!"

A gambler who had bet 1,000 Godstones said, "The fastest creatures in the world are the Golden Rocs, the Nine-talons Dragons, the Heavenly Phoenixes. Some cultivators specialize in the Path of Flowing Light. The golden-winged Immortal Vampires and the jade-bone Rakshasa are also known for their

speed. Have you heard that a worm can become the fastest creature in the world?”

Many cultivators laughed and shook their heads.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You are all powerful figures among the Supreme Saints. I didn’t expect you to be ignorant. How about we make a bet? I will ride this worm to Mount Immortal, which is 300,000 miles away. Whoever is faster than me and arrives before me, I will never mention that I bought the worm with 1,000 Godstones. Moreover, I will give that person 1,000 Godstones as compensation.”

Hearing this, countless people were tempted.

1,000 Godstones was definitely not a small amount.

“I’ll bet with you.”

“I’ll bet too.”

...

“If you follow the rules and only use this worm as a mount, and not rely on your own cultivation to travel, then I’ll bet with you too.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Don’t worry. In front of so many powerful figures, I don’t need to play word games. It’s definitely the worm that’s traveling, not me.”

“Okay, I’ll bet too.”

“I want to join too.”

...

Not only did everyone in the gambling hall want to join the bet, but even the Neverwith Realm Supreme Saints who couldn’t enter the gambling hall also wanted to win Zhang Ruochen’s 1,000 Godstones.

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and said, “Not everyone is qualified to participate in this bet. If you want to bet with me, you have to take out 1,000 Godstones.”

Countless cultivators immediately gave up. Only the thirteen Supreme Saints, including Cang Baizi, received 1,000

Godstones. They quickly threw the Godstones onto the gambling platform and they looked for Ye Xiao to be notarized, as if they were afraid Zhang Ruochen would retract his words.

Yan Zhexian secretly transmitted her voice, she reminded Zhang Ruochen, “The rules of your bet are too lax. There is a teleportation array between the House of Enchanters and Mount Immortal. What if they use it? Moreover, the Fane of Destiny has set up many barriers. If you want to reach Mount Immortal, you need to go through at least seven of them. So, you can’t win just by being fast.”

Zhang Ruochen was taken aback. He had no idea Yan Zhexian would think of this. This woman appeared to have a cunning side.

Of course, even if she said so, Zhang Ruochen only smiled.

Yan Zhexian frowned. She really didn’t understand what the Emperor Who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth was thinking. The mysterious veil on this person made her even more curious.

Not all cultivators thought that Zhang Ruochen would definitely lose.

At least, the black-veiled cultivator and Seven-Armed Elder didn’t join the bet. That was because 1,000 Godstones was too little for them. Another reason was that they couldn’t figure out what Zhang Ruochen was playing and couldn’t see the result clearly.

“If you lose, you’ll have to pay 13,000 Godstones. Do you have that much to pay?”

Zhang Ruochen took out a token and pinched it between his fingers. He threw it onto the gambling table with ease.

Ye Xiao took the token and looked at it. His expression changed slightly. “The purple gold token of the Realm of Star Ocean can only be obtained by cultivators who have completed large transactions of more than 100,000 Godstones there.”

“Am I qualified to bet with you now?” Zhang Ruochen looked across and asked.

Cang Baizi and the others sneered in their hearts, tacitly acknowledging Zhang Ruochen’s wealth and strength.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the northern night sky and said, “Let’s set off from here. Let me ask you in advance. If I win, can I prove that this worm is worth more than 1,000 Godstones?”

Everyone looked at each other and finally nodded in unison.

If this worm could reach Mount Immortal 300,000 miles away before the group of top-notch Supreme Saints, it would undoubtedly prove its rarity. It was worth 1,000 Godstones, which was not too controversial.

“In that case, let’s begin!” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen made a gesture and invited the thirteen Supreme Saints to leave first.

This was a huge bet involving 1,000 Godstones. The thirteen Supreme Saints didn’t hold back. They all rushed out of the gambling hall at their fastest speed.

The walls of the gambling hall were decorated with inscriptions of an array. They could only use the door.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly. He slowly raised his hand and said to the Primordial Spatial Worm, “Little guy, let’s go!”

Although it was the first time they had met, the Primordial Spatial Worm was very intimate with Zhang Ruochen. It was very obedient. Its small body rolled around. Suddenly, a huge spatial energy tide erupted from its body.

Countless threads appeared in the space around Zhang Ruochen. They were quickly stretched.

The palm-sized space became as big as a palace.

The earthworm-like Primordial Spatial Worm’s body expanded and became hundreds of feet long. Like a seven-colored python, it opened its mouth and gnawed at the space.

Suddenly, the space in front of it caved in and became pitch black.

Seven-Armed Elder was knowledgeable after all. He exclaimed, "Wormhole... Wormhole in space..."

Countless cultivators present were shocked to the point of numbness.

This worm had bitten out a wormhole in space.

Could it be...

Could it be that the wormholes all over the universe had been bitten out by this worm?

Some wormholes could cross a starry sky and connect to places tens of thousands of light-years away. No matter how powerful a spatial cultivator was, he couldn't do this.

"There's no need to compete. The winner has been decided. Lord Ye, send a message to tell them to come back!" The black-veiled cultivator said.

When he said this, the black-veiled cultivator's eyes were fixed on Zhang Ruochen. It seemed that he wanted to see through him and understand.

Before they left the Citadel Casino, they received a message from Ye Xiao and returned to the gambling hall.

Obviously, Ye Xiao had told them about the Primordial Spatial Worm's ability. At that moment, they were all staring at Zhang Ruochen, who was standing on top of the colorful giant worm, and the spatial wormhole that had just been gnawed on. They were both shocked and unable to accept it.

There was such a strange worm in the world.

Since it could gnaw out wormholes, the array and barrier could not stop it.

Its ability was definitely not as simple as rushing on the road.

"No wonder this guy is so confident!" Yan Zhexian's pretty face could not help but show a charming smile.

Zhang Ruochen looked down from above and said, "Since everyone has returned, does it mean that I have already won? Cang Jie, go and collect the Godstones."

Cang Jie's blood was boiling. He didn't know how to express his admiration for his senior. It was amazing. He had won more than 10,000 Godstones with just a casual attack.

The Godstones he had won before were nothing!

"I want to hang out with you, senior. I want to acknowledge you as my teacher. I want to cling to you tightly," said Cang Jie.

Cang Jie gulped. He was very excited. He put away the bags of Godstones on the gambling platform and carried them on his back. He retreated to Zhang Ruochen's side and stood straight.

It was as if being Zhang Ruochen's underling was a great thing.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

A series of applause rang out. Yan Huangtu stood up and laughed, "Wonderful, wonderful. What an amazing worm. The final winner of this round should be self-evident now, right?"

Cang Baizi's face was extremely gloomy. He stared at Zhang Ruochen with murderous intent.

The six Supreme Saints who had bet 1,000 Godstones felt even colder and more murderous.

If it wasn't for this Emperor Who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth, they would have been the winners. How could they lose again and again?

Ye Xiao's forehead was covered in sweat. He wasn't sure what to do. He wanted to seek the leader's advice.

Seven-Armed Elder suddenly said, "The wormholes in the universe are all eaten by Primordial Spatial Worms," he said. "Such a divine worm should be worth more than 1,000 Godstones. In my opinion, they're worth more than 560,000 Godstones."

Hearing this, Cang Baizi and the others' eyes lit up and immediately agreed.

"Senior Noqoilpi is right. Controlling this worm is equivalent to having a powerful Spatial Array Master. Besides, isn't it easy to break all kinds of barriers and arrays? I think its value is even higher than a Supreme Artifact."

"It's a divine beast! Godstones can't measure its value."

"It should be Senior Noqoilpi who wins."

...

They had just lost 1,000 Godstones and hated Zhang Ruochen. How could they be willing to see Zhang Ruochen go to the Primordial Spatial Worm?

Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian's eyes turned cold, but they couldn't refute these people. After all, they also felt that the Primordial Spatial Worm was very valuable.

The news of the Primordial Spatial Worm's birth had been quickly sent out by many cultivators.

The Communication talisman flew out of the House of Enchanters like raindrops.

Many of them sent messages to the gods.

After all, the Primordial Spatial Worm had never been heard of or seen before. It was probably because it was hard to catch. Now, there was one that was born. Even the gods would be moved!

Seven-Armed Elder smiled and saluted Zhang Ruochen with his withered hands. He said, "Thank you, young cultivator. If you hadn't seen the origin of the Primordial Spatial Worm, I would have lost more than half of my fortune here today. Don't worry, I will give you 10,000 Godstones as a thank you. Now, shouldn't you return the Primordial Spatial Worm to the real winner?"

Looking at the open palm of Seven-Armed Elder, Zhang Ruochen realized that once he handed over the Primordial Spatial Worm, it would be impossible to purchase it with another 1,000 Godstones.

Zhang Ruochen sighed and said, "You overestimate its value!"

Cang baizi chuckled. "Not at all. I'm willing to spend 570,000 Godstones to buy the Primordial Spatial Worm on behalf of the Hall of Permanence."

"The House of Enchanters is willing to spend 1 million Godstones to buy the Primordial Spatial Worm."

"The Fane of Asura is willing to spend 2 million Godstones to buy the Primordial Spatial Worm."

...

Shocking bids kept ringing out.

Even a Supreme Artifact couldn't cause such a fierce fight.

Zhang Ruochen whispered to Seven-Armed Elder, "Why don't we sell the Primordial Spatial Worm to the Fane of Asura for 2 million Godstones? After that, we'll split it 50-50?"

Seven-Armed Elder laughed hoarsely. "Why should I split it 50-50 with you?"

"Because if I say a few more words, the price of this Primordial Spatial Worm will fall below 150,000 Godstones. Not only will you not get one Godstone, but you'll also have to offer a large sum of Godstones that you lost in a bet. Why should you refuse such a win-win situation?" Zhang Ruochen said with a sinister smile, "It's a win-win situation."

Seeing Zhang Ruochen's smile, Seven-Armed Elder, who had been confident, became uncertain.

The Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint who represented the Fane of Asura was called Xing Qian. Hearing this, he could not help but feel nervous.

Although he was a disciple of a god in the Fane of Asura, if he misjudged the value of the Primordial Spatial Worm, he would definitely die.

The Fane of Asura would never give him two million Godstones.

Only by killing him could he sever the relationship between this matter and the Fane of Asura.

“I’ve already sent the news to my master. Why hasn’t he replied?” When Zhang Ruochen and Seven-Armed Elder looked at each other without saying anything, Xing Qian was extremely nervous. He was afraid that Seven-Armed Elder would suddenly agree.

This was another grand gamble!

An even grander gamble.

The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Seven-Armed Elder.

It was a gamble of the heart.

The difference was that Zhang Ruochen’s victory was within his grasp. He was already in an undefeatable position. He just... wanted to win more.

It all depended on Seven-Armed Elder’s judgment?

Xing Qian couldn’t bear the mental torture anymore. He said in a trembling voice, “I can take it back...”

“Alright, I agree. I’ll sell it to the Fane of Asura for two million Godstones,” Seven-Armed Elder said.

At that moment, Xing Qian heard his master’s divine voice and transmitted it into his mind. “It’s just a puny worm. The price to raise it into an adult is too high and its value is limited.”

Not only Xing Qian, but the other cultivators who had sent the message also received a reply from the gods.

“Although Primordial Spatial Worms are rare, some powerful gods can still catch them. The reason why they aren’t raised is that the cost of raising them is too high. Raising one adult worm is more expensive than raising ten gods.

“Even gods can’t control the adult Primordial Spatial Worms, so they have no value.

“If there are no Spatial Treasures to devour or spatial cultivators to provide it with Saint Qi to absorb, the young Primordial Spatial Worm will die within a day.

“You can buy them to research and refine medicine. If the price of a larva exceeds 30,000 Godstones, don’t buy it!”

...

The Primordial Spatial Worm was very unfamiliar to Saint Realm cultivators, but the gods clearly knew of its existence. Information about the Primordial Spatial Worm spread.

Some gods gave it an estimate of 30,000 Godstones.

After all, a god that had just died was only sold for hundreds of thousands of Godstones.

Xing Qian of the Fane of Asura was ashen-faced. He looked at Seven-Armed Elder with pleading eyes and said, "I won't buy it, I won't buy it, the Fane of Asura won't buy it... No, no, it is I who won't buy it!"

Seven-Armed Elder's aura of death was exuberant. He said, "You Fane of Asura can buy it if you want to, but you won't buy it if you don't want to. Do you really think I'm easy to bully?"

The outcome was set. Yan Huangtu was in a good mood. He said, "The Fane of Asura is the number one fane of the Asuras after all. There are many gods, so of course, they can look down on you, Noqoilpi."

"The Fane of Asura also has a lot of gambling properties in the metropolis. If you don't give me these two million Godstones, I'll make sure that your gambling cities won't be able to open. You'd better believe that I have such strength," said Seven-Armed Elder.

Xing Qian knelt down on one knee and said, "Dear Sir Noqoilpi, I was wrong this time. Please let me live!"

Seven-Armed Elder naturally knew that the outcome was set. No matter how hard he tried to scare Xing Qian, he could not take out two million Godstones. The Fane of Asura would not be able to fork out this amount of money.

The final result was to force Xing Qian to death.

He had already lost. What was the point of forcing Xing Qian to death?

Seven-Armed Elder shook his head and said, "From today onwards, you will be my servant for a thousand years. Are you

willing?”

“I am willing.”

Xing Qian heaved a sigh of relief. He had finally saved his life.

Seven-Armed Elder was the first-class powerhouse below divinity. In addition to his godly gambling techniques, the various major forces had no time to recruit him. Who would be willing to provoke him?

It was already the best outcome to appease his anger in such a way.

Although Xing Qian had a godly master, this matter would definitely spread to the world. For the sake of the Fane of Asura’s face, the god did not dare to interfere in the secular world and personally deal with Seven-Armed Elder.

Although the Fane of Asura did not care about killing, it cared about being looked down upon by the world.

This gamble that had alarmed countless cultivators had finally come to an end.

The winner was Yan Zhexian. After deducting all the expenses, she had earned close to a million Godstones.

Although the price of a Supreme Artifact was more than a million Godstones. However, Supreme Artifacts were priceless. Even if they were to be sold, they would be bartered with other Supreme Artifacts, elixirs, and Yuanhui sacred herbs.

In reality, many gods had never seen a million Godstones before.

With such a large amount of wealth, Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian were both excited and cautious.

Yan Huangtu ordered, “Send a message to Yan Yu and ask him to come to the House of Enchanters personally.”

High Demon Elder Kun Yunhuang said in shock, “Milord, does Master Yu need to personally handle this?”

“Do you think that a million Godstones is a small amount? Even gods would be tempted.”

“But this is the Divine Domain of Destiny.”

“The Scioness of Destiny had died in the Divine Domain of Destiny.”

After thinking for a moment, Yan Huangtu said again, “Of course, other than the Master of the Avīci Pavilion, no other gods would dare to do such a heaven-defying thing. He had asked Yan Yu to come here to collect the debt. Seven-Armed Elder and the black-veiled cultivator were not people to be trifled with. Only Yan Yu would be able to suppress them.”

“I understand!” Kun Yunhuang said.

The black-veiled cultivator and Seven-Armed Elder had only given them a bargaining chip and had yet to take out the Godstones.

For more than 500,000 Godstones, it was enough to tempt the gods. Moreover, the two of them were not gods yet. They could escape and deny the payment of the Godstones.

Even if they wanted to collect the debt from the House of Enchanters, they needed a powerful figure.

“Where did the Emperor Who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth go?”

Yan Zhexian searched everywhere for Zhang Ruochen, but unfortunately, there was no trace of him in the Citadel Casino.

...

Among the nine palaces of the House of Enchanters, the Peacock Palace was where the core members of the House of Enchanters lived. Outsiders could not enter it.

Zhang Ruochen’s figure was invisible. He hid in the Profound Spatial Dimension and followed Lord Huanxu into the Peacock Palace.

Lord Huanxu was a Demonsky Clan Supreme Saint. His training had advanced to the Thousand-Koan Realm and was

considered one of the first-rate saints. He was a gambler for the Rainbow Viburnum and he'd wagered 1,000 Godstones.

After leaving the Citadel Casino, Lord Huanxu was very careful. He changed his appearance and activated an invisible treasure. He walked around the Jadehill Palace four times before taking a small boat to the Peacock Palace.

When he arrived at the Peacock Palace, he entered a courtyard filled with exotic flowers and plants.

Zhang Ruochen came to the courtyard. With his hands behind his back, he looked around and smiled. "It's quiet here!"

There was an array outside the courtyard.

However, it could not stop the Master of Time and Space. Zhang Ruochen quietly passed through the array and sneaked into the courtyard. He hid behind a blood-red sacred tree.

With the help of the dim light, Zhang Ruochen saw four figures standing under the pavilion in the courtyard.

He knew all four of them.

He had just seen them in the Citadel Casino.

Besides Lord Huan Xu, two other participants had bet 1,000 Godstones. They were all first-class Supreme Saint powerhouses, each with an impressive background.

The fourth person in the green robe was Cang Baizi.

Two rows of white jade spirit lamps were lit in the pavilion.

In the middle of the hall, a black figure sat. It was the mysterious black-veiled cultivator.

"Greetings, Lady Bai."

Four Supreme Saints from different forces bowed to the pavilion at the same time.

...

Chapter 2441: The Beginning of a Nightmare

Cang Baizi of the Corpusians' Hall of Permanence.

Lord Huan Xu of the Demonsky Clan.

Thandee of the Rakshasas' Paarth Family.

Lord Ironclad of the Nether Clan's Nine-order Temple.

Any one of the four was an existence that all the Supreme Saints of the Celestial Court feared. In the Infernal Court, they were even more infamous. At this moment, they were kowtowing to a woman at the same time.

'Lady Bai?' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes widened in surprise. He couldn't believe a woman from the Enchanter Palace possessed such incredible power. The four powerhouses were all from great forces and were divine in nature. They should not be tamed.

Wouldn't it be even more shocking if they voluntarily submitted to her?

Even the master of the House of Enchanters didn't have such power.

Who was she?

A black-veiled cultivator named "Lady Bai" was sitting in the hall. Her snow-white fingers were holding a vermillion brush as she copied the scriptures.

The yellowed scriptures were placed beside the table.

A golden cauldron was emitting green smoke.

She was copying according to the scriptures, and her eyes would look over from time to time. However, there wasn't a single word in the scriptures. It was extremely weird.

What was even weirder was that the words written on the white paper were like dragons and snakes. After the next word was written, the last word had disappeared.

Cang Baizi and the rest stood outside the hall. They kept their bodies in a bow state and did not dare to move.

They knew that Lady Bai would be extremely angry that the bet against Seven-Armed Elder had failed.

No one spoke. The atmosphere was somber and solemn.

Zhang Ruochen knew that everyone present was superior. They could easily sense his gaze, so he only took a glance at the beginning. Then, he pressed his back against the tree trunk and closed his eyes to listen.

It was quiet for a long time.

In the darkness of the night, there was only the sound of the wind blowing the leaves.

After copying ten scriptures in a row, the black-veiled cultivator finally stopped. She closed the yellowed scripture and put it into her sleeve. She seemed to have finally thought of the four people outside the hall. She said, "Tonight's game is not a complete failure. You don't have to be so afraid. All of you can leave now!"

It was an extremely pleasant voice.

Just by listening to her voice, one could imagine the most beautiful image of a woman in one's mind. She was as beautiful as a gentle and talented woman.

The four people let out a long sigh of relief as if a heavy burden had been lifted off their shoulders.

Cang Baizi cupped his fists with both hands, and his waist was almost bent to the ground, he said coldly, "If it weren't for the Emperor who slaughtered the Heavens and Earth tonight, Noqoilpi who was known as the undefeatable god of gamblers, he would definitely have lost to you. However, all of the Godstones have now been won by an unknown woman who appeared out of nowhere, causing you and the House of

Enchanters to suffer significant losses. I will go and kill him now, extract his soul, and offer it to you.”

The Enchanter Chamber has 180 floors.

Even the most profitable House of Enchanters might not be able to earn 500,000 Godstones after thousands of years of operation.

Tonight’s loss was indeed shocking. Any cultivator would not be able to remain calm.

However, the black-veiled cultivator’s voice was indifferent and his tone was elegant and gentle. “You’re wrong on three points.”

“What three points?” Cang Baizi asked curiously.

The black-veiled cultivator said, “First, the Emperor who slaughtered the Heavens and Earth isn’t that person’s real name.

“Second, the nameless woman isn’t nameless. She’s very famous.

“Third, I’ve already said that tonight’s battle wasn’t a complete defeat. Whether or not the House of Enchanters will suffer heavy losses will depend on how things turn out later. So far, we’ve succeeded by at least half.”

Zhang Ruochen secretly exclaimed. This Lady Bai dared to scheme against Seven-Armed Elder and almost succeeded. She was indeed a remarkable person.

Zhang Ruochen wondered, ‘Has she already seen through me and Yan Zhexian’s true form?

‘What does she mean by at least half of the plan is successful?’

Cang Baizi asked, “What are the identities of the Emperor who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth and the nameless woman?”

“Do not ask questions that you are not supposed to ask!” the black-veiled cultivator said.

Cang Baizi said, “Are we just going to let them go?”

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen felt an extremely cold qi sweeping through the entire courtyard. Even if he was hiding far away, he could still feel the stinging pain on his skin and the clotting of his blood.

His Saint Soul was almost pulled out of his body. Fortunately, his sea of Qi was stable and he had the protection of the Armor of the Fire God, so he was able to block the unknown power.

Cang Baizi screamed, causing the night to become creepy.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know what had happened, and he didn't dare to look with his eyes. He only heard Cang Baizi rolling on the ground, screaming and begging. He seemed to be in extreme pain.

"I'm sorry... I won't do it again. I won't... ask any more questions. What I shouldn't know... I mustn't know... I beg you, let... Let me go... Ah!"

It was easy to imagine how torturous it was to make a top-notch Supreme Saint beg for mercy and wail.

This Lady Bai is too temperamental. Cang Baizi only asked a few questions, and she already caused so much pain. Zhang Ruochen was speechless. He couldn't help but reflect on whether he had been too lenient with the cultivators below.

Cang Baizi's sobbing gradually faded. He struggled to stand. His green robe had been ripped. Blood was dripping all over his body. He knelt down and said, "Thank you for your forgiveness. I won't ask anymore!"

The other three powerful figures were trembling with fear.

The black-veiled cultivator's voice was still pleasant. She said, "I heard that you, Ling, and Huo Xing invited Zhang Ruochen to the Phoenix Annex. Why aren't you going yet?"

"I'm going now. I'm going now," said Cang Baizi.

Cang Baizi stood up, took three steps back, and walked out of the courtyard quickly.

Honeylocust Fair and Lord Ironclad immediately followed as if they were running away.

Only Lord Huanxu was still standing outside the hall.

The black-veiled cultivator asked, "Why aren't you leaving?"

Lord Huanxu quickly bowed and said, "I have been having nightmares for the past few days. Not only am I unable to cultivate, but it has also affected my ability to work for you. Please, give me the antidote."

"Nightmares are the most fearful, the most frightening, and the most vulnerable part of your heart. Why can't you face it directly? To fight a nightmare is to fight with yourself," said the black-veiled cultivator.

Lord Huanxu gritted his teeth and said with a pale face, "I... I am just a mediocre person."

"Well, you are very clear-headed to admit that you are a mediocre person. "I will grant you a beautiful dream so that you can avoid the torture of ten years of nightmares. "Ten years later, if you are still obedient, the beautiful dream can continue."

The voice was extremely pleasant and could make one's imagination run wild. One could not extricate themselves from it.

Zhang Ruochen was both surprised and amazed.

Who was this Lady Bai? Was she controlling these top-notch Supreme Saints with dreams?

Zhang Ruochen was also afraid of nightmares.

Because he also had fear, fright, and frailty.

The nightmares magnified all of this, so much so that even the Supreme Saints fell into fear and trepidation all day long.

At this moment, a strange scene happened in the courtyard.

Lord Huanxu seemed to be waking up from a dream. He let out a carefree laugh. His eyes were infatuated at times as if he had obtained a treasure that he yearned for. At times, he was lustful, as if he was hugging the body of the most beautiful woman in the world. At times, he looked down on all living

things, it was as if he was a divine emperor, and all the gods were kneeling at his feet.

A beautiful dream, the desired life.

Who didn't wish to be the main character of a beautiful dream? For them, everything went swimmingly. They could get whatever they wanted. This sensation was incredible. It was so wonderful that the Supreme Saint would fall for it after tasting it once. He couldn't stop.

"Beautiful dreams make people fall. Nightmares make people fear."

Zhang Ruochen stood behind the tree and shook his head with a smile. He was about to leave. Suddenly, he heard the woman in black call out, "My lord, have you found out the identity of the Emperor who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth?"

A three-foot-tall stone turtle walked out from the corner.

Lord Turtle's body was jade green all over. He was walking on two legs. His head was no bigger than a fist. His eyes were gleaming. He held a scroll in his hand and walked in front of the black-veiled cultivator, he stuttered, "Found, found, found... Him!"

"Speak," said the black-veiled cultivator.

"Acc... Acc... According... To... To..." said Lord Turtle.

The black-veiled cultivator shook her head and said, "Forget it! General, read it."

The stone pillar that supported the pavilion suddenly moved. Two long stone arms stretched out from the pillar and took the scroll from Lord Turtle's hand.

Lord Turtle was a little angry. He snorted at the stone pillar and said, "It's... all... all... My... My... My..."

"I know. It's all thanks to you."

"According to the name list of cultivators who came to the House of Enchanters," General Pillar read out loudly. "We can conclude tonight that the Emperor who Slaughtered the

Heavens and Earth had to change his form. He could be one of the thirteen cultivators.”

“What about those who are proficient in the Path of Dimension?” asked the black-veiled cultivator.

General Pillar replied, “There is only one...”

“That’s enough. I know who it is!” said the black-veiled cultivator.

General Pillar said, “There is other relevant information here. There is a creature who claimed to be the Emperor who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth. Not long ago, he appeared on Hoth and burned the slave market opened by the Xue Jue family. After leaving his name, he escaped.”

The black-veiled cultivator was surprised. She said, “Send a message to the House of Enchanters on Hoth. Tell them to capture the Emperor who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth. I want him alive.”

General Pillar closed the scroll and asked in a low voice, “Do you want to deal with the Emperor who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth in the House of Enchanters?”

“We have more important things to do. Let’s put him on hold for the time being. Don’t cause any more trouble. My lord, keep an eye on Seven-Armed Elder. Don’t let him escape! If he escapes, we’ll really lose tonight!” said the black-veiled cultivator.

Zhang Ruochen breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that although the black-veiled cultivator was powerful, she hadn’t seen through his transformation technique. If everyone could see through the Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification, he wouldn’t be able to use this technique in the future.

At the same time, he was confused.

The black-veiled cultivator had set up a trap for Seven-Armed Elder. It wasn’t just for hundreds of thousands of Godstones. She had a bigger plan. What was she up to? What secrets was Seven-Armed Elder keeping?

And was the Emperor who slaughtered the Heavens and Earth on Hoth, Blackie?

He dared to burn down the Xue Jue Family's slave market and leave his name. He was really bold.

Zhang Ruochen quietly left the Peacock Palace and returned to the bustling Jadehill Palace. He could not calm down for a long time.

What he had just seen and heard was too much information. He needed to calm down.

Just as he wanted to calm down, silence appeared in front of him.

Guye Jing stood under a spectral ghost lamp. Beside her was a jade tree with silver flowers. She wore a scholar's robe. Her long hair was tied up on her head with a wooden hairpin. She looked like a man and a woman, but could not tell the gender.

She stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "We will meet again!"

Zhang Ruochen changed his appearance after leaving the Peacock Palace. To be more different from humans and the Immortal Vampires, he had become half a fat cat. He had a tail and cat ears.

Perhaps he had just thought of Blackie. He had thought of it from his heart.

Zhang Ruochen was still confident in his ability to change. His eyes were blank. He waved his cat paws and said gruffly, "You've got the wrong cat. We've never met before. Move aside. I don't have time to waste on you."

"You can't get information from Xue Tu," she said.

Zhang Ruochen had just walked past Guye Jing. Hearing this, he knew he couldn't keep up the act. The flaw wasn't with him, but with Xue Tu.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and asked, "Where's Xue Tu?"

Guye Jing turned around and opened her right hand. A figure the size of a green bean appeared in her snow-white palm. It was Xue Tu, who had been squeezed into a ball.

Xue Tu had clearly struggled and resisted. Unfortunately, he couldn't escape from her palm.

Zhang Ruochen sighed. "Ah! How amazing. A Supreme Saint was easily squeezed by you!"

Xue Tu had a drop of Zhang Ruochen's blood on him. He could find him with this.

It wasn't strange for Guye Jing to appear in front of him.

Xue Tu sobbed. "Senior brother, save me. I didn't mean to reveal your secret to her. This demoness is too abnormal. She's proficient in soul-siphoning secret arts. I couldn't resist her."

Zhang Ruochen said, "There are two gods behind Xue Tu. I think you should let him go."

Guye Jing threw the "green bean" out, "He's of no value to me," she said. "I'm only interested in you. Don't you want to know what's going on in the House of Enchanters tonight? I can tell you."

Plop

Xue Tu reverted to his true form and fell into the cold lake, splashing.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a while and said, "I'd like to hear more. Unfortunately, I have another plan. I'm in a hurry!"

"Ling's plan?" Guye Jing asked.

"It seems that he told you everything!"

Zhang Ruochen really wanted to slap Xue Tu who had just gotten up from the water.

Guye Jing said, "Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing are not good people. Aren't you afraid of dying if you go there alone?"

"This is the House of Enchanters!" Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing said, "Yes, it's because this is the House of Enchanters. Do you really think this is a place for pleasure? Don't forget that the House of Enchanters is one of the top ten dark giants. Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing may not dare

to kill you personally, but there are many desperate people in the dark world.”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked to hear what Guye Jing said. He realized that he had underestimated his enemy!

“Why are you telling me this?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing said, “You should go to your appointment. We can talk when you come back.”

“Give me back that drop of blood,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing shook her head and said, “Your transformation technique is brilliant. I have to make sure that I can find you anywhere, anytime.”

Xue Tu was wet all over. He walked to Zhang Ruochen’s side and was very afraid of Guye Jing. He advised Zhang Ruochen in a low voice, “Forget it, Senior Brother. This demoness’ cultivation is so high that we can’t afford to offend her. When it’s time to admit defeat, we have to admit defeat.”

“So she didn’t use any soul-siphoning secret technique on you. You admit defeat?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu was stunned for a moment. Then he patted his chest, “How is that possible? Is he serious? It’s my own business. Maybe I’ll admit defeat. I won’t admit defeat even if I have a knife to my neck. Senior brother, believe me. Her soul-siphoning secret technique is really powerful. I can’t handle it. I really can’t handle it.”

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t be bothered with him. He turned around and left. Just as he took a step, he stopped and said, “You can find me with that drop of blood, and I can find you at any time with that drop of blood.”

On the surface, Guye Jing was Luo Sha’s best friend, but she spied on Zhang Ruochen with the *Demonstone Engraving*. In Zhang Ruochen’s eyes, she was not a friend.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t see through this demoness.

It was not only her cultivation but also her personality. Every time she appeared, her temperament was different. On the engagement, Guye Jing was extraordinarily charming and

eccentric. She called Luo Sha “Little Shasha” as if she was an innocent young girl.

But the meeting just now was like an old-fashioned and cold nun. She could kill any man’s desire for a woman.

There was a Lady Bai, and now there was a Jing Jing. He still had to deal with Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing. Zhang Ruochen only felt that there was thunder in the silence. Danger and death lingered around him.

Unknowingly, he had crossed the curved bridge and arrived outside Phoenix Annex. His body and appearance had changed.

“Master Ruochen, Master Ling is already inside. He’s been waiting for you for a long time.”

A human saint in her 20s, wearing a thin white veil, stood outside the garden to welcome him.

The gentle breeze blew. The graceful body of the human saintess was barely visible. Her beautiful face flushed with shyness. She was extremely appealing.

Her eyes were filled with admiration. She said in a low voice, “I am Lian Rou, and have watched the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Tonight, when I see Master Ruochen’s true form, I feel like I’ve seen a banished immortal. A wargod of the human clan.”

“Take me in!” Zhang Ruochen said expressionlessly.

Ling had deliberately asked a human woman to accompany him. It was a huge provocation.

Chapter 2442: Shadow Incense

The air became much colder when Zhang Ruochen stepped into the Phoenix Annex. It was as if he had fallen into an ice cave.

Zhang Ruochen swept his gaze across the room. There was a long bronze table in the room. Ling, Bai Zi, and Huo Xing were already sitting in the north, west, and east. There were also three beautiful women accompanying them. Two were half-saints of the Immortal Vampires, and one was a human half-saint.

Aside from fine wine and delicacies, there were dishes cooked with human flesh and soul food on the table.

A glass lamp was placed in the center of the table.

The lamp oil was clear and transparent, and the wick was like beans. As it burned, it gave off ripples of patterns. The fragrance was like sandalwood, giving people a sense of tranquility and distance.

“Haha! Brother Ruochen, I’ve been waiting for you for a long time. Why are you only here now? I think you have to punish yourself with three cups.” Ling said with a familiar smile as if he had seen an old friend.

This fifth son of the Ghost Master had restrained his Ghost Qi. His ghost body was no different from a body of flesh and blood. He looked to be in his thirties. He had a white face and no beard. The top of his head was bare, and he didn’t have a single strand of hair.

Cang Baizi and Huo Xing looked at Zhang Ruochen silently.

Zhang Ruochen sat on the south side of the table and looked at Ling. He looked at the glass lamp on the table and said, “Buddha Oil Lamp?”

“Yes, it’s the Buddha Oil Lamp,” Ling said.

Refining the oil from a deceased Buddha and making it into lamp oil.

Once ignited, it could suppress the cultivator's spiritual power from leaving the body and also suppress the cultivator's spiritual perception.

This arrangement alone made Zhang Ruochen realize that the three people in front of him intended to kill him today.

Cang Baizi changed into a clean Taoist robe. He did not look as miserable as he did in the Peacock Palace. He said, "The ancestors of the Hall of Permanence went to the Western Buddha Realm and dug up a Buddha's corpse. They refined a lot of Buddha oil. If you're interested, I can give you some."

Buddha was considered a god.

Zhang Ruochen covered his nose and said rudely, "It stinks. Where did this stench coming from? Even the Buddha incense can't cover it."

Cang Baizi's stiff and pale face turned cold. He was about to flare up.

Ling held Cang baizi down.

Cang baizi snorted and vented his anger on the human half-saint woman sitting on his lap. Her pretty face twitched and her body trembled slightly.

Ling stared at the human saint named Lian Rou and said, "Why aren't you pouring wine for Ruochen?"

Lian Rou was charming. She picked up the wine jug and fill it up. Leaning against Zhang Ruochen, she exhaled and said, "Sir, please drink."

Zhang Ruochen reached out two fingers to block the wine cup. He looked at Ling and said, "There's no need to be so polite between us. I came here for only one purpose, the Southern Sword Realm."

Ling narrowed his eyes and put down the wine cup. "What kind of status do you have to be so interested in a poor and weak world?"

“Aren’t you also interested in that place?” said Zhang Ruochen.

He continued, “What did Lord Bladehell tell you?”

“This has nothing to do with Lord Bladehell. We just want to buy the Southern Sword Realm to strengthen our power and cultivate more clansmen,” said Cang Baizi.

Ling shook his head slightly. Cang Baizi was really an idiot.

Zhang Ruochen could not be sure that Lord Bladehell had leaked the secret. It was obvious that he was testing the waters by asking that question. Although it was a denial, what was the difference between it and an admission?

Lord Bladehell was having a hard time!

However, Ling felt that this was not necessarily a bad thing.

They had promised Lord Bladehell that they would not leak it to anyone.

They had done it. Indeed, they did not leak it on purpose.

Now, Zhang Ruochen was extremely angry and would definitely seek revenge on Lord Bladehell. However, once Lord Bladehell entered the Thousand-Koan Realm, his cultivation would skyrocket. Zhang Ruochen would undoubtedly face a formidable opponent in him.

Even though Lord Bladehell still couldn’t defeat Zhang Ruochen and died at his hands.

How could the forces behind Lord Bladehell let it go?

No matter how they settled the score, they wouldn’t lose anything.

Of course, it still depended on whether Zhang Ruochen could leave alive today.

Zhang Ruochen said, “There’s no need for you to lie. To tell you the truth, I am determined to get the Southern Sword Realm.”

Ling smiled, he said, “Since brother Ruochen is so interested in the Southern Sword Realm, we can bear to part with it.

However, the three forces spend a lot to buy a world. I wonder, Ruochen... What price do you offer to buy it back?"

Zhang Ruochen was very straightforward. "Three Godstones."

While the three powerful figures were stunned.

Zhang Ruochen took out three Godstones from his Ring of Dimensions and threw them at Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing respectively.

SWOOSH! SWOOSH! SWOOSH!

Cang Baizi reached out his hand to grab the Godstones that were flying toward him. He could no longer suppress his anger. He suddenly stood up and the Yin Qi in his body flourished. He said, "I gave you face, but you don't want it. Zhang Ruochen, don't be arrogant. To tell you the truth, the Hall of Permanence wants the Myriad Curse Bead on you. If you don't, I'll give the order and turn the entire Southern Sword Realm into a dead zone. Billions of lives will die because of you."

Huo Xing said, "The Roopkund Seas wishes to retrieve the body of Supreme Saint Yanhong."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a cold smile. He looked at Ling and said, "If I'm not wrong, Dishastan wants the Pleiades Lotus, right?"

"Ruochen is really my confidant," Ling said.

Zhang Ruochen took the wine cup from Lian Rou's hand and sniffed it. He said, "You want to sell three Supreme Artifacts in the Southern Sword Realm. Do you think I have to be this sucker?"

The Roopkund Sea desired the body of Supreme Saint Yanhong, but the ring on her finger was a Supreme Artifact.

The ring could not be removed from her finger.

Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing all had smiles on their faces.

They all had different smiles.

Ling's smile was warm, Cang Baizi's smile was hard, and Huo Xing's smile was like the bone fire in his eyes, jumping with

excitement.

Zhang Ruochen didn't drink the wine in his glass after all. "To tell you the truth, I've never thought of buying the Southern Sword Realm from you."

Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing still smiled, but their smiles became stiff.

Zhang Ruochen said again, "A long time ago, someone told me that the Infernal Court is a place where the strong prey on the weak. Even so, why buy things that can be stolen with Godstones?"

The entire room became solemn.

"You're probably dreaming if you want to steal the Southern Sword Realm from us three forces," said Cang Baizi.

Zhang Ruochen said, "There are some people in this world who like to dream."

Cang Baizi's expression changed slightly when he heard this.

Ling was calm and still maintained his posture, he said, "Brother Ruochen, you've just arrived in the Infernal Court. I'm afraid that you don't understand the rules here. The law of survival is indeed the law of the jungle. However, there are also some basic rules.

"If you dare to forcefully seize the Southern Sword Realm, it's undoubtedly because you want to start a large-scale civil war between divine level forces. If everyone was like you, the Infernal Court would have long been in chaos. You've crossed the bottom line. Even if we spare you, the Fane of Destiny won't be able to spare you."

Then he drank a glass of wine and said slowly, "Over the years, the Adjudication Division has killed many disobedient Scions, Scionesses, and Divine Scions. Brother Ruochen, you must think twice before you act."

Zhang Ruochen stood up. His killing intent was overflowing and said, "Don't use the Fane of Destiny to pressure me. I must carry out this battle. If you know what's good for you,

hand over the Southern Sword Realm. Otherwise, the Southern Sword Realm will be your burial ground. Goodbye!”

Ling’s eyes instantly turned cold. From the corner of his eye, he looked at the human saint named Lian Rou.

Bang

The wine cup fell to the ground and shattered into pieces.

BOOM!

Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing released their Precept Domains at the same time.

In Ling’s Precept Domain, there was a magnificent yin mountain. The mountain stretched for thousands of miles. Tens of millions of souls passed through the mountains and surged toward Zhang Ruochen like a tsunami.

Cang Baizi Zi’s Precept Domain was seven palaces of Paths.

Huo Xing’s Precept Domain was a gray sea of corpses. One could vaguely see mountain-sized bone bodies with the bone fire burning inside.

The three Precept Domains stacked on top of each other and suppressed Zhang Ruochen at the same time.

“Rise!”

Zhang Ruochen roared. The Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King rushed out of his body and held up a world to resist the suppression of the three Precept Domains.

Lian Rou, who was standing beside Zhang Ruochen, instantly lost the tenderness in her eyes. At some point, a black dagger appeared in her hand. She stabbed at Zhang Ruochen’s temple like a flash of lightning.

At this moment, she didn’t look like a saint. The waves of her aura had clearly reached the Thousand-Koan Realm.

At such a close distance, with her unparalleled speed, it could be said that she had sentenced Zhang Ruochen to death.

Zhang Ruochen’s protective Saint Qi was pierced layer by layer by the black dagger like it was made of paper. The

moment it was unsheathed, the three women sitting next to Ling, Bai Zi, and Huo Xing were sucked away by it, their souls and blood, and turned into three dry bones.

Its evil power made the entire room ring with thousands of voices. Some were crying, some were begging, and some were laughing wildly.

The foot-long dagger contained countless evil spirits.

Seeing that the black dagger was about to pierce through Zhang Ruochen's temple, Zhang Ruochen hit her chest as if he had expected it.

BANG!

Lian Rou's eyes widened with disbelief. Her body flew backward.

Her chest exploded from Zhang Ruochen's palm. It caved in and shattered her sternum, turning her internal organs into a splatter of blood. Before she could fly out, her left wrist was pulled back by Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen did not show any mercy to her. He hit her head with his palm.

BANG!

Lian Rou's head exploded. Her seductive body turned into a bloody mess and fell to the ground.

She was still alive. Her fingers and legs were wriggling.

Zhang Ruochen suppressed her in the true Profound Spatial Dimension, making it impossible for her body to recover.

"Break for me."

The Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King tore the three Precept Domains apart. The surrounding scene recovered. They were still in the Phoenix Annex. Ling, Bai Zi, and Huo Xing were still sitting at the table.

The difference was that the three women beside them had turned into hideous, gray, and black bones.

Lian Rou's Supreme Saint blood splattered all over the room.

Zhang Ruochen ignored the three of them. He picked up the wine cup on the table and drank it in one gulp. Then he crouched down and took the black dagger from Lian Rou's hand. He looked at it, "The Scourging Dagger!" He said. "As far as I know, it has been passed down for more than 200,000 years. It has taken in numerous evil spirits and blood. It's a cursed artifact capable of killing Demigods. You are not an Infernal Court cultivator. Are you with the Empyrean Assassins?"

Lian Rou's broken body let out a chilling voice. "Zhang Ruochen, you're indeed strong, but I don't understand. How did you see that I was the one who really tried to assassinate you?"

"Your qi-concealing secret technique is exquisite. You've hidden your cultivation in the Saint Realm. Unfortunately, even if you can hide it from a Demigod, you can't hide it from me." said Zhang Ruochen. Of course, he wouldn't reveal the secret that he had the Heart of Truth.

If Zhang Ruochen hadn't noticed it in advance and taken precautions, even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint would have had a 10-20% chance of being assassinated in that situation.

First, using the women of the Humans and the Immortal Vampires to accompany him. Then prepared all kinds of human flesh and food to affect Zhang Ruochen's mood.

At the moment of the attack, three Precept Domains pressed down on him. They wanted to draw Zhang Ruochen's attention to the three non-existent cultivators. Then, Lian Rou tried to kill Zhang Ruochen with the Scourging Dagger.

This killing scheme had been planned from the very beginning.

"Haha, Zhang Ruochen, you have become a target in both heaven and Infernal Court. You are one of the most valuable cultivators on the *Supreme Saint Bounty List*. Countless assassins want to take your life. You won't live long." Lian Rou laughed crazily.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Empyrean Assassins are cooperating with Dishastan, the Hall of Permanence, and the Roopkund Sea. I wonder how the Fane of Destiny will deal with them after they find out?”

“You won’t have a chance,” said Lian Rou.

“How so?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“Because you have no evidence,” said Lian Rou.

Lian Rou’s body began to be engulfed in flames.

Her calm voice came from the flames. “Shadow Incense is only the introduction. The shadow of death will fall over the entire world. When the Peach Blossoms bloom, you’ll be reduced to dust like me.”

Zhang Ruochen wanted to stop Lian Rou, but it was too late. As soon as she finished talking, she burned up, leaving only a handful of ashes.

Even the Supreme Saint’s blood scattered in the room was burned up.

“I can stop her from self-detonating her Sainthood Source, but I can’t stop her from using the self-incinerating secret technique. The killers of the Empyrean Assassins were too terrifying. She didn’t look like a human at all. She was more like a killing weapon. Even with the cultivation of the Thousand-Koan Realm, she still chose to commit suicide so decisively. Is she really not afraid of death?” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen carefully recalled what she had said at the last minute.

“Shadow Incense is only the prelude... when the Peach Blossom blooms, you will be like me...”

“Shadow Incense and Peach Blossom.”

SNAP!

On the table, the Buddha oil in the glass lamp burned out.

The light went out, and the entire room became pitch-black. Only the whispers of the spirits in the Scourging Dagger could

be heard.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power could finally escape his body if the Buddha Oil Lamp was not suppressed.

Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing were still sitting on the three sides of the table, but Zhang Ruochen could not sense their auras. He snorted, "It seems that you still don't dare to attack openly."

A cold wind blew from outside the window. Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing's bodies disintegrated and turned into three piles of yellow sand.

They were only shadow clones.

...

Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing stood in the Geese Annex and looked in the direction of the Phoenix Annex.

Cang baizi said in confusion, "Is Zhang Ruochen really a lustful person? Why couldn't he be fooled by beauty such as Shadow Incense?"

"Not only is he not a lustful person, but he's also a ruthless person who destroys anything beautiful," Huo Xing said.

Although the assassination failed, Ling was still calm and had a smile on his face. He said, "Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, and Wujiang, all of them are top-notch heroes in the world, but they were all defeated by Zhang Ruochen in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Such a figure, even if he is lustful, yet can not be killed by beauty?"

Huo Xing said, "Shadow Incense is not only a beauty but also a top-notch emperor-level killer among the Empyrean Assassins. We must admit that Zhang Ruochen is more difficult to deal with than we thought."

"If he is not powerful enough, it will be meaningless." Ling laughed.

"How can you laugh? Zhang Ruochen already knows Shadow Incense's identity. If he reports it to the Fane of Destiny, we will be in big trouble." Cang Baizi was worried.

“I am not worried about that. Zhang Ruochen’s backer in the Fane of Destiny is the Fortune Palace. Unfortunately, the Fortune Palace can’t interfere in this matter. As for the Adjudication Division... Well, with our power in the Adjudication Division, if Zhang Ruochen doesn’t have absolute evidence, the Adjudication Division won’t care about him.”

Chapter 2443: Troubled Times

Ling thought of something and said meaningfully, “I’ve received news that Zhang Ruochen and the new Scioness of Destiny have become closer than before.”

“How is that possible?” asked Huo Xing.

Cang Baizi looked incredulous and said, “These two fought fiercely on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.”

Huo Xing said, “The new Scioness of Destiny still needs the support of the three upper clans. They can’t get along with Zhang Ruochen no matter what. The new Scioness should know what’s important.”

Ling smiled. “Don’t worry about it for now. The new Scioness has just been appointed. Her cultivation is too low. She can’t convince the masses, and she can’t command the Adjudication Division. Even if Zhang Ruochen finds her, he can’t do anything to us without solid evidence.”

Cang Baizi stroked his beard and nodded. “Do you think Zhang Ruochen will really attack the Southern Sword Realm?”

“I think so! Father said that Zhang Ruochen’s ranking on the *Divine Ascension Ranking* is very low because of his inner demons. If he doesn’t fulfill his promise, he will die if he wants to become a god,” Ling said.

Cang Baizi smiled sinisterly and said, “Why don’t we issue an order to release the Corpse Blight into the Southern Sword Realm and turn it into a realm full of dead spirits? This will drive Zhang Ruochen crazy. It’s interesting just thinking about it.”

Ling raised his arm and shook it. “Killing people can’t just be fun. This is a bad idea! Zhang Ruochen claims that he wants to

take the Southern Sword Realm by force. Why not give him what he wants?”

“How can this be?” asked Cang Baizi.

Cang Baizi was stunned. He reacted immediately and smiled sinisterly. “Very good, very good. If Zhang Ruochen dies in the Southern Sword Realm, you can’t blame us.”

CLANG!

CLANG!

...

After receiving Ling’s voice transmission, the guards of the Scioness Palace rushed over and surrounded Phoenix Annex.

The 50 guards were all dressed in blood armor and armed with long spears. They completely surrounded Phoenix Annex. Their armor reflected the night, making it cold and solemn.

The head guard, Ye Fancheng, struck the ground with his spear.

WHOOSH!

Countless Supreme Saint Inscriptions and Array Inscriptions appeared underground, he said sternly, “I received intelligence that someone killed three saint realm attendants of the House of Enchanters in Phoenix Annex. Do you want to come out yourself and surrender, or do you want us to go in and do it ourselves?”

The appearance of the guards alarmed many cultivators.

Their spiritual power reached out to Phoenix Annex.

“Who dares to kill in the House of Enchanters? And it was a saint realm attendant.”

“The master of the House of Enchanters is a very powerful figure. She has a deep relationship with the Death Palace. No matter who the person is, he or she won’t have a good ending if one causes trouble here.”

Creak

The door of Phoenix Annex opened.

Zhang Ruochen walked out with a black dagger in his hand.

The Scouring Dagger was temporarily suppressed by Zhang Ruochen, but it still emitted a terrifying evil power.

The 50 guards only felt their vision darken and all the lights were devoured up. They couldn't see anything. They could only hear the sounds of curses.

Ye Fancheng's cultivation was powerful. He could block the evil power of the Scouring Dagger and see Zhang Ruochen's appearance clearly.

His expression changed slightly. He quickly bowed and said, "Greetings, Supreme Saint Ruochen."

Zhang Ruochen looked around. Soon, he found Ling, Huo Xing, and Cang Baizi in Geese Annex's pavilion. He smiled at them.

Then, he looked at Ye Fancheng and said, "I didn't kill the three attendants. This dagger did. Do you believe it?"

"Of course I believe you, Supreme Saint Ruochen. But can you come with me and explain it to the master?" Ye Fancheng said in neither a servile nor overbearing manner.

"Sorry, I don't have the time," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen walked straight out.

Ye Fancheng took a step forward and blocked his way. He said, "Since the Supreme Saint said that they were killed by this dagger, can you give it to me? I have to report to the master, right?"

"I can't give you this dagger. If you want an explanation, you can ask Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing. I won't say anything else."

Zhang Ruochen's tone was calm, but the aura he exuded made the guards dare not breathe.

The House of Enchanters clearly knew that Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing had entered the Phoenix Annex.

Now that people were dead and they only looked for Zhang Ruochen. What did that mean?

Besides, the top-notch emperor-level killers of the Empyrean Assassins could appear in the House of Enchanteurs, which had a powerful intelligence network. Zhang Ruochen would never believe that this had nothing to do with the House of Enchanteurs.

“Get out of the way,” Zhang Ruochen said.

These words sounded like thunder in Ye Fancheng’s ears. His face instantly turned pale and his body swayed.

Finally, he moved to make way for Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen straightened his clothes and walked over.

Only when Zhang Ruochen was far away from the 50 guards did they feel relieved and let out a long sigh of relief.

One of the guards was quite confused. He said coldly, “Sir, are you going to let him go? Whoever kills someone in the House of Enchanteurs will be punished.”

“Many cultivators are watching. If Zhang Ruochen leaves like this, where will the dignity of the House of Enchanteurs be? How will the House of Enchanteurs stand tall in the Divine Domain of Destiny after this?” another guard said.

Ye Fancheng wished to escort Zhang Ruochen to see the master.

However, the master had sent a message to him personally asking him to let Zhang Ruochen go. Of course, he had to do it. In the end, the House of Enchanteurs was a dark force that could not be seen in the light. They did not dare to show their strength in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

With Zhang Ruochen’s status, if he really made a big fuss, the House of Enchanteurs would be the one to suffer.

In the Geese Annex.

Cang Baizi laughed, “Ling’s move is brilliant. Zhang Ruochen was so arrogant. The House of Enchanteurs couldn’t do anything to him, but he had also offended the House of Enchanteurs. Offending the House of Enchanteurs meant offending the Death Palace.

“Zhang Ruochen had no choice. If he compromised with the House of Enchanters, the reputation of the Yuanhui-level genius would be ruined. Not only would he lose face, but also the faces of Wargod Bloodximus and Fukurokuju. Rather than losing his face, it’s better to let the House of Enchanters lose face,” said Huo Xing.

Ling looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was leaving, and said, “It’s fun to fight with Yuanhui level genius.”

...

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the Phoenix Annex and thought about whether there was a way to get rid of Ling, Cang Baizi, and Huo Xing with the help of the Empyrean Assassins.

However, Zhang Ruochen finally found out that Ling was too cautious and almost wiped out all the evidence.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t defeat them with just a Scouring Dagger.

Zhang Ruochen let out a long breath. He saw a burly 60-year-old man standing in front of him.

The 60-year-old man stood by the water and nodded at him with a smile. He said telepathically, “Yan Hanyi greets the Prince Consort.”

Zhang Ruochen had seen Yan Hanyi before. He had followed Luo Shengtian to the House of Enchanters.

“A cultivator from the Yanluo Clan?”

Yan Hanyi nodded, he said, “You don’t have to be so strange, Prince Consort. The Yanluo clan is very big, and there are countless cultivators. Not all of them are loyal to the Yanluo clan. I’m one of the teachers of the Divine Prince and the Princess. I’m in charge of teaching techniques and passing on the Path of Flowing Light.”

It was not easy to be the teacher of Luo Shengtian and Luo Sha.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Senior, don’t call me Prince Consort. I’m not going to be your princess’s consort. She will be my consort.”

“It’s all the same, it’s all the same,” said Yan Hanyi.

Yan Hanyi seemed to be an easy person to talk to. At least when he faced Zhang Ruochen, he always had a smile on his face. He said, “The Divine Prince wants to see you.”

It was not strange that Luo Shengtian knew about the commotion caused by Phoenix Annex just now.

Zhang Ruochen did not need to guess why Luo Shengtian was looking for him. That Divine Prince had always been unhappy with him. Now that he had finally found something, how could he let him go so easily?

Zhang Ruochen could not refuse him outright. He said, “I have something urgent to do. Why don’t you tell me where your Royal Brother is staying first? I’ll go see him after I’m done.”

“I see...” said Yan Hanyi.

Yan Hanyi looked troubled. Finally, he knew that he could not force Zhang Ruochen. He agreed and said, “Okay! His Royal Highness is staying at the Poinsettia Mansion.”

“Poinsettia,” said Zhang Ruochen.

A strange light flashed in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

Poinsettia was a flower. Did Luo Shengtian adore flowers?

He did not realize that the Divine Prince had such a wild heart under his serious appearance.

“Prince Consort, please excuse me,” said Yan Hanyi.

Yan Hanyi’s figure disappeared in an instant.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. Yan Hanyi was too fast. He seemed to be faster than the Great Dimensional Shift. After all, the Great Dimensional Shift had a process of mobilizing Saint Qi.

“Is this the top speed in the saint realm? Even if it’s Que, it’s still not as fast as him.”

Zhang Ruochen had been very confident that he could escape from any saint realm cultivator.

However, could he really escape from existence like Yan Hanyi?

Yan Hanyi left silently and Guye Jing appeared silently.

She stood in the shadow of a broad-leaved silver maple tree by the water. Like a ghost in the night, she said, “You’re weaker than I thought. I’ve already warned you, but you still fell into Ling’s trap.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Is that so? Didn’t I escape unscathed?”

“Your goal is to escape unscathed? Do you know that you have just offended the House of Enchanters and made the master lose face?” asked Guye Jing.

“Yes, of course I know,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“The master of the House of Enchanters is a woman. A very powerful woman,” said Guye Jing.

“Yes,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Do you know that women are usually narrow-minded? Powerful women are even more narrow-minded. If you make her lose face, she’ll dare to make you lose your life,” said Guye Jing.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t care at all. He asked, “You’re also a powerful woman. Are you also narrow-minded?”

Guye Jing’s eyes were as cold as ice. She said, “You’re very lucky. Something big happened in the House of Enchanters recently. The master probably doesn’t have time to care about you.”

“What big thing?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“This isn’t a place to talk. Follow me,” said Guye Jing.

Guye Jing’s body dissipated and turned into wisps of scarlet Qi that wrapped around Zhang Ruochen’s body.

Zhang Ruochen watched while he was on guard.

Gradually, his vision was completely covered by the scarlet Qi. He couldn’t see anything else.

‘What is she doing?’ Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen felt uneasy. He condensed the Divine Purification Flame between his fingers and was about to break the red clouds.

Suddenly, the red clouds dispersed.

Zhang Ruochen found himself in an antique room. The walls were covered with calligraphy and famous paintings. A fan-shaped screen was located in the northeast corner.

Guye Jing stood by the window and looked at the scenery outside.

Zhang Ruochen said, “What did you do just now? How did you get here? I clearly sensed that there was no spatial fluctuation.”

“If you lend me the *Demonstone Engraving* to study, I will tell you the secret,” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen walked to the table and sat down. He said, “Why don’t you tell me what happened in the House of Enchanters first?”

Guye Jing was very direct. She said, “About a month ago, Tan Fei, an Asuran Supreme Saint, won five superior-grade divine crystals in the casino of the House of Enchanters on Hoth.

“Ordinary divine crystals can be exchanged for ten Godstones.

“But superior-grade divine crystals can be exchanged for 1,000 Godstones.

“At that time, someone recognized that five divine crystals were superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin.”

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t maintain his relaxed state, he said seriously, “How is this possible? Since the disappearance of the Fane of Origin, no cultivator could become a god by cultivating the Path of Origin. Even if other gods who cultivate the Path of Origin could condense Divine Crystal of Origin, they couldn’t do so.”

Guye Jing said, “That’s why this matter has caused a huge sensation. Some people have guessed that the Fane of Origin

has come into being.”

“Would the gods of Celestial Court and Infernal Court be alarmed by such a big matter?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Zhang Ruochen could imagine that the gods would definitely attack the birth of an ancient fane. There might even be a large-scale battle of deities.

Guye Jing said, “That’s right. If the Celestial Court discovers that the Fane of Origin has appeared, a massive battle of deities is unavoidable. However, there is still no evidence to prove that the Fane of Origin has been born. Moreover, the news about the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin has been tightly sealed. Those who should be silenced are all dead!”

Zhang Ruochen chuckled. “The news has been sent to you. I don’t believe that it can be sealed.”

“In the entire Infernal Court, no more than 20 forces know about this. They know about it because the cultivators of these forces immediately sent a message to the gods when the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin was born,” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Is the Rāhu Mountains one of them?”

“In the Rāhu Mountains, I’m the only one below divinity who knows about it,” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Then why did you tell me the news so easily?”

“Because I need your help to find the Fane of Origin.”

Before Zhang Ruochen could speak, Guye Jing continued, “Five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin are the key to finding the Fane of Origin.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Can you deduce the location of the Fane of Origin through five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin?”

Guye Jing nodded and shook her head again. She said, “You can’t deduce the location of the Fane of Origin with only

superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. You also need the blood of a Master of Origin as a primer.

“Do you know why the gods think that the Fane of Origin has been born? It’s because, in the past ten thousand years, nine Masters of Origin have appeared in the Celestial Court and Infernal Court.

“In the past, there weren’t so many Masters of Origin in a Yuanhui period. Also, there should be some cultivators who didn’t reveal their identity as Masters of Origin.

“Some gods speculate that the Fane of Origin is choosing its future master.”

Zhang Ruochen shrugged and said, “I can’t help with such a big matter.”

“You may not be able to help, but you know who the Master of Origin is,” said Guye Jing.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I do know him, but I’ve already killed him!”

“I’m not talking about Yan Wushen,” said Guye Jing as she turned around and stared at Zhang Ruochen with eyes sharper than knives.

Zhang Ruochen knew who Guye Jing was talking about. After a moment of silence, he said, “I have two questions.”

“What is it?” asked Guye Jing.

“First, more than a dozen forces know about this. But there are only five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin. How do you divide them?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Guye Jing said, “Tonight, all the forces gathered at the House of Enchanters to fight for the ownership of these five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin.”

“The second question is that this involves an ancient fane. Even if it’s still a guess, I think the gods should come out personally. Why are you saints here?” asked Zhang Ruochen as he found it funny.

Guye Jing said, "I've already said that once the gods of the Celestial Court receive the news, a large-scale divine war will be inevitable. Recently, it has been an extraordinary period. The gods of the Celestial Court and the Infernal Court Court have been monitoring each other's movements. Once the gods of the Infernal Court make any unusual movements, they will definitely be noticed by the gods of the Celestial Court."

"What extraordinary period?" Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

Guye Jing said, "You don't know the news that the Jadeite Realm is about to open?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, indicating that he did not know.

Chapter 2444: Making a Decision

“It’s normal that you don’t know about the opening of the Jadeite Realm. It’s a major event in the Divine Plane. It has nothing to do with us Saint Realm cultivators,” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I’d like to know some of this secret.”

“It’s not a secret. You just need to ask Blood Empress and Wargod Bloodximus. They’ll tell you,” said Guye Jing.

After thinking for a while, she continued, “The Jadeite Realm is one of the five great prehistoric civilization ruins in the universe. There are relics there that can help gods transcend the Yuanhui Tribulation. Therefore, it is a shocking event for the entire Celestial Court and Infernal Court’s Divine Plane.

“Any god who is worried that they will not be able to transcend the Yuanhui Tribulation will go.

“The longer the gods live, the more they must go. Although their cultivation is strong, it’s even harder for them to transcend the Yuanhui Tribulation.

“Even the gods who are confident that they will survive the next Yuanhui Tribulation must go. Because the Jadeite Realm only opens once every Yuanhui period. Any opportunity to enter must be seized by the gods.”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath. He finally understood the meaning of the opening of the Jadeite Realm. He said, “Doesn’t that mean that all the gods of Celestial Court and Infernal Court must go to the Jadeite Realm?”

Guye Jing shook her head, “Theoretically, every god is desperate to go,” she said. “But the Celestial Court and Infernal Court don’t trust each other. How can they not leave some gods behind to deal with unpredictable variables?”

“We need to be careful about how many gods we leave behind and which ones to leave behind.

“It’s because this matter is so important that the Celestial Court and Infernal Court are keeping a close eye on each other’s gods at this critical time. We can’t afford to make any mistakes.

“If the gods of the Infernal Court were to send out a large-scale operation because of the Fane of Origin, how could the Celestial Court not notice?

“So, the investigation and search for the Fane of Origin can only be assigned to the Saint Realm cultivators.”

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself. It didn’t seem difficult for the three gods of the Xue Jue family to survive the next Yuanhui Tribulation. There was no need to rush to the Jadeite Realm.

However, Wargod Bloodximius had just become the chief of the Bloodsky Clan. He must be leading a team to the Jadeite Realm.

Between his mother and Lord Ming, there should be one person left to protect the family.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You should go to the other Masters of Origin, not me. Are you telling me this to force me to cooperate with you?”

“No, even if I don’t tell you, you will soon realize that the Xue Jue Family is one of the forces that are aware of the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin,” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes.

The news of the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin came from Hoth.

It would be strange if the huge force of the Xue Jue Family on Hoth didn’t know about it.

However, the force on Hoth was controlled by Madam Nixuan, the wife of Wargod Bloodximius. It was very likely that Madam Nixuan didn’t tell Wargod Bloodximius about it.

Guye Jing continued, “After Yan Wushen died, the Celestial Court and Infernal Court added up to a total of six Masters of Origin. There are three in the Infernal Court...”

“Wait a minute. I remember you said that the Celestial Court and Infernal Court have produced a total of nine Masters of Origin in the past 10,000 years. Even if Yan Wushen dies, there should still be eight, right?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing said, “If Yan Wushen can die, are the other Masters of Origin immortal? Geniuses have always been the main targets of assassination between the Celestial Court and Infernal Court.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “You make a lot of sense.”

Guye Jing said, “There are only three Masters of Origin in the Infernal Court who are still alive.

“Huan Zhen of the Deathkins is too young. He has just reached the Demi-Saint realm. It’s too difficult for him to find the Fane of Origin with his cultivation.

“Baili Qianye of the Fane of Asura has reached the Paramount Realm. He is a first-class powerhouse in the Saint Realm. Plus, the Fane of Asura is very powerful. If I tell him this news, the Rāhu Mountains will not be able to be involved in this matter.

“The last one was from the Yanluo clan. Yan Huangtu is the available candidate. How can I compete with him?

“These three are not the best candidates. Although they are Masters of Origin, how can they be as close to the Origin as the Lotus of Divine Reflection?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that the one she had her eyes on was Ji Fanxin, the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers.

The Lotus of Divine Reflection was born in the void of the universe. It had no roots or leaves. It was formed from heaven and earth’s Power of Origin and turned into a lotus seed. The bloom is naturally a Master of Origin.

It could be said that Ji Fanxin was the Spirit of Origin and the embodiment of the Power of Origin.

If Ji Fanxin possessed a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, she would almost certainly be able to sense the direction of the Fane of Origin based on the aura of the Divine Crystal.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Since I'm qualified to fight for the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, why should I cooperate with you?"

"Because with your current cultivation, you can't protect Ji Fanxin. If she comes to the Infernal Court to help you, she'll only die. But with me, I'm afraid no cultivator below the divinity can do anything to her."

Snap

Guye Jing snapped her finger, and the space shook.

Cracks appeared around Zhang Ruochen like broken glass.

With a boom, he, the table in front of him, and the chair under him fell into the dark void at the same time, like a small island.

Zhang Ruochen was calm on the surface, but in his heart, he was extremely shocked.

This was the Divine Domain of Destiny.

Even Supreme Saint Qingsheng couldn't destroy the space in such a large area and enter the void.

Guye Jing could.

What did this mean?

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and spread out his arms, releasing the Power of Dimensions.

Then the space was pulled back, and the broken space was restored. He returned to the room as if nothing had happened.

Although Zhang Ruochen was very interested in the Fane of Origin, he knew that if he asked to see Ji Fanxin, she might come. However, he would never put her in danger because of this.

Zhang Ruochen sighed. "It's a pity that Ji Fanxin and I are just ordinary friends. She's pure and innocent. She's a fairy who

doesn't live in the mortal world. I'm a traitor to the Celestial Court and joined the Infernal Court. We're no longer in the same world. She probably already sees me as an enemy and wants to kill me. You've come to the wrong person."

Guye Jing said, "I've gathered a lot of information about you and her. I think you've misunderstood the word 'ordinary friend'."

"Why don't you believe me?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing said, "I believe in the charm of a Yuanhui-level genius. Few women can reject a perfect man like you."

"It's useless to praise me," Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing said, "I know what you're worried about. Don't worry. Our goal in The Rāhu Mountains is the Fane of Origin. Although the Lotus of Divine Reflection is rare, it's still far from the Fane of Origin.

"I can. I swear in the name of Rāhu that I won't do anything against her."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a smile.

"The cultivators of the Rāhu Mountains won't do anything against her," said Guye Jing.

Zhang Ruochen still shook his head.

"The Rāhu Mountains and I won't order other cultivators to do anything against her," Guye Jing reassured again.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen still had no intention of agreeing, Guye Jing's tone became colder, she said, "Zhang Ruochen, you still haven't realized one thing. The moment the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin appeared, she was already involved in this mess. She can't stay out of it.

"Do you think that without you, the Rāhu Mountains wouldn't be able to capture her?"

"If we use force, the Rāhu Mountains will indeed pay a price. It's even possible that the news of the birth of the Fane of Origin will be exposed. However, you can't deny that the chances of success are very high.

“Once she’s captured, whether she lives or dies, honor or disgrace, it’s not up to you, Zhang Ruochen.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes darkened. Of course, he knew that what Guye Jing said was true.

Back then, even Luo Sha, when she was a Saint King, could freely enter the Celestial Domain of Truth, the core area of the Celestial Court. For the sake of the Fane of Origin, the Rāhu Mountains would go to the Celestial Court world to capture people. The chances of success were indeed high.

Guye Jing said, “Not only the Rāhu Mountains but more than a dozen forces in the Infernal Court know about the birth of the Fane of Origin. How could they let go of Ji Fanxin? Perhaps some forces have already started to take action.

“You think you are protecting her, but in fact, it is precisely because of your inaction that you will harm her.

“Besides, the birth of the Fane of Origin is also a great opportunity for her. If she knows about this, she will go even if she is at risk of dying. Why don’t you give her the right to choose?”

Zhang Ruochen slammed the table and exclaimed, “I have to say, not only is your cultivation powerful, but your words are even more powerful. I was almost convinced by you!”

“Do you think these reasons are not enough?” Said Guye Jing.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, “No, it’s enough! But your cultivation is too powerful. I don’t have a sense of control when I work with you. Ji Fanxin is the Lotus of Divine Reflection, and you are certain that I have the *Demonstone Engraving* on me. If the two of us travel with you, we will be like sheep entering the tiger’s den.”

“So you don’t believe me,” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I can’t believe you.”

The entire room became quiet. The two of them didn’t say another word.

Outside the room, footsteps could be heard.

Han Yun'ge's voice came from outside. "Miss Guye, it's starting over there!"

Guye Jing stared at Zhang Ruochen. "The battle for the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin has begun. Do you want to go?"

"I'm not interested in the Fane of Origin, so I won't go!"

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Guye Jing would follow him closely for the next few days. And now was the only time he had a chance to arrange something.

After Guye Jing left with Han Yun'ge, Zhang Ruochen shifted out of the room with the Great Dimensional Shift. He then changed his appearance, he quickly left the House of Enchanteurs.

Cang Jie was waiting at the lakeside outside the House of Enchanteurs.

After Yan Zhexian, Seven-Armed Elder, and Lady Bai's bet ended, Zhang Ruochen asked Cang Jie to leave the House of Enchanteurs immediately so that he would not be punished for his actions.

"What is your identity, boss? He said that someone wants to harm me. It must be true," said Cang Jie.

Cang Jie had a huge Tao Tie's head on his head. He hid his aura and paced back and forth.

He wasn't worried about Zhang Ruochen's safety, but that Zhang Ruochen had forgotten about him. He was a cultivator who had ascended to the Infernal Court. He had no background, no sect, and no backing. It wasn't easy for him to meet a senior. What if he was abandoned?

In the dense forest.

Zhang Ruochen's body appeared silently from the space. He called out, "Cang Jie!"

Cang Jie was overjoyed. He immediately rushed over and smiled. "Boss, I thought you didn't want me anymore!"

"Boss?"

Zhang Ruochen was a bit confused. This guy was familiar.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen didn't seem to want to take him as a follower, Cang Jie's eyes showed disappointment, he said dejectedly, "Yes, I'm a Saint King who has ascended from the lower realm to the Infernal Court. I have nothing. I'm not qualified to be your follower."

Zhang Ruochen had long seen that he was an ascendant. His aura was completely different from those of Asura cultivators born and raised on the Ashuran Planet.

Zhang Ruochen patted his shoulder and said, "You don't need to belittle yourself. All cultivators who can ascend from the lower realm to the Ashuran Planet are top geniuses. Just like Sword God Feng Chen a thousand years ago, he was an ascendant."

"Do you know Sword God Feng Chen?" Cang Jie could not help but show admiration in his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen said, "No."

"Sword God Feng Chen has ascended to the Ashuran Planet less than a thousand years ago. He already has the power to kill gods. How can I compare with him?" Cang Jie said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If you help me with something, not only will I take you in as my underling, but I will also give you enough cultivation resources so that you can have a chance to peek at the Great Path of Paramount."

"Really?"

Cang Jie was so excited that he almost roared. He grabbed Zhang Ruochen's body with his two claws and shook it hard.

Zhang Ruochen's body was like a rock. He did not move at all. He said, "If you shake it again, it won't be real!"

Cang Jie quickly let go and smiled awkwardly.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I need you to go to the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun immediately. Your cultivation has not reached the Supreme Saint Realm, so you can enter it."

"To do what?" asked Cang Jie.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Deliver a letter for me... No, help me find someone and deliver a message."

It was too dangerous to send a letter. What if it was intercepted?

"Is that person a cultivator from the Celestial Court?" asked Cang Jie.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. "How did you know?"

"Why would you need me, a cultivator you've only met once, to help you with your cultivation if you're looking for an Infernal Court cultivator? Besides, since you're willing to pay such a high price to nurture me, a Saint King, it's obviously very important and dangerous," Cang Jie said.

Zhang Ruochen stared at him deeply and smiled. "You're smarter than I thought."

"An ascendant without a backer or background must not only be a Tao Tie with his tail between his legs but also be smarter. Otherwise, he'd already be dead!" Cang Jie said with a sad face.

Zhang Ruochen said, "This is indeed dangerous. You can choose not to go."

"I will go! I, Cang Jie, am a gambler. Thank you for giving me such an important task. If I'm timid this time, I won't have a chance to see the Great Dao in the future. Don't worry, boss. If the truth is exposed, I won't let the information leak even if I blow up my Sainthood Source."

Then, Cang Jie asked in a low voice, "Boss, can I ask you something personal?"

"You ask," Zhang Ruochen said.

Cang Jie's eyes were filled with anticipation and nervousness. He licked his lips and said, "Boss, are you The Scion of Time and Space, Zhang Ruochen?"

Zhang Ruochen's gaze swept across him.

Cang Jie immediately withdrew his head and said, "I... I... I just heard someone talking about Zhang Ruochen appearing in

the House of Enchanters and killing someone. Then I thought that you were the Master of Space and you wanted me to send a letter to the cultivators of the Celestial Court. That's why I guessed. If I'm wrong, I can't be blamed. Don't you think so?"

"No, you're not wrong," Zhang Ruochen said.

Chapter 2445: A Puzzling Matter

Zhang Ruochen had led the Immortal Vampires to the first place on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. He had made a name for himself. After returning, he had been bestowed marriage by the Reverend and killed Yan Wushen. His name was well-known, it might not be enough to intimidate the top-notch Supreme Saints like Ling and Cang Baizi, but for Cang Jie, who was in the Saint King Realm, the impact was too great. It was as if he had seen heaven.

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen's body swayed and he returned to his original appearance.

Cang Jie was so excited that he almost fainted when he saw Zhang Ruochen's real face. He immediately knelt down on one knee and said, "Cang Jie is willing to follow boss for the rest of my life. I will die with no regret."

Zhang Ruochen took a new leaf of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree from the Qiankun Realm and took out a white jade box.

The new leaf was placed in the box and sealed with the Power of Dimensions.

Zhang Ruochen handed the box to Cang Jie, he said, "Go to Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits and give it to Ji Fanxin of the Qianrui Realm. Tell her that someone wants to see her. If she still remembers and trusts her old friend, she will go to the Royal City of Hundred Clans at the edge of the Infernal Court within three months and drink a cup of Blossoms Brew.

"If Ji Fanxin is no longer in Kunlun, go to the Endless Abyss and find a woman named Kong Lanyou. Tell her what I said. Leave the rest to her."

"Understood," said Cang Jie.

Cang Jie secretly breathed a sigh of relief. It turned out that his boss only wanted to meet his old lover.

He took the box carefully and said, "Don't worry, boss. I will deliver it to the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers as soon as possible."

The news of the birth of the Fane of Origin was too important. Zhang Ruochen could not tell Cang Jie anything, and he did not want to involve too many people. In Kunlun, Zhang Ruochen had absolute trust. There were very few cultivators with strong cultivation.

Kong Lanyou was the most suitable candidate.

Even if the world did not trust him, Lanyou must be the one who trusted him the most.

After Cang Jie left, Zhang Ruochen fell into deep thought. How should he deal with the following situation?

There was no need to worry about the matter of the Southern Sword Realm.

In Phoenix Annex, he deliberately showed his determination to seize the Southern Sword Realm. In fact, he just wanted to stabilize Ling and make him feel that the Southern Sword Realm could be used as a trap to deal with him.

In this way, the lives on the Southern Sword Realm were temporarily safe.

As for the Fane of Origin, although Zhang Ruochen was interested, deep down, he still felt that it was illusory. Now, only five superior grade Divine Crystals of Origin had appeared. Even the gods were not sure whether the Fane of Origin had appeared or not.

Looking for Mu Lingxi and the Emperor Who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth who had appeared on Hoth was Zhang Ruochen's biggest concern at the moment.

However, before he went to Hoth, Zhang Ruochen decided to do something that would shake the whole world.

He didn't want anyone to provoke him.

...

Many forces in the Infernal Court were ruled by gods. They were as many as the 8,000 worlds in the Celestial Court.

However, there were only a dozen forces that knew about the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.

The Hall of Permanence wasn't one of them. Therefore, after the plan against Zhang Ruochen failed, Cang Baizi left the House of Enchanters. As a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm, he was a first-class existence. Of course, he did not bring any guards.

Zhang Ruochen thought that Cang Baizi would go to the dimensional teleportation array near the House of Enchanters and leave.

However, to his surprise, Cang Baizi did not go to the teleportation array. Instead, he restrained his aura and rushed along the tributaries of the River of Present. It seemed that he had something important to do.

The Fane of Destiny was vast. Metaform City was remote and sparsely populated. Only the House of Enchanters had a large dimensional teleportation array. Once he left the House of Enchanters, it would take him a long time to reach another city on foot.

What was Cang Baizi going to do?

Zhang Ruochen was not in a hurry to make a move. He followed quietly.

The river became wider and wider as he went down the river.

After traveling for about 30,000 miles, it became very desolate and there were signs of battle. The river water was frozen, the blood-red mountains on both sides of the river collapsed, and a thousand miles of land turned into a crimson fire field.

Such a terrifying scene was horrifying.

The most horrifying thing was that Zhang Ruochen did not sense any battle ripples before entering this area. There was no doubt that someone with strong spiritual power had concealed

the battle ripples to prevent the enforcers of the Fane of Destiny from noticing.

Zhang Ruochen thought, ‘The battle should be an hour ago. What kind of powerful existence could cause such destruction?’

‘Why did they ignore the Fane of Destiny’s ban and fight in the divine domain?’

‘How did Cang Baizi know that a battle had broken out here?’

Zhang Ruochen was curious. Suddenly, he saw Cang Baizi stop on the frozen river and slap his palm down.

BOOM!

A large piece of the ice shattered, and a blood-red water column rushed up.

At the top of the water column, there was a corpse.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised when he saw the appearance of the corpse.

It was Xing Qian, the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint of the Fane of Asura.

Xing Qian was willing to be his servant for a thousand years in the Citadel Casino of the House of Enchanteurs because he had offended Seven-Armed Elder. Even so, he was still the Supreme Saint of the Fane of Asura and a disciple of the gods. Who would dare to kill him in the Divine Domain of Destiny?

The key was, why should he be killed?

Cang Baizi grabbed the collar of the corpse and grinned hideously. He said, “What a poor guy. How could he suffer such an unexpected disaster?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that Cang Baizi must have known what was going on here, so he did not wait any longer. He took out the Violet Gourd and secretly activated it.

Cang Baizi’s expression changed dramatically when he sensed danger.

Swoosh

The Violet Gourd floated above his head. 72 million Dimensional Array Inscriptions gushed out from the mouth of the gourd, forming a large Dimensional Array with a diameter of 800 miles. It illuminated the night sky as bright as day.

“Zhang Ruochen...” said Cang Baizi as he looked up.

Boom

The Dimensional Array collapsed and Cang Baizi was instantly sucked into the gourd.

With Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation, he might not be a match for a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint without using the power of the Qiankun Realm. However, this battle was not a head-on clash. Instead, he used a Supreme Artifact to sneak attack.

Naturally, he succeeded in one move.

Just as Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Violet Gourd, an earth-shaking noise came from the gourd. It shook his arm until it hurt.

“Ruochen, you’re only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How dare you imprison me? Are you looking forward to dying?” shouted Cang Baizi.

Cang Baizi roared in the gourd.

No one knew what saint technique he had used. The Violet Gourd grew bigger and bigger, from one foot tall to one person tall to the size of a house.

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t afraid of Cang Baizi breaking the Violet Gourd. He snorted and pressed his palm on the wall of the gourd. He started spinning quickly.

After spinning more than ten times, Cang Baizi couldn’t take it anymore. He screamed, “What kind of gourd is this? Why does time flow so fast? Stop it! Stop it!”

Every time the Violet Gourd spun, it could cut off 100 years of lifespan.

Cang Baizi’s vitality was severely harmed. He couldn’t take it any longer. Then, the Violet Gourd shrank once more.

Zhang Ruochen didn't stop. He circled around more than ten times.

At first, Cang Baizi was still tough. He cursed in the gourd, but after losing a lot of lifespans, he became afraid. His tone softened. He said, "What happened in the House of Enchanters had nothing to do with me. It was Ling's idea. Why are you taking revenge on me?"

"I can't keep going. A Corpasian may have died once, but he still has life. My corpse is rotting! Zhang Ruochen, I can give you anything you want."

Zhang Ruochen hadn't expected Cang Baizi, a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, to be so weak. He'd given in so quickly. He was about to take the chance to ask about his doubts.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen felt a terrifying aura approaching quickly.

His expression changed. He quickly sealed the Violet Gourd and used the Great Dimensional Shift to escape. He didn't go to the House of Enchanters. Instead, he went to the closest city with a lot of cultivators.

Not long after Zhang Ruochen escaped, the black-veiled cultivator descended like a bolt of lightning.

Although Lord Turtle was a jade stone turtle, it was not slow. Instead, it was extremely fast. It ran like a duck and appeared on the other side of the ice river.

Its two eyeballs rolled and it stuttered, "Di... Di... Men... Men... Sion..."

"It's the remnant Power of Dimension, and it's Zhang Ruochen's aura." said the black-veiled cultivator. Her voice was as sweet as an oriole, but there was a hint of coldness in her tone.

Lord Turtle widened his eyes and pointed at the shattered ice river. "Corpse... Corpse..."

"Xing Qian's corpse is missing! However, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't use such a vigorous Power of Dimension just

because of a corpse. If I'm not wrong, it must be because Cang Baizi followed him rashly that Zhang Ruochen saw this," the black-veiled cultivator said.

Lord Turtle said, "Why..."

"Why? Because the only cultivator who knows about this has something to do with Zhang Ruochen is Cang Baizi," explained the black-veiled cultivator.

Lord Turtle stopped talking and looked at her with a look that said, "What should we do next?"

"Don't worry. My spiritual avatar has gone after him to silence him. Let's see if this Scion of Time and Space deserves his reputation." said the black-veiled cultivator.

The black gauze on the black-veiled cultivator's body dispersed, and a jade-white radiance condensed into a sacred cloud that enveloped her hazy and graceful body. Every inch of her skin was as bright as immortal jade, and her long black hair swayed like a waterfall.

Her temperament was ethereal, like the rosy moon in the clouds and the pearl in the water. No one could see her true appearance clearly.

Whoosh

Beneath her feet, Saint Qi which contained the five elements and Origin surged out in all directions.

In her mind, the terrain and landform before the destruction appeared. Thus, wherever the Saint Qi surged, the frozen river channel melted, the collapsed mountains rose again, and the fire field was extinguished.

Dense five-element origin particles surged out of the soil, condensing into various plants.

In a moment, everything that had been destroyed recovered, as if there had never been a battle here.

He would have been shocked to the core if Zhang Ruochen had not fled. The Maiden of a Thousand Stars had previously demonstrated the mystery of the Path of Origin in front of him.

All matter could turn into Origin particles and condense into another form.

However, compared to Bai Qing'er, the Maiden of a Thousand Stars' attainments in Origin were like fireflies compared to the blazing sun.

When the Origin was combined with the five elements, it could even create plant life in an instant.

General Pillar rushed back. Although his body was tall, his speed was much slower than Lord Turtle's, he asked, "My Lady, we still haven't found Seven-Armed Elder. That old fellow couldn't have been killed by you with one palm, right?"

Bai Qing'er shook her head and said, "As the god of gambling, if he didn't even have this bit of life-saving ability, he would have died long ago!"

"However, your spiritual power is not much weaker than his. If he was still in this area, how could you not find him?" General Pillar said.

Suddenly, Bai Qing'er frowned and said to herself, "He escaped!"

"Who escaped?" General Pillar asked curiously.

Lord Turtle looked proud. Finally, there was something you didn't know, so he said arrogantly, "Zhang... Zhang..."

"It's Zhang Ruochen. This kid had some talent. He's only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but he already can escape from my spiritual avatar," Bai Qing'er said.

General Pillar's tone was disdainful. "Even if he condensed a Grade Two Saintwill, he's only outstanding. The only real Yuanhui level figures are Lord Huang Tian and that old fox Wargod Bloodximus."

"Shut up," said Bai Qing'er.

She did not want to hear General Pillar mention that name.

"Yes, my lady," said General Pillar as he quickly shut up.

"Hehe."

Lord Turtle secretly laughed.

Bai Qing'er closed her eyes and pondered for a moment. Suddenly, she thought of something and said, "I understand! Just now, we went to chase after Seven-Armed Elder's puppet form, but we neglected Xing Qian's corpse."

"You mean Seven-Armed Elder is hiding in Qian Xing's body?" General Pillar asked in surprise.

Bai Qing'er said, "That's the only possibility!"

"Qian Xing's body... was taken away by Zhang Ruochen?" General Pillar asked.

Bai Qing'er was very decisive, she said, "General Pillar, go to the Adjudication Division immediately... No, go to the Death Palace and tell the Death Palace's High Priest that Zhang Ruochen killed Qian Xing of the Fane of Asura and captured Cang Baizi of the Hall of Permanence."

"Can the Death Palace interfere in this matter?" General Pillar asked.

Bai Qing'er said, "The Death Palace's High Priest can restrain the Fortune Palace's High Priest, and he can also mobilize his connections in the Adjudication Division to capture Zhang Ruochen."

"I'm afraid that the Death Palace's High Priest is unwilling to interfere in this matter. After all, the true cause of death of Xing Qian is not difficult to investigate," General Pillar said.

Bai Qing'er said, "So you have to go back to the House of Enchanters and ask the master to go with you. It's impossible for the Death Palace's High Priest to not give you face."

"My Lady, what about you?" General Pillar asked.

Bai Qing'er said, "Zhang Ruochen has a big background after all. If we want to deal with him, we have to add more crimes to his name. We can make use of the big event in the House of Enchanters Tonight."

Chapter 2446: The Key Figure

A month ago, the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin appeared in the House of Enchanteurs, stirring up a thousand ripples. More than ten major forces that knew about it were shocked, and they all sent their Saint Realm core disciples over.

However, there were only five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin.

How should they be distributed? Which five forces should they give them to?

It was precisely because this matter was important and difficult to deal with that it had been delayed until now.

Although the gods did not appear personally, they had already discussed it behind the scenes. The powers that were closer had also discussed it in secret and formed alliances in secret to discuss the distribution of benefits.

It seemed like there were more than a dozen powers, but in reality, they had already formed small groups.

Those who did not join small groups would find it extremely difficult to obtain a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin tonight.

...

Tan Fei, the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint of the Asura, won five superior-grade divine crystals and five thousand Godstones a month ago in the House of Enchanteurs. This was something that made him ecstatic.

However, after someone recognized that the five superior-grade divine crystals were of the Origin attribute, everything changed!

An innocent man gets into trouble because of his wealth.

He fell from the peak of his excitement to the bottom of his fear.

He saw with his own eyes that dozens of cultivators from small forces were killed. What he didn't see was that more cultivators would be killed.

This was a big matter that couldn't have any mistakes!

The reason why Tan Fei was still alive was that the cultivators from more than a dozen large forces were restraining each other. Everyone wanted to keep the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin for themselves, but no one dared to take them.

Therefore, for a month, the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin had been placed on his body. And he was trapped in layers of seals, waiting to die.

Because he knew that when the distribution results came out, he would be the next person to be silenced.

Tan Fei held the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin in his hands and sat in the center of the stone platform.

Under the stone platform, many figures walked in one after another. Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, Ling, Huo Xing, Guye Jing... Each represented a major force, and in groups of three to five, they looked at the Divine Crystal of Origins in Tan Fei's hands.

The small five divine crystals were very likely to be the key to finding the Fane of Origin.

Someone laughed softly. "The Enchanter Chamber is quite honest. They have preserved the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin very well."

"Do they dare to be dishonest? To plot on the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin is courting death."

...

Bai Qing'er was wrapped in black gauze and appeared in a corner not far from the stone platform.

No one knew what secret technique she had used, but her body was completely invisible and did not emit any aura. Lord Turtle stood beside her and carved out many Dimensional Inscriptions in the air. He was a spatial cultivator with high attainments.

“The clues of the Fane of Origin must not be leaked. I originally wanted to frame Seven-Armed Elder for everything, but now my plan has changed. I can only let Zhang Ruochen be the scapegoat.”

Whether it was the bet against Seven-Armed Elder or the pursuit of Zhang Ruochen, everything was because of the Fane of Origin.

“It’s... It’s... done...” said Lord Turtle.

Lord Turtle raised his head and stared at Bai Qing’er excitedly.

In front of him, there was a Dimensional Array with a diameter of about one meter.

Bai Qing’er said, “The seal that imprisoned Tan Fei was set up by the cultivators of the 17 major forces. Are you sure that your Dimensional Array can penetrate the 17 layers of seals?”

Lord Turtle’s eyes were filled with confidence as he nodded his head vigorously.

“Alright, let’s do it together. I have never tried to use dream to kill a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint,” said Bai Qing’er.

Bai Qing’er closed her eyes as her snow-white hands stretched out from the black veil.

A ball of illusory light condensed in the center of her hands.

Tan Fei, who was sitting on the stone platform, was originally in an extremely good state of mind. However, he suddenly became extremely exhausted. His eyelids seemed to weigh a thousand pounds as he slowly closed them.

No cultivator knew those blood vessels appeared in Tan Fei’s eyes under his eyelids as he fell into a terrifying dream. Most importantly, he didn’t know that he was in a dream and thought that he was still awake.

The nightmare would still come just whether you are sleeping or not.

Guye Jing sensed that something was wrong with Tan Fei. She suspected something and approached the stone platform.

Huo Xing and Ling stood together and stared at Guye Jing with an unfriendly look.

Huo Xing shouted, "Guye Jing, what are you trying to do?"

This voice alarmed all the cultivators under the stone platform.

Some took out their weapons, while others condensed their saint techniques. All of them had vicious looks in their eyes, and they were all on guard against Guye Jing, afraid that she would take the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin by force.

Guye Jing was about to speak...

Bai Qing'er and Lord Turtle attacked at the same time.

A Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared in front of Tan Fei and swept all five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin into it.

"Someone used the Power of Dimensions to break through the seventeen seals and steal all the Divine Crystal of Origins," said Guye Jing.

Guye Jing's eyes shone brightly. She immediately turned around and looked around, looking for the cultivator who had stolen the Divine Crystals of Origin.

It wasn't an easy task to break through the 17 layers of seals.

She was sure that the person who had attacked wasn't only skilled in space, but was also nearby.

"Zhang Ruochen, don't even think about killing me. Die, and we'll die together!" said Tan Fei.

Tan Fei, who was sitting on the stone platform, trembled. He roared and stood up abruptly. Powerful Asura Battle Qi erupted from his body. His Neverwithers physique cracked open inch by inch, releasing a more brilliant light than the stars.

Ling's eyes were about to pop out of their sockets. She shouted in shock, "Run, run, run! Tan Fei is about to self-detonate his Sainthood Source."

If a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint self-detonated, the world would definitely be destroyed.

Even a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint could not escape if they were too close. Even a Supreme Saint of the Paramount Realm would have to pay a high price.

Ling, Huo Xing, Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and the rest were all battle-hardened figures. They smashed through the wall like lightning and rushed out of the room. They only wanted to get as far away as possible.

Guye Jing was the closest, but she didn't run away. Instead, she formed a palm print and pushed it out.

Whoosh

The palm print formed a wall of light filled with demonic inscriptions.

The other two directions also had top-tier powerhouse attacking. Each of them held a weapon and activated it with all their strength. At the same time, they released their Precept Domains.

Yan Yu held a black parasol and stepped through the wall of the room, blocking the fourth direction.

Boom

Tan Fei self-detonated his Sainthood Source and formed a destructive force that crashed into the defensive wall formed by the four great powerhouses. Apart from Guye Jing and Yan Yu who did not move at all, the other two retreated continuously and the Precept Domain they released was continuously shattered.

Yan Yu raised his head to look up and secretly exclaimed, "Not good."

They blocked the four directions from the east, south, west, and north, but the destructive force formed by Tan Fei's self-detonation would still spread out from the top. Although the

area affected wouldn't be too wide, it would definitely engulf the entire House of Enchanters. Who knew how many cultivators would die because of this.

Suddenly.

Colorful light illuminated the sky.

Bai Qing'er was dressed in white. Stepping on the colorful divine cloud, she floated down from the sky and forcefully suppressed the surging destructive power.

The five powerhouses attacked together and blocked each side. It was as if they had sealed Tan Fei's self-explosion energy into an invisible box.

The ground and underground were filled with Defensive Array Inscriptions, but they have still been torn apart.

Violent energy surged into the ground.

BANG BANG

The House of Enchanters was built in the middle of a vast lake.

At this moment, huge cracks appeared at the bottom of the lake, swallowing up the lake water.

The array formations in the House of Enchanters were activated one by one, emitting a dazzling light.

The nearby buildings were still unable to block it and turned into ruins.

Although there were not many casualties, about a third of the entire House of Enchanters had been destroyed. Many palaces had collapsed and countless cultivators were in a panic.

"What happened? Who dares to fight in the House of Enchanters?"

"I think I heard a cultivator shouting that Zhang Ruochen killed him."

"How can Zhang Ruochen be so arrogant? Does he really think that he can do whatever he wants in the Infernal Court

with the backing of Wargod Bloodximius? Doesn't he know that the son of the first wife of the Qitian Clan was too arrogant, he broke the bottom line of the Divine Domain of Destiny and died under the ax of the Judge?"

"Zhang Ruochen must have angered everyone this time. He almost destroyed a city in the Divine Domain of Destiny. No one can protect him now."

...

Before the storm subsided, Bai Qing'er had already left and returned to the Peacock Palace.

The five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin floated in her palm.

"Tonight's event will definitely alarm the gods. I have to absorb and refine these Divine Crystals of Origin as soon as possible, leaving no traces behind," said Bai Qing'er.

She was the Master of Origin. As long as she refined and absorbed the superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin, she would naturally be able to find the Fane of Origin.

The other forces would no longer have the chance.

"No, these... These are just ordinary Divine Crystals of Origin, not the original five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin," said Bai Qing'er. Her calm and profound state of mind was instantly broken, and her expression changed again and again.

"How could this be?" said Lord Turtle.

Lord Turtle, who had always stuttered, was also shocked, and he actually said a fluent sentence.

Bai Qing'er was not an ordinary woman, after all, so she quickly calmed down and said, "Who has been guarding Tan Fei for the past month?"

"All the forces have sent someone. The Enchanter Chamber has sent Qi Tiangao." Lord Turtle knew that things were not going well, so he replied.

"Is Qi Tiangao still alive?" asked Bai Qing'er.

“Yes,” Lord Turtle replied.

“Fetch him for me. I have some questions for him,” Bai Qing’er ordered.

Lord Turtle knew very well that the lady had spent a lot of effort and time on the matter of the Fane of Origin.

Now, the two operations have failed. All the previous planning and arrangements were probably going to be in vain.

Soon, Lord Turtle brought Qi Tiangao to Bai Qing’er.

“Greetings, Lady Bai,” said Qi Tiangao.

Qi Tiangao was dressed in black and bowed.

Bai Qing’er didn’t want to waste time asking questions. She said, “Don’t resist. Open your sea of consciousness. I need to know everything that happened during the process of guarding Tan Fei in the past month.”

Qi Tiangao said, “Okay!”

Bai Qing’er stretched out a hand and grabbed it across the air. Instantly, Qi Tiangao’s memory bubbles flew out from between his eyebrows and kept surging toward her.

A moment later, Bai Qing’er finished checking all of Qi Tiangao’s memories of the past month.

Qi Tiangao said, “Don’t worry, Lady Bai. No one can get close to Tan Fei. Tan Fei is not only guarded by us but there are also 17 layers of seals.”

Bai Qing’er put her hands behind her back and shook her head. She said, “You’re wrong. The Power of Dimension can penetrate 17 layers of seals.”

“Could it be Zhang Ruochen?” Qi Tiangao asked.

Bai Qing’er shook her head again, she said, “Although Zhang Ruochen’s dimensional attainments are very high, his spiritual power is only at the 65th level. He can’t do something like this under the noses of a group of powerful people. If I’m not wrong, it should be Seven-Armed Elder. I really underestimated that old guy. He might have seen through my plan.”

As Noqoilpi, how could he not be proficient in the Path of Dimension?

Bai Qing'er had discovered the source of the superior-grade Origin divine spirit through layers of analysis when the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin appeared in the casino of House of Enchanteurs.

It was Seven-Armed Elder, who was known as Noqoilpi.

However, Bai Qing'er did not believe that the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin were Seven-Armed Elder's output.

One had to know that Seven-Armed Elder had never lost before.

The information network of the Enchanter Chamber's markets was well-developed. Very quickly, it was found that Seven-Armed Elder had spent countless Godstones in the past three thousand years to buy various life-prolonging treasures. The amount of Godstones was so large that it was enough to shock even the gods.

Bai Qing'er made a bold guess that Seven-Armed Elder had already spent all his wealth to prolong his life. That was why he had no choice but to take out five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin in exchange for life-prolonging elixirs from another gambler. That was why superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origins appeared in the Citadel Casino.

She set up tonight's trap with the Rainbow Viburnum as bait to prove her theory.

First, she wanted to win a large sum of Godstones from Seven-Armed Elder to see if he could pay for the Godstones.

Second, Bai Qing'er suspected that Seven-Armed Elder had gone to the Fane of Origin a long time ago and brought out the superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin from the fane. Furthermore, the reason Seven-Armed Elder's gambling abilities were so powerful was very likely due to the fact that he had obtained some treasure in the Fane of Origin that could see through the Origin.

Therefore, her second goal was to see if Seven-Armed Elder could see through the Origin.

It was proven that Seven-Armed Elder at least could see through the Origin of life. Therefore, he knew that there was a trace of life inside the Rainbow Viburnum.

Actually, Seven-Armed Elder was Bai Qing'er's main target from the start.

As long as she caught him, she would naturally be able to find the Fane of Origin.

As for the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin, she planned to destroy them all. In this way, only she could find the Fane of Origin.

Unfortunately, Seven-Armed Elder escaped and was taken away by Zhang Ruochen into the Violet Gourd.

Therefore, she could only settle for the second-best. She took the risk and stole the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin under the name of Zhang Ruochen. At the same time, she asked the master and General Pillar to ask the Death Palace's High Priest to get rid of Zhang Ruochen.

Unfortunately, Bai Qing'er didn't expect Seven-Armed Elder to be cunning enough to swap the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin first, which made her lose everything.

Lord Turtle was extremely nervous and said, "My Lady, what should we do now?"

The more nervous he was, the more he didn't stutter.

"The only thing we can do now is to find Zhang Ruochen. We can take Seven-Armed Elder and the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin before the Adjudication Division does. I hope it's not too late."

Bai Qing'er was determined. Anyone who stood in her way was an enemy.

Her only worry now was that the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin would fall into Zhang Ruochen's hands and then into the Adjudication Division's hands.

Once the Adjudication Division took the superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin for themselves, how could other forces have a chance?

As for Cang Baizi and Seven-Armed Elder, she was not that worried.

Cang Baizi knew very little.

As for Seven-Armed Elder...

As long as the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin were not exposed, who would know that Seven-Armed Elder was the key to the secret of the Fane of Origin?

...

Chapter 2447: The Adjudicators Intend to Kill

“Such strong spiritual power. Fortunately, I used the power of the Qiankun Realm. Otherwise, it would have been difficult to escape from her. Who is she anyway? How dare she kill a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint from the Infernal Court in the Divine Domain of Destiny?” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was chased by Bai Qing'er's spiritual avatar. In the end, he escaped to the city where there were many cultivators. He changed his appearance and was able to escape.

Lady Bai obviously had some misgivings.

She wouldn't stop until she killed Zhang Ruochen. If it were anywhere else, she would find Zhang Ruochen even if she had to kill all the cultivators in the city.

After returning to Vastsea Manor and opening the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Zhang Ruochen immediately released Cang Baizi from the Violet Gourd.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Tell me, who is Lady Bai? Why did she kill Xing Qian?”

Cang Baizi had lost a significant portion of his lifespan. His body had decomposed badly. He was weak and sickly as he lay on the ground.

“You don't want to tell me? Fine. You're of no value to me. Die now,” said Zhang Ruochen.

A ball of Divine Purification Flame surged out of Zhang Ruochen's palm.

Cang Baizi's expression changed. “Zhang Ruochen, this is the Divine Domain of Destiny. If you dare to kill me, the Adjudication Division will never forgive you. The Hall of Permanence will treat you as their mortal enemy.”

In any force, the Supreme Saints of the Thousand-Koan Realm and Banshi Isshou Realm were all powerhouses.

If it was in Guanghan, with Cang Baizi's cultivation, he could be ranked among the top ten in the entire Macroworld. If Moon Goddess is ranked first, then he was at least eighth or ninth.

If Cang Baizi was killed, one could imagine how furious the Hall of Permanence would be.

"You dare to kill me?" asked Cang Baizi.

"Why shouldn't I dare to kill you?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen flicked his finger, and a wisp of Divine Purification Flame fell on his body. It burned his body and made a sizzling sound.

Zhang Ruochen had never thought of searching for his memories.

This was not the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. His important memories must have been protected by the power of the gods.

Moreover, he was not weak. He was a Supreme Saint at the initial stage of the Banshi Isshou Realm. His spiritual power was also very strong. Although he was very weak now, Zhang Ruochen did not dare to underestimate him.

If he was ambushed while searching for memories, it would not be worth it.

"You want to kill me? Do you think you're worthy?" asked Cang Baizi.

Cang Baizi's eyes flashed with rage. He let out a long roar, shaking the sky. Dense precepts poured from his body. They pressed down on Zhang Ruochen, condensing into seven Path palaces.

No matter how powerful a genius was, he couldn't defeat a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm with the cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Cang Baizi believes he was only captured by Zhang Ruochen because he was ambushed. Even though he was very weak now, he still had the strength to fight in a real fight.

As for the rumors, when Zhang Ruochen fought with Yan Wushen, Zhang Ruochen exploded with power close to that of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. In Cang Baizi's opinion, it was just a rumor and nonsense. It was impossible.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. The Armor of the Fire God appeared naturally. The divine power in his body surged and he kicked it out.

Dense Divine Marks of Flame appeared on his left leg. The power of Yanshen's leg was completely unleashed.

Boom

The Precept Domain of Cang Baizi was shattered. The seven Path palaces were destroyed. His body flew out and slammed into the array wall of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He collapsed once more.

"How... How can you be so strong? Your power..." said Cang Baizi.

Cang Baizi looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was walking toward him step by step. His eyes were filled with shock.

Even in his peak state, it wouldn't be easy for him to catch the power of that kick.

Zhang Ruochen's entire body was burning. The temperature in the palace became extremely high, like a copper furnace. He threatens, "I'll give you one last chance. Are you going to tell or not?"

Cang Baizi knew that in his current state, he could not escape from the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He had to stabilize Zhang Ruochen first. He quickly said, "Alright, I'll tell you."

Zhang Ruochen knew that Cang Baizi was not a tough person. He must have been tortured by Lady Bai until his spirit collapsed. Otherwise, how could he look like a slave in the Peacock Palace?

Such a person would never have the chance to become a god in his life.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It's best not to talk nonsense. I'm not a patient person."

"After I tell you, will you let me live?" asked Cang Baizi.

"That depends on how much the things you say are worth," said Zhang Ruochen.

Cang Baizi lowered his head and thought for a moment. Then he raised his head again, "Lady Bai's identity is not a secret. Many cultivators in the Infernal Court know about it. She is the daughter of Empress Bai, the current ruler of the Enchanter Chamber. Her name is Bai Qing'er."

"Her identity is indeed extraordinary. No wonder she acts so recklessly." Zhang Ruochen snorted.

"There is a rumor that Lady Bai's father is likely to be Lord Huang Tian," said Cang Baizi. "Of course, this rumor has never been proven, so the possibility of it being false is higher. Many cultivators think that the Enchanter Chamber is just using the name of Lord Huang Tian to intimidate everyone."

The lion-like and dog-like palace guardian lying outside the Sevenstar Imperial Palace suddenly raised its huge head and looked around with its bell-sized eyes, trying to find out who was talking about it?

"The daughter of Huang Tian?" the Palace Guardian wondered.

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes and said with a sharp look, "Why did she kill Xing Qian?"

"Lady Bai's real target is Seven-Armed Elder. Xing Qian should have been killed in passing," said Cang Baizi.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Why does she want to deal with Seven-Armed Elder?"

"Well..." said Cang Baizi.

WHOOSH!

The Divine Purification Flame in Zhang Ruochen's palm burned again.

Cang Baizi shrank his neck, and he said quickly, "I don't know the specific reason. I think it's because Seven-Armed Elder won too many Godstones in the casinos under the Enchanter Chamber. That's why Lady Bai attacked him."

Zhang Ruochen smiled coldly, "Do you think I'm that easy to fool? If it was just for the Godstones, why would Lady Bai kill Xing Qian? After I took you away, she came after me. She looked like she wanted to kill me to silence me. This isn't simple."

"Maybe Xing Qian was killed by her."

Cang Baizi said tremblingly as he noticed Zhang Ruochen still staring at him with an unfriendly expression, "She came after you because you discovered she had murdered Xing Qian. She wished to silence you."

Zhang Ruochen said, "But before she came after me, I didn't know who killed Xing Qian."

Cang Baizi was almost driven mad by Zhang Ruochen. He gritted his teeth and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, I really don't know what's going on. If you spare my life, I'll help you seize the Southern Sword Realm. What do you think?"

Zhang Ruochen frowned and fell into deep thought.

'Bai Qing'er must have a big plan to deal with Seven-Armed Elder.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

However, Cang Baizi was just a subordinate controlled by Bai Qing'er using the dream realm. It should be impossible for her to have access to the core secrets.

Cang Baizi said again, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, I know that you are a promising figure. You will definitely become a paramount deity in the future. However, it's not so easy to pass the test of the Southern Sword Realm. You need someone to help you."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at him and said, "It's too risky to use someone like you."

Cang Baizi's heart sank. Realizing that something was wrong, he said anxiously, "Supreme Saint Ruochen..."

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen pressed his palm on Cang Baizi's head. The Divine Purification Flame surged out of his palm and wrapped around his body. It was like burning a rotten corpse, giving off a foul smell.

Cang Baizi wanted to self-detonate his Sainthood Source and perish together with Zhang Ruochen.

Unfortunately, his spiritual power wasn't as strong as Zhang Ruochen's. His mind and consciousness were suppressed.

Not long after, Cang Baizi was burned to ashes. There were only bits of Sainthood Source left on the ground.

"I should quickly absorb and refine the Sainthood Source," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen threw the Sainthood Source to Moyin that was fusing with his body.

The Sainthood Source of a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint could only be found by chance. Moyin happily received it.

Killing Cang Baizi was a warning to the cultivators of the Infernal Court who wanted to deal with Zhang Ruochen. However, they couldn't leave any traces. At the very least, they couldn't be caught by the Adjudication Division.

In the Infernal Court, the strong preyed on the weak and killing was rampant.

However, killing cultivators with powerful cultivations and backgrounds should be concealed. They couldn't be too brazen.

...

Yao Qing was an Archmarshal of the Adjudication Division. His cultivation base had reached the Banshi Isshou Realm a thousand years ago.

He only obeys one of the Adjudication Division's ten great judges, the Divine Judge.

The Divine Judge was directly under the orders of the Reverend Adjudicator. The Divine Judge was responsible for managing the order of the entire Divine Domain of Destiny. The Divine Judge could punish the high priests of the twelve divine palaces and kill all cultivators who violated the rules of the Fane of Destiny.

It could be said that the Divine Judge was an existence that all cultivators of various clans were afraid of.

Even the Scions and Scionesses would choose to retreat when they saw him.

Yao Qing's face was livid. He led a group of enforcers consisting of dozens of people. They were clad in armor and held Saint Swords in their hands as they surrounded the Vastsea Manor.

Two Marshals who had reached the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm, Marshal Qi Xin and Marshal Zhen, stood on the left and right sides behind him respectively.

"What's going on? There are so many powerful figures in the Adjudication Division, and they are surrounding the Vastsea Manor."

"Archmarshal Yao Qing has arrived. Something big must have happened."

"The Marshals can capture Scions and Scionesses, while the Archmarshals can capture the wives and concubines of gods. If they refuse to be captured, they can be executed on the spot."

"Zhang Ruochen was too arrogant in the Divine Domain of Destiny, and he finally suffered the consequences."

...

Except for a few cultivators who stayed to watch, more cultivators retreated far away. The murderous aura from the cultivators of the Adjudication Division made them feel uncomfortable.

Gaunt opened the door and walked out of the Vastsea Manor.

He looked carefully and was shocked by the Path aura from the enforcers outside.

However, when Gaunt thought of Zhang Ruochen's noble status in the Infernal Court, the fear in his heart lessened.

He said, "Why are you surrounding the Vastsea Manor?"

Marshal Qi Xin shouted coldly, "Lower the array. We are here to arrest Zhang Ruochen under the order of our Lord Judge."

Gaunt was shocked. As the grandson of the Wargod Bloodximius and a proud son of heaven with marriage bestowed by the Reverend himself, the Adjudication Division actually said that they would arrest him.

Yao Qing gave an impatient look and pushed out his palm during Gaunt's hesitation. The array of inscriptions in front of him shattered with a thud. The ground beneath Vastsea Manor shook nonstop.

The array set up by the High-Saint Array Master was broken in an instant.

As a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, Yao Qing was more than ten times stronger than Cang Baizi.

Yao Qing approached the door of Vastsea Manor with his hands behind his back and said, "You did not kneel as a servant of a Celestial Court Supreme Saint when the three Judges arrived. Death is your penalty!"

Gaunt looked terrified and was dragged away by the two Supreme Saint enforcers.

Chop

His head was cut off by Saint Sword.

The Sword of Judgment could destroy all life. Even if you were a Supreme Saint, you could still be killed with one sword strike.

Gaunt, a former Heavenly Realm sect's first-class genius, was now a headless corpse. He collapsed on the crimson steps, and Saint Blood erupted like a pillar.

The cultivators around Gaunt were in an uproar and retreated again.

The blood of a Supreme Saint finally woke them up. It made them realize that the Adjudication Division was serious this time. They would not be afraid of Zhang Ruochen because of his special status.

Zhou Zhen, Shentu Yunkong, and Lian Xi were alarmed. They rushed out of the manor and saw the scene of Gaunt being killed.

Their hearts were like hit by a heavy hammer, and they quickly knelt on one knee on both sides of the gate.

It was not until this moment that they realized how fragile their lives were in the Infernal Court. A Marshal of Adjudication could decide their life and death with a single word.

Yao Qing's figure was as straight as a spear. He walked into the Vastsea Manor and arrived below the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Zhang Ruochen was already standing in front of the palace gate, staring down at him from above.

Yao Qing said expressionlessly, "Zhang Ruochen if you are smart, don't resist. Follow me to the Adjudication Division."

Zhang Ruochen opened his palm and revealed the Destiny Token. "With my status, even if the Adjudication Division wants to arrest me, they must give me a reason, right?"

Yao Qing and all the enforcers bowed to Zhang Ruochen in unison.

They weren't bowing to Zhang Ruochen, but to the Destiny Token.

After bowing, Yao Qing stood up straight again. "The Adjudication Division received news that you killed Xing Qian of the Fane of Asura and captured Cang Baizi of the Hall of Permanence. Do you acknowledge these two crimes?"

Zhang Ruochen only knew that the House of Enchanters and the Death Palace's High Priest were very close, but he didn't

expect that they could even mobilize the power of the Adjudication Division.

Of course, it was impossible to agree with them.

Zhang Ruochen said, “These two offenses are false. Someone is attempting to frame me. I have no animosity toward Xing Qian. Why would I kill him? Isn’t Cang Baizi of the Hall of Permanence in the House of Enchanters? I didn’t capture him.”

Yao Qing said, “Since you didn’t do it, then follow me to the Adjudication Division. When the matter is clear, you will be a free man once more.”

Marshal Qi Xin and Marshal Zhen held the divine chains and stepped onto the steps of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. They walked toward Zhang Ruochen.

Rumble

A powerful white light exploded from the steps. The two Marshals were sent flying. When they landed, they hurriedly retreated. They were in a sorry state.

The Sevenstar Imperial Palace was once the palace of Wargod Bloodximus. With Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation and the joint operation of the Palace Guardian, Huang Tian, the defensive power was strong enough to stop a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

How could the two Marshals break in?

Zhang Ruochen smiled, he said, “Please forgive me, Marshals. It’s not that I don’t want to go to the Adjudication Division. However, if any cultivator gets into trouble, the Adjudication Division will arrest me and interrogate me. Wouldn’t I have to stay in the prison of the Adjudication Division for the rest of my life? Therefore, I suggest that you find enough evidence before you arrest me.”

Zhang Ruochen had just returned to the Vastsea Manor when the enforcers of the Adjudication Division arrived. Wasn’t it too fast?

It was certain that Bai Qing'er had deliberately used the Adjudication Division to deal with him.

Zhang Ruochen had heard that after successfully fusing the sixth type of Saintwill, there was a strange phenomenon in which Destiny's Creek flowed backward, flooding the fane. Despite the fact that Wargod Bloodximus had forcibly explained it in the name of Great Emperor Fengdu.

However, the Adjudication Division would rather capture Zhang Ruochen than let go of this opportunity to get rid of him.

Killing Zhang Ruochen was to protect the Fane of Destiny.

Bai Qing'er and the Adjudication Division had the same interests and goals in this matter.

If Zhang Ruochen surrendered, he would probably be executed before he reached the Adjudication Division. By then, even if Wargod Bloodximus and his mother wanted to save him, it would be too late!

The only thing they could do now was to defend the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. They could delay as long as they could.

Yao Qing's face was extremely dark. In the Divine Domain of Destiny, no cultivator had ever dared to speak to the Marshals of the Adjudication Division in such a tone. Did he not take the Adjudication Division seriously at all?

"Zhang Ruochen resisted arrest and shall be executed without mercy," said Yao Qing.

Yao Qing's voice seemed to squeeze out from between his teeth.

He gave the order.

The enforcers of the Adjudication Division attacked the Sevenstar Imperial Palace at the same time.

Of course, Yao Qing knew about the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He knew that it would be difficult for them to break in.

The reason why he still attacked was to force Zhang Ruochen to resist.

Once Zhang Ruochen resisted, the Adjudication Division could kill him, whether he was guilty or not.

“Zhang Ruochen refuses to be arrested. Please come in person, Lord Judge.” Yao Qing carved a Communication light talisman and sent it out.

Lord Judge had to break the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and kill Zhang Ruochen himself.

...

After the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin were stolen, the cultivators gathered in the House of Enchanters immediately rushed to the Vastsea Manor. However, the Vastsea Manor was surrounded and sealed by the Adjudication Division. No cultivator could get close.

Bai Qing'er stood on a pavilion and said to herself, “I’m still a step late.”

She could ask the Death Palace’s High Priest and the Adjudication Division to help because they both had the same goal. They both wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen.

However, she couldn’t stop the Adjudication Division from capturing Zhang Ruochen.

Seeing the Gaunt’s corpse on the stairs, Xue Tu felt his scalp go numb and his legs go weak. He said, “The Adjudication Division... came too fast...”

“It was indeed a little too fast,” said Guye Jing.

Guye Jing’s eyes were deep as she looked at Vastsea Manor which was constantly roaring with fighting sounds. No one knew what she was thinking.

Xue Tu said, “My Senior Brother must have been framed.”

“Since you know, why don’t you hurry and report to Blood Empress? Do you think you can save him?” Guye Jing said.

Xue Tu hesitated for a moment, then left quickly.

As the disciple of Blood Empress, he naturally had a way to contact her quickly.

Xue Tu chose to save Zhang Ruochen because Zhang Ruochen had saved him from Guye Jing in the House of Enchanters, despite the fact that Zhang Ruochen was aware Xue Tu had leaked the information.

It was indeed Xue Tu's fault for deceiving the Supreme Artifact.

Xue Tu had realized that his Senior Brother was a sentimental person. He was not as cold as he appeared to be. Perhaps he was only being strict with him to temper his temperament.

Moreover, with a Yuanhui-level genius Senior Brother around, Xue Tu would definitely rise in the future.

Luo Shengtian walked to Guye Jing's side with a solemn expression, he said, "It's useless. Gods can't interfere with the secular world. It's useless to look for Blood Empress. Back then, Qi Longfei, the firstborn son of the Qitian Clan's chief, fought with a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint in the Divine Domain of Destiny. This resulted in the deaths of hundreds of thousands of cultivators in a city.

"After the Adjudication Division took Qi Longfei away, the Qitian Clan's chief immediately went to plead for mercy. After all, she only has one son. She probably won't have another one in the future. He had always been pampered.

"But the Qitian Clan's chief was stopped by Reverend Adjudicator. Back then, Reverend Adjudicator had said that if there were no rules, how could the world be ruled? If the gods could ask for mercy, why would they need the Adjudication Division? Then, Reverend Adjudicator killed Qi Longfei with his own hands."

Guye Jing said, "Zhang Ruochen is smart. As long as he hasn't entered the Adjudication Division, there's still room for redemption. Would the Adjudication Division dare to attack the Xue Jue Family if Blood Empress could arrive in time and return him to them?"

Luo Shengtian said, "If that's the case, Zhang Ruochen will have to hide in the Xue Jue family for the rest of his life. He won't be able to go out again."

“Don’t Devala want to help?” Guye Jing asked.

Luo Shengtian said, “I’ve sent all the cultivators out to look for Cang Baizi and Xing Qian. As for the incident in the House of Enchanters, we all know that Zhang Ruochen isn’t that powerful. He stole the superior-grade divine crystals without anyone noticing and killed Tan Fei through 17 layers of seals. He must be a terrifying figure who can summon wind and rain below divinity.”

“What if Zhang Ruochen really killed Xing Qian and captured Cang Baizi?” Said Guye Jing.

Luo Shengtian was silent for a long time, he said, “The Adjudication Division has long wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen. After all, in the Divine Domain of Destiny, the Fane of Destiny still has the final say. We can’t help much. It’s a pity that Wargod Bloodximius is not in the Divine Domain of Destiny. Otherwise, with his strong character, the Adjudication Division would be more or less afraid.”

...

Xue Tu knelt on one knee in the Divine Plane of Blood Empress and quickly told the whole story.

“Master, you have to save Senior Brother. Once he is brought into the Adjudication Division, I’m afraid... The consequences will be unimaginable...”

The Divine Shadow of Blood Empress was tens of thousands of feet tall and stood in front of Xue Tu like a mountain, she said, “Gods can not interfere in worldly affairs. Moreover, the Adjudication Division has always been impartial and will not accuse your Senior Brother. So, you don’t have to worry.”

“I heard that the Adjudication Division has long wanted to kill Senior Brother,” Xue Tu hurriedly said.

Blood Empress said, “Even if they want to kill Chen’er, the Adjudication Division has to produce evidence. I believe in Chen’er’s ability. Even if he really killed someone, he must have erased all traces. If there’s nothing else, you can leave. I still have to continue cultivating.”

Xue Tu did not expect his master to have such an attitude.

Xue Tu wondered, ‘She actually believed in the Adjudication Division at the critical moment of Senior Brother’s life and death? She actually still had the mood to cultivate?’

‘Was this still the master who didn’t hesitate to fight with Asurendra Samay to save Senior Brother’s daughter?’

‘Could it be that the master was afraid of the Adjudication Division?’

‘That’s strange, really strange!’

‘What on earth was going on?’

Chapter 2448: A Friend of the Lord of Destiny

“Huang Tian, stop them!” Zhang Ruochen ordered.

Zhang Ruochen patted Huang Tian’s head and walked into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Seeing that Moyin was still refining and absorbing Cang Baizi’s Sainthood Source, he urged it.

Bang

He took out the Violet Gourd and poured out Xing Qian’s corpse.

Although he didn’t kill Xing Qian, the Adjudication Division was obviously not interested in evidence. It was useless to explain, so it was better to destroy the body.

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“Eh?”

Zhang Ruochen had a strange feeling. He couldn’t help but carefully look at Xing Qian’s body. Then he slowly stepped back and used the Saint Qi in his body to activate the inscription of the array and Divine Marks in the palace.

The entire palace was covered in dense nets of lightning.

After retreating to a safe place, Zhang Ruochen said coldly, “Come out. Do you want to continue hiding?”

Something strange happened.

Xing Qian’s stiff body stood up and said hoarsely, “Yuanhui-level genius is something. Even with the cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, you can sense my aura.”

Whoosh

Seven-Armed Elder separated from Xing Qian’s body. His eyes were deep as he looked at the lightning around him. He had the demeanor of a calm powerhouse.

“What Cang Baizi said is true. Bai Qing’er is really dealing with you,” said Zhang Ruochen.

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Zhang Ruochen knew that Seven-Armed Elder’s spiritual power was strong. He was a very dangerous person, so he was on high alert at all times.

Seven-Armed Elder glanced outside the hall and laughed sinisterly. “You dare to go against the Adjudication Division in the Divine Domain of Destiny. I don’t know whether to say that you’re brave or that you’re courting death. Forget it. I won’t get involved in this. I’ll leave first.”

“Leave?” Zhang Ruochen asked. “I don’t think you should leave. Since you’re here, you can help me testify. Xing Qian was killed by Bai Qing’er. Don’t you want to get rid of Bai Qing’er?”

Seven-Armed Elder said, “Testify? Get Rid of Bai Qing’er? My genius, don’t be naive. What kind of place is the Adjudication Division you think? Once I enter, all my secrets will be dug out. If I testify for you, my soul will be searched thoroughly. When the time comes, will you be able to hide the fact that you killed Cang Baizi and destroyed his body?”

“You can cut off that part of my memory,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Seven-Armed Elder said, “The Fane of Destiny will help me recover my memory.”

Go to the Adjudication Division? Go to the Fane of Destiny?

Seven-Armed Elder would never go. If he did, the secrets of the Fane of Origin would definitely no longer be a secret.

Zhang Ruochen had never thought of asking Seven-Armed Elder to testify against Bai Qing’er. He just said those words to test him and confirm his guess.

Zhang Ruochen said, “So, senior god of gamblers didn’t want to come out for my own good?”

“I admire a junior like you. I must take care of you,” Seven-Armed Elder said seriously.

It will be strange for Zhang Ruochen to believe in him.

In the House of Enchanters, Zhang Ruochen had caused him to lose more than 500,000 Godstones. He might even want to kill someone.

Seven-Armed Elder looked outside again and thought to himself, 'If this continues, Fane of Destiny's adjudicator will arrive soon.'

Once the adjudicator arrived, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't be able to leave no matter how strong his spiritual power was.

Seven-Armed Elder waved his hand and said, "I must leave now. Great genius, quickly put away the array and the Divine Marks."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "Senior, you can't leave."

"Why? If I am caught by the Adjudication Division, you will not be able to clear your name!" Seven-Armed Elder said seriously as if he was thinking of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I can kill to cover up!"

"Kill to cover-up? Kill who? Kill... Me?" asked Seven-Armed Elder.

Seven-Armed Elder pointed at himself, his face full of astonishment. Then, he laughed out loud, he said, "I don't want to lower myself to your level because you're the grandson of Wargod Bloodximius. I didn't expect you to want to kill me. Do you know what level my spiritual power has reached? No one below the divinity would dare to threaten me."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Senior, you lost a lot of your lifespan in the Violet Gourd, right? Are you still weak?"

Seven-Armed Elder sneered and said nothing.

Zhang Ruochen said again, "This Sevenstar Imperial Palace was forged by Wargod Bloodximius. The Supreme Saint Inscriptions and Divine Inscriptions, including the Array Inscriptions, were carved by him. In your current state, are you sure you can escape?"

Seven-Armed Elder's face turned blue and purple. He said, "Great genius Zhang, we have no grudges against each other. Why do we have to fight to the death? Do you know that you are going to die, so you deliberately dragged someone down with you... hiss..."

Seven-Armed Elder took a deep breath. He felt that he was most likely right!

How could Zhang Ruochen be so crazy?

Seven-Armed Elder's tone softened, he said, "How about this? If you let me leave the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, I'll do my best to save you from the Adjudication Division. What do you think? If you don't believe me, I can swear to the gods."

So what if he swore?

He could do his best anyway. If he couldn't save Zhang Ruochen, he couldn't be blamed.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'm very curious. Why did Bai Qing'er want to deal with you?"

"Why else? It's all because of the Godstones. In the House of Enchanters, I lost more than 500,000 Godstones. If I couldn't return them, she would hunt me down and kill me. Sigh! More than 90% of the killings in this world are because of the Godstones," Seven-Armed Elder said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "A god of gambling who doesn't have more than 500,000 Godstones?"

Seven-Armed Elder sighed repeatedly, trying to win Zhang Ruochen's sympathy, he said, "Outsiders only see that I won a lot of Godstones, but they don't know that I also spent a lot of Godstones to prolong my life. The pills to prolong my life are extremely expensive, and I have already emptied my savings."

Zhang Ruochen comforted him and said, "You should have come to me. I can help you."

"What do you mean?" Seven-Armed Elder asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Don't you know that I have the new seedlings of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, and it can also give birth to the Spring of Life?"

“Really?” Seven-Armed Elder asked.

Seven-Armed Elder’s spirit was greatly boosted, and his eyes shone brightly.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Before I answer your question, let me ask you a question.”

“Hurry up and ask,” said Seven-Armed Elder.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Since you don’t have a long lifespan, how did you survive in the Violet Gourd? Cang Baizi was inside and has lost thousands of years of lifespan.”

Seven-Armed Elder immediately restrained his excitement and realized that this junior had been leading him on.

He was wrong.

Seven-Armed Elder chuckled and said, “How could a powerhouse like me not have the means to fight against the Mark of Time?”

“Since you say so, I’ll answer your question. I don’t have... the Spring of Life,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Seven-Armed Elder said angrily, “Zhang Ruochen, the most important thing for you now is to solve the crisis of the Adjudication Division. What’s the point of you manipulating me?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Adjudication Division came to me for no reason because of the fight between you and Bai Qing’er. How can I solve the crisis if I don’t even know why I’m being targeted?”

Seven-Armed Elder said, “What do you want to know?”

Zhang Ruochen’s face became serious. He said, “I overheard the conversation between Bai Qing’er and the others. She used the Rainbow Viburnum to set up a trap in the House of Enchanters to deal with you.”

“This vicious woman dares to plot against me,” Seven-Armed Elder said angrily.

Zhang Ruochen added, “But she lost more than 500,000 Godstones, yet she claims that she didn’t lose. Moreover, as

long as she keeps an eye on you, she can win it back.”

“I have reason to guess that you must have a secret that is worth more than 500,000 Godstones.”

“If you tell me that secret, I will let you go now. Otherwise, when the Divine Judge arrives, you won’t be able to leave even if you want to.”

Seven-Armed Elder remained silent. He gave Zhang Ruochen a cold stare. He unleashed his immense spiritual power and prepared to charge out.

Zhang Ruochen was not afraid at all, he said, “If I’m not wrong, senior, have you cultivated the Path of Origin? Under the divinity, only the Time cultivator and the Divine Eye of Origin can see the Mark of Time clearly. Only when you can see clearly can you avoid it.

“Senior, you must have used the Power of Origin in the House of Enchanters to sense the fluctuation of life inside the Rainbow Viburnum, right?

“Just the Power of Origin alone is not enough to make Bai Qing’er go all out to deal with you. If there isn’t a huge benefit, no one is willing to provoke a powerful enemy like you.

“It doesn’t matter if senior doesn’t say it. When I am captured and sent to the Adjudication Division, I can use this to make a deal with the Divine Judge. Compared to killing me, I believe that the Divine Judge should be more interested in the secrets of you.”

Seven-Armed Elder was discouraged. He retracted his spiritual energy and said, “You won! I will tell you everything.”

...

The Fane of Destiny was the center of power of the ten clans. Countless people believed in destiny.

It was these believers who pushed the Fane of Destiny to its supreme ruling position and became the ruler of the Infernal Court.

Among the three divisions and twelve palaces of the Fane of Destiny, the Death Palace, the Misfortune Palace, the Anger Palace, the Ominous Palace, the Adjudication Division, and the Destiny Division were all main forces for killing.

However, their targets were different.

The Death Palace, the Misfortune Palace, the Anger Palace, and the Ominous Palace were focused on killing the various worlds, ancient civilizations, undiscovered worlds, hidden realms, and planets in the universe.

The Adjudication Division was focused on judging and punishing those cultivators who did not abide by the bottom line among the major forces in the Infernal Court. It maintained a delicate balance among the ten clans and demonstrated the control of the Fane of Destiny over the Infernal Court.

The Destiny Division was more concerned with defense, protecting the Fane of Destiny, the Divine Domain of Destiny, and defending the supreme position of the Fane of Destiny. During the recent Yuanhui period, the Destiny Division had grown a lot. Gradually, it began to interfere with external affairs and encroach on the power of the Adjudication Division and the major divine palaces.

At the headquarters of the Destiny Division.

Lord Wu Yue, one of the ten Lords of Destiny, had gone into seclusion to cultivate an unrivaled divine ability. He chose to come out of seclusion early to see an old friend.

It was worth mentioning that the saint technique was a cultivation method for Saint Realm cultivators.

The higher knowledge was a cultivation method for gods.

Lord Wu Yue was not a god, but he could cultivate divine abilities. His cultivation had obviously reached a shocking level.

Lord Wu Yue's old friend was a black-robed man who sat opposite him.

Commander Cerberus stood outside the hall and heard the laughter coming from the hall. He was extremely curious, 'Why was the Lord of Destiny, who was always serious, smiling so happily?

'Who was that black-robed man?'

The Lord of Destiny raised the bronze triangular cup and said, "Brother Ki Tian, you must have gained a lot after cultivating in the Ancient Ruins realm for a hundred years, right? When did you come out of seclusion?"

"Recently," said Ki Tian.

Ki Tian drank a cup and said, "After I have ascended divinity, every step is very difficult. Let alone a hundred years, even a thousand years of seclusion won't make much progress."

Lord Wu Yue shook his head and said, "I would believe that if it were others. But, You are Ki Tian. In less than a thousand years after ascending to the Infernal Court, you will become a deity. You are someone who can compete with Sword God Feng Chen and Yu Qiu. In the last thousand years, the most outstanding people in the Infernal Court were you guys.

"Unfortunately, Yu Qiu failed to transcend the Divine Tribulation, and the world lost an opponent. Come, let's drink."

Ki Tian finished his drink, put down his wine cup, and asked, "How long will it take you to transcend the Divine Tribulation?"

"I don't dare to take such a risk as you, and I don't want to follow in Yu Qiu's footsteps. I still have to accumulate more time. Moreover, the Destiny Division is in a critical period of development. If I breakthrough to become a god, won't the Adjudication Division celebrate?" Lord Wu Yue, said with a meaningful smile.

He and Ki Tian were best friends. Naturally, they talked about everything and had no scruples.

Ki Tian lowered his voice and said, "I heard that the Adjudication Division is plotting something big again."

Lord Wu Yue stopped smiling and said, “A move to deal with Zhang Ruochen?”

“Even Zhuo Yunong went there personally!” Ki Tian said.

Lord Wu Yue said, “Destiny’s Creek flows backward and floods the fane. Such a phenomenon had never happened before. I had long heard that several Judges in the Adjudication Division wanted to get rid of Zhang Ruochen. Now that they finally had an opportunity, how could they let it go?”

“But I didn’t expect Zhuo Yunong, such a smart man, to make a move himself. Zhang Ruochen, the so-called genius of the Yuanhui level, had a slim chance of becoming a god. At least for now, he was insignificant. However, if we kill him, how could the Wargod Bloodximus, who was behind him, let it go?”

“I don’t understand what Zhuo Yunong did this time.”

Qi Tian nodded, “Exactly! Why do we have to kill Zhang Ruochen personally? Even if the Adjudication Division does, it’s enough to send a general. If the Wargod Bloodximus comes looking for trouble, we can just push the general to be the scapegoat. “It doesn’t seem like his style to make a move personally.”

Lord Wu Yue’s eyeballs rolled and he said, “Is there something we don’t know about?”

Ki Tian sat up straight and smiled.

Lord Wu Yue said, “Brother Ki Tian, you must know the inside story. Hurry up and tell me!”

Ki Tian said through a voice transmission, “I heard that a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin appeared in the House of Enchanteurs. It may have something to do with this.”

“Superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?” Lord Wu Yue said puzzly.

Lord Wu Yue stood up abruptly as if he had been electrocuted. His eyes were like two burning divine suns as he said, “The Fane of Origin has been established?”

“It’s very possible,” said Ki Tian.

Then, Ki Tian continued, “If it wasn’t for the Fane of Origin, I can’t think of any other reason that could make Zhuo Yunong so desperate.”

“The secret of the Fane of Origin can’t be revealed. Of course, he has to go there personally,” Lord Wu Yue said coldly.

Ki Tian said, “Originally, the Divine Domain of Destiny should be managed by the Destiny Division. However, the Adjudication Division has seized more than half of the power. If the Adjudication Division finds the Fane of Origin, the Destiny Division will no longer have the ability to contend with them. Perhaps, one day, there will only be two divisions left in the Fane of Destiny!”

Lord Wu Yue let out a loud snort like a bolt of lightning as he said, “Brother Ki Tian, don’t worry. You will not be left behind in our generation.”

Commander Cerberus walked in and said, “Reporting to Lord Wu Yue, Princess Luo Sha of Devala has sent an envoy to seek an audience.”

“No,” said Lord Wu Yue.

Lord Wu Yue waved his hand. Suddenly, he thought of something and changed his words, “Let her in.”

A moment later, a Rakshasa Supreme Saint held a purple-gold box and smiled, “Your Highness, the princess has ordered me to present you a gift.”

The purple-gold box flew into Lord Wu Yue’s hand.

When he opened the box, a blinding purple light surged out. Accompanied by a deafening lion’s roar, it was as if a divine lion was sealed inside.

Even with Lord Wu Yue’s cultivation level, his expression changed when he saw the pill in the box. He quickly closed the box again. He took a deep breath and calmed himself down. He said, “Did your princess ask you to deliver any message?”

The Rakshasa Supreme Saint shook his head and smiled, “The princess said that as long as Lord Wu Yue likes it, it’s fine.”

“Return to your princess and tell her that I like this gift very much. I appreciate her generous gift,” said Lord Wu Yue.

After the Rakshasa Supreme Saint left, Lord Wu Yue patted the box, he could not help but smile. “This Princess Luo Sha is really a smart woman. She knows very well that in the Divine Domain of Destiny, only the Fane of Destiny dares to challenge the Fane of Destiny. To deal with the Adjudication Division, only the Fane of Destiny can do it.”

“The Emperor Grade Sacred Pill is indeed precious. But, were you been bribed just like that?” Ki Tian said.

Lord Wu Yue shook his head, “Since I’ve already decided to interfere in this matter, why not do me a favor? The princess is very good at choosing gifts. This Emperor Grade Sacred Pill can help me transcend the Divine Tribulation. I can’t refuse it no matter what!

“Commander Cerberus!”

Commander Cerberus said, “Yes, sir.”

“This is an order. Tell all the saint guards of the Winterpage City to go to the Vastsea Manor immediately and capture Zhang Ruochen. I’ll arrive later.”

After passing down the order, Lord Wu Yue thought of something and said coldly, “Commander Cerberus, whoever you met today and what you heard, it’s best not to spread it.”

Commander Cerberus was afraid of being silenced. He jumped in fright and quickly swore, “I swore in my name, if I say anything, my soul and body will be destroyed. I’ll die a horrible death.”

...

Zhang Ruochen held a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin in front of him. He looked at it carefully and said, “Are you saying that Bai Qing’er is going to kill you because of this superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?”

“The superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is so important that I took it out. Why would I lie about it?” Seven-Armed Elder said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Is there really only one?”

“Young man, why are you so suspicious? This is a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. Do you think it can be found everywhere? Because of it, I almost lost my life. It’s good to give it to you. This kind of thing will bring death to anyone.” Seven-Armed Elder looked indifferent.

Zhang Ruochen said, “But there are five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin in the House of Enchanters. Why would Bai Qing’er take this one from you?”

“Those five have already been reserved by the major forces. How can The Enchanter Chamber have the right to have them?”

Seven-Armed Elder said in a pleading tone, “Great genius, can you let me go now?”

Zhang Ruochen stretched out a finger and said, “One last question. Where did you get this superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?”

Seven-Armed Elder stared into Zhang Ruochen’s eyes with a sincere look, “Of course I won it from the casino of the House of Enchanters!” he said. “Quickly put away the divine inscriptions and inscription of the array. If we are late, we will fall into the hands of the Divine Judge.”

“It’s too late. He’s already here!” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the sky outside the hall.

He saw a thick layer of black clouds rolling in from afar. The strong might of the Path seemed to be able to crush heaven and earth.

The three magnates of Guanghan, Wu Zu, Emperor Nirvana, and Supreme Saint Jiu Ling were far weaker than the Saint Realm cultivators Zhang Ruochen had met. Only Lord Ming, who had yet to break through, could overcome such power.

Chapter 2449: Adjudication Division and Destiny Division

Zhuo Yunong charged out from the rolling black clouds and shot toward the ground like a shuttle of light.

Boom

A loud sound rang out.

Apart from the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, all the buildings in the Vastsea Manor had collapsed. The array inscriptions were destroyed, and dust flew everywhere, blocking the sight of the cultivators present.

They had descended to intimidate.

A moment later, the dust dispersed, and Zhuo Yunong appeared below the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The Vastsea Manor, which had once been as beautiful as a sacred land, was now a scorched wasteland.

Zhuo Yunong was a cultivator of the Nether Clan. His upper body was a human, and his lower body was a centipede. His long hair fell over his shoulders, and his face was handsome. Some creatures looked like a python wrapped around his arms, one green, and one red.

He was a half-human and half centipede.

“Greetings, Lord Judge.”

All the enforcers of the Adjudication Division knelt on one knee.

Outside Vastsea Manor, there were waves of exclamations.

“The Divine Judge has come in person.”

“There’s no turning back. Zhang Ruochen is going to die on his own.”

...

Huo Xing was in a good mood. He smiled and said, "I didn't expect that Zhang Ruochen would die at the hands of the Adjudication Division without our help."

Ling was not so happy. He shook his head gently and said, "Strange, it's really strange."

"How is it strange?" asked Huo Xing.

"It's been so long, but why haven't the gods of the Xue Jue Family appeared? Logically, they can't give up on Zhang Ruochen," said Ling.

Huo Xing smiled and said, "Isn't it simple? The Jadeite Realm was about to open. The gods of the Xue Jue Family must have returned to the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan to discuss and arrange things. I guess the news hasn't reached the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan yet!"

Ling nodded with a solemn face.

No matter what, with the arrival of the Divine Judge, Zhang Ruochen had no chance to turn the tables.

The death of a potential enemy was something to be happy about!

Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, Yan Yu, and the cultivators of the Yanluo Clan gathered on a wide street. Their imposing manner was so strong that outsiders could not get close to them.

Yan Zhexian stared at the Sevenstar Imperial Palace without blinking and said, "How dare the law enforcement judge of the divine domain capture Zhang Ruochen? Does he know what kind of character Wargod Bloodximius has?"

Yan Yu said, "If the Adjudication Division will compromise or do nothing because of a god, then there is no need for the Adjudication Division to exist! The adjudicator should be ruthless, selfless, and fearless."

Yan Zhexian said, "Don't you think the Adjudication Division appeared too quickly this time? They actually arrived at the Vastsea Manor before us."

Yan Huangtu and Yan Yu looked at each other and smiled.

Yan Huangtu said, “Xian’er, are you worried about Zhang Ruochen?”

Yan Zhexian’s face turned cold and said, “How is that possible? Although Zhang Ruochen is talented, he’s a despicable person who betrayed his position and killed his good friend. Such a person deserves to die.”

“However, there are indeed many suspicious things about today’s incident.”

“Such as?” Yan Yu asked.

Yan Zhexian said, “First, Zhang Ruochen and Xing Qian have no enmity. Why did you kill him?”

“Second, based on Zhang Ruochen’s performance on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, he’s obviously a cunning and wise man. Even if he wanted to deal with Cang Baizi, he wouldn’t leave any traces so that the Adjudication Division could find him.”

“What else?” Yan Yu asked.

Yan Zhexian thought carefully and his eyes lit up, he said, “The most important thing is that if Zhang Ruochen really stole the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and killed Tan Fei, he would immediately escape the Divine Domain of Destiny. How could he go back to Vastsea Manor and wait for the Adjudication Division to catch him? Is someone trying to frame him?”

“Xian’er, you should think more about big things in the future,” Yan Yu said with a satisfied smile.

“But who stole the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin? Why would they frame Zhang Ruochen? Could it be...”

Yan Zhexian pointed her finger in the direction of Ling and Huo Xing.

Yan Yu said, “They do have the motive to frame Zhang Ruochen, but they can’t steal the Divine Crystal and kill Tan Fei.”

Yan Huangtu looked at Yan Zhexian’s abdomen and touched his chin. He said, “Zhang Ruochen will probably die if he is

caught in the Adjudication Division. Do you really not care about his life?”

Yan Zhexian recalled everything that had happened and was still full of resentment toward Zhang Ruochen, he said, “Uncle! I know what you want to say. I can raise this child myself. It’s a good thing that the Adjudication Division can really kill Zhang Ruochen. Otherwise, with a father like him, the child will be cursed at the moment she’s born. She won’t be able to hold her head up high.”

The fewer people knew about the Madre Bloody Shadow’s secret, the better.

Even Yan Huangtu and Yan Yu didn’t know the truth yet.

Yan Yu was calm and collected. “Since you don’t care, we’re happy to just sit by and watch.”

...

Luo Shengtian looked at Zhuo Yunong’s tall body and knew that he was a first-class figure below divinity. He couldn’t fight him head-on. Taking a deep breath, he said, “I’ll go to the Fortune Palace now.”

Returning to Devala was too far. To save Zhang Ruochen, the Fortune Palace was the closest choice.

Wargod Bloodximus and Amane were both from the Fortune Palace. Even if Fukurokuju didn’t interfere in the secular world, he had to think about their involvements, right?

No matter how much Fukurokuju disliked Zhang Ruochen, he was engaged to Luo Sha.

How could Luo Shengtian, the royal brother, just sit and watch?

Guye Jing said, “Let’s not talk about that. With your status, you might not be able to meet Fukurokuju. Even if you go now, it’s too late! If Zhang Ruochen resisted, Zhuo Yunong could kill him directly. Instead of rushing to the Fortune Palace, it’s better to persuade Zhang Ruochen to raise his hand and surrender. He should go to the prison of the Adjudication Division first.

“If he goes to the prison of the Adjudication Division, Will he still have a chance to live?”

Luo Shengtian stomped his feet heavily and said, “Is Zhang Ruochen going to die today?”

Guye Jing kept quiet and seemed to be thinking about something.

...

More and more cultivators gathered around the Vastsea Manor. Those who had a grudge against Zhang Ruochen were all happy and thought that he was going to die today.

Some cultivators wanted to take Zhang Ruochen away.

It must be known that the five Divine Crystals of Origin might have been stolen by Zhang Ruochen. Naturally, they couldn't let him fall into the hands of the Adjudication Division.

They might have dared to kill the Adjudication Division cultivators if they were not in the Divine Domain of Destiny. But who dared to act rashly in the Divine Domain of Destiny?

Yao Qing bowed and said, “My lord, Zhang Ruochen has openly rebelled against the arrest of the Adjudication Division. He treats the Adjudication Division and the Fane of Destiny as nothing. I think he should be killed.”

Zhuo Yunong nodded and looked at the Sevenstar Imperial Palace with his golden eyes.

He saw Zhang Ruochen's handsome figure standing in the center of the palace gate. He wore red armor and looked like he wanted to fight the Adjudication Division to the end.

It had been many years since he had met such a courageous cultivator.

Zhuo Yunong smiled slightly and said, “Zhang Ruochen, you are the descendant of Wargod Bloodiximius, why don't you have the demeanor of your ancestor? Do you know the consequences of making an enemy of the Adjudication Division?”

Zhang Ruochen did not show fear because of his cultivation and identity. Instead, he smiled and said, “I have never made an enemy of the Adjudication Division. The Adjudication Division wants to kill me. If they want to punish me, why not blame them?”

Outside the Vastsea Manor, someone humphed softly, “How can you still laugh when you’re about to die?”

Zhuo Yunong said, “The Adjudication Division has always been fair. It will never accuse any cultivator wrongly. Now, I give you two choices. First, lower the defense array of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and come with me to the Adjudication Division. We’ll find out what happened and clear your name. Second, I will personally break through the defense of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and take you back to the Adjudication Division.

“I will count to three.

“One!”

Zhang Ruochen was more decisive than everyone expected. He said, “No need to count. If you want to take me to the Adjudication Division, you have to show sufficient evidence. Otherwise, I can’t do it.”

“That’s too arrogant. My lord, please break into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace now. I’m willing to behead Zhang Ruochen myself,” Yao Qing said.

The other enforcers were also angry.

No cultivator had ever dared to look down on the Adjudication Division like that.

Zhuo Yunong was still calm and collected. He said calmly, “Since you want evidence, I’ll give it to you. Bring the witness up!”

A total of seven cultivators walked up to Zhuo Yunong.

One of the cultivators bowed to Zhuo Yunong, then he said, “I was in the prison of the Rakshasas. In Metaform City, I saw a Dimensional Array with a diameter of hundreds of miles appear. It was the spatial power of the Violet Gourd.”

“That’s right. I was nearby and saw the Violet Gourd take in two figures. One of them looked like Cang Baizi,” said the other cultivator.

Zhuo Yunong looked at Zhang Ruochen again at the gate of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and said, “Zhang Ruochen, you have nothing to say now, do you?”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression did not change. He said, “Yes, I did use the Violet Gourd in Metaform City, but I did not take Xing Qian and Cang Baizi. Besides, with my cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, how could I take them in?”

Zhuo Yunong sensed the divine Destiny Division’s saint guard’s aura. From the corner of his eyes, he saw the saint guards appear on the streets. He knew he couldn’t wait any longer.

“Save your words until you arrive at the Adjudication Division!” said Zhuo Yunong.

Zhuo Yunong pointed to the sky.

Instantly, a spiral black cloud appeared above the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Dense lightning interweaved within. The destructive power it released made all cultivators in the city tremble.

It was like a god’s punishment.

BOOM!

A bolt of lightning with a diameter of 30 feet shot out from the black cloud vortex and struck above the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Huang Tian was like a lion that had awoken. It let out a long roar, “You dare to attack Wargod Bloodximius’s palace? You are courting death.”

The tiles, pillars, walls, and windows of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace were covered in dense patterns. They shot out blinding rays of light that clashed with the lightning pillar that descended from the sky.

The entire imperial palace shook.

Seven-Armed Elder stood in the hall. His expression changed again and again. "You... You're too bold. How can you fight head-on with the Adjudication Division?"

Zhang Ruochen's expression was grim. "The cultivation of the Divine Judge is very strong. The Sevenstar Imperial Palace won't last long. You should hide first."

"Hide? Where can I hide?" asked Seven-Armed Elder.

Seven-Armed Elder regretted it. If he had known earlier, he wouldn't have hidden in Xing Qian's body. Although he had avoided Bai Qing'er, he had run into Zhang Ruochen, who was courting death.

"The Qiankun Realm," Zhang Ruochen said.

Seven-Armed Elder asked, "What? Where did you say?"

A Dimensional Gate opened in front of Zhang Ruochen.

He urged, "If you don't want to be captured by the Adjudication Division, go in quickly."

Seven-Armed Elder had no other choice but to step into the Dimensional Gate.

The voice of Intergold Tiger came to Zhang Ruochen's mind from somewhere. "It seems that you can't stay in the Divine Domain of Destiny anymore. How about I give you a hand and help you escape from here?"

"Something has happened. Let's wait a little longer," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen also noticed the saint guards of the Destiny Division. Once the Destiny Division intervened, there was still room for maneuver.

Sure enough, the Destiny Division and the Adjudication Division had a dispute, and the two sides quarreled.

"The Destiny Division has to maintain the order of the divine domain. You should hand Zhang Ruochen over to us."

"Zhang Ruochen killed Xing Qian and captured Cang Baizi. It was a crime against the law of the fane. The Adjudication Division should punish him."

Marshal Qi Xin and Marshal Zhen were both Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints. They blocked all the saint guards who came.

Not long after, a conflict broke out between the two sides and a huge fight broke out.

There were no powerhouses in the Destiny Division, so many of them were defeated by Marshal Qi Xin and Marshal Zhen.

Marshal Qi Xin held a battle-ax in his hand and stepped on a Destiny Guard who was in the Supreme Saint Realm. He grinned and said, “Do you think the Destiny Division wants to compete with the Adjudication Division with just you guys? You guys are suitable to stay on the sacred mountain and be the gatekeepers.”

“Haha!”

All the cultivators of the Adjudication Division burst into laughter.

The Adjudication Division and the Destiny Division had been fighting for many years and both of them had deep grudges against each other. When they had the opportunity to suppress and humiliate the other party, they would naturally spare no effort.

“Your Adjudication Division sure has a big mouth.”

A majestic voice exploded from the sky like thunder.

A beam of white light appeared between heaven and earth and blinded all the cultivators for a short while.

BOOM!

Marshal Qi Xin felt a blast of air hit his chest. Instantly, his body flew out like a cannonball and landed under Zhuo Yunong’s body. He was embedded into the ground and his armor was shattered. His entire body was covered in blood.

When everyone regained their vision.

They saw 100,000 saint guards dressed in armor led by Lord Wu Yue and standing in all directions of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The armor was bright and the saint might was overwhelming. Zhuo Yunong stopped attacking and looked at me. He sighed. “Why does the Destiny Division want to get involved in everything? I thought you were in seclusion, Wu Yue.”

“I heard that something big has happened in the divine domain. Of course, I have to come out. Yunong, how about you hand Zhang Ruochen over to me and let the Destiny Division investigate this?” said Lord Wu Yue.

Zhuo Yunong said, “No! Zhang Ruochen has committed a serious crime. He must be punished by the Adjudication Division.”

Lord Wu Yue guessed that Zhuo Yunong would not let him go easily. He said, “It’s not a good idea for our two divisions to fight here. We will only make the cultivators laugh at us. How about this? Zhang Ruochen can choose who he wants to go with.”

Zhuo Yunong shook his head and said sternly, “You’d better not interfere in this matter. I’m doing this for the fane.”

“What a coincidence! I also want to do something for the fane as well.” Lord Wu Yue’s gaze was like lightning as he looked at Zhuo Yunong.

Although the two top powerhouses below divinity didn’t fight, the auras that erupted from their bodies had already collided.

Killing intent and battle intent were brewing. Lightning, wind blades, and flames of death appeared in the air.

The enforcers of the Adjudication Division and the saint guards of the Destiny Division also erupted with saint might. They clashed and made muffled thunder-like sounds.

Neither side backed down. A battle was about to break out.

Whoosh

Pan Ruo flew over from afar on a meandering River Styx. She landed not far from Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue, she said in a clear voice, “The Adjudication Division and the Destiny Division belong to the Fane of Destiny. The two of you are the pillars of the two departments. How long are you going to

stand against each other? Why don't I interrogate Zhang Ruochen myself and you two assist me?"

Chapter 2450: Sophistry

If Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue were present alone, with their cultivation and status, they would not give face to this new Scioness.

No matter how powerful the Scioness was, she was only at the Neverwithers Realm. How could she command them?

They were figures who could break through to the divinity at any time.

However, Pan Ruo chose the perfect timing when the two of them were present and they were at loggerheads.

As long as Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue agreed to let her be the main adjudicator this time, the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Destiny, the Destiny Commanders, and Marshals of the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm would definitely treat Pan Ruo differently from now on.

The Scioness would no longer be just a decoration.

Zhang Ruochen raised his voice and said, "If the Scioness can be the main adjudicator, Divine Judge, and Lord Wu Yue as the jury, it should be fair and just. Of course, I'm willing to go with you."

As he spoke, the inscription of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace's array disappeared, and the light gradually dimmed.

Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue felt that the Scioness of Destiny was a way of compromise, so they both agreed.

Zhang Ruochen, Lord Wu Yue, Pan Ruo, Zhuo Yunong, and thousands of enforcers and saint guards went straight to the Scioness Hall of Mount Destiny.

Huo Xing said coldly, "Zhang Ruochen is so lucky. The Destiny Division and Scioness Pan Ruo are involved at the same time. It won't be easy for the Adjudication Division to kill him!"

"I don't think it's luck," Ling said with a meaningful look.

Huo Xing was surprised. “What do you mean?”

Ling said, “Let’s not talk about that. Zhang Ruochen’s life can be taken at any time. However, there is only one Fane of Origin. Finding the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is the most important thing.”

“Didn’t Zhang Ruochen steal the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?” asked Huo Xing.

Ling said, “Is Zhang Ruochen that stupid? He stole the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, but returned to Vastsea Manor to wait for everyone to surround him?”

Huo Xing came back to his senses and nodded. “This is indeed strange.”

Ling secretly transmitted his voice. “Send someone to investigate immediately. From the time Tan Fei self-detonated his Sainthood Source to the time the enforcers set out, who visited the Adjudication Division during this period?”

He thought for a moment and added, “During this period, it’s best to investigate all the cultivators who have entered Mount Destiny. Perhaps there will be a surprise.”

“You suspect that someone framed Zhang Ruochen. The person who framed him is the one who stole the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?” said Huo Xing.

Ling patted Huo Xing’s shoulder and said, “Let’s split up! You go to Mount Destiny. I’ll go to the area where the Violet Gourd appeared according to the witnesses.”

...

Zhang Ruochen had already destroyed Cang Baizi and Xing Qian’s bodies. Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue naturally didn’t get any results.

The witnesses that Zhuo Yunong had found only saw the Dimensional Array burst out from the Violet Gourd. They didn’t see clearly who had been taken into the gourd. Zhang Ruochen claimed that he had taken in two Saint Realm slaves to deal with them.

Was it wrong for the slaves to escape and use the Violet Gourd to suppress them as their masters?

Should he hand over the two Saint Realm slaves?

He can't, he had already killed them.

The interrogation came to an impasse.

Zhuo Yunong laughed. "What a dead man. Zhang Ruochen, do you dare to let me search your soul and search your memory? As long as your memory is fine, you can leave immediately."

As he spoke, Zhuo Yunong released his spiritual power to form a powerful saint might. His body was as tall as a giant god.

Even Zhang Ruochen's divine power could withstand it, let alone his pressure?

"Search my memory? Zhuo Yunong, how dare you? Do you want to pry into the secrets of the Xue Jue Family, or steal the cultivation experience of the Wargod Bloodximius? Do you really think that the disciples of the Xue Jue Family are for you to push around?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen activated the blood-red aura and injected it into the Wargod Belt.

Suddenly, the simple and unadorned belt on his waist glowed with blood. It released divine qi and the Wargod's will. It condensed into a pair of blood-red bat wings behind Zhang Ruochen's back.

"Wargod Belt."

The cultivators in the Scioness fane were all shocked.

No one had expected that Wargod Bloodximius would give such an important relic to Zhang Ruochen.

How was this like treating a grandson who had just come back from the Celestial Court? Even the eldest son might not receive such treatment.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Destiny Token, he said, "My token is condensed from the divine power of the 12 Reverends, representing the will of the 12 Reverends."

Although I'm not a cultivator of the Fane of Destiny, I can be considered the most honorable guest of the Fane of Destiny, right? With the Destiny Token and having my soul searched, who would want this token in the future? Who would be willing to work for the Fane of Destiny? Who would still respect the 12 Reverends?"

"Don't use the Reverends' name to pressure me," said Zhuo Yunong.

Zhuo Yunong slammed the red copper table heavily, his eyes as sharp as swords.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If you want to search my soul, that's fine. But, do you dare to let Lord Wu Yue search your soul too?"

Lord Wu Yue rubbed his fingers and looked eager to try.

Zhuo Yunong was so angry that he laughed. "I did my best to work for the fane, and I didn't do anything illegal. Why should I be searched?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "If that's the case, please tell everyone who gave you the intelligence that I killed Xing Qian and captured Cang Baizi?"

With the Intergold Tiger using the Apex Intergold Qi to cover up his memory, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of being searched.

However, he was a genius of the Yuanhui level and the Scion of the Xue Jue Family. He valued his reputation very much.

In the world of saints, It was more humiliating for a cultivator's soul to be searched than kneeling down.

"I can't reveal the informer," Zhuo Yunong said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Why not? Bring him up. I can confront him and find out who killed Xing Qian and captured Cang Baizi."

"I think what Zhang Ruochen said makes sense. Yunong, this is a serious matter. You should summon that person and let him confront Zhang Ruochen," Lord Wu Yue said sincerely.

Zhuo Yunong shook his head and said, “What if Zhang Ruochen seeks revenge on him? I will never hand him over.”

Lord Wu Yue really wanted to say, “Why don’t you let me search your soul and find the answer myself?”.

He thought it was unrealistic, so he gave up.

The trial was in a deadlock again.

Zhuo Yunong changed the topic and said, “Did you kill Tan Fei in the House of Enchanters?”

“Tan Fei? Who’s Tan Fei? I’ve never heard of him,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Marshal Zhen, who was standing in the lower-left corner of Zhuo Yunong, said, “Tan Fei was the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint of the Asuras. He self-detonated his Sainthood Source in the House of Enchanters and died. Before he died, he called out your name and claimed that you killed him.”

“Can there be an even worse way to frame someone?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Marshal Zhen was furious. “You’re saying this is a frame-up? Who do you think is willing to sacrifice a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint to frame a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint?”

Zhang Ruochen knew who Tan Fei was, so he thought of a plan. He said, “Marshal, can you describe Tan Fei’s surroundings, the cultivators present, and his expression when he died in detail?”

“Erm...”

Marshal Zhen glanced at Zhuo Yunong.

Zhang Ruochen had learned from Guye Jing that the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin were in Tan Fei’s hands. He was sure that the cultivators participating in the contest for the divine crystals wouldn’t tell the public the truth.

Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue were both thoughtful people. They must have noticed the clues.

Who was hiding it?

Why?

What had happened that forced a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint to self-destruct?

And why were so many Supreme Saints gathered at the House of Enchanters tonight?

As long as Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue's thoughts were attracted to the House of Enchanters, they would not keep their eyes on Zhang Ruochen.

"It seems that the Death Palace's High Priest is hiding something more important. He just treats me as a blade to get rid of Zhang Ruochen," said Zhuo Yunong. He was extremely displeased and his body emitted waves of cold light.

Lord Wu Yue thought, 'The House of Enchanters is most likely the center of the storm today.'

Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue ignored Pan Ruo. They discussed telepathically with each other for a moment. Then, they communicated with Pan Ruo, who was sitting in the center, to convey their will.

Then Pan Ruo announced, "Xing Qian has been killed, Cang Baizi has been captured, and Tan Fei has self-detonated. These three matters threaten the order of the Divine Domain of Destiny. However, there are still many suspicious points. I have decided to send the Destiny Division and the Adjudication Division to investigate. Zhang Ruochen is still the biggest suspect. He will be temporarily detained in the Scioness Hall."

Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue each led a large group of people to Metaform City where the House of Enchanters was located.

Only Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo were left in the Scioness Hall.

The entire world became quiet!

Zhang Ruochen stood below and stared at the new Scioness sitting above him. He chuckled. "What's the point of being a puppet Scioness?"

There was no joy or sadness on Pan Ruo's face. "It's all thanks to you, isn't it?"

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen felt as if he had been pricked by a needle. For some reason, he thought of the Realm Bearer banquet.

If he wasn't the one who helped Huang Yanchen become a Realm Bearer and sent her to Chi Yao's side, the two might not have parted ways.

Perhaps they would have given birth to children now or fought side by side in Kunlun to survive.

Alternatively, they would have taken the Qiankun Realm, the former ministers and people of the Shenming Central Empire, and their good friends to wander the universe and see the starry world prosper.

Or, for the sake of his children, Zhang Ruochen was willing to give up the hatred in his heart and ignore the life and death feuds in the world. He would find a beautiful place in Guanghan and enjoy the peaceful days of having his children together.

However, if that was the case, Zhang Ruochen would not have grown up in the battle, and it would be even more impossible for him to obtain so many opportunities in Kunlun and the Infernal Court. He might be able to become a god in the future, but he definitely would not be able to go far.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and withdrew his thoughts. He smiled self-mockingly. "Today, I have to thank you, the puppet Scioness. Otherwise, the Divine Judge would never have allowed me to speak."

"You shouldn't be thanking me, but your fiancée, Princess Luo Sha. Why do you think Lord Wu Yue would interfere in this matter?" said Pan Ruo. Her expression was cold as she looked out the window.

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a moment, then he said in a low voice, "I was wrong. I take back what I said. Lady Scioness wasn't as useless as I thought. Since you knew Luo Sha's actions, you must have had many spies on Mount Destiny. I've

underestimated you. Your methods have grown, and you're no longer like before... where everything can be seen through at a glance."

"If a person doesn't learn and grow, what's the difference between living and dying?" Pan Ruo asked.

Chapter 2451: Blood

Empress and Emperor Ming

The Destiny Division and the Adjudication Division were very efficient. They found the results in less than half a day.

Pan Ruo's figure was as slender as a willow, like a crane in the clouds. She was noble and flawless. She stood in front of the Scioness Hall and reached out to grab the Communication talisman flying from the sky. She glanced at it and then returned to the hall.

"I have good news for you. The Destiny Division found the South-Haven Pollen where Tan Fei self-detonated his Sainthood Source. It's almost certain that the killer of Tan Fei is Seven-Armed Elder."

Zhang Ruochen was meditating with his eyes closed. He was shocked when he heard this.

How could this be?

...

When Tan Fei self-detonated, he had already put Seven-Armed Elder into the Violet Gourd.

Could Seven-Armed Elder have used a spiritual avatar or a puppet body?

No.

There were so many powerful figures gathered in the House of Enchanters. How could Seven-Armed Elder achieve anything with only a clone or a puppet body?

Zhang Ruochen said, "So we can conclude it was Seven-Armed Elder who attacked Tan Fei based on the South-Haven Pollen?"

"Three thousand years ago, Seven-Armed Elder was chased by a pseudo god and used the South-Haven Pollen to escape. The

South-Haven Flower is extremely rare. Only Seven-Armed Elder used it once in this Yuanhui period,” Pan Ruo said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I don’t believe only Seven-Armed Elder has South-Haven Pollen with him.”

“Indeed, some top forces should have a small amount of the pollen. But the Divine Judge admitted that the cultivator who told him was Seven-Armed Elder, so the truth is out. It was Seven-Armed Elder who killed Xing Qian, captured Cang Baizi, and killed Tan Fei. In the end, he framed you,” Pan Ruo said.

Although Zhang Ruochen already knew that the Destiny Division would help him and that he would most likely be cleared of his crimes, he still felt ridiculous and was stunned when he heard this conclusion.

Then, a strange look appeared on his face. He found it very funny.

The snitch could not be Seven-Armed Elder.

Zhuo Yunong was a clever person. He conveniently blamed Seven-Armed Elder and gave everyone a reasonable explanation.

It was obvious that there must be an unknown dark deal behind this.

The most miserable was Seven-Armed Elder.

In the Qiankun Realm, the frame fell on his shoulder.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Why did Seven-Armed Elder kill Xing Qian and Tan Fei, and why did he capture Cang Baizi? Where is he now?”

“That is not your concern. The Destiny Division and the Adjudication Division have issued the highest-level arrest and bounty orders in the entire Infernal Court to hunt down Seven-Armed Elder,” Pan Ruo said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “How much is the reward?”

“You will know the amount,” said Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo glared at him and said, “Now, you can leave!”

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the Scioness Hall and let out a long sigh. He thought as he hurried on.

The Adjudication Division was willing to give up this opportunity to kill him. Then, they must have encountered something more important. Most likely, they already knew about the birth of the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin. However, this couldn't be announced to the public, so they only announced that Seven-Armed Elder had killed Tan Fei.

Why Seven-Armed Elder had killed Tan Fei was vague.

But who had left the South-Haven Pollen at the scene of Tan Fei's self-explosion?

'Is he helping me? No, he's trying to frame Seven-Armed Elder and shift all the blame onto him.' Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen realized that he had to leave the Divine Domain of Destiny immediately.

First of all, the powerhouses of the Adjudication Division and the Destiny Division would immediately calculate the whereabouts of Seven-Armed Elder.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well how powerful the Path of Destiny was in terms of calculation. He was not sure if he could hide Seven-Armed Elder in the Qiankun Realm to avoid their calculation.

The further away he was, the lower the probability of the Fane of Destiny calculating the whereabouts of Seven-Armed Elder.

Secondly, Zhang Ruochen was worried that the Adjudication Division had another plan.

If the Adjudication Division came after him after he left the Divine Domain of Destiny, Zhang Ruochen would definitely kill them all instead of being oppressed like this.

Many cultivators guarding the foot of the mountain looked disappointed when they saw Zhang Ruochen leave safely.

"The Divine Judge can't do anything to Zhang Ruochen. Who can threaten him?"

“Zhang Ruochen has completely established a foothold in the Infernal Court. Let’s wait and see. The next hundreds or even thousands of years will be his era. All cultivators will be trampled under his feet.”

“Isn’t that too much? Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation is only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Below the divinity, there are many cultivators stronger than him,” Huo Xing said.

At the top of a sacred tower not far from Mount Destiny, Bai Qing’er watched Zhang Ruochen leave.

General Pillar said, “You’re very clever. If you want to capture Zhang Ruochen, you can use the Adjudication Division to capture him. If you want to let him out, you can use the South-Haven Pollen to frame Seven-Armed Elder and let him out. Zhang Ruochen, the so-called Yuanhui level genius, can not escape from your palm.”

Bai Qing’er’s face was calm and elegant. She said, “Zhang Ruochen is more powerful than I expected. He should have already discovered the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin on Seven-Armed Elder.”

“How do you know?” General Pillar asked in surprise.

Bai Qing’er said, “Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue failed to find Seven-Armed Elder in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. It can be seen that Zhang Ruochen has hidden Seven-Armed Elder in a very secret place. Moreover, both the Adjudication Division and the Destiny Division want to capture Seven-Armed Elder and offer a huge reward. Don’t you think it’s strange that Zhang Ruochen didn’t hand Seven-Armed Elder over?

“The only possibility is that Zhang Ruochen knows that Seven-Armed Elder has extraordinary value. The two of them have likely reached an agreement.”

General Pillar said, “Is there another possibility? Has Seven-Armed Elder already possessed Zhang Ruochen?”

Bai Qing’er didn’t say anything.

General Pillar said, “What do you mean? Seven-Armed Elder’s spiritual power has reached the 69th level. It shouldn’t

be difficult for him to possess Zhang Ruochen.”

“Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual will is strong enough to condense the Grade Two Saintwill. How could Seven-Armed Elder possess him? Besides, even if he succeeds, he’ll die. How could Wargod Bloodximius let go of the cultivator who possessed his grandson?” said Bai Qing’er.

She continued, “If I’m not wrong, Zhang Ruochen should immediately leave the Divine Domain of Destiny and return to the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan.”

Lord Turtle stuttered, “Then... then... then... how...”

General Pillar ignored it and said, “Once Zhang Ruochen returns to the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan, he will be like a fish in the sea. No one can stop him. If we want to capture him, we can only intercept him halfway.”

“Who said no one can stop him?” Bai Qing’er said.

General Pillar knew that she had always been bold and often did shocking things. He was a little worried, he advised, “The Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan is the most deeply rooted place of the power of the Xue Jue Family. The Xue Jue Family has three true gods. Please don’t take the risk.”

“The Jadeite Realm is about to open. Most of the gods will go there. The Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan is not a dangerous place. Why can’t I go there? Whether it’s the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin or Seven-Armed Elder, I want to take it back.”

Bai Qing’er extended her five soft and white fingers slowly. She grabbed at Zhang Ruochen’s tiny figure that was already far away. She closed her fingers and clenched them into a fist. It was as if she was holding him in her palm.

No one could take away what belonged to her.

...

The Ashuran Planet was the core territory of the Asuras. Its status was equivalent to the ten Dominions of the Immortal Vampires.

It stood in the starry sky and was hundreds of millions of miles tall, emitting brilliant starlight. Stars floated in the sky like specks of light, as small as dust.

At the top of the Ashuran Planet, the light was the brightest. It was one of the most sacred places of the Asura clan, the Asuran Sea of Warsouls.

The Ashuran Planet's cultivators who had ascended from other worlds had all walked out of the Sea of Warsouls. They had to go through the cleansing of the Sea of Warsouls before being reborn and becoming a true Asura.

The Asuran Sea of Warsouls was boundless. The Asuran Battle Qi condensed into a liquid state and rolled around endlessly, creating thousands of huge waves. In the sea further away, lightning flashed through and gave off terrifying destructive waves that even the Supreme Saint could not approach.

Whoosh

A figure wearing a black robe flew out from the universe and landed by the Sea of Warsouls.

He took off the black cloak on his head and revealed a 30-year-old face. He had a beard and his eyes were sharp and deep. His nose bridge was high and his figure was tall and straight. He had a majestic aura as he strode into the sea.

Just as he reached the sea, he suddenly stopped and asked in a deep voice, "Who is it?"

His voice was even louder than the thunder in the distance.

His flesh, blood, and bones moved. His face instantly changed, turning into the appearance of Ki Tian.

Blood Empress stepped on the waves of the Sea of Warsouls and walked out from the bolts of lightning. Her eyes were burning with divine light as she stared unblinkingly at the black-robed man. Although she had already tried her best to control her emotions, her body still trembled slightly.

The black-robed man had never expected Blood Empress would appear here.

Even though he had imagined countless times that the two of them would meet again and told himself that he absolutely could not let the other party see any flaws, in the end, he could not control the emotions that he had suppressed for 800 years.

He really wanted to turn around and escape, and he also really wanted to avert his gaze. However, his body seemed to have been petrified as he stood rooted to the spot without moving.

“What’s the point of trying to hide it? Should I call you Ki Tian or call you Zhang Ling?”

Blood Empress walked in front of him. Her gaze was as bitter as when they parted 800 years ago.

The difference was that this time, the hatred was even stronger.

The black-robed man smiled bitterly. “Qingyin!”

His face gradually changed back.

“So you’ve cultivated the higher knowledge of *Trāyastriṃśa*. The black and white dual body can transform between the Asura body and the human body. You must have some other secret treasure on you, right? Otherwise, you can’t hide from the Reverend of the Fane of Destiny with the black and white forms,” said Blood Empress.

The black-robed man said, “No need to ask. I won’t tell you.”

“Just like 800 years ago?” asked Blood Empress.

Blood Empress’ voice became colder and sharper. A sparkling light appeared in her eyes, she said, “Eight hundred years ago, I promised you that I would stay in the Endless Abyss. Before Kunlun was conquered by the Infernal Court, or before I cultivated to become a god, or before you sent news, I would never come out.

“At that time, I asked you why? You told me not to ask and to wait for your news. I didn’t ask because I believed in you.

“I did what I promised you! But you promised me that you would take good care of Chen’er. Did you do it?

“Zhang Ling, you have disappointed me. You are not fit to be a husband or a father.”

Just as the black-robed man was about to speak, Blood Empress interrupted him, "It has been eight hundred years. Have you ever thought about how I have spent my time in the Endless Abyss? Have you ever thought about going to the Endless Abyss to visit me during these eight hundred years?"

"Just to wait for your news, I lost my temper and imprisoned myself in the Endless Abyss for eight hundred years. I thought that one day, you would come to the Endless Abyss to look for me, but that day never came.

"Actually, when I found out about your disappearance and Chen'er's death in the 16th year, I cried for a long time. After staying in the Endless Abyss for 800 years, I sometimes wondered if you had also been killed. There was no point in continuing to wait. But because I trusted you, I chose to continue waiting.

"It would have been great if you were dead. Why did you suddenly appear in front of me?"

The black-robed man did not dare to look her in the eye. He closed his eyes slightly and said, "I'm sorry."

"Just because you apologize doesn't mean it's all okay. There are many people that you've let down. Other than Chen'er and I, there are also the officials and citizens of the Shengming Central Empire who have followed your Zhang family." said Blood Empress.

Although the words of Blood Empress were harsher than the last, her eyes were already filled with tears. She said, "The truth. I only want to know the truth now."

The black-robed man regained his spirit and straightened his back. He walked from behind Blood Empress to the edge of the Sea of Warsouls and looked at the endless sea, he said, "You should know that to become an Asura, to ascend to the Sea of Warsouls, you need to kill. Killing many, many people, making yourself cruel and bloodthirsty. Not only do you have to do this, but you also have to make your heart completely become like that. It's not a good feeling."

“If you killed for me, turned into an Asura, and joined the Infernal Court, I would definitely be touched, and even forgive you for your ruthlessness and coldness for 800 years. But in fact, it’s not. You joined hands with the Avīci Pavilion and killed the new Scioness Fuurei. What exactly are you trying to do by sneaking into the Infernal Court?” Blood Empress questioned.

The black-robed man said, “So there was a mistake there. When Chen’er was targeted by the Adjudication Division, you didn’t make a move. You must be trying to force me to make a move and then find me, right?”

Blood Empress said, “If you can do nothing to save Chen’er, I won’t give you a chance to speak. What you will receive are my palm strike and the Blood Mirror.”

The black-robed man frowned and his eyes were full of sorrow, he said, “Qingyin, I have let you and Chen’er down during these 800 years. But I only did it to survive and to live with more people. You asked me why I let you stay in the Endless Abyss 800 years ago. In fact, I only wanted you to continue living. Kunlun can not accommodate an Immortal Vampire, just like the Adjudication Division can not accommodate Chen’er.

“Among home, country, and the world, I must make a choice. If the world is gone, where will there be home and country?

“The disappearance or death of Emperor Ming in the past, isn’t that a good thing for you? Can Infernal Court accommodate an Immortal Vampire who has fallen in love with the humans of Kunlun? No. In this dangerous and chaotic world, many people are struggling on the edge of death. I would prefer you to be the daughter of Wargod Bloodximius and not Zhang Ling’s wife.

“When a person stands in that position, he must bear the responsibility that he should bear. Even if he has to abandon everything, he will not hesitate to do so. I owe you and Chen’er. After I finish that matter, I can pay you back with my life.

“At that time, I will definitely tell you the truth.”

With a swoosh, the black-robed man turned into a streak of light and rushed into the Asuran Sea of Warsouls, disappearing at the place where the lightning was densest.

Blood Empress stood alone by the sea, gazing at his departing back. She could no longer hold back the tears in her eyes, which flowed down like a spring. She could not do anything to the man she loved all her life.

...

Eight hundred years to become a god. Was Chi Yao's talent in cultivation so good? Her mother's identity had been ignored!

Chapter 2452: The Lady, Peach Blossom, and the Assassin

Even the gods might not be able to tell how vast the Infernal Court was. The cultivators could only look at a vast river of stars that stretched across the universe from afar. It had existed since ancient times and was like a river styx.

It was a river formed from countless stars.

The Infernal Court, of course, had boundaries. There were thousands of planets strewn about. The ten clans' and the Fane of Destiny's forces had dwindled. This place was ruled by dark forces and various large and small clans.

The Royal City of Hundred Clans was a very famous city at the border of the Infernal Court. It was a royal city built by 137 small clans. It was used to fight against the increasingly powerful forces of darkness. It was also used to negotiate with the Fane of Destiny and the ten great clans, it was used to fight for greater benefits.

Only by fighting together would one have the right to speak.

...

In the Royal City of Hundred Clans, there were cultivators of all shapes and sizes everywhere. They wore different clothes, had different cultures, and even spoke different languages.

The coexistence of many clans created the prosperity of this place, but it also made it very difficult to manage it. It was precisely because of this that the cultivators of the Celestial Court could easily enter the city and inquire about the news of the Infernal Court.

The Ghostplane was built in the eastern city of the Royal City of Hundred Clans. It was a dense forest that covered an area of ten thousand acres. Spectral flames floated in the forest, but there was also endless laughter. It was a gloomy yet exciting place.

Peach Blossom was sitting under a building built from the bones of a giant beast, tasting the blood wine brewed by the Sengens¹ alone.

The wine brewed from fresh blood had a different taste.

The skeleton building was tied with red caltrops and wind chimes.

The cold wind blew, the wind chimes swayed, and the red caltrops fluttered.

It was very pleasant to hear, and also very beautiful!

But Peach Blossom was even more beautiful.

She looked like she was only twenty years old. She was young and beautiful, and her skin was even more delicate than a baby's. Her eyes were bright and big, and there were three pink peach blossoms marking between her eyebrows, making her look very spiritual. She was as enchanting as a flower fairy.

She sat on the greenstone, and the blood wine in her cup was as sparkling as amber.

In the Ghostplane, many cultivators were looking at her from afar, their eyes drooping. After all, it was not every day that a beautiful woman like her could be seen.

No one dared to go up and drink with her, let alone think of holding her in their arms or pressing her under their bodies.

That was because there were already seventeen corpses floating in the pool in front of her.

Their blood dyed the pool red like wine in a cup.

Those corpses were all cultivators who had once dreamed of drinking with her.

Among them, there were extremely handsome men, powerful Saint Realm cultivators, and noble young masters. Without exception, no matter if they wanted to strike up a conversation or had a deeper purpose, they were all killed and fell into the pool.

The owner of the Ghostplane didn't dare to approach her. She only hoped that this beautiful god of death would leave as soon as possible.

At this moment, another man walked towards the pool.

Excited laughter sounded in the Ghostplane as they prepared to watch the show.

They wanted to see how that man would be killed.

Since ancient times, countless men have died because of their beauty. It was like a moth that knew it would burn to death but still continued to plunge into the flames.

From this, it could be seen that their deaths were not unjustified.

That man was dressed in shabby clothes and held a rusty iron sword. He did not look old, and there was no aura of the Path emanating from his body.

He was no different from an ordinary human who had just learned how to cultivate the sword.

The cultivators who were watching from afar were very curious. How did such a poor human with low cultivation enter the Royal City of Hundred Clans? And how did he enter the Ghostplane?

It didn't matter!

He was going to die soon anyway.

Ten steps, nine steps, eight steps...

Under everyone's surprised, shocked, and curious gazes, he walked to the woman with three peach blossom petals between her eyebrows and sat down.

He sat on the same greenstone.

He casually picked up the wine cup on the greenstone and took a sip.

“I found her! I found her! I know who she is! She’s the number one emperor-level assassin of the Emyrean Assassins and her name is Peach Blossom. Legend has it that there isn’t a cultivator under divinity that she can’t kill... How... How is this possible...”

The black-skinned cultivator who had just run over stared in shock at the man and woman sitting close to the pond. He lowered his head and stared at the information he had just found. He wasn’t sure if this woman was the same Peach Blossom!

According to the information, Peach Blossom wouldn’t allow any cultivator to enter within ten meters of her.

She wouldn’t allow a man to sit next to her and drink her wine.

“If you say that she is the Peach Blossom, then who is the man sitting next to her? Is it a peach blossom tree or a peach blossom leaf? Haha!”

“I think it’s a Love Tribulation!”

Many cultivators were laughing at her. They did not believe that the famous Peach Blossom would appear in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Peach Blossom was indeed the number one assassin below the divinity of the Emyrean Assassins. Just like the rumors in the outside world, she believed that there was no cultivator below the divinity that she could not kill.

In fact, she should have transcended the Divine Tribulation long ago and stepped into the divinity.

However, she knew that once she transcended the Divine Tribulation, it would be the time of her death. Therefore, she had been suppressing her realm.

Why?

It was because she had already killed too many people and had a knot in her heart.

The reason why she had a knot in her heart was that she still had good thoughts in her heart. Every time she killed someone, her heart would resist and she would feel uncomfortable.

Every time she killed someone, there would be an additional knot in her heart.

Her inner demons would also become stronger.

However, after killing for thousands of years, she was already used to killing people.

Killing people was the most direct and fastest way to solve problems.

She sat there drinking and waiting for people. She hated it the most when people came over and looked at her with eyes that wanted to possess her.

If she didn't kill them, would she have to waste time and reason with them?

She had never been a person who liked to reason. That would be a more painful thing than killing someone.

She hated everyone in the world. Perhaps if there was no one in the world, she would be free and quiet. She could think about whether she should learn calligraphy or embroidery next.

Of course, that was in the past.

She now had someone in her heart she didn't hate, the only person in the world she didn't hate. Despite the fact that this person had been against her for some time, she was secretly happy in her heart because she thought this was an interesting thing.

It was the man in cloth beside her.

He was also a killer.

His name was Le.

There was once when Peach Blossom was fighting with her inner demon and was injured severely. They were floating in the universe and could not move their bodies. The Saint Qi on

their bodies kept spreading out, causing a peach blossom forest to grow around their bodies.

Perhaps she floated for a year, or perhaps for ten years...

Too Long.

Very Long.

She thought that she would die just like that.

She could be free from this.

Le entered the peach blossom forest at that time. He found her naked and motionless in the deepest part of the peach blossom forest.

Peach Blossom had always been very confident. Not only did she kill people, but she was also very confident about her appearance and figure.

More than 90% of the people she killed were men who coveted her beauty.

She knew men too well. Even if those men knew that she was the king of killers, let alone that she could not move now, there would still be countless men who were not afraid of death and would pounce on her.

But this time, she guessed wrong. She thought that Le would assault her, but he did not. Perhaps he was not interested in her, or perhaps the people chasing him were too strong, so he could only suppress his desire.

The cultivator chasing Le was Wu Wang of the Cha Realm, a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint.

Wu Wang chased into the peach blossom forest, and Le hid.

Wu Wang obviously knew that Le was hiding nearby, but he could not ignore such a beautiful woman as Peach Blossom. Moreover, with his cultivation, he did not put Le, who had just broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm, in his eyes.

Wu Wang, who cultivated the evil cultivation method, only wanted to harvest Peach Blossom and let his cultivation base advance by leaps and bounds.

At that time, Peach Blossom's heart was filled with extreme disgust. She wished she could die just like that.

She originally thought that Le would take this opportunity to escape. However, she did not expect that he would suddenly stand out and stand right next to her, facing Wu Wang directly.

That scene brought endless shock to Peach Blossom.

Le's Back was the most straight back she had ever seen since she started cultivating. She could never forget it.

Of course, Le was no match for Wu Wang. However, his sword techniques were almost all moves that would lead to mutual destruction.

In the end, he fought until he was seriously injured and on the verge of death, temporarily scaring Wu Wang away.

Le immediately escaped with Peach Blossom. He hid in the universe and evaded Wu Wang's pursuit for a whole three months.

In fact, the moment she remembered Le, Peach Blossom had already suppressed her inner demon. But she did not immediately kill Wu Wang. Because she wanted to see if Le was faking it and if he had other plans for her.

It was precisely for this reason that she met the most tenacious man on the planet during those three months. No matter how desperate she was forced to become, no matter how many injuries she sustained, no matter how dangerous the situation appeared to be, it did not appear to be able to overwhelm him.

He would always be able to make it through and bring her along to survive.

And he was also the most indifferent man in the world. It was as if he had no interest in her, this peerless beauty.

He saved her only because she was a weak woman who had no way of fighting back.

If it was a rabbit or a cat, perhaps he would have done the same.

In the end, Wu Wang died under Le's sword. She did not have the chance to make a move in the end.

Le's cultivation was improving too quickly.

Before she left, she asked Le, "Are we friends?"

"I only have one friend, but it's not you," he said.

When they met again, it was the day she accepted the mission to kill Zhang Ruochen on the *Supreme Saint Bounty List*. From that day on, not only could they not be friends, but they also became enemies.

Le had been chasing her for a whole month, from the Celestial Court all the way to the Infernal Court, just to stop her from killing Zhang Ruochen.

During that time, they had also exchanged a few blows.

Actually, it was not really a battle, because every time, Le would be severely injured by her, and he would not be able to fight back at all.

She had thought that Le would definitely retreat in the face of difficulties.

However, every time, Le could catch up again.

Just like this time.

Peach Blossom looked at the wine cup in Le's hand and said, "You're the first person who dares to drink my wine."

"I'm just thirsty. After all, to chase you, I've been flying in the universe for three days without sleep or rest." said the man. After the man drank the wine, his pale face finally regained some color.

Peach blossom said, "You're too slow! With your speed, you still want to stop me from going to the Infernal Court to kill people?"

"Didn't I catch up?" said the man.

"If I don't wait for you, can you catch up? Besides, so what if you could catch up? I can kill you with one strike. You can't stop me," said Peach Blossom.

The man shook his head and said, "You can't kill me."

"You're only in the Neverwithier Realm. How dare you say I can't kill you?" said Peach Blossom furiously.

Peach Blossom was a little angry. She had to kill Zhang Ruochen on this trip to the Infernal Court. It wasn't just because she had accepted the mission on the *Supreme Saint Bounty List*. It was also because of the leader's will.

However, the man in front of her had repeatedly tried to stop her because he had previously saved her.

Even though she wanted him to stop her, he shouldn't have said that he couldn't kill him.

Did he really think that he was immortal?

A man could do whatever he wanted because a woman liked him. This was something a woman couldn't stand.

Crack

A sword light flashed on the surface of the pool.

Blood splattered everywhere.

Exclamations and jeers rang out in the Ghostplane.

That man still died at the hands of that beautiful killer, and he was no exception.

But soon, their laughter stopped.

They saw that the man was still sitting on the greenstone without moving. Although one of his arms had been cut off, he seemed to be unable to feel pain. He said, "See, I told you, you can't kill me."

CRACK!

The sword light flashed again.

His other arm was also cut off.

Peach Blossom raised her chin slightly and looked down at him. Her whole body was trembling.

Blood kept gushing out of the man's shoulders, she continued, "I think you'd better not be a killer, let alone be my enemy,

because your heart has softened. You won't kill me, but I will kill you. Don't go to the Infernal Court again. Don't kill Zhang Ruochen. If you kill him, you will die by my sword in the future. My Heart is colder than yours."

Of course, Peach Blossom knew that she couldn't kill Le now.

However, her stubbornness and pride as a first-class powerhouse under the divinity made it impossible for her to admit defeat, let alone show her weak side.

Peach Blossom turned around and said, "I don't want to take the risk to enter the Infernal Court to kill people, but Shadow Incense failed, so I have no choice but to go."

"No, you have a choice. You can leave the organization and choose another way to live," Le said.

Peach Blossom shook her head with a smile and said, "Leaving the organization, what awaits me is death. Besides, I can't do anything else besides killing people. Can you leave the Fane of Death? Can you do anything else besides killing people?"

"If you're willing to leave the organization and give up on killing Zhang Ruochen, I'll leave the Fane of Death now. The universe is vast. There must be a place that can accommodate us," said Le.

Peach Blossom's heart trembled. "Us?"

"Don't get me wrong. I'm talking about people like us," Le said.

"Humph! Just wait to collect Zhang Ruozhen's corpse!" said Peach Blossom.

Peach Blossom's body turned into a rain of peach blossom petals, breaking through the night sky and flying off in an unknown direction.

In the air, the fragrance of peach blossoms still lingered.

...

Chapter 2453: A Streak of Sword Qi

In the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan.

On a blood lake not far from the Xue Jue Family's home, the power fluctuation was chaotic. Thunder and lightning shuttled between the sky and the water like pythons. The flames turned into divine dragons that burned the heaven and earth like bronze furnaces, and the strong gales were as sharp as knives, the cuts made the surface of the lake emit a series of deep explosive sounds.

Zhang Ruochen looked relaxed. He stood by the lake and stared at the Ancient Abyssal Sword hovering above the lake.

He was transcending the third King's Calamity.

The four calamities of wind, fire, water and thunder lasted for a whole day. When the dark clouds in the sky dispersed, the 800-mile blood lake had dried up, leaving only black scorched earth at the bottom of the lake.

...

CLANG!

The body of the Ancient Abyssal Sword still had thunder, fire dragon, water current, and the strong wind blowing on it, making an ear-piercing sword chime.

The sound of the sword echoed for thousands of miles.

Zhang Ruochen reached out his hand and grabbed at nothing. The Ancient Abyssal Sword turned into a shooting star and flew into his hand.

The four marks of calamity on the sword became deeper.

There were very few Regal Artifacts that could absorb the power of the calamity and condense the marks of calamity. These four marks represented the extraordinariness of the Ancient Abyssal Sword. The Godstone embedded in the hilt of

the sword emitted pure divine power. It also absorbed the heaven and earth Saint Qi and the precepts of heaven and earth all the time.

Although the Ancient Abyssal Blade was a Class Three Regal Artifact, in Zhang Ruochen's eyes, it was more powerful than any Class Four Regal Artifact.

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen waved his sword casually.

A streak of purple-black sword Qi flew out in front of him and tore apart the 800-mile-long dry lake, leaving a 30-meter-wide and 1,000-mile-long sword Qi valley.

The patrolling guards of the Xue Jue family saw Zhang Ruochen easily splitting the 1,000-mile-wide valley with a sword. They all straightened their backs and looked at him with respect and admiration, he was indeed a Yuanhui level hero who had led the Immortal Vampires to win the first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

"If only I could become the trusted guard of Scion Ruochen. I will definitely rise to great heights in the future."

"In terms of kinship, I am the cousin of Scion Ruochen."

"Come on, you are just a distant relative! Are you from the line of Wargod Bloodximius?"

...

Almost all the cultivators of the younger generation of the Xue Jue Family had recognized Zhang Ruochen's identity. He seemed to be the pride of the new generation of the Xue Jue Family. There were countless admirers.

Whoosh

Not far from Zhang Ruochen, strands of blood qi gathered and condensed into the figure of Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

Zhang Ruochen sensed something and put away the Ancient Abyssal Sword. He turned around and smiled. "Uncle has come to see me at this time. It seems that you brought good news."

“There’s good news and bad news. Which one do you want to hear first?” Supreme Saint Qingsheng asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I wanna hear the good news first!”

“The rewards from the Fane of Immortality have come. Three Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pills and one Divine Blood Armor. In addition, three other deities want to take you as a disciple. The Bloodregius Legion has also sent an invitation to you,” Supreme Saint Qingsheng said enviously.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and shook his head. “I’m not interested in becoming a disciple for the time being. As for the Bloodregius Legion, it’s interesting, but I’m afraid I can’t go now!”

The Bloodregius Legion was the most powerful army under the Fane of Immortality. It was made up of the elites of the Immortal Vampires.

If he went there, he would definitely meet many powerful Supreme Saints. It would help him hone his battle techniques.

“I’m still interested in the pills and armor the Fane of Immortality rewards,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“I’ll wait for you in the meeting hall,” said Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s clone dispersed.

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift to leave the dry lake.

The Array Master of the Xue Jue family rushed over immediately to restore the ecological environment around the dry lake.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen returned to the Xue Jue family. In the meeting hall, he saw Supreme Saint Qingsheng. He received three Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pills and a Divine Blood Armor.

The three Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pills were the Pill of Thousand Paths, the Pill of Desire, and the Great Restoration Pill.

The Pill of Thousand Paths was a pill that helped cultivators at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm to cultivate the Precept Domain and breakthrough into the Thousand-Koan Realm.

The Pill of Desire was a pill that helped cultivators at the Hundred-Shackle Realm break through the 100th shackle, the Shackle of Desire.

The Great Restoration Pill was a healing pill used by Supreme Saints above the Thousand-Koan Realm. As long as one was still breathing, they could recover in a short time no matter how serious their injuries were.

The Elixir Spirits of the three Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pills were comparable to the cultivation of a Supreme Saint in the Early-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. From this, it could be seen how magnanimous the Fane of Immortality was.

Of course, they were also Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills. The value of these three pills added together was far from comparable to Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills.

This was because it was extremely difficult for a Saintwill Pill to produce a King Grade Pill. Only the Grand Supreme Master could have the chance to refine a Quasi-Emperor Grade.

“The Fane of Immortality is too kind. It seems that they want to help me breakthrough into the Thousand-Koan Realm as soon as possible,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen put away the three Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pills, studied the Divine blood Armor, and put it into his Ring of Dimensions.

He knew that the Divine Blood Armor was made of divine blood and various divine materials for refining weapons. Putting it on, its defensive power was needless to say. It could also burst out a divine’s power, greatly increasing a cultivator’s combat power.

However, Zhang Ruochen had several unique armors. None of them were weaker than the Divine Blood Armor.

For example, the Armor of the Fire God, and the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light...

Thus, the Divine Blood Armor wasn't too attractive to him.

"The Fane of Destiny and the Fane of Immortality have both given rewards," Zhang Ruochen said. "The leader of the Immortal Vampires doesn't plan to give any rewards? Shouldn't the Bloodysky Clan give something as well?"

Zhang Ruochen continued, "As far as I know, after the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, the Bloodysky Clan's ranking has changed from tenth to eighth. The Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan seems to have entered a higher plane. I can feel that the concentration of the blood-red aura in the entire Macroworld has increased significantly.

"Oh, the Xue Jue Family should also give me a reward, right? I heard that Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao have both received a reward."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng had mixed feelings. His face turned dark. He said, "You have more treasures than the gods. Do you really need it? I believe you won't be interested in ordinary rewards, am I right?"

"Uncle, why do you sound so upset? I led the Immortal Vampires to the first place of the ten clans. Shouldn't I get a reward? I improved the ranking of the Bloodysky Clan. I made the Xue Jue Family famous. All of this was done with my life. Don't tell me I don't have a place to reason with?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng felt even worse. He said, "Don't tell me this. I'm just a temporary leader. All my wealth added up isn't even one-tenth of yours. You have to reason with Wargod Bloodixmius and the leader. Ask them to give you a reward."

Zhang Ruochen nodded seriously. "That's right. We should talk to Wargod Bloodximius about this."

"Wargod Bloodximius and the clan leader, and most of the Immortal Vampires' gods have already left for the Jadeite Realm. I'm afraid you'll have to wait a long time for a reward," Supreme Saint Qingsheng said with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Since uncle is the clan leader, you can decide what the clan should reward me, right? I don't want any

other treasures. How about 100,000 Godstones?"

Supreme Saint Qing Sheng's expression was solemn, "Speaking of rewards, I have some bad news for you," he said. "Yesterday, as the head of the family, I announced that I would give you the property of the Xue Jue family on Hoth. After that, Madam Nixuan left the family today. I guess she most likely went to Hoth."

"We discussed the property on Hoth before. How did it become a reward for me?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng pretended not to hear him and continued to lower his voice, "Hoth's benefits are amazing," he said. "Madam Nixuan will definitely not give it away. Now that she's in charge, it's almost impossible for you to take over the properties. I suggest that you stay in the family to cultivate for the next period. First, raise your cultivation to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Then you can make the next step."

Zhang Ruochen could see that his uncle was a very stingy person. If he continued to ask for rewards, he would most likely pretend not to hear him.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen did not lack Godstones. He just wanted to take this opportunity to make Supreme Saint Qingsheng owe him a favor.

A favor from a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint was more precious than 100,000 Godstones in his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen pretended to be disappointed and said self-deprecatingly. He said, "Both Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao have rewards, but I, as the biggest contributor, have nothing. As the head of the family, you shouldn't be so biased, right?"

Supreme Saint Qingsheng blushed and felt guilty. He felt that he had indeed mistreated Zhang Ruochen. He was about to say something, and Zhang Ruochen said again, "Forget it. I know my uncle's difficulties. He just became the head of the family. He wants to work hard and make the family grow. Every Godstone must be used on the blades. Giving me 100,000

Godstones is equivalent to training 100,000 fewer saints and Saint Kings.”

“Ruochen, it’s rare for you to understand my situation. I’m really touched,” said Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

Although he said this, Supreme Saint Qingsheng was thinking in his heart. What was Zhang Ruochen planning?

100,000 Godstones was something even he, a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, dreamed of. Would Zhang Ruochen not want it? He definitely had other intentions.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Actually, I have something I want to ask my uncle for help with.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng secretly guessed that Zhang Ruochen wanted him to deal with Madam Nixuan, so he did not agree immediately. He said, “Just ask. As long as uncle can do it, I will help you.”

Another meaning of this sentence was...

If it’s beyond one’s ability, then there’s nothing one can do!

To go to Hoth to deal with Madam Nixuan, could be dangerous even for a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. If she was really cornered, she would do anything.

Zhang Ruochen saw Supreme Saint Qing Sheng’s worry and smiled. He said, “Don’t worry, uncle. I’m not asking you to go with me to Hoth. I can handle Hoth myself. You don’t have to do anything.”

Supreme Saint Qing Sheng understood what he meant and said seriously, “You still want to go to Hoth?”

“Uncle has given me the properties of Hoth. If I don’t go, won’t I be laughed at by all the cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng knew that Zhang Ruochen wasn’t a reckless person. Since he dared to go to Hoth, he must have some confidence.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng thought, ‘Why was this kid so confident?’

‘What trump cards did he have?’

“Alright,” Supreme Saint Qingsheng said. “Since you’ve made up your mind, of course I’ll support you. Later, I’ll get someone to give you the details of Hoth. How many cultivators do you plan to take with you to Hoth?”

“I have not much faith in our family’s cultivator, so I’m not bringing any,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng looked at Zhang Ruochen with a complicated expression. He was curious, confused, appreciative, and worried. He said, “What did you say you want me to do for you?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled enigmatically. He said, “It’s a big deal! If you could do it, the family’s development would be just around the corner. However, we still have to wait. I’ll send you a message in three months. By then, I should have taken Hoth.”

He was, of course, referring to the search for the Fane of Origin.

After Zhang Ruochen left the meeting hall, Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s old face was still filled with shock, he murmured, “Take Hoth in three months? Nonsense. impossible. Absolutely impossible. Zhang Ruochen was still too young. He didn’t understand how powerful Madam Nixuan was. Furthermore, Hoth is her territory.”

...

The Progenitor Pond was located above the underground divine vein of the Xue Jue family. It was one of the family’s forbidden areas. Even a Supreme Saint might not be qualified to enter.

The pool was bottomless. During the day, it was blood red.

At night, it was sparkling white. It was like a moon embedded in the ground.

When Zhang Ruochen came to the Progenitor Pond, it was already nighttime. The blood-red sky had turned dark red.

However, the pool water was bright and rosy. There was a layer of white fluorescence on the surface of the water.

In the center of the pool was a square-shaped altar. Mysterious Divine Marks were carved on the altar, shining like earthworms.

Chi Kongyue was lying in the center of the altar. She was wearing white clothes and a jade pendant in the shape of a swallow hung on her neck.

The power of the Progenitor Pond kept flowing into her body through the Divine Marks on the altar. It balanced the powerful Asuran Battle Qi in her body, as well as the divine soul and divine spirits left by Asurendra Samay.

Every time he came to the Progenitor Pond, Zhang Ruochen could only stand by the pond and watch from afar.

Lord Ming appeared by the pond and said, "Before your mother and Wargod Bloodximius went to the Jadeite Realm, they left her in my care."

"How long will it take for her to wake up?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Ming said, "She can't wake up until she has refined the divine soul and divine spirits of Asurendra Samay. You see her lying there. In fact, she is constantly fighting with the divine soul and divine spirits. She is fighting with the battle Qi while cultivating at the same time. Her cultivation has been improving."

Zhang Ruochen tightened his hands and said, "She is still so young. What if she can't bear it?"

Lord Ming said, "You're right. The biggest test for her is her will. The Xue Jue Family has already used the Progenitor Pond to help her. If she still can't survive, this is her destiny."

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and thought, 'Kongyue, I look forward to the day you wake up.'

After a while.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his fists and bowed to Lord Ming. "Thank you for taking care of Kongyue, uncle."

Lord Ming waved his hand. He didn't seem to care. "I'm studying the mysteries of the Progenitor Pond anyway. I just need to send out a divine spirit and pay attention to her."

"I'm going to Hoth in a few days. I want to ask for a streak of sword Qi from you," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Ming asked, "Who are you going to use it against?"

"You should know," Zhang Ruochen said.

As a god, how could he not know what was going on in the Xue Jue Family?

Zhang Ruochen was sure that Lord Ming would help him in dealing with Madam Nixuan.

Lord Ming paced around the pond. After nine steps, he stopped, "Gods can't interfere in the fight between mortals," he said. "Before leaving, Wargod Bloodximius told me that I can't go against the rules of Celestial Court and Infernal Court."

Zhang Ruochen said, "My uncle bestowed on me a streak of sword Qi to help me save my life. To protect me from Madam Nixuan when she tries to kill me."

"Are you sure Madam Nixuan will kill you?" Lord Ming asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I will force her to do it."

"Well, she almost killed me in Kunlun. Of course, I have to pay her back. Give me the Ancient Abyssal Blade!" said Lord Ming.

Zhang Ruochen was overjoyed. He immediately took out the Ancient Abyssal Sword and handed it to Lord Ming.

Lord Ming's fingers formed a sword gesture. In an instant, the entire Progenitor Pond was filled with strong winds and the sound of the sword was deafening. The air was filled with sword shadows of divine light.

Whoosh

Two fingers slashed across the Ancient Abyssal Sword.

Instantly, countless sword shadows of divine light rushed toward the Ancient Abyssal Sword.

A foot-long red sword scar appeared on the sword.

Chapter 2454: On the Same Boat

“You can consider studying Swordsmanship more. With the help of the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, you can cultivate the Swordsmanship Saintwill to Grade Three. The Swordsmanship should be purer, the more extreme the better. It’s not suitable to be combined with other Saintwill.”

This was what Lord Ming said to Zhang Ruochen when he left the Progenitor Pond.

Zhang Ruochen sat in the dimly lit cabin. He held the Ancient Abyssal Sword and thought about what Lord Ming said repeatedly.

Cultivating the Saintwill of a Path to Grade Three was the same as fusing the Grade One Saintwill. No cultivator had done it since ancient times.

Now that he had the only Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill since ancient times, he undoubtedly had a chance to try.

Zhang Ruochen wondered, ‘The Path of Time and the Path of Dimension are both part of the Paths of the Ancients. It’s almost impossible to condense the Grade Three Saintwill alone. On the contrary, it’s possible with Swordsmanship.

...

‘Is it really possible?’

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly. He thought he’d never be able to do it with his current Swordsmanship skills.

There were many skilled sword cultivators in the past. Even ignoring the distant ones, when Xue Hongchen, a peerless Kunlun sword cultivator, was in the Hundred-Shackle Realm

800 years ago, his achievements in Swordsmanship were unquestionably superior to Zhang Ruochen's.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I have to cultivate Sword Eleven to the Great Perfection stage and comprehend the Heaven Sword Soul before I can try it.

"Oh right, there's also the Sword of Time.

"The *Wordless Sword Manual* is clearly the pure Swordsmanship that Uncle Lord Ming mentioned. The Sword of Time should be considered to be a sword that takes an unconventional path. It's another extreme path."

Zhang Ruochen let out a long breath. He shook his head slightly and put away the Ancient Abyssal Sword.

The most important thing for him now was what Wargod Bloodximus had said to make up for his shortcomings. Saint techniques, spiritual power, shackles, and the Demigod-level physique were the focus of his cultivation.

At this moment, he had arrived at the entrance of the wormhole closest to the Xue Jue family. It was the wormhole leading to Hoth.

Now, he looked like a skinny old man. He was dressed in green and held a wooden staff. His name was Xun Mu. He was a master of spiritual power from the Southern Ridge.

Although Zhang Ruochen had single-handedly caused Lady Wind's death, it made him more careful.

In the Infernal Court, many gods wanted to kill him than Lady Wind.

Lady Wind was the Scioness of Destiny, but she died in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

If Zhang Ruochen dared to go to Hoth, where the dark forces were rampant, it would be no different from courting death.

Thus, before leaving the Xue Jue Family, Zhang Ruochen made many arrangements. First, he sent Xue Tu out to investigate the Southern Sword Realm.

Zhang Ruochen's enemies could not predict Zhang Ruochen's actions, so they would certainly pay attention to the cultivators around him. Xue Tu's trip to the Southern Sword Realm was a wrong signal for them to mistakenly think that Zhang Ruochen had also secretly gone to the Southern Sword Realm.

This was a feint.

Zhang Ruochen then took Moyin, Lian Xi, Zhou Zhen, Shentu Yunkong, and Lord Sinluo into the Qiankun Realm. He changed his appearance and left the Xue Jue Family alone. He announced to the outside world that he was going to seclude himself to break through to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

This was an escape plan.

In this way, Madam Nixuan, the gods and Supreme Saints who wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen would not know his specific whereabouts.

"Master Xun Mu, we have arrived at the wormhole and are about to make a space jump. Every cultivator on the ship has to pay a saint stone for the passage." Ji Chen, the owner of Blood Sprite, said, he knew that Zhang Ruochen was a difficult powerhouse, so he came to the cabin to ask for the saint stone.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the wooden staff and opened the cabin door. He stared at Ji Chen and said in a hoarse and old voice, "It's only a passage through the wormhole. Why is it so expensive?"

Even though one billion saint stones could only be exchanged for one Godstone.

However, one saint stone was a huge fortune for the weaker Demi-Saints.

A cultivator had to pay one saint stone for a wormhole. It was indeed exorbitant and far beyond Zhang Ruochen's expectations.

Ji Chen's neck shrank under Zhang Ruochen's stare. He said in a low voice, "It's not up to me to decide how many saint stones to charge. It's the price set by the Xue Jue family.

“Besides, the distance between Hoth and the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan is endless. Legend has it that even light takes 3,000 years to get there. Even gods can’t cross thousands of billions of miles. Actually, it’s not expensive to charge only one saint stone.

“Do you know how much it costs to sneak from Hoth to the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan?”

“How much?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Ji Chen replied, “Ten times. It’ll cost ten saint stones.”

Zhang Ruochen stood on Blood Sprite in the air and looked behind him. One Blood Sprite after another lined up in a line. He couldn’t see the end. They were all lining up to jump through the wormhole space.

He looked ahead. Ship after ship flew out of the wormhole. There was a steady stream of them.

Zhang Ruochen thought, ‘No wonder Madam Nixuan refused to let go of Hoth’s properties. The passage fee this wormhole collects every day is huge. It’s comparable to a Godstone mine.’

Just as Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought, a clear voice sounded next to him. “Since Master Xun Mu thinks it’s expensive, I’ll pay the passage fee for him!”

A two-meter-tall young man wearing the Hundred-Saint Blood Armor walked over and threw a saint stone to Ji Chen.

Ji Chen held the saint stone in his hands with reverence in his eyes. He kowtowed to the man repeatedly and left quickly.

“I am Ji Wenwu from the governor’s mansion of Ji Feng City in Southern Ridge.”

Ji Wenwu introduced himself and then said, “I see that you have strong spiritual power. It doesn’t seem like you can’t take out a saint stone...”

Before he could finish, Zhang Ruochen said coldly, “Isn’t a saint stone money? The Xue Jue family is too evil. They charge so much.”

Bang

He slammed the door and returned to the cabin.

Ji Wenwu stood outside, stunned.

He had wanted to befriend Zhang Ruochen because of his strong spiritual power, but he hadn't expected him to be so rude. Not only was he stingy, but he also had a weird temper.

A Supreme Saint with three pairs of blood wings on his back walked out of another cabin door. He said telepathically, "Wenwu, the governor wants you. It's important."

Ji Wenwu collected his depressed mood and walked over quickly.

The governor of Ji Feng City, Lord Yue Lin, was a powerhouse whose cultivation had reached the pinnacle of the Banshi Isshou Realm. Who would have thought that he would take such an ordinary Blood Sprite to Hoth?

Zhang Ruochen just happened to hear the Supreme Saint's telepathic message. He was both surprised and curious.

To be able to become the governor of a city, whether it was in terms of cultivation or skill, he was definitely not comparable to an ordinary Supreme Saint.

However, he did not have much interaction with Lord Yue Lin, so he was too lazy to investigate. When he came to the wormhole, the Primordial Spatial Worm that had been sleeping all this time began to throb. He had to study it carefully.

...

Ji Wenwu carefully walked into the cabin door and stepped over a layer of the dark barrier wall. His field of vision was widened, and a powerful aura of Path rushed at him, pressing him to the ground in an instant.

He was extremely nervous, but he remained calm. He asked, "May I know why the governor called for me?"

He secretly looked up.

He saw seven cultivators sitting in the cabin.

The governor did not sit in the main seat in the middle. Instead, he sat in the three seats on the left with the deputy governor and the commander.

The three seats on the right were also filled with powerful Supreme Saints. Ji Wenwu only took a glance at them before his eyes started to hurt. It was as if he had been burned by the sun.

On the other hand, the black-veiled cultivator sitting in the middle of the main seat did not have any aura on her. She looked like a mortal.

However, how could someone who could make the governor, deputy governor, and commander accompany him to the Hoth be a mortal?

It could only be said that he could not see through the other party with his Saint King Realm cultivation.

Lord Yue Lin said, "My lady, if you have any questions about Hoth, you can ask Ji Wenwu. He may not be a strong cultivator but he has lived on Hoth for more than a hundred years. As long as it is not too confidential, he knows about it."

The black-veiled cultivator nodded and asked, "I only have one question. Did Lord Xia Yu go to Hoth?"

"Lord Xia Yu?" asked Ji Wenwu.

Ji Wenwu was slightly taken aback as he nodded repeatedly, he said, "Not long after the Battle of Celestial-Hunting ended, Lord Xia Yu went to Hoth. It was said that she was buying ice beasts and blood crystals for the Xia clan. You should probably know that buying blood crystals on Hoth is much cheaper than buying them in the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan."

"Alright, there's no need to say anymore. You may leave." The black-veiled cultivator waved her hand and said coldly.

After Ji Wenwu left, Lord Yue Lin said, "Blood crystals, blood food, and blood medicine are the things that the Immortal Vampires need the most. Lord Xia Yu went to Hoth to buy blood crystals. It's reasonable."

The black-veiled cultivator was silent. She only stretched out her fair and beautiful hand, picked up the teacup, and took a sip.

The three Supreme Saints sitting on the right were Thandee of the Rakshasas, Lord Huanxu of the Demonsky Clan, and Lord Ironclad of the Nether Clan.

They were the three powerful figures who had set up a trap with Bai Qing'er to deal with Seven-Armed Elder. They were all powerful Saint Realm figures who could make the world tremble with a stomp of their feet.

There were ten bone wings on the back of Thandee, he asked curiously, "Have you changed your mind? You don't want to confront the Xue Jue family directly in the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan. Instead, you want to go to Hoth to capture Lord Xia Yu and lure Zhang Ruochen out?"

Lord Huanxu laughed and slammed the table, he said, "Great! Lord Xia Yu is known as the most beautiful woman in this generation of the Bloodysky Clan. She is also Zhang Ruochen's precious lover. If we capture her, we can have a good time and anger that little bastard Zhang Ruochen to death."

Lord Ironclad glanced at the black-veiled cultivator. He seemed to understand something and he asked, "Do you think Lord Xia Yu went to Hoth for another purpose?"

The black-veiled cultivator said, "According to the information I received, Lord Xia Yu didn't return to the Xia clan after she left the Divine Domain of Destiny. She went straight to Hoth. It's obviously an urgent matter. Why would she be in such a hurry to buy blood crystals and ice beasts?"

"The more she disguises it, the more it shows what she's really going to do. It must be very important," Lord Ironclad said.

The black-veiled cultivator said, "The properties of the Xue Jue family on Hoth have always been controlled by Madam Nixuan, the wife of Wargod Bloodximius. But recently, Supreme Saint Qingsheng gave it to Zhang Ruochen."

Lord Huanxu laughed. "Supreme Saint Qingsheng wants to control the power of the Xue Jue family as soon as possible, so he used a trick to sow discord. He wants to use Zhang Ruochen to fight with Madam Nixuan and profit from it."

Lord Ironclad said coldly, "Do you think Supreme Saint Qingsheng is an idiot or Zhang Ruochen is an idiot? If Supreme Saint Qingsheng did this, it would be equivalent to offending both Zhang Ruochen and Madam Nixuan! Can he continue being the acting family leader?"

"Yes, there's only one possibility. Zhang Ruochen requested this from Supreme Saint Qingsheng," said the black-veiled cultivator.

Lord Huan Xu was shocked. He found it hard to understand. "Zhang Ruochen may be talented, but his cultivation is still weak. How dare he fight with Madam Nixuan now?"

The black-veiled cultivator said, "After Blood Empress and Lord Ming returned from Kunlun, Madam Nixuan lost her power in the Xue Jue family. Almost all her power was taken away except for Hoth. Zhang Ruochen has the support of two true gods. How could he be afraid of Madam Nixuan?"

"Actually, I don't think Zhang Ruochen would be impatient to attack Madam Nixuan at this stage. I think he chose Hoth for another reason. Asking Supreme Saint Qingsheng to give him the properties of Hoth is also to conceal his real purpose."

"What is his real purpose then?" Asked Lord Huanxu.

There was a long silence in the cabin.

The black-veiled cultivator said, "Only Lord Xia Yu can give us the answer we need. Perhaps it will be much easier to deal with Zhang Ruochen once we know his real purpose."

Lord Yue Lin, the governor of Ji Feng City, frowned and said, "Actually, any one of us can capture Lord Xia Yu. Why do you need us to do it together under your lead?"

"According to the information I received, Xue Tu went to the Southern Sword Realm secretly. If I'm right, Zhang Ruochen can't hide in the Xue Jue Family for long. His next move will definitely be to the Southern Sword Realm. He said in the

House of Enchanteurs that he would take the Southern Sword Realm away from Ling.

“We can go to the Southern Sword Realm and wait for Zhang Ruochen to walk into the trap.”

The black-veiled cultivator said, “If it was before, I might really think so. But I have already met Zhang Ruochen half a time. He is definitely not a simple person. He can easily escape from the assassination set up by Ling, and he can leave the Divine Domain of Destiny alive under the attack of the Adjudication Division. How can he be a person who will easily reveal his flaws?

“Besides, when both Wargod Bloodximius and Blood Empress went to the Jadeite Realm, he must be more careful and won’t easily expose his whereabouts.”

Lord Ironclad was shocked. “Do you suspect that Zhang Ruochen will go to Hoth?”

“Whether he goes or not, as long as we capture Lord Xia Yu, we can seize the opportunity and grab his throat. Begin the wormhole jump. I’m looking forward to the trip to Hoth.” The black-veiled cultivator’s voice was clear, she had always been emotionless and her thoughts were very clear.

The Blood Sprite trembled violently. A massive spatial pressure pressed down from all directions and landed on every single cultivator on the ship.

The distance of 3,000 light-years was close to 6 trillion kilometers in the deep space of the universe. If one traversed through it, they would be infinitely far away from the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan and arrive at a place that even the gods could not sense.

Chapter 2455: Perception

The Blood Sprite entered the wormhole. The sleeping Primordial Spatial Worm suddenly opened its colorful eyes and woke up in Zhang Ruochen's palm.

It rolled around intimately like a silkworm baby. It sent out a stream of spiritual power and said, "Hungry, so hungry. I want to eat. Eat... eat..."

Its voice was child-like.

Zhang Ruochen sighed helplessly. He set up a barrier array in the cabin. Then he mobilized the vast Saint Qi in his body and shot it out from his palm.

The Primordial Spatial Worm greedily absorbed the Saint Qi with the Power of Dimensions.

Zhang Ruochen had used up about 70% of the Saint Qi in his body before it was full.

...

"You're too gluttonous. How can your tiny body withstand so much Saint Qi?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen touched the head of the Primordial Spatial Worm with his finger. Smiling, he said, "Your body is full of colors. I'll call you Little Seven from now on."

"Yay, Yay, Little... Seven..." said Little Seven.

The Primordial Spatial Worm seemed very excited. It circled around Zhang Ruochen's finger and finally turned into a seven-colored ring on his index finger.

In the House of Enchanters, Zhang Ruochen had devalued the value of the Primordial Spatial Worm's larvae to tens of thousands of Godstones. In fact, he knew very well that the Primordial Spatial Worm that had absorbed the Rainbow Viburnum had undergone some kind of transformation. Once it grew into an adult, it would definitely be more powerful than divine beasts.

Moreover, most of the Rainbow Viburnum that Little Seven had absorbed was still stored in its body. It would be released gradually as she grew. Her path of growth would be faster and easier than other Primordial Spatial Worms.

Its value should be the both larvae of the Primordial Spatial Worm and the Rainbow Viburnum.

It was priceless.

Zhang Ruochen took out a Godstone and held it between his hands to quickly recover the Saint Qi he had consumed.

Feeding it once consumed 70% of his Saint Qi, which was even more than the amount he had used in the battle with Yan Wushen. He had to cultivate hard, otherwise, he might not be able to feed Little Seven enough in the future.

The wooden staff next to him was the Staff of the Divine Envoy given to him by Moon Goddess. It was made from a branch of the tree god of Guanghan.

In the ruins of the Dragon Temple, this wooden staff had absorbed the spiritual will of the Mojo and condensed a vague Divine Demonic Mark. It emitted evil dark qi all the time.

The entire cabin was filled with black evil qi except where Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged. It was eerie.

The main body of Mojo was the heart of a god who cultivated the Path of Darkness. It was defeated by the combined attacks of Lord of Sword, Lord of Stone, and the Dragon Phantom Lord. Zhang Ruochen had also used the God-Defiance Stele.

The dark god's heart was sealed at the bottom of the blood sea, inside the Blood Mirror.

The spiritual will of the dark god was suppressed inside the Staff of the Divine Envoy. It had been refined into a Divine Demonic Mark by the spiritual will of Moon Goddess and the tree god.

This time, to disguise himself as an evil master of spiritual power, Zhang Ruochen used the Divine Purification Flame to refine the Staff of the Divine Envoy.

However, the dark god's spiritual will was still strong. He could not fully control the evil power of the wooden staff.

The Blood Sprite shook violently again, making creaking sounds.

Then, the squeezing Power of Dimensions disappeared. Light and cold qi poured in through the gaps in the window.

Zhang Ruochen held the wooden staff and pushed open the door. He stood by the Blood Sprite's wood railing and exhaled. Looking down at the endless ice and snow, he smiled. "We've finally arrived at Hoth."

Whoosh Whoosh

The howling wind blew down snowflakes the size of goose feathers, landing on Zhang Ruochen's head and shoulders.

The sky was no longer a patch of blood light, but a light blue color. Thunder rumbled in the thick clouds. Lightning struck down from the snowy peaks in the distance.

On the vast ice field, a large number of cultivators were gathered. They were preparing to go through the wormhole to the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan.

Some of them were alone. They had come back from an adventure at the edge of the Infernal Court. Some were in groups. They seemed to be disciples of the same clan. Some of them had a fleet of ships filled with humans, savage beasts, and bloody skeletons.

These humans and savage beasts were the blood food that had been brought back from the various worlds.

ROAR!

The sound of hooves and the howl of wolves resounded through heaven and earth.

An army of the Xue Jue Family rode on white wolves and ice beasts as they patrolled the icy plain, approaching from afar.

The leader, a four-winged Nine-Step Saint King, raised his voice and said, "Pay the passage fee in order. Each cultivator will pay ten saint stones and each ship of blood food will pay

fifty saint stones. Illegal immigration is strictly prohibited and those who violate the order will be severely punished.”

No cultivator dared to cause trouble here. In the clouds above the ice field, there was a magnificent hall with a Supreme Saint from the Xue Jue family guarding it.

Anyone who caused trouble would die.

According to the information of Supreme Saint Qingsheng, Zhang Ruochen knew that the Supreme Saint guarding the Frostfield Wormhole was originally the son of Madam Nixuan, Xue Tianyi.

He was the seventh son of the Wargod Bloodximius. He was the younger brother of Lord Ming and the elder brother of Blood Empress.

Xue Tianyi was not only gifted, but he was also a true disciple of the Wargod Bloodximius. He defeated Xue Qingsheng, who was at the Paramount Realm three thousand years ago. He also rose to the Eminence Ranking of the Celestial Palace, and the Tome of the Divines of the Fane of Destiny. He was well-known throughout the Immortal Vampires, not to mention the Bloodysky Clan.

Unfortunately, no matter how powerful he was, he could not control his own destiny if he did not become a god.

After Lord Ming and Blood Empress returned, Xue Tianyi was sent to the Battlefield of Merits by Lord Ming.

No one could defy the will of a god.

Even if he was the son of the Wargod Bloodximius.

The Supreme Saint who was overseeing the Frostfield Wormhole was Xue Qing of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng reminded him of the information, “Just Blood Qing alone can not guard a wormhole. Madam Nixuan must have sent top-notch powerhouses from the Fane of Asura to guard in the dark. Be careful.”

“According to the information my uncle gave me, Madam Nixuan has operated on Hoth for tens of thousands of years. She has many powerhouses under them. Some are descendants

of the Xue Jue family, some are invited from the Fane of Asura, and some are outsiders hired from small clans at the edge of the Infernal Court. There are six Supreme Saints above the Thousand-Koan Realm. The Xue Jue family is not a first-class force on Hoth. From this, it can be seen that this planet is indeed a land full of strong forces. The number of Saint Realm powerhouses is not weaker than a strong realm in the Celestial Court,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen liked this dark place where there were many powerful people. It was a good opportunity to hone his saint techniques and also to grasp the power of the Demigod-level physique faster.

The door of the cabin next to him opened. A Rakshasa Supreme Saint with ten bone wings on his back walked out. The illusion that he used to hide his identity was useless under Zhang Ruochen’s Eye of Truth.

“How could it be him?”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked and quickly looked away.

It was Thandee of the Paarth Family of the Rakshasas.

Zhang Ruochen had seen him in the House of Enchanteurs.

At that time, Thandee went to the Peacock Palace with Lord Huan Xu and Cang Baizi to visit Bai Qing’er.

“Isn’t the owner of that cabin the governor of Ji Feng City? In other words, the governor of Ji Feng City and Thandee are both in the cabin. These two are the top powerhouses among the Supreme Saints. It’s unusual for them to appear at the same time. Moreover, they deliberately hid their identities and hid in an ordinary Blood Sprite. They must have big plans. Are they targeting me?”

“No, they couldn’t possibly know that I came to Hoth.”

Zhang Ruochen felt uneasy. He felt that it was abnormal for Thandee to appear here.

“Are they here for the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and Seven-Armed Elder? That’s not right. They shouldn’t

know that the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and Seven-Armed Elder are with me.”

Zhang Ruochen calmed himself down and pretended to look far away without revealing any flaws.

Thump

Ji Wenwu walked quickly to the side of Thandee and knelt down on one knee. He handed over a Communication talisman and said, “Sir Thandee, the whereabouts of that person have been found.”

Thandee picked up the Communication talisman and looked through it quickly. A cruel smile appeared on his face. He said, “Very good.”

Suddenly, he stopped smiling and looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was not far away. He used the spiritual power of the 62nd level and thought that he had searched Zhang Ruochen’s body silently.

He found that he was only a spiritual power saint king of Level 58. He was not afraid. He withdrew his spiritual power.

Thandee said in a deep voice, “When you come to Hoth, keep everything simple. Don’t shout my identity in front of outsiders.”

“Yes, I understand,” said Ji Wenwu.

Ji Wenwu knelt on the ground with cold sweat on his face.

Thandee ignored him. He turned around and walked into the cabin with the Communication talisman. Then, his aura had been concealed.

Zhang Ruochen knew that the other party must have set up a powerful array in the cabin.

‘Whose whereabouts are they investigating?’ Zhang Ruochen wondered.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He was extremely curious, but he did not dare to act rashly. Who knew how many powerful figures were hiding in that cabin?

He would be walking into a trap if he rushed in recklessly.

Thandee only entered the cabin for a moment. Then, he walked out quickly. He spread his ten bone wings and flew up, disappearing into the thick fog. From the beginning to the end, he used the invisibility saint technique. As a result, Ji Wenwu, who was kneeling at the door of the cabin, had no idea that he had left secretly.

Watching Thandee leave, Zhang Ruochen was even more worried.

He wanted to go after Thandee immediately. No matter what the other party's goal was, he had to take him down first. However, he wanted to break into the cabin and find out who was hiding inside.

When Thandee got the Communication talisman, he entered the cabin first. He must have reported to a cultivator and asked for instructions before he set off.

It was obvious that there was someone more powerful than Thandee in the cabin.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen's eyes caught sight of Ji Wenwu who had just stood up. He suddenly had an idea.

Zhang Ruochen used his dry fingers to stroke his long beard. He walked over and said, "Ji Wenwu from the governor's manor of Ji Feng City?"

Ji Wenwu did not have a good impression of this Master Xun Mu. He snorted and said, "What can I do for you, sir?"

"Nothing. I just remembered that you helped me pay for the passage fee, so I came here to thank you. I Am Xun Mu, a spiritual power cultivator from the Southern Ridge," said Zhang Ruochen.

A smile appeared on Zhang Ruochen's wrinkled face.

It looked like a smile, but because of his appearance, the smile was particularly sinister.

"It's rare that you still remember this," said Ji Wenwu.

Ji Wenwu thought so in his heart and said, "It's nothing. You don't have to take it to heart."

“I’m not a stingy person. How about this? I don’t have the saint stone with me, so I’ll give you this treasure as a return for your favor.” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took out a jade stone and handed it to Ji Wenwu.

Ji Wenwu hesitated for a moment and reached out to receive it. The moment their palms touched, Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power surged into his body and rushed into his sea of consciousness.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen withdrew his spiritual power again. His heart was already filled with an overwhelming shock.

He forcefully controlled his emotions and glanced at the cabin door. He did not dare to show any flaws.

Ji Wenwu’s spiritual power was many times weaker than Zhang Ruochen’s. Naturally, he didn’t know that his sea of consciousness had already been explored by his opponent. He only felt a slight tingling in his palm.

“We have arrived at Hoth. We’ll meet again. Take care!” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his fists and saluted. Then he flew off from Blood Sprite and landed on the snow-covered plains. He flew west at a low altitude.

Ji Wenwu carefully played with the jade in his hand. He used his blood-red aura and spiritual power to explore it, but he didn’t find anything strange.

There were only two possibilities.

The first possibility was that the old man named Xun Mu was indeed a stingy person. He had taken a worthless jade to trick him.

The second possibility was that the jade that Master Xun Mu had taken out was too precious. With his cultivation, he couldn’t see through it.

“A cultivator with such strong spiritual power would not take out an ordinary jade as a token of appreciation, right?” said Ji

Wenwu as shook his head and put away the jade temporarily.

Of course, that jade was not ordinary.

Zhang Ruochen's Spirit was sealed inside the jade.

As long as the jade was still with Ji Wenwu, Zhang Ruochen would be able to find him and Bai Qing'er.

This mark must not be lost.

He could only fight with Bai Qing'er in the open while he was in the dark. Otherwise, the gap between their cultivation levels was too big. Zhang Ruochen would not be able to fight.

Of course, if the secret of the jade stone was discovered by other cultivators, Zhang Ruochen could destroy the Spirit with a thought and leave no trace.

In Ji Wenwu's sea of consciousness, Zhang Ruochen did not see Bai Qing'er, but he saw Thandee, Lord Huanxu, and Lord Ironclad.

How could Bai Qing'er not be here when the three Supreme Saints were gathered?

However, Bai Qing'er's spiritual power was too strong. Even if Ji Wenwu had seen her, he could not remember her.

Zhang Ruochen was secretly glad that he did not break into the cabin. Otherwise, he would most likely die there under the siege of so many powerful people. Even with the help of the power of the Qiankun Realm and Intergold Tiger, there was no way he could survive.

Although Intergold Tiger was powerful, it was not recognized by the precepts of heaven and earth. Once it used too much power, it would be killed by the precepts of heaven and earth before killing the enemy.

On Hoth, it was not like in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

In the Divine Domain of Destiny, cultivators who wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen were afraid of being avenged by the gods of the Xue Jue family. They were also afraid of alerting the Divine Domain of Destiny, so they were more or less bound.

Here, even if they killed Zhang Ruochen, they had 100 ways to destroy the body and the evidence, so that even the god could not find the result.

Of course, the desperate situation would only appear when they were surrounded.

If they weren't surrounded, Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could escape with the speed of the Intergold Tiger and Zhang Ruochen's Power of Time and Dimension, no matter how strong Bai Qing'er was or how many powerhouses she led.

Being surrounded and not being surrounded were the difference between life and death for all the Supreme Saints.

"Why would Bai Qing'er appear on Hoth just to capture Lord Xia Yu? No, capturing Lord Xia Yu using Thandee is enough. There's no need to bring so many powerful figures here."

Zhang Ruochen didn't have time to think. After flying for about 2,000 kilometers, he immediately changed his direction and flew at full speed to chase after Thandee.

At the same time, he carved a Communication Talisman and sent it to Lord Xia Yu.

"Bai Qing'er, if you want to deal with my people, I will make you pay with one powerful figure first."

...

Chapter 2456: Lord Xia Yu, Lord of Stone, and Lord of Sword

The Xia clan had an ancient castle in the Eastern District Two of Hoth. It had a long history and occupied an area of several thousand-acre. Outside the castle was a vast forest filled with blood-red trees.

As night fell, Lord Xia Yu stood on the top floor of the tallest building in the castle. She held a foot-long bronze brush in her hand and was writing something seriously on the six-meter-long jade table.

The castle lord, Xia Qiuling, was a Saint King Realm powerhouse. He stood outside the door and bowed respectfully. He said, “My lord, we have a lead on the matter you ordered us to investigate.”

“Come in!” said Lord Xia Yu.

Xia Qiuling pushed open the door and walked in. He didn’t dare to look directly at the beautiful woman in front of him. He took out a butterfly that was emitting a blood-red light from his sleeve.

The body of the butterfly was semi-transparent. It flapped its wings and flew towards Lord Xia Yu.

...

WHOOSH!

The butterfly crashed into Lord Xia Yu’s wrist and turned into specks of light that merged into it.

“I already know. You can leave now!” Lord Xia Yu ordered.

Lord Xia Yu raised the bronze pen in her hand and waved the tip of the pen at Xia Qiuling. Immediately, a powerful spiritual

power slashed into his sea of consciousness like a sword and erased part of his memories.

At this moment, the candlelight in the antique room shook violently.

A thick and fierce voice sounded in the castle, "I wonder what Lord Xia Yu is investigating. I am very curious."

"Who is it?" asked Lord Xia Yu.

"Who are you?" Lord Xia Yu asked again.

...

A fierce wind suddenly rose.

An incomparably powerful saint might suddenly envelop the entire great Xia castle.

All the Saint Realm cultivators were shocked. They were pressed to the ground, their bodies trembling in fear. In the end, their entire bodies lay on the ground, unable to move.

Those who had not entered the Saint Realm, regardless of whether they were Xia clansmen or slaves, were crushed into pieces, turning into a bloody mist.

Miserable screams rose and fell.

A thick bloody smell pervaded the castle.

Even Xia Qiuling, who had reached the Saint King realm, was kneeling on the ground, unable to stand up.

What a terrifying enemy. He is definitely a Supreme Saint above the Thousand-Koan Realm. When did the Xia clan provoke such a powerful enemy?' Xia Qiuling thought as his heart was filled with fear and unease. He could only feel that death was approaching.

Lord Xia Yu remained unperturbed. She continued to hold the brush in her hand as she said, "Thandee, our Xia clan has no enmity with you. What do you intend to do?"

Thandee stood on the grass outside the castle and released a Precept Domain. Countless Precepts flew out and enveloped the area within a radius of a thousand meters. A portion of the

precepts condensed into an army with thousands of saint cultivators in the form of Rakshasa.

In his Precept Domain, they could conceal all the ripples of battle.

Thandee let out a deep laugh and took a step in the air. As if passing through a layer of paper, he passed through the Defensive Array of the ancient castle. With a bang, he broke through the wall and entered the room, standing opposite Lord Xia Yu.

Xia Qiuling was sent flying by the evil aura emitted from Thandee's body, turning into a ball of blood and mud.

Thandee looked at Lord Xia Yu's almost perfect body from top to bottom. She had a delicate and cold face, a tall and plump body, and her skin was extraordinarily white. She had the temperament of beauty, but she also had the inherent evil charm of an Immortal Vampire.

"Haha! No wonder you became Zhang Ruochen's lover. You are indeed the number one beauty of the Bloodysky Clan." Thandee laughed.

Lord Xia Yu's eyes were extremely cold. She said, "If you say another word of nonsense, I'll suck your blood dry."

"You're young, but you have a bad temper. Hehe, with your cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, you'd better give up on fighting me. Otherwise, I'll break your face. Then you won't be pretty anymore! Come with me. There's a prominent figure who wants to see you." said Thandee.

Thandee had a teasing smile on his face. He did not think much of Lord Xia Yu.

With his cultivation at the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm, he did have the confidence to do so.

Although Lord Xia Yu had fought with Celestial Captives on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting at the Thousand-Koan Realm, their spiritual power had been sealed and they lacked powerful weapons. Their combat power was drastically reduced.

Thandee was not a frivolous person. Instead, he had carefully analyzed Lord Xia Yu's performance on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Her combat power could only contend with a Supreme Saint in the Middle-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Now that Lord Xia Yu was trapped in his Precept Domain, it could be said that he could suppress her with one hand.

Of course, even if Lord Xia Yu went all out, burning her saint blood and using forbidden techniques to escape, even if Thandee's cultivation base far surpassed Lord Xia Yu's, capturing her would be difficult.

Just like Yan Huangtu back then, it was also quite difficult to deal with Lord Xia Yu who was in a desperate state.

What Thandee was even more afraid of was that Lord Xia Yu was a woman who wasn't afraid of death. If he really forced her into a corner, she would self-detonate her Sainthood Source. If that was the case, it would definitely be the end of both sides.

Therefore, the best outcome was that Lord Xia Yu still didn't know his purpose and was willing to follow him to meet Bai Qing'er.

Who would be willing to risk their lives if they could not risk it?

Lord Xia Yu said, "Prominent figure? Which prominent figure are you talking about? Is she a deity of your Paarth Family?"

"You will know who it is after you come with me," said Thandee.

Lord Xia Yu confronted him and said, "What if I don't go?"

WHISH!

Thandee summoned the Regal Artifact, Aurea Wing Lance, and held it in his hand. His battle Qi transformed into a demonic cloud that hovered above the ancient castle, he said in a threatening tone, "If you are not coming, all the Xia clan cultivators in this castle will die. You, on the other hand, can only watch helplessly. There's no way to stop it."

Rumble

The saint soldiers condensed from Thandee's Precepts rushed into the castle. They held long lances and crushed the Xia clan cultivators beneath their feet, taking their lives at any moment.

All the saint soldiers were a part of Thandee's Precept Domain.

The cold air on Lord Xia Yu's body caused sharp icicles to form in the room. He said, "Aren't you afraid that I will self-detonate my Sainthood Source and perish together with you?"

"I am only here to invite you over as a guest. I didn't want to risk innocent lives. Furthermore, we are less than twelve meters apart. Do you think you have the chance to self-detonate your Sainthood Source?" Thandee said.

"I've long wanted to see just how powerful a Supreme Saint at the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm is? If you can defeat me in one strike, I won't resist. I'll immediately go with you to meet that prominent figure. If you can't do it, you'd better get out of my castle," said Lord Xia Yu.

Whoosh

The eight silver wings on Lord Xia Yu's back unfurled. The silver light was like a blade, tearing apart the top of the castle. The light illuminated the dimly lit world.

Thandee was quite decisive. The Aurea Wing Lance in his hand stabbed out like lightning.

The air was pierced with an explosive sound.

The space followed the trajectory of the spear and tiny rifts appeared.

In an instant, the spear had arrived in front of Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu stood in place and slapped the jade table in front of her. With a bang, the two-foot-long table stood upright like a shield, blocking in front of her.

Using a table to block my spear?' Thandee sneered.

Just as this thought appeared in Thandee's mind, he immediately felt that something was wrong.

Dense blood-red runes suddenly appeared on the plain table and turned into a nullification talisman. As it blocked the Aurea Wing Lance, dense attacking power surged out from the talisman.

‘This is bad, she had prepared for this. She’s purposely lured me to attack,’ Thandee thought.

Thandee’s expression changed drastically. He quickly switched from offense to defense. He held the Aurea Wing Lance horizontally in front of him and formed a light screen to resist the power of the talisman.

Boom

Thandee was sent flying. His body crashed into the ground outside the ancient city, leaving a long ravine.

His entire body was charred black and his flesh was torn apart.

‘Why did Lord Xia Yu prepare an attacking talisman? Could it be that she knew that I would come to capture her? No, it’s impossible for her to know. It must be a coincidence. HMPH! I never expected this little girl to be so cautious.’ Thandee thought.

Thandee’s eyes were ferocious as he slowly stood up.

He was too careless just now. Otherwise, even if Lord Xia Yu had prepared a talisman, he wouldn’t have been able to hurt him.

How could it be so easy to challenge someone of a higher realm with a difference of several realms?

Lord Xia Yu walked to the broken platform of the castle and looked down at Thandee. She said, “You’ve lost!”

Thandee would not possibly give up. He said, “Little girl. How dare you talk about winning and losing with me. Just now, if I hadn’t underestimated you, how would you have had the chance to strike me back?”

Lord Xia Yu shook his head lightly, he said, “Thandee, you really don’t know death. Do you know that intruding into the Xia clan’s castle is already a death sentence? Asking you to

scram is giving you a chance to live. Since you insist on courting death, I will grant you your wish.”

Thandee felt as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world. He kept feeling that Lord Xia Yu had stolen his line.

Lord Xia Yu’s two snow-white hands clasped together. Her fingers formed a seal, and powerful spiritual energy was released. Instantly, the castle beneath her and the area a thousand kilometers away from the castle began to surface with countless array inscriptions, they interweaved like a blood-red spider web.

The Xia clan had maintained this castle for more than ten thousand years, and they had set up countless array formations.

How could Thandee have barged into the castle so easily if Lord Xia Yu hadn’t purposefully allowed him in?

After all, Lord Xia Yu herself was a powerful High-Saint Array Master who could set up a ninth-class array.

BOOM!

BOOM!

...

From the ground around the castle, one mountain after another rushed out, turning the place into a cage.

Thandee could no longer smile. His face turned dark. He was certain that Lord Xia Yu had long known that he would come and had intentionally let him into the array.

“How did you know that I would come here?” Thandee asked in a deep voice.

Lord Xia Yu spread out her left hand, and the Pleiades Lotus appeared in her palm.

The Supreme Inscription of the Ghost Lotus was connected to the array inscription between heaven and earth, emitting a dark light.

Thandee’s eyelids twitched again. He realized that it might not be difficult for him to defeat Lord Xia Yu alone, but it would

be as difficult as ascending to heaven to capture her alive.

‘Zhang Ruochen actually gave her the Pleiades Lotus, the Supreme Artifact. With the power of the Supreme Artifact and the array, Lord Xia Yu is not to be underestimated.’ Thandee thought.

Thandee suddenly laughed out loud. “The lives of the Saint Realm cultivators of the Xia clan are in my hands. Are you sure you want to fight me?”

Lord Xia Yu shook her head. She said, “Thandee, although your cultivation is strong, your spiritual power is much weaker than mine. You can’t even see through the illusion formation. You disappoint me.”

“Illusory formation?” said Thandee.

Thandee gritted his teeth and stared at the castle.

He saw that the Xia clan cultivators suppressed by the saint soldiers had all turned into sand and disappeared.

“Damn it, I will make you pay a painful price,” said Thandee.

Thandee could not bear the humiliation of being played around by a little girl who was less than a thousand years old. He roared, “Saint Imperial Army.”

The saint soldiers formed from the Precepts erupted with brilliant battle might as they charged toward Lord Xia Yu one after another.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Lord Xia Yu activated the power of the array and struck down bolts of lightning, shattering the army of saint soldiers into pieces and turning them back into precepts.

“Six-direction Slash.”

Thandee raised the Aurea Wing Lance. The golden cloud was dazzling and shone for thousands of miles. It even broke several of the stone pinnacles in the formation and turned them into rubble that fell to the ground.

Thandee spread his ten wings and burst forth with extreme speed. He soared into the sky and swung down the Aurea

Wing Lance with overwhelming might.

Before the lance could land, cracks had already appeared in the castle below.

The ground began to sink.

‘A pinnacle Thousand-Koan Realm cultivator is indeed not someone I can contend with right now.’ Lord Xia Yu thought.

Lord Xia Yu knew that no matter what, she would not be able to withstand Thandee’s full-powered attack. Hence, she mobilized all of her strength and poured it into the Pleiades Lotus.

The Pleiades Lotus spun and became as large as a palace, releasing a surge of Supreme Power.

Boom

The Aurea Wing Lance struck the Pleiades Lotus, causing the lance to sway and crackle as if it was about to break.

The castle beneath the Ghost Lotus instantly collapsed.

The difference in cultivation between Lord Xia Yu and Thandee was too great, so they were unable to block this attack. Their bodies exploded like balloons, while the Pleiades Lotus was struck into the ground by the Aurea Wing Lance.

Thandee landed on the ground with the Aurea Wing Lance in his hand, he laughed maniacally, “A mere Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm actually thinks that she can fight against me with just a Supreme Artifact. You deserve to die.”

Although Thandee was unable to return and explain his actions to Bai Qing’er after killing Lord Xia Yu, obtaining a Supreme Artifact was still a great honor for him.

In fact, Thandee even had the thought of keeping the Pleiades Lotus for himself.

Thandee condensed an evil hand and put away the Pleiades Lotus underground. He was smiling just now. Suddenly, his expression changed drastically. It was as if he wasn’t holding a Supreme Artifact, but some kind of poison. He wanted to throw it away.

“It’s too late!” said Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu, who was thought to be dead, suddenly rushed out from the Pleiades Lotus and formed a palm strike. The Grim Soul-devouring Flame surged out of her palm and struck Thandee’s chest.

Thandee was extremely powerful. Purple light erupted from his body as he used his physical body to resist Lord Xia Yu’s palm strike.

Boom

Thandee was sent flying once more. Like a cannonball, he crashed into a stone pinnacle and embedded himself into the array inscription.

The array inscription was twisted into chains and bound his body.

“Break!”

Thandee’s body expanded, breaking the chains one by one as he flew down from the mountain.

Lord Xia Yu’s expression changed. Thandee was simply too powerful. He had only suffered minor injuries after taking her palm head-on.

Thandee forced the Grim Soul-devouring Flame out of his body. His frozen chest gradually melted as he walked towards Lord Xia Yu, his aura growing stronger and stronger. He said, “I regret that I didn’t listen to my master and spend more time cultivating spiritual power,” he said. “I didn’t expect that today, because of the weakness of spiritual power, you had the upper hand everywhere. But you won’t have another chance!”

“Really?” Lord Xia Yu sneered.

Lord Xia Yu glanced into the distance.

Thandee also sensed that a cultivator had broken into his Precept Domain. He glanced sideways.

Zhang Ruochen walked among the array inscriptions. He held a wooden staff in his hand and his cyan robe fluttered in the wind. On his left and right was Lord of Stone, who was three

meters tall and had six arms. He held the Azure Terra scared spear in his hand.

There was also Lord of Sword, who was tall, thin, and sharp looking.

“You two can go all out this time. Help Lord Xia Yu to finish this battle quickly and take down Thandee. I want him alive!” Zhang Ruochen said in a hoarse voice.

Chapter 2457: Lingxi's News

Lord of Stone wore the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light he had gotten from Zhang Ruochen. He burst out at 5,000 times the speed of sound and traveled more than 800 miles in an instant. He stabbed out with the Azure Terra sacred spear, aiming for Thandee's back.

Thandee struck out with his lance, colliding with the Azure Terra sacred spear.

BOOM!

Large sparks spread out from the spears.

Energy ripples spread out in all directions.

Lord of Stone's true body was the AzureTerra Stone that even gods couldn't break. The reason why he was able to gain sentience was that he had fused with the spiritual wills of the six fallen gods, he had been nurtured in the Dragon Temple ruins for close to a Yuanhui period.

...

It could be said that he wasn't much weaker than Lan Ying, a Divine Fetus.

Six Divine Marks appeared on Lord of Stone's body, releasing six different streams of divine power. They turned into six divine rivers that were dozens of kilometers long, rushing toward Thandee.

"Who are you? Why are there six divine spirits gathering on your body? No, the six divine spirits seem to be supporting you as well," said Thandee.

Thandee's expression changed drastically. He found it hard to understand. How could he meet such a terrifying Supreme Saint on Hoth?

How big was the background of a person gathering the power of six gods?

“Withdraw!” Thandee shouted.

Thandee quickly gathered his Precept Domain. It originally covered a thousand miles, but now, it has shrunk by a thousand times.

The range of coverage was reduced, but the power of the Precept Domain was even stronger.

All the Precepts condensed into a saint army in the form of Rakshasas. It was like a battle formation formed by thousands of soldiers and horses clashing with the six divine rivers. Thandee could not withstand the divine power of the Divine River. He moved back and kept retreating.

“If I had not completely fused the spiritual wills of the six gods, I would have been able to pierce through you with that spear just now,” said Lord of Stone. His eyes were as wide as fireballs, and the power in his body exploded.

Whoosh

A sword light descended from the sky like a pillar of light.

Thandee felt the threat of death coming from the sky. He bent his legs and shifted his center of gravity downward, stabbing out with the Aurea Wing Lance.

The lance shone brightly and collided with the Saint Sword formed by Lord of Sword’s body.

Rumble

With Thandee, Lord of Sword, and Lord of Stone at the center, a chaotic energy storm spread out and swept up the mud and rocks underground. It was unknown how vast the area would be.

Zhang Ruochen certainly did not want the ripples of the battle here to be known by the outside world. So, he struck the ground with the wooden staff in his hand.

The dark and evil Qi in the wooden staff spread out and covered a radius of 1,000 miles, turning it into an extremely dark world.

At this moment, he was like an evil Master of Darkness.

Lord of Sword was the will of a sword left behind by a powerful sword god in the Middle Ages. It gathered all kinds of vital qi and condensed into a form in the ruins of the Dragon Temple.

The will of a sword could directly cut the Saint Soul of a cultivator.

Thandee was suppressed by Lord of Sword and Lord of Stone. He could not move his body. At this moment, Lord Xia Yu held the Pleiades Lotus and attracted the power of the array. He turned into a pillar of ghost qi and hit him heavily.

Crack

Thandee's crown exploded and his sacred robe was torn. He threw his head back and spat out a mouthful of blood.

The Saint Sword that Lord of Sword had turned into shattered the Aurea Wing Lance. The lance turned into broken iron and pieces of it flew out one by one.

The tip of the sword stabbed into Thandee's chest and Saint Blood gushed out like a fountain.

This sword not only injured Thandee's Neverwither physique but also his Saint Soul. The brilliance in his eyes dissipated a lot.

Whoosh

The Saint Sword flew out and transformed into Lord of Sword's body. It landed on the side.

Lord of Stone's Azure Terra sacred spear struck. It pierced through Thandee's chest to his heart and nailed him to the ground.

Lord Xia Yu rushed over quickly. She mobilized the power of the array and wrapped Thandee's body layer by layer. This was to prevent him from self-detonating his Sainthood Source.

"It doesn't have to be so troublesome. He doesn't dare to self-detonate his Sainthood Source," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen walked over, he said again, "A Supreme Saint at the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm should have a

strong spiritual will, but he can't withstand the fear of nightmares. His greed for beautiful dreams has long become weak, humble, and cowardly. He's a loser whose Saint Soul has been corroded!"

Thandee was both angry and shocked. He shouted, "Who are you people?"

The other party knew about nightmares and beautiful dreams, which terrified him.

Lord Xia Yu snorted. "Didn't you sense the powerful spatial fluctuation just now?"

"Spatial fluctuation... Are you Zhang Ruochen?"

Thandee's eyes widened, and his face became extremely pale.

Zhang Ruochen changed into his original appearance. He crouched down and whispered, "Tell me, is Bai Qing'er here on Hoth?"

"Humph! Do you really think my spiritual will is weak? Don't even think about asking me anything," said Thandee.

Thandee's expression was almost crazy. He laughed loudly. He circulated the evil murderous Qi in his body and surged toward the Sainthood Source.

Zhang Ruochen hit his forehead with a finger and shattered his thoughts of self-detonating the Sainthood Source. He said, "You want to self-detonate in front of me?"

Lord Xia Yu said, "Just take his memory!"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly, "The Paarth Family is an ancient family that can contend with the Xue Jue family," he said. "As the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint in the family, he must have divine power to protect his memory. Although this is Hoth, and it is difficult for gods to come here directly, when my power comes into contact with divine power, the Paarth Family gods will definitely be able to see through my identity."

"Then what should we do?" Lord Xia Yu asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Don’t worry! How can a Supreme Saint whose spiritual will has long been defeated keep a secret?”

Zhang Ruochen threw Thandee into the Qiankun Realm and had Zhou Zhen and Shentu Yunkong interrogate him.

Zhang Ruochen asked Lord Xia Yu to clean up the traces on the battlefield. Then he fell into deep thought.

It was indeed beyond Zhang Ruochen’s expectation that Thandee would rather self-detonate his Sainthood Source to keep a secret. However, it also showed how powerful Bai Qing’er was. Thandee must have known that the consequences of betraying Bai Qing’er were worse than death. That was why he made such a choice.

‘She came to Hoth to capture Lord Xia Yu, obviously to deal with me. Bai Qing’er clearly knows the consequences of becoming my enemy, yet she still chose to attack. Then, there’s only one possibility. She must have guessed that Seven-Armed Elder is with me. Her goal is the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen understood even more deeply that he must not let anyone know the secret of his arrival on Hoth. He must not let Madam Nixuan and Bai Qing’er know that he came to Hoth to find Mu Lingxi.

Thandee’s interrogation was quickly concluded.

However, it was not Zhou Zhen and Shentu Yunkong who attacked, but Seven-Armed Elder.

“Bai Qing’er came to Hoth, and she seems to have guessed that you sent Lord Xia Yu to Hoth for another reason. This woman is very shrewd. Her spiritual power and Path cultivation have reached the pinnacle. You must be careful from now on.” Seven-Armed Elder’s voice reached Zhang Ruochen’s ears.

Of course, the old man didn’t care about Zhang Ruochen’s safety.

It was because he was wanted by the Fane of Destiny and hunted by Bai Qing’er. He had to hide in the Qiankun Realm.

If Zhang Ruochen fell into Bai Qing'er's hands, he would be finished.

The old man transmitted his voice again. "Bai Qing'er probably guessed that you would come to Hoth. That's why she brought a group of powerhouses here."

"You seem to know a lot about Bai Qing'er?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Seven-Armed Elder snorted. "I've never lost a bet. How can it be a coincidence that I fell into her hands?"

"Besides, my spiritual power has reached the 69th level. I'm just a step away from becoming a god." "But I can't do anything to her with spiritual power attacks. Think about it, how strong is her spiritual energy?"

"Thandee, Cang Baizi, and the others are all powerful figures in the Supreme Saint Realm, but they've all become her subordinates. Don't you think it's scary to think about it?"

"You've been very careful on Hoth, but she still managed to see through you. If it weren't for your luck that you were on the same Blood Sprite as her, Lord Xia Yu would have already fallen into her hands. Can you bear the consequences? Boy, you'd better not take Bai Qing'er lightly. Otherwise, you won't even know how you died."

As soon as Seven-Armed Elder finished speaking, Zhang Ruochen realized something. He immediately sent a voice transmission to Lord Xia Yu, Lord of Sword, and Lord of Stone. He said, "Let's go. We should leave this place immediately."

Not long after Zhang Ruochen and the others left, a streak of black light flew down from the clouds. It condensed into a tall and thin cultivator in black gauze on the ground.

The black gauze covering her body fell away, revealing a cold and perfect face. Her skin was as white as jade, and her eyes were as lovely as a young girl's and as deep as a god's.

It was a pair of Divine Eyes of Origin.

Inch by inch, she searched for traces on the ground.

Swoosh

The sound of wind breaking could be heard continuously.

Lord Ironclad, Lord Huanxu, and the governor of Ji Feng City flew over one after another and landed on the broken ground.

“There are traces of Thandee’s presence. Where did he go?” Lord Ironclad asked.

Lord Huanxu immediately released his spiritual power to investigate further.

Bai Qing’er said, “There’s no need to look for him. Thandee has already fallen into the hands of the enemy.”

“The enemy? Lord Xia Yu? Lord Xia Yu is only at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How can she be a match for Thandee?” Lord Huanxu said.

Bai Qing’er said, “The traces here have been cleaned. The enemy is trying to cover something up. Unfortunately, the more they cover it up, the more it proves that my guess is correct.”

“Miss, are you saying that Zhang Ruochen really came to Hoth?” said the governor of Ji Feng City as he was slightly surprised.

Bai Qing’er said, “Who else but Zhang Ruochen could help Lord Xia Yu deal with Thandee and not let others know that he came to Hoth? Xue Qingsheng? He was not interested. He had been staying by the side of a junior like Lord Xia Yu.”

“Since Lord Xia Yu has escaped, it will be extremely difficult to find her again. What should we do next?” asked Lord Huan Xu.

Bai Qing’er said, “Lord Yue Lin, go to Madam Nixuan and inform her that Zhang Ruochen has arrived on Hoth secretly.”

“But we can’t be sure that the cultivator who attacked Thandee is Zhang Ruochen,” the governor of Ji Feng City said with some difficulty.

Bai Qing’er said, “Isn’t that better? We can use Madam Nixuan’s influence in the Xue Jue Family to help us find out if

Zhang Ruochen is still cultivating in seclusion in his family's Dominion."

"Okay, I understand!" said Lord Yue Lin.

After Lord Yue Lin left, Bai Qing'er picked up a handful of bloody soil from the ground. She closed her eyes and released her powerful spiritual power.

The blood in the soil belonged to Thandee.

A moment later, Bai Qing'er opened her eyes, "If we can't find anything, then Thandee is dead! Lord Ironclad, send someone to deliver this bloody soil back to the Paarth Family and tell them that Madam Nixuan killed Thandee on Hoth."

Lord Ironclad took out a box and put the soil in Bai Qing'er's hand. He asked curiously, "Why don't you tell the Paarth Family that Zhang Ruochen killed Thandee and use him as a pretext?"

Bai Qing'er said, "Do the Paarth Family dare to kill Zhang Ruochen without absolute evidence? Don't forget the influence of the Emperor of Devala. As an ancient family in Devala, the Paarth Family is afraid of him."

She added, "We do want to deal with Zhang Ruochen, but it can be the Adjudication Division or Madam Nixuan who killed him. But it can't be us."

Lord Ironclad looked enlightened, He said, "You mean to add fire to Zhang Ruochen and Madam Nixuan and let them fight," he said. "In the future, when Zhang Ruochen dies on Hoth, everyone will think that it was Madam Nixuan who killed him. They won't suspect us. The cultivators of the Xue Jue family would have to deliver the bloody soil. Madam Nixuan had to know that Zhang Ruochen was deliberately trying to frame her. Zhang Ruochen made the first move. How could she just be sitting ducks?"

When he said this, Lord Ironclad had already turned into Zhang Ruochen.

Strands of black gauze gathered again, covering Bai Qing'er's graceful and graceful body. She said in a beautiful and gentle voice, "You do it! The rest of you, follow me to the House of

Enchanteurs on Hoth. There may be another way to find Zhang Ruochen.”

After Bai Qing'er set Zhang Ruochen as her target, she checked the detailed information about Zhang Ruochen.

One of them caught her attention.

When he was in Kunlun, there was a powerful owl sacred beast beside Zhang Ruochen, who claimed to be the Emperor who slaughtered the Heavens and Earth.

There was also such an owl sacred beast on Hoth. It was also called the Emperor who slaughtered the Heavens and Earth. She had already sent cultivators from the House of Enchanteurs to investigate.

...

Thandee was indeed dead. His Sainthood Source had been absorbed by Moyin. After the Supreme Saint's blood was refined by Lord Xia Yu, it was put into a cup as if it was wine.

His Saint Soul was used to feed Zhang Ruochen the 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords from the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The Infernal Court was such a cruel and bloody place.

The blood of the Supreme Saint in Lord Xia Yu's cup was refined with 17 types of blood medicine. It wasn't bloody at all. Instead, it gave off a fragrant scent, which was irresistible to the Immortal Vampires.

She said, “I have some clues about the human woman you wanted me to investigate! A cultivator has seen her in a sacred mountain under the Avīci Pavilion.”

“The Avīci Pavilion!” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen looked thoughtful and asked, “How many cultivators know that you are investigating her?”

“Don't worry. I will send out a Spirit to attach to any cultivator I send out. The news will not be leaked,” Lord Xia Yu said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Where is the sacred mountain?”

“Mount Wutong in the Western District One. Let me remind you that the Avīci Pavilion’s influence on Hoth is greater than that of the Xue Jue family. You’d better not go to Mount Wutong so easily. You must think twice before you act,” Lord Xia Yu said solemnly.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “You did well on Hoth. Now, you can go back!”

Lord Xia Yu’s pretty face froze.

Zhang Ruochen continued, “Recently, I’ve offended a powerful figure. She’s ruthless and will stop at nothing. If you get too close to me, you’ll definitely be targeted. I suggest you go to the Fane of Immortality and cultivate in seclusion for a while. It’ll help you avoid trouble and breakthrough to the Thousand-Koan Realm as soon as possible.”

“Putting away the weapons after it was used,” said Lord Xia Yu.

The cup in Lord Xia Yu’s hand fell to the ground and shattered into pieces.

“If you want to chase me away, just say it. Why do you need to find so many reasons? Zhang Ruochen, do you really think that I am willing to work for you? Do you know how many rumors and slanders about me are spread behind my back? I don’t want my reputation. Do the people of the Xia clan not want their faces? Forget it. I will go to the Fane of Immortality. Anyway, if I stay here, I will only get in the way. I will also let your little lover of Kunlun misunderstand me.”

Lord Xia Yu didn’t even turn around. Spreading her silver wings, she flew off angrily.

“Women are so overthinking,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. Staring at Moyin, he said, “Go to the Royal City of Hundred Clans. If Ji Fanxin arrives, send me the news as soon as possible.”

Moyin stood up and stretched. Her curves were seductive. Her breasts, buttocks, and waist were stunningly full, she teased, “Lord Xia Yu is right. We are too beautiful. If we stay by your

side, it will cause misunderstanding. Master, I won't trouble you. Hehe."

After Moyin left, Zhang Ruochen went on his own toward Mount Wutong.

Chapter 2458: Blackie Has Returned

Hoth was enormous. It was so massive that it didn't resemble a planet. It seemed interminable. Zhang Ruochen never reached the edge of Kunlun. He had no idea how big the Hidden Barrens was or how far the sea stretched.

A snow-covered world like Hoth gave him the same feeling.

Only when he was alone would he think about the size of the world and realize how small he was.

When a man thought about the size of the world and the vastness of the universe, he was obviously lonely.

It was the loneliness sensation from the heart.

Zhang Ruochen had been in the Infernal Court for a long time. He had met many cultivators, but he always felt lonely. It was as if his mouth did not belong to him. Very few words he said were true.

Because there was no one around him whom he could tell the truth to.

Sometimes, his body didn't seem to belong to him either. He felt disgusted by many things he did. He even hated himself now. But he had to do those things.

Living in the Infernal Court seemed glorious, but he felt depressed.

However, the moment he heard the news about Mu Lingxi, Zhang Ruochen's quiet, cold, and lonely heart suddenly became excited. He couldn't wait to see her and hold her in his arms, he described in detail the pain, helplessness, and suffering in his heart. It didn't matter if he exposed his most vulnerable side.

That woman was like the sun in winter, the red plum in snow, and the stars in the darkness. She could heal his heart and

mind.

Zhang Ruochen had everything to say in front of her.

He had nothing to hide.

Mu Lingxi must be the person who understood him the most in the world. She would support his decisions without any doubt.

Zhang Ruochen needed someone to confirm his decision when he was plagued by inner demons and couldn't decide whether what he was doing was right or wrong. to reassure him that he was not mistaken.

No one was always strong. They just hid their weakness in an unknown place.

Zhang Ruochen was no longer the sunny, kind, and pure youth he used to be. He had already become complicit and unscrupulous in the disputes between Celestial Court, Infernal Court, and Kunlun, he even killed his former good friend. One day, he might even lose his heart and fall into the evil path, becoming a blood clan demon that devours human blood.

At that time, perhaps only Mu Lingxi could wake him up and remind him of the summer when he was sixteen. They had cultivated martial arts together on the West Campus, and they had been in high spirits.

...

There were seventeen districts on Hoth, four in the east, four in the south, four in the west, and four in the north.

There was also Hothfrost in the center.

The length and width of each district ranged from millions of kilometers to tens of millions of kilometers.

Because he had to hide his identity and conceal his aura, he could not travel at full speed. Zhang Ruochen walked for three days and three nights from Eastern District Two to Western District One.

When he arrived at the foot of Mount Wutong, it was already dusk on the fourth day.

Hoth had a sun, and it had two rings. However, it was too far away and the heat was too low. Moreover, the planet was covered in a cold fog all year round, so it was difficult to see sunlight.

However, the sunset was exceptionally beautiful today. It dyed the sky red.

Zhang Ruochen silently passed through the array of the sacred mountain and sneaked in.

Saint veins flowed beneath the sacred mountain.

The heaven and earth Saint Qi in the mountain were thick. Exotic flowers and plants could be seen everywhere. The petals and leaves were sealed in ice crystals, making them look exceptionally beautiful.

Zhang Ruochen's heart unconsciously became nervous. He was worried that Lord Xia Yu's news was wrong. He was also worried that he was too confident. His actions in the Infernal Court might have made Mu Lingxi loathe him.

Passing through a pine field, an ancient building in Kunlun style appeared in front of him.

In a pavilion, he saw Mu Lingxi's graceful and moving figure. There was a red phoenix mark between her eyebrows. Her skin was as white as porcelain, and a sacred mist lingered around her. She was like a beautiful painting, hanging between the ice and snow.

She was still as beautiful as a phoenix fairy or frost sprite.

She paced back and forth in the pavilion as if she was thinking about something.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's heart suddenly became calm. It was unprecedentedly calm. It was as if there were no more disputes in the world, and he didn't have to face enemies like Madam Nixuan and Bai Qing'er.

Zhang Ruochen's figure appeared in the air. Standing on the snow, he called out affectionately, "Lingxi!"

In the pavilion, Mu Lingxi looked at him immediately. Her eyes were filled with surprise and joy. Before she could speak,

Zhang Ruochen had already appeared in front of her. He spread his wide arms and pulled her into his arms, it was as if he wanted to crush her and merge her into his body.

Feeling the warmth and softness of her body, Zhang Ruochen was greedy for a moment. He felt that there was no need to fight for anything in the future, and there was no need to do anything dangerous. He just wanted to take Mu Lingxi and leave the Infernal Court, he also didn't want to return to the Celestial Court or Kunlun. He wanted to take a saintship and float to the edge of the universe.

They could sit at the bow of the ship and observe the strange things in the universe. Such as the brilliant sea of stars. As if they were immortals living in harmony?

Unfortunately, he still had many things to do. There were still many people he couldn't let go of. He was destined not to leave, much less escape. Otherwise, wouldn't Supreme Saint Manjian have died in vain? He had promised the Empress that he would help her rescue the Lord of Nephilim Island, but he still hadn't done it.

Chi Yao and Pan Ruo also looked down on him even more. They thought that he was a coward who only knew how to run away.

Even if it was just to fight for his life, he had to wait until he defeated Chi Yao before he could withdraw from this disgusting feud.

Mu Lingxi's pretty face was tightly pressed against Zhang Ruochen's chest. At first, she struggled a little, but when she saw that Zhang Ruochen was hugging her too tightly and saying words of longing, she stopped struggling!

However, her snow-white face turned red with embarrassment.

"Zhang Ruochen, you beast, let go of that girl!" a voice came from afar.

A large bird flew over from afar in exasperation. It set off palm-sized snowflakes and rushed toward Zhang Ruochen, who was in the pavilion as if it wanted to tear him into pieces.

"Go away. Don't disturb us," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen held Mu Lingxi with one hand and did not even look at it. He waved his sleeve and shot out a spatial shock wave.

Unexpectedly, the big owl-like bird did not dodge. It tore the spatial shock wave with one claw. The other claw reached for his right shoulder.

Its round eyes were full of anger.

“Hey!” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen did not expect Blackie’s ability to become so powerful. So, he carried Mu Lingxi and used the Great Dimensional Shift to disappear from the pavilion.

The two reappeared in a cave on a snow cliff.

Zhang Ruochen gazed at Mu Lingxi with deep affection. He held her snow-white face with both hands and said with a gentle gaze, “Don’t worry about it. Today, I just want to stay with you. No one can disturb us.”

Zhang Ruochen was about to kiss her, but he suddenly felt that something was wrong when he stared at her sparkling eyes.

These eyes...

“Zhang Ruochen, come out and let go of Xue’er,” said Blackie.

Rumble

In the cave, the earth and the mountains shook violently. Shattered stones rolled down.

Blackie squeezed in. It was relieved when it saw that Zhang Ruochen had let go of Mu Lingxi. It flapped its wings, and a powerful spiritual power rushed over and hit Mu Lingxi.

Suddenly, Mu Lingxi’s figure and appearance changed greatly.

In his eyes, she was still a slim and beautiful woman. She looked very young and had the innocence and beauty of a young girl. She was like the clearest spring in the world, free from worldly dust.

She was Zhang Ruochen’s only disciple, Han Xue.

When Zhang Ruochen wanted to kiss her, he had his suspicions. He was not surprised, but he was embarrassed and a little confused.

“Amazing, Blackie. Your spiritual power is now so strong that it can hide from my perception,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie guarded against Zhang Ruochen like a hen protecting a chick. He stood in front of Han Xue and was very rude and arrogant, he said, “Pervert, you don’t know, do you? I am a first-class powerhouse, capable of slaughtering the world. However, I was hit by the Shenlong Chaos Tower of Sun and Moon, and the remnant power of the Divine Artifact remained in my body. I couldn’t resolve it, so I couldn’t use my power.

“When I came to the Infernal Court, the Empress helped me resolve the remnant power of the Divine Artifact. Now, I can beat anyone under the divinity. Do you want to try?”

Zhang Ruochen said coldly, “Explain to me first. Why did you turn Han Xue into Lingxi? Where is the real Lingxi?”

Blackie opened its eyes wide. It was full of vigor, he said, “You still care about Little Mu? I thought that being a Scion in the Infernal Court was very enjoyable. You had the fairy from the Portrait of the Nine Beauties by your side, and the number one beauty of the Bloodysky Clan accompanying you. You even made the heaven-blessed daughter of the Yanluo Clan pregnant, and you had the Reverend bestow a marriage upon you, marrying the princess of the Rakshasa. You’ve already fallen into a tender state, haven’t you? Scions are truly different. They can do whatever they want. “If I were that Mu gal, I would have forgotten you instead.”

Han Xue pulled its wings.

“Don’t pull me. I haven’t finished,” said Blackie.

Blackie continued, “Look at you now. Are you a human or an Immortal Vampire? If it weren’t for your past aura, I wouldn’t even dare to recognize you standing in front of me. What a heavy stench of blood. You’ve killed many humans in the Infernal Court, haven’t you? Have you devoured any of them?”

Zhang Ruochen didn't defend himself. He just stared at him silently.

If Mu Lingxi was the woman he cared about the most, Blackie must be his closest friend. They had experienced so much that no other cultivator could compare to them.

Blackie knew that their friendship was very deep, which was why it dared to scold him so brazenly.

Perhaps it was waiting for Zhang Ruochen to explain and scold it back to refute it.

Blackie finally stopped after it was out of breath. Finally, it said, "Tell me, have I wronged you?"

Zhang Ruochen did not explain. Instead, he asked, "The Empress is on Hoth? I want to see her."

"You still want to see the Empress? If the Empress sees you, she will definitely slap you to death. Do you think that every cultivator is as easy to talk to as I am? And give you a chance to explain yourself? To tell you the truth, you've already been rated as the number one traitor of this Yuanhui period. Those who want to kill you can line up to one circle of Hoth," Blackie said angrily.

Han Xue finally flew over Blackie's wings and walked forward, "Master, I transformed into Lady Lingxi's appearance because I hope to see you as soon as possible. After all, it's too dangerous for us to go to Bloodysky Clan's Dominion and the Divine Domain of Destiny. We can only wait for you here."

Zhang Ruochen instantly understood what was going on. Whether it was Blackie attacking the property of the Xue Jue family or Han Xue changing into Mu Lingxi's appearance, their goal was to lure him to Hoth.

Otherwise, how could the cultivators sent by Lord Xia Yu find Mu Lingxi so easily in Mount Wutong?

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Where is she?"

Han Xue said, "After Lady Lingxi disappeared in Kunlun, Blackie asserted that she must have gone to the Infernal Court to find you! However, she knows nothing about the Infernal

Court. It must be extremely dangerous for her to find you. So, after coming to the Infernal Court, I mobilized the power of the Avīci Pavilion to look for her.”

“Any results?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Han Xue shook her head, and said, “Lady Lingxi must have changed her appearance. It’s even possible that she turned into a Corpusian or a Deathkin. According to various intelligence I gathered, the Avīci Pavilion only found a cultivator who was suspected to be her. The last place she appeared was in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.”

“I am heading over now,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Han Xue quickly added, “It’s useless to go now.”

“Why is that?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Because the cultivator suspected to be Lady Lingxi has been taken away by a cultivator from the royal family of Devala,” Han Xue explained.

“The royal family of Devala,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha’s figure instantly appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

That’s right!

It must be Luo Sha.

There were very few cultivators who knew that Mu Lingxi had come to the Infernal Court, and Luo Sha happened to be one of them.

With the power of Devala, it would not be difficult to find a cultivator in the Infernal Court.

Even if Mu Lingxi concealed her aura and changed her appearance, some things could not be changed. For example, the place to set off was definitely Kunlun. The aura of the Frost Phoenix could not be completely concealed, and her cultivation realm had not changed since.

As long as Devala said a word, the dark forces would give them face.

Once Mu Lingxi sneaked into the divine kingdom, her tracks would be exposed.

‘Luo Sha, what are you thinking?’ Zhang Ruochen wondered. Zhang Ruochen was worried. After all, Luo Sha was a woman. A narrow-minded woman. How could she tolerate another woman?

A Communication talisman flew from the sky and floated in front of Zhang Ruochen as he was about to rush to Devala.

Someone on Hoth actually sent a message to him.

To accurately send a message to the cultivator’s side, one had to grasp a trace of his aura and fuse it with the talisman if they didn’t have a spatial coordinate.

Opening the talisman, he saw that it was signed by Yan Hanyi.

He was the teacher who had taught Luo Sha and Luo Shengtian the Path of Flowing Light.

He had also come to Hoth.

The content of the talisman said, “On behalf of the princess, she wishes to inform you that Lady Lingxi is safe and sound in the royal palace of Devala. There’s no need to worry, my husband. When you come to Devala to marry me, you can be reunited with her.”

Seeing the content of the Communication talisman, Zhang Ruochen felt extremely complicated and curious. Luo Sha was clearly in Devala and was in seclusion. How could he guess that he had come to Hoth?

He had made many arrangements to secretly come to Hoth.

Now, it seemed that everything he had done was too deliberate in the eyes of some extremely intelligent cultivators. It had exposed his whereabouts.

In the beginning, Zhang Ruochen was only afraid of the gods. He was worried that the gods knew everything.

Now, it seemed that the gods weren’t the most terrifying. After all, no god would spend all their effort studying the

movements of a mere Supreme Saint.

Chapter 2459: Farewell, My Empress

“Pervert, are you still with me? I am very powerful now. I can suppress you with one claw.” said Blackie.

Being ignored by Zhang Ruochen made Blackie feel depressed and decided to teach him a lesson.

WHOOSH!

A powerful spiritual power was released from its body and condensed into streaks of thunder and fire. It melted the cave wall and rushed toward Zhang Ruochen.

This thunder and fire were even more terrifying than the Divine Purification Flame that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated. Zhang Ruochen realized that Blackie’s cultivation had really recovered. He had underestimated it before.

Crash

Suddenly, the space shattered and a three-meter-long hole appeared.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t balance himself and fell into the dark void. Then, he was swept away by a strange light beam and disappeared.

Blackie’s eyes changed slightly. He was about to chase into the void, but he was hit by an invisible power wave and rolled back like a top.

The sound of a sword rang out.

The Void Sword flew out and landed in Han Xue’s hand.

Blackie got up from the ground and said, “Don’t chase after him. It’s the Empress. The Empress took Zhang Ruochen away.”

Han Xue was worried. She frowned and said, “We have to go and plead for master. I believe that he must have been forced

to do what he did in the Infernal Court. It wasn't his original intention."

Blackie shook his head and said, "If the Empress wanted to kill him, why would she take him away? In her eyes, a mere Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint is just a stronger worm."

Han Xue put away the Void Sword and said, "I understand! Master must have met the Empress long ago. Maybe he also secretly joined the Avīci Pavilion."

Blackie shook his head again, "No," he said. "I think the Empress is fond of talents, so she mercifully spared Zhang Ruochen's life. She wants him to turn over a new leaf. The Empress is too kind, too grand, and too broad-minded. I can't compare to her.

"Oh, there is a bigger possibility. The Empress probably didn't kill him just now because of me. After all, I have a unique position in the Empress's heart. No one can replace me!"

Han Xue said, "Even so, why did the Empress hit you and send you flying back?"

Blackie's smug expression froze. With a face as black as a cat, he snorted and turned to leave. He said angrily, "Just wait to collect Zhang Ruochen's corpse. The Empress won't let him go."

...

Empress of Thousand Bones' Divine Plane was an endless sea.

The surface of the sea was as calm as a mirror, reflecting a clear reflection.

This was Zhang Ruochen's second visit. The Empress of Thousand Bones stood in front of him. Her posture was as straight as a divine sword. She was only wearing a white robe. Her black hair was casually draped behind her back, tied in the middle with a blue ribbon.

She had a gentle temperament, a noble and imposing elegance, a boundless and invisible mystery, and the spirit of a wargod

that swept through thousands of soldiers. No woman stood in front of her without feeling ashamed of her inferiority.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had been tempered to be firm enough, he was still impressed.

Zhang Ruochen had met many unique women, but none of them could be like Empress of Thousand Bones, who had all kinds of extreme temperaments condensed into one body. It was like a sacred mountain shrouded in clouds and mist. No matter how hard he tried to investigate, he could not see through it, he could not find it.

Compared to her, Chi Yao was less mysterious and more domineering.

Compared to her, Moon Goddess was less heroic and more gentle.

This was the first time Zhang Ruochen had seen the Empress of Thousand Bones' figure clearly, but he still couldn't see her face clearly. How beautiful was her face that could make men have endless illusions?

The Empress of Thousand Bones stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "In the past, I always thought that I could see through the essence of the world, including every cultivator I met. But I can't see through you and Pan Ruo."

"Recently, I've been thinking about a problem. Pan Ruo was clearly unwilling to agree to the marriage because of you. She even went against the will of the Reverend and almost died. However, not long ago, I told her that she didn't have to continue being a Scioness. She didn't have to risk staying in the Infernal Court. I told her to leave with you and pursue her own life. Guess what's her answer?"

"I think she refused!" Zhang Ruochen said.

The Empress of Thousand Bones nodded and said, "I asked her why, but she kept silent."

"She is a woman who doesn't like to explain and hides everything in her heart," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Empress of Thousand Bones said, "In that case, let me ask you a question. If I agree to help you save Chi Kunlun and Chi Kongyue, are you willing to leave the Infernal Court with Pan Ruo? I believe that you don't like the deceit of the Infernal Court and the smell of blood that can corrode people's hearts."

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and said, "No."

The Empress of Thousand Bones said, "Why? For her, you used the Avīci token and asked me to kill Lady Wind. Then you fought Yan Wushen to the death. Weren't these two things to stop her from marrying Yan Wushen? Didn't you want to be with her? Did you want her to continue staying in such a dangerous place like the Infernal Court? Or did you like staying in the Infernal Court and don't want to leave?"

"My Empress, I don't have the answers to your question," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Empress of Thousand Bones smiled. She said, "Human nature is indeed complicated. It's funny that I thought I had seen through everything in the world before. It seems that no matter what cultivation I reach, I can't see through the vastness of the universe and the depth of the human heart.

"I've already got Fuurei's Destiny Token. If you lend me the Canon of Destiny for some time, I can forge a brand-new Destiny Token."

The Empress of Thousand Bones stretched out a flawless white hand. Her five fingers were slender and long, looking extremely beautiful.

Zhang Ruochen reached out his palm and touched the sacred and inviolable hand. Instantly, a bright light bloomed between his palms, illuminating the entire Divine Plane.

For some reason, Zhang Ruochen could trust her without reservation even though they had only known each other for a short period.

Perhaps this was her charm!

She was able to establish the Avīci Pavilion in the Infernal Court and was listed as one of the top ten dark forces. She had many powerhouses under her command and countless

cultivators surrendered to her. It was definitely not something that could be achieved solely by cultivation.

After the Empress of Thousand Bones took away the Canon of Destiny, she said, “How long will you stay on Hoth?”

“Three months at most,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The Empress of Thousand Bones said, “Three months should be enough! I will return the Canon of Destiny to you within three months. Go. If you run into a problem on Hoth that you can’t solve, you can ask Blackie and Han Xue to summon the power of the Avci Pavilion to assist you.”

SWOOSH!

Numerous Dimensional Inscriptions flew out of her sleeve and hit Zhang Ruochen.

In the next moment, Zhang Ruochen felt as if his body was constantly jumping in space. He could neither breathe nor control his body.

When one of the jumps stopped, he could vaguely see the huge outline of Hoth. It was like a white egg floating in the universe. The surface of the egg was covered in mist.

A moment later, he stepped on the ground and found that he had returned to the cave in Mount Wutong.

Taking a long breath, Zhang Ruochen’s heart gradually calmed down. He thought to himself, “It seems that the Empress is not on Hoth at all. She is in the universe void far away from Hoth.”

At that moment, he estimated that he had traveled at least one billion miles, or even more.

The Empress’s spatial attainments were very high.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had returned safely, Han Xue’s worried heart finally settled. She said, “Master, the Empress didn’t make things difficult for you, did she?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly and asked, “In the Infernal Court, how many cultivators know that you are from the Avīci Pavilion?”

“Not many! After I came to the Infernal Court with the Grandmaster, the Empress noticed I had the Thousand Bones Physique, cultivated *God’s Fall*, and received the approval of the Void Sword. Therefore, the Empress thought that we were fated to meet each other and accepted me as her disciple. Only a few of the higher-ups of the Avīci Pavilion know about this,” Han Xue said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What about Blackie?”

“Blackie has only been in the Infernal Court for a short time. Although it has caused a lot of trouble on Hoth, few cultivators know that it is related to the Avīci Pavilion. The cultivators in Mount Wutong have seen it, but they will forget it after seeing it. Blackie’s spiritual power is strong. It will erase their memories,” Han Xue said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “If that’s the case, you can help me a little.”

Although the Empress had requested that Blackie and Han Xue mobilize the power of the Avci Pavilion to assist him, Zhang Ruochen did not dare to approach the Avci Pavilion.

He had to distance himself from the Avīci Pavilion.

“How about this, Han Xue? If you continue to stay in the Avci Pavilion, you should change your appearance and avoid contacting me directly,” Zhang Ruochen advised.

Han Xue asked, “And then?”

“When I need the help of the Avīci Pavilion, I will send you a message,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie snorted coldly in the cave and said, “The Avīci Pavilion is the Empress’s foundation. How can you mobilize it just because you want to?”

“This is the Empress’ idea!” Zhang Ruochen said.

“What?” said Blackie.

Blackie was so shocked that its eyeballs almost fell to the ground. He said, “Impossible. The Empress spared your life because of me. Ahem, maybe because of Xue’er.”

“The Empress also said that from now on, you should listen to my arrangements. If you don’t, she will hit your ears,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Are you kidding me? If the Empress said that, I... I will become a dog in my next rebirth.”

Blackie could not believe that the Empress was so noble and sacred that she would cooperate with scum like Zhang Ruochen.

It also could not believe that with its current cultivation and its previous friendship with the Empress, the Empress would let it listen to Zhang Ruochen?

It should be Zhang Ruochen who obeyed him.

After a while.

Blackie seemed to have communicated with the Empress’s spiritual sense. It came to Zhang Ruochen in a daze. There was an indescribable sadness in its eyes, it said, “It shouldn’t be. The Empress should trust me more. Why? Why? After waiting for 100,000 years, I’m not as good as you.”

Zhang Ruochen patted its head and said, “Have you thought about what you’ll become in the next rebirth? You Don’t have to become a dog. I think you’ll look good as a cat.”

“Really?” said Blackie.

Blackie’s eyes lit up. It felt that it was acceptable to become a cat.

After all, it had been a cat for 100,000 years.

“Let’s see your performance. Come with me to meet someone. There are some things I need to figure out,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Chapter 2460: A Brewing Storm on Hoth

“First of all, I would like to state that I agreed to help you because of the Empress,” said Blackie.

“Everyone on Hoth knows what you look like now. I think it’s better to turn into a cat so that people won’t notice,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“Turn into a cat? Are you trying to humiliate me? I am a noble Phoenix,” said Blackie.

“But you’re just an owl now. Who would believe that you’re a Phoenix?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Hearing this, Blackie was disheartened. He said unwillingly, “Can I not transform into a cat? I think it’s more powerful to transform into a tiger. It’d be best if you were a Divine beast.”

Zhang Ruochen made a strange face and said, “Or a Primeval Divine Beast?”

“Hey! That’s a good idea.” Blackie was delighted.

The voice of Intergold Tiger rang in Zhang Ruochen’s ears. “How do you know such an idiot? If it turns into a tiger, I’ll eat it in one bite. Neither the tigers nor the Primeval Divine Beast can afford to lose face.”

Blackie was pleased with himself and was about to change.

Zhang Ruochen coughed dryly and said, “I think you’re still not suitable to turn into a tiger.”

“Why not?” Blackie was stunned.

Zhang Ruochen said, “A tiger’s butt is too big. It’s fat and round. I’m afraid I can’t help myself.”

Blackie took two steps back with a guarded look. He thought to himself, ‘Zhang Ruochen is a scumbag. After fusing with

the Immortal Vampire bloodline, he has become a lot more perverted. He actually had thoughts on my butt.

‘It’s too scary!’

Without hesitation, Blackie turned into a black hedgehog and stared at Zhang Ruochen with a provocative look.

‘Come on, let’s fight.’ Blackie thought.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and flew away.

He was very confident in Blackie’s Shapeshifting technique.

It had followed the Empress and read a plethora of books. It had even taught Han Xue the God’s Fall, one of Kunlun’s six mysterious books. Blackie had naturally mastered the enigmatic Shapeshifting technique. Without a god, no cultivator could see through its powerful spiritual power.

Zhang Ruochen changed his appearance and entered West One City with Blackie the hedgehog.

There were 17 cities on Hoth, one in each district.

West One City was majestic and built on a vast ice field. The city walls were as tall as mountains, and the whole city was like an ice and snow Divine Beast.

Zhang Ruochen had found West One City based on the aura of the Communication talisman.

Using the Avīci Pavilion’s token, Zhang Ruochen quickly found out where Yan Hanyi lived. To be more precise, he found out that the Divine Prince of Devala had come to Hoth and the location of the Divine Prince’s temporary residence.

It was obvious that Yan Hanyi must have come with the Divine Prince.

“How did Luo Shengtian come to Hoth? It seems that Yan Hanyi didn’t come to Hoth to send a letter to Luo Sha. There must be something else important.”

Zhang Ruochen came to the temporary residence of the Divine Prince and saw the door open. Three figures walked out.

In addition to Luo Shengtian and Yan Hanyi, there was a cold-looking woman. It was Feng Qingli, whom Zhang Ruochen had met at the engagement party. This woman was Luo Sha's best friend and also Amane's disciple.

Luo Shengtian was extraordinary. He walked side by side with Feng Qingli.

He changed from his usual rigid and cold appearance. He smiled as he walked as if he was talking about something. The two of them were very close.

A delicate and elegant carriage was pulled by two white dragons. It drove in front of the three people.

Luo Shengtian came to the carriage and helped Feng Qingli to board it first.

Zhang Ruochen stood far away and saw all this. He smiled and said, "It seems that this Divine Prince is not an unromantic man."

Then, Zhang Ruochen secretly transmitted his voice to Yan Hanyi.

Yan Hanyi's ears twitched. He looked around without leaving any trace. He looked at Luo Shengtian, who was about to board the carriage, he said, "I still have to continue investigating the matter of the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. I won't accompany Your Highness and Miss Qingli to the banquet!"

Luo Shengtian did not expect Yan Hanyi to be so tactful. He was even satisfied, but his expression was very serious, he said, "Devala did not pay much attention to Hoth in the past. There were too few cultivators here. Now, I can only trouble teacher to handle it personally!"

"I don't feel at ease leaving such a secret matter to the cultivators below," Yan Hanyi said.

After the carriage left, Zhang Ruochen walked toward Yan Hanyi and asked, "Where should we talk?"

"In the mansion!" said Yan Hanyi.

Yan Hanyi carefully observed Zhang Ruochen. He was quite surprised. With his cultivation, he couldn't see through the flaws in Zhang Ruochen's Shapeshifting technique. Was this something a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint could do?

After entering the mansion, Yan Hanyi activated the array.

He said, "Actually, you don't have to avoid the Divine Prince. He has no ill intentions towards you. In the Divine Domain of Destiny, when the Adjudication Division surrounded the Vastsea Manor, Divine Prince sent all the cultivators of Devala out to look for Cang Baizi and Xing Qian. He wanted to help you get away with your crime."

Zhang Ruochen sat straight on the chair and changed his appearance, he smiled and said, "In the Fane of Destiny, I promised that I would meet him. Unfortunately, something happened later and I had to leave first. With his temper, how could he not be angry? If he saw me, the first thing he would do would be to fight me. On Hoth, I don't dare to fight easily, and I don't dare to expose my whereabouts."

Yan Hanyi showed an understanding look and said, "The Divine Prince is indeed a little angry about the matters regarding the House of Enchanteurs."

Zhang Ruochen stopped smiling and said, "Elder Yan should understand why I came to see you, right?"

The relaxed atmosphere just now was gone. The space in the room seemed to have frozen.

Yan Hanyi said, "You should know how the Princess feels about you. She won't do anything to disappoint you. Lady Lingxi will definitely not be wronged when she goes to the Royal Palace of Devala.

"Back then, at the engagement banquet, a cultivator wanted to embarrass you, so he deliberately added human flesh and blood into the dishes. It was the Princess who sent people to immediately remove the dishes. From these actions, it can be seen that the Princess cares about your feelings.

"Ever since she was young, the Princess has been doted on by thousands of people. Everyone, including the Emperor, has to

take into account her feelings and accommodate her in every way. This is the first time I've seen her take another person's feelings into consideration and accommodate him in every way.

"You may not know this, but when you were arrested by the Adjudication Division, the Princess personally went to the Emperor to save you and got a priceless Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. And she gave the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill to Lord Wu Yue of the Destiny Division."

Zhang Ruochen was stunned. He sighed and said, "I see."

It was not a coincidence that the Destiny Division and Lord Wu Yue had interfered in the matter.

Zhang Ruochen recalled all the things he had done since he had met Luo Sha. He felt a little guilty.

There were a few times when he had been too cruel to her.

She did not seem to hold a grudge.

Everyone thought that Luo Sha was extremely intelligent. However, when she met Zhang Ruochen and treated him, she seems to have lost her intellect.

If it was just because of a prophecy from the "Right Person," how could it be so?

She was so smart. How could she not see that Zhang Ruochen had no feelings for her?

She had sent someone to take Mu Lingxi away. Perhaps she just wanted to see what was so good about this woman that Zhang Ruochen fell in love with that she could not compare to?

Or perhaps she was just feeling a sense of crisis, worried about gains and losses, afraid that Zhang Ruochen would break off the engagement or even leave the Infernal Court.

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen asked, "Is Luo Sha in seclusion?"

The moment he asked this question, Zhang Ruochen's heart trembled. It seemed that this was the first time that he had

taken the initiative to care about Luo Sha and ask about her. Before, he did not seem to care about her at all. He did not even have the concept that she was already his fiancée.

Yan Hanyi said, "After the Princess reaches the Supreme Saint Realm, she can break the seal in her body and control the divine power she was born with. She'll need to seclude herself for a long time to understand and integrate."

Zhang Ruochen asked again, "Why did you come to Hoth?"

A strange look flashed in Yan Hanyi's eyes. He wanted to say something but stopped. Then he said, "Actually, many powerful figures came to Hoth for a big matter. However, this is a big matter. I can't reveal it."

Zhang Ruochen's heart moved. He already had a guess.

"I want to go to Devala. Can you help me?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was still worried. He planned to go personally. He wanted to see Mu Lingxi as well as Luo Sha.

Seeing the two women at the same time gave Zhang Ruochen a headache. However, no matter how much it gave him a headache, he had to go. He had to face them sooner or later.

"That's good too. The Princess really wants to see you," Yan Hanyi said.

Zhang Ruochen left the mansion. When he left, Yan Hanyi gave him a token. He could freely pass through the various dimensional teleportation arrays and wormholes of Devala's palace without exposing his identity.

Not long after he left the mansion, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. He looked up at the second floor on the right side of the street with a strange expression.

He saw Guye Jing, dressed in a blue robe, sitting by the window upstairs. She stared at him and moved her lips.

Her voice only rang in Zhang Ruochen's ears. "How about a cup of tea? We have something important to discuss."

Guye Jing had a drop of his blood. Zhang Ruochen was not surprised that she could find him and see through him.

Since he had already met her, how could he hide?

Besides, Zhang Ruochen also had a question in his heart and was about to ask her to solve it.

Blackie snorted. "Another woman, and a very powerful one at that. Zhang Ruochen, you are worse than I thought."

"Cut the crap. Just one question. Can you beat her?" Zhang Ruochen transmitted his voice.

Blackie opened and closed his eyes and looked arrogant. He said, "No matter how powerful she is, she is not as powerful as me. I can beat ten of her once I attack."

"Really? She is the most outstanding genius of the current generation in the Rāhu Mountains. She is only one step away from the divinity," Zhang Ruochen said.

"From the Rāhu Mountains?" said Blackie.

Blackie's eyes showed surprise and he muttered.

"Are you sure you can do it? Are you scared?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was very angry. Blackie liked to brag too much and would drop the ball at the critical moment.

Zhang Ruochen was cautious about Guye Jing.

This woman was unfathomable.

Blackie's tone was not as arrogant as before, he said, "The Rāhu Mountains are no small matter. It is a world formed by the body of the legendary Demon Patriarch, Rahu. This woman is very likely to have received the true inheritance of the Demon Patriarch. She can not be underestimated."

"What is the Demon Patriarch's lineage?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"It will take a while. I can't explain it to you. Let's go and meet her first. Now that my cultivation has recovered, I want to find a top-notch powerhouse to fight with. I want to make

the name of the Emperor who Slaughtered the Heavens and Earth resound in Celestial Court and Infernal Court again. I want to make all the living beings who see me tremble in fear,” Blackie said coldly.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He finally felt that Blackie was a little arrogant and a little blindly confident. He said, “You should restrain yourself. Now is not the time to expose your strength.”

He climbed up the tower and came to the opposite side of Guye Jing. Zhang Ruochen suddenly felt that the precepts of heaven and earth around him had changed. It was as if he had stepped into a small independent space.

However, he did not notice anything strange before approaching her.

Of course, it was also because Zhang Ruochen did not use the Heart of Truth to deliberately investigate.

“Why did you come to Hoth?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing held a teacup in her hand and carefully looked into Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. She said, “The five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin that were originally stored in the House of Enchanters were stolen! When they were stolen, the thief even killed Tan Fei.”

“What? How did this happen?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing said, “Do you want to know who stole the superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin?”

“Why are you looking at me like that? Do you think I stole the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing continued to stare at him as if she wanted to see through his reality and falsehood, “That’s the truth!” she said! “The five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin had been taken away by someone using spatial means through 17 layers of the barrier. Who else had such high spatial attainments other than you? Moreover, the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin were held in Tan Fei’s hands. When he self-detonated

his Sainthood Source, he shouted out that it was you who killed him.”

“Conspiracy, it’s definitely a conspiracy. Someone wants to frame me,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t dare to take the blame. The five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin would implicate more than a dozen big forces. Once this matter was confirmed, countless powerhouses would come looking for him.

For the sake of the Fane of Origin, those people would do anything.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Although I’m a Master of Space, there are countless cultivators with high spatial attainments in the Infernal Court. It’s not strange for a god to personally take action for superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin, right?”

“The god from the Rāhu Mountains went to the House of Enchanters to investigate. It’s confirmed that it wasn’t a god,” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I know. It’s Seven-Armed Elder. The Adjudication Division and the Destiny Division found the South-Haven Pollen at the place where Tan Fei self-detonated. That means it must be Seven-Armed Elder.”

“Seven-Armed Elder is missing. Even the Destiny Division hasn’t figured out his location. The Adjudication Division and the Destiny Division mobilized the power of the entire Fane of Destiny, but they couldn’t find any traces of Seven-Armed Elder leaving. Many cultivators guessed that Seven-Armed Elder might have been killed. But someone deliberately used the South-Haven Pollen to divert everyone’s attention to him, a dead man,” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen finally realized that Guye Jing did not believe that he had stolen the superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin from the beginning. She had asked him that just to test him.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “If Seven-Armed Elder is really dead, won’t the clue be lost?”

Guye Jing nodded and said, “The clue is lost, so we can only start from the source. The first place where the five superior-

grade Divine Crystals of Origin appeared was the House of Enchanters on Hoth.”

“Is that why you came to Hoth?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing said, “Yes! Actually, there is another clue.”

“What clue?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“You!” said Guye Jing.

“Me? Why me?” Zhang Ruochen asked innocently.

Guye Jing said, “Many cultivators think that you couldn’t steal five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin and kill Tan Fei. However, you did use the Violet Gourd in the area near the House of Enchanters. You had something to do with the death of Xing Qian, the disappearance of Cang Baizi, and the disappearance of Seven-Armed Elder. Even if it was a frame-up, why would others frame you instead of another cultivator?”

“Tell me, Master Ruochen, What are you hiding?”

Zhang Ruochen did have a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, so he felt uncomfortable and guilty under the gaze of Guye Jing. However, at this moment, he thought of a plan to kill two birds with one stone.

Perhaps he could use Guye Jing’s power to deal with Bai Qing’er.

A demoness and a wicked woman. He could only escape if they fought with each other.

Chapter 2461: Wuma Jiuxing

Zhang Ruochen rubbed his temples as he was exhausted. He said, "I did find something unusual in the House of Enchanters. How much do you know about Bai Qing'er?"

Hearing the name "Bai Qing'er", Guye Jing's calm and cold face turned solemn, she said, "She is known as the most mysterious woman in the Enchanter Chamber. There are rumors that her father is likely to be Huang Tian. As for her specific age, cultivation realm, saint techniques, secret techniques, and abilities, they are rarely revealed. Therefore, the outside world knows very little about her."

Zhang Ruochen said, "On the night you fought for the superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin, Bai Qing'er was in the House of Enchanters. Moreover, she tricked Noqoilpi, the Seven-Armed Elder cleverly."

"A bet on the Rainbow Viburnum?" Guye Jing asked.

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Guye Jing smiled lightly and said, "The cultivator who made Seven-Armed Elder lose hundreds of thousands of Godstones is called the Heaven and Earth Slaughterer. This news has long spread throughout the Infernal Court. Isn't that you?"

The hedgehog lying on the ground raised its head and glared at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Guye Jing will investigate him, so he admitted it, he said, "Yes, I am the Heaven and Earth Slaughterer. But I am not the one who set the trap. I just don't like the fact that the woman I love is at a disadvantage. That's why I intervened."

Guye Jing's eyes revealed a mocking look. She said, "The woman you love? You mean Yan Zhexian?"

"Yes," Zhang Ruochen said.

“Master Ruochen, you really are a sentimental person,” said Guye Jing.

The sarcasm in her words was strong!

Zhang Ruochen did not seem to care, he continued, “In the bet, the mysterious black-veiled cultivator is Bai Qing’er. Other than that, Cang Baizi, Lord Ironclad, Lord Huanxu, and Thandee are all her underlings.”

Guye Jing said, “The four you’re talking about are all top-notch Supreme Saints who are well-known. They have support from the Hall of Permanence and the Paarth Family. Why would they listen to a woman from the Enchanter Chamber?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Bai Qing’er is more powerful than you think. I only know that she used the power of the dream to control these Supreme Saints. If you don’t believe me, you can go and find out.”

“Fine! Even if Bai Qing’er has heaven-defying means, why did she set up a trap to deal with the Seven-Armed Elder?” Guye Jing asked.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen could not tell Guye Jing everything. With her intellect, she would be suspicious of him if she talked too much.

Zhang Ruochen shrugged and said, “How would I know? Why did she do that? Just to find out this matter, I have caused myself a great deal of trouble.”

“Continue,” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “That night, I followed Cang Baizi and left the House of Enchanters. I didn’t expect to see Bai Qing’er and the Seven-Armed Elder fighting. The Seven-Armed Elder and Xing Qian died at Bai Qing’er’s hands, while the Seven-Armed Elder killed Cang Baizi with one strike.

“Bai Qing’er’s spiritual power was strong. She found me hiding in the dark and wanted to kill me. I had no choice but to take out the Violet Gourd.

“Originally, even if I used the Violet Gourd, I couldn’t stop her. Fortunately, the last attack of the Seven-Armed Elder caused her a lot of trouble, so I was able to escape.

“That’s about it!

“I think the reason why I was targeted by the Adjudication Division must be Bai Qing’er’s doing. She manipulates others to kill me.”

More than 70% of what Zhang Ruochen said was true.

Guye Jing clearly believed him. She fell into deep thought and said, “I went to the area where you used the Violet Gourd to investigate. There were indeed traces of battle there, but the terrain was restored by someone with a brilliant method.”

“Bai Qing’er is too powerful. She should be ranked first below divinity of the Infernal Court,” said Zhang Ruochen as he showed a lingering fear on his face.

Guye Jing snorted, “You’re only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Your understanding of the top echelon below divinity is too shallow! Only a genius of the Yuanhui level who had reached the Paramount Realm would dare to claim to be the best below divinity. Since you know the truth, why didn’t you tell the Adjudication Division when they surrounded the Vastsea Manor?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “It’s obvious that Bai Qing’er and the Adjudication Division, and even the entire Fane of Destiny, have an unspeakable deal to kill me. Even if I tell the truth, it won’t change the situation. It’s better to deny it directly and pretend that I don’t know. They can’t do anything to me.

“By the way, Seven-Armed Elder said something before he died. I think Bai Qing’er killed him because she wanted to silence me.”

Guye Jing asked, “What did he say?”

Zhang Ruochen looked around with fear.

Guye Jing said, “Don’t worry. This is my Precept Domain. Even the gods can’t hear our conversation.”

Zhang Ruochen lowered his voice and said, “The Seven-Armed Elder said that even if he dies, he won’t tell me where he got the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.”

Guye Jing’s expression brightened. Her phoenix eyes opened and closed. She said, “Are you sure you didn’t hear wrong?”

“How could I hear wrongly? After careful analysis, I came up with a shocking guess,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing sneered, “Is there still a need to guess? The superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin appeared in the casino of the House of Enchanteurs because someone had already been to the Fane of Origin. That cultivator was Seven-Armed Elder. Tan Fei’s five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin must be related to the Seven-Armed Elder. Bai Qing’er probably found out that the Seven-Armed Elder is the source of the superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin by setting up a trap to deal with the Seven-Armed Elder.

“Everything makes sense now. I didn’t expect a mere Enchanter Chamber to be so ambitious.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “My guess is that The cultivator who stole the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin is most likely Bai Qing’er. Firstly, the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin and Tan Fei have been sealed in the House of Enchanteurs. Only the cultivators inside the House of Enchanteurs can do something.

“Secondly, why did Tan Fei suddenly self-detonate his Sainthood Source and shout that I killed him? I think it was Bai Qing’er who used the power of dreams. Only the power of dreams can alter reality.

“Thirdly, the Destiny Division intervened to save me. It was beyond Bai Qing’er’s expectations. She knew that the truth could not be hidden for long. Therefore, she used the South-Haven pollen to shift everyone’s attention back to the deceased Seven-Armed Elder. In this way, all the clues are broken.

“She wants to monopolize the Fane of Origin.”

Guye Jing was extremely shrewd. She had her own judgment and did not completely trust Zhang Ruochen.

She said, “These are your own words. I don’t believe that you would tell me such an important thing without any reservations. Of course, I believe that some of what you said should be the truth, but there should still be a lot left, right?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I know you have doubts. In fact, I’m telling you all this because I’m forced to.”

“Oh?” said Guye Jing.

Guye Jing showed an interesting look as if she did not believe him.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Bai Qing’er still did not give up on killing me. She chased me from the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan all the way to Hoth. Not long ago, she sent Thandee to capture my other beloved woman, Lord Xia Yu. She wanted to force me to submit and seal my mouth. Fortunately, I arrived in time to save Lord Xia Yu. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable.

“I know very well that with my cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, even if I were ten times stronger, Bai Qing’er would only need one finger to press me to death. So now, I really hope to form an alliance with a powerhouse who can fight against her. I really can’t think of anyone else but you.”

To make Guye Jing believe in him and despise him, Zhang Ruochen decided to continue portraying his lustful and amorous image.

Guye Jing sneered, “Your last words went against your heart! You chose to form an alliance with me for another purpose, right?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled awkwardly and said, “You’ve seen through me again! Yes, if to form an alliance, I have other options, such as Luo Shengtian. However, the only one who can help me resolve my inner demons is someone from The Rāhu Mountains.”

“You’d better be telling the truth. If you have other intentions, it’s better to give up as soon as possible. Otherwise, even if you’re Luo Sha’s fiancé, I’ll still show no mercy,” said Guye Jing.

Zhang Ruochen was stunned, but he immediately reacted.

Did Guye Jing think that he formed an alliance with her because he wanted to woo her?

Were all the women in the Infernal Court so self-righteous?

Or rather, the image he had created was too deeply rooted in people's hearts. As soon as he approached, all the women of the Infernal Court would immediately be on guard. They instinctively felt that he was plotting against them?

Zhang Ruochen said, "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave first!"

"Wait," said Guye Jing.

Guye Jing glanced at Zhang Ruochen and said, "I thought you say you wanted to form an alliance?"

"That's right. However, my cultivation is too weak now, so it's not suitable for me to get involved in this mess for the time being. So I've decided to go back to the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan to hide for a while and breakthrough to the Thousand-Koan Realm first," Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing said, "Why do you need to hide when I'm around?"

"Well..." said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was speechless. He didn't expect Guye Jing to act so irrationally.

His original plan was to provoke the conflict between Guye Jing and Bai Qing'er. He would go to Devala immediately. After returning, the two girls should have fought each other to the point where they were both injured. All he needed to do was pick up the bodies after that.

However, Guye Jing was obviously not easy to manipulate. She had no intention of letting him go.

Guye Jing said, "Since you suspect that Bai Qing'er stole five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin and killed Tan Fei, then let's go meet her and see how powerful she is."

"I can't interfere in a fight between powerhouses of your level," Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing shook her head, "Five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin were stolen by someone using Power of Dimension," she said. "So this time, we're going to deal with Bai Qing'er mainly to test whether she's proficient in the Path of Dimension. You're a Master of Space. How can you not interfere?"

Zhang Ruochen was not as crazy as Guye Jing. There were many powerhouses around Bai Qing'er. How could they be dealt with just like that?

He was about to reject her again.

Guye Jing said, "You're not going to use me to deal with Bai Qing'er and reap the benefits, are you? In other words, you've already obtained superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin. Bai Qing'er's purpose in dealing with you is to seize the superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin? You want me to deal with Bai Qing'er, and then you secretly went to the Fane of Origin?"

"Of course not. Everything I said earlier is true. We are allies. Our interests are the same," Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing said, "If you want to leave, I won't stop you."

"Since I have already formed an alliance with you, of course I won't leave. Come, let's discuss how to test Bai Qing'er. I have long wanted to teach that wicked woman a lesson." said Zhang Ruochen. He sat back in his chair, his gaze was serious and serious.

At this moment, Guye Jing's gaze suddenly shifted away from Zhang Ruochen. She looked out of the window and asked, "Have you heard of Wuma Jiuxing?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "Why did you suddenly mention him?"

Guye Jing said, "Wuma Jiuxing is 3,200 years old. He's the young master of the Pneuma Hall. He's a terrifying existence that everyone knows at the edge of the Infernal Court. He's known as the strongest person below divinity in all the dark forces. Although he's just the young master, he's in charge of the Pneuma Hall."

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but gasp. The Pneuma Hall was one of the top ten dark forces that were on par with the Avīci Pavilion. To be able to control such a huge force, his cultivation and skills must be at the top level.

Guye Jing said, "A thousand years ago, he killed Guo Ling, the Supreme Saint of the Ruiya Realm. Listen carefully, he only slashed once. Not only did he split Guo Ling into two, but Wuma Jiuxing also destroyed all of Guo Ling's life force. He could not escape and he could not re-form his physical body.

"Three hundred years ago, he fought with Yu Qiu, the former Scion of the Fane of Destiny. At that time, Yu Qiu, who had just reached the Paramount Realm, could only fight him to a draw. He could not win.

"Yu Qiu regarded that battle as a disgrace for his entire life. He felt that he had brought shame to the Fane of Destiny. A dignified Scion could not win against a dark force cultivator.

"Therefore, Yu Qiu secluded himself in the Fane of Destiny for a hundred years. When he came out of seclusion a hundred years later, he wanted to avenge himself, but Wuma Jiuxing went missing.

"The draw made Yu Qiu regret it for the rest of his life. Many cultivators thought that Yu Qiu didn't transcend the Divine Tribulation. It was more or less related to Wuma Jiuxing. The biggest taboo in transcending the Divine Tribulation is not having a complete state of mind."

Zhang Ruochen nodded seriously. He started to pay more attention to Wuma Jiuxing.

Every generation of the Scion and Scioness of the Fane of Destiny was a chosen talent. They could be nurtured by the whole fane and enjoy the cultivation resources that other cultivators couldn't.

Under such conditions, it was indeed a stain on one's life that one could only fight to a draw with a cultivator in the dark world of the same realm.

However, from another perspective, Wuma Jiuxing was indeed remarkable.

Guye Jing said, "About 30 years ago, Wuma Jiuxing, who had been missing for 200 years, reappeared in everyone's sight. His cultivation improved tremendously and stepped into a new world. Not long ago, he did something earth-shattering."

"What was it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing said, "He went to Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits. He only struck three times and killed three Paramount Realm Supreme Saints on the *Eminence Ranking*."

All the Supreme Saints on the *Eminence Ranking* were top powerhouses below divinity.

"Isn't he invincible below divinity?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing said, "You're right. Even if Yu Qiu is alive, he might not be able to defeat Wuma Jiuxing. No one knows where he has been for more than 100 years and what great opportunities he has obtained."

"Why did you suddenly mention him?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing said, "Because he came to Hoth and has a close relationship with Bai Qing'er. Yesterday, the Divine Judge, Zhuo Yunong led an enforcement team to surround the House of Enchanters and investigate the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. It was said that he interrogated Bai Qing'er."

"This morning, Wuma Jiuxing also announced that he would challenge Zhuo Yunong on behalf of the ten dark forces."

"After Yu Qiu failed to transcend the Divine Tribulation and Lord Ki Tian broke through to divinity, Zhuo Yunong became the number one cultivator below divinity of the Fane of Destiny. The ten great dark forces had never been accepted by the Fane of Destiny. They had been wiped out countless times. If Zhuo Yunong was defeated in this battle, it would be a huge blow to the prestige of the Fane of Destiny."

"Right now, Wuma Jiuxing is like the sun in the sky. He came with the power to kill three Paramount Realm Supreme Saints in a row. No cultivator thinks that Zhuo Yunong can win."

Everyone just wants to know if Zhuo Yunong can take his first strike.

“Since Wuma Jiuxing became famous, he has only taken one attack against almost all cultivators. The only cultivator who can take his first attack is Yu Qiu.

“And now, he’s here!”

Zhang Ruochen noticed the strange look in Guye Jing’s eyes. He finally turned his head and looked out the window.

...

Chapter 2462: The Blade That Shook the World

A 36-meter-tall Creo Dragon pulled a silver chariot and rolled over from afar.

The Creo Dragon was a purebred divine beast and was very close to adulthood. It was only one last transformation away from reaching the pseudo god level and exploding with the destructive power of a star.

This Creo Dragon's destructive aura might not have reached the star level yet, but the divine light emitted from its body could still burn the sky and boil the sea, scaring the saint realm cultivators in the city into fleeing.

The cultivators who were able to enter the city had at least surpassed the Four Realms of Martial Arts and had been reborn.

"It's the Creo Dragon and the Silver Cloud Chariot. Wuma Jiuxing has entered the city!"

"What a terrifying aura. Just a single breath of the dragon's breath can probably destroy the physiques of Neverwilt Realm and Hundred Shackle Realm Supreme Saints. The Creo Dragon has arrived and Hoth will definitely be turned upside down."

"As expected of the number one powerhouse in the dark forces. His mount is already unrivaled."

...

The city was not like other cities. It was strewn with Supreme Saint Inscriptions, Divine Marks, and Path locks. It was the home of Saint-level cultivators.

As a result, when a cultivator entered the city, both their cultivation and combat abilities were suppressed.

This was to prevent the battle between cultivators from destroying the city.

The higher the cultivation, the more severe the suppression.

Even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint could not destroy a city.

However, the aura of the Creo Dragon gave off a feeling that even the Path lock was trembling.

The chariot seemed to be able to crush the city.

Zhang Ruochen held his breath. His eyes were extremely serious.

BOOM!

BOOM!

...

The surrounding space trembled and the precepts of heaven and earth were in chaos.

In Zhang Ruochen's eyes, it wasn't like a Creo Dragon pulling a chariot. Instead, it was like a huge star rolling over. If it wanted to destroy everything in its path, the star could crush it too.

"Is this the invincible power below divinity? No, this is just the aura of his mount. His mount is almost invincible below divinity." said Zhang Ruochen as he was shocked.

Blackie couldn't help but raise its head. The thorns all over its body became sharper.

The Creo Dragon was approaching the pavilion they were in. It was 10 meters away and closing in fast.

All the cultivators in the pavilion had escaped.

Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing could only see less than ten cultivators within a five-mile radius.

Those who dared to stay were all well-known powerhouses in the Infernal Court. They were the overlords of the Saint Realm who could hold their own.

“Let’s go! I’m not interested in this show,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He didn’t want to attract too much attention.

Guye Jing shook her head, “Don’t worry,” she said. “The sturdiness of this city is far beyond your imagination. There were many locks in the middle of West One City. Even if Wuma Jiuxing was the best below divinity, the damage he could cause was still within control. Look, The cultivators of the Hoth Palace have arrived!”

The cultivators in verglas armor descended from the sky and appeared on the roofs of the city’s buildings.

Whoosh

They activated and interweaved the Supreme Saint inscriptions and the Divine Marks in the city with the lock.

The Hoth Palace was the true master of Hoth.

When they came to Hoth, any force, including the ten major forces, the cultivators of the Infernal Court’s ten clans, and even the cultivators of the Fane of Destiny, had to follow the rules of the Hoth Palace.

The appearance of the verglas armored cultivators meant that the Hoth Palace had tacitly acknowledged Wuma Jiuxing and Zhuo Yunong to fight in the West One City.

Other Supreme Saints did not have such qualifications.

Rumble

Creo Dragon’s breathing sound was like thunder.

Wherever the chariot passed, the precepts of heaven and earth were compressed, leaving only the precepts of the Path of Saber within 300 meters.

The buildings on both sides of the street were instantly metalized.

“Is this also the Precept Domain?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing nodded, she said, “Within the domain, there are only your own precepts. No other precepts, including the precepts of heaven and earth exist. Wuma Jiuxing is indeed very strong. Under the suppression of the three layers of Path lock, Supreme Saint inscriptions, and Divine Marks, the Precept Domain can still cover 300 meters. His Path of Saber is already at its pinnacle, able to slash through all the Paths in the world.”

Although the Paths in the world were categorized into Path of the Ancients, Path of Supreme Saint, Major Path, and Minor Path.

However, the strength wasn't from these Paths.

Instead, it depended on the cultivator.

As the cultivator with the steel saber could kill the cultivator with the bronze saber. The cultivator actually only required the wooden saber.

One's self was always the key to victory or defeat.

Although Wuma Jiuxing did not cultivate the Path of the Ancients, he had mastered the Path of Saber to its pinnacle. With a single strike, he could separate light and darkness, and break space and time.

Feeling Wuma Jiuxing's Precept Domain, Zhang Ruochen thought of his Self-Defined Mark of Time. Unfortunately, with his current cultivation, he could only condense a few at a time. Compared to Wuma Jiuxing's Precept Domain, it was like a few drops of water and a vast ocean.

The Creo Dragon and the chariot got closer and closer, stopping precisely 300 meters away.

Below the pavilion, it turned into a forest of sabers.

The air disappeared.

The Qi in the space turned into Saber Qi.

Each Saber Qi could destroy a cultivator's vitality and contain the Power of Death.

The cultivators who had been staying in the area quietly retreated under the pressure of Wuma Jiuxing's aura in the Creo Dragon and the chariot.

Zhang Ruochen also wanted to leave, but it was too late. Wuma Jiuxing's Precepts of Saber were like a peerless divine saber that hung in front of him. As long as he moved, the peerless divine saber would chop down.

With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, it was almost impossible for him to take on Wuma Jiuxing's strike.

Guye Jing was unexpectedly calm. She still sat across from Zhang Ruochen. She held the teacup between her fingers and looked straight at the Silver Cloud Chariot.

Creak

Zhuo Yunong pushed open the door on the third floor across the street and walked out. His upper body resembled that of a handsome human man. His lower body was shaped like a centipede. His arms were wrapped around two green and red python-like creatures.

The two creatures did not cower in fear in the face of the Creo Dragon's aura. Instead, they raised their hideous heads and opened their mouths, revealing their teeth.

"Zhuo Yunong, take my saber," said Wuma Jiuxing.

Wuma Jiuxing's voice came out of the Silver Cloud Chariot.

All of the Saber Qi and Saber Precepts within 300 meters condensed into a single point above the chariot.

The 300-meter space was sucked into a vacuum.

The point formed by the Saber Qi and Precept of Saber was like a cosmic singularity. Every ray of light released was sharp enough to split heaven and earth, but it also contained the energy of the entire universe.

Zhuo Yunong's aura instantly rose to the pinnacle.

A Gate of Destiny appeared behind him. The light of Destiny was extremely powerful. It shone on him. Because he was so

close, Zhang Ruochen believed that his cultivation had been suppressed to the point where he was no more than a mortal.

“As expected of the number one master of the Fane of Destiny. So powerful. Once he opens the Gate of Destiny, all laws will be lost. I’m no different from a mortal. I can’t use the Power of Time and Dimension. I can’t escape even if I want to.”

Zhang Ruochen was deeply aware of the gap between him and the top powerhouses below divinity. He predicted in his heart what realm he needed to cultivate to have the ability to escape from Zhuo Yunong.

Far!

Far from it!

Guye Jing’s expression was no longer as calm as before. She said, “It seems that everyone has underestimated Zhuo Yunong. This Divine Judge is much stronger than everyone imagined. Let’s go. We can’t stay here any longer!”

If it was a one-sided battle, the victor could be decided in one move. Of course, they could stay and watch.

However, if the winner could not be decided in one move, it would be a battle of the same level.

Whether or not they could receive the next move would determine the level of the powerhouses.

BOOM!

Wuma Jiuxing’s world-shaking blade slashed down. At the same time, Zhuo Yunong’s ax of judgment struck out. The two collided and immediately shook the world.

Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing had already retreated. They could not witness the battle between the two peerless powerhouses.

However, Zhang Ruochen used the Heart of Truth to sense. After the first collision, the vibration in the space did not end there. Instead, it evolved into an even more powerful destructive force.

It seems that Zhuo Yunong had blocked Wuma Jiuxing's first strike.

This battle only lasted for half a breath before it stopped.

The cultivators from the Hoth Palace who were in charge of activating the Supreme Saint Inscription and Divine Mark were all sent flying. They fell to the ground in disarray, bleeding from their seven orifices. Their injuries were not light.

The city walls within a radius of several thousand feet were broken. The Supreme Saint Inscription and Divine Mark were destroyed, and all the buildings were reduced to dust.

The pavilion beneath Zhuo Yunong was reduced to ruins.

He held the three-meter-long ax of judgment in his hand, and he still stood upright. His aura and battle prowess did not diminish in the slightest.

Crack

A crack appeared on his chest, and blood gushed out like a fountain.

“Zhuo Yunong, as expected of you.”

Wuma Jiuxing's voice came out of the Silver Cloud Chariot. Then, the Creo Dragon pulled the chariot and soared into the sky, disappearing into the horizon.

Lord Wu Yue was sitting on the street not far from the battlefield. The moment the battle ended, he suddenly stood up. However, when he saw the Gate of Destiny behind Zhuo Yunong dimming, he immediately sat back down.

To get rid of Wuma Jiuxing, he had to work together with Zhuo Yunong to have a chance.

Although there was internal strife in the Fane of Destiny, when faced with external enemies, they naturally had to work together.

Unfortunately, Zhuo Yunong was too heavily injured and lost the ability to fight again. Lord Wu Yue was alone. Even if he

attacked, he wouldn't be able to stop Wuma Jiuxing. Naturally, he could only watch him leave.

To the Fane of Destiny, today was already a day of humiliation.

If Lord Wu Yue attacked now, it would be fine if he could kill Wuma Jiuxing. If he could not kill him, it would only make the Fane of Destiny even more humiliated.

"Wuma Jiuxing is already the number one in the world. From today onwards, he will be the ruler of the Infernal Court. Such dissatisfaction!" Lord Wu Yue let out a long sigh.

No one knew better than him how powerful Zhuo Yunong was. Even Zhuo Yunong had been defeated in seven moves. Who else in divinity could beat him in the Infernal Court?

Guye Jing and Zhang Ruochen appeared outside the city and looked at the Silver Cloud Chariot flying away.

"Wuma Jiuxing just left like that?" Zhang Ruochen said as he was slightly surprised.

Guye Jing said, "If we continue to fight, there is at least a 30% chance that we will die together. That is not what Wuma Jiuxing wants to see."

Zhang Ruochen understood what Guye Jing meant. Since Zhuo Yunong could withstand Wuma Jiuxing's first strike, he would have a chance to gain time to self-detonate the Sainthood Source.

If Zhuo Yunong self-detonated the Sainthood Source, no matter how strong Wuma Jiuxing was, he would die without a doubt.

Wuma Jiuxing might be the strongest person below divinity, but it doesn't mean no one could stop him.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Divine Judge, the strongest person below divinity of the Fane of Destiny, could only block Wuma Jiuxing's seven strikes. The Fane of Destiny had fallen hard. I'm afraid they can only avenge the Fane of Destiny when Que grows up."

“How did you know that Zhuo Yunong blocked Wuma Jiuxing’s seven strikes?” Guye Jing was surprised.

In her opinion, even some Paramount Realm Supreme Saints might not be able to see clearly the battle between the two powerhouses.

Zhang Ruochen was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How could he do it?

“I’m a Yuanhui level genius,” Zhang Ruochen said with a smile. “I have something that ordinary cultivators can’t grasp.”

Guye Jing stared at Zhang Ruochen. She thought to herself that the news of Wuma Jiuxing defeating Zhuo Yunong would cause a huge uproar in the Infernal Court. To deal with the possible crisis in the next thousand years, the major forces would definitely support the chosen ones who could resist Wuma Jiuxing. Zhang Ruochen must be one of them.

The Scion of the Fane of Destiny had just died, and the Scioness had yet to mature. It was time for the new and old leaders to be replaced.

The Fane of Destiny had lost the leadership of the Infernal Court, and Wuma Jiuxing was invincible in the secular world. In the next thousand years, it was the time for the Pneuma Hall to expand. It was unknown how many territories and interests of the forces would be taken away.

Who could stop Wuma Jiuxing from bringing chaos to the Infernal Court?

Zhang Ruochen said, “Bai Qing’er can invite an invincible figure like Wuma Jiuxing. I think we should put the previous plan on hold for now. Provoking that wicked woman will be very disadvantageous to us.”

Guye Jing said, “Are you afraid of Wuma Jiuxing?”

“Can you beat him?” Zhang Ruochen asked back.

Guye Jing thought for a moment and said, “Although Wuma Jiuxing severely injured Zhuo Yunong in the fight just now, he should have been injured himself! He will hide and recuperate in a short time.”

“Why do you think so?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing said, “Because Zhuo Yunong didn’t die, and Wuma Jiuxing didn’t challenge Lord Wu Yue.”

“Perhaps Wuma Jiuxing was just afraid that Zhuo Yunong would self-destruct his Sainthood Source, or that the Fane of Destiny would seek revenge,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing shook her head, “The ten dark forces are often wiped out by the Fane of Destiny. How can they be afraid of revenge? Besides, Wuma Jiuxing and Zhuo Yunong are fighting one-on-one. No matter who dies, it’s not the other’s fault.

“In my opinion, Wuma Jiuxing didn’t challenge Zhuo Yunong just to stand up for Bai Qing’er. He had a deeper purpose. Firstly, he wanted to suppress the prestige of the Fane of Destiny and tell the major forces of the Infernal Court that the Fane of Destiny was not that terrifying and that it was not undefeatable. As long as the idea was planted, many forces in the Infernal Court who did not believe in Destiny would be tempted to take action. For example, the Yanluo Clan, Fengdu, and the Fane of Darkness.

“In that case, wouldn’t it be more influential if he took the risk to kill Zhuo Yunong or defeated Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue at the same time?

“But he didn’t do that.

“From this, it can be seen that he must be injured! For someone like him, once he is injured, he must hide and recuperate, just like you, who can’t see the light. If he sees the light, he will attract countless enemies. Those enemies will pounce on him like a pack of wolves, never giving him the chance to recover.

“And now is the best time for us to test Bai Qing’er.”

Chapter 2463: Yuan Qianmo and Que

The news that Wuma Jiuxing had mastered the saber technique and defeated Zhuo Yunong with seven strikes spread quickly throughout the Celestial Court and Infernal Court under the influence of someone who intended it to. It created a sensation all over the world.

“The Fane of Destiny has been defeated” was said by countless cultivators on the same day.

Wuma Jiuxing’s name resounded throughout the world because of the battle. He was like the top powerhouse below divinity. People looked up to him and were eager to challenge him.

The universe was very big, and there were countless powerhouses. There were still cultivators who wanted to challenge Wuma Jiuxing.

Fane of Death.

One of the most powerful female cultivators of the Deathkin, Yuan Shu, met Yuan Qianmo, who was ranked first in the *Tome of the Divines*.

Before Wuma Jiuxing defeated Zhuo Yunong, Yuan Qianmo was definitely the most famous Supreme Saint below divinity in Infernal Court. His cultivation was extremely profound. There was once a god who said that he could reach divinity with just a thought. Even the Divine Tribulation could not stop him.

The reason why he remained below divinity was that he wanted to accumulate more.

Only then would he be able to condense more Divine Planets after breaking through to divinity.

Yuan Qianmo was an extremely talented man. He had played the zither with Sword God Feng Chen and painted with Yu

Qiu.

At this moment, he was washing the plum blossoms while listening to Yuan Shu's narration.

He twirled his fingers and washed the plum blossoms.

Every petal of the plum blossom was washed extremely red as if it had been soaked in divine blood.

At his level of cultivation, it was as difficult as ascending to the heavens to take another small step forward, and closed-door cultivation was practically useless. It was because of this that he had the leisure to focus on all sorts of things that ordinary people found boring.

And this was actually also to comprehend the Path.

To seek the Great Perfection stage in the state of mind.

There were very few people and things that could interest Yuan Qianmo after reaching his current realm. The battle between Wuma Jiuxing and Zhuo Yunong finally stirred up ripples in his heart, which had been calm for a long time.

"Zhuo Yunong is not a weakling, and he even used the Supreme Artifact, the Axe of Judgement. Hmmm, it seems that Wuma Jiuxing has had a great opportunity in the past two hundred years. His Path of Saber has most likely reached divinity. Even though he hasn't entered divinity, his Path has already entered divinity," Yuan Qianmo said indifferently.

Yuan Shu stood under the plum blossom. Her perfect figure revealed her curvaceous outline under her golden clothes. She wore a crown on her head and had a noble temperament. She said, "As far as I know, many pseudo gods have not cultivated their Path to divinity."

"Aside from pseudo gods, even some true gods who have just broken through to divinity will need quite a long time to cultivate their Path to divinity," Yuan Qianmo explained. "In general, cultivators will first step into divinity and then convert their Path into the divine Path."

"It seems that it's not unreasonable for people to say that Wuma Jiuxing is invincible in the secular world," said Yuan

Shu.

After Yuan Qianmo finished washing the last plum blossom, he took the silk satin from the maid and wiped his wet fingers dry. He said, "There are mountains beyond the mountains and heavens beyond the heavens. Whoever dares to claim that he is invincible in the secular world will become the target of everyone."

Yuan Shu nodded her head lightly, and a smile appeared in her phoenix eyes. She said, "Since Senior Brother has no intention to fight Wuma Jiuxing, then we will just sit back and watch the show. I believe that the Fane of Destiny will definitely take action."

"No!" said Yuan Qianmo.

Yuan Qianmo waved his hand, his eyes solemn, he said, "I can sense that the opportunity for me to become a God has arrived. "It is precisely the time when I need to become the target of everyone. Before I make a breakthrough, I must train myself repeatedly. Wuma Jiuxing is my first furnace flame before I become a god."

Yuan Shu looked surprised and confused.

He was training himself by refining.

Wuma Jiuxing was his furnace. If he was not careful, his furnace would be destroyed.

Was it too risky for a heavenly blessed son who was bound to become a god?

"I must go to Hoth," said Yuan Qianmo.

Yuan Qianmo raised his head and looked at the horizon. He was deep in thought.

Why did Zhuo Yunong and Wuma Jiuxing appear on Hoth at the same time? It was very strange, and he had to go.

It was the last test before becoming a god, and it was also to solve the doubts in his heart.

...

“The person who defeated Wuma Jiuxing in the Fane of Destiny is in the Illusion Palace.”

Xu Rulai, an Overseer of the Divination Division transmitted the message to the new Scioness, Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo walked out of the Scioness Hall and went to the Illusion Palace, one of the Fane of Destiny’s twelve palaces.

The Illusion Palace was one of the most mysterious places in the Fane of Destiny. It was not built on Mount Destiny, but in the void. One had to pass through the teleportation array in the fane to reach it.

Whoosh

Pan Ruo walked out of the teleportation array and arrived outside of the Illusion Palace. She just happened to see a sword light flying out of the towering and ancient palace in front of her.

This sword light was extremely sharp, and it cut a Celestial Captive who was at the Banshi Isshou Realm into two halves.

This Celestial Slave’s spiritual power wasn’t sealed, and he held the Supreme Artifact, Pentastone Sword in his hand. His battle prowess wasn’t something Lord Hornless could compare to.

Unfortunately, his opponent was even stronger.

BOOM!

BOOM!

The two pieces of his body fell to the ground, and it was difficult to reconnect them.

Furthermore, the flesh and blood on the wound were rapidly disappearing.

Pan Ruo glanced at the Celestial Captive who was lying on the ground and she recognized him. He was once a Supreme Saint of the Fane of Destiny. His cultivation level was at the Late-stage of the Banshi Isshou Realm. He was quite powerful.

Unfortunately, he was found to be a spy sent by the Pangu Realm to the Infernal Court. Naturally, he became a Celestial

Captive and was tortured.

Who could cut him into two with a Supreme Artifact?

Could he be the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of the Illusion Palace?

Pan Ruo quickly saw the figure of the swordsman.

That person walked out of the gate of the divine palace. He was holding the sword, Kagamaru, which was as thin as a cicada's wings. He walked down the stairs step by step and came to the side of the Celestial Captive.

It was Que.

This was not the first time Pan Ruo had seen Que. However, the current Que was like a completely different person compared to when he was on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

His aura was so strong that she found it hard to breathe.

The sharpness of his sword intent made it seem like he was the embodiment of the essence of Swordsmanship.

"I said that if you can take three strikes, I will spare your life. It's a pity that you didn't even manage to take the first strike," said Que.

Que's eyes were indifferent. He waved using Kagamaru and instantly, the Neverwithers physique of the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint turned into dust and flew away.

In the end, even the dust dissipated into nothingness. There was nothing left, including the Sainthood Source.

Pan Ruo activated the Nether River and circled her body to resolve the immense pressure Que gave her. She said, "Your current cultivation level doesn't seem to be at the Early-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm."

The Kagamaru in Que's hand disappeared and he picked up the Pentastone Sword on the ground, he said, "My state of mind is flawless and my heart of the Path is firm. There is nothing for me to question. The Thousand-Koan Realm is not a barrier to my cultivation. After breaking through to the

Thousand-Koan Realm, I took the fifth step and reached the Middle-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. After taking the fifteenth step, I have reached the Late-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm.”

After taking the fifteenth step, he broke through two realms.

Pan Ruo was amazed. No wonder the Destiny Division had predicted that the person who had defeated Wuma Jiuxing was in the Illusion Palace. Only a talented person like Que could ascend to the top of the mortal world and save the reputation of the Fane of Destiny.

In terms of the state of mind, Que had devoted himself to cultivating the Oblivion Swordsmanship. He had reached a state that no one could compare to.

A swordmaster and his sword. He didn't need anything else.

Other so-called geniuses or God Candidate looked mediocre in front of him.

Que continued, “I thought I could reach the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm in one go, so I continued to move forward. When I reached the 99th step and was about to break through the realm, Zhang Ruochen's figure appeared in my mind, along with two questions.”

“What are the questions?” asked Pan Ruo.

Que said, “Can I defeat a Yuanhui-level genius in the same realm? If I didn't lose the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, can I condense the 10th Saintwill? These two questions are related to Zhang Ruochen.”

“So you must find Zhang Ruochen if you want to break through the realm?” asked Pan Ruo.

Que nodded deeply and said, “Zhang Ruochen is the inheritor of Saint Monk Xumi. He and I are destined to have a fight. I got this Pentastone Sword from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. A gift to you.”

“This is a Supreme Artifact!” said Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo was surprised. She couldn't calm herself down and deal with the situation.

Que said, "So what if it's a Supreme Artifact? It'll only be an obstacle for me. It'll be an inner demon that hinders my cultivation. Besides, Zhang Ruochen can give away a Supreme Artifact. Why can't I?"

"You want to beat him in terms of the state of mind. In fact, his state of mind isn't as good as yours," said Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo took the Pentastone Sword. Two snow-white fingers slid across the sword. Suddenly, the colorful light shone brightly. The sound of the sword shook heaven and earth. It was indeed a peerless sword.

Que shook his head and said, "I wasn't thinking of defeating him every time. I just want to learn from my opponent, do what he did, and understand his mentality," he said. "Only if you know your opponent well enough can you be more confident in defeating him. Zhang Ruochen is my last obstacle in breaking through to the Banshi Isshou Realm. It's also my first challenge."

"An unprecedented challenge? As far as I know, Zhang Ruochen hasn't cultivated to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He's far from being your opponent now," Pan Ruo said.

"No! He's my greatest enemy since I started cultivating. I can look down on anyone, but I won't underestimate him. I know you're here for Wuma Jiuxing's matter, but you don't know that Wuma Jiuxing is far less important to me than Zhang Ruochen.

"For other Supreme Saints, the cultivation of the Thousand-Koan Realm is to perfect the state of mind and challenge the self. But for me, I have long defeated myself. My only goal is to defeat Zhang Ruochen in the same realm."

"What if you are well prepared, but you still can't defeat him?" asked Pan Ruo.

"Even if I can't defeat him, it is still an answer. What I want is an answer. I will do my best to get the answer I desired."

Pan Ruo faintly felt that Zhang Ruochen's greatest enemy in the Thousand-Koan Realm had appeared.

Zhuo Yunong's defeat had indeed dealt a heavy blow to the reputation of the Fane of Destiny.

The Death Palace had initiated and took the lead. The Death Palace's Black Robe High Priest had sent ten powerful figures, the Ten Wraithions, to Hoth to kill Wuma Jiuxing and get rid of the culprit who was about to bring chaos to the secular world.

Wuma Jiuxing might not be a threat to the deities, but he was indeed a rock that could cause a thousand ripples. All the top powerhouses below the divinity in Infernal Court were shocked as they looked at Hoth.

...

The House of Enchanteurs on Hoth was located in Hothfrost, but it was not built in Hoth City.

The House of Enchanteurs was about a thousand miles away from Hoth City. Because of its existence, more and more cultivators gathered around it. In the end, it turned into a city.

Enchanton.

Enchanton could be considered the 18th city on Hoth. It was also covered with Supreme Saint inscriptions, Divine Marks, and Path locks. However, compared to a real city, it was much smaller.

Those who could enter the city were at least in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't go to Devala in the end. He was traveling with Guye Jing like he was her captive.

Before entering the city, Zhang Ruochen told Guye Jing, "With your current appearance and having been to too many places. Bai Qing'er is so smart, how could she not know your identity? Once you enter the city, you will definitely be noticed."

Thus, Guye Jing changed her cyan-robed scholar robe and put on a bright red flowing fairy dress.

She was originally a woman disguised as a man. She untied the hair on her head and her black hair fell down. At the same

time, her face became seductive. Her chest was full, and she was very perky. She exuded a seductive aura all the time.

Guye Jing was charming. She raised her snow-white chin and pretended to be flirtatious. She tidied Zhang Ruochen's clothes with her two hands and smiled. She said, "Master Ruochen, is this okay?"

Blackie's eyes were wide open. He couldn't help but say, "Amazing."

Even Zhang Ruochen didn't think that she would change so much, let alone Blackie. Her every frown and smile could seduce a man to the point that he couldn't extricate himself.

In the past, any man wouldn't have any thoughts about her.

But now, even a male hedgehog wouldn't be able to stand her!

Zhang Ruochen remembered that at the engagement party when she was with Luo Sha and her close friends, she looked so seductive and tender.

Zhang Ruochen sniffed the fragrance coming from her body and looked at her white and smooth face up close. He looked down and saw where he should not look. But in his heart, he told himself that he must be rational. This woman was very dangerous.

"Say something. I'm still waiting for your answer. You just keep looking at me. Are you attracted to me? And you're saying you don't have other intentions?" She laughed, her chest heaving.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and said, "Do you have two souls in your body? How can one person change so much?"

"Yes, the one you met before was my sister, Guye Jing. My name is Guye Huanhuan." Guye Jing nodded and said seriously.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly understood and said, "I see."

"You believe that? You are so gullible! Little Sha is so smart. How could she find such a stupid fiancé? It's fine if you are stupid. She even treated you as a treasure. Anyway, I didn't

see anything good in you. Let's go. What are you waiting for? Are you mad because I called you stupid?"

Guye Jing smiled sweetly at Zhang Ruochen. Then, she put her hands behind her back and smiled charmingly. She walked into Enchanton, jumping up and down.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Blackie and said, "Am I stupid?"

"No, you're not stupid. This woman is too wicked. I almost believed her just now! Fortunately, I'm a little smarter than you, so I didn't believe her completely," Blackie said seriously.

Chapter 2464: Transforming into Blood Emperor

That night, Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing secretly entered the House of Enchanteurs to investigate. Unfortunately, they returned empty-handed. They couldn't even find Bai Qing'er's residence.

"Bai Qing'er is hiding. There's a big possibility that she's not in the House of Enchanteurs anymore." a troubled look appeared on Guye Jing's bewitching face.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to fight with Bai Qing'er directly. He said deliberately, "She has the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, so she must be looking for Fane of Origin. Maybe she's already left Hoth."

Guye Jing snorted. "Impossible! Although we couldn't find her, Adjudication Division and Destiny Division must be watching her. She wouldn't dare to act rashly. Besides, in order to find Fane of Origin, only supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origins isn't enough. She still needs the participation of Masters of Origin. Infernal Court's Master of Origin are all under the surveillance of The Rāhu Mountains. Bai Qing'er hasn't contacted them yet."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Does that mean that Bai Qing'er is still on Hoth?"

"There's a big possibility that she's in Enchanton," Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "We have two major problems now. First, we can't find Bai Qing'er.

"Second, if Bai Qing'er is still in Enchanton, even if we find her, we won't dare to attack. Enchanton is the territory of the Enchanter Chamber. Not only are there many elites in the city, but there's also a powerful array set up. Unless we can

lure her out of the city. However, that's an even more difficult matter."

Guye Jing's eyes darted around as a charming smile appeared on her pretty face, "Bai Qing'er has hidden very well, but the cultivators under her aren't difficult to find. There will always be someone who knows where she's hiding. How about this, leave the first problem to me to solve. I'll leave the second problem to you. As a Master of Time and Space, you should have a way, right?"

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and said, "I can try if you can find Bai Qing'er's hiding place."

"Wait for the good news."

The graceful and graceful body turned into wisps of pink light and flew out of the window. Her voice went away.

The voice of Seven-Armed Elder came from Qiankun Realm. "Bai Qing'er's cultivation is unfathomable, and her wisdom is incomparable. It's not wise to provoke her, not to mention that Enchanton is her territory. Now that the demoness is gone, you should think of a way to escape."

Seven-Armed Elder had fought with Bai Qing'er before. He knew how terrifying she was, and he was afraid of her.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen didn't want to risk his life with Guye Jing. However, if he ran away now, all his efforts would be wasted. The key was that Guye Jing had a drop of his blood. Even if he wanted to run away, he couldn't.

"Since Guye Jing dared to probe Bai Qing'er's strength, she must have some confidence in her ability. Besides, I also want to know did Bai Qing'er stole the five supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin." Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought.

Seven-Armed Elder wanted to tell Zhang Ruochen that the five supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin had been swapped by him and were all in his hands.

However, he had already lied to Zhang Ruochen. If he told the truth now, it was hard to guarantee that Zhang Ruochen would not fly off the handle. Even if he did not become angry out of humiliation, Zhang Ruochen could finish him off and become

the only person who has the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.

“I’ll hide the truth first. When I leave Hoth and escape from Qiankun Realm, I’ll run away immediately. No matter how powerful Fane of Destiny is, they can’t compare to the vast universe. They might not even be able to catch me after then”

That was what Seven-Armed Elder thought. He also had a vicious thought. Once I leave Hoth, I’d better kill Zhang Ruochen and take everything he has.

He didn’t dare to do that on Hoth.

After all, Adjudication Division, Destiny Division, and many cultivators from big forces were looking for him. He could only hide in Qiankun Realm without being able to be predicted.

...

This place was a stronghold of The Rāhu Mountains in Enchanton.

Zhang Ruochen opened Sundial, took out void silk, the wood of Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Taiyi Primordial Stone powder, and other rare refining materials. He was preparing to refine a Dimensional Scroll.

Multi-Dimensional Scroll.

Secret Tome of Time and Space could be considered multi-dimensional, but it could only be used to trap people. The Multi-Dimensional Scroll that Zhang Ruochen refined not only had 36 layers of dimensions, but each layer of dimension had a different offensive power.

Time passed.

More than half a year had passed within the area covered by Sundial.

When Zhang Ruochen carved the last Dimensional Inscription, a dazzling holy light appeared on the scroll. Layers of spatial illusions unfolded like bubbles.

Whoosh —

All the spatial illusions disappeared and shrank into the scroll.

“It’s done!”

Zhang Ruochen’s face showed joy. When he reached out and grabbed, Multi-Dimensional Scroll flew into his hand.

A red shadow flashed.

Guye Jing carried a cultivator and entered the door. She appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Her bright eyes stared at the scroll in Zhang Ruochen’s hand. “Is this the dimensional tactic you refined to deal with Bai Qing’er?”

“With my current attainments in dimension, this is the most powerful scroll I can refine. It used a lot of rare materials. It might not be able to deal with Bai Qing’er, but it should be able to trap her for a while. Unfortunately, it’s a single-use scroll. Otherwise, I can let you test its power first.”

Zhang Ruochen looked down and stared at the cultivator in Guye Jing’s hand. He exclaimed, “He is...”

“Demonsky Clan, Lord Huanxu,”

With a bang, Guye Jing threw Lord Huanxu to the ground like a dead dog.

Lord Huanxu had been subdued by Bai Qing’er. Zhang Ruochen had told Guye Jing about this.

However, Zhang Ruochen was somewhat surprised that a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint was easily taken out by Guye Jing.

Guye Jing said, “I’ve already interrogated him. This so-called Lord is a weak-willed weakling who revealed all his secrets. Bai Qing’er is still in Enchanton but not in the House of Enchanteurs, she’s in Ji Feng Manor. I’ve checked this manor. It belongs to Ji Feng City in Dominion of Bloodysky Clan.”

“Since you’ve already interrogated him, why did you bring him back? If it were me, he would have been turned into ashes,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing looked at Zhang Ruochen from top to bottom and said with a smile, "I have a plan that might work like a charm."

Zhang Ruochen was not stupid. He immediately understood and said, "You want me to become Lord Huanxu?"

"Yes, that's why I brought him back. I know that you Immortal Vampires need to suck the blood of a cultivator before you can fully become that cultivator," Guye Jing said.

"I'm not interested in blood,"

Zhang Ruochen frowned and squatted down to observe Lord Huanxu carefully. He took off Lord Huanxu's armor and put it on himself. Then, his body and appearance changed rapidly. His body expanded, and his temperament became much more ostentatious.

Zhang Ruochen imitated Lord Huanxu's tone. His voice was deep and arrogant. He smiled and said, "Do you think I can hide my current appearance from Bai Qing'er?"

"Lord Huanxu wouldn't dare to be so arrogant in front of Bai Qing'er." Guye Jing sat quietly at the table and laughed. Her long, jade-white legs were crossed, making the outline of her snow-white backside faintly visible in the depths of her red dress, she was extremely seductive.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands and pretended to be terrified. He bowed and said in a trembling voice, "You're right, miss."

"No matter how well you pretend, Bai Qing'er will soon see through you if you don't have the memories of Lord Huanxu. However, you don't have to pretend for long. It's enough once you've entered Ji Feng Manor and see Bai Qing'er's true form with this identity!"

Guye Jing's slim waist was like a bow. She jumped up from the table and landed on the ground lightly. Her snow-lotus-like arm wrapped around Zhang Ruochen's arm. Her beautiful eyes were filled with love and said softly, "From now on, I'm the new concubine of the Blood Emperor on Hoth. My name is Huanhuan."

“That’s not a good idea! It’s too obvious. How about I put you in Violet Gourd and let you out after I see Bai Qing’er?”

Zhang Ruochen felt that Guye Jing had become very bold, her personality now was comparable to Luo Sha’s.

Guye Jing raised her face and stared at him. “You want to suppress me in Violet Gourd?”

“Of course not. You’ve misunderstood!”

Zhang Ruochen straightened his broad chest and held Guye Jing’s waist. He laughed and walked out. “Haha! Let’s go, Huanhuan. Come with me to meet Miss Bai.”

Just as he was about to step out of the door, Zhang Ruochen suddenly thought of something. He turned around and a ball of Divine Purification Fire flew out of his palm. It landed on Lord Huanxu and burned him into ashes.

He waved his hand, and a Sainthood Source flew into Zhang Ruochen’s hand.

Guye Jing stretched out her small white hand and said mischievously, “Blood Emperor, how about giving this Sainthood Source to me?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that Guye Jing would never give him the Sainthood Source of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. So, he had to pretend to be heroic and put Sainthood Source in her hand, “Of course. It’s for you, my darling.”

Blackie was a little stunned. He didn’t expect Zhang Ruochen to get into character so quickly. Gritting his teeth, he cursed in a low voice, “Adulterers! A pair of shameless adulterers!”

...

As soon as Zhang Ruochen arrived at Ji Feng Manor, a Saint King came out to greet him.

This Saint King was Ji Wenwu, who had met Zhang Ruochen on the blood spirit ship on Hoth.

Ji Wenwu bowed. “Greetings, Blood Emperor.”

Ji Wenwu looked up slightly. Seeing the beauty in a red dress in Blood Emperor’s arms, his mind went blank. He felt that the

beauty was as beautiful as a goddess from the ninth heaven descending to Earth. At the same time, she was like the embodiment of desire, able to seduce any man's soul.

He could not help but swallow his saliva, feeling sorrowful in his heart, "I'm really envious. It's only been a few days since I came to Hoth, but Lord Huanxu had already obtained such a beautiful woman. In the future, I must cultivate to Supreme Saint Realm and become a Blood Emperor."

Thinking of this, Ji Wenwu couldn't help but take a look at Guye Jing. He was instantly mesmerized and couldn't hear clearly what Lord Huanxu had said to him.

Unknowingly, he brought Lord Huanxu into Ji Feng Manor and came to the hinterland of the manor. He stood by Tianxin Lake where Bai Qing'er lived.

Along the way, Zhang Ruochen secretly observed the environment of Ji Feng Manor. He was shocked and doubtful.

A large number of array inscriptions had been carved in Ji Feng Manor recently. If he had not transformed into the appearance of Lord Huanxu, it would have been extremely difficult for him to come to Lake Tianxin without anyone noticing.

"Bai Qing'er is very cautious. This place has been carefully arranged. It's extremely difficult to escape. We'd better be careful." Zhang Ruochen secretly transmitted his voice to Guye Jing.

"Your spiritual power is too weak. It's better if you don't transmit your voice," Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen was speechless. Even with his spiritual power of the 65th level, he had been criticized for having too low spiritual power. However, after thinking about it, even the spiritual power of Seven-Armed Elder at the 69th level could not do anything to Bai Qing'er.

His spiritual power of the 65th level was indeed inferior in front of her.

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and said to Ji Wenwu, "You can leave now. I have a secret matter to report Miss Bai."

Before Ji Wenwu left, he didn't forget to take a look at Guye Jing before he reluctantly left.

He didn't have the courage to fight with Lord Huanxu for a woman.

Between beauty and life, he chose his life with his last bit of reason.

There was a white garden beside Lake Tianxin. It was shrouded in mist. The eaves and horns were faintly discernible, and the exotic flowers and plants were emitting a charming fragrance.

“Why have you come to see me?”

Bai Qing'er's gentle and beautiful voice came from the mist. It was extremely vast and distant.

Zhang Ruochen quickly bowed and said, “Miss, I have found Lord Xia Yu's trace.”

Rustle

A breeze blew.

A three-foot-wide road was separated in the fog, leading to the gate of the garden.

There was no doubt that other than this road, other places must have set up an Offensive Array. One wrong step and he would definitely be in a death situation.

When Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing were about to walk over...

Crack!

A scarlet thunder fire flew out of the white fog and struck Zhang Ruochen like lightning.

The speed of the thunder fire was so fast that Zhang Ruochen could not dodge it at all. In just a moment, he felt a heavy blow to his chest. His internal organs shook violently, and his body was thrown out of control.

This attack was terrible, but it was not enough to hurt Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen had to pretend that he was seriously injured. He struggled to get up from the ground, clutched his chest, and asked, “M-Miss, w-what was that for?”

“This is what you get for forgetting the rules! Who told you to bring a woman here?”

Bai Qing’er’s voice was still beautiful, but unusually cold.

There was killing intent in the coldness.

Whoosh

Two Immortal Vampires’ Supreme Saints rushed over with dozens of armored soldiers. They surrounded Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing.

When they saw Guye Jing, their hearts surged. Their eyes were burning. Such a beautiful woman was too rare. She was like a god-given beauty.

Bai Qing’er’s voice came out, “Take her away and execute her. Do you have any objections?”

Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing looked at each other.

Guye Jing’s voice came into Zhang Ruochen’s ears, she said, “Don’t worry about me. Go in and see her first. Act according to the situation. No matter what, we must not expose our identities now. Otherwise, once the array in Ji Feng Manor is activated, none of us will be able to escape. After I finish them off, I will meet up with you. I hope you are capable to hold on until I get there.”

Guye Jing was taken away. Zhang Ruochen’s face was dark and his mood was terrible. He walked into the garden with the intention to die.

There was no other way. With Bai Qing’er’s intelligence, Zhang Ruochen suspected that she could see through him the moment she saw him.

However, there was no other way. If he ran now, he would only die faster.

“No, I can’t just sit here and wait for death. I have to think of something.” Zhang Ruochen walked slowly, thinking in every

step.

However, he soon arrived at the gate of the garden. He looked back and saw a vast expanse of whiteness behind him. The path he had taken before had disappeared.

There was no way back.

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Chapter 2465: The bet between Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing'er

“If I want to hide it from Bai Qing'er, I have to distract her first. There are very few things that can distract her. I have to think about it carefully.”

Zhang Ruochen already had an idea when he walked into the gate of the garden.

Bai Qing'er did not use the Heaven-Concealing technique to hide her aura. There was no black gauze on her body. Instead, she wore a pure white dress. Her arms were wrapped in white silk, and her body was surrounded by saint light. She was leisurely fiddling with six pots of orchids.

The six pots of orchids had dark green leaves and rose-red petals.

The fragrance of the flowers was elegant and lasting.

Zhang Ruochen took a quick glance and immediately discovered the strangeness of the six pots of orchids. The petals looked like skulls. They emitted not only the fragrance of the flowers but also the aura of death.

“Omnivore Orchid.”

The word popped up in Zhang Ruochen's mind, and he immediately felt a chill down his spine.

Bai Qing'er was indeed evil. On the outside, she looked pure and innocent like a fairy. However, what she does was even more shocking and evil than Guye Jing.

Bai Qing'er did not turn around. With her back facing him, she held a foot-long bamboo knife and dug the soil in the flower

plate.

Beside her were two beautiful 17-or 18-year-old handmaidens. They both looked extremely beautiful, comparable to the saintesses of the ancient sects. Zhang Ruochen could not see through their cultivation. Thus, that was why Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to use his spiritual power and Eye of Truth.

Zhang Ruochen imitated Lord Huanxu's tone and bowed. "Miss, Xia Yu went to Fane of Immortality."

"So Zhang Ruochen really came to Hoth." Bai Qing'er raised her bamboo knife. Her eyes were still looking at the orchids in the purple flower pot. She felt that the more she looked, the more beautiful the orchids were.

Zhang Ruochen was secretly shocked. "How can you be sure that Zhang Ruochen came to Hoth?"

"If Xia Yu hadn't listened to Zhang Ruochen's instructions, how could she suddenly leave? I think she must have gone to Fane of Immortality to avoid trouble!"

Zhang Ruochen said, "You are right, Miss is indeed very smart. Besides that, I have more important news to report."

"What is it?" Bai Qing'er asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Someone found traces of Seven-Armed Elder on Hoth."

"I can't believe it."

Bai Qing'er finally seemed to care. She turned around and looked straight at Zhang Ruochen with her extraordinarily beautiful eyes. Her eyes seemed gentle, but they were penetrating. Zhang Ruochen felt like he was being stabbed by needles.

Zhang Ruochen did not feel this way even when he was talking to a god.

"What an extraordinarily beautiful woman. No wonder a superior like Wu Ma Jiuxing fell in love with her. Her elegant and pure temperament, coupled with her ruthless style that was completely incompatible with her temperament, made men

even more curious about her. It made them want to see through her.”

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to look her in the eye. He looked down and said, “A cultivator found him in the gambling city of West One City.”

“Are you sure?” Bai Qing’er asked.

“I’m not sure.”

“How dare you report to me when you’re not sure?” Bai Qing’er’s eyes were as cold as a knife.

A bone-piercing cold Qi poured into Zhang Ruochen’s armor from his collar and sleeves, freezing his Neverwithers physique.

This woman was temperamental.

She had a bad temper.

Zhang Ruochen lowered his head and said, “I’ll go check it out.”

Zhang Ruochen wanted to take this opportunity to slip away. As he took a step back, Bai Qing’er put away the cold Qi and said, “No need! It’s such a small matter. I’ll ask the cultivators of the House of Enchanters to check it out. Don’t go yet. I need your help with another matter.”

Zhang Ruochen was anxious, but he had to show a calm expression. “It’s my honor to serve you.”

Bai Qing’er said to the maid on the left, “Shang Yue, release my new batch of slaves.”

The girl named Shang Yue took out a talisman from her sleeve and pinched it between her two slender fingers. She exhaled Saint Qi from her red lips. Immediately, Saint-level slaves were blown out of the talisman.

Bang Bang.

There were seventy-four slaves wearing handcuffs and leg irons.

At this moment, a chilly wind suddenly blew in the garden, and a weird sound that made people's skin crawl sounded. It sounded like ghosts locking souls, demons eating humans, and demonic beasts coming into being.

The weird sound came from six pots of orchids.

A gentle smile appeared on Bai Qing'er's beautiful and stunning face. "Don't worry. They're all yours."

She raised her right hand slightly, and the seventy-four slaves on the ground twitched. They let out shrill screams, and their shadows of souls flew out of their bodies.

Six ferocious skulls popped out of the six pots of orchids and devoured all their Saint Souls.

The 74 saint-level slaves lost their breath of life and fell limply to the ground.

A look of disgust appeared in Shang Yue's eyes. With a wave of her snow-white palm, she produced a ball of Divine Purification Flame and burned the 74 saint-level slaves to ashes, leaving only 74 Sainthood Sources.

"This woman's cultivation is even higher than Thandee's and Lord Huanxu's." Zhang Ruochen saw some clues and was surprised.

He was surprised that Bai Qing'er had so many elites around her that she could be compared to a macroworld like Guanghai.

Bai Qing'er stared at the flowers in the pot that was even brighter, "My six pots of orchids are all rare species that have lived for more than a Yuanhui period. They only eat the Saint Souls of Saint-level cultivators. Also, you can't use the spiritual spring to water them. You have to use the blood of Supreme Saints. Lord Huanxu, can you use your Supreme Saint blood to water them for me?"

Zhang Ruochen cursed silently. This woman was so insidious and mean.

He secretly sympathized with Thandee and Lord Huanxu. It was too difficult to be Bai Qing'er's subordinate. They

wouldn't know when they would be put to death by her.

"Miss," Zhang Ruochen said fearfully, "Blood Qi is very important to us Immortal Vampires. If we lose too much blood, our cultivation will be greatly reduced."

"You don't want to? You just said that it's your honor to work for me." Bai Qing'er frowned with displeasure.

Another maid, Shang Xia said coldly, "In my opinion, why don't we just kill him? Not only can we use his blood to water your beloved orchids, but we can also use his Saint Soul to feed all six pots of orchids."

Not only did Bai Qing'er not object, but she seemed to be moved.

How could the life of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint be inferior to six pots of orchids in her eyes? Wait, it could only be used as food for six pots of orchids.

Zhang Ruochen was in a difficult situation now. It was impossible for him to use his blood to water the orchids.

Once the blood left his body, his identity would be exposed.

However, if he did not water it, he would die.

It was even more unreliable to pin his hopes on Guye Jing. He had to think of a way himself. Zhang Ruochen's eyes were fixed on Primordial Spatial Worm that had turned into a ring on his finger.

At the same time, he slid the Multi-Dimensional Scroll out of his sleeve and hid it in his left hand.

"It seems that the sword Qi prepared for Madam Nixuan must be used on Bai Qing'er in advance."

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to attack, Bai Qing'er smiled and said, "Forget it. Ruochen is known as a Yuanhui-level genius. Wouldn't it be a pity to kill him just like that?"

The two handmaidens Shang Yue and Shang Xia were surprised.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were stunned, but he quickly recovered. He no longer bowed and groveled. He stood up and

sighed. “You’ve already seen through it!”

Swoosh!

Whoosh!

A saint sword flew out of Shang Yue’s and Shang Xia’s bodies.

Two swords, one burning divine flame and the other releasing icy Saint Qi.

The two women changed their identities and appeared on Zhang Ruochen’s left and right sides as if they had teleported. They locked onto him with sword comprehension.

Bai Qing’er said, “Zhang Ruochen is as great as he is. He’s already in a desperate situation, but he’s still so calm.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at her and asked, “How did you see through me?”

“From the first time I saw you, I knew that you weren’t Lord Huanxu. Your way of Shapeshifting is very mysterious. You disguised his temperament perfectly. However, with Lord Huanxu’s personality, when he sees my true face, he’ll definitely be greedy and take a few more glances. You only took one glance and immediately lowered your head,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen laughed self-deprecatingly. “I should have taken a few more looks just now.”

“You’ve been looking for so long. Haven’t you seen enough?” Bai Qing’er asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “It’s just a small detail. I’m afraid just by that you can’t see through that Lord Huanxu is fake or if I transformed into his appearance.”

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen’s body and appearance changed back to his original appearance.

“So, I tested you from the back! The best evidence is that you don’t dare to use blood to water Omnivore Orchid.”

She continued, “At the beginning, you told me that you had found out the whereabouts of Seven-Armed Elder. You

probably wanted to distract me, right? Unfortunately, your move just exposed your identity.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Why?”

“There are no more than ten cultivators who know that I am very interested in Seven-Armed Elder, and every one of them is my servant and subordinate.

“There is only one exception, and that person is you, Zhang Ruochen. In Divine Domain of Destiny, when you used Violet Gourd to collect Cang Baizi, you mistakenly took in Seven-Armed who was hiding in Xing Qian’s corpse.”

Bai Qing’er’s eyes rippled. She smiled and said, “So, it was you who revealed a flaw that allowed me to see through your identity.”

Zhang Ruochen exclaimed “Amazing” three times in his heart. There was nothing wrong with his Shapeshifting technique, but Bai Qing’er had found a flaw in the details. This woman was more powerful than he had expected.

“No! I can’t follow her tempo. She wants to destroy my self-confidence. She wants to control me and make me her slave, just like how she controlled Thandee and Lord Huanxu.”

Zhang Ruochen broke out in cold sweat. He didn’t want to talk to her anymore.

Clang

The sound of a sword rang out.

Ancient Abyssal Blade flew out and appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s hand.

“The so-called Yuanhui-level genius is so impatient? Actually, we may not be enemies.”

Bai Qing’er looked at Shang Yue and Shang Xia, signaling with her eyes.

The two women immediately put away their swords. The two sharp sword wills that locked on Zhang Ruochen disappeared. It was as if two sacred mountains had been removed from Zhang Ruochen’s body. He felt much more relaxed.

“Ruochen, you are an honored guest. Prepare some tea,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You almost killed me with the hands of Adjudication Division. You also framed me for stealing five supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and always tried to kill me. Why aren’t we enemies? I won’t drink the tea of my enemy.”

“Master Ruochen knows about supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin? Who told you that? Seven-Armed Elder?” Bai Qing’er asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I have no comment.”

Bai Qing’er shook her head gently and said, “Ruochen, you’d better not believe Seven-Armed Elder. This old man is very scheming and shrewd. You must be careful.”

“You don’t have to worry about me. I have my own judgment,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Shang Yue walked over gracefully with a green crystal tray.

There was a pot of tea and a set of teacups on the tray.

She put the tray on the stone table in the garden and said with a smile, “Please.”

Zhang Ruochen was a little hesitant. Should he escape immediately or stick to the original plan and stall for time until Guye Jing arrived.

There were many powerful figures hidden in the garden. Several powerful spiritual powers had just probed him. If he escaped, Zhang Ruochen wasn’t completely confident.

Shang Yue said, “The famous Zhang Ruochen — the peerless genius favored by both Wargod Bloodximus and Fukurokuju — is so cowardly? Shang Yue is really disappointed.”

“A maid dared to goad me. I underestimated the Enchanter Chamber,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Shang Yue laughed. “Master Ruochen has such bad judgment. I’m not a maid, I’m master’s first disciple.”

Zhang Ruochen wasn't interested in flirting with his enemy at a life-and-death moment. "There's no need for tea. Miss Bai, if you have anything to say, just say it."

"Okay! I only have one request. Give me the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and Seven-Armed Elder. From now on, we're no longer enemies. You can leave whenever you want. If you are still brooding over the past, I am willing to personally offer you a cup of tea to make amends." Bai Qing'er lowered her stance and said.

The lower her stance, the greater Zhang Ruochen's sense of crisis.

Zhang Ruochen laughed loudly. "Do you think I am a fool, Miss Bai? Does giving you the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and Seven-Armed Elder equivalent to losing my last bargaining chip. How can I survive?"

Bai Qing'er sighed. "If it wasn't the last resort, how would I dare to kill you? If Wargod Bloodximus and Fukurokuju found out, it would be a disaster for me and the Enchanter Chamber."

"The other meaning of this sentence is that you can kill me without any scruples as long as you deal with it cleanly so that Wargod Bloodximus and Fukurokuju can't find out."

Zhang Ruochen didn't fall for her trick at all. He couldn't trust her with just one thought.

Bai Qing'er finally lost her patience and didn't want to pretend anymore and said coldly "I know it's not easy to keep you. And you should also know that it's as difficult as climbing up to the sky if you want to escape. In that case, let's make a bet."

"How?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing'er waved her finger gently.

Suddenly, the tall figure of Lord Ironclad walked out of the garden and stood behind her. He looked at Zhang Ruochen with a pair of hostile eyes.

Bai Qing'er raised her snow-white neck slightly, she said proudly, "To be honest, I'm very disdainful of the so-called

Yuanhui level geniuses. I'm not just talking about you and Yan Wushen, but also Wargod Bloodximius and Huang Tian.

"However, I also heard that during the battle between you and Yan Wushen, your battle strength was close to a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, which shocked me. However, that's just a rumor. I've never believed rumors."

"Many of the rumors are false," Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing'er pointed at Lord Ironclad, "His cultivation has reached the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm. If you can defeat him, it means that you're worthy of the title of Yuanhui-level genius. I've always cherished talents. Even if he's an enemy, I can spare his life."

"I don't believe you," Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing'er said, "Of course, I won't let you go, but I can let you go today."

"What do you mean?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing'er said, "If you can defeat Lord Ironclad, and prove your talent. I will let you go today. However, I can promise you that I will capture you twice in three months. If I can do it, you will submit to me from then on. Zhang Ruochen, do you dare to take the risk?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "You are more conceited than I expected to capture me three times. I want to know, what if you can't do it?"

Bai Qing'er saw that Zhang Ruochen had the intention to agree, so she immediately looked relaxed. She smiled sweetly and said, "Wargod Bloodximius has traveled all over Infernal Court to help you with the marriage alliance. The marriage invitation has been sent to the Enchanter Chamber, and he has even specifically asked me to marry you. If I can't capture you three times, it means that you're actually capable. I'll agree to Wargod's marriage request. It won't be a loss. Do you think this bet is fair?"

"Of course, you have to pass through Lord Ironclad first. If you can't even defeat him, it only means that you're not

worthy of the title of a Yuanhui-level genius. Thus, there's no value for you to live.”

Chapter 2466: Battling Lord Ironclad

Zhang Ruochen wasn't surprised to hear that Wargod Bloodximus had arranged a marriage for him everywhere.

As for the marriage invitation, Zhang Ruochen also believed when it was sent to the Enchanter Chamber with Bai Qing'er's name. Wargod Bloodximus had always been straightforward. He could name the Palace Guardian of Sevenstar Imperial Palace "Huang Tian". Therefore it seemed to be a great pleasure for him to let the daughter of Huang Tian marry his grandson.

Perhaps, Wargod Bloodximus was looking forward to seeing the furious look of Huang Tian.

Zhang Ruochen would not do such a reckless thing to fight with Lord Ironclad who was at the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm.

He had a clear understanding of his own strength. He would not be as arrogant and condescending as Bai Qing'er.

If a person lost his self-awareness, he would often become self-involved.

If they self-indulgent too much, no matter how smart they were, they would die miserably.

Zhang Ruochen had fought against a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint before. Back on Mount Destiny, Commander Cerberus had only used Precept Domain to suppress him. Yet he had to mobilize the power of Qiankun to withstand it.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen knew very well that with his current cultivation, he wouldn't be able to win even if he

fought against a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, let alone a Supreme Saint at the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm.

Hundred-Shackle Realm and Thousand-Koan Realm is a great span of realm.

Thousand-Koan Realm and Banshi Isshou Realm, is another big realm span.

At that time, when Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen battled, he did burst out the power close to a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. However, that was only possible when he himself was almost killed.

Zhang Ruochen would never want to do it again.

What If luck wasn't on his side this time?

Lord Ironclad was different. He was a Supreme Saint at the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm. Every strike could reach the strongest strength below Paramount Realm.

This was a battle he can't win. Zhang Ruochen knew it, and so did Bai Qing'er.

However, Zhang Ruochen agreed to the bet.

Bai Qing'er was surprised. She said, "Master Ruochen is very confident in yourself. You are indeed the descendant of Wargod Bloodximus."

"I'm not confident in myself. I just want to marry Miss Bai as a concubine. This is what Wargod wants me to do. Thus, I have to fight for it," Zhang Ruochen said with a smile.

The real reason why Zhang Ruochen agreed to the bet was that he wanted to stall for time.

As for marrying Bai Qing'er?

Even if she offered to marry him, Zhang Ruochen would stay away from her.

Some women could not be touched.

Bai Qing'er smiled and walked to the stone table. She walked past Lord Ironclad. She waved her jade-like fingers and said,

“You have to give Master Ruochen a chance to win. How about this, you use 10% of your power.”

“I will seal 90% of my cultivation,”

Lord Ironclad formed a fingerprint and pressed the nine acupoints in his body. Instantly, most of the Precepts in his body seemed to freeze. They lost their vitality and dimmed.

Even so, the number of Precepts he could use was more than 10 times Zhang Ruochen’s 13 billion Precepts.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Bai Qing’er. Seeing that she didn’t want to take a blood oath, he was even more sure of his guess.

She didn’t care about the so-called bet at all. There were only two purposes for Lord Ironclad to make a move.

The first was to make Zhang Ruochen lower his guard in the name of battle and look for an opportunity to capture or kill him instantly.

The second was to use Lord Ironclad to find out the secret of Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation.

She knew very well that there were some secrets that even if she captured Zhang Ruochen, she would not be able to get them out. However, when she forced Zhang Ruochen into a life-and-death situation, he would expose himself.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes changed. Suddenly, he said, “No, this place is too narrow. How can I freely display my talents? Why don’t we change the battlefield to the void space outside Hoth?”

“There’s no need to go through so much trouble. I’ll open up a battlefield for you.”

Bai Qing’er sat at the stone table and spilled the half-drunk tea.

The water dripped onto the ground.

A drop of water turned into a lake.

There were 50 lakes in the garden, which corresponded to the number of Dayan.

The heaven and earth under Zhang Ruochen's feet unwittingly expanded and turned boundless. The 50 lakes rippled with green waves for thousand miles. The tea was fragrant.

Beans turned into soldiers, and water turned into lakes.

"Miss, you didn't have to go through so much trouble. I only need to activate my Precept Domain to trap him to death."

Lord Ironclad stared at Zhang Ruochen provocatively. Hundred billions of Precepts surged out of his body and condensed into a Precept Domain. In an instant, an ancient, dark, and bloody battlefield appeared.

In this Precept Domain battlefield, there were dilapidated cities, mountains burning with beacon fire, Nether flags fluttering in the wind, and corpses and bones all over the ground.

The moment the Precept Domain battlefield enveloped Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen sensed that the power was even more terrifying than the suppression of the nine Ghost Cities of Commander Cerberus. There seemed to be countless Precepts between heaven and earth that wanted to invade his body and corrode his flesh and blood.

Even though Lord Ironclad sealed 90% of his cultivation, he was still better than Commander Cerberus.

Almost in an instant, Zhang Ruochen borrowed the power of Qiankun to break the Precept Domain Precepts that were suppressing on his body. A ray of Light of Merit appeared on his body.

Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light was put on his body.

Swoosh!

He retreated rapidly and crossed dozens of miles in an instant.

Boom!

The spot where Zhang Ruochen had been standing just now was shattered by the blast of battle Qi from Lord Ironclad's mouth.

In this area, numerous locks, Supreme Saint inscriptions, and Divine Marks appeared. They resolved the aftermath of the battle and could not affect a wider area.

Shang Yue let out a soft cry. "It's the strongest Meritorious Armor at 10,000 times the speed of sound. Zhang Ruochen has such a strange treasure."

"What's so strange about it? In Kunlun's field, Zhang Ruochen has killed countless elites of Celestial Court. The treasure he obtained is by far more than Million Mach Meritorious Armor." Shang Xia stared at Zhang Ruochen on the battlefield, her eyes flashed as if she was looking at a human-shaped treasure trove.

Shang Yue said, "Master, I'm curious. Zhang Ruochen is only in Hundred-Shackle Realm. Why don't you take him down? With master's cultivation, if you can turn water into a lake, then Zhang Ruochen and Lord Ironclad are just toys in your cup."

Bai Qing'er didn't answer. Her almond-shaped eyes stared at the battlefield where the two fought.

Shang Xia's eyes were cold, he said, "Shang Yue, you underestimate Zhang Ruochen too much! Although he's only in Hundred-Shackle Realm, he has Xue Jue Family backing him up. How could Wargod Bloodximus and Blood Empress not give him life-saving means? Zhang Ruochen dared to break into Ji Feng Manor alone, it means that he has the confidence to leave."

Shang Yue was disdainful and said, "With master's cultivation, even if Zhang Ruochen has life-saving means, it's not worth mentioning. Unless the real forms of Wargod Bloodximus and Blood Empress came. Yet, it's a pity that the two of them have already gone to Jadeite Realm."

Shang Xia said, "If Zhang Ruochen was so easy to capture, he would have died long ago. It's impossible for him to live until now. Lord Ironclad should be able to force out his secret."

Powerful figures walked out of the fog in the garden. Some were old women with white hair, some were spirits with

ghostly Qi, and there was a mysterious Supreme Saint whose aura was no weaker than Lord Ironclad.

Without exception, all of them had a high cultivation base. One breath of them could be turned into clouds. Their power was powerful and overbearing.

Who would have thought that there were so many Supreme Saints hidden in such a small manor? Even an ancient race could not compare.

An old woman with a face full of wrinkles, her voice was hoarse. “Miss, what are you trying to test? Why haven’t you made your move yet? Could it be that you believe that Zhang Ruochen had the ability to defeat Lord Ironclad? Even if Lord Ironclad only used 10% of his cultivation, he could not be defeated by a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint.”

Although the old woman’s figure was old and somewhat rotten, her eyes were still bright. There were the sun, moon, and stars revolving in her eyes, forming a mysterious trajectory.

The mysterious Supreme Saint in white said, “Zhang Ruochen has 0.003% of Canon of Destiny. If you kill him and absorb his Canon, your strength will definitely improve.”

“I think Zhang Ruochen has not only Canon of Destiny, but also Canon of Truth.” a sinister voice came from the ghost fire.

Bai Qing’er, who had been silent, finally spoke, “You are all too shallow. What you see is only the surface. What I want to understand is the most fundamental mystery of Zhang Ruochen. It is not normal for him to cultivate Grade Two Saintwill so easily. Even when Wargod Bloodsximius and Huang Tian cultivated Grade Two Saintwill, it is not as easy as he did.

“Besides, I have a few questions. Why is Zhang Ruochen’s recovery so fast?

“If he is not a disciple of Fane of Truth, how can he cultivate Shoreless Star Ocean of the Realm-frame of Truth? What did he gain after crossing the tenth level of Sea of Truth?

“These secrets will only be revealed when he’s forced to the brink of death. We can’t force him to answer by capturing him.”

After saying these words, Bai Qing’er’s voice entered the battlefield, it sounded in the sky above the battlefield. “Zhang Ruochen, if you defeat the 10% Lord Ironclad, our bet will still be valid. If you want to leave, I won’t force you to stay.”

On the battlefield.

Lord Ironclad had struck out 137 times in a row. However, Zhang Ruochen dodged each time with his speed.

Lord Ironclad was extremely angry. He had clearly suppressed Zhang Ruochen in the Precept Domain. If it had been any other Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, they would have been at his mercy and had nowhere to run. However, Zhang Ruochen had Million Mach Meritorious Armor. The Precept Domain couldn’t suppress him.

“You only know how to run. Do you still want to win?” Lord Ironclad asked in a low voice.

Zhang Ruochen landed in the center of a lake. Standing on the water, his body shone with light. “You’re a Supreme Saint at the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm. I’m just a minor character in Hundred-Shackle Realm. Why can’t I run?”

Zhang Ruochen hadn’t thought about fighting. He put on the armor to stall for time.

“Good! In that case, I’ll let you have no way to escape.”

Lord Ironclad’s eyes turned cold. In the Precept Domain battlefield, the Precepts emerged and twisted with each other, turning into hundreds of millions of chains.

Crash.

The Precept chains approached from afar, shrinking the range of their coverage.

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand, creating a Dimensional Rift, and struck the Precept chain net.

The Precept chain net broke a huge hole, but the hole was closed in an instant.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. Lord Ironclad didn't use his Precept Domain to suppress him. Instead, he turned Precepts into a cage to imprison him. This would force him to fight head-on.

“Why isn't that demoness here yet?”

Zhang Ruochen was speechless. He didn't want to reveal his strength. He only hoped that his enemy would always look down on him.

There was nothing he could do. He could only fight.

Lord Ironclad summoned a bone spear. Divine Marks interweaved on the bone spear. It was obviously made of divine bone. With a wave of his hand, the bone spear surged with Death Qi. It turned into a cloud of death that covered the entire cage.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the surface of the lake. He remained calm. Borrowing the power of Qiankun, he fused it into Divine Dragonbone Whip.

Crack

The Divine Dragonbone Whip lashed out, and an earth-shattering dragon roar sounded.

On the whip, dense Supreme Inscriptions and Regal Inscription appeared at the same time. They exploded with incomparable power, shattering the cloud of death. It was as if the sky had been torn into two.

Lord Ironclad's expression changed slightly. He waved his bone spear and clashed with Divine Dragonbone Whip. He retreated.

The aftershock of the battle caused waves to rise in the 50 lakes.

The powerful figures in the garden, including Bai Qing'er's two disciples — Shang Yue and Shang Xia — were all shocked.

Zhang Ruochen had defeated Lord Ironclad!

It was unbelievable.

They had never seen the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen. Of course, they did not believe the exaggerated rumors. However, they could not deny the fact that it had happened right in front of their eyes.

“Is a Yuanhui-level genius really so terrifying? A Hundred-Shackle Realm elite can fight against a Banshi Isshou Realm elite?”

A smile appeared on Bai Qing'er's pretty face. She said, “At least it proves that the rumors about Zhang Ruochen carrying a macroworld in his body are true.”

“That's right. As long as he borrows the power of Qiankun, Zhang Ruochen can be so strong.”

“Even if Zhang Ruochen has the Demigod-level physique, he can't carry a macroworld,” Shang Yue said.

Shang Xia shook his head, “You've all forgotten that Zhang Ruochen has another important identity. He's the Scion of Time and Space, the descendant of Saint Monk Xumi. If he has the Canon of Truth, it's possible for him to carry a macroworld.”

Gasps sounded in the garden.

A Supreme Saint could contain the three Path of the Ancients' Canon.

Countless pairs of eyes were burning like fire. They couldn't wait to break into the battlefield and tear Zhang Ruochen into pieces to take the Canons of his body.

Shang Yue's charming face was extremely moved. She said excitedly, “Zhang Ruochen is full of treasure. If he falls, all of us will get the benefits.”

“Kill Zhang Ruochen and take the Canons.”

“Kill Zhang Ruochen and take the Supreme Artifacts.”

“Kill Zhang Ruochen and take the Godstones.”

...

Except for Bai Qing'er who was still calm, all the cultivators in the garden went crazy.

Chapter 2467: Defeated

Divine Dragonbone Whip was a Quasi-Supreme Artifact forged from the backbone of the Divine Dragon. It gave birth to a large number of Supreme Inscriptions.

Zhang Ruochen borrowed the power of Qiankun and fused it into the whip. Nearly a million inscriptions were activated. The dragon's roar was endless. The phantom of the Divine Dragon appeared on the whip. It gave off a terrifying power that only a divine-level creature could have.

Rumble

The whip was lashed out, and it was as if a divine dragon was flying out from the sky. It was drawing in wind, rain, thunder, and lightning.

Sensing how terrifying the divine aura was, Lord Ironclad had no choice but to take it seriously. His expression was solemn, and countless Precepts revolved around his body, forming a whirlwind that clashed with Divine Dragonbone Whip.

With a bang, the protective Precepts were shattered, and Lord Ironclad's burly body was sent flying into the distance.

The armor on his body was extremely mysterious, and it had absorbed most of the power of Divine Dragonbone Whip. He did not suffer too much damage, and he quickly stopped retreating after falling to the ground.

Lord Ironclad was an elite at the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm. He was just one step away from transforming his Neverwithers physique into Paramount physique, so his physical defense was naturally extraordinary.

The so-called 'Paramount physique' referred to the Precepts that covered the entire body of a cultivator. They were integrated into every part of the body. Even a strand of hair or a drop of blood contained countless Precepts.

Oneself was the embodiment of the Precepts. One's flesh and blood were also part of the Precepts.

If one could do that, one would be a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

That was why Paramount Realm Supreme Saints were many times stronger than Banshi Isshou Realm's Supreme Saint. Even when Zhang Ruochen risked his life and borrowed the power of Qiankun, he was only evaluated to be close to Paramount Realm.

Compared to a real Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, he was still far away.

“Again.”

Lord Ironclad's eyes were filled with anger. As a member of Nether Hall's Nether Berserker, he had been defeated by a Hundred-Shackle Realm junior. It was a great humiliation.

The bone spear in his hand turned from white to black. The dark light it released turned the entire battlefield into the night.

“The night has fallen. Thousand soldiers for a kill.”

Lord Ironclad's figure suddenly disappeared. In the night, broken palaces, city walls, altars, withered trees, and stone mountains fell from the sky like meteors.

Zhang Ruochen's pupils shrank. He took out Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

Towering ancient demon mountains flew out of the mirror. They were ten thousand meters tall, majestic, and indestructible. They crushed the broken world that fell from the sky into dust.

Lord Ironclad appeared from behind the broken world. He was sucked into the mountains by Supreme Power of Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

Boom!

BOOM!

...

He kept swinging his bone spear, causing the demon mountains to shake. He wanted to break the demonic mirror and rush out.

However, how could a Supreme Artifact be so easy to deal with?

No matter how powerful he was, the demon mountains were ancient. They were like a Neverwithers world created by a demon lord. Even if a large part of it was destroyed, it could recover quickly.

Lord Ironclad flew to the top of a demon mountain and looked into the sky, he said coldly, "So the so-called Yuanhui-level genius only relies on Supreme Artifacts? If I had a Supreme Artifacts, you would have been destroyed."

Zhang Ruochen's voice was indifferent. "Don't be full of big talk when you don't have a Supreme Artifact."

Lord Ironclad gritted his teeth in anger. It was great to have a Supreme Artifact. He shouted "Okay" three times before saying, "A Supreme Artifact might not be able to suppress everything. In front of absolute cultivation, all weapons can be broken.

"Berserker Warsoul."

Lord Ironclad used a Banshi Isshou level saint technique that only Nether Hall's Nether Berserker could cultivate. The battle intent surged out of his body and condensed into a giant in black armor.

The giant grew taller and taller, as if it was about to break through the clouds.

Zhang Ruochen, who was controlling demonic mirror, changed his expression slightly. "Banshi Isshou level saint technique."

Boom!

Zangshan Demonic Mirror shook and the demon mountains collapsed. They couldn't withstand the impact of Berserker Warsoul.

The battlefield that Bai Qing'er had created with half a cup of tea cracked. The 50 lakes seemed to be dried up by the power of the Supreme Artifact and Berserker Warsoul.

She stretched out a finger and pointed across the air.

The battlefield instantly stabilized, and the cracks were repaired automatically.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Lord Ironclad who had used Banshi Isshou level saint technique would break through the demon mountains sooner or later. Once he was free, it would be difficult to trap him within the demonic mirror.

“Okay, as you wish. Let me show you my power.”

All the power in Zhang Ruochen's body rushed to his left leg to activate the Divine Mark of Flame contained in Yanshen's leg.

The 80 million Divine Marks that had been refined showed up and released a dazzling light.

At this moment, the entire battlefield, including the garden outside the battlefield, could not open their eyes because of the Divine Marks' light. It was like a small sun that contained the power to destroy the world.

Zhang Ruochen stepped out and charged into the demon mountains.

Mighty divine power surged out from under his feet as if a God had come into being. He stepped on Berserker Warsoul which was even taller than the demon mountains.

“What is Zhang Ruochen doing? Does he want to fight against a Banshi Isshou level saint technique?” Shang Yue's beautiful face was full of surprise.

“He's courting death. Even the Supreme Artifact can't suppress the Banshi Isshou level saint technique. Yet, he actually wants to fight against it on his own.”

Bai Qing'er shook her head, “You're wrong. Didn't you sense the soul-stirring divine power on the battlefield? Zhang Ruochen's leg was the leg of a god. It contained boundless

divine force. He has already grasped the power of the god's leg."

Boom

An earth-shattering sound rang out.

Hot and violent energy surged out of the battlefield and rushed into the garden.

Zhang Ruochen's foot broke through Berserker Warsoul and destroyed the lakes on the battlefield. His posture was like the birth of a True God, making Lord Ironclad cough blood and retreat quickly.

Even though he wore iron blood armor, he couldn't completely defend against the divine force of Yanshen's leg.

The 50 lakes and the battlefield made from the half cup of tea disappeared and were evaporated by the divine flames.

Flames were burning everywhere on the battlefield, burning the ground red.

Crash

Zhang Ruochen held Divine Dragonbone Whip in one hand and Zangshan Demonic Mirror in the other. He seized the initiative and attacked Lord Ironclad repeatedly, forcing him to retreat.

While attacking, Zhang Ruochen used his spiritual power to communicate with Blackie in Qiankun Realm.

"Such a fierce battle between Lord Ironclad and I must have alarmed the entire Ji Feng Manor. However, Guye Jing hasn't shown up yet. It's obvious that we can't trust that demoness. If we want to escape, we have to rely on ourselves. How powerful are you? Can you kill your way out?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie was full of confidence and said, "Don't you know my strength? I only need a glance to kill Lord Ironclad. As for the witch, I can beat ten of her all at once."

"Really?" Zhang Ruochen didn't believe it.

Blackie coughed and changed the topic, “However, I used my powerful spiritual power to investigate and found many Supreme Saints in the garden. As the saying goes, two fists can’t beat four hands. I’m still under a lot of pressure.”

Zhang Ruochen felt like he was choking. His heart sank.

As expected, he couldn’t rely on anyone. In the end, he had to rely on himself.

“Die Lord Ironclad!”

Zhang Ruochen took out a talisman and threw it out.

Lord Ironclad, who was at a disadvantage, changed his expression. He thought that it was a killing talisman given to Zhang Ruochen by either Wargod Bloodximus or Blood Empress. So, he used Berserker Warsoul again. He stabbed the bone spear into the ground and used all his strength to defend.

The talisman fell like night. It enveloped Lord Ironclad in darkness.

This wasn’t a killing talisman. It was a Dark Prison Talisman that Zhang Ruochen had bought with one hundred Godstones in Realm of Star Ocean. It was a type of talisman that could trap people.

It was enough to trap a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint for a moment.

There were many formations in the garden. It was impossible for Zhang Ruochen to escape through dimension.

The only way was to use Primordial Spatial Worm.

If Primordial Spatial Worm wanted to leave, no array or confinement could trap it.

Zhang Ruochen was about to release Primordial Spatial Worm and leave through the wormhole. Suddenly, Guye Jing’s voice rang in his mind. “Give me a chance. I want to test Bai Qing’er.”

Hearing her voice, Zhang Ruochen breathed a sigh of relief. The demoness was finally here. He didn’t have to fight alone anymore.

Although Primordial Spatial Worms could gnaw out wormholes, they were very slow. Zhang Ruochen had a slim chance of escaping before Bai Qing'er attacked.

Now that she had arrived, everything could go according to plan. There was no need to use this trick.

“Shoreless Star Ocean.”

Zhang Ruochen pretended as if nothing had happened and released the Realm-frame of Truth. At the same time, he continued to evolve an advanced Thousand-Koan level saint technique, Incarceration of Divine Demon. A phantom of a divine demon rose behind him.

The phantom of the divine demon and the Realm-frame of Truth quickly merged together.

In the dark area covered by Dark Prison Talisman, Lord Ironclad roared. Then, a ray of light of death broke through the darkness and escaped.

“Break it!”

Lord Ironclad's roar shook away the remaining Power of Darkness in the talisman.

At this moment.

Incarceration of Divine Demon and the Realm-frame of Truth combined into one. It exploded with ten times the attack power. Zhang Ruochen threw it at Lord Ironclad.

Lord Ironclad didn't expect that Zhang Ruochen's ten times attack power would be so terrifying. It was even more shocking than the power of a Supreme Artifact. He didn't have time to remove the seal on his body and stab with all his strength.

Attack as a defense.

Lord Ironclad was indeed a first-class Supreme Saint. His judgments were sharp and accurate. He hit the most vulnerable part of Incarceration of Divine Demon.

However, even though he'd broken Incarceration of Divine Demon, he was still heavily injured. He flew far away and

crashed into a dry lake, creating a crater.

Zhang Ruochen was about to attack again, but the battlefield dispersed like a cloud of Qi.

The vast land and sky disappeared. Lord Ironclad and he returned to the garden. The battle just now was like a dream.

“There’s no need to fight anymore. Zhang Ruochen, you won,” Bai Qing’er said.

Lord Ironclad was badly injured. He moved his fingers and lifted the seal. Instantly, his weakened aura recovered and became stronger.

His eyes were filled with unwillingness and viciousness. He gritted his teeth and said, “Miss, I haven’t lost yet. I want to continue fighting with him.”

“If you lose, you lose,” Bai Qing’er said coldly.

Lord Ironclad said, “I sealed 90% of my cultivation just now.”

“Even if you sealed 90% of your cultivation, you would still be at Banshi Isshou Realm. Your opponent is only at Hundred-Shackle Realm.” A cold light shone in Bai Qing’er’s eyes.

Lord Ironclad didn’t dare to look directly into Bai Qing’er’s eyes. He immediately lowered his head and said, “Yes, I’ve lost!”

Zhang Ruochen saw many figures standing in the fog far away in the garden.

These cultivators were all very powerful. They all looked at him with disbelief.

Especially Bai Qing’er’s eldest disciple, Shang Yue. When she looked at him, her eyes were filled with a burning light. It was as if she wanted to eat him up.

Although Lord Ironclad had sealed 90% of his cultivation, Zhang Ruochen was able to defeat him. This was beyond the cultivators’ expectations. They had to re-evaluate him.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Bai Qing'er clapped her hands and stood up. She stood beside the stone table and she smiled. "I believe the rumors now. Lord Ironclad failed to test your strength. You are indeed stronger than I expected."

Zhang Ruochen said, "So, can I go now?"

Bai Qing'er shook her head.

Zhang Ruochen's expression didn't change. He seemed to have expected it. "Women's words can't be trusted."

"No! If you want to go, I won't stop you. However, you have to leave your Canon of Destiny. Canon of Truth and Canon of Dimension behind." Bai Qing'er's eyes were clear as water, her voice was also very gentle, but it carried an indomitable command tone.

The elites in the garden took a few steps forward one after another, forming an encirclement.

Streams of powerful Saint Aura invisibly pressed toward Zhang Ruochen, wanting to force him to submit.

Zhang Ruochen was still calm. He said, "I only have Canon of Destiny. Who said that I have Canon of Truth and Canon of Dimension? Besides, even if I have the Canons, why should I give them to you? Does Miss Bai really think of herself as a member of the Zhang Family?"

"How dare you take advantage of my master when you are about to die? If you don't have Canon of Dimension, how can your body bear the weight of a macroworld?" Shang Yue said.

Zhang Ruochen looked thoughtful. At this moment, a divine flame sword light pierced his heart at lightning speed.

It was Shang Yue.

Her cultivation was more powerful than Lord Ironclad. The saint sword in her hand was an ancient divine relic weapon. The sword technique she used was mysterious and peerless. It was integrated with Divine Purification Flame and took into account the strengths of both the Swordsmanship and Path of Fire.

The sword was like a divine sun falling on the Earth.

“Even a disciple is so powerful. How powerful is Bai Qing’er’s cultivation?” This thought flashed through Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

He released his spiritual power to check, but he could only sense the fire and the saint sword. He could not sense Shang Yue’s location. He suddenly realized that this woman was not human, nor was she flesh and blood. She should be a sword spirit or an Innate Fire Spirit.

Chapter 2468: No Chance of Survival

ROAR!

Ten tiger roars sounded at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen struck out with his palm. Ten illusory images of Intergold Tigers appeared and golden light surged out from his palm. It covered the sword's light and divine flame.

Although Shang Yue was strong, Zhang Ruochen, who had borrowed the power of Qiankun Realm, was more robust.

Dragon-Elephant... No, Dragon-Tiger Prajna Strike. The palm power was overbearing and powerful.

The palm force dispersed the Divine Purification Flame. Instantly, Shang Yue's figure appeared and retreated rapidly. Her face turned from red to white, white to green, and no longer was contempt in her eyes. She became much more cautious.

Before a real fight, a cultivator with a high cultivation realm would never look down on a cultivator with a low cultivation realm.

This was because a cultivator's knowledge of hundreds or thousands of years had already solidified. It was common knowledge that a cultivator with a high cultivation realm could suppress a cultivator with a low cultivation realm. It was impossible to change it in a short period. Even if the truth was in front of him, he wouldn't admit it in his heart.

Like mortals, they would never believe that a newborn baby could kill a strong man with one punch.

Even if it happened in front of them, they wouldn't believe it.

They would only believe it when they were killed with one punch.

Shang Yue obviously believed it now. She had to admit that a Yuanhui-level genius was incomparable to ordinary cultivators. She couldn't judge it with common sense. Of course, this also made her more convinced that Zhang Ruochen must have many profound meanings.

SWOOSH!

SWOOSH!

Shang Yue and Shang Xia attacked at the same time. They held a Saint Sword and attacked Zhang Ruochen from the left and right.

The two women, one was an Innate fire spirit, and the other was an Innate water spirit. They attacked at the same time and developed an incredible sword array. The combination of yin and yang significantly increased their combat power.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to fight against the two of them alone. He waved his hand and shot out a Multi-Dimensional Scroll.

The scrolls opened. Light burst out, forming spatial Microworlds that covered the entire garden. They separated the array inscriptions in the garden, making all the arrays useless.

Bai Qing'er didn't realize that something was wrong. She raised her voice. "Zhang Ruochen wants to escape. take him down."

Shang Yue, Shang Xia, Lord Ironclad, the white-haired old woman, the mysterious powerhouse in white... All the cultivators in the garden attacked one after another. They cast saint techniques to break through the multiple spatial Microworlds.

"You want to escape with a mere scroll? Watch me break it in one stroke," said Lord Ironclad.

The seal on Lord Ironclad was lifted. The bone spear seemed to have turned into a sharp divine column. It unleashed the full

power of the pinnacle of the Banshi Isshou Realm, striking the scroll hanging in the air.

Zhang Ruochen looked indifferent. He pressed the tip of his right index finger into the void.

Whoosh

The ground beneath Lord Ironclad's feet and the sky above his head flashed with dense Dimensional Inscriptions. They expanded endlessly, making it so that his ultimate attack couldn't even touch the spatial walls of multiple spaces. It was impossible to destroy the scroll.

Shang Yue and Shang Xia intertwined like water and fire spiritual snakes in another spatial Microworld. They formed a sword formation of Solar-flare and Lunar-frost.

However, Zhang Ruochen had already set up a drop of Dark Space-time Matter in that spatial Microworld. Just as the sword formation was about to take shape, the Dark Space-time Matter suddenly appeared and exploded, releasing a terrifying destructive power.

With Shang Yue and Shang Xia's cultivation, a drop of Dark Space-time Matter couldn't hurt them.

However, when they were fully developing the sword formation, their defenses were weak, so they couldn't escape.

The space where Shang Yue and Shang Xia were turned into the darkness with two screams.

...

This Multi-Dimensional Scroll was Zhang Ruochen's masterpiece. It represented his highest level of dimensional attainment. He had already set up all kinds of attacks and Dimensional Traps. How could they break it?

Of course, these cultivators were not weak. As they became severe and attacked with their strength, Zhang Ruochen's pressure increased.

Zhang Ruochen took out the *Secret Tome of Time and Space* and opened the pages. Immediately, a diverse-dimensional space appeared. It combined with the multi-

dimensional space formed by the scroll, complementing each other.

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen's body split into 36 figures and appeared in 36 spatial Microworlds. His clones used the Dimensional Inscriptions in the scroll to transform into various dimensional attacks. They used the Power of Dimension to perfection.

Bai Qing'er was standing in a spatial Microworld. She was very still and calm. She took her time looking up at the Multi-Dimensional Scroll. She said, "You really surprise me everywhere. You can trap so many powerhouses under me by yourself. You are only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. It seems that you alone are better than tens of millions of people. I'm a bit serious about our bet now!"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Unfortunately, no matter how many cultivators I trap, I can't trap you."

"You know this, but you didn't run away immediately. It seems that you didn't come here alone. Who is the woman with you?" Bai Qing'er said.

"Hehe!"

The soft laughter of Guye Jing and her power of illusion spread into many spatial Microworlds.

The Supreme Saints trapped in the spatial Microworlds were all affected.

Those with weaker cultivation fell into the illusion directly. Some cried loudly, while others waved their weapons crazily.

The Supreme Saints with powerful cultivation immediately sat cross-legged and tried their best to resist the illusionary sound.

Zhang Ruochen was greatly relieved from the pressure. He was shocked. The demoness Guye Jing usually did not show her true strength. When she really attacked, she was so impressive. She could fuse the illusion into sound and make a Supreme Saint at the pinnacle of the Banshi Isshou Realm lose his battle strength.

Luckily, the illusionary sound didn't attack him. Otherwise, he wasn't sure if he could block it with his 65th-level spiritual power and the Heart of Truth.

Bai Qing'er, who had always been calm, frowned for the first time. She looked through the layers of spatial Microworlds and looked at the high wall of the garden. She saw a charming woman in a red dress standing quietly on it. With a light step, she flew down like a fairy.

Guye Jing directly entered the spatial Microworld that Bai Qing'er was in. In an instant, the entire Microworld was filled with demonic qi. It was enveloped by the red demonic fog. It revealed the phantom images of gods and demons taller than mountains. They were powerful. It was as if they could swallow the starry sky.

"Bai Qing'er, hand over the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, or you'll die," Guye Jing said.

Bai Qing'er was thinking about the identity of the person who had come. She said lightly, "You're looking at the wrong person! If you want the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, you should ask Zhang Ruochen for it. Many cultivators know that Zhang Ruochen killed Tan Fei and stole the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin."

Guye Jing glanced at Zhang Ruochen with affection and said, "Did you steal the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

"See, he said he didn't have it," Guye Jing said with a smile.

Bai Qing'er said, "Is the successor of the current generation of The Rāhu Mountains so easy to fool? Zhang Ruochen lured you here to use you against me so that he could use you to kill me. Because only I know that the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is in his hands. If he kills me, he can monopolize the Fane of Origin."

Obviously, Bai Qing'er had already guessed Guye Jing's identity.

"Compared to Zhang Ruochen, I believe that the possibility of you stealing the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is

greater. Besides, even if it's not the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, I've long wanted to meet you. I wish to see what kind of ability you have to subdue so many top-level Supreme Saints. Is it because of your beauty?" Guye Jing said.

Bai Qing'er's expression turned cold. It was as if space itself was frozen.

At this moment, Guye Jing pointed out with her finger, and a beam of light shot out from her fingertip.

It seemed like a simple attack, but the Path locks, Supreme Saint Inscription, and Divine Mark were all shattered wherever the beam of light passed. Even the space itself was filled with cracks.

This was like a beam of light of death. Nothing in the world could withstand it.

"Don't hurt my master," shouted Shang Xia.

Shang Xia struck out with the divine relic sword in her hand. It turned into a ray of light and pierced through the spatial wall of the spatial Microworld, colliding with the beam of light.

Boom

The divine relic sword was instantly smashed into pieces. It turned into works of scrap metal and flew in all directions.

However, the power of the ray of light didn't seem to decrease as it hit Bai Qing'er's heart.

Something strange happened.

A divine light vortex appeared in Bai Qing'er's heart. It absorbed the light beam and disappeared without a trace.

"Divine Light of Origin, so you are a Master of Origin." Guye Jing was surprised. At the same time, she believed Zhang Ruochen's words. The possibility of Bai Qing'er stealing the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin was very high.

Bai Qing'er said, "The divine knowledge of The Rāhu Mountains, Finger of Death. It seems that you have not cultivated it to the grand completion."

“If you want to see real divine knowledge, I’ll grant your wish,” said Guye Jing.

“No need. I’m not interested in you. Someone is more interested in you.” said Bai Qing’er.

Bai Qing’er turned around and walked toward Zhang Ruochen. The multiple spaces formed by the scrolls and the *Secret Tome of Time and Space* were like bubbles. They could not stop her at all.

Seeing Bai Qing’er getting closer and closer, Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed again and again. He looked towards Guye Jing, only to find no smile on her face at all. She was earnest. It was apparent that she had discovered a terrifying enemy.

A voice rang out from the depths of the garden. “The descendant of The Rāhu Mountains only appears once every ten thousand years. She should not be weak. I wonder if she can block my blade?”

It was Wuma Jiuxing’s voice.

Hearing this voice, Zhang Ruochen’s heart sank to the bottom of the valley.

Damn it!

‘Didn’t Wuma Jiuxing go to recuperate? Why was he in the Ji Feng Saint Mansion?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

He had miscalculated. He had seriously miscalculated.

“Run, run immediately,” said Zhang Ruochen

The Primordial Spatial Worm on Zhang Ruochen’s finger flew out. It became as big as a python and was about to devour the space. Bai Qing’er waved her hand. A giant lightning bolt hit the Primordial Spatial Worm. It rolled out and became the size of an earthworm again.

In an instant, there was only one space wall between Bai Qing’er and Zhang Ruochen.

“It’s not that easy to break my Dimensional Scroll,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth. He took out a jar of divine blood from his Ring of Dimensions and threw it out.

The divine blood had been refined with Godstone powder.

The power of the Multi-Dimensional Scroll increased significantly. The Dimensional Inscriptions turned blood-red and released a powerful divine luster. The spatial Microworld that Bai Qing'er was on stretched endlessly, compressed rapidly, and collapsed.

Even with Bai Qing'er's cultivation, she was trapped in it temporarily and couldn't get out.

"Lord Turtle, take down his scroll," Bai Qing'er ordered.

Then, a three-foot-tall emerald stone turtle emerged from the ground not far from Zhang Ruochen.

The Dimensional Inscription on the ground was torn apart by it with its bare hands.

"I... I... I... I... I..."

Before Lord Turtle could finish his sentence, he was kicked away by a black hedgehog.

It was Blackie.

Perhaps he felt that this turtle was like a soft persimmon, but this time, Blackie was the one who took the initiative to challenge him.

"You can't even speak clearly, yet you still dare to come out and embarrass yourself," said Blackie. He stood on one leg while his other leg was still in the posture of a kick. His entire body was covered in sharp spikes.

Lord Turtle was furious. He did not expect that he, as Stone Clan's Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, and whose mentor was Huang Tian, would be kicked away by a hedgehog.

After rolling for more than ten rounds, Lord Turtle suddenly stood up. Thousands of ancient divine runes appeared on the turtle shell on his back. An iron staff appeared in his hand, and he struck out with it.

“Short Hand, you are so far away. Do you still want to beat me?” Blacky was very arrogant and laughed at him.

Picking the weakest opponent was indeed easy.

BOOM!

Lord Turtle’s iron staff seemed to swing from afar, but it quickly broke through the space and hit Blackie’s head. Blackie fell to the ground. Its head and legs were gone, leaving only blackthorns.

Zhang Ruochen really wanted to pick Blackie up and beat it. How dare he underestimate his opponent.

He knew very well that the Multi-Dimensional Scroll couldn’t trap Bai Qing’er for long. If he didn’t get out now, he might really die here. After retrieving the injured Primordial Spatial Worm, Zhang Ruochen picked up Blackie, who fainted, and rushed out of the garden.

Unexpectedly, the stone pillar standing at the garden’s gate suddenly came to life. It reached out a stone palm and grabbed Zhang Ruochen.

“Crap, there are still powerhouses hidden,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen only felt that the ground under his feet was sinking when the stone palm reached out, and the sky was spinning.

The stone palm seemed to cover the entire heaven and earth. It was impenetrable. Even if Zhang Ruochen whipped out the Divine Dragonbone Whip, he couldn’t break a crack. He could only watch as the five-fingered “Sky” collapsed.

This was a superior who was more powerful than Lord Ironclad. It was very likely that he had reached the Paramount Realm.

On the other side.

Countless light ley lines rose from the depths of the garden. They condensed into a golden saber and slashed at Guye Jing.

“Death Spirits, come to me!” Guye Jing shouted.

Guye Jing formed a seal with her hands, and a circular altar rose up under her feet. Red Death Spirits and demonic qi spread out, and the voice of the ritual seemed to have been transmitted from ancient times to this world. One after another, the apparitions of gods and demons revived, holding up their divine halberds and striking at the golden saber.

Crack

The indestructible golden saber destroyed the apparitions of gods and demons. It broke through Guye Jing's completed divine knowledge and struck her body.

Guye Jing was thrown down the altar like a kite with a broken string. Her body was covered in blood. Her Paramount physique was heavily wounded by the golden saber, and the Precepts in her body became chaotic. They were cut off by the Precepts of Saber.

Her physique was on the verge of collapse, and her life force was gradually destroyed.

"As expected of Wuma Jiuxing. He is indeed powerful," said Guye Jing.

Her delicate body trembled slightly. She was no longer as charming as before, and the smile on her face was gone. However, her eyes were still full of unyielding will. Her will to fight was not destroyed by the saber.

Even if there was no chance of survival, one must still look for a possible chance of survival. This was a principle that every cultivator who had transcended the Banshi Isshou Realm understood.

Chapter 2469: A Time Loop

General Pillar had the same mentor as Lord Turtle, Huang Tian, and General Pillar's cultivation had reached the Paramount Realm.

As soon as he made his move, the precepts of heaven and earth changed. The sky turned into five fingers, and the earth kept sinking. The structure of space underwent strange changes. Even Zhang Ruochen, the Master of Space, found it difficult to freeze space.

"Compared to the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, the gap is still too big." Zhang Ruochen sighed.

Blackie, who had fainted, recovered at the critical moment. Suddenly, it roared hysterically, "You dare to sneak attack on me? Now die."

It broke free from Zhang Ruochen's hands. A dazzling divine light shot out as it opened and closed its eyes.

It waved its claws in the air, forming three streaks of flame light. It split open the five-fingered sky that fell from the sky.

Boom

Billions of precepts collided. The world disintegrated, the stars shifted, the gods fell... and so on. It was a shocking phenomenon.

General Pillar's eyes widened as if he had been struck by lightning. He withdrew his stone hand and retreated rapidly.

"What a powerful hedgehog. Could it be a Primeval Divine Beast?" said General Pillar as he raised his hand. Three black lines appeared on his palm, and they were an inch deep.

One had to know that its stone body was the essence of divine ore. It could be refined into a divine gold material to refine a Supreme Artifact.

From this, one could see how terrifying Blacky's claw was.

"Ignorant fool, I'm undying... Hedgehog," said Blackie

"An undying hedgehog? Good, very good. Although I have never heard of a Primeval Divine Beast like you, I will definitely remember it from today onwards," General Pillar said seriously.

Blacky was too lazy to explain it. It rubbed the bump on its head, turned around, and looked behind it. A pair of fiery eyes glared angrily at Lord Turtle, who was chasing after it. It roared fiercely, "I will use your blood to wash away the humiliation just now. Today, it's a battle of life and death. Fight! Fight! Fight!"

The mighty battle intent turned into a battle cloud and gathered above Blacky's head.

Lord Turtle was stunned. His two green bean-sized eyes rolled around as he said, "I... I... Am... a... Stone..."

"I don't care who you are. Even if there is a god behind you, you will not be able to escape death. I hate trash like you who can't win and wants to use your background to suppress others. Tremble, turtle," said Blackie. His aura rose again.

Lord Turtle was a bit discouraged. He shut his mouth and thought to himself, 'You misunderstood! I just want to say that I'm a Stone Clan Supreme saint. My main body is a space jade that has been deposited for hundreds of millions of years. I don't have any blood. Even if you want to wash away your shame with my blood, you can't do it!'

Blackie saw Lord Turtle winking at it and thought he was provoking it. He was furious. He wanted to rush up and fight, but Zhang Ruochen grabbed his tail and dragged him back.

"Don't stop me. I want to destroy it." Blackie was angry and scolded Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Ignore them. Break the array and leave. Wuma Jiuxing is in the garden."

"What?" asked Blackie.

Blackie immediately woke up and carefully observed the situation. It indeed sensed Wuma Jiuxing's aura. He said, "This guy's Path of Saber has reached divinity and its pinnacle. He is invincible if a Yuanhui-level genius doesn't reach the Paramount Realm. Run, run now."

Blackie ran faster than anyone else when faced with danger. He ran out of the garden like a wisp of smoke.

General Pillar tried to stop him, but he was sent flying with Blackie's nine claws. He fell to the ground, his body covered in claw marks.

Zhang Ruochen followed closely behind Blackie. He finally felt more confident.

Blackie was unreliable, but he did show extraordinary strength after his cultivation recovered. The two Stone Clan Supreme Saints under Bai Qing'er obviously had the potential to become gods. However, they couldn't last more than ten rounds in front of Blackie.

When Blackie and General Pillar fought, the precepts of heaven and earth were like two oceans colliding. Compared to them, the more than 10 billion Precepts that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated were like a small pond that would be swallowed instantly.

After seeing the difference between him and the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, Zhang Ruochen's motivation increased significantly. He swore to himself that he would hide if he escaped this time. He would never come out unless he cultivated to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Only when he cultivated to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and unleashed his Demigod-level physique could he withstand more world power. Then, he would have the possibility to fight with the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

Of course, a Demigod-level physique was potent and could suppress a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. Unfortunately,

with his cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he could not use it ideally.

It's the realm!

Only when he reached the realm could he control even more powerful power.

CRASH!

The earth-shattering sound rang out in the garden.

Zhang Ruochen's expression changed. He looked in the direction of Lord Turtle.

Lord Turtle's spatial attainments were profound. When Blackie and General Pillar were fighting, he broke the wall of the spatial Microworld and shattered the Multi-Dimensional Scroll.

Instantly, half of the spatial Microworlds in the garden collapsed.

All the Supreme Saints, including Bai Qing'er, escaped.

They had been trapped by a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. They were already filled with anger. Killing intent flashed in their eyes as they chased after Zhang Ruochen and Blackie.

"Zhang Ruochen, where do you think you're going? Take this, A Kill of Thousands!"

Lord Ironclad rushed out from the group of influential figures and threw out the bone spear in his hand.

The inscriptions on the bone spear shone, and a shadow of a broken world appeared. It flew with the bone spear and behind Zhang Ruochen at an unparalleled speed.

This was an attack from Lord Ironclad, who was at the pinnacle of the Banshi Isshou Realm. He didn't seal his cultivation.

If he was hit, even a Supreme Saint who had just entered the Banshi Isshou Realm would be turned into ashes, let alone Zhang Ruochen.

The more dangerous it was, the calmer Zhang Ruochen became. His thoughts became empty. He didn't turn back, but the trajectory of the bone spear was clearly displayed in his mind.

With the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light that was ten thousand times the speed of sound, Zhang Ruochen was even faster than the bone spear.

Whoosh

He took a step forward and rushed into the garden. He entered the array outside the garden.

As soon as he stepped into it, the array unfolded like a scroll, trapping him in a desert plane.

There was no light in the desert plane. It was pitch black.

The bone spear and the broken world flew into the desert array world and chased after him relentlessly.

Zhang Ruochen had no way to escape. He turned around abruptly and used the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to protect himself. Then he shot out the Violet Gourd and the Myriad Curse Bead.

The three Supreme Artifacts released Supreme Power at the same time. Like three suns rising, the dazzling light pierced through the array of a desert plane and out of Ji Feng Manor, illuminating the entire Enchanton.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The power of the bone spear was unrivaled. It knocked the Violet Gourd and the Myriad Curse Bead away. It pierced through the demon mountains formed by the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and collided with the mirror.

Zhang Ruochen and the Zangshan Demonic Mirror were thrown out together.

He used all his Power of Dimension to resolve the residual force of the bone spear. He was not seriously injured.

"You can withstand my full-strength attack," said Lord Ironclad.

Lord Ironclad chased into the desert plane of the array. His eyes were filled with surprise. Then his eyes turned cold, and his killing intent grew stronger.

He was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but he was already challenging to deal with. When Zhang Ruochen broke through to the Thousand-Koan Realm, wouldn't he lose to him?

Lord Ironclad grabbed the end of the bone spear. Dense precepts surged out of his body and turned into a sea of precepts. They merged with the bone spear and crackled towards Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had already used all his strength to block Lord Ironclad's first attack. How could he stop the second attack?

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't accept his Destiny. His body shrank instantly and turned into a speck of light.

"You can't dodge it. You've been locked onto by my sea of precepts. You can't dodge it by shrinking your body," Lord Ironclad sneered.

A shining bracelet flew out of the speck of light.

The bracelet spun rapidly. It grew bigger and bigger until its diameter was 30 feet. It swept Lord Ironclad and the sea of precepts he'd released into the inside of the bracelet.

Lord Ironclad's bone spear lost its direction and hit the ground, sinking into the desert.

The light spots flashed, and Zhang Ruochen reappeared. He looked at Lord Ironclad trapped in the bracelet with surprise.

Lord Ironclad repeated the same action. He raised his bone spear and struck the ground.

It was very strange.

The Supreme Saint powerhouses that caught up from behind were all stunned by this scene. They froze on the spot and did not move forward immediately.

Bai Qing'er recognized the bracelet that trapped Lord Ironclad and said, "Yu Qiu's Universum Bracelet has actually fallen

into your hands.”

“It’s actually the Universum Bracelet. Legend has it that Yu Qiu, who had just stepped into the Paramount Realm, used this bracelet to fight Lord Wuma to a draw,” said the mysterious powerhouse in white.

Bai Qing’er nodded. She said, “This is a Destiny Treasure and a Time Treasure. Any cultivator trapped in it will fall into a time loop. It’s a pity that Zhang Ruochen’s attainments in Destiny are not high enough. Otherwise, he could have used the Universum Bracelet’s Power of Destiny to make Lord Ironclad kill himself.

“I’ll take this treasure.”

The mysterious man in white was very tempted. He grabbed out through the air. A large hand condensed from death Qi held onto the Universum Bracelet.

The Universum Bracelet was powerful, but they were only weapons after all.

Under the pressure of the hand of death qi, the bracelet spun slower and slower. Finally, they stopped altogether.

Seeing that the Universum Bracelet was about to be taken away, Guye Jing barged into the array desert plane. She flew out from the clouds and smashed the hand of death qi condensed by the mysterious man in white with one finger. She reached out and grabbed the Universum Bracelet.

The moment the Universum Bracelet fell into her hand, the brilliance of Destiny emitted increased dramatically as if it had turned into a divine wheel.

Guye Jing landed not far from Zhang Ruochen as her jade feet sank into the yellow sand. She ignored Bai Qing’er and the others and looked at the sky fearfully. She said, “Use the Power of Time to help me.”

He did not need to guess that Wuma Jiuxing must have come after her!

“Okay!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen knew that the situation was critical, but he was decisive. The Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension between his eyebrows appeared and rotated rapidly to form a Dimensional Gate. The power of the world gushed out endlessly.

In an instant, the aura that burst out from Zhang Ruochen reached the Middle-stage of Banshi Isshou Realm and later to Late-stage.

However, blood-red cracks appeared between his eyebrows. His head seemed to be on the verge of breaking into pieces. Apparently, he had reached the limit of what he could bear.

The Precepts of Time in his body flew out and fused with the energy of Qiankun Realm, pouring into the Universum Bracelet.

Whoosh

In an instant, countless light spots of Marks of Time surged out of the Universum Bracelet. They turned into a rain of light that covered the graceful body of Guye Jing. They spread in all directions and surrounded the entire desert plane.

The desert plane became dreamy and beautiful.

BOOM!

Wuma Jiuxing stepped through the clouds of the array formation and appeared in the sky, walking toward him step by step.

The sky in which he was standing now had a fantastic scene that looked like a crimson sunset. He was tall and handsome, with long, fiery-red hair draped over his head. His entire body was emitting a masculine charm that could make all the women in the world fall in love with him.

He was powerful, handsome, masculine, and domineering, but he also had a unique charm that couldn't be hidden. Shang Yue, Shang Xia, and the other female cultivators couldn't take their eyes off him immediately. It was like how male cultivators couldn't help but be attracted to the fairy in the *Portrait of the Nine Beauties*.

Wuma Jiuxing had always been mysterious, and it was also the first time Shang Yue and Shang Xia had seen him in person.

Wuma Jiuxing's eyes full of vitality, landed on Guye Jing. He said, "In this world, only the number one powerhouse of the Fane of Destiny, Zhuo Yunong, survived one strike from me. Today, there is one more. The descendent of The Rāhu Mountains didn't disappoint me."

Guye Jing raised her stubborn chin and said, "Since you could not kill me with one strike, it can be seen that your saber is not as powerful as the legends say."

"If I had not suffered some injuries during the battle with Zhuo Yunong, I would not have needed to use a second strike to kill you," said Wuma Jiuxing.

Wuma Jiuxing's gaze was sharp as if nothing could shake his will. He spread out his right hand, and immediately, dense Precepts of Saber condensed in his palm, forming a golden saber.

The saber hadn't been cut out yet.

The cultivators present felt as if their Saint Souls had been cut out. Their eyes became blind, and their heads were aching.

Swoosh

The golden saber flew out and cut down.

Guye Jing seized the opportunity and threw out the Universum Bracelet. It dragged a long tail of flowing light and crashed toward the golden saber that had fallen from the sky.

"Let's go!" said Guye Jing.

Guye Jing grabbed Zhang Ruochen's wrist and flew toward the edge of the array desert plane.

"The bracelet..."

"Are you going to die, or do you want a bracelet? It's not too late to take it back after you've reached the Paramount Realm," said Guye Jing as her face was pale. Her body was dripping with the Supreme Saint's blood. Every time she breathed, her aura would weaken.

Guye Jing was already very impressive to survive a strike from Wuma Jiuxing. She could be ranked among the top powerhouses below divinity.

Zhang Ruochen knew that survival was the most important thing at the moment. He sighed and activated the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light. He grabbed Guye Jing's weak wrist and flew out.

Blackie had already broken more than half of the array in the desert plane. He said, "Give me some more time. I'll break the array soon."

"It's too late. You all have to stay here today," said Bai Qing'er.

Bai Qing'er's voice rang out.

The grains of yellow sand on the ground flew up naturally. They spun like whirlpools and condensed into a graceful white figure. It appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing.

Bai Qing'er stood still. She only glanced at the sky. Then a white river of stars fell. It was thousands of miles long. It slashed toward Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing.

It wasn't an actual river of stars.

However, when the river of stars fell, the vast array of the desert plane was stretched again.

Before Zhang Ruochen's eyes, the white river of stars was no different from an actual river of stars. It was formed by tens of thousands of stars. Each star had a diameter of thousands of miles, and the outlines of mountains, rivers, lakes, and seas appeared on it.

Even though it was a fake river of stars, it still made people feel despair and shock. It was as if the entire universe could be controlled by her.

Chapter 2470: A Strike of Moonlight Melody

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Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

“It’s not up to you to decide if I can stay or not.”

A sweet smile appeared on Guye Jing’s pale face again. Even though she was at the end of her strength and extremely weak, she was still like a red plum in the winter as she faced the incoming galaxy.

As the successor of The Rāhu Mountains, how could she not have a trump card?

A scroll flew out of her sleeve.

The scroll was made from the skin of a Divine Beast. Under the control of Guye Jing’s demonic Qi, it slowly unfolded in the void.

On the scroll was the painting, the Rising Sun over the Nine Regions.

Whoosh!

Guye Jing placed her hands in the air, and her ten fingers were as transparent as ice crystals.

Immediately, a fiery-red light surged out of the scroll and emitted a dazzling divine glow.

A sun that was as bright as a star rushed out of the glow and slowly rose up.

“Is this the power of a pseudo god?”

“Could it be that the scroll contains the terrifying power of a pseudo god’s full-strength attack?”

...

In the desert, the Supreme Saint elites who were chasing closely widened their eyes in shock.

Only a pseudo god could unleash the power of a planet.

The mysterious elite in white shook his head, "It's not that scary. If it was a real planet, not only the array formation of Ji Feng Manor, even the locks, Supreme Saint inscriptions, and Divine Marks in Enchanton would be instantly melted and destroyed.

"If the pseudo god attacked with all his might, even a saint city would be destroyed. If the pseudo god self-destructs, it would be comparable to the explosion of a planet. It would be able to destroy the entire Hoth."

The planet that flew out from the Rising Sun over the Nine Regions crashed into the galaxy and charged towards Bai Qing 'er.

The Supreme Saint cultivators behind Bai Qing 'er did not dare to go forward. They ran far away to avoid the light from the planet.

Two of them were unable to dodge in time and were hit by the light beam from the planet. One of them had a hole the size of a basin on his back. The other half of his body melted and disappeared.

In front of Guye Jing — a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint — the life of a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint was extremely fragile. One was no different from a mortal.

"Are you even going all out?"

Bai Qing 'er stared at the planet that was flying towards her. Her snow-white face did not show any signs of movement. Just as she was about to attack, she sensed something and retracted half of her power.

Behind her, a golden saber was swung out.

The glow of the saber was like a waterfall that fell from the sky. It hit the planet and split it open. Countless flames fell into the desert-like decomposed meteorites.

Lord Ironclad was hit by a ball of residual flames after the planet was shattered. He was heavily injured in an instant and vomited blood non-stop.

Slash!

The Rising Sun over the Nine Regions scroll was shattered.

Even the Divine Beast skin could not withstand the Sword Qi of Wuma Jiuxing.

The desert below the scroll was torn apart by the Sword Qi into a bottomless canyon. The yellow sand kept sliding down the canyon.

The array formation that made up the desert realm was seriously damaged by the sword strike. Countless inscriptions on the array formation were broken, making the array unstable. The array was showing signs of breaking.

Blackie cracked the best inscription of the formation. His eyes widened with joy. He chuckled. "It's done. The array is broken!"

Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing couldn't laugh. They stared at Wuma Jiuxing who was walking over from afar.

So what if the array was broken?

With Wuma Jiuxing around, they couldn't leave.

Wuma Jiuxing held Universum Bracelet. There was a hint of contemplation and reminiscence in his eyes, "Three hundred years ago, I fought with Scion Yu Qiu on Hoth. At that time, he had just entered Paramount Realm, and I had already reached the peak of Paramount Realm. I could be called a demigod.

"He was full of vigor and hard-edged. He was in charge of Fane of Destiny, and the entire Infernal Court submitted to him. Although my level was higher than his and even more awe-inspiring in the dark world, I was insignificant in front of his supreme radiance.

"Back then, I was full of spirit. I only wanted to defeat the Scion of Fane of Destiny to prove myself and become famous in both Celestial Court and Infernal Court.

“Scion Yu Qiu has just entered Paramount Realm, yet he already has an unrivaled divine ability. Even if I tried my best, I could only fight him to a draw. I knew that in a few more decades, I would definitely lose to him. Thus, I cultivated with all my might. I even went to explore some ancient ruins that even the gods regarded as forbidden grounds.

“Thirty years ago, I succeeded and reached divinity through Path of Saber. I came out of seclusion confidently, intending to defeat all the elites of Celestial Court and Infernal Court. I reached divinity with an invincible attitude to become one of the representatives of this Yuanhui period.

“It’s a pity that my opponent, Scion Yu Qiu, whom I wanted to defeat the most, failed to transcend his tribulation and turned into a speck of dust.”

Wuma Jiuxing didn’t feel happy about Scion Yu Qiu’s death. Instead, he felt endless disappointment and regret.

The reason why he hadn’t transcended divinity in the past thirty years was that he hadn’t met an opponent who could match Scion Yu Qiu. He couldn’t make up for his regret and incomplete heart.

He challenged Zhuo Yunong to make up for the regret in his heart.

Unfortunately, Zhuo Yunong was still lacking. He couldn’t compare to Scion Yu Qiu and Sword God Feng Chen. He wasn’t the opponent he’d been looking for.

“I still remember the snow of the past turned the black clothes white.

“To this day, the snow remains chill in the people’s hearts.”

Wuma Jiuxing collected his complicated emotions and looked at Zhang Ruochen again, “I should give you a chance to grow and show me the strength of a Paramount Realm Yuanhui level genius. Unfortunately, I’m not the kind of person who likes to take risks. If I can kill you now, why wait until the future?”

All the cultivators present looked at each other in dismay. They did not expect that an existence like Lord Wu Ma would

want to personally kill Zhang Ruochen, a cultivator in Hundred-Shackle Realm.

But soon, they understood.

Lord Wuma must have done it for Zhang Ruochen's Canons. As long as he took those Canons, his strength would definitely reach a higher peak. He could easily become the representative of this Yuanhui period. From then on, he would be recorded in the history books of the various fanes and be remembered for thousands of generations.

Everyone looked at Zhang Ruochen indifferently. There was no emotion in their eyes.

What kind of emotion did one need to look at a dead person?

Even Guye Jing had the same look, she sighed. "I underestimated Wuma Jiuxing's courage. He dared to stay in such a conspicuous place like Enchanton even though he was injured. This time, I've ruined you. However, you won't be lonely on the road to death. After all, we are with you."

Blackie, who had always been arrogant, couldn't say anything arrogant at this moment.

It couldn't be helped. Wuma Jiuxing was too strong. Perhaps only Empress in Paramount Realm could defeat him. Other Paramount Realm Supreme Saints who could bear one of his sword strikes were all already at the peak of divinity.

If Scion Yu Qiu was still alive and Sword God Feng Chen hadn't reached divinity, they might not be able to defeat him.

To all the cultivators' surprise, Zhang Ruochen didn't give up. Instead, he let out a long laugh. His fighting spirit soared. "You're not the only one who wants to kill me. So what if you're the top elite in the world? Let's fight."

Zhang Ruochen summoned Ancient Abyssal Blade. Stepping into the desert, he strode toward Wuma Jiuxing.

The all-or-nothing aura shocked the Supreme Saints who thought they were stronger than Zhang Ruochen. If they were in his shoes, would they have the courage to fight against Wuma Jiuxing?

No.

The moment Wuma Jiuxing stood in front of them, their fighting spirit, self-confidence, dignity, and determination will all be destroyed.

To be called a Yuanhui-level genius, he sure was extraordinary.

“This guy...”

Guye Jing wanted to stop Zhang Ruochen, but she was too late.

Blackie wanted to take this opportunity to escape, but he eventually gave up the idea. He gritted his teeth and his body burst out like a hedgehog. He released Eternal Fire, revealed the true form of Phoenix, and chased after Zhang Ruochen.

After fighting side by side for so many years, how could he escape alone when the other was in a life-and-death situation?

Wuma Jiuxing's well-defined face showed joy, he said, “Good. You — a Yuanhui-level genius — did not disappoint me. However, you are still too weak. If you want to fight me, you'll only be qualified when you dropped the word ‘genius’. Unfortunately, you won't have a chance.”

Zhang Ruochen stepped within 3,000 meters of Wuma Jiuxing. He instantly sensed danger. The ground beneath his feet turned into a mountain of blades, and the air turned into Sword Qi.

The heavenly and earthly precepts disappeared, leaving only Precepts of Saber.

After all, Enchanton was not a real saint city. The suppression of Saint-level cultivators would be much less. It could not compare to West One City. Therefore, Wuma Jiuxing's Absolute Precept realm could cover 3,000 meters.

Even if Wuma Jiuxing stood still, he could kill ordinary Neverwithers Realm and Hundred-Shackle Realm Saints with his Absolute Precept realm.

Zhang Ruochen summoned Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth. He charged into

Wuma Jiuxing's Absolute Precept realm.

The ubiquitous Precept of Saber was like real sabers. They split open the three domains Zhang Ruochen had summoned. They kept slashing at Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light on his body, making loud rumbles.

Even though Zhang Ruochen was very fast and rushed hundreds of meters away in an instant, he was still hacked with tens thousands sword strikes by the power of Precepts.

The saber of Precepts could not break Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light, but a stream of vibration force passed through the armor and hit Zhang Ruochen's body. The power of tens thousands sword strikes landed on Zhang Ruochen's body, directly beating his body into a bloody mess.

Boom!

BOOM!

...

Zhang Ruochen struck out one after another drop of Dark Space-time Matter. With the power of Darkness, Time, and Dimension, he destroyed Precept of Saber and forcefully opened a path.

He pushed forward another 300 feet, and now he was less than 300 feet away from Wuma Jiuxing.

From the moment Zhang Ruochen stepped into Absolute Precept realm to the moment he arrived in front of Wuma Jiuxing, it took him a moment although his speed was extremely fast.

"Zhang Ruochen could pass through Absolute Precept realm, and reached near Wuma Jiuxing. He really is capable." said the white-haired old woman with fear.

Shang Yue snorted, "He's just borrowing external power. It's nothing. He'd only arrived in front of Lord Wuma but was already seriously injured. How can he still have the strength to attack? I think he's overestimating his strength. How stupid."

Clang

An ear-splitting sword clash rang out.

Zhang Ruochen raised his arm and held Ancient Abyssal Blade horizontally. He instantly entered the state of being one with the sword and struck.

A brilliant flower bloomed around him.

The petals were formed by Precepts of Dimension, and there were light spots of Mark of Time flashing on them.

It was the Time and Dimension sword comprehension that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated.

Dimension and Time seemed to freeze at this moment. Only the extremely bright sword light was left. It cut through Wuma Jiuxing's Absolute Precept realm and stabbed toward his chest.

Wuma Jiuxing put his hands behind his back and stared at the foot-long red sword mark on Ancient Abyssal Blade. He said faintly, "A streak of Sword Qi from a TrueGod. Is this the life-saving method given to you by the god of Xue Jue Family?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't expect that Wuma Jiuxing would see through his true purpose and last resort. He couldn't help but feel a little confused.

This person not only had unparalleled cultivation and combat strength, but he also had a top-notch brain.

No one could remain calm while facing an enemy like him.

"A god shouldn't interfere with the secular world. It's really just a dignified statement." Wuma Jiuxing shook his head slightly, he added, "However, it's useless to master a TrueGod's Sword Qi, because you can't stab me at all. The sword Qi of a TrueGod can only be used in the hands of a TrueGod. You're still far from that, you're like a child brandishing a big knife. You can barely lift it, but you can't hit anyone."

Wuma Jiuxing hadn't thought of taking the risk to receive a TrueGod's sword Qi, so he took a step back.

It was only one step, but it was a thousand feet back. All of Zhang Ruochen's previous efforts were instantly reduced to nothing.

Zhang Ruochen had already been severely injured by the saber of Precepts. How could he possibly break through Absolute Precept realm again?

“I am The Scion of Time and Space, the Master of Dimension. Everything in the dimension should be under my control. Is a thousand feet far? No, it’s not far. To me, it’s a matter of time.”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes. When he opened them again, his eyes shone brightly.

At this moment, his dimensional attainment had reached another level. A strange power surged out from Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension between his eyebrows. It was very similar to Canon of Truth and Canon of Destiny.

It was Canon of Dimension.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen certainly did not have time to think about how Canon of Dimension could be hidden in Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension.

“Zhang Ruochen, come with me. You are no match for Wuma Jiuxing now.”

Blackie — who had caught up with him — reached out a claw and tried to take Zhang Ruochen away by force.

The claw clearly grabbed Zhang Ruochen, but it realized there was nothing in its claw.

“Where is he? How could I fail to catch him?”

Blackie was stunned and looked up.

A bright moon appeared directly in front of Wuma Jiuxing. Zhang Ruochen somehow stood in the center of the full moon and stabbed Wuma Jiuxing’s chest.

“The fifth level of Sword of Time, Moonlight Melody. H-He has reached Great Perfection!” Blackie was surprised and happy.

Bai Qing ‘er and Guye Jing were both first-class elites under divinity. At this moment, their eyes showed a hint of surprise.

To be able to obtain a TrueGod’s Sword Qi was not considered a skill.

Only by being able to hit Wuma Jiuxing with one strike did Zhang Ruochen truly show his ability. He did not humiliate Lord Ming and Lord Ming's swords.

Wuma Jiuxing's face became very serious. He felt that he was locked on by the powerful Power of Dimension and Time. In addition, there was also an unparalleled sword comprehension, it pierced into his body making him unable to move.

"I didn't expect that I would have to receive this strike in the end."

Wuma Jiuxing's eyes became sharp and he pressed his hands out at the same time.

Swish, Swish.

In Absolute Precept realm, countless Precept of Saber turned into endless golden blades. Like an endless river of blades, they rushed toward Zhang Ruochen's strike.

Rumble

No one could see what was happening at the place where the blades clashed.

The light there was so bright that it could blind Supreme Saints.

The dimension collapsed. Countless locks, Supreme Saint inscriptions, and Divine Marks were destroyed.

Bai Qing 'er took action and protected all the Supreme Saints in the garden. Otherwise, they would fall into the void space even if they weren't killed by the chaotic Sword Qi.

When the dimension was restored, Supreme Saints with top cultivation could finally see Zhang Ruochen and Wuma Jiuxing clearly.

The Precept of Saber that Wuma Jiuxing had mobilized was completely destroyed by Sword Qi that Lord Ming had left for Zhang Ruochen. The tip of Ancient Abyssal Blade stabbed directly into his chest and continued to stab deeper.

It seemed that Zhang Ruochen wanted to kill Wuma Jiuxing with one strike.

Wuma Jiuxing pressed his palms on the body of Ancient Abyssal Blade. Suddenly, strands of fiery red hair stood on their ends like steel needles. His aura increased again. He shouted, "The Sword Qi of a True God has been exhausted. You can't kill me."

He retracted his palms. A powerful force exploded from his body. His right hand turned into a knife and slashed toward Zhang Ruochen.

"I'll settle with you."

The little black owl's body was burning with Eternal Fires. Its huge claws suddenly struck out. The Divine Voice of Phoenix came from its body.

The claws collided with the knife in Wuma Jiuxing's right hand. Suddenly, Desert Array realm collapsed completely as if the entire world had been destroyed.

Blackie flew back, but its other claw grabbed Zhang Ruochen and took him away.

Wuma Jiuxing's figure flashed. He took a step back and looked at the owl that was running away. His eyes were filled with surprise.

Wuma Jiuxing had been severely injured by Lord Ming's Sword Qi which had triggered his old injuries. He hadn't used his full strength with the palm strike just now. Yet, that owl had become the only existence that had forced him to take a step back after he accomplish great cultivation. Judging from its energetic escape, it seemed that it had not been injured at all.

"Interesting. It's a Phoenix that has been reborn from nine deaths."

Wuma Jiuxing was about to chase after it when his face suddenly froze. He stopped while blood was flowing out from the sword wound on his chest, and took out an ancient rusty bronze saber.

This was the first time he had used a weapon after he had achieved great success in his cultivation.

As a result, rust appeared on his beloved saber.

It had been a long time since he had used it to kill someone.

“Ten Wraithions of Death Palace have all been mobilized. I don’t know whether I should be happy or have a headache since Fane of Destiny has placed so much importance on me.” Wuma Jiuxing stood there with his saber in hand, his eyes filled with an indescribable coldness and arrogance.

Wherever his gaze swept past, ten shadows of different shapes were approaching from ten different directions.

When Zhang Ruochen activated the three Supreme Artifacts, the battle in Jifeng Manor had already alarmed the entire Enchanton. Furthermore, the news spread across the 17 districts of Hoth at the fastest speed.

“After your battle with Zhuo Yunong, you should have hidden and recovered from your injuries. You shouldn’t have stayed in such a dangerous place like Enchanton. Now, you have been severely injured by a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. It is obvious that your fate is decided. Today, you will die here.” one of the Ten Wraithions said.

He walked out from the shadows. It was an angel with twelve white wings.

Only the god of the angels could have twelve wings.

He was called Wingwraith. He was the reincarnation of an angel’s corpse in Celestial Court. He was a Paramount Realm Corpusian Supreme Saint, but he also retained part of the divine soul of the pseudo god. He even had half of Divinity Source in his body.

“No one has ever made Death Palace deploy Ten Wraithions at the same time. You are the only one.” Goldwraith walked out from the shadows. He was like a Buddha, and his body shone with golden light, 108,000 Buddhist scriptures floated beneath his feet, representing the 108,000 spells that he had cultivated.

Chapter 2471: Annihilate Destiny

Dessert Array realm was destroyed, and the white fog around the lakeside garden in Ji Feng Manor dissipated, revealing many pavilions.

The Ten Wraithions broke through the walls of Ji Feng Manor, stepped on the Supreme Saint inscriptions on the ground, and surrounded Wuma Jiuxing.

Talismans flew around the edge of the Manor, interweaving into spider web-like talismans that sealed the dimension.

The one controlling the talismans was Fogwraith, one of the Ten Wraithions.

She wore a large black robe and had thick black hair. However, she didn't have a body. There was only fog and a pair of blood-red eyes visible in the black robe.

After losing the cover of the Multi-Dimensional Scroll and the array formation, the Saint Aura that erupted from Ji Feng Manor immediately shocked Enchanton. Countless cultivators with lower cultivation couldn't help but tremble and kneel on the ground.

The House of Enchanteurs was located in the center of Enchanton, with palaces and gardens connected together.

It was originally a bustling place, but in an instant, it was completely silent.

Whether it was the honored guests who came to the House of Enchanteurs to have fun or those beautiful women. All of them could feel the soul-shaking death energy emitted by the Ten Wraithions. It was like the cold air of winter that chilled their entire bodies.

The fifth son of Ghost Master, Ling, pushed open the carved purple wooden window and looked in the direction of Ji Feng Manor.

He saw that the area was covered by 800 bright talismans, forming a bowl shape.

Ling's heart was shaking, "The Ten Wraithions of Death Palace are dispatched at the same time. I've never heard of it happen before!"

"Are the Ten Wraithions that powerful? Can they compare to top elites like Yan Huangtu, Wujiang, or Zhang Ruochen?" A Demi-Saint beauty asked curiously.

A hint of mockery appeared in Ling's eyes, "Your knowledge is too shallow. You only know the cultivators on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. What you don't know is that they can only be considered the best representatives for a thousand years. Yet, a thousand years is too short for a Supreme Saint."

Demi-Saints of the human race could only live for two or three hundred years.

Demi-Saints of Immortal Vampires and Rakshasa could live longer, but it was difficult for them to live for more than five hundred years.

With the age and cultivation of a Demi-Saint, the only people they could see and hear about were the people who lived within those thousand years. This Demi-Saint beauty didn't even know Ling's identity and cultivation. She only knew that he was an important figure.

The fungus plant of a morning knows not the alternation of day and night. The cicada knows not the alternation of spring and autumn.

"Yan Huangtu and Wujiang might not be qualified to fight with the Ten Wraithions even if they cultivated for another 500 years. As for Zhang Ruochen, he's a Master of Time. Maybe he'll be faster!"

Even though Ling's cultivation had also reached Paramount Realm, his eyes were still very serious when he mentioned the Ten Wraithions.

The Ten Wraithions were nurtured by Death Palace with countless resources. They were born to kill. On Battlefield of

Merits, they were feared by all Supreme Saints in Celestial Court.

Even if one of the Ten Wraithions was below divinity, it would be hard for one to find an opponent.

It was unimaginable for the Ten Wraithions to attack together.

“Wuma Jiuxing can indeed be considered as the representative figure of the dark world. It’s a pity that he made a fatal mistake. How can he provoke the authority of Fane of Destiny? If he wasn’t injured, he might still have a chance to escape.

“Now, he only has one way to go. To break through divinity and transcend Divine Tribulation. However, what are the chances of him succeeding when he’s injured?”

Ling shook his head and sighed for Wuma Jiuxing.

Wuma Jiuxing was an elite who dared to declare war on Fane of Destiny. He had the courage that other Supreme Saints did not and the will to challenge the impossible.

One strike to break through ancient times, one strike to fate.

He was a person who cultivated Path of Saber to the extreme.

Even if he died today, he would definitely be remembered by many cultivators. However, his unyielding heart and unyielding fighting spirit had already made Ling feel inferior.

...

Bai Qing ‘er brought the saints of Ji Feng Manor and escaped at the first possible moment. Thus, she was not trapped by the Ten Wraithions.

Shang Yue’s face was as white as paper as she said, “Master, what should we do now? Why did the Ten Wraithions come to Enchanton? Would they...”

She really wanted to say whether or not will they destroy the House of Enchanteurs on Hoth.

However, she did not say it.

The other Supreme Saints present had the same worry. Their hearts were heavy.

The appearance of the Ten Wraithions was more terrifying than being surrounded by a million army.

Although Death Palace's Black Robe High Priest had a close relationship with the House of Enchanteurs, the high priest was not the only one in charge of Death Palace. It must have been an order from a god of Death Palace to send the Ten Wraithions together.

Bai Qing 'er said, "You don't have to keep your eyes on this place. It's more important to capture Zhang Ruochen. Shang Xia, go to the House of Enchanteurs immediately and get all Array Masters and spiritual-power Saint Masters to activate the array, Supreme Saint inscription, and Divine Marks in Enchanton. No cultivator is allowed to leave the city.

"The rest of the cultivators, search the city for Zhang Ruochen."

"Yes!"

All the cultivators answered in unison.

...

...

Ji Feng Manor.

Wuma Jiuxing held a bronze saber. He merged with his saber, while his saber with heaven, heaven with earth, and earth back with him.

Man, saber, heaven, and earth, all in one.

At this moment, as if he was not injured, his momentum soared. The sun, moon, and stars were revolving around him. He was like a god, the heart of the planet, the heart of heaven and earth.

"Good timing. I can use your blood and souls to refine the edges of Sky Resistor." Wuma Jiuxing's aura rose again.

Sky Resistor was the name of the saber in his hand.

Face the sky, shattering the sun and moon to cut off ancient times.

Path of Saber was not Path of the Ancients. In Wuma Jiuxing's opinion, every cultivator of the saber should have the determination and confidence to cut off ancient times.

If ancient times were not broken, how could new rules be established?

“The Gate of Destiny!

“The Gate of Destiny!

“The Gate of Destiny!”

...

Voices rang out one after another, and the Ten Wraithions attacked at the same time.

Countless Gate of Destiny appeared in Wuma Jiuxing's ten directions, emitting dazzling brilliance.

Each light from the ten Gates of Destiny was a Precept of Destiny.

Countless billions of Precept of Destiny rushed into Wuma Jiuxing's Absolute Precept realm and destroyed the Precepts of Saber. They wanted to destroy his entire Path of Saber.

Ten thousand feet, nine thousand feet, eight thousand feet...

...

Two thousand feet, one thousand feet...

Wuma Jiuxing's Absolute Precept realms of ten thousand feet continuously disintegrated. The Light of Destiny was about to shine and rush into his body.

“Accept the judgment of destiny. Under the illumination of Light of Destiny, all traitors will be punished.” Wingwraith spread his twelve wings. Under the illumination of the Gate of Destiny behind him, the divine feathers became even whiter.

It was as if they were made of silver and washed by the light.

Wuma Jiuxing looked up at the sky and laughed, “Judge me? Have I done anything wrong? How many Supreme Saints of

Celestial Court have I killed on Battlefield of Merits? You killed me just to save the face of Fane of Destiny. I admit that the weak are the prey of the strong. However, don't blame me for something that I didn't do. Once I'm angered, I won't hesitate to kill."

The bronze saber shot out a blinding green light, and the rust on the saber instantly fell off.

Under the illumination of the ten Gate of Destiny, any other Paramount Realm Supreme Saint would have become no different from a mortal. They would not be able to put up any resistance.

However, Wuma Jiuxing's fighting spirit was still strong. He shouted, "Kill! I'm annihilating Destiny."

He raised the saber in his hand, and a green light broke through the Light of Destiny and slashed towards Wingwraith.

Wingwraith put his hands together and mobilized the divine force from half of the Divinity Source in his body. A white ocean of divine force surged out from under his feet.

At the same time, The Stellar Soul of God behind him condensed into a gigantic divine shadow. It was as if a TrueGod had come into being and was about to receive Wuma Jiuxing's sword strike.

Puff.

Wuma Jiuxing's saber was omnipotent. It split apart the divine shadow, broke the ocean of divine force, and landed on Wingwraith's head.

Wingwraith's body had been nurtured by pseudo god's divine force for ten thousand years. It was unknown how tough it was.

However, when the sword light landed, he was instantly split into two.

The god's corpse was torn apart.

Even Wingwraith's Stellar Soul of God was destroyed by the strike.

“Divine Aura, a God has arrived in Enchanton!”

“Oh god! I saw the true form of a god. It’s a twelve-winged angel.”

...

All the cultivators in Enchanton saw the divine shadow formed by Wingwraith’s Stellar Soul of God. They felt the majestic divine aura and thought that it was a god descending into the world. They all knelt down and kowtowed.

However, the “God” only appeared for an instant before he was killed with a single slash.

Wingwraith’s death shocked all the factions. The higher the cultivation level, the more shocked the cultivators were.

A Gate of Destiny dimmed!

It was not that Wingwraith was not powerful enough. In fact, with his cultivation, he could run amok in the universe.

Almost no cultivator could kill him without the presence of a god. Unfortunately, he had met the top cultivator in the world, Wuma Jiuxing.

Wuma Jiuxing’s roar sounded again. “Kill! I’m annihilating Destiny.”

A saber light soared into the sky, and the entire Enchanton was shaking.

The sword light broke the talismans that were suppressing Ji Feng Manor. It broke through clouds, penetrated the atmosphere of Hoth, and flew into the universe.

The second Gate of Destiny was dimming!

“Kill! I’m annihilating Destiny.”

He roared with strong momentum.

This roar was to strengthen his momentum. At the same time, it was to strengthen their minds.

Destiny was irreversible, yet I’m annihilating it.

The third Gate of Destiny dimmed, and another Wraithion fell.

The 800 talismans controlled by Fogwraith were all shattered and turned into dust.

Ji Feng Manor was in a terrible state. It was filled with all kinds of chaotic energy while Path of Saber was the most powerful of them all.

Fortunately, the Array Masters and spiritual-power Saint Masters of the House of Enchanters had all been mobilized. They activated the locks, array formations, and inscriptions in the city, and the aftermath of the battle was controlled within a certain range.

“Kill! I’m annihilating Destiny.”

Wuma Jiuxing’s roar shook the buildings near Ji Feng Manor and turned them into ashes.

He waved his saber and broke Goldwraith’s 108,000 Buddhist scriptures, cutting his body into two.

Path of Saber destroyed all of his Core Spirit.

The two halves of his Buddha body became lifeless and cold like iron.

He slashed out four times in a row.

The Supreme Saints, who could see the battle clearly, were all terrified. Their hearts seemed to be about to shatter.

“Other than Zhuo Yunong, are there any other cultivators below divinity who can survive Wuma Jiuxing’s attack?” A Supreme Saint asked in a trembling voice.

“Wuma Jiuxing didn’t use a weapon when he fought Zhuo Yunong, while Zhuo Yunong used a Supreme Artifact. If Wuma Jiuxing had used his saber in that battle, would Zhuo Yunong be able to receive seven of his attacks?”

“It is said that Wuma Jiu Xing’s saber can not be used lightly. Once it is used, it will not stop until it is full of blood and soul.”

“If it is not full of blood and soul, what will happen?”

“It will consume Wuma Jiuxing’s blood and soul! It is said that Wuma Jiuxing abandoned his sword not long ago so that

he would not be controlled by this sword.”

“Wuma Jiuxing is unable to control it, so he can only abandon it. This sword is truly terrifying, comparable to Sword of Asura!”

...

While the Supreme Saints were discussing, the fifth Gate of Destiny dimmed.

Yan Yu and Lady Fu Xiang were the two most powerful Supreme Saints below divinity of Yanluo clan. They were ranked at the very top in Fane of Destiny's Tome of the Divines and Celestial Court's Eminence Ranking.

At this moment, they were standing on the tower of the city walls of Enchanton.

Yan Yu held Dark Parasol of Obfuscatory with one hand behind his back. His gaze was deep and dark, he said, “An incredible elite that came from the dark world. Wuma Jiuxing is stronger than I thought. The Ten Wraithions can't kill him. Now, it's our turn!”

“Why do we have to intervene? I think it's good to let the Fane of Destiny and Wuma Jiuxing fight to the death.” Lady Fu Xiang wore a blue crystal veil and held a long crystal bow in her jade-white hand.

Yan Yu said, “The Fane of Destiny has its reason for existence. It's precisely because of it that the ten races of Infernal Court can coexist peacefully. They are the reason that there won't be internal strife. So that Celestial Court won't take advantage of Infernal Court.

“Now that Jadeite Realm has been activated and all the gods have left, the situation is very delicate. The sudden appearance of Wuma Jiuxing, this uncertain factor, seems a little too strange.”

“You suspect that it's a plot of Celestial Court?” Lady Fu Xiang's eyes under the veil revealed a strange expression.

Yan Yu said, “It's not that I suspect it, it's that the gods in the clan suspect it. Wuma Jiuxing did not have the aptitude to

become the representative of this Yuanhui period. After disappearing for more than two hundred years, he actually possessed the strength to represent this Yuanhui period. This is a strange thing in itself.”

“Then, he is just a pawn in the light to attract everyone’s attention?” Lady Fu Xiang asked.

Yan Yu nodded, “I can’t be 100% sure. There are already gods who have sensed an unusual aura. It seems that something big is going to happen in Infernal Court. A storm is coming, all unstable factors must be destroyed. No matter what, before the gods return from Jadeite Realm, Infernal Court must not fall into chaos. The authority of the Fane of Destiny must not be shaken.”

“Even if Wuma Jiuxing is not a chess piece of Celestial Court, we have to kill him first. That’s what you mean, right?”

“That’s right! No matter how outstanding a person is, he or she can be sacrificed in front of the big picture. If it were any other time, I would like to have a fair and just battle with an elite like Wuma Jiuxing.” Yan Yu shook his head gently, his emotions did not fluctuate too much.

Fu Xiang lifted the crystal bow and slowly pulled the bowstring with her slender and beautiful fingers.

Creak.

Precepts of the world were like lines that gathered on the bowstring of her bow, condensing into a translucent arrow.

The moment the Arrow of Precepts pointed at Wuma Jiuxing, he immediately sensed it.

Chapter 2472: The People from Hoth Palace

Swoosh!

The crystal-like arrow flew out with a long tail.

The layers of arrays in Enchanton were like paper as it was easily broken in front of it.

It only took less than an instant for the arrow to fly towards Wuma Jiuxing.

Wuma Jiuxing felt chills. He squatted horse stance, and his body turned crimson like a furnace. Holding the saber in both hands, he shouted, “Attack!”

The saber flew in a circle.

The saber then broke through the circle and struck out to receive the arrow.

The saber and the crystal arrow collided. Immediately, an incomparably powerful light surged out and tore apart the locks, inscriptions, and array formations in Enchanton.

In the city, miserable cries could be heard one after another.

There were over a thousand Array Masters and spiritual-power Saint Master in the House of Enchanteurs. However, half of them died in an instant. Those who were still alive were more or less wounded.

Wuma Jiuxing’s eyes were sharp as he stared at the crystal arrow. His long, fiery hair was flying in the wind.

Snapped!

The crystal arrow could not withstand the sword Qi and broke apart. It turned into heavenly and earthly precepts and dissipated into nothingness.

However, in the center of the crystal arrow was a foot-long arrow.

This small arrow was formed from Lady Fu Xiang's Precepts of Archery.

The small arrow collided with the saber. The inscription under Wuma Jiuxing's feet was completely shattered. His feet slid backward, creating two deep ravines.

After retreating 300 feet, the power of the small arrow was finally exhausted. It became transparent and finally disappeared.

Although Wuma Jiuxing had blocked this arrow, the aura that he had accumulated from slashing five strikes consecutively just now was disintegrated. Moreover, his chest and abdomen were in intense pain. He could not help but spurt out a mouthful of blood.

However, the Blood Qi that had reached his throat was forcefully swallowed back by him.

Path of Saber emphasized aura.

If his aura was still present, Wuma Jiuxing was confident that he would be able to kill all the Ten Wraithions before he collapsed.

A sword cultivator cultivates the heart and will, while a saber cultivator cultivates the breath.

Now that his aura was ruined, it would be extremely difficult for him to kill one of the Ten Wraithions in a one-on-one fight, much less kill all ten of them.

"So, Arrow of Deva Path does live up to its reputation."

Wuma Jiuxing boosted his aura, his eyes were burning red.

Lady Fu Xiang was like a beautiful fairy. She landed in the middle of the street under the rain of light, "You blocked my arrow despite being besieged and heavily wounded. Such an achievement does not represent the Yuanhui period, but at least it represents Path of Saber of this Yuanhui period."

For gods and cultivators who wanted to break into divinity, a Yuanhui period was an era.

Gods might not be able to leave their names in history, but the representatives of a Yuanhui period could be recorded in ancient books and be learned and remembered by future cultivators.

Zhang Ruochen could only be called a Yuanhui level genius at the moment.

The word “genius” was glory for other cultivators.

However, to Zhang Ruochen, it was a word that he had to erase.

In today’s world, who would still call Wargod Bloodximius and Huang Tian Yuanhui level geniuses?

The sound of footsteps could be heard.

Yan Yu held Dark Parasol of Obfuscatory and walked on the street. He walked to Lady Fu Xiang’s side.

Although no one could see him under the parasol, everyone knew the identity of the person holding the parasol.

Wuma Jiuxing’s pupils constricted as he stared at the dark area under the parasol and said, “Demigod Yan Yu, I didn’t expect you to come as well! What a pity! You should have come earlier. If you had come earlier, you might have had the chance to fight me alone.”

To be called a “Demigod”, one could see Yan Yu’s status below divinity.

A god among demigods.

Yan Yu said, “It’s indeed quite a pity.”

“What I didn’t expect was that Yanluo clan would interfere,” Wuma Jiuxing said.

Yan Yu said, “Isn’t it because there are too many accidents and variables in this world that makes it particularly interesting? Your appearance and your strength were not something that I thought of ahead of time too.”

The remaining five shuttles were all supporting the Gate of Destiny.

Five beams of Light of Destiny illuminated Enchanton, making all the cultivators in the city lose their cultivation and turned into mortals.

Whoosh

The sixth Gate of Destiny rose up from behind Wuma Jiuxing.

Wuma Jiuxing did not turn around, but he knew who had come, he smiled and said, “You were nearby during the day I defeated Zhuo Yunong. You wanted to attack, but you didn’t. From then on, I had already defeated you. If you attack me now, you will die without a doubt.”

Lord Wu Yue walked in the middle of the street. the Gate of Destiny behind him was like a square sun rising slowly, and the light was getting stronger and stronger.

He said, “Your aura is destroyed. The one who will die without a doubt should be you.”

Strength and realm always come first.

However, for top cultivators like Wuma Jiuxing, Ten Wraithions, Yan Yu, Lord Wu Yue, Lady Fu Xiang, and so on. It was particularly important to have a strong mindset and aura in the face of battle.

If Wuma Jiuxing didn’t have such an aura just now, he would not have been able to kill five of the Ten Wraithions.

If Zhuo Yunong did not have the faith in protecting the dignity of Fane of Destiny, he would not have been able to take on Wuma Jiuxing’s seven strikes.

If Zhang Ruochen did not have the will to fight to the death, he would not have been able to stab Wuma Jiuxing with his strike.

In this cruel world, everyone was fighting and battling to achieve their vision.

Even though Wuma Jiuxing was surrounded by powerful enemies, he didn’t frown at all. He shouted, “Who else wants to take my life? Let’s see how competent are you.”

Snowflakes fell from the sky.

A chill swept through the entire city.

Everyone looked up and saw a green sacred ship in the sky where snowflakes were flying.

“It’s the sacred ship of Hoth Palace.”

“Hoth Palace has interfered.”

“How could they not interfere?”? How terrifying was the destructive power of so many peak elites below divinity fighting? Previously, it was suppressed by the array formations and inscriptions of Enchanton. Once it couldn’t be suppressed, the ripples of the battle would spread for million meters. Who knows how many cultivators would die because of this.”

...

The current Palace Master of Hoth Palace was Qing Yulou. He was no more than five thousand years old.

Although Qing Yulou rarely fought with others, Hoth Palace that he controlled ruled over the entire Hoth. The ten major forces of darkness, the ten clans of Infernal Court, and even the cultivators of Fane of Destiny had to abide by the rules of Hoth Palace when they came to Hoth.

Qing Yulou walked out of the sacred ship. Its green clothes were like jade waves, and it was as graceful as a jade tree. His long hair was tied behind his back, and his features were clear and beautiful. His voice was gentle as he said, “Can everyone give Hoth Palace some face and go outer star to fight?”

Skullwraith said, “What if Fane of Destiny doesn’t want to?”

The Ten Wraithions didn’t have any emotions. They only knew how to kill, and how to complete their missions.

Everyone knew that once they went outer star, Wuma Jiuxing’s chances of escaping would greatly increase.

Qing Yulou smiled and said, “I’m afraid Fane of Destiny must show some respect to Hoth Palace.”

Skullwraith’s eyes turned cold, and his killing intent surged.

Lord Wu Yue frowned slightly and sent a message to Skullwraith, “The Master of Hoth Palace has announced to the

world that the rules of Hoth will be decided by him. If anyone dares to break his rules, he will not hesitate to kill. This is something that the gods of Infernal Court have tacitly agreed to!”

“How could he claim to be king in Infernal Court? How is this possible? Fane of Destiny would never allow such a thing to happen,” Skullwraith said.

Lord Wu Yue said, “He didn’t claim to be the king, he’s just confining himself in Hoth. He swore that he would never step out of Hoth and would imprison himself here.”

“I know what you’re talking about!”

Skullwraith retracted his murderous intent toward Qing Yulou.

“Let’s go to outer star.” Yan Yu sighed softly.

Wuma Jiuxing took the lead and flew into the sky. When he was in the air, a dragon’s roar came from the clouds.

The huge body of Creo Dragon swooped down, and Wuma Jiuxing landed on its back.

The powerhouses, including the green sacred ship in the sky, disappeared one after another.

The Saint Aura that made all the cultivators in Enchanton feel breathless dissipated. The cultivators kneeling on the ground stood up, many of them wiping the cold sweat off their bodies.

It was too terrifying!

Of course, most cultivators didn’t know what happened. They only knew that there were powerful figures fighting in the city. As for how high their level was, they had no idea.

Some cultivators let out shrill screams.

They were shocked to find that they’d lost all their cultivation and become a mortal.

Many cultivators had lost their cultivation because they were too close to Ji Feng Manor and had been hit by Light of Destiny.

Today's battle between Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing had caused heavy losses to the House of Enchanteur and Enchanton.

Bai Qing 'er stood on the highest jade platform of the House of Enchanteur and looked down at the dusty city. Her clear and beautiful eyes emitted Light of Origin as if she was looking for something.

Shang Yue stood behind her and looked up at the sky. "Master, aren't we going to help Lord Wuma? You know, Yan Yu, Lord Wu Yue..."

"There's no need."

Bai Qing 'er said, "You have to remember that the Enchanteur Chamber had never thought of making an enemy out of Fane of Destiny, and could absolutely not make an enemy out of Fane of Destiny either. Fane of Destiny clearly knows where each of House of Enchanteur is. One order and all Houses of Enchanteur will be reduced to ashes. However, does Infernal Court know where Pneuma Hall is?"

"I understand!" Shang Yue said softly.

Bai Qing 'er frowned and said, "They escaped from Ji Feng Manor and disappeared. Even Divine Eye of Origin couldn't find them."

Shang Yue said, "The hedgehog beside Zhang Ruochen is a Phoenix. It must be the Heaven and Earth Slaughterer, who has caused a lot of trouble on Hoth recently. Although Zhang Ruochen and the successor of the Rāhu Mountains were seriously injured, the Heaven and Earth Slaughterer was very powerful. It must have used some secret technique to hide."

"The Phoenix that reborned from the nine deaths, Kunlun's field. Could it be... Could it be that Hoth Palace made a move?"

Just as she said this, Bai Qing 'er shook her head. She had been paying attention to Hoth Palace's ship. No matter how powerful Qing Yulou was, he could not take them away under her sight.

"They must be in the city," Bai Qing 'er said.

Shang Yue smiled and said, "If they are still in the city, it's only a matter of time before we find them. Enchanton is the city of the Enchanteur Chamber. No matter what form they take, no matter where they are hiding, there must be a trace. I will find them."

Bai Qing 'er said, "Alright, I will leave this matter to you. Continue to use the array formation to seal the city. Announce to the outside world that there are cultivators from Celestial Court who have broken into Enchanton. The Enchanteur Chamber will cooperate with Hoth palace and Fane of Destiny to capture them."

There had to be an explanation for today's battle.

Powerful figures knew what had happened, but powerful figures were rare everywhere. Thus, most cultivators didn't know what happened.

Fane of Destiny had suffered a great loss this time. Obviously, they didn't want the truth to leak out. By doing so, Bai Qing 'er could confuse the public and save Fane of Destiny's face.

The fewer people who knew the truth, the better it is.

...

...

Blackie ran with the heavily injured Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing. Just as they were about to leave the city, a beam of light shot out from the city wall and turned into a huge array.

With Blackie's array attainments, it could certainly break into the array by force.

However, once Blackie broke in, it would definitely expose its position and be discovered by Bai Qing 'er.

Bai Qing 'er was already very difficult to deal with, not to mention that there were so many elites in the Enchanteur Chamber. With the power of the array, no matter how powerful Blackie was, it would probably die here.

Therefore, Blackie was very decisive and broke into a saint mansion not far from the city wall.

This saint mansion was very big and had many empty rooms.

Blackie found a random room and threw Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing onto the bed. Then, it took out the array flag and set up an ancient grade nine Cloaking Array in the room.

Blackie opened its claw and saw a deep saber mark. It almost cut off his claws.

A sharp Path of Saber invaded the claw from the saber mark and entered its body.

“What a powerful saber technique. No wonder the little demoness was seriously injured after being struck by the knife. From life to death, Precepts in her body were constantly breaking down. Fortunately, I’m strong enough. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable.”

Blackie reached out a claw and hit Zhang Ruochen’s Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light.

Swoosh!

The armor was taken off.

Zhang Ruochen’s skin was completely shattered. It was difficult to find a piece of flesh. Even his bones were broken.

“He’s trying to be brave. He’s only in Hundred-Shackle Realm, but he’s fighting with a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. He really doesn’t know how to spell death. Eh? He’s injured so badly, but his breath of life is still so strong. His injuries are healing quickly. Did he swallow some divine pill or Divine Herb?”

Blackie’s eyes lit up. He moved away from Zhang Ruochen’s injuries and stared at Ring of Dimensions on Zhang Ruochen’s finger.

“This kid must have a lot of good things on him. Does he really have divine pills or Divine Herb? No, no, this is taking advantage of him. I can’t do that.

“Wait, why not?”

“I saved his life. He should thank me.

“That’s right. He has so many Supreme Artifacts. It’s not too much for me to take one or two treasures from him.

“Besides, I was injured in order to save him. I took his treasures to heal my injuries and to increase my strength so that I can deal better with the powerful enemies who will catch up at any time.”

Blackie rubbed his claws and no longer hesitated. He went to take the Ring of Dimensions on Zhang Ruochen’s finger as if to convince himself, “I’ll only take this one. I don’t want anything else. I don’t want to take advantage of others while they’re in danger. I just want to survive better. Wuma Jiuxing and Bai are so powerful. I must become stronger. I have a responsibility. I have no choice. I really have no other choice! I have no other choice.”

Chapter 2473: Demonic Source

Bang!

Just as he was about to take off Ring of Dimensions, a white light flashed in front of him. Blackie was sent flying by the white light.

After three somersaults, Blackie got up in a daze. His eyes darted around the room and asked, “Who was it? Who attacked me?”

After making sure that there was no other cultivator in the room beside Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing, Blackie was slightly relieved. He muttered to himself, “It was a white light... Wait, it looks like a tail. What on earth is that?”

Blackie looked around and walked toward Zhang Ruochen again.

This time, it was much more cautious.

It released Eternal Fire and slowly reached for Ring of Dimensions on Zhang Ruochen’s finger with its claws.

When Blackie was about to grab the ring, it deliberately paused for a moment. When Blackie saw that the white light did not appear again, it heaved a sigh of relief.

“It must have been Zhang Ruochen’s protective treasure just now. That protective treasure is most likely a one-time use and has been consumed. This time... AH!”

Blackie chuckled. Before it could finish laughing, it screamed.

The white light appeared again and slapped its face. Its body flew out diagonally, and its cat face swelled up.

“Who is it? Come out this instant! Stop being a coward and fight me fair and square.”

Blackie covered its big round face with its claws and roared angrily.

An absolute outrage! It had been sneak attacked twice in a row.

As the Heaven and Earth Slaughterer, it had always been the only one who sneak attacks others. Who dared to do the same to it?

“You don’t have the guts to come out? Once I get angry, the whole world will tremble in fear.”

Blackie’s eyes were burning with flames. It clenched its claws tightly, and a powerful Saint Aura burst out from its body. It strode toward Zhang Ruochen, who was lying on the bed.

Blackie suspected that the culprit who attacked it was hiding somewhere on Zhang Ruochen.

It was still three feet away from the bed. The void trembled slightly, and the white light flew out again.

Blackie opened its eyes wide and finally saw that the white light was indeed a tail. It was thick, long, and snow-white.

Whoosh

Like a whip, the tail lashed towards Blackie’s chest.

Blackie was already prepared. It suddenly retreated and avoided this attack. It stood at the edge of Cloaking Array and laughed loudly. “Come on. Come catch me. You missed! You missed me!”

Whoosh

The white tail appeared silently in the space above Blackie’s head and lashed down fiercely.

Blackie’s body shook violently. The feathers on its head were knocked off. Like its soul had been scattered, it fell to the ground weakly.

“Idiot.”

Intergold Tiger walked out of the space. It strode over and stomped on the back of Blackie’s head.

...

After an unknown amount of time, Zhang Ruochen woke up after his injured Saint Soul was reassembled.

The moment he opened his eyes, he sat up from the bed and looked at his hands and body.

The injuries on his body had healed on their own.

Suddenly, he felt a piercing pain in his head.

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and covered his head with his hands. After a while, the twitching muscles on his face relaxed.

After taking a deep breath, he muttered, "There is such a big gap between me and a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. Even though I borrowed a streak of Sword Qi from Uncle Ming, the residual force from the collision of the two forces almost destroyed my demigod body.

"My Saint Soul exists in Divine Light Sea of Qi and is protected by Sainthood Source, but it was almost shattered.

"The gap between realms is not so easy to cross. Wait, my Sea of Qi..."

Zhang Ruochen checked his Sea of Qi and had a surprising discovery.

Cracks appeared on Divine Light Sea of Qi with the marks of gods.

Even the four Sainthood Sources in his Sea of Qi were cracked.

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly. He didn't know whether to be relieved or depressed about his injuries.

At least his Sea of Qi and Sainthood Sources were still there and his cultivation wasn't destroyed.

"You're awake?"

Blackie's big cat head moved closer carefully.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at it with a strange expression.

"What's with the cloth around your head?"

Blackie stared at Zhang Ruochen. Blackie was trying to figure out if he was pretending, or if he really just woke up?

“Eh! It’s nothing. I just got injured in the fight with Wuma. It doesn’t matter.” Blackie waved its claws.

“Oh!”

Zhang Ruochen felt that Blackie was a little strange.

Blackie stared at Zhang Ruochen’s lower body and asked mysteriously, “Is your body different from before?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Yes! What do you want to ask?”

“Does your new body have a long tail?” Blackie asked seriously.

Zhang Ruochen’s face darkened. He looked at his naked body and quickly took out a robe from his Ring of Dimensions to put on. “I’ve been unconscious for so long. Didn’t you see for yourself?”

“Who wants to see your butt?! Wait, tail!”

Blackie had been whipped by the tail several times. How could he dare to get close to Zhang Ruochen?

However, Zhang Ruochen was now awake, and the whitetail did not appear again. So Blackie mustered up its courage and went behind Zhang Ruochen. It stared at the position of his waist and carefully looked at it. “It doesn’t seem to be able to hide on itself!”

As it spoke, it stretched out a claw..

“What are you doing?”

Zhang Ruochen quickly turned around and glared at it.

Friendship was friendship, but one should not act rashly.

Blackie shook its head gently. Suddenly, it thought of something. It stared at Guye Jing who was lying on the bed and said thoughtfully, “Could it be her? Zhang Ruochen, does she have a tail?”

“How should I know?” Zhang Ruochen said.

“I’ll go and check.”

After taking two steps, Blackie suddenly stopped and was a little afraid.

It turned around and said to Zhang Ruochen, “You go.”

Zhang Ruochen was very curious. He asked, “What are you looking for?”

“The tail!”

“What tail?”

Blackie certainly could not tell Zhang Ruochen the truth. It rolled its eyes and said seriously, “Do you believe me?”

Zhang Ruochen certainly knew that it was Blackie who saved him at the critical moment of his duel with Wuma Jiuxing.

With their relationship, they could trust each other.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Guye Jing and said, “She won’t have a tail. You’re the only one who has a tail here.”

“How would you know if you haven’t seen it? This demoness is very cunning. Don’t be fooled by her! I suspect that she hid her strength and deliberately got hurt to achieve some unspeakable purpose.”

Blackie then secretly transmitted his voice to Zhang Ruochen, saying, “She is the successor of The Rāhu Mountains. She must have received the true inheritance of Demon Patriarch. She must have approached you for Demonstone Engraving.”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart was moved. He asked, “How do you know that she has designs on Demonstone Engraving?”

Blackie puffed out his chest and smiled. “Do you know the source of Path of Demons?”

“Path of Demon originates from Path of Darkness?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie shook its head and said, “That’s not what I’m talking about. Although Path of Demon originates from Path of Darkness of the nine Path of the Ancients, it surpasses Path of Darkness itself in martial arts.”

Zhang Ruochen understood what Blackie meant.

It wasn't that Path of Demon was stronger than Path of Darkness, but it surpasses it in a certain way.

Just like how Path of Life originated from Path of Light of the nine Path of the Ancients. However, in terms of healing, Path of Life surpassed Path of Light.

Blackie continued, "The so-called source of Path of Demon actually refers to the three most powerful figures of Path of Demon since ancient times. They brought Path of Demon to glory, established sects, and created all sorts of matchless battle techniques, allowing demonic cultivators to spread throughout the universe.

"Although there are many forces and sects of Path of Demon, big and small, they all originated from these three branches."

"Which three branches?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie said, "Demon Patriarch of The Rāhu Mountains, Celestial Demon of Kunlun's field, and Devil God of Pangu Realm. These three can be called Demonic Sources!"

"Since Guye Jing is from the lineage of Demon Patriarch, how can you be sure that she would have designs on Demonstone Engraving?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie said seriously, "The three great Demonic Sources are focused in different ways. Although they are powerful, they all have their flaws. The Demon Patriarch cultivates the body and heart, Celestial Demon imparts the technique, while the Devil God knows it all."

"What do you mean?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"It means that the lineage of Demon Patriarch cultivates the body till Paramount realm. It uses the demonic power of the body to suppress the world. Cultivating the heart to sense the world and control the power of the body.

"In short, the Demon Patriarch are focused on the demonic body and mind."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "I think her demonic body is so-so. Moreover, she seems to mainly use the demonic Saint techniques and hasn't used much physical power."

“This is what I’m most worried about! What does this mean? It means that she has been pretending all along. She must be hiding something.

“The Demon Patriarch lineage cultivates the body, but it doesn’t mean that they don’t cultivate demonic Saint techniques and cultivation techniques. Just like the Celestial Demons lineage, while cultivating cultivation techniques and Saint techniques, they also cultivate the demonic body. It’s just that each has their own strengths.

“This demoness only uses demonic Saint techniques that the Demon Patriarch lineage is not familiar with. Why not use the demonic body strength that she is good at? This is very telling!”

Blackie continued, “So when she fainted, I wanted to check whether she was really cultivating the demonic body. But I was injured by a tail.”

As he spoke, Blackie took off the white cloth wrapped around his head, revealing the red and swollen top of his head.

A large part of his feathers had fallen off, and he was a little bald.

Zhang Ruochen held back his laughter and looked at the jade body lying on the bed. His eyes became serious. “You mean, she cultivated the demonic body and developed a tail? Besides that, she injured you?”

“That’s right.”

Blackie held a grudge. He was determined to find the owner of the tail.

He would not stop until he took revenge.

Zhang Ruochen knew Blackie too well. No matter if Blackie tell lies or the truth, it was difficult to deceive him.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had communicated with Intergold Tiger and learned the truth.

The so-called tail was actually Intergold Tiger’s.

However, Blackie's suspicion of Guye Jing made Zhang Ruochen wary.

If this demoness had really received the true inheritances of the Demon Patriarch and cultivated an incredible demonic body, then why didn't she use it when she fought with Wuma Jiuxing?

"You're right. We should check it out," Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing was seriously injured. The saber wound stretched from her right shoulder to her lower abdomen. Her red dress had been soaked in Supreme Saint's blood. She had lost a lot of blood, and her body was almost transparent.

She cultivated Nekromanteia Portrait. The Demonic Qi in her body was filled with the aura of death.

Zhang Ruochen's fingers touched the wound on her chest.

Blackie hid in the distance and growled, "Not the wound. It's the tail, the tail!"

Bzzz

A streak of Saber Qi flowed out of the wound and cut Zhang Ruochen's finger.

Zhang Ruochen quickly stopped and looked at the bloody wound on his hand, "What a powerful sword Qi. It can easily break through the defense of my Demigod-level physique. Guye Jing was struck by the saber. The sword Qi and Precepts of Saber were constantly eroding her body and cutting off her Precepts. It was amazing that she was still alive.

Blackie couldn't wait any longer, "Stop mumbling. Your Demigod-level physique doesn't have the support of Precepts. It's just that your Blood Qi and power are stronger. Other People's Paramount physique is made of trillions of Precept. It's not weaker than yours. The tail. Let's see if she has a tail or not? The tail might have used some secret technique to hide. Search and investigate carefully."

Zhang Ruochen ignored Blackie. He rested his chin on his hand and thought carefully.

It would be too risky to say that Guye Jing was deliberately injured and wanted to cheat him of Demonstone Engravings.

After all, it was very likely that she would lose her life if she took Wuma Jiuxing's strike head-on.

Who would dare to do that?

However, her demonic body was indeed powerful. The sword Qi entered her body, but it could not break her body apart. She was still alive.

What was going on?

"Forget it. I'm not in a hurry to save her. Let's see if she's faking it. If she's faking it, she won't be able to keep it up until her injuries worsen," Zhang Ruochen thought.

Blackie could not take it anymore. He walked over, "What are you waiting for? Didn't I ask you to check her tail? Don't you dare? You're Zhang Ruochen. You did all kinds of bastard acts before, just do it again! Take off her skirt and flip her over. Then everything will be cleared."

"No need. I've already used Eye of Truth. She does have a tail. Uh, a white one," Zhang Ruochen said telepathically.

Blackie was furious. Trembling, it said, "I knew it. I knew it. Zhang Ruochen, let's work together and kill her. She'll be trouble if we keep her."

"No, let's keep her first. I still need to use her."

Zhang Ruochen's original idea was to use Guye Jing to pin down Bai Qing'er so that Bai Qing'er wouldn't have the chance to go to Fane of Origin alone.

However, the battle at Ji Feng Manor made Zhang Ruochen suspicious.

First, since Bai Qing'er was a Master of Origin and had stolen the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, why didn't she go to Fane of Origin immediately?

Second, Zhang Ruochen could understand why Bai Qing'er wanted the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. Why did she insist on having the Seven-Armed Elder?

Third, Bai Qing 'er had no grudges with him. Why did she spare no effort to deal with him at the start of Divine Domain of Destiny? Was it as simple as not wanting to leak the news?

No!

Zhang Ruochen had a guess. It was very likely that Bai Qing' er did not have the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.

Then Seven-Armed Elder must be lying!

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen's eyes turned cold. He wanted to open World Gate of Qiankun Realm and have a good talk with Seven-Armed Elder.

However, the Power of Dimension in his Sea of Qi only shook slightly, and the crack in the Sea of Qi wall expanded rapidly.

Zhang Ruochen felt a sharp pain between his eyebrows, which spread to the depths of his brain.

"The injuries to my Sea of Qi and Sainthood Source are too severe. It seems that I can only reopen Qiankun Realm after my injuries have healed."

Zhang Ruochen's face was pale. He slowly sat down on the ground. Suddenly, he thought of something and gently touched the space between his eyebrows with his finger.

When he was fighting with Wuma Jiuxing, he sensed that Canon of Dimension was gushing out from the Shenwu Mark between his eyebrows.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen quickly closed his eyes and carefully sensed the various powers in his body, looking for the aura of the Canon.

Found it!

In the Sea of Qi, along with Precepts of Dimension, it flowed along surrounding vitality. It was more than Canon of Truth.

"99 out of 10,000."

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes again. There was wild joy in his eyes.

But soon, he put away the joy and felt puzzled.

“Why is there Canon of Dimension in Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension? And why is it only 99 out of 10,000?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that if he could collect 1% of Path of Truth, there would be a transformation. A cultivator could mobilize the power to fight against the gods with only the Canon.

If the number of Canons did not reach 1%, he could not directly mobilize the power. At most, he could only help to comprehend the Precepts or enhance the power of Saint technique.

Zhang Ruochen was not sure if this was the case with Canon of Dimension.

But one percent of Path of Truth was a watershed.

Zhang Ruochen did not think it was a coincidence that Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension released 99 out of 10,000 of Canon of Dimension.

“Is my Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension not coming from realm of god during the sacrificial ceremony? Did someone gave it to me, such as Saint Monk Xumi?” Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen had known about the Martial Arts of posterity since he started cultivating.

Any living creature who wanted to practice martial arts had to communicate with the so-called realm of god through the sacrificial ceremony on the winter solstice. Only by receiving Shenwu Mark from the gods could they embark on the road of cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen had always had doubts about this.

The Shenwu Mark of a cultivator was obviously not given to him by the gods of Infernal Court and Celestial Court. Where did they come from? Was there really a realm of gods?

The gods probably could not answer his questions.

Those Shenwu Marks might not have come from realm of god at all. Most likely, they were just a sacrificial phenomenon, a way to communicate with the Deva Path and open the path of cultivation.

However, Kunlun's field had encountered a great disaster, and all the gods had fallen. That was why the cultivators had spread false rumors about Martial Arts of posterity.

This was the only reasonable explanation that Zhang Ruochen could think of!

If there really was a realm of god, the gods of Infernal Court and Celestial Court would have crushed it long ago. How could they be allowed to be so high and mighty? Judging who could practice martial arts and who couldn't?

Once they took away Shenwu Mark, wouldn't the gods be beaten back to their original forms and couldn't cultivate anymore.

If they were restricted to such a degree, all living beings, including gods, would probably be reduced to slaves in realm of god, worse than pigs and dogs. What was the point of practicing?

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and shook off this distracting thought.

At the moment, recuperating was the proper thing to do.

...

Chapter 2474: 66th Level

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Wuma Jiuxing was too powerful. Even though he didn't hit Zhang Ruochen directly, he had almost killed Zhang Ruochen with his Absolute Precept realm and overflowing aura.

No wonder after the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, Wargod Bloodximius told Zhang Ruochen that he had relied too much on the powerful defensive power of his Demigod-level physique. If he met a cultivator who was lower than his realm or the same realm, depending on his Demigod-level physique was indeed simple. Even if Zhang Ruochen stood still, it was not an easy thing for the other party to hurt him.

However, when he met Que, Yan Huangtu, Wujiang, and others whose realms were far higher than his, his Demigod-level physique was injured many times.

Wargod Bloodximius had once asserted that if he met a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, the other party would only need one strike to break his Demigod-level physique into pieces.

It wasn't that Demigod-level physique wasn't strong.

If it wasn't strong, Zhang Ruochen would have been killed by Que, Yan Huangtu, and Wujiang on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

This time, Zhang Ruochen felt a deep sense of danger. The powerful physical body he had been relying on wasn't enough to deal with a superior like Wuma Jiuxing.

Even if he met Lord Ironclad, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't dare to fight him head-on if he couldn't borrow the power of Qiankun. Let alone fighting Wuma Jiuxing, he had to escape immediately.

What troubled Zhang Ruochen was that his Sea of Qi was heavily damaged. He couldn't open Qiankun Realm and couldn't borrow the power of Qiankun at all.

Under such circumstances, it would be very troublesome to meet powerful figures like Shang Yue and Shang Xia, not to mention Lord Ironclad.

Intergold Tiger was obviously a cruel tiger. No matter what kind of enemy Zhang Ruochen met, it had no intention of attacking. Perhaps only if Zhang Ruochen was really helpless and fell into a situation of certain death would it save him.

If it was a step too late...

It would not die if Zhang Ruochen died anyway.

How important was Intergold Tiger to take on the role of the so-called guide to him? Perhaps only it knew.

As for Blackie, Zhang Ruochen still did not know how deep its strength was. To be able to save him and Guye Jing from Wuma Jiuxing's hands, it should not be weak.

However, it was too difficult to hope that Blackie could show its might every time and not fail.

Zhang Ruochen still hoped that his life lays in his own hands.

The more he thought about it.

The more Zhang Ruochen's sense of danger!

"Realm! It is precisely because my realm is too weak that I can not have the power to fight head-on with a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. I must break through to the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm as soon as possible.

"Fortunately, I've refined Pale Blood Soil. My body's recovery ability is amazing. I've already recovered. Thus, it doesn't affect my ability to break the shackles."

Zhang Ruochen took out the copper coffin containing the god's corpse and placed it in the room. He flew into the coffin and landed on the god's corpse's body.

He immediately opened Sundial.

Now, Zhang Ruochen wasn't stingy with Godstone. He let Sundial cover the entire God-eater Bugs on the god's corpse to speed up their awakening.

If he could not mobilize the power of Qiankun, God-eater Bugs would be his biggest reliance.

Under Sundial, Zhang Ruochen took out the Stellar Soul of God that was stored by Wargod Bloodximius in Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The Stellar Soul of God was stored in a divine crystal the size of a human head, like a ball of dark blue flame.

Looking at the divine crystal in front of him, Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and said to himself, "There really is a Stellar Soul of God here. Whose Stellar Soul is this? Did grandpa kill a god?"

The Stellar Soul of God in the divine crystal was not complete. It was only one of a few.

However, it was of great help to Zhang Ruochen at the moment. Refining it would be enough to recover the injured Saint Soul in a short time. Moreover, he would definitely be stronger than before.

Only when the Saint Soul recovered could Zhang Ruochen's damaged Sainthood Source heal faster.

...

Three years later.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the surface of the god's corpse. He then raised Staff of the Divine Envoy.

Suddenly, a powerful Power of Darkness surged out of staff. Like a wave of clouds, it covered thousands of miles in the copper coffin's internal space. Thunder and lightning passed through the darkness from time to time, giving off destructive waves.

"I didn't expect that after refining this Stellar Soul of God, my spiritual power would finally break through the bottleneck and reach the 66th level."

Zhang Ruochen could clearly feel that his spiritual power had greatly improved. It was incomparable to the 65th level. The most obvious performance was that he could combine Saint Technique and Path of Truth with a faster speed to unleash ten times the attack power.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen found that his control over the Staff of the Divine Envoy had become stronger.

His Saint Soul recovered.

The cracks in his Sainthood Source had almost completely disappeared, but Zhang Ruochen still insisted on taking the holy spring every day to recuperate. He did not want to leave any hidden dangers.

The only thing that still gave Zhang Ruochen a headache was his Sea of Qi.

It was too difficult to recover his Sea of Qi. He could only refine sacred medicines and cultivate it slowly.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen was rich and generous. He did not lack 100,000-year-old sacred medicine and Yuanhui level sacred medicine. In just three years, his Sea of Qi had recovered a lot. However, it still could not support Zhang Ruochen to fight with the top elites.

Once he used Saint Aspect or a powerful Saint technique, the cracks in his Sea of Qi would worsen.

Zhang Ruochen now somewhat understood why Guye Jing was determined that Wuma Jiuxing — who was injured — would definitely hide to heal his injuries. Just as he is now, he did not dare to fight with any elites at all.

He could not afford to fight.

What was injured was not his body, but the root of Path.

“I wonder what happened after that battle. Blackie said that Wuma Jiuxing seemed to have encountered a strong enemy, so he did not chase us.”

After three years of cultivating, Zhang Ruochen had broken 80 shackles.

Three days had passed outside.

Zhang Ruochen was worried about Guye Jing's injuries. He flew out of the copper coffin and returned to the room.

The room was very quiet. Blackie was nowhere to be found.

Guye Jing was still lying on the bed. Her condition was not good. The saber wound on her chest had worsened. Her breathing was extremely weak, like a candle in the wind that could be extinguished at any time.

Zhang Ruochen was not a cold-blooded person after all. He was worried.

In the end, he had no enmity with Guye Jing.

Although Guye Jing wanted Demonstone Engraving very much, she had never taken it by force. Of course, it was useless to take it by force. It was easy to kill Zhang Ruochen, but it was difficult to find Demonstone Engraving from Zhang Ruochen.

Moreover, the reason why she was injured was that Zhang Ruochen wanted to use her to deal with Bai Qing'er.

If Zhang Ruochen had to watch her die like this, he would have a knot in his heart.

Zhang Ruochen stretched out two fingers and pressed them between her eyebrows.

Her body was extremely cold.

The fluctuation of life in her body was severely weakened.

Even her Precepts had been cut off by more than a trillion times by Wuma Jiuxing's Precepts of Saber. Her cultivation was greatly damaged. Other Supreme Saints needed to cultivate for 10,000 years to obtain trillions of Precepts.

It was equivalent to Guye Jing losing 10,000 years of cultivation.

If Guye Jing really got hurt on purpose, the price she had to pay was too high.

Zhang Ruochen felt a little regretful. Was he being too suspicious this time?

If he had saved her earlier, Guye Jing's cultivation would not have suffered such a serious loss.

"Precept of Saber have spread to her Sea of Qi between her eyebrows. I can't wait any longer. If I don't save her now, her cultivation will be ruined, and her life will be difficult to save."

Zhang Ruochen wanted to save her, but it was not easy to save Guye Jing.

Guye Jing and Wuma Jiuxing's cultivation was too powerful. If he — a cultivator in Hundred-Shackle Realm — was careless, he would hurt himself.

The best way was to wake Guye Jing up.

Let Guye Jing heal herself.

To wake Guye Jing up, Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul had to enter her Sea of Qi through the Shenwu Mark between her eyebrows and communicate with her sleeping Saint Soul.

However, if Guye Jing was deliberately injured and pretended to be asleep, Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul entering her Sea of Qi was equivalent to walking into a trap.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was thinking of a more secure way.

Crash!

A black-light flashed at the edge of Cloacking Array.

Blackie flew in from the outside as a cat. Then it turned back into an owl and grew to the height of a man.

"Where did you go?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie's expression was grave, "To get information and see if we can escape from Enchanton. However, the Enchanteur Chamber seems to be determined to deal with us. The arrays in the city did not shut down, but still strengthening."

Zhang Ruochen was even more certain of his guess. It seemed that Bai Qing'er really did not have a supreme-grade Divine

Crystal of Origin.

Otherwise, why would she make such a big fuss?

Blackie continued, “Now, Enchanton only allows people to enter not leave. The Saint-level cultivators of the Enchanteur Chamber search every house in the city every day and interrogate them one by one. It won’t be long before they find this place.”

“Your Cloaking Array can’t hide from those Saint-level cultivators?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie shook his head, “I’m not afraid of ordinary Saint-level cultivators. Even if they walk into this room, they won’t find us. Over the past three days, more and more top Supreme Saints have gathered in Enchanton, and they’re all looking for you.”

“They’re all looking for me?”

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes and smiled.

The dozen or so big forces that knew about the birth of the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin weren’t stupid. They must have noticed that the Enchanteur Chamber and Bai Qing’er were searching for Zhang Ruochen with all their might.

For the sake of Fane of Origin, these big forces would find Zhang Ruochen no matter how much the effort.

“Don’t worry. I have a perfect hiding place. I guarantee that no one will find it.”

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen thought of something and asked, “Have you heard about Wuma Jiuxing?”

Blackie said proudly, “There is nothing in the world that I don’t know. It’s said that three days ago, the Ten Wraithions of Fane of Destiny had a fierce battle with Wuma Jiuxing. Ten Gates of Destiny hung above Enchanton. Under the Light of Destiny, tens of thousands of saints became mortals overnight.”

“All the Ten Wraithions were sent out?” Zhang Ruochen was secretly shocked.

Blackie had obviously heard of the Ten Wraithions. His eyes showed deep fear, “That’s right! Any one of the Ten Wraithions could be called a demigod. Zionwraith, the leader of the Ten Wraithions, was said to be the spirit of a macroworld. After the macroworld was destroyed, the spirit of the world was captured by the god of Fane of Destiny and trained to be an invincible god of death.”

“Is Wuma Jiuxing dead?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Wuma Jiuxing must have been seriously injured by Lord Mings’ sword Qi. How could he survive the siege of the Ten Wraithions?

Unless he becomes a god.

Blackie shook his head and was a little excited, “Wuma Jiuxing struck five times and killed five of the Ten Wraithions in a row. His shout of killing echoed for 100,000 miles. Over the past three days, all the cultivators on Hoth had been talking about it. Of course, except for a few cultivators who knew the truth, the other Saint-level cultivators all thought that Celestial Court had attacked Enchanton on a large scale. They even thought that an angel god from Celestial Court had attacked.”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

One slash, one kill.

Five slashes, five kills.

How terrifying was his combat power?

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen realized how lucky he was to be able to stab Wuma Jiuxing.

Blackie patted its chest with its claws, it smiled, and said, “Wuma Jiuxing can kill one Wraithion in one strike, but he can’t do anything to me. Now, you know how powerful I am, right? So, you have to suck up to me. With me protecting you, you can do whatever you want on Hoth, or even in the entire Infernal Court.”

“Should we go to Enchanton now and do whatever we want?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie was stunned for a moment. It immediately admitted defeat and coughed dryly. “Enchanton is the territory of the Enchanter Chamber. Others have set up the formation of life and death, which can activate the power of the underground divine veins. It’s better to keep a low profile here.”

“What was the result of that battle?”

Blackie said seriously, “It’s said that Qing Yulou — the Palace master of Hoth Palace — showed up, and then the battle moved out of the stars. As for the result, I’m afraid only a few people know.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “The power of Hoth Palace is so great.”

The fact that even Fane of Destiny had to give Hoth Palace face was beyond Zhang Ruochen’s expectations.

He had long heard that the Palace master of Hoth Palace had a close relationship with Fane of Immortality. Now, it seemed that it was more than that.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly remembered that when Empress of Thousand Bones saw him, she had brought him to the starry sky far away from Hoth, but not her real body.

Could it be that even Empress of Thousand Bones was afraid of the master of Hoth Palace and didn’t dare to set foot on Hoth?

“I don’t think so. That Empress even dares to go Divine Domain of Destiny. How could she not dare to set foot on Hoth?” Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly and thought to himself.

Blackie sneered, “That Palace master in Hoth Palace is an incredible existence. If it wasn’t for that incident 100,000 years ago, he would have been the lord of Fane of Immortality by now. Moreover, the youngest lord of all generations.”

Blackie’s eyes revealed a rare look of reminiscence.

There was a touch of bitterness in his expression.

“How do you know?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The information about the Palace master of Hoth Palace was top secret. Even Supreme Saint Qingsheng knew very little about it.

How long had Blackie been in Infernal Court? How could he know the information about the Palace master of Hoth Palace?

The emotion in Blackie's eyes disappeared. He chuckled and said, "Speaking of which, he has some connection with Kunlun's field. I even met him when I was a child. Do you believe it?"

"Yes," Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie said meaningfully, "The reason why he imprisoned himself on Hoth Planet is related to Kunlun's field. He made a crucial mistake in the divine war against Kunlun's Field."

"What mistake?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Chapter 2475: Entering The Mayor's Mansion

Blackie hesitated for a moment and said, "It was a crucial mistake. Even you, the top genius of Xue Jue Family, don't know about it. It's obviously a top-secret. As it's a top-secret, very few people know about it."

"Tell me."

Zhang Ruochen's curiosity was piqued.

Blackie shook his head and said, "I don't know either."

Zhang Ruochen could tell that Blackie knew. Blackie just didn't want to say it, so he didn't ask any more questions.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen didn't press him, Blackie felt a little uncomfortable, it took the initiative and said, "Actually, I really don't know what happened. I've only heard some rumors, but unfortunately, they're all groundless. No one can verify whether they're true or not. It's better to keep quiet about the things you're not sure about. Otherwise, you'll be misled."

"Let's not talk about this for now. Guye Jing is in a bad situation. I mean, help her first," Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie walked to the bed and looked at the beautiful woman in red, "I've expected that you would still save her in the end. As for men, as long as a woman is beautiful enough, they'll jump in even if they know it's a trap,"

"Cut the crap. Hurry up and save her," Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie shook its head and said, "I won't fall for her trick. Her tail is so powerful, so she must be faking an injury. If you want to save her, save her yourself. You're foolish, but I'm sober."

As it spoke, Blackie stepped back and pulled a distance away to prevent its tail from hitting it again.

Zhang Ruochen sighed in his heart. He didn't expect that a casual lie would make Blackie worry so much.

What should he do?

What else could he do? He had to do it himself.

"Help me suppress the array. I'll do it."

Zhang Ruochen stretched out two fingers and pressed on Guye Jing's glabella.

Suddenly, a mysterious and complicated Shenwu Mark appeared between her glabella.

Zhang Ruochen shouted and holy light burst out from his body.

A Soul Shadow left his body and rushed into Guye Jing's Shenwu Mark through his fingers, entering her Sea of Qi.

Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul had been divided into six parts.

Even if one of them was trapped in Guye Jing's Sea of Qi, it would at most be injured. Guye Jing could not control him, let alone devour his Saint Soul and steal his memory.

"Since ancient times, all heroes are lustful! Ah, I miss Xue Lingxian who cuts down all relationships, and was only determined to fight against heaven!"

Blackie exclamation, took out one after another array flag and arranged the killing array.

If the demoness in red were to suck Zhang Ruochen dry, it could still save him in time.

...

...

The Sea of Qi is filled with the crimson aura of the dead spirits.

Only by cultivating the top cultivation technique of The Rāhu Mountains, Nekromanteia Portrait, could such a special Demonic Qi be cultivated. This cultivation technique was no

weaker than the Divine Techniques Tomes on Taiyi Divine Techniques Rank.

It was because of this that Zhang Ruochen began to doubt the legend of the Three great Demonic Sources.

Was the lineage of Demon Patriarch really weak in terms of cultivation techniques and Saint Techniques?

...

As soon as he entered Guye Jing's Sea of Qi, Zhang Ruochen was filled with regret and wanted to retreat.

Her Saint Soul was weak, but the Demonic Qi of the dead spirit was terrifying.

Zhang Ruochen estimated that he could only stay in Guye Jing's Sea of Qi only for ten breaths. After ten breaths, the Saint Soul would be corroded by the Demonic Qi of the dead spirit and be injured.

Moreover, every Supreme Saint would heavily protect their Sea of Qi.

It was easy to break it, but it was as difficult to break in.

Why was Guye Jing's Sea of Qi so easy to enter?

The more Zhang Ruochen thought about it, the more he felt that something was wrong. Just as he was about to leave her Sea of Qi, Guye Jing's voice suddenly rang in his ear. "Zhang Ruochen, my Saint Soul has been severely injured by Wuma Jiuxing's saber soul. It's difficult to reunite it. Help me reunite my Saint Soul."

"You didn't lose consciousness?"

Zhang Ruochen became even more vigilant. He looked around for Guye Jing.

"Of course, I didn't lose consciousness. Otherwise, how could you enter my Sea of Qi so easily? I let you in." Guye Jing sounded anxious, "Hurry up and help me. I can feel that Wuma Jiuxing's Precept of Saber is about to reach my Sea of Qi. Once my Sea of Qi is ruined, all my cultivation will be wasted."

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a moment.

“What’s wrong? What are you worried about? Do you think I will harm you? We just went through a life-and-death test. Don’t you have any trust in me?” Guye Jing’s voice was even more anxious.

Obviously, the situation was critical.

Zhang Ruochen sighed. “How can I help you?”

“My Saint Soul is very fragile now. It can’t be reassembled. If you let me absorb part of your soul power, my Saint Soul can be formed. Once my Saint Soul is formed, I can naturally mobilize the Demonic Qi of the dead spirits to suppress Wuma Jiuxing’s Precept of Saber” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “You want to absorb my Saint Soul?”

“Don’t worry. I’m only absorbing part of it. When I’m fully recovered, I’ll give you a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saint Soul Pill to help you recover your soul power. I owe you a favor this time. I’ll help you resolve your inner demons,” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen had just refined the Stellar Soul of God. The Saint Soul was at its most powerful. Letting Guye Jing absorb some wasn’t a big deal.

However, the Saint Soul wasn’t a small matter for a cultivator. It had to do with joy, anger, sorrow, luck, talent, knowledge, memory, fate, and so on.

Who wouldn’t want the Saint Soul of a Yuanhui level genius?

Zhang Ruochen would be involved very much once Guye Jing absorbed part of his Saint Soul. Even after becoming a god, he would be affected.

Could it be that Guye Jing was not scheming for Demonstone Engraving, but his Saint Soul?

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Can I trust you?”

“Why are you so suspicious? Luo Sha and I are like sisters. If I hurt you, she will never forgive me. Besides, this is my Sea of Qi. If I want to swallow your Saint Soul by force, I don’t need to discuss with you,” Guye Jing said.

It was the time of ten breaths!

Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul withdrew from Guye Jing's Sea of Qi.

He was not stopped.

"How is she? What state is she in now?" Blackie asked, holding a white array flag.

Zhang Ruochen didn't respond. His eyes were unprecedentedly cautious. He used the Heart of Truth to sense carefully, wanting to feel the portent.

He didn't feel any danger.

"If only I still had Canon of Destiny with me. Path of Destiny's premonition of portent would be more accurate."

Zhang Ruochen was conflicted. In the current crisis situation, he should have saved her. However, he didn't want to get too involved with this demoness.

Unfortunately, even if he gave her Saint Soul Pill, she wouldn't be able to refine it. There wasn't enough time.

There seemed to be no other way.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul entered Guye Jing's Sea of Qi again. "I can agree to it! But I have one condition."

"What condition?" Guye Jing asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I don't want your Quasi-Emperor Grade Saint Soul Pill. You've absorbed a few percent of my soul power today. When you recover, I'll also absorb a few percent of your soul power."

This was an unfair deal!

After all, Guye Jing's Saint Soul was far more powerful than Zhang Ruochen's.

"Okay, I promise you." Guye Jing agreed without hesitation.

She had no time to hesitate.

“Please remember your promise. If you break it in the future, I can promise you that even if you are the successor of The Rāhu Mountains, I will make you pay a painful price.” Zhang Ruochen said.

“We cultivators who want to become gods take our promises very seriously. You should rest assured. After today, we will be the closest allies. There will be no more suspicions.” Guye Jing’s voice came from the Demonic Qi of the dead spirits.

After making up his mind, Zhang Ruochen became decisive. He stretched out his arm and opened his palm.

The crimson Demonic Qi gathered like silk. It wrapped around his arm and sucked away his soul power.

Ten breaths later.

Zhang Ruochen’s Saint Soul withdrew from his Sea of Qi and returned to his body.

Blackie asked, “What happened? Why did you come out again? I feel that your Saint Soul has become weaker.”

Without answering it, Zhang Ruochen entered Guye Jing’s Sea of Qi again.

...

After ten breaths, Zhang Ruochen’s Saint Soul came out again.

Blackie was too lazy to ask anymore. He knew that Zhang Ruochen must have been blinded by the beauty. He was tricked by the demoness. He sneered and said, “Can’t you just solve it once? Is it fun to go in and out of her body?”

Zhang Ruochen’s Saint Soul entered the Sea of Qi between Guye Jing’s eyebrows again.

...

After going in and out countless times, Guye Jing — who had been lying on the bed — suddenly opened her eyes. They shone brightly and the room was instantly filled with Demonic Qi.

Blackie, who had been dozing off, suddenly woke up and shouted, “Bold demoness, watch as I suppress you.”

The array flag in its claws showed dense inscriptions.

Zhang Ruochen took three steps back and grabbed the array flag. He shook his head slightly and said, “She has woken up. Leave the healing to her.”

Blackie looked at Zhang Ruochen’s pale face and asked in a low voice, “She didn’t drain all of you, did she?”

“She only absorbed part of my Saint Soul, and it’s only one of my six Saint Souls. It’s not a big deal. Of course, she didn’t know I had six Saint Souls and thought she had absorbed 30% of my soul power.”

Zhang Ruochen’s pale face was completely faked.

Blackie was deep in thought, “If that’s the case, then it’s fine. She didn’t want to devour your Saint Soul or kill you. Hehe, it seems that you’ve made some secret deal with her. Are you planning to take the successor of The Rāhu Mountains as a concubine?”

“Don’t talk nonsense.”

“Let me help her!”

Zhang Ruochen called out Sundial, placed it in the center of the room, and opened it.

“Go out and keep an eye on her. Once a Saint-level cultivator finds out about this saint mansion, we have to leave immediately.”

Zhang Ruochen ordered Blackie, sat down cross-legged, and continued to cultivate.

The most important thing now was to break through to the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

...

Two days later.

The House of Enchanters on Hoth was smaller than the one in Divine Domain of Destiny. However, it was more open and exciting, and the rules were much weaker.

Not only could they see the cultivators of the dark forces swaggering in and out of the house, but they could also see the cultivators of the small clans and the servants from the myriad realms in Celestial Court.

Information was well-circulated here, and the works of art, songs, and clothes of various civilizations gathered together. It gave people the feeling of traveling through thousands realms in one night.

Next to the House of Enchanteurs, there was a castle.

This castle was magnificent. It was made of huge rocks. It had a square, a martial arts practice field, a colosseum, and so on. Its scale was comparable to the House of Enchanteurs.

The difference was that this place was cold, but the House of Enchanteurs was graceful and moving.

This castle could be said to be the mayor's mansion of Enchanton. It was also the property of the Enchanter Chamber. There were 8,000 soldiers stationed inside. They were responsible for guarding Enchanton and protecting the House of Enchanteurs.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was sitting in the hall of the castle where the VIP guests were received.

Sitting on the seat of Honor was a Supreme Saint of the Enchanter Chamber. His name was Gu Yanzhi. He was a Supreme Saint from a small clan. As he married a woman from the Enchanter Chamber, he then became one of the guardians of the House of Enchanteurs.

In the mayor's mansion, Gu Yanzhi held a high position and was in charge of recruiting talents for the Enchanter Chamber.

Zhang Ruochen's current identity was Master Xun Mu, a master of spiritual-power in Dominion of Bloodysky clan. His spiritual power had reached the 58th level. He looked old and exuded an evil aura.

The person who had invited him to join the Enchanter Chamber was Ji Wenwu of Ji Feng City.

On the blood spirit ship that had come to Hoth, Zhang Ruochen had already known Ji Wenwu as Master Xun Mu and had given him a jade stone.

What Ji Wenwu didn't know was that Zhang Ruochen's Spirit was inside the jade stone.

It was with this Spirit that Zhang Ruochen easily found Ji Wenwu and set up a chance encounter.

In the battle a few days ago, spiritual-power Saint Masters of the Enchanter Chamber had suffered countless casualties in order to control the array in the city. It was a time when there was a shortage of talents.

Ji Wenwu met Master Xunmu, a master of spiritual power. Naturally, he tried his best to introduce him to the mayor's mansion.

Zhang Ruochen's goal was to enter the mayor's mansion. After rejecting them several times, he was half-pushed and half-dragged here by Ji Wenwu.

The most dangerous place was often the safest place.

What other place was safer than the mayor's mansion of Enchanton?

If he wanted to hide, he would hide under Bai Qing'er's nose.

Gu Yanzhi had already tested Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power. At this moment, he was flipping through the information on "Master Xunmu". After reading all the information, he finally raised his head and said, "You don't want to join Enchanton?"

"I'm used to being alone. I don't like to be restricted."

Zhang Ruochen said arrogantly. Even if the other party was a Supreme Saint, he won't buy it. He was still weird and arrogant.

Gu Yanzhi said, "You're 1,400 years old this year, right? If you continued to be a loner, you might not be able to reach the 60th level of spiritual power and become a spiritual-power Supreme Saint. If you don't become a Supreme Saint, how many years do you have left?"

Zhang Ruochen had a serious look on his face. He lowered his head and thought hard.

Gu Yanzhi smiled, “The mayor’s mansion of Enchanton is backed by the Enchanter Chamber. With the Enchanter Chamber as your backer, we can provide you with all kinds of sacred medicine and sacred pills to improve your spiritual power. As long as you work hard enough, you may have a chance to break through to become a spiritual-power Supreme Saint.”

“Is it for free?”

Zhang Ruochen’s old eyes were filled with joy.

Gu Yanzhi had learned from Ji Wenwu that Master Xun Mu was very petty and stingy. As long as there are benefits, Master Xun Mu would obey obediently.

Gu Yanzhi shook his head, he said, “Of course, it’s not free, but it’s no different from free. After you join the mayor’s mansion, you have to help maintain the array inscription in Enchanton every once in a while. Sometimes, you have to enter the House of Enchanters to serve as a guard or perform tasks assigned by the higher-ups.”

Zhang Ruochen showed a hesitant look.

Gu Yanzhi said, “In Infernal Court, there are not many cultivators who dare to offend the Enchanter Chamber, and the Enchanter Chamber doesn’t like to provoke trouble. So, it’s actually very safe to work for them.”

“Okay, I agree,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Chapter 2476: Luo Sha's Arrival

Time flew by. Another half a month had passed.

Fifteen years had passed since the Sundial had been activated.

Zhang Ruochen pushed open the door and walked out of an apricot courtyard northwest of the Governor's Manor of Enchanton. The sunlight fell on his face, making him feel warm and comfortable.

On this ice and snow planet, enjoying the sunlight was a luxury. It could only be seen a dozen days a year.

He had secluded himself for 15 years and broken 99 shackles in him.

He was only one shackle away from reaching the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. At that time, his Demigod-level physique would no longer be restricted. His divine power would be vast, and his blood and Qi would be shocking. His cultivation and strength would definitely enter a brand new world.

The injury to the Sainthood Source had completely recovered.

The only thing left was his sea of Qi. It still hadn't recovered, and it couldn't withstand the impact of Qiankun Realm's power. He had to wait a little longer if he wanted to mobilize the world's power and deal with the Seven-Armed Elder.

The Shackle of Desire was located in the Saint Soul and was connected to consciousness. They often represented a cultivator's obsession or desire.

Zhang Ruochen tried to break the Shackle of Desire, but many distracting thoughts were in his mind. Illusions appeared frequently, and even his inner demons were restless. His father, Emperor Qing, Chi Yao, Chi Kongyue, Chi Kunlun, Supreme Saint Manjian, Huang Yanchen, Fairy Tianchu... All kinds of people appeared one after another, making the seven

passions and six desires infinitely magnified. Sometimes, he laughed until he was out of breath. Sometimes, he was in tears. He was showing signs of Qi deviation.

Zhang Ruochen had no choice but to take back his thoughts and temporarily give up on breaking the Shackle of Desire.

Although it was difficult for him to overcome the last obstacle, Zhang Ruochen had received a Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, the Pill of Desire, from the Fane of Immortality. It could help him breakthrough forcefully.

However, the power of the Pill of Desire was too strong, and Zhang Ruochen's injuries had not fully healed, so he did not take it directly.

"Wait a little longer. When my sea of Qi heals a little more, it won't be too late to take the Pill of Desire," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was only one step away from the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Still, his heart became calm and less anxious.

In the 20 years since he started cultivating the Sundial, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation, saint techniques, spiritual power, and understanding of the saintwill have made significant progress. He did not want to ascend to heaven in one step but only wanted to take one step at a time. He tried to take it steadily and not let down his reputation as a Yuanhui-level genius.

"Master Xunmu, what are you so happy about?" Ji Wenwu asked as he walked into the small courtyard.

Master Xunmu was not a Supreme Saint, so he was not qualified to live in the Divine Grotto opened by the Enchanter Chamber. He could only live in this small courtyard with Ji Wenwu.

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the sky and stroked his beard. "After receiving the sacred medicine from the Enchanter Chamber, my spiritual power has broken through to the 59th level. Naturally, I am thrilled. It seems that I can become a Supreme Saint in this life."

Ji Wenwu was shocked. He asked, “You have broken through so quickly?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Maybe it’s because of the hard cultivation in the past 1,000 years. Now, with the help of the sacred medicine, my spiritual power has improved by leaps and bounds.”

“This is a happy occasion. Why don’t we go to the House of Enchanters to celebrate?” Ji Wenwu asked.

Zhang Ruochen was about to refuse, but he suddenly thought of something. It had been half a month. He didn’t know what was going on in the Enchanton, so he could ask around.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen’s hesitation, Ji Wenwu immediately understood. He smiled and said, “It’s my treat.”

Zhang Ruochen’s old face relaxed, and he readily agreed, “Okay! It’s decided!”

As a cultivator under the Enchanter Chamber and a powerhouse among Saint Kings, there was an excellent discount for entering the House of Enchanters.

That night, Ji Wenwu was familiar with the place. He found 12 young and beautiful women to accompany him. He introduced Zhang Ruochen to several Nine-Step Saint King Realm powerhouses from the legion.

Everyone had a good talk during the dinner.

After the meal, Ji Wenwu and the other powerhouses held two women and went to the room in the back hall.

Zhang Ruochen claimed that he was old and was not interested in women, so he did not join them.

He walked out of the yard and stood by the lakeside, holding the Divine Envoy’s Staff. He faced the bright lights on the other side of the lake, listened to the pleasant singing and dancing, and watched the people coming and going.

How many cultivators knew that there was endless killing intent behind the laughter, wine, and wealth?

Zhang Ruochen secretly released his spiritual power. He carefully probed and sensed the conversations of the pedestrians.

“There are so many Supreme Saints gathered in the House of Enchanters. The major forces are indeed determined to take over the Fane of Origin. They’ve come to Hoth! Eh? How can it be her?”

Zhang Ruochen suddenly opened his eyes and stared at one of the lotus-shaped palaces. He thought for a moment and turned into a shadow that flashed past.

...

Luo Sha was wearing a robe with a green belt around her waist. Her collar and cuffs were soap-colored. She wore a silk scarf, her lips were red, and her teeth were white. She had her hands behind her back. She had the charm of a beautiful young man.

Behind her were two cultivators who were three meters tall. They were wearing thick armor, and their faces couldn’t be seen clearly.

However, as the two iron-armored cultivators walked through the corridor, their aura caused the passing maids to tremble and immediately kneel to the ground.

“Wait outside.” Luo Sha ordered.

After instructing the two iron-armored cultivators, Luo Sha pushed open the door and walked into the palace building.

The lotus-shaped palace building was very spacious, and it could easily accommodate a thousand people. There were eight stunning women of the Saint-level dancing on the round stage. Their dance was beautiful, and their figures were excellent. It was highly pleasing to the eye. Compared to the women Ji Wenwu and the others had taken away, they were much more beautiful.

There was another girl in red whose appearance was ten times more beautiful than the eight dancers.

She held a lute in her hand and was extremely independent. She was like a red lotus on the surface of a lake. Her slender fingers played a moving piece of music.

It was an ancient piece created by a god. It could move people's hearts and make them feel emotional. Only when one's music skills reached an extraordinary level could one play it.

Luo Sha had just entered the palace when a series of berating voices immediately sounded from inside.

However, when the berating saint guards saw the figure walking in clearly, they immediately stopped. They cupped their fists and bowed, not daring to speak anymore.

Luo Shengtian, sitting cross-legged above them, had a surprise flash in his eyes. He quickly waved his hand, signaling the dancing girls to leave.

The sound of the lute stopped.

The red-dressed girl looked at Luo Sha.

Luo Sha stared at her for a long time before looking at Luo Shengtian, who had become calm again. She said, "My Royal Brother, you're in a good mood. You don't look like you're here on Hoth for official business."

Luo Shengtian forced himself to hide his nervousness and said solemnly, "Sha'er, why are you here on Hoth? Aren't you in closed-door cultivation?"

Luo Sha's eyes were cold as she said, "Tell them to leave!"

Luo Shengtian waved his hand.

The eight Saint-level dancers hurriedly walked out of the palace building as if they had been pardoned.

The girl in red with the lute was about to leave when Luo Sha looked at her again. She said, "Miss Shang Xia is a first-class Supreme Saint in the Enchanter Chamber. You are also the flower that my Royal Brother treasured. You are not an outsider. You can stay."

“My name is Poinsettia, and I don’t know any Shang Xia. I’m afraid that Your Highness has mistaken me for someone else.” said the girl in red. She was gentle and refined as she bowed to Luo Sha.

Luo Shengtian said, “Sha’er, don’t mess around.”

Luo Sha smiled lightly and said, “I wonder if Senior Sister Qingli knows that you have a confidante in the Enchanteur Chamber.”

Luo Shengtian’s expression changed slightly. He gestured to the red-dressed girl and said, “You may leave.”

“Please excuse me.” said the girl in red.

The red-dressed girl walked out gracefully and closed the palace door.

Her gaze landed on the armored cultivators standing on the left and right sides of the palace door. She hugged her lute and disappeared into the night.

A moment later.

The red-dressed girl came to Bai Qing’er’s residence. She bowed and said, “Master, Luo Sha came to Hoth and even saw through my identity.”

Bai Qing’er’s voice came from the room. She said, “Devala is very powerful, and Amane used to be the Scioness of Destiny. It’s only a matter of time before your identity is exposed. However, you have to guarantee that the Divine Prince is indeed interested in you.”

“I understand!” The red-dressed girl said, “There’s another thing, Luo Sha came with two Dvarapalas.”

“Oh!” said Bai Qing’er.

Bai Qing’er opened the wooden door and walked into the snow-covered courtyard. She said, “Devala is the number one divine kingdom of the Rakshasas. There are many gods here, so we can’t underestimate them.

“The Dvarapalas¹ are Emperor Luo Yan’s Imperial Guard. Every one of them is bathed in divine aura all year round and

can sense the mysteries of the Divine Precepts. They are all top-notch powerhouses below divinity.

“As for Luo Sha, it is said that she has been extremely talented since she was young. She is brilliant. When she was at the Saint-level, she was able to lead tens of millions of sacred soldiers to attack a Macroworld. She is even more brilliant and majestic than her Royal Brother.”

The red-dressed girl said with some worry, “Since Devala has allowed Princess Luo Sha to bring two Dvarapalas here, the other factions will probably send their powerhouses to Hoth soon. If all the major forces work together to pressure us, I’m afraid Master Ye’s side won’t be able to hold on. However, Zhang Ruochen has disappeared without a trace. He has likely escaped from Enchanton. The situation will become more and more disadvantageous for us.”

“No! Zhang Ruochen definitely hasn’t escaped from Enchanton,” said Bai Qing’er

Bai Qing’er thought for a moment and said, “Dang Hu.”

“I’m here,” said Dang Hu.

A white-haired old woman walked out from the darkness. She was thin, and her hair was messy. Her eyes were extremely sharp, and numerous precepts were intertwined in her pupils. She was a formidable Supreme Saint.

Bai Qing’er said, “Your stealth technique is extraordinary. You can hide from a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. If you follow Luo Sha in the dark, you might be able to find Zhang Ruochen.”

Whoosh

The white-haired old woman flew into the air. She transformed into a strange black bird and flew toward the lotus-shaped palace.

The red-clothed girl said, “The Enchanton has been sealed for 20 days. More and more cultivators are in the city, and there are often Supreme Saint-level conflicts and battles. If this continues, the city will be destroyed soon!”

Bai Qing'er said, "Don't worry. The Overseer of the Divination Division is on his way to Hoth with the Divine Artifact, the Tensho Compass. I have a scheme that will force Zhang Ruochen to show himself."

...

About 15 minutes later, Luo Sha walked out of the palace. She left the House of Enchanters with two Dvarapalas and got into a magnificent sacred carriage.

Zhang Ruochen hid his aura and followed her quietly.

The sacred carriage traveled three streets and turned into a mansion.

Luo Sha walked out of the sacred carriage and stood on the white snow. She looked behind her and smiled. Then she walked into the room.

The moment she stepped into the room, a flame shot out from her fingertip and lit the candle hanging on the wall.

She saw an old figure sitting in the room.

It was Zhang Ruochen, who looked like Master Xunmu.

Luo Sha was not surprised at all. He stared at him for a long time and frowned slightly. She said with disdain, "Better change back to your original appearance. This appearance is too ugly!"

"Everyone gets old and ugly. Does the Princess care so much about appearance?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha smiled charmingly and threw herself into Zhang Ruochen's arms boldly. She said, "Of course I care. To tell you the truth, I've always liked your appearance. Don't you like a beautiful woman with a good figure? Or you prefer an old lady?"

Zhang Ruochen's lips twitched as he held the beauty in his arms. He maintained a severe and stern look and said, "Where's Lingxi? Did she come to Hoth too?"

Luo Sha put her arms around Zhang Ruochen's neck and said, "I'll tell you when you return to your original appearance."

Zhang Ruochen had no other option. His body and appearance quickly revert to his original appearance. He was attractive, young, and charming.

Luo Sha stared at Zhang Ruochen's face. She sniffed and said, "I smell the unique fragrance of Jing Jing on you. Are you with her?"

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat. He was shocked.

What he was worried about was not Luo Sha's misunderstanding.

Since Luo Sha could smell the unique fragrance of Jing Jing, other cultivators would also be able to detect it. It was fortunate that he could walk out of the House of Enchanters alive.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Is there any residual fragrance? I cleaned the smell when I went out."

Luo Sha pressed her palm on Zhang Ruochen's chest. Her soft body flew out like a gust of wind and stood straight in the room again. She snorted, "All men are the same. Once released, he will go around fooling around. I only tested you, and you were exposed!"

Zhang Ruochen let out a sigh of relief. He didn't seem to have exposed his scent. He said calmly, "It's just a partnership."

"Who knows? You're a genius of the Yuanhui level. There must be many beautiful women pouncing on you. I don't care, and I'm open-minded. Why should I be moved if a man doesn't have the charm to attract bees and butterflies? But I'm afraid Miss Lingxi will be very disappointed in you." Luo Sha sighed.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly stood up and asked, "Where is she?"

"I won't tell you unless you tell me first. Where is Jing Jing?" Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "The Governor's Manor of Enchanton."

"You're hiding there. It is a good spot." Luo Sha praised with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Answer my question."

"I won't unless you answer one more question," said Luo Sha as she raised her snow-white neck and looked like he would fight Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Don't push your luck."

"I like to push my luck. I also like to see you helpless," said Luo Sha. She felt the temperature in the room drop rapidly. He realized that he had made Zhang Ruochen angry, so she stopped. She said, "One last question, really one last question."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Speak."

"Where is the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?" Luo Sha stared into Zhang Ruochen's eyes and asked.

Chapter 2477: Dead with a stomp

Zhang Ruochen felt guilty toward Luo Sha. He knew that she genuinely had feelings for him. She was a woman he could trust.

However, Luo Sha's use of Mu Lingxi to threaten him made Zhang Ruochen unhappy.

Luo Sha saw that Zhang Ruochen was unhappy, and her tone softened. She said, "I heard about what happened in Enchanton and realized that you were in danger. I immediately came out of seclusion and rushed over to help you. Don't you trust me at all?"

"I'm your fiancée and will be a member of the Xue Jue family in the future. Do you think I will harm you and the Xue Jue family because of Devala?"

"I know that you are looking for the Fane of Origin to use the Power of Origin to make the saint will rise to a higher level. This is what I want to see. I hope that my husband is a peerless figure in the world."

Zhang Ruochen ignored her flowery words. His eyes darkened. He said, "How did you know that I was in danger?"

"Devala has influence throughout the Infernal Court. The information I want is naturally within my grasp. Besides, my Royal Brother is on Hoth. How many things can be hidden from him?" Luo Sha said calmly.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, "That's not right! In the battle 20 days ago, the only cultivators who knew I was involved were Wuma Jiuxing, Bai Qing'er's subordinates, and Guye Jing. When the Ji Feng Manor array was broken, Blackie had already left with Guye Jing and me. No one else could know."

After saying this, Zhang Ruochen activated the Precepts of Truth and directed it to his eyes. He stared at Luo Sha.

Whoosh

The radiance of Truth shone.

Instantly, he saw through her disguise.

Luo Sha smiled beautifully. She turned around and changed into the appearance of Guye Jing. She said, “Zhang Ruochen, although you didn’t admit it, I already know that the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is with you.”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and let out a long sigh. He was really on guard day and night. In the end, he was careless and fell for Guye Jing’s trap.

Fortunately, he didn’t take out the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. Otherwise, the divine crystal wouldn’t be in his hands right now.

‘Even if I didn’t use the Eye of Truth, I should have guessed it. How could it be so coincidental? I went to the House of Enchanters, and Luo Sha just happened to go to the House of Enchanters? Guye Jing went to see Luo Shengtian to confuse me and make me lose my vigilance,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Guye Jing smiled sweetly and sat on Zhang Ruochen’s left leg. Her jade-like arm hung on his neck again, “When I asked you where the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin was, you hesitated. That means you are the thief who stole it. Zhang Ruochen, you deliberately used me to deal with Bai Qing’er, right?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I am Luo Sha’s fiancé. Don’t you feel sorry for her for being so close to me?”

“What’s the big deal? Sha Sha and I are like sisters. There’s nothing that we can’t share. Sisters serving one husband may be a good story in the future. If you don’t want to marry me, I can also be your spare. Wouldn’t it be more exciting to be sneaky?” said Guye Jing in a soft voice as she blinked her eyelashes.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression didn’t change. He said, “You’re willing to sacrifice anything for the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.”

“Who said it’s only for the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin? After a Yuanhui-level genius becomes a god, he has the potential to become a king. I’m just a weak girl. It’s normal for me to come to you,” Guye Jing said seriously.

“Fine! I’m Not a gentleman. Having beauty come to me is a joy in life. Tonight, I’ll take you!” said Zhang Ruochen.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen’s hands moved up and down on Guye Jing’s voluptuous body.

BANG!

Guye Jing turned into a red shadow and ran out of the room the next moment. She tidied up her messy clothes and looked back. She stomped her feet and said coldly, “I really don’t know what Luo Sha sees in you. A man like you who can’t resist temptation, I still won’t like you, no matter how good you are.”

Guye Jing turned into an afterimage and rushed out of the manor, disappearing into the snowy night.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the room and laughed, “I thought you were being submissive? Why are you leaving? I don’t want you, but your injuries have healed. Shouldn’t you return the 30% of your Saint Soul that you owe me?”

Guye Jing had long disappeared.

In the snowy night, only the cold wind was left.

Zhang Ruochen smiled. This demoness seemed highly charming, but she was still too immature about matters between men and women. With a few tricks, she revealed her true form and ran away.

Zhang Ruochen would have to collect the 30% Saint Souls that Guye Jing owed sooner or later. He wasn’t in a hurry now.

Zhang Ruochen thought, ‘Guye Jing clearly knows that the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is with me, but she didn’t take it. It seems that she knows my personality. She knows that even if a knife was on my neck, I wouldn’t compromise.

‘And a drop of my blood is in her hands. She can find me at any time. As long as she follows me, she’ll find the Fane of Origin.’

Zhang Ruochen felt a headache. His plan to use Guye Jing to deal with Bai Qing’er had failed!

Women were better at playing tricks.

After Guye Jing left the manor, the two Dvarapalas turned into two statues.

They were puppets refined by Guye Jing using the secret technique of The Rāhu Mountains.

“Eh?”

Zhang Ruochen still hadn’t deactivated the Eye of Truth. He glanced at the tallest tower in the manor, and his expression changed.

“Reveal your true form,” Zhang Ruochen chanted.

Nine-foot-long Dimensional Rifts condensed in his palm. They combined with the Mark of Time and flew toward the top of the tower with unparalleled speed.

A strange bird stopped at the top of the tower.

It was shocked when it saw Guye Jing rushing out of the room.

Then it saw Zhang Ruochen coming out of the room. It was both confused and happy. It thought, ‘That lady was right. I followed Luo Sha and found Zhang Ruochen.’

It wanted to send a message to Bai Qing’er immediately, but it thought that since Guye Jing had left it could take Zhang Ruochen down as he was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Such opportunity was right in front of its eyes. How could it not fight for it?

Just as it was racking its brain, Zhang Ruochen noticed it. Nine Dimensional Rifts flew over like black lightning.

“That was fast,” said the strange bird.

The strange bird spread its black wings and rushed out like an arrow leaving a bow.

Even so, there was still a Dimensional Rift. It cut through its left-wing and cut off three feathers.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’ll come and meet you today to see how strong you are,” said the strange bird.

The strange bird’s body exploded in mid-air and turned into a cloud of black fog.

A white-haired old woman rushed out of the black fog. Her body was as thin as firewood. She bent her back, but her speed was fast. She arrived in front of Zhang Ruochen in an instant. Her five fingers formed the shape of a claw. It turned golden, and countless ley lines of precepts flowed.

The ordinary claw was a Thousand-Koan level Saint technique.

Golden Star Slicer.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were filled with starlight and countless phantoms when the claw struck out.

The claw was sharp like a saint blade.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift to dodge.

However, the claw hit and left a mark on his chest.

His sternum hurt, and his internal organs shook. Four blood-red lines appeared on his skin.

“Your body is so strong. Even a claw attack from a Thousand-Koan level saint technique couldn’t break through your skin,” said Dang Hu as she was slightly dazed. She was in disbelief.

Even with the Paramount physique of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint wouldn’t be able to withstand her claws so easily.

Zhang Ruochen looked down at his chest. He activated the Armor of the Fire God and put it on. He said, “I know you. I’ve seen you in Ji Feng Manor before. You are in the Early-stage of the Banshi Isshou Realm?”

“I’ve joined the Enchanter Chamber for more than 18,000 years. My name is Dang Hu. Junior, if you still have a streak of sword Qi from the god, I’ll immediately retreat as long as you show it. I won’t fight with you,” Dang Hu said in a probing tone.

Zhang Ruochen released the Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth. He pretended to be suspicious and said, “Why do I need to use the sword Qi of God to deal with you?”

“Humph! You must have been seriously injured when you stabbed Lord Wuma in Ji Feng Manor. You haven’t fully recovered yet, right? Who gave you the confidence to say such arrogant words?” said Dang Hu.

Dang Hu was confident that Zhang Ruochen would be seriously injured, so she could take him down.

‘How could he recover in just 20 days?’ Dang Hu thought.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t know if Dang Hu had spread the news, so he didn’t dare to delay here. He took out the Divine Dragonbone Whip and pushed the Class Seven Regal Artifact to the extreme. He lashed out.

Instantly, the sky was filled with dragon shadows. Supreme Power and divine dragon power surged toward Dang Hu.

“What a terrifying attack. Zhang Ruochen is still seriously injured?”

Dang Hu’s expression changed slightly. She immediately released her Precept Domain.

The Precept Domain was home to thousands of birds. Among the thousands of birds, a flaming phoenix soared through the sky. The Divine Dragonbone Whip was deflected by its cloud-sized claws.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen lashed out hundreds of whips, shattering the birds in the sky. Even the light from the flaming phoenix dimmed.

“Divine Slaying Claw.”

Dang Hu rushed into the air and merged with the flaming phoenix, performing a heaven-splitting claw.

This claw contained 60 billion precepts. It was a Banshi Isshou level saint technique.

Because he couldn't borrow the power of Qiankun Realm, the pressure on Zhang Ruochen significantly increased. The other party was a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm, two realms higher than him.

“Zhang Ruochen, use whatever tricks you have. Otherwise, this claw will destroy you both in body and soul.” The flaming phoenix spoke in human language.

Boom

The claw print landed and shattered the Supreme Saint inscription and array inscription in the manor below.

The powerful destructive force shook all the buildings in the manor to collapse. The high temperature from the flaming phoenix burned them into lava.

The ripples of the battle were no longer concealed and spread throughout the Enchanton.

In the House of Enchanters, Bai Qing'er suddenly rushed out of her room and landed on a stargazing platform. She looked into the distance and said, “It's Dang Hu's aura.”

Her body became blurry, and she disappeared from the stargazing platform the next moment.

“Oh no, I didn't hit him. How is this possible? I used a Banshi Isshou level saint technique. 60 billion precepts are locking him down. How can a Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm escape?” said Dang Hu as she was bewildered. She found it hard to understand.

How could she understand the Master of Space who controlled the Canon of Dimension?

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the space above the flaming phoenix. 100 million Divine Marks of Flame appeared on his left leg. He suddenly stomped down, and a terrifying divine power fell.

Boom

The flaming phoenix exploded. Dang Hu screamed and was crushed into a bloody mess by Zhang Ruochen's stomp.

After 20 years of cultivation, Zhang Ruochen could fully utilize the power of Yanshen's leg.

Now, he has a divine left leg. It contained infinite divine power. He only needed one stomp to kill a Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the 10,000 death realm.

When Bai Qing'er arrived, Zhang Ruochen had already left. He changed his appearance several times and blended into the crowd.

Chapter 2478: Shifting to a New Path

Zhang Ruochen returned to the small courtyard in the Governor's Manor after changing into Master Xunmu's appearance.

His blood and Qi were still boiling inside his body.

The cracks in his sea of Qi that were about to heal began to loosen again.

Apparently, he had used all his strength to activate Yanshen's leg. Its power was too strong, causing his sea of Qi to shake violently. His injuries were on the verge of worsening.

'My sea of Qi won't be damaged easily, but it'll be hard to heal once it's damaged. Before reaching a strong enough realm, I can't go head-to-head with someone like Wuma Jiuxing. That's stupid!' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen had a new understanding of the danger he was in. He couldn't be careless.

Be it Guye Jing, Bai Qing'er, or the cultivators of the Fane of Destiny, they were all geniuses.

If he wasn't careful, he would lose the entire game.

Today, he had used Yanshen's leg to stomp down on his enemy. It seemed like he was unstoppable, but in reality, he still couldn't face the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint head-on. He had used the Power of Dimension to catch her off guard and execute a fatal move.

He pushed open the door and walked into the room. Guye Jing had already left, and Blackie was nowhere to be found.

It was cold and quiet.

Sitting alone in the dark room, Zhang Ruochen fell into deep thought.

The birth of the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin was known to 17 forces. 19 of them, including the Enchanter Chamber and the Fane of Destiny.

The Supreme Saints of the 19 forces had all gathered in Enchanton, making it the storm's center.

When Zhang Ruochen was fighting with Dang Hu earlier, Zhang Ruochen clearly sensed that dozens of powerful saint might soar into the sky. It was as if gods and buddhas had awakened. He couldn't deal with any of them now.

He didn't know if Bai Qing'er had deliberately leaked the information. Not only had the House of Enchanters come to the fore, but Zhang Ruochen had emerged as a pivotal figure in the eyes of all the vast forces.

What gave Zhang Ruochen a headache was that he did indeed have a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.

Zhang Ruochen had no time to think about it. He wanted to seize the Xue Jue Family's business on Hoth. He just wanted to leave Enchanton as soon as possible. He wanted to go to the Royal City of Hundred Clans and meet with Ji Fanxin. He wanted to find the Fane of Origin immediately.

He was well aware that to condense a single Grade Three Saintwill or a Grade One Yin-yang Five Elements Saintwill, he would require the assistance of a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Obviously, the Fane of Origin was the opportunity he had to seize.

Zhang Ruochen looked at it and wore a ring on his finger.

The ring was formed by the Primordial Spatial Worm.

Unfortunately, the Primordial Spatial Worm was too heavily injured. Even though Zhang Ruochen kept using the Saint Qi in his body to help it recuperate, it still showed no signs of waking up.

Whoosh

A brilliant golden light appeared in the room, and the ground rippled.

The Intergold Tiger walked out of the void. Its five-meter-long body filled more than half the room. Even though it had deliberately restrained its aura, it was still highly domineering. The world seemed to be shaking between its breaths.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know where the Intergold Tiger was. He only knew that it had always been by his side. It was very likely that it was in the interlayer of space. Zhang Ruochen still did not know much about gods' means, especially the means of a Primeval Divine Beast.

The Intergold Tiger said, "Zhang Ruochen, it's time to cultivate!"

"Cultivate? Cultivate what?" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen looked around and found that the room's four walls were covered in golden light.

Obviously, the Intergold Tiger had made arrangements so that the aura in the room would not leak out.

The Intergold Tiger said, "You are my guide. Of course, you have to help me cultivate and integrate into this era. In the end, you will be completely recognized by the precepts of heaven and earth."

"How can I help you?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen thought it was ridiculous to help a god cultivate.

The Intergold Tiger said, "Give me half of the Precepts in your body."

"What did you say?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen thought he heard wrong.

"Give me half of the Precepts in your body," the Intergold Tiger repeated.

"Impossible, absolutely impossible," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had cultivated for hundreds of years with the help of the Sundial. He had only cultivated 15 billion Precepts.

Suppose he gave half of the Precepts to the Intergold Tiger. How many years would Zhang Ruochen have to cultivate before he could recover?

The Intergold Tiger thoughtfully said, “The precepts you cultivated have fused with the Apex Intergold Qi. That’s why I can absorb it and turn it into my own precepts. In the future, when I absorb more and more of your precepts, I can be completely recognized by this era and no longer be bound by anything.”

“In other words, you’re going to deprive me of my precepts in the future?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Intergold Tiger nodded its colossal head and said, “That’s right! In fact, I’m not taking it all, but you’re guiding me to cultivate.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled stiffly. “The so-called guide is the one who is being exploited? How long will I have to be exploited? You will always deprive me of half of the precepts. How long will I have to cultivate before I become a god?”

The Intergold Tiger said, “When the number of precepts in our bodies is the same, we will naturally be equal.”

“What? When will the number of precepts in our bodies reach the same level?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen could not calm down. He felt cheated by Fukurokuju. If he had known that the so-called guide was such hard work, he would not have agreed to it in the first place.

No wonder Fukurokuju was vague when he asked how to help the Intergold Tiger with its cultivation.

The more Zhang Ruochen thought about it, the more he felt cheated. He said, “Can I not be the guide?”

“No,” said the Intergold Tiger.

Then the Intergold Tiger added, “I know all your secrets.”

Zhang Ruochen was being threatened again!

Being threatened by a god, even if Zhang Ruochen was dissatisfied, he could not express it.

What could he do?

Should he fight to the death with the Intergold Tiger?

Zhang Ruochen said, "I can help you with your cultivation, but is there another way? My total number of precepts is only 15 billion. If I share half with you, it will only be 7.5 billion. Does it mean anything to you?"

Lord Ironclad, who was at the pinnacle of the Banshi Isshou Realm, had cultivated more than a trillion precepts.

If the precepts of the gods were converted into precept marks, the number would only increase and be imprinted on every body cell.

The Intergold Tiger said, "Of course it means something. The more precepts I absorb, the more I can be recognized by the precepts of heaven and earth, and the more powerful my power will be.

"Without your 7.5 billion precepts and without triggering the divine punishment, the power I can unleash would only be comparable to an ordinary Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

"However, after I absorb it, the power I can wield can be increased several times."

Zhang Ruochen was greatly moved. He asked, "Can I defeat Wuma Jiuxing?"

The Intergold Tiger said, "The cultivator of the Path of Saber that you mentioned is extraordinary. Even in God's Ancient Nidus, no one in the same realm can defeat him. I have been on the Ghost's home planet for 30,000 years and have seen countless geniuses in the Infernal Court. Few cultivators have the potential to reach his level before becoming a god. Moreover, he only has the potential. Whether he can reach it or not depends on cultivating to the extreme in the Thousand-Koan Realm, the Banshi Isshou Realm, and the Paramount Realm."

For a god to give such a high evaluation showed that Wuma Jiuxing's achievements were shocking.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Does that mean that you can’t defeat him even after fusing with my 7.5 billion Precepts?”

“If I want to kill him, I only need a casual attack. But after this attack, I will also be attacked by the precepts of heaven and earth. Even if I don’t die, I will be seriously injured,” the Intergold Tiger said.

Which means he still couldn’t defeat Wuma Jiuxing within the scope of the precepts of heaven and earth.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The situation in Enchanton is complicated and dangerous. I can give you half of the precepts if you want, but can I give it to you after this critical period?”

“The more so, the more precepts you should give me. In fact, I have previously stated that absorbing half of your precepts is not intended to exploit you because you can also reap significant benefits,” the Intergold Tiger stated.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What benefits?”

“You’ll understand when I’ve integrated half of your precepts. Don’t worry. We’re both in the same boat now. You’re the guide I’ve waited 30,000 years for. I don’t want to wait another 30,000 years to find the next guide,” the Intergold Tiger said.

7.5 billion precepts was indeed a significant loss.

However, with the Sundial in hand, he would be able to cultivate again in a few months at most.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Then you have to agree to one condition. If I encounter a strong enemy in the future, you must help me. You can’t just stand by and watch.”

“That’s impossible. At most, when you really can’t deal with it and face the threat of death, I can help you escape,” the Intergold Tiger said with a heavy tone. “If you think there’s a powerhouse around you who can help you anytime. Then you must be overestimating yourself to provoke an enemy that you can’t deal with. This is courting death!

“If I keep helping you, it’s not good for your cultivation.

“A real powerhouse grows through constant training and challenging the impossible. Cultivators who are always under protection are always kept in captivity. No matter how fat they grow, they will always be sitting ducks.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I don’t ask you to help me anytime. Can you just help me once?”

“Okay! I promise I can help you once,” said the Intergold Tiger.

After a long talk, Zhang Ruochen suddenly felt that Blackie was better. He did not need to waste so much time talking.

The Intergold Tiger walked to Zhang Ruochen and opened its mouth to take a breath.

WHOOSH!

The light patterns of the precepts on Zhang Ruochen’s body rushed into the Intergold Tiger’s mouth. His cultivation dropped rapidly, and the precepts in his sea of Qi became fewer and fewer. The Heavenly Stream, which had been strengthened, immediately became thinner.

After absorbing 7.5 billion precepts, the golden light on the Intergold Tiger grew brighter. It closed its tiger eyes as if it was circulating its exercises and absorbing them.

Zhang Ruochen had mixed feelings. He could only take out the Sundial and the Divine Dragon Enlightenment Chamber to comprehend the precepts. He only wanted to recover his cultivation as soon as possible.

7.5 billion precepts was already a lot. It surpassed many Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

An hour later.

The golden light on the Intergold Tiger’s body disappeared. A look of joy appeared in its eyes. It said, “The precepts of heaven and earth have indeed reduced its rejection of me. I’ve only absorbed 7.5 billion precepts. If I absorb 1 trillion or 10 trillion precepts, I wonder what will happen?”

When Zhang Ruochen, who was meditating, heard this, he became even more distressed. He felt taken advantage of.

The Intergold Tiger said, “Zhang Ruochen, it’s your turn now!”

“My turn what?” Zhang Ruochen asked, puzzled.

The Intergold Tiger said, “Didn’t I just say that you can also get great benefits? I absorbed 7.5 billion precepts from you and assimilated them with my body’s 7.5 billion precept marks. These 7.5 billion precept marks are precepts that your body can accept. Now, take back as much as you can.”

Zhang Ruochen’s mood turned from sad to happy. “Take as many as I can?”

“The key is to bear it,” said the Intergold Tiger.

After reaching his current realm, Zhang Ruochen could barely bear the 100 million Divine Marks of Flame in Yanshen’s leg. He could use them completely in battle.

Although the divine marks were good, it was obvious that it was complicated to control.

It was not easy to bear the divine marks.

“If you had said earlier that we were exchanging precepts, we wouldn’t have had so much trouble!”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and put his hands together. The Shenwu Mark between his eyebrows appeared.

The Intergold Tiger opened its mouth and spat out a mouthful of golden precept marks.

Each of the precept marks was in the shape of a divine tiger. It contained the Apex Intergold Qi and Zhang Ruochen’s aura of the precepts.

These precept marks were different from Yanshen’s Divine Mark of Flame. They were very close to Zhang Ruochen. It was as if he had cultivated them. It was easy for him to absorb and control them.

Zhang Ruochen kept absorbing the precepts into the Shenwu Mark, entering his sea of Qi, and into the Heavenly Stream.

The Intergold Tiger's precept marks were utterly different from the precepts of heaven and earth in this era. It was not the same as the Precepts of Dimension, Time, or Swordsmanship. There was only one precept.

This precept was similar to one of the five elements' precepts, the Precept of Metal, but there were some differences.

This precept contained the aura of death, darkness, and gloom.

The Intergold Tiger said, "What I cultivate is the Path of Intergold. I only cultivate the Precepts of Intergold. What you have obtained is only the Intergold Precept Marks."

In less than 15 minutes, Zhang Ruochen had absorbed 100 million precept marks into his sea of Qi.

The Intergold Tiger's Intergold Precept Marks were more powerful than Yanshen's Divine Mark of Flame. However, after absorbing 100 million of them, Zhang Ruochen did not feel any difficulty.

These precept marks seemed to belong to him naturally.

The Intergold Tiger was shocked when it checked Zhang Ruochen's condition, 'One of my precept marks is more powerful than all 100 of his precepts combined. He can absorb 100 million of them easily. It must be the river of precepts in his sea of Qi that played a key role. However, he can only absorb 200 million precept marks. He should reach his limit.'

After absorbing 500 million precept marks in a row, Zhang Ruochen's absorption speed slowed down.

The Heavenly Stream in his sea of Qi turned golden and showed signs of instability.

This was because the precept marks' energy far exceeded the precepts' energy, breaking the balance.

"The precept marks are a great thing. It's like I've entered the state of the Path of Intergold in the Supreme Saint Realm. It's similar to Wuma Jiuxing's Path of Saber. The more I can absorb, the better."

After absorbing 670 million precept marks, Zhang Ruochen stopped and turned into a solid gold man. He sat cross-legged

on the ground and didn't move.

“This is the result of being greedy. Let's see how long it takes for you to transform into your physical body.”

The Intergold Tiger snorted. It raised its claws and struck out the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike gently.

A powerful claw print appeared in the space.

After absorbing Zhang Ruochen's Precepts, it was naturally able to master the various paths Zhang Ruochen cultivated.

With the Intergold Tiger's cultivation and spiritual power, it could understand the saint techniques that Zhang Ruochen cultivated instantly and cultivate them most perfectly.

“It's a wonderful attack. Unfortunately, the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike is a terrible name. I'll call it Dragon-Tiger Prajna Strike from now on. Maybe the Divine-Tiger Prajna Strike is better.” said the Intergold Tiger.

Chapter 2479: A Spirit

Zhang Ruochen's consciousness was comprehending, understanding, and controlling the newly acquired Intergold Precept Marks in his sea of Qi.

This was a rare opportunity to peek into the mysteries of divinity in the Supreme Saint Realm.

Although there were 100 million Divine Marks of Flame in the Yanshen's leg, they were not in his sea of Qi. They could only be used for battle.

Of course, one Yanshen's leg was far more than 100 million divine marks.

Before the leg was chopped off, most of the precept marks had been taken back into his sea of Qi.

Otherwise, one leg would contain at least 100 million precept marks.

If there were 100 million precept marks in Zhang Ruochen's Yanshen's leg, even Wuma Jiuxing would not be able to withstand it, let alone kill Dang Hu in the Early-stage of the Banshi Isshou Realm.

As he became more and more familiar with the control of divine marks, Zhang Ruochen's body dissolved and became flesh and blood again. He could finally move.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to walk out of the room. He took out the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and entered it. He couldn't wait to release the precept in his body to form a Precept Domain.

His Precept Domain couldn't compare to a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint's Precept Domain. It was just an invisible domain. It didn't transform into Path or evolve into form.

But this time was different. After the precepts were released, countless golden tigers ran through the Precept Domain.

One golden tiger represented an Intergold Precept Mark.

The shadows of the tigers filled the sky.

Tiger roars were deafening.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen's control over the Intergold Precept Marks was weak. The golden tigers ran around wildly in chaos. He couldn't control his Precept Domain like a Thousand-Koan Realm cultivator. If the Precept Domain was suppressed, it could crush a low-level Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'Although there are only 670 million Intergold Precept Marks, they're far more powerful than my own 7.5 billion precepts.

'One Intergold Precept Mark contains more than 100 times more powerful than my precepts.

'Does this mean that a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint in the pinnacle who cultivates 70 billion precepts can no longer use his Precept Domain to suppress me?'

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen felt much better.

The number of precepts had always been Zhang Ruochen's weakness. He would be suppressed by the Precept Domain of a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint often. So he had to borrow the power of Qiankun Realm or the domains of the three Major Paths of the Ancients or the Supreme Power of a Supreme Artifact. Only then could he break free and counterattack.

Although his Precept Domain was still inferior to that of the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, it was impossible for a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint in the Early and Middle stages to crush him with just their Precept Domain.

As for the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint...

How many Supreme Saints in the Thousand-Koan Realm could cultivate the number of precepts to more than 70 billion?

Zhang Ruochen's current Precept Domain could fight head-on with any Supreme Saint in the Thousand-Koan Realm.

However, Zhang Ruochen had two terrible problems.

First, the 670 million Intergold Precept Marks were too strong, far more robust than his precepts.

This was not a good thing. The Intergold Precept Marks would affect Zhang Ruochen's path cultivation.

Second, although the Intergold Precept Marks were strong, he could only control about 100 million of them. The remaining 500 million would be in a chaotic state even if he released them. It would be difficult for them to form an effective attack.

Unless his spiritual power could reach the 67th level.

As long as his spiritual power was strong enough, he could control the precept marks.

The second problem was to improve his spiritual power.

The first problem was to improve his precepts.

In addition, Zhang Ruochen thought of the third problem.

How to use the Intergold Precept Marks?

Should he merge it into the Precept Domain and fight with other Supreme Saints?

Then, he could only use it to fight with Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints.

The Intergold Precept Marks were not like the Divine Marks of Flame. The Divine Marks of Flame could be directly transformed into offensive power with Yanshen's leg as a carrier.

Or he needed a saint technique to transform the precepts into combat power.

Zhang Ruochen asked the Intergold Tiger for advice, hoping that it could teach him an ancient saint technique or a higher knowledge.

Since it was a divine mark, it could be used to perform higher knowledge.

Besides, Zhang Ruochen had a Demigod-level physique, so he did not lack the divine Qi.

Even if it was just an immature small amount of higher knowledge, it could still shine in the Saint-level and burst out with unparalleled power.

Unfortunately, the Intergold Tiger said casually, “You are a Yuanhui level genius and the best brush in the world. Instead of copying others’ paintings, why don’t you try painting yourself?”

“Other cultivators have already created many powerful saint techniques in the Supreme Saint Realm. You should be more outstanding than them in the future generations.

“Now, the Intergold Precept Mark is an excellent piece of canvas for you. I’m looking forward to what mysterious paintings you can draw on the canvas with this brush.”

“Why do I feel that you can’t bear to teach me the higher knowledge of the saint technique?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Intergold Tiger said, “Indeed, the ancient saint technique’s higher knowledge can be used to control the Intergold Precept Mark, but it is difficult to conform to the precepts of heaven and earth in this era. It will be hampered if it does not receive the blessing of the precepts of heaven and earth. No matter how powerful the saint technique’s higher knowledge is, its power will be greatly reduced. Therefore, you should create your own saint technique suitable for the Intergold Precept Marks. I have high hopes for you.”

When had Zhang Ruochen not thought of creating his own saint technique?

It was just too much of a waste of time.

Most of the cultivators who created saint techniques, be it Supreme Saints or Saint Kings, felt that their cultivation could no longer improve, so they put their energy into creating saint techniques.

Of course, some talented people could cultivate while creating their own techniques.

However, how could the saint techniques they created compare to the ones created by their predecessors?

The saint techniques created by the predecessors have been passed down to this day, so they must have been modified and perfected countless times in the future. It was even possible that the ones who created the techniques were the strongest among the gods.

A thousand years ago, the Sword God Feng Chen was a first-class genius. He overshadowed the figures of an era in the Infernal Court. He was proficient in all kinds of things. With the occasional insight, he could create a peerless technique.

With his talent, he could ultimately become one of the representatives of the Yuanhui period.

Unfortunately, he was too distracted and too refined. In the end, he didn't even condense a Grade Two Saintwill.

Que somehow was more focused on cultivating his Sword of Oblivion technique.

It was hard to say who would be more successful in the future, Sword God Feng Chen or Que.

However, at least in the aspect of saintwill, Que was more potent than the Sword God Feng Chen.

Zhang Ruochen had actually created a sword technique.

It was called Blossoming Cadence.

It was a sword technique created by combining the Swordsmanship, the Path of Dimension, and the Path of Time.

As Zhang Ruochen's understanding of the three Paths became deeper and deeper, he continued to perfect this sword technique. Its power was now considerable. Although there was only one move, he could perform it as he pleased.

The advantage of creating a saint technique was that it could perfectly match his mind, body, and saint Qi.

He could perform it smoothly. His mind and sword were in synchronization.

However, Zhang Ruochen had never created a second sword technique because he did not know how to evolve the second move.

Moreover, he had always felt that the sword technique he created seemed to be exquisite, but it lacked one thing.

It lacked a spirit.

It could represent his own spirit.

A sword technique and a saint technique. If there was no spirit, it was equivalent to a person having no soul.

Even if he created it, he would only be a clay figurine. He wouldn't have much success in the future.

From creating the saint technique, Zhang Ruochen thought of his own spirit. And from his own spirit, he thought of his own pursuit.

In the past, his motivation for cultivating was to take revenge on Chi Yao.

Later, he found out part of the truth and was lost for a long time. During that period, he didn't have his own pursuit. He was always led by the nose by various factors, moving forward step by step.

He cultivated every day, but what was the purpose of cultivating?

To save Kunlun?

To find the ultimate truth that had happened 800 years ago?

To surpass Chi Yao, defeat her, or even kill her to open up his mind?

No, neither.

Later, Zhang Ruochen was enlightened by Pan Ruo and Luo Sha. He had his own vision. To reshape the order of heaven and earth, change the entire universe, and let all living things live a different way.

However, that vision was too big and too far away. It was like a dream that required a lifetime to pursue.

Moreover, to reshape the order of heaven and earth, he needed a strong heart and an unparalleled spirit. He needed to transcend first. But what exactly was that spirit?

Zhang Ruochen fell into deep thought.

...

The fragrant wind blew gently.

The door and windows did not move, but a soul-stirring woman in a red dress appeared in the room. There was the gentle beauty of a peerless human woman and the wicked charm of Rakshasi.

Zhang Ruochen sensed Guye Jing's aura. He woke up from his thoughts. Walking out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, he glanced at her. He said, "You're not here to take the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, are you?"

Guye Jing was like a painting of beauty. Standing beside the dark brown wooden wall, she said, "If I attack, can you stop me?"

"I can't, but you won't get anything," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Zhang Ruochen," said Guye Jing, "You underestimate the value of the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and the Fane of Origin. I can't do anything to you, but the gods will take action as long as I capture you and bring you back to The Rāhu Mountains. At that time, all your secrets will not be secrets."

After saying this, she released the deadly demonic Qi from her body.

Every strand of demonic Qi was like a chain.

Zhang Ruochen remained calm and said, "Wargod Bloodximius has bestowed on me the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and the Wargod Belt. He sees me as the future successor of the Xue Jue family. He knows that I have countless powerful enemies in the Infernal Court, but why can he go to the Jadeite Realm without worry?"

"The Wargod Belt can resist the gods, but it can't resist cultivators below divinity," said Guye Jing.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Do you really think I don't have any other trump cards?"

“I want to give it a try!” said Guye Jing.

Guye Jing controlled the deadly demonic Qi and merged it with the precepts. Dozens of blood-red chains condensed and wrapped around Zhang Ruochen with a clattering sound.

The space around Zhang Ruochen was instantly suppressed and became extremely solid.

Before the chains wrapped around his body, Zhang Ruochen felt that the entire world had become lifeless. The space was infinitely compressed, and he could not move.

ROAR!

A deafening tiger roar came from Zhang Ruochen's body.

Zhang Ruochen's body emitted a dazzling golden light. The Intergold Precept Marks turned into shadows of golden tigers and rushed out to fight against the chains that wrapped around his body.

Chapter 2480: Bai Qing'er Showed Her Hand

Seeing the Intergold Precept Marks, Guye Jing's beautiful eyes lit up slightly. She thought to herself, 'Master's words are indeed true. Zhang Ruochen has become the guide of the Primeval Genus Beast, the Intergold Tiger. He has a god with him at all times. Why would he need other guardians?'

She stretched out her hand and gently twisted her fingers. All the deadly demonic Qi was withdrawn into her body.

"Can I pay my respects to Senior Intergold Tiger?" Guye Jing asked.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew the Intergold Precept Marks. He immediately understood that Guye Jing had no intention of really attacking. She was just testing him.

It couldn't be hidden. Many gods in the Infernal Court knew about the birth of the Intergold Tiger and the Swastika Seiryu.

Of course, this didn't include the gods of the ten dark forces and the minor clans.

Fukurokuju had only told Zhang Ruochen about the Primeval Genus Beasts in the Fane of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "Senior Intergold Tiger doesn't like to be disturbed."

Gushi Jing could understand. The other party was a god. How could a Supreme Saint meet it just because he wanted to?

"You have a god to protect you. Bai Qing'er's plan against you is futile," said Guye Jing. She smiled and sat down on the chair, lying lazily on it. The curve of her chest was astonishing.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that not only was the power of the Intergold Tiger Limited, but it had also only agreed to attack once.

Therefore, when he heard Guye Jing's words, his heart tightened. He asked, "What is Bai Qing'er up to now?"

"It's not a conspiracy. It's an open conspiracy," Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What's going on?"

"At least you've infiltrated the Enchanter Chamber. How come you haven't heard of it?" Guye Jing was surprised.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

Guye Jing sighed lightly and said, "That's right. With a deity protecting the way, why would you care about the conspiracy of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint? Why don't you ask the Intergold Tiger to attack Enchanton first?"

Zhang Ruochen coughed dryly and said, "The Intergold Tiger is a deity. He's not my fighter."

Guye Jing was brilliant. She understood what he meant.

Although Zhang Ruochen had become the guide of the Intergold Tiger, it wouldn't help him deal with other Saint-level cultivators.

If a god really followed Zhang Ruochen and could attack at any time, how could Zhang Ruochen be trapped in Enchanton?

Even on Hoth, Zhang Ruochen could do whatever he wanted. Only he could beat other cultivators. No cultivator dared to touch him.

It was normal to think about it. Gods couldn't interfere with the secular world.

Once the Intergold Tiger attacked the cultivators of the Infernal Court, the gods wouldn't let it go?

Thinking of this, Guye Jing's fear of Zhang Ruochen lessened.

"If that's the case, you'd better listen," said Guye Jing.

Guye Jing continued, "Just yesterday, the leaders of the 18 forces entered the House of Enchanters together and pressured Bai Qing'er and Ye Manman. Then Bai Qing'er gave in and told the truth."

“What truth?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had a bad premonition.

Guye Jing said, “Bai Qing’er said that the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin was originally from the hands of the Seven-Armed Elder to the casino of the House of Enchanteurs.”

“Unfortunately, the Seven-Armed Elder has been killed by her. Who can prove that what she said is true?” Zhang Ruochen laughed.

Guye Jing stared into Zhang Ruochen’s eyes and smiled beautifully. She said, “But Bai Qing’er said that the Seven-Armed Elder didn’t die. You hid him in the Violet Gourd. That’s why he was able to escape from the Divine Domain of Destiny. Even the Divination Division couldn’t predict his whereabouts. Because you, Zhang Ruochen, are one of the few people who are hard to predict.

“I think what she said makes sense.

“Based on what you said to me and what Bai Qing’er said to me. I wonder if what happened that day was like this. You and the Seven-Armed Elder worked together and used spatial means to steal five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin from the 17 layers of the barrier. You also killed Tan Fei, who was holding the divine crystals.

“Bai Qing’er noticed this and went to kill you. In the process, you killed Cang Baizi, while Bai Qing’er killed Xing Qian. In the end, you and the Seven-Armed Elder escaped. Because of Bai Qing’er’s identity, it was not convenient for her to continue hunting you down. Therefore, she used her relationship with the Death Palace’s High Priest to ask the Adjudication Division to deal with you.

“Unfortunately, the Destiny Division intervened and allowed you and the Seven-Armed Elder to escape.

“You know that Bai Qing’er will definitely continue to deal with you and seize the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, so you used me to pin her down. Bai Qing’er knows that the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is in your

hands, so she sealed off the Enchanton and forbade you to escape.

“Am I right?”

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

Zhang Ruochen clapped and sighed in his heart. Guye Jing was indeed Luo Sha’s best friend and had a strong mind. Although there were many differences, she was on the right track.

Zhang Ruochen was calm and said, “You have a rich imagination. It seems that you don’t believe me at all. You believe in Bai Qing’er.”

“Because what she said is more reasonable than you. Not only do I believe her, but the leaders of the other 17 forces also believe her more,” said Guye Jing. Her eyes were round and big. She stared at Zhang Ruochen’s handsome face and waited for him to argue.

Zhang Ruochen said, “First, I don’t even know Seven-Armed Elder. Why should I cooperate with him?”

“You know him. You met him in a bet,” said Guye Jing.

“Because of me, he lost hundreds of thousands of Godstones. How can this be considered an acquaintance? We are enemies, right?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“There is a saying, an exchange for blow and friendship grows. For the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, enemies can also cooperate,” said Guye Jing.

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly. He said, “Even so! Bai Qing’er’s attack on the Seven-Armed Elder happened before. How did it become after the divine crystal was stolen?”

Guye Jing said, “How do you know who’s in front and who’s behind these two things? Did you participate in both?”

Zhang Ruochen was a little discouraged. He couldn’t explain it at all. He had to admit that Bai Qing’er’s “showdown” was ruthless.

All the forces knew the whereabouts of the superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin. Still, it also forced Zhang Ruochen to the opposite side of the forces. All the forces shifted their focus from the House of Enchanters to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “There’s a fatal mistake in Bai Qing’er’s story.”

“I’d like to hear more,” said Guye Jing.

“Since five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin were passed out from the Seven-Armed Elder’s hands. Then, the Seven-Armed Elder must still have superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin. Why would he risk stealing the five lost ones from the 17 major forces?”

Guye Jing rested her chin on her hand and stared at Zhang Ruochen at a close distance. She said, “Because you and the Seven-Armed Elder want to escape and take the Fane of Origin for yourself. You don’t want other forces to join in. How are you going to argue?”

Zhang Ruochen was silent.

“Oh, my dear Ruochen, we are already so close. Why can’t you tell me the truth? The Fane of Origin was a world-shaking secret treasure. How could the Xue Jue Family take it all? Wouldn’t it be better to let The Rāhu Mountains share the profits and bear the risks? Wouldn’t it be better to fight against the unknown dangers together?” said Guye Jing.

Guye Jing pursed her lips and shook Zhang Ruochen’s arm gently. She looked like a well-behaved little sister next door.

Zhang Ruochen let out a long sigh. He said, “Let me tell you the truth! The five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin were stolen by Bai Qing’er. It can’t be wrong. Tan Fei was also killed by her using dreams.

“As for the Seven-Armed Elder, I did help him escape from the Divine Domain of Destiny. He gave me a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.

“So, the one who really wants to monopolize the superior Fane of Origin is Bai Qing’er, not me and Seven-Armed Elder.

Besides, my relationship with that old man isn't that good. We don't trust each other."

Guye Jing thought for a moment and considered carefully.

Zhang Ruochen's words were more believable than Bai Qing'er's words.

But she didn't believe it completely.

She just felt that the truth was getting closer and closer.

Guye Jing said, "Does that mean that the Seven-Armed Elder has left?"

"The Seven-Armed Elder has strong spiritual power. I can't keep him even if I want to." Zhang Ruochen shrugged and said helplessly.

Guye Jing smiled and said, "So you have a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin now?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "We are close. That's why I told you this secret."

Guye Jing seemed to have forgotten that Zhang Ruochen had used her to deal with Bai Qing'er, and she almost died by Wuma Jiuxing's blade. She also seemed to have forgotten that she had just been taken advantage of by Zhang Ruochen's hands and that she had scolded him.

She smiled and said gently, "Yes, we have experienced life and death together."

"I need your help to find the Fane of Origin," Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing nodded and said, "We are the best allies."

If Luo Sha's best friend saw Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing alone in a room and looking at each other up close, they would curse this adulterous couple.

Suddenly, Guye Jing became serious and said thoughtfully, "Zhang Ruochen, you will be in big trouble!"

"Oh! What do you mean?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

“Do you know why Bai Qing’er told the truth at this time? Actually, the purpose of everything is to force you out. If you don’t show up, all the forces will think that what she said is true. Because you don’t dare to show yourself!” said Guye Jing.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Is this her plot? If I show myself, I will definitely be besieged. The only superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin may be lost. If I don’t show myself, I have tacitly stolen five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin with the Seven-Armed Elder. If I don’t show myself and continue to hide, although I am a bit cowardly, it is the best choice. When My Primordial Spatial Worm is healed, I can leave anytime.”

Guye Jing shook her head. She said, “Unfortunately, you can’t hide anymore! The Overseer of the Divination Division will come to Hoth along with the Divine Artifact, Tensho Compass. Your tricks will be useless in the face of it.”

“Are they that desperate to mobilize the Divine Artifact?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t calm himself down. He wanted to treat Bai Qing’er like a shining light and teach her a lesson. This woman was too vicious. All her tricks were forcing him to the brink.

“They mobilized the Tensho Compass not only to find you but also to find the seriously injured Wuma Jiuxing. The three divisions of the Fane of Destiny had arrived, and their powerhouses were as numerous as clouds. It was said that top-notch Supreme Saints from the twelve divine palaces had also come. They claimed that they had massacred the Avīci Pavilion to avenge the death of Scioness Fuurei. This storm is getting bigger and bigger. I even suspect that a god has come quietly!” Guye Jing said.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Guye Jing’s arms and said, “We are the best allies and the closest relationship. You have to help me. How about we go and snatch the Tensho Compass?”

Chapter 2481: Hand of the World

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

It was obviously impossible to snatch the Tensho Compass.

Although the vessel spirit of the Tensho Compass had not reached divinity, it was definitely a first-class combat strength below divinity. Moreover, the Overseer of the Divination Division was definitely at the level of Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue. Unless it was Wuma Jiuxing, who would dare to attack him?

The Fane of Destiny must have sent countless powerhouses to escort the Overseer and the Tensho Compass. Even if Wuma Jiuxing wasn't injured, he probably wouldn't dare to snatch the Divine Artifact.

Guye Jing suggested that Zhang Ruochen put the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin with her for the time being. Then, he would come out and tell the major forces the truth. With his current status, no one dared to attack him openly. Besides, with the gods' protection, who would dare to attack him before they were absolutely sure?

Zhang Ruochen directly rejected her proposal.

Should he give her the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?

Not a chance, they were not that close.

Besides, she suspected that a god had come to Hoth. How could Zhang Ruochen dare to show his face?

Guye Jing left with resentments!

She was still like a bullied little wife when she left, saying that Zhang Ruochen did not trust her.

Zhang Ruochen did not ask her to stay.

Since Guye Jing knew that he had the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, she would certainly help him in secret.

“Is it really a dead end? I can only force my way out if I can’t,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes turned cold. As long as the Intergold Tiger was willing to help and Blackie’s attainments in the array, it would not be difficult to break through the defense array of Enchanton.

As long as he left the city, his chances of escaping would increase significantly with his Power of Dimension and Time.

However, if he did that, not only would he become the target of public criticism, but the Xue Jue family would also be pushed into the limelight.

This was the last resort!

Moreover, as long as the Tensho Compass was still there, the Fane of Destiny would definitely chase him wherever he ran. Thinking of being chased by a group of top Supreme Saints and possibly even gods, Zhang Ruochen’s scalp went numb.

“Xunmu, come to the third meeting hall immediately.” Gu Yanzhi’s voice reached Zhang Ruochen’s ears.

Zhang Ruochen immediately changed into a black robe and transformed into Master Xunmu’s skinny appearance. He picked up the Staff of the Divine Envoy and headed to the meeting hall.

The third meeting hall was built underground and covered with many inscriptions of an array. It was a place for discussing important secret matters and was not usually open to the public.

When Zhang Ruochen arrived, hundreds of spiritual-power Saint Master had gathered outside the stone door of the meeting hall. Many of them were spiritual-power Saint Kings above level 50.

“It’s just a House of Enchanteurs under the Enchanter Chamber. How can it attract so many spiritual-power powerhouses?”

Zhang Ruochen was quite surprised. Of course, he did not believe that the Enchanter Chamber could train so many spiritual-power Saint Masters. Therefore, he secretly observed and found that more than 90% of these spiritual-power Saint Masters didn’t belong to the top ten clans. They came from small clans, and some even came from the mortal world of the Celestial Court.

It was normal. Which force didn’t have defectors?

Some powerful cultivators couldn’t stay in the Celestial Court. They could live comfortably on the edge of the Infernal Court.

“The third meeting hall has been activated. It seems like something big has happened.”

“Recently, many important figures have come to Enchanton. Each and every one of them is extremely powerful. It would be strange if nothing big happened.”

“I hope there won’t be any more top-notch Supreme Saint-level battles. As far as I know, more than 300 spiritual-power Saint Master died tragically in the last battle. Countless people were injured.”

“Stop it. My injuries haven’t fully healed yet. My spirit hasn’t recovered yet.”

“I joined the Enchanter Chamber because it was hard for my cultivation to improve. I just wanted to live happily for the last few decades. I didn’t expect that there would be so many major events these days. I don’t think it will end well.”

...

...

Listening to the discussions of the spiritual-power Saint Master, Zhang Ruochen thought to himself, ‘It seems like a good choice for a cultivator who is greedy for pleasure to join the Enchanter Chamber. He can have a beautiful woman to

accompany him, and he can also get cultivation resources without too much danger.'

"Shh! Shut up quickly. A big shot is coming!" someone said.

The group of spiritual-power Saint Master immediately shut up, adjusted their appearance, and straightened their posture.

Footsteps sounded.

A group of cultivators in white robes came underground. They passed through the crowd and walked to the stone door of the third meeting hall.

Zhang Ruochen felt a mighty spiritual power fluctuation from this group of cultivators in white robes. Each of them was extraordinary. They were definitely spiritual-power Saint Masters.

The old man walking in the front had a silver sun, moon, and star mark on his forehead. His face was slightly chubby, and his black hair fell over his shoulders. There was an evil smile in his eyes, and his aura was powerful.

The spiritual-power Saint Master standing on both sides was trembling when he walked past.

One of the spiritual-power Saint Master's legs went weak, and he knelt on the ground, making a fool of himself.

Beside the elder was Bai Qing'er's disciple, Shang Yue.

Shang Yue was respectful toward the elder. It was clear that she was someone even a proud woman like her respected.

As for Gu Yanzhi, he could only follow at the back.

The old man glanced at the spiritual-power Saint Master kneeling on the ground. He grinned and revealed a mouthful of yellow teeth. He said, "Enchanteur Chamber is one of the top ten dark forces. Not everyone should be recruited. I will devour him first!"

The old man stretched out two withered fingers and knocked on the head of the spiritual-power saint.

Suddenly, the spiritual-power saint let out a shrill scream. His whole body twitched. The Saint Soul and spiritual power were

all sucked away by the old man and sucked into his mouth.

All the spiritual-power Saint Master present were so scared that their faces turned pale.

“Uncle Duan, if you like it, Yue’er will buy you a batch of soul food right now.” Shang Yue’s voice was sweet and full of flattery. It was completely different from the viciousness when she attacked Zhang Ruochen.

“Let’s talk business first!” said Duan Lingfeng.

He smiled darkly. He waved his wide sleeved-robe and walked into the stone door.

The other Supreme Saints followed closely.

The cultivators who hadn’t reached the Supreme Saint Realm weren’t qualified to participate in the meeting. They could only wait outside.

All the spiritual-power Saint Master let out a long breath as the stone door closed. Many of them were drenched and scared.

Only after a long while did the spiritual-power Saint Masters communicate with each other through voice transmission.

“Did you see that? How powerful is the Supreme Saint Shang Yue’s cultivation? She actually had to accompany him. Just who is that old man?”

A spiritual-power Saint Master whose spiritual power was close to level 60 said, “Since Supreme Saint Shang Yue addressed that old man as Uncle-master and his surname is Duan, he is most likely that old monster who has lived for more than 20,000 years at the Enchanteur Chamber!”

“Are you talking about... Enchanteur Chamber’s Hand of the World? How could it be him? Didn’t you say he was already dead?”

“You can’t talk about such a figure. Don’t talk about him. With Senior Duan’s spiritual power attainments, we can’t hide our spiritual power from his perception.”

...

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to release his spiritual power, but he still heard their voice transmission with the Heart of Truth.

The more he listened, the more shocked he became.

The Hand of the World?

Zhang Ruochen felt his scalp go numb. He quickly hid all his Spirits in the Heart of Truth, leaving only the 59th level of spiritual power.

The High-Saint Array Masters were divided into three levels: the Lord of Mountains and Rivers, the King of Sea and Land, and the Hand of the World.

Most of the High-Saints stayed at the Lord of Mountains and Rivers level.

Those in the King of Sea and Land level were already very rare.

On the other hand, the Hand of the World was an existence that could become a god's guest. They could turn around the clouds and rain in a major world. They could even use their fingers to draw a ninth-grade formation instantly.

Even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint would not be willing to make an enemy of the Hand of the World.

Even an existence that had already become a god with spiritual power might not be able to reach the level of the Hand of the World.

An hour later, Gu Yanzhi and Shang Yue walked out of the stone door.

Gu Yanzhi's face was extremely solemn, and his hands could not help but tremble. He calmed himself down after a long while and swept his gaze over the spiritual-power Saint Master present. He said, "A major event is about to happen on Hoth, and everyone needs to participate in it."

Everyone said in unison, "We are willing to sacrifice for the Enchanter Chamber."

"Everyone, there's no need to be so nervous. It's not a big deal," said Shang Yue.

Shang Yue smiled and gestured to Gu Yanzhi.

Gu Yanzhi waved his sleeve, and balls of black light flew out and floated in front of him and Shang Yue.

In the black light, there were black stones of different sizes.

The stones were covered with strange patterns and emitted a divine aura.

“Every cultivator, come forward and receive a Genbu Pebble,” Gu Yanzhi said.

The spiritual-power Saint Masters were confused, but they also went forward to receive it.

The stronger the spiritual power of one, the bigger the Genbu Pebble one received.

When it was Zhang Ruochen’s turn, Gu Yanzhi chose a Genbu Pebble the size of a washbasin for him. He especially introduced him to Shang Yue. “Lady Yue, this person is called Xun Mu. He is a talented spiritual power cultivator in the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan. He has cultivated to the 58th level by himself. Recently, he’s broken through to the 59th level with the help of the resources of the Enchanter Chamber. His cultivation to Supreme Saint Realm is within reach.”

A spiritual-power Supreme Saint wasn’t a tiny figure in the Enchanter Chamber. He was qualified to enter the core level.

Gu Yanzhi naturally had to mention this talent.

Shang Yue glanced at Zhang Ruochen indifferently. Her gaze seemed to penetrate and see through him. Suddenly, her gaze moved to the wooden staff in Zhang Ruochen’s hand. She exclaimed, “Your wooden staff is interesting.”

Zhang Ruochen said in a hoarse voice, “Miss Yue, you have a sharp eye. My wooden staff was crafted from a divine tree branch and tainted with the water of darkness.”

Zhang Ruochen was not afraid that Shang Yue would covet the Staff of the Divine Envoy. After all, compared to her cultivation, ordinary treasures were already difficult to see.

Shang Yue did not look at it again. Zhang Ruochen tactfully retreated.

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the Genbu Pebble in his hand and found that it was not a stone at all. It was a shell fragment of a divine beast, Genbu.

The fragment in his hand was engraved with hundreds of thousands of inscriptions of an array. Its level was very high.

‘The shell of a divine beast, Genbu, is one of the hardest materials in the world. The inscriptions on the fragment are even more wonderful than those of ninth-class arrays. What is the Enchanter Chamber plotting?’ Zhang Ruochen was puzzled.

After all the Array Saint Masters had received the Genbu Pebble, Shang Yue announced, “When you go back, familiarize yourselves with the inscriptions on the Genbu Pebble as quickly as possible so that you can activate it.”

A younger Array Saint Master asked, “May I ask what the function of this Genbu Pebble is? If it is for us to be familiar with it, are we going to work together to set up some arrays?”

Gu Yanzhi’s eyes darkened, and he said coldly, “It’s best not to ask questions that shouldn’t be asked.”

The Array Saint Master was stunned by Gu Yanzhi’s gaze, and he trembled for a moment, not daring to speak again.

Shang Yue’s voice was charming to the ear. She said sweetly, “Everyone will stay in the Governor’s Manor for the next two days. It’s best not to go anywhere. Don’t let any cultivator know about this matter, or else... Hehe, I hope to buy less soul food.”

The group of spiritual-power Saint Masters left the underground with fear and trepidation.

“Supreme Saint Shang Yue’s smile is so sweet and charming. Why do I feel so scared?” A spiritual-power saint muttered in a low voice with a pale face.

Zhang Ruochen examined the Governor’s Manor’s defenses and discovered that nearly all of the castle’s internal arrays had

been activated.

“There’s a big operation at the Enchanteur Chamber,” said Zhang Ruochen.

If the array was set up to protect Enchanton, it would not be so strict that all spiritual-power Saint Masters were not allowed to leave the Governor’s Manor. There must be a secret operation.

Back in the yard, Zhang Ruochen pushed the door open and entered. He saw Blackie standing by the window, looking outside.

“There’s a big operation in the Enchanteur Chamber,” Blackie said with a severe look in its eyes.

Zhang Ruochen did not ask where it had been these days. Instead, he took out the basin-sized Genbu Pebble. He said, “Help me look at the inscription of an array on it. By the way, haven’t you been bragging about how amazing your array is? Now that your cultivation has recovered, have your attainments in the array also recovered?”

Blackie took the Genbu Pebble. He snorted like a peerless master, “My attainments in an array are not bragged. At this moment...Huh? How is that possible? Where did you get this Genbu shell? Who carved the inscription of an array on the turtle shell?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “A High-Saint Array Master in the level of Hand of the World!”

“Duan Lingfeng of the Enchanteur Chamber?” Blackie asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You’ve heard of his name? Why? Are you scared?”

“Scared? My Martial Arts may not be the best below divinity, but the Path of Array is nothing to a mere Hand of the World.” Blackie laughed.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You said before that you can sweep everything under divinity. It turns out that you can’t sweep away an Enchanton.”

Blackie leaned over to Zhang Ruochen’s ear and asked in a low voice, “Is Duan Lingfeng coming to the Governor’s

Manor?”

“He’s in the Governor’s Manor,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Goodbye. Forget that you saw me today.”

Blackie rushed out and was ready to leave.

Zhang Ruochen said, “All the arrays in the Governor’s Manor have been activated. From now on, anyone who dares to leave will be killed.”

Blackie stopped and retreated. He closed the door again, “My cultivation has just recovered, and I don’t have the materials to refine arrays, so I can’t refine a few powerful ones to protect myself. Otherwise, I’ll go and fight with Duan Lingfeng now.”

“It doesn’t matter. I have plenty of materials. You can refine a divine array if you want. The key is, do you have enough strength?” Zhang Ruochen said generously.

“Hehe, I will refine arrays. The more materials, the better. Just wait and see!” said Blackie.

Blackie stared at the Genbus shell fragment in his hand and exclaimed, “This is a corner of the inscription of the array of the Heaven-Devouring Genbu Formation. The Enchanter Chamber is really making a big move. No wonder they sent an emissary to contact the Avīci Pavilion.”

“The Heaven-Devouring Genbu Formation? To contact the Avīci Pavilion?” asked Zhang Ruochen as he was surprised.

Blackie pointed at the Genbu shell fragment and said, “The Heaven-Devouring Genbu Formation is meant to kill gods.”

“A divine array?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie shook his head and said, “No matter how powerful Duan Lingfeng is, he can’t set up a divine array. I guess he just borrowed the power of the Heaven-Devouring Genbu Formation. The level of the array is definitely not at the level of a divine array.”

“What does the Enchanter Chamber want to do? To deal with me? Is it to deal with the cultivators of the Fane of Destiny?”

Zhang Ruochen only said this casually. Suddenly, he thought of a shocking possibility. He stared at Blackie and said, “What did the emissaries of the Enchanteur Chamber talk about when they went to the Avīci Pavilion?”

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Chapter 2482: Grand Formation of Armageddon

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Blackie spread out its claws and said, “I don’t know! I went to meet Han Xue. Before I left, I saw Ye Manman, the master of the House of Enchanters on Hoth.”

Zhang Ruochen covered his forehead and sighed. He said, “The master personally went to visit the disciple of the Master of the Avīci Pavilion. Didn’t you go back to check it out?”

Blackie was stunned for a moment and said, “Yes! You’re right... Well, why don’t I go and ask Han Xue now? No, I can’t go out! What should I do?”

Zhang Ruochen calmed down and said, “You said Han Xue came to Enchanton?”

“Of course. The most important mission of the Avīci Pavilion is to rescue the Nephilim Island’s master. And Hoth is the most important place to set up and manage after the rescue.

“It can be said that on Hoth, apart from the Hoth Palace, the Avīci Pavilion is definitely a top-notch force. They even have their influence in the Enchanter Chamber.

“So, what happened in Enchanton can’t be hidden from the eyes and ears of the Avīci Pavilion.

“I heard that something happened to you. How could Han Xue not come?” Blackie said in a matter-of-fact tone.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I have a bold guess. The actions of the Enchanter Chamber are most likely not aimed at me but at the Tensho Compass!”

Hearing this, Blackie gasped and said, “Is the Enchanter Chamber so bold?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Other cultivators in the Enchanter Chamber may not be so bold, but Bai Qing’er is. What do you think of this woman’s cultivation?”

“Her cultivation is quite high, but she is not as high as Wuma Jiuxing,” Blackie said seriously, which was rare.

Zhang Ruochen said, “But I think there are traces of Wuma Jiuxing’s moves, while Bai Qing’er gives me an unfathomable feeling.”

Blackie was stunned and said, “Do you think Bai Qing’er is stronger than Wuma Jiuxing?”

“It’s just a feeling. My cultivation is not high enough to see through the level of these powerhouses. Also, it makes me wary. The Seven-Armed Elder could escape from the pursuit of a pseudo god, but Bai Qing’er almost killed him,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie patted Zhang Ruochen’s shoulder with its paw and said, “You have suffered too much at the hands of women, so you are too cautious.”

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to underestimate his opponent as Blackie did. He had suffered enough at the hands of Bai Qing’er. He said, “Although Bai Qing’er was born in the Enchanter Chamber, her courage and boldness are the only ones I have ever seen, except for the gods.

“In the Divine Domain of Destiny, she dared to target the strongest side of the Seven-Armed Elder and set up a bet. She almost won the bet.

“The five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin guarded by 17 major forces were most likely stolen by her.

“She even used the Adjudication Division to deal with me.

“Thandee, Lord Huanxu, Cang Baizi, and Lord Ironclad all have a major force backing them. Yet, she dares to enslave these top-notch Supreme Saints.

“Thinking about it, it makes one shudder. It’s as if Bai Qing’er has all the major forces in the entire Infernal Court in her hands. Most importantly, all the major forces are still looking down on her. They don’t even treat her as a top figure. That’s the scariest part.”

Blackie’s sharp beak opened and closed twice, “Now that you mention it, this woman is extremely daring. There’s really nothing she wouldn’t dare to do. But why would she want to take the Tensho Compass? That is a divine artifact. Once it’s lost, the Fane of Destiny will fly into a rage. Although gods can’t interfere with the secular world, the power of those below divinity of the Fane of Destiny is also extraordinary. No force can compare to it.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “As far as I know, the Fane of Destiny has eliminated many dark forces with the guidance of the Tensho Compass. The top ten dark forces have all suffered significant losses because of it. In the past, some of the dark forces listed in the top ten were even completely wiped out.

“Maybe the Enchanter Chamber doesn’t dare to make a move on the Tensho Compass.

“But what if the top 10 dark forces join hands?”

Blackie said, “The Tensho Compass is big trouble for the dark forces. They are in constant fear. The Fane of Destiny’s influence is at its weakest now that all the gods have gone to the Jadeite Realm. They might really make a move.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “In Bai Qing’er’s eyes, I’m far from qualified to be her opponent. The only reason she wants to deal with me is the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.”

“Since Whitey has put all her focus into the Tensho Compass, won’t we be able to escape easily?” Blackie laughed.

“Even if Bai Qing’er takes action, she’ll definitely wait until she catches me. If I were her...” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and carefully guessed Bai Qing’er’s thoughts. Suddenly, he opened his eyes and said, “If I were her, I would definitely kill two birds with one stone. At

the same time, I would seize the Tensho Compass and frame everything on the Heavenly Realm.”

“Why Heavenly Realm?” Blackie asked curiously.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Isn’t the reason why the Enchanter Chamber sealed off the Enchanton to capture the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm? Perhaps Bai Qing’er had already predicted that the Fane of Destiny would activate the Tensho Compass. If I’m not mistaken, The cultivators of the Heaven Realm who want to kill me must have contacted Bai Qing’er. It’s even possible that they’ve already reached Hoth.”

Blackie paced back and forth in the room. After a long while, he said, “If your guess is correct, then this Whitey is indeed a ruthless character. She’s playing a big game of chess. How can you win against others? There’s no other way. I can’t hide anymore. I’m also laying my cards on the table!”

“What are you talking about?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie pointed at Zhang Ruochen with its paw and said, “Just hear me out! Actually, I’m also a Hand of the World.”

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised at all.

“Give me some response? The Hand of the World was called a half-step Archsaint. The only difference was an Archsaint’s spiritual power was half a level lower. His attainments in array formations were no less than that of an Archsaint. He was not afraid of any enemies under divinity.” said Blackie as he looked at Zhang Ruochen expectantly.

Shouldn’t there be a look of admiration and awe on his face?

Zhang Ruochen thought for a long time and said, “You’ve said so much, but I still don’t understand. What is the difference between the Hand of the World and an Archsaint?”

Blackie really wanted to flap his wings and send Zhang Ruochen flying. He said very quickly, “There is actually no difference between the attainments of the Hand of the World and an Archsaint in array formation. The difference is the word arch of an Archsaint.

“The spiritual power of the Archsaint must reach at least level 69 and a half. After reaching that realm, when you set up the formation, you can break away from objects and directly use the precepts of heaven and earth to set up the formation. Moreover, the formation can mobilize the power of heaven and earth and transform it into the power of the formation. The power is endless.

“Of course, if the spiritual power of the Archsaint reaches level 70, it will naturally be stronger. No one below the true god is invincible. As for the pseudo gods, they will have to retreat when they meet the Archsaint with level 70 spiritual power.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “According to you, the difference between the Hand of the World and the Archsaint is not small!”

“It’s really tiring to talk to someone like you who doesn’t know anything about arrays. The Archsaint can only set up arrays by leaving the carrier and directly mobilizing the precepts of heaven and earth to transform them into inscriptions of arrays. The arrays set up by the two are actually equally powerful. The Hand of the World can also set up arrays that the Archsaint can set up.” said Blackie.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and asked, “What does level 69 and a half of spiritual power mean? The Middle-stage of level 69?”

“The middle-stage of level 69, the pinnacle of level 69, all belong to level 69. Level 69 and a half are above the pinnacle of level 69. It is a realm where you can peek into divinity and the mysteries of heaven and earth. It is the most difficult step for spiritual power to ascend godhood.”

Blackie was very proud. He said, “I’ve been trapped in the Sacred Qiankun Wooden Picture Scroll for 100,000 years by that Old jackass Xumi. My spiritual power has changed a lot. Now that my cultivation has recovered, my spiritual power must have improved by leaps and bounds. I believe that I’ll reach level 69 and a half soon. When that time comes, please call me the Heaven and Earth Archsaint Slaughterer.”

“After all that, can you defeat Duan Lingfeng?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie immediately walked up to Zhang Ruochen and glanced at the Ring of Dimensions in his hand. It said, “Duan Lingfeng is an old Hand of the World. He must have refined many powerful arrays that can be used at any time.

“If I want to deal with him, I must first refine an unparalleled killing array. I already have an idea. Once this array is refined, let alone Duan Lingfeng, even killing my way out of Enchanton will be a piece of cake.

“Isn’t Whitey pressing us step by step? When the time comes, we can just walk out and confront the leaders of the 19 forces. Once this array is refined, they will be scared to behave themselves and not dare to attack.”

Zhang Ruochen did not have much hope. Blackie is full of bluff even if he discounted his bragged by thirty percent.

However, Blackie’s attainments in array formations were not to be underestimated.

So Zhang Ruochen asked, “What array do you want to refine? How many materials do you need?”

“The demigod-level Great Array of Asterisms¹, also known as the Dragon Horse Star Chart². Of course, I also gave this array a more powerful name, the Grand Formation of Armageddon,” said Blackie.

Blackie looked very serious. He continued, “I don’t need many materials either. Just three Supreme Artifacts and 28 Regal Artifacts. It will be best if they are Class Three Regal Artifacts and above. In addition, I need 100,000 Godstones.

“It’s best to refine them into one set. So, we need a divine corpse. Only the divine corpse could bear the demigod array. The Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation refined by Duan Lingfeng uses the shell of a divine beast Genbu to bear it.”

Blackie didn’t even look at Zhang Ruochen’s face. He continued to speak with confidence, “You see, Duan Lingfeng is only the Hand of the World. He can’t directly transform the

precepts of heaven and earth into the inscription of an array. It's also difficult to borrow a large amount of heaven and earth power. He can only mobilize a large number of spiritual-power Saint Masters to work together to activate the array.

“But my Grand Formation of Armageddon can be activated by the vessel spirits of three Supreme Artifacts and 28 Regal Artifacts. All you need to do is put many Godstones into the internal space of the sacred artifacts.

“Of course, these are only the main materials. You need thousands of auxiliary materials. You've collected so many treasures in the Dragon Temple ruins. The treasures will definitely be of use. I won't tell you everything. Just give me the Ring of Dimensions, and I'll look for it myself... cough, cough, what's with the look in your eyes?”

Blackie finally realized that something was wrong with Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

“I'm here to help you, not to steal your treasures. Think about it. Once the formation is complete, the gods and demons will fear us. Who dares to make an enemy of us? Celestial Court and Infernal Court will have to make way for us.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I have a few Supreme Artifacts on me. I have many Regal Artifacts. It'll be worth it if I can refine the Great Array of Asterisms and throw them in.”

“Then what are you worried about?” Blackie asked.

Zhang Ruochen really wanted to kick it. He thought, ‘Can't you see what I'm worried about? How many reliable things have you done?’

If Blackie failed to refine the array, the loss would be so significant that even the gods would cry.

Chapter 2483: Human Treasure Vault

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Zhang Ruochen took out one Regal Artifact after another as a last resort.

Zhang Ruochen had seized many Regal Artifacts in both Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits and the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. The number of Regal Artifacts he had alone was comparable to the number of Regal Artifacts in a macroworld.

Blackie picked up a dark red spear. The body of the spear was simple and unadorned. Blood patterns interweaved, and it gave off a faint divine power. He couldn't help but be delighted. He said, "It's only a Class Three Regal Artifact. But it's also an ancient relic. It's a good cudgel."

"It's a Flame Sword made from flaming iron divine marrow and a Class Two Regal Artifact... Well, it's barely enough!"

...

Each Regal Artifact that Zhang Ruochen took out was extraordinary enough to make a Supreme Saint jealous.

Blackie, on the other hand, was very picky. It took a long time to select all 28 Regal Artifacts. Of course, not all of them were above Class Three. Many of them were still stuck in Class Two.

However, Blackie was already thrilled.

Its initial idea was to collect 28 Class One Regal Artifacts. It was already delighted. Unexpectedly, Zhang Ruochen was even more decadent than it had imagined.

No wonder many cultivators from Celestial Court and Infernal Court wanted to kill him. It was not without reason.

Although Zhang Ruochen was extremely lucky and had seized many beautiful women's resources, only the human cultivators were jealous of him because of this. He became the public enemy of the universe because he had more treasures than the gods, which was equivalent to a human treasure vault.

If Zhang Ruochen is not worth killing, then who else?

Blackie suppressed his excitement. He tilted his mouth and looked very disappointed. He said, "You want to set up the Grand Formation of Armageddon with these broken pieces of iron? In my opinion, you can only work on the Supreme Artifact. Otherwise, the power of the array will be worrisome."

Zhang Ruochen sneered and said, "I've never seen anyone refine an array that consumes so much as you."

"Your vision is not far enough! Compared to me, your Path of Array hasn't even reached an apprentice level." Blackie urged again, "Hurry up and refine a pseudo god level array. It won't be done in a day. How about this? Give me the Zangshan Demonic Mirror, Violet Gourd, and Sundial, and I'll make sure to make a killing array that can sweep the world."

"You wish," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen touched the Ring of Dimensions and took out a tower.

Blackie snatched it and looked at it for a while, "Shang Ziyang's Tower of Thousand Temperings? Although there was a supreme inscription in the tower, seven Tower of Thousand Temperings had to be added to make a complete Supreme Artifact. This one of yours is only one-seventh of a Supreme Artifact at most. Change it, hurry up and change it."

Zhang Ruochen said, "If you don't want it, give it back to me."

Blackie quickly put away the Tower of a Thousand Temperings and said, "Forget it. After all, it's a Supreme

Artifact. Its power is at least stronger than a Regal Artifact. I'll make do with it!"

Zhang Ruochen immediately took out the Golden Crow Ancient Cauldron.

As soon as the cauldron was taken out, it shone brightly. Powerful energy waves rolled like waves in the divine sea.

Blackie's eyes were lit up with fire. It pounced forward and grabbed the Golden Crow Ancient Cauldron with its claws. It trembled with excitement. It said, "Finally, you're willing to take out a great artifact. With this cauldron, the Grand Formation of Armageddon has a base."

The Golden Crow Ancient Cauldron had been taken by Zhang Ruochen from the twin kings of Sunshine civilization in the ruins of the Dragon Temple.

This cauldron was once a powerful Supreme Artifact of the Sunshine Civilization. It was in the hands of the gods.

Later, it was damaged, and the vessel spirit was destroyed.

It wasn't until a new vessel spirit was born that it reached the level of a Supreme Artifact again. The twin kings brought it to Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits. In the end, Zhang Ruochen was the one who reaped the benefit.

The third item was the Divine Book of Light that Zhang Ruochen had taken from Zhou Yu.

Blackie took it, flipped through it, and then threw it away. He said, "It's just a replica of the Divine Book of Light. Although it's a divine imitation with the supreme inscription inside, it's still far from being a genuine Supreme Artifact. Moreover, one must cultivate the Path of Light to be refined and use this book. Change it, change it."

The real Divine Book of Light was a Divine Artifact stored in the Fane of Light. It was the most precious treasure of the Heavenly Realm.

Zhang Ruochen put away the Divine Book of Light and took 12 Swords of Judgment.

Zhang Ruochen took the 12 Swords of Judgment from the 12 Angels of Vengeance of the Heavenly Realm.

Blackie picked up the Swords of Judgment one by one, flicked them, and touched them. He said, “The 12 Swords of Judgment combined into one. It is indeed a Supreme Artifact, but each one is only a Regal Artifact. There are only regal inscriptions inside. The core is the most important part of the the Great Array of Asterisms.”

“The Tower of Thousand Temperings is for trapping, and the Golden Crow Ancient Cauldron is for suppressing. But we still need one for killing. Why don’t you give me the Zangshan Demonic Mirror?”

Zhang Ruochen put away the 12 Swords of Judgment and took out a dark metal cudgel with a strong aura of death.

This cudgel was taken from the Bone clan in the ruins of the Dragon Temple. Its original name was the Ugyen Cudgel.

Blackie’s eyes lit up again when it saw the Ugyen Cudgel. It mobilized the saint Qi in its body and injected it in. The cudgel became bigger and bigger, and the Supreme Power it gave off became stronger and stronger.

Fortunately, it was in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Otherwise, the power of the Supreme Artifact would have shaken the Enchanton.

“Such a fine treasure! Is there anything else?”

Blackie looked at Zhang Ruochen with anticipation.

Zhang Ruochen took out another giant ax. It was 30 meters long and dark. On both sides of the leaf-bladed ax was a sigil of a giant spirit general.

Although he did not use saint Qi to activate it, the murderous aura from the giant ax made Blackie shiver. It was as if countless souls were crying in his ears.

“Astral Titanos, a fine piece, this is it!”

Blackie pressed onto the Astral Titanos like a peerless beauty. It stroked the ax with its claws, “You took the Supreme Artifact of the Fane of Titans. Now I understand why you’re

so sure that the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm will come to Hoth to kill you! You've taken so many Supreme Treasures of the Heavenly Realm. I'm afraid that the gods of the Heavenly Realm will go crazy with anger. They can't be at peace if they can't kill you."

The Astral Titanos was something Zhang Ruochen had taken from the six Celestial Titan Generals.

The Fane of Titans was very powerful in the Heavenly Realm.

"What other Supreme Artifacts do you have? Take them all out and let me pick them out again. The Tower of Thousand Temperings is so broken. I have to change it. Otherwise, the power of the array will be worrying."

Blackie wanted to snatch Zhang Ruochen's Ring of Dimensions directly.

Zhang Ruochen said, "The Tower of Thousand Temperings can suppress or trap. I think it's quite suitable."

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'He still wanted it?

'Dream On!'

"Okay, okay. Look at how stingy you are. You don't have the courage of a Yuanhui-level genius," Blackie shook his head and sighed.

How do you consider this stingy?

Even gods didn't have such big plans.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't be bothered with it. He took out thousands of refining materials and piled them into a small mountain. It was colorful and filled with treasure. Each material was worth a lot.

The value of these auxiliary materials was no less than half a Supreme Artifact.

As for the divine corpse Blackie wanted, Zhang Ruochen had considered giving it the Pink Skull's body.

However, the Pink Skull's body was stored in Qiankun Realm. Naturally, he had to give up.

So Zhang Ruochen took out the Divine Python's corpse and gave it to Blackie.

The Divine Python's body had been dug up from Kunlun's Northern Region. It had become one with the evil spirit. Unfortunately, the evil spirit had been severely injured in the battle with the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm in the Central Imperial City. It had been in a half-dead state.

Now that the Divine Python's corpse had been refined into the carrier of the the Great Array of Asterisms, the evil spirit could become the array spirit.

After making the necessary arrangements, Zhang Ruochen left Blackie in the Hall of Artifacts of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and went to the Hall of Cultivation.

There were seven palaces in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. The Hall of Artifact was where Wargod Bloodximius was used to refine artifacts. All kinds of materials needed for refining artifacts, saint furnaces, divine flames... they could satisfy Blackie's needs for refining arrays.

As for the Hall of Cultivation, it was where Wargod Bloodximius used to cultivate saint techniques.

The space in the palace was huge. There were unique arrays and divine marks on the walls and ground. Even if a high-level saint technique was used here, the destructive energy of the saint technique would be sucked away by the array. It wouldn't cause too much of a commotion.

In addition, there were also notes and experiences of Wargod Bloodximius cultivating the saint techniques. Each book was very precious.

Zhang Ruochen knew well that he couldn't put all his hopes on Blackie. He had to become stronger.

He took out the Pill of Desire. The light from the pill illuminated the ancient and luxurious hall.

It was a Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. The Elixir Spirit was an adorable little girl. She was three or four years old. Her cultivation had reached the Thousand-Koan Realm. She

wasn't fierce. Instead, she looked gentle and beautiful. It was hard to swallow.

Inside the pill, the little girl pouted and said pitifully, "Are you going to eat me?"

"As expected of the Pill of Desire's Elixir Spirit. It really hits the heart," Zhang Ruochen said.

The little girl's eyes turned red, "I've been a pill since I was born. I can't control my own life. I'm food for whoever my master gives me to," she said. "But I'm also a life. I want to live. I want to see the world outside. I want to have a happy childhood like a human child. "Can you let me go?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "You want to use my kindness to escape. If it were me in the past, I might really let you go. Stop pretending and show your true form!"

He pointed his finger and hit the Pill of Desire.

Suddenly, the little girl let out a miserable cry. Her face became ferocious and finally dissipated, turning into a white butterfly.

"It's time for me to break the last shackle and break through to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"Desire, the most difficult level," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's sea of Qi had almost recovered, and his Saint Soul had also recovered to its pinnacle state. He did not want to wait any longer.

However, his desire was too strong. It was difficult for him to break through on his own. He could only break through with the help of pills.

He grabbed the Pill of Desire and swallowed it.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen's body was like a lamp that was lit up. It emitted a dazzling light. His mind instantly became clear. Many distracting thoughts were washed away like dust. His body seemed to become light.

It was a wonderful feeling. All the emotions squeezed out of Zhang Ruochen's heart, fear, guilt, difficulty, pain, and confusion, disappeared instantly.

“This is the time to break the shackles.”

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Chapter 2484: Breakthrough Is a Success

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The Shackle of Desire was located in the Saint Soul and was connected to consciousness.

Zhang Ruochen had the Heart of Truth and could sense the location of the shackle.

When he tried his best to break the shackle. Suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his heart. He looked down and saw a blood-red sword tip in his heart.

The power he had accumulated to break the shackles was gone instantly.

Zhang Ruochen looked back in disbelief and saw a young and beautiful face. She had long black hair and intelligent eyes. She was a young version of Chi Yao.

The swallow pendant tied to her waist was blown by the wind and made a pleasant sound of a bell.

CRACK!

She drew the sword away.

Zhang Ruochen's heart and back were bleeding. He lost his strength and half-knelt on the ground.

Looking at the graceful figure who turned around and walked further away, Zhang Ruochen wanted to say something. Still, just as he opened his mouth, blood gushed out of his throat.

Finally, he fell to the ground and watched his most beloved woman walk further away. Her back became blurry.

He could not believe that Chi Yao, who had never killed anyone, and the innocent Princess Chi Yao, who loved to laugh and tease him, could kill him with one sword strike.

“This is all an illusion. Wake Up, wake up!”

The scene in front of Zhang Ruochen disappeared. He returned to the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. His body was still tense. He gradually recovered from the suffocation and panted heavily.

That scene had happened countless times in his dreams or in his memories.

Even though he had learned the truth about 800 years ago from Chi Yao and Kong Lanyou, he still didn't seem to have completely let it go. He was lost at the critical moment of breaking the Shackle of Desire.

“Again.”

Zhang Ruochen calmed himself down, closed his eyes, and regained his power.

The saint Qi in his body circulated rapidly according to the ninth layer of the *Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture*. The saint might that erupted from his body grew stronger and stronger, eventually transforming into a light pillar that erupted from the top of his head.

Just then, Chi Yao's voice rang in his ears. “I killed you because the blood of the Immortal Vampires, one of the ten clans of Infernal Court, flows in your body. Your mother was the Blood Empress, one of the three empresses of Kunlun 800 years ago. Is this reason enough?”

“You promised me that you wouldn't tell him this secret,” Kong Lanyou's voice rang out.

...

Zhang Ruochen's body trembled slightly. The light pillar above his head dimmed a little.

Chi Yao continued, “Emperor Ming used his powerful cultivation to seal the Immortal Vampires' blood in your body. This is why you couldn't break through to the Fish-dragon Realm in your previous life.

“The Blood Empress approached Emperor Ming to control him and the entire Shengming Central Empire to further control Kunlun.

“Someone has sent news that Emperor Ming has been controlled by the Blood Empress and has become her puppet.

“Do you think that I still have feelings for you? If that’s the case, I advise you to stop dreaming. In God’s eyes, you are only a useful chess piece.”

Zhang Ruochen’s reaction was fierce at first, but gradually, he calmed down. No matter what sound came from his ears, it could not affect him.

Just when he thought he was fearless and ready to break the shackles in one go.

Suddenly, he felt a chill on his forehead.

He reached out his finger and touched it lightly, and the snowflakes on his forehead melted.

Zhang Ruochen looked around and saw that the sky was full of snow.

A ball of colorful divine light was in the sky, sprinkling down strands of multicolored light. A 30,000-meter-tall deity statue rose from the ground, looking precisely like Chi Yao.

In front of him was a towering palace. The palace door was wide open.

Huang Yanchen, dressed in red, stood in the center of the palace door. She said, “Master told me that she doesn’t want to kill you today. She wants you to leave by yourself. She can spare your life if you behave yourself in the future.”

The scene flashed.

The Primeval Sword in Huang Yanchen’s hand stabbed into his chest.

The physical and mental pain dissipated the power that Zhang Ruochen had accumulated once again.

He failed to break the shackles for the second time.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He covered his chest with his hands, and his face was full of sweat.

The scene just now was exactly what happened when he went to Ziwei Palace on the day Chi Yao became a god. At that time, he and Huang Yanchen were entirely on opposite sides. They were no longer husband and wife.

“One more time. This little obsession won’t stop me,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and sat up straight. His eyes were as sharp as a knife.

After that, whenever he tried to break the shackles, he would be affected by all kinds of old events.

Sometimes, he heard the news of the Yunwu Commandery Prince’s death.

Sometimes, he would return to the day when the heads of his second senior brother, third senior brother, fifth senior sister, and Bai Su hung outside the Yin-yang Hall.

Sometimes, he would recall the moment when he killed Supreme Saint Manjian.

...

Zhang Ruochen used his strong will to forcefully suppress these distracting thoughts. His state of mind remained firm.

The Pill of Desire and the Heart of Truth was also helping him.

The Pill of Desire weakened the obsession in his heart.

The Heart of Truth helped him see through all kinds of falsehood and return to reality.

Breaking the Shackle of Desire was dangerous and difficult. The slightest carelessness could lead to the invasion of inner demons and turn him into an evil demon who had lost his mind. If Zhang Ruochen had not been in a critical situation, he would not have broken through to the realm now.

Who knew how much time had passed.

BANG!

A string-breaking sound came from Zhang Ruochen's body. Circles of saint Qi ripples spread out from his body in the Hall of Cultivation.

Blood flowed from the corner of Zhang Ruochen's mouth.

However, he smiled and said, "I managed to break through the realm by force!"

The Shackle of Desire had been broken.

He still hadn't reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Because, in addition to the 100 main shackles, there were thousands of minor shackles in a cultivator's body.

Of course, those minor shackles were nothing to be afraid of. It just took a long time.

Although Zhang Ruochen had successfully broken through the realm by force, the backlash was not light. Besides the cracks in his sea of Qi, his internal organs were also damaged.

Zhang Ruochen did not care about the injuries to his body. He immediately started meditating.

Because he had broken through the realm, the precepts in his sea of Qi increased rapidly. In less than 15 minutes, the precepts increased by 300 million. Then, they gradually slowed down.

Soon after, the Immortal Vampire's blood in his body couldn't be controlled anymore. It started to boil, and he had a strong urge to kill.

Swoosh

Ten golden wings span from his back, with the ley lines of the Progenitor flowing on them.

His spine became hotter and bulkier. Two bulges grew out of his back, and he felt a tearing pain.

Whoosh

The bulges were torn open, giving off a golden light.

This was a sign that the new golden wings were about to grow.

The Blood Qi in Zhang Ruochen's body quickly dried up, and his body became thin. His thirst for blood became stronger, and sharp teeth grew out of his mouth.

Only drinking blood could make up for the loss of Blood Qi.

He immediately removed a jar of divine blood from his Ring of Dimensions.

Zhang Ruochen opened the wooden jar, but his hand stopped.

His eyes were blood-red. Looking at the blood in the jar, the smell of blood seemed to become highly mellow. His fingers trembled for a long time. He threw the wooden jar out and took out one sacred medicine after another from his Ring of Dimensions. No matter what year it was, he stuffed it into his mouth with all his strength.

He gobbled up the sacred medicines. As he meditated, the precepts in his sea of Qi began to increase again.

On his back, the 11th and 12th Golden Wings gradually grew out, but they were in a half-solid and half-illusory state, like a chaotic light fog.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know how many sacred medicines he had eaten. He couldn't hold on any longer, so he stopped.

The bloodthirsty impulse gradually faded.

...

A month later.

Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had been completely consolidated. His physical injuries had long healed.

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'It's still too risky to break through the Shackle of Desire. Fortunately, I have the Pill of Desire and the Heart of Truth. Otherwise, it would have been more difficult for me to pass this stage than for Lord Xia Yu. I might have been stuck here for a thousand years or even 10,000 years.'

'Now that I've broken through the desire, I'm sure many cultivators who don't think highly of me will be shocked. Will

the ranking on the Tome of the Divines improve a little?’

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that although he had cultivated the Grade Two Saintwill and displayed unparalleled talent, he still had a long way to go. However, countless cultivators and even gods in the Infernal Court still didn’t think highly of him. They believed it would be difficult for him to break through the Shackle of Desire, Thousand-Koan Realm, and Banshi Isshou Realm.

And he had to prove to those people that he wasn’t that weak.

Next, Zhang Ruochen began to summarize the gains and losses of this breakthrough.

First of all, the Pill of Desire and a large number of sacred medicines contained rich energy. After he broke through the realm, they transformed into precepts.

The original 7.5 billion precepts had increased to 7.9 billion.

Secondly, in the year since he broke the Shackle of Desire, Zhang Ruochen experienced many things. Although it was only a year, he felt that he had experienced many centuries and had a new view of many things.

His state of mind was changing.

The spirit he had been looking for seemed to have appeared and was buried in his heart. However, he couldn’t accurately grasp it. He still needed an opportunity.

Zhang Ruochen could clearly feel the surging divine power in his blood. The power of the Demigod-level physique was further released. His skin, muscles, bones, and internal organs were constantly cleansed and nourished by divine power. They were strengthening all the time.

After all, his current body had been nourished by the phoenix blood and Blood Empress’s own divine blood. The divine power contained in the depths of his bloodline was incomparable to any Supreme Saint.

His body, cultivation, and state of mind had all significantly improved. However, Zhang Ruochen wasn’t blindly optimistic.

He knew very well that he could break through the realm only because he suppressed his desires. When he reached the Thousand-Koan Realm, these questions would erupt even more strongly.

Zhang Ruochen's state of mind had undergone a great transformation. So, unlike before, he did not frown. Instead, he was pretty calm.

He will think about the Thousand-Koan Realm again when the time comes.

No matter what he was going to face, he had to face the difficulties head-on. He just had to accept them all and break through all the way.

Zhang Ruochen came to the Hall of Artifacts to check on Blackie's progress in refining the array.

In the Hall of Artifacts and implements, more than 100 owls were refining the array. All of them were Blackie's spiritual avatars.

Blackie's original body saw the thin Zhang Ruochen and said, "How come you've lost so much weight? Could it be... That Guye demoness is here again?"

"Don't talk nonsense! How about I find you a female owl and make you lose so much weight?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Blackie looked surprised. He raised his head and looked at Zhang Ruochen.

"What are you looking at? I'm not a female owl," said Zhang Ruochen as he touched the tip of his nose. He felt uncomfortable under Blackie's gaze.

Blackie's eyes were complicated. "Why do I feel like you've changed a lot?"

"Have I? How have I changed?" Zhang Ruochen smiled.

Blackie was even more confident of his feelings, "I think you've become more optimistic and righteous," he said.

"You're not as gloomy as before. It's like you have a lot on your mind. It's like... you can do anything bad... Hey, what are you doing? You asked me to say it."

Chapter 2485: Heavenly Realm's Powerhouse

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Within the Sundial's coverage, Blackie spent more than a year carving tens of billions of inscriptions of an array on three Supreme Artifacts and twenty-eight Regal Artifacts.

All kinds of auxiliary materials were also refined well.

Zhang Ruochen's heart, which had been hanging in the air, was slightly relieved. He said, "Is there any way to avoid the prediction and perception of other cultivators?"

Blackie thought carefully about Zhang Ruochen's question, thinking he was worried about the Tensho Compass. It said, "You have a god to help you cover up the secrets of heaven. In fact, you don't have to worry about being predicted. However, the Tensho Compass is no small matter. It is a Divine Artifact, after all. If the Divination Division goes to the Xue Jue Family and collects the utensils you used or the sacred robe you wore, it will be useless no matter how you hide within a certain distance."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "Of course, We can't avoid the Divine Artifacts' perception. I'm not talking about the Tensho Compass. I'm talking about Guye Jing. This demoness is hard to distinguish between friend and foe. She has big plans, but she also has a drop of my Supreme Saint's blood. She can find me anytime and anywhere. How can I get rid of this nuisance?"

"A drop of your Supreme Saint's blood? Does it contain your essence, Qi, and spirit?" asked Blackie.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Yes."

"You gave it to her?" Blackie asked again.

"You could say that!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Blackie sneered. "Then there's nothing you can do! The karma you planted can't be resolved."

Generally speaking, the blood of an injured Supreme Saint didn't contain the essence, Qi, and spirit of a cultivator. Even if they collected the blood, it wouldn't be easy to find the owner with the help of the blood.

Zhang Ruochen had divided out a drop of blood by himself. The blood contained his essence, Qi, and spirit.

Guye Jing had it. If she used a secret technique, it would be easy to find Zhang Ruochen.

Blackie said again, "Actually, you don't have to worry too much. Even if she has a drop of your blood, she must be within range to locate you with her spiritual power.

"Besides, she has absorbed a lot of your soul. Why are you still worried about a drop of blood? Unless you can kill her, this demoness might become a great nuisance and give you a fatal blow at the critical moment."

Zhang Ruochen said, "It's better to avoid enemies than make enemies. Before Guye Jing shows her hostility, it's better not to make enemies. I have enough enemies now."

Blackie hissed. It was hard to believe that such words came from Zhang Ruochen's mouth.

Zhang Ruochen was not like this in the past.

Even if it was just a potential enemy, Zhang Ruochen would strike first and kill him.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You don't have to be so surprised. I have my own observations. There is no personal grudge between Guye Jing and me because we only have a mutual interest. Perhaps we can become allies because of Luo Sha.

"Recently, I have been thinking about why I am enemies with everyone. Other than external reasons, perhaps there is a big

problem with my previous way of doing things.

“If I treat potential enemies as enemies, they become enemies. But I’ve never thought about resolving the hostile relationship between the two sides.

“Some enemies may not necessarily be sworn enemies, but they can also become friends.”

Zhang Ruochen had such an understanding because when he broke the Shackle of Desire, he had experienced all kinds of things again. He found that some of his previous actions were too extreme. He lacked goodwill toward many people and many things and the patience to resolve conflicts.

For example, when he first met Kong Lanyou 800 years later, he didn’t believe her. He was even hostile toward her.

Another example, he had taken the initiative to assassinate the Maiden of a Thousand Stars because he worried she would take his Canons of Truth.

In fact, the Maiden of a Thousand Stars had never really killed him. In the end, the two of them were in the ruins of the Dragon Temple. They had been through thick and thin by chance. Not only did they resolve their hostility, but they also formed a friendship.

You are full of hostility to the world, so naturally, you are the enemy of the whole world.

No one wanted to be the enemy of the whole world.

Everyone wanted to have more friends.

As Zhang Ruochen thought about it, a flash of inspiration appeared in his mind. He seemed to have grasped a key point.

However, that flash disappeared again.

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House of Enchanters.

Bai Qing’er had always been a very mysterious person. Even the cultivators in the Enchanter Chamber knew very little

about her.

Because of this, the palace where she lived was rather cold.

Other than the owner of the House of Enchanters on Hoth, few people knew that she lived here.

Kai Luo had snow-white hair and a long beard. His beard was woven into a whip, and he wore a white jade mask. He stood in the middle of the hall with his hands behind his back, admiring the ancient painting hanging on the wall.

“It is a beautiful painting. Every stroke is a pattern of an array. If this painting is activated, it will become a ninth-class array instantly. It’s enough to suppress a Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. The painter should be at least an array cultivator in the King of Sea and Land level,” said Kai Luo.

Bai Qing’er walked in from outside. Her entire body was covered in a black veil, and her face could not be seen clearly. Her voice was hoarse as she said, “This painting is known as *Snow-covered Land*. It is the work of Master Yun Qi from Hoth Palace. He is known as the top Array Master on Hoth.”

Kai Luo smiled and said, “This Master Yun Qi’s painting skills are not bad. Unfortunately, his Path of Array is very common.”

Very few High-Saint Array Masters could be called the “King of Sea and Land” in the entire Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan. Even some of the most potent worlds in the Celestial Court might not have a High-Saint Array Master at the King of Sea and Land level.

If his words were to be spread out, he would definitely be condemned by all the cultivators on Hoth.

Kai Luo was also straightforward. He picked up the brush on the table and drew a few strokes on the scroll.

Suddenly, the snowy scenery on the scroll changed significantly. Even if it was just hanging on the wall, it seemed like it would engulf the two people in the hall.

The array of the scroll instantly rose to a new level.

Bai Qing'er narrowed her beautiful eyes. This painting could probably be used to suppress a Supreme Saint in the Early-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm. The Heavenly Realm had sent an incredible master over.

Kai Luo put down his brush. He thought that he had achieved in creating awareness among his opponents. He said, "All the treasures on Zhang Ruochen belong to the Heavenly Realm, including his life. Other than that, Zhou Zhen, Shentu Yunkong, and Lian Xi, I want them alive."

One of the four world overlords of the Heavenly Realm could be powerful if they were to discuss cooperation with a mere figure such as the Enchanter Chamber.

Moreover, this time, the Enchanter Chamber took the initiative to look for the Heavenly Realm.

Bai Qing'er said, "Everyone knows that Zhang Ruochen has countless treasures and the Canon that even the gods covet. If you take all the benefits, what will we get?"

Kai Luo laughed loudly. "Aren't you thinking about the Tensho Compass? The Heavenly Realm doesn't want to compete with you for this Divine Artifact, but you can push all of this onto the Heavenly Realm. Isn't this a benefit?"

Kai Luo was a brilliant person. He went straight to the point and revealed Bai Qing'er's schemes and plots.

He told her directly that the Heavenly Realm was willing to take the blame, but Zhang Ruochen belongs to the Heavenly Realm.

Bai Qing'er said, "Why do I need the Tensho Compass? Without the Canon of Destiny, I can't use the Tensho Compass. Instead, I'll make the Fane of Destiny furious."

"Zhang Ruochen has the Canon of Destiny. When the time comes, I'll give you 0.0001 of it," Kai Luo said.

Bai Qing'er was silent for a while and said, "Since you've seen through my plans, I won't hide it anymore. Yes, my goal is the Tensho Compass. This time, it will be mine for sure."

“Good. Before we do anything big, we should distribute the benefits first. We’ll carry out the plan according to your plan.”

Kai Luo nodded with satisfaction and said, “This time, apart from discussing the distribution of benefits, I have a gift for you. Perhaps at a critical moment, it can play an important role.”

Kai Luo stretched out a finger and drew in the void.

Space was like a piece of paper, and a rift appeared.

From the rift, a two-meter-tall iron cage flew out.

Nine sacred chains were wrapped around the iron cage. The other end of the sacred chains pierced through the chest and back of the old man in the cage.

The old man wore a broad scholar’s robe. His face was old and wrinkled, and his white hair fell over his face.

Bai Qing’er asked, “Who is he?”

“He was captured from Kunlun. His name is Shangguan Que, a cultivator of the Path of Confucianism. He is Zhang Ruochen’s teacher,” Kai Luo said.

Bai Qing’er said, “I’ll take it!”

“Farewell,” said Kai Luo.

Kai Luo tidied his clothes and walked out of the hall. Looking at the snowflakes flying in the sky, a long smile appeared on his face.

“The little girl is young, but she has a big ambition,” said Kai Luo.

How could the Heavenly Realm not want the Tensho Compass?

However, Kai Luo knew well that the Fane of Destiny was mighty. The price was too high if they wanted to take the Tensho Compass. With just the ten major dark forces, their persistence was futile.

Of course, if the ten major dark forces could inflict heavy damage on the Fane of Destiny, the Heavenly Realm would

naturally not mind coming out to take advantage of them.

Bai Qing'er looked at Shangguan Que in the iron cage and was still deep in thought.

Shang Xia stood behind her and said worriedly, "The Heavenly Realm must know about our plan because they have people among the ten major dark forces."

"I'm not surprised! The ten major dark forces were not accepted by the Fane of Destiny because they had the support of the Heavenly Realm in secret. Some of the dark forces were even formed by the Heavenly Realm. In comparison, the Enchanter Chamber is relatively innocent!" Bai Qing'er said.

Shang Xia said, "Forgive me for being blunt, but we shouldn't have led the plan to seize the Tensho Compass, and we shouldn't have allied with the other nine major dark forces. Since the Heavenly Realm knows about it, how could the Fane of Destiny not know?"

"It's only interesting if everyone knows about it. I want to make this pond even more chaotic."

Bai Qing'er pointed at the *Snow-covered Land* on the wall and said, "Send this painting to the Governor's Manor and let Senior Brother Duan take a good look at it."

Shang Xia rolled up the painting and left.

Bai Qing'er waved her finger like a sword.

SWOOSH!

The nine sacred chains on the iron cage and Shangguan Que were broken, turning into pieces of scrap metal that scattered all over the ground.

Shangguan Que was still very calm. He sat on the ground and looked up at her.

"I heard that Kunlun developed the Path of Confucianism to its pinnacle at its most glorious time. It also gave birth to four great Confucius forefathers, all of whom were like supreme beings in the heavens. I am proficient in all the paths in the world, but I only heard of Confucianism's name yet never

cultivated its path. Sir, could you be my teacher for a few days and teach me?" asked Bai Qing'er.

The black gauze on Bai Qing'er's body completely dispersed, revealing her beautiful face. She helped Shangguan Que up, her eyes sincere and modest.

"What about a few days later?" Shangguan Que said lightly.

Bai Qing'er said, "Zhang Ruochen's attitude will determine your future."

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Chapter 2486: The Hoth Emperor and the Illuminated the Sea of Blood

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Hoth Palace was on a snowy mountain 70,000 miles away from Hoth City. It was snowing all year heavily, freezing heaven and earth. As far as the eye could see, it was a vast expanse of white, frozen ground that had never melted since ancient times.

In front of the palace that was as white as immortal jade, there was an Icecrane standing on one foot.

Although it was carved out of ice, it had always stood there. Even the oldest cultivator in the Hoth Palace had never seen it melt before, let alone know who had created it.

The Supreme Saint core figures of the Hoth Palace were gathered in the main hall.

Qing Yulou sat at the highest position. He wore a pure white fox fur coat, and his face was exceptionally handsome. It looked like a young and gentle scholar. However, even an old cultivator who had cultivated for tens of thousands of years could not help but avoid looking at it.

Qing Yulou said, “Ever since the Hoth Palace was founded, it has abided by the Hoth Emperor’s divine decree and never interfered in the conflicts between any forces. “But now, someone has brought disputes and massacres to Hoth. All the major forces in the Infernal Court have sent their top powerhouses here. A bloody storm is inevitable. “Elder Yun

Qi, how do you think the Hoth Palace can stay out of it and ensure the Peace of Hoth?”

Master Yun Qi was the most respected figure in the Hoth Palace. He had cultivated for over 20,000 years and had made extraordinary achievements in the Path of Array.

Before Qing Yulou had grown up, he had been the most incredible powerhouse of the Hoth Palace for nearly 10,000 years. His influence naturally went without saying.

All the Supreme Saints felt it was customary for Qing Yulou to consult Master Yun Qi.

Master Yun Qi sat on a sacred jade bench. He said lightly, “This matter started because of Zhang Ruochen. Naturally, it will end because of Zhang Ruochen. After 100,000 years, the Star-Shield Grand Formation on Hoth had been continuously strengthened. Even gods wouldn’t dare to be presumptuous, let alone a group of cultivators below divinity? I don’t think you need to worry, master. The storm will pass soon.”

Qing Yulou smiled and shook his head. He said, “You did not understand what I said. I am not worried that they will destroy Hoth. I am worried that the Hoth Palace will not be able to stay out of this.”

Master Yun Qi’s eyes narrowed.

Qing Yulou stood up; his robes hung low on the ground, and his gaze became colder and sharper. He said, “I heard the elders are very close to the Enchanter Chamber. This is not a good thing.”

The hall became unprecedentedly quiet.

All the Supreme Saints sensed an unusual atmosphere.

Master Yun Qi was still sitting. He smiled and said, “I only went to buy some resources to refine arrays. I have no personal relationship with the cultivators of the Enchanter Chamber.”

“But your painting, *Snow-covered Land*, is hanging in the Enchanter Chamber,” Qing Yulou said.

Master Yun Qi could no longer maintain his smile. He did not expect the young master to be able to find out such a secret.

Before Master Yun Qi could speak, Qing Yulou continued, "There is a group of cultivators from the Heavenly Realm who have sneaked into Hoth through the Enchanter Chamber. Hoth has strict control over the Supreme Saints of the Celestial Court. They were able to sneak into Hoth because of your connections, right?"

Although the Supreme Saints in the hall did not dare to comment or criticize, they looked at Master Yun Qi strangely.

Master Yun Qi's expression changed again and again until it turned ashen.

This was too detestable!

This junior had been secretly investigating him.

Furthermore, he did not give him face. If he told all the Supreme Saints in the Hoth Palace about this, what kind of prestige would he have in the Hoth Palace in the future?

Master Yun Qi said in a deep voice, "The reason why Hoth is so prosperous today is that it is a lawless land. It is not under the control of the Fane of Destiny and the Immortal Vampires. It is not the first time cultivators from the Heavenly Court have sneaked into Hoth and even the center of the Infernal Court. Why is master's tone so accusatory?"

Qing Yulou said, "On Hoth, there is no need to abide by the rules of the Fane of Destiny and the Immortal Vampires. However, Hoth has its own rules, which were set by the Hoth Emperor. Whoever dares to break his rules will become the enemy of the entire Hoth Palace."

After saying the last word, Qing Yulou's aura rose to its pinnacle. It was as if he had become ten thousand feet tall as he looked down at Master Yun Qi, sitting on the bench.

The Supreme Saints of the Hoth Palace were silent as they sensed the immense pressure.

"How powerful. Master's cultivation has already reached such a level. No wonder he dared to point the spear at Master Yun

Qi.” said a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint who could not move as he looked up at Qing Yulou.

There was nothing he could do. In his sight, Qing Yulou stood in the universe. Its body was enormous, and it exuded boundless power. It was as if it could destroy the starry sky with just a lift of its arm.

This was what he saw, not what he imagined.

Master Yun Qi was the first to bear the brunt of the pressure, and the pressure he was under was a hundred to a thousand times greater than theirs.

Forced into a corner, he had no choice but to make the first move and press out with his palm.

As an array master at the King of Sea and Land level, he had lived for over 20,000 years. It could be said that Master Yun Qi was covered in array formations, and he had countless trump cards.

Three layers of formations appeared on his palm.

The first one was the Array of Five Mountains and Seven Rivers, carved on his skin.

The second one was the Array of Demonic Sea, hidden in his flesh and blood.

The third one was the Array of Nine Ghosts, carved on his bones.

The three arrays were ninth-class arrays. They could withstand a full-powered attack from a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

The three of them combined into one. The power of the combined array increased significantly, and it could kill a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

This was how mighty a well-prepared King of Sea and Land Array Master was.

“I only wanted to exchange the insights I gained from breaking through to become a Hand of the World. What’s wrong with that? You, a junior, want to use this opportunity to

get rid of me and take control of the Hoth Palace. How vicious.”

Master Yun Qi’s attack was as fast as a streak of light as he struck Qing Yulou’s chest.

The three arrays stacked together, Five Mountains and Seven Rivers, Demonic Sea, and Nine Ghosts. Countless array inscriptions struck Qing Yulou’s body. Instantly, a blinding light burst forth and sent the other Supreme Saints in the hall flying like scarecrows. They were sent flying out of the hall.

Master Yun Qi’s eyes revealed a look of joy as he thought, ‘This kid’s talent is indeed shocking. Unfortunately, he is still too young. I spent three thousand years creating the Tri-element Array. Even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint would not be able to withstand it. Furthermore, he was hit directly. His Paramount physique would probably disintegrate in an instant.’

Amidst the white light, Qing Yulou sighed. He said, “The elder has worked hard for the Hoth Palace all his life. I have never thought of killing you. I just think you should not go against the rules set by the Hoth Emperor. You should be punished.”

“How is that possible?” said Yun Qi.

Master Yun Qi’s expression changed.

Rumble

The Five Mountains and Seven Rivers were shattered, the Demonic Sea vanished, and the Nine Ghosts were dispersed.

The three ninth-class arrays were instantly shattered.

The powerful force erupted from Qing Yulou, broke through Master Yun Qi’s spiritual power defense wall, and sent him flying, his body crashing into the wall.

The bodies of spiritual power cultivators were very fragile.

As his bones shattered into pieces, crackling sounds could be heard coming from Master Yun Qi’s body.

The white light dissipated.

Qing Yulou revealed itself, and its body was utterly spotless.

“No... impossible... impossible... you...” said Master Yun Qi. His eyes were filled with unwillingness, astonishment, doubt, and even a hint of fear.

Several Supreme Saints who had sustained minor injuries in the Hoth Palace rushed in from outside the palace hall.

They could not believe what they had just seen. They felt that they had underestimated this young master.

They bowed simultaneously and asked, “Master, what should we do with elder Yun Qi?”

Qing Yulou waved his hand and said, “Take him away to recuperate. Take good care of him. After he recovers, he can not leave the Hoth Palace for a hundred years.”

Master Yun Qi had a complicated look in his eyes. He mobilized his spiritual energy and shook off the two Supreme Saints trying to help him. His body floated up, and he flew out of the hall.

“From now on, I will only study arrays and painting techniques. I will not leave the Hoth Palace again.”

A hoarse and frustrated voice drifted in from outside the hall.

Qing Yulou smiled and shook his head gently. He said, “He is already over 20,000 years old. He should put aside the matters of the outside world. He should cultivate his body and focus on his hobbies. He can reach a different path and step into the spiritual power realm.”

Whoosh

A Communication talisman flew through the 3,000 snow mountains like a shooting star and into the palace.

Qing Yulou reached out and saw the contents of the Communication talisman. His amber-like eyes narrowed.

“Master, what happened?” A Supreme Saint asked respectfully.

“The Overseer from the Divination Division has arrived on Hoth and is heading straight for Enchanton!” Qing Yulou said worriedly.

A long crane's cry sounded outside the Hoth Palace.

The Icecrane that had not melted for countless years came to life. It spread its crystal clear wings and sprinkled down divine light.

Master Yun Qi, who had flown far away, was greatly shaken when he heard the crane's cry. He widened his eyes and looked back at the peak of the snow mountain. He said tremblingly, "It has been twenty thousand years. Twenty thousand years. The Icecrane has awakened again. It has finally awakened!"

Master Yun Qi's face was filled with tears. He knelt on the one-foot-thick mountain path and kowtowed to the Hoth Palace.

The crane's cry spread throughout Hoth.

The divine light in the Hoth Palace illuminated the entire planet. The clouds in the sky turned blood-red as if they had turned into a sea of blood.

...

In the Governor's Manor of Enchanton.

Blackie pushed open the window and looked up at the sky. His expression was complicated. "The Hoth Emperor has come out. I'm finally relieved!"

Zhang Ruochen also looked at the divine light of the blood sea in the sky. He crossed his arms in front of his chest and said, "There's no divine power, but no one can compare with this power. As expected of the Hoth Emperor, Xia Huangchao."

After Blackie mentioned the Hoth Emperor, Zhang Ruochen became curious and found some information about the Hoth Emperor in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The Hoth Emperor, Xia Huangchao, was once the young master of the Fane of Immortality. 100,000 years ago, its combat strength was no weaker than the old master of the Fane of Immortality.

After the old master died in battle, he should have taken over the position of the new master. However, because he had let an

important enemy go in the divine war, he made a big mistake and imprisoned himself on Hoth.

This was a character that even Wargod Bloodximius admired!

Blackie laughed. “Since the Hoth Emperor has come out of seclusion, even if the gods have come to Hoth, they must behave themselves. They don’t dare to make a move. They must have gone to the Hoth Palace to pay their respects! The array has been set up. Zhang Ruochen, let’s go. Today, we will activate the Grand Formation of Armageddon. Anyone who stands in our way will be killed without mercy.”

Chapter 2487: Charged into the House of Enchanteurs

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

On the highest stargazing platform in the House of Enchanteurs, more than ten leaders of the major forces of the Infernal Court were gathered.

Ling, Luo Shengtian, Guye Jing, Huo Xing, Zhuo Yunong, Yanhuang Tu... they were all among them. Each of them was a famous existence with a robust background.

At this moment, they looked up at the sky, the shining sea of blood.

The Overseer of the Divination Division had brought a Divine Artifact to Hoth, and the Hoth Emperor had come out of seclusion. This wasn't a coincidence. Could it be that activating the Divine Artifact had angered him?

As the top powerhouse of the Fane of Destiny, Zhuo Yunong was extremely calm.

Gods couldn't interfere with the secular world. Even if the Hoth Emperor came out of seclusion, it wouldn't change Zhang Ruochen's Destiny.

Besides, with the Hoth Emperor's cultivation, looking at them was like seeing a group of children fighting. How could he interfere?

The master of the House of Enchanteurs, Ye Manman, was a beautiful woman in her twenties. Her jade back was exposed, and a pair of broad wings of light floated on it. She looked very flirtatious, but her eyes were deep and reserved. Her actual age was more than ten thousand years old.

She arranged a row of maids to put all kinds of precious soul food, sacred fruits, sacred meat, and blood wine on the table.

“Since the Hoth Emperor has come out of seclusion, we should not make a big deal out of today’s matter, and we should not be stained with the smell of blood. I thought that as long as Zhang Ruochen handed over the Seven-Armed Elder and the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, we would let him go,” Ye Manman said softly.

“Let him go? He and the Seven-Armed Elder have disturbed the order of the Divine Domain of Destiny and even killed Xing Qian and Cang Baizi. How can we let him go after causing all that? Lord Judge, do you think we can let him go?” asked Yuan Benji.

After Yuan Benji finished speaking, he cupped his hands slightly and looked at Zhuo Yunong, who had kept his eyes closed.

“If he really did this, the Adjudication Division won’t let him go. When we return to the Fane of Destiny, I’ll go and ask for forgiveness from Fukurokuju,” Zhuo Yunong said.

A smile appeared on Yuan Benji’s face depicting “It should be like this.”.

He knew very well that the Adjudication Division had always regarded Zhang Ruochen as a heretic and wanted to eliminate him. However, Zhang Ruochen had the protection of Wargod Bloodximius, Fukurokuju, and Luo Yan, so he couldn’t kill him at will. He had a good teacher.

Luo Shengtian snorted, “You want to convict the top figure in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting just because of the one-sided words of a woman from the Enchanter Chamber. You have no respect for the Xue Jue Family and Devala.”

Yuan Benji was not afraid of Luo Shengtian’s identity. He sneered and said, “Is the Divine Prince tying Devala and Zhang Ruochen together? Could it be that Devala secretly instigated and supported Zhang Ruochen’s actions? Could it be that the Divine Prince has already obtained a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?”

Luo Shengtian was furious. His eyes shone with divine light. He said, "You'd better be careful with your words. Otherwise, your brother won't be able to save your life."

"Everyone heard that the Divine Prince wants to kill me. If anything happens to me, it will definitely be Devala's doing," Yuan Benji said with a smile.

Luo Shengtian was so angry that he was trembling. He was ready to attack.

Yan Hanyi stopped him. He said in a low voice, "Originally, it was because of his brother that I dared to ignore your identity as Divine Prince. However, his cultivation is extremely powerful. Your Highness has just broken into the Thousand-Koan Realm not long ago. Don't let your emotions get the best of you."

Ling said, "What's the point of arguing now? When the Overseer arrives, activate the Tensho Compass and capture Zhang Ruochen, we'll know everything."

"Yeah, we'll know if the Seven-Armed Elder and the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin are with Zhang Ruochen or not. Haha!"

Yuan Benji raised the ancient bronze cup and gestured to Luo Shengtian to drink a mouthful of the Soul Springwater.

...

Bai Qing'er sat in a palace not far from the stargazing platform and played chess with Shangguan Que. She said, "I admire your chess skills. Have you taught Zhang Ruochen your chess skills?"

The chess platform landed under a giant willow tree.

The snowflakes falling from the sky would melt near the willow tree and turn into wisps of white clouds.

Shangguan Que said, "Ruochen learned everything as fast as you, but he doesn't like to play chess. He said the chess game is too complicated and all kinds of arrangements are tiring. Only a scheming person would study it."

“That’s troublesome! Won’t he be unable to break the dead end today?” Bai Qing’er said.

Shangguan Que twirled the black piece and wanted to place it. Hearing this, his hand suddenly stopped, putting the piece back into the box. He said, “For people who don’t like to play chess, they can actually break the dead end.”

Bai Qing’er smiled faintly. “Teacher, please enlighten me.”

BANG!

Shangguan Que waved his hand and chopped down, splitting the chessboard.

The black and white chess pieces fell to the ground.

“If you don’t like to play chess, then you can break the game,” Shangguan Que said.

Bai Qing’er was very calm. She stood up and outlined the most beautiful scene under the willow tree. She looked at the stargazing platform, suddenly becoming noisy as if something incredible had happened.

Was the Overseer of the Divination Division here?

“That’s... Zhang Ruochen. He actually showed himself.” said Bai Qing’er.

Ye Manman looked at the long white street covered by ice and snow in the distance. Zhang Ruochen and a human-sized bird were walking in the middle of the street towards the House of Enchanters. Wherever they passed, a hurricane suddenly rose and whistled.

All cultivators of the major forces looked over in disbelief.

“This kid is courting death,” said Luo Shengtian. He was worried because he knew very well that everyone was coveting the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. They also knew that the Adjudication Division was determined to kill him.

Guye Jing shook her head gently and frowned.

She had thought that Zhang Ruochen would use the Path of Dimension to break through the array of the Enchanton and

escape. Only then would there be a chance of survival. She didn't expect that Zhang Ruochen would be so bold as to come straight to the House of Enchanters.

Did he think that no one would dare to kill him because of his special status?

What should she do now?

She wanted to help him secretly, but now she didn't dare to act rashly. After all, no cultivator dared to risk the world's condemnation and make enemies with more than a dozen top major forces.

Yuan Benji was in disbelief. He stood up excitedly.

Huo Xing of Roopkund Sea said in a gloomy voice, "What is that strange bird beside him? Is it a condor?"

"It's an owl. It's known as the Heaven and Earth Slaughterer. Its cultivation is extraordinary," Ye Manman said.

Huo Xing smiled disdainfully. "It's only interesting if it's high. I can roast it and eat it."

The cultivators in the House of Enchanters weren't the only ones who saw Zhang Ruochen.

In Enchanton, some forces didn't know about the birth of the superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin. They were purely here to gather information, but they were also alarmed.

Bai Qing'er was silent for a long time, "Zhang Ruochen's actions are a bit unexpected. His courage isn't something ordinary cultivators can compare to. Unfortunately, his cultivation is too weak. It's far from enough to overturn the chessboard. A strong man can break the chessboard with his power. A weak man can only be a mantis trying to stop a chariot by doing this."

Shangguan Que sighed and closed his eyes.

...

Blackie walked beside Zhang Ruochen. He swayed and dragged his body. The wind power overflowed from his body, giving people a strong and wild attitude.

“Can you stop the wind?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“No. This is my first true battle after I recover my cultivation. I must be high-profile. If the Hoth Emperor didn’t come out of seclusion and make the blood fog cover the sky, I would have to create some heaven and earth phenomena,” Blackie said stubbornly.

Zhang Ruochen found it hard to imagine that Blackie was an old monster who had lived for more than 100,000 years. He was second to none.

How could he be calm?

Blackie said again, “I’m still curious. Why don’t we just fight our way out of the Enchanton? Why go to the House of Enchanteurs to meet those people?”

“For Bai Qing’er,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie shook his head, “Are you going to confront her? It’s no use. Among those forces, most of them have a grudge against you. But few have a grudge against her. Moreover, many of what that Bai lady said were facts and reasonable. But what you said couldn’t be explained in many ways. If it were me, would I believe her?”

“I don’t ask them to believe me. I just want to remind them to be careful of Bai Qing’er. At the same time, I want to set up a trap so that they can’t judge the truth.” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen continued, “If I fight them directly, even if I get away, I’ll be hunted down endlessly. This will confirm that I have the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. However, meeting them will make them suspicious. They won’t ignore Bai Qing’er in the future. With them holding Bai Qing’er back, I would have an easier time. I have to go.”

The journey was smooth. Zhang Ruochen and Blackie entered the House of Enchanteurs and flew up to the stargazing platform.

All the cultivators’ eyes fell on Zhang Ruochen. Some even took out their artifacts and were ready to attack at any time.

Almost every Supreme Saint present had cultivation far higher than Zhang Ruochen's.

However, under the suppression of their saint might, Zhang Ruochen was calm and collected. He picked up a sacred fruit on the table and took a bite. He laughed heartily and said, "I heard that a cultivator from the Enchanter Chamber accused me of stealing a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. I wonder, does that cultivator dare to come out and confront me?"

Blackie saw that Zhang Ruochen was not imposing enough, so he shouted at the side, "Confront me face to face."

Zhang Ruochen said again, "You seem surprised to see me. Don't be surprised. I, Zhang Ruochen, have been through a lot. I've seen all kinds of things. Some clowns can't scare me."

Blackie shouted, "They can't scare me."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Bai Qing'er, I'm here. Why don't you show yourself?"

Blackie shouted, "Why don't you give yourself to me?"

Originally, Yuan Benji snorted and walked out of the crowd. His body was filled with death qi like lines. He said, "Zhang Ruochen, you're like a coward. You've been hiding for so long. Are you finally willing to come out? It seems that you know that the director of the Divination Division has arrived on Hoth."

Zhang Ruochen stared at him and said, "Who are you? Tell me your name."

Blackie roared, "Tell me your name."

"Yuan Benji."

Yuan Benji had his hands behind his back and looked away. He looked at the sky from the corner of his eyes and deliberately showed contempt.

In his opinion, Zhang Ruochen would definitely show fear after he told him his name.

“I am the grandson of Wargod Bloodximius. I represent the face of the Xue Jue family. I am also the owner of the Destiny Token and represent the Fane of Destiny. If you dare to humiliate me, I will kill you today.”

Zhang Ruochen touched the Ring of Dimensions with his finger. He pulled out the Ugyen Cudgel, a Supreme Artifact, and slashed it at Yuan Benji’s head.

“I will kill you.”

Blackie roared. It clenched its claws with both hands and clawed at Yuan Benji’s lower body.

The attacks were coordinated perfectly.

The sudden change not only shocked Yuan Benji but also the other cultivators. They all stepped back in shock.

What was going on?

There were so many influential figures here. How could Zhang Ruochen dare to make the first move?

...

Chapter 2488: The White-Haired Qianmo

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Yuan Benji had achieved Banshi Isshou Realm in cultivation, and he had survived thousands of battles. Although Yuan Benji hadn't expected Zhang Ruochen to make a decisive move, he was surprised for a moment. But soon, he was overjoyed.

He had been worried that he wouldn't have a chance to teach Zhang Ruochen a lesson, but he hadn't expected him to come to him.

Before finding the Seven-Armed Elder and the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, Yuan Benji couldn't kill Zhang Ruochen. Still, he could teach Zhang Ruochen a lesson and even cripple his cultivation.

Crippling a Yuanhui-level genius was enough to make him famous in the Infernal Court and even leave his name in the history books.

Moreover, it was also to avenge his elder brother and save the face of the Yuan family.

"It was you, Zhang Ruochen, who took the initiative to attack. Then, even if I am crippled, the Xue Jue family won't have the face to trouble me. Hehe!"

Thousands of thoughts flashed through Yuan Benji's mind. Then he let out a long howl. "Since you want to kill me, Zhang Ruochen, I will fight you to the death today."

Hearing this, Luo Shengtian was so angry that he trembled again. He felt that Yuan Benji was shameless to the extreme.

A Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm fought with a Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, yet he shouted, "Fight to the death with you."

'What was he trying to do?'

'Was he trying to take the opportunity to kill Zhang Ruochen?'

"Don't Worry, Your Highness. If Yuan Benji dares to kill the prince consort, I'll intercept and save him." Yan Hanyi transmitted his voice to Luo Shengtian.

Luo Shengtian was very angry. He was not only mad at Yuan Benji but also at Zhang Ruochen.

'I am already in the Thousand-Koan Realm, yet I still have to endure the anger in my heart. You are a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, yet you are so reckless to attack Yuan Benji. Aren't you asking for trouble?'

"What else can I do? He has already attacked. I can only..."

Before Luo Shengtian could finish his words, there was splattered blood on the stargazing platform. With an ear-piercing scream, Yuan Benji was sent flying.

BANG!

Yuan Benji fell to the ground and covered his bleeding lower body with both hands. His entire body was twitching. It was evident that the pain was so great that even a Supreme Saint could not stand up.

Apart from a few Supreme Saints who were aware of Blackie's strength, the rest of the present cultivators retreated again.

Huo Xing, who had previously claimed that he would roast Blackie and eat him, was shocked. 'This owl was actually so powerful and... very sinister.'

Yuan Benji was actually very cautious. He knew that although Zhang Ruochen was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, his combat strength was strong. Moreover, he had a Supreme Artifact in his hand, so he couldn't be underestimated.

That was why he focused all his spiritual power on Zhang Ruochen and struck out a Thousand-Koan level saint technique print.

But who would have thought...

Who would have thought that the parrot-like owl, which he had ignored, could break his protective Precept Domain and Saint Armor with one claw?

‘What are you?’

‘If its cultivation is so high, why do you look like an idiot?’

Yuan Benji realized that this was a conspiracy, a conspiracy against him. The reason why the owl acted like an idiot was to numb him.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Supreme Artifact and launched an attack to distract him.

I was careless! I didn’t expect Zhang Ruochen to be more sinister and cunning than me.’

Yuan Benji gritted his teeth, and his eyes were extremely vicious.

Injuries were minor, but the humiliation was great. Yuan Benji had to get his face back.

Whoosh

The Death Qi between heaven and earth gathered toward his lower body. His injuries recovered quickly.

Yuan Benji stood up and summoned a silver trident. “Today’s humiliation is irreconcilable. If I don’t kill you two, what will I look like in the Infernal Court from now on?”

Hundreds of billions of Precepts surged from Yuan Benji’s body, condensing into a strange Precept Domain world.

In that world, the sky was dark and thousands of miles away. Towering stone pillars stood there, either in the form of gods or Buddhas, like lions roaring in the sky or giant swords growing on the ground.

Zhang Ruochen was pulled into his Precept Domain world. He held the Ugyen Cudgel and said, "I alone am enough to kill you."

The opportunity to become famous was right in front of him. How could he miss it?

'I could not let Zhang Ruochen steal the limelight!'

Blackie's body immediately expanded ten times and turned into a giant owl. He said, "Let me do it! This man has insulted you too much. His crime is unforgivable. Go warm a pot of wine and watch me kill him with one claw."

Blackie flew out with a swoosh and used his wings to cut through the layers of barriers in the Precept Domain.

He flew to the sky above his originally silent head. He spat out a mouthful of Eternal Fire from his mouth, scorching Yuan Benji.

The flame's temperature was so high that it instantly burned through the Precept Domain world and spread to the star observation platform.

"Eternal Fire."

Ye Manman's expression changed. She took out a talisman from her sleeve and threw it out.

Dense runes flew out of the talisman and interwoven into an independent space to prevent the Eternal Flame from burning down the stargazing platform and even the entire House of Enchanteurs.

A few Supreme Saints also attacked. They released a Precept Domain to help Ye Manman.

"So it's not an owl. It's a Phoenix. And that Phoenix seems to have reached the Paramount Realm. Zhang Ruochen has such a powerful figure by his side. Is he the protector left for him by Wargod Bloodximius?" asked Ling.

Luo Shengtian was in a good mood. He activated his Divine Eye to see how Yuan Benji had been burned by the Eternal Flame?

BOOM!

A ghost cultivator in ancient armor turned into a black light column and descended from the sky onto the stargazing platform.

He held a two-meter-long broadsword in his hand. He split open the runes and rushed into the Eternal Flame. He carried Yuan Benji, who had been burned to half a body. To be exact, it carried a black human-shaped piece of charcoal.

“It’s not afraid of the Eternal Fire. Could it be a Nine-Tribulation Ghost Emperor?”

“It’s Yuan Qianmo’s eidolon.”

“That owl’s Eternal Fire is too terrifying. In just a breath’s time, Yuan Benji lost half of his life. He would have turned into ashes and lost all his vitality if it was any later.”

“Since the eidolon has appeared, Yuan Qianmo should have arrived by now!”

...

Blackie used its wings to cut through the space formed by the talisman and pounced on the eidolon and Yuan Benji. It roared, “Who dares to save the person I want to kill?”

The eidolon’s body was 3.6 meters tall. The broadsword in its hand slashed out like a door.

Five layers of regal inscriptions surged out of the sword, shooting a blinding sword light.

Blackie’s claws collided with the broadsword.

BOOM

The eidolon’s arm exploded, and the broadsword in its hand flew out.

Seeing that Blackie was about to crush its ghost body with one claw, its powerful claws were blocked by two slender fingers.

Yuan Qianmo stood beside the eidolon at some point in time. With one hand behind his back, he formed a sword finger with

the other hand and hit the center of Blackie's Claw. He murmured, "Go back."

A circle of energy ripples gushed from his finger and Blackie's claw.

Blackie flew back. When it landed on the ground, its body returned to its original size and staggered back a few steps. Only then did it regain its balance. The madness in its body was significantly reduced, and it looked at Yuan Qianmo with a highly solemn gaze.

"It's him."

Zhang Ruochen stared at Yuan Qianmo.

After the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, Xue Tu warned Zhang Ruochen to be careful of Yuan Qianmo. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen deliberately looked up his information. Naturally, he had a good understanding of the legendary master who ranked first on the *Divine Ascension Ranking*.

Yuan Qianmo had long, snow-white hair, but there was no sense of vicissitudes. On the contrary, he was cold and elegant. He was a man that could make all the women in the world fall in love with him.

After his appearance, all the female cultivators present were indeed attracted to him.

"The Phoenix of the nine deaths actually appeared in this era. It's interesting. Unfortunately, it's not as strong as the legends say."

Yuan Qianmo said this indifferently. Then, he stretched out his spotless hand and pressed it toward Yuan Benji.

Immediately, the Eternal Flame that had invaded Yuan Benji was extracted entirely. It turned into a flame seed and appeared in Yuan Qianmo's palm.

Yuan Qianmo drew his five fingers back. The Eternal Flame was extinguished with a whoosh.

On the ground, Yuan Benji, reduced to half a piece of charred charcoal, began to emit a thick aura of death. His body quickly recovered and returned to its human form.

The vitality of a Supreme Saint was just that strong.

A Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm had even stronger vitality. As long as he was not completely dead, he could quickly reassemble his body.

Yuan Benji's aura was fragile. He did not dare to raise his head to look at Yuan Qianmo.

"This is a Great Restoration Pill. Take it and consume it."

Yuan Qianmo took out a jade box and handed it to Yuan Qianmo.

"Thank you, Qianmo."

Yuan Benji quickly took the pill. This time, he misjudged his opponent. Not only did he suffer serious injuries, but his cultivation was also significantly damaged. Without a hundred years, he would not be able to recover to his pinnacle condition.

However, with this pill, he could recover very quickly.

The Supreme Saints present were all amazed and envious.

Even Zhang Ruochen was amazed, not to mention them, 'I helped the Immortal Vampires win first place in the ten clans. I was only rewarded with a Great Restoration Pill. I've been reluctant to take it. Yuan Qianmo gave one away so casually. As expected of the top master below divinity. He has a deep foundation.'

The Great Restoration Pill was a Quasi-Emperor Grade healing pill. It couldn't be bought with Godstones.

Blackie sent a voice transmission to Zhang Ruochen. "Be careful. This person is not to be trifled with."

When Zhang Ruochen was examining Yuan Qianmo, Yuan Qianmo finally shifted his gaze from Blackie to him. "Forgive Benji as he was in the wrong first. No one is to be blamed for this disaster."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "Finally, a sensible person."

If it had been other shrewd cultivators, they would have pretended not to hear Yuan Benji's words. They would not

have made such a big fuss.

Zhang Ruochen had heard all kinds of insults, so he was calm. Of course, he did not take them to heart.

He had attacked because he did not want to appear subservient and make everyone feel guilty.

The more powerful he was, the more people would wonder if he had the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?

The more confident he was, the more people would believe his words.

“I’ve been wronged. I’m a victim. The superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin isn’t with me. Whoever dares to slander me, I’ll fight to the death with him.” Zhang Ruochen had to send this message to everyone.

Yuan Qianmo looked around, “Since you and the Enchanter Chamber have different opinions,” he said, “It means someone must have lied. The person who lied must know where the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is. Then, ask Miss Bai to come out. I’m really looking forward to it. I also want to know who is so capable that he can manipulate everyone. This person must die!”

Chapter 2489: The Divine Talisman

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Bai Qing'er, dressed in a thick, jujube-red robe, stepped onto the stargazing platform and appeared before everyone's eyes in the face of the cold, drifting snow.

Her gentle and charming appearance made her look like a young girl who had read a lot of poetry and books. She was delicate and did not have the domineering aura of a cultivator at all. She also did not have the demeanor of a lady from the Enchanteur Chamber. However, this delicate, quiet, and elegant temperament was full of extreme attraction. Her beauty that could topple a country seemed to be able to seduce a man's soul.

Bai Qing'er had always been very mysterious. This was the first time she revealed her true appearance in front of many cultivators.

Even though Zhang Ruochen, Yuan Qianmo, Zhuo Yunong, Ling, and Yanhuang Tu came from different clans. Each of them had seen countless top beauties and had a profound state of mind, but they were all attracted to her.

The moment she appeared, it was as if this place had become a peaceful place. All the conflicts and disputes disappeared.

"She's Bai Qing'er, the daughter of Empress Bai and Huang Tian? She's too beautiful. Just her looks alone can be considered a weapon to kill." Ling sighed with admiration.

Huo Xing said, "No wonder Wuma Yuanxing challenged Zhuo Yunong to stand up for her. She's indeed a beauty."

“In the past, Empress Bai was a woman who could compete with the Moon Goddess. Many gods had courted her when they were young. As her daughter, it’s not a big deal to look like this,” Yan Huangtu said.

...

Bai Qing’er walked toward Zhang Ruochen with a bamboo slip in her hand. She had a faint scent of books on her. “Master Ruochen, we meet again after we parted in the Divine Domain of Destiny!”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the bamboo slip in her hand, and his eyes suddenly shrank.

He was very familiar with the handwriting on the bamboo slip.

Zhang Ruochen collected his thoughts. He said, “Didn’t we just meet at Ji Feng Manor not long ago? “I almost died at Lady Bai’s hands. Have you forgotten? Also, in the Divine Domain of Destiny, Lady Bai wanted to kill me to silence me. I was lucky to escape. Therefore, I didn’t really want to see you again.”

Bai Qing’er said calmly, “You and that Seven-Armed Elder stole the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin in the House of Enchanters and made the Enchanter Chamber a target. I just want to get the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin back.”

Zhang Ruochen was very clear. He said, “First of all, I don’t know who the Seven-Armed Elder is. How can I cooperate with him?

“Second, only the House of Enchanters and the 17 forces know where the five supreme-class Divine Crystals of Origin are stored. Even if I wanted to steal them, I wouldn’t have the chance.

“Third, your cultivation is extremely high, and you have a spatial jade turtle at the Paramount Realm with you. It should be easier for you to steal the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.

“You’re a beauty, and a beautiful person shouldn’t frame other people?”

The cultivators present were all shrewd people. Hearing Zhang Ruochen's words, doubts arose in their hearts.

“Was there really a turtle proficient in the Path of Dimension beside Bai Qing'er?”

“And it has reached the Paramount Realm?”

Without waiting for Bai Qing'er to speak, Zhang Ruochen said again, “Everyone, please don't be deceived by her beautiful appearance. Her cultivation is very powerful, and there are also many powerhouses in the Enchanteur Chamber. I'm afraid some of the major forces present might not be able to compete with her.”

Bai Qing'er sighed and said, “The Enchanteur Chamber has 180 branches. Every cultivator in the Infernal Court knows where each House of Enchanteur is. How could we dare to be enemies with the major forces?”

“Everyone knows that the Enchanteur Chamber never takes part in any fights. We know better than anyone that we don't have the strength to fight for the Fane of Origin, so we won't do such a thing.

“Besides, when Tan Fei blew up his Sainthood Source, he almost destroyed the entire House of Enchanters. For the sake of the illusory Fane of Origin, which may not even exist, the Enchanteur Chamber wouldn't go that far.

“However, Master Ruochen has done the same crazy thing many times.”

Bai Qing'er had a point there.

None of The cultivators present believed that the Enchanteur Chamber had the guts to make an enemy of the 17 forces. Once the matter was exposed, the 17 forces' anger would explode, and their 180 branches would be wiped out.

In the end, it was because the people didn't care about the Enchanteur Chamber.

How much threat could a group of women who relied on their beauty pose?

Zhuo Yunong sat on the chair and said, “Zhang Ruochen, since you know so much, why didn’t you say it when you were in the Divine Domain of Destiny?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I did see Bai Qing’er and Cang Baizi kill Seven-Armed Elder and Xing Qian. However, my cultivation was low, so I wasn’t sure what I saw was the truth.

“What if a cultivator with strong cultivation changed into their appearance and deliberately misled me?”

“Besides, Lord Judge was obviously targeting me. I was very suspicious that you and Lady Bai had some shady deal. How could the Enchanter Chamber dare to offend the 17 forces if there was no strong backing?”

Hearing this, Zhuo Yunong’s eyes turned into two divine light swords and gazed at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen pressed his palm, and the Destiny Token appeared. It emitted a dazzling Light of Destiny and blocked his two divine light swords.

Although Zhuo Yunong was furious, he didn’t dare to attack the Destiny Token. He quickly withdrew his eyes, “Since you have the Destiny Token, you’d better not do anything to damage the reputation of the Fane of Destiny. Otherwise, the token won’t be able to protect your life,” he said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I did not damage the reputation of the Fane of Destiny. I am simply suspicious of your Adjudication Division.”

Zhang Ruochen’s words were both in response to Zhuo Yunong and Bai Qing’er.

“The Enchanter Chamber claimed that you don’t dare to be enemies with the 17 forces?”

“But with the support of the Adjudication Division, why wouldn’t you dare?”

When the Adjudication Division went to capture Zhang Ruochen, it was indeed a little too fast. The cultivators present must have already suspected it. Zhang Ruochen just gave them more guidance.

Guye Jing looked at Zhang Ruochen with her beautiful eyes. She thought, 'I didn't expect this guy to have such a sharp tongue. He actually has the upper hand.'

Bai Qing'er said, "Someone told me before that you don't like to play chess. You think the chess game is too complicated and the arrangements are too tiring. Only a scheming person would study it. Now it seems that what you said is wrong. I think you are quite scheming."

Zhang Ruochen remembered that he had said this before.

However, very few people knew about it.

How did Bai Qing'er know about it?'

Thinking of the words on the bamboo slip in her hand, Zhang Ruochen had an answer in his heart. He could not help but clench his teeth. This woman was unforgivable.

'I had already killed Supreme Saint Manjian. Am I going to watch my teacher die in the Infernal Court?'

As Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing'er looked at each other, Ling walked out and said, "Just now, Supreme Saint Ruochen said that Cang Baizi and Lady Bai joined hands to kill Xing Qian and the Seven-Armed Elder. I'm curious. Cang Baizi is an elder of the Hall of Permanence. How could he know Lady Bai?"

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Bai Qing'er had deliberately threatened him with Shangguan Que to shut him up.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not like being threatened. He also knew that as long as he still had the Seven-Armed Elder and the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, Bai Qing'er would never kill Shangguan Que.

In that case, what else was there to worry about?

Today, he would tell them all of Bai Qing'er's secrets. It was one thing, whether they believed it or not, as long as they had doubts about her.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It seems you don't know that Cang Baizi has long been reduced to Lady Bai..."

He was halfway through.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly felt goosebumps all over his body. An unprecedented crisis of death arose in the Heart of Truth. So, he used all his strength to activate the Armor of the Fire God, the Wargod Belt, the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light, and the Divine Blood Mail.

In an instant, four layers of defense were formed.

He knew how dangerous this trip was, so he put on all the defensive armor in advance.

BANG!

A crystal arrow flew out of nowhere and hit Zhang Ruochen's chest.

Zhang Ruochen's body flew out like a cannonball. He crashed through the array light wall of the stargazing platform. He flew dozens of miles away, colliding with the array of light walls of every street in Enchanton.

BANG! BANG!

Zhang Ruochen crashed through dozens of layers of array light walls and fell to the ground. His body was submerged in ruins.

None of The cultivators had expected such a turn of events. They were all shocked and held up their Precept Domains and artifacts, afraid of following in Zhang Ruochen's footsteps.

An unnoticeable smile flashed in Bai Qing'er's eyes. Then she exclaimed, "The Arrow of Deva Path. It's Fu Xiang's Arrow of Deva Path."

Yes, it was indeed the Arrow of Deva Path.

All the cultivators turned their eyes to Yan Huangtu.

What are the Yanluo clan plotting?'

How could they kill Zhang Ruochen? Did they want to take the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin for themselves?'

No one believed that Zhang Ruochen could survive the Arrow of Deva Path. After all, not everyone was Wuma Jiuxing.

"Who did it? Who did It? I'll kill you!"

Blackie let out a long, ear-splitting roar. His body exploded with a wave-like saint might. Eternal Flame surged out, forming a vast sea of fire.

The owl-like body underwent a heaven-cleansing change. It grew a crimson tail. It spread its wings. Precept marks flowed on it. Every feather turned into divine fire.

Blackie was furious. It was about to fly toward where Zhang Ruochen had fallen.

Suddenly, someone cried, "Everyone, look at the sky."

Everyone looked up.

They saw a talisman dozens of miles long in the blood-cloud-covered sky. It broke through the clouds and sank down.

The talisman was dark purple. Purple thunder shuttled above it.

At the center of the talisman, thunder and lightning interwoven into a fane, headless Buddhas, world trees, heavenly halberds, primordial chaos hammers, and so on. It was a shocking form.

Yan Zhexian, wearing a talisman robe and disguising her appearance, had already lost all color on her face. She exclaimed, "It's a divine talisman refined by an Archsaint Talisman Master, the Heavenly Retribution Talisman. Once this talisman is used, even the pseudo gods will have to retreat. If everyone makes a move together, we will only have a chance of protecting Enchanton... No, only then will we have a chance of surviving."

They could completely escape if they were in another place with Zhuo Yunong, Yuan Qianmo, and the other cultivation bases.

However, they were in Enchanton now. There were layers of arrays blocking them. No matter how fast they were, they couldn't escape.

Chapter 2490: Capturing Shang Xia

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

“Arrow of Deva Path? How could it be an Arrow of Deva Path? Could it be Lady Fu Xiang?”

Zhang Ruochen felt extreme pain all over his body. Everything before him was dark.

His armor was covered by the precepts formed after the arrow exploded. It was like countless chains that wrapped around him. He couldn't move.

“Huh? It doesn't seem to be serious.”

Zhang Ruochen realized that the initial impact was terrifying. His internal organs were in chaos, and his bones were cracking. His Saint Soul seemed to be scattered, and he almost passed out.

However, after taking a breath, the saint Qi in his body returned to normal. He only felt pain all over his body, but he wasn't injured.

The voice of the Intergold Tiger sounded, “Fortunately, you reacted quickly and activated four layers of strong defense at once. The precepts in the Arrow of Deva Path can't penetrate your armor. Otherwise, even if I activate the Intergold Precept Marks, I'm afraid I can only save your life.”

Zhang Ruochen understood that it was the Intergold Tiger who had neutralized the collision force of the Arrow of Deva Path.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed a suffocating aura coming from the sky. It was as if the sky had collapsed. Even space was condensing, and the earth was sinking.

‘What was going on?’

‘One Arrow of Deva Path was not enough. Was she going to launch a second attack?’

‘The aura of this power was even more terrifying than the Arrow of Deva Path.’

‘No, it’s not aimed at me. It seems that the entire Enchanton is covered by this aura. Who wants to destroy a city?’ Zhang Ruochen’s thoughts were a mess. He could not figure out what had happened.

He’d thought Bai Qing’er would attack, and so did the Heavenly Realm.

But he’d never thought it would be the Yanluo clan who attacked.

He’d also never thought the entire Enchanton would fall into a crisis of destruction.

One thing after another happened, entirely outside of Zhang Ruochen’s expectations.

‘I’ll take this opportunity to leave this place first.’

Zhang Ruochen circulated his saint Qi and Divine Purification Flame. Just as he was about to break free from the Precepts, a faint aura fluctuated from 30 meters away.

The other party had concealed his aura well, but it could not hide from Zhang Ruochen’s Heart of Truth.

Zhang Ruochen quickly put away his Saint Qi and lay on the ground motionlessly, pretending that he had been shot.

SWOOSH!

Shang Xia was dressed in black, wearing a veil and holding a Saint Sword. Her body was semi-transparent. With a wave of her scroll, she lifted all the crushed stones, wooden pillars, and tiles on Zhang Ruochen’s body.

She looked at Zhang Ruochen, who no longer had any breath, and a flash of surprise appeared in her eyes. She said to herself, ‘The Arrow of Deva Path couldn’t break his armor. He

does have a lot of treasures. Unfortunately, the vibration of the arrow was enough to turn his body into a bloody mess.”

Shang Xia walked over to Zhang Ruochen and lifted his neck. She was about to hide him in a space treasure, but suddenly, she tried to throw Zhang Ruochen out as if she was avoiding snakes and scorpions.

“You’re very alert, but it’s too late!”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes widened. He struck Shang Xia’s abdomen with his palm.

BANG!

Shang Xia’s slim body bent and flew backward.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes suddenly contracted. He realized that his palm had hit her hard. However, Shang Xia’s cultivation was too high. She released hundreds of billions of Precepts at the first moment and dissolved most of the palm force.

Zhang Ruochen caught up with her in a flash. He planned to make another attack.

Shang Xia was still flying in the air. Her abdomen was in pain, and there was blood on the corner of her mouth. Her face was full of shock. She could not understand why Zhang Ruochen did not die under the Arrow of Deva Path.

He did not even seem to be injured.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen catching up, Shang Xia immediately activated the Saint Sword in his hand. He swung the sword and slashed forward, leaving a brilliant sword ray.

This sword was not only full of sword qi but also integrated with the sword’s soul. It could directly cut Zhang Ruochen’s Saint Soul.

SWOOSH

Zhang Ruochen disappeared in front of her eyes.

“Not good.”

Shang Xia realized the danger.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the space behind her. He swung the Ugyen Cudgel and hit the back of her head heavily.

The Ugyen Cudgel was a Supreme Artifact. It could not only burst out Supreme Power but also hit Shang Xia's spiritual power and Saint Soul. She immediately suffered severe injuries. She closed her eyes and fainted.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the unconscious Shang Xia and thought for a moment. He pulled a strand of hair from her head and threw it on the ground.

Then, he sealed her into the *Secret Tome of Time and Space*.

...

A moment later, Kai Luo, wearing a white jade mask, and four cultivators from the Heavenly Realm appeared here through dimensional teleportation.

One of the Dwarven Supreme Saints said in a deep voice, "Damn it, we're too late. Who stole Zhang Ruochen's dead body first?"

Kai Luo released his spiritual power to explore the ruins, not letting go of any clues.

Then, he kicked away a three-meter-long boulder. He picked up a strand of hair and put it to the tip of his nose to sniff. "I already know who took Zhang Ruochen's body," his eyes behind the mask became ferocious. Let's go. I'll settle this with her."

One of the Heavenly Realm cultivators immediately drew Dimensional Inscriptions and set up a spatial array.

A voice suddenly sounded. "You cultivators of the Heavenly Realm have entered the Infernal Court. Do you think you can just come and go as you please? "

"Who is it?"

The Supreme Saints of the Heavenly Realm summoned their artifacts and looked in the direction of the voice.

A black umbrella floated in the air and slowly floated over.

Yan Yu's figure appeared under the black umbrella within a hundred meters.

Lady Fu Xiang came from another direction. She said, "The worst thing you Heavenly Realm should do is use my name to shoot Zhang Ruochen. Claflin of the Elves, I had long heard that you were one of the four archery powerhouses of the Celestial Court. Today, I shall see what you can really do."

Yan Yu said, "Hand over Zhang Ruochen's body, and I'll leave you all in one piece."

...

Rumble

The light emitted by the Heavenly Retribution Talisman in the sky was extremely bright.

Purple lightning cut through heaven and earth and fell into the Enchanton, colliding with the city defense formation. The light curtain formed by the formation kept shaking like a layer of fragile paper, ready to break at any time.

The cultivators in the city were frightened by the power of the Divine Talisman.

Once the city defense array was broken, how many people could survive?

On the stargazing platform, all the Supreme Saints activated their weapons.

Some attacked directly to destroy the Divine Talisman, while others collided with the thunder and lightning from the Divine Talisman to help the city defense array resist the attack.

In Enchanton, there was an undercurrent.

Apart from Yan Yu and Lady Fu Xiang, the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm and the Supreme Saints of other forces also rushed to the direction where Zhang Ruochen's body fell.

Even though they didn't know that Zhang Ruochen might have a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, they knew that Zhang Ruochen had several Supreme Artifacts and many treasures.

A prosperous ancient city became chaotic.

No one knew how it had suddenly become like this. Who was the mastermind behind all this?

What was the ultimate purpose of all this chaos?

After Zhang Ruochen left the ruins, he came to the Governor's Manor. Using the Path of Dimension and the Canon of Dimension, he quietly returned to Master Xunmu's small courtyard.

He looked up at the massive talisman in the sky. His heart couldn't help but beat faster.

'How could there be a Divine Talisman? Bai Qing'er has so much power that she can hire an Archsaint Talisman Master? Besides, isn't she afraid of destroying Enchanton?'

Zhang Ruochen had to admire Bai Qing'er's boldness. She was really desperate to achieve her goal.

But he still couldn't figure out why Lady Fu Xiang would attack him.

No matter how powerful Bai Qing'er was, she couldn't control a powerhouse like Lady Fu Xiang.

There were only two possibilities:

First, the Enchanter Chamber knew they couldn't take over the Fane of Origin by themselves, so they cooperated with the Yanluo clan.

Second, it wasn't Lady Fu Xiang who shot the Arrow of Deva Path.

Comparatively, Zhang Ruochen believed that it was the latter.

After all, based on his understanding of Bai Qing'er, she looked gentle and weak. Still, she was braver and more fearless than any cultivator. She often did things that ordinary people wouldn't dare to do.

If she wanted to take the Fane of Origin, she would never share it with the Yanluo clan.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't see through her plan, so he hid in the Governor's Manor and continued to play the role of Master Xunmu. He wanted to see what other plans she had and to find an opportunity to save Shangguan Que.

All the spiritual-power masters came to the arena in the Governor's Manor. Each of them held a Genbu Pebble in their hands.

Duan Lingfeng, Shang Yue, and dozens of Supreme Saint-level powerhouses stood in the center of the arena and looked at the Heavenly Tribulation Talisman in the sky. The governor, deputy governor, and commander of Ji Feng City were among them.

Even Supreme Saint-level powerhouses would rarely see the legendary Divine Talisman in their lifetime.

At this moment, some were fearful, some were crazy, and some were terrified.

As for the spiritual-power master who hadn't reached the Supreme Saint-level, their legs couldn't help but tremble. It wasn't that their state of mind wasn't strong enough, but the power of the Divine Talisman was beyond what their state of mind could bear.

Zhang Ruochen held his breath and tried to calm himself down. Among the Supreme Saints, he saw Lord Ironclad. He found that all the Supreme Saints who had appeared in Ji Feng Manor were here.

'Bai Qing'er really has other plans besides trying to take me down. What is more important than the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin? Is she really after the Tensho Compass?' Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

A sad smile appeared on Duan Lingfeng's bearded and chubby face. He said, "The city defense formation of Enchanton won't last long. It will be destroyed soon."

Gu Yanzhi was a little worried. He said, "If the Divine Talisman appears, will the Hoth Emperor intervene?"

Duan Lingfeng shook his head. He said, "The Hoth Emperor is an extremely great god. How can he intervene in the battles

below divinity? Even if the entire Enchanton is destroyed, no matter how many Saint-level cultivators die, in his eyes, it's just a small matter.”

Shang Yue said, “What a pity! The Enchanteur Chamber has been operating on Hoth for many years, before they had the scale of Enchanton today. The losses would be too great if they were destroyed in one day!”

Chapter 2491: The Fearsome Battlefield

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

“Yue’er, your view of the big picture is far from your master’s. What is this little loss? Compared to the Fane of Origin, let alone an Enchanton, even if all the 180 branches of the Enchanter Chamber were completely destroyed, it would still be worth it. Besides, Zhang Ruochen should have already fallen into your master’s hands. His wealth is far greater than this Enchanton,” Duan Lingfeng said.

Duan Lingfeng’s spiritual power was strong. Zhang Ruochen didn’t dare activate the Heart of Truth or his spiritual power, so he didn’t know what they were talking about.

BOOM!

Suddenly, a deafening sound rang out.

In Enchanton, countless cultivators’ eardrums burst, and blood flowed out of their ears.

A powerful pressure surged from above and crushed the city’s Path locks, Supreme Saint inscriptions, and divine marks.

The streets and ancient buildings in the city crumbled like they were made of tofu.

The city defense array was destroyed!

The entire Enchanton slowly sank underground.

BOOM!

BOOM!

...

The destructive power of the Heavenly Retribution Talisman condensed into fanes, ancient Buddhas, Warhammer, and many other forms that bombarded the Enchanton. If any of the power fell, a large city area would be turned into ashes.

As if doomsday had arrived, figures flew up everywhere in the city.

Regardless of their cultivation level, all the cultivators were in a mess.

Screams, cries for help, and curses interweave.

The cultivators whose cultivation level was too low were pressed to the ground by the power of the Divine Talisman, unable to move or escape. They could only let out long, mournful howls or cry softly.

“Is this the divine tribulation from the gods?”

“Everyone has to die. There’s no way to escape.”

“Daddy, I’m scared... Ah...”

“Master, help me.”

...

When the Divine Talisman descended, whether it was a creature in the Fish-dragon Realm, a saint, or a Saint King, their lives were extremely fragile. Their bodies and souls were destroyed and turned into fine particles with a flash of lightning.

Only a Supreme Saint could barely survive the aftershock of the Divine Talisman’s attack.

When the Divine Talisman broke through the city defense array, Duan Lingfeng activated the dimensional teleportation array in the Governor’s Manor and left with everyone.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t see the tragic scene in Enchanton with his own eyes, but he could imagine it. This was why his heart was heavy. “If the Divine Talisman really was sent by Bai Qing’er, such ruthless and crazy methods are really creepy.”

After destroying a city and killing tens of thousands of cultivators just to clear the suspicions of the Enchanter

Chamber, Zhang Ruochen knew that he could not do it.

The dimensional teleportation array sent them to a white snowfield, which was far away from the Enchanton.

Duan Lingfeng took out a golden-red staff. The staff was full of ancient charm, and a fist-sized turtle was on the top. After careful observation, Zhang Ruochen found that the so-called staff was shaped like a snake, full of scales.

The snake coiled around the turtle.

This staff was in the form of Genbu.

Duan Lingfeng held the staff and struck the ground heavily.

Qi spread from the ground to the sky. The ice and snow on the ground flew up like white petals.

In the next moment, the spiritual-power masters were shocked to find that the ground shook violently and rose up.

Genbu's divine corpse, which was more than two hundred miles long, broke through the ice and snow and climbed up from the ground. Everyone was on its back.

The madness in Duan Lingfeng's eyes became even stronger. He ordered, "All spiritual-power masters, I will arrange and dispatch you all to activate the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation. You will be responsible for activating the Cloaking Array, Necromancy Marks, and the Great Lightsword on Genbu's divine corpse."

All the Supreme Saints started to move.

The hundreds of spiritual-power masters were still in shock and fear.

Duan Lingfeng's voice rang in their ears, "All spiritual power cultivators, I will give you 15 minutes to find the corresponding formation area for the Genbu Pebble in your hands."

All the spiritual-power masters started to move and were distributed to different parts of Genbu's divine corpse's back.

Duan Lingfeng looked at all of this with a cold smile. He thought, 'Once the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation is

activated, it will drain your spiritual power, Saint Soul, and blood. All of you will become dead. You are only worth so much. Anyone below the Supreme Saint is an ant.'

Zhang Ruochen found the gap in the formation corresponding to the Genbu Pebble in his hand. He put the Genbu Pebble in and squatted down to check the inscriptions of the formation around him.

Although he did not spend too much time studying the Path of Array.

However, while refining the Heart of the Divine Tree and inheriting the Divine Sky-connecting Tree's one Yuanhui period's worth of knowledge, he had also read many books related to the array. His understanding of array might not be as good as that of High-saint Masters. Still, it was far better than those spiritual-power masters present.

While Zhang Ruochen was studying, the Cloaking Array and Necromancy Marks on Genbu's divine corpse were activated. The divine corpse stepped into the void and silently headed north at a breakneck speed.

After traveling about 8,000 miles, Zhang Ruochen sensed a strong energy fluctuation in the air.

So he looked north.

He saw many snowy mountains. Some were flattened and scorched black, some were burning, and some were boiling red magma. Some were cut down, and the mountains were nowhere to be found.

The battlefield was extremely shocking. Tens of thousands of miles were destroyed, and the landscape changed significantly. The precepts of heaven and earth were chaotic, and the dust turned into black clouds that covered the sky.

Coming here was like entering a dark battlefield.

Genbu's divine corpse flew into the clouds ten thousand feet above the ground and hid. It stopped.

All the spiritual-power masters were terrified as they discussed amongst themselves.

“This is a battle between the Supreme Saints. Furthermore, there’s more than one Supreme Saint. What happened on Hoth?”

“Enchanton has been destroyed. Tens of thousands of miles of land have been scorched. The sky is going to collapse, and the earth is going to collapse.”

“Are we here to join the battle?”

“What are you afraid of? We can crush even the most powerful enemy with the Hand of the World and the Supreme Saints guarding it.”

...

Zhang Ruochen used his Demigod-level physique’s eyes to look through the clouds. He saw a shocking battle breaking out tens of thousands of miles away. Dozens of top Supreme Saints were divided into two camps and fought fiercely.

The space in that area was shattered, and countless cracks spread out.

More than a dozen Gates of Destiny floated in the air.

A giant that was 21 meters tall had his hands and feet on his head. He had no body. He flew in the air and let out a dragon-like roar. The sound waves shook the Gate of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen identified him. “The leader of the Sect of River God, Pang Hu.”

An 800-mile-long ghost battleship flew in the air. The ship was filled with Ghost soldiers and Ghost generals. There were 360,000 Yin flags. Every Yin flag had an inscription of an array.

A Ghost cultivator with nine eyes stood at the bow of the ghost battleship. He was dressed in white and held a feather fan. His hair hung down for thousands of miles, but he had no face.

“The League of Ourang Celeste leader, Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor.”

A fane made of the corpses of saint-level creatures was 30,000 feet tall and crashed into a Gate of Destiny. This was a real fane controlled by nine divine corpses. Even the Gate of Destiny couldn't block it, and it was shattered instantly.

In the fane sat an old monkey as thin as a stick. Thousands of saint Qi threads flew out of his hands to control the nine divine corpses.

“The number one powerhouse below divinity of the Deathwraith Fane, the Corpse-devouring Ape.”

...

Zhang Ruochen felt his scalp go numb. Everyone here was the top Supreme Saint of the ten major dark forces. To many Supreme Saints, these people were legendary.

They were known for their fierce reputation, but none had ever seen their true faces.

Who would have thought that these ruthless figures who had shaken the myriad worlds of the Celestial Court and the ten clans of the Infernal Court would all come to Hoth?

Needless to say, the one who was attacked by the top powerhouses of the ten major dark forces must be the Overseer of the Fane of Destiny. They wanted to take the Tensho Compass.

Zhang Ruochen had guessed it long ago, but he could not believe that Bai Qing'er was so bold. Moreover, she had opened two battlefields, and her opponents on both battlefields were the most powerful in the world.

“This woman is too crazy. She's crazier than any cultivator I've ever seen.”

The only fortunate thing was that, although the cultivators from the Avīci Pavilion had also appeared on the battlefields, Han Xue was nowhere to be seen.

‘It was very likely that Han Xue was still in Enchanton.’

‘Enchanton was also very dangerous, but Blackie would definitely protect her there.’

“Since we’re already here, why didn’t the Enchanteur Chamber take action? Do they want to reap the benefits?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head immediately. He realized something was wrong.

Taking the Tensho Compass was indeed an important matter for the ten major dark forces. It was normal for them to work together.

However, their opponent was the Fane of Destiny.

The Overseer of the Divination Division was definitely someone who had cultivated the Path of Destiny to the pinnacle. He could predict the good and the bad. Under such circumstances, even if the ten major dark forces joined forces, they might not be a match for the Fane of Destiny.

If the number one cultivator in the world, Wuma Jiuxing, was not injured, they might still have a chance.

However, without Wuma Jiuxing, their chances of success were extremely slim.

Why did the prominent evil figure who had lived for more than ten thousand years take such a great risk to gather together and do such a crazy thing?

Where did they get their confidence from?

Below the thick battle clouds, the Overseer, Gong Nanfeng of the Divination Division, was sitting by the fire. He was starting the fire and talking to Pan Ruo, standing opposite him. “Hoth is as cold as the legends say. My body is weak. Without the fire that you brought, I’m afraid that I will freeze to death here,” he said.

Pan Ruo stood straight and looked at the destroyed Gates of Destiny in the sky. She felt the shaking of the earth and said, “It’s better to freeze to death than to be killed.”

Gong Nanfeng smiled and said, “I’ve predicted I won’t die this time. Besides, with me, Lord Wu Yue, and the High Priests of Death Palace, Fortune Palace, Ominous Palace, and the Anger Palace, how could the cultivators of the ten major dark forces hurt me?”

“I have a bad premonition,” Pan Ruo said.

The four high priests and Que, sitting beside the furnace, looked at her with a serious expression.

Even Gong Nanfeng stopped smiling and said, “Don’t scare me.”

As the Scioness of Destiny, she had cultivated the Door of Trueself with the Divine Token from the Twelve Reverends in her hand. Her premonition was not just a feeling. It had to be taken seriously.

Seeing the serious look on Pan Ruo’s face, Gong Nanfeng said, “Let me predict it one more time.”

“In that case, let’s finish this battle quickly. We’ll stop this wave of the net first and catch the other fish.”

After saying that, a bright Gate of Destiny condensed above her head. Her body turned into a beam of light and flew into the sky, crashing into the Deathwraith ship that was 800 miles long.

The four high priests were still sitting by the fire, warming themselves up.

The Death Palace’s High Priest drank the blood wine.

The Fortune Palace’s High Priest squinted his eyes, thinking about something.

The Anger Palace’s High Priest also seemed to want to make a move. Still, when he looked up at the sky, he saw that the Five Wraithions, the four Lords of Destiny, as well as the powerhouses from Fortune Palace, Anger Palace, and Ominous Palace seemed to be able to deal with it, so he continued to sit there quietly.

The fire in the furnace burned even brighter!

...

Chapter 2492: Things Were About to Change

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

BOOM!

A column of flame shot out of Lord Wu Yue's eyes and hit the Deathwraith ship.

The flame's temperature was dozens of times higher than the Emperor-level Divine Purification Flame that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated.

Zhang Ruochen's Divine Purification Flame was only at level 10,000, comparable to a star's surface temperature. The fire from Lord Wu Yue's eyes was above level 300,000.

It could be said that under such a level of fire, a Supreme Saint below the Paramount Realm would be turned into ashes instantly.

It was not that Zhang Ruochen's Divine Purification Flame was not strong enough, but that Lord Wu Yue's cultivation was countless times stronger than his. There were more than 100 billion Precepts of Fire in Lord Wu Yue's body, which was ten times more than all the precepts added by Zhang Ruochen.

The 36 yin flags on the Deathwraith ship shone brightly.

The light of the inscriptions of the array on the flags interweaved and formed a defensive shield with a diameter of 500 kilometers.

Boom

Two pillars of fire hit the defensive shield. The space shook violently and showed signs of distortion.

The Deathwraith ship shook slightly.

The Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor, who stood at the bow, laughed loudly. “This is the famous top Lord of Destiny from the Fane of Destiny. I want your pair of void-devouring fire eyes now!”

Under his thousand-mile-long hair, the two ghost eyes opened, and two columns of flame light surged out.

What was different was that the flame that surged out of Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor’s eyes was the Grim Soul-devouring Flame. Its temperature was extremely low, and it was extremely evil and dark green in color.

Even standing ten thousand miles away, all the spiritual-power masters could feel the yin coldness of the Grim Soul-devouring Flame, and their bodies trembled slightly.

When Lord Xia Yu cultivated the Grim Soul-devouring Flame, compared to the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor, it was like a candle flame compared to a sea of fire.

However, when Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor’s two Grim Soul-devouring Flames collided with the flame light pillar in the eyes of Lord Wu Yue, they were instantly defeated. With no other choice, the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor could only open his third and fourth ghost eyes.

A total of seven ghost eyes were opened. Only then did the energy released by the Grim Soul-devouring Flame finally reach a stalemate with Lord Wu Yue.

Shang Yue’s gaze turned solemn. She exclaimed, “The nine ghost eyes of the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor were cultivated using the Grim Soul-devouring Flame and the nine divine planets. I didn’t expect Lord Wu Yue to be so strong. The Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor needs to use the power of the seven eyes to fight against him.”

The Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor was the leader of the League of Ourang Celeste, and he was one of the top figures in the dark forces. In Shang Yue’s eyes, such a figure could be said to be a lofty mountain.

Duan Lingfeng sneered, “You only know the superficial level of Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor’s strength. The Grim Soul-

devouring Flame of Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor had long reached the ninth heaven. After he refined the nine divine planets into eyeballs, he could use the divine power contained in the divine planets to unleash the Grim Soul-devouring Flame to the level of higher knowledge.”

“There are not many Saint-level cultivators in Celestial Court and Infernal Court who can catch his nine eyes.”

Shang Yue said, “It’s said that the nine divine planets he refined are the complete star soul planets of a divine?”

Duan Lingfeng nodded and said, “That’s right. It’s precisely because the nine divine planets are of the same origin that the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor is so powerful.”

“Isn’t the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor comparable to a pseudo god?” Shang Yue said, shocked.

Duan Lingfeng shook his head. He said, “The divine power in the nine divine star souls has already been exhausted. Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor only relies on the formation, the Godstones, and his profound cultivation base to activate it. Furthermore, the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor has not refined the divine star souls of the gods that belong to the nine divine planets. Naturally, he is not considered a pseudo god.”

“How big is the gap between a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint and a pseudo god?” Shang Yue asked curiously.

Duan Lingfeng thought carefully and said, “In this world, anyone who can fight against a pseudo god in the Paramount Realm can be considered a representative figure of the Yuanhui period.

“As far as I know, in the entire Celestial Court and Infernal Court, only Wuma Jiuxing barely reached that level. As for Yuan Qianmo and Lord Dong Hua of the Celestial Court, although they are very famous, their achievements are far from Wuma Jiuxing’s glory. It is difficult to judge their actual strength.

“You only need to know that powerhouses at the level of the Ten Wraithions can’t even withstand a single strike from

Wuma Jiuxing. Therefore, your current cultivation level is like an ant looking at the sky.”

The nine ghost eyes of the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor opened simultaneously. In the nine eyes, there was the sea of stars and the orbits of the sun and moon. The power that erupted forced back Lord Wu Yue.

“Destiny Halberd.”

Lord Wu Yue summoned the Supreme Artifact of the Destiny Division and activated the Supreme Power in the halberd. Instantly, the energy of heaven and earth within tens of thousands of miles gathered toward him.

Over a thousand lightning bolts revolved around the Destiny Halberd.

The halberd stabbed out, and all the lightning bolts followed.

With a boom, the defensive formation of the Deathwraith ship was broken through. Lord Wu Yue opened up his cloak and charged toward the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor.

Duan Lingfeng frowned and said, “Not good. The Deathwraith ship’s defenses have been broken. Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor is no match for Lord Wu Yue.”

“How is that possible? I see that the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor has always had the upper hand. The power of the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor is only one of his moves. Moreover, the League of Ourang Celeste must have also brought along a Supreme Artifact.” Shang Yue was a little puzzled.

Duan Lingfeng shook his head, “You underestimate Lord Wu Yue. As far as I know, his Paramount physique is formed from 12 trillion precepts. In addition, he is at the Paramount Realm and has been cultivated for many years. His accumulation has reached a level unimaginable by ordinary Paramount Realm Supreme Saints. Otherwise, why would he be number one among the ten great Lords of Destiny?”

Shang Yue’s cultivation reached the Banshi Isshou Realm. She was already beginning to understand the mysteries of the Paramount physique.

According to what she knew, the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint only needed to cultivate one trillion precepts to condense a Paramount physique and break through to the Paramount Realm. She had only read legends and ancient books about cultivators who cultivated twelve trillion precepts and condensed a Paramount physique.

She could not help but tremble when she thought of how Lord Wu Yue was such a legendary existence. It was a form of respect for the strong.

Lord Ironclad stood not far away with a mournful look in his eyes.

He had cultivated over one trillion precepts and was once a member of the Nether Berserkers of the Nether Hall. It was a pity that he suffered an injury that could not be healed on the Battlefield of Merits. As a result, he would never be able to form a Paramount physique and step into the Paramount Realm.

Perhaps, he would only have a chance to recover if he found the Fane of Origin.

As expected, the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor retreated immediately after dozens of rounds of fighting with Lord Wu Yue. He could barely fight against Lord Wu Yue with the array formation on the Deathwraith ship.

...

At the furnace, far from the battlefield

Gong Nanfeng opened his clear eyes and said seriously, "As expected, after another round of prediction, a variable appeared."

"What variable?" Pan Ruo asked.

Gong Nanfeng shook his head and said, "There is a mighty existence that has deceived the heavenly secrets. I can't predict it. I can only vaguely see a trace of destiny. "

"Ordinary gods can't deceive the prediction of the Overseer of Divination Destiny," Pan Ruo said.

Gong Nanfeng let out a long sigh. "I've told you before that I'm too weak. I should have let Xu Rulai do it this time. He's stronger."

Fortune Palace's High Priest, squinting his eyes, suddenly seemed to have woken up. He said, "I've also made some predictions just now and found that something has happened in Enchanton."

He stared at the Death Palace's High Priest and smiled. "Your people don't seem to be reliable."

The Anger Palace's High Priest snorted and had a strong opinion. He said, "It's ridiculous for the Fane of Destiny to cooperate with the Enchanteur Chamber. You should have listened to me from the beginning and sent the army to crush them. Who dares to compete with the Fane of Destiny for the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?"

"This is Hoth. Is the Fane of Destiny sending the army to ignore the presence of the Hoth Emperor?"

The Death Palace's High Priest said coldly and asked again, "What happened?"

"Someone used a talisman and destroyed Enchanton," Fortune Palace's High Priest said.

Death Qi appeared in the Death Palace's High Priest's eyes. He suppressed his anger and asked calmly, "Who did this?"

"It seems to be the Heavenly Realm," Fortune Palace's High Priest said.

"Where's Zhang Ruochen?" asked the Death Palace's High Priest. "Where's the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?"

Fortune Palace's High Priest shook his head slightly. "Zhang Ruochen is a young talent favored by the Lord Reverend," he said. "He's being nurtured as the future pillar of the Infernal Court. He's also the most important link between the Infernal Court and God's Ancient Nidus. If he dies, you can't shirk your responsibility."

Anger Palace's High Priest said again, "It is a big mistake to hand over such a thing as a superior-grade Divine Crystal of

Origin to the Enchanter Chamber.”

The Death Palace’s High Priest said, “Isn’t it enough that Zhuo Yunong is in charge of the Enchanton? Everyone agreed to it when we made the plan.”

“You swore that the Fane of Destiny could capture all the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and the top powerhouses of the ten major dark forces simultaneously. But now? Enchanton was destroyed, and Zhang Ruochen might have already fallen. It’s all because you put too much trust in that woman from the Enchanter Chamber, and you’re too conceited,” said Anger Palace’s High Priest.

When the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin appeared, the higher-ups of the Fane of Destiny held a meeting.

At that time, the Death Palace’s High Priest had offered to take all the superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin with the help of the Enchanter Chamber. He had even planned to use the Tensho Compass to lure out the powerhouses of the ten major dark forces and the Celestial Court powerhouse hiding in the Infernal Court and destroy them in one fell swoop.

The Death Palace’s High Priest said, “The Avīci Pavilion killed the last Scioness in the Divine Domain of Destiny. Wuma Jiuxing of the Pneuma Hall defeated Zhuo Yunong, the number one powerhouse of the Celestial Court, and killed five Wraithions in a row. The prestige of the Fane of Destiny has suffered an unprecedented blow.

“If we don’t destroy the ten major dark forces, won’t the Fane of Destiny become the laughingstock of the Celestial Court?

“If we don’t cooperate with the Enchanter Chamber, how can we lure out the powerhouses of the ten major dark forces?”

Pan Ruo said, “Everyone, it’s meaningless to argue now. I think we should do our best to end the battle here and rush to Enchanton. Although we must destroy the ten major dark forces, the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is more important.”

Although Pan Ruo’s cultivation was still very weak, it was a pity that her status was there, so no one could ignore her

words.

The Ominous Palace's High Priest, who had been silent all this time, suddenly stood up and looked at one of the directions, saying, "I sensed that someone is spying in the dark. Is he trying to be one step ahead of us?"

The high priests stopped arguing and became vigilant.

They knew that the top powerhouses of the Fane of Destiny and the ten major dark forces were here, but they still dared to approach and spy. They were definitely not weaklings.

"Could it be a cultivator of the Celestial Court hiding in the Infernal Court?" said Fortune Palace's High Priest.

The Ominous Palace's High Priest formed a finger seal with his hands and made a mysterious finger gesture. Instantly, the space in front of him broke open, and a ghost mask flew out. Behind the ghost mask, dense yin qi surged out and condensed into a giant ghost general that was a thousand meters tall.

"The Divine Ghost Mask. Reverend Ominous actually gave this treasure to him."

All the cultivators present looked fearful.

"The Divine Ghost Mask was originally intended to deal with Wuma Jiuxing. Now, we can only test its power in advance."

The Ominous Palace's High Priest smiled and channeled his spiritual energy to the best of his ability. Immediately, the giant ghost general with the ghost mask charged into the sky and pressed its palm against the black clouds.

At this moment, all the top-notch Supreme Saints fighting could feel the terrifying power that the giant Ghost general was exuding. They were all shocked.

Just as all the cultivators thought that the clouds would be pierced through...

The dark clouds suddenly turned into seven colors. They were extremely brilliant, like a divine flower blooming.

A faint fragrance of flowers appeared within tens of thousands of miles.

It was the scent of begonias.

Zhang Ruochen, standing on Genbu's divine corpse, was extremely shocked. He said, "How... how is this possible?"

He wasn't the only one. Countless cultivators were stunned.

Reverend Ominous couldn't believe it. The giant ghost general hadn't been able to break through the clouds. It had been blocked by colorful light.

Who was it?

Who had such strong power?

Whoosh

A dazzling sword light came from the sky like the aurora.

Tens of thousands of miles of clouds were broken by the sword, forming a 100,000-mile-long sword path.

The giant divine general and the Divine Ghost Mask fell from the sky and landed heavily on the ground.

A more than 20,000 meters long red stone sword pierced through its chest and abdomen, suppressing it under the sword.

The land under the sword sank with a rumble.

The top saints who were fighting were shocked and stopped one by one. They were curious about which side's powerhouse had come?

Zhang Ruochen's heart almost jumped out at the mountain-like stone sword. "*Wordless Sword Manual*."

The *Wordless Sword Manual* was stored on the seventh level of the Sword Pavilion. It wasn't a book, but a stone sword. It was as big as a mountain.

Who could activate it?

The dust dispersed.

Everyone finally saw clearly. A man with long hair stood at the top of the 20,000-meter-tall stone sword. He had a human head and a snake body. His body glowed with silver light. Evil Qi swirled around him. His gaze seemed to look down on the world.

Zhang Ruochen's throat felt dry. "Xue Lingxian."

The colorful clouds in the sky dispersed. An old woman with white hair stood in the air. She was dressed in red and had a hunched back. Her body exuded a powerful qi and an ancient charm as if she had lived for countless years. She was even older than a god.

With her appearance, begonia petals fell from the sky and turned into a rain of flowers.

"Granny Begonia."

Zhang Ruochen finally understood why Xue Lingxian could use the *Wordless Sword Manual* as a weapon!

Chapter 2493: I'm Here for Vengeance Today

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Four gods had come to Hoth.

Among them were true gods and pseudo gods.

At that moment, the four gods had come to the Hoth Palace to pay their respects to the Hoth Emperor. They were gods, and they were very good at concealing their auras. However, they couldn't hide from the Hoth Emperor's senses on Hoth.

Since the Hoth Emperor had come out of seclusion, who dared not come to pay him a visit?

They were nervous and wondered if the Hoth Emperor's coming out of seclusion at this time had something to do with their arrival.

After arriving at the Hoth Palace, they confirmed this because the Hoth Emperor had no intention of inviting them in. Nor did he ask them to leave.

This was not a good sign. It was clearly a warning to them.

The four gods looked at each other and revealed bitter smiles. It wasn't suitable for them to leave now. They could only continue to wait.

...

Within the Hoth Palace

Xia Huangchao, in a white robe, was sitting under a vermillion tree.

The tree was filled with red leaves.

The leaves were stacked together like a red mountain. The leaves fell and floated in the air, facing the red butterfly.

Qing Yulou walked in from outside and bowed respectfully. “Master, the four gods are waiting outside. Should we invite them in?”

“Let them wait.” Xia Huangchao replied.

“Yes.”

Qing Yulou saw a figure sitting opposite Xia Huangchao. However, they didn’t dare take a closer look and couldn’t see his face clearly.

This person could sit opposite their master here, but the four gods of the Infernal Court could only wait outside. This already showed the weight of this person.

Qing Yulou retreated.

Xia Huangchao looked at the blond man sitting opposite him. He raised his clay cup and took a sip. “This disciple of yours is not bad.”

There were a pair of dragon horns on the head of the blond man.

“If this praise of yours were to spread, his name would shake the Celestial Court and the Infernal Court.” Xia Huangchao smiled. “Actually, I didn’t teach him anything. I only trained him for 30,000 years in the dream world.”

30,000 years in the dream world didn’t represent 30,000 years in the real world.

Sometimes, one night of shocking dreams would pass one’s entire life.

The blond man shook his head. “Times have changed. 100,000 years have passed. I’m afraid that only a few cultivators in Celestial Court and Infernal Court still remember me today.”

Xia Huangchao stared at the blond man for a long time before letting out a long sigh; reminiscing, he said, “It’s a pity that we can’t go back to the past. I really miss those days when our youth was like a song. We traveled worldwide, searching for

the secret trove, stealing the sacred medicine, and catching the Golden Kun. At that time, our cultivation was obviously shallow, but there was no place in the world to which we didn't dare go. There was nothing we didn't dare to do, and how many times did we escape death? But now, after cultivating to become a god, we have lost the freedom we once had."

The blond man did his best to avoid this name, but when the blond man mentioned it., only then did they say, "That's right, and Jiu. I'll never see Jiu again. She's a Phoenix, but in the end, she couldn't escape death. I saw her being killed with my own eyes. Even her divine soul was refined until it vanished into thin air."

The blond man's gaze became much colder as he said, "You've never told me this before. You actually saw her being killed with your own eyes?"

"She knew that I would definitely make a move, so before she rushed out of the fane, she used an array formation to trap me. At that time, I could only desperately attack the array formation. I wanted to fight my way out, but in the end, I could only watch, unable to do anything!"

"Everyone in the world thinks that the Xia Huangchao is peerless and is the pride of the Immortal Vampires. In reality, he's just a pitiful worm. "I can't forget how she looked at me when she walked out of the fane. Those eyes... those eyes are filled with too many emotions."

Xia Huangchao closed his eyes. At the end of his speech, his voice was filled with disappointment and trembling.

Who would have thought that the famous Hoth Emperor, the most powerful and decisive figure in the world, would shed divine tears at this moment.

The past was unbearable to recall. Every time he thought about it, his heart would break.

The blond man said, "I'm not qualified to blame you. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have been able to escape back to Kunlun when I was seriously injured. When Jiu went to find

you, she knew that she would die, so she sent your only child to Nephilim Island. It was the Island Lord who raised him.

“At that time, your relationship with Kunlun was too deep. You were not trusted by the Fane of Destiny, and you didn’t want to take action yourself. Therefore, you declared to the outside world that you would stay and guard the Fane of Immortality. I understand your difficulties. She also knows that your situation is complicated. Hence, after receiving your letter for help, she went to look for you without hesitation.”

“I didn’t write a letter to her,” Xia Huangchao replied.

The blond man nodded and said, “She also guessed that it was very likely that you didn’t write the letter, so she knew she was doomed. However, since it was your letter for help, she had to go no matter what.”

“Where is that child? Is he still alive?” Xia Huangchao’s eyes were filled with joy and fear.

After 100,000 years, a feeling of fear was born again.

Gods also had feelings and desires. To an incomparably powerful god, this was a state of mind where a huge fluctuation appeared.

No enemy could make Xia Huangchao feel fear. What made him feel fear was his own heart.

The blond man said, “Destiny has brought us together. Naturally, we will be able to meet.”

Xia Huangchao stood up and stood among the falling red leaves. His white clothes were as white as snow, and the melancholy and sentimentality on his body dissipated. His aura as a peerless powerhouse gradually returned. He asked, “Did you come to Hoth for the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin or the Tensho Compass?”

“Finding the Fane of Origin is the hope for Kunlun to rise again. If we can seize a divine artifact, it will naturally be a good thing,” the blond man said.

Xia Huangchao said, “That’s not right. Your goal is to obtain the Tensho Compass. That’s because you want to use it to find

the exact location where the Island Lord is being held. Your ultimate goal is to rescue the Island Lord.”

“I can’t hide it from you. Then, what’s your choice?” The blond man asked.

Xia Huangchao replied, “I’m a member of the Infernal Court, a member of the Immortal Vampires, and the ancestor of hundreds of millions of people in the Xia dynasty.”

“So, you want to stop me? You should understand that you are no match for me,” the blond man said.

Xia Huangchao said, “A hundred thousand years ago, Kunlun opened the Sundial. Your cultivation has indeed surpassed mine. However, you have been sleeping and recuperating in these hundred thousand years while I have been improving.” If we fight again today, it is unknown who will win. Moreover, have you really recovered from your injuries?”

“Then let’s fight!” the blond man said.

Xia Huangchao said, “We’ll fight again after you’ve rescued the Island Lord.”

The blond man’s eyes revealed a look of disbelief. He knew better than anyone else how stubborn Xia Huangchao was. For the sake of the interests and ideals of the Immortal Vampires and the Infernal Court, he had fought with him countless times.

Their friendship was forged through battle after battle.

But now, he was willing to put down the ideals in his heart and do something that would harm the interests of the Infernal Court. This was too inconceivable.

This meant that Xia Huangchao placed more importance on friendship than on interests and ideals.

“I won’t stop you, and I won’t help you.” Xia Huangchao placed his hands behind his back and turned around. He no longer looked at the blond man and could be considered to have sent him away.

“Farewell!”

The blond man stood up and left.

Suddenly, Xia Huangchao's voice rang out, "Ji Wang."

The blond man stopped in his tracks.

Two extremely handsome men stood under a tree with their backs facing each other.

After a long while, Xia Huangchao spoke, "I promise you that all the gods who attacked back then will die. It has been 100,000 years. I will definitely bring their divine blood to worship Jiu."

"I forgive you!"

The Dragon Lord Ji Wang's figure disappeared without a trace.

...

All the Supreme Saints who had attacked stopped.

Xue Lingxian's sword attack had shocked them.

Pang Hu, the leader of the Sect of River God, laughed loudly, "The powerhouses from the Avīci Pavilion have finally arrived!"

The ten major dark forces dared to snatch the Tensho Compass because the Avīci Pavilion had invited two peerless powerhouses to act. Pang Hu, the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor, and the Corpse-devouring Ape had already seen the power of Xue Lingxian and Granny Begonia, so they were very confident.

The Ominous Palace's High Priest said with a ferocious look, "How could the Avīci Pavilion raise two such powerful cultivators without making a sound? Moreover, they can even avoid the prediction of Destiny."

Gong Nanfeng said, "They are from Kunlun."

"What?" Ominous Palace's High Priest asked.

Gong Nanfeng said as if he knew everything, "That sword is called the *Wordless Sword Manual*. The person standing on the sword is called Xue Lingxian. He was an unparalleled figure in Kunlun 100,000 years ago, second only to the Empress of

Thousand Bones. He can be said to be a representative of the Yuanhui period.

“You know little about Kunlun, but I know that he is the first Scion of the Sect of Blood God in Kunlun and the first disciple of the Blood God. His body can be said to be extraordinary. Although he hasn’t become a god yet, he has lived for more than 200,000 years.”

“How is that possible? A god of flesh and blood under divinity can live for 200,000 years?” The Death Palace’s High Priest was also predicting Xue Lingxian just now, but he could only deduce a bit, which was far less detailed than Gong Nanfeng.

Gong Nanfeng said, “Xue Lingxian cultivated to the Supreme Saint Realm three times, and was beaten down to the lower state to cultivate three times again. He cultivated divinity twice and was killed twice. He was revived twice and continued to cultivate. In the end, the Undying Blood Silkworm transformed into a butterfly. It rose from a first-rate genius to a representative figure of the Yuanhui level.”

“It’s funny that the person who beat him down twice and killed him was actually his master, the Blood God. Ultimately, Xue Lingxian was almost driven mad and wanted to defect. In the end, he was again captured and killed by the Blood God.”

Fukurokuju narrowed his eyes and said, “Undying Blood Silkworm, it seems that the Blood God’s experiment has succeeded!”

“Whether it has succeeded or not is not certain. It depends on whether Xue Lingxian’s experiment is strong enough. The immortal blood silkworm is used to nurture Yuanhui-level geniuses. In my opinion, Xue Lingxian is still a little inferior to Wargod Bloodximus and Huang Tian of the same era,” said Gong Nanfeng.

Only Gong Nanfeng, who was as weak as an ordinary person, could say this calmly.

The four high priests’ faces had long turned ashen. It was obvious that they were feeling immense pressure.

A cultivation technique or a treasure could not nurture people like Wargod Bloodximus and Huang Tian. They had to reach the pinnacle in all aspects before one could be born.

Que said, "It's already very terrifying. Just one sword strike was enough to suppress the Divine Ghost Mask. Moreover, my Kagemaru is actually trembling at this moment. He will be the opponent that I must defeat in this lifetime."

Pan Ruo asked, "Who is that begonia?"

"I don't quite understand it. It looks like the vessel spirit of the *Wordless Sword Manual*, but it also doesn't look like it. However, the begonia's age is even older than Xue Lingxian's. How did it survive the Yuanhui Tribulation that occurs every 129,600 years?" asked Gong Nanfeng.

No one could answer him.

After all, in the Fane of Destiny, he knew and could deduce more than the gods.

If he didn't know, who else would it be?

Xue Lingxian's long hair fluttered in the wind, and his voice resounded throughout the world. He said, "100,000 years ago, Kunlun suffered a terrible defeat. Countless living beings died and turned into bones and dirt. Countless cultivators became slaves or prisoners. Today, I have come for vengeance."

The Ominous Palace's High Priest recovered from his shock. After all, he had been in a high position for a long time and had seen many gods. He said, "So you are the remnants of Kunlun from 100,000 years ago, and you still don't know the lesson. Since you didn't die, why don't you hide and live your life? The Fane of Destiny is the best in the world. It is the most supreme. Do you think you alone can shake it?"

"If it were me, I would believe it. But if it were you, I wouldn't believe it," said Xue Lingxian.

The Ominous Palace's High Priest turned into a real flame, causing thousands of miles of land to burn. In the vast expanse of fire, an ancient crimson seal formed and attacked Xue Lingxian.

His cultivation level was naturally very high to become the High Priest of the Ominous Palace. He was an existence that scared the Supreme Saints of the Celestial Court's myriad worlds.

The moment he attacked, he used a Paramount-level saint technique.

Ominous Palm!

The entire heaven and earth were filled with the precepts that surged out of the body of the Ominous Palace's High Priest. Wherever the ancient crimson seal flew, space was torn apart, and thousands of cracks appeared.

Xue Lingxian punched out, and silver light seemed to illuminate the universe.

The deafening sound caused countless cultivators present to lose their hearing. Fortunately, the array formation protected the spiritual-power masters standing on Genbu's divine corpse. Otherwise, even if they were ten thousand miles apart, they would be heavily injured.

The ancient crimson seal shattered, and blocking Xue Lingxian's fist force was difficult.

"A single fist can break my Paramount-level saint technique?" The Ominous Palace's High Priest gritted his teeth.

Xue Lingxian opened his mouth and spat out a mouthful of silver lightning. It turned into countless streams of lightning and charged toward the Ominous Palace's High Priest.

"Ominous Blade."

Between the High Priests' eyebrows, the artifact of the Ominous Palace flew out, emitting a blood-red divine light.

This was an ominous artifact that had absorbed countless amounts of saint blood and divine blood. It was an extremely ominous weapon. Its power was no weaker than the Ax of Judgement and the Destiny Halberd.

Even with the Ominous Blade, the Ominous Palace's High Priest was still unable to block Xue Lingxian's silver lightning

bolt. His body continuously retreated, and his black robe started to burn and turn into ashes.

“High Priest.”

“Let’s give the high priest a helping hand.”

Two Paramount Realm Supreme Saints wearing sacred armor flew up from the ground. One’s body was burning like a sun, and the other stood in a lifeless black hole.

The two of them were the guardians of the Ominous Palace. They were both old fogeys who had lived for more than ten thousand years.

The two palace guardians appeared on the left and right sides of the Ominous Palace’s High Priest. They each struck out with their palms. Trillions of precepts surged out of their bodies and activated the Ominous Blade together.

Rumble

The Ominous Blade lasted only for three seconds before it flew backward and landed on the ground, sinking thousands of miles into the ground.

After two breaths, the two palace guardians’ Paramount physiques were burned into ashes, and their souls and bodies were destroyed.

The Ominous Palace’s High Priest had a Supreme Treasure to protect himself, which saved his life. However, his body was like charcoal as he fell into the lake of scarlet lava. He did not move at all, and his aura was fragile.

Rumble

Xue Lingxian stomped down and trampled him to death.

Lord Wu Yue wanted to save him, but Xue Lingxian used the stone sword, over 20,000 meters long, and sent him flying.

One High Priest and two Paramount Realm Supreme Saints were killed instantly.

Everyone was shocked.

The cultivators from the ten major dark forces were all excited. The High Priest of the Fane of Destiny was killed just like that? It was unbelievable.

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Chapter 2494: The Former Scion and Scioness

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The Ominous Blade fell, and the ground sank for thousands of miles. The world was muddy as if it had turned into a chaotic scene from the beginning of time.

The silver lightning did not die immediately. It continued to travel between heaven and earth, and its energy fluctuations were extremely great.

All the cultivators, including the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, avoided it and did not dare to touch it. One had to know that the Ominous Palace's High Priest and the two guardians had died under Xue Lingxian's lightning bolt.

Lord Wu Yue, sent flying by the stone sword, fell a thousand miles away. His body was still upright as he looked at the interweaving silver lightning bolts in the pitch-black and chaotic space. His expression was solemn as he said, "Grand Destructive Lightning."

On the back of Genbu's divine corpse.

Duan Lingfeng's expression changed as he said, "He's so powerful. I'm afraid that even Wuma Jiuxing might not be his match. This person's strength has exceeded my expectations."

"The Ominous Palace's High Priest died just like that, and the two guardians were turned into ashes. The Paramount Realm Supreme Saint was said to be immortal. If a god did not appear, he would not die. This meant that he was the strongest in the mortal world. Why was his life force not that strong?" Shang Yue was stunned. She was slightly dazed.

Duan Lingfeng said, “If the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint wanted to escape or threatened to self-destruct the Sainthood Source, the god would not appear, and he would not die. However, powerhouses like Wuma Jiuxing and Xue Lingxian are too powerful. They are not much weaker than gods. They can no longer be called Paramount Realm Supreme Saints.”

Pseudo gods were also gods.

There were more than twenty Paramount Realm Supreme Saints from the Destiny Division and the four great divine palaces. At that moment, all of them viewed Xue Lingxian as their greatest enemy.

Swoosh

Swoosh

...

Many bright Gates of Destiny shone towards Xue Lingxian like more than 20 suns.

Countless Precepts of Destiny fell on Xue Lingxian like trillions of shackles.

The territory that had become dilapidated, chaotic, and dark was reshaped by the Light of Destiny.

The turbid ones sank while the clear ones rose.

The sacred mountain rose, and the sacred lake rippled.

The world became a vibrant fairyland, but it was a cage that suppressed Xue Lingxian.

Even a top Supreme Saint would lose his power and cultivation and eventually revert to mortal status when illuminated by the Gate of Destiny of more than 20 Paramount Realm Supreme Saints.

Zhang Ruochen was worried. Although Xue Lingxian was strong, he couldn't fight against more than 20 Paramount Realm Supreme Saints simultaneously.

If they are called supreme, who was weak?

Xue Lingxian had awoken once and used the manifestation of the sacred will to save Zhang Ruochen. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen had a good impression of him.

“Hmph!”

Dense golden characters appeared on the stone sword of the *Wordless Sword Manual* in Xue Lingxian’s hand.

Each character turned into a small golden person brandishing a sword.

In an instant, a surge of sword Qi exploded and cut off the Precepts of Destiny that enveloped him.

The golden light turned into a path of light that broke through the Light of Destiny and struck a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

BOOM!

The Gate of Destiny behind the Supreme Saint of the Paramount Realm was instantly destroyed. His aura was extinguished as blood splattered everywhere. Only fragments of the sacred armor fell from the sky.

“He actually broke through the Light of Destiny! Is the stone sword in his hand really just a sword manual?” Some cultivators were so shocked that their minds went blank. They felt that the man holding the stone sword was the world’s god. He was invincible.

Who could fight against him below divinity?

“Let’s attack together. We must destroy the prestige of the Fane of Destiny today.”

“Let’s fight and take the Tensho Compass.”

“Haha, Lord Canghai is mine. Let’s settle the score today.”

...

The top powerhouses of the ten major dark forces took out their powerful weapons. They used talismans and saint techniques to attack the more than twenty Gates of Destiny floating in the sky.

The precepts of heaven and earth within tens of thousands of miles were again thrown into chaos.

Space shattered, and the earth sank.

The ten major dark forces didn't care who the Tensho Compass ended up with. As long as it wasn't in the hands of the Fane of Destiny, it was fine. Otherwise, they would still be unable to sleep or eat in peace and terrified every day.

Of course, if the Tensho Compass ended up in their hands, that would be for the best.

Xue Lingxian completely broke free from the Precepts of Destiny and walked toward Gong Nanfeng and the three high priests. The light emitted from her body reflected the sky and earth into a silver color.

The killing intent and viciousness were enough to freeze the Supreme Saint's heart.

The three high priests summoned a treasured artifact from the divine palace and activated it. Instantly, the three Supreme Artifacts exploded with the power of a Supreme Being. The three Gates of Destiny rose, and the three Precept Domains formed the images of three worlds.

Each of the three high priests was an entity that shook the entire world. When they arrived in the world, they were worshiped by millions of cultivators.

At that moment, when the three of them joined forces, their aura was weaker than that of Xue Lingxian.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Xue Lingxian walked into the Precept Domains of the three high priests. Using his own precepts, he clashed with the precepts of the three, creating a series of explosive sounds that sounded like thunder and divine roars.

The three Supreme Artifacts clashed with the stone swords of the *Wordless Sword Manual*. Chaotic power erupted, causing the mountains 100,000 kilometers away to shake as if they were about to collapse.

The stars in the sky were also shaking as if they were about to fall.

The three Supreme Artifacts and the three Precept Domains could not stop Xue Lingxian's footsteps, and the distance between them was getting closer and closer.

Pan Ruo and Que planned to immediately take Gong Nanfeng away, but Gong Nanfeng insisted on staying. He said, "Cultivators of the Fane of Destiny, how can they retreat in fear?"

"The three high priests can't stop Xue Lingxian. Since you're not going to escape, take out your Divine Artifacts and use them to kill him," Que said coldly.

Gong Nanfeng shook his head and said, "Don't touch the Divine Artifact unless you have no other choice."

"Now is the time," Que said.

Gong Nanfeng shook his head and pointed to the horizon.

On the horizon, the flames started to burn, giving off a dazzling light like the appearance of the sunset.

Lord Wu Yue rushed out from the crimson sunset and shouted, "The Destiny Division protects the Fane of Destiny. Anyone who dares to offend us will be killed without mercy."

He held the Destiny Halberd and pierced through Xue Lingxian's silver Precept Domain. The flames in his eyes burned and exploded with unparalleled destructive power.

The shadow of the Fane of Destiny appeared around the Destiny Halberd.

The power of the fane transcended space and time and buffed him.

"Oh no! Xue Lingxian is already struggling to fight against the three high priests alone. Lord Wu Yue's halberd carries the Qi of the Fane of Destiny. Its power can destroy anything. Xue Lingxian..."

Zhang Ruochen looked at Granny Begonia. He didn't understand why she hadn't made a move at such a critical

moment?

Was there another powerful figure hiding in the dark to restrain her?

Lord Wu Yue was second only to Zhuo Yunong in the Fane of Destiny. He was the leader of the ten great Lords of Destiny. His combat strength was at the pinnacle of divinity. He carried a Supreme Artifact and unleashed the power of the fane. Wuma Jiuxing had to use all his strength to block this halberd without using his saber.

The three high priests naturally understood that the halberd of Lord Wu Yue was a sure-kill move that could threaten even pseudo gods to a certain extent.

Therefore, they unleashed an even more brutal attack, preventing Xue Lingxian from being distracted.

Boom

The Destiny Halberd struck a thousand feet away from Xue Lingxian, and a blood-red cocoon net appeared in the void.

It was the defense of the Undying Blood Silkworm.

Lord Wu Yue's unparalleled power broke through the cocoon net with a bang.

The Destiny Halberd stabbed into Xue Lingxian's back, and the sacred robe on his body instantly shattered and turned into dust.

Lord Wu Yue thought he had succeeded and could kill Xue Lingxian with one strike.

Suddenly, he found two patterns on Xue Lingxian's back, which looked like two butterfly wings.

When the Destiny Halberd hit it, Xue Lingxian's body exploded and turned into thousands of blood-red butterflies. The butterflies quickly gathered in the air and condensed into his figure.

At this moment, Xue Lingxian had returned to his human-headed and snake-like appearance, and there was a pair of blood-red butterfly wings on his back.

His face was slightly pale, and it was evident that he had not completely neutralized the attack from Lord Wu Yue. However, his eyes became more and more fierce, and he held the stone sword with both hands.

The sword hacked down like a mountain ridge.

Boom

Lord Wu Yue failed to take on this attack. The skin on his body instantly exploded, and he sank to the ground. Only his skeleton and part of his flesh and blood remained. It was ferocious and terrifying. He had suffered serious injuries.

‘How can he be so strong...’ Lord Wu Yue thought.

Xue Lingxian’s second strike had already hacked down. With a boom, Lord Wu Yue’s arms and spine broke. His skeleton collapsed and turned into a pile of flesh and blood beyond recognition. He had lost his human form.

Xue Lingxian was about to strike down the third strike to destroy Lord Wu Yue’s life force.

Suddenly, he sensed something and stopped holding the stone sword. He raised his head to look at the black clouds and shouted, “The Fane of Destiny is known as the number one and supreme in the world. Why? To deal with me, you actually want to launch a sneak attack?”

If he had struck down that sword strike just now, the person hiding in the clouds would definitely take the opportunity to attack.

The threat from the person in the clouds was even greater than that of Lord Wu Yue.

“What?”

“He’s hiding in the clouds? How is that possible? Why didn’t I sense it?”

...

The Supreme Saints of the ten major dark forces, including Duan Lingfeng and the others on Genbu’s divine corpse, were all covered in cold sweat because they didn’t sense it. How

high must the other party's cultivation be to be able to hide from their senses?

Duan Lingfeng's spiritual power was powerful. After sensing it carefully, his expression changed. He muttered to himself, "How could it be him?"

Whoosh

A starry sky appeared in the black clouds.

The starry sky was very close to the ground. Massive planets could be clearly seen, emitting a power as powerful as an actual planet.

A man in a yellow robe stood in the center of the starry sky. His body was thousands of feet tall as if a god had descended into the world. He waved his hand, and the Ominous Blade that had fallen to the ground flew into his hand.

He touched the blade and said calmly, "You have committed an unforgivable crime by killing the Ominous Palace's High Priest."

Fortune Palace's High Priest was both surprised and surprised. He said, "How could it be him? He actually came to Hoth."

The ten Supreme Saints of the Dark Forces saw the man standing in the center of the starry sky, and they were all terrified. They even regretted coming to take the Tensho Compass today.

How could the Fane of Destiny not know someone was coming to take the Tensho Compass?

How could they not set up an inescapable net by deliberately fishing?

But it was too late to regret now. If they didn't take the Tensho Compass, they would have to bear the wrath of the Fane of Destiny. They couldn't escape even if they wanted to.

Nothing could hide under the Tensho Compass.

Xue Lingxian asked, "Who is it?"

"The Fane of Destiny, Xingluo," said the man standing in the starry sky.

Zhang Ruochen was enlightened. No wonder the power was so mighty that all the Supreme Saints were shocked. It turned out that this man was the former Scion of the Fane of Destiny, Xingluo.

Every thousand years, the Fane of Destiny would select a Scion or a Scioness.

Some cultivated to become gods, and some retired behind the scenes and disappeared from the world after a thousand years.

Xing Luo was one of the Scions who had yet to break through to divinity.

He had a divine body and could mobilize divine power. Still, he had yet to reach divinity because he was a Corpusian. A spirit born after the death of a god.

It was not because he was not powerful enough that he had yet to break through to divinity. After all, a person who could become the Scion of the Fane of Destiny must be the top existence of that era. He could also obtain cultivation resources that ordinary people could not get.

Some cultivators were not in a perfect state of mind.

Some wanted to accumulate more knowledge. That way, the number of divine planets would increase after becoming a deity.

Some did not want to become a deity because they were still attached to the mortal realm.

...

The appearance of the Xing Luo made all the cultivators in the Fane of Destiny feel relieved.

Lord Wu Yue, beaten into a pile of minced meat, propped up his body again and returned to his original form. However, he was extremely weak and was led over by the three high priests. Then, he swallowed a sacred pill and began to heal his injuries.

The two strikes from Xue Lingxian had almost destroyed his foundation of becoming a deity.

Pan Ruo stared at Gong Nanfeng and said, “Scion Xingluo, did you invite him?”

Gong Nanfeng smiled apologetically with an apologetic look. “Please don’t blame me, my Lady Scioness. After all, whether it is to encircle the ten major dark forces or search for the Fane of Origin, they are all of great importance. We can not afford to lose them.”

Pan Ruo said, “Who else is coming?”

Gong Nanfeng pointed at the colorful cloud in the distance.

A woman also appeared at some point in time on the colorful cloud, apart from the hunchbacked Granny Begonia. She was extremely mysterious, and her entire body was emitting a dark radiance. No one could see her appearance clearly.

“The former Scioness, Yu Qianchen,” Pan Ruo said.

All the Scions and Scionesses who retired after a thousand years would disappear from the world. From then on, they would focus on cultivating and comprehending the Path. Before becoming gods, they would no longer interfere in the Fane of Destiny and the Infernal Court matters.

If the existence of the former Scions and Scionesses was too great, it would not be a good thing for the Fane of Destiny. It would cause internal strife between the former and the latter. At the same time, it would also damage the prestige of the new Scioness.

This was the reason why Gong Nanfeng expressed his apology to Pan Ruo!

Xing Luo raised his voice. “Now, there is only one Scioness in the Fane of Destiny. All the cultivators have to listen to her. There is no longer a Scion called Xing Luo in the world. I shouldn’t have appeared here, but the cultivators of the ten major dark forces want to seize the Divine Artifact when the Fane of Destiny is in transition, and the Jadeite Realm is opening. It is undoubtedly a capital crime.”

“My Lady Scioness, please give the order. Today, the Fane of Destiny will destroy all heretics present.”

Yu Qianchen, standing in front of Granny Begonia, grabbed the Divine Ghost Mask and put it on her face. Instantly, the power on her delicate body rose as if she was possessed by a god.

Ominous Palace's High Priest could only activate the Divine Ghost Mask, but she dared to put it on her face and make it a part of her battle strength. The difference between the two was self-evident.

She was also waiting for Pan Ruo's order.

"Then let's fight!" Pan Ruo said.

Chapter 2495: Sword Thirteen

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

The arrival of the former Scion and Scioness had boosted the morale of the Fane of Destiny's Supreme Saints. They propped up the Gates of Destiny and unleashed one shocking saint technique after another.

The Gates of Destiny were like countless suns hanging in the sky, suppressing the combat strength of the powerhouses of the ten major dark forces.

The Precepts of Destiny had almost completely pushed apart the precepts of heaven and earth, turning the ten thousand miles of land into a dominion that was absolutely under the control of Destiny.

Mountains were born, but they were soon shattered.

Lakes turned into inland seas, but they were quickly boiled and dried up by flames.

...

Destiny was both molding the world and destroying it.

Xue Lingxian and Xing Luo confronted each other. One stood on the ground, while the other stood in the ocean of stars. Their auras locked onto each other, and their Precept Domains enveloped each other. Their gazes were like knives and swords, sharp as needles against wheat.

..

One was a Scion that appeared once in a thousand years in the Fane of Destiny. He was born to be a genius and led an era.

The other had experienced many ups and downs, washed away all his glory, and strengthened his will. In the end, he rose to the top of the world.

This battle would definitely go down in history.

It could be a battle that the Fane of Destiny would always win and never lose, or it could be a battle that the Undying Blood Silkworm made a living being rise to fame.

In the colorful clouds.

Granny Begonia and Yu Qianchen stood facing each other. No one knew if it was a battle of spiritual power.

The wind and rain came, and the killing intent drowned the world.

A scream sounded out.

The blood of the Supreme Saint dyed the sky red, and it rained down like rain.

The leader of the Sect of River God, Pang Hu, was a magnate that had been in the dark forces for more than 10,000 years. He was struck by a shuttle-shaped weapon from the leader of the Five Wraithions, Zionwraith, and his head was pierced through. He was severely injured and fell to the ground.

Zionwraith was the World Spirit of a Macroworld. It was said that the Macroworld was inside his body.

It could be said that Zionwraith was the strongest powerhouse below divinity of the Death Palace. He was the master of slaughter in the entire Fane of Destiny. When Death Palace's High Priest faced him, he would always lose more than he won.

The leaders of the ten major dark forces might not necessarily be afraid of Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue. Still, they were terrified of the five Wraithions, who were not scared of death.

After all, not everyone was like Wuma Jiuxing, who had the power to kill with a single slash. Only one person was like him in the dark forces in the past 100,000 years.

They were not afraid of Zhuo Yunong and Lord Wu Yue because they had consciousness, spirit, and a desire for life. They were fearful that they would self-destruct and die together.

The five Wraithions were not afraid of them dying together. If they died together, then so be it.

Not long after Pang Hu was severely injured, a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of the Pneuma Hall, second only to Wuma Jiuxing, was imprisoned in the eternal night by the Nightwraith, one of the Five Wraithions.

By the time this Paramount Realm Supreme Saint broke through Nightwraith and escaped, he had already turned into a skeleton and a layer of skin. The Supreme Saint's blood in his body was almost completely drained.

BOOM!

A five-fingered world more than 300 miles long was formed by Zionwraith. Before the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint self-detonated his Sainthood Source, he was utterly killed, and his body and soul were destroyed.

The defeat of the Enchanton was the greatest humiliation of the five Wraithions.

Today, they were going to kill all the Paramount Realm Supreme Saints from the ten major dark forces and re-establish the power of the Fane of Death to intimidate the entire universe.

Once they succeeded, everyone would be terrified of the Wraithions within 30,000 years.

After a while, under the control of a Lord of Destiny, the leader of one of the ten major dark forces, Prison Sea, was killed by Sengenwraith and Nightwraith. They used a pot of Divine Chaotic Flame. Even if the leader of the Prison Sea used a Quasi-Supreme Artifact, he could not save his life.

The temperature of the Divine Chaotic Flame was over a million degrees. Even powerhouses like Wuma Jiuxing did not

dare to touch it. Once they touched it, they would be in danger of dying.

Sengenwraith had spent a hundred years, but he could only refine one pot.

The fall of the first magnate dealt a heavy blow to the morale of the cultivators from the dark forces.

All the cultivators who were still alive felt a shadow in their hearts. They thought that they might really die here today. The Fane of Destiny was able to overpower the Infernal Court and make the ten great clans submit to it. The depth of its foundation was indeed unimaginable.

If not for the fact that they had no choice but to fight, they would have already started to retreat.

The cultivators on Genbu's divine corpse were all terrified.

Usually, it was tough to even meet a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. But today, they witnessed the death of one Paramount Realm Supreme Saint after another. Who would not be shocked?

Shang Yue wanted to make a living and retreat. She said, "Even the leader of the Prison Sea has fallen. The power of the Fane of Destiny is far beyond our expectations. Should we put a halt on the original plan?"

Duan Lingfeng shook his head and said, "The leader of the Prison Sea died because his cultivation was severely weakened by more than 20 Gates of Destiny. In the Fane of Destiny, the only ones who truly have the power to kill are the five Wraithions."

"Look carefully. Be it the three Lords of Destiny or the other powerhouses of the Fane of Destiny, they are all focused on attacking. They do not dare to force the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of the hidden forces into a state of death. The ones who truly attacked were the five Wraithions. Their combat powers have reached the Demigod level. They are superior to other Paramount Realm Supreme Saints. Furthermore, they are not afraid of death."

“Uncle-master, are you saying that if something happens to the five Wraithions, the Fane of Destiny will no longer be frightening?” Shang Yue asked.

Duan Lingfeng said, “That’s right.”

“If that’s the case, why aren’t we making a move? If we don’t make a move now, once the ten major dark forces are defeated, we won’t be able to make a move!” Shang Yue said.

Duan Lingfeng’s gaze landed on Xue Lingxian and said, “Let’s wait a little longer. The time hasn’t come yet.”

...

Xue Lingxian was the first to break the standoff and take the initiative to make a move.

Before he moved, the precepts in his body had already turned into a torrent and rushed out first. They collided with the ocean of stars in the sky, causing them to sink and float and annihilate the planets.

Not only was Xing Luo not afraid, he even smiled.

He knew that Xue Lingxian had no choice but to make a move.

If he did not make a move now, the ten major dark forces would be defeated.

And once he made a move, his perfect aura would become imperfect, and he would be at a disadvantage.

The stone sword of the *Wordless Sword Manual* sliced through heaven and earth, causing the space to tremble, and tens of millions of sword qi spurted out.

Xing Luo raised the Ominous Blade above his head. The fearsome light and Supreme Power emitted from the blade instantly caused the precepts of heaven and earth within a radius of 100,000 kilometers to become chaotic. All the cultivators within 100,000 kilometers felt like they were in a gravitational divine sea and were struggling.

All the living beings within a radius of millions of kilometers could feel the fluctuations of Supreme Power, and their minds

were intimidated.

On a planet as massive as Hoth, the skies of many cities were filled with a ferocious glow. It was like a dark red aurora.

A hurricane rose and swept across the icy plains, Snow Mountains, forests, and grasslands. Snowflakes flew like blades.

Boom

The Ominous Blade clashed with the stone sword. After a loud sound, the world became unprecedentedly quiet. It was as if everyone had become deaf.

Boom

Boom

...

They clashed over a hundred times in a row. Even the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint was pushed back by the ferocious energy waves. He floated far away like a fallen leaf.

The ocean of stars in the sky was destroyed. The robes on Xing Luo's body were torn. The hand that held the Ominous Blade was dripping with blood. There was no trace of a smile on his face.

On the other hand, Xue Lingxian seemed to be getting stronger as they fought.

"So the former Scion of the Fane of Destiny is just so-so."

Xue Lingxian said coldly and left him, flying toward the Deathwraith ship that was eight hundred miles long.

Xing Luo saw through Xue Lingxian's intention and snorted. "You are powerful, but you can't kill people in front of me."

Whoosh

Xing Luo used the Great Dimensional Shift and appeared above the Deathwraith ship before Xue Lingxian.

Below, in the Deathwraith ship, Nightwraith and Sengenwraith were working together to kill the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor. They had already imprisoned him in the eternal night. Once

the Nine-Eye Ghost Emperor was dead, it would speed up the defeat of the ten major dark forces.

“The realm of the ominous can intimidate the world. The blade of ominous, strike and befall a god.”

The sea of stars appeared again under Xing Luo’s feet, turning into a sky full of stars.

He had used the Ominous Blade to develop a higher knowledge passed down in the Ominous Palace, God-slayer.

Xing Luo had been born in the Ominous Palace before becoming a Scion. Even after becoming a Scion, he had been very close to the Ominous Palace. Under the guidance of Ominous Reverend, he had learned this unique skill.

Even if he didn’t use the Ominous Blade, he could still threaten a Demigod’s life with this attack with his bare hands.

When the Ominous Blade, a Supreme Artifact most compatible with God Slayer, was pushed to the limit, the power unleashed by this move was unparalleled.

Xue Lingxian’s silver hair fluttered in the wind. He also performed the higher knowledge, Destructive Thunder, which combined with the stone sword of the *Wordless Sword Manual* to transform the little golden figure on the stone sword into a tiny figure of lightning.

The clash between the higher knowledge represented the clash between the two supreme techniques.

Boom

The sea of stars beneath Xing Luo once again shattered. Like a shooting star, he flew for thousands of kilometers and spat a mouthful of blood. A bolt of lightning pierced through his Precept Domain and his chest.

Xue Lingxian was also sent flying, coughing out a mouthful of crystal-clear blood.

However, he had been injured before, no matter how serious his injuries were. For him, this little injury could not stop him from continuing to fight.

Without pause, Xue Lingxian boarded the Deathwraith ship and broke through the eternal night with a sword.

Nine-eyed Ghost King escaped from the trap. His astral physique was no longer solid and had become much fainter. He gave Xue Lingxian a grateful look and rushed into the depths of the Deathwraith ship. He was prepared to control the array hub of the Deathwraith ship and activate the strongest power.

“Damn it, I was so close to killing him.”

Nightwraith felt regretful and glared at Xue Lingxian. Seeing that he was already injured, he did not run away. Instead, he pressed his palm on the ground. Dense precepts surged out, wanting to transform into the eternal night again.

Whish

From the scales of Xue Lingxian’s snake tail, extreme lightning surged out and rushed toward the darkness coming from all directions.

The darkness was scattered, and the extreme lightning struck Nightwraith’s body like thousands of sharp tentacles.

Xing Luo crossed space and landed on the Deathwraith ship. He widened his eyes and shouted, “How dare you!”

This shout contained extreme spiritual power.

Xue Lingxian was not affected. He formed a chain of mountain seals and struck Nightwraith’s chest. Under the cover of the lightning, Nightwraith instantly turned into ashes and dispersed in the wind.

Nightwraith died.

Xing Luo was so angry that he almost vomited blood. Just now, he had said that Xue Lingxian could not kill anyone in front of him, but in the blink of an eye, he was slapped in the face in front of everyone.

At this moment, Xue Lingxian walked toward Sengenwraith again.

Sengenwraith knew how terrifying the lightning was, so he did not dare to touch it. He used a rapid escape and quickly took out a copper pot. There was only one pot of Divine Chaotic Flame left. If he used it well, he might be able to kill Xue Lingxian.

He was expecting Xue Lingxian to catch up.

Unfortunately, Xue Lingxian had already seen through his intentions.

Xue Lingxian was still standing in place when he was tens of miles away. However, the stone sword of the *Wordless Sword Manual* slashed down and cut him down from mid-air. It was unknown whether he was still alive or not.

After two consecutive losses, the situation was once again equalized. The ten major dark forces' cultivators let out a sigh of relief.

This Xue Lingxian was indeed a god-like existence. He was able to have such a battle record when he fought against Xing Luo. Even the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint was amazed.

Sengenwraith crawled up from the ground, but it had already injured its source, causing its battle prowess to drop drastically.

If it dared to charge forward again, it would be no different from sending itself to death.

Gong Nanfeng sighed long, "I didn't expect the Undying Blood Silkworm to be so powerful. It created a representative of the Yuanhui period. In addition, Xue Lingxian had once ascended to divinity, so his understanding of higher knowledge is even better than other Supreme Saint cultivators. The extremely fearsome lightning is a sure-kill move."

"Is the time right?" asked Que.

He meant that it was time to use the Divine Artifact.

"There's no other way. We can only use the Divine Artifact now," Gong Nanfeng said.

The grand Fane of Destiny had to use the Divine Artifact to suppress the enemy. If the ten clans of Infernal Court and the

Celestial Court knew about it, the respect they had for the Fane of Destiny would be greatly reduced.

Any power or empire overthrew was because they had no respect for it.

Respect and fear.

“I must kill one person first.”

Gong Nanfeng took out the Tensho Compass and looked at Granny Begonia and Xue Lingxian, choosing the first prey.

Although the Divine Artifact was powerful, it still needed a strategy to kill powerhouses like Granny Begonia and Xue Lingxian.

After a moment, Gong Nanfeng’s lips moved slightly as he sent out a stream of spiritual power.

Yu Qianchen, confronting Granny Begonia, turned around and flew down from the colorful cloud, rushing toward the Deathwraith ship.

Granny Begonia pointed out her wooden staff across space, and spatial ripples appeared.

Yu Qianchen twisted her body and pointed out a finger.

There were also spatial ripples on the tip of her finger, spreading out in circles.

The exchange between the two was not as earth-shattering as Xue Lingxian and Xing Luo, but it was more exquisite. One could see the true power in the subtleties, which melted together before finally returning to nothingness.

With the help of this spatial impact, Yu Qianchen landed on the sails of the Deathwraith ship at an even faster speed.

“Go get the Tensho Compass. Leave the two of them to me.”

Xue Lingxian sent a voice transmission to Granny Begonia.

He knew the longer they delayed, the more disadvantageous it would be for them.

After all, this was the territory of the Infernal Court. When the powerhouses of the Infernal Court in Enchanton arrived, they

would no longer have the chance to seize the Tensho Compass. Although the Dragon Lord had come to Hoth with them, he had already made it clear that they were the only ones who could seize the Tensho Compass and could not do it himself.

The stone sword in Xue Lingxian's hand shrank and became four feet long, the length of a standard sword.

The power of Swordsmanship had significantly decreased.

However, in Xing Luo's perception, Xue Lingxian's threat had become even more incredible, and he felt a sense of danger that made his heart palpitate.

'How could this be?'

Yu Qianchen also sensed the threat. Her beautiful figure landed gracefully and stood side by side with Xing Luo. The Divine Ghost Mask on her face emitted an even brighter brilliance than the blazing sun.

"Attack."

Xing Luo decided to attack first. She slashed out an Ominous Blade, and countless precepts flew out, turning the buildings on the Deathwraith ship into dust.

Yu Qianchen spun and flew up like a beautiful girl. Thousands of graceful spectrals flew out of her body like a fairy dancing. However, they all used a killing technique simultaneously, which was extremely dangerous.

With the help of the Divine Ghost Mask, the power of the technique increased significantly.

At the same time, a spiritual power attack that was very close to divinity was released from her eyes. It rushed toward Xue Lingxian first.

Her spiritual power had reached level 69 and a half, which was the strongest in the world.

Xue Lingxian closed his eyes and held the sword with both hands. His lips moved slightly, and he said three words that no one could hear clearly.

However, Zhang Ruochen recognized these three words through the shape of his lips. His heart trembled.

Gong Nanfeng and Pan Ruo also recognized it. Their expressions changed drastically.

“Watch Out! It’s Sword Thirteen!” Gong Nanfeng exclaimed.

It was too late!

Xue Lingxian’s Heaven Sword Soul rushed out from the top of his head and merged with the stone sword.

Then, he drew a circle on the ground with the sword.

After he finished drawing a circle, half of Hoth and all the living beings within a range of ten million miles could hear the sound of the sword in the wind. The heaven and earth where Xue Lingxian, Xing Luo, and Yu Qianchen were were already filled with sword qi.

In Xing Luo and Yu Qianchen’s field of vision, Xue Lingxian disappeared, and so did the stone sword.

Crack

The stone sword appeared again. It had already pierced through the spectral in the sky and Yu Qianchen’s body.

Xue Lingxian stood behind Yu Qianchen and suffered a spiritual power attack. His body swayed slightly, and the essence, Qi, and spirit in his body significantly declined. The Ominous Blade pierced through his body, leaving a bloody hole that could not be healed.

However, his gaze was still sharp, and his battle intent was vigorous.

Swish

Yu Qianchen’s body cracked. Countless Sword Qi rushed out from the crack like a blossoming sword flower.

The sword flower took away all the ghostly qi and soul power. It was beautiful and gorgeous. It was the last radiance of Yu Qianchen’s brilliant life.

After that, it vanished into thin air, leaving nothing behind.

The former Scioness fell, and a mournful song resounded in the air.

It didn't matter if it was a beautiful woman or heaven's favorite. However, it was just an instant of brilliance in the world. It would eventually fade away and wouldn't be able to last for eternity.

Chapter 2496: The Divine Artifact Was Taken

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Yu Qianchen's death shocked everyone.

This was the Scioness of the Fane of Destiny five thousand years ago.

In that era, Yu Qianchen was the most outstanding and influential prodigy in the world. She had led the Infernal Court for a thousand years and was unrivaled in the same realm. She represented the Fane of Destiny and led the army of the Infernal Court. She had swept through countless Macroworlds and killed many Supreme Saints.

In the eyes of all the cultivators in the myriad worlds of Celestial Court, she was once synonymous with invincibility. The most terrifying female demoness was the supreme ruler of the Infernal Court.

The battle between divinities was too far away from them and would not affect them. On the contrary, it did not have much influence.

Five thousand years ago, when she stepped down from the position of Scioness, she was already a first-class powerhouse below divinity.

5,000 years of accumulation had allowed her cultivation to reach the highest level. It didn't matter if it was the pinnacle of the Paramount Realm or the pseudo god. They would be defeated in less than ten breaths.

In fact, her level 69 and a half spiritual power was enough to dominate the world.

..

However, such a powerhouse, who had once shaken the world, was killed by Xue Lingxian. It was easy to imagine how terrifying Xue Lingxian's reputation would be after this news was spread.

"Sword Thirteen! I didn't expect there to be a cultivator in the world who could cultivate Sword Thirteen to the grand completion in the Supreme Saint Realm. With this sword strike, Xue Lingxian is invincible in the world." Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly.

Zhang Ruochen thought he was a genius in Swordsmanship. However, he still comprehended Sword Eleven and hadn't reached the grand completion.

Only the cultivator knew how difficult it was to cultivate the *Wordless Sword Manual*.

The further one went, the more difficult it became.

One could not succeed with hard work and time.

Duan Lingfeng felt as if he had been suffocated just now. It took him a long time to recover. He said, "What a terrifying sword! Can the pseudo god withstand this sword?"

"Uncle Master, this Xue Lingxian is invincible under divinity, right? I don't think Lord Wu Ma could withstand that sword just now," Shang Yue said in a trembling voice.

Duan Lingfeng shook his head and said, "Not necessarily! Wuma Jiuxing's blade energy has reached its pinnacle, and he can slash instantly. It can be said that he is always successful. powerhouses at their level have never fought before, so how do we know who is stronger?"

...

...

Yu Qianchen's spectral body dissipated, and Xing Luo heard Gong Nanfeng's shout of "Sword Thirteen".

Xing Luo was not an ordinary person. He was the top presence in the world. He could see that although Xue Lingxian had

killed Yu Qianchen, he was also heavily injured. Therefore, he changed his body and struck out like a phantom.

When he struck out, the precepts condensed into the light shadow of the Buddha Tower.

The Paramount-level saint technique, the Great Pagoda Palm.

Xue Lingxian's eyes were calm. He seemed to have expected this and lightly pushed out his palm.

BANG!

Xing Luo retreated seven steps in a row.

Xue Lingxian's palm was not only extremely powerful, but the lightning from his palm also left three scorched black wounds on Xing Luo's right arm. They were ferocious and terrifying.

The wounds were so deep that the bones could be seen. Blood was oozing out from the injuries, and the pain was unbearable.

His entire right arm seemed to have lost consciousness, and he could not circulate his power.

Xue Lingxian was sent flying several miles away, and fresh blood flowed from his mouth.

His chest had been pierced through by the Ominous Blade, and the bloody hole left behind was also spewing out blood. The wounds could not be healed.

The essence, Qi, and spirit in his body became even weaker.

The price he had to pay to kill Yu Qianchen was too great. His spiritual power and physical body had been severely injured, and he was at a disadvantage when fighting against Xing Luo.

Xue Lingxian let out a long cry, and the blood that flowed from his chest flew back and turned into fine silk wrapped around his body.

The wound on his chest slowly healed.

Xing Luo withdrew the Ominous Blade, and his eyes were shocked. "How is this possible? The Ominous Blade's baleful qi and Supreme Power have already invaded his body through the wound. How can the wound heal so easily?"

Silver brilliance was emitting from Xue Lingxian's body, and the butterfly wings on his back radiated bloody brilliance. The world turned into half silver and half blood red.

He was indeed heavily wounded, but his aura did not diminish. The stone sword in his hand hummed again. The voice was sharp, indicating that the will in his heart was unyielding.

Xing Luo let out a long sigh. "I came here for Wuma Jiuxing, but I didn't expect to meet you first. This era is indeed as predicted. It's more exciting than any other era. There will be many evildoers, and the strong will step on their bones and ascend to divinity most gloriously."

Xing Luo grabbed the Divine Ghost Mask floating in the air and put it on his face. The starry sky under his feet unfolded, and a giant shadow of a Ghost God appeared behind him. The power that burst out was significantly increased.

Anyone could see that Xue Lingxian's injuries were severe. Still, Xing Luo had received the help of the Divine Ghost Mask, and his battle strength had significantly increased.

One side was weaker, and the other was stronger.

If they continued to fight, Xue Lingxian would definitely lose, and there was even a risk of dying.

Contrary to everyone's expectations, Xue Lingxian did not run away. Instead, he brandished his stone sword and took the initiative to attack. The monstrous blood qi that surged out of his body turned into a river of blood. Like the nether river in the universe, it collided with the stars under Xing Luo's feet.

On the other side, Granny Begonia attacked the three high priests of the Fane of Destiny, trying to seize the Divine Artifact, the Tensho Compass.

Granny Begonia launched a spiritual attack, making the three high priests tired of fighting. They didn't have any other energy to activate the Supreme Artifact. In the spiritual power confrontation, the three high priests were at a disadvantage. With every step Granny Begonia took, they would take a step back.

Lord Wu Yue, who was recuperating, stood up with Destiny Halberd in his hand. He said, “The spiritual power of the three high priests is not weak, but it’s hard to resist with the combined strength of three people. Is the spiritual power of this colorful begonia really below level 70?”

Sengenwraith also stood up as if he was facing a great enemy. He looked at the old figure walking over from the colorful flower rain in the sky.

Gong Nanfeng’s expression was solemn. The Tensho Compass in his hand emitted circles of divine light and ripples. He said, “Support me.”

Gong Nanfeng threw the Tensho Compass up and patted his chest. He spat out a mouthful of blood.

After the Tensho Compass absorbed his blood, it exploded with a divine might that sounded like a tsunami. Streaks of divine light and Qi broke through the clouds and dyed the sky for thousands of miles.

Lord Wu Yue, Sengenwraith, Que, and Pan Ruo mobilized their powers and turned into light pillars that surged toward the Tensho Compass.

The power of the Tensho Compass increased. The light it emitted made Zhang Ruochen’s eyes hurt from thousands of miles away. On the back of Genbu’s divine corpse, the other spiritual-power Saint Masters screamed. Blood flowed out of their eyes, and they became blind.

They were still tens of thousands of miles away. If they were any closer, their bodies would have exploded from the impact of the Divine Artifact.

Shang Yue, Lord Ironclad, and the others were all shocked.

Although they were Supreme Saints with top cultivation, they had never seen a Divine Artifact before. Who would have thought that a Divine Artifact would be so terrifying?

The light waves emitted by the Divine Artifact could heavily injure a Saint-level cultivator tens of thousands of miles away.

Duan Lingfeng was both excited and fanatical. He roared, "The time has come. Next, it's our turn to go on stage and seize the Divine Artifact. All the Supreme Saints have their own duties. All the spiritual-power Saint Masters, do your best to mobilize your spiritual power and activate the inscription of the array formation."

Under cover of the Cloaking Array formation, Genbu's divine corpse walked towards the core of the battlefield.

The Supreme Saints under Bai Qing'er were both fearful and excited.

What a remarkable feat to snatch the Divine Artifact.

...

The Tensho Compass flew out and drew a path of light, destroying the space around the light path and disrupting time. The Sea of flowers that Granny Begonia had manifested could not stop the Tensho Compass and instantly turned into ashes.

No power could stop the Divine Artifact.

In the eyes of all the cultivators of the Fane of Destiny, Granny Begonia was dead for sure.

"Sword Pavilion!"

Granny Begonia dispersed her body and returned to her original form. She turned into a colorful begonia and bloomed in the void.

The begonia tree was thousands of miles tall and had countless flowers. The colorful light emitted by the petals illuminated the earth and the starry sky.

Under the influence of the Tensho Compass, the petals quickly withered, and the branches and leaves were damaged. The entire begonia tree was about to wither.

An ancient pagoda flew out from the damaged branches and leaves.

The pagoda's body spun rapidly, and wisps of smoke surrounded the pagoda. Tens of thousands of ancient swords

flew in the smoke, making ear-piercing sounds of rushing wind.

It was the Sword Pavilion.

Boom

The Sword Pavilion and the Tensho Compass collided, and a powerful energy storm spread out in all directions. The mountains were destroyed, and the earth was torn apart.

Gong Nanfeng looked at the sky, and his hands couldn't help but tighten. He said, "Why did you block the attack of the Divine Artifact? I see, I see, I understand..."

Suddenly, a white light appeared in the sky, and the light became brighter and brighter.

It was a sword.

It was a sword that emitted pure light.

"Everyone, be careful. It's the Great Lightsword," Fortune Palace's High Priest said.

The Great Lightsword was similar to the Divine Book of Light. It was a Divine Artifact of the Fane of Light.

The Great Lightsword in front of them was only a replica, but its grade was extremely high. It was at the level of Class Seven Regal Artifact.

CRACK!

The Great Lightsword split Sengenwraith's body in half.

The sword contained pure light energy that was used to counter the cultivators of the Infernal Court. The two halves of Sengenwraith could not be reassembled. The flesh on the wound turned into specks of light.

The three high priests of the Fane of Destiny were furious. Although they wanted to lure out the Celestial Court's hidden powerhouses from the Infernal Court and kill them all in one fell swoop, there were two variables, Xue Lingxian and Granny Begonia.

The Celestial Court's side attacked at this time. They wanted to take advantage of both of them being injured.

Of course, they did not know that the Great Lightsword was activated by the dozens of Supreme Saints on Genbu's divine corpse. These Supreme Saints were Bai Qing'er's subordinates.

Without the support from Sengenwraith, the power of the Tensho Compass would be significantly reduced.

The colorful begonia tree regained vitality in the void and blossomed with flowers. Countless battle swords flew out from the Sword Pavilion Pagoda and formed a sword formation to trap the Tensho Compass. They wanted to force it into the pagoda.

The Sword Pavilion spun, and space and time also revolved, turning into a Space-time Vortex.

Countless Precepts of Dimension, Marks of Time, and Precepts of Swordsmanship wrapped around the Tensho Compass and pulled it. The pulling force was far more robust than the Violet Gourd.

On the back of Genbu's divine corpse, a group of Supreme Saints controlled the Great Lightsword and attacked the three high priests.

Duan Lingfeng stood in the center and released his spiritual power. Instantly, countless inscriptions of an array appeared on the Genbu's back. In the array, the world became dark and intense winds blew.

The spiritual-power Saint Masters who assisted Duan Lingfeng in activating the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation discovered to his horror that the array below them was like a bottomless pit. Not only did it quickly drain their spiritual power, but it also began to devour their Saint Souls and blood. It even began to devour their Saint Souls and blood.

"High-saint master, I can't hold on any longer. Quickly stop the formation!"

"This formation... isn't something we can activate... Ah... help... help..."

“I knew it. When they decided to snatch the Divine Artifact, we were already doomed. “Right now, we’ve only turned into the essence of the formation... we’re just tools of the Enchanter Chamber...”

...

One spiritual-power Saint Master after another was sucked dry by the array.

Their spiritual power, Saint Soul, and blood were all sucked away and turned into dried corpses.

Duan Lingfeng held his staff and laughed crazily. He was laughing at their ignorance and pity, but also because he was excited that he was about to take the Divine Artifact.

Zhang Ruochen’s pretense was also sucked dry. He disguised himself as a dried corpse and fell into the array.

He could roughly guess that Xue Lingxian and Granny Begonia must have taken the Tensho Compass to rescue the lord of Nephilim Island. He wanted to destroy Duan Lingfeng’s plan and let Granny Begonia use the Sword Pavilion to take the Tensho Compass away.

However, his reason told him that Duan Lingfeng, who controlled the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation, was at his most potent.

It would be difficult if he attacked now, even if the Intergold Tiger helped him.

The Tensho Compass was about to be sucked into the Sword Pavilion’s Space-time Vortex.

Whoosh

The space shook.

Genbu’s divine corpse rushed out of the clouds and crushed the Space-time Vortex with one claw before swallowing the Tensho Compass.

“How dare you! You dare to take the Divine Artifact? Kill without mercy!”

The Anger Palace's High Priest roared as he and the Death Palace's High Priest charged forward and unleashed their Supreme Artifacts.

Genbu's divine corpse had the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation's buffs, making it extremely powerful. A snake tail flew out from the back of Genbu, knocking the two high priests and the two Supreme Artifacts back.

The snake tail was a part of the divine corpse, but it was shattered by the Supreme Artifact.

Large amounts of divine blood fell to the ground.

Activating the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation consumed much of Duan Lingfeng's spiritual power. He couldn't stand properly, so he didn't dare to continue fighting. He quickly activated the spatial formation he had set up.

Whoosh

A white light flashed, and the space shook violently.

Genbu's divine corpse's huge body disappeared into the sky.

The Tensho Compass was snatched away by the powerhouses of the Heavenly Realm!

This result was out of all the cultivators' expectations.

All the parties fighting, be it the magnates of the ten dark forces or the Supreme Powerhouses of the Fane of Destiny, all stopped.

Fukurokuju kept the great light sword and stared at the sky. He was lost in thought for a long time before he asked, "Have you deduced who took the Tensho Compass?"

All the cultivators shook their heads.

Fukurokuju looked around and asked in surprise, "Where's Gong Nanfeng?"

Everyone shook their heads again. No one noticed where Lord Overseer had gone. Perhaps, in the chaos, he had been hit by the aftermath of the battle and turned into dust.

Death Palace's High Priest was furious and roared, "Seal all the wormholes on Hoth and don't allow any cultivators to leave. Investigate! Find out which Archsaint or Hand of the World came to Hoth."

Chapter 2497: Suspicion

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

After the Divine Artifact was stolen, the cultivators of the ten major dark forces immediately fled.

The Fane of Destiny didn't pursue them. At this time, the most important thing was to recover the Divine Artifact.

It could be imagined that the news of the theft of the Tensho Compass would spread like lightning and couldn't be covered up even if they wanted to. If the Divine Artifact wasn't taken back, the Fane of Destiny would become a joke worldwide.

In the future, any faction would dare to secretly attack the Fane of Destiny. This included the ten clans of Infernal Court.

“Should we inform the gods and ask them to make a move...”

A Lord of Destiny had just opened his mouth when he was met with cold gazes. Thus, he shut his mouth.

First of all, the other party had come prepared. Evidently, he had considered alerting the god of the Fane of Destiny. He definitely had a backup plan.

Secondly, they had many powerhouses present, yet they lost the Tensho Compass. This was already a significant loss of face. Not only would they be ridiculed by all living beings, but even the cultivators within the fane would also feel ashamed of them.

In the fane, many seniors were worrying about not having a chance to get a promotion!

Now, they had asked the gods to help them tell everyone how incompetent they were?

Whether for the Fane of Destiny or for themselves, the Divine Artifact had to be taken back by them.

Pan Ruo said, “The Divine Artifact is lost, but we still have to immediately send the news back to the fane and let the gods know. But we also must tell the gods that we will definitely recover the Divine Artifact and make up for our mistakes. As for whether the gods will trust us or not is not an issue for us to consider.”

The Anger Palace’s High Priest nodded and said, “I believe that Lady Scioness is right.”

Death Palace’s High Priest’s face was gloomy as he said, “The saint army of the Destiny Division, the Adjudication Division, and the Divination Division will have to dispatch at least 300,000 soldiers. I think we should sweep through Hoth.”

“What kind of place do you think Hoth is? If you dare to sweep Hoth with blood, the Hoth Emperor will not forgive you,” the Anger Palace’s High Priest said.

He was very angry with Death Palace’s High Priest. He felt that Death Palace’s High Priest should bear at least half the responsibility for the loss of the Divine Artifact. Because the plan to cooperate with the Enchanter Chamber was made by Death Palace’s High Priest.

And the Anger Palace’s High Priest never trusted the Enchanter Chamber.

Pan Ruo said, “To deploy the armies of the three divisions to Hoth, we must first inform the Hoth Palace. Since the Divine Artifact was lost on Hoth, the Hoth Palace will be involved no matter what. I believe the Hoth Emperor will not make things difficult for us.”

Fortune Palace’s High Priest walked over, his face ashen, “I went to check the remaining Dimensional Inscriptions. They are a one-time spatial teleportation array. Based on the intensity of the spatial fluctuations, I estimate that they have teleported at least a hundred million miles away. In other words, they have gone to another planet.”

“Can you predict the specific dimensional coordinates?” Pan Ruo asked.

Fortune Palace’s High Priest said, “According to the divine blood scattered by the divine corpse, I deduced that their current position should be in the northern starry sky.”

“We’ll go after them now.”

A few Lords of Destiny were about to set off immediately.

“Wait.” Pan Ruo asked, “Is there a star map of the starry sky near Hoth?”

A Stone Clan Lord of Destiny looked down on this young Scioness, thinking she was wasting time. He said, “Lady Scioness, Hoth belongs to the desert zone in deep space. The nearest planet above class seven is three light-years away. Even a Supreme Saint wouldn’t be able to reach it in a hundred years by flying!

“If the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm want to escape back to the Heavenly Realm with the Tensho Compass, they have to go through the dimensional wormhole of Hoth.

“I think they went 100 million miles away through the teleportation array to lure us into chasing after them. This is a trick to lure the tiger away from the mountain!

“Therefore, the Destiny Division should go after the Divine Artifact and kill the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm. The other cultivators of the Fane of Destiny must stay on Hoth and watch all the wormholes.”

Pan Ruo shook her head. “We can’t be sure that it’s the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm who took the Tensho Compass. The Great Lightsword isn’t evident enough.”

The Lord of Destiny of the Stone Clan took a Communication talisman and threw it at Pan Ruo. “We’ve found out that the Hand of the World of the Formation Sect, High-Saint Kai Luo, sneaked into Hoth recently. It’s most likely his doing.”

“However, I have received news that High-Saint Kai Luo and the powerful figures of the Heavenly Realm have appeared in

Enchanton. They shot and killed Zhang Ruochen,” Pan Ruo said.

The Lord of Destiny of the Stone Clan said, “High-Saint Kai Luo can do it. After killing Zhang Ruochen, he can use the dimensional teleportation array to come here and take away the Tensho Compass.”

Pan Ruo was very emotional. She said coldly, “Was High-Saint Kai Luo that powerful? He can kill Zhang Ruochen and take away his body in front of Yuan Qianmo, Zhuo Yunong, and other powerhouses of the Infernal Court. And he can run thousands of miles and take away the Tensho Compass from us. Is this something he can do alone? There must be a very powerful figure in the scheme. We must not let down our guard.”

“In my opinion, Lady Scioness is just stalling for time. If the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm were to suppress the vessel spirit of the Tensho Compass, it would be challenging for them to find the Divine Artifact. I’m sorry, but I have to chase after them immediately.” said the Stone Clan Lord of Destiny.

The four Lords of Destiny, apart from the heavily injured Lord Wu Yue, led the other three powerhouses of the Destiny Division to chase after the northern starry sky.

Pan Ruo clenched her hands, trying to stop them, but she couldn’t.

Ultimately, she was a Scioness with too little experience and cultivation. Her words had no weight.

“I’ll go talk to the Hoth Palace.”

Lord Wu Yue also left.

Death Palace’s High Priest said, “I’ll mobilize the power of the Fane of Destiny and seal all the wormholes on Hoth.”

Fortune Palace’s High Priest was very worried. He said, “Zhang Ruochen is a junior that the Lord Reverend thinks highly of. I have to go to Enchanton to find out if he has died. If he has died, we must find the real culprit no matter what.”

Fortune Palace's High Priest sighed deeply. He knew that if Zhang Ruochen really died, the impact would not be less than the loss of the Divine Artifact.

Once Wargod Bloodximus returned from the Jadeite Realm, he would demand an explanation from Mount Destiny once he got angry. Who could suppress him?

In the end, there was a big reason why Zhang Ruochen had appeared from hiding. It was because of the Tensho Compass. If the Tensho Compass didn't reach Hoth, who could find Zhang Ruochen? Naturally, he didn't need to prove his innocence.

'I hope the Intergold Tiger can protect him,' Fortune Palace's High Priest thought.

The Anger Palace's High Priest glanced at Pan Ruo. They sympathized with her awkward situation, "Lady Scioness, there's no need to worry. As long as all the wormholes on Hoth are sealed, it's impossible to lose the Divine Artifact even if someone is scheming.

"If there are gods from the Heavenly Realm waiting for them outside the planet, they won't need to use the wormholes.

"This is Hoth. The gods from the Heavenly Realm don't dare to appear in the nearby starry sky."

Que shut his mouth and didn't say anything else.

The Anger Palace's High Priest continued, "The ten major dark forces have been operating on Hoth for many years. They control many wormholes. If we don't kill them, it will be a disaster. I will join forces with the powerhouses from the other forces to kill them all."

In the end, only Que, Xing Luo, and Pan Ruo remained.

Xing Luo had been watching Pan Ruo the entire time, "Actually, I have the same feeling as you. This matter is indeed bizarre. There's a strange feeling that there's an invisible hand controlling everything. However, what they're doing isn't wrong either. They should indeed immediately go after the cultivator who took the Tensho Compass. There's no time to waste."

Xing Luo turned around and was about to leave.

“Where are you going, Xing Luo?” Pan Ruo asked.

The corner of Xing Luo’s mouth curled up. “I am no longer the Scion, so I will not bear the responsibility of losing the Divine Artifact. In that case, of course I am going to do what I want to do.”

Xing Luo planned to go after Xue Lingxian and get rid of him when he was vulnerable.

Once Xue Lingxian’s injuries healed, he did not have the confidence to defeat him.

Pan Ruo said, “I know that in your eyes, the Divine Artifact might not be important.”

“That’s right. So what if we find the Divine Artifact? It’s not under my control anyway.” Xing Luo shrugged.

Pan Ruo said, “But you’re the former Scion of the Fane of Destiny. Don’t you care about the fane’s prestige and reputation? The loss of the Divine Artifact will seriously blow the fane’s prestige.

“Besides, you don’t want to be played in the palm of others, do you?”

Xing Luo’s eyes were restrained. He thought for a moment and said, “Tell me, what do you want me to do, Lady Scioness?”

Although this new Scioness’ cultivation was low, she could cultivate the Door of Trueself. She was not a mediocre person. It was an excellent opportunity to see if this little girl who was about to control the Fane of Destiny had such great ability?

Pan Ruo said, “Investigate the Enchanter Chamber.”

“The Enchanter Chamber? What about them?” Xing Luo was surprised.

Pan Ruo said, “The first place where the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin appeared was the House of Enchanters. The place where the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin disappeared was also the House of Enchanters. The Enchanter Chamber’s cultivators claimed that Zhang

Ruochen had taken the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. That's why we came to Hoth with the Tensho Compass.

"The Fane of Destiny cooperated with the Enchanteur Chamber to deal with the ten dark forces and the cultivators of the Celestial Court hiding in the Infernal Court. The Enchanteur Chamber agreed very quickly. Of course, it was because they didn't dare to disobey the Fane of Destiny. However, they were so active in contacting the other nine dark forces. The other nine dark forces didn't have any doubts. I always felt that it was too abnormal.

"Apart from that, the relationship between the Enchanteur Chamber and the Celestial Court is very subtle. As far as I know, there are often cultivators from the Celestial Court who sneak into the Infernal Court through the Enchanteur Chamber.

"It can be said that the Enchanteur Chamber has connections with the Fane of Destiny, the ten dark forces, and the Heavenly Realm, so they can know information about the three of us. If there really is someone who has set up a scheme, the Enchanteur Chamber has the best conditions and is most likely to succeed."

Although Xing Luo did not believe that a mere Enchanteur Chamber would dare to make an enemy of the Fane of Destiny and seize the Divine Artifact, the Tensho Compass. However, what Pan Ruo said made some sense. On second thought, the Enchanteur Chamber was quite suspicious.

However, everyone focused on the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, the Tensho Compass, the ten dark forces, High-Saint Kai Luo, Zhang Ruochen, and the dimensional wormhole. Instead, they ignored the Enchanteur Chamber.

They had been hiding in the blind spots of all cultivators' attention.

The more powerful a cultivator was, the more they would ignore the Enchanteur Chamber. They thought they didn't dare and couldn't participate in this competition.

After Xing Luo left, Pan Ruo stared at Que and said self-mockingly, “As a Scioness, I didn’t even have a powerhouse by my side. I can’t deal with any of the top-notch Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints from the ten dark forces.”

“What do you want to do? I’ll help you! As long as you don’t meet a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, my sword is still sharp enough,” Que said.

From the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting to Hoth, although Que rarely spoke and watched coldly from the side, he could tell that this new Scioness was indeed extremely intelligent. She could remain calm even in the most critical moment.

When everyone was in a state of panic, she could make all kinds of rational decisions.

Such a woman made him feel a sense of admiration and admiration.

It was not easy for someone as arrogant as Que to acknowledge Pan Ruo. With his support, it was only a matter of time before Pan Ruo took control of the Fane of Destiny.

Pan Ruo said, “We need to find a star map of the starry sky around Hoth first.”

Que was also an intelligent person. He immediately understood and said, “You suspect that there are other wormholes around Hoth?”

“Not necessarily,” said Pan Ruo.

Chapter 2498: The True Victor

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

In the northern universe 170 million miles away from Hoth, a Space-time Vortex suddenly formed, and Genbu's divine corpse appeared out of thin air. Then, the Space-time Vortex disappeared, and the universe remained silent.

Duan Lingfeng looked behind him at the distant white Hoth that was only the size of a washbasin, and a proud smile appeared on his face. So what if there were so many powerhouses in the Fane of Destiny? The Divine Artifact had still been snatched away by me.

Unfortunately, this matter was crucial, and he could not make it public. Otherwise, with this battle, Duan Lingfeng would be famous worldwide.

Shang Yue, Lord Ironclad, Gu Yanzhi, and the other Supreme Saints gathered joyfully. They were highly excited.

To snatch the Divine Artifact and succeed, such an incredible feat was enough for them to be proud of for the rest of their lives.

Shang Yue said, "Uncle-master, the Great Lightsword has been taken away by Fortune Palace's High Priest!"

Duan Lingfeng waved his hand and smiled, "It's a small matter! With the Tensho Compass, it's better than a thousand Great Lightswords. Moreover, our goal is to let the Fane of Destiny think that the Heavenly Realm took the Tensho Compass."

“You are a great strategist, Duan Linfeng. Even the Fane of Destiny and the nine dark forces have been played around. I admire you, I really admire you.” Lord Ironclad cupped his hands and laughed respectfully.

“I can not take credit for this. It is all junior sister’s plan. She is the one with the pearl of wisdom that led us to a thousand more victories.” Duan Lingfeng’s eyes flashed with a strange look, and the corners of his mouth rose unconsciously.

Gu Yanzhi did not know that the purpose of this trip was to seize the Divine Artifact. Previously, he was so scared that his heart almost jumped out. Even now, he was extremely worried. He said, “The Fane of Destiny will seal all the wormholes on Hoth. We have no way to take the Divine Artifact away.”

“Who said that only Hoth has wormholes?” Duan Lingfeng asked.

Gu Yanzhi said, “The closest Class Seven Planet to Hoth is called Sunyata. It’s located three light-years away and tens of trillion miles away. It would take us less than a thousand years to fly there. Moreover, we must be careful and not get lost in the universe.”

The universe was larger than the ocean, and it was easier to get lost.

Duan Lingfeng took out a star map and laid it on the ground.

In the center of the star map was a big white star with the word “Hoth” written on it.

Around the big white star, there were more than twenty tiny circle and their trajectories.

Each tiny circle represented a planet.

“Class Two Planet, Azuria.”

“Class One Planet, Ghostorb.”

...

Duan Lingfeng pointed to the edge of the star map to the east of Hoth.

There were densely packed black dots named the “Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt”.

“This is where we’re going!” Duan Lingfeng said.

Gu Yanzhi was puzzled. He said, “There’s a wormhole here? The Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt was more than two billion miles away from Hoth. With my cultivation, it would take me half a year to get there even if I tried my best. It’s just a barren gravel area. No cultivator has been there for many years.”

Duan Lingfeng said, “My junior sister once observed the astrological events and saw that densely packed asteroids were not born naturally. Therefore, she flipped through the ancient scrolls and found that in the distant past, there used to be a Class Seven Quarry Planet called Oort.”

A Class Seven Planet had a diameter of at least a million miles.

Moreover, any place with a Class Seven Planet or above would have a spatial wormhole.

Duan Lingfeng continued, “Later, the ores of Oort were completely extracted, and the planet shattered, turning into an asteroid belt. From then on, that place was abandoned, and no cultivators ever went there again.”

Gu Yanzhi’s worried heart finally settled down. It turned out that Lady Bai had already prepared a backup plan, which was a perfect plan.

The Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt was in the east, but they were teleported to the north. Obviously, they planned to attract the powerhouses of the Fane of Destiny to the north to avoid being pursued relentlessly.

Duan Lingfeng said, “The blood of Genbu’s divine corpse spilled on the battlefield, and the coordinates will be predicted by the high priest of the Fane of Destiny. I must immediately suppress the vessel spirit of the Tensho Compass and then abandon Genbu’s divine corpse. All of you retreat far away and use your saint artifacts to freeze space and prevent the Tensho Compass from escaping.”

Whoosh

The Supreme Saints flew out of Genbu's divine corpse and floated into the pitch-black space. They each summoned their Regal Artifacts and used their power to form a circle.

The light from the dozens of Regal Artifacts formed a sphere with a diameter of hundreds of miles.

Duan Lingfeng held the Genbu Warstaff and stood alone on the back of Genbu's divine corpse. He mumbled, and his mighty spiritual power spread out in all directions like dense threads.

The inscriptions of the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation were attached to the shell of Genbu's divine corpse and flew higher and higher.

Without the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation, the Tensho Compass turned into a beam of divine light. It broke through the divine corpse, flying toward the direction of Hoth.

Duan Lingfeng's hair fluttered in the wind. He laughed and said, "Trying to escape? Genbu, devourer of heaven and eater of earth."

The inscription of the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation completely broke away from the Genbu shell and turned into dense light patterns. Like a Genbu made of light patterns, it swallowed the Tensho Compass into its stomach again.

The Tensho Compass rampaged inside the body of the Genbu, making a deafening noise.

The space kept shaking.

"Withdraw!"

Duan Lingfeng gritted his teeth. His eyes were ferocious. His hands were trembling. He controlled the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation to keep shrinking, pressing the array inscription onto the Tensho Compass.

Using the array to suppress the vessel spirit.

Gu Yanzhi sighed. "The array inscription can break away from Genbu's divine corpse. It seems that Duan Lingfeng is only one step away from becoming an Archsaint."

Zhang Ruochen, who lay on the ground like a dried corpse on Genbu's divine corpse's shell, opened his eyes.

Duan Lingfeng was doing his best to suppress the Tensho Compass. He did not notice the "living" dried corpse behind him.

"It's not too late for me to attack after this old man has suppressed the Tensho Compass."

Zhang Ruochen quietly took out the Ugyen Cudgel and hid it under his body.

"Put it away."

Duan Lingfeng roared again. His eyes were bloodshot, and his face was full of bulging meridians. His body's spiritual power was released, like a star blooming in the void.

The spiritual power in his body was significantly consumed, and his state of mind was getting weaker and weaker, but Duan Lingfeng was very excited.

This was a Divine Artifact!

It was initially a Divine Artifact of the Fane of Destiny, and it was about to belong to him.

That's right.

He didn't plan to give the Tensho Compass to Bai Qing'er and planned to keep it for himself.

Where in the world would there be a fool who would give away a Divine Artifact?

When the last inscription of the array landed on the Tensho Compass, the divine light emitted by the Tensho Compass completely dimmed and fell from the sky into the trembling hands of Duan Lingfeng.

The Tensho Compass was a black disc the size of a palm. On the disc, there were countless densely-packed lines, as well as words and patterns that were so small that they could not be recognized by the naked eye.

It was likely that the disc had to be enlarged to the size of a planet to see the lines, words, and patterns clearly.

In the center of the disc, a white needle was embedded.

At this moment, the Tensho Compass was covered by a densely-packed inscription of the array. On the back of the disc, a Genbu formation mark appeared.

Duan Lingfeng's eyes were filled with eagerness. He quickly removed a black cloth belt made of unique material and placed the Tensho Compass inside. This prevented the powerhouses from the Fane of Destiny from predicting its location.

The dozens of Supreme Saints who were floating in mid-air kept their artifacts. All of them were overjoyed.

From their point of view, as the vessel spirit of the Divine Artifact was suppressed, this operation could be said to be a success.

A gloomy look flashed across Duan Lingfeng's eyes. He intended to kill all of them to silence them. However, his spiritual power was severely exhausted, so he couldn't do anything. He thought, 'It's not too late to attack after my spiritual power has recovered a little.'

Duan Lingfeng said, "Everyone, with the cultivation of the top powerhouses of the Fane of Destiny, can reach here in two days at most. We must hurry up and head to the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt..."

BANG!

Halfway through his words, Duan Lingfeng's head was smashed open by a Ugyen Cudgel.

Everyone who was still floating in the air was stunned.

They saw that a dried corpse had appeared behind Duan Lingfeng without them knowing.

While stunned, the dried corpse picked up the black cloth belt containing the Tensho Compass and quickly fled south. In the blink of an eye, it had run dozens of miles away at an extraordinary speed.

Duan Lingfeng thought, 'Damn it, he's hiding among those spiritual-power Saint Masters. Who is he? Could he be a powerhouse of the Corpusians?'

“We covet gains before our eyes in disregard of the troubles ahead. It seems there’s an even greater threat now. Quick, after him,” said Duan Lingfeng.

...

Shang Yue, Lord Ironclad, Lord Yue Lin of the Ji Feng City, and the three Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints struck out their artifacts at the first moment and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

Shang Yue’s Saint Sword, Lord Ironclad’s White Bonespear, and Vampiric Bracelet were powerful Regal Artifacts. They could destroy the world with their cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to expose his identity, so he didn’t use his saint Qi.

He held the Ugyen Cudgel and used his physical strength to send Saint Sword, White Bonespear, and Vampiric Bracelet flying. He used the three forces to escape hundreds of miles away.

As for the energy from the three Regal Artifacts, they couldn’t hurt his skin or flesh.

Shang Yue’s beautiful eyes were filled with shock. “He can parry my sword away with just his physical strength. How powerful is his body?”

She didn’t know that Zhang Ruochen had broken through the 100th shackle. Although he hadn’t reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred Shackle Realm, more than half of the Demigod-level physical strength had been released.

“I’ll shoot him down.”

A mysterious Supreme Saint in white took out a snow-white jade bow and put an arrow emitting bright power on the bowstring.

His name was Tian Mu. His cultivation had reached the pinnacle of the Banshi Isshou Realm. He was originally a cultivator in the Heavenly Realm. After being subdued by Bai Qing’er, he became a slave.

He was the one who had offered the Great Lightsword to Bai Qing'er.

The bowstring was pulled open. Numerous Precepts of Light flowed rapidly on the bow and arrow, giving off a brilliant light.

BANG!

The saint arrow dragged out a thousand-meter-long tail and flew like a meteor.

“Bai Qing'er's methods are too incredible. Even a cultivator of the Heavenly Realm was subdued by her.”

Zhang Ruochen quietly released the Null Time realm. After the saint arrow flew into the domain, its speed slowed.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen turned around quickly. He conjured the Ugyen Cudgel and sent the saint arrow flying.

However, Tian Mu's second and third arrows, restricting him, came one after another.

Shang Yue, Lord Ironclad, and Lord Yue Lin, three influential figures in the Banshi Isshou Realm, led several Supreme Saints and surrounded him from three different directions.

Duan Lingfeng's smashed head condensed again under the influence of his spirits on Genbu's divine corpse's back. It had angry eyes and a twisted, ferocious face.

Chapter 2499: Heading towards the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Duan Lingfeng's head condensed again, alerting Zhang Ruochen.

Although the physical quality of a spiritual power cultivator was weak, reaching the 69th level could produce all kinds of mysteries. Even if the physical body was destroyed, he would not die. His vitality was more potent than that of a Supreme Saint.

‘Although Duan Lingfeng’s spiritual power is severely exhausted, he’s still not something I can fight against. I have to leave immediately,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen did not care about the risk of exposing his identity. He mobilized the saint Qi in him and activated the Supreme Inscription of the Ugyen Cudgel to draw out the Supreme Power. Suddenly, the Ugyen Cudgel turned into a divine pillar in the sky. The surrounding space became dim, and countless bolts of lightning flashed.

The terrifying and peerless energy burst out and instantly deflected all Tian Mu’s saint arrows.

The saint light on the saint arrows dissipated, and many cracks appeared.

“Everyone, be careful! It’s a Supreme Artifact!” Tian Mu’s expression changed, and he shouted.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Ugyen Cudgel and swept out with full power. He sent the seven Supreme Saints, including Shang Yue, flying like scarecrows.

Two of the lower-level Supreme Saints couldn't withstand the attack of the Supreme Artifact. Their Neverwithers exploded, and even their bones were shattered into powder.

Other than Shang Yue, the other four Supreme Saints were seriously injured.

Shang Yue could withstand the Supreme Artifact because of her profound cultivation and the many protective treasures she had.

Even so, the appearance of the Supreme Artifact still shocked her.

Since she had the Supreme Artifact, the other party was prepared and had already seen through their plan.

Otherwise, only the high priest of the Fane of Destiny, the first judge, and the first Lord of Destiny could hold the Supreme Artifact under normal circumstances. A Supreme Artifact may be beyond the control of even the leaders of the ten dark forces.

In the three directions, Lord Yue Lin and Lord Ironclad were at the pinnacle of the Banshi Isshou Realm. Only Shang Yue's cultivation was at the middle-stage of the Banshi Isshou Realm. Zhang Ruochen naturally chose to break out from her side.

"Take this."

Zhang Ruochen roared. He held the Ugyen Cudgel with both hands and stirred in the universe. Then he hacked down.

Shang Yue had just stopped when she felt the space collapse and sink. Her body fell uncontrollably. She looked up and saw a black gold sky in the universe. A light pillar with boundless battle intent hacked down.

Her body was locked onto by a Supreme Artifact, and she couldn't dodge.

Shang Yue's saint robe and long dress unfolded like a beautiful flower petal under the wind. Her body burned with raging flames. The flower petal turned into a flaming rose, and a hell-like Precept Domain appeared.

At the same time, a Regal Artifact Saint Sword flew out of her body and let out an ear-splitting sword hum.

The sword shot forward like a white rainbow.

BOOM!

The Ugyen Cudgel crushed her Precept Domain layer by layer.

It clashed with the Saint Sword.

The Supreme Power shattered all the sword Qi, and a crack appeared on the Saint Sword. Then, it exploded and turned into countless sword pieces that flew back.

Some of the sword pieces hit Shang Yue's body and left bloody holes.

Although she was an Innate Fire Spirit, she had also cultivated a body of flesh and blood.

PFFT!

Shang Yue spat out blood and fell down.

The injury caused by the sword pieces was secondary. What really hurt her was the Supreme Power of the Ugyen Cudgel. The Supreme Power not only hurt her body but also her Saint Soul.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Shang Yue's shoulder and wrapped her whole body with the sacred chain, throwing her out.

Shang Yue instinctively wanted to give up her body and revert into a fire spirit to break free from the sacred chain. However, as soon as she thought about it, white lines appeared on the sacred chain. It released a strange power and attacked her Saint Soul.

She couldn't even give up her body, let alone break the sacred chain.

BANG!

Shang Yue fell to the ground. Because her body was bound, she couldn't keep her balance. She rolled on the ground twice before stopping.

She wasn't on the ground but on the Ugyen Cudgel.

However, the Ugyen Cudgel was bigger than a mountain at this moment. It was like a ship flying at high speed. It flew so fast that even Shang Yue, a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm, couldn't catch up.

Lord Ironclad, Lord Yue Lin, and the other Supreme Saints were far behind.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the Ugyen Cudgel. His expression was still serious and nervous. He didn't relax at all.

Rumble

The universe above exploded.

Invisible strands of Death Qi appeared. They were like clouds, fog, dragons, and snakes. They twined quickly and gave off dark red and purple-black light.

A thousand miles away.

Duan Lingfeng's eyes were extremely vicious. He raised the Genbu Warstaff above his head and shouted through gritted teeth, "Death Typhoon."

This was a spiritual power saint technique!

From the cloud of Death Qi came the sounds of metal horses, dragons, and tigers roaring. Then, the doomsday chariot, undead knights, bone dragons, and corpusian tigers rushed out of the cloud toward the Ugyen Cudgel.

Shang Yue fell to the ground and laughed at the scene. "You can't escape. This is an attack launched by my Uncle Master's spiritual power. It's enough to kill you from a thousand miles away."

"What are you laughing at? This attack can kill me, but it can also kill you. Your Uncle Master doesn't seem to care about you at all," Zhang Ruochen said.

Shang Yue's pretty face turned cold. She didn't speak anymore.

Zhang Ruochen took a stack of talismans from his Ring of Dimensions and threw them into the sky.

Boom Boom

The talismans exploded one by one. They turned into a light screen, a shield, or an ancient city. They collided with the chariots, knights, and tigers in the Death Typhoon.

Zhang Ruochen had taken some of these protective talismans from other cultivators. Some were gifts from the major forces when he and Luo Sha were engaged.

Although the quality of the talismans was not top-notch, they were many in quantity.

Shang Yue watched Zhang Ruochen throw out one talisman after another. Her eyelids were twitching, and she was bewildered. Each of these talismans was priceless. How could he take out so many of them?

Could he be the successor of the Talisman Grand Supreme Master?

Standing on Genbu's shell, Duan Lingfeng was so angry that he went crazy. He could not hold on any longer. Blood spurted out of his mouth and nose as he fell to the ground and fainted.

Immediately, the Death Typhoon dissipated.

"Lord Ironclad and I will go after that person. Take care of Duan Lingfeng," said Lord Yue Lin.

Lord Yue Lin and Lord Ironclad burst out with extreme speed. They turned into two beams of light and chased after the Ugyen Cudgel.

The two powerhouses initially used their artifacts to launch long-range attacks.

However, when their artifacts were taken away by the other party using unknown means, they did not dare to make a move anymore.

Of course, as time passed, the distance between them and the Ugyen Cudgel grew further and further. Even if they wanted to launch an attack, they were powerless. They only hoped that they could keep up and not lose them.

Six hours later.

The Ugyen Cudgel was 200,000 miles away from them.

Zhang Ruochen let out a sigh of relief. He said, "They've been chasing me for six hours. Their saint Qi should be almost used up. They won't be able to catch up with me in a short time."

Zhang Ruochen's saint Qi consumption was ten times more than Lord Ironclad and Lord Yue Lin.

However, Zhang Ruochen had been absorbing the Godstone and taking the sacred medicine, so he could last longer.

Lord Ironclad and Lord Yue Lin were both at the pinnacle of the Banshi Isshou Realm. Zhang Ruochen believed he was no match for them if he didn't expose his identity.

Besides, it was such a big deal to take the Divine Artifact. Zhang Ruochen didn't believe that Bai Qing'er would give it to Duan Lingfeng.

The temptation of the Divine Artifact was too great. What if Duan Lingfeng took it for himself?

Zhang Ruochen guessed that either Bai Qing'er was on her way or sent another powerhouse.

Therefore, since he had the Divine Artifact, there was no need to continue fighting.

Zhang Ruochen swallowed a 100,000-year-old ancient sacred medicine. He felt that his saint Qi had recovered a lot. He completely got rid of Lord Yue Lin and Lord Ironclad before stopping to rest.

He grabbed the wrapped chain around Shang Yue and reached out to grab the void.

The Ugyen Cudgel turned into a rod and fell into his hand.

The next moment, he activated the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light and flew out at 10,000 times the speed of

sound.

Every second, he flew close to 10,000 miles.

The Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light consumed a lot of saint Qi. Zhang Ruochen couldn't continue flying for about 5 million miles. The saint Qi in his body was almost exhausted.

After stopping, Zhang Ruochen looked back. Even with the Eye of Truth, he couldn't see Lord Ironclad or Lord Yue Lin.

He was completely free!

Zhang Ruochen found a mountain-sized cosmic rock and dug a cave. He took Shang Yue and hid in it.

These rocks were the most common in the universe. If he hid in them, he could at least avoid being seen by the Supreme Saint's eyes from thousands of miles away.

Zhang Ruochen released a spiritual avatar of himself and controlled the rocks of the universe to fly toward the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt in the south at a speed of 100 miles per second. Then, he prepared to absorb the Godstone to recover the severely exhausted saint Qi in his body.

Shang Yue sat not far away and snorted. "So the so-called Master Xunmu is you, Zhang Ruochen."

"You recognized me?" Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised.

Of course, he knew that Shang Yue could not confirm it. She was just testing him. But it did not matter. Since Shang Yue had fallen into his hands, she couldn't escape.

Shang Yue said, "You have such low cultivation, but you can have a Supreme Artifact. You can also spread talismans like paper and swallow a 100,000-year-old sacred medicine as if it were an everyday item. Who else can do this besides Zhang Ruochen?"

"Are you trying to say that I'm only borrowing external power, but I don't have any real abilities?" Zhang Ruochen's withered, shriveled, and old body returned to his young and handsome appearance.

Shang Yue was delighted, but her expression didn't change. She said, "That's right! In my opinion, Zhang Ruochen, the so-called Yuanhui-level genius, is nothing more than a person who relies on a pile of Supreme Artifacts and various external objects. If you let me go and fight me with your bare hands, you may not be able to defeat me in ten moves."

Zhang Ruochen walked to her and squatted down. He looked at her carefully, as if he was hesitating.

Shang Yue was very nervous, afraid that Zhang Ruochen would not fall into her trap.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Are you at the middle-stage of the Banshi Isshou Realm?"

"Yes, why? Are you afraid? A Yuanhui level genius can only be qualified to be at the Yuanhui-level if he can defeat his opponent by crossing two realms." Shang Yue continued to provoke him.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Are you an Innate Fire Spirit?"

"My original form is a Spiritus Agni. I have cultivated it for countless years. Later, my master enlightened me and taught me techniques. Finally, I cultivated my own physical body and had my own life. Zhang Ruochen, do you dare to fight me?" Shang Yue asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Oh, a Spiritus Agni. You can help me cultivate the Divine Purification Flame."

Shang Yue's face changed dramatically. She turned pale and said in fear, "You... What kind of Yuanhui-level genius are you? You don't even dare to fight with me."

"Why should I prove my cultivation and strength to you? You are just my captive. No, from now on, you are only the material for me to cultivate the Divine Purification Flame," Zhang Ruochen said lightly.

Shang Yue's body trembled slightly, and she could not calm down.

It was not easy for her to cultivate all her life. Every step was challenging, from the moment she attained spiritual

intelligence to the development of the body and then to the cultivation of Banshi Isshou Realm. Now, she was not far from becoming a god. Naturally, she did not want to die.

Zhang Ruochen sighed, “Tsk tsk. My life is almost perfect, without any weaknesses. Unfortunately, there is only one flaw: I can not be ruthless to beautiful women.”

Hearing this, Shang Yue was desperate to escape.

She believed that her beauty was not inferior to those so-called fairies and saintesses.

Zhang Ruochen’s lust for beauty had long been known. Everyone in the Infernal Court knew about it, so Shang Yue naturally had no doubts.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I’ll ask you a few questions. You have to answer me truthfully. “I like obedient girls. No matter how beautiful they are, I can only destroy them if they aren’t obedient enough. In addition, your junior sister apprentice Shang Xia is also in my hands. After I ask you, I will seek confirmation from her. If you lie... I will be furious and do things with no bottom line!”

Chapter 2500: The Fragile Gong Nanfeng

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Shang Yue stared at him coldly and said, “Don’t even think about asking me anything.”

Although she did not want to die and was afraid of death, she was able to cultivate the Banshi Isshou Realm. How could she be intimidated by a few words from Zhang Ruochen?

“Don’t be in a hurry to refuse. My questions are straightforward.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at her from head to toe and asked, “How old are you?”

Shang Yue gritted her teeth and thought carefully. This question could be answered, so she became less stubborn. She said, “It has been 70,000 years since I attained spiritual intelligence. It has been 1,300 years since I cultivated a physical body.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “Why the cultivation of a physical body?”

“Does it have anything to do with you?” Shang Yue asked.

“Answer me!” Zhang Ruochen ordered.

Shang Yue turned her face away, “As long as plants, spiritual monsters, and even stone cultivators have techniques that can cultivate a physical body, who doesn’t want to? Suppose they don’t cultivate the physical body. In that case, the difficulty of becoming a saint and a god will increase by more than ten times.”

Zhang Ruochen knew the Stone Clan cultivators cultivated a physical body.

In the Stone World, one of the myriad worlds of the Celestial Court, the Stone Clan cultivators pursued and explored life. They would cultivate their own bodies.

The Stone Clan cultivators of the Infernal Court were the exact opposite. They didn't cultivate a physical body. They cultivated the Path of Death. If they wanted to destroy everything, they would turn it into stone. Even if they had blood, it was also called stone sap. It was formed from the essence of a stone body and flowed in the stone veins in their bodies.

Because they didn't have a physical body, the Infernal Court's Stone Clan was the same as the Ghosts, Corpusians, and Bone Clan. The vast majority of them couldn't reproduce. Even if they wanted to reproduce, their methods were exceptional.

Of course, cultivating a physical body was too difficult for the Stone Clan cultivators.

In addition, the Stone Clan's past generations of cultivators believed that the Stone Clan who cultivated a physical body was no longer pure. They were heresy. They had lost their origin and were enslaved by flesh and blood creatures. Therefore, most of the divine codex of the Stone Clan was in the hands of the Infernal Court's Stone Clan.

The number and strength of the Infernal Court's Stone Clan far surpassed that of the Celestial Court's Stone World.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "How old is your master, Bai Qing'er? Is she of the Stone Clan? Has she cultivated a physical body?"

"I don't know anything about my master," Shang Yue said.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were filled with regret. He shook his head and said, "If you don't even want to reveal this little information, what's the point of keeping you alive?"

As he spoke, he reached out with his right hand and touched Shang Yue's fragile cheek.

Whoosh

The Divine Purification Flame appeared on his fingertips.

Shang Yue quickly said, "My master rarely tells us her secrets. I only know that she's no older than 3,000 years old. I don't know if she's from the Stone Clan. But she definitely does not have a stone body because she also bleeds. It's not the stone sap of the Stone Clan."

"Very good," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his finger and clapped his hands. He smiled and said, "Then let me ask you one last question. Did Bai Qing'er capture a cultivator from Kunlun?"

"If I tell you, will you let me go?" Shang Yue asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "If you tell me, I will let you go. Will you believe me?"

"You will never let me go because you will never let anyone know that the Tensho Compass ended up in your hands," Shang Yue said.

She knew from the fact that Zhang Ruochen did not return to Hoth but went to the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt that he could not return the Tensho Compass to the Fane of Destiny and wanted to keep it for himself.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I will not let you go, but I can promise not to kill you."

"Just like my junior sister and the Divine Prince?" Shang Yue asked.

Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised. He didn't expect to learn such an important piece of information unintentionally.

Zhang Ruochen became interested and asked, "What is the relationship between your junior sister and Luo Shengtian?"

"What do you think is the relationship between a man and a woman?" Shang Yue asked back.

Zhang Ruochen thought back to the past. Luo Shengtian seemed to like secretly going to the House of Enchanters. Was it a mutual love, or was it one of Bai Qing'er's plans?

Both scenarios were possible.

After all, for Shang Xia, the status of becoming the woman of the Divine Prince of Devala was much higher than that of a woman who stayed in the Enchanter Chamber.

Zhang Ruochen could not help but smile. If Luo Shengtian dared to criticize him in the future, he finally had a way to fight back. This was a small harvest!

Zhang Ruochen said, "I said I won't kill you, and I won't. So answer my question first."

Shang Yue smiled slyly and said, "No."

"What?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Shang Yue said, "My master didn't catch any cultivators of Kunlun. At least, not before I entered the Governor's Manor. After entering the Governor's Manor, I didn't go out because I had to prepare the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation. I didn't know any news from the outside world."

Zhang Ruochen stared at her for a long time and said, "Okay! I'll ask you one last question."

"Why is there one last question?" Shang Yue was annoyed. She felt that Zhang Ruochen was playing her.

Zhang Ruochen said in a low voice, "You have to understand one thing. You are now my prisoner. All the rules are made by me. Anyway, you have said so much. Do you still care about the last question?"

Shang Yue was not willing to be fooled. She knew that Zhang Ruochen was trying to lure her step by step to break through her psychological defense.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If you don't answer, you will die. After you die, I can ask your junior sister. After all, we are likely to be a family in the future. She will tell me."

"Think about it carefully! You two were so close. The senior sister died, but her junior sister became the imperial concubine of the Divine Prince. She might even be able to use the cultivation resources of Devala to break into divinity, have a bunch of children, and live freely in heaven and earth. And you, who will remember you after you die? The gap between

you two is so big that it's sad and pitiful just thinking about it."

Shang Yue's thoughts were put into Zhang Ruochen's imagination. Her emotions became intense, and she said, "I don't believe that Shang Xia really fell into your hands."

Zhang Ruochen took out the *Secret Tome of Time and Space* and opened one of the pages.

On the page, there was a beautiful picture exactly like Shang Xia. It was vivid and lively as if she would walk out of the paper at any time.

Zhang Ruochen closed the *Secret Tome of Time and Space*. He said, "My grandfather is Wargod Bloodximius, and my mother is also a god. Becoming a woman who is a Yuanhui-level genius is no worse than the Divine Prince's woman. You are so smart. You should know how to choose. You are so beautiful and so outstanding. You are a powerhouse in the Banshi Isshou Realm. You are many times more powerful than Lord Xia Yu. To make Lord Xia Yu mine, I gave her a Supreme Artifact. I've always been generous to beauties."

Shang Yue's eyes were filled with doubt, but then she struggled. Finally, she turned to think. The coldness on her face dissipated. She lowered her head and said softly, "Ask away. I can answer anything I know."

"Did Bai Qing'er steal the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

After going through countless circles and breaking through Shang Yue's psychological defense, Zhang Ruochen finally reached the point.

Shang Yue said, "Yes! But the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin have long been replaced. What master stole were only five ordinary Divine Crystal of Origin."

"Who switched them?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Shang Yue said, "My master suspected it was the Seven-Armed Elder."

Zhang Ruochen kept staring at Shang Yue's eyes. He was sure that she was telling the truth.

He paced back and forth in the cave.

After a long while, Zhang Ruochen laughed. "Bai Qing'er is indeed smart. It's a pity that she underestimated the world. It seems that she lost the game with the Seven-Armed Elder."

He thought about it carefully. The reason why Bai Qing'er lost was because of Zhang Ruochen.

Otherwise, the Seven-Armed Elder would have died in her hands, and she would have taken back the five superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin.

It was not surprising that Bai Qing'er hated him so much that she wanted him dead.

Zhang Ruochen asked again, "Why does the Enchanter Chamber dare to team up with the cultivators of the ten dark forces to snatch the Tensho Compass? Aren't you afraid that the Fane of Destiny will know?"

"Why should they be afraid that the Fane of Destiny will find out? This is the cooperation between the Fane of Destiny and the Enchanter Chambers. It is intended to draw out the powerhouses of the ten dark forces and catch them all in one fell swoop," Shang Yue said.

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised. He had already guessed it. He just wanted to verify it with her.

In this way, Bai Qing'er's methods were brilliant. She played all the forces in her hands. Her courage and wisdom were unyielding.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Last question."

Shang Yue rolled her eyes at him.

Zhang Ruochen said, "The real last question is, who is the powerhouse Bai Qing'er arranged to guard the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt?"

Shang Yue looked surprised. She hesitated momentarily and said, "You can even guess this!"

“It’s not hard to guess! Who wouldn’t be tempted by a Divine Artifact? How could Bai Qing’er not be wary of Duan Lingfeng? If there is a wormhole in the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt, there must be a powerhouse guarding it, and it must be someone Bai Qing’er can trust,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Shang Yue said, “It’s Lord Turtle and General Pillar.”

Zhang Ruochen had some impressions of them. He said, “Are they the opponents of Duan Lingfeng?”

“Don’t underestimate them. They have all received guidance from Huang Tian. They are extraordinary existences in the Stone Clan. Of course, my master does everything flawlessly. Perhaps there are other arrangements, but she will never tell us.”

Shang Yue’s eyes were tender. “Master Ruochen, I’ve told you everything I know. Am I obedient?”

A Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm spoke in such a delicate manner. Zhang Ruochen’s heart pounded. He couldn’t take it anymore!

Zhang Ruochen suppressed the evil thoughts in his mind. He walked over and said thoughtfully, “You’re indeed obedient.”

“Then...” said Shang Yue.

Zhang Ruochen said, “But you are too obedient. I don’t like it.”

Shang Yue had a fiery and flamboyant personality. When she heard this, she could no longer pretend. She said coldly, “Zhang Ruochen, have you been humiliating me from the beginning to the end?”

Zhang Ruochen let out a long breath. He sighed and said, “You can betray your master and be obedient to me. In the future, you might betray me and be obedient to others. How could I dare to have such a woman? I like a stubborn woman. You’re too easy to get. At most, you can only be a maid first! Depending on your performance, you might have a chance in the future.”

Shang Yue was furious. She felt that Zhang Ruochen was an unscrupulous liar. She snarled, "I'm a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. You want me to be..."

Zhang Ruochen threw her into the *Secret Tome of Time and Space*. She turned into a picture of beauty and was sealed inside.

Zhang Ruochen's body was full of absolute Yang Qi. He also had Yanshen's Divine Mark of Flame. He had also condensed the Grade Four Fire Saintwill. He had almost lost control just now.

Before the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill was completed, how could he dare to cultivate the Divine Purification Flame?

Actually, Zhang Ruochen had already regretted condensing the Grade Four Fire Saintwill. Only now did he realize that if the Fire Saintwill condensed at the beginning was only of Grade Six or Seven, it should be easier to integrate it into the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. It would be easier to achieve balance.

Previously, he said he wanted to use Shang Yue to cultivate the Divine Purification Flame to scare her.

Zhang Ruochen did not ask Shang Xia again. This woman was utterly different from Shang Yue. It was evident that she was determined. She would rather die than compromise. It was pointless to ask.

With the Heart of Truth, Zhang Ruochen could tell that Shang Yue was telling the truth.

He activated the Sundial.

Zhang Ruochen swallowed the sacred medicine and sacred pill to quickly recover the saint Qi he had exhausted and the injuries in his sea of Qi.

At the same time, he spent time breaking the thousands of tiny shackles in him.

In three days, Zhang Ruochen activated the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light, which was 10,000 times faster than the speed of sound. He flew several times and traveled nearly 300

million miles. He thought he had lost all the cultivators chasing him.

However, just as he landed on a cosmic rock and was about to dig a cave to rest, a shout came behind him. “Supreme Saint Ruochen, wait, wait for me.”

Zhang Ruochen had already transformed into Master Xunmu’s aged appearance to prevent being recognized. Who could recognize him? And who could catch up with him?

Zhang Ruochen immediately became alert and summoned the Ugyen Cudgel.

A weak young man flew onto the cosmic rock. He couldn’t stand firmly and staggered two steps forward. He almost fell to the ground. He smiled awkwardly. “Don’t be nervous. It’s me. The Overseer, Gong Nanfeng.”

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. He was dazed. He couldn’t figure out how Gong Nanfeng had caught up to him.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen had seen Gong Nanfeng before. He was the one who had shot out the Tensho Compass.

Zhang Ruochen used his spiritual power to investigate. He found that Gong Nanfeng didn’t have any power fluctuations. He was no different from a mortal.

Gong Nanfeng smiled and allowed Zhang Ruochen to check. He said, “I didn’t expect that it was Supreme Saint Ruochen who helped the Fane of Destiny to take back the Tensho Compass. He is indeed a talent favored by Fukurokuju and the owner of the Destiny Token. Could you please return the Tensho Compass to me?”

‘Return the Tensho Compass?’

Zhang Ruochen said coldly, “I am not Zhang Ruochen. You have mistaken me for someone else.”

“Supreme Saint Ruochen, we’re on the same side. You don’t have to be so cautious. I’ve already figured out your identity. I have the saint robe You wore. I brought it from the Xue Jue family. As long as I’m close enough, I can make an accurate

prediction.” Gong Nanfeng smiled and walked over, pretending to be close to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen stepped back and said, “How do you know I have the Tensho Compass? Did you also predict it?”

“I didn’t predict it! But when you took the Tensho Compass from Duan Lingfeng, I was nearby,” Gong Nanfeng said seriously.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t sense that there were other cultivators nearby. He didn’t believe him and said, “Then why didn’t you do it yourself?”

“I was too weak to beat them. Besides, I also wanted to see who was the mastermind behind taking the Tensho Compass. He had been playing the long game, trying to catch a big fish. That mastermind, even I couldn’t figure it out. He must have an impressive background. However, after waiting for so many days, he still hasn’t shown up. I think taking the Tensho Compass back first is safer,” said Gong Nanfeng.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Are you weak?”

“Yes! Any strong man can knock me over,” said Gong Nanfeng.

Zhang Ruochen said, “But you can catch up with me? And hide from my perception? And walk in the universe. Are you really weak?”

“I’m fragile. Try hitting me. I’ll fall to the ground and can’t even get up.” said Gong Nanfeng.

Gong Nanfeng moved his face closer to Zhang Ruochen and let him hit him.

Zhang Ruochen retreated quickly again. ‘This man could become Overseer of the Fane of Destiny, control Divine Artifacts, and hide from his perception. He could catch up with the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light. How could he be fragile? Was he pretending to be weak? Or did he see that I wanted to take the Tensho Compass for myself and bait me to attack?’

Zhang Ruochen could not see through this person's true intentions. He felt that it was very tricky.

‘Attack him?’

However, Zhang Ruochen suspected that he was far from being his opponent.

‘Should I hand over the Tensho Compass? Not possible.’

Chapter 2501: Caught up

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The rocks in the universe were huge and were flying rapidly toward the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt.

Gong Nanfeng reached out his hand and stared at Zhang Ruochen with anticipation, “Thank you, Supreme Saint Ruochen, for helping Fane of Destiny to get back Tensho Compass. I will definitely report this to the Lord of Divination Division. I owe this favor to you. But it’s not only me, both Divination Division and the entire Fane of Destiny do too.”

“Overseer, are you using Fane of Destiny to pressure me?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gong Nanfeng was stunned. “No! Supreme Saint Ruochen, how could there be such a misunderstanding?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “I can’t give you Tensho Compass.”

“Does Supreme Saint Ruochen want to keep Tensho Compass for himself?”

Gong Nanfeng was shocked. He quickly stepped back, afraid that Zhang Ruochen would silence him.

The more he acted like this, the more alarmed Zhang Ruochen became.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression was calm. He said, “You’re too suspicious!”

“How am I suspicious? I’m the Overseer of Divination Division. The real Overseer might I add.” Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had no intention of silencing him, Gong Nanfeng

finally breathed a sigh of relief. He wiped the cold sweat off his forehead.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I've never met the Overseer of Divination Division before. I can't believe everything just because you say so. Do you really think that I'm stupid?"

"That makes sense."

Gong Nanfeng touched his chest and took out a token. He smiled and said, "This is the token of Divination Division's Overseer. It has the spiritual imprint of the Lord of Divination Division on it. It can't be forged."

Zhang Ruochen looked at the token and felt sick of it. He threw it back to Gong Nanfeng with a sullen face, "It's just a token. It's not impossible to forge it. You're full of nonsense. You claim that you're weak, but you can burst out with unparalleled speed. How can I believe you?"

Gong Nanfeng looked constipated. He seemed to have something to hide. "I-I..."

Before he could speak, Zhang Ruochen continued, "Third, why didn't you help when Duan Lingfeng and the others took Tensho Compass and suppressed the vessel spirit of Tensho Compass? I almost risked my life to help Fane of Destiny take Tensho Compass back, while you just happened to jump out at the perfect time. Humph! Are you a spy of the Enchanter Chamber?"

"No, I'm the Overseer of Fane of Destiny. How could I be a spy of the Enchanter Chamber? It's a misunderstanding, a big misunderstanding!" Gong Nanfeng was so anxious that his face was red. He explained desperately, "I told you, I'm trying to catch a big fish with a long line."

Zhang Ruochen said righteously, "Do you think I'll believe you? You're so weak, yet you dare to throw a long line to catch the big fish? Aren't you afraid of being eaten by the fish?"

"I can follow up secretly and find an opportunity to send a message to the elites of Fane of Destiny," Gong Nanfeng said.

Zhang Ruochen's heart raced. "You've sent a message back?"

Gong Nanfeng shook his head and sighed. "I'm too weak! My Communication talisman can't reach Hoth."

Zhang Ruochen didn't know if he was speaking the truth or not, but he was secretly relieved.

Gong Nanfeng thought of something and said happily, "Why don't you send a message to the three high priests of Fane of Destiny, as well as Zhuo Yunong, Lord Wu Yue, and Scion Xingluo. They could prove my identity once they're here."

Zhang Ruochen couldn't control himself anymore. He really wanted to kill him.

For a divine weapon, it wasn't a big deal to destroy a planet or the entire realm, let alone one person.

However, Gong Nanfeng's harmless and friendly appearance made Zhang Ruochen unable to kill him.

Of course, the biggest reason was that he was not confident.

Once he attacked, things would get ugly.

If Zhang Ruochen failed to kill Gong Nanfeng, how could he have a foothold in Infernal Court?

Zhang Ruochen asked Intergold Tiger, "What's this weirdo's background? Is he strong or weak?"

Intergold Tiger did not reply.

Gong Nanfeng said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, hurry up and send a message. The elites of the ten dark forces must be on their way. Without the protection of the elites of Fane of Destiny, how can you and I be their opponents?"

Zhang Ruochen felt like he had been forced to the edge of a cliff. He pretended as if nothing had happened, but he was thinking hard about countermeasures.

After a long while, he said, "We could send a message, but we have to figure out how to send it and who to trust. Not everyone in Fane of Destiny is trustworthy."

"Think about it. The elites of Fane of Destiny are far away from us, at least a few days away. But Duan Lingfeng, Lord Ironclad, and Lord Yue Lin are very close to us."

“What if we send a message to the powerhouses of Fane of Destiny and that powerhouse immediately sends a message to Duan Lingfeng and the rest, revealing our whereabouts? Wouldn’t we be digging our own graves?”

Gong Nanfeng revealed a look of realization and said in admiration, “Supreme Saint Ruochen is indeed meticulous. No wonder... Hehe.”

He really wanted to say, “No wonder you’re still alive”. However, he felt that it wasn’t very nice to say that, so he smiled in an awkward but friendly manner.

Gong Nanfeng asked humbly, “In your opinion, what should we do now?”

“The universe is vast and boundless. That’s the best place for us to hide,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Gong Nanfeng pinched his fingers and said, “Are we going to Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt?”

“Yes.”

“Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt used to be a seventh-level planet. There must be a wormhole nearby.”

“How did you know?”

“I deduced it!”

Gong Nanfeng chuckled and said proudly, “To tell you the truth, except for deities, there’s nothing that I can’t predict.”

Zhang Ruochen stood behind him, his face slightly pale. He was worried that Gong Nanfeng had already deduced all his secrets.

Gong Nanfeng suddenly turned around.

Zhang Ruochen quickly put away his expression and smiled.

Gong Nanfeng stared at him seriously, “You’re very special. I can only deduce your identity from the aura of the clothes you wear. I can’t deduce anything else. Did Wargod Bloodximius, or Fukurokuju help you cover up?”

The smile on Zhang Ruochen's face became more sincere. "Let's not talk about this. I have good wine and food in my Ring of Dimensions. Do you want to try it?"

Gong Nanfeng was moved. "This is not a good time. We never know when the enemies will catch up."

"Don't worry. I have been being hunted since the day I started cultivating. There were times even more dangerous than this, but I still went on my day."

Zhang Ruochen took out two pots of wine, more than 10 kinds of 10,000-year-old saint fruits, and 200 pounds of cooked meat from a Saint King-level beast. He said, "Don't be shy, just eat as much as you want. I'm half a disciple of Fane of Destiny. We're on the same side."

The admiration in Gong Nanfeng's eyes grew stronger. Zhang Ruochen was indeed a Yuanhui-level genius than even Fukurokuju valued. He could remain calm and unaffected even if the situation was critical and he was being chased by countless powerful figures.

How many people in the world could do that?

Amazing!

Truly amazing!

Gong Nanfeng sat on the ground and picked up a 10,000-year-old saint fruit, he smiled and said, "To be honest, I haven't eaten for a few days. I'm really hungry right now. I can't compare to Supreme Saints like you! Brother Ruochen, you're my true brother. Those people in Fane of Destiny have strong cultivation and don't need to eat. But have they even considered that a weakling like me needs to eat?"

"Don't mention it. Words cannot express our tie. Cheers."

Zhang Ruochen had filled Gong Nanfeng's cup. He took the initiative to pick up the cup and drank one shot.

Gong Nanfeng took a sip. His face changed immediately. His body turned red as if he was about to burn. "This wine... This wine is really... strong..."

With that, he fell to the ground.

Of course, it was strong. This was dragon flame wine.

Saint Kings and Supreme Saints would be fine if they drank it. However, if it was really a cultivator with weak cultivation, one would definitely not be able to withstand one sip.

Zhang Ruochen put down the wine cup and called out, “Brother Gong, Brother Gong, are you drunk already?”

Zhang Ruochen had been staring at Gong Nanfeng. Using The Heart of Truth perception, he poured another cup and drank it. His eyes were filled with doubt and hesitation.

“Forget it. It’s too risky to kill him, and I might regret it.”

Zhang Ruochen stood up and activated Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light. It burst out at 10,000 times the speed of sound and disappeared into the dark space of the universe.

Gong Nanfeng was the only one snoring on the rocks of the universe.

Zhang Ruochen deliberately activated Precepts of Truth and The Heart of Truth perception. He flew over a million miles and didn’t notice Gong Nanfeng chasing after him, he thought to himself, “It seems that he is not pretending to be drunk. Who is this? Is Fane of Destiny’s Overseer really a weakling?”

The more Zhang Ruochen thought about it, the more he found it amazing and unbelievable.

Unfortunately, he did not take the risk to check his physical physique just now.

...

Two days later.

Zhang Ruochen was cultivating inside a cosmic rock. Suddenly, he became alert. He rolled up Sundial with his sleeve and his body turned into a light pillar. He broke through the rock layer and flew out.

Boom

The cosmic rock that was dozens of miles long exploded. All the mud and rocks melted and then evaporated.

The powerful energy wave pushed Zhang Ruochen back hundreds of miles.

3,000 miles away, a black Saint Vessel flew out of nowhere, revealing its huge body. There were Nether flags all over the Saint Vessel and the array inscriptions were constantly flickering. The aura that burst out seemed to be able to swallow the world.

In an instant, the Saint Vessel appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen. The Nether Qi it emitted was like a turbulent sea of ink.

Lord Ironclad stood at the bow of Saint Vessel with a bone spear in his hand. He had the aura that could swallow planets. His voice reverberated across the universe, shaking the space, “You’ve been enveloped by the array of my Saint Vessel. Let’s see where you can run to this time.”

“You’re fast.”

Zhang Ruochen saw the extraordinariness of Lord Ironclad’s Saint Vessel. He reached out his hand and pressed it lightly. Countless array inscriptions appeared in front of his palm. They were like spider webs and chains, sealing him in space.

“How could I be afraid when you’re the only one who caught up,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Ironclad sneered. “The reason you could escape that day was that you have Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light and a Supreme Artifact with you. My Saint Vessel was forged with all my wealth. After borrowing Godstones from Duan Lifeng, it is fully activated and in its strongest state. Do you think you can escape today?”

“It’s just a Saint Vessel. Breaking it will do,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Ironclad said, “You can try.”

Zhang Ruochen summoned Ugyen Cudgel and activated it with Saint Qi. It turned into a sky-reaching divine pillar that was hundreds of miles long. The black gold light could travel tens of thousands of miles. The ripples of Supreme Power exploded and shattered the array inscriptions around it.

Boom!!!

Ugyen Cudgel pressed down. Energy exploded and struck the sky above the black Saint Vessel. It collided with the Saint Vessel's defensive array.

The first line of defensive array was broken instantly. The Saint Vessel sank down.

Lord Ironclad, who was calm, showed a hint of surprise. Seeing the second layer of the defensive array was blocked by Ugyen Cudgel, he let out a sigh of relief.

He was trying to lure Zhang Ruochen to attack. How could he let go of this perfect opportunity?

“How stupid. You actually attack when I told you to. Now, your defense and power must be at your weakest since your best shot was already out. Once I kill you, this Supreme Artifact will be mine!”

Lord Ironclad flew out of the Saint Vessel and stabbed out with the bone spear.

Divine Marks appeared on the bone spear. The light shone brighter and brighter. It was about to pierce through Zhang Ruochen's heart.

However, time slowed down at this moment.

Zhang Ruochen moved away and dodged it.

Lord Ironclad was shocked. “The Power of Time?”

Zhang Ruochen formed a fist with his left hand. The dragon's roar and the sound of water rang out at the same time. It was like a divine dragon's roar. The river of heaven fell to the ground. It was powerful and could intimidate the opponent's spirit.

Lord Ironclad was fearless. Dense Power of Death erupted when he struck out his palm strike.

The fist and palm collided.

Time seemed to slow down.

Boom!!!

Zhang Ruochen flew back like a cannonball. He landed 50 kilometers away. His heart trembled as stood up, he thought, "The power of one palm of a Supreme Saint at the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm is much stronger than I imagined."

Zhang Ruochen wasn't discouraged. Instead, his fighting spirit grew stronger.

Back in Enchanton, Lord Ironclad had sealed 90% of his cultivation, forcing Zhang Ruochen into a tight spot. In the end, Zhang Ruochen used all kinds of methods to fight him. Zhang Ruochen used Dark Prison Talisman and Path of Truth to increase his attack power by 10 times. Only by that, he won by pulling a fast one.

Now, he could fight against Lord Ironclad in his peak state.

This progress was more than rapid.

Lord Ironclad only need to slightly shake his body to dissolve Zhang Ruochen's fist power. He looked at the old man in front of him with a strange expression. The old man was hit by his palm and flew so far away, but he was not injured.

Moreover, he felt a familiar aura from the fist power just now.

It was very similar to Zhang Ruochen.

However, he couldn't believe that the person in front of him was Zhang Ruochen. After all, he had only used 10% of his power to force Zhang Ruochen into a dangerous situation not long ago. Zhang Ruochen's strength was far inferior to that of the old man in front of him.

Lord Ironclad lied, "Zhang Ruochen, you took away Tensho Compass and went to Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt instead of returning to Hoth. What are you trying to do? Are you trying to steal the divine weapon?"

Zhang Ruochen knew that Lord Ironclad was trying to trick him.

Now, whether he admitted it or not was secondary.

Since he was already suspicious, he had to die.

Zhang Ruochen took out Sundial and two more Godstones. He placed them in the groove and sighed. "I didn't want to kill you, but you insisted on calling my name. What's more, a person like you doesn't even have the value to capture you alive."

Lord Ironclad was shocked. "You're really Zhang Ruochen? Impossible, impossible."

"I've already revealed my identity, and you don't believe it. Are you playing me on purpose? Do you think I'll let you go?" Zhang Ruochen was in a bad mood. He felt like everyone he'd met recently was playing him.

Chapter 2502: Great Perfection

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Sundial hung in the void space like a rough stone.

However, after Godstone was inlaid, it emitted a cyan light and densely-packed light spots of Mark of Time. It surrounded Zhang Ruochen like fireflies.

The sound of rapid flowing water came from somewhere.

“It’s the sound of time flowing.”

Lord Ironclad felt the Power of Time growing stronger. He finally accepted the fact that the old man was Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen’s claim to kill him was ridiculous in his eyes.

Lord Ironclad felt much more relaxed. He was even pleasantly surprised. “It seems that your injuries have healed. You can mobilize the power of Qiankun!”

If Zhang Ruochen hadn’t borrowed the power of Qiankun, how could he have taken his palm strike?

Zhang Ruochen didn’t explain to him. “If you run now, you might still be able to escape.”

Lord Ironclad said, “Even if you can mobilize the power of Qiankun and have several Supreme Artifacts, it’s still far from enough to kill me. I’ll say the same thing back to you. If you run now, you might still be able to escape.”

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Lord Ironclad must have spread the news the moment he found him. Most of the

Supreme Saints under Bai Qing'er, including Duan Lingfeng, were on their way here.

They had to end the battle quickly.

It was a good thing that Lord Ironclad didn't run.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen slapped Sundial, and the sound of water flowing became louder. The light spots of Mark of Time surged toward Lord Ironclad like a huge river.

Lord Ironclad retreated backward. At the same time, a dim light appeared in his eyes. He murmured something.

“Life and Death Curse!”

The power of the curse fell silently on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen felt chills all over his body. His flesh and blood withered, and his life force was quickly reduced.

However, it only lasted for a moment. Myriad Curse Bead hanging on his body absorbed all the power of the curse that was attacking him. Zhang Ruochen held Ugyen Cudgel, rushed out like a stream of light, and stomped down.

100 million Divine Mark of Flame appeared on his left leg, condensing into a scorching fire cloud. The fire cloud rolled making the divine sea churn.

Lord Ironclad stabbed out with his spear. With all his might he pierced through the fire cloud and collided with Zhang Ruochen's foot.

The bone spear was refined from divine bone.

Zhang Ruochen's leg was also the leg of a TrueGod that had been completely free from the seal.

This clash formed a world-shaking energy wave. The two dimensions seemed to collide, and explosions could be heard in the surrounding void space.

Zhang Ruochen flew back.

Lord Ironclad also retreated. Zhang Ruochen's foot was powerful enough to kill Dang Hu in Banshi Isshou Realm.

Naturally, he wouldn't be able to block it easily.

Even the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm couldn't block it.

After standing still, Lord Ironclad found that he'd lost more than 200 years of his life. He felt weak. He couldn't reach his peak as his fighting spirit had lessened.

He looked over and found that Sundial had been floating behind Zhang Ruochen. It was hidden in space, so it wasn't easy to notice.

Lord Ironclad said angrily, "How can you be so sinister?"

"How can you talk about being sinister in a life-and-death battle? We are not gentlemen. Why do you care so much? Use whatever tricks you have."

Before he could finish his words, the space where Lord Ironclad was was suddenly shattered. Countless cracks appeared like broken mirrors.

Suddenly, the space collapsed inward.

"You want to kill me with your current Dimension attainments?"

Lord Ironclad roared and released 1.4 Trillion Precepts.

Precepts swept out like an ocean of rules. Whether it was Precepts of Dimension, Mark of Time, or other heavenly and earthly precepts, they were all scattered by Lord Ironclad's Precepts.

More than a trillion Precepts turned into a strange and bloody Precept Domain — the Netherland Domain.

In the Precept Domain, there was a broken Nether city, bones everywhere, and burning war flags.

Zhang Ruochen felt as if he had been forcefully pulled into Lord Ironclad's world. Zhang Ruochen stepped on the ground, the air surrounding him had a nauseating smell of blood. There were Nether cities and corpse mountains in front of him while Saint Vessel was floating in the sky.

"Is this your true ability?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Ironclad stood on the saint cruiser and looked down, “When I fought with you in Enchanton, I sealed 90% of my cultivation. I couldn’t use many of my skills back then. Otherwise, do you really think you can fight against a Supreme Saint at the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm?”

Most Supreme Saints who could cultivate Banshi Isshou Realm had lived for thousands of years.

After thousands of years of cultivation, they would understand more or less about Dimension and Time. Even if they couldn’t reach the advanced level, it wasn’t difficult to practice some simple defensive techniques.

It wasn’t that Zhang Ruochen’s Dimension attainments weren’t high enough. It was just that he hadn’t comprehended enough Precepts of Dimension.

Zhang Ruochen knew that he was far behind Lord Ironclad in terms of cultivation and Saint Techniques. Thus, he definitely couldn’t compete with him in terms of Precepts and Saint Techniques.

Physical strength was his advantage.

“Your Precept Domain can’t suppress me.”

Zhang Ruochen stabbed Ugyen Cudgel into the ground and put his hands together. Instantly, his body radiated with boundless golden light.

The Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King appeared. The nine heavens above his head grew higher and higher. Finally, it broke through the ground and formed a place that belonged to Zhang Ruochen inside Lord Ironclad’s Precept Domain.

Lord Ironclad was shocked. His cultivation was more than 100 times higher than Zhang Ruochen’s, but why could Zhang Ruochen do things that even a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint couldn’t do?

What was the technique he practiced? Why was his Saint Aspect so powerful?

Lord Ironclad let out a long cry and activated a ninth-class array, Grand Demon Obelisk Array on Saint Vessel. In an instant, vast Demonic Qi spread in Netherland Domain, it devoured the golden light from the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King.

Zhang Ruochen released all his spiritual power and sensed the changes in Netherland Domain.

This was the first time he was fighting a superior like Lord Ironclad. He had to be careful at all costs and make no mistakes.

Whoosh!!!

The Demonic Qi above his head dropped rapidly.

An invisible and powerful force pressed down on Zhang Ruochen. Even in Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light, he couldn't move an inch.

The Demon Obelisk formed by the array fell from the sky.

The Demon Obelisk had a total of 72 levels, but Zhang Ruochen could only see 54. The rest of the Obelisk body was 10,000 miles away. In other words, the tower was more than 10,000 miles tall.

One could imagine that if this attack landed in a macroworld like Kunlun's field, the surrounding 10,000 miles would sink underground, and all living things within ten thousand miles would be turned into ashes. Even places 100,000 miles away would be affected.

Lord Ironclad seemed confident that Zhang Ruochen would be killed on the spot. His blood boiled and said excitedly, "If you didn't have that amazing time treasure, I wouldn't have been willing to use Grand Demon Obelisk Array. That's good too. Once I kill you, all your treasures will belong to me."

Lord Ironclad was a very rational and calm person. However, how could he remain still while thinking about the treasures of Zhang Ruochen?

The Demon Obelisk had already suppressed the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King. It crushed the nine-layered

sky and continued to press down, destroying the Saint Aspect.

“Did you really think it’s so easy to kill me?”

Divine light flashed on Zhang Ruochen’s body, and power surrounded him.

Soon, the divine light flash the second time and became even brighter.

The third time.

The fourth time.

...

Gradually, Zhang Ruochen seemed to be the incarnation of a TrueGod. The divine light shone brightly on his skin, and his breath turned into clouds.

100 million Divine Mark of Flame like little fire dragons flowed in his left leg.

He then struck down with his leg.

Boom!

Netherland Domain shook and the ground was cracked open.

Precepts were broken at the crack.

Lord Ironclad’s face changed. He thought, “How can Zhang Ruochen be so powerful? Can he break through my Precept Domain? Impossible, absolutely impossible.”

Boom!!!

With the second step, Netherland Domain shattered. It floated in the void space like pieces of land.

Then the third, fourth...

Lord Ironclad thought of something and said, “I understand! You’ve cultivated to the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm. Your demigod body has completely broken free. Your physical strength has reached Paramount physique.”

Only now did Lord Ironclad understand that Zhang Ruochen’s Power of Time and Dimension or even Supreme Artifacts were not the big deal. He might be fine dealing with a

Thousand-Koan Realm, or even a Supreme Saint at the beginning or middle stage of Banshi Isshou Realm.

However, in front of a Supreme Saint at the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm, these were all tricks. They weren't much of a threat.

Zhang Ruochen deliberately exposed these tricks to confuse him.

The real trump card of Zhang Ruochen was his demigod body.

In the past few days, when Zhang Ruochen stopped, he would open Sundial to practice. It was equivalent to cultivating for several years. Thus, he had broken all the tiny shackles in his body and reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"It's too late to understand now!"

Zhang Ruochen struck on the 11th step. The divine force burst out of his body and completely crushed Lord Ironclad's Netherland Domain.

After losing the suppression of Precept Domain, Zhang Ruochen let out a sigh of relief. He could finally use his Dimension Techniques. He took a look at the 72-level Demon Obelisk that was already above his head. He then shouted, "Break it!"

The space within dozens of miles shattered instantly, turning into a chaotic zone where reality and illusion intersected.

Zhang Ruochen's body sank into the chaos and fell into the void space.

Lord Ironclad roared, "Do you think you're fine after escaping into the void space? Either way, you'll die in my hands."

Lord Ironclad had already sensed the threat from Zhang Ruochen. He was eager to kill him. He flew out of Saint Vessel and landed on the top of the 72-level Demon Obelisk. He took a deep breath and dispersed Netherland Domain. Billions of Precepts were now attached to the Demon Obelisk.

The Demon Obelisk shrank and broke through the dimension. It chased after Zhang Ruochen and went into the void space.

Rumble

The Demon Obelisk was swallowed by the power of the void space and turned into a part of the void space.

Lord Ironclad withdrew all the Precepts into his body. Saint Light appeared in his eyes as searched for Zhang Ruochen in the void space.

He wasn't sure if the Demon Obelisk had killed Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen could die, but his treasures should definitely not be lost in the void space.

After all, Lord Ironclad was an elite at the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm. Lord Ironclad could stay in the void space for a short time. He could even break through the void space and return to the real world with his own power.

After looking around, Lord Ironclad still couldn't find Zhang Ruochen or any treasures. He immediately realized that something was wrong. He wanted to break through the void space and leave.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly revealed himself. His entire body shone with divine light. Like a god of war, he swung Ugyen Cudgel.

Boom

Ugyen Cudgel exploded with an incomparable power. It hit Lord Ironclad's abdomen, causing him to spit out blood. His body flew out like an iron ball.

"Huh?"

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. This strike didn't break Lord Ironclad's body into two.

"The armor on his body is strong enough to withstand the power of a demigod's body."

Zhang Ruochen's stick was a strike of pure power.

The power of a Supreme Artifact was negligible. At most, it was an indestructible iron stick.

A Supreme Artifact needed Saint Qi to activate. With Zhang Ruochen's cultivation at the Great Perfection in Hundred-Shackle Realm, the quality and quantity of Saint Qi, the power created by a Supreme Artifact were far weaker than his demigod's body.

Unless Zhang Ruochen broke through to Thousand-Koan Realm and activated the Supreme Artifact. Only then it would be easy for him to deal with a Supreme Saint at the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm.

Right now, he still had to rely on the physical body of a demigod.

The armor on Lord Ironclad was called Netherite Armor. Only Supreme Saints who had joined Nether Berserker were qualified to obtain one. Its defensive power was extraordinary.

Back on Battlefield of Merits, Lord Ironclad had relied on Netherite Armor to save his life from a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

Before Lord Ironclad could catch his breath, Zhang Ruochen's second strike landed on his head.

BOOM

Ugyen Cudgel and Netherite Armor collided. Sparks flew and the sound was like a bell.

No matter how strong Netherite Armor's defense was, Lord Ironclad, who was in the armor, could not withstand it. He was dazed by the strike that he almost lost consciousness.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't in a hurry. He flew over with Ugyen Cudgel in his hand, "Actually, with my current cultivation and spiritual power strength, I can't fully make use of my demigod body. I definitely can't kill a Supreme Saint at Banshi Isshou Realm. But you've made a fatal mistake. You shouldn't have chased into the void space.

"The void space restrains dimension, but other than the void cultivators, Dimension cultivators have a huge advantage too. You're constantly being eroded by the void space, your senses are severely weakened. How can you be my opponent in this state?"

Zhang Ruochen pierced through the void space with his cudgel. He carried the dying Lord Ironclad and flew back to the universe space.

“I won’t admit defeat to you... I-I still have many trump cards I haven’t used... ahem...” Lord Ironclad said weakly.

“There’s no chance anymore! Lord Ironclad, accept the judgment of light!”

Zhang Ruochen pointed with his finger. The 12 judgment swords turned into a sword path and flew out. They condensed into one in midair. It had reached the level of a Supreme Artifact and gave off an extremely bright light.

The Power of Light from the sword cleansed the Nether Qi and Demonic Qi in the void space.

Swoosh

Sword of Judgment slashed down and finally broke Netherite Armor. It cut Lord Ironclad in half.

The Power of Light seemed to be especially effective against Nether Clan. It caused Lord Ironclad’s body to burn and turn into white spots of light. It was extremely holy.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t take the weapons on Lord Ironclad. He cleaned up his aura, leaving only Power of Light, and quickly flee to the void space.

Not long after, Duan Lingfeng arrived. He grabbed Lord Ironclad’s body, which had been purified to the point where there was almost no flesh and blood left. He landed on the black Saint Vessel, his face twisted, “The power of Supreme Artifact of Light. Celestial Court! It must be Celestial Court! These sons of a b*tch have gone too far. They’ve stolen everything and gone overboard! From today onwards, I, Duan Lingfeng, will fight Celestial Court to the death.”

Duan Lingfeng was even more furious when he learned that High-Saint Kai Luo and the others had stolen Zhang Ruochen’s body.

Chapter 2503: The Death of Four Elites

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

An 800-mile-long ghost ship sailed through the endless darkness of the universe. It emitted a strong yin qi that was like a river or a sea. It shook the rocks of the universe and flew toward Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt.

When the ghost ship was far away, Zhang Ruochen walked out of his hiding place and said to himself, “How did the leader of League of Ourang Celeste catch up with me? The temptation of a divine weapon is indeed powerful.”

After killing Lord Ironclad, Zhang Ruochen was not in a hurry to go. Instead, he hid his aura.

In less than half a day, Zhang Ruochen had seen four groups of cultivators rushing toward Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt, including the leader of League of Ourang Celeste.

Obviously, the fact that the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt had a space wormhole was no secret. The leaders of the various forces had probably guessed that the cultivators of Celestial Court would escape from there after taking Tensho Compass.

Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light was indeed fast, but the Supreme Saints of Banshi Isshou and Paramount Realm were each creepier than the last. Some of them could burst out at 10,000 times the speed of sound just by relying on their own cultivation.

The key was that these Paramount Realm Supreme Saints could continue to borrow the power of heaven and earth and fly non-stop.

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen was caught up.

“Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt has become a gathering place of big shots. I can’t go there anymore!”

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and noticed something. His eyes lit up. “Since all the powerful ones are going to Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt, isn’t Hoth much safer now?”

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen didn’t hesitate at all to hide and took a detour back to Hoth.

He didn’t need to rush back as time didn’t matter. The key was to not be discovered.

Hoth was in the west, but Zhang Ruochen chose to circle south.

He was hundreds of millions of miles away from Hoth. He could see the outline of a disc-sized star. No matter how he circled, he wouldn’t get lost in the universe.

After a few days of traveling, Zhang Ruochen arrived more than 100 million miles south of Hoth. He was a little proud that he didn’t run into any cultivators.

This proved that his choice was right.

Along the way, Zhang Ruochen summarized his battle with Lord Ironclad. He kept deducing in his mind to think of a better solution and the mistakes he’d made.

“Lord Ironclad suspects me. What should I do if I run into other cultivators? How can I become another cultivator without being suspected?”

“Try not to expose the weapon and the Power of Time and Space. It’s best to hide the characteristics of Immortal Vampires and humans.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to hide that he was a man.

He didn’t want to become a savage beast or a woman.

After performing the 36 transformations, Zhang Ruochen’s bones, muscles, and appearance changed quickly.

Soon, he turned into a tall and ugly Rakshasa Supreme Saint. He had bone wings on his back and armor on his body. He had also changed into Regal Artifact armor that he had taken from a Rakshasa cultivator.

“I’m ugly, but I’ll turn back after I leave Hoth!”

Zhang Ruochen touched his nose, which was the size of a fist. The evil Qi in his body surged. He spread his bone wings and flew out.

On the way, he met a dead, gray planet that was moving in the universe.

Judging from its size, it should be a second-level planet.

“Hey! There’s the energy fluctuation of a Supreme Saint.”

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. All the Supreme Saints of Hoth were fighting for Tensho Compass and the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. How could a Supreme Saint appear here?

He mobilized his Saint Qi and Precept of Truth to his eyes and looked across the distance.

He saw a crack hundreds of miles long on the planet. Several figures flew on the planet at an incredible speed.

“The aura seems familiar.”

Zhang Ruochen hesitated and thought about whether to check the situation.

The supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and Tensho Compass were on him. He didn’t want to meddle in other people’s business and cause trouble, but he was very curious.

“Forget it. It’s better to have less trouble.”

Zhang Ruochen restrained his aura and prepared to leave quietly.

However, a cultivator on the planet noticed his peeping just now. Wisps of white light appeared around him out of thin air. They condensed into a light hand that was dozens of miles long and slapped toward him.

The other party attacked from thousands of miles away.

“The Power of Light, a Supreme Saint of Celestial Court?”
Zhang Ruochen’s eyes darkened. Killing intent rose in his heart.

He used to be on different sides with Infernal Court in the past, now they just have different visions. However, the hatred between him and Celestial Court was far deeper and real. Any contact with Celestial Court would definitely end badly.

Zhang Ruochen took out a Warhammer at the level of a Regal Artifact. He swung it and shattered the light hand. It turned into a streak of evil light and landed on the gray planet.

This planet was made of a crystal-like material. It was like a spiritual crystal. It was extremely hard and several times stronger than ordinary iron.

This place had once been a mineral planet. Many mines had been left behind.

Zhang Ruochen held the Warhammer and restrained his aura. He rushed toward the direction of the battle. Not long after, he found a bloody corpse in a collapsed crystal mountain.

The Supreme Saint’s blood dyed the mountain red, presenting was a strange color.

The Power of Light enveloped the corpse and purified the remnant soul.

The corpse was almost shattered. Only half of the body was still intact. One could barely see the face.

“Terra Demon, Xuanwu Ji.”

Zhang Ruochen recognized the dead person.

He had seen this person in the House of Enchanters of Divine Domain of Destiny. At that time, he had followed Yan Huangtu along with three other Terra Demon Supreme Saints. He was a Supreme Saint at the peak of Thousand-Koan Realm.

“To be able to kill a Supreme Saint at the peak of Thousand-Koan Realm, one must be at least at the advanced stage or the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked at the saint light rising like the crimson sunset in the distance. His eyes became solemn. He felt that he had been too rash and should not have set foot on this planet.

With the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and Tensho Compass, he should have suppressed his curiosity and hatred entirely.

He could kill Lord Ironclad because Lord Ironclad had never thought of escaping and had been lured into the void space by him.

If Lord Ironclad wanted to escape, not even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint could effortlessly kill him.

“Forget it, I’m already here!”

Zhang Ruochen quickly regained his composure and continued his chase.

When he caught up, the battleground changed again. There were only two corpses left on the ground.

They were Xuanwu Tian and Xuanwu Ying of Terra Demon.

Xuanwu Tian’s cultivation was in the mid-stage of Thousand-Koan Realm. His body had been shattered into bones. His Saint Soul had long dissipated. One could only identify him by his unique aura.

Xuanwu Ying was left with a headless corpse. He stood on the lava-filled battlefield. His head was nowhere to be found.

From afar, Terra Demon’s Elder, Kun Yunhuang, let out a long howl.

Heaven and earth’s Saint Qi turned into streams and rushed over. The power of the entire mineral planet seemed to have been sucked away.

“Oh no. He’s going to self-detonate his Sainthood Source.”

Zhang Ruochen immediately took out Violet Gourd and flew in. He then controlled the gourd to drill deep into the planet’s core.

Kun Yunhuang's cultivation had reached the early stage of Banshi Isshou Realm. Once he self-detonated his Sainthood Source, the destructive power could threaten the life of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint at certain distances.

To be able to force Kun Yunhuang to self-detonate his Sainthood Source, the cultivator from Celestial Court probably was stronger than the peak of Banshi Isshou Realm.

The power that was supposed to be able to destroy the plants did not explode.

After a while.

Zhang Ruochen flew out of the ground and landed on the surface of the planet again. He was puzzled and said, "What's going on? Did Kun Yunhuang fail to self-detonate his Sainthood Source?"

He released his spiritual power and covered the entire planet. He carefully inspected it. Then, he flew for about 1,000 miles and landed beside Kun Yunhuang, who was sitting in a pool of blood.

He was still alive, but his life force was gone. He was only left with his last breath.

Kun Yunhuang saw a Rakshasa Supreme Saint who had landed on the ground. His gray eyes lit up with a pleading look, he said, "I am Kun Yunhuang, Elder of Terra Demon. I have encountered a powerful enemy of Celestial Court. I beg you to save the two young masters of Yanluo Clan."

Zhang Ruochen had already decided based on the aura around him. He said lightly, "Who are the two young masters? Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian?"

Kun Yunhuang said excitedly, "You know the two young masters?"

"Of course, I know them. They are both born with noble backgrounds. Few in the entire Infernal Court can match them. What happened? Who are the enemies?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Kun Yunhuang's face was bitter. He seemed to have used all his strength, he opened his mouth and said, "The enemy is very powerful. I used an ancient technique and pretended to explode my Sainthood Source. That was how I managed to scare them off and give the two young masters a chance to escape.

"However, my injuries are too severe. With the ancient spell, My Qi of life has been drained. I can't protect them anymore. Please, you must save them. Yanluo Clan will definitely repay you..."

With that, he lowered his head and his life force was gone.

His body was still sitting on the broken ground.

Zhang Ruochen could have saved him just now, but it would cost him too much. Besides that, their relationship hadn't reached that stage yet, so it wasn't worth paying so much.

"There are so many powerful warriors in Yanluo clan. Are you kidding me? You want me to save Yan Huangtu and Yanzhexian?"

Zhang Ruochen knew his capabilities very well now. He didn't think that he was a savior. Not everyone was worth saving. Once his identity was exposed, he would be in mortal danger.

Shaking his head slightly, Zhang Ruochen figured out the direction where Yan Huangyu and Yan Zhexian had escaped. He spread his bone wings and flew in the opposite direction.

After flying for about 10,000 miles, Zhang Ruochen stopped and frowned, he cursed inwardly, "I knew I shouldn't have provoked karma on Battlefield of Merits. I should have killed the child in her stomach. Damn it!"

Zhang Ruochen turned around and chased in the direction where Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian had fled.

Although the Supreme Saint of Celestial Court who had killed the Four elites of Terra Demon was most likely a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, with Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, there were not many cultivators below divinity who could keep him alive if he wanted to escape.

That was why Zhang Ruochen dared to take the risk and chase after him.

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Chapter 2504: Silly Little Girl

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

The vast and boundless universe was cold and dark.

A scepter that was over a hundred feet long was flying through the air like a shuttle of light. The Supreme Inscription on Scepter of Heaven's Pass flickered, and its speed was extremely fast.

Yan Huangtu stood on the Scepter of Heaven's Pass, continuously releasing Yama Qi to maintain the scepter's high speed. The flesh and blood on his body had long been destroyed. His body was only left with a golden skeleton. The nine dragon Divine Marks on the skeleton flickered, and the divine light emitted was extremely dim.

Yan Zhexian stood at the tail of the Scepter of Heaven's Pass. She cut the rim of a bowl, and crimson Supreme Saint blood flowed out continuously.

She used her blood as ink and drew a defensive talisman that was a hundred feet long. With a wave of the brush, the talisman flew out, turning into a ten-thousand-meter-long shield shadow that blocked Fei Zhong's battle-ax.

Yan Zhexian's face was extremely pale. She turned her head and glanced at Yan Huangtu, her eyes filled with worry.

She knew that Yan Huangtu was already at the end of its tether. If they continued to flee like this, they would be at the end of their ropes before Fei Zhong caught up. However, they have no other choice than to flee as the other party was too powerful.

Right now, they could only hope that Master Dazheng would come to their rescue as soon as possible.

“Hold on for a moment.”

A determined look appeared in Yan Zhexian’s eyes. She raised her brush again and started drawing talismans.

All of a sudden, Yan Huangtu said, “Xian’er, let’s run in separate directions.”

“Why?”

“Although Fei Zhong is strong, he can only chase after one person. If we flee separately, one of us will be able to escape.”

Yan Zhexian shook her head. “Don’t lie to me. You are the leader of the current generation of Yanluo Clan, and you also have a Supreme Artifact. Fei Zhong will definitely chase you. I will not escape alone. We will fight and die together. How can the disciples of Yanluo Clan fear death?”

“Fei Zhong wants to capture us alive and threaten second brother in exchange for the chance of Celestial Court’s cultivators to escape Hoth. Therefore, I will not die,” said Yan Huangtu.

Yan Zhexian said, “That won’t do either. Once we fall into the hands of the cultivators of Celestial Court, the outcome will be unpredictable. Wait a little longer. Master Dazheng might arrive soon.”

“It’s been so long, but Master Dazheng hasn’t appeared. I don’t think he can make it in time!” There was a deep sense of helplessness in Yan Huangtu’s tone.

Even though he had broken through to Thousand-Koan Realm and his cultivation base had risen by a large margin. This allowed him to stand out among the cultivators of his generation, yet he was still far from being able to fight back in front of the top Supreme Saint of the older generation.

In the past, he had always wanted to be invincible to the people of his same realm.

Now, he realized how ridiculous he was back then. So what if he could be invincible? When he met a cultivator whose

cultivation base was higher than his, he was nothing.

Cultivation base.

A powerful cultivation base was the foundation of a powerful cultivator.

Boom! Boom! Boom!!!

Fei Zhong wielded Thundercloud Axe, which was a Class Six Regal Artifact. He slashed out with the ax, causing large clouds of light and dense purple lightning to pierce through the defensive talismans that Yan Zhexian had carved.

The huge ax shadow collided with the defensive light formed by Supreme Artifact formed by Scepter of Heaven's Pass from thousands of miles away.

The defensive light ball shattered like a bubble.

Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu were the first to escape from Scepter of Heaven's Pass. Even so, they were still hit by the force from the ax shadow. They flew in two different directions like two ragdolls.

Yan Huangtu stood up and flew. He took Scepter of Heaven's Pass and held it in his hand. He gritted his golden teeth and looked straight at Fei Zhong who was chasing him. He shouted at Yan Zhexian, "Go!"

Yan Zhexian naturally did not want to leave him alone.

"One of us would definitely die. Fei Zhong only needs one alive. Go now!" Yan Huangtu shouted again.

Tears fell from Yan Zhexian's eyes. Even though she was extremely unwilling, she had to escape at this moment.

"Haha! No one could leave today, especially Miss Yan. There's a big shot in Celestial Court who has a deep hatred towards Zhang Ruochen. And guess what? You have Zhang Ruochen's flesh. If I capture and offer you to him, that big gun will definitely remember me."

Fei Zhong was a dwarf. He was only about 1.2 meters tall, but his arms and legs were sturdy and full of power.

He was still hundreds of miles away, but the trillions Precepts that erupted from his body had already evolved into a Precept Domain.

In the space of the universe, black iron mountains that were hundreds of thousands of meters tall appeared. They were all formed from Precepts. Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian were trapped in the mountains.

“Fight!”

Yan Huangtu roared loudly, and waves of dragon roars burst out from his bones. As if a flash of light had returned, his body once again shone with golden light, and his divine force flowed around his body like a tide.

“Xian’er, I will hold him back while you find a chance to break through the Precept Domain. Run as far as you can.”

Yan Huangtu’s voice was heard by Yan Zhexian.

He held Scepter of Heaven’s Pass in his hand and unleashed his power as he charged toward Fei Zhong.

Fei Zhong stood on the top of an iron mountain and looked at Yan Zhexian who was running away and Yan Huangtu who was charging toward him. A mocking smile appeared on his face, “Royal Divine Frame is really a strong body. It has almost reached the level of immortality. Unfortunately, it still needs some spice.

Fei Zhong blew out a breath and a towering black iron mountain condensed in the void and smashed towards Yan Huangtu.

Rumble

Yan Huangtu used his divine force and Supreme Artifact to block the iron mountain.

A look of surprise flashed across Fei Zhong’s eyes but he didn’t think too much of it because Yan Huangtu was already trapped under the iron mountain.

He extended a finger and controlled Precepts to condense into dozens of iron chains to catch up with Yan Zhexian who was escaping. The iron chains were like dozens of poisonous

snakes chasing after her. Yan Zhexian couldn't escape from the iron mountains even though she was exhausted from running.

Fei Zhong laughed. He deliberately teased her. He controlled the iron chains to chase after her, but he didn't catch up with her.

In his Precept Domain, everything was under his control.

A beauty like Yan Zhexian, who had a noble status, was toyed with by him. It was both pleasing to the eyes and the pleasure of taking revenge on Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Zhexian saw through Fei Zhong's intentions. She felt ashamed and angry. She stopped running and said, "I'll play along with you since you like to play so much. Hope you'll like destructions."

Her body started to burn.

Fei Zhong was shocked. He did not expect such a delicate lady like Yan Zhexian to be so reckless and dare to self-destruct.

He did not dare to play around anymore.

"In front of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, do you think you can self-destruct just as you wish?"

Fei Zhong channeled his spiritual energy to suppress Yan Zhexian's spiritual will. At the same time, he controlled dozens of metal chains to wrap around her.

Boom

Before the iron chains landed on Yan Zhexian, they were hit by a Warhammer. They broke inch by inch and turned back into Precepts, merging into Precept Domain.

A tall and ugly Rakshasa Supreme Saint stood beside Yan Zhexian with a Warhammer in his hand. He said, "What's the point of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint bullying a silly little girl? Let me fight you instead."

This person was naturally Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had actually arrived a long time ago. The reason why he hadn't made a move was to observe Fei

Zhong's cultivation base and strength to ensure that he could deal with him. At the same time, he was happy to see Yan Zhexian being chased to the ends of the earth. She was too arrogant. Taking advantage of her grandfather, great-grandfather, and ancestors, her tail was sticking high up in the air. She was very defiant, she didn't even hesitate to scold Zhang Ruochen.

If it weren't for the child in her stomach, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have taken this risk.

Yan Zhexian wasn't angry because he called her a "silly little girl". Instead, she was so happy that she was about to cry. This Rakshasa Supreme Saint dared to break into Fei Zhong's Precept Domain. This means he's obviously a powerful elder master.

They're saved today!

"Senior, I am Yan Zhexian of Yanluo Clan. Please save my fifth uncle." Yan Zhexian cupped her snow-white hands and bowed respectfully to Zhang Ruochen.

The other party deserved her bow as he had saved them.

She wasn't injured though. All of Fei Zhong's attacks had been blocked by the Four elites of Terra Demon and Yan Huangtu. Even in a life-and-death situation, she was still the pearl of Yanluo clan and loved by thousands.

Zhang Ruochen was twice as tall as Yan Zhexian. He was more than three meters tall, like an iron tower, he let out a deep laugh. "I know who you two are. You don't have to tell me. You can count on me to save them. You bastards from Celestial Court dare to show off in the territory of Infernal Court. You must really be asking for a death wish."

Fei Zhong didn't expect a Rakshasa Supreme Saint to appear. He felt unlucky, "I'm Fei Zhong from Celestial Court. I want to capture them today. If you don't have a deep relationship with them, you'd better mind your own business. Go now. I won't make things difficult for you."

Yan Zhexian knew how intimidating the name "Fei Zhong" was. She looked at Zhang Ruochen worriedly, afraid that he

wouldn't want to cause trouble and leave.

After all, they didn't have any ties. There was no need to fight to the death with Fei Zhong for her and Yan Huangtu.

Fei Zhong could not see through Zhang Ruochen's cultivation.

However, there were only a few famous Rakshasa Supreme Saints. Each of them had a name and was well-known in both Celestial and Infernal Court. One look was enough to know their identity, but this one in front of him doesn't ring a bell at all.

Of course, this person could also be the hidden Rakshasa Supreme Saint in Paramount Realm.

In order to test Zhang Ruochen, Fei Zhong deliberately said his name. If the other party was a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, there was no need to be afraid of him.

However, if the other party was not a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, he would probably leave immediately when he heard the name "Fei Zhong."

Once he wanted to leave, Fei Zhong would definitely attack him like thunder and kill him with one strike of his ax.

Letting him go?

How could that be possible?

Zhang Ruochen was full of heroic spirit. He laughed loudly. "How can we Rakshasa cultivators be cowards? What's wrong with a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint? Who does Fei Zhong think he is? Let's just fight."

With a swoosh, Zhang Ruochen threw out the Warhammer in his hand.

The Warhammer hit the black iron mountain that was suppressing Yan Huangtu and shattered it.

"You are too careless. How dare you throw away your weapon?"

Fei Zhong seized this opportunity. He swung his arm like a windmill and threw out Thundercloud Axe.

The war ax spun rapidly. It flew in front of Zhang Ruochen with lightning and clouds. Countless Precepts in the Precept Domain were also driven by the battle-ax and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

“It’s just a hammer. I can fight you without it.”

Zhang Ruochen strode forward and punched towards the wind and thunder in the sky. He was not afraid of the giant ax.

Chapter 2505: Brother Ruochen

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Did he encounter Thundercloud Axe with his bare hands?

Fei Zhong was both surprised and happy.

He was surprised because he had never expected one who dared to do so.

Yet he was happy that this Rakshasa Supreme Saint was rash. One had to know that even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint with Paramount physique would not dare to receive his ax bare-handedly.

BOOM

Zhang Ruochen's fist collided with the huge ax, producing a deafening sound like the collision of iron mountains. Thunder and lightning swept out in all directions.

Zhang Ruochen was not shattered by the ax as Fei Zhong had imagined. Instead, he sent Thundercloud Axe flying.

"How is this possible?"

Fei Zhong's jaw was almost dropped. He could see clearly that the Rakshasa Supreme Saint had only used the power of his physical body. He did not use any Precepts or Evil Qi to break his ax.

However, he hadn't used his bare hands either.

He wore a Regal Artifact level gloves on his hands.

"How dare you throw away your weapon? You're so careless!"

Zhang Ruochen returned Fei Zhong's words. He appeared in front of Fei Zhong like a ghost. His five fingers spread out and pressed down heavily.

Fei Zhong didn't dare underestimate his opponent. He absorbed half of the Precepts scattered in the Precept Domain. He gathered them in his palms, and formed a bright ball.

Bang

The palm print shattered the bright ball and pressed against Fei Zhong's chest.

Zhang Ruochen thought that this palm strike could hit Fei Zhong hard and severely injure him. But he was slightly stunned when the palm print landed.

Empty.

The power of the palm landed on the ground and shattered a black iron mountain.

"Your physical body is indeed very strong. Is it a Paramount physique or a Demigod-level physique? No wonder you weren't scared off after hearing my name. You do have some skills."

Fei Zhong appeared behind Zhang Ruochen. He held Thundercloud Axe with both hands. Raising it above his head, he hacked down with great power. The billions of Precepts in the Precept Domain surged toward the ax like a river.

Yan Zhexian's pretty face changed in shock. She hadn't expected Fei Zhong to be so strange and powerful?

She was about to remind the Rakshasa Supreme Saint whose back was facing the battle-ax. Suddenly the Rakshasa Supreme Saint stepped back and crashed into Fei Zhong. She was stunned for a moment, then smiled. This move was indeed smart.

Zhang Ruochen's collision ruined Fei Zhong's strike.

The two collided with each other. They rolled down the mountain and fought close to each other.

They were too close. Every time Fei Zhong wanted to gather power and activate the Regal Inscriptions in Thundercloud Axe, or when he wanted to perform a Saint Technique, he would be interrupted by Zhang Ruochen's palm power and fist strength.

Therefore, the two had to fight with their bodies.

The dwarves were famous for their powerful bodies. The two fought fiercely, shaking the dimension. It was hard to determine the winner in a short time.

Zhang Ruochen became more and more excited as the fight went on. The Blood Qi in his body was boiling.

His physical power should be stronger than Fei Zhong's, but because his cultivation was not high enough, he could not fully activate the Demigod's physical power. This battle with Fei Zhong would give him a better understanding of the Demigod's physical strength and his own weakness.

Yan Huangtu used Scepter of Heaven's Pass to break through Fei Zhong's Precept Domain and escape with Yan Zhexian.

"Uncle, that senior from Rakshasa saved our lives. We can't just leave him like this," Yan Zhexian said.

Yan Huangtu was extremely weak, and his aura rapidly decreased, "Even if I was at my peak condition, I wouldn't be able to be of much help in a fight between elites of their level. You, on the other hand, don't have the strength to do so. Tell me, why should we stay here?"

Yan Zhexian was a woman with extremely strong principles. She didn't want to treat her savior so coldly. Even if she couldn't help, she shouldn't just leave.

She said, "But what if..."

Yan Huangtu knew what she wanted to say, "Have you ever thought about it? Fei Zhong's target is us. As long as we escape, Fei Zhong will naturally stop the fight. Thus, their battle will end very quickly. What should we do if that senior is defeated and we're still here?"

"Okay then, I'll listen to you."

...

Not long after Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian left, Fei Zhong finally seized the opportunity to disperse the Precept Domain. Fei Zhong gathered a trillion Precepts and cast an advanced Saint Technique of Banshi Isshou Realm.

In the universe within a radius of ten thousand miles, Fei Zhong's Saint Qi and the power of heaven and earth condensed into a sea of thunder.

Streaks of purple thunder turned into countless prehistoric electric dragons that continuously attacked Zhang Ruochen.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Regal Artifact level Warhammer and used it to protect his body. He spread his wings and flew out of the sea of thunder.

When he was 10,000 miles away from the sea of thunder, the Warhammer in Zhang Ruochen's hand had turned into a drop of liquid and was destroyed. The Regal Artifact armor on his body was also tattered. Many parts of it were showing signs of melting.

The two Regal Artifacts were destroyed.

"There is still a gap between realms." Zhang Ruochen sighed.

The thunder sea contracted and spun.

Fei Zhong stood on the top of the thundering sea with Thundercloud Axe in his hand. He looked at Zhang Ruochen with a complicated gaze and said, "You ruined my plan. You won't get away with this."

Fei Zhong flew away.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a smile. He understood that Fei Zhong had retreated because he had never used Saint Techniques or mobilized Precepts, but only fought with his physical body.

There were too few cultivators who focused on their physical bodies.

Fei Zhong must have thought that if Zhang Ruochen was already so powerful with his physical strength. Once Zhang Ruochen used Precepts and released his Evil Qi, he might not be able to defeat Zhang Ruochen.

After all, Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian had already escaped. It was meaningless for them to continue fighting.

However, Fei Zhong's last words made Zhang Ruochen's heart sink slightly.

Zhang Ruochen did not chase after Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian. He had already done his best to save them. Now, he had to return to Hoth immediately.

"Senior!"

Yan Zhexian pulled open an invisible curtain and walked out of the universe. Her graceful figure appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Behind her, a helpless-looking Yan Huantu with parts of his flesh and blood recovered appeared.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Why didn't you run away?"

"How could we abandon you and run away? The disciples of the Yan family aren't ungrateful," Yan Zexian said matter-of-factly. There was a heroic spirit in her beautiful body.

Of course, Yan Huangtu would not tell Zhang Ruochen that they had gone and returned.

His niece was indeed very smart. Unfortunately, she lacked experience and was too naive and emotional. She was not decisive enough.

Yan Zhexian smiled and said, "Just now, I used my last heaven-concealing talisman to hide nearby. Once you are defeated, we will take you by surprise and attack Fei Zhong to help you escape."

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian were in more danger than him. He did not want to be involved with them.

Zhang Ruochen said, "We have met by chance. Let's part ways here."

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was eager to leave, Yan Huangtu became less guarded.

He wanted to escape with Yan Zhexian because he knew that they couldn't trust each other even if they were both cultivators from Infernal Court.

In this uninhabited place, it was possible that this Rakshasa Supreme Saint would steal Scepter of Heaven's Pass from him, kill him, and frame the Supreme Saint of Celestial Court.

"Wait! Senior, I haven't thanked you yet!"

"It's nothing. You don't have to thank me."

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand, as if he didn't care.

"Could you at least leave your name? The Yan family will definitely thank you in the future," Yan Zhexian said.

Zhang Ruochen refused again and said, "No, there's no need for it."

Yan Huangtu stopped Zhang Ruochen who was about to leave and cupped his hands, "Thank you for your help. This is a great favor. Xian'er was right. The disciples of the Yan family are not ungrateful people. Since you don't want to leave your name, we naturally respect you and appreciate your help. However, I have a request. If you agree, you can ask the Yan family for any help in the future."

"Any help?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Huangtu said, "You should have heard of my name, and you should understand the weight of my promise. I may not represent the entire Yan family now, but in the future, the entire Yan family will be in my hands."

He had just broken through Thousand-Koan Realm, yet he was able to escape under Fei Zhong's pursuit for so long with Yan Zhexian, who was a burden.

Yan Huangtu was very arrogant and confident.

However, he had the right to be arrogant and confident.

When he reached Paramount Realm, he might really become the leader of the Yan family.

Yan Zhexian guessed what Yan Huangtu wanted to ask Zhang Ruochen for. Her eyes were filled with expectation.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled. “No! I can’t agree to your request.”

Yan Huangtu frowned and said, “I haven’t mentioned it yet!”

“It’s not hard to guess. You want my protection to deal with Fei Zhong,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Huangtu said, “That’s right. Isn’t this a piece of cake for you, senior? Why not do something so simple that can make the Yan family and I owe you a huge favor.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Yes! Saving you was not difficult, but protecting you from Fei Zhong is as difficult as ascending to heaven.”

Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian were confused.

Didn’t he just beat Fei Zhong away?

How could protecting them be difficult?

Zhang Ruochen saw their confusion and said, “Earlier, I saved you because I saw that it was just a puppet of Fei Zhong. Its combat power is less than 20% of the real body. If it was Fei Zhong’s real body, I wouldn’t even have time to escape!”

“He’s just a puppet of Fei Zhong?” Yan Zhexian was surprised.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Fei Zhong is a big shot among dwarves. How could he only cultivate more than a trillion Precepts? Of course, this puppet is not much different from Paramount Realm cultivator!”

“I understand. Master Dazheng must have been restrained by his real body, so he couldn’t come.” Yan Zhexian’s eyes showed a sudden realization.

Master Dazheng she spoke of was a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

After Yan Yu and Lady Fu Xiang went to chase after High-Saint Kai Luo and the others, Master Dazheng stayed behind on Hoth to protect Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian in secret. Of course, Master Dazheng was not their guard, but one of their masters.

No one would arrange guards for a Supreme Saint.

If one was still being protected after becoming a Supreme Saint, one would never be able to become a powerful individual.

This time, because of the special circumstances, the Yan family planned to train Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian so that they could take over Yan Yu and Lady Fu Xiang's positions in the future. Otherwise, with their cultivations, they didn't even have the right to be involved in Fane of Origin's affair.

Yan Huangtu's expression changed again. He was silent for a while, "I see now. It's understandable that it's impractical for senior to help us. But, please leave a name. If the two of us manage to escape, we will know who to repay the favor to in the future."

Yan Zhexian looked dejected yet she knew that she couldn't force and keep him.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to give a random name, a familiar voice suddenly sounded.

"Brother Ruochen, I've finally caught up with you!" Gong Nanfeng flew over at an incredible speed. He grabbed Zhang Ruochen's shoulder and panted heavily.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes widened. He stared at him in a daze and said, "How did you catch up? You're really..."

He really wanted to say, "You're really haunting me."

However, he thought that Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian were still standing on the side. He quickly changed his words and said, "Did you get the wrong person?"

Zhang Ruochen had transformed into a Rakshasa cultivator and used a secret medicine to conceal his aura solely because

he was worried that Gong Nanfeng would catch up with him and deduce his identity.

Logically speaking, even if Gong Nanfeng was a god, he should not have been able to catch up to him, let alone see through his identity.

Oh my god, what was going on?

Gong Nanfeng was very happy to see Zhang Ruochen, he beamed with joy and said, "Of course, I can't have mistaken you for someone else. Brother Ruochen has treated me with sincerity. You lured the enemy away all by yourself. I feel ashamed every time thinking of this. Thus, I've decided not to hide it from you anymore..."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Wait, what did you just say? Lure the enemy away all by myself?"

Gong Nanfeng said, "Yes! When I woke up, I found that Brother Ruochen had disappeared. So I calculated and found that there was Lord Ironclad's aura nearby. Hehe, so I boldly guessed that Lord Ironclad must have caught up with us. Brother Ruochen was worried about my safety, so you lured him away by yourself. Right?"

Zhang Ruochen no longer denied his identity. He accepted his fate and said, "Since you have figured it out, I can't hide it anymore. I just don't know how much you have deduced."

Zhang Ruochen was a little worried.

"Not much. It's hard to figure out everything about you. I can only guess the cause and effect based on your character and behavior," Gong Nanfeng said.

Zhang Ruochen breathed a sigh of relief and said, "How could you know me so well?"

"I've never been wrong about people."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "Although we've only known each other for a short time, we've already been well acquainted with each other. It's really rare."

Gong Nanfeng's face was bitter, he said shamefully, "That's exactly why I blame myself so much. Brother Ruochen treats

me sincerely, but I've been hiding something from you. No, I'll tell you all my secrets. Then you'll understand how I found you!"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes lit up.

He was really interested in this secret.

Only when he knew Gong Nanfeng's secret would he be able to stop Gong Nanfeng to catch up with him again.

Yan Zhexian, who was standing on the side, looked at the tall Rakshasa with a suspicious look and asked, "What did you call him just now?"

Zhang Ruochen was about to send a voice transmission to stop Gong Nanfeng.

But Gong Nanfeng had already blurted out, "Brother Ruochen, the grandson of Wargod Bloodximus, the fiancé of Princess Luo Sha, and the only remaining Yuanhui level genius in Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen. How could Miss Zhexian not recognize him? Oh! He seems to have changed his appearance."

Chapter 2506: Righteousness

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

“Zhang Ruochen?”

Yan Zhexian clenched her fists. Her beautiful face sank, and her teeth started to grind.

Yan Huangtu was stunned, looking at the Rakshasa Supreme Saint from top to bottom.

Without waiting for them to ask or confirm, Zhang Ruochen pulled Gong Nanfeng and flew far away. He called out, “Please wait. I have something to speak to him in private.”

Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu obviously didn’t know how to face the fact that Zhang Ruochen was their savior, so they didn’t chase after him.

“Brother Ruochen, we have nothing to hide. Why can’t we be straightforward?” Gong Nanfeng asked, confused.

Zhang Ruochen pulled Gong Nanfeng a hundred miles away. He released Profound Spatial Dimension and said thoughtfully, “Lord Ironclad is dead!”

“I know that. I’ve calculated it. Did you kill him?” Gong Nanfeng asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “It was a Celestial Court Supreme Saint.”

“I didn’t figure that out.”

“A Celestial Court Supreme Saint came to Infernal Court to take Tensho Compass. There must be someone whose hiding their secrets. There’s no way that you could figure it out.”

Gong Nanfeng said thoughtfully, "As far as I know, the people from Celestial Court came here to kill you."

The corner of Zhang Ruochen's mouth twitched. He felt that chatting with Gong Nanfeng was not a pleasant thing. He said, "Killing me is only secondary. My life is nothing compared to Tensho Compass."

Gong Nanfeng nodded and asked in confusion, "Why did the Celestial Court Supreme Saint kill Lord Ironclad?"

"Celestial Court and the Enchanteur Chamber have been cooperating in the past, but now they are on bad terms. Guess what, Lord Ironclad is from the Enchanteur Chamber. Do you understand now?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Gong Nanfeng was shocked. "Celestial Court and the Enchanteur Chamber are working together? When did Lord Ironclad become a member of the Enchanteur Chamber? How come I, the Overseer, don't know about this? And I didn't figure it out!"

"That's not important. What's important is that Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian can't know about Tensho Compass."

Zhang Ruochen finally got to the point. He looked at Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu in the distance. The two were also discussing something in a low voice.

Gong Nanfeng asked, "Why?"

"First, Yanluo Clan is not on the same side as Fane of Destiny. What if they take this opportunity to take the compass?" Zhang Ruochen said.

He emphasized the words "Fane of Destiny."

Gong Nanfeng said, "They don't seem to be a threat to you."

Zhang Ruochen ignored him, "Second, the situation on Hoth is very chaotic now. Bai Qing'er of the Enchanteur Chamber controls many top Supreme Saints. You should know that they were all involved in stealing Tensho Compass. What if Yan Huangtu or Yan Zhexian were also controlled by Bai Qing'er?"

Gong Nanfeng was shocked. “Impossible! How dare Bai Qing’er control Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian?”

“Why not? To tell you the truth, Bai Qing’er plotted Duan Lingfeng and the others to take Tensho Compass. She even dared to take Tensho Compass. What else could she not do?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Gong Nanfeng’s face turned cold. He said, “Fane of Destiny will definitely investigate this thoroughly. If It’s true, the Enchanter Chamber and Bai Qing’er will have to pay a heavy price.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded in satisfaction. Patting his shoulder, he said, “The current situation is chaotic. No cultivator can be trusted. Protecting our lives is the most important thing we should do.”

Gong Nanfeng sighed bitterly. “I claim to know everything in the world. Yet I couldn’t figure out anything once we stepped foot on Hoth. I’m being used without realizing it.”

Zhang Ruochen’s face darkened. He thought Gong Nanfeng was making an oblique accusation.

He pretended not to care, “Cultivators of Celestial Realm, Kunlun’s field, and even Bai Qing’er aren’t simple. It’s normal that you can’t predict what will happen as big figures are behind them. You’re already very powerful. Look, you did catch up with me again.”

Gong Nanfeng looked at Zhang Ruochen and said in a low voice, “Brother Ruochen, I was just about to tell you about this.”

Zhang Ruochen immediately pricked up his ears and prepared to listen carefully.

Gong Nanfeng said, “Only the most core members of Fane of Destiny know this secret.”

“I’m in charge of Destiny Token, so I’m a core member too,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Gong Nanfeng said, “Actually, I could only catch up with you because Tensho Compass is on you. I’m the vessel spirit of

Tensho Compass.”

It was an incredible secret.

Even though Zhang Ruochen was mentally prepared, he was still shocked by his words.

“The vessel spirit of a Divine Artifact? No, I saw that the vessel spirit of Tensho Compass was suppressed by Duan Lingfeng’s Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation.” Zhang Ruochen didn’t believe it. He still thought that Gong Nanfeng was scheming and deliberately setting a trap for him.

Gong Nanfeng couldn’t predict him.

And Zhang Ruochen could only sense a general idea when he used the Heart of Truth to feel Gong Nanfeng.

Gong Nanfeng said, “I am the vessel spirit’s body.”

“What do you mean?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gong Nanfeng said, “Brother Ruochen should know that all the spirits in the world will go through a Yuanhui Tribulation every 129,600 years. Moreover, the difficulty of getting through Yuanhui Tribulations will only get harder. Vessel spirits are also spirits. We go through Yuanhui Tribulations as well.”

Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought.

Gong Nanfeng continued, “Different spirits have different difficulties in going through the tribulation. The closer they are to the hearts of nature, the easier it will be to go through the tribulation. For example, the plant spirits.

“On the other hand, the fiercer the spirit as it goes against the rules of nature, the more difficult it will be to go through the tribulation. It’s the same for humans, Immortal Vampires, and vessel spirits.

“The difficulty of overcoming the tribulation of a Divine Artifact’s vessel spirit is not lower than an Immortal Vampire. However, many Divine Artifact’s vessel spirits can last for ten, dozens, or even longer.

“This is because the Divine Artifact’s vessel spirit can split more than 90% of its spirit and cultivate a physical body to overcome the Yuanhui Tribulation. The other part of the spirit lowers its cultivation below divinity and sleeps inside the Divine Artifact to avoid the perception of Yuanhui Tribulation. After the Yuanhui Tribulation is over, it can cultivate divinity again.”

Zhang Ruochen questioned, “If the Yuanhui Tribulation was so easy to deceive, wouldn’t all the spirits in the world be able to use this method to substitute death and live through one Yuanhui Tribulation after another?”

Gong Nanfeng shook his head. “If I let you split more than 90% of your Saint Soul and cultivate a physical body to become another you, would you be able to accept it?”

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully and shook his head.

No matter how powerful a human cultivator was, after losing more than 90% of the Saint Soul, he would probably become a retard.

Furthermore, the loss of the Saint Soul would severely impact one’s cultivation. It was very likely that his cultivation would drop drastically or that he would never be able to improve in the future. For any God, as long as they had a sliver of confidence in surviving the Yuanhui Tribulation, they would not choose to do so.

Back then, Guye Jing had only absorbed Zhang Ruochen’s soul power, not the Saint Soul itself.

It was terrifying to think that if one had cultivated a person who was the exact lookalike.

Gong Nanfeng continued, “Most gods would not do this. Gods are different from Divine Artifacts. Gods rely on themselves, and their divine souls mustn’t be lost. Divine Artifacts are different. Vessel spirits are important yet also not important. This is because the power of a Divine Artifact comes from its owner.”

Zhang Ruochen believed most of his words, “Has no God ever done this before?”

“There is.”

Gong Nanfeng said, “Buddhism has found a secret technique that can hide from the Yuanhui Tribulation. However, one can’t protect his divinity physiques. One can only protect less than 10% of his soul. The remnant of the soul needs to absorb more than 90% of a new soul. By then, it’s not the same person anymore. Therefore, it’s considered a new life, also called reincarnation.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly. “Even if one escapes from the Yuanhui Tribulation, it’s no different from death. He would be a completely new person.”

“Let me tell you a secret. In Fane of Destiny, some gods guessed that you were the reincarnation of Saint Monk Xumi,” Gong Nanfeng said.

“What?”

Zhang Ruochen was stunned. “Nonsense. If I were the reincarnation of Saint Monk Xumi, even if I only had less than 10% of his soul, I’d be a powerful figure in the world.”

“Don’t worry! You’re definitely not the reincarnation of Saint Monk Xumi. Otherwise, you won’t be able to leave Mount Destiny,” Gong Nanfeng said with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Rather saying that you found me, it’s that you’ve found Tensho Compass?”

Gong Nanfeng crossed his arms and nodded. “That’s right. Just like your Saint Soul, which could fly back to your body even if it’s thousands of miles away. Even the black sack of Duan Lingfeng can’t stop my perception of Tensho Compass.”

Zhang Ruochen had a headache believing in Gong Nanfeng. “How high is your cultivation now?”

“I just cultivated my body. Thus, I’m very weak.”

“You’re lying, right? If you’re really weak, how can you walk through the universe? How can you catch up to me?” Zhang Ruochen probed.

Gong Nanfeng said, “Brother Ruochen, I’m not lying. I’m really weak. It’s just that my body is special and stronger than

a mortal's. I can adapt to all kinds of harsh environments. As for my speed, it's entirely because a Divine Artifact's vessel spirit is always attracted to the Divine Artifact. I can't control the power of the Divine Artifact's spirit at will."

Zhang Ruochen stood with his hands behind his back. His emotions were complicated. He didn't know what to do.

Luckily, he hadn't claimed that Tensho Compass had been taken away by the Supreme Saint of Celestial Court. Otherwise, he would have been exposed.

What should he do now?

Kill Gong Nanfeng to get rid of the future trouble?

He felt that he couldn't do it.

Besides, Zhang Ruochen didn't wholly trust Gong Nanfeng. What if Gong Nanfeng was a subservient superior and deliberately made up a story to numb him.

Fane of Destiny needed a good reason to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Gong Nanfeng might have come for this. It was a trap for Zhang Ruochen.

But if he kept Gong Nanfeng alive, how could he hide Tensho Compass?

When Xue Lingxian and Granny Begonia appeared on Hoth, Zhang Ruochen realized that the plan to rescue Lord of Nephilim Island had already started. It was very likely that their capture of Tensho Compass had something to do with the rescue plan.

Otherwise, Kunlun's field would not have exposed the secret that Xue Lingxian was still alive.

There must be a reason why they're willing to pay such a high price.

In Zhang Ruochen's subconscious mind, he hoped Kunlun's field could rescue Lord of Nephilim Island. He also hoped that thousands of lives in Kunlun's field could be spared from the flames of war.

This was why he hadn't given Tensho Compass to Gong Nanfeng.

Yet taking a step back, he was Prince of the Eastern Region, Sect of the Blood God's leader, and the Crown Prince of Shengming Central Empire. He was responsible for protecting the lives in the Eastern Region, the disciples of Sect of the Blood God, and the descendants of Shengming Central Empire.

Gong Nanfeng said, "Brother Ruochen, you believe me now, right?"

"Yes!"

Zhang Ruochen answered subconsciously.

Gong Nanfeng said happily, "Then can you return Tensho Compass to me?"

"Hmm?"

Zhang Ruochen laughed dryly and shook his head. "No."

"Why?"

Gong Nanfeng couldn't understand.

"You're too weak. It's safer to keep Tensho Compass with me," Zhang Ruochen said.

Gong Nanfeng was listless. He sighed and said, "Yes, I'm indeed weak. We might easily lose Tensho Compass if it's with me."

"It's okay. I'm still here," Zhang Ruochen said.

...

Yan Zhexian's pretty face was full of frustration and helplessness. Thinking back to all the things she had done with Zhang Ruochen, she felt like they were enemies on a narrow road.

Why was it this annoying guy who saved them?

Looking at her embarrassed face, Yan Huangtu smiled and said, "Actually, Zhang Ruochen's not that bad. Even great-grandfather can't stop praising him."

“Great-grandfather only took a fancy to his talent, but he didn’t see his character clearly,” Yan Zhexian said.

Yan Huangtu said, “I think his character is not bad either! At least he was frank to you. In the House of Enchanters of Divine Domain of Destiny, he transformed into the Heaven and Earth Slaughterer to help you out. Otherwise, how many Godstones would you have lost in that bet?”

Yan Huangtu knew the secret of Yan Zhexian’s fetus in her belly, so he was no longer hostile to Zhang Ruochen.

Fighting to the death on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was only for the benefit of the forces behind them. It was a fair and just competition. It was not a deadly feud, nor was it a personal one.

Yan Huangtu continued, “Zhang Ruochen had already faked his death and hid in the dark. With his character, he wouldn’t meddle in other people’s business in this state. However, he saved us, which would cause trouble and expose his identity. I think he didn’t do it for me.”

There were some changes in Yan Zhexian’s eyes, but she still pursed her lips and said stubbornly, “So what? I won’t accept his favor.”

“He didn’t want you to accept his favor at all. If not for Gong Nanfeng’s sudden appearance, he would have already left without revealing his identity. He also didn’t want you to know his identity when he helped you in the House of Enchanters.” Yan Huangtu said.

Yan Zhexian’s eyes showed a pleading look, “Uncle, why are you speaking up for outsiders? You don’t want me to marry him, do you? He and Princess Luo Sha are engaged. It was the deity who bestowed him the marriage. If I marry him, what will it be? Will I be his concubine?”

“Of course not,” Yan Huangtu said.

Yan Zhexian said, “So, you’re on my side? You won’t listen to great grandfather? I don’t have to marry Zhang Ruochen?”

“I mean, you are the pearl of the Yan family. After you marry him, you have to at least be on equal footing with Luo Sha,”

Yan Huangtu said seriously with a sharp look in his eyes.

“Please don’t joke around. They’re coming. What should I say? Ugh! Why did it have to be Zhang Ruochen? Should I thank or glare at him to make him stop pestering me and give up?” Yan Zhexian asked in a low voice. She didn’t know whether to laugh or cry and felt fate was playing tricks on her.

“I’m seriously injured. I need to heal first.”

With that, Yan Huangtu sat down cross-legged and began to heal.

Zhang Ruochen returned to his original appearance and walked over with Gong Nanfeng.

He glanced at Yan Huangtu, sitting cross-legged with his back to him. Then his gaze shifted to Yan Zhexian. His gaze fell on her slightly hunched lower stomach. “You should have stayed in Yanluo Clan to care for the baby.”

Yan Zhexian wanted to reply arrogantly, “This has nothing to do with you.” However, Zhang Ruochen had just saved her. It was too unreasonable. In the end, Zhang Ruochen was not evil nor not unforgivable.

She said lightly, “I came out to experience life. I didn’t expect to encounter danger.”

“There’s always danger when you experience life. I know you don’t like me. It doesn’t matter. I don’t like you either. But for the child in your belly, I can escort you back to Hoth. You should return to Yanluo Clan as soon as possible. With your cultivation, you’d better not get involved in this matter,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Zhexian wanted to talk to Zhang Ruochen properly, but Zhang Ruochen’s words made her very unhappy. She became angry and laughed coldly.

“If you don’t need my escort, just say it. I don’t want to get into trouble,” Zhang Ruochen said directly.

Gong Nanfeng said, “I’m afraid you can’t.”

“Why are you interrupting?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gong Nanfeng looked serious and said, "I mean, Fei Zhong is on his way here. He'll be here in 15 minutes at most."

"Did you calculate it?" Zhang Ruochen's face changed slightly.

"Yes!"

"The real body, or the puppet."

Gong Nanfeng smiled bitterly. "I'm afraid it's... the real body."

Zhang Ruochen immediately activated Precepts of Truth and flowed it into his eyes. He looked in the direction Gong Nanfeng was pointing.

Yan Huangtu wasn't in the mood to heal. He stood up abruptly.

Gong Nanfeng wasn't nervous or flustered at all. He even comforted Yan Huangtu and Yanzhexian. "Don't worry. Master Ruochen is here. Don't panic."

"Fei Zhong's real body is here. Let's split up. We might still have a chance to escape." Yan Huangtu looked at Zhang Ruochen, hoping to entrust Yan Zhexian to him.

Gong Nanfeng said, "You really don't need to panic. Master Ruochen is so righteous. He'll definitely lure Fei Zhong away alone. He did the same when we met Lord Ironclad earlier. I'm so touched by his righteousness.."

Yan Zhexian was surprised. If the Divination Division's Overseer hadn't said this, she wouldn't believe that Zhang Ruochen was such a righteous man.

Did she really misunderstand him?

Zhang Ruochen almost spat out blood. He wanted to punch Gong Nanfeng to death.

Gong Nanfeng said, "Let's go first. Brother Ruochen will definitely stay here to block Fei Zhong and buy time for us to escape."

"Why should we leave? We all know Fei Zhong's character. He's only a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. It's too

dangerous to leave him here alone. If we want to go, we'll go together. If we want to fight, we'll fight together."

Zhang Ruochen turned his head. He hadn't expected Yan Zhexian to say such things.

"What are you looking at? I don't like you, but when disaster strikes, I won't leave you alone and run away!" Yan Zhexian glared at him and snorted.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "Nonetheless, I have a plan that might work."

Chapter 2507: Second Lord Yan

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Fei Zhong's puppet was created using his true form's blood, Spirits, and soul power, as well as the bones of a Paramount Realm dwarf. It took countless resources to create it.

This puppet was Fei Zhong's greatest reliance before he broke through to Paramount Realm.

At this moment, the puppet followed his aura and walked closely behind him.

Fei Zhong's true form saw two black dots in the vast universe from a great distance away. As they flew closer, he could see that the two black dots were Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian.

The two of them stayed where they were and did not escape.

Fei Zhong's two thick eyebrows contracted slightly as he asked, "Didn't you say that the two of them had already escaped?"

The puppet was shocked and a little lost, "I'm not sure! The two of them had indeed escaped after the Rakshasa Supreme Saint appeared! It might be a trap seeing that they're here now, while the Rakshasa Supreme Saint is nowhere to be found. Master, you'd better be careful."

"What cultivation level of that Rakshasa Supreme Saint?" Fei Zhong became wary.

The puppet said, "At that time, he only used his physical strength. His cultivation level was never exposed."

“There must be something fishy going on. We have to be careful. Stay where you are. If anything happens, help me immediately,” Fei Zhong instructed.

The puppet said, “Master’s cultivation level is capable of dealing with any variables. Even if they are scheming, it’s useless in the face of absolute power.”

Fei Zhong flew towards Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian and activated his Precept Domain.

When he was still ten thousand miles away from the two Yans, the Precept Domain had already spread to their surroundings. Dense black iron appeared in the void. Some turned into iron flowers, some formed rows of iron thorns, and some turned into a forest of iron trees.

Compared to the puppet’s Precept Domain, Fei Zhong’s Precept Domain was extremely mysterious. It displayed all sorts of forms in the world, like a metal world that underwent endless changes.

Yan Huangtu sat cross-legged, leisurely recuperating from his injuries.

Yan Zhexian wore a pure white robe. She stood casually mid-air, and flowers bloomed beneath her feet. She was like a peerless heavenly maiden, indifferently looking at the steel jungle that submerged.

Seeing their peaceful state, even Fei Zhong, who had a profound cultivation base, felt a little weak in his heart.

Thus, he stopped several dozen miles away from them.

“My Spiritual power and Precept Domain didn’t sense any other elites nearby, so there shouldn’t be an ambush. But, why are the two of them so calm?” Fei Zhong thought.

Yan Zhexian’s lips curled into a smile as he said, “Uncle, I was right. Fei Zhong came to seek his death.”

Yan Huangtu opened his eyes and shook his head with a smile.

Fei Zhong held his battle ax in his hand, he said in a clear voice, “You two don’t have to be so mystifying. Old man Dazheng has been severely injured, he’s not coming to save

you! If the two of you are sensible, you'll surrender. Once I make a move, who knows if I'll break Fifth Master Yan or hurt the fetus in Miss Zhexian's stomach?"

Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian's hearts were in a funk.

Their greatest hope was that Master Dazheng would come to rescue them.

Since Fei Zhong's true body had appeared here, it meant that Master Dazheng might have met with an accident.

Yan Zhexian's expression could no longer hold it in.

Yan Huangtu stood up and used his tall and sturdy body to block Yan Zhexian so that Fei Zhong could not see the change in Yan Zhexian's expression.

He spread out his hands and said, "The legendary Fei Zhong. Your name could be heard throughout the entire Celestial Court. With your cultivation level, why are you wasting your time on us? Come and capture us!"

Fei Zhong was an experienced person. He circulated his Saint Qi to his eyes and observed his surroundings.

He still did not find anything.

Fei Zhong smiled and said, "You know that you can not escape, so you set up a maze to scare me?"

Yan Huangtu said, "Senior is a first-class existence below divinity. Even your puppet is comparable to a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. I am just a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. I'm a child in front of you, how would I dare to scheme you?"

"It's useless even if you set up a maze or an ambush."

Fei Zhong raised his left hand across the void. Instantly, the wind and clouds in the Precept Domain changed. Countless Precepts turned into a torrent and surged towards Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian.

The torrent of Precepts was like a river in the heavens and earth, and also billions of light swords.

Even before it landed on their body, it had already caused their Saint Souls to palpitate. A mystical scene appeared before their eyes, as if the gods had appeared, making them kneel on the ground in fear.

The difference in cultivation was too great. Just a thought from Fei Zhong could cause them to sink into the Saint Aura and lose the ability to resist.

“Fei Zhong’s cultivation base is so terrifying.”

Yan Huangtu activated Nine Dragons Divine Mark. A streak of divine light rushed out of his body. However, under the attack of the torrent of Precepts, the Divine Marks were instantly destroyed and disappeared from his bones.

It was directly erased by Fei Zhong.

Yan Huangtu no longer resisted. He placed all his hope on Zhang Ruochen.

BOOM

A ball of dark energy exploded out of thin air. Space and time were thrown into chaos.

The dense dark energy turned into a cloud and blocked the torrents of Precepts.

“Such dense dark energy. Who Is It?”

Fei Zhong’s expression changed slightly as his eyes narrowed.

In the dark cloud, space and time became chaotic as a remarkable figure appeared. It was a young man with a handsome face and noble temperament. His eyes seemed to contain billions of stars and were unfathomable.

Seeing this young man, Fei Zhong was scared out of his wits. His eyes were wide open and he flew backward rapidly, pulling away the distances between them.

Whoosh

Precepts surged out of Fei Zhong’s body and he entered his peak fighting state.

The Precept Domain became more unpredictable and the Saint Aura was stronger. Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian were under tremendous pressure. Their bodies felt as if they were being pricked by needles and their shoulders felt as if they were bearing a hundred thousand mountains. However, they still had to appear calm and relaxed.

“Fei Zhong, you dare to lay your hands on me?” The young man coldly berated.

Fei Zhong motivated his battle ax to the limit. His eyes were like lightning, but his palms were covered in cold sweat, “Not at all! Second Lord Yan is known as the god of Demigods and the number one person below divinity of Yanluo Clan. I still have some self-awareness. I won’t do such a suicidal thing.”

Lord Yan was referring to Yan Yu, the second brother of Yan Huangtu.

Fei Zhong called Yan Huangtu, Fifth Master Yan but Second Lord Yan to Yan Yu. His respect for him was self-evident.

Fei Zhong was secretly glad that he had been careful and didn’t approach him. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have had a chance to escape today.

Yan Yu was naturally Zhang Ruochen’s transformation.

The pure dark energy under Zhang Ruochen’s feet was condensed from the last two drops of Dark Space-time Matter.

Yan Yu focuses mainly on Path of Darkness.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to be at ease, but in fact, his situation was similar to Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian. His demigod body was squeezed tightly by Fei Zhong’s Precept Domain. It was difficult for him to breathe.

However, he couldn’t show any flaws.

Zhang Ruochen snorted. “You hurt my brother and wanted to capture my niece. If I don’t kill you today, where will the Yan family’s dignity be?”

Fei Zhong felt even more pressure. His hair was soaked with sweat. “With Lord Yan’s cultivation, I know I’m no match for

you. But Lord Yan might not be able to stop me if I try to escape, right?”

Fei Zhong naturally wouldn't doubt Yan Yu's identity.

First, he had used his spiritual power and Precept Domain to investigate earlier. He hadn't sensed anyone hiding. Who else could but Yan Yu, who had the highest cultivation could hide from him?

Second, Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian had already escaped. Why did they suddenly come back here?

It was obvious that Yan Yu had used them as bait to lure him here.

Third, Zhang Ruochen's Shapeshifting technique had reached its peak. Almost no one under divinity could see through it.

Zhang Ruochen smiled mockingly and said indifferently, “Oh you can try to escape. Yet I bet on my surname that you can't escape from me.”

Yan Zhexian glanced at Zhang Ruochen and was speechless. He felt that Zhang Ruochen was too good at bragging and taking his place. If Fei Zhong turned around and ran, wouldn't he be exposed?

Did he think that he was the demigod's God?

Fei Zhong knew how powerful Yan Yu was. If he really turned around to run, his Precept Domain and aura would collapse and he wouldn't be able to fight anymore.

At that time, he might lose his life here.

Fei Zhong thought about it and became more aggressive. “Yan Yu, you've made a serious mistake. You shouldn't have used the two of them to lure me here.”

“Oh! Really?”

“With our current distance, you can't stop me from self-detonating my Sainthood Source.”

“I can't, but I can escape,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Fei Zhong said, "You can save your life, but Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian will definitely die with me. Well, I think you've made a crucial mistake."

Zhang Ruochen's face turned cold.

Fei Zhong thought he had caught Yan Yu's weakness, "Lord Yan, I came to Infernal Court to kill Zhang Ruochen. I've never thought of making an enemy of Yanluo Clan, let alone you. I only wanted to capture Fifth Master Yan and Miss Zhexian in exchange for the chance to leave Hoth. I've never thought of hurting them."

Yan Zhexian didn't expect Fei Zhong to be so scared of her second uncle. She blinked and said, "You're talking nonsense. You wanted to capture me to curry favor with some big shot in Celestial Court."

Fei Zhong said, "Fei Zhong had no such intention."

"Your puppet said it himself," Yan Zhexian said.

Fei Zhong said, "Miss Zhexian, you don't know. That bastard has developed an independent personality. He probably acted on his own."

Zhang Ruochen said, "If that's the case, you kill him."

"What?"

Fei Zhong gritted his teeth and glared at "Yan Yu".

Refining this puppet had cost him countless resources, including his blood and soul power. It was impossible to destroy him with his own hands.

This was a superior who was close to a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'll spare your life today if you kill him."
"

Fei Zhong clenched his fingers tightly. Blood was almost seeping out of his teeth.

Zhang Ruochen said lightly, "I'll give you three seconds to consider. One!"

“Two!”

...

“Wait a minute.”

Fei Zhong was sweating profusely. His entire body was trembling. “Will you keep your word?”

Zhang Ruochen said disdainfully, “I, Yan Yu, am called the demigod’s God not only because of my profound cultivation but also because I never go back on my words.”

Fei Zhong said, “Good! I’ll trust Second Lord Yan’s words in Infernal Court.”

Fei Zhong gritted his teeth. His heart was bleeding, but he still took out a soul token and pressed it with his finger.

With a crack, the soul token shattered.

In the distance, the puppet screamed in pain. Its soul was destroyed and fell into the void space.

Yan Zhexian felt relieved and secretly happy about this. Zhang Ruochen’s move was too vicious. If Fei Zhong knew the truth, he would definitely lose his cool.

Zhang Ruochen reached out his hand and grabbed the puppet. He inspected it, “I didn’t expect the dwarves would have such an amazing person. You’re tough, decisive, and quick. We can expect you to reach divinity in the future. You can go now. We’ll definitely have another chance to meet.”

Fei Zhong felt less upset and depressed after being evaluated by Yan Yu.

At the same time, he became vigilant. He thought to himself, “I didn’t expect Yan Yu to be so accomplished in Path of Dimension. There’s no such record in the past. I must report this to the higher-ups when I return to Celestial Court.”

Fei Zhong was about to leave when he suddenly thought of something. He cupped his fists, “Lord Yan, there’s a huge misunderstanding between us. Zhang Ruochen’s body wasn’t taken by Celestial Court. You’re a wise man. Don’t fall for that b*tch’s trap.”

“I’ll investigate this thoroughly.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and laughed in his heart. It was probably because of the strand of Shang Xia’s hair that he had left behind.

He hadn’t expected that not only did he drive a wedge between Celestial Court and Bai Qing’er, but he had also caused the Yanluo clan to fight against Celestial Court.

It was an unexpected harvest.

Now that the important matter had been settled, Zhang Ruochen only hoped that Fei Zhong would leave as soon as possible so that things wouldn’t change before the ink is dry.

Suddenly, dense lead clouds appeared in the entire space of the universe. Acid-like raindrops dropped down.

Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled in the clouds. Heavenly fire appeared faintly. The atmosphere was extremely solemn.

ROARRR

A dragon’s roar echoed in the Sea of stars.

An enormous dragon shadow flew through the clouds. Even the scales and claws that were revealed were enough to cover the sky and earth. It was extremely shocking.

Yan Huangtu opened his palm and caught a drop of rain. The palm of his hand was burning from the corrosion.

“Acid Rain, black dragon, it’s him!”

Fei Zhong guessed who the newcomer was and became nervous again.

Facing this person was more stressful than facing Yan Yu.

It was not because the newcomer was stronger than Yan Yu, but because the newcomer was born to kill. At least Yan Yu still talked about principles and rules and was afraid that he would self-destruct his Sainthood Source.

A half-dragon and half-human figure appeared in the dark clouds. Looking down at Fei Zhong, he asked, “Who is that

b*tch you're talking about?"

His voice boomed like a waterfall of sound waves.

Fei Zhong confronted the half-dragon-half-human figure. Saint Aura on his body rose, but it was still suppressed by layers of lead clouds. His momentum was much weaker.

Yan Huangtu murmured to himself, "I didn't expect the people of Fane of Destiny to come!"

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He didn't expect Blackwraith, one of the Ten Wraithions, to appear here.

The arrival of Blackwraith could indeed suppress Fei Zhong and completely resolve their crisis.

However, Tensho Compass was with him. Once Blackwraith finished Fei Zhong off, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have an excuse to keep Tensho Compass.

"Let's go! We must leave before Blackwraith finds out."

Zhang Ruochen immediately transmitted his voice to Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu, telling them that this was the best time to escape.

Gong Nanfeng, who had been hiding, immediately jumped out when he saw Blackwraith. He was overjoyed and held Zhang Ruochen's hand, he said excitedly, "Brother Ruochen, the elites of Fane of Destiny are here. We're saved. There's no need to act anymore! This is great. We can finally return to Hoth safely."

Fei Zhong and Blackwraith, who had been confronting each other, looked over at the same time.

The difference was that Blackwraith was looking at Overseer, Gong Nanfeng. Fei Zhong, on the other hand, stared at Zhang Ruochen. He seemed to have guessed something. His arm twitched. He couldn't help but look at the crushed soul token. His expression was very interesting.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Gong Nanfeng, who was holding his arm tightly. His expression was even more interesting than Fei Zhong's.

Chapter 2508: Seven Souls of Terror

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Fei Zhong had become a top-tier elite one class below divinity, so he was able to see through the heavenly secrets and understand the truths of the world. He was intimidated only because of Yan Yu's great fame.

When Gong Nanfeng exposed Yan Yu's fake identity, Fei Zhong was naturally fuming with anger.

He was a grand authority in the Dwarves and regarded as a "deity-like figure". However, he had been played by a few Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle and Thousand-Koan Realm. They destroyed the puppet clone that he had painstakingly cultivated. That was a great humiliation to him.

It is known that Fei Zhong's cultivation, strength, and status in the Celestial Court were far superior even compared to the likes of Wu Zu from Guanghan and Emperor Ji Mie.

Fei Zhong shouted angrily, "Who are you?"

"I am Yan Yu, the god of Demigods." Zhang Ruochen waved Gong Nanfeng away and tried to pretend still.

Unfortunately, the dark clouds formed by the explosion of dark matter dispersed a lot and became thinner. If it was Yan Yu, the dark energy would be as eternal as a black hole, devouring all the light and heat of time.

"I killed you."

Fei Zhong spat out a sound wave, and the four words transformed into four forms: Green Moon Divine Disciple,

Golden Armored Horseman, Godly Cauldron King, and the Heavenly Ghost Grinder.

Each word was a high-level Thousand-Koan Saint technique.

The Divine Disciple was ten thousand feet tall, and the green moon above his head shone for ten thousand miles.

The Golden Armored Horseman was full of killing intent. Behind him, the phantom shadow of thousands of soldiers and horses burst out with unstoppable momentum.

...

The light of the Green Moon surged out like a huge wave. It pushed Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu backward, with both of them unable to contend with it.

Zhang Ruochen sighed lightly and activated the divine force in his body. An enormous divine shadow of a blood phoenix appeared behind him.

This was the manifestation of divine force.

Zhang Ruochen's current body was the Blood Empress. He had used the divine blood of a Divine Blood Phoenix. After 800 years of cultivation, he had reached the level of a demigod's body. This was because the power of Zhang Ruochen's demigod body was closely related to the Blood Phoenix.

Zhang Ruochen had been analyzing its secrets recently, trying to display the strongest power of the demigod body.

BOOM

Zhang Ruochen attacked with all his strength. With the power of his palm, he shattered the Green Moon Divine Disciple. Then, he cut through the Golden Armored Horseman, sweeping away the Godly Cauldron King and the Heavenly Ghost Grinder.

He struck out four times in a row, breaking all four Saint Techniques of Fei Zhong.

It seemed to be done in one go, but anyone could see that "Yan Yu" was barely damaged. A strand of his hair had been cut off

by the Golden Armored Horseman's blade, and his head had nearly flown off.

It must be known that this was just an attack formed by Fei Zhong's casual words.

Fei Zhong had completely seen through "Yan Yu" and his eyes were burning with anger. If he didn't kill this person today, he definitely could not live this through.

"Enough! With me here, how can I let you show off as a Heavenly Realm Supreme Saint?"

Blackwraith's arm stretched out and turned into a black dragon claw hundreds of miles long, stopping Fei Zhong who wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen.

The Dragon Qi and Corpse Qi were both extremely dense and contained countless precepts.

Fei Zhong looked up and felt the scale-shaped sky pressing down. It crushed the Precept Domain that he was holding up. Finally, it landed heavily on his body.

Fei Zhong was hit by the claw and fell rapidly. The Saint Qi in his body became chaotic.

"The Ten Wraithions are truly terrifying. I'm no match for them."

Just as this thought flashed through Fei Zhong's mind, Blackwraith's second claw came slashing horizontally.

Tens of thousands of dragon shadows surged out of the Dragon Claw, and the roar of a thousand dragons surged out.

Sky Splitter!

Fei Zhong raised the battle-ax above his head and performed an advanced Saint technique. Countless bolts of lightning surged out of the battle ax. Each bolt of lightning was like a river of lightning that spanned tens of thousands of miles.

Zhang Ruochen, Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, and Gong Nanfeng were all fleeing rapidly. This was a battle at the peak of the Divine Plane. Even if they were just hit by a bolt of lightning, it wouldn't be a laughing matter.

Zhang Ruochen looked back and saw the shadow of a huge ax that was thousands of miles long. As if breaking through the chaos, it hacked at the black figure of the half-dragon and half-human facing the sky.

“You, Fei Zhong, still have a big difference.”

Blackwraith shouted and turned into the black dragon’s body.

Endless divine power was released from the huge dragon’s body. With a swipe of its claw, the shadow of the huge ax shattered and turned into a rain of light that covered thousands of miles away.

Fei Zhong spat out blood and flew away quickly.

“It’s not that easy to leave as you like.”

The Black Divine Dragon was much faster than Fei Zhong. It caught up with him in an instant and spat out a multicolor seal that was thousands of meters long. Four ancient divine texts of the Dragon Clan flew out from the seal. They struck and injured Fei Zhong again while trapping him simultaneously.

Fei Zhong knew that Blackwraith was the weakest among the Ten Wraithions, but was among one of the fastest. He knew that he wouldn’t be able to escape easily today.

“If we continue fighting, we’ll die together,” Fei Zhong said in a heavy voice.

The Black Divine Dragon wasn’t afraid and spoke. “Before you self-detonate your Sainthood Source, answer my question. What happened to Zhang Ruochen death? Did you take away the Tensho Compass with him?”

Obviously, Gong Nanfeng’s previous “Brother Ruochen” didn’t make them think of Zhang Ruochen.

After all, no one believed that Zhang Ruochen could survive the Arrow of Deva Path.

Even if it was Blackwraith and Fei Zhong that were hit by the Arrow of Deva Path, they would most likely die.

Gong Nanfeng, Yan Zhexian, and Yan Huangtu couldn’t help but look at fake Yan Yu.

Zhang Ruochen said, “It’s said that the Blackwraith is from the Fane of Destiny. It was cultivated by a pure-blood black dragon’s divine corpse and lives only for killing without fear of death. His combat strength is indeed extraordinary. It easily defeated Fei Zhong.”

Yan Zhexian knew that Zhang Ruochen was deliberately changing the topic. He didn’t want to tell them the truth, so he rolled his eyes and said, “Fei Zhong is no match for Blackwraith. Should we stop running instead?”

“No, the more that’s the case, the more we have to run. The farther the better,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Yan Huangtu said, “That’s right! If Fei Zhong is forced to near death, he’ll self-detonate his Sainthood Source and burn together with Blackwraith. The destructive power of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint’s self-detonation isn’t something we can withstand.”

“Let’s go now.”

Zhang Ruochen released Saint Qi and enveloped the three of them. Just as he turned around, his gaze was frozen. He didn’t know when it happened, but there was a figure sitting behind them.

He hadn’t noticed it before.

Bai Qing’er was sitting in the void space. There was a stone bench beneath her, a stone table beside, and a stone pavilion.

The stone bench, stone table, and stone pavilion appeared from nothingness in front of the four of them. She seemed to be able to create things from nothing. It was strange and magical.

On the stone table, a teapot and a teacup appeared.

Within the teapot, boiling tea appeared.

The fragrance of the tea floated in the space of the universe, turning into many misty bridges.

Outside the stone pavilion, rockery and ponds appeared. The ground condensed into plain dirt, and colorful spirit flowers and divine trees grew. The trees were full of vermilion-colored fruits.

Very quickly, a fairyland-like island was born from nothing, bit by bit.

Even with what Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian had seen, they were both dumbfounded and immensely shocked.

Zhang Ruochen knew better than them how terrifying Bai Qing'er was. He stared at her sitting in the pavilion, but his spiritual power was communicating with the Intergold Tiger. "This time, I'm afraid I have to borrow your power!" he asked.

"I think you'd better not waste this only chance, because using brute force is really for the lower class. This woman is extremely intelligent and conceited, so she might not kill you. If you can deal with her with your own strength, you won't think of me the first time you meet a stronger enemy in the future. Of course, if you can't deal with it, I won't sit idly by. But I'll be disappointed in your ability," said the Intergold Tiger.

Zhang Ruochen calmed down quickly. He walked up the stairs and entered the stone pavilion.

He sat directly opposite Bai Qing'er, picked up the teapot, and poured himself a cup.

Bai Qing'er was surprised. She smiled and said, "Master Ruochen, are you not afraid of me at all?"

"Why should I be afraid? In any case, from now on, I'm either yours or you're mine. Can't we be casual as friends?" Zhang Ruochen replied.

Bai Qing'er smiled brightly like the rising sun. "Aren't you curious about how I found this place?"

"I think the problem is either Shang Yue or Shang Xia." Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and said, "It should be Shang Xia! Or did you already guess that the Arrow of Deva Path can't kill me?"

Bai Qing'er said, "As the guide of the Intergold Tiger, how could an Arrow of Deva Path kill you?"

"So you knew about it!" Zhang Ruochen exclaimed.

Bai Qing'er said, "I only found out by chance after I came to Hoth. Congratulations, Supreme Saint Ruochen. With the protection of the gods, you will soar to the sky in the future."

"You know that I have the protection of the gods, but you still dare to be my enemy?" Zhang Ruochen's eyes became fierce.

Bai Qing'er said lightly, "The Intergold Tiger appearing in this era is just like a sick cat. It's destined to not be able to dominate under the heavens. At least for now, I'm not afraid of it at all. If it appears and becomes my enemy, it will die."

The Intergold Tiger's voice sounded in Zhang Ruochen's ears. "I take back what I just said. When I fight with this woman, I will do my best to help you without a limit to the number of times. However, you must have full confidence in winning. You cannot lose."

Bai Qing'er wasn't completely lying.

If she was strong enough to force the Intergold Tiger to use more power than the heavenly and earthly precepts allowed, then the Intergold Tiger would be punished by heaven. It may even be in danger of dying.

She saw through the Intergold Tiger and Zhang Ruochen very clearly.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You knew that the Arrow of Deva Path couldn't kill me, but you still purposefully sent Shang Xia to take my body. Did you expect that I would capture her and not kill her?"

Bai Qing'er said, "With Shangguan Que in my hands, you won't kill Shang Xia for sure. You must have the bargaining chip to negotiate with me."

"So, in the House of Enchanters, you deliberately hinted to me that my teacher is in your hands?" Zhang Ruochen stared into her eyes, trying to see through her heart with the Path of Truth.

However, what he saw were two abysses. Countless illusions appeared in front of his eyes while his consciousness became blurry and he felt drowsy.

Bai Qing'er smiled slightly.

"Chi Yao, I have treated you like my true love. Why do you want to kill me?"

Zhang Ruochen roared and jumped forward. He sat up from the bed.

He realized that he had just fallen into a dream.

It was a nightmare!

In the dream, he was surrounded by many cultivators, including Blackie, Chi Yao, Kong Lanyou, Le, Feng Yan, Xiang Chunan, the Blood Empress... and finally, Chi Yao who pierced his forehead with her sword.

When he woke up, he appeared on the golden bed. The room was magnificent with an ancient painting hanging on the wall.

"Oh Chen, did you have a nightmare again?"

Concubine Lin Lan, the Princess to Yunwu Commandery's King, came in wearing a palace dress. Her eyes were full of concern.

"Mother?"

Zhang Ruochen looked at the familiar but strange figure in front of him. He felt that his current situation was a little strange, but everything in front of him was so real.

Lin Lan gently stroked Zhang Ruochen's forehead to comfort his emotions.

Zhang Ruochen was immersed in the warmth of his mother's love, and his body gently leaned forward. Suddenly, his head was in severe pain. Lin Lan's face suddenly became ferocious and terrifying. She crushed Zhang Ruochen's skull with her fingers.

Zhang Ruochen's soul flew out of his body and looked at his body on the bed. His head was completely crushed with blood flowing out.

Lin Lan, on the other hand, was like a lunatic. She let out a creepy laugh.

...

“Mother, why did you kill me?”

Zhang Ruochen roared loudly. He sat up from the bed and panted heavily.

Mu Lingxi, who was sleeping next to him, also sat up in her close-fitting clean white pajamas. Her clear eyes showed confusion. “What’s wrong?” she asked.

Zhang Ruochen touched his forehead and looked at Mu Lingxi. He then pulled her into his arms, closed his eyes, and let out a long breath. “It was just a dream!”

Stab

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen felt a sharp pain in his chest. He pushed Mu Lingxi away and stared at the heart in her hands. He looked down at the bloody hole in his chest and coughed out dryly, “Why... why did you do this?”

Mu Lingxi tilted her head and sneered. “I’m also from the Immortal Vampires, so I want to drink blood too. Your heart must taste delicious!”

...

The nightmare continued. Each time, it felt like a new beginning.

Yan Zhexian and the Yan Huangtu couldn’t hear the conversation in the stone pavilion, but they knew Bai Qing’er and her identity. They also knew that she and Zhang Ruochen had different opinions about the finest Divine Crystal of Origin. Both of them could be described as incompatible like fire and water.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen lay on the stone table and fell into a deep sleep. His body trembled and he cried out in fear. Both of his feet thrashed wildly while his hands twitched constantly.

Gong Nanfeng calculated with his fingers. His face changed in shock. He looked at Bai Qing’er in shock and said, “Oh no! Bai Qing’er is a Master of Origin. She has practiced the thirteen volumes of the Cloud Dream! It seems that Zhang Ruochen has fallen into her Nightmare of the Seven Souls .”

“That witch... she is indeed a problem.”

Yan Zhexian called out a runic pen and drew a rune pattern.

Gong Nanfeng stopped her and said bitterly, “Her cultivation is so strong that even the three of us combined would be killed by a single finger of hers.”

Yan Zhexian stared at Zhang Ruochen who was in extreme pain and said, “Then what should we do? Quick, go and ask Blackwraith to help. Only he can save Zhang Ruochen now.”

Because he was very close to Bai Qing’er, Gong Nanfeng had deduced many things about her. However, the more he knew, the paler his face became. So, when Yan Zhexian asked him to call Blackwraith for help, he did not say a word and just shook his head gently.

Bai Qing’er heard what Gong Nanfeng said just now and her gaze fell on him. She instantly saw through everything about him and smiled, “No wonder you were able to deduce my secret. The path I cultivate is exceedingly divine, it is actually the vessel spirit of the Tensho Compass.”

Gong Nanfeng smiled at her, and his smile was uglier than crying.

Blackwraith and Fei Zhong had already sensed Bai Qing’er’s aura and did not continue to fight. However, they enveloped their spiritual power together because they wanted to probe Bai Qing’er’s cultivation level.

“Both of you dare to probe me. Such bravery indeed.”

Bai Qing’er’s voice was clear and gentle. Sitting on the stone bench, she stretched out her empty hand, and an illusory universe appeared in her palm. It was unknown how many trillions of precepts flowed in the universe and sucked away Blackwraith and Fei Zhong’s spiritual power.

Fei Zhong was extremely frightened. He realized that his spiritual power was not under his control and was diminishing continually.

Such a terrifying thing had never happened before.

This should not be possible even for a deity.

“This woman is too strange. We can’t just sit here and wait for her death. Should we attack together?” Blackwraith asked.

“Alright!”

Fei Zhong was very decisive. He responded with a single word and slashed out with his battle ax. A giant ax shadow stretching for a thousand miles fell straight towards the stone pavilion.

Blackwraith controlled the seal and turned it into the size of a city. He crushed layers of space and followed closely behind the giant ax shadow to attack Bai Qing’er.

Chapter 2509: Creating a World of Chaos

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

The huge ax shadow that could split the heavens and earth faded before it touched the stone pavilion. It was as if its energy had been sucked away and dissipated into nothingness.

Fei Zhong had never seen such a strange thing. He was stricken with terror.

As for the seal that Blackwraith had struck out, for some unknown reason, turned into a speck of light and fell into Bai Qing'er's hand.

A pure white and flawless flame appeared in her palm. In an instant, she refined the seal and suppressed the vessel spirit.

Fei Zhong and the Blackwraith were both influential figures. However, the combined attack of the two was quickly neutralized by Bai Qing'er. Both Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian standing outside the stone pavilion were shocked. Their faces were filled with disbelief.

Bai Qing'er looked at the seal in her hand and said, "It's a pretty good divine relic ancient artifact, but it's a pity that it hasn't reached the level of a Supreme Artifact. Also, its previous owner wasn't powerful enough as his power is limited."

Fei Zhong and Blackwraith's spiritual power had already been completely drained.

Without thinking, they immediately activated their secret arts and burst out with unprecedented speed, fleeing in two different directions.

Their speed was over 10,000 times the speed of sound.

Although the Blackwraith was not afraid of death, Bai Qing'er was too powerful. If they continued to attack, it would be useless, so they could only flee.

“You have discovered my secret and still wanted to escape?”

Bai Qing'er stood up and walked to the edge of the stone pavilion. Then she stared at the Blackwraith who had escaped tens of thousands of miles away and stretched out her snow-white hand.

Instantly, the shadow of a giant hand that was tens of thousands of miles long appeared in the space of the universe.

Five finger-like pillars of multicolored light imprisoned Blackwraith, who had transformed into the Black Dragon's true form. The Black Dragon's body burst out with earth-shattering divine force, stirring the space and disturbing the precepts of heaven and earth. Its power waves shattered pieces of the universe's rocks.

Bai Qing'er retracted back her five fingers, and the colossal shadow hand grabbed the Black Dragon as if it was catching a loach.

Bang

The Black Dragon's divine body exploded, and its scales, bones, head, and claws flew away. They rained down in the bloody and foul-smelling air. However, divine light still flickered from the broken corpse.

Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, and Gong Nanfeng held their breaths till their hearts seemed to stop beating.

Was Blackwraith of the Ten Wraithions killed so easily by a claw?

Even a pseudo god might not be able to do it.

Was she really Bai Qing'er?

She was just a cultivator below divinity.

Fei Zhong, who was running away, was horrified to find that the stone pavilion, which should have been thousands of miles

behind him, had appeared in front of him.

He stopped and said with a bitter expression, “What kind of power is this... dimensions or illusions? Could this be a maze?”

Bai Qing'er stood on the steps beside the stone pavilion. Her black hair swayed in the wind, and her beauty was comparable to a painting. “I have completely absorbed your spiritual power. Undoubtedly you won't be able to sense what's happening. There's no harm in telling you that this is just a spiritual power attack. Your mind and thoughts have been affected to let you think that you were fleeing forward. In reality, you've run a circle and came back,” she said.

Fei Zhong was able to become one of the strongest among the Supreme Saint elites of the Paramount Realm. Even though his spiritual power had been sucked away, his Saint Soul and five senses were still powerful. Being toyed with by Bai Qing'er in the palm of her hand could only mean that her methods were too brilliant. No matter how much he resisted, it was futile.

Fei Zhong gave up on the idea of escaping and self-destructing his Sainthood Source. He bowed and said, “Lady Bai, you are indeed unparalleled in the world. I, Fei Zhong, surrender to you.”

“You didn't call me that before,” Bai Qing'er said.

Fei Zhong's expression changed again and again. He braced himself and said, “I am so stupid that I don't understand what you mean.”

“Although Zhang Ruochen tricked me into destroying my puppet clone, you are still smart. At least you know what's good for you. So do not play dumb in front of me,” Bai Qing'er said.

Fei Zhong was sweating profusely. His legs couldn't help but tremble.

“Don't be so scared. You're quite powerful and valuable, so that I won't kill you,” Bai Qing'er said.

Fei Zhong breathed a sigh of relief. He bowed even lower and said, “When I said those words to Yan Yu... No, to Zhang

Ruochen, I wasn't referring to Lady Bai."

Those words were, of course, "Sl*t."

Bai Qing'er said, "I'll give you two choices. First, cut off your tongue, kneel and call me master."

"Second, die."

Fei Zhong was trembling all over and was thinking hard while struggling within. In the end, his eyes became stern. A divine light appeared in his palm, and he activated the battle-ax in his hand.

Bai Qing'er's voice came again, saying, "No one is born strong. There will always be times when they will be humiliated. Why must you choose the path of death? Why can't you bear to live in shame and seek revenge in the future? You must believe your heart is unyielding to keep fighting despite the setbacks. Even if you submit to me, your heart will not yield. But if you die now, there will be nothing left even in the future."

Like a demonic voice, Bai Qing'er's every word was forced into Fei Zhong's ears.

Gradually, the saint light in Fei Zhong's palm dissipated. He closed his eyes. Although he was still standing, he swayed about and fell into a deep sleep.

Bai Qing'er nodded in satisfaction. Suddenly, she sensed something and looked at Zhang Ruochen lying on the stone table in surprise.

She saw that Zhang Ruochen's body was shining like a star. He raised his head, and his eyes became clear again. A starry ocean appeared in each of his eyes.

Bai Qing'er walked over with a fragrant wind, "I didn't expect that with your attainments in the Path of Truth, you could break through my Nightmare of the Seven Souls. It seems you didn't only get the Canon of Truth after crossing the tenth level of the Sea of Truth."

"You're too suspicious! Who said that only the Path of Truth could break through the dreamland? My heart has been

tempered countless times. A mere dreamland can do nothing to Lord Ironclad. Even Cang Baizi and the others can't do anything to me," Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing'er said, "Is that so? Why don't we try again?"

Zhang Ruochen avoided Bai Qing'er's gaze and said, "Fine! I admit that your Nightmare of the Seven Souls is very powerful. If you hadn't been distracted in killing Blackwraith and Fei Zhong, I might not have been able to break out of the dream with my current spiritual power."

Bai Qing'er looked straight at Zhang Ruochen and said, "You're hiding it."

"I'm not hiding it," Zhang Ruochen replied.

Bai Qing'er said, "You can't hide it from me."

"Forget it! There's no harm in telling you. I do have the Canon of Truth, and I have quite a lot. If you want them, you just have to kill me to take them away," Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing'er replied, "Do you think I won't kill you?"

"I think even the Canon of Truth can't touch your heart. You are too arrogant and like to challenge the impossible to enjoy extreme excitement. The challenge of subduing a Yuanhui level genius is more exciting than getting the easily obtained Canon of Truth. I have already been captured by you twice, so I'm only one step away from losing to you. Don't you want to try?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing'er said, "You think you know me, now that's arrogance!"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were sharp. He was always true to himself.

Bai Qing'er continued, "What the strong say to the weak, no matter how arrogant and ridiculous, is confidence. But what the weak say to the strong will be seen as arrogance even if they're right."

"What you said just now wasn't wrong, but you shouldn't have said it."

“Now, I’ll have to change my mind. In fact, I can get a lot of benefits by killing you. Why should I gamble on an uncertain future?”

In an instant, killing intent surged from Bai Qing’er’s body.

The killing intent turned into a bloody mist and condensed into blood swords that flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen shouted, “You wouldn’t kill me.”

The blood swords stopped in front of him. The tip of the nearest blade was already pressing between Zhang Ruochen’s eyebrows.

The three people outside the stone pavilion could not hear the conversation between the two people in the stone pavilion, but they could feel the sudden burst of murderous intent from Bai Qing’er.

That murderous intent was directed at the hearts and Core Spirits. The three were terrified and thought that Zhang Ruochen would surely die.

However, the blood swords were frozen in front of Zhang Ruochen, which puzzled them immensely.

The intention to kill and murderous intent could not be fake.

What was going on with Bai Qing’er?

“I can’t believe you guessed it. Now, this isn’t interesting anymore!”

Bai Qing’er waved her hand, and the blood swords dispersed.

Zhang Ruochen regained his composure and smiled, saying. “It’s not hard to guess! Your goal has always been the Fane of Origin, not me or the Canon of Truth. You will never kill me before you have found the Seven-Armed Elder and get the Divine Crystal of Origin of the highest grade.”

“You pretended to kill me just to scare me off. Once the psychological defense is broken, you can use the dream world to control me, just like Fei Zhong.”

“Fei Zhong is not a coward. He has a strong will. There is no way you can subdue him with just a few words, so you used

the power of the dream world in the end.”

Bai Qing'er eased her slim and lithe figure on the stone bench opposite Zhang Ruochen. She looked over at the sleeping Fei Zhong, “The Supreme Saint of a Paramount Realm won't yield to me,” she said. “I can only try, but I could succeed... Actually, I'm not discouraged that you can hold your psychological defense. Instead, I'm pleased after all because there are fewer challenges for me below divinity. If a person lacks the will to challenge, he will inevitably return to mediocrity.”

“Then why don't you directly break through to divinity? Do you challenge the deities?”

Zhang Ruochen lifted the teapot and poured a cup of tea for her.

Bai Qing'er said, “Do you know how powerful Wargod Bloodximius and Huang Tian were in the Paramount Realm?”

Zhang Ruochen began to nod but shook his head afterward.

Zhang Ruochen had read many books and seen many legends and achievements of Wargod Bloodximius and Huang Tian during the Supreme Saint period. However, they were only recorded in books after all. He wouldn't know their true mysteries if he did not see them with his own eyes.

Bai Qing'er said, “The two of them lived in a world of chaos that rarely comes by. It was the most tragic and chaotic and where the most talents appeared in history. It wasn't easy for them to stand out in that era. They also reached a level that future generations find hard to surpass.”

Looking through the history of the eternal heavens, one would find a strange phenomenon. Geniuses would always appear concentrated in a certain period. And that period was primarily a world in chaos.

As the saying goes, the trend of events brings forth the hero.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You wanted to surpass the heights of Wargod Bloodximius and Huang Tian, but you found that the difference was too high. So, you placed your hopes on the Fane of Origin.”

“You’re half right,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “What about the other half?”

“You can try guessing. I’ll spare your life today if you’re right... I guess you also have a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin with you that I can obtain just by killing you,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen hesitated for a moment.

At this moment, a smile appeared on Bai Qing’er’s face.

She knew that she was right. Zhang Ruochen did have a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen also knew he shouldn’t hesitate, but it was too late to regret his mistake.

Bai Qing’er grabbed Zhang Ruochen’s wrist. Her five fingers felt as soft as spring onions, but Zhang Ruochen’s Demigod-level physique couldn’t resist. He could only watch her take the Ring of Dimensions from him.

Bai Qing’er found the only supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin in the Ring of Dimensions. Holding it in her hand, she threw the Ring of Dimensions on the stone table without any interest in the ring that was a Supreme Artifact.

She said, “Now, you have lost the only thing you can rely on; you must guess well to keep your life. If you guess wrong, you will die.”

Time passed by in seconds and minutes.

Bai Qing’er was not a normal person. Whatever she did was outside the understanding scope of ordinary people.

It was not easy to guess what she was thinking.

“Okay! My time is precious, and I can’t waste it on you anymore. It seems that you will still die in the end.”

Bai Qing’er did not emit any killing intent. She was very calm. However, when she stretched out her finger, Zhang Ruochen did not doubt that she would kill him.

“A Chaotic world,” Zhang Ruochen shouted out.

Bai Qing'er's finger stopped. She looked at him for a long time while a strange light appeared in her eyes. She smiled and said, "Continue."

Zhang Ruochen let out a long sigh of relief. He said, "You said earlier that the reason why Wargod Bloodximus and Huang Tian could grow to such heights was because of the chaotic world around them in the last Yuanhui Period."

"Wargod Bloodximus and Huang Tian did not have a stable cultivation environment in the chaotic era. They were threatened by their peers, gods, and by thousands of soldiers. Both of them could die in battle at any moment."

"Moreover, there were countless geniuses around them. They fought and killed every day while improving through practice and upgrading themselves."

"All of these things you didn't have."

"You've been hiding your strength in the dark and never fully displayed it. How can you surpass them under these circumstances?"

"I'm guessing that you want to create a chaotic world by yourself without chaotic times. One that can attract countless Saint-level experts and even reveal the chaotic side of the gods."

"Are you purposefully letting the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin come into being?"

Bai Qing'er drank Zhang Ruochen's tea with a smile, "Otherwise, do you think the Enchanter Chamber couldn't even recognize the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and let it simply show up at the Citadel Casino? It also happened to be conveniently seen by more than a dozen top elites of the Infernal Court while during such a sensitive time when the Jadeite Realm opened as well."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Then, what about the Seven-Armed Elder? Is he also one of your people?"

"No! This old man is more cunning than I thought. He almost made me lose control of the overall situation," Bai Qing'er said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “So, you don’t know much about the Seven-Armed Elder, and that bet was just to test him? So why did you kill him?”

“If I wanted to kill him, he would have died long ago! My goal is to capture him and let him take me to the Fane of Origin personally,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “So after the Seven-Armed Elder escaped, you could only settle for the next best thing and stole the five supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin that was meant to be distributed to the various powers of the Infernal Court. But unfortunately, you found that the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin had been replaced, so you must find the Seven-Armed Elder or the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. Otherwise, you will lose control of the overall situation.”

“I understand now! The Fane of Origin is your bait to create a small chaotic world and attract the powerful elites from the major forces to hone yourselves.”

“Moreover, all of this can only be carried out after the opening of the Jadeite Realm. Otherwise, the appearance of the Fane of Origin will alarm countless deities.”

Bai Qing’er said, “You’re wrong about one thing. I never planned to give the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin to the big forces of the Infernal Court. Even if they don’t have the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, they’ll automatically catch up to me. I want them to catch up to me. Look, the current situation on Hoth is so chaotic.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Did you deliberately let us escape in Ji Feng Manor?”

Bai Qing’er shook her head and said, “I just didn’t want to expose myself.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “There are two things I don’t understand. First, why must the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin be sent to the Fane of Destiny? Is it to let the Fane of Destiny join your game?”

“No, not just the Fane of Destiny, but the entire Infernal Court and perhaps some forces from the Celestial Court.”

Bai Qing'er laughed. “The 17 powers traveled from the Fane of Destiny to Hoth, and there was such a big commotion. Don't you think the various forces of the Infernal Court and Celestial Court can sit still?”

“Are you crazy? You know that if you suffer a backlash, you will die, and the entire Enchanter Chamber will be reduced to ashes,” Zhang Ruochen warned.

Bai Qing'er didn't care. “What's your second question?”

Zhang Ruochen calmed down and said, “You made such a big commotion, but no one predicted what you would do. How did you do it? What is the divine protection covering your tracks behind you.”

“I can't answer that,” Bai Qing'er said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Hoth Emperor?”

Bai Qing'er looked in the direction of Hoth, “You'd better not slander him. This place is very close to Hoth. You correctly guessed half of my thoughts, meaning you are as mad as me.”

“Zhang Ruochen, it's a pity that you are too young to be my opponent. Otherwise, I wouldn't be in such a dangerous situation.” She continued, saying. “Your fiancée is quite good. She inherited the inheritance of some great figures in Kunlun. It's a pity that she's too eager to achieve divinity. Otherwise, I would go to Kunlun to kill her. Now, it seems that I can only kill her as practice after achieving divinity. Will you be grateful to me for that?”

“Hah.” Zhang Ruochen sneered.

Bai Qing'er stood up and said, “Let's go. It's time to leave!”

“Where to?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“The Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt... No, the Fane of Origin.”

Bai Qing'er looked at him with a smile, and she said, “Come with me. I'll show you what it means to kill. “I've been hiding my strength for so many years. I need endless battles and

pressure to master what I've learned all my life. When I kill my way to the Fane of Origin, I may be able to transcend and reach the state I want to reach."

Chapter 2510: Testing the Bottom Line

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian looked at Bai Qing'er, who was walking out of the stone pavilion with fear showing in their eyes.

Bai Qing'er glanced over and asked, "Did you guys see what happened just now?"

"I didn't expect Miss Bai not only to be gorgeous but also to have such a terrifying cultivation ability. Yan Huangtu's gaze was sharp and cold. Although he was afraid inside, he did not show it at all.

Bai Qing'er smiled and shook her head. "Are the two of you going to move first, or should I do it myself?"

"Demoness, you are too arrogant. There will definitely be experts from the Yanluo clan that will take your life," Yan Zhexian said.

Bai Qing'er said, "Is it Yan Yu? I hope to meet him soon! Now, you still have the chance to kill yourselves. If I do it, I fear that your corpse might not remain whole."

Yan Huangtu gritted his teeth and started to self-destruct his Sainthood Source.

However, as soon as he thought about it, he was interfered with by a mighty spiritual power. The Saint Qi in his body could not operate, and his mental state tethered on the verge of collapse.

Yan Zhexian was not much better than him. His eyes had become empty as if he had become a clay figurine.

They wanted to resist, but they could not at all.

“Forget it. I’ll send you on your way myself!” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen stood before Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian and shielded them both. He released the “Shoreless Star Ocean” of the Realm-frame of Truth to remove Bai Qing’er’s spiritual power suppression.

In an instant, Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian recovered.

The two panted heavily for breath as if they had come back from the verge of death.

They looked at Zhang Ruochen with strange eyes.

Bai Qing’er asked, “What do you hope to accomplish?”

“I want to protect their lives,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Bai Qing’er said, “You can’t even protect yourself. How could you hope to protect their lives?”

“Do you think I can’t fight?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing’er stared at him and smiled. “At last, you can’t endure it anymore. Do you want to ask the Intergold Tiger to help you?”

“If it really comes to that, we’ll die together,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing’er looked at Yan Huangtu, then at Yan Zhexian. She looked carefully at the favored daughter of the Yanluo clan, “You want to protect the child in her womb, so you don’t hesitate to threaten me? If you succeed in threatening me this time, won’t I be severely restricted by you every time in the future?”

“Only this once, I’ll only protect both of their lives,” Zhang Ruochen said firmly.

Yan Zhexian stared at Zhang Ruochen’s back and was slightly moved.

She knew very well how powerful Bai Qing’er was. She also knew that with Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation, he would

most likely pay with his life if he went against Bai Qing'er's commands.

However, it was precisely because Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was far inferior to his enemy's, and he could still stand against them without hesitation that moved the people's hearts. This caused Yan Zhexian's heart, which had always been prejudiced against him, to change subtly.

Perhaps she didn't know Zhang Ruochen that well before.

Bai Qing'er looked at Yan Zhexian again for a long time. She smiled and said, "Miss Zhexian, I'm very curious. You're obviously a virgin, but why are you pregnant?"

Yan Zhexian was shocked. She didn't expect that the secret she had been hiding would be exposed by Bai Qing'er so casually.

Zhang Ruochen's expression didn't change, but he still turned around in the end and looked at Yan Zhexian.

Seeing Yan Zhexian's eyes, he immediately understood it was not Bai Qing'er's trick this time. It seemed that there was indeed something strange about the child in Yan Zhexian's womb.

Bai Qing'er looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, "She lied to you. Do you think she deserves to die now?"

"Yes, the baby in my womb has nothing to do with him." Yan Zhexian suddenly tilted her head upwards and bared her chin. There was no longer any fear in her eyes.

She did not want to implicate Zhang Ruochen and wanted to draw a clear line between them.

Zhang Ruochen could not die.

With Zhang Ruochen alive, there was a better chance that he could control Bai Qing'er to a certain extent at a more appropriate moment.

Otherwise, she suspected that even if it were her uncle Yan Yu, he would also find it hard to win against Bai Qing'er.

“Did you hear that? I’ll give you a chance and let you kill her yourself.”

Bai Qing’er stood aside with her hands clasped behind her back.

Zhang Ruochen carefully recalled what had happened when he and Yan Zhexian were in the sarcophagus. Gradually, he figured out what had happened and roughly understood some of it.

It was most likely related to Madre Bloody Shadow.

“What are you hesitating for? Has Zhang Ruochen become so slow-witted that he can’t kill?” Yan Zhexian asked.

Yan Huangtu stood aside without saying a word. He knew that whatever he said would be useless.

If Zhang Ruochen insisted on keeping them alive, he might still have a chance. However, the situation has changed. There was no longer any chance of survival because Zhang Ruochen would not risk his life to clash with Bai Qing’er.

Now was not the time to clash with Bai Qing’er.

Zhang Ruochen ignored Yan Zhexian and walked toward Bai Qing’er. He spread his hands and raised his voice, saying, “Everyone knows that Yan Zhexian is my woman and is pregnant with my child. If I kill her now, there will be two lives will be taken at once. Once this news gets out, how will everyone see me? I won’t bear this reputation.”

“Don’t worry. No one will spread it,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I don’t believe it. If I achieve divinity and become the Immortal Vampire Wargod in the future, and you threaten me with this, won’t I be very passive?”

“Fine! If you won’t do it, I will,” Bai Qing’er said.

“No.”

Zhang Ruochen blocked Bai Qing’er again.

“Are you challenging my limits?” Bai Qing’er asked.

“No, he just wants to save Yan Zhexian’s life. The fetus in Yan Zhexian’s stomach carries his bloodline. She can be considered as his biological daughter,” Gong Nanfeng walked over and said firmly.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What did you say?”

Gong Nanfeng said, “The baby in her womb is of your blood, Yan Zhexian’s blood, and the divine force with essence qi of the Madre Bloody Shadow combined. Therefore, you are the child’s biological father.”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and stared at Bai Qing’er. He said, “I’ve heard enough. I guarantee her life!”

“The reincarnation of the Madre Bloody Shadow has some meaning to it.”

Bai Qing’er shook her head gently, “Unfortunately, they have to die. Although I want to train myself, I don’t want to provoke the ancient god of the Yanluo clan. Killing them now is the best solution,” she sighed. “Zhang Ruochen, why don’t you talk to the Intergold Tiger first and see if it’s willing to die with me?”

“I’ve made it very clear that I guarantee her life!” Zhang Ruochen declared.

“You’ve disappointed me so much! Since you want to die, I can only fulfill your wish.”

Bai Qing’er lightly pushed out her palm. Following that, a flurry of flying snowflakes appeared.

Zhang Ruochen only felt that the dimension had collapsed, the universe destroyed, and the world turned upside down. Every snowflake that flew over was like a snowy ice planet. Not only could it crush him easily, but it could also crush all living things in the world.

“Blizzard.”

Beside him, Gong Nanfeng cried out in surprise.

Bai Qing’er could capture and kill Blackwraith across space. Every time she attacked, it would definitely be earth-shattering.

Whoosh

A golden light suddenly shone from Zhang Ruochen's body, and his body turned into gold. Golden divine light flowed through his hair, and his battle intent soared to the sky.

With a tiger's roar, the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill merged with his right arm and evolved into an extraordinary palm print.

He struck out with his palm.

With the release of the palm print, the illusory image of the Intergold Tiger appeared on his body, bursting with kingly power that could tear the heavens apart.

Boom

Their two palms collided.

Zhang Ruochen's golden tiger eyes and Bai Qing'er's unsettling starry eyes looked at each other closely.

Separate!

Bai Qing'er stood in the same spot without moving at all. Only her long hair fluttered in the wind like a fairy in the flying snow. Zhang Ruochen, on the other hand, was sent flying dozens of miles away. He was still standing upright, but golden blood flowed out of his mouth.

"It seems you survived my palm strike, which means you are stronger than Blackwraith. Now let's see you receive another palm print!"

Bai Qing'er put one hand behind her back and drew a circle with her right hand. A great scene of five elements appeared circulating in her palm. Vaguely, it had the charm of Zhang Ruochen's Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill.

Gong Nanfeng rushed over and appeared between Bai Qing'er and Zhang Ruochen. "Stop! There's still a way to erase their memories."

Bai Qing'er withdrew her palm print and stared at Gong Nanfeng, indicating for him to continue.

Gong Nanfeng said, “They’re too weak. Miss Bai doesn’t need to kill them at all. I know that Miss Bai wanted to kill them to silence them forever. But it’s fine just to erase their memories.”

“As far as I know, the Path of Destiny can restore memories,” Bai Qing’er said.

Gong Nanfeng smiled. “Even the Path of Destiny can only restore the cultivator’s erased memories within a certain period of time. Besides, if you use the power of the Tensho Compass to erase their memories, even a Reverend won’t be able to restore them.”

“The vessel spirit is here, so the Tensho Compass must be nearby. Could you be carrying it?” Bai Qing’er asked.

“Miss Bai is so smart. How could you not know that the Tensho Compass is with brother Ruochen?”

Gong Nanfeng pointed at Zhang Ruochen naturally.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Gong Nanfeng and said, “The Tensho Compass is indeed with me. But Miss Bai, you have checked my Ring of Dimensions recently, and I don’t think you found it, right?”

“If I wanted to find it, naturally I can find it,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I have billions of treasures with me, many of which have vessel spirits and internal storage space. How long will it take you to find the Tensho Compass? Besides, I may not have hidden the Tensho Compass between these treasures.”

“Give me the Tensho Compass, and I’ll spare both of their lives,” Bai Qing’er said.

Gong Nanfeng said impatiently, “Brother Ruochen, please give it to her. There is no chance for you to keep it. I’ve calculated that your sea of Qi hasn’t fully recovered yet. If you continue fighting, your sea of Qi might shatter, and your cultivation will be lost. Do you want to die with her? I understand that you want to protect the Divine Artifact for the Fane of Destiny, but we’re too weak now to fight right now!”

“Shut up.” Zhang Ruochen glared at him.

Gong Nanfeng felt rather wronged. He shut his mouth but muttered within his heart, “It is for your own good, so why are you glaring at me?”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Tensho Compass that the Heaven-devouring Genbu Formation sealed from the sea of Qi between his eyebrows. He hesitated for a moment and smiled bitterly, then handed it to Bai Qing’er.

Bai Qing’er’s palm brushed over it. Suddenly, the inscription of the array that Zhang Ruochen could not do anything about broke one by one. Within a moment, it had disappeared.

The vessel spirit within resisted fiercely. Suddenly, the Tensho Compass gave off a dazzling divine light, trying to break free from Bai Qing’er’s palm.

Bai Qing’er didn’t suppress the vessel spirit on purpose. Instead, she looked over at Gong Nanfeng.

Gong Nanfeng smiled bitterly and nodded. He whispered something to the Tensho Compass caused it to calm down, and the divine light was restrained. It lay quietly on Bai Qing’er’s palm.

Bai Qing’er used the power of the needle to erase the memories of Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian. She waved her sleeve and the cold wind swept away. They turned into two beams of light and flew towards Hoth.

Bai Qing’er stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “I’m still keeping my promise, right?”

“If you don’t keep your promise, I’ll fight to the death,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing’er said, “Actually, I’m very curious about your real purpose in saving them. Their memories have been already erased, so they certainly won’t be grateful to you.”

The golden light on Zhang Ruochen’s body disappeared. He wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and said, “Why? Didn’t you say so earlier?”

“I have said it earlier?”

Even though Bai Qing'er was extremely intelligent, she still looked confused at that moment.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "I was testing your bottom line!"

Bai Qing'er's expression suddenly turned cold.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You're powerful and smart and can be said to be my current number one enemy. But I don't know much about you and need to know you more. After this test, I know you're not completely unafraid of me. This fear is probably the biggest reason why you didn't kill me!"

"What if I had killed Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu without hesitation just now?" Bai Qing'er asked.

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a moment and said, "That means that your state of mind is flawless, and you are not afraid of life and death. There will be nothing that can stop your will."

"You think that I am afraid of death?" Bai Qing'er asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It's human nature to fear death. However, you haven't experienced life and death, so you don't know what it's like to die, which makes you even more afraid of death. Also, you had not achieved the Great Perfection in the Banshi Isshou Realm. Didn't you stir up the storm because you knew your weakness and wanted to make up for it?"

After a long while, Bai Qing'er laughed and said, "While you were testing me, didn't you notice that I've also measured the power that the Intergold Tiger can currently unleash?"

"How is it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing'er said, "It is far from being a threat to me within the heavenly and earthly precepts boundaries. Zhang Ruochen, you should go!"

"Where do I go?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing'er said, "I have already obtained the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and the Tensho Compass. You are now worthless! Just go wherever you want to go away from me."

“I’m not leaving or going anywhere. I’ll follow you,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing’er said, “I’m afraid of the Intergold Tiger, but if you follow me, I’ll have plenty of chances to kill you with a single strike even before the Intergold Tiger could react. Aren’t you afraid of death?”

“Of course, I’m afraid of death. But I also know that you won’t let me go.”

Zhang Ruochen continued, “You only took back a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, so how could you let me go? You do not want to expose your identity as well. If you let me go, the Enchanter Chamber will be burned to ashes instantly.”

“The reason why you had let me go was to capture me again. To reach the target and capture me three times to make me completely submit to you.”

“In order not to be captured by you for the third time, I have decided to follow you by your side from now on.”

“You want to find a chance and kill me?” Bai Qing’er asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “There is no irreconcilable hostility between us. Why would I want to kill you? In fact, I had the idea of marrying you myself.”

“You have this idea...”

Bai Qing’er stopped speaking halfway. She moved by stepping on the void space and walked towards Fei Zhong, saying, “Since you’re already awake, don’t pretend to be asleep.”

Gong Nanfeng walked to Zhang Ruochen’s side and asked lowly, “Do you really want to marry her?”

Zhang Ruochen looked at him and pushed him away because he didn’t want to talk.

In front of Gong Nanfeng and Zhang Ruochen. Fei Zhong, Supreme Saint of the Paramount Realm who once possessed a monstrous cultivation, cut off his own tongue and knelt humbly in front of Bai Qing’er.

Bai Qing'er walked back over, and Fei Zhong followed her while bent over like a servant.

Bai Qing'er said, "Zhang Ruochen, I know you are very smart. Now tell me, how can I kill my way to the Fane of Origin without anyone knowing my true identity?"

"You will need a new identity," Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing'er asked, "What kind of identity?"

"Haven't you already made up your mind? If you don't kill Fei Zhong and let him follow you, aren't you trying to tell everyone that you are a cultivator of the Celestial Court?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing'er asked, "Who are the Masters of Origin in the numerous realms of the Celestial Court?"

Before Zhang Ruochen could answer, Bai Qing'er's body and appearance had changed considerably. She changed into the appearance of Ji Fanxin, the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, and said, "The Lotus of Divine Reflection will have more persuasiveness. Besides, if the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers were traveling with Zhang Ruochen, no one would feel suspicious. Even if they do, they will only doubt whether Zhang Ruochen has betrayed the Infernal Court. If you want to follow me, you must pay the price."

Chapter 2511: Reign of Terror

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

After Bai Qing ‘er threw Blackwraith’s body into the void, she transformed into Ji Fanxin. She took Zhang Ruochen, Fei Zhong, and Gong Nanfeng to the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt in a high-profile manner using the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The appearance of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace meant that Zhang Ruochen had appeared and attracted an endless stream of powerful figures.

Of course, this was not what Zhang Ruochen wanted. It was all Bai Qing ‘er baiting.

Bai Qing ‘er’s courage was astonishing. She became a fisherman and used Zhang Ruochen as bait to lure all the powerful figures in the world.

...

...

Soon, a fish took the bait.

“Zhang Ruochen, you were shot by the Arrow of Deva Path. Why aren’t you dead? Since you’re not dead, please hand over the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and our clan’s Supreme Artifact, the Myriad Curse Bead.”

A Supreme Saint of the Nether Clan with three black horns stood in the void. His Precept Domain spread out, and an endless mountain appeared. The Power of Death spread out for 100,000 miles.

From Afar, it looked like the Nether Realm. It floated in the universe, stopping space and preventing Zhang Ruochen from escaping.

His name was Lord Hillfog. He was from Nether Clan's Hollow Chasm, one of the 17 forces that knew about the birth of the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. His cultivation had reached the Paramount Realm. He was an old monster that had been cultivated for more than 10,000 years.

Behind Lord Hillfog were the seven Supreme Saints of the Hollow Chasm. They were mighty, and their cultivation was above the Thousand-Koan Realm.

It was obvious that all the powerhouses of Hollow Chasm were here for the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.

Zhang Ruochen stood in front of the gate of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and stroked the long hair of Huang Tian. There was a deep sense of helplessness in his eyes. He was about to persuade them to leave as soon as possible.

Unfortunately, Bai Qing 'er was not a woman who liked to talk nonsense. She had already made her move.

The Blizzard.

In an instant, in the dark universe, the snow-covered 100,000 miles. All the dark mountains in Lord Hillfog's Precept Domain were dyed white. Apart from Lord Hillfog himself, the other seven top-notch Supreme Saints of Hollow Chasm were frozen.

"Who are you? How dare you make an enemy out of Hollow Chasm?"

Lord Hillfog was terrified. He did not expect Zhang Ruochen to have such a peerless powerhouse by his side. He could penetrate his Precept Domain and kill the Seven Supreme Saints silently?

The strongest of the seven Supreme Saints had reached the Banshi Isshou Realm. Unfortunately, they all lost their breath and the fluctuations of the path.

What made Lord Hillfog even more terrified was that the precepts he'd released were frozen. It was difficult to control them, and he couldn't do as he pleased.

“Run!”

Lord Hillfog sped away.

Crack

Fei Zhong jumped out of the void and chopped off his head with his ax.

Although Lord Hillfog wasn't as powerful as Fei Zhong, it wasn't to the extent that he couldn't even block a single ax. It was mainly because he'd been suppressed by the Blizzard, and his combat power had significantly decreased.

Whoosh

His corpse and head were quickly wrapped in ice and snow.

Bai Qing 'er pointed across space. The space within dozens of miles collapsed and swallowed the eight top-notch Supreme Saints of Hollow Chasm.

When the space closed, Zhang Ruochen saw all the frozen corpses turn into oblivion without leaving a trace.

In the next half a month, the Sevenstar Imperial Palace flew at an unhurried pace.

On the way, they met seven or eight waves of cultivators, including the Fane of Destiny's Lord of Destiny, the leaders of the ten dark forces, and the top-notch Supreme Saints of the ten clans of Infernal Court.

Without exception, anyone who tried to block their way was killed.

Zhang Ruochen saw with his own eyes that dozens of powerful Supreme Saints had their Neverwithers shattered and turned into blood mist.

Lord Zhu Ling, one of the ten Lords of Destiny of the Destiny Division, was refined into ashes by the divine flame.

The abbot of the Nilakantha Temple, the head of one of the ten dark forces, Grandmaster Karuna, meditated with Bai Qing ‘er. In the end, his inner demon exploded, and he killed himself with a palm strike.

...

Most of the time, Bai Qing ‘er did not make a move. The one who made a move was Fei Zhong.

As for Zhang Ruochen and Gong Nanfeng, they could only stand aside and watch.

Although they did not leave any survivors along the way, many Paramount Realm Supreme Saints had sent out Communication talismans and spread the news before they died.

With so many top Supreme Saints disappearing without a sound, one could imagine it must have caused a huge uproar.

The Sevenstar Imperial Palace was fully shown. It was breathtaking and constantly emanated glorious light. It could be seen from thousands of kilometers away.

Another massacre had ended. The one blocking the way was a force of the Yanluo clan. Because there were no Paramount Realm Supreme Saints, Fei Zhong was the one who attacked.

All the corpses were thrown into the void.

Fei Zhong held the bloody battle ax and turned it into a lightning bolt. He flew onto the stairs of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. When he saw Zhang Ruochen and Gong Nanfeng, he hesitated momentarily and walked over.

“Master Ruochen.”

Fei Zhong’s tongue had been cut off. He could only communicate with Zhang Ruochen with spiritual power.

His spiritual power had indeed been completely absorbed by Bai Qing ‘Er. However, his cultivation realm had cultivated his spiritual power from nothing to the 45th level in just half a month.

Fei Zhong hated Zhang Ruochen deeply.

However, Fei Zhong could not avenge himself because Zhang Ruochen was highly valued by Bai Qing 'er, and he was just a servant of Bai Qing 'Er.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What can I do for you, Master Fei?"

Fei Zhong hid all his hatred and smiled. "I have something that I don't understand. I have always wanted to ask you for your advice."

"Feel free to tell me," Zhang Ruochen said.

Fei Zhong glanced at the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He said, "Tell me, after killing those Supreme Saints, why didn't Lady Bai take their weapons and treasures? I can't figure it out. Some of them are close to the level of a Supreme Artifact."

"Why don't you ask her instead of me?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Fei Zhong shook his head. "I don't dare to ask about Lady Bai. But Master Ruochen is smart enough to know what she's thinking."

Gong Nanfeng came over, "I don't understand this either. Logically speaking, other cultivators didn't dare to take the spoils because they feared the fallens' elders would predict the aura on the spoils and that they would be hunted down and avenged. However, Bai Qing 'er's goal is to draw out all the forces for her to kill. She doesn't have any worries or concerns."

"Can't you predict?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gong Nanfeng looked embarrassed, "It's hard to predict the human heart, especially for a woman like her. It's impossible to predict what she's thinking. But, Brother Ruochen, you can chat with her every time. You should understand the reason, right?"

"She doesn't like it," Zhang Ruochen said.

"She doesn't like it?"

Fei Zhong said, "How can that be? The value of all the treasures added together tempts even the gods. Besides, people

have been killed, so the treasures can be taken easily. If she can take them, why not?"

"There were many Supreme Artifacts in front of her, but she didn't take them," Zhang Ruochen said.

Fei Zhong was speechless.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen didn't know Bai Qing 'er, but he understood one thing.

The top-notch cultivators all had their own ways.

The ultimate genius also had ultimate restraint.

Like Que, he never used a weapon. Even if he used a sword, the sword was formed by his own precepts. Even if a Supreme Artifact was in front of him, he could take it or not.

Another example was Zhang Ruochen. If he chose to suck blood, his cultivation would rise faster, and his Demigod-level physique would become stronger.

However, he had been restraining himself. He didn't dare to try sucking blood for the first time.

Just like Que, he didn't dare to try using a Supreme Artifact. Once he tasted the sweetness, his path's heart would collapse instantly. His future achievements would be minimal.

Zhang Ruochen didn't understand Bai Qing 'er, so he could only guess that she must have her own reason and restraint.

If she hadn't restrained herself, she would have died long ago with her crazy mentality and way of doing things. She wouldn't have lived until now.

Fei Zhong said, "Lady Bai doesn't like it. Will she mind if I take it?"

"The next time you kill someone, take their treasure. Why don't you give it a try?"

After saying this, Zhang Ruochen walked into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Fei Zhong's eyes lit up with joy. However, after looking at Zhang Ruochen's back, he quickly shook his head. He felt that

Zhang Ruochen had tricked him.

‘Lady Bai was temperamental. It was better to be careful and not do anything against her wishes.’

Bai Qing ‘er, who had transformed into Ji Fanxin, sat cross-legged in the center of the palace. Her long dress spread out like petals. Not only her appearance but her temperament was also very similar to that of Fairy of a Hundred Flowers. She was ethereal and pure.

Zhang Ruochen stopped when he was 30 meters away from her.

He felt Bai Qing ‘er’s cultivation had made significant progress in the past half a month.

It was not that he could see through Bai Qing ‘er, but it was a wonderful feeling, a sense of threat.

A greater sense of threat than before.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised that this woman was evolving the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. Above her head, the Taiji Diagram became clearer and more apparent, with one yin and one yang revolving.

It should be known that Zhang Ruochen had only used the saintwill in front of her once. It was shocking that she could analyze it to such an extent through her own comprehension.

Bai Qing ‘er put the Taiji Diagram back into her body and opened her eyes. She said, “Your saintwill is very strong. It is more helpful than most Grade Two Saintwill in history.”

“I never wanted to help you,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing ‘er said, “Do you want to walk the path of Grade One Saintwill?”

Zhang Ruochen did not say anything.

“Since ancient times, many amazing people have thought of condensing Grade One Saintwill. Unfortunately, no one has succeeded without exception. On the contrary, many died,” Bai Qing ‘er said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'm surprised that such an arrogant woman like you didn't walk the path of condensing the Grade One Saintwill."

"Because I know how to restrain myself and my unrealistic desires," Bai Qing 'er said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You even dared to snatch the Tensho Compass. Do you think you know how to restrain your desires?"

"It's not unrealistic to snatch the Tensho Compass. Besides, I took it to protect the Enchanter Chamber. Otherwise, the Fane of Destiny would know the true identity of Fairy of a Hundred Flowers. Without the Tensho Compass, they would become a group of blind people, and I would take the most initiative," Bai Qing 'er said.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment. He said, "Why are you so obsessed with surpassing Wargod Bloodximus and Magnogod Huang Tian of the same era? Since you have the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, wouldn't it be better to find the Fane of Origin alone and take it yourself?"

"You must have caused a great commotion by making such a big fuss. By then, there will be countless cultivators who will follow you to the Fane of Origin. There may even be gods. Can you really get the treasures in the Fane of Origin? Perhaps, it will be a futile effort."

Bai Qing 'er stared at Zhang Ruochen for a long time and shook her head gently, "I thought we were the same kind of people, but I didn't expect your state of mind to be so different. You are still a step behind, even compared to Que of the Fane of Destiny."

"Have you seen Que?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing 'er said, "I've met him once on Hoth. He's a peerless genius among men. He'll likely surpass you in the future and become the leader of your generation. Because of your state of mind, you'll lose and die on the way to the Grade One Saintwill."

“Who can say for sure what will happen in the future?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing ‘er said, “I know you are not convinced, so I’ll tell you where you are lacking. The Fane of Origin is indeed a place I want to go. Still, I care more about the experience of going to the Fane of Origin than taking the treasures in the Fane of Origin.”

“Treasures can be taken at any time, and they can be lost at any time. Only the unforgettable experience can not be taken away, and it will always belong to you.”

“Of course, it’s not that I don’t care about anything. At least the Canon of Origin that might exist in the Fane of Origin is something I must take.”

“Why must I win against Wargod Bloodximius and Magnogod Huang Tian? Actually, you’re wrong. I just want to win against Magnogod Huang Tian. Just like you want to win against Chi Yao, defeat her, stomp all her glory and dignity under your feet, and make her pay for what she has done.”

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and said, “You’ve investigated me thoroughly.”

“You should be happy to be taken so seriously by me.”

Bai Qing ‘er stood up and walked out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. She stood on the white jade stairs and looked at the universe. She raised her voice and said, “Scion Xing Luo has been following us all the way. He has sent all the powerhouses from the Fane of Destiny, right? Why hasn’t he shown himself yet?”

In the distance, the stars trembled, and the space shook violently.

The universe became brighter and brighter. A brilliant sea of stars appeared in front of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. The starry mist was faint, and the galaxy hung in the sky, creating miraculous changes in the starry sky.

Xing Luo stood in the center of the starry sea, wearing the Divine Ghost Mask and holding the Ominous Blade. He smiled and said, “I’m just waiting to see who can force you to

reveal your true form. Unfortunately, all of them are dead, which makes me very disappointed.”

Bai Qing ‘er said, “It seems that you don’t believe in the strength of Ji Fanxin. How can you mortals be able to see through the mysteries of the Lotus of Divine Reflection?”

A look of suspicion appeared in Xing Luo’s eyes. He said, “Whether you believe it or not, you have already stirred up a reign of terror in the Infernal Court. Today, after I kill you, I will naturally be able to understand the truth.”

Bai Qing ‘er said, “With just you?”

“Of course not,” Xing Luo said.

Whoosh

A meteor streaked across the starry sky and landed to the right of Xing Luo, forming the figure of Lord Wu Yue. He held the Destiny Halberd in his hand, giving off a domineering and powerful aura.

The leader of the Ten Wraithions, Zionwraith, flew over from a galaxy and landed to the left of Lord Wu Yue with a spiral-shaped weapon in his hand. An ancient and vast continent appeared under his feet and floated in the sea of stars.

At the same time, Ten Gates of Destiny appeared in ten different directions of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. In each Gate of Destiny stood a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

“Is it enough to kill you now?” Xing Luo asked coldly.

Bai Qing ‘er replied, “Not enough.”

Chapter 2512: The Primeval Chaos

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The ten Gates of Destiny were like ten blazing suns, shining for thousands of miles. Countless Precepts of Destiny were like invisible chains, imprisoning the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Space seemed to freeze, and time seemed to stop.

When the Fane of Destiny fought with the powerhouses of the ten dark forces, dozens of Gates of Destiny were suspended in the air. But Zhang Ruochen was thousands of miles away, so he didn't feel much and didn't know how terrifying it was.

But now, at the center of the ten Gates of Destiny, he finally understood how terrifying the suppression was. It was extremely oppressive to the spirit, cultivation, will, and state of mind.

If one didn't have great spirit and great cultivation, they couldn't break through the suppression and would be defeated instantly.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but admire Xue Lingxian. Under such a powerful suppression, she could still take the lives of many powerhouses.

Not far away, Fei Zhong's eyes were filled with fear.

It wasn't that he hadn't seen such a big scene before. On the Supreme Saint Battlefield of Merits, there had been scenes of the Celestial Court and Infernal Court where many top-notch Supreme Saints fought.

But he had never experienced a situation where he was surrounded and killed by more than a dozen Supreme Saints. This included the former Scion of the Fane of Destiny, the first Lord of Destiny, and the powerful top figure in the Death Palace.

If it were any other Supreme Saint, they would have no choice but to self-detonate their Sainthood Source.

Fei Zhong secretly looked at Bai Qing'er but saw that she was still calm. He guessed in his heart, 'She probably wants to use Zhang Ruochen and the Overseer of the Divination Division to threaten the powerhouses of the Fane of Destiny in exchange for a chance to escape. This is the only way!'

"Cut the crap. Fight!"

Bai Qing'er was full of heroism. She didn't want to exchange hostages for life. Her body's pure Light of Origin was brighter than the ten floating Gates of Destiny combined. It broke the Precepts of Destiny that covered the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

"How dare she... Fight..."

Fei Zhong's eyes almost popped out. He couldn't believe it.

Swoosh

Bai Qing'er charged out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and entered Xing Luo's Precept Domain. Wherever she passed, the stars would be destroyed, and the Precept Domain would be shattered.

Xing Luo's expression was extremely solemn as it burst out faster than ten thousand times the speed of sound. The Supreme Power of the Ominous Blade instantly rose to its peak as it stabbed toward Bai Qing'er, who was flying over.

Bai Qing'er pressed out with her palm, and a scroll appeared in her palm.

The white words were all divine words. They floated in the void.

As the words rippled, an ancient voice sounded in the starry sky. It explained the truth of the mortal world, the joys, and the

sorrows of the mortal world.

‘The *Confucian Tome of Prayers*. How did she master the Path of Confucianism’s techniques? Furthermore, it’s from Kunlun.’ Zhang Ruochen frowned.

Boom

The Ominous Blade pierced through the sacred text. It cut through Bai Qing’er’s jade-white fingers, making a metallic sound.

Dense words appeared on her finger. They were as small as dust and slithered around like tadpoles. Even a Supreme Artifact could not break them.

Xing Luo’s eyes were filled with shock. He had never thought there would be a cultivator below the divinity who could fight against a Supreme Artifact with his bare hands. Furthermore, the Supreme Artifact was in his hands.

The two passed, and their Precept Domains collided, producing endless thunder and lightning sounds.

Xing Luo immediately realized that something was wrong and turned around to give chase.

However, Bai Qing’er had already stepped into the world of the continent under Zionwraith’s feet. She pointed out with her finger, and as if Buddha had enlightened all living things, Boundless Buddhist light appeared behind her, making her aura incomparably divine.

The spiral weapon in Zionwraith’s hand carried boundless divine power and accurately struck her fingertip.

BANG!

The fingertip struck the divine weapon, and energy ripples spread out.

Bai Qing’er retracted her finger and turned it into a palm print. A three-inch Golden Buddha with a smiling face appeared on her palm.

BANG!

The palm print struck down.

Bai Qing'er turned her palm into a fist again, and 108 phantoms of Golden Bodhisattvas appeared behind her. All the phantoms merged into the Fist Force, and 108 layers of tremor force erupted as she chanted the Buddhist mantra.

In a flash, she struck out three times in a row.

Boom

The world under Zionwraith collapsed and turned into pieces of floating islands. His body flew backward as if it had been hit hard.

The Power of Death on Zionwraith's body has grown much lighter after being purged by the Buddhist light.

'Buddha Fingerstrike, Maitreya Palm, and the Divine Punch of Intervention. These are the ultimate arts of Buddhism!' Zhang Ruochen's eyes darkened.

Xing Luo caught up with Bai Qing'er and mobilized the power of the Divine Ghost Mask.

A huge divine ghost figure rose behind him and exploded with an earth-shaking strike. The void was pressured and arched.

Bai Qing'er drew a circle with her right hand and developed a three-thousand-meter-wide Taiji Diagram, which dissolved the divine ghost figure's attack. At the same time, she formed a lotus print with her left hand to block Lord Wu Yue's Ax of Judgement.

The four figures fought faster and faster. In the end, they turned into thousands of afterimages. No one could see their moves and techniques clearly other than Supreme Saints.

Fei Zhong was flabbergasted by this battle.

The ten Supreme Saints of the Fane of Destiny held up ten Gates of Destiny and tried their best to suppress Bai Qing'er. However, even under such circumstances, Bai Qing'er still fought against three people by herself. She fought Xing Luo, Lord Wu Yue, and Zionwraith alone and was not at a disadvantage.

Gong Nanfeng quietly moved to Zhang Ruochen's side with a strange look on his face.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at him with disdain and gestured for him to stay away from him.

Gong Nanfeng said telepathically, "Brother Ruochen, the time has come. Aren't you going to make your move?"

Zhang Ruochen did not send a telepathic message. He said directly, "What are you talking about? I don't understand."

Gong Nanfeng showed an anxious look. He said, "Can't we be honest to each other? Now is the best time. The powerhouses of the Fane of Destiny have suppressed Bai Qing'er. If you attack, she will definitely die."

"I'm only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm," Zhang Ruochen said.

Gong Nanfeng said, "You are the only cultivator Bai Qing'er is afraid of, so she doesn't dare to kill you. If you merge with the Intergold Tiger, it will be a fatal threat to her."

"My sea of Qi hasn't recovered yet. If I fight with force, my cultivation will be ruined." Zhang Ruochen shrugged helplessly and said.

Gong Nanfeng looked at the battlefield in the sea of stars. His expression became more anxious. He said, "It's now or never. Don't you want to kill that woman and leave?"

"If I want to leave, I can do it any time," Zhang Ruochen said.

Gong Nanfeng felt that Zhang Ruochen was too disappointing. He didn't even grasp the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Gritting his teeth, he said, "Okay, let's run now. Fei Zhong shouldn't be able to stop you."

"Run? Why should I run? I want to marry her. I have to stay by her side to have a chance. The closer I am to her, the better benefit I could enjoy." Zhang Ruochen looked at Gong Nanfeng with a puzzled look.

Gong Nanfeng felt so angry that he was about to die. He despised Zhang Ruochen deeply.

"That woman is so scary. You really want to marry her. Are you lucky enough to enjoy it?"

When Fei Zhong heard Zhang Ruochen's words, he could guess that Gong Nanfeng must have bewitched Zhang Ruochen to become enemies with Lady Bai.

How outrageous.

This Overseer of the Divination Division didn't have high cultivation, but he was pretty bold.

Fei Zhong walked over and lifted Gong Nanfeng from behind like a chicken. He slammed him to the ground and stepped on him. He was about to chop down with his battle ax.

"Wait!"

Zhang Ruochen stopped Fei Zhong.

Gong Nanfeng was so scared that he curled up into a ball. His face was as pale as paper. In a low voice, "Brother Ruochen, save me."

"This thief has bad intentions. I must kill him. Why did Master Ruochen stop me?" Fei Zhong asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "He is the vessel spirit of the Tensho Compass. He is very useful to Lady Bai. You can't kill him."

After some persuasion, Fei Zhong was finally persuaded.

However, he could avoid the death penalty, but he could not escape the punishment.

Fei Zhong kneaded Gong Nanfeng into a dough the size of a fist and tossed it in his hand. From time to time, some screams were worse than a pig being slaughtered.

Fei Zhong was a sensible person. He knew that although Bai Qing'er was fighting with the cultivators of the Fane of Destiny, she could still hear the conversation between Zhang Ruochen and Gong Nanfeng. Even the sound transmission could not hide from her perception.

That was why he needed to show his loyalty.

Zhang Ruochen said that because he knew that Bai Qing'er would hear him even if he used his spiritual power.

It was indeed a good time for the powerhouses of the Fane of Destiny to attack, but it was not a good time for Zhang Ruochen.

Because Zhang Ruochen could see that Bai Qing'er was only using the powerhouses of the Fane of Destiny to cultivate. From the beginning to the end, the initiative was in her hands.

Secondly, this opportunity was just what Gong Nanfeng was waiting for, not what Zhang Ruochen wanted to wait for.

The two people that Zhang Ruochen wanted to wait for had not arrived yet!

Those who want to achieve great things must know how to endure and what was the best time.

Especially when their strength was inferior to their opponents.

Zhang Ruochen no longer watched the battle outside. When he returned to the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, he had to take this opportunity to do something secretly. Only when he was fully prepared and when the time came could he accurately seize it and give Bai Qing'er a fatal blow.

...

Xing Luo had been through hundreds of battles. She could see Bai Qing'er's intentions and knew that this woman's cultivation was unfathomable. She was using them to hone herself. The aura on her body became more and more intense.

"Use the *Scroll of Four Taboos*!" Xing Luo shouted.

The ten Supreme Saints standing in the ten Gates of Destiny each took out a corner of the ancient map and used all their strength to activate it.

The ten-corner ancient map formed one.

The map was 100,000 feet long. White mist dripped down like rain and waterfall, enveloping Bai Qing'er.

The *Scroll of Four Taboos* was the most precious treasure of the Destiny Division and could be used to deal with deities.

The so-called *Scroll of Four Taboos* referred to the forbidden space, spirit, soul, and precepts. They were refined by the

cultivators of the four great divine palaces of the Fane of Destiny.

Under the *Scroll of Four Taboos*, no matter how powerful the enemy was, they could only surrender.

As expected, Bai Qing'er was trapped under the *Scroll of Four Taboos*, as if she had turned into a stone statue, unable to move.

Even the soul fluctuations and spiritual fluctuations on her body had disappeared.

“What a powerful woman! She’s finally suppressed! I’ll go and cut her down.”

Zionwraith rushed into the white mist and mobilized the world power in his body. His strength and aura rose steadily. His aura was comparable to that of a pseudo god, reaching the first-class level below the divinity.

Fei Zhong realized that something was wrong and wanted to make a move.

Once Bai Qing'er was killed, how could he survive?

However, after sensing the fluctuations in Zionwraith's body, he had no choice but to give up. Charging up with his cultivation was no different from sending himself to death.

Just as Bai Qing'er was about to be pierced through the space between her eyebrows by Zionwraith, suddenly, the *Scroll of Four Taboos* shook violently. At the bottom of the scroll, boundless chaotic Qi appeared. With Bai Qing'er as the center, it evolved into an ethereal and chaotic strange scene.

“Not good. It’s the Primeval Chaos.”

Xing Luo's expression changed drastically. He wanted to call back Zionwraith, but it was too late.

The so-called First Dawn referred to the Grade Two Saintwill, the Primeval Chaos Saintwill.

The *Scroll of Four Taboos* could control everything in the world, but it couldn't control the chaos.

THUMP!

An extremely melodious bell chime came from the deepest part of the chaos.

Zionwraith's body exploded.

At the spot where his body exploded, space started to expand. Through the Dimensional Rifts, one could see a vast world is nurtured.

'The legend is true. Zionwraith is indeed the spirit of a Macroworld. The Macroworld is within his body. Once Zionwraith dies, the Macroworld will appear and land in the starry sky where Hoth is,' Fei Zhong thought.

"I am the spirit of the world. You can't kill me."

Zionwraith's body quickly condensed, and the expanding space shrank. The Dimensional Rifts disappeared.

THUMP!

Zionwraith retreated quickly, but the second bell rang, and his body exploded again.

In the center of the chaos, two rows of bronze chimes appeared. There were sixty-five of them, and they contained endless ancient charm. It was as if they had existed since the beginning of the world.

"The beginning of chaos, the birth of all living creatures, and the beginning of heaven and Earth's creation."

Bai Qing'er stood next to the chimes and tapped them with her fingers.

THUMP!

THUMP!

...

The chimes rang out repeatedly. Every time the chimes rang out, Zionwraith's body would explode.

After exploding 27 times a row, Zionwraith's life force was extinguished. In the end, he was unable to escape the chaos. A Macroworld that spanned hundreds of millions of miles gradually appeared in space.

Everyone initially thought Zionwraith could use the world to suppress Bai Qing'er by releasing a Macroworld before it died.

However, the Macroworld was absorbed by the chaos and merged with Bai Qing'er's saintwill.

The world that spanned 10,000 miles was devoured by 10,000 miles.

The world that spanned 100,000 miles was devoured by 100,000 miles.

Xing Luo said with great difficulty, "It's the complete Grade Two Saintwill. I didn't expect that there would be a Paramount Realm Yuanhui-level genius in our era, invincible under the divinity. Let's go. With our strength, we can't kill her. There's no need to make unnecessary sacrifices."

"If we want to leave, others might not let us go." With a resolute expression, Lord Wu Yue smiled bitterly and said, "You bring them away, and I'll cover the rear. If this woman is a cultivator from the Celestial Court, then we must get rid of her no matter what."

Xing Luo stared deeply at Lord Wu Yue and knew his intentions. He said, "Actually, we haven't reached that stage yet. Although she has reached the Yuanhui level, I can still feel that there are flaws in her body. Her strength isn't as powerful as the legends say. Otherwise, she would only need one strike to kill Zionwraith. She wouldn't need to use 27 strikes."

"Let's go. Don't hesitate anymore. Go and invite Yuan Qianmo and Yan Yu. Only when the three of you work together can we subdue her. Find out her purpose, kill her, and avenge me. Of course, if I can kill her, that would be for the best."

Lord Wu Yue had made up his mind. He rushed into the chaos, his body burning, and his figure made one feel sad.

"The cultivators under the Destiny Division will protect the Fane of Destiny with their lives until death."

Chapter 2513: Archsaint Array Master

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Bai Qing'er had completely absorbed the Primeval Chaos Saintwill into the Macroworld that had appeared after Zionwraith had fallen. It had become a continent within the primordial chaos, and her aura had significantly increased.

She was slightly disappointed. "So it's just a corner of the Macroworld. No wonder Zionwraith could use its body to carry it. Huh? What is that?"

Her beautiful eyes looked through the chaos.

The ten Gates of Destiny in the sky had all retreated. Only a blinding ball of flame flew toward her at an unparalleled speed, giving her an unprecedented sense of danger.

Lord Wu Yue's body was burnt to a golden color in flames. His hair turned into sparks and scattered. His skin shattered into pieces. The Sainthood Source in his sea of Qi released destructive ripples that shook the entire starry sky.

This was the last shimmering light of his life!

He had no choice but to die together with Bai Qing'er because her strength was far beyond their expectations. If no one made a sacrifice, all of them would die here.

And it had to be Lord Wu Yue.

Even if other Paramount Realm Supreme Saints wanted to die together and self-destruct their Sainthood Source, Bai Qing'er would not give them a chance.

As for Xing Luo, he was the former Scion of the Fane of Destiny. He was the only pillar of support for the Fane of Destiny. Under the circumstances where Wuma Jiuxing, Xue Lingxian, and Ji Fanxin appeared one after another, Xing Luo could not die. Only he could support the final dignity of the Fane of Destiny.

At this moment, Lord Wu Yue's speed was not weaker than that of a god. Bai Qing'er naturally could not avoid it.

Flying within a thousand miles of Bai Qing'er, Lord Wu Yue's heart calmed down. He said with a carefree smile, "If Scion Yu Qiu hadn't died, why would the Fane of Destiny be so aggrieved? Forget it. Today, I'll take your life and destroy you."

"You do have some integrity. Unfortunately, even if you die today, you won't be able to stop me. No one can escape."

Bai Qing'er did not escape. Instead, she turned into a beam of white light and charged toward Lord Wu Yue.

Sixty-five bronze chimes surrounded her delicate body. The chaotic Qi turned into a cocoon of light, making her seem like an embryonic universe.

Six hundred miles away, Bai Qing'er struck out with her palm.

Lord Wu Yue also struck out with her palm. The power of her palm print was no weaker than Bai Qing'er's. In fact, it was even slightly stronger.

BOOM!

The two palms collided, forming a bright and dazzling light wave.

Xing Luo held the Destiny Halberd in one hand and the Ominous Blade in the other. He turned his head and looked back. His eyes revealed a complicated expression. There was grief, humiliation, ruthlessness, and admiration.

BOOM!

Following that, a light wave that was ten times more terrifying than the previous two palm strikes exploded. Its power was

brilliant. Wherever it spread, space collapsed like it was made of paper.

The ten Supreme Saints stood in the void and looked solemn.

Before they came, no one would have thought that the enemy would be so terrifying that they could force Lord Wu Yue to self-destruct.

After a long silence, a four-eyed Paramount Realm Supreme Saint said, “The aura of Ji Fanxin has disappeared! She must have perished together with Lord Wu Yue.”

“Lord Wu Yue is the strongest Lord of Destiny of the Destiny Division. He is the most powerful existence below the divinity. His self-destruction of his Sainthood Source is enough to threaten the life of a pseudo god. Even if Ji Fanxin was a Yuanhui-level genius, she would have been annihilated at a close distance.”

Cang Sheng, who had the Nether Moonwheel behind him, said, “Actually, Lord Wu Yue doesn’t need to self-destruct his Sainthood Source. If we use all of our secret techniques and burn our lifespan in battle, we might have a chance of winning.”

Several Supreme Saints nodded. They also felt that Lord Wu Yue should not be in such a hurry to decide.

After all, with Lord Wu Yue’s talent and cultivation, he had a high chance of breaking through to godhood.

If he self-detonated, the Fane of Destiny would lose half a true God.

Xing Luo wasn’t as optimistic as they were. He knew that even if there was only a 10% chance of escaping, Lord Wu Yue wouldn’t choose to self-detonate.

If Xing Luo hadn’t seen Zhang Ruochen and Gong Nanfeng in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and realized that the Tensho Compass might have fallen into Ji Fanxin’s hands, he wouldn’t have stayed. Instead, he would have fled with the ten Supreme Saints.

Xing Luo gave an order to the ten Supreme Saints. “You guys go first. I’ll go investigate.”

“Your Highness, you don’t have to be so careful, do you? Such terrifying destructive energy can’t kill her?” Cang Sheng said.

Cang Sheng knew why Xing Luo had let them leave first because he was worried that Ji Fanxin wasn’t dead.

“The Tensho Compass must be in Ji Fanxin’s hands. It probably fell into the void after Ji Fanxin died. We have to rush over and find it.”

“That’s right. Once it is lost into the void, it will be tough to find it.”

...

Xing Luo looked at the space destroyed by Lord Wu Yue’s self-destruction and hesitated.

It was challenging for him to find the Tensho Compass in the void alone. If he had the help of the other ten Supreme Saints, the chances of finding the divine artifact would increase greatly.

However, he was worried that Ji Fanxin was not dead. He hid in the void and waited for them to take the bait.

Cang Sheng saw through Xing Luo’s worries. He said, “If Your Highness has any concerns, you can stay here with everyone else. I will go to that void to investigate. If I am certain that Ji Fanxin is dead, it will not be too late for everyone to enter together. If Ji Fanxin is not dead, Hehe. Then, I will self-detonate my Sainthood Source and see if she can continue to hold on.”

Everyone agreed and felt that this was the best way.

Suddenly, Xing Luo’s body tensed up as he looked up.

Above their heads, a Dimensional Rift that was hundreds of feet long appeared. A white-robed Ji Fanxin flew out from within. The sixty-five bronze chimes around her spun slowly and automatically played an ear-splitting battle tune.

The ten Supreme Saints were all shocked.

She said, “There’s no need to go through so much trouble. There’s no need for any tricks to kill you all.”

Bai Qing’er spread her arms and urged all the bronze chimes to fly out. With a 300-mile boundary, they formed a circle.

Initially, there were 65 chimes, but 4,225 bell-shaped light figures appeared. As all the chimes spun, the number of bell-shaped light figures increased. They turned into 17,850,000.

Including Xing Luo, all the cultivators of the Fane of Destiny were enveloped by the bell-shaped light figures.

The bells ringing entered their ears and rushed straight into their minds, shaking their Saint Souls.

Even though the Saint Soul of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint was extremely powerful, under the attack of the chimes, it still gave them a splitting headache. It was difficult for them to gather their soul power, not to mention use their powers.

“So, she is an Archsaint Array Master.”

Under the Divine Ghost Mask, Xing Luo revealed a bitter smile.

Lord Wu Yue had managed to obtain a chance for them to escape by self-detonating his Sainthood Source. However, because of his wishful thinking, he did not choose to escape with the ten Paramount Realm Supreme Saints. He deserved his fate.

How could there be so many flukes in the world?

The 65 bronze chimes were engraved with inscriptions of formations.

Bai Qing’er used her 69.5-level spiritual power and the endless power of heaven and earth to activate it.

“This ancient formation is called the Echoes of Heaven Formation. Are you convinced if I use it to kill you, Xing Luo?” Bai Qing’er looked down at Xing Luo, who was wearing a mask in the center of the formation. However, her tone was extremely calm.

“Take this!”

Xing Luo gritted his teeth. Starlight burst out from his body and immediately activated his secret technique to burn his lifespan.

Only by doing so could Xing Luo break through the formation.

“It’s useless! If you weren’t in the formation, you might still have the strength to fight. As for now, you only have one way to break through and become a deity. Otherwise, you will die without a doubt.”

A sea of flowers appeared beneath Bai Qing’er’s feet. Her tone seemed as if victory was within her grasp. Yet, it also seemed like she was intentionally trying to strike Xing Luo’s confidence.

Xing Luo’s state of mind was not affected. He brandished his Ominous Blade and attacked.

Breaking through to become a god?

This was Bai Qing’er’s psychological tactic!

Breaking through to become a god required a quiet, stable environment that was not disturbed by anything. Even under such circumstances, the probability of Xing Luo successfully breaking through to become a god did not exceed 50%.

Under such circumstances, if one chose to break through, they would definitely fail and die.

They might as well fight to the death. There might still be a chance.

A bronze chime flew out from the formation and clashed with the Ominous Blade.

THUMP!

Powerful sound waves reverberated within the formation.

The ten Supreme Saints were shaken until their internal organs were shattered. They spat out large mouthfuls of blood.

As they were trapped in the Echoes of Heaven Formation, the Supreme Saints seemed to have turned into mortals. They had no way of retaliating. At this moment, they were filled with regret. If they had known earlier, they would have fled as fast

as they could when Lord Wu Yue ordered them to stop Ji Fanxin.

The Supreme Saints could only blame themselves. They had never seen a Paramount Realm Yuanhui-level genius and did not understand how powerful the enemy was.

It was too late to regret.

...

The Sevenstar Imperial Palace flew not far away.

Fei Zhong stood on the stairs and looked at the battlefield. He was stunned.

When Lord Wu Yue self-destructed with his Sainthood Source, Fei Zhong immediately ran into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He used the palace's defensive array to block the aftermath of the destruction. He thought that Bai Qing'er had been killed. He was still considering whether he should attack Zhang Ruochen immediately.

Who would have thought that the situation would be like this?

'He's too powerful. He must be invincible below divinity. Once he breaks through to divinity, he'll be a powerhouse in divinity.' Fei Zhong was extremely shocked. He had a new understanding of the strongest power below the divine realm.

Gong Nanfeng's eyes were dazed. Like a puppet, he chanted, "It's over, it's over. The Fane of Destiny will suffer an unprecedented blow. This era is too monstrous. I can't predict it. I can't at all."

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the palace straight. He carefully observed the formation made of 65 bronze bells. Deep thought appeared in his eyes.

Previously, he had actually been paying attention to the battlefield. He was very emotional.

Lord Wu Yue's determined self-detonation of the Sainthood Source profoundly affected his heart.

How could other cultivators choose to self-detonate if they had a choice?

‘Is this the belief in destiny that allows them to disregard life and death?’ Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently and sighed.

Bai Qing’er could endure Lord Wu Yue’s self-destruction not because she had reached a place where she could disregard Lord Wu Yue, but because when she hit the first palm, she tore the gap, hiding in the emptiness, leaving only a fake body in the outer world.

Of course, even if she had hidden in the void, she could not avoid being killed.

She had relied on the world where she had absorbed the Primeval Chaos Saintwill to block the destructive energy. The world that belonged to Zionwraith had been destroyed by her self-destruction. It turned into continents that floated in the void.

Bai Qing’er used at least five defensive methods to block her self-destruction. This allowed Zhang Ruochen to see her many trump cards clearly.

...

Three Supreme Saints had already been killed in the formation.

Their Paramount physique had been shattered. All the precepts had been refined by the formation. Even their saint souls had been destroyed by the sound waves. Only the Sainthood Source remained in the void. It was still indestructible.

The remaining seven Paramount Realm Supreme Saints gradually adapted to the environment of the formation. They secretly activated the power in their bodies.

The seven stood in seven mysterious positions and formed a combined attack formation. More than ten trillion precepts circulated around them and turned into a Nether River of Precepts that crashed into the southeast corner of the formation.

They deduced that that was the weakest point of the Echoes of Heaven Formation.

Bai Qing'er's finger moved slightly, and immediately, thirteen bronze chimes rushed out of the formation and crashed into the Nether River of Precepts.

BOOM! BOOM!

When the 10th bronze chime struck, the Nether River of Precepts was shattered, and the seven Supreme Saints were sent flying.

The remaining three bronze chimes hit the three Supreme Saints and turned them into three clouds of blood mist. Both their bodies and souls were destroyed.

No one knew what grade of treasure the bronze chimes were. Even if they had a Supreme Saint's life force, they would die instantly once they touched it. They would not be able to form a new body.

The remaining four Paramount Realm Supreme Saints were extremely desperate. Their eyes were red, and their anger soared to the sky.

Xing Luo alone could withstand most of the Echoes of Heaven Formation attacks. His Paramount physique had already been damaged several times. However, his body was powerful, and his physique was extraordinary. He was still able to withstand the attacks head-on.

Fei Zhong was both excited and emotional. He said, "Every Paramount Realm Supreme Saint is peerless. They can decide the outcome of a small-scale battle. However, in front of Lady Bai, they are like puny ants. They can be killed with a raise of her hand."

Gong Nanfeng was so angry that he was trembling. He argued, "If I were Bai Qing'er, I would never force them into a hopeless situation. In this way, they only have one way to self-detonate their Sainthood Source. Scion Xing Luo and the four Supreme Saints self-detonate. No powerful array can stop them. Bai Qing'er will die for sure."

Zhang Ruochen's voice came from behind Gong Nanfeng. "No, Bai Qing'er will not die. Didn't you predict that Bai Qing'er's real body isn't near the formation? It's just a fake

body condensed by the Power of Origin to paralyze the cultivators of the Fane of Destiny. In fact, Bai Qing'er is thousands of miles away in space."

Gong Nanfeng didn't like Zhang Ruochen. He felt that the Fane of Destiny's defeat today was all because of him.

How could the Fane of Destiny have lost so miserably if he hadn't stood by and watched?

The Scion and Lord Wu Yue had fallen, and the ten Supreme Saints had all been wiped out. Today was destined to shake heaven and Hell. Who knew how big a shock it would cause.

Zhang Ruochen ignored Gong Nanfeng's gaze. He summoned the Ugyen Cudgel. Golden light burst out from his body, and divine power surged outward.

"Zhang Ruochen, what do you want?" Fei Zhong shouted coldly.

"Move aside. Get out of my way."

Zhang Ruochen swung and broke through Fei Zhong's protective Precept Domain and struck his abdomen. He was flying and crashed into a sacred pillar of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Then, 12 blood wings grew out of Zhang Ruochen's back. A tiger shadow followed behind him. His battle intent surged as he flew toward the Echoes of Heaven Formation.

At this time, he had to act.

No matter what, Xing Luo could not die.

Chapter 2514: Eight Techniques of Genesis

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Fei Zhong was struck dumb by Zhang Ruochen and slid down from the pillar. His eyes were blank and shocked.

How could Zhang Ruochen, who was in Hundred-Shackle Realm, be so assertive?

No.

Even if he was a Yuanhui-level genius, he couldn't be able to quickly send a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint flying. What was that tiger shadow behind Zhang Ruochen?

Although it was just a shadow, it made his Saint Soul palpitate.

Gong Nanfeng's heart trembled with excitement when he looked at Zhang Ruochen's flying. "Brother Ruochen finally took action! We're saved, we're saved!"

...

Inside Echoes of Heaven Formation.

The remaining four Supreme Saints looked at each other, their eyes filled with anger and helplessness.

"Your Highness, you should enter the inner space of Ominous Blade and hide for now. Leave the rest to us!" Cang Sheng — one of the four Paramount Realm Supreme Saints — said coldly.

How could Xing Luo not know about their desire to die together? He smiled bitterly and said, "It's useless! Ji Fanxin's spiritual power is strong. You cannot self-detonate your Sainthood Source right under her nose like Lord Wu Yue,

“Only I, with the power of Divine Ghost Mask, can block her spiritual power. Only then will you have a chance to escape. So, it could only be me who’ll die together with her.

“You all need to hide in the inner space of Ominous Blade. I will fight with her one last time.”

The Supreme Saint with four eyes shook his head, “No. No matter what, Scion should not be the one who self-destructs. If you die, Fane of Destiny will no longer have control over this era.”

Xing Luo said, “I am no longer the Scion. If I die, it’ll hardly affect Fane of Destiny. Everyone, don’t worry. Fane of Destiny has a deep foundation and won’t easily collapse. When the new Scioness and Que matured, it nighs impossible for others to stir up trouble.”

If there was another choice, how could Xing Luo be willing to die with the enemy?

However, if he doesn’t, all of them would be exhausted to death by the formation.

The four Supreme Saints felt sorrowful and powerless.

Once upon a time, they would receive the highest treatment wherever they went. They could kill all Celestial Court’s Supreme Saints when they’re in the Battlefield of Merits.

But now, they could not even self-detonate their Sainthood Source.

“Is there no other way?”

The four-eyed Supreme Saint gritted his teeth and glared at Ji Fanxin in the sea of flowers.

Xing Luo said, “If I wasn’t trapped in Echoes of Heaven Formation, I would have some confidence in escaping this place.”

“In other words, as long as we break the formation, our chances of escaping will increase greatly?” Cang Sheng took out an Inscription-Suppressing Stone and said, “This Inscription-Suppressing Stone was created by an Archsaint

Array Master from Fane of Destiny. It might be able to break the formation.”

Xing Luo shook his head and said, “Once we are trapped in the formation, even the Archsaint Array Master would be helpless, let alone a mere Inscription-Suppressing Stone. Unless a top-notch expert exists outside the formation, we will only have a chance to break Ji Fanxin’s formation.”

The four Supreme Saints looked dejected. They all knew that one should be at least the same level as Xing Luo, who was a top-notch elite, to be able to save them.

There were very few people like Xing Luo in Infernal Court.

Where could they find one like him easily?

“Look, an Immortal Vampire is flying over.” The four-eyed Paramount Realm Supreme Saint exclaimed.

Xing Luo was already prepared to self-detonate his Sainthood Source. He was a little surprised when he heard this. He thought that maybe the previous battle caught the Immortal Vampire who passed by’s attention?

However, there didn’t seem to be any Paramount Realm Yuanhui level figures below divinity in Immortal Vampire.

An ordinary Paramount Realm Supreme Saint would only be courting death.

Xing Luo looked over. His expression changed, and he asked in surprise, “How can it be him?”

A dense blood cloud flew over from the dark void space.

Zhang Ruochen had 12 wings on his back. Standing in the blood cloud, his aura was unparalleled. He had the divine aura of a Demigod-level physique and the power of Intergold Tiger. It was as if a TrueGod had descended.

Bai Qing’er glanced over and said, “Seems like you finally turning against me?”

“You’ve won. Why can’t you let them go?” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were filled with Precepts of Truth and Intergold Precept Marks. He looked at Bai Qing’er without fear.

Bai Qing'er said, "No one can stop the people I want to kill!"

"I stopped you from killing Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian, and I can do it again."

The Ugyen Cudgel flew out of Zhang Ruochen's hand. Driven by Divine Qi, the cudgel expanded and became thicker than a mountain peak. Golden light spread in all directions and turned into a golden sea.

In the Golden Sea, Battle Qi rolled like clouds.

The Ugyen Cudgel was activated to the extreme. It burst with unparalleled supreme power, shattered the sea of flowers in Bai Qing'er's void space, and hacked down at her.

Bai Qing'er's eyes were cold and sharp. "Is this the power that Intergold Tiger lent you? It's powerful, but it's a pity you can't understand its mysteries. You only have brute force."

Bai Qing'er didn't choose to fight head-on with the Ugyen Cudgel. Instead, she took a step to the left.

She crossed a hundred miles with just one step and easily avoided Zhang Ruochen's earth-shaking attack.

The Ugyen Cudgel swept over and struck out again.

Countless Supreme Inscriptions on the cudgel were like the veins of heaven and earth. They wanted to freeze Bai Qing'er in space and force her to take Zhang Ruochen's attack head-on.

"Your attack is too lightweight. No matter how strong the weapon is, it can't hurt me."

Bai Qing'er turned into a wisp of green smoke and circled around the Ugyen Cudgel. She dodged again.

When she fought with Zhang Ruochen, her spiritual power was still in control of Echoes of Heaven Formation. She was able to easily suppress the five elites of Fane of Destiny, including Xing Luo.

Zhang Ruochen struck out dozens of times in a row. The power was so strong that almost no one under divinity dared to

take it head-on. However, Bai Qing'er avoided each strike like a stone sinking into the sea.

The battle ripples here had spread out long ago, and other cultivators must have noticed it.

If Bai Qing'er did not want to be besieged by other cultivators, she needed to end the battle as soon as possible to escape. Zhang Ruochen's attack had caused her a lot of trouble.

"You've been attacking for so long. Are you tired? Take this!

"Palm of Yin-yang Five Elements!"

Bai Qing'er struck out with her palm. A Taiji Diagram, which looked very much like Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, appeared. It combined with the palm power and burst out an overwhelming force.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know how Bai Qing'er could simulate Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, but he knew this so-called Saintwill was just a mere manifestation.

Of course, when Bai Qing'er attacked, even if it only had a physical form, it was no small matter.

Back then, Bai Qing'er hadn't been so serious. She could crush the demigod-level Blackwraith from thousands of miles away with a simple grab.

This attack was much stronger than the one that crushed Blackwraith.

"This palm is specially made for you," Bai Qing'er said.

"Zangshan Demonic Mirror."

An ancient mirror burst out a thousand miles of Demonic Qi.

Majestic mountains emerged from the Demonic Qi to resist Bai Qing'er's palm print.

Rumble

The demonic mountains were shattered one by one. Finally, the palm print collided with the surface of Zangshan Demonic Mirror. The surface of the mirror was like a water curtain. It sank down and swallowed the palm print.

Bai Qing'er gasped. Suddenly, her eyes darkened.

She found that Zhang Ruochen had disappeared where the Zangshan Demonic Mirror was at.

“Oh no!”

Bai Qing'er turned around and saw Zhang Ruochen walking out of the space. He appeared in the sky above Echoes of Heaven Formation.

He held the Ugyen Cudgel in his hands. Dense Intergold Precept Marks appeared on his arms. The phantom of a white tiger as tall as 1,000 miles appeared on the surface of his body, bursting with the power that could swallow a river.

The Ugyen Cudgel struck out, causing one corner of Echoes of Heaven Formation to collapse.

A bronze chime was sent flying. The rich sound reverberated throughout the world.

Xing Luo used the sea of stars to surround the four Fane of Destiny's Supreme Saint. He took this opportunity to escape from the gap in the formation. He burst out faster than 10,000 times the speed of sound and ran into the sky.

“Thank you for saving my life. I will repay you generously in the future.” Xing Luo's voice transmission rang in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

Bai Qing'er's true form walked out of the broken space and merged with the fake body in the sea of flowers. Her eyes were unprecedentedly cold. She walked toward Zhang Ruochen with one hundred miles in one step, “Zhang Ruochen, you dare to ruin my plan? I won't let you get away with this!”

Bai Qing'er didn't use the bronze chime. Instead, she pointed.

They were hundreds of miles apart, but after her finger pointed, she appeared directly in front of Zhang Ruochen. She seemed to have penetrated space in an instant. However, Zhang Ruochen didn't feel any space fluctuation at all.

In a moment of desperation, Zhang Ruochen pressed out with his palm.

The tiger shadow behind him raised its massive claws. Like the track marks that Zhang Ruochen had made with his palm, it also pressed forward.

The palm hit Bai Qing'er's fingertip.

Zhang Ruochen had a Regal Artifact level glove and countless Intergold Precept Marks.

His palm turned golden under the glove.

Crack!

There was a cracking sound.

The Regal Artifact glove could not withstand Bai Qing'er's power, and three cracks appeared. Then, with a bang, it broke into pieces of scrap metal.

Some pieces cut Zhang Ruochen's face, leaving a bloody mark.

Zhang Ruochen quickly retreated. His palm was in so much pain that it was about to crack. He quickly put it behind his back. Blood flowed out of the cracks between his fingers.

Even the Divine Marks could not withstand Bai Qing'er's attack.

Zhang Ruochen looked closely and saw that Bai Qing'er was already more than 100 feet away from him. Light of Origin from her skin overshadowed his divine aura.

She was furious. She wasn't angry that Zhang Ruochen had let Xing Luo and the others go.

She was angry because she had decided to kill her way to Fane of Origin. She wanted to temper herself and accumulate her power through killing on the way there.

Once she reached Fane of Origin, her power would be at its peak.

She could break through the realm with this power and become a god.

However, Zhang Ruochen blocked her and muddled her power, making her state of mind extremely at the edge.

“Die!”

“Ten days of Heaven Seal.”

Bai Qing'er's long hair flew up. Her five fingers formed a magical seal and struck out.

The space around her five fingers caved in, forming layers of space shock waves.

In the center of the space shock waves, ten bright spots appeared. They were like ten hot suns spinning rapidly, releasing terrifying heat that burned the sky and boiled the sea.

“Roar!”

A tiger's roar was heard.

“Zhang Ruochen, today I will teach you a prehistoric higher knowledge, Eight Techniques of Genesis.

“The first technique of Eight Techniques of Genesis, Taiqing Cloud-Pushing Palm.”

When Intergold Tiger's voice sounded, Zhang Ruochen only felt that 670 million Intergold Precept Marks in his Sea of Qi automatically flowed out and circulated in his body in a magical trajectory.

Along with the Intergold Precept Marks, there was Divine Qi that Intergold Tiger kept infusing into Zhang Ruochen's body.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's body was slightly out of control. His hands and feet automatically evolved into a strange posture. He pushed out his hands and struck Bai Qing'er's fingerprint.

BOOM

Bai Qing'er's body trembled, and she flew backward. Her eyes showed surprise.

She knew that the source of the power came from Intergold Tiger. However, Zhang Ruochen was still the only cultivator who could beat her back since she entered Paramount Realm.

Zhang Ruochen spat out blood and was thrown dozens of miles away. Three bloody holes appeared on his body.

Each bloody hole was the size of a fist,

Intergold Tiger sighed. “I have no choice. You still can’t beat her. Your demigod body is too inferior to her Paramount physique! Moreover, only 670 million Intergold Precept Marks are in your body.”

“It doesn’t matter. I’ve achieved my goal.”

Zhang Ruochen pretended to be seriously injured. He used the hidden force to hurt himself again. He spat out several mouthfuls of blood and finally stood up with his last breath. He smiled at Bai Qing’er. “You can’t kill me.”

...

After running for tens of millions of miles and reaching another starry sky, Xing Luo finally couldn’t hold on any longer and fell on a hundred-mile-long cosmic rock.

“Your Highness.”

Cang Sheng quickly squatted down and tried to help him up.

“No, I’m fine.”

Xing Luo gritted his teeth and slowly sat up. He took a Healing Sacred Pill to control the serious injuries in his body.

The four-eyed Supreme Saint said with lingering fear, “I didn’t expect Zhang Ruochen to save us in the end. I owe him a huge favor this time.”

“Originally, I was hostile to him when he cultivated a Grade Two Saintwill and caused a bad omen. The phenomena of Destiny’s Creek flow backward, flooding the fane. Now it seems that this is most likely a coincidence. Fukurokuju didn’t misjudge him,” said a Supreme Saint from Adjudication Division.

Cang Sheng looked suspicious, “Have you thought about something? Zhang Ruochen and Intergold Tiger attack, but why didn’t they join hands with us to deal with the witch in the beginning? We might not have lost if they had joined hands at the beginning. Maybe Lord Wu Yue, Zionwraith, and the others won’t have to die!”

“What do you mean? Do you suspect that Zhang Ruochen did this to weaken the power of Fane of Destiny? If that’s the case, why did he save us?” The four-eyed Supreme Saint snarled.

Cang Sheng said, “I’ve checked Zhang Ruochen’s information. He has a close relationship with Ji Fanxin.”

“It’s not certain if that woman is Ji Fanxin!” The four-eyed Supreme Saint said.

“Stop arguing! It’s an indisputable fact that Zhang Ruochen saved us. Besides, I can roughly guess why he didn’t do anything in the first place,” Xing Luo said.

Cang Sheng asked, “Why?”

Xing Luo said, “First, you must understand one thing. Zhang Ruochen and that woman must be enemies. Even if she really is Ji Fanxin, do you think she will still regard Zhang Ruochen as her best friend based on what he did in Infernal Court?”

“I’m afraid she hated Zhang Ruochen to the bones,” the four-eyed Supreme Saint said.

Xing Luo nodded and said, “That’s right! So, Zhang Ruochen and Gong Nanfeng are her hostages in Infernal Court. Once she provokes a god, she can protect herself.”

“Why didn’t Zhang Ruochen attack in the beginning?”

“There are only a few reasons. First, Zhang Ruochen was hit by Arrow of Deva Path. His injuries are severe. He wanted to attack, but he couldn’t.

“Second, he knows how powerful Ji Fanxin is. Even if he attacks with us, he knows that he has no chance of winning.

“Even if Intergold Tiger attacks, we have no chance of winning?” Cang Sheng was shocked.

Xing Luo sighed. “Although I don’t want to admit it, it’s indisputable. Intergold Tiger is a god, but he’s a prehistoric god. He’s suppressed by heavenly and earthly precepts. He can’t attack. If it used too much power, it would be punished by Heaven.

“Didn’t you see that it passed its power to Zhang Ruochen before? Zhang Ruochen could only fight against Ji Fanxin if he attacked.

“If Zhang Ruochen didn’t attack, Ji Fanxin might not kill him yet. If he attacked, how could Ji Fanxin let him go? Zhang Ruochen understood this, but he still attacked decisively to save us. At this moment, he is probably facing a life-and-death crisis.”

The four Supreme Saints were silent.

Cang Sheng was moved and looked guilty.

Xing Luo continued, “Actually, there is a third reason. Zhang Ruochen doesn’t have any ties with us. Why should he fight with us? He doesn’t trust us at all. You should know that Adjudication Division was calling out to kill him not long ago. It was good enough that he didn’t hold a grudge against us!”

“Then why did he make a move later?” Cang Sheng asked.

Xing Luo said, “I think there are only two reasons. First, Zhang Ruochen wants to show us that he didn’t betray Infernal Court. He hopes that he can get our support when he’s misunderstood in the future.

“Second, only when we escape can we join forces with other forces and make more detailed arrangements to deal with Ji Fanxin. Otherwise, no one will ever know Ji Fanxin’s true strength. No matter how many the number of cultivators who rush forwards.”

Cang Sheng nodded and said, “I’ve thought about it carefully. Ji Fanxin won’t dare to kill Zhang Ruochen easily. Zhang Ruochen might have deliberately stayed by her side. Only this way can we restrain her better.”

“Yes, I think so too. Zhang Ruochen alone is worth thousands of soldiers and horses. He can endure humiliation. If there’s a chance in the future, we can be friendly to him.”

Xing Luo added, “Now we have three things to do. We must do it immediately.

“Cang Sheng, you investigate Ji Fanxin, Fairy of a Hundred Flowers. Find out if she is in Qianrui Realm or Celestial Court? If she’s not here, this Ji Fanxin will likely be confirmed.

“Lord Four-eyed, you go find out what Ji Fanxin’s real purpose is? Why did she go on a killing spree in Infernal Court?

“Yaoyun Jisi, head to Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt as fast as possible. Inform the factions on good terms with Fane of Destiny in advance and tell them not to act rashly. The enemy is often stronger than they imagined, perhaps even tens of times stronger.”

...

After making all sorts of arrangements, Xing Luo sent out two more Communication talismans to contact Yan Yu and Yuan Qianmo.

...

Chapter 2515: 30 Miles

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

“You don’t dare to kill me.”

Zhang Ruochen’s voice reverberated with a smile and confidence.

“Is that so?”

Dense Precepts gushed out from Bai Qing’er’s fingertips and twisted into a thin, long thread.

This thread was a sharp weapon that could kill all spirits.

ROAR!

A dazzling golden light emerged behind Zhang Ruochen’s back and turned into a cloud of light like silk.

The true form of Intergold Tiger appeared. Standing in the golden cloud, the word “Inter” between its eyebrows released a mighty divine power. Even with Bai Qing’er’s cultivation, she was shocked and stopped immediately.

Her eyes were full of solemnity.

The cultivation gap between Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing’er was huge.

However, the cultivation gap between Bai Qing’er and Intergold Tiger was even more significant.

If not for fear of Heaven’s punishment, one breath of Intergold Tiger would have blown Bai Qing’er into a pile of bones. Even her bones might not be left behind.

Bai Qing’er put away her thread and said, “The legendary Intergold Tiger has finally revealed its true form.”

Intergold Tiger walked to Zhang Ruochen's left and raised its huge head. It said, "If you kill him, I will kill you at all costs."

"Aren't you afraid of Heavenly Punishment?" Bai Qing'er asked.

Intergold Tiger said, "Heavenly Punishment may not be able to kill me, but you will definitely die if I attacked."

Zhang Ruochen admired the beautiful woman opposite him. She could withstand the powerful divine aura of Intergold Tiger and still able to remain calm. She was indeed an Archsaint Array Master and the best cultivator under divinity.

Bai Qing'er thought for a moment and said, "What do you think of me?"

"Your talent is unparalleled in the world," said Intergold Tiger.

Bai Qing'er said, "Then, how about I be your guide? Zhang Ruochen's cultivation and ranking in Tome of the Divines are low. He's not your best candidate when there's a disaster in the future"

"No," said Intergold Tiger.

Bai Qing'er said, "Why? Do you think Zhang Ruochen has more potential in the future?"

"No, it's just because you offended me and I'm furious." Intergold Tiger's eyes stared straight at Bai Qing'er. It looked like it was holding a grudge.

Bai Qing'er had once called it a "sick cat" and spoke exceptionally arrogantly.

Intergold Tiger was very narrow-minded and always held a grudge towards her.

For this reason, Intergold Tiger promised Zhang Ruochen that as long as he fought with Bai Qing'er, he could borrow its power without limit.

There's no tiger who doesn't take revenge.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly realized that the tiger was still very temperamental. He could not help but want to stroke its back. However, he stopped just as his hand was about to fall. He

realized the other party was not Blackie but a powerful god, so he quickly withdrew his hand.

Zhang Ruochen's face was ashen because of his injury. He said, "Even if Intergold Tiger doesn't interfere, you won't be able to keep me if I wanted to leave with our current distance in strength. Let alone kill me."

"So confident?" Bai Qing'er said.

Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing'er were 30 miles apart.

For a top-tier Supreme Saint, this distance was almost negligible.

They could cross it in a blink of an eye.

Zhang Ruochen calmly extended a hand and made a gesture of invitation. "You could try if you don't believe me."

Bai Qing'er stared at Intergold Tiger and said, "He's the one who wants to try. You won't have any objections if I kill him, right?"

"If you can kill him, he could only blame himself for seeking death." Intergold Tiger seemed to be very confident in Zhang Ruochen.

They were 30 miles away. Not to mention Zhang Ruochen, even a superior like Lord Wu Yue would not be able to escape within this range.

Bai Qing'er really did not believe that Zhang Ruochen could escape from her with only the cultivation of Hundred-Shackle Realm and without the power of Intergold Tiger.

Swoosh!

A spirit rushed out of Bai Qing'er's body, turned into a white shadow, and flew out quickly.

With her status and cultivation, she didn't need to use her true form to kill a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint.

One spirit was enough.

Just like how Zhang Ruochen killed a Saint King, if he used his true form, he would overestimate the Saint King.

Whoosh

Although it was a spirit, its speed was faster than 10,000 times the speed of sound. It crossed 30 miles at lightning speed and clawed at Zhang Ruochen's neck.

Zhang Ruochen's neck was crushed.

But it was only an afterimage of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's real body had already crossed dimensions and moved out. He appeared 800 miles away and said, "You underestimate the Scion of Time and Space by attacking with just one spirit!"

"If one isn't enough, just a few more will do."

Bai Qing'er thought. 800 miles away, a spirit of Bai Qing'er automatically appeared behind Zhang Ruochen and hit his back.

Zhang Ruochen immediately activated Null Time realm and did a Great Dimensional Shift again.

The purpose of activating Null Time realm was not to block Bai Qing'er's attack but to buy time for himself to perform Great Dimensional Shift. In a fight with a superior of Bai Qing'er's level, the winner and loser could be determined instantly.

Null Time realm could help Zhang Ruochen buy that instant time.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!!!

More and more spirits emerged from Bai Qing'er. There were dozens of them, and each was much more powerful than Zhang Ruochen. They had the power to kill Zhang Ruochen in one strike.

The sky was filled with flying figures. It was as if thousands of fairies in white surrounded and killed Zhang Ruochen.

However, they could not hurt Zhang Ruochen at all.

Zhang Ruochen had reached the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm. The divine force in his body was powerful, and he had obtained 0.99% of Canon of Dimension. In terms

of escaping ability, few cultivators below divinity could surpass him.

“Withdraw!”

All the spirits flew back and overlapped on Bai Qing’er.

Bai Qing’er said, “I really underestimated the Scion of Time and Space’s ability to escape.”

How could Zhang Ruochen not understand Bai Qing’er’s belittlement? He did not take it to heart. He smiled and said, “If you are hunted, assassinated, and besieged all year round, you can also practice this ability. All cultivators practice immortality, but only when you live to the end can you have the last laugh.”

“Then I should be more serious!”

Bai Qing’er closed her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen had a bad premonition. He knew that Bai Qing’er was going to launch a spiritual power attack. He quickly mobilized the murderous Blood Qi in his body and injected it into Wargod Belt. Suddenly, the blood light on the belt grew stronger. It released the Divine Qi and the Wargod’s will, which condensed into a pair of enormous blood wings on Zhang Ruochen’s back.

Wargod Belt could only obtain the divine force of Wargod Bloodximus when Zhang Ruochen was attacked by the gods, thus saving his life.

However, Wargod Belt itself was also a supreme treasure, which could be used to resist spiritual power attacks.

Zhang Ruochen feared Bai Qing’er launching spiritual power attacks because spiritual power could travel thousands of miles instantly. Even if he used dimensional means, it would be difficult to escape.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Armor of the Fire God to cover his entire body and secretly activated the Heart of Truth.

Sure enough, Bai Qing’er closed her eyes, and a powerful spiritual power storm came.

The spiritual power storm was silent, but when it was used by a Supreme Saint with a spiritual power of level 69 and a half, no one under divinity would dare to take it head-on. Even the gods with weaker spiritual power would be afraid of it.

Zhang Ruochen had all kinds of defensive methods but still used Great Dimensional Shift to avoid the spiritual power storm.

“The dimension has been closed by me. How can you escape?”

Bai Qing'er opened her palm, and a shadow of a palm print 90,000 miles long appeared. It floated in the universe and was extremely shocking.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to be standing in her palm. His body was as small as dust.

The dimension was indeed frozen. It was more stable than on the dark star. Even the top Dimensional cultivators below divinity couldn't perform Great Dimensional Shift.

But Zhang Ruochen was different now.

“Oh, but you didn't!”

Zhang Ruochen stomped down. Dense Dimensional Inscriptions rushed out from his feet and interweaved into a dimensional teleportation array.

It was not a real dimensional teleportation array but a combination of Canon and Precept of Dimension.

Swoosh!

The dimensional teleportation array spun once, and Zhang Ruochen disappeared instantly. He was teleported 300,000 miles away.

Bai Qing'er's eyes showed a strange look. Then she thought of something. She smiled and put away the 90,000-mile-long illusory palm print.

She then looked at Zhang Ruochen, who had flown back from the sky, “How much Canon of Dimension have you mastered?”

Zhang Ruochen knew he could not hide it from her, so he asked with a smile, “How much Canon of Origin have you mastered?”

“Well, I admit it is difficult to kill you from 30 miles away. So you better don’t get too close to me. I could kill you easily in a short distance,” Bai Qing’er said.

30 miles was a safe distance between Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing’er.

With this distance, Zhang Ruochen had enough time to react and avoid any of Bai Qing’er’s onslaughts.

“Are you asking me to leave?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing’er said, “I don’t care what your purpose is for following me, but it’s time for you to leave. There’s no sense for you to continue shadowing me.”

“Are you afraid of me?”

Zhang Ruochen walked over and entered a distance of 30 miles.

Then, he entered a distance of 10 miles.

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He came to the opposite side of Bai Qing’er and looked at the magnificent woman up close. He said, “I said I wanted to marry you. How could I leave just like that?”

Intergold Tiger came to Zhang Ruochen’s side.

Bai Qing’er said, “You want to take back the supreme grade Divine Crystal of Origin and Tensho Compass.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. He said, “Why do I need Tensho Compass? What if the god of Fane of Destiny discovers it in the future? Wouldn’t that be digging my own grave? Having a divine weapon is good, but with my current cultivation, I won’t be able to use it at all. Instead, it would be a disaster.

“Fane of Destiny’s Overseer is still here. If he reports that I’m eyeing the divine weapon for myself, I won’t have a place in Infernal Court anymore.

“It’s useless even if I have the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. I’m not a Master of Origin, so I can’t find Fane of Origin. Why don’t I follow you? It’ll save time and effort. Moreover, you want Canon of Origin when you go to Fane of Origin. Canon of Origin doesn’t mean much to me. I just want to find the chance to cultivate Grade one Saintwill.

“Other than that, the other treasures in Fane of Origin are not attractive to you and me.

“So our interests don’t conflict. I’m sincere about wanting to marry you. Why don’t you believe me?”

Bai Qing’er knew very well that Zhang Ruochen’s words were trying to numb her, but she couldn’t find any flaws in his words.

Zhang Ruochen was speaking facts.

Zhang Ruochen continued, “It’s a good thing if you don’t believe me and think I have bad intentions.”

“How is this good?” Bai Qing’er asked.

“Of course.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You went to Fane of Origin in a high-profile way, not to kill, but to train yourself. Isn’t this also a kind of training if a treacherous person who would attack you at any time followed you?”

“What you said does make sense,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “So do you want to believe the former or the latter?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

Bai Qing’er turned into a white light and flew away.

Intergold Tiger snorted and spat out two tubes of golden mist from its nostrils. “Why did you ask her that last question? You might as well ask her where Shangguan Que is.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You don’t understand.”

“I understand! The question you asked was a test of your weight in her heart. Whether she answered the former or the

latter, at least it proved that she valued you. Whether you became lovers or sworn enemies in the future, at least Zhang Ruochen was now her number one. However, a casual response meant she did not care about your thoughts. You were still insignificant. Your self-esteem must have suffered a blow, right?” said Intergold Tiger.

Zhang Ruochen coughed twice and coughed up blood. He said, “Your thoughts are too petty!”

“Men always want to conquer excellent women to prove their excellence and strength, especially those women who have defeated them,” said Intergold Tiger.

“This idea is even more narrow-minded.”

Zhang Ruochen flew in the direction of Sevenstar Imperial Palace. His eyes became more and more serious.

Bai Qing'er was indeed a complex woman to see through. She seemed to have endless secrets. No one knew how many trump cards she had yet to use.

More importantly, no matter how Zhang Ruochen tried, it was difficult to find her weakness.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen had never planned to attack the battle between the Supreme Saints of Fane of Destiny and Bai Qing'er.

The reason why he attacked last minute was that there were only a few powerful figures below divinity who could restrain Bai Qing'er. If Xing Luo died, then one less would be left.

Besides that, there were two more essential purposes.

First, Zhang Ruochen wanted to test whether Bai Qing'er was injured by the self-detonation of Lord Wu Yue.

The facts proved that Bai Qing'er was indeed injured!

Otherwise, she would not have been repelled by Intergold Tiger and Zhang Ruochen's attack. Moreover, she did not go after Xing Luo and the others and could not hurt Zhang Ruochen from 30 miles away.

The second purpose was to hide the fact that his injury had healed.

His injury could not be healed forever.

How could he hide it?

He could only be more seriously injured.

Zhang Ruochen's Sea of Qi had already healed. When Bai Qing'er was fighting with the elites of Fane of Destiny, he entered Sevenstar Imperial Palace. With his control of Qiankun Realm and the help of Divine Sky-connecting Tree, he forced Seven-Armed Elder to submit temporarily, and they fought together against Bai Qing'er.

It seemed that he was more seriously injured, but it was only a physical injury. With the recovery ability of Pale Blood Soil, this injury was nothing.

Bai Qing'er was too bright. She could only be sure that Zhang Ruochen was still injured if she injured him with her own hands. Even with the help of Intergold Tiger, he would not be able to display much combat power.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen was happy to fool Bai Qing'er. It was even better if she thought he would only run for his life.

Before the time came, he had to show his weakness to the enemy.

It was a very helpless thing!

Chapter 2516: Bai Qing'er's Background

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

To Zhang Ruochen's surprise, Bai Qing'er did not choose to go into stealth. Instead, she let him ride to Sevenstar Imperial Palace and fly toward Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt.

It was very high-profile!

Zhang Ruochen could not help but feel a little suspicious. Was she really injured?

Zhang Ruochen sat in front of the Imperial Palace, next to Huang Tian. He held a pot of holy spring and looked at the brilliant sea of stars in the distance. He used his spiritual power to communicate with Intergold Tiger.

"Why did you teach me Eight Techniques of Genesis when you asked me to create my own higher knowledge of Saint Technique? What are the Eight Techniques of Genesis? They seem to be very profound and powerful. Could you demonstrate them a few more times?"

Intergold Tiger's voice rang out. "I thought about it carefully. After all, Intergold Precept Marks come from prehistoric times. They are completely different from the path you once practiced. They have essences that you can not understand. Therefore, the Eight Techniques of Genesis is to let you have a certain understanding of the prehistoric era's higher knowledge. It will also allow you to understand how to use Intergold Precept Marks well."

"It is said that the Eight Techniques of Genesis were highly famous in the prehistoric era. They are known as the origins of

all higher knowledge. They are both profound and unfathomable, but they are also simple and easy to understand. Ordinary people can cultivate them and quickly enter the rudiments. After that, they will undergo various changes.

“Every cultivator who practiced the Eight Techniques of Genesis would eventually cultivate them differently.”

“Of course, the Eight Techniques of Genesis were easy to learn but difficult to master. Most cultivators could only learn the basics and couldn’t really display the power of the Saint Techniques and higher knowledge. So practicing the Eight Techniques of Genesis wouldn’t disturb your thoughts. Instead, it might give you some inspiration for creations.”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and recalled for a moment. He suddenly stood up and practiced the first technique of the Eight Techniques of Genesis on the stairs.

The Taiqing Cloud-pushing Palm!

Zhang Ruochen did not feel anything after practicing it ten times. He did not feel the same mysterious feeling when Intergold Tiger used his body to practice. The feeling as if the entire universe was under control.

He could only cultivate the vague form of Taiqing Cloud-pushing Palm. He could not even activate Intergold Precept Marks in his Sea of Qi.

“It’s indeed easy to learn but difficult to master.”

Zhang Ruochen asked Intergold Tiger for advice again, hoping that it could demonstrate it again.

Unfortunately, Intergold Tiger only responded, “Practice makes perfect. Slowly, you learn by yourself.

“You’ve only practiced it ten times, and already said that it’s easy to learn but difficult to master.”

Intergold Tiger muttered in its heart, thinking that Zhang Ruochen was too impatient.

It must be known that even Intergold Tiger had repeatedly practiced Eight Techniques of Genesis before it had a preliminary understanding of its mysteries. After Intergold

Tiger practiced over a hundred million times, could it master and burst out the power of higher knowledge.

Even now, it continues to practice and understand more profound mysteries of it.

Intergold Tiger didn't know that Zhang Ruochen practiced all kinds of Saint techniques and could master them instantly each time.

Now that he had reached the Supreme Saint realm, his experience had significantly increased, and his spiritual power had reached the 66th level. He thought he could learn any technique after meditating and practicing it a few times.

Now, there was a psychological difference.

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Bai Qing'er, who was in Sevenstar Imperial Palace, had the same thoughts as Zhang Ruochen.

Her spiritual power far surpassed Zhang Ruochen's, and she had once practiced the higher knowledge successfully. Therefore, she was more confident that she could learn any spell in the world at a glance and could comprehend 20-30% after practicing it once.

However, after practicing ten times, she still failed to cultivate Taiqing Cloud-pushing Palm in Sevenstar Imperial Palace. She could not help but fall into deep self-doubt.

She had personally witnessed the power of Taiqing Cloud-pushing Palm.

Intergold Tiger used Zhang Ruochen's body to perform this move. It broke her 'Ten days of Heaven Seal' and forced her to retreat.

Such higher knowledge naturally needed to be studied carefully.

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Zhang Ruochen practice Taiqing Cloud-pushing Palm hundreds of times in a row. Sometimes, he stopped to meditate.

Sometimes, he would split his body and practice in another way. Or, he would use the Saint Qi in his body to explore a different way of luck.

In Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Bai Qing'er also seemed to practice Taiqing Cloud-pushing Palm.

Gong Nanfeng walked out of Sevenstar Imperial Palace and stopped beside Huang Tian. He did not disturb Zhang Ruochen, who was practicing Taiqing Cloud-pushing Palm. When Zhang Ruochen stopped again, he walked over with a smile.

"Brother Ruochen, I misunderstood you. After thinking about it, I must apologize to you."

Zhang Ruochen didn't have a good impression of Gong Nanfeng. He didn't know if he was playing dumb or if he really lacked a string. He said coldly, "There's no misunderstanding between us."

"No, there's a misunderstanding."

Gong Nanfeng's expression was serious. He bowed deeply to Zhang Ruochen. He looked up and saw Zhang Ruochen's back. He quickly chased after him, "Brother Ruochen is worthy of being valued by Saint Monk Xumi, Moon Goddess, Wargod Bloidximus, and Fukurokuju. Not only are you humble, but you're also a noble person. It's rare to see a cultivator like you in Infernal Court."

"Why are you praising me like this?"

Zhang Ruochen walked through the palace door.

Sevenstar Imperial Palace was divided into seven separate palaces. There was a lot of space inside.

Gong Nanfeng said, "I'm not complimenting you. What I said is the truth. Initially, I thought you hated the Fane of Destiny because of what happened in Adjudication Division. That's why you stood aside and didn't want to attack Bai Qing'er. You just watched as Zionwraith and Lord Wu Yue die.

"But I was wrong! I've figured out why brother Ruochen didn't attack in the beginning."

Zhang Ruochen ignored him.

He continued, "Because you know very well that even if you make a move, you can't do anything to Bai Qing'er, a Yuanhui-level genius who has reached Paramount Realm. She is invincible under divinity. Moreover, she is an Archsaint Array Master.

"You have been watching coldly and looking for a suitable opportunity to make a move, aren't you?

"Thank God you're wise and didn't make a move at the beginning. Otherwise, you would have been trapped in Echoes of Heaven Formation. In that case, Xing Luo and the others would surely have been dead.

"It's a great strategy for you to stay by Bai Qing'er's side. Not only can you secretly spy on her trump cards and find her flaws and weaknesses, but you can subtly restrain her and make her unable to do whatever she wants. That was indeed a smart move!"

Zhang Ruochen stopped and said, "She can hear you. Can you not expose my purpose just like that?"

Gong Nanfeng's expression changed. He looked around, calmed down, and said in a low voice, "It's my fault, but it doesn't matter. She's so smart. She probably already guess your intentions. You don't really want to marry her, do you?"

"Have you been subdued by her?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gong Nanfeng quickly shook his head, "No, absolutely not. In the name of the venerable, you must believe me. However, she is refining the vessel spirit inside Tensho Compass. If she succeeds, even I can't stop her from using the divine weapon. She will be even more powerful with the divine weapon in hand."

Zhang Ruochen's expression changed slightly, and he sighed in his heart. This was not good news!

Gong Nanfeng was the vessel spirit of Tensho Compass, which had divided more than 90% of its spirit. He had cultivated his physical body. Logically speaking, any

cultivator who wanted to control Tensho Compass would be influenced by his will.

As long as Gong Nanfeng rejects, Bai Qing'er couldn't control Tensho Compass.

However, once Bai Qing'er refined Tensho Compass, Gong Nanfeng's control over Tensho Compass's vessel spirit would be significantly reduced.

"It's not easy for a cultivator below divinity to refine a divine weapon," Zhang Ruochen said.

Gong Nanfeng said, "If she has grasped Canon of Origin, she might succeed. Of course, refining a divine weapon is not a matter of a day or two. I actually have another matter to discuss with brother Ruochen."

Zhang Ruochen was not interested in Gong Nanfeng's matter. He walked toward the Star Palace and reached the bottom of a row of bookshelves.

The books on the entire row of bookshelves were all related to Origin.

Most of them were the legends and wild histories of the Masters of Origin, the basics of Origin, the Path of Origin observation diagram... There were not many genuinely profound things.

Gong Nanfeng said, "These days, I will carefully observe every battle of Bai Qing'er. I will try my best to calculate and discover her secrets. After all, she can't hide them during a battle."

"Oh!"

Zhang Ruochen pulled out a book and read it. When he heard this, he showed interest.

Gong Nanfeng said, "Her physical quality is the same as yours. You both have a Five-element Chaotic Body. The difference is that you have cultivated it after birth while she was born with it."

"I see."

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What else have you observed? Can you calculate how many Canon of Origin she has mastered? Or how many Precepts she has practiced?”

Gong Nanfeng scratched his head, slightly embarrassed, “She must have mastered some Canon of Origin. As for how much, it’s hard to infer. I have seen some clues about the Precept she has practiced. There must be more than 30 trillion Precepts.”

Zhang Ruochen thought Gong Nanfeng was talking nonsense. When Lord Wu Yue had self-detonated his Sainthood Source, the Precepts released from his body had reached 20 trillion.

Bai Qing’er was naturally much better than Lord Wu Yue.

She could kill ordinary Supreme Saints quickly because the number of Precepts she had was more than ten times that of ordinary Supreme Saints. Cultivators with Precepts lesser than 10 trillion weren’t qualified to fight with her.

Among Paramount Realm Supreme Saints, if the number of Precepts was 10 trillion, one could be called a “Demigod.”

If there were more than twenty trillion Precepts, one could be called a Demigod at peak state.

The peak of Demigod and Demigod were just synonyms for strength. In fact, they’re both Supreme Saints in Paramount Realm. If one could defeat a demigod without cultivating a hundred thousand Precepts, this cultivator could also be called a Demigod.

In fact, Bai Qing’er, Wuma Jiuxing, Xue Lingxian, and others were also at the peak of Demigod state. However, they were stronger than Lord Wu Yue.

It was worth mentioning that Lord Wu Yue had cultivated 12 trillion Precepts when he condensed Paramount physique in Banshi Isshou Realm. Therefore, he could be called a demigod as soon as he broke through to Paramount Realm.

After reaching Paramount Realm, he naturally improved considerably, which was why he had his current achievements.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Bai Qing’er should be ranked very high on Tome of the Divines. Did Fane of Destiny not notice

her before?”

Gong Nanfeng shook his head and said, “No. She is ranked outside the top 100 of the second class on Tome of the Divines. She is not outstanding.”

“How can this be? I think, with her cultivation realm, she can break through and become a god with just a thought,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“I have thought and calculated this question repeatedly. There are only two reasons.”

As the vessel spirit of Tensho Compass, Gong Nanfeng knew everything in the world like the back of his hand. He said, “The first reason should be that she has a knot in her heart. The knot has troubled her. It may even have become a demon, making her afraid of the Divine Tribulation.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes lit up. “What knot does she have in her heart?”

Could this be Bai Qing’er’s weakness?

“Let’s sit down and talk.”

Gong Nanfeng took out an ancient divine wood paper book, Light of origin. He placed it on his butt and sat on the ground. Leaning against the bookshelf, he said, “This has to start with Bai Qing’er’s background. This woman is quite pitiful.”

“Wait a minute.”

Zhang Ruochen took out Zangshan Demonic Mirror and activated the Supreme Inscription. It formed a sphere of light and covered the two of them.

“Go on! Is Bai Qing’er’s father really Magnogod Huang Tian?”

Gong Nanfeng said, “Most likely. But Magnogod Huang Tian has never admitted it. He hasn’t even been to the Enchanter Chamber for many years.”

“How do you know he hasn’t been there?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gong Nanfeng looked serious. He was sure that no one would eavesdrop since this place was covered by Supreme Artifact, “To be honest, the Reverend of Divination Division has never trusted Magnogod Huang Tian. Once Magnogod Huang Tian leaves Infernal Court, he’ll activate Tensho Compass and predict his whereabouts. Brother Ruochen, you’re one of us. That’s why I can tell you this secret.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were strange. He smiled. “You know the secrets of Infernal Court in the back of your hand.”

Gong Nanfeng was overjoyed. He smiled proudly and continued, “Think about it. It’s cruel for a little girl to be abandoned by her father. Moreover, she has a mother with a bad reputation. It’s easy to imagine that she’s been mocked since she was a child.”

“The ruler of the Enchanteur Chamber, Empress Bai? What do you mean by bad reputation?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Gong Nanfeng said, “It’s said that this Empress Bai is as beautiful as a fairy, comparable to Moon Goddess. However, Moon Goddess is pure and clear. She has many admirers among the gods in Infernal Court. However, Empress Bai is very depraved and has been involved with many gods.”

Zhang Ruochen could not help but laugh when he heard such big gossip. He shook his head and said, “No wonder Magnogod Huang Tian has never been to the Enchanteur Chamber again. I’m afraid it’s unknown whether Bai Qing’er is his daughter or not. But does Empress Bai really have such great charm?”

“Legend has it that no man can refuse Empress Bai, including male gods,” said Gong Nanfeng.

Zhang Ruochen thought about his resentment toward Blood Empress.

If what Gong Nanfeng said was true, he could understand why Bai Qing’er was so determined to defeat Magnogod Huang Tian and even looked down on him.

Compared with Magnogod Huang Tian and Queen Bai, Blood Empress was a thousand or ten thousand times better.

One wasn't there to raise the kid, and the other didn't deserve to be a mother.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What's the second reason you mentioned?"

Gong Nanfeng said, "Bai Qing'er was able to cross Thousand-Koan Realm and breakthrough Banshi Isshou Realm. This means that she has a strong will, and the knot in her heart may not be able to do anything to her. There is only one other possibility. Someone with strong spiritual power completely covered up the secrets of heaven on her body. Even Tome of the Divines couldn't sense the real her."

"Tome of the Divines is one of the six volumes of Heavenly Tome of Destiny. It represents the supreme law of the entire Fane of Destiny. Who can compete with destiny?" Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

Gong Nanfeng said meaningfully, "An existence with spiritual power over level 90."

Zhang Ruochen was stunned for a moment. He couldn't help but gasp and shake his head. "That's impossible!"

Once one's spiritual power reaches the 70th level, one could become a god.

Those who reached the 80th level were already giants among gods.

The 90th level?

Was there really such a powerful spiritual power elite in the universe?

Gong Nanfeng said, "I didn't say it for no reason. Bai Qing'er's current achievements without the help of Magnogod Huang Tian and Empress Bai are impossible without the guidance of a big figure.

"Just like you, Brother Ruochen, you also inherited the mantle of Saint Monk Xumi, Divine Sky-connecting Tree, and the Immovable Wisdom King. You also received the inheritance of many important figures in Kunlun's field. You also received the support and guidance of Fane of Truth, Moon Goddess,

Wargod Bloodximius, Intergold Tiger, and other important figures. That's how you achieved your current achievements.

"Yan Wusheng, who passed away, was also at the top level in terms of opportunities and inheritance. Que was even nurtured by Fane of Destiny.

"I don't believe she can reach her current level with her own efforts."

"What you said makes sense." Zhang Ruochen looked at Gong Nanfeng with a strange look. "Didn't you say that it was difficult to predict me? How come you know me so well?"

Gong Nanfeng was afraid that Zhang Ruochen would misunderstand him again. He hurriedly said, "The information about you has already been investigated by Fane of Origin."

"Get out," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Brother Ruochen, how can you change your mood just like that?"

"No matter how much you know about me, you must never reveal it to anyone."

"I understand. I treat you as my own brother. I won't do anything to let you down. In the future, if you want to take revenge on Empress Chi Yao, ask the Moon goddess for her debt, or steal the fairies from Thousand-Star Civilization or Tianchu Civilization to be your wife, Count me in. I still have some connections in the Fane of Destiny. It won't be a problem for me to mobilize a holy army to help you."

"You know too much!"

"There's nothing I can do. It's my fault that I'm the vessel spirit of Tensho Compass."

"Get out."

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Chapter 2517: The Person They Waited For Finally Arrived

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

“It’s too quiet!”

For several days, no cultivators came to block their path.

It was unusually quiet.

Zhang Ruochen knew that the more it continued like this, the higher the possibility that there was a storm brewing ahead. It was very likely that the Fane of Destiny had set up an inescapable net in the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt.

If it were him, he would definitely not continue forward in such a high-profile manner. He would turn around, return to Hoth and leave from there.

No one knew how terrifying the inside information that the Fane of Destiny possesses was.

If the Fane of Destiny wanted to kill someone, even if that person was truly invincible to anything below divinity, it would still be difficult for them to escape death.

Bai Qing’er was clearly injured but did not hesitate. She headed towards the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt, which was equivalent to declaring war on the Fane of Destiny and all the significant forces in the Infernal Court on her own.

She wanted to make up for her defects in the Banshi Isshou Realm and reach the heights of Xue Jue and Huang Tian. This was the only path for her.

She could only advance and not retreat.

Zhang Ruochen stepped into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, one of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace halls. He saw that Bai Qing'er was not practicing her cultivation or tending to her wounds. Instead, she used a bamboo knife to turn the soil for six pots of orchids.

The six pots of orchids were planted in purple clay pots. They were carefully cared for, and the flowers had bloomed brightly.

However, Zhang Ruochen knew that they fed on the Saint Souls of Saint-level cultivators and needed the blood of Supreme Saint and deities to irrigate them. They were six extremely vicious plants.

They would probably be more terrifying if they attacked than if Shang Yue and Shang Xia did.

Bai Qing'er said, "I heard you have a Saint Devourer?"

Zhang Ruochen stopped five steps behind her and said, "My Saint Devourer can't compare to your six rare species that have lived for more than a Yuanhui period. However, it is growing quite good."

"Do you know how to tend to flowers?" Bai Qing'er asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a smile.

What a joke. He had raised the Saint Devourer wholly to strengthen his combat power and was not in the mood to tend to flowers.

The Saint Devourer was also a plant that was evil and fierce. However, Zhang Ruochen had firmly controlled its ferocity. It could not do evil and harm innocent creatures.

Bai Qing'er said to herself, "It's good to raise flowers but better not cultivate a physical body. It's at the purest when it's still a flower. You can tell them anything; they'll always listen to you silently. They won't ask questions, laugh at, refute, betray, or abandon you."

"What's the difference between this and talking to yourself?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing'er turned around and said, "See, you're refuting me now!"

"Why can't you accept refutation from others? A person who decides and acts alone will never be happy, no matter how powerful he is," Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing'er asked, "Are you happy?"

Zhang Ruochen was struck speechless.

"The world is a sea of bitterness. No one can be truly happy. The more unwilling an ordinary person is, the more painful it is. Rather than saying that the reason for cultivation is to live forever, it is better to say that it is to cross the sea of bitterness and find a paradise of joy that might exist on the other side," Bai Qing'er said.

Zhang Ruochen found that Bai Qing'er was very different from usual today. She was very relaxed and peaceful, without a trace of hostility. Her temper was so sweet that people could not help but feel adoration for her.

It was like a warm breeze in winter or a cool shade in summer.

No wonder Gong Nanfeng had said that no man in the world could refuse Empress Bai.

As the daughter of Empress Bai, Bai Qing'er seemed to have inherited her mother's unique temperament and charm.

It was terrible for a woman who could kill as she pleased. She was insidious and decisive, so for her to be able to control her hostility completely was frightening indeed.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'm not here to discuss the Path with you. Now tell me, where is my teacher? I want to see him."

"Why should I let you see him?"

Bai Qing'er was cold and detached. She continued to stir up the soil of the orchids.

"Shang Xia and Shang Yue are both in my hands. They are both Supreme Saints of the Banshi Isshou Realm. It wouldn't be too much to exchange them for a spiritual-power Saint King, would it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing'er said, "You've made a mistake!"

"Have I?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing'er said, "First of all, Teacher Shangguan is no longer a Saint King, but a spiritual power Supreme Saint."

"Second, if I want to take Shang Xia and Shang Yue back from you, you won't be able to resist. With our current difference, even if the Intergold Tiger helps you, it won't be of any use."

"Thirdly, I didn't ask you to let Shang Yue and Shang Xia go because I was waiting for you to offer to exchange hostages with me. Since you offered, it means that Shangguan is much more important to you than Shang Xia and Shang Yue are to me. So, you have to pay a higher price before I can let him go."

...

"Since you already call him teacher, you should respect your elders."

Zhang Ruochen had already guessed that Bai Qing'er's mastery of the Path of Confucianism was most likely due to professor Shangguan Que's instructions.

There was a saying in Path of Confucianism that said, "Education is for everyone."

A true great Confucian would not refuse to teach Confucianism just because the other party was rich, poor, wise, foolish, good, or evil. He will not discriminate against monsters, land creatures, or even those that fly.

Their natures were similar, but their habits were far apart.

All living beings had good natures within them.

Bai Qing'er said, "Where did you see that I disrespect my teacher? Besides, you had called me a witch. Why should I show respect to my teacher? Can't I just disobey the rules?"

Zhang Ruochen knew that Bai Qing'er's words were sharp. He stopped arguing with her and said, "What price do you want me to pay?"

“I haven’t thought about it yet. How about you promise to do something for me?” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “What is it?”

“I haven’t thought about it yet either. I will tell you when I finish thinking about it,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen refused decisively. “No.”

“Then there’s no need to discuss anymore. Shang Yue and Shang Xia are both beauties. You can do whatever you want with them. Just don’t kill them,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen knew how difficult it was to nurture two Supreme Saints into the Banshi Isshou Realm. They weren’t comparable to the Supreme Saint slaves that she had controlled with her dream world.

He had never thought Bai Qing’er would abandon them like they were nothing.

Or...

Was she faking it?

Bai Qing’er seemed to have seen through Zhang Ruochen’s thoughts and said, “The children I raised have grown wings. Sooner or later, they will fly away from me. Besides that, Shang Xia’s heart is no longer with me. She has long fallen in love with men. As for Shang Yue... Her temperament is a little poorer. Since you captured her, she most likely failed to beat you in a fight. Has she submitted to you yet?”

“Teacher Shangguan said that the hardest thing in the world is not to fight with people but to educate them.”

“I agree with that.”

“There are times when even a god can be killed. But it’s harder to carve out a person’s temperament or influence people’s nature than to kill gods. There is no answer to what is good or evil, nor right and wrong.”

“Zhang Ruochen, it is good that they are with you. I have started to understand a lot about you, and I think that your

heart is softer than mine, so you will probably treat them well.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You have said too much today.”

“Because too few people are qualified to talk to me face to face! There are some things that I want to say to others, but there are none qualified to listen. In the end, I can only tell it to them.” Bai Qing’er looked over at the six pots of orchids.

It was evident that Bai Qing’er had recognized Zhang Ruochen’s strength and no longer looked down on him like before.

The strength here did not only refer to cultivation and talent but also included temperament, spirit, and wisdom.

Zhang Ruochen said, “But why do I feel like you are telling me your last words?”

“The road to the Fane of Origin is a dead end, and I must walk through it to survive. Is there anyone that can see the future clearly? What if I don’t survive through this.”

A hint of sadness appeared in Bai Qing’er’s startling eyes, but it quickly disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Aren’t you always very confident?”

“Only those with less confidence can appear confident to others. To tell you the truth, I don’t have any confidence in reaching the heights of Xue Jue and Huang Tian,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes had a peculiar expression in them. He hadn’t expected Bai Qing’er to say such a thing.

Was this the real her?

As expected, only through closer acquaintance could one understand a person. Otherwise, what one sees might only be the surface.

“Creating this chaotic situation is like dancing on the tip of a knife. If I’m not careful, I’ll be crushed into pieces. But I have to be confident and keep telling myself that I have to be confident. There’s a saying that says a man can conquer

nature, right? Compared to dying, I am even more unwilling to be a submissive and mediocre person. As if to be controlled by someone, I would rather control their life and death. Even if a deity stands before me, I must move forward without turning back.”

Gradually, the sadness and melancholy on Bai Qing'er's body disappeared. Instead, her spirits rose like a rusty sword piercing through the heavens, and she said coldly, “Since you are already here, please come in!”

Her voice traveled out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and into the vast universe.

Bai Qing'er walked out of the Hall of Cultivation and went to the main hall of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Zhang Ruochen's Heart of Truth also sensed it. With a puzzled look in his eyes, he quickly followed her out.

“What happened, brother Ruochen? has the army of the Fane of Destiny finally come?” Gong Nanfeng asked happily.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to pay attention to him, but he thought of something and quickly stopped him. He said with concern, “It's not the army of the Fane of Destiny, but the person who came is no weak being. Once a battle breaks out, the aftermath of the battle will make you die without anything left for burial.”

“Then what should we do?” Gong Nanfeng was shocked.

“Don't panic. I'll take care of everything.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Violet Gourd and said, “This is the Supreme Artifact, and you'll go in first. I'll protect you.”

“Good! Brother Ruochen, you are indeed very honorable and righteous. I could never repay your kindness!” Gong Nanfeng's eyes were red, and he was almost moved to tears.

After putting Gong Nanfeng into the Violet Gourd, Zhang Ruochen entered the main hall.

He saw Fei Zhong standing on the right side of Bai Qing'er with a battle ax in his hand. His eyes were shining brightly as he looked straight in the direction of the palace gate.

Outside the palace gate, it was pitch-black and deep like an endless void.

Thud!

A deep sound rang out, and the Sevenstar Imperial Palace shook slightly.

Thud!

Thud!

...

The Sevenstar Imperial Palace shook continuously as the sound became clearer and louder.

Outside the palace gate, an ancient figure walked up the stairs with a wooden staff in her hand. She staggered towards the main hall with her hunched over and bent body all dressed in red.

Every time the wooden staff touched the ground, spherical spatial ripples would appear, causing the hall to shake.

Zhang Ruochen called out softly, "Granny," he said.

It was Granny Begonia.

She was a seven-colored Begonia and also the guardian of the Sword Pavilion.

When Zhang Ruochen had entered the Sword Pavilion to learn the sword and comprehend the Wordless Sword Manual, Granny Begonia had taught him for nine days and nine nights. She was an important guide for Zhang Ruochen in his cultivation process.

In the main hall, the fragrance of flowers floated and formed the shadows of petals.

Granny Begonia smiled at Zhang Ruochen with a kind and wrinkled face.

Bai Qing'er can see that Granny Begonia was not someone ordinary and said, "You dare to break into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace as a lone Begonia?"

“The Sevenstar Imperial Palace is the palace of the younger generation in my family. Why would I not dare to enter it?”
Granny Begonia coughed twice.

Bai Qing'er said, “Then, are you here as a guest?”

“I guess so!”

“Since you're here as a guest, why do you need to bring a helper?”

Bai Qing'er's gaze was fixed on something outside the palace.

She saw a tall and straight man in white standing there with a stone sword in his hand. His long hair fluttered around even without wind. He was a Xue Lingxian in the form of a human, not of a human head with a snake body.

He was just standing there, with an ancient aura pouring from his body.

Both of his silver eyes were like two piercing divine swords. Fei Zhong only had to exchange a glance with him, and he felt a piercing pain in his eyes as if his head was about to be torn apart.

“Why are there so many terrifying elites suddenly appearing? Each one of them defies the laws of nature under the sky.” Fei Zhong felt helpless inside. He only thought that this trip to the Infernal Court had been a great blow to him.

As the most influential figure of the Dwarfs, he was like a king descended from heaven wherever he went and was worshiped by all living beings. He rarely met a cultivator who could defeat him.

However, he could not defeat any of the cultivators he had met in the past few days. All of his arrogance had been completely wiped out.

Xue Lingxian's gaze fell on Zhang Ruochen, and he said.
“What's your relationship with her?”

Now that the person he was waiting for had arrived, Zhang Ruochen could not be bothered to pretend anymore and replied, “She's my enemy, a very powerful enemy.”

The reason why he emphasized the word “powerful” was to remind Xue Lingxian and Granny Begonia so that they would not underestimate Bai Qing’er’s strength.

Fei Zhong was surprised. Apparently, he did not expect that Zhang Ruochen, who had always said he would marry Bai Qing’er, would suddenly reveal his true colors.

However, Bai Qing’er was calm and collected, “It’s good that you could admit this. I like you more when you’re open and honest. You seem fake when you pretend to be humble. It is so fake that I can see through it with just a glance, so it’s very annoying.”

“Really? In the future... If there’s a future, I’ll try to be more real in front of you. Otherwise, you might look down on me!” Zhang Ruochen laughed.

Bai Qing’er said, “Since we are enemies, there is no need to say anything more. The two elders of Kunlun are here. Finally, it seems that someone has stood up for you. How about we end this today?”

Her words were sarcastic and mocking. It was in the usual style of that woman.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not seem to understand it and said, “Although you have tried to kill me many times, in the end, I was the one who ruined your work first. It’s a win-win situation for both of us. I’m still alive and well, so I don’t want to have a deeper enmity with you. If possible, I would hope to turn our hostility into friendship.”

No one wanted to be enemies with a Yuanhui level genius, especially when the hatred was not deep yet.

For example, many forces who had a deep enmity with Zhang Ruochen intended to resolve their hatred after Zhang Ruochen integrated with sixth-grade Saintwill.

At that time, Zhang Ruochen had not yet reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He was even ranked very low on the Divine Ascension Ranking. The Zhang Ruochen at that time could not be compared to the Bai Qing’er now.

No one wanted to be her enemy.

Bai Qing'er said, "I'm afraid it won't be that easy to turn hostility into friendship. Don't you want to take back the Tensho Compass and the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?"

"Of course, I want to take them back. Moreover, you have to let my teacher go," Zhang Ruochen said.

Bai Qing'er said, "You caused me to lose hundreds of thousands of Godstones in the Divine Domain of Destiny and killed many of my subordinates. How should I settle this score? Also, shouldn't you tell me where the Seven-Armed Elder is?"

"Why are you haggling over every little thing?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Bai Qing'er said, "Give me the Tensho Compass and the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. Also, help me keep my secret and promise to do one thing for me. Then, I won't haggle over every little matter, and I can forgive everything."

Hearing the words "Tensho Compass," Granny Begonia and Xue Lingxian were emotionally moved and looked at each other.

Chapter 2518: From Afar a Dog, Up Close Zhang Ruochen

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Xue Lingxian walked into the hall. Holding the stone sword with both hands, he tapped the ground and said, “We can discuss all the conditions, but I need to take the Tensho Compass with me.”

The people in the hall remained calm, but the atmosphere became tense.

With Xue Lingxian and Bai Qing'er as the leaders, they formed two sides facing the other.

Bai Qing'er stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Can he decide for you?”

Zhang Ruochen shrugged, smiled, and said, “The elders in the sect are strong. In addition, they are quite elderly. It's inevitable for their temper to be bad. After sleeping for 100,000 years, their hostility is also naturally stronger. However, since the senior has spoken, wouldn't I be disrespecting him if I don't support him?”

Xue Lingxian looked very young.

However, Zhang Ruochen was the current leader of the Sect of the Blood God, while Xue Lingxian was the top disciple of the Blood God and the first divine son of the Blood God sect. Naturally, he could be considered a senior in the sect.

Looking at Xue Lingxian's attitude, Zhang Ruochen confirmed his guess.

He and Granny Begonia had come to the Infernal Court to seize the Tensho Compass. It was likely that it had something to do with rescuing the Lord of Nephilim Island. Otherwise, Xue Lingxian would not show such a need to take the Tensho Compass.

Whoever takes ownership of the Tensho Compass would become the most challenging part of the negotiation.

Fei Zhong felt uneasy, and he quietly retreated to a spot in the corner.

...

Bai Qing'er weighed the pros and cons in her heart, "I can give you the Tensho Compass, but it's still a Divine Artifact. What will you exchange with me? I heard that Kunlun has ten Divine Artifacts. You can exchange either one of them with me."

Granny Begonia said, "How can the Divine Artifacts of Kunlun be lost to the outside world? Besides, we don't control the ten Divine Artifacts. You can choose another condition!"

"Divine Artifacts are priceless. We can only exchange them for the same. This is the biggest concession I've made! If we can't negotiate, then let's fight. To be honest, the both of you can't do anything to me."

Bai Qing'er had never been a weak person.

Moreover, she doesn't exclude using fighting as a method to solve problems. It was the most effective and direct method.

Whoever had the more considerable might would be in charge.

Xue Lingxian didn't want to say anything more and was the most direct. He slashed out with the stone sword in his hand.

This sword was as fast as lightning and pierced through space and time.

Whoosh

The sword cut through the air.

Bai Qing'er appeared behind the Xue Lingxian at the palace gate.

Due to her speed, Fei Zhong could not see what had happened with his cultivation. He only knew that the Xue Lingxian seemed to have attacked. He did not see how Bai Qing'er managed to avoid it.

Fei Zhong was extremely shocked. As a Supreme Saint of the Paramount Realm, was he worthy of the word "Paramount"?

However, after thinking about it, he realized that he was already one of the strongest among the Supreme Saints of the Paramount Realm.

Xue Lingxian certainly knew that Bai Qing'er was standing behind him. His gaze was very calm as he said, "You are the strongest cultivator I have seen who has cultivated the Path of Flowing Light under divinity, including the Middle Ages period."

"Is that so? That sword of yours still had some tricks up its sleeve. Kunlun is indeed worthy of being the eternal world that will never perish. It is also worthy of being the starting fuse of war between the Celestial and Infernal Court at the end of the Middle Ages. Even though it is dead, it is still not yet vanquished," Bai Qing'er said.

Zhang Ruochen's face was a little hard to look at. Before this, Bai Qing'er had never revealed the Path of Flowing Light.

If she had used the Path of Flowing Light, it would have been extremely difficult for Zhang Ruochen to escape from her even if he was 30 miles away.

It was not unusual for Bai Qing'er to avoid using the Path of Flowing Light.

First of all, with her cultivation and strength, she did not need to go all out to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Second, with the presence of the Intergold Tiger, even if she caught up with Zhang Ruochen, could she really kill him?

Since she knew that Zhang Ruochen had another purpose for staying by her side and she could not kill him, there was no need for her to reveal her trump card.

This was a woman that Zhang Ruochen could not see through even though how hard he tried!

Xue Lingxian asked, “Who are you?”

To be asked this question by Xue Lingxian, it was obvious that Bai Qing’er had become of utmost importance in his heart.

“Bai Qing’er, the daughter of Empress Bai and ruler of the Enchanter Chamber,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“The Enchanter Chamber can’t raise such a proud and arrogant daughter. She must have a deeper background.”

When Granny Begonia said this, she had already activated her spiritual power. Stalks of Begonia flowers formed into an endless sea of flowers, filling the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and the vast space outside.

The fragrance of the flowers assailed her nose, but it carried a hidden killing intent underneath.

Every cultivator would be under Granny Begonia’s control in this sea of flowers.

Activating her spiritual power was to suppress Bai Qing’er’s Path of Flowing Light.

Bai Qing’er looked at Granny Begonia in surprise, and her body was not affected at all. She strolled leisurely in the sea of flowers and said, “I found something very interesting. Now, there are three cultivators from Kunlun in front of me. However, you all come from three different eras. Your ages are at least 100,000 years different from each other, right?”

“Why is it so strange? Could it be that the previous superiors of Kunlun knew that there was a catastrophe in the Middle Ages, so they hid the top talents of each era and let them wake up in this era? Oh, I remember now. Saint Monk Xumi is the Master of Time and Space and is also known as the Buddha of Future. How could he not see the future?”

It was no wonder that Bai Qing’er had such doubts.

It must be known that very few cultivators in the world could withstand a single blow from Bai Qing’er without dying.

Even fewer cultivators could catch her attention.

However, the three cultivators from Kunlun in front of her had reached a level that she had to take seriously. How could a macroworld on the verge of destruction have such power?

It was impossible.

Even by selecting one out of the four major worlds of the Celestial Court, it could not muster such a grand lineup by itself.

However, it would make sense if this macroworld were once the most powerful in the universe and had preserved the best talents of each era.

Saint Monk Xumi, known as the Buddha of Future, could not have been unaware of the calamity that would befall Kunlun. Even if there were only a chance of it happening, he would have made some preparations in advance to leave a seed for the rise of Kunlun in the future.

People like Xue Lingxian were the seeds for the rise of Kunlun again.

Zhang Ruochen knew that many monks in Kunlun had fallen into various deep periods of sleep that could resist the passage of time and the catastrophe of the Yuanhui Tribulations. However, he did not expect Bai Qing'er to be so intelligent that she could see the big picture with a little clue and work it out herself.

As expected, geniuses who could reach the Yuanhui level must be at the peak of intelligence and martial arts.

Bai Qing'er didn't seem to see the expression in the eyes of Zhang Ruochen, Granny Begonia, and Xue Lingxian. She was still pondering something and said, "As far as I know, the gods of Kunlun didn't die completely in the war of gods that happened at the end of the Middle Ages."

"The daughter of Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations, Princess Shenba, married to TrueGod Xuanyi of the Heavenly Realm."

“The Lord of Nephilim Island, known as the Grand Supreme Master of Arrays, was imprisoned in the Fane of Destiny.”

“There are rumors that the Hoth Emperor once let go of a powerful figure in Kunlun. That powerful figure is most likely still alive.”

“The eldest disciple of Saint Monk Xumi was named Master Fangcun, who was pursued by Asurendra Barasingha 100,000 years ago and fled to the Searock Bastion. He might not have died over there.”

“It is said that Chi Xingtian, the lord of Bluelynx from the Fane of Ninelynx, was beheaded but did not die. His head was refined into the Xingtian Pot by the Nether Hall, and his body turned into a giant demon without reason and thought. Later, he was subdued by the Master of The Rāhu Mountains and became a general demon guardian.”

“It is said that the master of the Avīci Pavilion was once an unmatched figure in Kunlun.”

...

“If these gods who once shook the world could return to Kunlun, then it would instantly become a powerful world. Those geniuses left behind from various eras would definitely break through and achieve divinity with their protection. By then, even if Kunlun’s strength is not in the top 10 of the Celestial Court ten thousand, it would still be very easy to enter the top 100 and top 50.”

Bai Qing’er smiled and said, “Compared to deities, our scheme is on a far smaller scale! Even if Kunlun was already beyond redemption, it is still like a skinny camel with an unimaginable heritage and knowledge.”

“Let me think about it carefully. The purpose of you taking the Tensho Compass is to find the Fane of Origin and pave the way for the rise of Kunlun? Could it be to find the Xingtian Pot and awaken Chi Xingtian’s memory? Or... wait, I know I have understood your goal. You must be doing it for a certain person. Only when he escapes can he hold up the entire

Kunlun like a stabilizing force. When that happens, the gods of the Infernal Court will be terrified.”

Xue Lingxian’s palm wrapped around the stone sword. Killing intent surged from his body.

In the hall, Swordwill condensed into a solid form and turned into thousands of shadow swords.

“She must die today,” he said.

Zhang Ruochen understood that they had an irreconcilable conflict with Bai Qing’er.

Bai Qing’er will never give away a Divine Artifact, but they had to take the Tensho Compass.

Moreover, Bai Qing’er seemed to have seen through some of the secrets of Kunlun, so there’s even less chance they would spare her life. There was no right or wrong in the world, just different viewpoints from everyone.

Zhang Ruochen had been prepared to advance and retreat together with Xue Lingxian and Granny Begonia. He held the Ugyen Cudgel in one hand and the Zangshan Demonic Mirror in the other. Dense Intergold Precept Marks appeared all over his body, and a divine shadow of a tiger could be seen behind him.

Xue Lingxian said, “It’s hard for me to find an opponent. I want a fair fight with her.”

“Will our victory determine whoever owns the Tensho Compass?” Bai Qing’er asked.

Zhang Ruochen was afraid that Xue Lingxian would agree, and he hurriedly said, “Elderly senior, how can there be fairness in this world? When Miss Bai took the Tensho Compass from me with her cultivation of the Paramount Realm, she didn’t think about whether it was fair. So you can’t represent our will.”

“Kunlun must obtain the Tensho Compass by all means.” Granny Begonia also expressed her stance.

Xue Lingxian was displeased that Zhang Ruochen kept referring to him as “Elderly senior.” However, a big battle was

imminent, so he didn't react and said, "I only represent myself."

"That's fine," Bai Qing'er said.

She turned around, flew out of the hall, and pointed to the void.

Whoosh

A 30-meter-long Dimensional Rift appeared, splitting apart with a violent suction force.

"This place is not far from the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt. Let's enter the void space and fight."

She flew in first.

Xue Lingxian turned into a streak of silver light and followed closely.

Only Zhang Ruochen, Fei Zhong, and Granny Begonia were left in the hall.

Fei Zhong saw that both Zhang Ruochen and Granny Begonia were staring at him. His heart tightened, and he immediately knelt on one knee, saying, "From now on, I am a cultivator of Kunlun."

After experiencing Bai Qing'er's dream world, Fei Zhong's spiritual will was destroyed. There was no possibility of him achieving divinity in this lifetime.

Granny Begonia snorted lightly. Dense begonia petals flew over and wrapped all around Fei Zhong.

"You guys... you guys... AHH"

Boom

With Fei Zhong's blood-curdling scream, the flower petals exploded.

Bloody mist flew from the petals.

Fei Zhong's body was nowhere to be found.

This was a spiritual power attack launched by Granny Begonia. Even an elite like Fei Zhong could not resist her spiritual power world.

“Ruochen, the empress must have told you about rescuing the Grand Supreme Master. The Tensho Compass is a treasure we must use. Only with it can we find the exact location of the Grand Supreme Master,” Granny Begonia said.

Zhang Ruochen looked outside the palace gate. He was worried about the battle between Xue Lingxian and Bai Qing'er. “I understand,” he said.

“You can't blame your father for what happened in the past. Even if your mother had told you about some things, don't believe it completely. There are some things that she doesn't know the truth about. In this era, everyone has their own difficulties. They can't help themselves,” said Granny Begonia.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes flashed with surprise. “Granny, do you know what happened back then?”

“Retrieve the Tensho Compass first. Now that you've grown up, you can take care of yourself. I'll tell you everything I know,” said Granny Begonia meaningfully.

Granny Begonia thought that Zhang Ruochen had joined the Infernal Court because of the influence of the Blood Empress. In order to win back Zhang Ruochen's heart and bring him back to Kunlun, she planned to tell him the truth.

Just as Zhang Ruochen and Granny Begonia walked out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, a cloud of fire flew over from the horizon.

In the cloud of fire, a giant owl flew. It roared from afar, “Who are you, mysterious cultivator? Where is Zhang Ruochen's corpse?”

Zhang Ruochen was stunned. Has Blackie been blinded?

Did he not recognize him?

Flying closer, Blackie slowed down and said softly, “Hey! It looks like a dog from afar, but it's actually Zhang Ruochen up close.”

Zhang Ruochen's forehead was covered in black lines.

There is no need to curse someone like that, right?

Not far away, Huang Tian, who was initially lying on the ground, stood up and distanced himself from Zhang Ruochen. He didn't want to block Blackie's line of sight.

Blackie didn't put away the Eternal Fire on his body after he saw Zhang Ruochen. Instead, he became even more aggressive. He summoned the Grand Formation of Armageddon, which caused multiple weapons to swirl around him.

"Don't think that you can hide from me by changing into Zhang Ruochen's appearance. Hand over Zhang Ruochen's body now,"

Zhang Ruochen did not want to mess with it. He was eager to enter the void space, so he released the Precepts of Dimension and used the dimensional method to tear open a Dimensional Gate.

"You want to prove that you are Zhang Ruochen by practicing the Path of Dimension? Haha, I've never seen such a ridiculous thing. Do you take me for an idiot?" Blackie sneered.

Chapter 2519: The God Appeared

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

After constant persuasions and with Granny Begonia's testimony, Blackie's doubts were finally dispelled. He confirmed that Zhang Ruochen was not someone else.

The Arrow of Deva Path did not manage to kill him.

Blackie laughed and confessed that he was overjoyed to see Zhang Ruochen still alive. He had forgotten entirely about what he had said earlier: "It looks like a dog from afar, but it's actually Zhang Ruochen up close" and the self-proclaimed "Idiot."

Hearing that the Xue Lingxian and Bai Qing'er had entered the void space for a decisive battle, Blackie was delighted. It was the first to break through the space and enter, prepared to watch the show.

Zhang Ruochen held up the Spatial Domain to resist the erosion of the power in the void space.

Back then, he had entered the void space when he had just attained Saint Kinghood. With the Spatial Domain, he could barely resist it for a moment. Now, his cultivation is more than 100 times that of back then. Even in the void space, he could now move with ease.

Of course, he couldn't stay for too long. Half a day was his limit, and he could only do it without encountering any storms in the void.

There were endless dangers in the void space. Even deities would not dare to stay for too long. If they were careless, they

would be swallowed by the void space.

Zhang Ruochen pushed the Path of Truth to the limit. Only then could he clearly see the battle between Xue Lingxian and Bai Qing'er.

It was a shocking battle. Although there were only two of them, the impact was comparable to the battle between the top ten forces of Darkness and dozens of Paramount Realm Supreme Saints from the Fane of Destiny previously on Hoth.

Bai Qing'er was forced to reveal her true strength by Xue Lingxian. She couldn't maintain her "Ji Fanxin" appearance and had to revert to her original appearance.

Her alluring appearance, which could cause chaos among all living things, was enough to make any man who fought with her feel unbearable, and he would not be able to display his full strength. However, Xue Lingxian was not affected at all. The stone sword in his hand, the 'Wordless Sword Manual,' was bristling with power as if it was ready to tear Bai Qing'er into pieces.

Xue Lingxian stood in the center of the void. Countless Sword Qi flew together like tens of thousands of swords, transforming into a vortex-shaped sword nest.

Bai Qing'er ignored the Sword Qi in the sky. Using the Path of Flowing Light, she turned into streaks of shooting stars and flew quickly through the sword nest while firing off earth-shattering attacks.

Even the power of Oblivion couldn't dispel the aftermath of their battle. It spread nearby to Zhang Ruochen and was blocked by Granny Begonia's spiritual power.

Blackie kept muttering, "I knew that demoness Bai was powerful. But I didn't expect her to be so powerful. Unfortunately, there's still a big gap between her and the former Empress."

"Back then, Xue Lingxian wanted to challenge the Empress by practicing the Neverwither physique of the Undying Blood Silkworm. Instead, he was beaten to the ground by the Empress in seven moves."

“However, the Xue Lingxian now seems to be a little stronger than before.”

...

Although Zhang Ruochen had help from the Path of Truth, his cultivation was still too low. He couldn't see how many Precepts Xue Lingxian and Bai Qing'er had practiced. He could only see that the Precepts had turned into a sea of Precepts which forcefully opened up a small world in the void.

The battle continued for an hour but didn't end and became more intense. The two in the Sea of Precepts have nearly used all of their skills.

What higher knowledge that other Supreme Saints of the Paramount Realm wouldn't be able to cultivate successfully in their entire lives was used with ease by them both. As for how far they had cultivated their skills, it was unknown.

Xue Lingxian had once entered divinity and peered into the mysteries contained within. It was understandable that he could cultivate the higher knowledge.

As for Bai Qing'er, she was young but proficient in all kinds of divine abilities and higher knowledge. It had to be said that she was indeed overwhelmingly talented. Perhaps there was still a gap between her and a genius of a Yuanhui Tribulation. Still, compared with this Yuanhui-level figure, she would definitely be at the forefront in the future.

In the beginning, Blackie could still comment jokingly, but the two of them used all kinds of trump cards and tricks and fully displayed the world's mysteries. Both could use Swordsmanship, the Path of Flowing Light, and the Path of Origin to perfection and beyond, and Blackie's expression became increasingly unsightly.

After Bai Qing'er summoned the bronze chime and formed the “Echoes of Heaven Formation,” Blackie was even more struck speechless.

Blackie had always boasted that it was invincible in the world, that it could sweep everything under divinity, and that it

couldn't be surpassed in the Path of Array. But now, it was being outdone everywhere.

It only felt that the heavens were unfair and only loved the Bai family's daughter.

Zhang Ruochen could not help but look at Blackie.

“What's there to look at? The Grand Formation of Armageddon I refined may not even be weaker than her Array. But...” Blackie seemed to speak without confidence, “Her set of bronze chimes is a little strange. It doesn't seem like an ordinary item. That thing is similar to a legendary world-destroying artifact.”

Granny Begonia said, “The moment the bell rings, the world will fall into chaos. If the bell rings nine times, then the gods will fall. At ninety-nine chimes from the bell, the world will be destroyed. During the Hadean period, there was an elite who had the power to suppress the heavens. He held a set of bronze chimes and played a world-destroying composition that destroyed a long-standing eternal macroworld. Although I don't know if that is true, the legend of the Doomsday bell has been passed down to this day.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Her set of bronze chimes should not be the doomsday weapon in the legend.”

To be able to destroy an eternal macroworld, the set of bronze chimes was definitely a Divine Artifact. It should be one of the top Divine Artifacts on the Record of Taibai Divine Artifact.

However, Zhang Ruochen was able to break a corner of the Array formed by the bronze chime and save Xing Luo and the others. From this, could it be inferred that Bai Qing'er's set could not be a Divine Artifact?

Blackie clenched its claws and grinned, saying, “Xue Lingxian was too careless. He was trapped in the Array by Witch Bai and is doomed to lose. Now, it's our turn to act. After we suppress Witch Bai, the bronze chime will be returned to me. Let them take the Tensho Compass, and the person belongs to you, Zhang Ruochen, since you'll like it.”

Before they even began to fight, they had already started to divide the spoils.

“There’s no need to rush! Xue Lingxian took the initiative to fight with Bai Qing’er. If we attack halfway, he will blame us for being meddlesome,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie snorted and said, “Xue Lingxian’s character is indeed like this. When he was beaten down by the Empress, someone went to help him but was punched by him while he claimed that he could stand up by himself. He was just pretending to be strong. Instead of getting up, I don’t know how long he had lied on the ground for.”

After looking at it for a while, Blackie stared at the sixty-five bronze chimes. His eyes were rolling rapidly, and he was highly anxious. “Witch Bai is already an Archsaint Array Master. Once you are trapped in her array, it is impossible to break out of it. Only attacks from the outside can we break the array. If we don’t act now, Xue Lingxian will be refined to death in the array. What should we do?”

“Wait a little longer,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Her array is indeed powerful. Almost no one under divinity can break it from the inside,” said Granny Begonia. “However, to control such a big array on your own consumes a lot of spiritual power and Saint Qi. Once she is weakened by Xue Lingxian’s constant resistance, it’s time to counterattack.”

“In other words, let’s see if Bai Qing’er can kill Xue Lingxian in the array before her spiritual power and Saint Qi runs out,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Granny Begonia said, “She doesn’t need to be exhausted. As long as she is weakened to a certain extent, she won’t be able to control the operation of the array anymore—”

Granny Begonia unconsciously looked in a specific direction of the void space as if she had sensed something.

...

Surrounded by sixty-five bronze chimes, Xue Lingxian was greatly suppressed in the array.

Deafening earth-shaking sounds continuously bombarded his body.

The stone sword in his hand, the Wordless Sword Manual, rapidly transformed into the size of a mountain's peak. Dense golden characters appeared all over it. Following that, the golden characters fell off and turned into small golden swords, forming an impregnable Sword Domain that resisted against the array.

The Wordless Sword Manual wasn't a Divine Artifact, but it had some mysteries to which even a Divine Artifact couldn't compare.

It was both a book and a sword.

It was the origin of Swordsmanship in Kunlun and had influenced countless macroworlds.

...

Zhang Ruochen sighed inwardly, "Even if Xue Lingxian has never entered divinity, he can still be called a figure at the Yuanhui Tribulation. After achieving divinity, his experience and comprehension are enough to make him stronger than any Yuanhui-level figure. No wonder he was able to kill the former Scioness of the Fane of Destiny with one strike."

After falling into the Echoes of Heaven Formation, Xing Luo had no way to fight back. He could only choose to self-detonate his Sainthood Source and hope for mutual destruction.

However, Xue Lingxian, who wielded the Wordless Sword Manual, was able to use it against the Echoes of Heaven Formation.

The difference between the two was evident.

Of course, the Wordless Sword Manual was also stronger than the Ominous Blade and the Divine Ghost Mask.

Granny Begonia said, "Ruochen, come to my side. If anything happens later, you must not stand out. Leave everything to Granny."

"Why does Granny look so grave?"

Zhang Ruochen had been attracted by the skills shown in the battle between Xue Lingxian and Bai Qing'er. At this moment, he followed Granny Begonia's gaze and looked into the endless void.

But he didn't notice anything. The void was entirely calm.

Something was wrong.

Zhang Ruochen's Heart of Truth had a bad feeling. There was great danger lurking in the empty void. It was like staring into the abyss and being stared back at without any way to escape.

Zhang Ruochen's back was wet with cold sweat. He quickly looked away and transmitted his voice to Granny Begonia. "Someone is hiding in the dark. I don't know if it's an enemy or a friend."

"It must be an enemy! A friend would have already shown themselves," Granny Begonia replied.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It must be a top elite. Otherwise, there is no way it can hide from my senses."

"No need to guess; it is a deity. There is a rotten and cold aura around it, so it must be a deity from the Infernal Court."

Granny Begonia's spiritual power was much stronger than Zhang Ruochen's, so her perception was naturally stronger.

"This is bad. Things are not looking so good."

Zhang Ruochen's heart sank.

If the deities from the Infernal Court discovered that he was close to Kunlun's cultivators. It will be like he had been caught red-handed.

Who would have thought that Bai Qing'er had caused so much trouble that even the deities had been provoked?

Granny Begonia said, "Since I could sense it, that means that it's not a True God, but a pseudo god instead. He didn't attack immediately, which means that he's waiting for Bai Qing'er and Xue Lingxian to exhaust each other. It would be best if both sides were heavily injured and then killed in one fell swoop."

Zhang Ruochen had seen a pseudo god attack. It was exceptionally strong and not something a Saint-level cultivator could fight against.

Not every cultivator was the Empress of Thousand Bones, who could kill saint-level gods. The ones she killed were, of course, pseudo gods.

It was impossible for any cultivator to kill a saint-level TrueGod. Even the weakest TrueGod was at least ten times when stronger compared to a pseudo god.

At the saint level, only representatives of the Yuanhui Tribulation could fight hand to hand with pseudo gods. Of course, they could only spar and exchange blows. They would have to run for their lives if they really met them in battle.

This was because even representatives of the Yuanhui Tribulation who had power comparable to a star couldn't continuously burst out that power. Their Paramount physiques couldn't withstand such a powerful force.

If they fought for a long time, they would definitely die.

Only the divine physiques of pseudo gods could withstand it.

Moreover, there were also differences in strength between the pseudo gods.

If they encountered the strong among the pseudo god, even Xue Jue, Huang Tian, and the Empress of Thousand Bones would choose to retreat.

The elites among the pseudo gods could fight against several pseudo gods.

It was like how mortals with similar strength could fight against several or even ten others after they mastered combat techniques.

"Once the pseudo god makes his move, Ruochen, leave the void space immediately. Run as far as you can and leave it to us," Granny Begonia said with concern.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Is there a way to kill the pseudo god?"

Granny Begonia was shocked. She didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to have such a crazy idea and said, "The pseudo god is not worth comparing to a TrueGod. But to us, it's as unshakable as Mount Gushen. Perhaps only Xue Lingxian could fight against it. It's impossible to kill a pseudo god."

"Didn't the Empress once kill a pseudo god?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Granny Begonia said, "The Empress's grandfather is the Supreme Array Master. He has so many trump cards. Who in the world can compete with him? Even so, the Empress killed the pseudo god but lost her Void Sword. Besides, the Empress was able to defeat Xue Lingxian in seven moves. Her combat strength is exceedingly powerful. Which of us here can compare to that?"

Zhang Ruochen was silent and thought hard about countermeasures to deal with the situation.

The Wargod Belt obviously couldn't be used, so must he just be resigned to his fate?

No!

There must be a way.

Although the Empress was strong, she was only one person. It was difficult for her to fight alone.

Bai Qing'er and the Xue Lingxian, who were still fighting, obviously noticed something was amiss. They didn't fight as fiercely as before. Instead, they took out Godstones to recover a large amount of their lost Saint Qi.

"Haha!"

A peal of gloomy laughter came from within the void space.

The laughter seemed to come from directly inside their minds.

A divine cloud of death Qi appeared in the void space and flew in the direction of the sixty-five bronze chimes.

Within the cloud stood a gaunt figure with a white bone crown on top of his head and two big flags on his back. His face was malevolent and terrible, and he smiled, "I'm only here to take

the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. I didn't expect to find it by accident. Who would have thought that a little girl from the Enchanter Chamber could have such cultivation and combat strength? Also, who would have guessed the grandson of Wargod Bloodximus was still so close to the cultivators of Kunlun?"

Granny Begonia signaled Zhang Ruochen to run away immediately.

Zhang Ruochen did not run away. Instead, he showed incredible courage and flew toward the pseudo god, saying, "The pseudo god of the Fane of Death, Mo Yunduan. As a deity, aren't you afraid of getting yourself killed if you interfere with the secular world?"

He wanted to buy time for the Xue Lingxian and Bai Qing'er to recover their Saint Qi.

After all, they were now all in the same boat. Bai Qing'er should know how serious the consequences would be if her identity was exposed. Only by joining hands with Bai Qing'er could they possibly have a chance to slay the god.

"Zhang Ruochen, you're the one who should be worried about getting killed."

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen dared to take the initiative to go ahead, Mo Yunduan was slightly shocked. He thought secretly about whatever trump card the enemy might have. Suddenly, he thought of the Intergold Tiger and felt uneasy.

How mighty could the Intergold Tiger be that it could let a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint like Zhang Ruochen dare to challenge a god?

...

Chapter 2520: Battle Against a Deity

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Mo Yunduan's divine power was magnificent, like a shining star.

Even if the star only flashed for a moment, it had the power to destroy the world and turn everything into ashes.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Armor of the Fire God to resist the impact of the divine power from Mo Yunduan's body.

Under the immense pressure, he pretended to be calm and did not retreat.

Mo Yunduan was shocked and confused. His tone softened, and he said, "Zhang Ruochen, you are the grandson of Wargod Bloodximius. You will likely be the successor of the Xue Jue family in the future. You are also favored by Fukurokuju. You have a bright future ahead of you. Why do you want to tangle with the remnants of Kunlun? Listen to my advice and leave immediately. Draw a clear line with them. I will pretend that I did not see anything."

Zhang Ruochen knew that humans were greedy. He also knew that he had a grudge against the Fane of Death. They would never let him leave.

It was obvious that Mo Yunduan was afraid of the Intergold Tiger and was testing him.

If he really left immediately, it would prove that he was guilty. The Intergold Tiger wouldn't be able to use much power. At that time, Mo Yunduan would definitely attack and kill him.

After all, everyone knew that Zhang Ruochen had countless treasures.

Killing Zhang Ruochen was more rewarding than killing a true God.

Even if Mo Yunduan wanted to let Zhang Ruochen leave because he was afraid of the Intergold Tiger, he would report today's matter to the Fane of Destiny, making it impossible for Zhang Ruochen to survive in the Infernal Court.

After thinking through all this, a smile appeared on Zhang Ruochen's face. He said, "I was born in Kunlun and just happened to meet two elders. Can't I catch up with them? I'm open and honest. Even if you spread this matter, what can you do to me? To be honest, I don't think much of you, a mere pseudo god."

Boom

Mo Yunduan's eyes darkened, and he released his divine spirits.

The divine clouds around his body let out an earth-shaking explosion, and his divine power swept out.

How dare he!

A mere Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint dared to speak like this in front of a god.

Disrespecting a god was to die.

In Zhang Ruochen's vision, the divine power containing the aura of death came like a massive wave in the divine sea. In front of this huge wave, he was like duckweed on the water's surface. In an instant, he was about to be crushed into pieces.

"Flowers bloom."

Granny Begonia silently appeared beside Zhang Ruochen.

A seven-colored begonia flower bloomed in her body. It was brilliant and crimson, blocking the surging divine power.

However, cracks appeared on Granny Begonia's old face. Her body was like glass and was about to shatter.

Mo Yunduan didn't really use his absolute power. It was just a tentative attack.

After the divine power hit, the wounds on Granny Begonia's face gradually healed and returned to normal. She was as calm as a rock and withered as pine from the beginning to the end.

ROAR!

A tiger's roar sounded.

Zhang Ruochen's body shone with golden light. Dense Intergold Precept Marks rushed out.

Within the patterns, the shadow of a tiger was faintly discernible. It released an incredible divine power. With one breath, it could turn into a golden river of divine qi.

Mo Yunduan's eyelids twitched slightly. His expression became extremely grave. "Great Intergold Tiger, Zhang Ruochen is suspected of betraying the Infernal Court. Are you going to stand on his side and harm the interests of the Infernal Court?"

"I'm not a cultivator from the Infernal Court. What do the interests of the Infernal Court have to do with me? But Zhang Ruochen is my guide. Don't even think about touching him." The Intergold Tiger was mighty. His voice echoed in the void.

Mo Yunduan's face was unpredictable. He thought carefully about the stakes in hand.

Any pseudo god would feel tremendous pressure when facing a true God.

Once he made a wrong decision, the result could be deadly.

After a while, Mo Yunduan smiled. "The Great Intergold Tiger has a deep relationship with Great Emperor Fengdu and Fukurokuju. How can you not be a cultivator from the Infernal Court? With your guarantee, it seems that Zhang Ruochen and the cultivators of Kunlun are just catching up."

Intergold Tiger sneered. "This Mo Yunduan didn't dare to take any risks. He was cautious and shameless. He was so well-versed in the ways of the world. No wonder he could obtain a

Divinity Source from the Fane of Death and become a pseudo god.'

Mo Yunduan's gaze turned to Bai Qing'er. He said coldly, "Xing Luo, the Scion of the Fane of Destiny, has spread the news that a mysterious woman suspected of Ji Fanxin kidnapped Zhang Ruochen and started a massacre in the Infernal Court. That so-called Ji Fanxin was you, right?"

Bai Qing'er's saint Qi had recovered a lot. She looked at Mo Yunduan calmly and said, "So what if it was me?"

"How dare you! A lowly woman from the Enchanter Chamber dares to stir up trouble in the Infernal Court. Today, I will take your life and report to the Fane of Destiny to destroy all 180 branches of the Enchanter Chamber. Your dark forces should have been eradicated long ago," Mo Yunduan said.

Zhang Ruochen despised Mo Yunduan for bullying the weak and fearing the strong.

However, Zhang Ruochen thought about the reason and soon realized it.

Many cultivators knew that Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing'er had different opinions on the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. No matter who was lying, the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin must be on one of them.

Mo Yunduan was not stupid. How could he not deduce that the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin was on Bai Qing'er?

His plan was to stabilize Zhang Ruochen and the others, kill Bai Qing'er, and take the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. That was the most important thing.

"Who are you calling lowly?" said Bai Qing'er.

Bai Qing'er's eyes turned cold. She opened her fingers, formed a giant Palm of Origin, and pressed it toward Mo Yunduan.

Countless Precepts of Origin formed the handprint. It gave off bright light and broke through the divine cloud. It was obvious that she had activated her Canon of Origin. The power was strong enough to shake the space where the god was.

BOOM!

Mo Yunduan laughed sinisterly as he smashed the giant Palm of Origin with one punch.

The fist shadow the size of a mountain smashed through Bai Qing'er's Light of Origin and made her cough up blood. She was sent flying dozens of miles away like a fallen leaf in the autumn wind.

To be able to block a punch from a god and not die was a great honor for a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

However, Bai Qing'er did not think so. She wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth, and her eyes were filled with determination. She spread her arms, and 65 bronze chimes flew around her body, giving off the sound of waves crashing against the shore.

On the bronze chimes, another formation inscription completely different from the 10,000 sounds of the Echoes of Heaven Formation appeared.

Following the sound of a cry, a 10,000 feet long green divine bird flew out from the formation. Its entire body was burning with green flames as it flew around Bai Qing'er's graceful body.

It was a divine bird, the Blue Phoenix.

"It's another subdivine array. The divine bird Blue Phoenix is derived from the array. It can explode with the attack power of a pseudo god level," Blackie growled.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Why are you so angry?"

"My attainments in the array must be above that of Lady Bai. Unfortunately, my spiritual power is weaker, and I'm not prepared enough for her. She stole the limelight!" Blackie said.

'At a time like this, it still cared about this?'

Bai Qing'er stepped on the Blue Phoenix, her heroic bearing bursting forth as she attacked again.

Although it was a Blue Phoenix derived from an array formation, the aura and energy undulations of a pseudo god

level were not fake. It caused Mo Yunduan to put away his smile, and his expression was solemn.

“You know nothing about divinity. Even if you can burst out the power of a pseudo god level through an array formation, in my view, it is only a superficial brute force.”

Mo Yunduan took a war flag down from his back. The war flag expanded with the wind, and gray lightning appeared on the flag’s surface.

The war flag was waved, and lightning surged crazily, pouring out toward the 65 bronze chimes.

Rumble

The terrifying divine power enveloped Bai Qing’er, the Blue Phoenix, and the bronze chimes.

Tens of thousands of gray lightning continuously attacked the array formation, wanting to break it and refine Bai Qing’er to death.

Granny Begonia said, “This is the void. Although Bai Qing’er is an Archsaint Array Master, she can’t mobilize the power of heaven and earth to maintain the operation of the formation. I’m afraid she’ll be defeated soon. Ruochen, what’s your plan?”

If Zhang Ruochen couldn’t stay in the Infernal Court, he could only follow her back to Kunlun. This was what Granny Begonia hoped very much.

However, she cared more about Zhang Ruochen’s thoughts and decisions.

Zhang Ruochen said, “This place is very close to Hoth. Mo Yunduan can only attack in the void without alerting the gods on Hoth. As a pseudo god, Mo Yunduan can’t use the power of the Stellar Soul Constellation in the void. Its combat strength will be greatly reduced.”

After refining the Divinity Source and reaching the divinity, a pseudo god could cultivate a Divine Planet.

“You still want to kill a god and don’t want to return to Kunlun.” Granny Begonia sighed.

Zhang Ruochen laughed self-mockingly. “Kunlun doesn’t lack a Supreme Saint like me.”

Blackie was extremely excited. “Kill a god? That’s great! It’s time for me to make a name for myself. I’ll kill a god and clear the name of the Heaven and Earth Slaughterer. When do I start?”

“We’ll wait a little longer,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie chuckled. “That’s true. We’ll let Lady Bai and Yunduan fight until both are injured. Then we’ll clean up the mess.”

It was unknown when Blackie had the habit of giving people nicknames.

Granny Begonia used her spiritual power to communicate with Xue Lingxian. She clearly hoped to convince him to help Zhang Ruochen.

If Mo Yunduan couldn’t mobilize the power of the Stellar Soul Constellation, they really had a chance to kill the god.

BOOM!

BOOM!

...

The war flag in Mo Yunduan’s hand struck down again and again. Finally, the bronze chimes arranged in a circle were scattered.

The array was broken.

The phantom of the Blue Phoenix let out a sad cry and turned into wisps of green smoke, disappearing into the void.

Bai Qing’er used the Path of Flowing Light and retreated quickly. Even so, she was still hit by a corner of the war flag. A long wound was cut on her waist.

She was almost cut in half.

She was exhausted. Her face was ashen. She pressed her hand to the wound on her waist.

The wound healed quickly.

“Zhang Ruochen, do you think Mo Yunduan will let you go? If he doesn’t die today, you won’t have a place in the Infernal Court.” Bai Qing’er transmitted her voice to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen appeared very calm. He said, “It doesn’t matter. If worst comes to worst, I can become the prince consort of Devala. Even the Fane of Destiny can’t force Luo Yan to hand me over, right? From now on, I can still live happily. Isn’t it good to live off a woman? Of course, suppose you are willing to hand over the Tensho Compass. In that case, I can persuade the two seniors of Kunlun to help you kill Mo Yunduan together.”

“Are you taking advantage of me?” Bai Qing’er was quite angry.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You are a petty woman here! In fact, they are prepared to see you killed by Mo Yunduan before they take the Tensho Compass. If Lady Bai doesn’t hand over the Tensho Compass, how can I persuade them to take action in advance?”

“If I want to leave, Mo Yunduan can’t stop me,” Bai Qing’er said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “If you want to leave, we can help Mo Yunduan stop you.”

“Can you be more shameless?”

Bai Qing’er knew that Zhang Ruochen was not joking.

This guy was more scheming than she had imagined. She had underestimated him in the past.

Zhang Ruochen had no choice. Bai Qing’er was too strong. Suppose he wanted to take the Tensho Compass from her. Even if he, Granny Begonia, Blackie, and Xue Lingxian attacked together, they might fail.

Even the pseudo god couldn’t stop her if she wanted to leave.

So, he could only force her to hand over the Tensho Compass.

Chapter 2521: Working Together

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Mo Yunduan saw that Bai Qing'er was communicating with Zhang Ruochen, so he became alert. He transmitted his voice, "Master Ruochen, help me take this woman down. I only want her superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, and all the other treasures will belong to you. If you are interested, I can let you play with her for three days before I kill her."

He changed his address from "Zhang Ruochen" to "Master Ruochen."

Mo Yunduan was not confident in keeping Bai Qing'er, so he had to use Zhang Ruochen.

Moreover, this pseudo god seemed to know that Zhang Ruochen was lusting after the reputation of beauty, so he gave him the right medicine.

Zhang Ruochen would not believe him. He directly transmitted his message to Bai Qing'er and added, "Mo Yunduan is indeed well-versed in the world's ways. His suggestion has even moved me!"

Hearing this, Bai Qing'er's calm state of mind almost exploded with anger.

Zhang Ruochen did not immediately reject Mo Yunduan. After all, whether he cooperated with Bai Qing'er to kill Mo Yunduan or with Mo Yunduan to kill Bai Qing'er, they were both seeking a tiger's skin. The risk was significant, and each had its own advantages and disadvantages.

Cooperating with Bai Qing'er was more beneficial to Zhang Ruochen.

However, the risk was greater.

The risk was that even if they worked together, it would be difficult to kill a pseudo god. Once Mo Yunduan escaped, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Bai Qing'er obviously knew what Zhang Ruochen was thinking. She also knew that Zhang Ruochen told her this because he was negotiating with her. She had to prove herself to have a greater advantage in the negotiation.

She had to prove they had the power to kill a pseudo god.

“Pagoda of Origin.”

Bai Qing'er floated in the void with her hands in the air. As the Light of Origin emerged on her skin, billions of Precepts of Origin flew out of her body. They intertwined like a storm, turning into a tall and unclimbable mountain.

The outline of the mountain gradually appeared in the shape of a pagoda.

The 3,296,700-meters-tall Pagoda of Origin appeared. Each floor was 3.33 meters tall, with a total of 990,000 floors.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. It must be known that some Paramount Realm Supreme Saints only had a trillion precepts. In contrast, Bai Qing'er had more than a trillion Precepts of Origin.

Yan Wushen, who also cultivated the Path of Origin, developed a Pagoda of Origin that was only 33,300 meters tall. It was far from Bai Qing'er's attainments in Origin.

“One more layer of her Pagoda of Origin, and she will be able to enter the Origin's state of mind,” Granny Begonia said in amazement.

Xue Lingxian lifted his sword and flew over, gathering with them, “It's even harder to reach that step than ascending to the heavens,” he said. “But once she succeeds, she can be considered a Yuanhui-level genius. At that time, even if she's

not as good as the Empress of Thousand Bones of the past, she won't be far off."

Blackie, who had always worshiped the Empress of Thousand Bones, didn't refute Xue Lingxian.

"How can the Pagoda of Origin she condensed be so powerful? Could it be... could it be that she has mastered the Canon of Origin?"

Mo Yunduan was both happy and stressed.

The happy thing was that if he could seize her Canon of Origin and go to the Fane of Origin to harvest the fortune, he could become a pseudo god that could challenge a true god for the first time.

However, Bai Qing'er, who had mastered the Canon of Origin, was much more challenging.

Mo Yunduan activated the divine power of death in his body with all his strength. He took out two war flags simultaneously and formed two defensive lines in front of him. Then, he made a strange hand seal and shouted, "Soul-suppressing Bones."

A massive skeleton phantom emerged from the thick divine cloud. It struck at the Pagoda of Origin, which was 3,296,700 meters tall.

BANG!

The two collided violently, creating ripples of divine qi.

BANG!

Bai Qing'er controlled the Pagoda of Origin and attacked again. The skeleton phantom also struck out with a palm.

BANG! BANG!

After 13 consecutive strikes, even Mo Yunduan was forced back three steps, and shock appeared in its eyes.

Bai Qing'er's Paramount physique could not withstand such a powerful collision. It was like a piece of ceramic with dense cracks.

Her battle intent and determination caused everyone present to be moved.

BOOM!

The fourteenth clash.

Bai Qing'er finally could not hold on any longer. With a crack, her body shattered and turned into specks of light that dissipated in the void.

The Pagoda of Origins collapsed and became a mess of Precepts of Origin.

“You think you have grasped the power of a pseudo-god, yet you dare to clash head-on with a pseudo god. How can your Paramount physique withstand that?” Mo Yunduan retrieved the skeletal apparition, and a cold smile appeared on his face.

A Supreme Saint could not withstand so many blows from him, no matter how powerful his conjured physique was.

She should be dead.

However, Mo Yunduan also had some doubts. He could not understand why Bai Qing'er did not choose to run away but to fight him to the death.

Could it be that women were so impulsive?

Mo Yunduan used his spiritual sense to check the surroundings, but he did not sense Bai Qing'er's life fluctuation. The doubts in his heart disappeared immediately, and he glanced at Zhang Ruochen from the corner of his eye.

Zhang Ruochen noticed Mo Yunduan's gaze and realized he was starting to plot on him. He could not help but laugh in his heart. Mo Yunduan had underestimated the power of a Master of Origin.

“No, why did I kill her? I didn't get the Canon of Origin? Could it be...”

Mo Yunduan suddenly felt a great sense of danger. Sensing danger, he immediately urged the two war flags to rotate rapidly around his body to form two layers of gray lightning defense.

However, at this moment, he felt a piercing pain in his head as if his soul had been cut open. His vision could not help but darken.

Spiritual Attack!

Mo Yunduan's spiritual strength was only at level 67. However, the Saint Soul had already formed a divine soul. It neutralized Bai Qing'er's spiritual attack in just an instant, and the piercing pain in his head disappeared.

At this moment, the two war flags slowed down, and the two layers of defense became useless.

Bai Qing'er, who had turned into particles of Origin, condensed her body again and turned into a rapid stream of light, rushing through the gap between the two war flags. A crescent-shaped flying knife flew out of her right palm and slashed across Mo Yunduan's neck.

The crescent-shaped flying knife was a Supreme Artifact. When it slashed on the divine body, it made an ear-piercing sound like the friction between metal and stone, and flames shot in all directions.

WHOOSH!

The head of Mo Yunduan was chopped off and flew out.

She succeeded!

At the cost of being reduced to a state of particles of Origin, Mo Yunduan was finally heavily injured.

Bai Qing'er knew Mo Yunduan had already cultivated a divine body and wouldn't be killed so easily. Therefore, she turned around and formed a beautiful curve of light. She struck out a crescent-shaped flying knife towards the head that was sent flying.

Seeing that the flying knife was about to pierce the glabella of Mo Yunduan's head, Bai Qing'er let out a miserable cry. All the power in her body was drained. Her back was pierced through by the flagpole of a war flag. Her body flew out like an arrow. Blood splattered all over the void.

The war flag was thrown out by the headless corpse in Mo Yunduan.

Mo Yunduan's head flew back and connected to the neck. He glared at Bai Qing'er with an icy gaze and cried long. "I will kill you today."

"No!"

A voice sounded.

Mo Yunduan looked in the direction of the voice. He saw Zhang Ruochen and Xue Lingxian flying over. The Owl and the old woman in red appeared in the other two directions and surrounded him.

Mo Yunduan's expression was unfriendly. "Why did you stop me, Ruochen?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "You promised me that you would capture her and let me play with her for three days. Why did you go back on your words? Isn't it a pity to kill such a beauty?"

Mo Yunduan was an experienced person. Naturally, he could see that Zhang Ruochen was teasing him. In fact, judging from the situation, he and the survivors of Kunlun were ready to kill him.

Mo Yunduan sneered. "What did she promise you? How could she make you lose your mind and dare to attack a god?"

"She said..."

Zhang Ruochen deliberately provoked Mo Yunduan to make him lose his mind. He said, "She said that after I kill you, your divine body will belong to me. The Divine Blood, divine heart, divine kidney, and divine whip in your body can all be sold at a high price. The whole body of a god is a treasure."

Mo Yunduan's eyes were as red as blood. Two streams of divine mist rushed out of his nostrils. He gnashed his teeth and said, "Zhang Ruochen, you are too impudent. I will destroy your bones, scatter your ashes, and extract your soul to eat."

He stretched out his five fingers and grabbed them out across the air. Dense precept marks appeared in front of Zhang

Ruochen in an instant.

Xue Lingxian waved his sword and scattered all the precept marks.

“What’s the point of attacking a Hundred-Shackle Realm junior? I’ll fight you.” Xue Lingxian’s figure was as straight as a spear. He had an unspeakable arrogance.

In his hand, the stone sword, *Wordless Sword Manual*, felt the power of a divine-level enemy. It let out a clanging sound as if it was asking for a battle.

The spiritual thought in Mo Yunduan moved. It wanted to take back the war flag, but it was shocking to find that the war flag had been sealed by Bai Qing’er using her own blood.

Bai Qing’er’s back and chest were still dripping with blood.

Because the war flag contained the Divine Qi of death, it invaded her body, making it difficult for her wounds to heal in a short time.

Today, she has suffered an unprecedented serious injury. However, at this moment, not only was she not depressed, her fighting spirit was high, and her mood was boiling. She casually waved her hand and threw the Tensho Compass to Zhang Ruochen.

“Zhang Ruochen, don’t forget your promise to me.” Bai Qing’er’s eyes were fixed on Mo Yunduan from the beginning to the end.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Tensho Compass and sighed in his heart. After many twists and turns, the Divine Artifact finally returned to his hand. He said, “Don’t worry. I swore on my mother’s reputation. How can I break my promise?”

Previously, Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing’er had reached a cooperation agreement through spiritual power communication.

To ask Bai Qing’er to hand over the Tensho Compass, Zhang Ruochen had to compensate her for the divine stone she lost in the House of Enchanters.

Secondly, Zhang Ruochen had to do one more thing for her.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen had also made several requests. He would not help her with everything. For this, Zhang Ruochen had to swear on the Blood Empress's honor to get Bai Qing'er to agree.

For her, this was a compromise she had no choice but to make.

Since she was young, she had never compromised with anyone, including gods. However, after meeting Zhang Ruochen, she compromised several times.

It was not that Zhang Ruochen was stronger than gods, but it was his personality that seemed to be able to restrain her.

His personality was hard but gentle and evil but good simultaneously.

When she was tough, Zhang Ruochen chose to lower his head so that she could not use all her power. It was like a knife hitting the surface of the water. You could take whatever treasure you wanted.

When she showed a slight weakness, she was chased by Zhang Ruochen.

When she thought that Zhang Ruochen would join hands with the cultivators of the Fane of Destiny, Zhang Ruochen did not attack. He just stood aside and watched coldly.

When she thought that Zhang Ruochen would not save her, he attacked again.

When she thought this guy was very principled, he was unexpectedly sinister.

When she thought that this guy was sinister, he made a concession. With the greatest sincerity, he cooperated with her and showed his open and aboveboard side.

As the number one person below the divinity, she could not control the absolute initiative when she fought with a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"Then let's join hands to kill the god today," Bai Qing'er said.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were sharp. He made up his mind to die without regret. "If we don't succeed, we'll die."

If he didn't have such determination, he would definitely lose if he fought against the god.

Only by throwing away the fear of life and death could she defy the god. Otherwise, under the pressure of the god, her state of mind would collapse instantly.

...

Bai Qing'er ignored the injuries on her body and took the lead in attacking Mo Yunduan.

Chapter 2522: Yuan Qianmo's Heart

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt

On an irregular-shaped rocky asteroid with a diameter of 300 miles, there was an artifact palace over 210 meters tall. It had red walls, golden tiles, and dragons and phoenixes were carved.

The palace was shrouded by the aura of death, and ordinary cultivators could not get close to it.

Yuan Qianmo stood outside the artifact palace with his hands behind his back, his hair as white as snow. He looked at the wormhole in the void in the distance as if he was comprehending the mysteries of space, but also seemed to be thinking about something.

The ghost servant, who had survived nine Ghost Tribulations, stood not too far away with a bone-chilling broadsword in his hand.

Yuan Benji had come to Yuan Qianmo's back, and he cupped his fists slightly. He said, "Qianmo, we've discovered that there are only three wormholes in the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt. They lead to the Bloodysky Clan's Dominion, the starry sky near the Royal City of Hundred Clans at the edge of the Infernal Court, and the Ashuran Planet. The closest one to us leads to the starry skies near the Royal City of Hundred Clans. This is the place where Ji Fanxin is most likely to choose."

Yuan Qianmo did not say a word.

Yuan Benji's lips moved, but he still said it in the end. He said, "Including the cultivators from the ten major forces and the Heavenly Realm, dozens of powerhouses from the major forces have arrived at the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt. With such a force, even pseudo gods would have to retreat. Does Ji Fanxin really dare to come? I guess it's likely that she has already turned back to Hoth."

Yuan Qianmo said, "That's not something you should be concerned about! I've heard that something strange has happened in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. Every night, the Light of the origins will appear in the sky, turning the night into day. This has happened three times, and each time it lasts fifteen minutes."

Yuan Benji said, "That's true. All the major forces have speculated that the Fane of Origin will likely appear near the Royal City of Hundred Clans. They have all sent cultivators to investigate. However, I feel someone deliberately tries to create a diversion to interfere with our judgment."

"Go to the Royal City of Hundred Clans and investigate this matter on behalf of the Fane of Death," Yuan Qianmo said.

"Understood."

Yuan Benji didn't ask any further questions. He rode a cloud of death qi and flew out of the small asteroids towards the spatial wormhole suspended in the void.

Yuan Shu was dressed in a golden imperial robe. Her long sleeves dragged across the ground, and she wore a golden crown on her head. She walked out gracefully from the gray death qi. She said, "The Royal City of Hundred Clans is guarded by a god. It is the largest city at the edge of the Infernal Court. It can even be compared to the divine cities of the ten clans. If the Fane of Origin is born there, it will stir up the clouds in all directions."

"Are you saying someone is deliberately stirring up a storm upon us?" asked Yuan Qianmo.

"We can not rule out the possibility that the Fane of Origin will be born in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. To support

such a huge city like the Royal City of Hundred Clans, the space is already extraordinary. It is where the ley lines of heaven and earth converge,” said Yuan Shu.

Yuan Qianmo’s gaze was deep as he said, “This is the reason why I sent Benji over! No matter what, as long as we obtain superior-grade Divine Crystals of Origin, we will naturally be able to lock onto the position of the Fane of Origin.”

Yuan Shu said, “That Ji Fanxin was an imposter.”

“Not necessarily.” Yuan Qianmo shook his head gently.

Yuan Shu said, “Ji Fanxin is likely to be in the Saint King Realm. She can’t be so powerful that she could injure more than a dozen Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of the Fane of Destiny.”

Yuan Qianmo said, “If it were any other cultivator, they would not believe that she could be so powerful. They would only think she was a god who intentionally transformed himself.”

“That’s right. Other than a god who intentionally suppressed her cultivation base, who else could be so powerful?” Yuan Shu sighed.

Yuan Qianmo said, “But, why would a god transform into a Saint King like Ji Fanxin, who couldn’t be so powerful? Wouldn’t no one suspect her if she transformed into Wuma Jiuxing or an unfamiliar figure?”

Yuan Shu nodded slightly, feeling that Yuan Qianmo’s analysis was not without reason.

“I’ve already checked. Ji Fanxin is not in Kunlun, the Qianrui Realm, or the Celestial Court,” Yuan Qianmo said.

Yuan Shu asked, “How did Ji Fanxin suddenly become so powerful?”

Yuan Qianmo said, “I don’t think it was sudden, but she was already so powerful. How many Yuanhui Tribulations have a living creature survived from ancient times until now?”

Yuan Shu shook her head gently.

Yuan Qianmo said, “It’s hard to predict how far back the ancient times were, but at least over a hundred of them have passed. She has passed over a hundred Yuanhui Tribulations. It’s not that the Yuanhui Tribulations couldn’t kill her, but that heaven and earth are unwilling to kill and love her. Do you really believe that she was only taught by the Mandala Goddess in the last few hundred years and cultivated her physical body?”

Yuan Shu shook her head again and said, “Even if she only cultivated her corporeal body in the last few hundred years, the time it takes for her to gain sentience is far longer. She can cultivate for a hundred thousand years, a million years, or even tens of millions of years.”

Yuan Qianmo said, “Plant-like creatures are fragile in the Saint Realm and the divinity. They are often picked as medicinal herbs and used as ingredients for pill refinement. Even if they cultivate the divinity of other powerful deities, they are just divine herbs.

“Plant-type creatures want to become powerhouses who are good at fighting. They have to immerse themselves in the mortal world to train their mind, train their will, train their battle tactics, and train their spirit. Ji Fanxin’s master is the Mandala Goddess. She can support the plant-type creatures alone and not be bullied by other cultivators. How can she not understand this principle?”

Yuan Shu said, “So, you suspect that Ji Fanxin’s cultivation level has long reached the Supreme Saint’s Paramount Realm. However, the Mandala Goddess has sealed her cultivation level. She is experiencing the tribulations step by step in the mortal world? Tempering her mind, will, battle tactics, and Spirit?”

“I heard that when the Stone Master was young, he cultivated the Supreme Saint’s Paramount Realm. However, he did not enter the *Divine Ascension Ranking* and was believed to be unable to become a god. The Stone Master did not believe in destiny. Hence, he made a decision that was completely opposite to what he believed in. He cultivated his physical body just like the Stone Terra’s cultivators.”

“Every time he cultivated his physical body, he had to undergo tribulations in the mortal world. He had to cultivate from the weak to the Paramount Realm. When he reached the Paramount Realm, he would first kill his relatives and friends, and then suicide.”

“Just like that, after nine times of cultivation and nine times of killing himself, he finally honed his will to a level stronger than even gods. He defied the heavens and became a god.”

Yuan Qianmo said, “I suspect her cultivation level is not as simple as the Supreme Saint’s Paramount Realm. She may have already gone far in the divinity.”

“How is that possible?” Yuan Shu asked.

Yuan Qianmo said, “Don’t forget that she is a creature loved by the heavens and earth. For her, she can easily break through the barrier of the divinity.”

“Of course, no matter how high the cultivation level of a plant creature is, it does not mean that its combat strength is strong. Just like how the Divine Sky-connecting Tree of Kunlun had a long lifespan. However, it was still beheaded by the Magnogod Huang Tian.”

“A martial artist is very normal for a sage with a profound state of mind to be chopped to death. He is well-versed in the laws of nature, the laws of nature, astronomy, and geography. “Unless this sage also cultivates martial arts, he can become a martial arts grandmaster and be invincible in the world.”

Yuan Shu was deep in thought. She said, “If Ji Fanxin really has reached divinity long ago, wouldn’t it be very dangerous for him to go?”

Him, means Mo Yuanduan.

After Xing Luo contacted Yuan Qianmo, he formulated a strategy of waiting for the enemy to ambush them in the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt.

Yuan Qianmo was well aware of the value of Zhang Ruochen and the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origins, so he secretly asked Mo Yunduan to intercept them in advance.

Yuan Qianmo took out a book and handed it to Yuan Shu.

Yuan Shu opened the book and looked at it. It contained detailed information about Ji Fanxin.

Yuan Qianmo said, “Ji Fanxin appeared on Hoth, but she didn’t alert the Hoth Emperor. Clearly, her cultivation level is sealed below the deity level. This is one of the reasons.”

“Secondly, based on Ji Fanxin’s past battle records, it can be seen that her temperament, battle tactics, and spirit are still at the level of a Saint King. She is at most at the level of a Supreme Saint. Suppose you can seize the right opportunity and launch a surprise attack. In that case, you will definitely be able to heavily injure her. Once heavily injured, it will be impossible for her to escape!”

Yuan Shu began to doubt the information in her hands.

“However, Xing Luo was defeated by her.”

“I don’t need to guess to know that Xing Luo was careless and underestimated her opponent! I wouldn’t know Ji Fanxin’s true strength if it were me. This is the first time I’ve faced her, and I might have made this mistake.” Yuan Qianmo believed in his own judgment.

Yuan Shu thought for a while and couldn’t think of a cultivator below the divinity who could defeat a god. Besides, the god was still in the dark, ready to launch a sneak attack.

This was absolutely foolproof.

No!

It was absolutely impossible to fail.

Yuan Shu said, “I still think it’s quite risky. Don’t forget that Ji Fanxin has Zhang Ruochen by her side.”

“Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation is too low. If not for the protection of the Intergold Tiger, he would have been killed by Ji Fanxin!” Yuan Qianmo shook his head and smiled. Then, his eyes turned cold, and he said, “The Intergold Tiger won’t be able to exert much power,” he said. “It won’t be able to stop Mo Yuanduan.”

Yuan Shu said, “Why are you so sure?”

Yuan Qianmo said, “Have you ever thought about why Ji Fanxin let Zhang Ruochen control the Sevenstar Imperial Palace to attract cultivators from the Infernal Court to stop him and start a massacre?”

Yuan Shu said, “She wanted to force Zhang Ruochen to the opposite side of the Infernal Court. At that time, Zhang Ruochen had nowhere else to go, so he could only return to heaven with her.”

Yuan Qianmo nodded and said, “Zhang Ruochen was ostracized in the Celestial Court. He even had a deep-seated hatred for the Heavenly Realm. After the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, he became a traitor everyone in the Celestial Court wanted to beat. What’s he going back for? To be judged?”

“He doesn’t want to return to the Celestial Court, but he can’t resist Ji Fanxin. Doesn’t this prove that the power of the Intergold Tiger is no match for Ji Fanxin?”

Yuan Shu had to admit that Yuan Qianmo’s analysis was very reasonable.

He could see the truth in every detail.

Yuan Qianmo sighed softly. “It’s a pity that the Intergold Tiger can’t use much power, but it’s a prehistoric superior after all. I’m sure Mo Yunduan will be afraid of it. Otherwise, it’s a good opportunity to get rid of Zhang Ruochen. Yuan Shu, I’m afraid I can’t avenge your seventh brother!”

Yuan Shu said, “Father has already told me to let go of my hatred. Don’t make an enemy of Zhang Ruochen.”

“How can I understand if I keep my hatred in my heart?” Yuan Qianmo said.

Yuan Shu stared into Yuan Qianmo’s eyes and said, “So, you must kill Zhang Ruochen, right?”

“If you want to kill Zhang Ruochen, you must first get rid of the Intergold Tiger. If you want to get rid of the Intergold Tiger, you must force it to release more power than the rules of Heaven and earth allow and let heaven punish it for killing it.”

Yuan Qianmo wanted to say something, but he stopped himself. Ultimately, he did not tell Yuan Shu the secrets he had hidden in his heart. He said, "Let's wait for Mo Yunduan's good news. Maybe the Fane of Death will not only get the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, but also a Lotus of Divine Reflection."

"It seems that Mo Yunduan is carrying a heavy weapon with him. He definitely won't let Ji Fanxin escape," Yuan Shu said.

Yuan Qianmo merely smiled. His smile was filled with confidence and anticipation.

Chapter 2523: God Slaying Battle

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The void space was filled with chaotic energy. Every wave it created had the power to destroy an entire world.

Three figures were fighting at close range in the center of the chaotic energy. They were all fighting extremely fast.

BOOM BOOM!

Sword Qi, saber beams, and Death Qi were all intertwined. The area within hundreds of miles became a forbidden zone. Even Granny Begonia did not dare to approach.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to hurt his Sea of Qi again, so he naturally retreated. He did not try to force himself into a divine-level battle.

On the other hand, Blackie was eager to try but was stopped by Zhang Ruochen.

“I’m going to kill this god.”

Blackie was full of vigor and wanted to break free from Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen knew how timid Blackie was. However, seeing that Bai Qing’er and Xue Lingxian were the main attackers, he decided to intervene. Otherwise, he would have already run away if he had met the pseudo god!

“Yes, we all want to kill the god. Xue Lingxian and Bai Qing’er can’t stop him from escaping. Only you can,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Blackie calmed down and realized his importance. He nodded cautiously.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the battlefield again. He saw that even if Xue Lingxian and Bai Qing'er joined hands, they could only fight evenly with Mo Yunduan. Moreover, it was because Granny Begonia kept attacking Mo Yunduan with her spiritual power to disturb him.

Xue Lingxian and Bai Qing'er were very strong but could not sustain a battle of the divine level for a long time. Their Paramount physique could not bear it.

Mo Yunduan obviously also had the intention of dragging them to death. Although they fought fiercely, he did not use any forbidden technique of burning his lifespan or soul.

“Now, it's my turn!”

Zhang Ruochen took out Myriad Curse Bead and held it between his hands. He activated it, and murderous qi spread out from his palms.

Myriad Curse Bead gave off a bright light. Faint incantations could be heard.

With Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power and cultivation, even if he activated Myriad Curse Bead, a Supreme Artifact, he wouldn't be able to affect the pseudo god. However, there was a top spiritual power Supreme Saint in Qiankun Realm.

Seven-Armed Elder.

Seven-Armed Elder was the only person in Infernal Court who was not a god but could become a god. He was known as the “God of gambling”. He had escaped from a pseudo god and Bai Qing'er one after another. The strength of his spiritual power was evident.

The spiritual power of Seven-Armed Elder surged out from the Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension between Zhang Ruochen's eyebrows and fused into Myriad Curse Bead.

“Curse of Light and Dark,” Zhang Ruochen murmured.

In the distance, Mo Yunduan slapped Xue Lingxian away and waved the war flag. The flying flag looked like a divine blade

that could cut Bai Qing'er's neck.

SWOOSH

A layer of dark green light emerged and blocked the war flag.

The dark green light formed a sphere with a diameter of 100 feet, trapping Mo Yunduan inside.

Bai Qing'er was still in shock. She glanced at Zhang Ruochen in the distance.

Mo Yunduan knew that Zhang Ruochen had ruined his plan. Otherwise, he would have been able to revenge Bai Qing'er for beheading him.

Xue Lingxian seized the opportunity. She became one with her sword and turned into a sword light with extreme speed. It passed through the dark light and stabbed toward Mo Yunduan's glabella.

The sword's tip only penetrated half an inch before Mo Yunduan punched out.

Bang!

The pseudo god's punch could destroy even the stars. Naturally, Xue Lingxian could not withstand it. Her chest caved in, and her internal organs turned into blood and mud. Her body flew out like a cannonball.

Bai Qing'er grasped the opportunity more accurately and slashed down from the back of Mo Yunduan like a stream of light.

PFFT!

The divine body in the cloud was split into two halves.

A large amount of divine blood flowed out from between the two halves.

The left half of the divine body waved the war flag again. The flagpole swept across Bai Qing'er, sending her flying in a completely different direction from Xue Lingxian.

Bai Qing'er's injuries worsened. Her white clothes had long been dyed in blood.

“Blood-devouring Curse,” Zhang Ruochen chanted.

The divine cloud churned, and the two halves of the divine body at Mo Yunduan merged into one.

However, because of the attack of Zhang Ruochen’s Blood-devouring Curse, a lot of divine blood had been lost in his body. In addition, Bai Qing’er’s crescent-shaped flying knife contained pure Power of Origin. Even if his divine body merged, there was still a line of blood left where he had been cut.

Whether it was the cut on his head or on his doppelganger, he had suffered a lot of damage.

“Damn it! Didn’t they say that the life force of the pseudo god is fragile? Why does he look fine when a Supreme Artificat hit his vital parts twice?” Zhang Ruochen knew that Xue Lingxian and Bai Qing’er were severely injured. Naturally, he was a little anxious.

“Life force is weak? Who did you hear this from? Wargod Bloodximus or Blood Empress? That was because they were weaker than him. After all, the pseudo god had cultivated a divine body. He was no longer on the same level as the Supreme Saint. His vitality was worlds apart. It’s possible to fight against the pseudo god or escape from one. However, we must be willing to die to defeat the pseudo god or even kill the god.”

Blackie said thoughtfully, “Now you know how much you owe Granny Begonia and Xue Lingxian for staying behind to help you! They are helping you at the cost of their own lives. They are helping you to remain in Infernal Court. They respect your choice because you have helped Kunlun’s field before.”

RUMBLE

Mo Yunduan broke the Curse of Light and Dark. With a fierce look, it threw out the war flag in its hand.

The war flag released a dazzling divine light that shot toward Xue Lingxian like an arrow.

Xue Lingxian forcefully supported her wounded body. The blood on her body flowed upward like a stream and gathered

toward the stone sword. She gritted his teeth and chanted,
“Sword Thirteen...”

Before the sword intent could take shape, the war flag pierced through her sword domain.

Granny Begonia appeared in front of Xue Lingxian. She pointed her wooden staff forward and used her spiritual power to form a crystal clear shield that looked like the outer wall of the world.

BOOM

The battle flag shattered the shield, and Granny Begonia and Xue Lingxian were both sent flying simultaneously.

The wooden staff in Granny Begonia’s hand was shattered into powder.

Not everyone could block the strike of the pseudo god. For example, not everyone could block Wuma Jiuxing’s strike. Granny Begonia was clearly far from the Yuanhui-level figure.

“I don’t mind killing the survivors of Kunlun’s field since you’re in my way.”

Mo Yunduan performed a higher knowledge. He stepped forward and arrived in front of Granny Begonia and Xue Lingxian. He stomped down. Countless precept marks appeared on his legs. A thunder sea condensed from gray lightning appeared under his feet.

A god’s foot could destroy all living things.

“Aprameya Curse.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were bloodshot. He roared.

Mo Yunduan withstood Aprameya Curse with his divine soul. His feet became as big as the lake and sea, and he stomped down with undiminished power.

Rumble

Granny Begonia’s eyes were deep. She looked up at the sky and regarded life and death as nothing. She spread her hands and formed a fingerprint. She said hoarsely, “Vicissitudes of life and death.”

The sound of water waves rang out.

With Granny Begonia as the center, an ocean was born out of thin air. The waves rose for thousands of feet.

Above her head, a gorgeous flower bloomed. The light it emitted reflected the ocean into a blood-red color, and the flower's fragrance filled the void space.

The bright red flower blocked the god's foot and the gray thunder crabapple pressing down.

"You're just like an ant, yet you dare to defy God?"

The God's body at Mo Yunduan kept expanding, and the power that exploded from the god's foot became stronger and stronger. It crushed the bright red flower and suppressed the ocean below until it was calm.

Bloody marks appeared on Granny Begonia's head and spread to her face, neck, hands, and feet. It was as if they were going to shatter along with the flower above her head.

Xue Lingxian's chest was bleeding non-stop. She gripped the hilt of her sword tightly with both hands, and tens of millions of Sword Qi rushed out of her body and went into the stone sword.

"Sword... Thirteen..."

BOOM!

Xue Lingxian disappeared on the spot. She turned into an earth-shaking sword light and pierced through the gray sea of thunder.

No one could stop this sword.

Puff

The sea of thunder dissipated. Mo Yunduan was pierced by a sword, and his divine body was torn into pieces.

Divine blood rained down on the sea under Granny Begonia's feet.

"Great!"

Blackie shouted excitedly.

Zhang Ruochen smiled knowingly. It must be known that Xue Lingxian's Sword Thirteen could not only cut off the body but also the soul and spiritual power. The Scioness of Fane of Destiny was killed instantly by the sword.

No matter how strong the life force of the pseudo god was, it should be dead by now, right?

The smile on Zhang Ruochen's face quickly disappeared.

The broken divine body floating in the void condensed again, and even the divine blood flew back.

Mo Yunduan's body appeared before everyone's eyes again.

Mo Yunduan became much weaker and said coldly, "What a powerful sword. If your sword had accurately hit my Divine Sea and Divinity Source, I might have died by now. Unfortunately, I avoided my vital points."

Xue Lingxian was even weaker, but she was indifferent. "So what? This sword has already heavily injured you. Your divine soul is on the verge of shattering."

"Can you still fight?" Mo Yunduan asked.

Xue Lingxian looked at her tattered body and shook her head. "I'll die today if I fight you alone. However, they're here to kill you too."

Mo Yunduan glanced at Bai Qing'er, Zhang Ruochen, Blackie, and Granny Begonia. Knowing this was a hopeless situation, he couldn't help but laugh. "Good. This couldn't be any way better. You're all first-class figures of this Yuanhui period. No matter how strong you are, you can't stop me from leaving. Just you wait, especially the two of you. You will be judged by Fane of Destiny. Because of you, Xue Jue Family and the Enchanter Chamber will be buried beneath the waves."

Mo Yunduan pointed at Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing'er. Then he waved his hand and tore open the dimension, wanting to return to the real world.

"Have you asked me for permission to leave?"

Blackie let out a long cry. "Grand Formation of Armageddon!"

31 beams of light appeared in the void, shining like 31 stars.

Three big stars were in the center, and 28 small stars revolved around them. Three Supreme Artifacts and 28 Regal Artifacts were refined to become the Great Array of Asterisms.

While Mo Yunduan was fighting Bai Qing'er and Xue Lingxian, Blacky had quietly set everyone up in the formation.

Just as Mo Yunduan was in shock, a golden crow flew toward him.

The divine fire on the golden crow's feathers burned fiercely and crashed into his body.

Boom!

The golden crow's body exploded, and inside was the Supreme Artifact, the Golden Crow Ancient Cauldron.

After suffering this sudden blow, the old wounds on Mo Yunduan's body receded, and a half-palm-wide gash appeared on his neck, between his eyebrows, legs, and chest. His blood gushed out uncontrollably.

Chapter 2524: Scroll of Imprisoned Gods

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

“Soul-Dissipating Curse!”

Seven-Armed Elder was entangled by the branches of Divine Sky-connecting Tree and hung upside down in the air. His body swayed like old cured meat in the wind. He gnashed his teeth in anger and had to release his spiritual power to help Zhang Ruochen activate Myriad Curse Bead.

It was impossible to kill a TrueGod.

However, it's possible to kill a pseudo god.

Destroying the pseudo god's divine soul would significantly damage his vitality.

Though it would just damage his vitality and not kill him.

The pseudo god's divine soul, divine spirit, and spirit were integrated into every drop of blood and every tissue in his body. With the Supreme Saint's methods, it was impossible to kill a god completely.

The divine soul in Mo Yunduan was already on the verge of being destroyed by Sword Thirteen. Under the attack of the Soul-Dissipating Curse, his divine soul felt like it was being torn apart. He let out a piercing scream.

This was the cry of a god!

If it was heard in Kunlun's field, countless living beings would die.

Zhang Ruochen's eardrums were instantly shattered, and blood flowed out. It was as if his mind had been pierced by

thousands of needles.

He also let out a long cry. He used all his strength to mobilize endless murderous Qi. He activated Myriad Curse Bead to ensure that the Soul-Dissipating Curse could continue to apply to Mo Yunduan.

Whoosh

Astral Titanos flew out from the Great Array of Asterisms

The Supreme Artifact of Fane of Titans, Celestial Court.

Astral Titanos was pitch-black and deep. The ax handle was a hundred feet long and contained a murderous aura that could not be dispersed throughout the ages. It broke through the clouds like it had split heaven and earth and ruthlessly struck Mo Yunduan's body.

Mo Yunduan's divine body had already been cracked by the Golden Crow Ancient Cauldron. After being struck by Astral Titanos, his body and divine soul were instantly shattered simultaneously.

BOOM

The divine soul shattered, forming a violent soul power attack.

The true form of Intergold Tiger rushed out and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen. Golden light shot from its body to block the invisible soul power attack.

It cursed in a low voice, "Don't you know your strength? How dare you participate in a divine level battle? Do you know that if I hadn't helped you block the attack of the divine soul, your Saint Soul would have been shattered by now?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly and said, "Well, didn't you block it!"

"After this battle, don't expect me to help you again. The next one you provoke might be a True God if you keep courting death!" Intergold Tiger cursed and disappeared again.

It wasn't that Intergold Tiger didn't want to help Zhang Ruochen, but it was worried that Zhang Ruochen would rely on its power.

Zhang Ruochen also did not want to make an enemy of the pseudo god, but his situation was better than the others. He had no choice but to help out.

Bai Qing'er, Granny Begonia, Xue Lingxian, and Blackie withstood the impact of the broken soul with their powerful spiritual power. However, each was severely injured, and their spirits were slightly low.

Xue Lingxian was a person who reached divinity before, so she knew the gods best. She said, "Immediately refine or collect the scattered divine soul of Mo Yunduan. You can't let his soul reunite."

Granny Begonia struck out Sword Pavilion, turning it into a holy tower.

The tower doors opened one after another, absorbing the scattered divine souls into the void space and sealing them in the tower.

Bzz Bzz

Blackie spat out Eternal Fire, turning it into a sea of fire to refine the divine souls.

Zhang Ruochen took out Violet Gourd, but he remembered that Gong Nanfeng was still inside. He put it away and took out Zangshan Demonic Mirror to suck the divine souls into the mirror.

Bai Qing'er was seriously injured, and she had to be careful because the cultivators of Kunlun's field would attack her after she killed the god. Therefore, she had been healing. Instead of attacking herself, she let out six pots of Omnivore Orchids.

The six pots of Omnivore Orchids released an icy aura.

They sensed that their surroundings were filled with souls and laughed joyfully. Their leaves grew rapidly and soon turned into six enormous orchids.

The leaves of the orchids were like dark clouds.

The leaves devoured a large number of divine souls in a breath.

Everyone tried their best, but divine souls were still gathering at Mo Yunduan's broken corpse. The broken corpse gave off a dazzling divine light and showed signs of reassembling.

Zhang Ruochen could see that since Mo Yunduan was severely injured, Bai Qing'er was no longer so eager to attack.

This could not go on!

Once Mo Yunduan reassembled his divine body, he would be tough to deal with.

"Don't refine the divine soul first. Continue to activate the formation to prevent Mo Yunduan from reassembling its divine body," Zhang Ruochen said.

Granny Begonia held Sword Pavilion with both hands.

Sword Pavilion spun slowly, carrying countless battle swords. It attacked the densest place where the divine corpse and the divine soul were gathered.

Roar!

The divine voice was even more terrifying than before. It came from the depths of the divine soul fog, making Zhang Ruochen's vision go black. He almost fell into the void space.

By the time he regained his vision, Mo Yunduan's divine body had formed. He stood above everyone like a god. His aura was like a hundred thousand mountains and rivers pressing down on them.

Divine fire was burning on his body, emitting a dazzling brilliance.

He struck out with his palm to push back Sword Pavillion.

Sword Pavillion tilted.

RUMBLE

The ocean under Granny Begonia's feet was smashed into pieces by Sword Pavillion.

Her old body was ignited by the divine fire from Mo Yunduan. Her flesh and blood instantly turned into ashes, leaving only a

seven-colored skeleton that was not destroyed. She stood in the center of the seven-colored whirlpool in the void.

“This is a real divine fire. Its temperature is over a million levels. It can be compared to the temperature inside a star and could destroy the world. Any living creature that touches it will die.” Blackie was terrified. After all, its Eternal Fire only had a temperature of 500,000 degrees.

Zhang Ruochen stood thousands of miles away and could still feel the heatwave.

Divine Purification Flame he had practiced only had a temperature of 10,000 degrees. It was more than 100 times weaker than Mo Yunduan’s fire. One ball of Mo Yunduan’s flame would instantly turn his body into ashes.

This was the true power of a god.

Mo Yunduan had lost more than half of his soul. At the critical moment, he used the self-destructive forbidden technique to burn his lifespan and divine blood to forcefully re-form his divine body.

His face was ferocious, and he was outraged. He roared, “A bunch of saints trying to kill a god. Today, let’s see if you really can withstand the wrath of a god.”

Mo Yunduan became even stronger than before. Divine fire spewed out from his mouth and turned into a scorching wave of fire.

It was as if a stellar flare had exploded. The divine fire surged, and the two Omnivore Orchids, comparable to Paramount Supreme Saints, started to burn. They let out ear-piercing screams.

In just a blink of an eye, they turned into ashes.

Bai Qing’er quickly put away the remaining four pots of Omnivore Orchids and used Path of Flowing Light to avoid the spreading of divine fire.

This divine fire was formed by burning Mo Yunduan’s lifespan and divine blood. Even she did not dare to touch it.

Didn't you see that Granny Begonia was burned to the point where only her bones were left?

The six pots of Omnivore Orchids were a rare species that had lived for more than one Yuanhui period. Under Bai Qing'er's meticulous nurturing, they had reached their current realm. Hence, they were more important than Shang Yue and Shang Xia. There was hope for them to enter divinity in the future. For they to turn into six divine level plants.

Losing two of them was like cutting her twice.

Her heart was filled with killing intent. She said, "Mo Yunduan is starting to fight desperately. Now is the time to test us. Everyone, don't hold back anymore. Use all your trump cards!"

Zhang Ruochen said, "This is what I want to say to Miss Bai. We must do our best and trust each other. If we can't work together, we might as well run for our lives now."

Blackie wanted to say that they should run for their lives from the beginning. He could ask Bai Qing'er to take Tensho Compass if worst came to worst. Why fight a God for her?

But he thought that Zhang Ruochen didn't want to return to Kunlun's field, and he wanted to try and kill the god. So he didn't say it out loud.

After Xue Lingxian used Sword Thirteen, she lost the ability to fight again.

Granny Begonia was burned by the divine fire until only her bones were left. She was severely injured. At most, she could only mobilize her spiritual power to help them.

This was what Bai Qing'er hoped to see. Only in this way could she put aside all her worries and go all out to kill the god. And she didn't have to worry that she would die at the hands of the cultivators of Kunlun's field after killing the god.

The cultivators of Kunlun's field might not act so, but she had to be on guard.

"You're only running now? Too late!"

A scroll with divine light flew out from between his eyebrows.

The material of the scroll was the skin of a god, which could carry everything in the world. The divine thoughts of a God were suppressed in the skin, and they screamed in pain all the time.

On the scroll, a stone pillar stood on the surface of the sea and facing the sky.

On the pillar, there were countless chains.

On the chains, there was a golden-haired god. He roared at the sky with a pained expression, as if he was in unspeakable pain.

“Fane of Death’s Scroll of Imprisoned Gods.” Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed slightly.

The other party had come prepared.

Bai Qing’er was moved. She had made the right decision to join hands with Zhang Ruochen to kill the god, instead of running away. Otherwise, even if she practiced Path of Flowing Light, it would be difficult for her to run away if Mo Yunduan took out Scroll of Imprisoned Gods.

CLING CLANK

The sound of the chains dragging echoed through the void space.

Divine ropes that looked like giant steel dragons flew out of Scroll of Imprisoned Gods and wrapped around three Supreme Artifacts and 28 Regal Artifacts in the Great Array of Asterisms.

BOOM

BOOM

...

The sounds of explosions rang out one after another.

One Regal Artifact after another was crushed by the divine ropes and turned into scrap metal. Their vessel spirits were scattered.

The array was collapsing. It could no longer suppress Mo Yunduan.

Xue Lingxian sighed. She knew that killing the god was a delusion. She flew to Zhang Ruochen's left and said, "Go, run now."

"Don't wait anymore. Once Mo Yunduan breaks out of the array, we can't escape even if we want to. Since you can't stay with Xue Jue Family any longer, come back to Kunlun's field with us. If you save Grand Supreme Master, he'll protect you and help you grow."

Granny Begonia, who had turned into a rainbow bone, flew to Zhang Ruochen's right and said this.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen's unwillingness, Xue Lingxian and Granny Begonia looked at each other. They were ready to take him away by force.

"Wait, look, what is she doing?"

Zhang Ruochen pointed at Bai Qing'er.

Chapter 2525: Martyrdom

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation **Editor:** EndlessFantasy Translation

Every time a Regal Artifact exploded, Blackie's body would tremble. It wished it could peck Mo Yunduan to death with its beak.

However, there was nothing it could do. The strength of a pseudo god was too powerful. The power of Scroll of Imprisoned Gods was unparalleled. Class One or Two Regal Artifacts couldn't withstand it at all.

Just as it was about to grab the three Supreme Artifacts and run away, a strange fluctuation was emitted from the void space.

The source of fluctuation came from Bai Qing'er.

Under her blood-red clothes, her skin emitted a dazzling pure white Light of Origin. She was as holy as the first ray of light at the beginning of heaven and earth, creating all things and all living beings.

At this moment, she seemed to have combined all the wonders and beauty of the world into one. All the cultivators present were stunned for a moment.

"What a pure Light of Origin. Could it be that her Path of Origin has entered a state of mind?" Granny Begonia said.

Xue Lingxian shook her head and said, "It's the Origin's state of mind, but she hasn't cultivated to that level yet. She used a forbidden technique to forcibly raise it to that level. The price she paid should be heavy."

Light of Origin could create and destroy all things.

Under the illumination of Light of Origin, the void space didn't seem empty but filled with matter. Moreover, the matters were getting more concentrated. There were loess, bluestones, mountains, and valleys.

“Is she going to create a world from the void space and become the god of creation herself?”

Zhang Ruochen found that he had stepped on solid ground.

The void power around him was dispersed by Origin.

Mo Yunduan sensed something was wrong with Bai Qing'er and accelerated his attack on the Great Array of Asterisms.

“Martyr... with my body...”

Bai Qing'er uttered four words from her red lips.

Light of Origin was even more dazzling. Zhang Ruochen could not open his eyes. He was led by Granny Begonia and Xue Lingxian to retreat into the distance.

The last thing he saw was that the material created by Light of Origin had all been destroyed. It was like the end of the world. Bai Qing'er turned into a beam of white light and flew toward Mo Yunduan.

BOOM

...

When Zhang Ruochen regained his vision, he had already appeared in the real world.

The world suddenly became calm. There was no terrifying Light of Origin or divine power fluctuation. A white Hoth, only the size of a bowl, floated more than one billion miles away.

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen came back to his senses. He looked around and asked, “Where's Blackie?”

“I was scared to death. Luckily, I escaped quickly. I've saved the three Supreme Artifacts!”

Blackie's feathers turned to ashes, and his body was charred black.

The three Supreme Artifacts flew in three different directions. They spun and glowed.

Zhang Ruochen glared at him. “Do you want to die?”

“These are Supreme Artifacts. If I hadn’t reacted quickly and suffered such a powerful attack, I would have lost them in the void space,” Blackie argued.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Isn’t it good to be alive?”

“Don’t worry. I’m a Phoenix,” Blackie said thoughtlessly, waving his charred wings.

Xue Lingxian asked Granny Begonia, “Do you know the forbidden technique of martyrdom?”

Granny Begonia was older than Xue Lingxian.

Granny Begonia was left with her seven-colored bones and white hair. Her voice was dry and hoarse, “This is a forbidden technique that only the Masters of Origin can use. Legend has it that cultivators below divinity will lose 10,000 years of their life, and Gods will lose 100,000 years if they use it.”

“This witch is ruthless. She’s willing to pay such a high price to not reveal her identity and implicate the Enchanter Chamber,” Blackie said with a grin.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a while and said, “She didn’t use this technique just to kill gods.”

“What else could it be?” Blackie asked curiously.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Since it’s a forbidden technique, she must push Path of Origin to the extreme and its state of mind. With this experience and her talent, she might be able to comprehend and enter Origin’s state of mind.”

“So what if she enters Origin’s state of mind?” Blackie continued to ask.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to talk to it anymore. He said, “How about Wuma Jiuxing, who entered Saber’s state of mind?”

Blackie took a deep breath. Its eyes became serious. “Path of Origin is one of nine Path of the Ancients. Once you enter it…”

Xue Lingxian broke through the dimension and entered the void space again.

Zhang Ruochen and Granny Begonia followed.

“Why are you in such a hurry to go back? What if Mo Yunduan isn’t dead? Should we discuss how to deal with the witch first?”

No one paid any attention to Blackie. Blackie suddenly thought of something and exclaimed, “Oh no, they must be going to snatch Scroll of Imprisoned Gods, bronze chime, Divinity Source... How did I just react?”

Blackie rushed into the void space. There was still a faint trace of Power of Origin and divine power fluctuation inside.

The power of the void space was too mighty. In such a short time, everything seemed to be eroded and assimilated. It was difficult to preserve anything here.

Zhang Ruochen picked up a palm-sized corpse. It belonged to Mo Yunduan, but the divine blood inside had lost its divinity. The divine soul, spiritual power, and divine spirit had all been destroyed by Origin.

Xue Lingxian and Granny Begonia also found some body parts.

Xue Lingxian threw the body parts out and sighed. “She succeeded. The god has fallen. She’s an extraordinary woman.”

“Where’s the Divinity Source? Divinity Source doesn’t shatter, right?”

Blackie asked with concern. Then, he asked again, “What about Scroll of Imprisoned Gods?”

Granny Begonia said, “In that situation just now, Mo Yunduan didn’t have the time to self-detonate his Divinity Source. He can’t make such a big decision in a short time. The woman from the Enchanter Chamber should still be alive and has taken away his Divinity Source and Scroll of Imprisoned Gods.”

“What? Should we go after her now? She just used a forbidden technique. She must be frail now.” Blackie was unwilling to accept this suggestion.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “She left from the void space without leaving any trace. How can we chase her?”

“This witch is too meticulous. She deliberately used us to heavily injure Mo Yunduan. Moreover, she only used a forbidden technique after we were down. She took all the benefits and successfully escaped. Zhang Ruochen, you must go all out when you fight with her in the future. Don’t go soft on her or be seduced by her beauty,” Blackie said earnestly.

Blackie wanted to collect the god’s corpse fragments but was stopped by Zhang Ruochen.

A god had fallen, and the Scroll of Imprisoned Gods was lost. It was obvious that Fane of Death would be furious and investigate the matter thoroughly.

Carrying the broken god corpse fragment would lend them to him.

At that time, the gains would not make up for the losses.

Returning to the real world, Zhang Ruochen took out a Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, the Great Restoration Pill that Fane of Immortality had given him, and handed it to Granny Begonia.

Granny Begonia took the Sacred Pill and looked at it. She returned it to Zhang Ruochen and said decisively, “Cultivators of Kunlun’s field do not eat the healing pills of Infernal Court.”

She wasn’t targeting Zhang Ruochen. She deeply hated Infernal Court after experiencing the dark days of the end of the Middle Ages period.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t understand her mentality, but he respected her wishes.

Blood vessels grew on Granny Begonia’s seven-colored bones. Her body recovered quickly as her muscles and skin grew out. Her injuries didn’t improve, but she looked fine on the outside.

“Give it to me!”

Xue Lingxian didn’t treat herself as an outsider and spread her hands.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to say that he wasn't close to her, but she was a first-class existence below divinity. How embarrassed would she be if Zhang Ruochen didn't give the pills to her even when she asked for it.

Zhang Ruochen handed her the only pill he had with a smile. It was a Quasi Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, a Great Restoration Pill that he didn't bear to eat.

Xue Lingxian took it and swallowed it directly.

After taking it, the effect was immediate. Xue Lingxian's injuries healed quickly, her Qi and blood kept increasing, and her mental state improved.

Zhang Ruochen's face suddenly changed when he was about to take out Tensho Compass and give it to Granny Begonia. He saw a figure walking hundreds of feet silently away.

It was like a human walking in the air.

That was why it was so strange.

How could a mortal walk in the air?

What was even stranger was that Zhang Ruochen could only see two dragon horns on his head and not his face clearly. It was as if he was walking in another time and space.

Xin Lingxian and Granny Begonia bowed at the same time and said in unison, "Dragon Lord!"

Boom

Zhang Ruochen's mind was ringing, and his body shook.

Dragon Lord...

It was said that the matchless figure of Kunlun's field in the Middle Ages period was as influential as Saint Monk Xumi. Even after 100,000 years, his reputation was still intact. It was enough to make a god's expression change.

Was it really the Dragon Lord?

A mythical figure appeared in front of him.

Blackie swung its legs, trying to escape. However, its legs seemed to be fixed there. Why couldn't it step out?

There was no divine aura that could overwhelm all living things, no footsteps that could shake the space. There was only a figure that couldn't be seen clearly. It was tall and ordinary, mysterious and simple.

Zhang Ruochen understood many things. His heart was still beating violently, but his expression was the same. He bowed and asked, "Since the Dragon Lord is nearby, why didn't you kill the pseudo god?"

Everyone could hear the questioning in his tone.

"That's right."

The Dragon Lord looked at Zhang Ruochen with admiration. "Asurendra Samay came!"

Zhang Ruochen was stunned. "Asurendra Samay?"

"I used a divine spirit to scare him away. He probably thought that Hoth Emperor was warning him to dash. Unfortunately, I can't act before I save the Lord of Nephilim Island. Otherwise, he'd already be dead!"

The dragon lord continued, "His target is you. More accurately, it's Intergold Tiger. He didn't need to come personally if he wanted to kill you."

All the gods in Infernal Court knew that if they wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen, they had to get rid of Intergold Tiger first. It was best to force Intergold Tiger to use more power than the heavenly and earthly precepts allowed and die in the heavenly punishment. That way, no traces would be left behind.

Zhang Ruochen certainly knew the deep hatred between him and Asurendra Samay. The influence of Wargod Bloodximius, Fukurokuju, and Luo Yan could make other gods put down their enmity and stop targeting Zhang Ruochen.

But Asurendra Samay and Ghost Master were not among them.

The hatred was too deep!

If the Dragon Lord hadn't happened to be here, Zhang Ruochen doubted that he would have survived this disaster. Was Wargod Belt enough to stop Asurendra Samay's true form?

Zhang Ruochen realized that his situation was more dangerous than he had imagined.

"You are the descendant of a grandmaster and Saint Monk's successor. Your identity is too delicate. The better you perform, the more uneasy some gods in Infernal Court will be. Your situation will only get more dangerous," Dragon Lord said.

Zhang Ruochen understood that Dragon Lord wanted him to return to Kunlun's field.

"If you return to Kunlun, I can take you as my disciple and announce your identity to the myriad realms' gods. You don't have to tell me your decision now. Everything can wait until you save Lord of Nephilim Island. You will naturally not be criticized if the rescue is successful. You will return in triumph as the hero," Dragon Lord said.

Obviously, Dragon Lord intended to put all the credit for rescuing Lord of Nephilim Island on him to shut everyone up.

Zhang Ruochen thought profoundly and nodded. He took out Tensho Compass and handed it to the Dragon Lord.

Dragon Lord took Tensho Compass and looked at the Divine Artifact carefully. After a while, he took out a seven-inch-tall five-colored exquisite tower and threw it to Zhang Ruochen.

He said, "Asurendra Samay won't stop here. His body and Divinity Source have been shattered and he's not as powerful as he was in the Middle Ages. But, he's still a TrueGod in the Great Void Realm. Ordinary methods won't be able to stop him. This tower contains my power. Use it carefully."

"One of the ten great Divine Artifacts, Shenlong Chaos Tower of Sun and Moon," Blackie screamed while his eyes were about to pop out of his sockets.

“After saving Lord of Nephilim Island, I’ll take this tower back and return Tensho Compass to you.”

Dragon Lord grabbed Blackie and twisted him away.

“H-help! Someone save me...”

Blackie called for help, but it was useless. Who dared to attack Dragon Lord?

Zhang Ruochen could see that Dragon Lord wasn’t hostile to Blackie, so he didn’t stop him. Besides, it was useless to stop him.

In front of a big shot like Dragon Lord, even a god might not be qualified to speak to him.

Dragon Lord talked so much to Zhang Ruochen because of his identity as the descendant of Saint Monk Xumi and the Immovable Wisdom King. Besides that, Zhang Ruochen proved his talent and temperament.

Zhang Ruochen looked down at the five-colored tower in his hand. Thinking of what Blackie had just shouted, his scalp went numb, and his heart thundered.

The legendary Divine Artifact was just given to him like that?

What if he lost it?

How mighty was Dragon Lord’s power contained in the tower? Could he kill Asurendra Samay?

Zhang Ruochen didn’t feel excited. Instead, he felt a heavy pressure that made it hard for him to breathe. He thought, “Don’t be like this. I’m only a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. Why would you give such a world-suppressing Divine Artifact to me? I can’t afford to lose it.”

With great power comes great responsibility.

How could a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint bear such a huge responsibility?

The tower contained a portion of Dragon Lord’s power, but could it really be used?

Definitely not!

Before rescuing Lord of Nephilim Island, Dragon Lord couldn't make a move. His power couldn't be sensed by the gods of Infernal Court.

Zhang Ruochen could only use it if he really reencountered Asurendra Samay and was forced into a life-and-death situation.

Zhang Ruochen was holding an egg instead of a Divine Artifact. He carefully put it away, afraid it would fall to the ground.

When a Divine Artifact fell to the ground, it was said to be able to smash through a realm.

Why did Tensho Compass and Dragon God's Shenlong Chaos Tower of Sun and Moon didn't seem to hold such powerful energy?

...

Granny Begonia and Zhang Ruochen were on a cosmic rock.

"Granny, you don't have to persuade me. Actually, my mother hasn't told me anything. I'm staying in Infernal Court of my own will," Zhang Ruochen said.

Granny Begonia looked bitter. "Because of those two children?"

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a long time, "That may be one of the reasons, but... I don't know either. I just feel that it's the same everywhere. It's full of killing, darkness, and deceit. What's the difference between Kunlun and Infernal Court?"

"The world is like this. It's always been like this."

Granny Begonia said, "You're running away, aren't you? You don't dare to face Chi Yao..."

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to talk about this anymore, "Granny, can you tell me what happened 800 years ago? Where did father go? Why did he let mother wait in Endless Abyss alone for 800 years without showing up? Was he killed?"

"Chi Yao said that father was controlled by mother and became her puppet to control Shengming Central Empire and

Kunlun. I don't believe her. I believe you must know what happened that year. Don't lie to me and tell me the truth, okay?"

Granny Begonia sighed. Her old eyes were full of sorrow, "You have grown up. There are some things that you should know! In fact, no one was wrong. It's all the fault of the era. It's all the fault of this world."

Granny Begonia was a little tired. She sat down and said, "All of this started 100,000 years ago. No, it should have been even earlier. It was 300,000 years ago."

"Do you know what Celestial Court was called before?"

"Saint Realm," Zhang Ruochen said.

Granny Begonia nodded, "The heaven and earth Saint Qi in Saint Realm is dozens of times richer than Celestial Court now. There are saint veins and divine veins everywhere. Cultivators from all over the world can ascend to Saint Realm to cultivate as long as they become Demi-Saint."

"God knows how many influential people have been born in Saint Realm due to its excellent cultivation environment. Among them, the 20 most powerful ones are called the Twenty Devas."

"The Twenty Devas maintain the order of the universe and intimidate all the races in Infernal Court. The world is peaceful and prosperous. The landscapes were like a painting. There were so many heroes in the same era. It was the most beautiful time for all the cultivators who experienced that period."

"However, 300,000 years ago, a vast change occurred."

"The Twenty Devas went to accomplish something big. Logically speaking, any one of them could sweep across the galaxy and shake the universe with their cultivation bases. If the 20 of them worked together, what else could they not accomplish?"

"However, they failed. Only three people came back alive."

"This severely impacted the entire Saint Realm, and even myriad heavens. It represented the end of an era, the end of the

ancient era, and the arrival of the Middle Ages period.

“Perhaps it was because of the fall of the Twenty Devas, or perhaps there were other reasons. The various races of Infernal Court began to stir. They were no longer willing to stay in the milky way of styx. In the end, they started a war to destroy the world.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “The war between Celestial Court and Infernal Court began 300,000 years ago?”

“To be precise, there was no Celestial Court at that time. It was the war between Saint Realm and myriad heavens with Infernal Court. The outbreak of the war represented the beginning of the Middle Ages period.”

Granny Begonia continued, “At the beginning of the war, Infernal Court was actively engaged in the war. Fane of Darkness, Nether Clan, Ghosts, Bone Clan, Stone Clan, and Asura were there. They all wanted to grow in the slaughter and become more robust in the face of death. At that time, Fane of Destiny was still a neutral faction.

“Although Twenty Devas had fallen at that time, Saint Realm and the myriad heavens were still very powerful without a leader. It was difficult for Fane of Darkness and the five clans to gain an advantage in the war. The battle between the two sides also happened locally. It didn’t reach the stage of an all-out war.

“Until the change happened 100,000 years ago.”

Zhang Ruochen was entirely focused. He realized that what she was about to say would probably affect an era. It wasn’t any weaker than the fall of the Twenty Devas.

After all, the Middle Ages period ended 100,000 years ago.

“The great change 100,000 years ago nearly destroyed all the macroworlds in the vast universe. All living things almost died. I still remember that Kunlun turned into a fireball. The sky was filled with divine fire. It burned for three months. If it wasn’t for the Heavenly Lord, Saint Monk, Lord of Nephilim Island, and Dragon Lord fighting with all their might, Kunlun

might have been destroyed and turned into dead scorched earth.”

Granny Begonia thought back to the three months of fear and anxiety. The days where her heart was heavy worrying about the world’s destruction every day.

Zhang Ruochen felt shocked and depressed. He asked, “Who did it?”

Granny Begonia shook her head.

“What about three months later?” Zhang Ruochen asked again.

Granny Begonia stared at him. She said heavily, “Saint Realm, the heart of all realms was destroyed! A large number of gods have fallen. Countless saint-level cultivators have died. Fanes have collapsed, sacred mountains and divine veins have been destroyed. Divinity Bestowment Altar in Celestial Domain of Truth is one of the few ruins that has been preserved.”

Zhang Ruochen felt something stuck in his throat. His heart seemed to have shrunk into a ball.

After a long time, he exhaled and said, “Did Infernal Court destroy Saint Realm?”

Granny Begonia shook her head and said, “I don’t know. Maybe Dragon Lord and the others knew the truth, but they didn’t tell anyone. How could Infernal Court destroy Saint Realm, which was so powerful then?”

“Some people guessed this catastrophe was a continuation 300,000 years ago. It was caused by the Twenty Devas.”

“If it had something to do with the Twenty Devas, why did they take revenge 200,000 years later?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Granny Begonia shook her head again and said, “Even the top gods might not know such a secret.”

She continued, “After the catastrophe, the myriad realms of Celestial Court became weaker. They had to work together to resist Infernal Court and deal with the possible unknown strong enemies. Everyone realized they could no longer be like a pile of loose sand. They had to work together to tide over the crisis.

“Driven by the internal and external troubles, Celestial Court was established! Haotian, one of the Twenty Devas that survived in the past, became the Lord of the Celestial Court.

“After the catastrophe, all realms were terrified and tried to increase their strength at all costs.

“Saint Monk, the Heavenly Lord, and Dragon Lord might have known some secrets and were all awakened. They activated Sundial and helped all the cultivators of Kunlun to cultivate together in case they could not fight back when the next catastrophe came.

“It was during this period that a revolution occurred in Infernal Court.

“The chief of Yanluo Clan, who had always been the peacemaker, disappeared in the Abyss of Darkness.

“In Fane of Destiny, Life Reverend and Auspicious Reverend, who had always opposed the war, died mysteriously. Death Reverend and Ominous Reverend, who were in charge of the war, were in power. They also accused Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations and Saint Monk Xumi of Kunlun of killing the two deities.

“Therefore, to lead the ten races to take revenge on the myriad realms of Celestial Court, Fane of Destiny used the excuse that Kunlun wanted to rule the universe and destroy Infernal Court and used the death of the two deities to start the war. The fuse was lit, and an all-out war broke out between the myriad realms of Celestial Court and Infernal Court!”

Zhang Ruochen had heard the rumors about the leader of the Yanluo clan, the Life Reverend and Auspicious Reverend from Luo Sha. At that time, he had only thought of it as an internal conflict in the Infernal Court. He hadn't thought much about it.

However, he remembered the Saint Realm catastrophe and the scenario during that period when the conflict almost destroyed various myriad worlds.

The changes in the Infernal Court seemed very strange.

As far as he knew, although the Saint Realm had rejected the Infernal Court because of their different beliefs, they could only stay in the milky way of styx. However, some of the races in the Infernal Court still had a good relationship with the macroworld cultivators. They were not completely hostile to each other.

After such a big thing happened, the entire universe was in a state of panic. Was the Infernal Court not afraid at all? The first thing that came to their minds was actually declaring war against the Celestial Court.

Yan Huangtu once said that the Twenty Devas were likely to be the Twenty-four Devas, and the other four heavens were from the Infernal Court.

In other words, it was very likely that the Twenty-four Devas had gone and done that major event 300,000 years ago.

If the Saint Realm had been destroyed, it would have been a disaster caused by what they had done back then.

Wasn't the Infernal Court afraid of revenge from others?

Why hasn't anyone taken revenge against the Infernal Court yet?

The more Zhang Ruochen thought about it, the more he felt that it was strange. However, too much time had passed, and there were no clues. It wasn't reliable to guess anything based on the legends.

He continued listening to Granny Begonia.

Kunlun has been the most powerful world since ancient times, and it has been indestructible since forever. The third Confucius forefathers of the Path of Confucianism, was one of the Twenty Devas that participated in that event 300,000 years ago. Even Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations had once been his student.”

Hearing this secret news, Zhang Ruochen felt honored. He suppressed a smile, “There are three Paths of martial arts in the world,” he said. “The nine schools of thoughts all over the world, and with the Path of Confucianism being one of the three Paths of Kunlun, I think there must have been heaven-level figures in Confucianism.”

Granny Begonia said, “Before the third Confucius forefathers, about 10 Yuanhui periods ago, your Zhang family’s ancestor, the Immovable Wisdom King, was also one of the Twenty Devas of that era. He was even a Heavenlord.”

A Heavenlord? Zhang Ruochen asked.

Granny Begonia said, “The number one person within the Twenty Devas can be called a Heavenlord. There can be twenty Devas in every era, but only one Heavenlord.”

Zhang Ruochen gulped nervously. He hadn’t expected the Zhang family’s ancestor to be so terrifying. No wonder that a jade pendant he left behind could stop the possession of a god-like Asurendra Samay.

He was a Heavenlord and an honorable god.

Thinking about himself now, Zhang Ruochen suddenly felt like an unworthy descendant.

If the Immovable Wisdom King had his divine spirit remaining in the world and saw the Zhang family’s decline, then not even the coffin could contain him!

Even though Granny Begonia had never met the Immovable Wisdom King before, she had heard many legends about him. Kunlun was incredibly glorious in ancient times when the Immovable Wisdom King was around. Many macroworlds followed the lead of Kunlun.

She continued, “In every era, Kunlun occupied a place in the Twenty Devas. I’m telling you this because I want to tell you that even in the late Middle Ages, Kunlun was still mighty and had a strong foundation. It has all sorts of protective measures set up by heaven-grade characters in history. If it weren’t for the traitors and the dirty tricks from the Celestial Court, Kunlun might not have ended up in such a miserable state.

Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations, Bi Luozi, Saint Monk Xumi, Dragon Lord Jiwang... many gods of Kunlun had their whereabouts revealed in that battle. Many plots were against them, and they were either besieged or ambushed, so most died. Only a few managed to escape.

Zhang Ruochen knew about the traitors and the dirty tricks. He had heard the Moon Goddess talking about it.

Granny Begonia obviously didn’t know much about the dirty tricks. She only saw the surface of things.

Granny Begonia said, “The battle between Celestial and Infernal Court lasted for a thousand years. It started in Kunlun and ended in Kunlun. The passing of Saint Monk Xumi ended it, and the two sides signed a truce. The Middle Age is over!”

A universe-grade battle would last for a long time. It would not end in a few days.

The heaven-level figures in the history of Kunlun had left many defensive and offensive means in the starry sky outside the world, as well as countless Dimensional Trap and Array fortresses.

If the Infernal Court dared invade and managed to destroy Kunlun, they would suffer heavy casualties.

Who could pay such a price?

The Battle of Ten Thousand Realms had only been fought for a thousand years, which was quite a short period of time. The wars between secular countries could easily last for decades. (The Songmeng War and the Qingming War had been fought for decades.)

A truce agreement? Why did they sign a truce agreement? Zhang Ruochen asked.

Granny Begonia said, “Because both the Celestial and Infernal Courts suffered heavy losses in this war as more than half of the deities on both sides died. The Celestial Court’s subordinate worlds have been destroyed by over a thousand, and the war halted even the flow of the milky way of styx. Billions of planets with cultivators gathered on them were laid to waste. More than 10 trillion souls and creatures of the Infernal Court have died.”

It was hard for Zhang Ruochen to imagine how terrible the war of gods had been.

At least one macro world was destroyed in the Celestial Court every year.

Every year, millions of planets fall in the Infernal Court.

What kind of blood feud had been formed?

After thousands of years of war, the entire Celestial Court had suffered heavy losses and grew tired of war. Because there were so many worlds and so many forces, the internal conflicts of the Celestial Court multiplied quickly, and the Celestial Palace had no choice but to propose a truce to the Infernal Court.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Infernal Court just agreed like that?”

Many of the clans in the Infernal Court believe in death, war, and slaughter. However, there are also limits to everything because the dead souls will die too. They are also afraid of true death.

Granny Begonia continued, “During the battle against Saint Monk Xumi, many deities died in the Infernal Court. There were also big internal conflicts happening within. The conflicts intensified to the extent that the Fane of Destiny and the Fane of Darkness could not suppress them. If they continued to fight, there was a high chance that chaos would break out within the Infernal Court.”

The Fane of Destiny and the Fane of Darkness could only sign an agreement with the Celestial Court.

Because it was the Celestial Court that first proposed a truce. Furthermore, the Infernal Court's might was stronger. There were still a large number of gods who wanted to continue fighting. The Celestial Court was at a disadvantage when the truce was signed.

Zhang Ruochen said, "But the war is not over. The Celestial Court and the Infernal Court were still fighting on the Battlefield of Merits. The Infernal Court has not given up on the idea of exterminating all living things in the world."

Granny Begonia said, "When Saint Monk Xumi passed away, he used the last of his divine force to protect Kunlun. From then on, Kunlun was almost isolated from the Celestial Court and the Infernal Court. Therefore, everything about the armistice agreement was only known to me when I went to the Celestial Court and read the records. Only the elites who experienced that period would understand what exactly happened.

However, in the past 100,000 years, there have been few large-scale battles between the Celestial and Infernal Court. Even on the Battlefield of Merits, only cultivators below Supreme Saint were allowed to enter the realm to fight. The conflict was restricted only to those below the divinity level.

An armistice agreement could not restrain the dead spirits who thirsted for death and destruction, and some cultivators in the myriad of worlds in the Celestial Court could not possibly put down the blood feud in their hearts.

The two sides would definitely fight again, but the scale of the battle would be significantly reduced.

A hundred thousand years had passed, forming the current pattern of the War of Merit.

Only the deities knew the complete details of the armistice agreement.

Granny Begonia continued, “In the thousand years of war, nearly all the gods of Kunlun fell from above the clouds into the abyss. The world was riddled with holes from the battle, and Saint Monk Xumi used his last divine force to seal the holes in the world so that he could protect the few lucky survivors left in the world.”

Zhang Ruochen had many questions, so he asked. “After the Saint Monk died, the Celestial and Infernal Court signed a truce. Is that why the attacks on Kunlun by the various deities of the Infernal Court stopped?”

“Kunlun is the biggest world between the Celestial and Infernal Court. If Kunlun is destroyed, it’s the same as the gate being broken. Therefore, the Celestial Court naturally has to protect Kunlun,” Granny Begonia said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly and suddenly understood.

Saint Monk Xumi was very powerful, but there were also many powerful figures in the Infernal Court. They could break through the divine force protecting the realm if they wanted to attack Kunlun.

The only explanation was that the condition that deities of the Infernal Court must not continue to attack Kunlun was in the truce agreement.

The deities of Kunlun had nearly died out completely. They were no longer a threat to the underworld or Infernal Court.

It was like...

A dead world!

The only things left were the Divine Artifacts, cultivation techniques, and ancient artifacts of Kunlun... all these treasures.

Therefore, the Kunlun during that time was a treasury in the eyes of the Celestial and Infernal Court and not a world.

A treasury that could not be opened for the time being!

Once the treasury was opened, the battle between the Celestial and Infernal Court would continue. The war was something neither side wanted to happen.

It was Saint Monk Xumi who had placed a lock on the treasury, preventing cultivators from various places from entering easily.

One hundred thousand years later, that said lock had rusted and lost its functions.

Both the Celestial and Infernal Court had rested and recovered some of their vitality. Thus, they began to enter the treasury to raid the treasures within. Of course, some cultivators from the Celestial Court treated Kunlun as a fortress against the Infernal Court. They went to Kunlun as explorers, not as bandits.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What was the situation in Kunlun then?"

Granny Begonia said, "Nearly all deities have perished, and the Realm Root was cut off. The precepts of heaven and earth were damaged heavily in the battle of the gods, with the divine and holy veins exhausted and the Saint Qi of heaven and earth dispersed. All the divine and holy land were hidden by Saint Monk Xumi, who used the Power of Dimensions before he died. During that time, Kunlun welcomed the dark and chaotic era that lasted for tens of thousands of years.

"In the dark and chaotic era, the few remaining Supreme Saint elites died out completely."

"Because of the lack of the Realm Root and the deterioration of the cultivation environment, it was extremely difficult to reach the Saint Realm. One must be a talented genius among

thousands to reach the Supreme Saint realm. For example, that being the Destiny Emperor 70,000 years ago.”

“Or the ninth Emperor and the third Empress 800 years ago.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a bitter smile. He felt that the world was ridiculous beyond belief.

The gods of Kunlun had fallen. But the cultivators who survived didn’t seek unity to overcome the difficulties. Instead, they killed each other and fought without ceasing.

This was human nature!

It was like a country where all the leaders had died. There would definitely be chaos.

This was human nature!

Without the restriction of Precepts, all the greed and darkness of human nature would be released unbridled.

There was a limit to good.

There was no bottom line for evil.

Desire was like a sea of sin and like a bottomless abyss. It was monstrous and difficult to fill.

Who’s wrong was this?

No one was in the wrong. It was the wrong era and the fault of this generation.

To be born in such a great era, one could either cultivate to achieve divinity and use the power to suppress all living things to change everything while setting new Precepts. Or else one could only go with the flow and be pushed forward by the currents of the era.

However, without Precepts and the Realm Root severed, It meant that Kunlun could no longer produce gods.

Granny Begonia said, “The chaos in Kunlun and internal strife between the major forces and races lasted until 800 years ago. In the end, Empress Chi Yao used her absolute might to unite the human race and suppress the Hidden Barrens, which ushered in hundreds of years of prosperity. These past

hundreds of years are still not complete peace, but compared to before, they are much smaller conflicts.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at the starry sky and said emotionlessly, “I understand that only unification can bring stability. But is there no other peaceful way? Do you know how many massacres Chi Yao caused when she established the first central empire? How many innocent people who died tragically were displaced?”

“Unless deities come into being, there is no peaceful way to unify them,” said Granny Begonia.

Zhang Ruochen said, “At least the Shengming Central Empire and Central Chiqing Empire should not go to war. Father and Emperor Qing are best friends.”

“The emperor is only the leader of these two countries. He doesn’t represent the ministers and the people. It’s not easy to unify the thoughts of just two people. How can the thoughts of 10 thousand or 100 million people be unified? In history, there have never been two countries that have unified without war,” said Granny Begonia.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Is this the real reason Chi Yao killed me? She was only 14 years old at that time. Does she know about this?”

“That is certainly not the truth!”

Granny Begonia saw that Zhang Ruochen was very emotional, so she did not rush to continue.

Zhang Ruochen calmed down and said, “Have all the gods of Kunlun really fallen and not a single one survived? Why is the Dragon Lord still alive then? Why didn’t he come out to take charge of the situation?”

Granny Begonia said, “No one knows that the Dragon Lord is still alive. Moreover, the Dragon Lord is only half a cultivator of Kunlun. Even if he is still alive, everyone thinks he has returned to the Celestial Dragon Realm. How could he stay in the dilapidated Kunlun? In fact, the Dragon Lord was severely injured in the war of gods 100,000 years ago. His divine force was almost exhausted, and he has slept ever since.”

“Perhaps there are other gods in Kunlun who are still alive but can’t show themselves.”

“Why?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Granny Begonia stared at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Because of the Infernal Court, the underworld, and the traitors?”

“That’s right! You should also know that cultivators in the underworld can still enter Kunlun through the hole in the world. However, there will be a big restriction to their cultivation,” Granny Begonia said.

Zhang Ruochen naturally knew this.

Lord Ming and the Blood Empress of the Immortal Vampire had entered Kunlun through the hole in the world.

He had also met the Deathkin cultivators on Xianji Mountain.

There was even the Soul-Devouring Lamp, the Divine Artifact of the Infernal Court. The legends of Kunlun told that its presence forced all the vessel spirits of Supreme Artifact and Divine Artifact to hide away.

The battle between Kunlun and the Infernal Court never stopped.

Zhang Ruochen suspected that the reason for Kunlun’s dark and chaotic era was closely related to the cultivators of the Infernal Court.

Granny Begonia said, “If the news of the existence of deities in Kunlun spreads to the Infernal Court and Celestial Court, will they still treat Kunlun as a dead world or a treasure trove? They will think that Kunlun is dead, but not completely. They will take revenge in the future without giving Kunlun any time.”

“The Infernal Court can sit still, but so can the underworld.”

“There’s no need to wait for 100,000 years. Kunlun might have been destroyed 90,000 years before that.”

“In 100,000 years, we’ll get to see a new Realm Root to achieve divinity and for the Dragon Lord to wake up. Those

deities who might have survived will also need 100,000 years to recuperate and recover their divine force.”

“If we save the Island Lord, then the future of Kunlun can be much anticipated by us.”

Zhang Ruochen laughed self-mockingly and said, “So, in order to steal 100,000 years of time, you only started planning 800 years ago to unify Kunlun? And the chosen one is Chi Yao, right?”

Granny Begonia said, “You are our first choice.”

“What did you say?” Zhang Ruochen was slightly shocked.

Granny Begonia said, “There are many people in Kunlun in deep sleep who have been left behind from the Middle Ages. A few already woke up thousands of years ago—for example, your father’s master, Master Yuanfa of the Liangyi Sect.

“Almost all of these awakened people are elites in the Supreme Saint category. They haven’t shown up yet, but they have started to take charge of the overall situation and cultivate scions who can appear in the open.

“You know of the Immortal Vampire Secrets, right? They developed it to deal with the Immortal Vampires specifically. Of course, it could also be developed by the deities of the Middle Age and coincidentally happen to be in their hands.”

Zhang Ruochen suddenly realized something.

The Immortal Vampire Secrets recorded things like the “Blood Suppressant Talisman.”

The Blood Suppressant Talisman at a Supreme Saint level could suppress the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires.

Back then, Emperor Ming had announced that the Immortal Vampire Secrets had been developed by Shangguan Que and a group of saints from the Central Shengming Empire. Zhang Ruochen had always been suspicious of that.

Now, he was relieved!

Granny Begonia said, “Back then, you were more gifted than Chi Yao, so they chose you to unify Kunlun. But... the fact

that you have half of the Immortal Vampire's bloodline was exposed by that."

The atmosphere instantly became tense.

Granny Begonia didn't continue, but Zhang Ruochen could already imagine what had happened.

Kunlun and the Infernal Court had a deep hatred mutually, especially for those that had awakened from the Middle Ages. The two sides were like fire and water, and their hatred was as deep as the sea.

The person they had chosen came from the bloodline of the Immortal Vampire. What was that supposed to mean?

The grand emperor of the Central Shengming Empire could come in contact with the mysterious figures of Kunlun, but the person next to him was the Blood Empress of the Immortal Vampires. Kunlun was about to face destruction at any moment.

The Blood Empress was doomed to die.

The vile spawn of the Immortal Vampires had to die too.

Granny Begonia said, "Now you understand your father's situation, right? He had no choice but to kill your mother. If he didn't do anything, then Master Yuanfa and the others would act. In the end, your father pushed your mother into the Endless Abyss."

"You should have died too. Your father pleaded for your life, but it was useless. The hatred between the cultivators of Kunlun and the Immortal Vampires is too deep!"

Zhang Ruochen fell into a deep silence. After a long time, he asked, "Why am I alive then?"

"It was Saint Monk Xumi who had arrived in the future who saved you. He said that the youngest son didn't know evil and couldn't be condemned because of his bloodline. Those who were good to him were buddhas, and those who were evil were devils. True hell is in the heart, not in the Infernal Court."

"After that, I didn't know what happened clearly. When I got the news again, it was already during the fall of the Central

Shengming Empire. I was furious at that time because I had promised a deity of the Zhang family during the Middle Ages to protect the Zhang family.”

Granny Begonia said, "I have been to the sacred Shengming City and met with Emperor Qing. I also met with some of the survivors of the Central Shengming Empire. After talking with the poor and cultivators of the various forces, the more I learned, the more frustrated I felt. In the end, I silently returned to the Sword Pavilion."

Next, Granny Begonia recounted what happened at that time. It was similar to what Chi Yao had said at Mount Yueshen.

Emperor Ming didn't know the identity of the Blood Empress at first.

After the Blood Empress became the Empress, she controlled more than half of the imperial court of the Central Shengming Empire through Kong Lanyou's grandfather, Kong Shangling. Some councilors had their blood sucked dry by the Immortal Vampires and transformed. The Blood Empress herself directly controlled a few through the mind.

The entire Central Shengming Empire, from the imperial court to the bottom, had been completely eroded by the Immortal Vampires. It was impossible to tell who was an Immortal Vampires, who listened to the Immortal Vampires, and who was loyal to Shengming.

When he heard this, Zhang Ruochen was calm from the beginning to the end.

He knew that most of what Granny Begonia said was true.

Because the Blood Empress had her own standpoint. She was an Immortal Vampire. She came to Kunlun to represent the Infernal Court and the interests of the Immortal Vampires.

Moreover, the Blood Empress must have that kind of skill and capability.

The disciple of the Blood Empress, Qiu Yichi, was good at the "Path of the Mind" and the "Soul Bewitching Blood Art."

Qiu Yichi, who was merely a saint, was able to control the Sect of the Blood God and the Black Dragon Ruins Realm right under Yan Liren's eyes.

After breaking through and becoming a Saint King, she became the number one target on the Saint King murderer bounty list. She was known as the “Beguiler Demon” and controlled many elites with the Path of the Mind.

As for her, she was only the disciple of the Blood Empress.

As a first-class figure among the Supreme Saint, how profound was the Path of the Mind and the Soul Bewitching Blood Art mastery of the Blood Empress?

Even the crown prince’s tutor, Shangguan Que, was under her control. Zhang Ruochen naturally didn’t find it strange that she controlled other people in the imperial court.

In all aspects, Zhang Ruochen felt that the Blood Empress had surpassed Emperor Ming.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen also believed that the Blood Empress might have approached Emperor Ming in the beginning to control him, the Central Shengming Empire, and even start a war to control the entirety of Kunlun.

But later, they must have had a deep relationship.

If they had no feelings for the other, the Blood Empress would never have born a child for Emperor Ming with her personality. She would only treat him as a puppet like a Blood Captive.

Granny Begonia said, “After Emperor Ming disappeared, Kong Shangling allied with a large number of councilors and took over the government at a speed that no one had time to respond to, and entered the imperial palace of Emperor Ming.”

“At that time, the head of the Murong Family, Murong Chengde, was one of the three chancellors. He was an official of the Grand Tutor, and he led a group of councilors to cursed Kong Shangling for his rebellious actions and usurping the throne. He argued that a member of the Zhang family should be the new Emperor Ming. Unfortunately, he was suppressed and persecuted by Kong Shangling. No one knows how many people died.

“Later, when the great army of the Central Chiqing Empire invaded the Shengming Imperial City, the Murong Family and

councilors fought until the last moment. Unfortunately, there was no turning back. In the end, they had no choice but to retreat. Some hid in the demonic plains of the Eastern Region, while others fled into the Hidden Barrens or went far away to the primitive world in the outer realms.

“Maybe Chi Yao and Emperor Qing just wanted to exterminate the Immortal Vampires and the people controlled by the Blood Empress. However, war has always been uncontrollable. Once it breaks out, it will inevitably hurt the innocent and create infinite hatred. With hatred, more evil, darkness, and slaughter will spread. No one can stop it.”

“The Emperor can’t stop that, and neither can gods!”

“The emperor is just like the trunk of a tree. No matter how the trunk shakes, it can’t shake off the dust on every leaf.”

“In war, more innocent people die than those who deserve to die.”

“You tell me, who is right and wrong?”

“I still don’t understand this question even till now. Maybe the root of the problem is the incident 300,000 years ago. It’s the fault of the era, the fault of the entire world.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were neither sad nor happy. He said, “Where are the Zhang family’s disciples? Since Granny is the guardian of the Zhang family, you can’t just watch them be killed indifferently, right?”

“Do you know why I silently went back to the Sword Pavilion at the end?” asked Granny Begonia.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Could it be the Zhang family’s disciples...”

Granny Begonia nodded and said, “Most of the Zhang family’s disciples have already left Kunlun. They went to the Zhuque Ruins Realm under the lead of the eldest princess, your aunt.”

“I see.”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes. His heart was full of mixed feelings. He felt empty, confused, and troubled.

Whose fault was it?

The fault of the Blood Empress?

Emperor Ming's fault?

The fault of those that had awakened in Kunlun?

The fault of Chi Yao and Emperor Qing?

...

However, in the context of that era, everyone had no choice but to do what they should do the most. Looking from their respective standpoints, they are both right and wrong.

These emotions only lasted for a moment before he drove them away.

When he opened his eyes again, Zhang Ruochen's expression had sharpened, and he said, "Everyone knows the major principles. But who can feel at ease when certain things occur to them? I can't be like that for sure."

Granny Begonia didn't say much because she understood that what happened back then was unfair to Zhang Ruochen. He had suffered far too much.

His father was indecisive and incompetent, while his mother was a disaster for Shengming. Both of them had been heavily criticized by the public, where he learned of the truth.

His heart must be in more pain than before.

Somebody having half of the bloodline from Kunlun with the other half from the Infernal Court were sins in themselves. They were neither accepted by Kunlun nor the Infernal Court.

It wasn't easy for him to change his fate and live his second life as an actual human. He was about to become the supporting force of Kunlun and the hero that saved the world; at that time where most cultivators would accept him.

However, he was forced to merge with his body from his previous life and become half-human and half-Immortal Vampire again.

It was as if he was being played with by fate while tortured and could never escape from the palm of fate.

He was like a chess piece on a chessboard. Some wanted him to go east, while others wanted him to go west. Even if he changed his fate, he still had to return to the trajectory of fate in the end.

Zhang Ruochen pointed to the sky, “Even if the destruction of the Central Shengming Empire was inevitable, and even if Saint Monk Xumi changed my fate and turned me into a real human, why was it Chi Yao who killed me in the past?”

“I don’t know.”

Granny Begonia shook her head and said, “You can only ask her about this question.”

Zhang Ruochen had already asked Chi Yao this question, but there was no answer.

Compared to Chi Yao, his cultivation was too low!

Unless his cultivation surpassed hers, then he might be able to force out a result if it was like that.

...

On the cosmic rock, Zhang Ruochen sat quietly all by himself. He did not move as if he had become one with the stone.

Three days later.

Blackie flew onto the rock with a mournful expression and sat next to Zhang Ruochen. He said, “There are some truths that I would rather not know. After knowing, it makes people so miserable.”

Zhang Ruochen felt he had found someone in the same boat. He asked with concern, “What truth have you known?”

“My past history.” Blackie’s tone was sorrowful.

Indeed, they were in the same boat together.

Zhang Ruochen patted its wings and said, “Don’t be sad. No matter how painful it is, we can overcome anything. These sufferings only temper our hearts to be stronger. Now you

might as well tell me what is troubling you. It may be better if you speak it out loud.”

“Really?”

Blackie looked at Zhang Ruochen with eager eyes.

Zhang Ruochen suppressed the pain in his heart and tried to squeeze out a bright smile. He nodded at Blackie with an encouraging look.

Blackie sighed, “The Dragon Lord said he is my mother’s best friend and asked me to call him uncle in the future. If I meet a deity against me, I can directly report that name to him.”

Pffft!

Zhang Ruochen felt like he had been stabbed.

How many cultivators dreamed of having a figure like the Dragon Lord as an uncle? Why were you so sad about it?

Were you showing off?

Blackie said again, “The Dragon Lord said that the Hoth Emperor is my father. I can go to him directly if there’s trouble in the Infernal Court. Do you think I can endure this?”

Pfffft!

Zhang Ruochen felt like he had been stabbed again.

The Hoth Emperor was such an influential figure. Even though he had been imprisoned, he was still powerful and influential.

Not only did he find his father, but he also had such a powerful father. Why couldn’t he endure it?

Blackie continued, “The Dragon Lord said that the Lord of Nephilim Island is my mother’s master, and she is the disciple that he is most proud of. She was once one of the most powerful divine Array Masters and hoped to become the Grand Supreme Array Master.”

Pfffffft!

The third stab.

I’m just trying to comfort you. Why are you doing this to me?

Zhang Ruochen felt that Blackie was deliberately trying to anger him. Finally, he couldn't help it and wanted to fight.

Let's fight to our heart's content.

"The Dragon Lord said that my mother is dead!" Blackie said weakly at his shoulder.

Zhang Ruochen put his hand down. He didn't know how to comfort it, so he patted its wings lightly and said, "I'm sorry for your loss!"

Blackie hated the Immortal Vampires as much as he did. It couldn't be delighted to know that its father was a deity of the Immortal Vampires.

"Sorry for what? I was still young when she died, so I don't remember her at all. What's there to be sorry for?" Blackie cried loudly and patted its chest.

Zhang Ruochen understood that feeling well. It wasn't acting.

It said this either because it was stubborn or trying to make Zhang Ruochen understand that everything could be taken lightly.

The past was not something they could decide.

However, the future was uncertain.

Zhang Ruochen looked up and saw the Dragon Lord, Xue Lingxian, and Granny Begonia walking over.

He stood up, cupped his fists, and said, "Dragon Lord!"

"How do you feel now that you know the truth?" The Dragon Lord asked.

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly. "It's okay."

"I see that you can still smile. It seems like it's okay."

The Dragon Lord put his hands behind his back and asked, "Kunlun or the Immortal Vampires, you will have to make a choice. Stand firmly on one side, or you'll suffer more in the future. People who want to have it both ways often don't have it both ways."

"I will consider this seriously," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Dragon Lord laughed and said, “No matter what choice you make in the future, at least for now, you have helped Kunlun greatly in saving the Island Lord. I will lend you my hand too!”

“What do you mean by that, Dragon Lord?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Dragon Lord said, “Show me your Saintwill.”

Zhang Ruochen had already fused six of the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. They represented the Palm Saintwill of Yang, the Fist Saintwill of Yin, and the five elements of gold, wood, water, and earth.

Only the fire Saintwill had not been fused.

Zhang Ruochen knew that the Dragon Lord would teach him how to cultivate the Saintwill. Naturally, he was delighted. After all, even deities were eager to receive guidance from the top elites in the universe.

The Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill manifested itself. A five-hued light appeared on Zhang Ruochen's body. The chaotic energy spread in all directions, and the surrounding space seemed to become a part of the chaos. The Yin-yang of heaven and earth split into two.

Whoosh

A faint yin-yang Taiji Mark appeared and rotated slowly. Inside, it contained the most wonderful truth in the world.

Granny Begonia, Xue Lingxian, and Blackie were all in Kunlun. Through the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms projection, they had seen Zhang Ruochen use this type of Saintwill on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

However, watching from the side, they felt completely different.

"This is a combination of six Saintwills!" Xue Lingxian's eyes showed a hint of surprise.

Blackie stepped back and said, "Why do I feel that he is absorbing everything in the world? The Precepts of Dimension and Time have become a little strange. That is quite strange indeed. However, his Saintwill doesn't combine the Dimension and Time Saintwill!"

Granny Begonia looked happy and said, "After combining six types of Saintwill, he must have reached the Grade Two level. Maybe the Zhang family could be able to become glorious again under his leadership in the future."

After practicing once, Zhang Ruochen stopped and looked at the Dragon Lord.

The Dragon Lord said, "Practice it again."

Zhang Ruochen immediately practiced again. This time, he merged the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill and the Dragon-Tiger Prajna Strike into one and lashed out as an attack.

Xue Lingxian and Granny Begonia were surprised.

By combining these types of Saintwill, the attack was too strong. With this, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm could win against a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint.

The Dragon Lord said, "Let's do it again."

Zhang Ruochen continued to practice it again and again.

After practicing it seven times, the Dragon Lord said meaningfully, "Do you want to walk the path of the Grade One Saintwill?"

"Does the Dragon Lord also think that this is a dead end?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Dragon Lord didn't answer him. Instead, he stood dozens of feet away and reached out a hand. His hand pierced through space and touched Zhang Ruochen's forehead.

Boom

Instantly, Zhang Ruochen lost his balance and fell into a sea of Chaos. He arrived at the beginning of time and space before everything was born. The scene before him was undefined, boundless, and in eternal silence.

The next moment.

Zhang Ruochen trembled, then he was pulled back and found himself standing on the cosmic rock.

Everything just now was so real.

But after returning, he felt like he was in a dream.

The Dragon Lord had already withdrawn his hand, "As expected, you are the Master of Time and Space. Old Monk

Xumi passed down his Path to you,” he continued. “You, on the other hand, practice the Immovable Wisdom King’s Trāyastriṃśa. From a useless body, you have cultivated it to the innate Acquired Five-Element Chaotic Body. Why did that happen?”

The Dragon Lord seemed to be asking questions but also looked like he was talking to himself.

“Time and space, five elements, chaos, Yin and Yang...”

After a long while, the Dragon Lord suddenly seemed to understand something. He lost his composure somewhat and laughed, then he asked, “Zhang Ruochen, you’ve reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Have you made up your mind about the future?”

“This chaotic and cruel universe needs a new order!” Zhang Ruochen replied.

With this sentence, the Dragon Lord understood everything and said. “If you have such a vision, then it doesn’t matter whether you choose Kunlun or the Immortal Vampires!”

After saying that, he laughed again. “Old Monk Xumi is still the best.”

Zhang Ruochen knew that his achievements were closely related to Saint Monk Xumi, but he didn’t understand the Dragon Lord’s words.

“Dragon Lord, could you give me some advice on how to break through the perfection of the Yin Yang Five-Element?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Advice?”

The Dragon Lord shook his head and said, “Human follows land, land follows sky, and sky follows Daoism. Man, Earth, Heaven, and Dao. You already have the first three. All you need is the last Dao!”

“When you understand your Dao, you won’t be far from success! I can see that your state of mind is changing, and you are not far from comprehending the Dao. I hope that you won’t

disappoint Old Monk Xumi. Even I am looking forward to that day.”

Blackie muttered, “Is there a need to be so exaggerated? I have already comprehended the Dao long ago!”

The Dragon Lord glanced at it and said, “Come with me later.”

Blackie was stunned. “Huh?”

“You have to face what you have to face eventually,” the Dragon Lord said.

Blackie shook his head hard.

Zhang Ruochen fell into deep thought. The person the Dragon Lord was talking about should be his heart, which was his vision of the future.

The earth should be the body, the Five-element Chaos.

The sky should be referring to his identity as the Master of Time and Space. Space would be the sky.

But what was Dao?

Could it be the Path or Deva Path?

“I can’t help you with the cultivation of Saintwill, but I can help you improve your spiritual power.”

The Dragon Lord opened his palm. A shimmering ball of dark blue flame floated up.

“This is a wisp of origin divine Dragonfire from my heart. It can help you refine the distracting thoughts in your spiritual power, allowing you to make your spiritual power purer and advance faster.”

“Thank you, Dragon Lord.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t refuse. He held the origin divine Dragonfire.

Along the way, Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power could quickly rise to the 66th class mainly because he had refined sacred pills and absorbed the Heart of the Divine Tree. There were many corrupted practices he had done.

The Dragon Lord probably saw this, so he gave him a wisp of the origin divine Dragonfire.

With this wisp of origin divine Dragonfire, Zhang Ruochen was more confident that he could raise his spiritual power to the 69th level in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. This would lay a solid foundation for him to cultivate Grade One Saintwill.

“If you want to walk the path of the Grade One Saintwill, you must not forget about time and space. Go!”

The Dragon Lord finished his last sentence and turned to leave. He seemed very free and at ease.

Surprisingly, Blackie took the initiative to catch up.

Blackie caught up to the Dragon Lord and smiled, “Uncle, I’ve been locked in the Sacred Qiankun Wooden Picture Scroll for 100,000 years by that old donkey Xumi, and my spirit has been improved till its very strong. I’m only one step away from my spiritual power achieving divinity, and it only lacks some of the origin divine Dragonfire. How do you see it?”

“Uncle, do you think our relationship is much closer than that of Zhang Ruochen? Is there anything better besides the divine Dragonfire?”

...

Both the figures of the Dragon Lord and Blackie gradually disappeared into the distance.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the Xue Lingxian and Granny Begonia in surprise. “Aren’t the both of you going with the Dragon Lord?”

“We can’t intervene in such a big matter like rescuing the Island Lord, and we can only help from the side. In any case, you’re the leader of the Sect of the Blood God. You’re my junior, and you also gave me a Great Restoration Pill. If there is any trouble in the Fane of Origin, just send me a message,” said the Xue Lingxian.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You’re going to the Fane of Origin too? I understand it now!”

The moment he asked this question, Zhang Ruochen instantly understood. The so-called helping from the side might be a diversion to draw the attention of the Infernal Court to the Fane of Origin.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "There's no need to wait. I have something to ask of you now."

What a joke. How could he eat the Great Restoration Pill for free?

Xue Lingxian did not expect Zhang Ruochen to be so rude.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the stone sword in his hand and said, "I would like to comprehend the Wordless Sword Manual for a while."

"I can't make that decision!"

Xue Lingxian stared at Granny Begonia and threw the stone sword toward her.

Granny Begonia caught the stone sword with a hint of hesitation in her eyes. It wasn't that she didn't trust Zhang Ruochen, but the Wordless Sword Manual was of great importance. If she lost it, she would be the greatest sinner of the entire Kunlun.

"Forget it. I'm just joking. I wouldn't dare to take such an important thing." Zhang Ruochen didn't want to make things difficult for Granny Begonia.

Granny Begonia placed the stone sword in front of him and said, "This sword is the source of Swordsmanship in the world. It is one of the most important inheritances of Kunlun. You mustn't lose it."

"Don't worry, Granny. I will take good care of it."

Zhang Ruochen held the stone sword carefully.

Zhang Ruochen knew that it would be challenging for him to cultivate Grade One Saintwill. It was almost impossible to succeed in a short time.

However, he had the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Perhaps he could try to practice Swordsmanship Saintwill first.

Of course, his goal was not the Grade Four Swordsmanship Saintwill but the Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill that no one had ever successfully cultivated since ancient times. That is why the Wordless Sword Manual was very important to him.

Fortunately, the Wordless Sword Manual was guarded by Granny Begonia. Otherwise, he would not be able to be in his current position. If it were someone else, who would lend it to him?

Granny Begonia shook her head and sighed softly. Then she took out five more scrolls and handed them to him, saying, "Some legendary figures in Kunlun left behind these scrolls. Perhaps they could assist you."

"I will remember your kindness in my heart," Zhang Ruochen said.

Granny Begonia snorted lightly and said, "Who asked you to be the descendant of that person? I owe the Zhang family."

Zhang Ruochen was a little interested and asked, "Who is Granny referring to?"

"A dead person."

There was a hint of anger in Granny Begonia's tone.

Seeing that Granny Begonia did not seem to elaborate, Zhang Ruochen asked another question in his heart. He asked, "How many years have Granny lived exactly? Ruochen does not mean to be disrespectful. I'm just curious about it."

Granny Begonia said, "Counting since I was born, I've lived for four Yuanhui periods! From that time, I was tricked by that dead b*stard of the Zhang Family and became the vessel spirit of the Sword Pavilion. Two Yuanhui periods had already passed. However, I've only cultivated my physical body for 20,000 years."

Zhang Ruochen was stunned. He did not expect Granny Begonia could have such a complicated life as a begonia flower.

She was a plant, a vessel spirit, and had cultivated her own body.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Did you cultivate the body to avoid the Yuanhui Tribulation?”

“For plants, the Yuanhui Tribulation is not so difficult to overcome,” replied Granny Begonia.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Then why?”

“It’s fine to tell you because the Sword Pavilion is only one step away from becoming the eleventh Divine Artifact of Kunlun. The last step is the vessel spirit achieving divinity,” said Granny Begonia.

...

The disastrous defeat of the Fane of Destiny had caused the reputation of Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, Ji Fanxin, to spread far and wide.

The powerhouses of the various major powers of the Infernal Court obeyed the orders of the Fane of Destiny and gathered in the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt. They set up an inescapable net and quietly waited for Ji Fanxin to come and accept her death.

Lu Baitou of the Fane Barasingha was a human-shaped creature. He looked to be in his thirties or forties, but his hair was white. His pair of crimson eyes were like two pools of blood. They were deep and ferocious.

Above his head, there was a talisman.

A Heaven-concealing Talisman.

Only the Divination Division could create such a talisman. By activating it, it could cover up all the aura and secrets of the heavens on the Supreme Saint's body and hide it without a trace.

Standing beside Lu Baitou was Shan Qiu of the Fane of Death. Above his head, there was also a Heaven-concealing Talisman.

Both Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu were famous figures. They had slain more than ten Supreme Saints of the Celestial Court.

It was precisely because they fought in the Battlefield of Merits all year round that not only were their cultivations powerful, but they were also extremely cautious. That was why they became two outposts and hid here.

They had been waiting for almost half a month, but there was no sign of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace or Ji Fanxin.

Lu Baitou's patience had been completely worn out. He snorted. "Ji Fanxin isn't stupid. She knows that the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt has gathered many powerhouses who want to kill her. Why would she come? If I were her, I would return to Hoth or hide."

Shan Qiu's eyes revealed a smile. He said, "We are wasting our time by staying here. However, Scion Xing Luo firmly believes that Ji Fanxin will come and throw her life away. He

has already spoken, so we naturally can only continue to wait.”

Lu Baitou said, “Ji Fanxin is just a minor figure. There’s no need to mobilize so many people. In my opinion, the deaths of the Fane of Destiny’s powerhouses, such as Lord Wu Yue and the Zionwraith, are most likely due to another reason. It’s said that the internal strife within the Fane of Destiny is quite intense.”

“When has the old and new been replaced by a bloody storm within the Fane of Destiny? If the new Scioness wants to take power, she must kill her enemies. Scion Xing Luo was born in a Nether Clan, so it’s normal for him to lend her a helping hand. After all, gods don’t care about the fights in the secular world. As long as their methods are powerful enough, maybe the gods will like them more,” Shan Qiu said.

Lu Baitou said in a low voice, “It’s said that Zhang Ruochen is also involved.”

Shan Qiu sneered. “Zhang Ruochen thinks that he can do whatever he wants in the Infernal Court because he has the support of Wargod Xue Jue and Fukurokuju. It’s a pity he’s so close to the cultivators of the Celestial Court. He’s courting death. Just wait and see. There’s no place for him in the Infernal Court.”

“There’s no point in staying here. Why don’t we report this to the higher-ups and go to the Royal City of Hundred Clans? Suppose the Fane of Origin really appears in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. In that case, we’ll be able to take advantage of it immediately,” Lu Baitou said.

Shan Qiu was a disciple of a god of the Fane of Death, and he was a Divine Envoy. A very noble individual.

But now, he had been reduced to an outpost to deal with Ji Fanxin. He had been furious for a long time. When he heard Lu Baitou’s suggestion, he naturally agreed to it several times.

Just as the two were about to leave, they sensed a powerful Path ripple approaching from afar.

“What speed. It’s at ten thousand times the speed of sound.”
Lu Baitou’s face changed.

“Is Ji Fanxin here?”

The two immediately hid carefully. They took out their Communication talismans and were ready to spread the news anytime.

...

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen activated the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light. With every passing moment, he could fly 10,000 miles. Like a meteor, he streaked across the dark and empty universe.

He held Gong Nanfeng, the size of a bean, in his palm.

It had been ten days since Zhang Ruochen separated from Xue Lingxian and Granny Begonia. He rushed with all his might and finally entered the starfield where the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt was located.

He slowed down and stopped. He said to Gong Nanfeng in his palm, “It’s very calm. Bai Qing’er shouldn’t have reached here yet. Otherwise, once the battle breaks out, this space will already be filled with the chaotic aura of the Path.”

“Do you think she died at the hands of the pseudo god?” Gong Nanfeng’s tone was cold.

Zhang Ruochen told Gong Nanfeng that the pseudo god of the Fane of Death had come to take the Tensho Compass and the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. He had fought with Bai Qing’er and escaped in the chaos.

Gong Nanfeng could predict everything in the world. It wasn’t easy to lie to him.

However, the Dragon Lord had covered up everything about Granny Begonia and Xue Lingxian. No matter his divination’s power, he could only predict that Mo Yunduan had reached that area.

Therefore, he believed Zhang Ruochen’s words without a doubt.

“Who in the world can defy the heavens and kill a God? Bai Qing’er may be strong, but when she was attacked by a god...”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly.

“If a god interferes with the mortal world with his true form, he is trampling on the rules of the Fane of Destiny. Mo Yunduan must be punished,” said Gong Nanfeng.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Bai Qing’er is too strong. She killed wantonly in the Infernal Court. Understandably, a god would attack her.

“This is one thing, and that is another. Since the rules have been made, no one can break them.”

Gong Nanfeng cut straight to the point and said, “Brother Ruochen, have you thought about it? The purpose of the Fane of Death might not be to kill Bai Qing’er but to take the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and steal the Fane of Origin for themselves.

“It’s possible he wants to kill you and me together and take all treasures and the Tensho Compass from you. However, he underestimated your and Bai Qing’er’s strength.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “It’s impossible, isn’t it?”

“How is it impossible?”

Gong Nanfeng said with certainty, “Xing Luo and the others have already set up a killing scheme in the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt. No matter how strong Bai Qing’er was, she would die if she went. Under such circumstances, why did the god of the Fane of Death disregard the rules set by the Fane of Destiny and attack before everyone else?

“The god of Fane of Death took such a big risk. How could they just avenge the Fane of Destiny and kill Bai Qing’er? Besides, the god of Fane of Destiny didn’t even attack. Why would the god of Fane of Death be so radical?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded, “I think your analysis makes sense. At that time, Mo Yunduan was indeed aggressive and hostile toward me. Fortunately, Bai Qing’er was strong enough, so I

found a chance to escape. Even the gods didn't care about their dignity. I'm in more and more danger now!

"There's something even more serious. My connection to the Tensho Compass has disappeared!" "It seems that either Bai Qing'er or Mo Yunduan have refined the vessel spirit of the Tensho Compass." "I am the sinner of the Fane of Destiny for losing the Divine Artifact." Gong Nanfeng was frustrated and blamed himself.

Zhang Ruochen comforted him. "At least we know that the Divine Artifact must be with them. We still have a chance to get it back."

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. He used the Great Dimensional Shift and disappeared from where he was.

BOOM!

A spiral-shaped artifact flew past where he had been standing just now. It pierced the space and made a series of explosive sounds.

"Who is it? Show yourself!"

Zhang Ruochen revealed himself dozens of miles away. He threw Gong Nanfeng over with his left hand and spread out his right fingers. He pushed them out gently in one direction.

The space in front of his palm broke apart automatically, forming dozens of cracks.

WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

Dozens of Dimensional Rifts flew out like knives.

The rifts grew bigger and bigger.

"The Dimensional Rifts are flying so fast!"

"How did he find us?"

Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu looked at each other. They rushed to the left and right to avoid the Dimensional Rifts.

With their cultivation, they could naturally deal with ordinary Dimensional Rifts. However, the Dimensional Rifts Zhang Ruochen had created had Marks of Time. Their speed

increased dramatically, and their power could cut through everything in the world.

Gong Nanfeng had already turned into the size of a normal person. He shouted, “Lu Baitou, Shan Qiu, what are you two trying to do?”

Since their identities had been discovered, there was no need for them to hide.

Putting away the Heaven-concealing Talisman, Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu appeared dozens of miles away in two different positions.

Lu Baitou put away the spiral-shaped artifact and cupped his hands slightly. “So it’s the Lord Overseer.”

Shan Qiu’s eyes were cold. “Lord Overseer, do you know that Zhang Ruochen has betrayed the Infernal Court?”

“Betrayed the Infernal Court?” Gong Nanfeng asked.

Shan Qiu said, “Yes. He and Ji Fanxin, the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers of the Celestial Court, created a massacre. Even the Fane of Destiny suffered a great loss at their hands. Lord Wu Yue has already fallen!”

“How could Lord Wu Yue not be a match for Ji Fanxin? It’s most likely Zhang Ruochen. He did it when he was unprepared,” Lu Baitou said.

The various forces had very little information from Xing Luo and the others. They only knew that several Supreme Saints of the Fane of Destiny had fallen, including Lord Wu Yue. The enemy was very powerful.

The cultivators of the Fane of Destiny didn’t mention anything else.

After all, the Fane of Destiny also wanted face. So many powerhouses had gone together but were beaten up by a woman. If they said it out loud, they would only invite ridicule.

It was better to wait until Ji Fanxin appeared and let them see how powerful she was.

At that time, they wouldn't be able to laugh.

That was why the major forces could only guess and speculate about what might have happened and how powerful the enemy was. They didn't know what exactly had happened.

Gong Nanfeng said, "It's a misunderstanding, a huge misunderstanding. I swear as the Overseer that Zhang Ruochen has never betrayed the Infernal Court. Moreover, the one who caused the massacre in the Infernal Court wasn't Ji Fanxin. It was Bai Qing'er."

"Bai Qing'er?"

Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu were both stunned.

Gong Nanfeng said, "Bai Qing'er of the Enchanter Chamber. She disguised herself as Ji Fanxin."

"Disguised?"

Hearing this, Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu's expressions became strange. They immediately activated the Precept Domain defense and slowly retreated.

They had been fighting on the Battlefield of Merits for many years, so they had developed suspicious and cautious personalities.

Gong Nanfeng's words reminded them.

They suspected that this Gong Nanfeng was most likely transformed by Ji Fanxin.

That's right!

That must be it.

Ji Fanxin didn't dare to break through the barrier forcefully. She could be disguised as Gong Nanfeng and make up a story. With Zhang Ruochen's cooperation, she could really fool him.

Gong Nanfeng felt caution, and fear in their eyes. They looked like they were going to escape at any moment. He panicked and said, "What is the meaning of this? You don't believe me?"

Chapter 2532: The Troublesome Woman

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Shan Qiu said in a deep voice, “Don’t come over! I’ve already sent a message to Master Yuan Qianmo. He’ll be here immediately.”

Gong Nanfeng was furious. “You’re suspecting me? Fine, fine, fine. With your cultivation, you can’t see through the truth. I don’t blame you. When Yuan Qianmo comes, I’ll tell him.”

Zhang Ruochen watched coldly. With Gong Nanfeng as a perfect witness, the cultivators of the Infernal Court couldn’t suspect him.

The Enchanter Chamber was going to suffer!

Just as he thought of this, his expression suddenly changed.

To cover up the truth, Bai Qing’er had to hand over the Tensho Compass and join hands with him to kill the god. With her shrewdness, how could she allow Gong Nanfeng to expose her identity?

‘I hope I’m overthinking. Perhaps Bai Qing’er’s too heavily injured after using the martyr move. Even if I want to get rid of Gong Nanfeng, I can’t,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Three streaks of light flew quickly from the depths of the dark universe.

Apart from Yuan Qianmo, the other two were Yuan Shu and Lan Ying.

Shan Qiu sighed in relief and said, “Lord Yuan Qianmo will be here soon. Lord Overseer’s identity will be revealed soon. If

I've offended you in any way, please... Ah..."

Shan Qiu Let out a miserable cry. Numerous Dimensional Rifts flew out of his body, and his Neverwithers physique exploded.

BANG!

On the other hand, Lu Baitou died the same way.

Zhang Ruochen's face darkened. He immediately looked at Gong Nanfeng, but there was no sign of Gong Nanfeng?

Bai Qing'er's voice rang in Zhang Ruochen's mind. "Keep it a secret for me. Otherwise, you'll be exposed when you cooperate with the cultivators of Kunlun to seize the Tensho Compass. I know you're not afraid of being exposed, but you don't want the Fane of Destiny to know that Kunlun wants to save the Lord of Nephilim Island, do you?"

Zhang Ruochen activated the power perception of the Heart of Truth but found nothing. It only meant that Bai Qing'er was at least 100,000 miles away.

Yuan Qianmo's voice came from afar like a giant wave. "You dare to kill the Supreme Saint of a fane in front of me. Zhang Ruochen, aren't you too arrogant?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled bitterly. He knew that he had been tricked by Bai Qing'er.

This woman must be taking revenge on him. She must be avenging herself on him for taking the Tensho Compass.

A woman's desire for revenge was indeed powerful.

In a moment, Yuan Qianmo, Yuan Shu, and Lan Ying crossed tens of thousands of miles and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen. Each of them released powerful saintly might and locked onto Zhang Ruochen with their spiritual power as if they feared he would escape.

Lan Ying giggled like a child. "I admire you, I admire you. As expected of the grandson of Wargod Bloodximius, Supreme Saint Ruochen can kill people and leave no traces behind. Lu Baitou is, after all, the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint

of the Fane of Barasingha. Even deities can not be killed casually. I'll give you a compliment!"

As he spoke, he gave a thumbs up. The smile on his face was not pure but evil.

Yuan Shu said, "Zhang Ruochen, do you know that Lu Baitou is the Divine Envoy of Mo Yunduan of the Fane of Death? If you don't give a reasonable explanation, no one can save your life today."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Mo Yunduan's Divine Envoy?"

"You can't call the gods by their names," Yuan Shu said.

Zhang Ruochen sighed. "I didn't kill them."

"There are still spatial fluctuations in the space. Is there a second Cultivator of Dimensions here beside you?" Yuan Qianmo said faintly.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Someone used the Power of Dimensions to kill them from afar and frame me. Didn't you see Overseer from the Fane of Destiny just now? He was captured by the other party with Power of Dimensions."

"I didn't see anyone except you," Yuan Qianmo said.

"Supreme Saint Ruochen is so quick-witted. He made up a story in an instant. Let's cut to the chase. The Fane of Barasingha isn't easy to bully. Our Supreme Saints shan't die in vain. You have to pay with your life."

The heavenly divine light and blood-red killing intent radiated from Lan Ying's body.

The killing intent and divine light condensed into a blood-red Bloody Slaughter above his head. It turned into a strong streak of light and flew out.

Wherever the Bloody Slaughter flew past, the space was like a piece of paper. Countless lines cracked open.

Clang

The Ancient Abyssal Blade flew out by itself. Under Zhang Ruochen's control, it flew out, leaving a sword technique afterimage that was hundreds of feet long.

Rumble

The two sword tips collided accurately.

The tip of a needle met the tip of wheat.

The Bloody Slaughter wasn't a real sword after all. It exploded instantly and turned into thousands of sword qi.

Most of the Sword Qi was blocked by Zhang Ruochen's space domain, but a streak of coldness still passed through the space domain and flew past his neck.

Zhang Ruochen did not move. He narrowed his eyes and said, "Thousand-Koan Realm!"

"It's the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm," said Lan Ying with a grin.

Lan Ying was a cultivator who was purer than Que. That purity was because he knew what he wanted and his path. He would not be influenced by the outside world and always adhere to his thoughts.

In his eyes, everyone was no different from prey.

Que, on the other hand, valued victory and defeat. He was determined to win and lose.

That was why Lan Ying was better than Que. After reaching the Thousand-Koan Realm, he directly entered the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm. No distracting thoughts could stop him.

Lan Ying said, "I didn't expect you to cultivate Swordsmanship. It seems pretty good."

The Ancient Abyssal Blade flew back and fell into Zhang Ruochen's hand.

Zhang Ruochen waved the sword gently and said, "I haven't used a sword for a long time to cultivate the saintwill. Why don't you give me some pointers?"

"Sure! But if your attainments in Swordsmanship are too poor, you will die. I'm not joking!"

Lan Ying smiled sinisterly. A mighty sword will burst out of his body and condense into a physical form. It looked like a horrifying Asura's shadow.

This was his Slaughter Swordwill!

"Come to me, my sword."

A cyan broadsword floated in front of him.

"This sword is called Clearsky."

Lan Ying did not hold the sword. Using his thought, the cyan broadsword slashed down from the sky, and Asura's shadow swooped down.

The sword enlarged to 33 miles long.

A shocking cold qi was released from the sword's edge, freezing the space.

It really froze the space, trying to stop Zhang Ruochen from escaping.

"Blossoming Cadence!"

Zhang Ruochen was not affected by the freezing of space. He raised the Ancient Abyssal Blade above his head, and the Time-Space Swordwill manifested. It condensed into a strange white flower, wrapping his body inside.

He swung the sword and collided with Clearsky.

The Time-Space Swordwill and the Slaughter Swordwill also collided fiercely.

Zhang Ruochen's body flashed with divine light. He dissolved all the power and disappeared in an instant.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the space behind Lan Ying and slowly struck out with his sword.

It seemed slow, but there were Marks of Time that merged with the sword and intersected with the sword moves.

This strike was swift.

At least in Lan Ying's senses, it was speedy. He didn't even have time to react.

BOOM!

Lan Ying did not turn around. A second sword flew out of Lan Ying's body. It slashed out behind him to break Zhang Ruochen's Sword of Time.

Then, the third sword flew out and turned into a sword dragon.

The sword dragon was formed from many Precepts of Swordsmanship and Sword Qi. It spun and flew, baring its fangs and brandishing its claws. Tens of thousands of sword chimes sounded simultaneously, like a dragon's roar.

Seeing that the sword dragon was about to hit Zhang Ruochen's chest, Zhang Ruochen blocked it with his sword. Four mysterious imprints appeared on the Ancient Abyssal Blade's body. They exploded with four powers: Wind, fire, water, and thunder.

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen flew backward like a fallen leaf.

Swoosh

Lan Ying and Zhang Ruochen rushed out at the same time and collided fiercely. Their figures were in disorder, and the sword Qi was everywhere. The intense and dense collision sound was heard like pearls falling onto a jade plate.

...

With the royal robe of Yuan Shu and her high crown and hair tied up, she looked beautiful and peerless. She looked at the fierce confrontation between the two and said, "Zhang Ruochen is not a reckless person. There is no reason for him to kill here. The deaths of Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu are quite strange."

"Does it matter?" Yuan Qianmo asked.

It didn't matter at all.

What was important was that there was already a reason for Zhang Ruochen's death.

Some cultivators sensed the ripples of the battle and flew nearby. They looked at the two fighting and discussed animatedly.

“I heard that Lan Ying’s cultivation has reached the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm. He challenged several powerful Supreme Saints in the Banshi Isshou Realm, but none of them could block his sword. Zhang Ruochen is only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How can he compete with him?”

“I guess Lan Ying didn’t use his full strength. He was just playing with Zhang Ruochen. After all, he was still in the Hundred-Shackle Realm on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, and he could cut off Zhang Ruochen’s head.”

“In the last 1,000 years, Lan Ying has finally come to the front of everyone. He is worthy of being the Divine Fetus, a figure recognized by the Sword of Asura.”

A Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint said coldly, “What do you know? Can’t you see that Zhang Ruochen has already reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?”

“So what if he’s at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm? He’s a whole realm lower than Lan Ying!”

“In the same realm, Lan Ying is not much weaker than Zhang Ruochen. Now, the two are not on the same level at all. The gap has been widened.”

The Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint said, “There is a gap between Zhang Ruochen’s realm and Lan Ying’s. However, he has a Demigod-level physique. Once he reaches the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, the power of the Demigod-level physique can be fully unleashed. With the Demigod-level physique, he can make up the power gap. He can’t do anything to him unless Lan Ying can beat him in Swordsmanship.”

Yuan Shu communicated with Yuan Qianmo telepathically. She said, “Who do you think will win this battle?”

Yuan Qianmo said, “Although Zhang Ruochen’s Demigod-level physique is strong, Lan Ying is the Divine Fetus and the

sword spirit of the Asura sword.”

“Do you mean that no matter how powerful Zhang Ruochen’s physical strength is, he won’t be able to benefit from Lan Ying, who has no physical body?” Yuan Shu asked.

Yuan Qianmo said, “In terms of strength, Lan Ying is no weaker than Zhang Ruochen.”

“So, you think Lan Ying will win?”

“Not win, but he can kill Zhang Ruochen. Besides, he is the only person who can kill Zhang Ruochen. No one else can do it, including you and me.”

Yuan Shu understood what he meant.

Because the Intergold Tiger was protecting Zhang Ruochen. If the two of them attacked, the Intergold Tiger would likely appear to stop them.

But Lan Ying was different. If he killed Zhang Ruochen, the Intergold Tiger wouldn’t stop him. Just like how the Swastika Seiryu didn’t stop Zhang Ruochen when he killed Yan Wushen.

Luo Shengtian and the powerhouses from Devala arrived. Seeing the two in the fierce battle, they asked the spectators. They discovered that Zhang Ruochen had killed the Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death and the Fane of Barasingha.

Feng Qingli was surprised. She sneered. “Zhang Ruochen really doesn’t know how to restrain himself. Doesn’t he know that he’s in the limelight? It would be strange if the Fane of Death and the Fane of Barasingha let him off lightly for such a thing.”

“The Prince Consort shouldn’t have done such a thing. Maybe the Fane of Barasingha and the Fane of Death framed him,” Yan Hanyi said.

Luo Shengtian said, “Then teacher, please separate them first.”

“Okay!”

Yan Hanyi responded and turned into a light shuttle and flew out.

Yuan Qianmo glanced at him and shook his head with a smile. He stretched out his right hand and drew a vortex. His sleeve floated in the vortex.

Yan Hanyi, flying hundreds of miles away, suddenly felt his body spin and fly out of his control. When the spinning force disappeared, Yan Hanyi discovered that he was standing in front of Yuan Qianmo.

“Master Qianmo’s Qiankun Cloudy Sleeve is extremely exquisite. I’m impressed.”

Yan Hanyi smiled bitterly. He was also a powerhouse in the Paramount Realm and could be called a Demigod. However, he didn’t expect Yuan Qianmo to capture him in front of him with just a raise of his hand. Yuan Qianmo’s method was so brilliant that it was frightening.

This was the first-class figure in the *Tome of the Divines*. It was far beyond anyone’s reach.

Yuan Qianmo smiled politely. “Zhang Ruochen killed Shan Qiu of the Fane of Death and Lu Baitou of the Fane of Barasingha. Our two fanes will definitely take revenge. Please don’t interfere, Mr. Yan.”

Yan Hanyi was about to speak when he felt massive pressure on his body. He couldn’t move.

Yuan Qianmo was still smiling, “So many eyes are watching. If we can’t kill Zhang Ruochen, how can our two fanes salvage our reputation? If we kill him, we’ll pay with our lives. Even if Luo Yan finds out, justice is on our side.”

His tone was low, and his smile was warm. It was as if he was discussing with Yan Hanyi.

However, Yan Hanyi felt the pressure on his body increase. He could only force out a smile. He was furious, but the difference in cultivation was too big. He couldn’t explode.

Luo Shengtian saw something was off. He couldn’t help but clench his fists and wanted to rush out personally.

Feng Qingli pulled him back and said, “What are you doing?”

“Lan Ying has reached the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm. Zhang Ruochen is no match for him. They’re going to kill someone. We must stop them before we find out what happened,” Luo Shengtian said.

Feng Qingli said, “Who can you stop? Yuan Qianmo or Lan Ying? You can’t stop either of them!”

The veins on Luo Shengtian’s face bulged. He finally understood what Luo Yan had said when he took the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill from him. There was indeed a massive flaw in his personality.

Otherwise, he would not lag behind Lan Ying and Que in the Thousand-Koan Realm.

He was at the Early-stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm, while Lan Ying was at the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

There was a huge gap in both cultivation and combat strength.

“No matter what, Zhang Ruochen is still the Prince Consort of Devala. We can’t just stand by and watch, can we? Today, I still want to fight,” Luo Shengtian said.

Feng Qingli used her spiritual power to envelop him, “Zhang Ruochen brought this upon himself,” she said. “He doesn’t deserve sympathy. Have you ever thought about why no one is willing to stand up for him except for you? He’s all enemies in the Infernal Court. Everyone wants to see him killed!”

Yuan Qianmo glanced in the direction of Luo Shengtian from afar. His voice rose and spread across the starry sky. He said, “Zhang Ruochen killed Shan Qiu, the Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death, and Lu Baitou, the Supreme Saint of the Fane of Barasingha. It is a personal grudge. Cultivators from all forces, please give me face and don’t interfere. Otherwise, you will become the enemy of both Fane of Death and the Fane of Barasingha.”

His last sentence was particularly cold and harsh. It contained a powerful saint’s might, shocking all the cultivators present to silence. They didn’t dare to speak.

Feng Qingli said in a low voice, “See? Yuan Qianmo is warning you and everyone else. Master Yan was suppressed by

his saint's might. With him standing there, no one can save Zhang Ruochen."

Just then, a cold voice came from afar. "The Fane of Death and the Fane of Barasingha are so intimidating. Since it's a personal grudge, can I intervene?"

Did someone dare to challenge Yuan Qianmo and disregarded the Fane of Death and the Fane of Barasingha?

A white deer emitting divine light pulled a magnificent carriage and drove over from the empty universe. The carriage was engraved with the unique patterns of the Xue Jue family. The surging and incredible power was released like a tide.

"What a powerful saint might. Who Is It?"

"Don't tell me you can't recognize that pure-blooded Divine Beast?"

"What? That's a Divine Beast?"

"That's the engagement gift that Wargod Bloodximius gave to Madam Nixuan, the Scioness of the Fane of Asura."

"The first lady of the Xue Jue Family has arrived. This is going to be a good show!"

Chapter 2533: The Fearsome Madam Nixuan

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

To be able to become the wife of Wargod Bloodximus, she was naturally not an ordinary woman.

Madam Nixuan was the first woman that Wargod Bloodximus married after he transcended the Yuanhui Tribulation. At that time, she was the most talented person in the new generation of the Fane of Asura and was conferred the title of Scioness.

From the time she married Wargod Bloodximus, 20,000 years had passed.

20,000 years ago, Madam Nixuan was the first-class powerhouse under divinity in the Infernal Court. After marrying Wargod Bloodximus, she no longer traveled the world and rarely showed her face in public. She hardly stepped out of the territory of the Xue Jue Family and became mysterious and low-key.

The world only knew that other than cultivating, Wargod Bloodximus did not care about secular affairs. All the matters in the family were handled by Madam Nixuan.

This not only represented the trust of Wargod Bloodximus but also represented his affirmation of her ability.

They also knew that she was the Scioness of Asura. The cultivators who knew her past glory had either died of old age or become gods.

Most cultivators only knew that Wargod Bloodximus's wife was called Madam Nixuan. Other than that, she did not have

any sense of existence. Not many people even knew her real name.

Logically speaking, with her talent and her godly husband, Wargod Bloodximus, she should have become a god 20,000 years ago.

However, she still remained below divinity until now.

The white deer carriage drove over. The sound of the explosion shattered the peaceful heaven and earth.

All the cultivators were rushing over and ready to watch the show.

Not to mention other things, the identity of Wargod Bloodximus's wife was enough to scare people. Although Madam Nixuan had not become a god, ordinary gods would be afraid of her when they saw her.

Yuan Qianmo knew Madam Nixuan quite well. A strange light flashed in his eyes. He cupped his fists and saluted politely, "Greetings, Madam Nixuan."

...

"It's a little strange," Feng Qingli said in a low voice.

Luo Shengtian asked, "What's strange about it?"

"Yuan Qianmo is the number one in the *Tome of the Divines*. He can break through to become a god at any time. Although he is not a god yet, he is no different from a god. Why is he bowing to Madam Nixuan?"

"Madam Nixuan's age is obvious. Yuan Qianmo cupped his fists out of respect. It's very normal."

"Mr. Yan's age is also obvious. Why is he being treated differently?"

Luo Shengtian thought for a moment and said, "After all, Madam Nixuan is the wife of Wargod Bloodximus. Even if Yuan Qianmo broke the realm and became a god, he would have to bow his head before Wargod Bloodximus."

"You said that only Wargod Bloodximus has such a deterrent power. Now, it's just his wife. Yuan Qianmo is such a proud

man. How could he show such an attitude so easily?”

Luo Shengtian nodded slightly. He said, “You’re right! Zhang Ruochen was the grandson of Wargod Bloodximius, and he was highly regarded by him. However, Yuan Qianmo still dared to kill him. It meant that no matter how noble a cultivator’s identity was, he would not be afraid of him. Then there’s only one possibility... Does Madam Nixuan have the power that even he is afraid of?”

Only the strong would be respected.

“It seems that Madam Nixuan is not simple! Unfortunately, as far as I know, Zhang Ruochen does not have a good relationship with her. They even have a grudge against each other. For Zhang Ruochen, this is undoubtedly adding insult to injury.”

Feng Qingli had never liked Zhang Ruochen. She felt that the person Luo Sha had married the wrong person. She even felt that their marriage was a combination of the interests of the two forces. Therefore, her tone was somewhat gloating.

In any case, Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha had not been officially married. If anything happened to Zhang Ruochen...

Luo Sha could also be freed.

...

The white deer carriage stopped in the void. The divine light emitted from the deer’s body made a surface-like plane of light appear under the carriage.

Madam Nixuan did not get out of the carriage. He said, “Yuan Qianmo, do you have evidence that Zhang Ruochen killed Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu?”

“I saw it with my own eyes,” Yuan Qianmo said.

A voice came from the carriage. “You mean your words are proof?”

“I don’t dare to lie.”

“Many times, people unconsciously become the kind of people they despise the most.”

What a sharp tongue,' Yuan Shu thought. She said, "Zhang Ruochen used the Power of Dimension to kill Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu. The three of us saw it with our own eyes."

"Why did Zhang Ruochen Kill Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu?" The voice in the carriage asked.

Yuan Shu shook her head and said, "I don't know."

"Well, it's obvious. Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu saw that Zhang Ruochen was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Seeing no one around, they wanted to kill him and steal his treasure. They didn't expect to be killed instead. The disciples of the Xue Jue family aren't easy to bully. These two deserve to die."

Even Yuan Qianmo and Yuan Shu, who were deep-hearted figures, couldn't help but look surprised.

'This person was the former Scioness of the Fane of Asura and now Wargod Bloodximius's wife. How could she be so unreasonable?'

Yuan Shu said, "I'm afraid it's not appropriate for you, Madam Nixuan, to make such a conclusion."

"What's wrong? Can you give a more reasonable explanation?"

Yuan Qianmo withheld his pride and reputation, so he did not argue.

In the case of death without a witness, any argument was futile. It would only make a fool of the cultivators watching the battle. Now, it was only a matter of strength. Whoever's fist was harder would be the truth.

Madam Nixuan's arrival didn't make him give up on killing Zhang Ruochen. It just made things a lot more troublesome.

Madam Nixuan could see that strength is everything in the Infernal Court, so she shouted, "Stop!"

Her voice was infused with mighty spiritual power. It turned into an invisible palm print and flew toward Zhang Ruochen and Lan Ying, who were fighting.

The sound waves reached the ears of all the Supreme Saints present. Their minds buzzed, their vision went black, and their internal organs were on the verge of cracking.

Those Supreme Saints who had never heard Madam Nixuan before were shocked.

Yuan Qianmo snorted and shattered Madam Nixuan's sound wave. His tone was not as respectful as before. He said, "Lan Ying is avenging for the Supreme Saint of the Fane of Barasingha. Please don't interfere, Madam Nixuan."

"You have already angered me by calling me senior. Today, I will see what the number one figure in the *Tome of the Divines* can do."

The white deer moved forward, and the carriage followed closely behind.

Rumble

Wherever the carriage passed, it crushed space and formed a chaotic region. A large area of the void appeared.

As it traveled through the broken space, the carriage was stable. Behind the carriage, a bloody Asura Divine Mountain appeared. At times, it was the stars twinkling. At other times, there were thousands of soldiers and horses... all sorts of different realms appeared.

Yuan Qianmo flew out in a flash and blocked the carriage's path. He stopped Madam Nixuan from approaching Zhang Ruochen and Lan Ying's battlefield.

Countless precepts extended from his feet. There were innumerable trillions of them. They formed 100,000 bare mountains and 100,000 evil rivers.

The two didn't fight with their true bodies. Instead, they were fighting with techniques.

Most of the Supreme Saints were retreating.

"Madam Nixuan is so powerful. She can actually challenge Yuan Qianmo."

“Yuan Qianmo only respects Wargod Bloodximius. He didn’t use his full strength to stop Madam Nixuan. He just needed to create an opportunity for Lan Ying to kill Zhang Ruochen.”

“I have to say, Madam Nixuan is still very powerful. The power they release is so strong that ordinary Supreme Saints can’t compare to them.”

...

Zhang Ruochen naturally noticed Madam Nixuan’s arrival. Seeing her fight with Yuan Qianmo, he was still a little surprised.

To be honest, Zhang Ruochen had many trump cards. Fighting with Lan Ying wasn’t too stressful.

But Zhang Ruochen was terrified of Yuan Qianmo.

The Deathkin’s Will of Death was as strange as the Nether Clan’s curse.

Yuan Qianmo was definitely a master of this. If he used the Will of Death to trick Zhang Ruochen, no one would be able to tell. With Madam Nixuan holding Yuan Qianmo back, the pressure on Zhang Ruochen was significantly reduced. He could finally devote himself to fighting with Lan Ying.

Lan Ying saw that the situation had changed. He retreated suddenly and formed a strange sword gesture with his hands. He smiled wickedly. “Your Swordsmanship is still a little tricky. But I don’t want to play anymore. I’ll kill you with one strike... No, two strikes with two swords.”

Something strange happened.

The precepts of heaven and earth in the universe quickly gathered above Lan Ying’s head and formed another Lan Ying.

The purest Precepts of Swordsmanship in the precepts of heaven and earth formed Lan Ying.

The roaring sound of swords echoed in heaven and earth. It was not the real swords vibrating, but the Precepts of Swordsmanship in the world.

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes and said, “Heaven Sword Soul!”

A sword cultivator’s Sword Soul was divided into three levels: Man, Earth, and Heaven.

Zhang Ruochen’s Sword Soul was still at the level of the Earth Sword Soul.

All corners were already exclaiming in surprise.

“It’s the Heaven Sword Soul!”

“In the last 100,000 years, only a handful of sword cultivators in the Celestial and Infernal Court have cultivated the Heaven Sword Soul below the divinity. The only one who has cultivated the Heaven Sword Soul in the Thousand-Koan Realm is probably Lan Ying. Even Sword God Feng Chen from 1,000 years ago might not have cultivated it so early.”

“After cultivating the Heaven Sword Soul, the next step is to enter the divinity of Swordsmanship.”

“The sword soul not only cuts the physical body but also the saint soul of the cultivator. As for the Heaven Sword Soul, every sword technique is compatible with the Deva Path, and it also cuts the precepts of the cultivator. All defensive means are useless in front of the Heaven Sword Soul.”

“If the Heaven Sword Soul has appeared, then the winner has been decided.”

...

The two swords, Clearsky and Lustocean, flew around the Heaven Sword Soul of Lan Ying and merged with the Precepts of Swordsmanship between heaven and earth.

“Asura Cross-slash!”

Lan Ying directly performed the ancient sword technique of Asura and pointed at Zhang Ruochen.

The swords, Clearsky and Lustocean, slashed out at the same time, forming a cross sword print.

At the cross intersection, it was like an endless space in the universe. It absorbed all the matter in the world and trapped

Zhang Ruochen so much that he could not move even half a step.

Back then, the Lan Ying, who had not yet cultivated the Heaven Sword Soul, had caused a lot of trouble for Que with the Asura Sword Technique.

Zhang Ruochen looked up. The cross-shaped sword print covered thousands of miles of space. He could not see the end of it. It was as if four walls of light divided the world.

The divine light on Zhang Ruochen's body surged. Then, a sea of stars spread out, forming a scene of the Shoreless Star Ocean.

In the sea of stars, a bright moon rose.

The Mark of Time gathered berserkly toward the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

The fifth level of the Sword of Time, Moonlight Melody.

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen thrust out his blade. The sea of stars and the bright moon gathered in the blade's body, drawing a sword mark of Truth and Time.

The attack was ten times more powerful.

BOOM!

The blade's tip hit the center of the cross-shaped sword mark, and the violent sword Qi exploded.

The Sword Qi hit Zhang Ruochen's Armor of the Fire God like Raindrops, but the power was not strong enough to hurt the body in the armor.

The sword ray broke through the cross-shaped sword mark, through the Precept Domain of Lan Ying, and extended to his body.

His power was exhausted. Only a few Marks of Time landed on his body. They could hardly shorten his lifespan.

All the Infernal Court Supreme Saints watching the battle were shocked.

The Sword of Asura that Lan Ying used the Heaven Sword Soul to strike was broken by Zhang Ruochen just like that?

It must be known that when he fought with the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, Lan Ying did not use the Heaven Sword Soul. He was far less serious than he was today.

“How did Zhang Ruochen become so strong? I remember he struggled to fight Lord Hornless on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. It’s only been a few months!” Feng Qingli was very surprised and found it hard to understand.

The strength of a Demigod-level physique could not break the Sword of Asura under the Heaven Sword Soul.

Lan Ying’s eyes were full of surprise. He smiled and said, “In an instant, you can activate ten times the offensive power of the Path of Truth and integrate the Path of Time into the Path of Sword. Zhang Ruochen, I’m more interested in you than Que.”

“Let’s continue. I’d like to see if your Demigod-level physique can withstand the explosion of ten times the attack power.”

Zhang Ruochen could see that although Lan Ying had cultivated the Heaven Sword Soul, he hadn’t reached the stage where the Heaven Sword Soul and the way of Sword were one. There was a big gap between him and Xue Lingxian in using the Heaven Sword Soul. Therefore, he didn’t have much fear.

“Okay! Let’s fight!” Zhang Ruochen agreed.

“Stop!”

Xing Luo and the powerful figures of the Fane of Destiny flew over, and he shouted from afar.

“How troublesome. It’s the Fane of Destiny again.”

Lan Ying was a little depressed. He put the two swords, Clearsky and Lustocean, back into his body. He smiled darkly at Zhang Ruochen. “I have six swords. Today, you have only seen three. I haven’t released my saintwill, and I haven’t used the Universal Precept Domain to bully you. Let’s meet another

day again. We'll fight again. I'll do my best to kill you. How about it?"

Zhang Ruochen put away the Ancient Abyssal Blade and said, "I can't say I'll be able to beat you. But if it's a life-and-death battle, you're dead!"

This wasn't contradictory.

Zhang Ruochen wouldn't use external forces, such as the Qiankun Realm.

It was indeed not easy to defeat Lan Ying.

If it was a life-and-death battle, Zhang Ruochen would have many tricks up his sleeve!

The arrival of the Fane of Destiny made Yuan Qianmo and Madam Nixuan stop fighting and retreat far away.

Some cultivators had already informed Xing Luo of the whole incident.

Xing Luo glanced at Zhang Ruochen, then took a few steps back and said, "Since it's a dispute mediation, it's still up to the Scioness to decide."

Xing Luo was very clear about his position. Under internal and external troubles, he could not let the outside world think of internal conflict in the Fane of Destiny.

The power should be in the hands of the person in charge.

He had to make an example to support the new Scioness to the throne first.

However, when Yuan Qianmo heard Xing Luo say "Dispute mediation," he showed a hint of surprise. There was a deep meaning in his words.

Did the Fane of Destiny intend to turn a significant event into a minor one?

...

Chapter 2534: Zhang Ruochen Owed the Fane of Destiny a Favor

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

“Now that things are clear, Ji Fanxin killed Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu. The Fane of Death and the Fane of Barasingha should stop investigating!”

Pan Ruo announced the result on behalf of the Fane of Destiny.

Before that, Zhang Ruochen told the whole story in detail. However, he changed Bai Qing'er to Ji Fanxin.

He had no choice. Bai Qing'er and he knew each other's secrets, so he could only let Ji Fanxin take the blame first.

The various forces were holding each other back. This was a major issue. The best course of action was to reduce it to a small one.

Yuan Qianmo obviously couldn't accept this result. He was about to speak.

Pan Ruo stared at him first. “Why did the god of Fane of Death stop Ji Fanxin? Does Master Qianmo know about this?”

Hearing this, Yuan Qianmo finally understood why the Fane of Destiny had sided with Zhang Ruochen. They were dissatisfied with the Fane of Death's actions.

Zhang Ruochen deliberately put this matter on the table. He was clearly slapping the Fane of Death's face.

He found Zhang Ruochen even more displeasing!

Yuan Qianmo still smiled elegantly and shook his head gently. “How would a saint realm cultivator like me know about the matter of the gods? I will immediately send a message back to the fane to confirm whether Mo Yunduan had really come to this star field on his own.”

“On his own” sounded quite serious.

Everyone present wasn’t stupid. They all knew what the Fane of Death’s intentions were.

Despite their dissatisfaction with Yuan Qianmo’s current cultivation level, none of them exploded.

Yuan Qianmo took the initiative to change the topic and said, “Zhang Ruochen, since you didn’t die under the Arrow of Deva Path, can you continue saying what you didn’t finish the other day at the House of Enchanters?”

At the House of Enchanters, Zhang Ruochen was about to tell Bai Qing’er’s secret and fight to the death with her when he was shot by an Arrow of Deva Path. Then, the entire Enchanton was destroyed by the Heavenly Retribution Talisman.

It was completely different from the current situation.

Now, Zhang Ruochen had something on Bai Qing’er, and he wanted to help her cover up the truth.

Ling, the fifth son of the Ghost Master, the Lord of the Dishastan, said, “Can you give us a precise explanation about the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?”

When they heard the words superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, the powerhouses of the major forces became enraged and locked their gaze on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was calm and collected. He spread his hands and said, “What is there to explain? I saw Bai Qing’er kill the Seven-Armed Elder and Xing Qian in the Divine Domain of Destiny. Moreover, my cultivation is low, so I can’t be sure if Bai Qing’er is a disguise of another cultivator. Other than that, I don’t know anything else.”

Of course, no one believed his words.

Immediately, several Supreme Saints released their Saint might to threaten Zhang Ruochen.

“What are you doing? Do you want to fight?”

Madam Nixuan sat in the hazy saint light. Only Supreme Saints and people with spiritual power over level 67 could see her face clearly.

Her words stunned the Supreme Saints and forced them to withdraw their Saint might.

Madam Nixuan continued, “Zhang Ruochen has already said that he doesn’t know. Do you want to suppress him and forcibly search his soul for his memory? Are the disciples of the Xue Jue family that easy to bully?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Madam Nixuan, feeling even more strange.

A Supreme Saint from the Nether Clan apologetically laughed. “The superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is precious. We just hope you can explain things more clearly.”

“Zhang Ruochen is only a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. What makes you think that he has the power to steal the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin? If you want to frame and kill him, don’t use such underhanded methods,” Madam Nixuan said.

Beside Lan Ying, a powerhouse of the Paramount Realm from the Fane of Barasingha sneered. “Zhang Ruochen is traveling with Ji Fanxin and killing the cultivators of the Infernal Court. This should be true, right?”

“Didn’t he explain just now? He was controlled by Ji Fanxin and had to travel with her,” Madam Nixuan said.

Ling said, “That’s too much to say. But as far as I know, Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin had a good relationship in the Celestial Court. They were close friends.”

As everyone was arguing, a voice rang out, “Enough!” The voice roared. “There’s no harm in telling you. It was Zhang Ruochen who saved us from the battle between the Fane of

Destiny and Ji Fanxin. Otherwise, the Fane of Destiny might have been wiped out.”

The person who spoke was the Supreme Saint of the Fane of Destiny, Lord Four-eyed.

He was one of the four Supreme Saints who had escaped from Bai Qing'er with Xing Luo.

The hall was completely silent.

Lord Four-eyed continued, “It is indeed embarrassing. I don't want to say it, but this is the truth. Ji Fanxin is stronger than you think. This harmless Fairy of a Hundred Flowers could already be called a Paramount Realm Yuanhui-level genius. Zhang Ruochen is indebted to the Fane of Destiny!”

No one questioned Zhang Ruochen anymore.

It was not that they believed him, but the Xue Jue Family had Madam Nixuan and the Fane of Destiny supporting Zhang Ruochen. No matter how much they questioned him, they could not hurt him.

Then, the main hall began to discuss how to deal with Ji Fanxin.

What was Ji Fanxin's next move?

How to rescue the Overseer and take back the Tensho Compass?

...

...

Half a day later.

Zhang Ruochen stood on a small asteroid and looked at the wormhole in the void in the distance. He was also thinking about Bai Qing'er's next move.

She must have been seriously injured in the battle with Mo Yunduan.

She would have charged her way here and forced her way through if she hadn't already.

The one who killed Lu Baitou and Shan Qiu and took Gong Nanfeng away must have been the spatial jade turtle beside her.

Someone was approaching Zhang Ruochen. "Is there any doubt that your Highness has come to find me alone?" he asked, quickly gathering his thoughts.

Xing Luo put his hands behind his back and walked to Zhang Ruochen's left. He looked at the wormhole and smiled. "I'm here to thank you. And don't call me Scion. I'm no longer one."

Xing Luo wasn't as arrogant as Yuan Qianmo, nor was he as cold and unreasonable as Zhuo Yunong. He was different from the top powerhouses of the Infernal Court.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dislike him. "It's rare for someone like you to say thank you. I thought the Infernal Court respected strength. The strong don't look at weaklings like us."

"In any place, strength is the most important thing. There is no equality in the world. There is a natural gap between the weak and the strong," Xing Luo said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Is that so?"

"If you didn't have great talent and your identity as the guide of the Intergold Tiger, I wouldn't be standing here and talking to you. This is the reality!" Xing Luo said.

Zhang Ruochen accepted all of this silently and said, "Well, at least you're telling the truth."

Suddenly, Xing Luo said, "I went to investigate Bai Qing'er and found some interesting things. Do you want to know?"

"I don't want to know."

Zhang Ruochen turned around and left.

Xing Luo looked surprised. He chased after him and asked, "Why?"

"My attainment in cultivation is still too low. I don't want to know the secrets between powerful people at your level. Even if I knew, it wouldn't do me any good," Zhang Ruochen said.

“Kai Luo and Claflin, who shot you with the Arrow of Deva Path, sneaked into Hoth through the Enchanteur Chamber,” Xing Luo said. “Bai Qing’er is missing! I ran into you, Gong Nanfeng, and Ji Fanxin in the starry sky because I was chasing after her.”

Xing Luo had suspected that Ji Fanxin was Bai Qing’er.

However, he later refuted this conjecture.

Firstly, Zhang Ruochen grieved against Bai Qing’er and was close to Ji Fanxin. If Ji Fanxin was Bai Qing’er, how could Zhang Ruochen not see through her? How could he not reveal her true identity?

Secondly, Bai Qing’er had no reason to kill openly in the Infernal Court.

Thirdly, he did not believe that a woman from the House of Enchanters would dare to do such a crazy and bold thing.

“High-Saint Kai Luo came to Hoth?” Zhang Ruochen asked with a cold expression.

The last doubt in Xing Luo’s heart disappeared. If Bai Qing’er was Ji Fanxin, Zhang Ruochen’s first reaction would more or less expose some flaws.

Xing Luo smiled. “Why do you care about him?”

“I have an irreconcilable feud with the Heavenly Realm,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Xing Luo had obviously checked Zhang Ruochen’s information. He nodded in understanding, “It’s the Demigod Yan Yu. He saw a group of Heavenly Realm cultivators led by Kai Luo and Claflin appear in the Enchanton on Hoth,” he said. “Whether it’s the theft of the Tensho Compass or the loss of the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, the Enchanteur Chamber is suspicious. That’s why, between you and Bai Qing’er, I suspect that she’s lying.”

Zhang Ruochen did not expect that Xing Luo would be so vigilant and take the initiative to investigate Bai Qing’er. He said, “Why are you so suspicious? With the power of the Fane of Destiny, we can just destroy the Enchanteur Chamber.”

“It’s not that simple.”

Xing Luo shook his head and smiled. “The forces behind the Enchanter Chamber are complicated. They even have a backer in the Fane of Destiny. How can we destroy them just because High-Saint Kai Luo and the others sneaked into Hoth? Unless we can prove that the Heavenly Realm controlled the Enchanter Chamber and used their power to steal the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and the Tensho Compass.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed in his heart. ‘Xing Luo was smart enough, but his imagination was still not bold enough. He still did not understand how powerful Bai Qing’er was.

‘Controlled by the Heavenly Realm?

‘Perhaps all the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm were played by Bai Qing’er.’

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but feel sad. He was also controlled by Bai Qing’er and had to help her cover up the truth.

After learning more about Bai Qing’er, Zhang Ruochen did not particularly want to kill her. However, his desire to defeat her grew stronger and stronger.

One day, if he could defeat her with his true strength, she would say, “Supreme Saint Ruochen, I have lost. I am completely convinced by my defeat. You are the number one person in the Yuanhui period. You are the superior that I admire the most. Neither Wargod Bloodximus nor Magnogod Huang Tian can make me admire you so much.”

This was the true joy of life!

Apart from Chi Yao, very few people could arouse Zhang Ruochen’s strong desire to win.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Where are High-Saint Kai Luo and the others now?”

Xing Luo pointed to the wormhole in the distance and said, “They escaped to the Royal City of Hundred Clans through

this wormhole. Yan Yu and Zhuo Yunong have already gone after them.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes became more profound.

High-Saint Kai Luo was Zhou Zhen’s Uncle Master, the Hand of the World that destroyed the Celestial Court’s Formation Sect.

Zhou Zhen had told Zhang Ruochen that the cultivator who planned to destroy the Ziwei Palace and collude with the Infernal Court to cut off the new heaven and earth spiritual root peach tree of Kunlun was High-Saint Kai Luo.

Of course, High-Saint Kai Luo could not be the planner. However, Zhou Zhen could only know this level with his cultivation.

If he wanted to find out the giant behind it and dig out the secret, he had to capture High-Saint Kai Luo.

This was a massive breakthrough for him to take revenge on the Heavenly Realm.

The crime of colluding with the Infernal Court was too big. It was enough to bring down the gods behind High-Saint Kai Luo. It might even bring down many gods. Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen’s blood boiled.

...

Zhang Ruochen came to the bottom of the white deer carriage and bathed in the gentle sacred light.

Madam Nixuan’s voice in the carriage was quite young and very pleasant. She said, “You are only at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but you can fight with Lan Ying at the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm. Wargod Bloodximus did not misjudge you.”

“Why are you helping me?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Madam Nixuan smiled and said, “Because you are a disciple of the Xue Jue family.”

“I don’t want to hear such lies,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Madam Nixuan's tone became serious, "Because you are valued by Wargod Bloodximius. He sees you as the future of the Xue Jue Family. If the world changes and something happens to him, you, your mother, and Lord Ming can still support the Xue Jue Family."

"If we lose you, we will also lose your mother. The Xue Jue Family can not bear such a blow."

"Moreover, Wargod Bloodximius really likes you. He dotes on you more than any of his sons. He has great expectations for your future. He thinks you can make up for the lack in his heart and do what he didn't do back then."

"In the Xue Jue Family, Wargod Bloodximius is the heaven and the only belief. If I go against his will, do you think I have a place in the Xue Jue Family?"

Zhang Ruochen believed Madam Nixuan's words and smiled. "So, you are doing this to resolve the conflict with my mother?"

Zhang Ruochen and Madam Nixuan did not have a direct conflict or hatred. The conflict originated between the Blood Empress and Madam Nixuan.

Madam Nixuan said, "You are brilliant. I won't beat around the bush. You are the best person to resolve the conflict between us. I did let your mother down in the past. I have apologized to your mother and Lord Ming in front of Wargod Bloodximius. I willingly gave up all my rights. My son also went to the Battlefield of Merits."

"Have you really given up all your rights?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Madam Nixuan signed. "You mean Hoth?"

"The head of the family has announced that all the properties of Hoth now belong to me. If you hand over the properties of Hoth, I can consider persuading my mother," Zhang Ruochen said.

Madam Nixuan said, "I can not hand them over to you."

"Why?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't understand. With Madam Nixuan's attainments in cultivation, she was only one step away from divinity. Why did she have to take the little wealth on Hoth?

Madam Nixuan said, "Qingsheng can't see your purpose in wanting the property of Hoth, but you can't hide it from me. You're leaving a way out for yourself to escape the Infernal Court and return to Kunlun, right? I'm sorry, Wargod Bloodximus doesn't want you to leave. So, I can't give you the property. Instead, I will keep an eye on you and cut off all your ties with Kunlun."

Chapter 2535: The Heart That Encompasses Everything

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Zhang Ruochen desired Hoth's properties. Zhang Ruochen wanted to use this place as a way out and an excuse to look for Mu Lingxi.

Zhang Ruochen had no choice. His identity was too sensitive, and he had too many enemies in the Infernal Court. The Adjudication Division saw him as a potential threat that would overturn the Fane of Destiny in the future. They wanted to get rid of him as soon as possible.

With the protection of Wargod Bloodximius, Zhang Ruochen was still full of killing intent.

If it was like what Madam Nixuan said, there would be great changes in heaven and earth. If anything happened to Wargod Bloodximius, who could protect Zhang Ruochen?

At that time, if Zhang Ruochen had not become a god, he would still be a Supreme Saint. He would not be able to hold his own. If he stayed with the Xue Jue Family, he would be harming the Xue Jue Family.

Even A crafty rabbit has three burrows. If Zhang Ruochen did not leave a way out for himself, wouldn't he be worse than a crafty rabbit?

As for the two big shots, Fukurokuju and Luo Yan, Zhang Ruochen had never placed his hopes on them.

Just like Zhang Ruochen himself, what he really valued was at least someone with the cultivation and talent of Lord Xia Yu. At the very least, he could not be lower than Xue Tu.

Even ordinary gods like Fukurokuju and Luo Yan might not be able to catch their eyes.

Who does Zhang Ruochen think he is?

Like a talented half-saint in front of Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen only admired him and helped him when they met.

Therefore, in Zhang Ruochen's opinion, the reason why Fukurokuju bestowed him with the marriage was more to win over Wargod Bloodximus than Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Yan agreed to the marriage because the identity and strength of the great chief, Wargod Bloodximus of the Bloodysky Clan, was a big part of it.

Zhang Ruochen's talent and the identity of the Intergold Tiger's guide were also bargaining chips.

However, if Zhang Ruochen was not the grandson of Wargod Bloodximus, he suspected he could not be the Intergold Tiger's guide.

How could the prominent figures of the Infernal Court give such an opportunity to Zhang Ruochen?

Everything Zhang Ruochen had in the Infernal Court was based on the full support of Wargod Bloodximus. If something really happened to Wargod Bloodximus, who else could Zhang Ruochen rely on?

"I can only rely on myself."

Zhang Ruochen sat in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace with 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords carrying him and swaggering into the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Before this, Zhang Ruochen had negotiated with Madam Nixuan and finally reached a consensus.

The properties of the Xue Jue family on Hoth still belonged to Zhang Ruochen. However, these properties had to be managed

by cultivators appointed by Madam Nixuan. Zhang Ruochen could only profit from them.

It was equivalent to calling a truce between the two of them.

Zhang Ruochen thought that because Blackie was the Hoth Emperor's son, if he really wanted to take the back road of Hoth in the future, he could at the very least allow it to acknowledge a father. Wouldn't that be unimpeded?

There was no need to fight to the death with Madam Nixuan.

After parting with Madam Nixuan, Zhang Ruochen immediately went through the wormhole to the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Sitting in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Zhang Ruochen recalled all kinds of things he had experienced after coming to the Infernal Court. He couldn't help but be immersed in the thoughts of all kinds of cultivators he had met.

There was Wargod Bloodximius, who treated him as his closest relative and tried his best to protect him.

There was the devious and ruthless Asurendra Samay.

There was Yan Wushen, who was both a friend and a foe.

Pan Ruo was intertwined with love and hatred and couldn't cut off the entanglement between her past life and this life.

There was the charming and eccentric Luo Sha, who unconventionally did things but fell in love with Zhang Ruochen.

There was the cunning and cruel Lan Ying and the honest and open Xing Luo.

There was Que, who focused on cultivation, and Bai Qing'er, who hid in the shadows and played with all the cultivators in the world.

...

These cultivators could not be judged simply by "Good" or "Bad".

Everyone had their own stand and thoughts. Some became Zhang Ruochen's enemies, some became his friends, and some became his family.

Some were just passersby in life.

Zhang Ruochen had always fought against the things he despised.

For example, the Immortal Vampires sucked blood, the Rakshasas devoured humans, the Asuras massacred all life, and the dead spirits destroyed the world.

Zhang Ruochen had been dissatisfied with the Blood Empress and was hostile to Kong Lanyou. He had cut off his ties with Huang Yanchen and was at odds with Chi Yao.

What was the line between right and wrong?

When he broke through the Shackle of Desire and reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, Zhang Ruochen repeatedly experienced the things that had happened in the past. He had seen many things he could not let go of before. His mind had changed quite a bit, and he was on the verge of epiphany.

After changing paths with the Intergold Tiger, he realized he lacked a spirit when he wanted to create his own technique.

In Bai Qing'er's Nightmare of the Seven Souls, Zhang Ruochen's heart was tempered and improved again.

Talking to the Dragon Lord let Zhang Ruochen know that what he lacked was the Path.

The Path that belonged to him.

What was a Path?

To Que, Path was himself. Only he was in the world, and all external things were oblivion.

It was Que who had found his own Path. That was why Bai Qing'er had evaluated that Zhang Ruochen's state of mind was inferior to Que's. She even believed that Zhang Ruochen would die on this road if he could not condense the Grade One Saintwill.

Wuma Jiuxing's Path was the saber in his hand, so he could enter the divinity of the Path of Saber.

Lan Ying's Path was to transform into a vessel spirit and become one with the Sword of Asura. In the future, it would become a supreme Divine Artifact that could cut down everything in the world. He was the sword, and the sword was him. Therefore, he could reach the peak and cultivate the Heaven Sword Soul when he broke through the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Zhang Ruochen had too many obstacles in his life. The biggest obstacle was hatred.

Hatred was the root of all suffering.

The word hatred gave birth to Zhang Ruochen's inner demon. It made him live in pain. Sometimes, he was extreme in his actions. Sometimes, he was even at a loss. He didn't know where the road ahead was and where the future was.

Because of the word 'hate', he had made too many enemies.

Sometimes, he would even treat those with potential as enemies. In the end, they became a nemesis.

Enemies might have a reason to die, but why did they have to make enemies for him?

Was there really a conflict in the world that couldn't be resolved?

Who didn't want to have one less enemy and one more friend?

After meeting Madam Nixuan, Zhang Ruochen was deeply touched.

Before he went to Hoth, he regarded Madam Nixuan as an enemy. He even thought of fighting them to the death. First, it was a conflict of interests. Second, it was revenge for his mother and Lord Ming.

However, he had never thought that Madam Nixuan was the wife of Wargod Bloodximius.

Did Wargod Bloodximius want his wife's relationship with his daughter and grandson to deteriorate further?

At that time, what should he do?

Was Madam Nixuan really so hateful that they had to die?

Sending Lord Ming and the Blood Empress to Kunlun was indeed dangerous. However, in the eyes of the cultivators of the Infernal Court, Kunlun was a broken world, no different from a dead world.

Wargod Bloodximius's intention was to keep them away from the family and pave the way for her son to become the heir, not to send them to their deaths.

She had her own selfish motives and mistakes, but she also paid the price.

As a disciple of the Xue Jue family, should Zhang Ruochen really sow discord between them? Why had he not thought about resolving the hatred between Madam Nixuan and the Blood Empress and realizing the common prosperity and harmony of the family?

Perhaps this was what Wargod Bloodximius wanted to see the most.

Now that the Blood Empress had become a god, she might not hate Madam Nixuan so much. She probably didn't want to make things difficult for Wargod Bloodximius, so she let Madam Nixuan go.

Suppose Zhang Ruochen was willing to show up, and Madam Nixuan was willing to pay the price and apologize sincerely. In that case, this conflict could be easily resolved.

Zhang Ruochen, who was sitting cross-legged, read out a sentence:

"The sea can contain all rivers and everything. This is my Path, and this is my spirit! To restore the world's order, there must be a heart vast enough to accommodate everything.

"My body can not accommodate this universe, but my heart can.

"The good and the bad are all in the world.

"Pure and evil are all in the world of mortals."

“Who said that being a pure cultivator like Que and Lan Ying is the right Path? No, that’s just a small Path. Encompassing all is the true Major Path.”

“Dragon Lord, I understand what you’re saying!”

Zhang Ruochen laughed, and all his doubts disappeared.

Man, Earth, Heaven, and Path.

For I am abstracted from the world, nature from the Path, and the Path from what lies beneath abstraction.

What was nature?

Nature was everything in the world.

The key to the Grade One Saintwill was the word “one”.

“One” didn’t mean “single”; it meant “everything”.

To condense the Grade One Saintwill, Zhang Ruochen had to include everything in the world.

Zhang Ruochen already had the foundation to include everything in the world. The Five-element Chaotic Body, the Master of Time and Space identity, the vision to reshape the order of heaven and earth, and the heart encompassing everything.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen stood on the top of the mountain. They wanted to ascend to the sky, but no road was under their feet.

Yan Wushen chose to give up everything to make it easier to ascend to the sky.

The path Zhang Ruochen had found now was to step on everything in the world and reach the sky.

Yan Wushen was destined to be unable to cultivate the true Grade One Saintwill. At most, he would be able to grasp the true meaning of the Grade One Saintwill. The path Zhang Ruochen was walking on was the correct path.

However, this path was challenging.

“The sea embraces all rivers and everything.” How could it be easy?

The former needed an infinite mind to accommodate everything in the world.

The latter needed an infinite mind to have everything in Zhang Ruochen's heart.

Even the saints with the highest moral character might be unable to do it.

How could Zhang Ruochen be allowed to accept all in life when he was on the edge of life and death?

Zhang Ruochen would accept everything he protected, not evildoers who destroyed everything. He would view the world with the greatest kindness and change the world.

Perhaps one day, Zhang Ruochen would be invincible in the world and could live according to his own wishes. Then, he would truly be able to encompass all.

Of course, at this moment, Zhang Ruochen's heart of Path had been set, and he had achieved an unprecedented breakthrough.

The strength of Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power instantly broke through to the 67th level.

Then it rose to the 68th level.

Zhang Ruochen broke through two levels in a row.

Of course, it wasn't because Zhang Ruochen had improved his state of mind that he could make such a significant breakthrough.

It was because Zhang Ruochen had refined the Heart of the Divine Tree long ago and obtained the knowledge of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree's first Yuanhui period. This knowledge had never been completely transformed and integrated.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power suddenly soared after his state of mind was integrated after enduring the trial of the Shackle of Desire and the tempering of the Nightmare of the Seven Souls.

Zhang Ruochen sensed it and manifested the Realm-frame of Truth.

Suddenly, the Royal City of Hundred Clans cultivators looked up at the sky.

In the daytime, the stars were shining in the sky.

Some gods sensed that the stars in the starry sky had been affected by something. Suddenly, the light surged, and even the trajectory of the stars changed slightly.

...

Celestial Court, the Celestial Domain of Truth.

The divine light of the Fane of Truth suddenly shone brightly. It exuded a brilliant radiance like a sea of stars, covering thousands of miles.

The Supreme Saints in the fane were all alarmed. They all rushed to where the fane's lord was in seclusion. They kowtowed and asked, wanting to know what had happened.

The Lord of Fane of Truth did not go to the Jadeite Realm. Instead, he stayed in the Celestial Court.

The Lord of Fane of Truth came out from his closed-door cultivation. He waved his sleeve and berated, "It's just a little anomaly. It's nothing serious. Attend to your duties."

After the Supreme Saints left, the Lord of Fane of Truth looked out into the sky. It was as if he could see what was happening billions of miles away. He muttered to himself, "This little traitor cultivated the Realm-frame of Truth—Boundless Universe in the Supreme Saint realm. It caused the Fane of Truth to manifest an anomaly. He's the only one since ancient times. Is it because he possesses the Heart of Truth, or does this kid have unprecedented abilities?"

The Lord of Fane of Truth was a little angry. The more he thought about it, the angrier he became.

Following that, he pulled out Xiang Chunan, who was in closed-door cultivation, and gave him a fierce beating.

The poor Xiang Chunan did not even know why he was being beaten. He was beaten until he could not even get up from the ground. His eyes were blank as he collapsed to the ground. He

grabbed the soil on the ground with both hands and looked at the sky. His seven apertures were bleeding.

...

The Six Heavenly Tomes of the Fane of Destiny were stored in the Destiny Tower of the Divination Division.

The Head Overseer of the Divination Division, Xu Rulai, shuttled between the bookshelves in the tower and sorted out all kinds of tomes.

Suddenly, Xu Rulai sensed something. He looked at the area where the Six Heavenly Tomes were located in the center of the Destiny Tower and let out a soft gasp.

With just a thought, he stood next to one of the Six Heavenly Tomes, the *Tome of the Divines*. He observed the changes in the rankings and said, "It changed again. And it increased so much in one go."

His gaze fell on the name "Zhang Ruochen."

Zhang Ruochen's ranking on the *Tome of the Divines* had changed twice.

Last time, when Zhang Ruochen had broken through the Shackle of Desire, he had changed from 87th place to 21st place.

This time, he directly rose to the second-class area.

Entering the second-class area meant that the probability of Zhang Ruochen becoming a god had exceeded 40%.

The probability of a cultivator becoming a god was between 10% and 20%.

No wonder Xu Rulai was alarmed. A Yuanhui-level genius ranked third-class in the *Tome of the Divines* was enough to make all the cultivators laugh. Even the gods didn't think highly of Zhang Ruochen.

If the changes in the *Tome of the Divines* were to spread, it would definitely cause a massive disturbance.

Some people would definitely be happy.

However, those gods who had once looked down on Zhang Ruochen and did not take a liking to him would probably take action immediately and kill him.

“So you’ve entered the second-class. Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen, what changes have happened to you?”

Xu Rulai touched his chin and thought of something. He turned to look at the other two Heavenly Tomes, the *Deva Path Tome* and the *Tome of God-Defying*. He found Zhang Ruochen’s name on the *Tome of God-Defying*.

“His name didn’t appear in the *Deva Path Tome*, but the *Tome of God-Defying*. This is troublesome!”

Chapter 2536: A Storm Was Brewing

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Eighteen Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords carried the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. They swaggered down the magnificent streets of the Royal City of Hundred Clans. Ghost Qi filled the sky, and their momentum soared to the sky. Wherever they passed, countless cultivators surrounded and watched.

“Zhang Ruochen has entered the city!”

Zhang Ruochen entered the city in a high-profile manner.

Communication talismans spread out like a meteor shower.

After the Battle of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen was already a famous figure worldwide. Born in the Infernal Court, one could not know who the twelve Reverends of the Fane of Destiny were. However, no one did not know who Zhang Ruochen was.

This was not bragging!

In terms of fame, in terms of recognition among the ordinary cultivators, who could be compared to Zhang Ruochen, who had to perform a massacre on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?

Zhang Ruochen went to Hoth to keep a low profile because he knew that Hoth was a chaotic place. If he died there, it would be difficult for the Xue Jue Family to find out who did it.

He came to the Royal City of Hundred Clans to be high-profile because he knew clearly that there were three gods in the city before he reached.

The three gods were from the Yakshas, the Wulvers, and the Pyroghost Clan.

These three clans were small compared to the ten great clans, but they were the three most powerful clans out of the 137 small clans that made up the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Zhang Ruochen's identity was exceptional. He was the grandson of Wargod Bloodximius, Luo Yan's son-in-law, and the Shadow of Fukurokuju. It would be very troublesome if a God killed him in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

After returning from the Jadeite Realm, it would be strange if Wargod Bloodximius didn't turn the Royal City of Hundred Clans upside down.

So, knowing that Asurendra Samay wanted to kill him, Zhang Ruochen entered the Royal City of Hundred Clans in a high-profile manner and let all cultivators see that he was in the city. If Asurendra Samay wanted to kill him, the gods in the Royal City of Hundred Clans would protect him.

On the other hand, if Zhang Ruochen sneaked into the city, even if he was killed, the gods in the Royal City of Hundred Clans could turn a blind eye and pretend that they didn't know anything.

Zhang Ruochen was using the power of the three gods to protect himself.

It couldn't be helped. It's a pity they were from a small clan, and Zhang Ruochen had a powerful background and an unreasonable grandfather. No one could afford to offend him, so they could only treat him as a lord.

Wherever Zhang Ruochen went, chaos would always lead to bloodshed. Even cultivators at the edge of the Infernal Court knew about it.

Because of Zhang Ruochen's arrival, all the Royal City of Hundred Clans clans had headaches.

In fact, when the Light of Origin appeared in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, they had already begun to have headaches. However, Zhang Ruochen's arrival made them even more troubled!

A peerless woman, followed by a group of veiled saintesses, gracefully arrived in front of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The woman in the lead could be said to be peerless in appearance and figure. She also had an extraordinary immortal charm.

She bowed slightly to the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. She said pleasantly, "Xue Lai of the Sengens has come to escort Young Master Ruochen to the Sengens' sacred ground on our Emperor's order."

There was no response from the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords seemed unable to see them as they walked forward.

They had no choice but to retreat to the sides.

The veiled saintesses all had looks of disgust in their eyes. They felt that this Ruochen Supreme Saint was too cold and arrogant. He actually treated the Sengens as nothing. Furthermore, his actions were equivalent to humiliating Princess Xue Lai.

A handsome man in a black robe descended from the sky and appeared in front of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. 108 rays of evil light on his body, and he had a great bearing. He raised his voice and said, "I'm Han Ailian from the Yakshas. Our goddess Jadea is my master. She would like to invite Young Master Ruochen to the Yaksha sacred ground."

The Sevenstar Imperial Palace still ignored him and continued forward.

There was an uproar on the long street.

"Han Ailian is a famous figure in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. He's one of the seven lords of the Yaksha. How can Zhang Ruochen ignore him? How can he be so arrogant?"

"This Yuanhui level genius really knows how to put on airs. Does he want the clan leader or god to personally invite him?"

"He's indeed arrogant. He's only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

...

Five days after Zhang Ruochen entered the city, cultivators from all forces went to invite or pay their respects. However, there was no response from the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. They all ended awkwardly.

Those who were well-mannered just smiled helplessly.

Those with bad tempers cursed directly. They even had the urge to overturn the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords acted as if they had no feelings or thoughts. They followed Zhang Ruochen's instructions and walked forward step by step. They ignored the cultivators who invited and paid their respects.

Their master didn't say anything. How could they dare to speak?

Five days, 1000 miles, through half of the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Such madness!

Madness to the extreme!

This was the unanimous evaluation of Zhang Ruochen from the Royal City of Hundred Clans cultivators.

Yuan Benji and a group of Fane of Death Supreme Saints stood on the top of a seven-story pavilion. They looked at the 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords swaggering down the street with mocking smiles.

"What do you think Zhang Ruochen is doing? He has been walking in the Royal City of Hundred Clans for five days and has offended all the major forces. His style... Hehe, is quite similar to that of Wargod Bloodximius."

Yuan Benji was Yuan Qianmo's younger brother, the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. He was almost burned to ashes by Blackie's Eternal Fire in the House of Enchanters of Hoth.

Yuan Fei, who had also participated in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting and was the number one powerhouse of the Deathkin, had already broken into the Thousand-Koan Realm.

He was very calm. “Is Zhang Ruochen really in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace? Could it be that he’s using this as a trick? In fact, his real body has already gone to find the Fane of Origin?”

Hearing this, the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death were all moved.

Yuan Benji had received a message from Yuan Qianmo five days ago, asking him to keep an eye on Zhang Ruochen and monitor his every move.

Obviously, Yuan Qianmo didn’t believe Zhang Ruochen at all. He still felt that the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin was very likely with him. Not only Yuan Qianmo but other forces also sent people to follow Zhang Ruochen to the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Why didn’t Yuan Qianmo personally go?

There was no other way. All the Supreme Saints had answered the call of the Fane of Destiny. They gathered in the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt and Hoth to deal with Ji Fanxin, an unprecedented enemy from the Celestial Court.

The Supreme Saints from all the Royal City of Hundred Clans had been deployed.

The Paramount Realm Yuanhui-level genius had to be killed. Otherwise, it would be a future disaster for the Infernal Court.

Yuan Benji had firmly rejected Supreme Saint Yuanfei’s guess. He said, “Impossible! More than one group of cultivators have been watching Zhang Ruochen since he passed through the wormhole. No matter how powerful he is, he can’t leave.”

“He’s the descendant of Saint Monk Xumi. He might have grasped the Canon of Dimension and be able to escape without anyone knowing,” Supreme Saint Yuanfei reminded him.

Yuan Benji’s expression changed slightly, but he quickly calmed down. He sneered and said, “If that’s the case, send the White Reapers to attack directly. Let’s give him a try.”

“Okay, I’ll do it.”

A man with a red mole, the size of a thumb, walked out from among the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death. His eyes were gray and silver, and his aura was rather strange.

The Death Palace of the Fane of Destiny could nurture the Ten Wraithions, who were not afraid of death.

Of course, the Fane of Death also specialized in cultivating powerhouses born to kill. Some of these powerhouses were cultivated by living beings. As soon as they were born, their emotions and desires were erased. They only knew how to cultivate and kill. They did not know about emotions and fear.

Some were cultivated by dead spirits. Just like the Fane of Death, they used the corpses and saint souls of top powerhouses. They even used the corpses and saint souls of gods to cultivate them.

This man with a huge red mole between his brows had a strong background. Even Yuan Benji, who had his older brother Yuan Qianmo backing him, was afraid of that man.

Yuan Benji smiled. “Que Shenzi, you didn’t come just to test the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, right?”

The Man with the red mole named Que Shenzi said in a deep voice, “Zhang Ruochen killed Shan Qiu, but he’s still free. The Death Palace has lost so much face. How can they let him go so easily? Don’t worry, everyone. The White Reapers I’ve dispatched will be chosen from the living beings. No one will suspect the Fane of Death.”

“So what if they suspect the Fane of Death? Why are they afraid of the Xue Jue Family?” A Supreme Saint from the Fane of Death said.

Yuan Benji laughed. “That’s tough! Didn’t Zhang Ruochen like to be high-profile? We let him enter the city in a high-profile manner, but he was thrown out of the city like a dead dog. However, it must be noted that the Sevenstar Imperial Palace was a sacred palace refined by Wargod Bloodximius. It was close to being a fane, and even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint could not break through it. Once we attack, we

must be well prepared to break through the Sevenstar Imperial Palace's defense."

Yuan Benji knew very well that his elder brother was an exquisite person who cherished his reputation. Because of Yan Zhexian's incident, although he hated Zhang Ruochen to the bone, he could not bear to face him.

Yuan Benji had wanted to teach Zhang Ruochen a lesson in front of all the cultivators, but he did not know what to do.

Zhang Ruochen blamed Ji Fanxin for Shan Qiu's death, but only those who believed him would believe him. Those who did not believe him at all.

He could make use of this opportunity to test whether Zhang Ruochen was in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and take the opportunity to teach him a lesson to find out if he had superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origins on him. It would be best if he took away all his Supreme Artifacts.

As long as he didn't kill Zhang Ruochen, even if the god behind Zhang Ruochen knew about this, he wouldn't stand up for him. He would only feel embarrassed.

Moreover, once he found a superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origins on Zhang Ruochen, he wouldn't be able to explain it even if he had a mouth all over his body! The Fane of Destiny wouldn't let him off the hook.

...

Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian were confused. After returning to Hoth, they heard that the Light of Origin had appeared in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, so they came here.

It was also because one of the minor clans in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, the Night Demons, was affiliated with the Yanluo clan.

Therefore, after they came to the Royal City of Hundred Clans, they were received by the two most outstanding figures under the Emperor of the Night Demon clan, Xuan Zehai, and Xuan Qingying.

In the Royal City of Hundred Clans, and even at the borders of the Infernal Court, Xuan Zehai was considered a top-notch powerhouse. Although he had yet to break through to the ultimate realm, he had already cultivated four trillion precepts. Once he condensed his Paramount physique, he would become a powerhouse among the Paramount Realm Supreme Saints, the overlord of the mortal world.

Like Lord Ironclad, who had cultivated over one trillion precepts and was at the peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm, would be defeated in just a few moves in front of him. As for the others, who had cultivated less than one trillion precepts, he could quickly suppress them.

Of course, they were still far from the likes of Lord Wu Yue, who had cultivated twelve Trillion precepts and formed a Paramount physique.

But who was Lord Wu Yue?

How many of the top five existences in the Fane of Destiny were in a single era?

Even the ancestors of small clans had to bow their heads when they saw such an important figure.

Xuan Qingying was slightly inferior to her elder brother. Still, the number of precepts she had cultivated had also reached three trillion. She also had a lovely name, one of the ten beauties at the edge of the Infernal Court, and was known as the “Qing the Beauty”.

Her name was actually a little more famous than her brother’s.

Xuan Zehai told Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu the results of the three investigations into the Light of Origins. Then he sighed, “When the Light of Origins appeared three times, I always thought that it was someone with ill intentions who wanted to bring the disaster to the Royal City of Hundred Clans. But you’ve all seen it too. Strange things have been happening recently. During the day, the stars shine, and the stars shift. This isn’t something that a human can do!”

Then, he used a voice transmission to inform Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian. He said, “It’s said that the gods of the three great

clans haven't figured out why this phenomenon. That's why they've issued an order that the various clans activate all the Divine Marks and Supreme Saint inscriptions in the city."

"The stars are shining, and the stars are shifting."

Yan Zhexian murmured softly. Her beautiful face looked out of the window at the vast sky.

The strange phenomenon had not disappeared yet.

Was the Fane of Origin really going to be born here?

Yan Huangtu said, "The major event on Hoth and the appearance of the Light of Origin in the Royal City of Hundred Clans three times must have been detected by the Celestial Court. Are there any powerhouses from the Celestial Court on the *Eminence Ranking* who have come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans?"

Xuan Zehai looked helpless. He said, "The Royal City of Hundred Clans stretches for thousands of miles. With all kinds of clans gathering together, it's too easy for the cultivators from the Celestial Court to sneak into the city! Of course, we can investigate it, but we can't find a powerhouse on the *Eminence Ranking*."

Xuan Qingying, sitting at the side, had a strange look in her eyes that was as clear as water.

Yan Huangtu noticed it and said with a smile, "Beauty Qing, you seem to know something."

Xuan Qingying quickly said, "There is someone in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, and that person has been here for a long time."

"Who is it?" Yan Huangtu asked.

"One of the three great assassin organizations in the Celestial Court, the number one assassin of the Empyrean Assassins, Peach Blossom," Xuan Qingying said.

Xuan Zehai slammed the table. His eyes were filled with awe. "Yes, how could I have forgotten about her? She is a superior who has entered the *Eminence Ranking* and is a top-notch powerhouse."

There was a commotion outside.

They all looked out of the window. Wherever they looked, a black fog filled the air. Eighteen Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords were carrying the Sevenstar Imperial Palace far away.

Their actions and stance were like a royal family on a trip.

Xuan Zehai and Xuan Qingying had long known that Zhang Ruochen had come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans. However, even Han Ailian of the Yakshas had been humiliated by Zhang Ruochen. They knew their place, so they didn't go to see him or invite him.

However, when they saw the Sevenstar Imperial Palace Pass by, they couldn't help but look at Yan Zhexian.

Who didn't know that Yuan Qianmo and Yan Zhexian were the perfect couples before the Battle of Celestial-Hunting?

One was the first class of the *Tome of the Divines*. He was pure and handsome and would definitely become a god in the future. He was the best choice in the minds of all women.

The other was the most beautiful girl of the Yanluo clan. She was talented in cultivation. She was deeply loved by the supreme leader and had a terrifying background.

But Yan Zhexian was pregnant with Zhang Ruochen's child on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Who was Zhang Ruochen?

He was famous for being a playboy. He was the dust among the scumbags. From Kunlun to the Celestial Court and then to the Infernal Court, he had tangled with countless women. He loved everyone he saw. If others didn't love him, he would capture them and force them to love him.

In the story of Zhang Ruochen and the fairies in the *Portrait of the Nine Beauties* and the legend of a female deity in Kunlun, he supported Lady Wind ascending to the position of Scioness. He gave a Supreme Artifact to Lord Xia Yu. He was engaged to Princess Luo Sha.

These countless romantic affairs had been widely spread in the Infernal Court and spread countless versions because he had

become the number one person in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

Among them, how he had become the Divine Envoy of the pure Moon Goddess had been rated as one of the biggest secrets of this Yuanhui period. Countless cultivators and even gods in the Celestial and Infernal Court wanted to solve this mystery.

Moon Goddess? Zhang Ruochen?

One was in the sky, and the other was underground.

One was a goddess of extreme beauty, and the other was a filthy traitor.

All cultivators couldn't figure it out. How could the sacred and pure Moon Goddess have a Divine Envoy like Zhang Ruochen?

Xuan Zehai and Xuan Qingying couldn't figure out why Yan Zhexian would abandon Yuan Qianmo and choose Zhang Ruochen.

If Yan Zhexian hadn't volunteered, Zhang Ruochen would have been killed long ago if he dared to humiliate her with the strength of the Yanluo clan and his love for Yan Zhexian.

What confused Xuan Zehai and Xuan Qingying was that Yan Zhexian looked out of the window at the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Her fair face was clearly filled with disgust and disdain.

"This scum doesn't know how to restrain himself. He's only reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but he's so high-profile that he doesn't even know his surname. Just wait and see. There will definitely be cultivators who can't help but attack. When the time comes, let's see how he'll embarrass himself," Yan Zhexian snorted.

Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu had their memories erased and did not remember that Zhang Ruochen had saved them.

Although Xuan Zehai was confused and could not figure out the relationship between Yan Zhexian and Zhang Ruochen, he still said, "It is said that Zhang Ruochen had a fight with Lan

Ying not long ago, and they were equally matched. In his current realm, he is already quite abnormal.”

Yan Huangtu said, “Both Lan Ying and Que have come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans. They’ll definitely attack. This is a continuous battle of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. I’m looking forward to it. But I’m looking forward to the reaction of the cultivators of the Fane of Death and the Celestial Court. Can Zhang Ruochen really deal with them?”

Chapter 2537: Became a Buddha

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Five days into the city, Zhang Ruochen had offended all the major forces in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. It was really not what he wanted.

Zhang Ruochen encompassed everything in his heart. It seemed that he had comprehended everything in an instant. In fact, Zhang Ruochen had opened the sundial in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He had comprehended it for five years before he had a clear mind and realized the spiritual transformation.

In other words, Zhang Ruochen had been in a mysterious state of enlightenment for the past five days. He had no idea what was happening outside.

The palace guardian, Huang Tian, and the 18 Ghost Lords had no opinions. They only followed Zhang Ruochen's instructions when he entered the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. "We shall enter the city in a high-profile manner."

God knew why Zhang Ruochen had been mute after entering the city.

When Zhang Ruochen's epiphany ended, he made some predictions and realized that so much time had passed. So, he quickly asked Huang Tian about the recent events.

Huang Tian was just a sleeping lion dog. As long as there were no enemies to attack, it didn't even bother to open its eyes.

Being asked by Zhang Ruochen, it replied arrogantly, "The Sevenstar Imperial Palace is the Palace of Wargod Bloodximius. No enemies would dare to attack."

Well, it was useless to ask.

Zhang Ruochen had mixed feelings. He decided that the next time he cultivated, he must bring out one or two reliable cultivators from the Qiankun Realm to be the manager of his external affairs.

BOOM!

Suddenly, a heavy blow landed on the top of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The palace, which looked more than 30 meters tall, shook violently. Then, countless inscriptions of the array appeared and automatically formed a square-shaped defensive array.

Huang Tian could not understand why there would be someone who did not know what was good for him. He was angry and angry at the same time.

With a leap, he stood before the palace door and roared towards the sky.

The Sevenstar Imperial Palace's stairs, walls, tiles, and pillars all shone with divine light. Large amounts of Supreme Saint inscriptions and Divine Marks appeared, forming a second and third defensive array.

At the same time, an attack array was formed. Blood-colored lightning flowed around the palace like a stream.

Wargod Bloodximius had given the Sevenstar Imperial Palace to Zhang Ruochen to keep him safe. The higher Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was, the stronger his control over the Sevenstar Imperial Palace would be. The defense and attack power would also increase.

The sudden change shocked the cultivators surrounding the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. They all retreated.

How could anyone dare to attack Zhang Ruochen?

Four human-like figures in white rushed toward the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. They were all flesh and blood creatures, but they exude an aura of death.

The stone slabs on the long street and the buildings on both sides were instantly covered in a layer of black ice.

The cultivators surrounding the Sevenstar Imperial Palace knew that these four powerful figures in white were compelling, but they didn't retreat.

The reason was that this was the Royal City of Hundred Clans, a great sacred city. It even had the tendency to transform into a divine city.

The so-called sacred city was where the Saint Realm cultivators gathered.

To become a sacred city, the best cultivation conditions were only one of them. More importantly, one had to ensure that the Battle of the Saint Realm cultivators couldn't cause any ripples of damage and couldn't destroy the city.

As for the divine city, it had to be a city that could not be destroyed by a battle between gods.

There was only one sacred city for each of the ten great clans, and they were all built around the fane.

Since the Royal City of Hundred Clans could be considered a sacred city close to being a divine city, the materials used to build the city must be at the saint level. Every building had at least Supreme Saint inscriptions engraved on them.

There were countless Path Locks and Divine Marks in the city.

The moment the four white-robed powerhouses released their saint might, the Supreme Saint inscriptions, Path Locks, and Divine Marks appeared on the nearby streets and ancient buildings. Even a light pillar of array formation shot up into the sky.

Rumble

After the four white-robed powerhouses appeared, they didn't say a word and directly attacked the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The four of them were all wielding swords. They were artifacts that surpassed Class Three Regal Artifacts.

One strike after another. Although they did not break through the defense of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, cracks appeared on the green stone street that had been immortal for tens of thousands of years. Many of the Path Locks between heaven and earth were cut off.

Xuan Zehai looked at them from the railing. His expression was grim as he said, "Which faction is this? They actually mobilized four Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints at once."

To mobilize four Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints, a Macroworld like Guanghan needed to mobilize the entire world's power. Naturally, it was a big move.

"These Supreme Saints are all living beings but full of killing intent. Could they be from the Asuras' Fane of Barasingha?" Xuan Qingying asked.

Yan Huangtu stared at the booming street for a moment. He seemed to have seen something. He just grinned and looked around.

Yan Zhexian frowned slightly. "The allied enforcers of the Royal City of Hundred Clans don't care about the fight between the Supreme Saints in the city?"

She wasn't worried about Zhang Ruochen's safety. She was just curious.

A battle between the Supreme Saint level powerhouses in the saint city would definitely cause damage.

Xuan Zehai smiled bitterly, "The Royal City of Hundred Clans isn't like those saint cities in the center of the Infernal Court. The rules and order here are very loose. All 137 clans have built a sacred ground in the city. Their core interests and wealth are all on sacred ground. Although we will take care of the chaos outside the sacred grounds, we still must divide the people, time, and power."

Yan Zhexian finally understood. The Royal City of Hundred Clans' allied enforcers would undoubtedly punish the Supreme Saint fighting in the city.

However, the four white-clothed powerful figures dared to attack Zhang Ruochen. They clearly had a strong background.

The Royal City of Hundred Clans didn't want to get involved. Neither side wanted to offend Zhang Ruochen.

More importantly, Zhang Ruochen was too arrogant after entering the city. All the Royal City of Hundred Clans clans would be happy to see someone teach him a lesson.

"I'm quite curious. How will this Yuanhui-level genius deal with them?" Xuan Qingying's eyes were filled with anticipation.

Although Xuan Qingying had cultivated for thousands of years and even met gods, Yuanhui-level geniuses were rarer than gods. Naturally, she was a little curious. However, her anticipation was significantly reduced when she thought about Zhang Ruochen's cultivation, which was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

The Sevenstar Imperial Palace's defense was solid. If Zhang Ruochen hid inside and didn't come out, the four Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints might not be able to break in.

However, Zhang Ruochen had arrogantly entered the city and treated the cultivators of the clans as nothing. If he acted like a coward, wouldn't he be laughed at by all the cultivators in the city? Wargod Bloodximus and Fukurokuju would probably be humiliated because of him.

Zhang Ruochen's only choice was to strike back forcefully.

However, these were four Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints. Their auras were very similar. They obviously had combined attacks. With such a formation, even Lan Ying, known for defeating Banshi Isshou Realm cultivators with a single sword, would probably choose to break out of the encirclement and not fight.

One-on-one and one-on-four were different.

More and more cultivators came after hearing the news.

Except for a big lion dog howling in front of the gate of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Zhang Ruochen had not come out. Cultivators from some forces were already sneering softly.

Especially those cultivators from various clans who had been humiliated by Zhang Ruochen in the past few days. They had been holding back their anger and shouted directly, “The dog raised by the Wargod Bloodximus is imposing!”

“Supreme Saint Ruochen, come out and accept the challenge. Let us see the splendor of a Yuanhui-level genius.”

“Supreme Saint Ruochen, don’t be afraid. This is the Royal City of Hundred Clans. We, Yakshas, will protect your life.”

...

They were all telling the truth, but even Yan Zhexian felt it was ear-piercing when she heard them. She hated Zhang Ruochen for not having the courage to show off on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

If Yan Zhexian had known earlier, she would have announced the secret of the Madre Bloody Shadow to the world. She would not have carried the reputation of Zhang Ruochen’s child.

During that period, Zhang Ruochen took Lian Xi out of the Qiankun Realm. He burned the incense, bathed in the harem, and then changed into a spotless white robe. He only walked out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace at a moderate pace.

After comprehending the Path, Zhang Ruochen’s state of mind became unprecedentedly calm and natural. No matter how strong the enemy was, the laughter would not stop. He did not panic at all. It was difficult for him to even be angry.

In a word, he was like a Buddha!

He summoned Lian Xi not to show off to the Royal City of Hundred Clans cultivators but to prepare to let her go.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t know if it was because he was too compassionate, but when he thought about Lian Xi, he felt he was wrong. He was terrible not to deal with her, but not in that way.

Since she wanted to leave, he would send her on her way.

Seeing the extraordinarily handsome Zhang Ruochen and the immortal-like Fairy Shadowless walking out of the palace gate

one after another, countless pairs of eyes were attracted to them.

They did not want to attract hatred but pushed it to another peak.

Who would not be envious of taking in a famous fairy as a maid?

The sacred light on Zhang Ruochen's body blossomed like a divine lamp. All the cultivators' hearts became calm and strange wherever the light shone.

The four white-robed Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints stopped.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't angry at all. Smiling, he said, "I'm here. I wonder which force I had offended. Can someone come out and tell me?"

When Que Shenzi of the Fane of Death saw Zhang Ruochen, he did not hide anymore. He walked out and said, "I thought the Supreme Saint Ruochen was not in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, or he planned to hide there for the rest of his life!"

The four White Reapers were just testing him.

How could they break the Sevenstar Imperial Palace?

After thinking for a while, Que Shenzi thought there was no need for the Fane of Death to hide when dealing with Zhang Ruochen. He just had to reveal his identity. That was why he had come out with his actual body. At the same time, the other Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death also appeared nearby. They seemed to be echoing each other.

Zhang Ruochen smiled politely. "So you're the Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death. What are you doing? Honestly, I have a good relationship with your brother Yuan Qianmo. Can you give him some face and leave? I'm a generous person. I will overlook what happened today."

Hearing this, the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death turned pale and pale. Yuan Benji almost spat out a mouthful of blood.

'Did he just say he has a good relationship with Yuan Qianmo? And he called him Brother Yuan? Did he call himself a

generous person?

‘Zhang Ruochen, you are courting death for saying such shameless things.’

...

Chapter 2538: At One's Pleasure

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Who didn't know that Yuan Qianmo wanted to marry Yan Zhexian to pave the way for him to take control of the Fane of Death after becoming a God?

The Yanluo clan was also very satisfied with Yuan Qianmo, who couldn't find any flaws.

Yan Zhexian and Yuan Qianmo had met several times under the deliberate matchmaking of the two gods. They might not have any feelings, but they definitely appreciated each other.

The news of their engagement spread throughout the Infernal Court.

It was a foregone conclusion, but Zhang Ruochen came out of nowhere and impregnated Yan Zhexian. Yuan Qianmo, who ranked first in the *Tome of the Divines*, lost a lot of faces and became a laughingstock.

'Zhang Ruochen, you have the nerve to claim that you had a relationship with Yuan Qianmo? And called him brother Yuan?

'Yuan Qianmo was too kind to you for not chopping you into pieces.'

Everyone thought about it and suddenly understood.

A large group of Supreme Saint realm powerhouses from the Fane of Death had gathered here. Their power was so terrifying that even an ordinary Paramount Realm Supreme Saint would have to bow his head, let alone Zhang Ruochen.

Obviously, Zhang Ruochen was afraid!

More and more people mocked and ridiculed him.

Zhang Ruochen didn't care and said, "Everyone, leave. That's all for today."

How could Que Shenzi be fooled by Zhang Ruochen? He said in a deep voice, "Zhang Ruochen, you killed the Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death. Such arrogance! Where will the Fane of Death's face be if I don't skin you alive?"

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, "Brother Yuan and I have already made it clear that Ji Fanxin killed Shan Qiu. Why are you still holding a grudge? How can the Fane of Death be so petty? Where's your big heart?"

Que Shenzi said, "It's useless to push it to anyone. Today, I'll give you two choices. Either you walk out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and fight with me to end the grudge between the Fane of Death and you.

"Or I break into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and skin you alive to avenge the Supreme Saint Shan Qiu."

As Que Shenzi spoke, he took out a human head-sized Inscription-Suppressing Stone.

This Inscription-Suppressing Stone was refined by an Archsaint Array Master of the Fane of Death. Before it could be activated, the inscriptions of the array, the lines of the Supreme Saint, and the Divine Marks around it began to become unstable.

There were powerful figures from various forces gathered here. There was no lack of discerning people.

Que Shenzi might not be able to break into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Still, with the help of the Archsaint Array Master's Inscription-Suppressing Stone, Zhang Ruochen might not be able to defend it.

Xuan Zehai sighed. "The Fane of Death is too ruthless! Many powerhouses had gathered, which was equivalent to blocking Zhang Ruochen's escape route. If Que Shenzi came out again with the Archsaint Array Master's Inscription-Suppressing

Stone, no matter what Zhang Ruochen chose, he would be humiliated today. It might even be possible...”

Yan Zhexian instinctively felt that Zhang Ruochen deserved it, but she thought that no matter what, he was still the child’s father. If Zhang Ruochen humiliated her, wouldn’t he be humiliated as well?

Nothing can be done now. The Fane of Death was pressuring him. Zhang Ruochen couldn’t escape or fight, but no one came to help him. There wasn’t even a cultivator to stop the fight.

Who was he to blame?

It was all his fault. He was arrogant and didn’t know how to control himself.

Yan Huangtu saw that Yan Zhexian had a strange expression. He smiled. “If Xian ‘er can’t bear it, I can mobilize the power of the Yanluo clan to help him resolve this crisis. We might not be able to suppress the Fane of Death, but with our help, the Fane of Death won’t go too far.”

In the royal city, the only people that the Fane of Death could worry about seemed to be the Yanluo clan.

Yan Zhexian asked, “What do you mean by not going too far?”

Yan Huangtu saw that Yan Zhexian was soft-hearted after all. He said, “I think we can still save Zhang Ruochen’s life and cultivation.”

First, Yuan Qianmo was humiliated, and now a Supreme Saint had died. How could the Fane of Death let Zhang Ruochen go so easily?

Protecting Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation and life was the limit of what Yan Huangtu could do.

As for whether the Fane of Death wanted Zhang Ruochen to kneel down and admit his mistake, skin him alive, or take away the Supreme Artifact, it wasn’t something the Yanluo clan could control!

Even the Fane of Destiny couldn’t control it!

They didn't see that the mediation of the Fane of Destiny had just ended in the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt, and the action against Zhang Ruochen had started again.

While Yan Zhexian was deep in thought, Zhang Ruochen agreed without hesitation on the street. He said, "Good! A battle to resolve the enmity. That's a good suggestion."

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace's defensive array as he spoke.

All the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death were overjoyed.
Great!

Zhang Ruochen was so stupid. He actually dared to walk out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Without the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, it would be easy to deal with him.

The four White Reapers deliberately moved and released the precepts to condense a Precept Domain to prevent Zhang Ruochen from escaping back to the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Many cultivators watching the battle shook their heads. They all felt that Zhang Ruochen had become a fish in a barrel in the Fane of Death.

Since Que Shenzi dared to challenge him, he was undoubtedly confident of winning.

Once he defeated Zhang Ruochen, it would not be as simple as losing. He could be humiliated or even lose his cultivation.

Que Shenzi did not waste time with Zhang Ruochen. Divine light burst out from his body. The Evil Death Qi, containing divine power, surged out and rushed toward Zhang Ruochen like a huge wave.

The peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm!

And...

He had pure divine power.

Que Shenzi didn't have a Demigod-level physique, nor did he evolve from a divine corpse.

It was because his mother was a god. He had been nourished by the purest divine Qi in her womb. There were precept marks all over his body.

Luo Shengtian and Luo Sha also had a mother in godhood. They were born with the same trait. However, their divine power had been sealed since they were young, and the seal hadn't been completely broken.

Que Shenzi was the first person Zhang Ruochen had met who had a divine mother and had ultimately released the divine power in his body.

They were both in the Banshi Isshou Realm, but Que Shenzi was much stronger than Lord Ironclad.

WHOOSH!

100 million Divine Marks of Fire appeared on Zhang Ruochen's left leg. They turned into blazing divine fire and blocked the evil death qi.

"You dare to show 100,000,000 precept marks?"

Que Shenzi roared gloomily. He rushed out of the black evil death qi and pressed out with his palm.

There were tens of millions of precept marks on his palm alone.

There were 300,000,000,000 precept marks on his entire arm. The precept marks on his shoulders, chest, abdomen, and head gradually became bright and released terrifying divine power.

Zhang Ruochen sighed lightly. He used Yanshen's leg to stabilize his body. In his right arm, a tiger's roar shook the sky. He struck out with the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike.

The palm power was powerful and fierce.

BOOM!

They fought with strength.

The two retreated at the same time.

Que Shenzi was shocked. He couldn't help but raise his hand to look.

Zhang Ruochen's palm power was originally extreme with absolute Yang Qi, like a burning star. However, Que Shenzi felt a vortex force that swallowed all his power when they clashed. Some of his power was even counter-acted.

“Again.”

Que Shenzi's eyes revealed seriousness. He let out a long cry, and the precept marks on his body appeared densely. The power waves he released turned the green stone street into dust.

It must be known that since ancient times, countless gods had passed through the green stone street in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

A single footprint of a god was more powerful than a hundred Divine Marks.

Because of this, the green stone on the street wouldn't be destroyed for ten thousand years.

Que Shenzi's palms struck out together. Before the palm print strike, the precept marks surged out first, bursting out with the power of sky-shattering and cloud-dispersing.

The cultivators watching the battle were shocked and retreated. They were afraid that the defensive inscriptions here wouldn't be able to withstand such a powerful force.

It was strange that Zhang Ruochen didn't use the Power of Dimension to escape or dodge. He also struck out one palm after another.

Each palm print was like a tiger's roar and a dragon's roar. It was powerful and domineering.

But when their palms collided, all the power disappeared without much spillover. It was as if... They were faking it.

All the cultivators watching the battle frowned.

Xuan Qingying said, “Que Shenzi doesn't seem as strong as we thought.”

“No, Que Shenzi is still very strong. His body's 3.6 billion precept marks can continuously erupt with infinite divine

power. I have to be careful. It should be said that Zhang Ruochen is not as weak as everyone thought,” Xuan Zehai said.

Yan Huangtu had been watching intently. He sighed. “Zhang Ruochen’s Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill has most likely been integrated and achieved the great success of doing as he pleases! It’s too terrifying. He did it so quickly. I underestimated him.”

Yan Huangtu could see that every time Zhang Ruochen struck out, a faint yin-yang five elements mark would appear on his palm concisely, dissolving Que Shenzi’s palm power into oblivion.

‘The palm technique and the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill could be combined at will. Wasn’t that the grand completion of the realm?’

However, Yan Huangtu didn’t know that after Zhang Ruochen’s enlightenment and his spiritual power surged, he could use the saintwill at will. However, he was still far from the grand completion of the realm.

Now, he had only fused six types of saintwill.

If nothing unexpected happened, Zhang Ruochen knew that he still had to fuse three types of saintwill to truly reach the level of Grade One Saintwill. At that time, he wouldn’t be able to call it the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill anymore!

That will be the merging of Yin, Yang, the five elements, time, and space.

Zhang Ruochen only understood this after the Dragon Lord pointed it out.

If Zhang Ruochen only fused the Yin, Yang, and the five elements, he would most likely end up like Bai Qing’er had predicted and die on the path of fusing the Grade One Saintwill. Even if he succeeded by luck, he could only reach the level of the Six Paths of Reincarnation, cultivated by Yan Wushen, which was considered a pseudo Grade One Saintwill.

However, Saint Monk Xumi paved the way for Zhang Ruochen 800 years ago and passed on the mantle of time and

space to him.

Only with time and space as carriers could he withstand the five elements, Yin and Yang.

The combination of the nine paths truly encompassed everything. Yin, yang, the five elements, time, and space could change, evolve, and contain everything indefinitely. They became one with the entire universe.

Putting that aside, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power had reached the 68th level. His control over the Demigod's physical power had reached an unprecedented level. With the saintwill in his palm technique, it would be easily resolved no matter how powerful Que Shenzi's attack was. Zhang Ruochen's power had reached the 68th level.

The more they fought, the more they felt that Zhang Ruochen was terrifying. He was simply unfathomable.

Those cultivators who wanted to see Zhang Ruochen make a fool of himself were already dumbfounded.

Chapter 2539: Kindness Had Been Disregarded

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The battle between the two world-famous Supreme Saints did not cause the sky to collapse and the earth to crumble. However, it shocked many important figures in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

The sacred grounds of the various races were all shocked.

The sacred tower that Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, and the Terra Demons were in was called the Kun Tower. It was a famous ancient scenic spot in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Legend has it that in the Middle Ages, after the Infernal Court declared war on the Celestial Court, there were supreme-level powerful figures who invited the gods to this tower.

Therefore, whenever cultivators came to the Royal City of Hundred Clans, most would go to the Kun Tower to admire the places of interest and reminisce about the supreme-level powerful figures.

In addition, the protective array of the Kun Tower was powerful, and it was very close to the place where Zhang Ruochen and Que Shenzi were fighting. Therefore, more and more Supreme Saints poured in. Each had a huge background and looked like a Supreme Saint meeting.

In the eyes of ordinary cultivators, the Supreme Saint was the king of the Saint Realm.

However, among the Supreme Saints, there was nobility and inferiority.

Yan Huangtu sensed something and looked toward the corridor.

The footsteps became louder.

A moment later, a man and a woman came up the stairs, surrounded by a group of Supreme Saints.

They were the new Scioness of the Fane of Destiny, Pan Ruo, and Que, who had already entered the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Que seemed to be standing in oblivion. Few people could see his face clearly.

Pan Ruo was like a pearl in the sky. She was beautiful but cold as ice. All the Saints who came to visit felt like they couldn't get close.

Yan Huangtu's gaze fell on Que. He laughed loudly. "You're just in time. I don't think that Que Shenzi is a match for Zhang Ruochen. Do you want to fight in the next round?"

Que walked to the window and stood straight like a sword. He looked at the long street with chaotic precepts and surging qi. "Today is the Fane of Death is the show's main character."

Yan Huangtu said, "Aren't you afraid that Zhang Ruochen won't make it through?"

Que didn't say a word. He was like a sword hidden in a sheath.

Xuan Zehai and Xuan Qingying were top figures at the edge of the Infernal Court. Their cultivation far surpassed Que's. However, with the arrival of Que, the two of them were more or less nervous and felt a little pressure.

Pan Ruo's gaze swept over Yan Zhexian without leaving any trace, especially the position of her belly.

Everyone in the building had their own oddities and was observing each other.

After a moment of silence, Que said, "If it were anywhere else, I would be a little worried that he would fall at the hands of the Fane of Death. However, I should be more worried that he would start a massacre and chop the Supreme Saint like firewood in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. But..."

“Do you think it’s strange?” Yan Huangtu laughed.

“Yes.”

Que and Yan Huangtu had fought with Zhang Ruochen more than once. They knew him very well, so they naturally found some clues.

Que turned to look at Pan Ruo and asked, “What do you think, Scioness?”

“Zhang Ruochen can almost fully mobilize the power of the Demigod-level physique. His palm can flip the sky, his fist can overturn the earth, and he can’t use the Paramount physique. He’s invincible in close combat.” Pan Ruo wasn’t stingy with her exaggerations. Her evaluation was extremely high.

Yan Huangtu’s eyes were as wide as copper bells. He smiled slightly. “Does the Scioness not understand what we mean, or is she pretending not to understand?”

It was no wonder that Yan Huangtu had such doubts. After all, almost all the Supreme Saints present could see that Zhang Ruochen was able to fight against Que Shenzi by relying on the Demigod-level physique and the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill.

With these two things, Zhang Ruochen was indeed invincible in close combat. He had the advantage in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Since everyone could see it, why did he need to ask a Scioness with extraordinary wisdom?

Pan Ruo walked to Yan Zhexian’s side and looked out the window. Her figure was as exquisite as the picture of a fairy on the wall. She said, “Zhang Ruochen’s style today is different from usual.”

“Yes! This is the most confusing part!”

Yan Huangtu continued, “In Kunlun, Zhang Ruochen kills wherever he goes. No matter who the Scion or Scioness was, he would kill anyone who provoked him. He killed all the cultivators of the ten clans of the Infernal Court.

“In the Battlefield of Merits, he also killed many people. Whether it was the Ghost Master’s son or his former brother, they were all dead.

“Back then, in the House of Enchanters of Hoth, Yuan Benji had casually said ‘you’re like a coward’ to anger Zhang Ruochen. He claimed that he was humiliated and that he had to kill him.

“Although Zhang Ruochen may have other motives, it also means that he can’t be bothered. Any cultivator who provokes him must be mentally prepared to bear his boundless anger.

“But now...”

Although the battle on the street was fierce, Zhang Ruochen’s voice could repeatedly be heard urging Que Shenzi to stop.

Was this still Zhang Ruochen?

“Peace is the most important thing. Fighting won’t solve the problem.”

“Your Highness, please stop. We don’t have to fight to the death. Why don’t we go into the building and drink the sacred wine to forget our past grudges?”

“It’s really a misunderstanding. I didn’t kill Shan Qiu. The truth will come out one day.”

...

Hearing Zhang Ruochen’s nagging and Que Shenzi’s inability to defeat him, he suddenly became impatient. He gnashed his teeth and shouted, “Shut up!”

“Are you sure you don’t want to consider it? It’s better to end enmities than to end them. I swear I didn’t kill Shan Qiu in the name of Wargod Bloodximius.” Zhang Ruochen’s words were firm and sonorous.

The cultivators were shocked. They realized that it was possible that Zhang Ruochen didn’t kill Shan Qiu.

But did the Fane of Death really care if Zhang Ruochen killed Shan Qiu?

The answer was obviously no.

The Fane of Death's goal was to use this as an excuse to humiliate Zhang Ruochen. They could even kill Zhang Ruochen and take everything from him. Of course, finding the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin was also an important purpose.

The major forces did nothing because they wanted the Fane of Death to stand out and see if the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin was with Zhang Ruochen.

Pan Ruo had never been so confused about Zhang Ruochen. Her beautiful eyes were full of doubt.

SWOOSH!

Que Shenzi retreated far away and stared at Zhang Ruochen coldly.

Zhang Ruochen looked happy and gentle. He smiled warmly and said, "That's right. I said it was a misunderstanding. We should shake hands and have a good time."

Then he looked at Yuan Benji on the tower in the distance and said, "Brother Yuan Benji, I won't argue with you about the House of Enchanters!"

Yuan Benji's face was livid. He wanted to curse out loud. He hated it in his heart. "In the House of Enchanters, I was almost burned to death by that Phoenix beside you, okay? If you don't argue with me, I will make you die a horrible death."

Yuan Benji said in a deep voice, "Que Shenzi, Zhang Ruochen can only fight with you by relying on his strong body. Don't fight him in close combat. You can kill him with a flip of your hand with your cultivation."

Que Shenzi wasn't stupid. How could he not see Zhang Ruochen's strength clearly?

But this was the Royal City of Hundred Clans. All cultivators' cultivation was severely suppressed. They could only fight in close combat. It wasn't like in the starry sky, where they could instantly pull hundreds of miles apart and release trillions of precepts to crush Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Brother Yuan, why are you so cruel? Have I offended you in some way? Hurry up and explain in detail. Maybe we won’t have any conflicts!”

Yuan Benji sneered and said, “Ruochen, no matter how much you admit defeat, you won’t escape today.”

In everyone’s eyes, Zhang Ruochen’s actions showed weakness due to the situation.

The more so, the greater the smiles on the faces of the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death. They wished they could press Zhang Ruochen’s head to the ground and stomp on it. Only then would they feel happier.

“Let’s fight. Stop talking nonsense. It won’t be useful even if you kneel and beg for mercy today.”

Que Shenzi released all 1.7 billion precepts in his body. They filled the space within dozens of feet. They destroyed all the Path Locks, Supreme Saint inscriptions, and Divine Marks in the area, and a deadly Precept Domain was formed.

3.6 billion Divine Marks were like 3.6 billion divine rivers flowing in the Sea of precepts.

1.7 billion precepts were like 1.7 trillion boulders. 3,600 million Divine Marks were like 3,600 million mountains. Both of them were pressing on Zhang Ruochen.

Why did Yuan Benji think that Que Shenzi could suppress Zhang Ruochen with a flip of his hand as long as he pulled away?

It was precise because of the difference in the precepts.

Many cultivators felt that Zhang Ruochen was doomed. After all, a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint could cultivate more than 10 billion precepts.

The 100-fold difference couldn’t be made up.

However, Zhang Ruochen wasn’t as simple as they thought. A strange spatial structure appeared around his body. The 1700 billion precepts couldn’t directly press down on him.

Compared to when he fought with Lord Ironclad, Zhang Ruochen had more methods to deal with a superior at the peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm.

Zhang Ruochen looked dejected and sighed dejectedly. “Fine. Since I can’t persuade you to change your resentment, I can only find another way to solve this problem. Come on, Brother Que, I’ll fight with you.”

Hearing the word “Brother Que,” the corner of Que Shenzi’s mouth twitched.

He couldn’t take it anymore. Que Shenzi shouted, “Abyssal Palm.”

He formed a palm print with both hands and mobilized his divine power and precepts. Instantly, the phantom of the abyssal river appeared around him, producing deafening waves.

This kind of saint technique was one of the Fane of Death’s 72 Paramount Techniques.

Que Shenzi had already cultivated Abyssal Palm to the ninth level, reaching the level of Banshi Isshou saint technique.

The power of the palm print was overwhelming.

3.6 billion precept marks turned into 36 divine rivers, complementing the palm print.

SWOOSH!

The space trembled, and Zhang Ruochen disappeared.

“Great Dimensional Shift! How is this possible? He can still use the dimensional move in the Royal City of Hundred Clans under the suppression of my Precept Domain?”

Que Shenzi was shocked. He hadn’t expected Zhang Ruochen to be so strange. However, this palm had no return. He couldn’t withdraw his power and attack elsewhere.

Zhang Ruochen reappeared beside Que Shenzi.

If he attacked now, even if Que Shenzi could save his life, he wouldn’t be able to escape the fate of being heavily injured.

But what shocked everyone was that Zhang Ruochen didn't attack.

That's right.

He didn't attack.

Instead, Zhang Ruochen asked again, "Is there really no room for discussion?"

Rumble

Que Shenzi's palm power hit the position where Zhang Ruochen's previous battle strength had been. It destroyed an ancient building protected by the Supreme Saint inscription and array formation and turned it into ruins.

SWOOSH!

Que Shenzi turned his head to look at Zhang Ruochen, who was close to him. Like a rabbit whose tail had been stepped on, he immediately fled and distanced himself from Zhang Ruochen again. He was both shocked and angry.

What was shocking was that Zhang Ruochen had just posed a great threat to his life.

He was angry because he felt that Zhang Ruochen was teasing and humiliating him.

"Golden Flare."

Que Shenzi turned into a golden man. Golden Streams of divine flame gushed out of his pores, turning this area into a fire domain.

It was another one of the 72 Paramount saint techniques.

The difference was that Que Shenzi had cultivated the Golden Flare to the tenth level, which had reached the level of the supreme high-level saint technique.

It was not an ability for a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint to cultivate a Banshi Isshou Realm high-level saint technique. However, it was an amazing thing to cultivate a supreme high-level saint technique.

The Golden Flare could be used to attack or defend.

Que Shenzi immediately calmed down, and his fear disappeared.

He was sure that the legend was true. Zhang Ruochen must have grasped the Canon of Dimension. Without the Canon of Dimension, how could he use the dimensional move in that situation?

Zhang Ruochen was too stupid. He hadn't attacked just now.

Now that he was on guard, how could he give him another chance?

Very good!

As long as he killed Zhang Ruochen, the Canon of Dimension and the Canon of Destiny belonged to him!

"Zhang Ruochen, you will be the first dead spirit under the tenth level of the Golden Flare. Let me send you on your way."

Que Shenzi was very confident in this saint technique. After Summoning 3.6 billion precept marks to defend himself, he immediately mobilized the Golden Flare and condensed a firebird.

It was indeed very powerful. The temperature of the Golden Flare cultivated by Que Shenzi was close to 100,000 levels. Even Zhang Ruochen's Demigod-level physique could not withstand it.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't scared at all. He shook his head and extremely disappointedly said, "Why are you so stubborn?"

"I'll kill you!"

Que Shenzi gritted his teeth and shouted. The strange flaming bird spread its wings and rushed toward Zhang Ruochen with a burning aura.

"Curse of Light and Dark."

The Myriad Curse Bead flew to Zhang Ruochen's head. It floated there and didn't move. A supreme inscription appeared.

All the flaming birds crashed into a ball of purple light, turning into balls of fire.

It was the dark light.

The ball of dark light enveloped Que Shenzi.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed it with five fingers and said, "Retract!"

The ball of dark light quickly shrank to only two meters in diameter, trapping Que Shenzi.

Que Shenzi roared in the dark light, bursting with shocking divine power. He stretched out his arms, trying to break them.

"Retract!" Zhang Ruochen said.

The dark light pressed down on Que Shenzi's body until it kept shrinking.

There was a commotion all around. All the cultivators were shocked and in disbelief.

How could Zhang Ruochen be so assertive?

A single ray of dark light could suppress the top battle strength of a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint.

Some Supreme Saints saw through it and knew that Zhang Ruochen was using spiritual power to activate the Myriad Curse Bead. Seeing this, they were even more shocked.

How powerful was Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power?

The Curse of Dark and Light finally broke through Que Shenzi's defense. It turned into a purple curse mark and suppressed his body. Que Shenzi felt as if he was bound by thousands of shackles. It was difficult for him to move a finger, let alone continue fighting.

Que Shenzi saw Zhang Ruochen walking over. He opened his mouth with difficulty and said, "This... is the power of... A Supreme Artifact?"

"Yes, you don't know? Don't you even have a Supreme Artifact?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Que Shenzi's eyes were filled with sorrow. He cursed in his heart. If I had a Supreme Artifact, how could I be suppressed by your Curse of Dark and Light?

Zhang Ruochen had already walked up to him.

Que Shenzi's heart tightened. He quickly said, "Enemies... are easy to form... not easy to resolve. How about... how about we first remove the curse... We enter the tower and smile... drink..."

Before he could finish, Zhang Ruochen said thoughtfully, "No! You have resentment toward me. If you want to kill me, I can't let you go like this. Unless I can first remove the resentment in your heart and resolve the root of the conflict."

Que Shenzi shook his head slightly, indicating that he had no grudge.

Zhang Ruochen patted his shoulder and shook his head. He said, "I can see that you don't have a grudge. You're just afraid that I'll kill you," he said. "Don't worry. How can I, Zhang Ruochen, be a bloodthirsty person? In my opinion, you should stay by my side and let me educate you for a while. When your resentment has calmed down, your hostility has dissipated, and you've completely believed me, I'll let you go."

Que Shenzi felt the greatest humiliation in his life. Zhang Ruochen clearly wanted to take him in as a slave, but he said it so grandly. It was highly hypocritical.

"Actually, there's a faster way. I just need to cut off some of your memories and emotions. Your resentment will naturally disappear, just like the four of them!"

Zhang Ruochen pointed at the four expressionless White Reapers.

Que Shenzi's face changed. If his emotions and desires were cut off, wouldn't he be able to enter the divinity?

Zhang Ruochen was actually so ruthless that he wanted to destroy his Path.

Que Shenzi's body couldn't help but tremble. He looked at Yuan Benji and the other Supreme Saints in the distance with a pleading look.

Zhang Ruochen changed the topic. He said sincerely, "But that's just a temporary solution. I, Zhang Ruochen, don't care about it. It's better to change a person's mind and let him cultivate Buddhism, Path, or Confucianism. Are you willing to be a cultivator, a Taoist, or a scholar who reads thousands of books?"

Que Shenzi opened his mouth and said tremblingly, "Zhang Ruochen is evil. Save... Save Me!"

Chapter 2540: Recapture The Three Supreme Saints

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

It was unknown whether Zhang Ruochen had offended the clans in the Royal City of Hundred Clans too much these days. Even though Zhang Ruochen was on the weaker side, he still attracted criticism even though he had defeated the aggressive Que Shenzi.

No one thought that Zhang Ruochen wanted to resolve the conflict with the Fane of Death.

No one thought that what Zhang Ruochen said to Que Shenzi was from the bottom of his heart.

Instead, they thought that Zhang Ruochen was deliberately humiliating Que Shenzi. Every word contained ridicule, threats, ridicule, and sarcasm. He made the dignified deity, who was at the peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm, lose all dignity.

“Zhang Ruochen is too hateful. He won. He’s mighty, but he doesn’t have the grace of a Yuanhui-level genius to tease Que Shenzi like this.”

“Yeah, I can’t stand that sentence. You don’t even have a Supreme Artifact? Listen to how arrogant you are. Do you think you are great and powerful, owning a few Supreme Artifacts?”

Many cultivators nodded in agreement.

“A first-class Supreme Saint of the Deathkin has become Zhang Ruochen’s prisoner. He might really be forced to learn Buddhism and Paths. That’s terrible!”

“What’s the difference between this and forcing a human to feed on human blood like the Immortal Vampires?”

“I’m afraid Que Shenzi would rather die than be humiliated like this.”

One of the Supreme Saints shouted, “Why does the Supreme Saint Ruochen have to humiliate Que Shenzi like this? It’s better to give him a quick death.”

“That’s right! The winner is the king, and the loser is the bandit. The Supreme Saint can be killed but not humiliated.”

“If Supreme Saint Ruochen doesn’t dare to kill Que Shenzi, please let him go immediately. If you want to kill him, be straightforward. If you continue to put on airs, it will only make us cultivators feel disgusted.”

...

More and more cultivators supported Que Shenzi.

However, everyone knew Zhang Ruochen couldn’t let Que Shenzi go. Therefore, most of them encouraged Zhang Ruochen to kill Que Shenzi directly to prevent him from being humiliated again.

Que Shenzi was so scared that his back felt cold, and his scalp went numb. He cursed all the observing cultivators’ families in his heart.

How could he not be afraid?

The person in front of him was Zhang Ruochen.

There was no cultivator in the world that Zhang Ruochen didn’t dare to kill.

So what if he was humiliated? As long as he could escape, there would always be a time for him to regain his face.

If Zhang Ruochen suddenly became angry out of humiliation and killed him, he wouldn’t have a chance to come back. How unjust was his death?

SWOOSH! SWOOSH!

The Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death flew down from the tower and occupied the entire street.

They were all emitting evil death light. They approached Zhang Ruochen from the front and back of the long street.

The cultivators watching the battle made way.

“Let go of Que Shenzi. Otherwise, this street will be your burial ground.” Yuan Benji, full of imposing manners and pointed at Zhang Ruochen.

The hostage was in Zhang Ruochen’s hands. Although the Fane of Death had many powerful figures, they didn’t dare to act rashly.

Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply, “Que Shenzi and I had an agreement,” he said. “Let’s settle this once and for all. Now, the victor has been decided. No matter how big the grudge between the Fane of Death and me is, it’s time to settle it! Everyone, please leave. I don’t want to fight again today.”

“Let go of Que Shenzi first,” Supreme Saing Yuan Fei said. “Then we can talk about other things.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “The grudge between Que Shenzi and me hasn’t been resolved yet. I can’t let him go yet.”

Que Shenzi quickly said, “There’s... There’s no grudge anymore. I... I admit defeat. The victor has been decided. Let’s fight to resolve it.”

Suppressed by the Curse of Dark and Light, his mouth couldn’t open. He couldn’t speak clearly.

Zhang Ruochen patted his shoulder. His eyes were sincere. “No,” he said. “You’re not convinced. You still hate me. You want to kill me. Hatred is the root of all evil. Que Shenzi, you are still too stubborn.”

Que Shenzi couldn’t pretend anymore. He gritted his teeth. His face was twisted and cold.

Another humiliation!

Yuan Benji's eyes widened with rage. "So what if you have a hostage, Zhang Ruochen? Do you think we won't attack?"

Que Shenzi's expression changed. He shook his head at the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death.

Yuan Benji stared at Que Shenzi. "Don't worry, Que Shenzi. I don't believe Zhang Ruochen would dare to kill you. Today, the powerhouses of the Fane of Death won't stop until we kill him."

Que Shenzi's expression became even worse. He hated Yuan Benji.

Yuan Benji had already stated that he wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen. Under such circumstances, how could Zhang Ruochen not dare to kill him? Yuan Benji had clearly given up on him.

Que Shenzi decided that if he was lucky enough to survive today, he would find a way to kill Yuan Benji after returning to the Fane of Death.

SLAP!

Zhang Ruochen patted Que Shenzi's shoulder again and said, "How can I kill you, Que Shenzi? There should be someone with a big heart in the world. How can the world tolerate an enemy that can't even tolerate one?"

Many cultivators, including Yan Zhexian and Lian Xi, scoffed.

...

The Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death agreed to let Que Shenzi fight alone for two reasons. First, he was so powerful that he was certain of victory.

Secondly, behind Zhang Ruochen stood the powerful figures who had shocked the world, such as the Wargod Bloodximius, Fukurokuju, and Luo Yan. If the Fane of Death attacked and killed Zhang Ruochen together, the Wargod Bloodximius would definitely be angry.

However, if Que Shenzi attacked alone, what if he killed Zhang Ruochen?

If the Wargod Bloodximus took revenge on the Fane of Death, he would only be laughed at by the gods of the Fane of Death.

Third, Que Shenzi had an extraordinary position in the Fane of Death. Everyone was giving in humbly. They wanted him to defeat Zhang Ruochen and become famous by stepping on the geniuses of the Yuanhui level.

But who knew that Que Shenzi was such a good-for-nothing, which made the Fane of Death lose a lot of faces.

To save face, the Fane of Death had to take down Zhang Ruochen even if they had to fight one more time.

Yuan Benji ignored Que Shenzi's murderous gaze and ordered, "Attack."

The four White Reapers surrounding Zhang Ruochen attacked first.

The precepts and evil death qi surged out from their bodies at the same time. Then the overwhelming sword qi slashed toward Zhang Ruochen.

Que Shenzi's face was ashen. He knew that he wouldn't be able to escape today. He closed his eyes.

Whoosh

Ignoring the sword qi, Zhang Ruochen pressed his palm on Que Shenzi's chest. Spatial ripples burst out from his palm. Que Shenzi's body disappeared. The next moment, he entered the Sevenstar Imperial Palace's defensive array and fell under Lian Xi's feet.

Que Shenzi was stunned. He looked at Zhang Ruochen in disbelief.

The four White Reapers were all cultivators in the mid and late stages of the Banshi Isshou Realm. They had cultivated at least 30 million precepts.

Crack Crack

Zhang Ruochen had already activated the Armor of the Fire God and released the Zangshan Demonic Mirror.

Even if the sword qi pierced through the Supreme Power's defensive layer formed by Zangshan Demonic Mirror, its power had been greatly reduced. It only created sparks when it landed on the Armor of the Fire God.

Yuan Benji gritted his teeth and said, "Zhang Ruochen has the Supreme Artifact protecting him. He has to be attacked at a very close distance to break through his defense."

The four White Reapers instantly formed a killing array of swords. Four death phantoms appeared behind them.

The power of the four seemed to be one. The strength of their Qi was even stronger than Que Shenzi.

WHOOSH!

A white shadow flew above Zhang Ruochen's head. Raising the sword with both hands, it slashed out a river of swords.

A second white shadow rushed out from behind Zhang Ruochen and slashed horizontally.

The space around the edge of the sword shook.

A third white shadow came from the front. The sword light was brighter than the light from a star. All the cultivators below the Supreme Saint level were bleeding from their eyes.

The fourth white shadow stood still. However, the Class Three Regal Artifact in his hand flew out. It turned into a bone dragon and circled to Zhang Ruochen's right.

The four White Reapers attacked almost at the same time. Each attack seemed to be a joint effort of four people.

"What a terrifying sword formation. The four White Reapers seem to be one but can attack separately."

"The Fane of Death really wants to kill Zhang Ruochen!"

Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, Pan Ruo, Xuan Zehai, and Xuan Qingying all held their breaths and stared at the brilliant battle circle.

Que, who had been calm all this time, looked solemn. He said, "It's a class four sword formation."

Rumble

Zhang Ruochen's figure disappeared.

The four fatal moves performed by the four White Reapers all struck the air.

Among them, the two who attacked from the front and the back were the most dangerous. They almost killed each other. Fortunately, they both had strong cultivation and amazing reaction ability. They returned their swords in time to defend.

The two swords collided, and the two White Reapers were thrown in the opposite direction.

The Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death were all dumbfounded. They could not believe that Zhang Ruochen could still use the Great Dimensional Shift to escape under such circumstances.

Being suppressed by the Precept Domain of the four Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints and trapped in the killing array of swords, Zhang Ruochen naturally could not use the Great Dimensional Shift.

So, he hid in the Violet Gourd.

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen rushed out of the Violet Gourd and whispered, "Curse of Dark and Light!"

A White Reaper, who was three steps away, was cursed before he could react. Like Que Shenzi, he could not move.

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and sent him into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

"Curse of Dark and Light!"

The second White Reaper was cursed. He froze there as if he had been petrified.

Zhang Ruochen kicked him and sent him into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

"Curse of Dark and Light!"

The third White Reaper was imprisoned. Zhang Ruochen struck him with his palm and sent him into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Because Zhang Ruochen had released the Null Time realm and was fast enough, he shouted three Curse of Dark and Lights almost simultaneously. The Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death couldn't stop him in time.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to shout the fourth Curse of Light and Dark, Yuan Benji shouted, "Silence!"

The sound of rushing wind came. A palm-sized jade sword flew toward his heart like a spiritual snake.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror flew back by itself and turned into a heart protection mirror.

BANG!

The jade sword hit the mirror's surface, ringing loudly. Zhang Ruochen was thrown out directly.

Yuan Benji's attack had succeeded. He was delighted and pushed out his right hand. He mobilized even more power and added it to the jade sword, a Class Six Regal Artifact.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror flashed and swallowed the jade sword.

Zhang Ruochen landed on the ground and steadied himself. He turned his head and found that he had returned to the Sevenstar Imperial Palace's defensive array and was stepping on the stairs.

Yuan Benji was stunned. He realized that the connection with the jade sword had disappeared!

It wasn't an ordinary item. It was a Class Six Regal Artifact with the potential to advance to a Supreme Artifact. It was worth tens of thousands of Godstones.

Yuan Benji recovered quickly and surrounded the Sevenstar Imperial Palace with the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death.

This time, they didn't dare to act rashly. After all, Zhang Ruochen had already captured four Banshi Isshou Realm

Supreme Saints. If they forced Zhang Ruochen and killed them all, the consequences would be serious!

All the cultivators watching the battle were stunned. They had never expected that the previously cowardly and weak Zhang Ruochen would be able to make the Fane of Death suffer so much.

Was It all an act?

Deliberately showing weakness to the enemy?

Despicable!

Many cultivators cursed Zhang Ruochen in low voices, thinking he was sinister and shameless.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the steps of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He was sick of it. What's wrong with them? Why do they have such a prejudice against me?

I'm the weak one. I'm being targeted by a large group of elites from the Fane of Death .

I'm treating people with the most extraordinary kindness. I'm willing to make peace with the Fane of Death. Why can't you see that?

Ah, forget it. Why care about other people's misunderstandings? As long as I have a clear conscience, it's okay.

The emperor of the Terra Demons, Xuan Disha, came nearby accompanied by a group of elders. Xuan Zehai and Xuan Qingying immediately went to pay their respects.

Xuan Disha's face was old, and his hair was white. He wore a purple jade brocade robe and a holy crown, but he was still full of energy. He looked at Zhang Ruochen, standing on the steps of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He said, "A young hero. I'm afraid Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power has reached the 68th level."

Xuan Qingying couldn't believe it. She said in surprise, "How is this possible? Very few Supreme Saints can cultivate their spiritual power to the 68th level."

Xuan Disha narrowed his eyes and smiled. “If he didn’t have such spiritual power, how could Zhang Ruochen easily curse four Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints? Besides, he must have relied on his powerful spiritual power to be able to use the Supreme Artifact and the mysterious saintwill at his will. At the same time, he should be able to use the power of the Demigod-level physique more rationally.”

The emperor of the Terra Demons had lived for almost 30,000 years. His spiritual power was mighty.

Naturally, everyone believed his judgment.

Looking at Zhang Ruochen again, Xuan Qingying’s eyes became much more complicated. However, they quickly became disdainful and disdainful. If he was so powerful, why did he pretend to be timid?

He didn’t have the demeanor of a superior at all.

Xuan Zehai asked, “My lord, why did you leave the sacred ground and come here?”

“Someone asked me to resolve the conflict here and help Zhang Ruochen get out,” Xuan Disha said.

Xuan Zehai’s heart moved, and he heard something profound.

He heard the word “asked” and not “invite”.

Didn’t that mean that the cultivator who helped Zhang Ruochen was at least on the same level as the emperor? It was even possible that his cultivation or status was higher than the emperor’s.

Moreover, the Terra Demons would have to pay a heavy price to take Zhang Ruochen away from the Fane of Death.

Xuan Disha smiled and said, “Since the cultivators of all clans can’t get Zhang Ruochen to help, I will help him personally. I hope he will give me some face!”

Chapter 2541: Tian Shuzi

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Xuan Disha wasn't in a hurry to show up. He planned to take a look.

Since he was known as a Yuanhui-level genius and was valued by many important figures, his behavior and methods shouldn't be as simple as they seemed. He could take a look.

At least for now, the old emperor, who had lived for nearly 30,000 years, hadn't seen through Zhang Ruochen.

...

Among the ten clans in Infernal Court, the Immortal Vampires had ten great clans, the Rakshasas had seven kingdoms, and the Asuras had 24 fanes.

Although countless forces within the Deathkins had established kingdoms, ancient clans, sacred cities, fanes... none of them could reach the level of the ten great clans of the Immortal Vampires.

Because of this, the Deathkins were instead unified. The Fane of Death had absolute authority and dominance.

As for the Immortal Vampires, their clans could fight against the Fane of Death. They didn't have to obey everything and listen to orders everywhere.

The Fane of Death was filled with powerhouses. Just the Supreme Saints they sent to the Royal City of Hundred Clans alone was enough to shake the heavens and earth.

Tian Shuzi was one of them.

Tian Shuzi was originally a guest in the Sengens' sacred ground. When he heard the news of Que Shenzi's defeat, his

killing intent soared to the heavens as he threw his cup down.

Princess Xue Lai of the Sengens personally drove the carriage for him. The nine silver foxes pulled him. The Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death retreated to the sides. They let the saint carriage rush to the front of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Tian Shuzi was handsome and had an extraordinary bearing.

Princess Xue Lai, known as one of the ten beauties at the edge of the Infernal Court, was gentle and beautiful. She had an extraordinary temperament. A few days ago, she had invited Zhang Ruochen to the Sengens' sacred ground on behalf of the Sengens. However, he ignored her. She was somewhat annoyed.

Today, she personally brought Tian Shuzi here. Naturally, she wanted revenge.

Tian Shuzi stood on the carriage and said, "Your highness was humiliated in front of Zhang Ruochen's Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Today, I'll teach him a lesson. Let him know not to be too arrogant."

Princess Xue Lai's face was flawless white. No emotions could be seen. She said lightly, "You can't blame the Supreme Saint Ruochen. The Sengens were too presumptuous. Since they invited such a distinguished guest, it's only right for the emperor to come personally."

Tian Shuzi smiled coldly and got off the carriage.

In a low voice, Yuan Benji walked over immediately and told him what had happened.

Tian Shuzi nodded and said, "There's no need to worry. Since I'm here, I can't let Zhang Ruochen continue to show off."

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power was extreme. Naturally, he heard their conversation and understood. No wonder many cultivators in the Royal City of Hundred Clans didn't like him. It turned out that he had offended all the cultivators who had come to visit him during his enlightenment!

He really shouldn't have!

If he had time, he must go to all the clans and give them a gift of apology.

Tian Shuzi was obviously an incredible person. Even though the four Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints had been captured, he was still calm. He shouted confidently, “Zhang Ruochen, do you dare to fight again? A real fight to resolve our enmity.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Can you represent the Fane of Death?”

“Of course! If you beat me, all the enmity between you and the Fane of Death will be written off,” Tian Shuzi said.

Zhang Ruochen sighed softly. “To be honest, Que Shenzi said the same thing. But the Fane of Death likes to go back on their words. How can I trust you?”

The Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death weren’t embarrassed by this. Instead, their eyes became even colder.

If Zhang Ruochen didn’t have a hostage, they would have attacked together and destroyed the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Why would they waste so much time talking to him?

Tian Shuzi said, “I, Tian Shuzi, am a disciple of King Vipralopa. For the sake of my master’s reputation, I won’t go back on my words.”

Lian Xi transmitted her voice to Zhang Ruochen. “Don’t believe him. He’s trying to lure you out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace’s defense array.”

Most cultivators present could see Tian Shuzi’s intentions. They all guessed that Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t fall for it.

He had four hostages in the Banshi Isshou Realm. He was already invincible. Why take the risk to fight Tian Shuzi?

Besides, Tian Shuzi was an influential figure. He was one of the cultivators with the greatest potential in the Fane of Death. He had entered the fifth floor of the Death God Pavilion. Zhang Ruochen would have no chance of winning if he fought with him.

“Hatred is the root of all evil. If I have a chance to resolve it, I will do my best to resolve it.”

Zhang Ruochen said something that shocked everyone. Then, he looked at Tian Shuzi and said, "Okay, I'll trust you this time."

Lian Xi felt that Zhang Ruochen had become different after coming out of the Qiankun Realm. How could he be so stupid? Also, how could he say something like "Hatred is the root of all evil"?

Lian Xi glanced at the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death and said loudly, "If anything happens to Zhang Ruochen, I'll kill the four of them immediately."

She had no choice. Zhang Ruochen was courting death, but she had to stay rational.

If Zhang Ruochen got himself killed, then what about her?

Zhang Ruochen, who had just walked out of the defense array, immediately stopped. He shook his head at Lian Xi and said, "Killing will only deepen the hatred. Don't do it! Don't worry. I'm confident in this battle."

Pan Ruo, who was standing on the balcony, frowned deeply.

She could see that Zhang Ruochen was sincere and wanted to resolve the hatred and conflict with the Fane of Death.

That was the strangest thing!

"What happened to him?" Pan Ruo was deeply worried. She was afraid that something had happened to Zhang Ruochen's cultivation and that he would fall into the inner demon without realizing it.

She was also afraid that Zhang Ruochen had been possessed by a god, which was why his temperament had significantly changed.

The more Pan Ruo thought about it, the more uneasy she became.

However, no matter how uneasy and worried she was, she could not show up at this moment. Pan Ruo could only wait until this was over before she could test him and understand the situation.

‘Calm down, don’t panic.’ Pan Ruo thought.

Que sensed Pan Ruo’s emotional fluctuation. He looked sideways and then moved away without deliberately asking.

The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Tian Shuzi broke out in an instant.

The Myriad Curse Bead shone brightly. Under the control of Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power, it casts the Curse of Dark and Light.

A layer of dark purple light trapped Tian Shuzi.

“Break it.”

Tian Shuzi stood still. Five trillion precepts surged out of his body. They turned into a Precept Domain filled with a corrosive, broken, and destructive aura. Green tombstones rose up in the Precept Domain. The tombstones were engraved with Divine Marks. It was as if a living god was suppressed under the tombstones. Their momentum was robust.

Boom

The Curse of Dark and Light, which had always been peerless, was broken by the Precept Domain.

The Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death all cheered.

A ripple of light appeared in Princess Xue Lai’s beautiful eyes. Since Zhang Ruochen’s most powerful trump card had been broken, there should be no suspense in this battle.

Tian Shuzi waved his right hand lightly.

Countless precepts transformed into the extremely scorching Golden Flare. Three layers of fire waves formed in a row and swept toward Zhang Ruochen.

The Golden Flare that he had cultivated had also reached the tenth level. It was a Paramount-level saint technique.

However, the temperature was over 100,000 levels. It was used more subtly than Que Shenzi. It filled up all the space and didn’t give Zhang Ruochen any chance to escape.

“Suck it all in!”

Zhang Ruochen removed the Violet Gourd and kept the surging Golden Flare into the calabash.

Tian Shuzi's eyes turned cold. He allowed Zhang Ruochen to take the divine flame away. His body flew toward Zhang Ruochen like a leaf in the wind. He controlled the fire with one hand and put the other behind his back. He formed a Death Sigil.

The power and light of the divine flame were enough to cover his aura and body.

When he was only 30 feet away from Zhang Ruochen, he waved his hand and made a print.

His movements were graceful and smooth like flowing water.

As soon as the sigil was formed, it was like Death reaching out his giant rotten hand. The sigil's killing intent was sharper than that of a Regal Artifact.

"It's over!" Tianshuzi thought to himself.

However, contrary to Tianshuzi's expectations, the sigil, which could shatter the stars, fell into a distorted space after it was unleashed. His arm felt like it was about to be broken, and he felt intense pain.

Tian Shuzi's face changed. He couldn't figure out how Zhang Ruochen could still distort space under the suppression of his five trillion precepts.

Logically speaking, he should be the ruler of this space.

Boom

Zhang Ruochen wore the Armor of the Fire God in the surging divine flames. He struck out a palm print with 30 times the attack power, colliding with Tian Shuzi's Death Sigil.

Obviously, Zhang Ruochen had seen through Tian Shuzi's strategy. While collecting the Golden Flare, he put his other hand behind his back and formed the Dragon-Tiger Prajna Strike.

Around the palm print, a dazzling Light of Truth appeared. A universe appeared in the light, with countless stars floating in

it.

It flashed and then disappeared.

Tian Shuzi flew back and landed on the ground, leaving big footprints. Finally, he crashed into Princess Xue Lai's carriage and stopped.

The saint carriage almost fell over. Princess Xue Lai, who was sitting on it, almost fell down. She looked terrible.

Blood was dripping from Tian Shuzi's left hand. He looked at Zhang Ruochen with a complicated and vigilant expression.

All the cultivators present were shocked.

Was the Demigod-level physique so powerful that even Tian Shuzi, who had cultivated five trillion precepts, couldn't block it?

Tian Shuzi's body wasn't weak either!

They didn't know that Zhang Ruochen's palm wasn't just the power of the Demigod-level physique. It also had 30 times the attack power of a high-level saint technique at the Thousand Koan level like the Dragon-Tiger Prajna Strike.

Why was it 30 times the attack power?

God knew how Zhang Ruochen could reach such a terrifying level after cultivating the Realm-frame of Truth—Boundless universe. This was beyond Zhang Ruochen's understanding.

However, the 30 times didn't increase his physical power. It was the power of the Dragon-Tiger Prajna Strike.

The saint technique was activated by saint Qi and the precepts.

Therefore, even if the saint technique had 30-fold attack power, its power was still not as powerful as the full-strength palm of a Demigod-level physique. It was all thanks to the combination of the saint technique and the physical body that Zhang Ruochen was able to defeat Tian Shuzi.

Moreover, it was only after Tian Shuzi was affected by the Power of Dimension that Zhang Ruochen was able to succeed.

Through this clash, Zhang Ruochen realized that there was still a gap between him and those Supreme Saints at the peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm realm who had accumulated much experience.

Few cultivators watching the battle could see the mystery. They only saw that Tian Shuzi was bleeding from Zhang Ruochen's attack. They were all frightened.

"Zhang Ruochen is only at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Does he have the battle strength of the Paramount Realm?"

"It's all because of his Demigod-level physique. Tian Shuzi could easily win from a thousand miles away without a chance to display his physical strength. However, I admit that Zhang Ruochen is invincible in close combat. His physical strength is terrifying."

...

Tian Shuzi stopped looking down on him. The blood stains on his arm disappeared. "Zhang Ruochen, is this your strongest attack?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to lie to him. He nodded and said, "Yes, this is my strongest attack. I've almost used up all the saint Qi in my body."

Tian Shuzi wanted to regain his face. He chuckled. "That attack was just a casual attack. It wasn't even 60% of my power. Since your skills are limited, I'll end this quickly. I'll defeat you in three moves."

"Saber of Vipralopa."

Tian Shuzi took out the saint blade that King Vipralopa had used before. He strode forward. With each step, the Precepts of Saber that condensed toward the saber increased. His aura kept rising.

His blade intent locked onto Zhang Ruochen. He didn't give Zhang Ruochen the chance to use the Power of Dimension.

Let alone the cultivators watching the battle nearby, even the cultivators in the distant city felt the terrifying saber intent.

Their saint souls were affected. It was as if they were about to be torn apart. It was extremely uncomfortable.

Xuan Qingying said, “This is bad. Tian Shuzi used the Saber of Vipralopa. Why hasn’t the emperor stopped him?”

Xuan Disha’s gaze fell on Zhang Ruochen. “Zhang Ruochen’s expression is calm. There’s no need to fear. Hmm, let’s wait and see.”

Tian Shuzi raised his saber above his head, and the sky darkened.

Strong winds rose up, and killing intent soared to the sky.

Whoosh

This shocking strike destroyed many Path Locks, Supreme Saint inscriptions, and Divine Marks around the street. Countless cultivators were suffocated.

Rumble

The sound of metal and stone colliding could be heard.

A figure flew back and crashed into Princess Xue Lai’s saint carriage.

The carriage was shattered. Princess Xue Lai flew out with a whoosh and escaped to the side.

Tian Shuzi picked himself up from the ground with a battle saber. There was a streak of blood at the side of his mouth. He could no longer maintain his calm expression. He glared at Zhang Ruochen with fierce eyes. He roared, “Didn’t you say that the previous attack was your strongest power and that the saint Qi in your body had been used up?”

Zhang Ruochen wore the Armor of the Fire God and had a divine flame burning on his body. He looked like a young divine general. He said sincerely, “That’s right!”

“You...”

How could he say such shameless words? Tian Shuzi hated Zhang Ruochen to death.

The people around him cursed endlessly. They felt that Zhang Ruochen was too cheap.

Yan Zhexian, standing on the Kun Tower, didn't know what to say to describe his current mood. Logically speaking, the Fane of Death should be looked down upon for bullying the weak with numbers.

Logically speaking, Zhang Ruochen, who was in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, should be looked down upon by Tian Shuzi because of his powerful cultivation.

However, she had some sympathy for the Fane of Death. Zhang Ruochen's actions couldn't be said to be sinister or despicable. They were just angry and funny.

More accurately, they were childish.

It felt like he was teasing Tian Shuzi on purpose.

But Zhang Ruochen knew he wasn't fooling anyone, so he said solemnly, "Don't get me wrong, brother Tian Shuzi. My previous attack was, in fact, my most powerful. Although it hurt you, it borrowed external power. I won unfairly."

His tone was humble. He didn't want others to think he was too arrogant.

Zhang Ruochen had indeed mobilized the world power of the Qiankun Realm.

"Stop talking. Today, I'm humiliated by you. It's a shame in my life. I won't rest until you die." Tianshu wiped the blood from his mouth. His eyes were icy.

If what had happened today was spread, he would definitely be laughed at by the entire Infernal Court.

Even if he had to burn his blood and lifespan, he had to suppress Zhang Ruochen's arrogance and wash away his shame.

...

Chapter 2542: Uncle-Master

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “The victor has been decided. Why do we still have to fight?”

Tian Shuzi was speechless.

Zhang Ruochen said, “We agreed on this. Why do we have to fight to the death now? Is it true that all of you from the Fane of Death are people who go back on their words?”

Seeing the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death staring at him with fierce eyes, Zhang Ruochen comforted them. He said, “Everyone, I don’t mean to attack the Fane of Death with words. I just think it’s not good for you to do this, and it will hurt the face of the Fane of Death. Where can you put the faces of the gods of the Fane of Death?”

As soon as he said this, the spectators who initially didn’t like Zhang Ruochen looked at the powerful figures of the Fane of Death with strange eyes.

The cultivators of the Fane of Death had made many jokes today.

Although the cultivators of the various clans in the Royal City of Hundred Clans didn’t say it, they despised it in their hearts. The three upper clans, the Fane of Death and the Supreme Saint, who walked out were just so-so.

In the end, the Fane of Death still had faces.

Tian Shuzi suppressed his anger and snorted. “I haven’t lost yet. How can you say that the winner has been decided?”

Yuan Benji and the other powerful figures of the Fane of Death had intended to advise Tian Shuzi not to fight Zhang

Ruochen alone and to fight together.

Tian Shuzi saw through their thoughts. He secretly transmitted his voice. “You can’t fight. There are cultivators from the ten great clans in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. The Scioness of the Fane of Destiny is also nearby. The Fane of Death can not lose face again! I will take down Zhang Ruochen even if I have to die in this battle.”

The cultivators of the Fane of Death sensed Tian Shuzi’s determination. Their expressions froze. They realized how serious the situation was.

At the critical moment, Tian Shuzi might self-detonate his Sainthood Source and die together with Zhang Ruochen.

Tian Shuzi transmitted his voice again, “All of you, stay far away. If I can’t suppress Zhang Ruochen and lose to him, don’t attack again. Zhang Ruochen does have a huge advantage in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. It’s not too late for him to attack after he leaves the city.”

Yan Huangtu, standing on the tower, looked at the Fane of Death Supreme Saint, who was retreating. His expression changed slightly. “Tian Shuzi is really going to fight to the death. Xian ‘er, go to the Terra Demons’ emperor’s side.”

“Fifth uncle, Why are you so nervous? With the Kun Tower’s defense, unless Tian Shuzi self-detonates his Sainthood Source... impossible. It’s just a battle. Does he really have the determination to self-detonate his Sainthood Source?” Yanzhe Xian exclaimed.

Yan Huangtu sneered. “Tian Shuzi is indeed very talented, but he’s too arrogant. He can’t accept defeat or humiliation.”

How could Zhang Ruochen not see through the situation that even Yan Huangtu could see?

Thus, when Tian Shuzi approached with his saber, he removed Fei Zhong’s puppet body.

This puppet body was refined by Fei Zhong using the bones of a Paramount Realm dwarf and adding all kinds of precious materials. It looked and looked precisely like Fei Zhong.

The Saint Soul of the puppet body had long been wiped away by Fei Zhong.

However, when Zhang Ruochen and Gong Nanfeng rushed to the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt, Zhang Ruochen refined it again. It was ready to be used.

“What trick is Zhang Ruochen playing now?”

“It seems to be a puppet.”

“He’s proficient in the Puppeteer saint technique?”

“Maybe it’s the technique, Raise Dead! There are ancient gods in Kunlun. To fight against the Corpusians, they developed Raise Dead. It was once prosperous. Zhang Ruochen was born in Kunlun. It’s not strange that he’s proficient in the technique.”

...

Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu’s memories were erased, so they didn’t show any emotion when they saw Fei Zhong’s puppet body.

On the other hand, the emperor of the Terra Demons was slightly surprised. He nodded and smiled.

After the four Terra Demons Supreme Saints responsible for protecting Yan Zhexian and Yan Huangtu died on Hoth, the emperor of the Terra Demons personally went to investigate. He found the enemy’s aura at the place where the four Supreme Saints died.

That Aura was exactly the same as the aura of Fei Zhong’s puppet body.

Zhang Ruochen sent out 100,000 Spirits and flew into the puppet body.

The eyes of the puppet’s body suddenly opened and shot out a dazzling sacred light. Billions of precepts surged out of its body. Holding a battle ax, it drew dense lightning and slashed toward Tian Shuzi.

Rumble

The battle was about to start. The battle caused the long street to collapse. The blade light and the shadow of the ax crisscrossed.

Although Tian Shuzi had cultivated five trillion precepts, it was more than the precepts of some Paramount Realm Supreme Saints. However, he was still in the Banshi Isshou Realm. He did not form a Paramount physique.

Fei Zhong's puppet body had once formed an independent thought and a Paramount physique. Although its battle prowess was still a little inferior to a true Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, it could fight equally with Tian Shuzi.

In the blink of an eye, the two figures on the long street had exchanged hundreds of blows.

Tian Shuzi was very depressed. If he fought with Zhang Ruochen's real body, he would do whatever it took, even if it meant burning his lifespan and saint blood.

But now, he was blocked by Zhang Ruochen's puppet body and could not move forward.

Was he going to burn thousands of years of his lifespan to destroy Zhang Ruochen's puppet body?

The Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death, who had been waiting in silence, couldn't do anything when he saw Tian Shuzi's awkward situation.

He was silent for a moment. He transmitted his voice, "We made a mistake from the beginning. We shouldn't have challenged Zhang Ruochen alone. In the end, we underestimated him. It's too late to fix it now. Since Tian Shuzi asked us not to fight, I think we should listen to him for the reputation of the Fane of Death."

Another Supreme Saint nodded in agreement. "If Tian Shuzi wants to fight to the death, a mere puppet won't be able to stop him."

A Supreme Saint was pessimistic. He sighed and said, "Let's find another chance to deal with Zhang Ruochen. In the Royal City of Hundred Clans, we are too restrained. On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen has many trump cards."

“Why don’t we persuade Tian Shuzi to stop... Okay, forget it.”

The Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death finished his discussion quickly and reached a consensus. No matter what Tianshuzi’s outcome was, they couldn’t attack. If they wanted to attack, they could only wait until they left the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

However, if they came with great fanfare and left with their tails between their legs, it would definitely damage the reputation of the Fane of Death.

They all hoped that Tianshuzi would use his divine power to suppress Zhang Ruochen. If Tian Shuzi self-detonated his Sainthood Source and died together with Zhang Ruochen, it would be a good ending.

The Terra Demons Emperor twirled his beard and smiled. “The Fane of Death and Tian Shuzi are in a dilemma. It’s time for me to show up and give them a way out.”

Whoosh

The Terra Demons Emperor appeared above the battle between the puppet and Tian Shuzi. He released his powerful spiritual power. With a wave of his sleeves, a powerful invisible power tore them apart like two leaves. He forced them apart.

The puppet retreated to Zhang Ruochen’s side, and Tian Shuzi retreated 30 meters.

The Terra Demons Emperor landed on the ground and smiled. “This is the Royal City of Hundred Clans. Fights between Supreme Saints are forbidden. You two are the best of the best in the Infernal Court. Can you give me some face and bring peace to the Royal City of Hundred Clans?”

Zhang Ruochen had already sensed the Terra Demons Emperor’s aura. He quickly cupped his hands, “It wasn’t my intent to disturb the order of the Royal City of Hundred Clans either,” he said. “The cultivators of the Fane of Death are too unreasonable. We agreed to settle our debts with one battle, but they can’t afford to lose. We’ve fought one battle after another.”

“Who can’t afford to lose? We haven’t settled anything yet!”
Tian Shuzi said.

Zhang Ruochen argued. “Should we... continue?”

“Fight then. No one’s afraid of you?”

Tian Shuzi’s eyes were cold. He raised his saber and was about to step forward, but he didn’t step forward. After all, he wasn’t stupid. When the clan leader of the Terra Demons appeared, he realized that this was his chance to retreat.

The Terra Demons’ Emperor was an experienced person. How could he not understand Tian Shuzi’s mentality?

He quickly walked over and grabbed Tian Shuzi’s hands. Like a good person, he tried to persuade him. First, he praised Tian Shuzi for having the chance to become a Yuanhui-level figure in the future. Then he praised Tian Shuzi’s broad mind. He even praised the Fane of Death.

In short, he had given Tian Shuzi enough space!

Tian Shuzi stared at Zhang Ruochen. He seemed to have been persuaded. His expression softened slightly. “If the emperor hadn’t pleaded for you, I would have fought you to the death today.”

The Terra Demons’ emperor’s heart trembled. He wanted to shut Tian Shuzi’s mouth. He had already given him space, so why didn’t he stop provoking Zhang Ruochen?

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen had a big heart. He also wanted to resolve the hatred. He didn’t do anything too extreme. This made the Terra Demons Emperor sigh in relief. At the same time, he looked up to Zhang Ruochen even more.

It seemed that Zhang Ruochen didn’t intentionally kill the cultivators of the Fane of Death. He really had good intentions. He wanted to resolve the conflict between the two sides.

This was an attitude of requiting resentment with kindness!

The successor of Saint Monk Xumi was indeed extraordinary. Even when he came to the Infernal Court, he was still

untainted. All the rumors about Zhang Ruochen that he had heard were probably untrue.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was gentle, Tian Shuzi took an inch and a mile. He said, "Release Que Shenzi and the three White Reapers. From now on, the grudge between the Fane of Death and you will be written off."

The powerhouses of the Fane of Death surrounded Zhang Ruochen and released their Saint might pressure him.

The clan leader of the Terra Demons realized that something was wrong. The cultivators of the Fane of Death didn't know how to stop when things were good. They were so aggressive. They really thought that Zhang Ruochen was made of mud.

"Zhang Ruochen, didn't you want to resolve the conflict with the Fane of Death? We're giving you a chance now. You have to cherish it!" Yuan Benji laughed.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to resolve the conflict and hatred, but he wasn't stupid. He knew that even if he let the four Banshi Isshou Realm saints go, he wouldn't be able to resolve their resentment.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and sighed. "Saint Monk Xumi once said that hell isn't in the Infernal Court, but in people's hearts. You all have hell in your hearts. How can you resolve this hatred?"

The two sides started fighting again.

Just as the Terra Demons Emperor was about to persuade them again, a loud Buddhist chant sounded in the crowd.

"Amitabha! Uncle-master, we can help you resolve the hell in their hearts."

"Uncle-master, there's me."

A monk in white and a monk in black squeezed out of the audience.

The white monk was fat, his face was as big as a basin, and his skin was as white as jade.

The black monk was tall and thin. He was as black as the bottom of a pot. Only his eyes and teeth were white.

They were Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger.

Previously, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power had been focused on the top powerhouses who could threaten him. He hadn't noticed them, but he was surprised to see them.

How did they come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans?

Soon, Zhang Ruochen felt relieved.

Because he saw Cang Jie behind Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger. He was the Saint King of the Asuras that Zhang Ruochen met in the House of Enchanters, who sent him to Kunlun to send a letter to Ji Fanxin.

Zhang Ruochen had told him that if Ji Fanxin wasn't in Kunlun, he would go to the Endless Abyss to find Kong Lanyou.

Did Kong Lanyou give this task to Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger again?

No matter what had happened in Kunlun, since Cang Jie, Sikong the Elder, and Sikong the Younger had come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans, it meant that Ji Fanxin had probably arrived as well.

Sikong the Elder had already broken through to the Supreme Saint realm. He could be called a "Bodhisattva" among Buddhist cultivators, but he did not look kindly. His face was full of smiles. He said, "Uncle-master, let them cultivate Buddhism. If they recite and copy the *Maha Sutra* a hundred times a day, there should be some effect."

Sikong the Younger was like an angry Vajra. He said coldly, "The evildoers in their hearts are extremely deep, and their resentment is intense. Their killing intent has long been deeply rooted. If the *Maha Sutra* is not enough, they should be allowed to recite and copy the *Maitrī Sunyata Sutra*.

Furthermore, each should build ten thousand temples and clay sculptures of Ten Thousand Buddhas. After copying the *Maitrī Sunyata Sutra* 100,000 times, we must teach them the *Heart Sutra*, the *Lotus Sutra*, the *Shorter Sukhāvativyūha Sutra*..."

Sikong the Younger said the names of dozens of scriptures in a row and said, "This is only the first step, to cultivate oneself.

There is still the second step, the third step. The second step is to do good deeds and accumulate merits. The third step..."

Sikong the Younger kept talking while Zhang Ruochen nodded, apparently agreeing with him.

Que Shenzi's face changed several times. If he ended up like that, would he still be considered a Deathkin?

If the Supreme Saint of the Deathkin became a cultivator, he dared to bet that his divine mother would kill him first. He couldn't afford to lose face.

Yuan Benji shouted, "Two Buddhist cultivators dare to swagger in the Infernal Court. Come, suppress them. Nail their golden bodies to the city gate of the Royal City of Hundred Clans. Let them bleed to death."

"Why can't Buddhist cultivators come to the Infernal Court?" Sikong the Elder asked emphatically. "Buddhist cultivators were also present in the Yanluo clan. All Buddhist cultivators belonged to the same group. There was no international border. There was no separation between worlds. There was also no distinction between the Celestial and Infernal Courts. Am I right, Uncle-Master?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "That makes sense! Don't worry, Junior nephews. Since you've come to the Infernal Court, I'll protect you."

"Zhang Ruochen, you can't protect yourself!" Tian Shuzi said.

"Curse of Dark and Light!"

Cursed, Tian Shuzi couldn't move. Zhang Ruochen threw him into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

It was too fast!

In just a moment, Tian Shuzi, who had been full of vigor just a moment ago, fell at the feet of Lian Xi.

Under everyone's stunned gazes, Zhang Ruochen sighed. "Brother Tian Shuzi has too much resentment in his heart. His hatred for me has already seeped deep into his bones. The emperor had personally come to persuade him. We could

temporarily put all of this aside and let time dilute the resentment and hatred in his heart.”

“However, my two junior nephews are here. Their method seems to be better. This is the fundamental strategy to turn the conflict into amity.”

As for why the Curse of Dark and Light could instantly curse Tian Shuzi?

Of course, it wasn't Zhang Ruochen's own power. In the Qiankun Realm, the Seven-Armed Elder had used his spiritual power to activate the Myriad Curse Bead.

The cultivators watching the battle didn't know this. They were all shocked again, including the emperor of the Terra Demons.

The spiritual power fluctuation just now was even stronger than his.

As for the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death, they all felt goosebumps when they saw Zhang Ruochen staring at them. They wanted to run away immediately. This Zhang Ruochen couldn't have been transformed by another cultivator, right? He was too evil!

...

Chapter 2543: Terra Demons' Banquet

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death retreated in the end.

What could they do if they didn't retreat? Zhang Ruochen was unfathomable. He could curse Tian Shuzi with a thought. If the Paramount Realm didn't emerge, who could compete with him?

If they continued to challenge him, weren't they afraid of being captured and forced into becoming a monk?

Before they figured out what Zhang Ruochen was relying on, they could only stay put.

"If you want to destroy a person, you must first make him arrogant! Today, I'll let Zhang Ruochen be arrogant. Let's see how long he can be arrogant." Yuan Benji huffed angrily.

A Death god Supreme Saint said, "Based on my judgment, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power should be between the 67th and 68th levels. Logically speaking, Tian Shuzi shouldn't be cursed instantly. Moreover, the Zhang Ruochen we saw today is obviously different from before. Do you think..."

Yuan Benji firmly denied it, "No," he said. "This person must be Zhang Ruochen. As for what he's hiding, we can't find out. Let's not act rashly for the time being. I've already sent a message to my brother. He should have made a decision."

The brother Yuan Benji mentioned was Yuan Qianmo.

Hearing this, the cultivators of the Fane of Death were relieved.

Yuan Qianmo was the peacemaker of Fane of Death. Without him, Zhang Ruochen couldn't solve the problem. He was still in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Even if he could borrow external power, it was just a small trick.

"Let's talk business!" Yuan Benji said seriously. "We've discovered that the Light of Origin appeared three times in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. They all came from the Night Ocean, the sacred ground of the Yakshas."

"800 miles of Night Ocean and 10 trillion graves."

"The Royal City of Hundred Clans is the gathering place of heaven and earth at the border of the Infernal Court. Night Ocean is also the thickest node of the divine veins underground of the Royal City of Hundred Clans. Since the Fane of Origin is about to appear, the Night Ocean should be suspicious."

A Supreme Saint of the Deathkin who was over 10,000 years old was worried. He said, "The Yakshas are not a small clan that can be easily controlled. Below the ten clans, they are considered top-tier clans. It is said that in the ancient past, the Yakshas was one of the ten clans of the Infernal Court."

Another Supreme Saint said, "The Yakshas have a deep foundation. The Night Ocean sacred ground has been under their control for many years. Even gods can not enter easily. The Royal City of Hundred Clans is the territory of the Yaksha. The Fane of Death is still too weak here."

A cold and high voice sounded, "If the Fane of Origin really came into being, how can a mere Yaksha take it all for themselves? None of the ten races are willing to see the Yakshas grow again."

Yuan Benji rested his chin on his finger and said, "It is because the Yakshas were once glorious that I have enough reason to suspect that the Fane of Origin is in their sacred ground."

"How did the Yakshas respond?" A Supreme Saint asked.

Yuan Benji revealed a trace of anger and said, "The emperor of the Yakshas claimed that they have already explained to the heads of the Fane of Destiny and the various major powers

that they will give them an explanation after the big event in the Oorts Cloud Asteroid Belt is over.”

The head of the Fane of Death was naturally Yuan Qianmo and not Yuan Benji.

It was evident that the Yakshas’ emperor did not care about Yuan Benji and dismissed him with a casual sentence.

Everyone was silent for a moment.

“If this drags on, more and more powers will make a move upon hearing the news. The Royal City of Hundred Clans will definitely become the eye of a storm. Everyone wants a piece of the pie. Damn that Ji Fanxin. She hasn’t appeared for a long time. She just had to appear at this critical juncture and pin down the leaders of the various powers!” A hot-tempered Supreme Saint of the Deathkin said, he revealed a look of hatred.

A deep look appeared in Yuan Benji’s eyes. He said, “Continue to closely monitor Zhang Ruochen and the Night Ocean. Also, send a message back to the fane. We need a powerful sacred army to obtain the most benefits after the birth of the Fane of Origin.”

...

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen had been invited by the Terra Demons emperor to the sacred ground of the Terra Demons in the Royal City of Hundred Clans with a group of Supreme Saints.

The emperor of the Terra Demons walked side by side with Zhang Ruochen, walking at the front. He introduced, “Among the 137 clans in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, the Terra Demons is ranked 29th. There are many powerful figures in the clan and many Supreme Saints. The sacred ground in front of you has been valued by the clan’s gods for generations. Not only is there a divine array, but there are also many Divine Marks engraved on it. Once it is fully activated, ordinary gods can not break in. As for the Supreme Saint, we could suppress them in an instant.”

Zhang Ruochen walked on the sacred ground and saw towering saint trees, ink-like black water, guardian beasts of the Supreme Saint level, and strange flowers and plants all over the mountains and plains.

He said, "This is more than a sacred ground. I think it's not too much to call it a divine land."

The emperor of the Terra Demons smiled happily. He said without modesty, "After all, the Royal City of Hundred Clans is a special place. It's better to call it sacred ground."

Zhang Ruochen understood what he was thinking.

The various clans in the Royal City of Hundred Clans wanted to gather together to fight against the growing dark forces at the edge of the Infernal Court. They also wanted to fight against the oppression of the ten clans and gain more power. They didn't want to be treated as cannon fodder in the war between Infernal and the Celestial Court. They couldn't fight back.

At the same time, they were worried that the Royal City of Hundred Clans' momentum was too strong. The ten clans would be afraid.

They didn't call it divine land but sacred ground because they wanted to keep a low profile.

In Zhang Ruochen's eyes, this was unnecessary. The Fane of Destiny and the ten clans weren't stupid. If the Royal City of Hundred Clans was strong enough to threaten their ruling position, they would be suppressed no matter how low-key they were.

Although the Terra Demons were ranked 29th in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, they were the biggest clans at the edge of the Infernal Court.

In fact, there were thousands of small clans at the edge of the Infernal Court. However, only 137 clans were qualified to enter the Royal City of Hundred Clans. Each clan had at least one God.

It was the same everywhere. Only with a god could one have a minimum status and enter the circle.

In Zhang Ruochen's opinion, the Terra Demons were much more powerful than Guanghai without the Moon Goddess! Of course, one Moon Goddess was more powerful than a few Terra Demons combined.

In the secular world, the number of Saint Realm cultivators and Supreme Saints represented the competitiveness and strength of a force.

But in the entire universe, the gods were the foundation of a force and determined the status of a force.

"We're here!"

The emperor of the Terra Demons brought Zhang Ruochen to an extremely magnificent demon palace.

The demon palace was 800 meters tall. Groups of ghost servants and corpulent slaves, dressed in gorgeous and charming handmaidens and demonic charms, shuttled between the palace and the square. Some were holding delicious food, some were carrying wine cauldrons, and some were playing classical music. They were actually preparing a sacred banquet.

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised to see such a scene. He said, "I am just a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, not a god. Your majesty doesn't have to be so grand, right?"

Xuan Zehai and Xuan Qingying were also shocked by the size of the banquet. They didn't understand why the emperor cared so much about Zhang Ruochen.

When Yan Huangtu and Yan Zhexian came to the sacred ground, they hadn't been treated so well.

How could the grandson of the Bloodysky Clan's chief be more distinguished than them?

The Terra Demons' emperor smiled. "You're not the only distinguished guest of the Terra Demons. There's also a distinguished guest waiting in the palace for a long time. This way, please!"

Zhang Ruochen suddenly realized that the person who had asked the Terra Demons' emperor to stop his fight with the

Fane of Death was today's distinguished guest.

What kind of person was he? Why did he help him?

Zhang Ruochen was the first to enter the demon palace. He saw a remarkable figure sitting cross-legged on the ground on the left side of the hall. There was a low couch in front of him, and he drank alone.

Zhang Ruochen was slightly stunned and a little embarrassed.

How could he not be embarrassed? Back then, he had transformed into this person to intimidate Fei Zhong. He had scared Fei Zhong, the famous Supreme Saint, so much that he had crippled his puppet body.

Now that he saw the real person, he realized that he had only changed his appearance. Fortunately, Fei Zhong was unfamiliar with this person and was afraid. That was how he had gotten away with it.

This person was the Demigod, Yan Yu. He was the number one person under the divinity of the Yanluo Clan.

Before Zhang Ruochen could speak, Yan Yu waved at him with a smile. "Ruochen, come here and drink with me. This is the Red Dust Wine that the Terra Demons bought from the Sengens. No matter how many saint stones you have, you can't buy it anywhere else."

Zhang Ruochen walked over quickly. His expression was natural. He cupped his fists and said, "Greetings, Senior Yan Yu."

"This is a bit too distant. If you don't mind, you can call me Uncle Yu. I hope you are not thinking I'm taking advantage of you." Yan Yu stared at him with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen's expression became strange. He didn't answer for a long time.

Logically speaking, Supreme Saints were considered equals.

However, people like Yan Yu couldn't be called Supreme Saint anymore. His cultivation was high, and he was also ranked in the first class of the *Tome of the Divines*. With a thought, he could enter the divinity.

Once Yan Yu broke into the divinity, he would be like Lord Ming and the Blood Empress.

Even Sword God Feng Chen was on the same level as Yan Yu and Yuan Qianmo. He would not look down on them just because they were still in the Supreme Saint realm.

Yan Yu asked Zhang Ruochen to call him “Uncle”. It doesn’t sound like he’s taking advantage of Zhang Ruochen. Instead, he treated him as one of his own.

“Forget it. I won’t make things difficult for you. Sit down. I’ve been waiting for you for a long time!” Yan Yu said with a smile. He poured himself a cup of wine and moved toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen quickly sat down. He said, “It’s not that I don’t understand the situation. I really don’t understand why senior Yan Yu treats me so kindly. I am already very grateful that senior Yan Yu could get the emperor to stop the Fane of Death from being rude to me.”

Yan Yu smiled and said, “You were the one who chased away the cultivators of the Fane of Death. How could I help?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “There are so many powerhouses in the Fane of Death. How can I fight them alone? The Fane of Death naturally knew that the Yanluo clan had interfered when the emperor intervened. This would make them more or less afraid and not dare to attack rashly. In short, I will remember this favor!”

With that, Zhang Ruochen drank his cup with respect.

Outside the demon palace, a charming and cold voice sounded. “The Yanluo Clan might not dare to claim credit for the Fane of Death’s retreat. However, the Empyrean Assassins didn’t make a move because of Uncle Yu’s intimidation.”

Yan Zexian walked in a hurry. His fragrance was elegant, and there was a smug look in his crystal clear eyes.

Yan Huangtu followed closely behind.

Zhang Ruochen said thoughtfully, “The killers of the Empyrean Assassins have entered the Royal City of Hundred

Clans?”

“The number one assassin of the Empyrean Assassins is in the city. When you were fighting with the Fane of Death, it was the best time for her to attack, but she didn’t.”

Yan Zhexian raised his snow-white chin and wondered whether Zhang Ruochen was scared.

Zhang Ruochen poured another cup of wine and offered a toast to Yan Yu. “Thank you, Uncle Yu, for saving my life.”

It was enough to call him “Uncle.”

Yan Zhexian frowned and said, “How can you call him Uncle Yu?”

Yan Yu raised a hand to stop Yan Zhexian from continuing. He smiled and said, “It’s my idea.”

“Uncle Yu!”

Yan Zhexian looked like an angry little girl.

How could she not know why Yan Yu was doing this? Obviously, he was standing on the side with his grandfather and great-grandfather, trying to set her up with Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Huangtu stood silently at the side. Looking at Zhang Ruochen, he could not help but smile strangely.

Yan Yu ignored Yan Zhexian and looked at Zhang Ruochen. He said, “The number one assassin of the Empyrean Assassins has indeed come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans. However, she did not make a move, but it was not because I stopped her. Because even I could not find her anywhere.”

“To be called the number one assassin, her hiding skills must also be number one. I’m afraid it will not be easy for the gods to find her,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Yu said, “But she also has to be afraid of the gods. There are three gods in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. That should be why she doesn’t dare to act rashly!”

“There’s another thing I want to explain to you. That Arrow of Deva Path on Hoth wasn’t shot by Lady Fu Xiang, but by

Claflin, the elf of the Heavenly Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen quickly said, “Uncle Yu, there’s no need to explain. If the Yanluo Clan wants to kill me, why would they shoot me in the dark? It’s even harder for them to shoot me openly in the dark.”

The Supreme Saints of the Terra Demons, including Xuan Zehai and Xuan Qingying, Sikong the Elder, Sikong the Younger, and Cang Jie, who had come with Zhang Ruochen, took their seats one after another.

The five Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death could only stand stiffly behind the two cultivators.

Everyone present was important. Only Cang Jie, a Saint King, felt like he was in a dream.

Even the demigod was sitting on it. This was a legendary figure!

Zhang Ruochen still accompanied Yan Yu. They chatted and drank as if they had met again after a long time.

Yan Zhexian sat diagonally across from Zhang Ruochen and stared at them. Whenever Zhang Ruochen looked over, she would open her eyes wide. It was as if she could stop Zhang Ruochen and Yan Yu from talking.

There were two empty seats in front of Yan Zhexian.

Seeing that everyone had taken their seats, Zhang Ruochen could not help but ask, “Are we waiting for someone else?”

“Indeed, two handsome people of your generation are coming to the banquet.”

Yan Yu did not mention who the two people were. Suddenly, he grabbed Zhang Ruochen’s hand and asked in a low voice with a complicated look, “Ruochen, what do you think of Xian’er?”

“Well...”

Zhang Ruochen could not help but stare at Yan Zhexian, who was diagonally opposite him.

Yan Zhexian must have heard Yan Yu's question. She did not glare back in the face of Zhang Ruochen's gaze. Instead, she lowered her head to look at the ground, showing that she was listening.

In front of Yan Yu, she still did not dare to act rashly.

She just did not know how much Zhang Ruochen would belittle her.

Chapter 2544: A Serious Issue to Discuss

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Just as Zhang Ruochen was thinking about how he should answer, a hoarse but loud voice suddenly rang out from outside the demon palace. “The Scioness of the Fane of Destiny, Pan Ruo, has arrived!”

Everyone’s eyes turned in the direction of the gate.

The new Scioness had a graceful appearance and an elegant temperament. Although her cultivation was not high, she was shrouded in a mysterious light. Even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint could not see her clearly.

It was the power of the twelve Reverends that turned into a protective divine glow.

She came with a man in black who was almost in a state of oblivion. Only the Supreme Saint could sense his existence, and only the Supreme Saint above the Thousand-Koan Realm could see his figure.

He was the most mysterious figure of this generation in the Fane of Destiny, Que.

Pan Ruo and Que took their seats after paying their respects to Yan Yu and the Emperor of the Terra Demons.

The two of them happened to sit opposite Zhang Ruochen and Yan Yu.

The atmosphere suddenly became quiet and strange.

Yan Yu was calm and composed. He reminded Zhang Ruochen in a low voice, “Ruochen, you still haven’t answered my

question.”

Zhang Ruochen looked away and poured a cup of wine. He said, “Lady Zhexian is a great woman.”

“Is that all?” Yan Yu asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I don’t have much contact with Lord Zhexian, so I don’t dare to comment rashly. These are my words from the bottom of my heart!”

Yan Zhexian showed a disapproving look in his eyes. The so-called true nature could be both a strength and a weakness.

Was this a compliment or an insult?

Yan Yu thought for a moment and poured the cup full. He smiled and said, “A true woman may be at a disadvantage when fighting with her enemies, but being a friend and a wife is the best choice.”

Wasn’t that clear enough?

Zhang Ruochen just drank with a smile and didn’t dare to answer.

Yan Yu continued, “Since we haven’t had much contact, we should get to know each other more in the future. We can talk about our experiences in cultivating and go sightseeing.”

“Of course, of course,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Yu was quite satisfied with Zhang Ruochen’s answer.

If Zhang Ruochen answered Yan Zhexian’s beauty and talent, Yan Yu would be displeased.

Other cultivators could praise a woman based on her beauty, but Zhang Ruochen could not because of his reputation. Saying such words was no different from a pervert.

Other cultivators could praise Yan Zhexian’s talent, but Zhang Ruochen could not because Zhang Ruochen’s talent was there. It would be hypocritical for him to say such words.

Zhang Ruochen understood Yan Yu’s intentions, so he didn’t dare to praise Yan Zhexian or insult her. His “sincere” answer fit the answer Yan Yu wanted.

Yan Yu was a little disappointed. “Xian’er’s father is my elder brother. He’s more talented than me and has the chance to be a Yuanhui-level genius. Unfortunately... sigh...”

“Don’t be sad, Uncle Yu. The road of cultivation is full of dangers. We cultivators should be mentally prepared to die at any time.”

Zhang Ruochen had checked Yan Zhexian’s information and knew that Yan Zhexian’s father, Yan Yucheng, the leader of the Yans’ Five Handsomes, had encountered an enemy of the divinity 100 years ago. He was forced to break into the divinity in a battle, but he was defeated. His body and soul were destroyed.

Of course, the divinity was also suppressed by the ancient god of the Yanluo clan, who had rushed over. He was still locked up in the Yanluo clan and tortured in a purgatory.

To intimidate the world, the clansman of the divinity was also killed.

First, there was the Scion Yu Qiu of the Fane of Destiny, and then there was Yan Yucheng. On the path of cultivating divinity, everyone had to tread on thin ice and be careful.

Yan Yu regained his composure and said, “Ruochen, Uncle Yu also has a heartfelt statement. A tree in the forest is full of danger. You are actually in more danger than my elder brother.”

How could Zhang Ruochen not know?

Yan Yucheng had a strong background, but he still died tragically.

Zhang Ruochen was more talented than Yan Yucheng, but his background was not as powerful. One could imagine how dangerous the road ahead would be.

Yan Yu had already hinted that although Yan Yucheng was dead, the god who had forced him to death had paid a heavy price. How could the god who dared to attack the chosen one of the Yanluo clan not be scared?

Yan Zhexian was the only daughter of Yan Yucheng. If Zhang Ruochen married her, this deterrent force would protect Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Uncle Yu, I understand what you mean, but I'm not the only one in charge of this matter."

Yan Yu patted Zhang Ruochen's shoulder and smiled elegantly. "Your words are enough. If you have the heart, take the initiative and cultivate more feelings. Uncle Yu won't force you if you can't get together."

What Zhang Ruochen needed was the support and deterrence of the Yanluo clan,

The Yanluo clan wanted Yan Zhexian to marry Zhang Ruochen. First, everyone knew that Yan Zhexian was pregnant with Zhang Ruochen's child. How would the Yanluo clan face themselves if they couldn't get together? Where was Yan Zhexian's reputation?

Second, Zhang Ruochen had shown his brilliance. His future achievements were limitless.

Third, the Xue Jue Family was on the verge of prosperity. Wargod Bloodximus had already become famous. Lord Ming and the Blood Empress were potential gods rarely seen in the Yuanhui period. Marrying Zhang Ruochen was the same as roping in the entire Xue Jue Family.

This was an investment that was hard to calculate!

However, the internal members of the Yanluo clan clearly valued Yan Zhexian's feelings. Otherwise, they would have already made a decision for her. Yan Yu wouldn't have had to come out personally to tell Zhang Ruochen so much.

Zhang Ruochen knew he didn't have that kind of relationship with Yan Zhexian. At the same time, he also knew that the child in Yan Zhexian's stomach had his bloodline. He didn't hate Yan Zhexian. If they really got together, he could accept it.

But he couldn't take the initiative.

It seemed that he had never taken the initiative to pursue a woman.

It was up to fate!

The banquet began.

Some demonic spirits put on exotic dance clothes and danced.

Saint Realm Maids from various clans played musical instruments from all realms.

...

The unhappiness from the fight with the Fane of Death has been swept away. Zhang Ruochen's mind became empty. He didn't think about anything anymore. He didn't have any impurities. He was immersed in dance music.

After three rounds of drinking, Zhang Ruochen was a little drunk.

This wine was indeed the world-famous saint wine. It had a strong aftertaste. Even the Supreme Saint felt graceful after drinking. He wanted to get up and dance with the beautiful demons.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't lose his composure like this. However, Cang Jie had already rushed in, red-faced and drunk. He stopped a demon with one hand and kept laughing.

No cultivator laughed at him. It was normal for a Saint King to be unable to suppress the alcohol.

However, Sikong the Elder's rush stunned many Supreme Saints.

How could a Buddhist bodhisattva lose his composure like this?

Zhang Ruochen quickly had Sikong the Younger drag him back.

The song ended!

The demonic spirit in the dance dress retreated and helped Cang Jie, drunk and unconscious, away.

Suddenly, Sikong the Elder stood up from his seat and chased after him. “Demon, take me with you if you have the ability.”

Sikong the Younger seemed to feel that his older brother was too embarrassed, so he hit him hard this time with the Palm of Six Desires. It landed on the back of his wrinkled head and knocked him unconscious. Only then did he stop.

Sikong the Younger dragged Sikong the Elder’s fat body back and said, “Uncle-master, senior brother is too greedy. I’m afraid he’s drunk in the secular world. What should we do?”

Zhang Ruochen forced himself to be embarrassed and said, “It doesn’t matter. This wine can improve a cultivator’s spiritual power and Saint Soul. It’s a good thing to let him go to the secular world!”

The Terra Demons’ emperor sat at the top and looked at Yan Yu. His lips moved slightly, and he said something.

Yan Yu glanced at Zhang Ruochen and seemed to have figured something out. He couldn’t help but shake his head and smile.

The emperor of the Terra Demons raised his voice. He said, “Today’s sacred banquet is to invite all distinguished guests and also to discuss a major matter. Second Young Master Yan, please tell us about this matter!”

Yan Yu sat cross-legged on the ground and didn’t get up. He said, “Everyone should know that the Light of Origin has appeared three times in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. The Power of Origin is very pure and dense. It seems that the Fane of Origin is about to appear.”

In the palace, all the Terra Demons Supreme Saints were shocked.

Before this, they did not know that the Fane of Origin was about to appear. Although they guessed that something big was about to happen in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, they did not expect the truth to be so shocking.

The Yanluo Clan wanted to borrow the power of the Terra Demons in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. Of course, they had to tell them the truth.

Yan Yu said again, “The place where the Light of Origin is coming from is the sacred ground of the Yakshas, the Night Ocean.”

Pan Ruo said, “Second master, if you have anything to say, just say it. It can’t be that you want to attack the Yakshas, right?”

“Of course not! The Yakshas are not an ordinary small clan that will never be destroyed. Now that the gods have gone to the Jadeite Realm, the Infernal Court can not lightly start a war on such a scale.”

Yan Yu continued, “There are quite a few forces that know that the Divine Crystal of Origin is about to be born, but they are all selfish and have never considered the issue from the perspective of the interests of the Infernal Court. Only the Yanluo Clan and the Fane of Destiny can be above these forces and do some things before the Fane of Origin is born.”

Pan Ruo said, “I understand! Second Master, do you mean to expel the cultivators of the Celestial Court first?”

“Not expel them, kill them all. The ten major dark forces can be eliminated together if the strength is sufficient.” Yan Yu’s eyes became sharp, like a sharp sword unsheathed from its sheath.

The emperor of the Terra Demons said, “After the appearance of the Light of Origin three times, the Celestial Court has indeed sent many cultivators to investigate the situation. If the Fane of Destiny orders all the clans to act together, we can find them.”

“However, the ten dark forces are more troublesome. They are deeply rooted at the edge of the Infernal Court and in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, making all the clans very fearful. Some of them even have the dark forces controlling them from behind.”

Yan Yu said, “In that case, let’s first investigate the cultivators of the Celestial Court. What do you think, Scioness?”

“I have no objections,” said Pan Ruo.

“Alright! Xuan Disha, you draft an imperial edict. Scioness and I will imprint the order representing the Yanluo Clan and the Fane of Destiny on it and pass it to the emperors of the various clans in the city, telling them to act according to the orders.” Yan Yu exuded the aura of a Demigod God; even the emperor of the Terra Demons called him by his name.

Then, Yan Yu asked, “How many sacred armies have the Fane of Destiny sent to the Royal City of Hundred Clans?”

Pan Ruo didn’t want to reveal too much. “Second master, don’t ask. No matter how strong the powerhouses of the Celestial Court are, the Fane of Destiny can crush them.”

The Yanluo Clan and the Fane of Destiny. One was the supreme clan, and the other could command the entire Infernal Court. The leaders of the two forces discussed important matters. Zhang Ruochen naturally didn’t say anything. He just drank.

After their discussion, Zhang Ruochen asked Yan Yu, “Is Claflin Dead?”

Zhang Ruochen wanted to ask about High-Saint Cairo, but he changed his mind.

Yan Yu didn’t overthink. He thought that Zhang Ruochen wanted revenge, “The Heavenly Realm sent five powerhouses to stir up trouble on Hoth. I killed two Demigods but let High-Saint Cairo and Claflin escape.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Where did they go?”

“They hid in the Royal City of Hundred Clans and entered the Wolver’s sacred ground. If not for that, they wouldn’t have escaped,” Yan Yu said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Are the Wolver controlled by the Heavenly Realm?”

Yan Yu shook his head, “It! In fact, the Wolver had a deep enmity with the Heavenly Realm. They had almost been exterminated by the Fane of Light. There were many people on the Wolver’s sacred ground. It was normal for a few of them to be controlled by the Heavenly Realm. However, it would be troublesome to investigate

“Since Uncle Yu knows this, why did you tell all the Supreme Saints of the Terra Demons about the coming of the Fane of Origin?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Yu stared at Zhang Ruochen.

The two looked at each other and then smiled at the same time.

Suddenly, Yan Yu asked, “How did Fei Zhong die?”

The smile on Zhang Ruochen’s face froze slightly.

Yan Yu smiled and said, “Don’t be so nervous. I didn’t suspect anything. I was just curious. Fei Zhong’s puppet appeared on you. You should know how he died.”

“Ji Fanxin killed him,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Hearing this, Sikong the Younger, who was sitting next to him, trembled. His eyes widened. He told himself to stay calm and not let his Uncle-master see through him.

He seemed to have realized that his reaction was too intense. He put his hands together and shouted, “You deserve to die!”

Yan Yu only glanced at Sikong the Younger. He looked away and said, “Did she erase the memories of Yan Huangtu and Xian’er’s memories?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that it would be difficult to hide from someone like Yan Yu, so he nodded and said with difficulty, “If I don’t erase their memories, they will die. That’s all I can do.”

“Ji Fanxin’s cultivation is strong. How could he compromise so easily? Ruochen must have paid a great price to save them, right?” Yan Yu kept staring at Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

“It’s not worth mentioning. After all, Lady Zhexian is pregnant with my child. How could I watch her be killed?” Zhang Ruochen said.

“I’ll tell Xian’er.”

Yan Yu smiled and didn’t ask any more questions.

As for how much he believed Zhang Ruochen’s words.

Then, Xuan Zehai came to talk to Zhang Ruochen, hoping he could stay in the Terra Demons as a guest. Zhang Ruochen didn't refuse. After all, Peach Blossom was in the city. Who knew when it would come out and give him a fatal blow?

It was relatively safer on the sacred ground of a clan.

After the banquet ended, Zhang Ruochen brought Sikong the Younger, who was carrying Sikong the Elder, and the five powerhouses of the Fane of Death. Que's voice came from behind as they walked out of the demon palace. "Zhang Ruochen, can we talk?"

Chapter 2545: A World Without Me

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Zhang Ruochen did not think highly of many cultivators, but Que was one of them.

The two were walking side by side on the enormous white stone square outside the demon palace. Other cultivators, such as Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, Pan Ruo, Xuan Qingying, and Xuan Zehai, consciously did not follow.

This was the conversation between the two most outstanding new generation representatives!

Que said, “After breaking through to the Thousand-Koan Realm, I reached the advanced stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm in a day. With my state of mind and previous accumulation, I could have directly entered the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm and peered into the Banshi Isshou Realm. However, your image appeared in my mind and finally stopped here.”

“Are you still brooding over the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Que said, “Yes, but that’s not the main reason.”

The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was to help him cultivate a single type of saintwill. Que had already cultivated nine types of saintwill. What was lacking was a perfect Grade Two Saintwill. What he needed more was a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

With the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he could try to break the precepts of heaven and earth and combine the tenth type of

saintwill.

However, the chances of success were slim.

Therefore, although losing Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill affected his state of mind, it didn't affect him too much.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I understand. You want to fight with me and defeat me."

"Before I came to the Royal City of Hundred Clans, I did have such thoughts. I also want to defeat you in the same realm," Que said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What about now?"

There was no expression on Que's face. He stopped and looked at the vast sky above him. "I already know I'm much weaker than you in the same realm. There's no need to humiliate yourself."

Suddenly, he said, "In the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, you, Yan Wushen, Lan Ying, and Yan Huangtu made me lose the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. But it also gave me immense pressure, which sharpened my state of mind."

"I overcame the pressure and kept my state of mind. Before I broke through the Thousand-Koan Realm, I fused the perfect Grade Two Saintwill."

There was a hint of surprise in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

Obviously, the deficiency in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting was like Bai Qing'er. They were all working hard to break through to the Yuanhui level, constantly polishing themselves.

Que said, "With the perfect Grade Two Saintwill, I can kill Lord Hornless with one sword even if I don't break through the Thousand-Koan Realm. Moreover, I can kill him without any confinement."

Zhang Ruochen said, "With your sword technique, the Path of Oblivion, and the Grade Two Saintwill, you should have such power."

"Are you ready to take my strike?" Que asked.

Zhang Ruochen was fearless. He said, “Just one strike?”

“One strike is enough to determine the winner. However, if you can’t take this strike, you might be able to determine life and death,” Que said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “After this strike, can we write off the grudge between us?”

“No matter what the result is, the grudges will be written off,” Que said.

“Okay!”

A perfect Grade Two Saintwill was rare in the world. Zhang Ruochen was eager to see it.

SWOOSH!

SWOOSH!

The two turned back, turned into two light shadows, and rushed into the demon palace.

With a bang, the gate of the demon palace closed.

All cultivators knew that they were preparing for a decisive battle. They were so curious that they wanted to watch the battle. However, Que couldn’t reveal the secret of the Great Perfection stage of the Grade Two Saintwill. Naturally, they could only block them out.

Yan Zhexian frowned slightly. “Are we going to fight like we did with Yan Wushen?”

“Why? Are you worried about Zhang Ruochen?” Yan Huangtu teased.

Yan Huangtu had learned from Yan Yu that Zhang Ruochen had saved him and Yan Zhexian. His favorable impression of Zhang Ruochen increased.

Yan Zhexian snorted. “I just think that the top-notch figure of the Infernal Court shouldn’t die in internal strife.”

“Don’t worry. Que has already broken through to the Thousand-Koan Realm. With his proud nature, how could he

have the nerve to propose a life-and-death battle with Zhang Ruochen?” Yan Huangtu said.

Yan Zhexian said, “Uncle Huangtu, who do you think will win this battle?”

There was a thoughtful look in Yan Huangtu’s eyes. He said, “Before I saw Zhang Ruochen fighting with the cultivators of the Fane of Death, I was definitely lacking in standing. But now, it’s hard to say! The Zhang Ruochen we’re seeing now is a bit demonic. No cultivator has ever been as strong as him in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Just as grandfather said, perhaps Zhang Ruochen might surpass all the geniuses of the Yuanhui level in the past and reach the level that all the geniuses of the Yuanhui level look up to.”

Yan Huangtu was a little disappointed. The Innate Imperial Path Marrow was born. It was supposed to be invincible for an era, but now, it was being overshadowed by one monster after another. He felt terrible.

...

In the palace.

Que summoned the Imperial Artifact of Precept, Kagemaru, and slowly raised it. More than 50 billion precepts were released from his body and filled the entire palace.

Zhang Ruochen tried to use spiritual power to attack. Still, he found that the spiritual power of level 68 could not get close to Que’s body.

He did not know whether it was shattered by the sword’s intent or erased by oblivion.

Zhang Ruochen understood that there was no flaw in Que at this moment. It was as if he was standing in a layer of eggshell and could not be attacked. The spiritual power of level 68 could only hurt him when he had a flaw, or only after Zhang Ruochen had truly cultivated spiritual power techniques could he break it.

Similarly, the spiritual power of the 69th and a half level was much stronger than the other 69th and a half levels. This was

because she could use spiritual power well and had many ancient techniques.

SWOOSH!

The Ancient Abyssal Blade appeared in Zhang Ruochen's hand.

Que was surprised. He hadn't expected Zhang Ruochen to use the sword to take his powerful attack. According to his understanding of Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen's palm technique, leg technique, and all kinds of Supreme Artifacts were what he relied on.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and sensed carefully. He said, "What a powerful sword comprehension. You should be able to cultivate the Heaven Sword Soul, right? Actually, I have also created a sword technique. I only have one move at the moment, which combines the Swordsmanship, Time, and Dimension."

The sword comprehension that broke out from Que's body increased significantly. It suppressed Zhang Ruochen's sword comprehension like a candle in the wind, about to be extinguished at any time.

In terms of sword comprehension and Swordsmanship, Zhang Ruochen lacked a lot.

"You'd better show your true ability. Otherwise, you won't be able to take this sword attack, and you'll die." Que's voice came from all directions as if there were thousands of him talking.

Zhang Ruochen fell into a mysterious state of self-enlightenment. Holding the Abyss in his hand, he didn't say a word.

Que didn't say anything more. He thought, "Saint will be one with the Swordsmanship. I am free from this world."

In the demon palace, everything scattered like sand and then disappeared, turning into a square void.

Only Zhang Ruochen and Que were still floating in the void.

Que's sword stabbed out like lightning. His body gradually faded and finally merged with oblivion.

Both man and sword merged with the void.

How could such a sword technique block it?

Even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint would be afraid of this sword attack. He didn't dare to break it easily.

Zhang Ruochen felt a great danger. Death was approaching quickly. At this critical moment, an idea flashed through his mind.

The sword in his hand drew a circle under his feet.

The 670 million Intergold Precept Marks he obtained from the Intergold Tiger naturally surged out. They merged with the Precepts of Swordsmanship, the Precepts of Time, the Precepts of Dimension, and even the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. They melded perfectly together.

Previously, Zhang Ruochen could only control 100 million Intergold Precept Marks. He could only fully control them after his spiritual power reached the 68th level.

"Thank you for helping me create the second sword."

The circle that Zhang Ruochen drew on the ground turned golden. A layer of divine golden light rushed out and protected him in the center. Marks of Time and Precepts of Dimension flowed on the divine golden light. There were also yin-yang Taiji marks rotating under his feet.

When Que's sword touched the divine golden light, it appeared from oblivion.

It was at this moment that Zhang Ruochen struck out first. Whether it was the divine golden light, Marks of Time, Precepts of Dimension, or yin-yang Taiji mark, they all disappeared and merged into the sword.

The tips of the two swords collided.

An overwhelming power passed through the Ancient Abyssal Blade to Zhang Ruochen and sent him flying backward.

Half of his body emerged from the oblivion and said, "It's not that simple."

Kagemaru, which was supposed to collide with the Ancient Abyssal Blade, had nine strands of precepts on its body. They condensed into nine swords and stabbed at Zhang Ruochen simultaneously.

At such a close distance and such a fast speed, even Bai Qing'er could not avoid it. Of course, Bai Qing'er did not have to avoid it.

Seeing that the nine swords were about to stab Zhang Ruochen, a dazzling Light of Truth suddenly emerged in the silent and empty demon palace. The sound of the swords suddenly increased.

...

Everyone waited anxiously outside the palace.

Suddenly, the palace door opened. Zhang Ruochen walked out from inside. His face was quite pale, his feet were weak, and he walked unsteadily.

"It's over so quickly?"

Yan Zhexian was surprised. He didn't know if he was talking to himself or asking Zhang Ruochen.

"It's a little fast."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and left in a hurry with Sikong the Younger and the others.

Que followed closely behind. His face was pale, and his feet were unsteady. He looked in the direction Zhang Ruochen had left and asked, "What's the name of your sword?"

"Burial flower!"

Zhang Ruochen also asked, "Is your saintwill called the World Without Me?"

"Yes."

Que thought for a moment and said, "If you want to use the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill to attack the unprecedented

Grade Three Saintwill, you can choose the Swordsmanship.”

Zhang Ruochen did not answer him. He disappeared at the edge of the square. Under the guidance of the maid, he entered a beautiful courtyard. The blood apricot holy tree was planted in the courtyard with red leaves. Its blood qi flowed around the tree trunk like a dragon.

After entering the room, Zhang Ruochen’s Armor of the Fire God spread out, revealing his translucent body. He sighed lightly. “It’s worthy of the perfect Grade Two Saintwill. It’s worthy of the Dao of nihility. Even with armor, it can’t defend against it.”

Zhang Ruochen took out two Godstones and began to recover the saint Qi that had been used up while refining the Power of Oblivion that had invaded his body.

...

Que was still standing outside the demon palace. He didn’t move.

“How did it go?” Pan Ruo walked over and asked.

PFFT!

Que spat out a mouthful of blood. Just as he was about to fall to the ground, Kagamaru flew out. Holding the hilt with one hand, he forced a smile. “He won in the end!”

Zhang Ruochen had been struck nine times by him. He could still leave with his injuries.

But he could only force himself to walk to the door of the fane. He could not take another step.

The winner had been decided.

In the final confrontation, Que’s sword movements changed. He split into ten, and all nine swords hit Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen’s sword also changed. It merged with the Path of Truth and instantly exploded with 30 times the attack power. Not only did it shatter the body of Kagamaru, but it also pierced through his body.

When it pierced through his body, the Power of Time, Dimension, Swordsmanship, and the mysterious power of the Absolute Intergold exploded in his body at the same time.

Even though he had the saintwill of World Without Me and his body was almost completely void, he was seriously injured.

In fact, he didn't know that Zhang Ruochen had won by luck.

The Path of Truth suddenly merged with the Swordsmanship because Zhang Ruochen was controlled, but because the Swordsmanship and the Path of Truth seemed to have been stimulated by something and automatically merged together.

Like the 670 million Intergold Precept Marks, Zhang Ruochen had never used them to combine with the Swordsmanship. Instead, they were naturally combined together.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged under the sundial. It took him half a month to expel all the Power of Oblivion that had invaded his body and restore his body to its original state.

During this half a month, he had also figured out why the Path of Truth and the Intergold Precept Marks would naturally combine with the Swordsmanship.

It must have something to do with his Path of All-encompassing.

The sword followed the heart. The Swordsmanship was what the heart thought.

Lord Ming had taught him that Swordsmanship had to be pure.

However, Saint Monk Xumi combined Swordsmanship with Time and created the Sword of Time.

Que's master had combined the Swordsmanship with Oblivion and created the Oblivion Sword.

Why couldn't Zhang Ruochen combine the Swordsmanship with the Intergold Precept Marks to create the Intergold Sword? Or could he combine the Swordsmanship with the Path of Truth to create the Truth Sword?

Or could he combine all the Paths he cultivated with the Swordsmanship to create an unprecedented Myriad-Path

Sword?

However, he couldn't be distracted at this stage if he wanted to cultivate the saintwill of the Swordsmanship to Grade Three. He had to completely immerse himself in Swordsmanship and be a pure sword cultivator.

The more he thought about it, the more confused Zhang Ruochen became.

He had never been so eager to have a supreme Swordsmanship teacher by his side to tell him what was the right thing to do.

It was easy to walk on the wrong path if he only relied on his own exploration.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen thought of something. He immediately took out the Wordless Sword Manual in the form of a stone sword and the five volumes lent to him by Granny Begonia.

These five scrolls had been left by the five swordsmen of Kunlun since ancient times. They had always been kept in the sword pavilion, and ordinary cultivators were not qualified to read them.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the first book and saw the ancient and familiar words on the cover. He was secretly shocked. "Bi Luo's Scribbles!"

In Kunlun, only one person dared to call himself "Bi Luo."

Bi Luozi was as famous as the Dragon Lord and Saint Monk Xumi.

Whoosh

The four words on the cover suddenly turned into four figures in Taoist robes, cultivating a mysterious sword technique one after another. Zhang Ruochen blinked, and the four figures disappeared, turning back into four ancient characters.

Chapter 2546: No Longer a Young Man

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Seven days passed.

Zhang Ruochen sat under Sundial. He had immersed himself in studying the sword technique for seven years.

Sikong the Younger turned away all the visitors, standing guard in the yard.

In seven years, the number of Precepts in Zhang Ruochen's body had broken through another ten billion. The Precepts of Swordsmanship accounted for a large proportion. He had read the five volumes countless times and understood many of their mysteries. Of course, he was still far from fully comprehending them.

Zhang Ruochen's understanding of Swordsmanship had reached a new level.

On this day, Zhang Ruochen saw the sunlight pouring in from outside the window. According to the carvings on the window, it projected faint patterns on the ground.

The pattern was like a flying dragon.

After a long time, a smile appeared in his eyes. He was no longer confused. He finally figured out the path he should take next.

His Swordsmanship should be the purest light.

It should be fast and merciless.

Whether Path of Truth, Intergold Precept Marks, or all kinds of Paths in the world were like the decorations on the window.

They were all different, yet the nature of the sword wouldn't change. The light remained the same. But after it shone, different patterns could appear on the ground.

What he needed to do now wasn't to think about how to make the patterns on the ground look better but to light up this beam of light. The light had to be absolutely hot and eternal.

Creak

Zhang Ruochen pushed open the wooden door. His masculinity shone on his face.

In the yard.

Sikong the Elder had woken up three days ago. He held a bowl-thick staff and a stack of white paper. Sikong the Elder roared at Tian Shuzi, "Zhen Nu! You're a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. Can't you copy a single volume of Maitrī Sunyata Sutra? Did you do it on purpose?"

Tian Shuzi's hair had been shaved clean. He wore a gray monk robe that only the lowest level Buddhist disciples wore.

Being scolded like this by a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, Tian Shuzi's anger was about to flare up.

Boom

Sikong the Elder struck and pressed down on Tian Shuzi's right shoulder with his staff. Tian Shuzi bent his legs and knelt on the ground.

Leaves flew around him.

"What are you staring at? Master reprimanded you for your own good. It's to help you cultivate your inner peace. Do you still have any objections? I gave you this Dharma name in the hope that you can restrain the anger and develop a calm heart that won't be disturbed by anything."

Sikong the Elder took back his staff, squatted down, and unfolded the stack of paper. He said earnestly, "Look at this, look what you have copied? Your second master has taught you nothing these past few days. You haven't listened at all. Zhen Sha, Zhen Tan, and Zhen Wang. The three of them have

been very obedient. They copied everything without missing a single word. Plus, they had neat handwriting.”

There was no Buddhist scripture on the white paper on the ground. All that was written was the word “Kill.”

Tian Shuzi gritted his teeth, and his entire body trembled. If he was not imprisoned by Curse of Light and Dark, he would definitely slap this monk to death. He would not be able to wait for even a moment! Absolutely no way!

Sikong the Elder patted Tian Shuzi’s head and sighed. “I know you still won’t listen to me, but you must understand that I’m hitting you for your own good. I’m teaching you to be a good person. A wrongdoer may become a man of virtue once he does good.”

Que Shenzi, who was also wearing a monk’s robe and had his hair shaved, could not help but laugh.

Sikong the Elder’s bell-like eyes stared at him and roared, “Zhen Se, what are you laughing at? Do you think you’ve copied well? Your handwriting is sloppy. Copy a hundred times more!”

Que Shenzi’s eyes darkened. When he saw Sikong the Elder pick up his staff again, he smiled and said, “You’re right, master. I’ll copy it now.”

“Good boy. I’ll check it later.”

Just as Sikong the Elder was about to continue to guide Tian Shuzi, the sound of the wooden door rang out. Zhang Ruochen walked out.

Sikong the Elder was delighted. He rushed over and smiled. “Senior Uncle, you’ve finally come out. Have you recovered? I have something important to tell you!”

Zhang Ruochen nodded in understanding.

Tian Shuzi got up from the ground. He rushed to Zhang Ruochen and said, “Zhang Ruochen, name your conditions. As long as you let me go...”

Bang!

Before Tian Shuzi could finish his words, Sikong the Elder had already struck his head with his staff. It made a loud sound and crashed Tian Shuzi to the ground.

He knelt before Zhang Ruochen and bent his knees to the ground.

Sikong the Elder cursed in exasperation, "Bastard, this is your Ancestral Master. How can you call him by his name? Kneel down and reflect on yourself."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the seven monks in the courtyard. He was a little absent-minded. Finally, he looked down at the monk kneeling in front of him. Who else could it be but Tian Shuzi of Fane of Death?

Tian Shuzi clenched his fists and stood up from the ground again. He glanced at Sikong the Elder who was glaring at him like a tiger. In the end, he chose to compromise. He said in a low voice, "Name your conditions. How can you let me go?"

"Call him Ancestral Master," Sikong the Elder said.

Zhang Ruochen reached out a hand to stop Sikong the Elder, who was about to swing his staff at Tian Shuzi. He said, "As long as the hatred between us is completely resolved, you can leave anytime."

Tian Shuzi said, "There is no hatred between us anymore."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

Tian Shuzi said, "I swear to god that as long as you let me go, I will never take revenge on you."

"Me too, I can swear too." Que Shenzi rushed up.

Zhang Ruochen still shook his head, "You just want to escape. You haven't really put down your hatred. Even if I believe you will keep your oath, you might take revenge on me using other people's hands. Moreover, you may turn your target from me and deal with my friends, relatives, clansmen, or anyone related to me."

Tian Shuzi and Que Shenzi promised, "No, absolutely not."

“You don’t have to say anymore. I can sense whether you have put down your hatred or not. When that day comes, you can stay or go as you wish,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Sikong the Elder looked at Zhang Ruochen with admiration and respect. He nodded in agreement, “Once they enter the Door of Sunyata, they will no longer have anything to do with the secular world. They will represent the new generation. That’s why I gave them Dharma names. They’re the Zhen generation.”

“His name is Zhen Nu.”

“His name is Zhen Se.”

Que Shenzi’s face twitched.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the three former White Reapers and asked, “What about the three of them?”

“Zhen Sha, Zhen Tan, and Zhen Wang,” Sikong the Elder said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded, “Anger, lust, kill, greed, and delusion. The five precepts of Buddhism. Very good! Next, I’ll leave the five of them to you and Sikong the Younger. You must teach them well and resolve their killing intent and resentment.”

Sikong the Younger walked over, “Zhen Nu and Zhen Se are easy to deal with. One is stubborn and hard to teach, while the other pretends to be obedient, but he has a lot of resentment. Yet I believe that under the influence of Maitrī Sunyata Mantra, they will be wholeheartedly devoted to Buddha and become a Saint Buddha who saves the sick one day.”

“If that’s the case, it will definitely go down in history. The five top saints of Deathkin will enter the Door of Sunyata together. It will be a legend! Not bad, not bad at all,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Sikong the Younger said, “But Zhen Sha, Zhen Wang, and Zhen Tan had all trained to cut off emotions by Fane of Death from a young age. They only have killing intent in their hearts. What should we do?”

“It doesn’t matter. When I have the chance, I’ll buy some Desires Pills to help them recover,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Sikong the Younger chanted the name of Buddha and said, “If that’s the case, Senior uncle will be doing immeasurable good.”

After thinking for a while, Zhang Ruochen walked up to Zhen Sha, Zhen Wang, and Zhen Tan. He thought for a while and slapped Zhen Sha’s forehead.

Brilliant Light of Truth flew out of his palm and poured into Zhen Sha’s body.

Zhen Sha’s body was like a holy lamp shining. Countless starlight spots circulated in his body. Wisps of Death Qi and killing intent were squeezed out of his body and dissipated.

When Zhang Ruochen withdrew his palm, Death Qi on Zhen Sha’s body faded a lot. The hostility in his eyes almost completely disappeared.

Then, Zhang Ruochen used the same method to help Zhen Wang and Zhen Tan.

Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi stood to the side and watched with fear. They didn’t think that Zhang Ruochen was helping the three White Reapers. Instead, they thought that Zhang Ruochen was going to fight to the death with Fane of Death.

Fane of Death had spent countless resources and eliminated numerous failures to cultivate a White Reaper in Banshi Isshou Realm.

Zhang Ruochen had destroyed three in an instant.

How could Fane of Death let this go?

This was a notable feud!

Zhang Ruochen turned his gaze to Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi.

Their expressions changed. They were afraid that Zhang Ruochen would also destroy their Paths in this way.

“I’ll go and copy Maitrī Sunyata Mantra first.”

Que Shenzi took out a pen from the collar of his monk robe and walked toward the stone table. He squatted on the ground and began to copy.

Tian Shuzi's expression changed several times. "I'll copy too."

Zhang Ruochen asked Sikong the Younger to supervise them to copy the scriptures and chant. He brought Sikong the Elder into the room and released the Spatial Domain to prevent one from eavesdropping on their conversation.

Sikong the Elder quickly said, "Did Senior Uncle ask Cang Jie to go to Kunlun to find Fairy of a Hundred Flowers?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Sikong the Elder sighed. "You might not know this, but after you went to Infernal Court, Fairy of a Hundred Flowers went back to Qianrui Realm. She wasn't in Kunlun at all. He went to Endless Abyss and found Miss Kong there. But something seemed to have happened to her in Endless Abyss. Miss Kong couldn't leave, so she sent a message to the Sikong Zen Temple, asking us to look for Fairy of a Hundred Flowers."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What was the result?"

Sikong the Elder said proudly, "It's not like you don't know my abilities. Everything will be safe in my hands. My junior brother and I went to Qianrui Realm and claimed to be the bodhisattva of the western Buddhist world. Fairy of a Hundred Flowers didn't suspect anything when we sent your letter. She followed us to Royal City of Hundred Clans."

Zhang Ruochen was slightly relieved.

"But..."

Sikong the Elder's expression became complicated, "Before we entered Royal City of Hundred Clans, we met Saint Devourer. She told us that something big happened in Infernal Court that involved Fairy of a Hundred Flowers. We told her to hide her face and better not enter the city."

Zhang Ruochen said, "So, they're outside the city now?"

"They've already entered the city," Sikong the Elder said.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly and said, “Do you have something to say? Can you finish it all at once?”

Sikong the Elder smiled embarrassedly. “It’s like this. Fairy of a Hundred Flowers seems anxious to see you, so she must’ve entered the city. Moreover, there is a secret hideout in Qianrui Realm in Royal City of Hundred Clans. She can hide there.”

Qianrui Realm was a vital realm. Having a hideout in a place like Royal City of Hundred Clans was not strange.

Sikong the Elder told Zhang Ruochen about the secret stronghold. He winked and smiled. “Senior uncle, you are indeed a Yuanhui-level genius. You are very charming. In my opinion, that fairy must have fallen in love with you a long time ago. She misses you very much. Senior uncle, you’d better meet her quickly. Don’t make her wait so long.”

“Can you be like your junior brother and be an undesirous monk?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Senior uncle’s words have enlightened me.”

Sikong the Elder quickly stopped smiling and closed his mouth. He put his hands together and nodded cautiously.

Zhang Ruochen knew that he was pretending. He sighed helplessly. Suddenly, he sensed something and stared out of the yard through the wall. Then he pushed the door open and said, “Your Highness, what can I do for you?”

Wearing plain clothes, Pan Ruo walked into the courtyard. She looked at the five masters of Fane of Death in monk robes.

Que Shenzi was overjoyed. He felt that his savior had finally arrived. He threw the pen on the ground and said loudly, “Your Highness, I have a question. I want to ask you.”

Pan Ruo said, “Please do.”

Que Shenzi said, “Fane of Destiny often tells us that the ten races of Infernal Court should unite and fight against the myriad realm of Celestial Court together. As a cultivator of Immortal Vampires, Zhang Ruochen captured us and forced us to be slaves. Is this against the will of Fane of Destiny?”

Snap!

Tian Shuzi broke the pen and stood up abruptly. He said in a low voice, “Zhang Ruochen is not a pure cultivator of Infernal Court. I suspect he is trying to create internal strife in Infernal Court and stir up disputes among the clans.”

Que Shenzi said, “How ambitious! Scioness, I dare say that Zhang Ruochen is the spy sent by Celestial Court to Infernal Court.”

Pan Ruo stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “They are top Supreme Saints of Fane of Death after all. Isn’t it too humiliating to make them slaves?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I didn’t make them slaves. I just wanted to dissolve the hatred and resentment in their hearts and let them practice Buddhism. My two martial nephews even took them as disciples. How can they be called slaves?”

Que Shenzi sneered. “Practice Buddhism? Buddhism is crap.”

“We kill Buddhas,” said Tian Shuzi.

Pan Ruo’s eyes turned cold. She put her hands together and holy Buddhist light radiated from her body.

A Class 72 lotus platform grew out of the ground. It lifted her up from the ground.

Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi’s faces froze.

“I cultivate Buddhism too,” said Pan Ruo.

Boom

Sikong the Elder raised his monk staff and slammed it to the ground. He roared, “You two bastards, how dare you insult Buddha. Let’s see how I’ll deal with you. Kneel down and repent!”

The two staff landed instantly, knocking Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi to the ground.

“Where’s the pen? Copy Maitrī Sunyata Mantra 200 times. No, 1,000 times. Unacceptable!” Sikong the Elder cursed as he retrieved the pen from the fallen leaves and threw it to the two.

Pan Ruo put away the Buddhist light on her body and ignored them. Her beautiful eyes fell on Zhang Ruochen, trying to see

through him.

If Zhang Ruochen had been possessed, he could fool others, but he could never fool her.

Chapter 2547: Outside Ghostwood Manor

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

There was a beautiful road in the sacred land of Terra Demon. It was said that it was carved out by a god. Along the stone steps up the mountain, the cliffs were covered with purple-red flowers, and human-shaped butterflies were dancing on them.

Pan Ruo and Zhang Ruochen walked side by side. The mountains were silent.

Pan Ruo said, “During the seven days you were recovering, Fane of Destiny and Yanluo Clan led the city’s hundred clans to purge the Celestial Court cultivators. Countless people died. The corpses were nailed to the city wall. Some Supreme Saints are still alive and struggling on the wall.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Fane of Origin going out of secularity is a shocking event. Fane of Destiny and Yanluo Clan naturally don’t want Celestial Court to get involved.”

“Where’s Fairy of a Hundred Flowers?” Pan Ruo asked.

Zhang Ruochen stopped at the precipitous cliff and looked at the clouds in the mountains. He asked calmly, “What do you mean?”

Pan Ruo said, “Not long ago, there was news that Fairy of a Hundred Flowers did not hide or run away. Instead, she took the initiative to attack the warriors of Infernal Court stationed in Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt.

“She killed four Paramount Realm Supreme Saints in a row by herself and successfully escaped.”

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a moment and said lightly, "There are so many masters gathered in Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt. Even Xing Luo and Yuan Qianmo are guarding it. How could she escape?"

"It is said that she was seriously injured when she retreated and did not break into the wormhole," Pan Ruo said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "She is quite capable!"

"In fact, her appearance has cleared your suspicion," Pan Ruo said.

"Oh?"

"Many cultivators suspect that she hid on you and escaped from Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt to Royal City of Hundred Clans. Now, such suspicions naturally cease to exist."

Zhang Ruochen did not say a word. He stepped on the stone steps and continued to walk up.

Not long after, he arrived at the top of the sacred mountain.

Zhang Ruochen stood in bright sunlight and looked at the distant city and the beautiful scenery nearby. His mind gradually opened up. He thought to himself, what kind of mentality did the god of the past have when he was standing here?

Swoosh!

Ancient Abyssal Blade flew out naturally and floated in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the sword hilt when the sword soul rushed out of his body after he thought about it. Around his real body, he performed one exquisite sword technique after another.

The most basic Tianxin Sword Technique, Sword of Time, the sword technique from Wordless Sword Manual, his self-created sword technique, and Swordsmanship that he had comprehended from the five volumes of Azure Brush.

Pan Ruo stood in the distance and looked at Zhang Ruochen's real body, which was motionless, as well as the elegant sword

soul dance. She could not help but show a complicated emotion in her eyes. There was sadness, touch, appreciation, disappointment...

All the doubts in her heart disappeared.

How could someone possess him?

How she longed that Zhang Ruochen was performing this sword dance for her.

However, she knew that Zhang Ruochen was only comprehending the sword. He had been immersed in his own world. Even when she was conversing with him, he had probably been comprehending the Swordsmanship in his heart.

She had never had the feeling of giving up the persistence in her heart so strong like this. Scioness, Pan Ruo, her future? How could it be better than a moment of beauty?

So what if the scene in Destiny Pool happened? At least it wasn't so painful now. They couldn't say a word even when standing in front of each other.

Death didn't seem so terrible.

The future might not be death.

Just as she thought of this, the scene she saw when Chi Yao brought her to Destiny Pool when she had just become Realm Bearer appeared in her mind again.

Zhang Ruochen was the same even in the boundless universe. He looked into the dark void space holding Ancient Abyssal Blade. An enormous palm flew out of the darkness. Instantly, many macroworlds were destroyed. Stars burned like sand, and billions of lives were reduced to ashes.

Zhang Ruochen struck out with his sword but only managed to block the hand for a moment. Ancient Abyssal Blade exploded and turned into pieces. He also turned into dust.

Some memories could not be cut off or forgotten.

She had told Zhang Ruochen that she had cut off her past memories. But in fact, it was all a lie. If she wanted to cut off

her memories, she would have to forget everything in her previous life. If so, how could she still remember him?

She could not bear to break off those memories.

Pan Ruo covered her heart slightly, and her body trembled slightly. She closed her eyes, “No, I can’t regret my decision once I’ve taken this path. All living things in this world can die, but he has to live. He has to live well.”

Zhang Ruochen’s sword dance ended. His sword soul flew back into his body. He sighed, “It’s not that easy to practice Heaven Sword Soul. I still have to accumulate more.”

He had sensed something just now and tried to break through Heaven Sword Soul.

Unfortunately, he failed.

He looked back and found that Pan Ruo had left long ago. He was the only one left on the top of the mountain.

After a while, all the cultivators of Terra Demon saw lightning and thunder on the top of the mountain. There was also a hurricane, and the sky was dark.

Ancient Abyssal Blade had passed the fourth King’s Calamity and become a Class Four Regal Artifact.

Zhang Ruochen returned to the yard and met Xuan Zehai, Yan Huangtu, and the others. Then he locked himself in his room alone.

He took out Sevenstar Imperial Palace in his room and left Terra Demon’s sacred land with a dimensional teleportation array.

It was hard to enter Terra Demon’s sacred land through a dimensional teleportation array, but it was easy to get out.

Zhang Ruochen changed his appearance and went to the secret stronghold of Qianrui Realm according to the address given by Sikong the Elder.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was tall and straight. He had silver hair, a pair of dragon horns on his head, and a mask on

his face. His entire body exuded a rotten and dark aura of death.

When other cultivators saw him, they would only think that he was a Corpusian cultivator.

However, his appearance was the same as when he had entered Yin Yang Hall with Ji Fanxin to rescue her senior sister in the Celestial Domain of Truth.

“Ghostwood Manor.”

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the signboard above. There were three ghostly words written on them.

This was a huge manor. Behind the cyan-gray walls, there was black Ghostly Qi. Even if Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power had reached the 68th level, he couldn’t sense it.

“I wonder if Divine Domain of Destiny, Yanluo Clan, and Royal City of Hundred Clans have found this place.”

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t worried about his own safety. He was worried that he had harmed Ji Fanxin by letting her come to Royal City of Hundred Clans.

He stopped thinking. He was about to knock on the door when he heard a rumbling sound from the street on his right.

The sound of saint beasts running and the sound of metal armor colliding were intertwined.

Soon, a group of guards made up of hundreds of Saint-level cultivators appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen.

The saint-level guards lined up and surrounded Ghostwood Manor.

Two giant snow-white beasts walked out of the guards. They were two Supreme Saint-level beasts.

On the back of the giant beasts sat two Supreme Saints in armor. They were Princess Xue Lai of the Sengens and Han Ailian of the Yakshas.

Han Ailian’s eyes fell on Zhang Ruochen. Seeing that he was standing outside Ghostwood Manor and trying to enter. She ordered, “Take him down.”

A team of Saint-level warriors rushed out and surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

It was obvious that the secret stronghold of Qianrui Realm had been exposed. That was why Royal City of Hundred Clans' joint law enforcement team surrounded this place.

The cultivators in front of him were not to be feared.

However, the city had three gods and influential figures like the Clan Emperors. Once Ji Fanxin was captured, it would be difficult to save her.

Zhang Ruochen thought quickly and had a countermeasure.

Crash.

The two saints of the enforcement team had sharp eyes. They took out their chains and walked toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen sighed in his heart. Then, he stepped on the ground. Powerful Death Qi surged out, sending the two saints of the enforcement team flying. They fell heavily to the ground.

"You cultivators of Royal City of Hundred Clans are so impressive. Do you really think you can capture anyone as you like? Aren't you afraid of offending people you can't afford to offend?" Zhang Ruochen sneered.

"How dare you obstruct the enforcement team? You're guilty of death."

All the Saint-level cultivators of the enforcement team summoned their weapons. Their killing intent surged.

Han Ailian's gaze fell on the two saints who had been sent flying and found that they weren't injured at all. He quickly said, "Wait, put away your weapons."

He and Princess Xue Li jumped down from the beast and walked to Zhang Ruochen.

Han Ailian introduced himself first. "I'm Han Ailian of the Yakshas, my master is Jadea. May I know your name? Are you a Corpusian?"

Zhang Ruochen pretended to be profound. “Tell me first. Why are you arresting me? Have I done anything wrong? Or have I disturbed the order of Royal City of Hundred Clans?”

Princess Xue Lai had used her spiritual power to investigate him but discovered that she couldn’t see through him. She couldn’t help but be shocked. She didn’t dare to be too presumptuous.

She carefully said, “You may not know this, but we have discovered that the master behind this Ghostwood Manor is likely to be a cultivator of Celestial Court. Therefore, we have been ordered to come and surround the cultivator. You stood outside the door and looked like you wanted to go in. Naturally, we suspected you.”

Han Ailian nodded and said, “That’s right! If you can prove your innocence or tell us your name and background, we will immediately apologize to you.”

They had no choice. The other party’s cultivation was unfathomable, so they had to be cautious.

“Okay, I understand.”

Zhang Ruochen’s hand reached into his sleeve, trying to take something out.

There was another universe in his sleeve.

Zhang Ruochen took out an iron token and handed it to Han Ailian.

Han Ailian took the iron token and looked at it. His face suddenly changed. He immediately cupped his hands and bowed. “So you are the emissary of Fane of Destiny. Greetings, Emissary.”

“Greetings, Emissary!”

All the Saint-level Sergeants, including Princess Xue Lai, quickly bowed.

They were all cultivators from small clans. They couldn’t afford to offend Fane of Destiny.

The iron token had the mark of Destiny Token. It contained Destiny's aura.

Zhang Ruochen took the iron token back. "I'm the secret emissary of the Scioness. I came here because I had found something. I want to go in and investigate. Now that you're here, let's go in together."

...

Chapter 2548: The Sword of the Fairy

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Han Ailian and Princess Xue Lai worked together and broke the array inscription on the door of the Ghostwood Manor without wasting much time.

As the representatives of the Sengens and the Yakshas, they naturally had strong cultivations since they were both cultivators at the Banshi Isshou Realm.

Zhang Ruochen entered the door first and emerged in the dimly lit manor.

It was a creepy scene before him. The vast garden was full of weeds and dead soil. There were also ancient gravestones with a sinister feel. It looked eerily like a place where the Ghost cultivators lived.

The gravestones were mottled and covered with vines. There were also rotten flowers growing on them.

It seemed that no one had lived here for many years. The gravestones were covered with cobwebs, with blood spiders the size of a human head crawling on the web. Sensing Zhang Ruochen's powerful aura, they crept toward the depths of the manor in fear.

In the distance, there were three or five dilapidated pitch-black and gloomy buildings.

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power and instantly enveloped the entire manor. Unfortunately, he emerged empty-handed. Finally, his gaze fell on a 20-foot-tall stone tablet.

The vines on the stone tablet were like water dragons. There were trails of blood veins on the leaves.

Zhang Ruochen walked over to the stone tablet, stepping on weeds and withered leaves. He raised his hand to lift the leaves. Seeing the ancient words carved on the tablet, he immediately withdrew his hand and didn't dare to touch it casually.

Han Ailian, Princess Xue Lai, and hundreds of law enforcement soldiers in divine armor entered from the outside.

Han Ailian led the soldiers to search the manor. They did not miss out on a single corner.

Princess Xue Lai saw Zhang Ruochen's strange behavior. Her eyes were as bright as the moon as she thought about it carefully. Following that, she strolled to Zhang Ruochen's side.

Zhang Ruochen knew that she had arrived, but he still stared at the stone tablet and didn't turn around.

Princess Xue Lai's voice was as clear as a spring. It was very pleasant. "What are you looking at, Envoy?" she asked.

"Do you recognize the words on the stone tablet?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Princess Xue Lai looked at the stone tablet. She frowned and shook her head, "There are many clans at the edge of the Infernal Court," she said. "Adding in the Celestial Court's numerous realms, there are at least 8,000 languages. The words on this stone tablet are bizarre. Even using spiritual power, I am unable to decipher them!"

"These are characters carved by deities. Your spiritual power is too weak, so there is no doubt that you cannot decipher them!" Zhang Ruochen said.

Speaking to Princess Xue Lai so rudely was enough to provoke public anger.

Princess Xue Lai didn't look unhappy at all. "If that's the case," she said, "Let's dig this stone tablet away and bring it back to the clan to study it."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “How dare you touch the gravestone carved by the gods? Be careful that you could turn into ashes in an instant.”

After saying this, Zhang Ruochen turned around and left. He had never looked Princess Xue Lai in the eye, which made her feel a little disappointed.

After all, the person in front of her was the Envoy of Destiny from the Fane of Destiny. His cultivation was unfathomable, and he was a person worth befriending.

Since the other party was so cold to her, it was obvious that he did not care about her beauty and looked down on her cultivation.

Princess Xue Lai glanced at the tombstone again fearfully. In this ancient tomb, there were all kinds of traps left behind by the deities. She could not act rashly.

Of course, she did not think there was anything extraordinary in the tomb.

How could something extraordinary be buried here?

Han Ailian and hundreds of saint-level soldiers turned the manor upside down. They searched everywhere but found nothing.

Walking out of the Ghostwood Manor, Han Ailian smiled awkwardly at Zhang Ruochen. “It seems that we’ve all received the wrong information. No one has come to this place for thousands of years.”

“It must be the cultivators of the Celestial Court who deliberately led us to the wrong place. Otherwise, we wouldn’t have found this place at the same time.”

After saying this, Zhang Ruochen left directly.

Han Ailian wanted to invite him to the Yakshas as a guest, but just as she spoke, Zhang Ruochen’s figure had turned into a mere shadow and disappeared at the end of the street.

“He’s an elite of the Fane of Destiny. How could he be interested in small clans like us?” Princess Xue Lai sighed.

Her voice was calm and emotionless, but her heart had a faint resentment. She was dissatisfied with Zhang Ruochen's cold arrogance.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't being cold at all. In fact, he had discovered the traces left by Ji Fanxin. He wanted to cover it up as much as possible. How could he have time to care about the feelings of a woman he didn't even know?

After Han Ailian and Princess Xue Lai left with the law enforcement soldiers, Zhang Ruochen sneaked back to the Ghostwood Manor and came to the 20-foot-tall stone tablet again.

The words on the stone tablet were indeed carved by a deity.

These words were very ancient. However, Zhang Ruochen had seen them in an ancient book stored in the book paradise of the Yaojue King in the Qianrui Realm. Therefore, he was sure that he had found the right place.

Zhang Ruochen pressed his palm on the stone tablet and injected Saint Qi into it.

Crash

The divine inscriptions on the stone tablet glowed with a faint light. Then, a vast force started to suck inwards.

Zhang Ruochen did not resist the suction force, and his body was pulled inside.

It was as if he had passed through an invisible door and arrived in a world of darkness. His surroundings were unusually quiet. It was as if he had left the Royal City of Hundred Clans and arrived in another space.

Zhang Ruochen was calm and collected. He opened his palm, and a ball of fire appeared in it.

In front of him was the passage of Youshen. It kept going down.

Zhang Ruochen walked down the passage. Not long after, a light appeared in front of him. His field of vision gradually widened, and a seven-story ancient tower that was built into a stone wall appeared,

The ancient tower was hundreds of feet tall. It was extremely imposing and gave off a faint divine might.

Below the ancient tower, where Zhang Ruochen was standing, was a 300-foot-long and 300-foot-wide platform. In the southwest corner of the platform was a strange tree as thick as a water bucket. Its trunk was pitch-black, but its leaves were crimson like blood. The tree was covered with shiny fruits.

The light that illuminated this place came from the leaves and fruits of the tree.

There were colorful flowers on the stone wall where the ancient tower was located. Each of them was very old, and the pollen scattered down like a rain of light.

Zhang Ruochen sniffed slightly, and a smile appeared on his face. He looked at the ancient tower and declared, “Zhang Ruochen has arrived. Why hasn’t the fairy shown herself yet?”

He and Ji Fanxin could be considered close friends. They had gone through many hardships together and were no longer mere allies. It wasn’t an exaggeration to call them confidants to each other.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen was still quite happy to see her.

He was happy not because he could find the Fane of Origin with her Path of Origin but because he had met an old friend in a foreign land.

However, there was no response from the ancient tower, so it was somewhat awkward.

Zhang Ruochen came back to his senses and wiped his smile away. He said carefully, “I have smelled the fragrance of flowers from the fairy. Are you in the ancient tower? There is indeed some misunderstanding between us. I will explain everything if you open the door for me.”

There was still no response from the tower.

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly. He walked along the long stairs to the tower door embedded in the stone wall and said, “Ruochen, had come to see the fairy in person.”

After walking half of the flight of stairs, there was a sudden strong fluctuation of the Path from above. A pink ball of light the size of a fist formed out of nowhere and flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

Boom

The pink ball of light exploded and turned into flower petals that flashed out like lightning.

Zhang Ruochen was secretly surprised. He quickly shot out his hands and froze the space in front of him, turning it into an invisible shield.

Rumble

The flower petals contained power far beyond Zhang Ruochen's estimation. They quickly broke through the frozen space.

"Such power?"

Zhang Ruochen cast the Divine Purification Flame. At the same time, he flew backward and landed on the platform at the bottom of the stairs.

Most of the petals were burned into ashes by the divine fire.

A few pieces continued to fly through the flames. Zhang Ruochen dodged and avoided the crucial parts.

Even so, a strand of hair was still cut off. The petals flew inches by his neck.

"Is the cultivator in the ancient tower really Ji Fanxin? She can't be so powerful. Could there be an elite of the Qianrui Realm with her? There shouldn't be!"

Even though Zhang Ruochen trusted Ji Fanxin, he was now on guard.

A familiar and beautiful voice rang out from the ancient tower. "Isn't Ruochen, the son of a deity known as the genius of the Yuanhui period? He killed everyone on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. How impressive is that, so how can he be so weak?"

Zhang Ruochen could hear the sarcasm in Ji Fanxin's words. He smiled bitterly and said, "Other cultivators couldn't understand me. Is the fairy the same as the others too?"

Ji Fanxin didn't show up. Her voice floated out of the ancient tower again, "You killed dozens of cultivators from the Qianrui Realm on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. How do you expect me to understand you? You know, countless cultivators from the Qianrui Realm are petitioning to kill you."

"If the fairy thinks such of me, why would she risk her life to come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans?" Zhang Ruochen still didn't believe that Ji Fanxin would look at him like the other cultivators did.

"I'm here to kill you, to avenge the dead cultivators of the Qianrui Realm, and to avenge all the cultivators of the Celestial Court who you killed. I'll personally chop off your head and bring it back to wash away the stain of my friendship with you."

Ji Fanxin, who was all dressed in white, appeared on the third floor of the ancient tower while wearing a veil.

Swoosh

She was strikingly beautiful and flew down like a Saintess of Brahma. Her fine black hair fanned out behind her like a waterfall. However, the pair of moist eyes above the veil was more than ten times more beautiful than Princess Xue Lai's. Any man in the world would be mesmerized by her.

Accompanied by a shower of flowers, she descended from the sky and stabbed at Zhang Ruochen between his eyebrows.

Zhang Ruochen retreated quickly. However, Ji Fanxin's sword suddenly increased in speed. In an instant, she was already right in front of him. Her eyes were reflecting light from the sword.

He waved his right arm and collided with the sword while his body dodged to the left.

"Fairy, there's no need for swords and knives between us, right? Can you give me a chance to explain?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Ji Fanxin was unwilling to let him go. “If you win, I’ll give you a chance to explain. Otherwise, you’ll be dead by my sword,” she declared.

With a swoosh, she changed her sword maneuver. A divine lotus of Sword Qi swirled up and hit Zhang Ruochen’s chest, and he was sent flying hundreds of feet away. Unexpectedly his Demigod-level physique couldn’t deflect it.

Zhang Ruochen rubbed his aching chest. He could see that Ji Fanxin’s sword had no killing intent. She didn’t really want to kill him, so he said rather seriously, “Then I will entertain you with a good fight.”

Chapter 2549: The Boundary of Trust

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Ji Fanxin's strength was beyond Zhang Ruochen's expectations. Each sword was stronger than the last. Its power could destroy the moon and stars. Even if Zhang Ruochen mobilized the power of Qiankun and drove the demigod's body to its full power, it was still not enough.

There seemed to be an abyss filled with Saint Qi in her body. The Qi power was endless and could topple mountains and overturn seas.

However, the moves she displayed were very shallow and had many flaws, as she stuck at the level of Saint King.

This was why Zhang Ruochen could use his marvelous Saint Technique and body movements to fight for a chance to survive from her continuous and uninterrupted sword moves.

She was too powerful!

Logically speaking, Ji Fanxin had broken through the Supreme Sainthood almost the same time as him. How could her cultivation have surpassed his without a time treasure like sundial?

The only explanation was that Ji Fanxin's cultivation had been stronger than his since the beginning.

"It's over. Your head doesn't belong to you anymore!"

Ji Fanxin stopped where she was and radiated a dazzling light of Origin as if a huge moon hovering near the ground.

Her stunning body stood at the center of the moon. Her shapely curves were set off to perfection. With a twist of her wrist, she swung out a powerful sword and slashed horizontally.

The Sword Qi gushed out and filled the entire space. Zhang Ruochen had no way to retreat.

Zhang Ruochen only felt the Precepts of heaven and earth in this space were pushed aside by her precepts of Swordsmanship. The Sword Light in front of him was like the Ganges in the vast universe, giving him an irresistible and terrifying power.

He was like a paper man, about to be torn apart instantly.

Swoosh!

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the hilt of the Ancient Abyssal Blade with both hands, and the sea of stars rushed out of his body.

The light emitted by the sea of stars was not weaker than the light of Origin on Ji Fanxin.

The sword hacked down.

The ear-piercing and dense sound of the sword rang out, interweaving into a somber war song.

This sword strike was perfect. It struck precisely at the weakest point of Ji Fanxin's Sword Qi.

With a bang, the majestic river of Sword Qi, like the Ganges, was cut in half by Zhang Ruochen's sword strike.

A hint of surprise appeared in Ji Fanxin's beautiful eyes. Then, she rushed in front of Zhang Ruochen with incomparable speed.

The bright and slender sword pressed against Zhang Ruochen's neck.

Zhang Ruochen used all his strength to break her previous sword strike. How could he still have the strength to dodge this sword strike?

He looked down at the tip of the sword that was right in front of him. He was neither nervous nor flustered. After this

confrontation, Zhang Ruochen understood Ji Fanxin did not use all her strength. Her cultivation was beyond imagination.

There was no point in fighting continuously.

He looked at Ji Fanxin sincerely and full of emotion.

Ji Fanxin's veil fluttered gently, and her celestial beauty was faintly discernible. She said, "Do you think you deserve to die?"

"Yes," Zhang Ruochen replied.

Ji Fanxin asked, "Why should you die?"

"The hatred between Celestial Court and Infernal Court is as deep as the sea. I was originally a cultivator from Celestial Court, but I joined Infernal Court. It's an unpardonable crime. On the battlefield of Celestial Hunting, I killed countless cultivators from Celestial Court. I deserve to die," Zhang Ruochen said.

Ji Fanxin's beautiful eyes showed disapproval. She snorted and said, "That's not why I want to kill you! If you, Zhang Ruochen, can stick to your heart, what's the difference between Celestial Court and Infernal Court?"

"My heart hasn't changed," Zhang Ruochen said.

Ji Fanxin asked, "What were you thinking when you killed those celestial captives?"

"I want to be alive. I can't die," Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

"You're afraid of death?"

"I'm afraid of death, but it depends on why I die. If the meaning of death is greater than alive, I'm not afraid of death."

Ji Fanxin carefully looked into Zhang Ruochen's eyes and asked one last question, "Why did you frame me?"

Zhang Ruochen knew what she was asking. He said, "I had no choice but to use your name. I thought you won't be angry since we were friends."

It was Bai Qing'er who used Ji Fanxin's name to start a massacre in the Infernal Court. It had nothing to do with Zhang Ruochen.

However, Bai Qing'er knew Kunlun cultivators' plan to save the Lord of Nephilim Island, so she threatened Zhang Ruochen with it to keep her secret and continuously blamed everything on Ji Fanxin.

Ji Fanxin said, "You're wrong. I'm very angry. Tell me, who is she?"

Zhang Ruochen did not hide anything. He told her everything about Bai Qing'er.

Even though Zhang Ruochen trusted Ji Fanxin, he still hid Kunlun cultivators' plan to save the Lord of Nephilim Island.

Thus, he failed to explain many things.

For example, Zhang Ruochen had already escaped from Bai Qing'er. Why did he still point out Ji Fanxin killed Dan Qiu of the Fane of Death and Lu Baitou of the Fane of Barasingha?

Another example was that Zhang Ruochen had already come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans. Why didn't he reveal the true identity of Bai Qing'er? Why did he let Ji Fanxin continue to be wronged? Why did he continue to let Bai Qing'er use Ji Fanxin's name to offend the entire Infernal Court?

Ji Fanxin said faintly, "You're in love with Ms. Bai. You want to help her cover everything up and even falsely accuse me, your so-called best friend?"

"No, there's something else."

Zhang Ruochen felt helpless. He thought Ji Fanxin was different from other women and that she was a reasonable person. He did not expect that women were all the same. She would not forgive him unless he explained the reason. Moreover, she was too picky.

The tip of the sword was closer to Zhang Ruochen's neck.

Ji Fanxin said, "Every man says there is a hidden reason when he can't argue. You told me to come to the Royal City of

Hundred Clans to reminisce about old times. But in reality, you want to help her exploit me, right?"

"That's a false accusation, a pure false accusation. I'm here for a serious matter, and it's a big one," Zhang Ruochen reached out to move the sword by his neck.

However, the tip had already pierced the skin on his neck before his fingers touched the sword.

A terrifying chill froze Zhang Ruochen's neck.

Ji Fanxin said coldly, "Don't tell me anything big. I can't trust you anymore."

"It's not the first time you met me. Why can't you trust me?"

Ji Fanxin said, "People change. After you go to the Infernal Court, who knows if you are still the same Zhang Ruochen? Unless you can bring me to meet Ms. Bai and confront her. I'll believe you if you're telling the truth."

"She is a very dangerous and temperamental woman. You'd better not see her," Zhang Ruochen advised.

With Bai Qing'er's ambition, she would be very interested in the Lotus of Divine Reflection in order to practice the path of Origin. Ji Fanxin meeting her was like offering herself to her. What was the difference between that and a sheep entering a tiger's mouth?

Ji Fanxin said, "You have told me all her abilities. If I still dare to meet her, it means I have the confidence to escape.

"Besides, if I don't meet her, how can I know whether you're telling me the truth?"

"Well, I'll take you to meet her when the time is right." Zhang Ruochen agreed and said, "You have no intention to kill me. You trust me in your heart. So there's no point pointing your sword at me, right?"

A cold light flashed in Ji Fanxin's eyes. She seemed to want to force out some killing intent, but she failed. She had no choice but to put the sword back.

“I didn’t make up my mind to kill you. It’s not because I trust you, but because I want to trust you.”

“Trust” and “Want to Trust” were clearly different.

Wanting to trust meant that her rationality told her to not trust him, but her emotions forced herself to trust him.

Zhang Ruochen knew clearly that his relationship with Ji Fanxin was like this. When they seemed close, they were very distant. When they seemed distant, they were close enough to trust each other.

However, there was a limit to this trust. It couldn’t be unreserved.

There was a mountain between the two of them.

It was a boundary.

After crossing this mountain, true love would emerge in each other’s hearts. Then, they could only trust each other without reservation. Their relationship will be sublimated. They would never forget each other and would give everything to each other from then on.

If they did not cross this mountain, they would always be friends. There would always be a distance between them.

Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin were both cultivators who knew how to restrain their feelings. They wouldn’t easily cross that boundary.

They knew there was no such thing as “friendship” between men and women. Once they climbed it, their relationship could improve, but it also became a hindrance on their path of cultivation.

After a long time, Ji Fanxin broke the silence and said, “Your sword technique was exquisite. What’s the name?”

“The Song of Azure.”

Zhang Ruochen also questions, “How can your cultivation be so high?”

Ji Fanxin just stared at him without answering him immediately. She turned and walked up the stairs to the tower

gate. Her back was indescribably beautiful.

She had not been wary of Zhang Ruochen's sneak attack. She trusted him.

Zhang Ruochen followed closely.

"How much do you know about the Lotus of Divine Reflection?" she suddenly asked.

Zhang Ruochen straightforwardly said, "The Lotus of Divine Reflection was born in the void space of the universe. It has no roots or leaves. It's a lotus flower formed by the power of the Origin of the universe."

"Now, I'll take you to the place I was born."

Ji Fanxin came to the gate of the ancient tower and paused for a moment.

Zhang Ruochen walked to her side and stared at the pattern on the stone gate. He found it was made of interwoven dimensional inscriptions. Some of the dimensional inscriptions were so profound that even he couldn't understand them.

Swoosh—

Ji Fanxin pushed the gate of the ancient tower open. The surging Qi of Origin gushed out of the gate instantly. The strong brilliance made Zhang Ruochen squint his eyes.

In the door, he saw a glittering ocean and a beautiful starry sky above the ocean.

The scene on the other side of the door was extremely beautiful and soul-stirring.

Chapter 2550: Sea of Origin

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Two of them crossed the half-foot-high threshold of the stone door together.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen sensed a strong dimensional fluctuation around him.

In the next moment, he and Ji Fanxin were floating in the void of the universe.

In front of them was the sea formed by the liquefied Qi of Origin. The seawater was sparkling and connected to the edge of the starry sky. It was pretty magnificent.

Under Zhang Ruochen's feet, the liquified and gaseous power of Origin flowed together. It was illusive and strange.

A stone door suspended in the air was behind him.

It was the passage they had just passed.

Ji Fanxin walked into the sea. The seawater soaked her long dress and stuck to her fair legs. The ends of her long black hair flitted across the water and gradually became moist.

The scene reminded Zhang Ruochen of the night he was in Royal Mountain in the Eastern Region of Kunlun. Ji Fanxin had suffered from a mysterious old scoundrel's evil medicine. She had bathed in the Holy Lake and refined the evil medicine.

The sky was also filled with stars.

At that time, Ji Fanxin was also in the water. He was also on the shore.

The difference was that Ji Fanxin's clothes were off, and his back faced the water then.

Looking at this scene and thinking back to that time, it felt like years had passed.

Ji Fanxin didn't seem to care about Zhang Ruochen's gaze. She looked far off and suddenly spoke, "I don't remember how long has it been since I grew up in this ocean. Oh, no. It has to be the Qi of Origin between heaven and earth gathered and condensed into this ocean because of me."

Master used the Power of Dimensions to remain this ocean here after I left with my Master.

Zhang Ruochen sighed slightly and said, "A Lotus of Divine Reflection can condense such a vast amount of liquified origin energy like the ocean. How powerful is this Lotus of Divine Reflection? Divinity?"

Ji Fanxin shook her head slightly and said, "I don't know how powerful my cultivation is. Master sealed my cultivation and power after I cultivated the flesh-and-blood body."

Zhang Ruochen could understand what Mandala Goddess was doing. Ji Fanxin was like a baby girl who didn't know anything since she had just cultivated the flesh-and-blood body.

It wouldn't be good if a baby girl could master the power to smash the stars with a hand wave. Instead, it would be a disaster and might even hurt her.

She had to be like other baby girls. She had to learn the language, movements, knowledge, martial techniques, and exercises from a young age. She had to train and develop a strong cognition and spiritual step by step. Only then could she gradually unseal the power in her body.

Ji Fanxin said, "Originally, I had five seals in my body in the Supreme Sainthood. They corresponded to the Neverwilt Realm, the Hundred-Shackle Realm, the Thousand-Koan Realm, the Banshi Isshou Realm, and the Paramount Realm. I had to unseal them step by step."

However, I refined the Heart of the Divine Tree you gave me and gained the knowledge of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. So, I unsealed all five seals at once.

You have the cultivation of the Paramount Realm now? What is the Saintwill you practice? Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but ask.

Ji Fanxin said, "I am the incarnation of the Origin. The Saintwill is naturally the Origin Saintwill."

How can there be a Saintwill named after the Origin...

Zhang Ruochen suddenly thought of something just as he said this. He looked at Ji Fanxin with shock and surprise.

Would Ji Fanxin's relationship with the Path of Origin be the same as the Heart of Truth and the Path of Truth?

Zhang Ruochen could infinitely withstand the Canon of Truth between heaven and earth as he had the Heart of Truth. Therefore, he didn't need to practice the Saintwill of the Path of Truth deliberately.

Ji Fanxin had been alive since the Hadean, which was an unusual thing in itself.

Perhaps she could really be addressed as the "Heart of Origin."

Even Zhang Ruochen wondered if the appearance of the Fane of Origin at this time had something to do with her breaking through to the Paramount Realm of the Supreme Sainthood.

Zhang Ruochen used the Eye of Truth to observe the surroundings.

He found that the ocean formed by the Power of Origin was surrounded by dense Dimensional Inscription. In addition, there was a very profound Cloaking Array Inscription.

Ji Fanxin turned around and looked at him. She said, "Actually, I would still come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans even if you didn't ask me to meet you."

Because of this ocean? Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yes!

Ji Fanxin nodded and said, “Can you lend me the Violet Gourd for a while?”

Zhang Ruochen was slightly stunned. He didn’t expect that Ji Fanxin, who had deliberately distanced herself from him, would suddenly become rude.

Splash!

Splash!

...

Ji Fanxin walked out of the water and sighed, “Since you could directly give Lord Xia Yu a Supreme Artifact. I thought you wouldn’t hesitate to lend me a Supreme Artifact based on our relationship. Our relationship should be closer than hers, right?”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He took out the Violet Gourd and handed it over. “How can I, Zhang Ruochen, be a stingy person? The Heart of the Divine Tree I gave you isn’t much less than a Supreme Artifact, right?”

Ji Fanxin stretched out her soft-sleek hand and took the Violet Gourd. “Don’t worry. I won’t take advantage of you for anything. I’ll give you something very precious as a token of my appreciation when the time is right.”

Zhang Ruochen was slightly startled and said, “Can you tell me what you will give me in advance? I’ll look forward to it.”

In short, it’s very precious. I think its value is even higher than the Heart of the Divine Tree, Ji Fanxin said.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “Since it’s so precious, I don’t want it.”

Are you sure?

Zhang Ruochen nodded thoughtfully and said, “I lent the Violet Gourd to you because of our friendship, not because I want your reward.”

Forget it if you don’t want it!

Ji Fanxin shook her head gently. She felt Zhang Ruochen was even more pretentious than before.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I will be very grateful if you can change the reward to help me practice the Saintwill."

Ji Fanxin, who held the gourd and planned to collect the ocean before her, became prudent. She seriously said, "Is this why you invited me to the Royal City of Hundred Clans? You are so talented. Do you need my help to practice the Saintwill?"

She didn't continue to address Zhang Ruochen as "Scion," which made Zhang Ruochen feel good. He smiled and said, "Of course. I asked you to come here because the Saintwill you practice is extraordinary."

Don't say it yet. Let's talk more after I take this ocean of Qi of Origin.

Ji Fanxin was disturbed by Zhang Ruochen's words. She calmed herself down and continued to operate the gourd.

Rumble.

A massive pillar of water rushed out of the ocean and poured into the Violet Gourd.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the side and sniffed the alluring fragrance from her body. He asked, "Why not Mandala Goddess take away this ocean with her profound cultivation?"

The precepts of heaven and earth here are special. Many places are similar to the Hadean. Master worried it would be difficult for me to survive if I left here. She can immediately send me back to this place if anything happens. "I naturally don't have such worries now. So, I will take it away and use it to raise my cultivation base."

It took her half a day to put the entire ocean into the gourd.

Two of them returned to the ancient tower along the same path. They sat under the ancient tree with blood-red leaves.

Ji Fanxin was as calm as water. She took off the white veil on her face and revealed her mesmerizing face. She had eyebrows as beautiful as painting, almond-shaped eyes, pretty nose, and light-colored lips. She seemed even more beautiful than when she was a Saint Kinghood. Her temperament was much better than before.

Even Zhang Ruochen, who had seen all the beauties, was stunned for a moment. It was as if his soul had left his body.

You have seen it before. Do you have to stare intently? Ji Fanxin glanced over. Her eyes contained endless charm, like the beauty of all the flowers in the world.

A very sexy long-legged witch sat on the third stone platform of the ancient tower. She chuckled and said, “You don’t understand the absence makes his heart grow fonder. I’m afraid he has forgotten about his lovely wife, Princess Luo Sha.”

Zhang Ruochen knew where Moyin was sitting. “You’ve become more beautiful. Everyone loves beauty. So what if I admire you?”

Moyin said extremely gently, “Master, I have to be fair. You already have children and a wife who’s officially engaged, but you’re secretly meeting other women in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. “You don’t want your reputation, but how about the fairy? “You know Princess Luo Sha well. She is intelligent and resourceful. She will do whatever it takes to destroy the reputation of fairy in the Celestial Court once she knows it.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t think much of it at first, but he started to worried after hearing what Moyin said.

After all, Luo Sha had taken Mu Lingxi away without anyone knowing.

If Luo Sha had been monitoring Zhang Ruochen, it was very likely that she would have also paid attention to the Moyin’s every move and discovered that Ji Fanxin had come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Luo Sha would definitely do something like destroying Ji Fanxin’s reputation.

Ji Fanxin was calm and collected. She said, “Didn’t you destroy more than half of my reputation when you were with Miss Bai? Everyone addressed you as a crafty old scoundrel in the Celestial Court.”

Zhang Ruochen looked apologetic. "I feel guilty. I'll give you the Violet Gourd..."

No, don't give me the Violet Gourd. I won't dare to use it even if you give it to me.

Ji Fanxin asked, "What about the Blossoms Brew?"

Huh? Zhang Ruochen asked.

Ji Fanxin said, "You said in the letter that you wanted me to come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans and drink a cup of Blossoms Brew with you. Have you forgotten about this?"

It's just an excuse. I have something important to discuss with you, Zhang Ruochen said seriously.

Ji Fanxin leaned forward and moved closer to Zhang Ruochen. She shook her head slightly and stubbornly said, "I'm not interested in anything important if I can't drink the Blossoms Brew."

Okay, I'll buy it now.

Zhang Ruochen had no choice. He had a favor to ask, so he had to give in.

He had just walked a few steps out when Ji Fanxin's beautiful voice came from behind him. "Buy? How can you buy the Blossoms Brew? How can it be titled Blossoms Brew if the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers does not brew it?"

The intoxicating fragrance of wine wafted out.

The smell of wine turned into petals in the air. They were colorful and extraordinary.

Zhang Ruochen was touched. He smiled and shook his head. He turned around and sat back down. Looked at the three-foot-tall bronze flagon in Ji Fanxin's hand and said, "Did you brew this yourself?"

Chapter 2551: Location of the Fane of Origin

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

The Blossoms Brew was brewed by the first drop of dew on the petals of hundreds of saint flowers that Ji Fanxin collected every morning.

It was not strong, but it was incredibly fragrant and mellow.

After drinking three bottles in a row, Zhang Ruochen took out a supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and moved it in front of Ji Fanxin.

Ji Fanxin sensed the pure power of Origin from the Divine Crystal and picked it up with a soft exclamation, “It’s a supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. It seems that my perception is correct. The Fane of Origin is really about to come into being after disappearing for countless years.”

“You sensed it long ago?”

“I sensed it, but it’s feeble. The Fane of Origin should be very far from me,” she said.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly. Very far?

The Fane of Origin wasn’t in the Royal City of Hundred Clans?

What happened with the Light of Origin coming from Night Ocean, the sacred land of the Yakshas?

Zhang Ruochen said, “Can you sense the location of the Fane of Origin with the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?”

“I can try.”

Ji Fanxin held the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin with both hands and closed her beautiful eyes. Her body emitted an increasingly bright white light, making her skin as sparkling as jade and adding to her unworldly charm.

Zhang Ruochen had already questioned the Seven-Armed Elder, but the elder was very stubborn. He claimed he had won

all the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and had never been to the Fane of Origin.

Taking this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen sent a Spirit into the Qiankun Realm.

The Seven-Armed Elder sat cross-legged under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree like an old monk meditating. He practiced an ancient spiritual power technique. He mobilized all the saint Qi from heaven and earth around him to form a unique domain.

The energy contained in the domain was so strong that ordinary Supreme Saint couldn't get close.

The Seven-Armed Elder immediately sensed it when Zhang Ruochen appeared at the edge of his spiritual power domain. He put away the spell and opened his old eyes. He sighed, "Ruochen, you've imprisoned me for so long. I've agreed to all your conditions. Why can't you let me go?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to argue with him, "I've found a powerful Master of Origin," he said. "She's sensing the direction of the Fane of Origin. It's not too late for you to tell me the truth. If you wait a little longer, you'll be worthless!"

The Seven-Armed Elder's eyes narrowed. He smiled and said, "Everything I've said to you is the truth."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. He waved his sleeve and opened the door between the Qiankun Realm and the World Gate. He let the Seven-Armed Elder see Ji Fanxin was carefully sensing the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin in her hand.

The smile on the Seven-Armed Elder's face couldn't hold back anymore. He quickly realized that his value was minimal.

A cultivator with no value had no meaning to be alive.

He looked slightly anxious and said, "Your Highness, the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers is just a little girl. How could she sense the exact location of the Fane of Origin?"

"Actually, I've been to the Fane of Origin long ago. All the treasures in Fane of Origin will belong to Xue Jue Family as

long as I lead the way.”

Zhang Ruochen ignored him. He looked at the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers through the World Gate.

The Seven-Armed Elder was even more anxious. He said, “Your Highness, are you blaming me for deceiving you? “Your Highness, I’ve no choice. I’m just trying to save my life. “If I had told you everything, would you have let me be alive?”

“Where is the Fane of Origin?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Seven-Armed Elder wanted to fight for some benefits. “Your Highness, you have to promise to spare my life. Besides, I have admired the Wargod Bloodximus for many years. I have nothing else to ask for. I just want to ask for your recommendation to let me be his apprentice, Your Highness,” he said.

“You won’t have a chance to talk anymore if you continue to talk nonsense!” Zhang Ruochen said.

The Seven-Armed Elder said, “The Fane of Origin is in a hidden macroworld. That world used to be very glorious. However, a terrible disaster happened for unknown reasons at a certain time in history. Almost all lives were wiped out. “There were more living things born millions of years later, but the inheritance was cut off. Now, it’s in decline. It had become an inferior and weak world.”

“Where exactly?”

“The Southern Sword Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen was stunned. He thought he had misheard. He asked again, “Where did you say?”

“The Southern Sword Realm! It was a macroworld hidden in the universe calculated by the Fane of Destiny Divination Division. Then, the Death Palace sent a Deathwraith Legion to attack it. “It’s a vast macroworld. Unfortunately, there aren’t many Saint Kings-level creatures. The Death Palace is disappointed,” said the Seven-Armed Elder.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “How do you know so much?”

“I...”

The Seven-Armed Elder smiled awkwardly and said, "I have some ability, and at least I'm well-informed. I received the news that the Southern Sword Realm was discovered, so I secretly followed the Deathwraith Legion of Death Palace. I plan to be the first to go there and get some benefits."

"I was as disappointed as the Deathwraith Legion after I went there. But such a vast macroworld is comparable to some eternal and indestructible Macroworld. How could it be so barren?"

"I wasn't willing to give up, so I used my powerful spiritual power to carefully explore that macroworld for months. Finally, I found the Fane of Origin in the ocean's depths when I was about to give up."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Have you been inside?"

"Your Highness, don't worry. Listen to me."

He said suddenly, "Can you promise to spare my life now?"

"I won't kill you as long as you're telling the truth," Zhang Ruochen said with a friendly smile.

The Seven-Armed Elder was delighted and asked, "What about being the apprentice of Wargod Bloodximius?"

"Don't even think about it," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Seven-Armed Elder was disappointed and a little unwilling. He said, "What about becoming the apprentice of Blood Empress?"

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment. The Seven-Armed Elder was a top master with 69th-level spiritual power, and his gambling skills were unparalleled. He could accept it if the elder really wanted to join the Xue Jue family.

The three gods of the Xue Jue family lived side by side. They were not afraid of his betrayal.

Zhang Ruochen said, "We can discuss with Blood Empress."

A superior like the Seven-Armed Elder could get high status and treatment by joining any force.

There are a few reasons why he chose to join the Xue Jue family. First, he had become Zhang Ruochen's prisoner. He had no choice but to do it to save his life.

The second reason was he didn't have much time left, but there were many Springs of Life beneath the Divine Sky-connecting Tree.

He had joined Zhang Ruochen if he joined the Blood Empress.

How could Zhang Ruochen not extend his life?

Third, everyone knew the Xue Jue family was rising. He would not suffer if he joined the Xue Jue family. Perhaps he could gain more benefits and success like others in the Xue Jue family.

Previously, the Seven-Armed Elder didn't tell Zhang Ruochen the truth because he felt Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was too low and his status was not high enough.

If one of the gods of the Xue Jue family asked him personally, he would have told him the position of the Fane of Origin long ago to exchange for his lofty status in the Xue Jue family.

Of course, there was also a part of the reason because he still had a fantasy that Zhang Ruochen was easy to deceive and he should have a chance to escape.

Such a fantasy was naturally shattered.

The Seven-Armed Elder began to tell the story. He said, "Actually, I'm still unsure it's the Fane of Origin. I saw many ancient ruins after I dived into the ocean's depths. Indeed, there was an extremely magnificent fane at the densest part of the ruins."

"That fane was extremely dilapidated. It was filled with countless strange flowers and plants I had never heard of or seen before. Some stars in that space were floating in the ocean, giving off a strange brilliance."

Zhang Ruochen interrupted him and said, "Are you saying that stars are floating in the ocean? And there are more than one?"

"Yes! They are real stars, and they are really floating in the ocean. The biggest one is probably 30,000 miles in diameter,"

the Seven-Armed Elder said with conviction.

Zhang Ruochen said, “How deep and wide is the ocean? Isn’t the ocean’s density the same as the stars’ density? How high is the water pressure at the bottom of the ocean?”

“Your Highness, you’re right. The bottom of the ocean is not a place ordinary cultivators can go. “That’s why the cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm entitle it as the Ocean of Demon. It’s difficult to enter and see the secrets inside.”

The Seven-Armed Elder continued, “The stars floating in the water should be an array. “I spent a lot of effort to break in. I triggered the array and almost died inside before I found the fane entrance. “So, I quickly went back the way I came. I didn’t dare to go any deeper.”

“Where did you get the five supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin since you haven’t entered the fane?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“I found a Stone Fane when I passed by one of the stars. Not only did I find the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, but I also found a treasure.”

The Seven-Armed Elder pointed to his left eye.

Suddenly, a circle of Light of Origin appeared in the eyeball of his left eye, and it emitted pure life power.

“I found a pearl in the Stone Fane and refined it into my eyeball. So, my eye can see through the Origin of Life,” The Seven-Armed Elder smiled proudly.

Zhang Ruochen said, “That’s why you were so sure the Rainbow Viburnum was alive at the Citadel Casino of the House of Enchanteurs?”

The Seven-Armed Elder smiled shamefully. “Unfortunately, I still made a mistake and lost to you.”

“You didn’t lose to me but Bai Qing’er. It was a trap she set up for you.”

Then Zhang Ruochen said, “You wouldn’t have suffered so much, and I wouldn’t have suffered so many setbacks if you had been so honest earlier.”

“It isn’t too late to know now. Your Highness, you should rush back to Xue Jue Family and ask the gods to take the treasures from the Fane of Origin in advance. Things will change if you delay!” The Seven-Armed Elder reminded him carefully.

The Seven-Armed Elder had such powerful spiritual power, but he almost died before entering the fane.

It seemed like he really needed help from the gods if he wanted to break into the Fane of Origin and take the treasures.

However, it was an extraordinary period now. Every single God in the Infernal Court was closely monitored. Lord Ming was definitely the main target of the monitor.

Lord Ming would definitely leak the news once he rushed to the Southern Sword Realm.

He needed to consider carefully what to do for the next.

Chapter 2552: The Sacred Land of the Wulvers

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

If he could not get help from the deities, he could only seek out an Array Master on par with the Hand of the World or an Archsaint Array Master.

Blackie was ultimately the best choice.

Unfortunately, it was taken away by the Dragon Lord.

‘Someone with the ability of the Hands of the World and an Archsaint Array Master is a rare existence.. I can’t possibly cooperate with Bai Qing’er.’ Just as he thought of this, Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

Bai Qing’er was an Archsaint Array Master, and Duan Lingfeng of the Enchanter Chamber was also the Hand of the World. However, they were too powerful and ambitious. If he worked with them, not only would he have to worry about being eliminated by them, but he would also have to worry about attracting the wrath of the entire Infernal Court.

After thinking for a long time, Zhang Ruochen came up with a few strategies, but they were all quite inappropriate for the situation.

Ji Fanxin opened her eyes again and said, “I felt some responses, but it will take a long time to find the exact location of the Fane of Origin. Should we set off now?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly and said, “All the major forces are watching me now. I can’t get away from them.”

Ji Fanxin pointed to the stone door of the ancient tower and said, "You can leave from here."

"Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger are still in the sacred land of Terra Demons," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Just take them with you."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head again, "Once they leave the eyes of the watchers, my escape will be exposed instantly. If I slip away now, anyone with sense will know that I'm going to find the Fane of Origin!

"At that time, not only will the Saints of the major forces search for me, but even the deities will take action. Do you think we can reach the Fane of Origin without anyone knowing?"

Ji Fanxin said, "I thought you should have all-powerful might in the Infernal Court. How can such a small predicament affect you?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "It's not impossible to escape by force, but that is the worst plan."

"What's the best plan?" Ji Fanxin asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Plan before you act and be fully prepared. After that, it's still not too late to go to the Fane of Origin."

Ji Fanxin's eyes lit up. "Do you actually know where the Fane of Origin is?"

Zhang Ruochen said frankly, "I do know something about it, but I haven't had the chance to confirm yet. I don't know whether it's true or not. I trust the Fairy's perception more."

"What do you need to prepare?" Ji Fanxin asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I need an expert in arrays."

"How high should that array master's level be?"

"At least on par with the level of the Hand of the World."

Ji Fanxin fell silent and shook her head gently.

Typically, it was usual that some inferior macroworlds did not even have a High-Saint Master.

Qianrui Realm was one of the top 100 powerful macroworlds in the Southern Universe, but it still did not have an array master who reached the level of the Hand of the World. Of course, there was once a Divine Array Master in the Qianrui Realm, but he had left for the Jadeite Realm.

After a moment of silence, Zhang Ruochen suddenly thought of something and said, "I do have someone like that in my mind."

"From the Xue Jue Family?" Ji Fanxin became alert.

After all, if that someone was from the Infernal Court, it would be the same as kicking her out. But the Fane of Origin was where she had to go.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Someone from the Heavenly Realm."

"Heavenly Realm?"

Ji Fanxin had an incredulous look on her face.

Zhang Ruochen smiled meaningfully and told her the news about Kai Luo in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

"Are you crazy? The feud between you and the Heavenly Realm in Kunlun is too deep. How dare you go and find Kai Luo? I bet the reason Kai Luo came to the Infernal Court to kill you." Ji Fanxin said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It's true that he came to kill me, but there is no hatred that can not be resolved. What if Kai Luo is willing to help us?"

"You want to convert a cultivator of the Heavenly Realm and dupe him into helping you?" said Ji Fanxin.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Since Kai Luo dared to enter the Infernal Court and escaped from Yan Yu, he must be a brilliant person. He would be suspicious if someone transformed into a cultivator he was unfamiliar with. Similarly, how could someone trick him by transforming into a cultivator he was familiar with?"

Ji Fanxin couldn't figure out what Zhang Ruochen was up to. She picked up the wine bottle and took a sip. "If you weren't so generous to me, I would have left you alone and brought the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin to find the Fane of Origin," she said

Zhang Ruochen said, "I knew you'd never do that. By the way, I want to condense Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill. Could you help me with that?"

"What did you say? The Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill? A single Saintwill reaching Grade Three?" Ji Fanxin asked.

Zhang Ruochen drank the entire bottle of Blossoms Brew and said, "I have the only Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill since ancient times. If I add your Lotus of Divine Reflection, why can't I try to break through to Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill?"

"You want to eat me?" Ji Fanxin suddenly said.

Zhang Ruochen quickly waved his hand and said, "I don't need to eat you. As long as you can lend me a hand, it'll be fine."

Ji Fanxin's mind became heavy. She put the veil back on her face.

The more she pondered, the more confused Zhang Ruochen became. He said, "There's no need to overthink. Just turn into your true form and let me sit to cultivate for a while."

Unexpectedly, Ji Fanxin rejected him and said, "No way."

Zhang Ruochen was slightly stunned. After a while, he asked in confusion, "What happened to our friendship? Are you not willing to help me with such a small favor?"

Ji Fanxin stood up with her back to Zhang Ruochen. She seemed to be thinking carefully.

After a long time, she waved her hand, "Go away," she said. "How can you condense a single Grade Three Saintwill? Even if I can help you, your current attainments in Swordsmanship

are far from being adequate for it. It won't be too late to wait till after you cultivate the Heaven Sword Soul."

'Are all women so fickle?'

Since Ji Fanxin had already made it clear she did not want to do it, Zhang Ruochen was tactful. He waved his hand at Moyin and left.

He looked back and saw Ji Fanxin's beautiful figure under the blood-red tree. She looked like an ethereal fairy in a painting.

Among the women Zhang Ruochen had seen with that ethereal quality, the Moon Goddess ranked first, and Ji Fanxin ranked second. Moreover, Ji Fanxin was even more delicate.

He walked out of the gravestones and went to the Ghostwood Manor.

Moyin said, "Master, do you really get it, or are you trying to pretend?"

"What are you talking about?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Moyin said, "After a flower attains a human form, everything will be different! Yet, you want to enter her body in her true form to cultivate? Fortunately, Ji Fanxin valued you as a friend and believed you were clueless. Otherwise, she'd have beaten you up on the spot. Have you seen me launching attack in flower form ever since I attained a human form?"

"Can you explain it more clearly?" Zhang Ruochen did not understand.

Moyin's bright red lips curled up, and she smiled charmingly. "When we are at a more secluded area, I'll let Master into my true form for cultivation. You will then understand!"

Zhang Ruochen nodded and suddenly asked, "Have your fourth flower bloomed already?"

"It's still a flower bud!" Moyin spoke softly and sweetly while hiding a smile.

When Moyin bloomed for the first time, the fruit she produced had an "illusory body," similar to a human soul.

When she bloomed for the second time, the fruit she bore had a “physical body” like a body of an actual human, but it had fused with the Saint Soul and Sainthood Source of Princess Moran¹.

At the third blooming, the fruit she produced had a “Dharmakāya body.” Once she fused with the Dharmakāya body, it was equivalent to cultivating a Paramount physique.

When Moyin left him to aid Ji Fanxin, the Dharmakāya Fruit had already matured and was in the fusing stage.

Inside, Zhang Ruochen had already discovered that her Dharmakāya body had fused successfully.

In other words, Moyin now had the strength of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

The fruit she bloomed for the fourth time was called “Ten Thousand Reincarnations.” Once she fused with Ten Thousand Reincarnations, she could achieve divinity. However, the Saint Devourer was a ferocious plant. Before achieving divinity, there were almost no obstructions in the realm, but it was still perilous for it to survive a Divine Tribulation.

In the past history, there were very few Saint Devourers that could survive the Divine Tribulation and become a God Devourer.

Zhang Ruochen did not immediately return to the Terra Demons’ sacred land. Instead, he went to the stronghold of the Xue Jue Family in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. He sent a cultivator with his seal back to the Dominion of the Bloodysky Clan to invite Supreme Saint Qingsheng over.

No matter what, he had to inform Lord Ming about the significant events at the Fane of Origin.

He couldn’t send ordinary cultivators to relay the message. He had to invite Supreme Saint Qingsheng over first.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to return to the Terra Demons’ sacred land, a black-robed man walked into the middle of the street and blocked his way.

“It’s you!”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. He stared at the opposite side.

The black-robed man said, “When you went to the Xue Jue Family’s stronghold, you exposed your tracks. Now, there are at least ten groups of cultivators who are watching your every move.”

“Who are you?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The black-robed man was silent for a moment. “Follow me.”

Zhang Ruochen followed quickly.

They walked on the street with one at the front.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen could sense that many cultivators were watching in the dark. But strangely, the black-robed man seemed to have extraordinary powers. All the stalkers disappeared not long after.

The black-robed man led Zhang Ruochen into a sacred land.

“This is... the sacred land of the Wolveres! Why are we here?”

Zhang Ruochen had never been to the sacred land of the Wolveres, but he saw a lot Wolveres along the way. They were very respectful to the black-robed man. When they passed by, they would bow and even kneel sometimes.

The black-robed man said, “The Wolveres¹ originated from Kunlun. Later, they formed their own macroworld and established Wolverom. Unfortunately, during the the battle in the Middle Ages, the Wolveres were framed by the Heavenly Realm and branded as traitors to Kunlun. As a matter of fact, the one who betrayed Kunlun was the Blackdemon Realm,

“100,000 years ago, the Wolveres were almost exterminated by the Heavenly Realm. Wolverom was also destroyed. The remaining Wolveres had no home to return to. They had to flee to the edge of the Infernal Court.”

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen suddenly stopped. His eyes turned red, and he said in a trembling voice, “Who are you?”

In the Ancient Ruins of Mount Destiny, when this black-robed man named Ki Tian suddenly had appeared and said many

strange things to him, Zhang Ruochen already had doubts in his heart.

At this moment, the doubts in his heart had reached their peak and were about to burst out.

Chapter 2553: Father and Son

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

The Wulvers were as famous as the Yakshas in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. They were one of the three strongest clans.

The sacred land of the Wulvers was also known as the “Seven Mountain Chain.” Between the mountains, the demonic Qi turned into a sea of clouds. It was dark and dense, and lightning flowed within. The sound of thunder constantly rumbled within, sometimes far and other times near.

On the top of the first mountain, there stood two figures.

Ki Tian, standing in front, lifted the black hood on his head and revealed a face around 30 years of age. He had a beard and was full of energy. His gaze was as sharp as lightning.

His face, including his body, and aura were changing rapidly.

In a moment, he had changed into another appearance.

Zhang Ruochen saw this familiar middle-aged man before him and could no longer hold back his emotions. The emotions, questions, and confusion he had experienced over the years rushed from his heart to his head. They turned into two warm streams that welled out from his eyes.

“So... you’ve been in the Fane of Destiny for so many years. I thought you were dead, killed by Emperor Qing and the others, or went and became a monk in the Western Buddha Realm. How could you... how could you still be alive?”

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth. He sounded like blaming the person.

Ki Tian was actually Emperor Ming, who had disappeared around 800 years ago.

His name was Zhang Ling.

Emperor Ming's gaze was profound and focused. He stared at the sea of demonic Qi beneath his feet, "I know you have hatred and resentment," he said. "But no matter how tough and tired it is for a man, and no matter how much hatred and resentment he has, he shouldn't cry. You're more like your mother in the end."

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly and said, "How can I not cry when I'm so overwhelmed with such emotions? You're mistaken. I don't hate you, nor am I resentful. I just want answers."

The atmosphere was freezing at the peak.

Emperor Ming didn't answer him immediately. After a long silence, he said, "I'm sorry."

Zhang Ruochen straightened his back and said, "This apology should not be directed to me. You should have said it to my mother. Also, at those serving Central Shengming Empire who were loyal to you and died or were forced to exile."

"You are wrong! This apology doesn't mean that I think what I did was wrong. I just feel guilty that I'm not strong enough. If I were strong enough, I wouldn't have to struggle helplessly and could protect our home, country, civilization, and Kunlun with my strength."

Emperor Ming turned around and finally faced Zhang Ruochen. "I know you already knew a lot. I also know the doubts you have and your dissatisfaction with me as your father."

Zhang Ruochen stood at the side and listened quietly.

"Your personality is indeed more like your mother's. She may seem ruthless, but she couldn't see the bigger picture. She places family above everything else. But I'm different. I had been the Crown Prince of the Central Shengming Empire since I was young. Later, when I ascended to the throne, I had to do

what I had been taught since I was young. They were my duties and obligations.

Emperor Ming laughed self-deprecatingly and said, “Without a world, how would there be a country? And without a country, how could there be a home?”

“If you weren’t born in the imperial household, you wouldn’t have to bear these responsibilities. To not bear these responsibilities while holding that position is a disgrace to a world and means that you are not worthy of living in it.

“If you are just an ordinary person, you don’t have to do anything. For a world or a country and civilizations, the mediocre person only needs to reproduce to carry on generations. But those exceptionally talented have to shoulder the responsibility to write history, create the future, or save the world from crisis.”

It was unclear whether he was talking to himself or Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen did learn about what had happened 800 years ago from Murong Yefeng, King Mingjiang, Kong Lanyou, Chi Yao, and Granny Begonia.

Sometimes, Zhang Ruochen could understand Emperor Ming’s difficulties and the reasons he had to acknowledge. After all, Zhang Ruochen had grown up with his father around and knew him quite well.

But Zhang Ruochen did not understand why hadn’t his father told him everything 800 years ago.

Zhang Ruochen said, “It’s been so many years since we last met. Are we going to just talk about this only? I’m no longer a child and know what’s the right thing to do.”

“I know you’ve grown up. You have a strong heart and can bear the responsibilities you should shoulder. That was why I came to see you,” Emperor Ming replied.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Did you know that Chi Yao killed me 800 years ago?”

Emperor Ming stared deep into his eyes and nodded.

“Why?”

Emperor Ming walked to the cliff's edge with his hands behind his back and looked up at the sky.

Zhang Ruochen pressed forward, “Why did you let her kill me? Why didn't you tell me the truth? If I knew the truth, you should know that I would give everything, even my own life, for the sake of our family, our empire, and our macroworld, Kunlun. Was it the awakened ones in Kunlun who forced you? Did they make Chi Yao kill me?”

Emperor Ming shook his head gently, “One day, you will understand. Our generation is working hard to live and to let more people live. Chen'er, it's been so many years. Are we going to only talk about this in reunion? Don't we have anything else to talk about?”

Zhang Ruochen knew Emperor Ming too well. That was why it was hard to hate him.

He knew that his father would never do anything to hurt him. Maybe his father had a different idea or kept him in the dark, but his father's intention could not be bad.

Emperor Ming and Zhang Ruochen sat on the cliff edge, enjoying the cold wind.

The father did not look old. The son was already a grown-up. They were both tall and strong men who could shoulder responsibilities.

“Do you still remember that time when I had beaten you up when you were seven years old?” Emperor Ming suddenly laughed as if he was reminiscing about the past.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and shook his head. “That was probably the most humiliating time in my life. My behind was beaten until it was about to crack open, and they were so swollen that I couldn't even pull up my pants. But I had forgotten why you had beaten me.”

“Because you said you didn't want to be called Zhang Ruochen,” Emperor Ming said.

“Really?”

“Yes, you said I had named you after Xue Hongchen because I wanted you to be like him. You said you would only be yourself, so you wanted to change your name,” Emperor Ming said.

Emperor Ming often mentioned the phrase “an ideal son should be someone one like Xue Hongchen.” He had named Zhang Ruochen after Xue Hongchen.

Zhang Ruochen was curious.”I still wondered even till now. In any case, I’m still the Crown Prince of the Central Shengming Empire. Is it okay for you to give me a name like this? The Sword Emperor is excellent, but you’re also an emperor. You shouldn’t admire him so much that you practically worshipped him, right?”

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t afraid of being spanked again. He couldn’t help but be more outspoken to his father.

Emperor Ming’s eyes were filled with deep emotion, and he sighed. “It’s not just his talent that I admire and appreciate. Did you know that he was the first person in Kunlun to give up everything he had and sneak into the Infernal Court without hesitation? He did that to help Kunlun find a chance to survive and set foot on the path of darkness that was likely to lead to his death.

“From then on, there would be no Sword Emperor in Kunlun, leaving behind thousands of beautiful women who were heartbroken with sorrow.

“However, did you know that Xue Hongchen was the most distinguished and emotional man? He couldn’t bear to see women crying, and he also couldn’t bear to part with the splendid sights in the human world. If he heard that a woman was wronged, even if he didn’t know her, he would’ve traveled thousands of miles with a sword to uphold justice for her.

“I thought that with his character, age, and talent, he would never agree to give up everything he had. I thought he would not be willing to leave the thousands of beauties heartbroken and head to the Infernal Court to become a living dead.

However, he agreed without hesitation and was the first to leave Kunlun.

“At that time, I said my child should be like Xue Hongchen. I named you Ruochen because I was stunned by the sight of him leaving.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “How many Kunlun cultivators actually hide in the Infernal Court? All of that to save the Lord of Nephilim Island?”

“The myriad macroworlds of the Celestial Court and the Ten Clans of Infernal Court regard Kunlun as a treasure trove. They want to loot it and exterminate its various species. It was as if a group of wolves had come, and the living beings in Kunlun were like two-legged sheep. On the contrary, those weak realms found survival easier than us. The Lord of Nephilim Island can block the milky way of Styx for 100,000 years with arrays. Only by saving him can there be hope for Kunlun.”

Emperor Ming stood up and said, “Chen’er... No, Zhang Ruochen, promise me that no matter what happens this time, you must take good care of your mother. Tell her that I never regret knowing her. If you wish to rebuild Shengming Empire, then do it. You are now a Supreme Saint, so you should walk your own path.”

Emperor Ming patted Zhang Ruochen’s shoulder. Then he jumped into the sea of clouds surging with demonic Qi.

Zhang Ruochen felt 30 per cent of the Canon of Destiny return to his body. His expression was stunned because he realized that his father’s words were meant to be his last words. He let out a shout and jumped into the pitch-black sea of clouds.

Unfortunately, Emperor Ming had disappeared without a trace. No matter how Zhang Ruochen shouted, there was no response.

The Canon of Destiny had returned to his body. It meant that the Empress of Thousand Bones had refined the Destiny Token.

The plan to rescue the Lord of Nephilim Island had officially begun!

Emperor Ming had come to see him at this time because he had prepared for the worst scenario regarding this plan. That was why he had come to see Zhang Ruochen one last time.

After thinking this through, Zhang Ruochen rushed out of the Wulvers' sacred land. Even if he couldn't catch up with Emperor Ming, he had to return to Mount Destiny as soon as possible.

Rescuing the Lord of Nephilim Island was such a big matter. It would definitely be earth-shaking, so it was normal that even deities could die in the fight.

Was this a farewell for eternity after a short reunion?

Someone blocked Zhang Ruochen right before he could leave the Seven Mountain Chain.

“Le!”

Le was dressed in plain clothes. He still carried his iron sword and said stiffly, “He has left the Royal City of Hundred Clans. He is also a deity. You can't hope to catch up with him. Besides, it's useless even if you can chase up to him.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Do you know who he is?”

“Your father,” Le said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Did he ask you to stop me?”

Le thought for a moment and stepped to the left. An old and senile cultivator walked out from behind him. He was withered with age, and his body was covered in wolf skin. There was a tail hanging between his legs.

“If you want to help them, you don't have to go to Mount Destiny. There are many things you can do right now,” the old man said in a hoarse voice.

Zhang Ruochen used his spiritual power to check and found no active signs of energy on the old man's body. He was shocked and realized that the old man was probably a deity.

He must be one of the three deities staying in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

“He’s the grandson of the Wulvers’ lord ancestor. He’s a deity,” Le said.

The old man laughed dryly. “I am just a deity who is about to die.”

Zhang Ruochen suppressed his chaotic emotions. After that, he bowed and said, “Greetings, God Hendaë.”

The name of the Wulvers’ lord ancestor was Fenrir. He had submitted to Skywrath of the Fane of Destiny and become his mount. Thus, he found a place for the Wulvers to live at the edge of the Infernal Court.

Without Skywrath’s backing, how could the Wulvers have developed to such a powerful state in 100,000 years?

Zhang Ruochen had heard about Hendaë, the grandson of Fenrir.

Hendaë said, “Rescuing the Lord of Nephilim Island doesn’t depend on how many cultivators go to Mount Destiny. After all, most of the deities of Mount Destiny have gone to the Jadeite Realm.”

“What we need to do is to lure the remaining deities of Mount Destiny to the Royal City of Hundred Clans by as much as possible so that Mount Destiny will become even more empty.”

“Why the Royal City of Hundred Clans?” Zhang Ruochen had calmed down completely.

Hendaë said, “Because the Royal City of Hundred Clans is at the edge of the Infernal Court, and the deities of the Celestial Court can quietly come to the nearby field of stars. Only when the deities of the Celestial Court take action could the deities of the Fane of Destiny be restrained.”

“There are actually many macroworlds in the Celestial Court that don’t want the Lord of Nephilim Island to escape, so it’s impossible for them to help directly. We can only use surprising benefits to lure them here.”

Zhang Ruochen wasn't stupid. He instantly understood something. "Wouldn't it be better if we added the Yakshas?"

Hendae smiled, "You're smart," he said. "You've already thought of this. It is true that we did create the Light of Origin in the sacred land of the Yakshas. The Yakshas were the biggest clan in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. They had a deep foundation, and if they were involved, they could trap the deities of the Celestial Court and Fane of Destiny."

"Unfortunately, the Fane of Origin isn't in the sacred land of the Yakshas. The Celestial and Infernal Court deities might not fall for it."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "How long before the Empress and the others plan to take action?"

"It shouldn't be that fast. They'll only take action when the Light of Origin erupts again and draws out the deities in Mount Destiny," said Hendae.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, "The deities are very smart," he said. "And the Yakshas aren't stupid. The Light of Origin can only attract them for a while. Without the birth of the true Fane of Origin, they'll quickly realize the trap and return to Mount Destiny. When that happens, the Empress and the others won't be able to escape. Not only will they be unable to save the Lord of Nephilim Island, but they'll also all have to go in."

"It's impossible to have a foolproof plan, and the plan also carries a huge risk. If we can lure the deities of Mount Destiny out for a while, it's a chance we must take, even if it's very slim." Hendae sighed.

Zhang Ruochen said, "What if the true Fane of Origin comes into being?"

"What did you say?" Hendae's eyes lit up.

Chapter 2554: Flushing the “Snake” Out

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Jesse, the Emperor of the Wulvers, was an elite in Paramount Realm. He was over 20,000 years old, but he was still strong, and his legs were thick. Standing in front of Zhang Ruochen, he was like a steel mountain.

Zhang Ruochen, who disguised as Yan Huangtu, was discussing a private matter with Jesse.

Apart from the two, only three Supreme Saints from the Wulvers were present in the stone chamber.

The three Supreme Saints from the Wulvers were:

Jesse’s younger brother, Supreme Saint Kuntong.

The commander of the guards of the Wulvers’ sacred land, Mu Huang.

The general manager of the Wulvers’ sacred land, Jiushou Bailang.

Jesse laughed loudly. “This place is protected by Divine Marks carved by the gods. The cultivators present in this secret chamber are all trustworthy. Yan Huangtu, you can speak freely if you have any secret matters to discuss.”

Zhang Ruochen imitated Yan Huangtu’s gaze and glanced at the people present. He said in a deep voice, “This time, I’m representing Yanluo Clan to discuss cooperation with the Wulvers. I want to do something big.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t waste any more time. He took out the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and placed it on the

table.

The four Supreme Saints were all first-class figures with rich experience. They released their spiritual power to probe for a bit before letting out cries of surprise.

“Is that a supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?”

“Goodness, only the god-level Masters of Origin can condense supreme-grade Divine Crystals of Origin. Could it really be that the Fane of Origin is about appear?”

...

After they calmed down, Zhang Ruochen said thoughtfully, “It’s not a coincidence that the Light of Origin appeared in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. In fact, the Fane of Origin is about to appear. Yanluo Clan has already investigated this matter clearly.

“Everyone knows that the Fane of Origin is in Night Ocean, the sacred land of the Yakshas, but no one can enter. To obtain the Fane of Origin, we can only do it by force.”

Supreme Saint Kuntong and Mu Huang were both moved. Their eyes were burning as they stared at Jesse sitting above them.

This was the Fane of Origin. Even if the Wolveres got ten to twenty percent of the benefits, it would increase the strength of their force. Some of them could even take this chance to ascend.

A deep look flashed through Jiushou Bailang’s eyes. He shook his head and said, “The Yakshas are the number one clan in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. They’re several times stronger than the Wolveres. It’s easier said than done to seize them.”

Zhang Ruochen looked over and said, “With Yanluo Clan’s support, do you not even have this bit of courage?”

Jiushou Bailang said, “If Yanluo Clan can dispatch a large army of saints to the Royal City of Hundred Clan and easily take down the Yakshas, why would you ally with the Wolveres?”

In the end, Yanluo Clan only wants us to be cannon fodder and take the lead for you.”

Zhang Ruochen snorted coldly. “Yanluo Clan is so powerful. It’s no problem for us to take down the Yakshas. It just because we want to be perfectly justifiable, or else why would we cooperate with the Wolveres?”

Jesse, the Wolveres’ emperor quickly calmed down “Yan Huangtu,” “Cool down, man. It’s the Wolveres’ honor to be able to cooperate with Yanluo Clan.”

Supreme Saint Kuntong added, “Yan Huangtu, to be honest, Yanluo Clan is indeed powerful. Even the nine great clans like Ghosts and Immortal Vampires wouldn’t dare to make enemies with you, let alone small clans like us. However, the clans in the Royal City of Hundred Clans are united. You should know how powerful this united force is.”

“That’s right. The clans in the Royal City of Hundred Clans are united. They fight together. If Yanluo Clan wants to attack one of them, the other clans won’t just sit idly by,” Mu Huang said.

Zhang Ruochen tapped his finger on the table, “This is why Yanluo Clan is going to give benefits and cooperate with the Wolveres. As long as the Wolveres and the smaller clans that follow the Wolveres are on our side, you will be the number one clan in the Royal City of Hundred Clans after the Yakshas are exterminated. Moreover, you can get ten percent of the benefits from the Fane of Origin.”

Ten percent might seem like a small amount, but it was the Fane of Origin. Even ten percent was something that gods would go crazy over.

It would be unrealistic if Yanluo Clan promised them thirty to fifty percent.

While Jesse, Supreme Saint Kuntong, Mu Huang, and Jiushou Bailang were discussing telepathically, Zhang Ruochen spoke again, “The Yakshas actually knows that the secret of the Fane of Origin can’t be hidden. They also know that with their strength, it’s difficult for them to take over the entire Fane of

Origin. Thus, they've secretly contacted all small and large clans that follow them and even contacted the Fane of Darkness.

"If the Wulvers don't take action, you won't be able to gain any benefits from the Fane of Origin."

After a while, they came to a conclusion.

"We can't agree to you immediately," Jesse said. "We have to report this to our gods and let them decide."

"Alright, I'll give you time to think. However, you'd better give me an answer soon. Yanluo Clan can choose the Wulvers, but we can also choose the Pyroghosts, which are stronger than the Wulvers."

Zhang Ruochen put the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin into his sleeve. Sensing a pair of eyes staring at his every move, he couldn't help but smile and walked out of the stone chamber.

...

Zhang Ruochen sat in a chariot, left the Wulvers' sacred land, and waited quietly.

Just now was a staged scene he had planned after discussing with Handae and Jesse.

The first goal was to drag Yanluo Clan into the game and stir up more trouble.

The second goal was to draw out Kai Luo and Claflin, who were hiding among the Wulvers.

In fact, when Yan Yu previously sought meeting with the Wulvers' Emperor, the Wulvers had already secretly investigated and been watching the three cultivators who might have defected to the Celestial Realm.

Today, the same three cultivators participated in the secret talks.

Zhang Ruochen's chariot driver was an old man in a long black robe. He wore a bamboo hat on his head, covering more

than half of his face. He was Handae, one of the three gods who stayed behind to guard the Royal City of Hundred Clan.

Zhang Ruochen's safety was very important, so much so that a deity had to personally escort him.

The Royal City of Hundred Clans was vast. Some of the places were very quiet and uninhabited.

At this moment, the carriage arrived at the lakeside of dark lake. Strange trees were planted along the road. They were luxuriant. The place was quiet. Only the sound of the wheels rolling could be heard.

Handae, who was wearing a bamboo hat, suddenly had a slight change in expression. He sensed that a highly skilled cultivator used a formation to set up a barrier covering the area where they were.

He informed Zhang Ruochen, who was in the carriage, telepathically, "He's here!"

Swoosh!

An Arrow of Deva flew out from the forest on the left side of the road.

The arrow was as fast as a streak of light. Wherever it flew, precepts of heaven and earth seemed to be attracted by it. They all flowed into the arrow, boosting the power of the arrow.

With a bang, the arrow broke the defensive array of the chariot.

The carriage turned into dozens of pieces and exploded.

"Yan Huangtu" sitting in the carriage was pierced by the Arrow of Deva. With a plop, he fell into the lake next to it.

A graceful shadow as fast as lightning flew out of the forest. Like a dragonfly skimming, it reached into the water and lifted the ragged body of "Yan Haungtu" from its sleeve.

Claflin¹ took out the top-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. She didn't check if "Yan Haungtu" was the real deal. Instead, she studied the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin's authenticity. Then, she exclaimed, "It's not a trap. It's a

genuine supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin. Looks like the Fane of Origin is really about to appear!”

A heaven-shaking roar sounded by the lakeside.

“How dare you hurt my master! You’re courting death!”

Handae pressed his claws into the ground. Instantly, the lake boiled. Water columns that looked like dragons rolled up and attacked Claflin, who was floating on the water’s surface.

“Oh no, he’s a demigod at his peak.”

Claflin’s face turned pale, and she immediately used the elves’ unique technique to dodge the attack. The remnant of “Yan Haungtu” had already been thrown into the water.

Kai Luo, with snow-white hair and a white jade mask, appeared in the sky above the demonic lake. He shouted, “The birth of the Fane of Origin is a world-shaking event. Run. I’ll hold him back. No matter what, we need to bring the news back to the Celestial Realm and inform our gods.”

Kai Luo raised his hand and pressed down. He activated the array’s power and condensed a giant palm of lightning to suppress Handae.

At the same time, he opened a corner of the array.

Claflin also knew that a demigod in his prime was very difficult to deal with. If they dragged it out for too long and alarmed the gods in the Wulvers’ sacred land not far away, the two of them would probably die here.

It was still a small matter if they died. However, the news that the Fane of Origin was about to appear in the Royal City of Hundred Clans had to be sent back to the Celestial Realm.

Claflin no longer thought about it. She held the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin and rushed out of the array formation. She thought, “Kai Luo’s attainments in array formations are profound. Even a top demigod wouldn’t be able to cause much trouble once he is trapped in his array formation. It shouldn’t be difficult for him to escape.”

However, not long after Claflin escaped, Kai Luo was suppressed by Handae.

Kai Luo lay on the ground, unable to move. He had an ominous premonition and was shocked and panicked. He asked, "Who are you?"

Handae ignored him and pulled "Yan Huangtu" out of the water.

His old palm pressed down on that body's chest, which had been pierced by the Arrow of Deva. He used his divine force to force out the Precepts of Arrow from the wound.

Flesh and blood gradually grew on the chest of "Yan Huangtu." It was soon intact.

Zhang Ruochen stood up from the ground and rubbed his chest, which was still in pain. He said, "Thank you for using your divine force to protect my Saint Soul and Sea of Qi. Otherwise, this arrow from Claflin would have shattered my soul."

"Ruochen, your courage is unparalleled. When I was in Hundred-Shackle Realm, I wouldn't dare to take in the Arrow of Deva shoot me."

Handae looked at Zhang Ruochen's chest and was astonished.

It was said that the Wulvers had a solid physical recovery ability, but Zhang Ruochen's physical recovery ability surprised even him, who was a god of Wulvers.

"It's important to put on an act. Otherwise, how can we fool them?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Handae said cautiously, "Are you sure it's okay to let Claflin take the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin?"

"Don't worry, sir. It will still take some time for Claflin to return to the Celestial Realm. In addition, the sects of the Celestial Realm don't have a Master of origin. Even if they got the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin, they wouldn't be able to find the position of the Fane of Origin. They'll still have to come to the Royal City of Hundred Clan first. Once we lure them to the Royal City of Hundred Clan, my next plan can be carried out," Zhang Ruochen said.

Kai Luo, lying on the ground, could not move. His face changed again, and he could not help but feel sad. He had never thought that this trip to Infernal Court would suffocate him so much.

He was good at planning in the past, but in Infernal Court, he was repeatedly used and schemed against.

Last time, it was Bai Qing'er. This time, it was Zhang Ruochen.

It could not be helped. The bait they threw out was too attractive.

Chapter 2555: The Ruination of Huangtu

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The spiritual power of Kai Luo was so strong that even gods could hardly make him yield.

Therefore, Handae brought him back to the Wulvers' sacred land and prepared to use ancient higher knowledge to slowly destroy his will. As long as his will collapsed, it would be much easier to control or force him to spill out information during interrogation.

Kai Luo and Claflin making the move meant the traitor was one among Supreme Saint Kuntong, Mu Huang, and Jiushou Bailang. It was not difficult to find out who it was.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen did not need to worry about this.

Zhang Ruochen rushed back to Terra Demons' sacred land as soon as possible. There was another urgent matter that needed to be done immediately.

...

Ever since he had seen Zhang Ruochen fighting against so many Banshi Isshou Supreme Saints from the Fane of Death, Yan Huangtu was emotionally disturbed. Therefore, he had been secluding himself in a cultivation cave in Terra Demons' sacred land.

There was a powerful Time Array in that cultivation cave.

He had cultivated inside for two months, while only eight days had passed outside.

Such an array would consume saint stones, Godstones, and some time-related materials.

On this day, Yan Huangtu had successfully broken through to the mid-stage of Thousand-Koan Realm. His strength had significantly increased, and his confidence — severely damaged by Zhang Ruochen and Que — had recovered a little.

“Yan Huangtu, come out and fight.” A voice came from outside the cave.

It was Zhang Ruochen’s voice.

“What is Zhang Ruochen doing? Why is he asking me to fight him... Could I have offended him somehow, so he wants to humiliate me?” Yan Huangtu, sitting cross-legged in the cave, was bewildered and hesitant.

He did not want to acknowledge the distances between their combat strength, but at the same time, he had to admit that there was a big gap between them. Zhang Ruochen challenging a weakling did not seem to be his style. There must be something fishy about it.

‘Wait... Who is the weakling?’ Yan Huangtu immediately cleared his weak state of mind. A burning light appeared in his eyes, and his domineering aura gushed out.

Zhang Ruochen stood with his sword in his hand and shouted again, “Yan Huangtu, come out and fight me if you want your dignity intact!”

Xuan Zehai and Xuan Qingying were nearby. When they heard the commotion, they rushed over immediately.

Xuan Zehai was worried. He asked nervously, “Did Supreme Saint Ruochen encounter any trouble?”

“No.”

“Did a cultivator from Yanluo Clan offend you?”

“No.”

Zhang Ruochen said lightly, “You don’t have to be so nervous. I just want a fair fight with Yan Huangtu. There were too

many external factors in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. It's a pity that we didn't have a good fight."

The more he said so, the more worried Xuan Zehai and Xuan Qingying became. They thought, 'Something must have happened. Otherwise, why would Zhang Ruochen take it out on Yan Huangtu?'

They didn't know that the fake Yan Huangtu had been seriously "injured" by Claflin. So it would be a flaw in Zhang Ruochen's scheme if the real Yan Huangtu was safe and sound.

"Master Yan Yu isn't in the sacred land. Hurry and inform our lord," Xuan Zehai said to Xuan Qingying, telepathically.

Xuan Qingying was full of worry. She immediately sent the news to the lord. At the same time, she immediately went to investigate who in the scared land had offended Zhang Ruochen.

The stone door of the cultivation cave opened. Yan Huangtu walked out with a dignified appearance. He smiled and said, "Bro, what happened?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Answer me. Did you go tell people around that I was your 'nephew'¹?"

"That's not true. Who told you that? I've been cultivating in seclusion these days. How could I say such things? Who was the one who spread rumors?" Yan Huangtu's face turned serious while denying it.

Zhang Ruochen had recognized Yan Yu as his "Uncle." Yan Huangtu had too thought of himself as Zhang Ruochen's "Uncle." He was secretly pleased, but he did not say this to anyone.

If Zhang Ruochen wanted to find trouble, he naturally needed a reason.

He needed a reason.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Forget it. Whether you have said it or not, we should have a good fight today. Do you dare to accept the challenge?"

Yan Huangtu disagreed immediately. He said, "I think we have to investigate this matter clearly. I'm afraid someone is scheming to destroy the relationship between brother Ruochen and Yanluo Clan. Well, the Fane of Death is a bit suspicious!"

Zhang Ruochen pretended to be angry, "I'm asking if you dare to accept the challenge. You're in Thousand-Koan Realm, and I'm only in Hundred-Shackle Realm. Does the so-called Royal Divine Frame not even have this bit of courage? If you're terrified, I won't use my spiritual power. Let's have a battle of physical strength and cultivation. If you don't accept the challenge, I'm afraid I'll look down on you!"

Yan Huangtu's eyes darkened, and a dragon's roar sounded from his body, "Okay, I'll fight you. But let me justify myself, I will admit the things I've done only if I did it. I said that this wasn't my doing, so it's really not me."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes softened a bit. "At least you still a dignified man. Let's go inside the cave and fight. Otherwise, everyone will look bad when things get ugly."

The two entered the cultivation cave and closed the stone door. Immediately, there was a loud bang, and the ground shook slightly.

The spatial structure in a cultivation cave of a Supreme Saint was stable and would not be easily destroyed.

The Terra Demon Emperor and Yan Zhexian rushed over quickly.

Yan Zhexian growled, "What happened? What's wrong with Zhang Ruochen? Why did he challenge Uncle Huangtu?"

Xuan Zehai laughed bitterly. "I'm afraid Zhang Ruochen can't be blamed for this. It seems that Zhang Ruochen caught Yan Huangtu calling Zhang Ruochen nephew!"

Yan Zhexian was stunned.

Terra Demon Emperor was worried. "Yan Huangtu is a steady man. How could he say such things so casually? Zhang Ruochen and Master Yan Yu address each other as uncle and nephew because of the huge difference in cultivation. Thus, Master Yan Yu has the right to talk about seniority."

Seniority in the cultivation world was not only based on age but also on strength.

Almost all cultivators in the world, as long as they hadn't broken through to divinity, called Yan Yu "Master Yan Yu." On the contrary, everyone mostly called Yan Huangtu "the fifth Young Master."

Xuan Zehai said, "It's also possible Yan Huangtu didn't say that at all. Someone is trying to sow discord."

"Who has the guts?" Yan Zhexian glared angrily.

Xuan Zehai said in a low voice, "Master Yan Yu and Zhang Ruochen address each other as uncle and nephew because he wants to promote the marriage between the two races. Who doesn't want to see you and Zhang Ruochen get together?"

The Terra Demon Emperor said, "Yuan Qianmo."

"I don't think Yuan Qianmo would use such a dirty trick." Yan Zhexian frowned. She was speechless. 'Did I just bring trouble to Uncle Huangtu?'

The Terra Demon Emperorsaid, "It might not be Yuan Qianmo but his younger brother, Yuan Benji. He is an unscrupulous person."

Yan Zhexian believed him a little. She stared at the stone door in front of him worriedly and heard the increasingly deafening collision sounds, "Is this a battle of life and death?"

Xuan Zehai was a little uncertain. He said, "I don't think so! After all, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation is much higher than Yan Huangtu's..."

At this point, he suddenly realized that something was wrong.

Yan Huangtu's cultivation was obviously much higher than Zhang Ruochen's.

Bang!

After a long while, the stone door opened with a bang.

Zhang Ruochen's entire body was burning with divine fire. His long hair was as red as blood. He walked out like a

Wargod of flames. He let out a long breath. Then, he rubbed his hands and gradually withdrew his power.

Yan Zhexian approached. Feeling guilty, she said in a soft voice, “Uncle Huangtu is not the kind of person who doesn’t know what is the right thing to say. I believe that what you heard was most likely a rumor.”

Zhang Ruochen felt even more guilty. His eyes softened, “I’ve calmed down. I suddenly realized that I might have fallen into the Fane of Death’s plot to sow discord. Brother Huang Tu is definitely not the kind of cultivator who doesn’t dare to admit the things he does. Sigh, I was too impulsive!”

Zhang Ruochen took out a wooden jar and handed it to Yan Zhexian. “This is the Spring of Life. Take it and feed it to Huangtu. Tell him I’m sorry. I feel ashamed to see him.”

Yan Zhexian was stunned. He looked into the cultivation cave. ‘How badly has Zhang Ruochen injured Uncle Huangtu? Why did he need Spring of Life?’

She took the divine wooden jar and walked quickly into the stone door.

Zhang Ruochen walked toward Terra Demon Emperor, Xuan Zehai, and Xuan Qingying. He sighed again. “Guys, I’ve been too reckless. Please keep it a secret. Otherwise, I’ll be laughed at by all the cultivators. The mastermind of the Fane of Death is so abominable. If I find out that they’re really behind this, I won’t let them off easily.”

The three understood that this matter could go one of two ways, so they agreed to keep their mouths shut.

Staring at Zhang Ruochen’s back, the Terra Demon Emperor said, “I didn’t expect this guy to swallow his pride and admit his mistakes.”

Xuan Zehai nodded and sighed. “Everyone thinks that Zhang Ruochen is strong, full of killing intent, and will eventually break one day. However, who had seen this side of Zhang Ruochen?”

“One should give birth to a son like Zhang Ruochen.” The Terra Demon Emperor agreed.

In the cultivation cave, Yan Zhexian stared blankly at Yan Huangtu, which had almost turned into a golden skeleton. Fortunately, he had the Royal Divine Frame. Otherwise, his body would have exploded many times. Yan Zhexian thought, 'Zhang Ruochen hit Uncle Huangtu too hard.'

Yan Zhexian quickly opened the divine wooden jar and sprinkled Spring of Life on the golden skeleton, "Uncle, Zhang Ruochen said he might have misunderstood you. Maybe the Fane of Death is trying to sow discord behind your back. This is the Spring of Life that he gave you!"

After absorbing Spring of Life, some flesh and blood gradually grew on the skeleton of Yan Huangtu.

Yan Huangtu trembled and struggled to hold up half of his body. He said intermittently, "X-Xian'er, I have figured it out. N-No matter what... you have to... you have to marry Zhang Ruochen. You have to make him my 'nephew'!"

Yan Zhexian saw how pitiful Yan Huangtu was at the moment. She didn't refute but comfort him to recuperate.

"Investigate... you have to find out. If the Fane of Death is behind my back... I will make them pay a painful price... Hack...Hack..."

Chapter 2556: The Excited Supreme Saint Qingsheng

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

At the Blood Apricot Trees courtyard of the Terra Demons' sacred ground.

Sikong the Younger concentrated on imparting Buddhist Dharma and narrating the classics to Zhen Nu, Zhen Se, Zhen Sha, Zhen Wang, and Zhen Tan. These five cultivators were sitting below and listening attentively.

How could they not listen attentively?

They could see Sikong the Younger walking behind them with his staff in his hand like an angry vajra. Anyone who dared to be distracted would get a hit from the staff!

They weren't afraid of being beaten. They were afraid of being humiliated. They were even more afraid of being mocked by the Terra Demons who came to watch from time to time.

'Endure...! We have got to endure! Endure, and we will get through this.'

BANG!

Suddenly, the wooden door was pushed open. A handsome figure rushed into the yard. It was Zhang Ruochen, whose robe was a bit messy.

All the seven monks looked over curiously.

Zhang Ruochen was a little flustered at first. Then he thought of something and had a realization. Finally, he fell into a deep embarrassment.

He looked up at the sky. His expression was thought-provoking. Then he laughed and said to himself, “So that’s it. So that’s it.”

Sikong the Elder was about to ask what had happened.

The soft voice of an alluring woman came from the room. “Master, why are you so flustered? It’s just entering my true form. Although I’m a Saint Devourer, I won’t eat you no matter what.”

Moyin’s curvaceous and graceful body swayed like a willow in the wind as she walked out of the door. Her jade-like fingers were tied to the buttons of her towering chest. Her pretty face had a touch of moving blush. She bashfully smiled.

It was like a spring breeze blowing into the yard.

Although Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi were not lascivious, they were still attracted by Moyin’s beauty, figure, and charm. Their minds were filled with thoughts.

Such a peerless beauty and temperament that could tempt people to death was a rare existence in the entire Infernal Court.

They stared at Zhang Ruochen with extreme jealousy and cursed in their hearts, ‘Such a pervert and a scum. How can a person like Zhang Ruochen be so close to the Buddhist Sect? He’s a hypocrite with a sanctimonious appearance and a fake monk.’

BANG!

BANG!

Sikong the Elder struck the heads of Que Shenzi and Tianshu with two strokes of his staff. The sound of Buddha’s chant was ear-splitting as he roared, “Calm your mind and subdue your inner demon. Don’t be distracted. All the beauties in the world don’t last long.”

Zhang Ruochen’s heart was in a mess. He already understood why Ji Fanxin had rejected him when he had asked to cultivate in Ji Fanxin’s true form.

‘How embarrassing! It was indescribably awkward.’

Zhang Ruochen wanted to go to the Ghostwood Manor and explain it to her. However, he remembered Ji Fanxin’s last words before he left. “Come find me if you can cultivate the Heaven Sword Soul at the Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

‘This means she didn’t turn me down completely. There is still room for discussion. That’s right. Cultivating the Heaven Sword Soul is the most urgent matter.

‘If I can’t cultivate the Heaven Sword Soul, I can’t condense the Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill.’

Time was of the essence. He had to do his best to improve his attainments in Swordsmanship and condense the Heaven Sword Soul before Bai Qing’er broke through the blockade of the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt and the deities of the Heavenly Realm rushed to the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

In the following days, Zhang Ruochen activated the Sundial. While cultivating the Swordsmanship, he used the Dragonic Flame of Origin given by the Dragon Lord to refine his spiritual power and the Saint Qi in his body.

The Sundial covered the entire courtyard. Suddenly, Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi truly experienced the feeling of time passing like years. Their attainments in Buddhism grew higher and higher under their extreme resistance.

It couldn’t be helped. The Supreme Saint’s learning ability was that strong.

In reality, three days passed.

In the courtyard, three years had passed.

The acting head of the Xue Jue family, Supreme Saint Qingsheng, came to the sacred ground of the Terra Demons and was received ceremoniously.

After the banquet, Zhang Ruochen and Supreme Saint Qingsheng gathered and discussed in secret.

Zhang Ruochen was relatively straightforward. He took out a superior grade Divine Crystal of Origin. Under Supreme Saint

Qingsheng's shocked gaze, he said, "The Fane of Origin is about to be born!"

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's hair stood on end. He couldn't suppress his excitement, "I also heard about the Light of Origin appearing in the Yakshas' sacred ground. I always thought that the Celestial Court played tricks to blow up the conflict between the Royal City of Hundred Clans and the Infernal Court. I didn't expect it to be true."

"I must return to our family immediately and tell Lord Ming about this. It's best if I inform the Fane of Immortality."

Zhang Ruochen grabbed his wrist. He looked puzzled. "Wait a minute. What's the point of telling the Fane of Immortality about such a big matter?"

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was slightly startled. He asked, "The Yakshas are powerful, and the Royal City of Hundred Clans is in a state of chaos. If we don't ally with the Fane of Immortality, can the Xue Jue family take over the Fane of Origin? We can't cooperate with the Yanluo clan, right? If the Fane of Immortality finds out later, they'll definitely have an opinion."

In the end, their forces were united in the face of significant events.

The Fane of Immortality wasn't just the center of power for the Immortal Vampires. It also represented the interests of all the Immortal Vampires.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If the Fane of Immortality finds out, even if they take over the Fane of Origin, how much will the Xue Jue family get?"

"Naturally, the deities will discuss the division of interests," Supreme Saint Qingsheng said.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, "I mean, even if we join forces, we can only refine the forces within the Bloodysky Clan. After all, the entire Bloodysky Clan is following the lead of the Xue Jue family."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng still felt this matter was too severe, and Zhang Ruochen was too naive.

Zhang Ruochen continued, "Think about it. Suppose the Qitian Clan and the Azuresky Clan knew about the Fane of Origin. Why would they tell the Fane of Immortality?"

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was moved by Zhang Ruochen's words. He asked cautiously, "Now, how many forces know about the coming of the Fane of Origin?"

"About twenty."

Zhang Ruochen continued, "However, only three forces have superior grade Divine Crystals of Origin. The only force that knows the exact location of the Fane of Origin should be our Xue Jue family."

BANG!

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was so excited that he smashed the table with one palm. He said with a red face, "Why didn't you say so earlier? Yes, of course. I don't think we need to join forces with the forces of the Bloodysky Clan. Since we are the only ones who know the exact location of the Fane of Origin, let Lord Ming lead a team and go in to collect some good things first. Ruochen, you've made a great contribution to the Xue Jue family this time!"

'So, you're also a greedy person!' Zhang Ruochen coughed dryly and said seriously, "As far as I know, the deities of the Celestial Court are closely monitoring the deities of the Infernal Court. Can Uncle Ming escape easily?"

"Don't worry. Lord Ming likes to take risks. He might not be willing to do anything without challenges. If he knew about the birth of the Fane of Origin, he would try to escape. You have to believe that he has the ability," Supreme Saint Qingsheng said.

Zhang Ruochen then told Supreme Saint Qingsheng the exact location of the Fane of Origin.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng couldn't wait. That night, he left the Royal City of Hundred Clans and rushed back to the Xue Jue family. His heart was boiling again, which had been calm for many years.

Zhang Ruochen certainly couldn't bear to share the wealth and treasures of the Fane of Origin with the Celestial Court.

Zhang Ruochen told Lord Ming to go in quietly and loot the place for the Xue Jue family. Hence, even if Zhang Ruochen didn't enter the Fane of Origin, he could still get some benefits.

'Uncle Ming will have to open a way to enter the Fane of Origin when he is the first to go, right? That will save me a lot of troubles if I follow his route. I don't even need Kai Luo to break the array.'

It was up to Lord Ming, whether he was capable enough. After all, he was only a new god. Zhang Ruochen still had some doubts about his uncle's ability.

"What am I thinking? I'm only a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. How can I doubt the ability of a deity?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and did not think anymore. He continued to comprehend Swordsmanship.

Zhang Ruochen's attainments in the precepts and Swordsmanship increased steadily. However, every time he condensed the Heaven Sword Soul, he failed.

Gradually, Zhang Ruochen came to a conclusion about the problem.

First, condensing the Heaven Sword Soul had a high requirement for the number of Precepts of Swordsmanship.

The more Precepts of Swordsmanship he cultivated, the easier it would be to condense the Heaven Sword Soul.

However, Zhang Ruochen was only in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. After cultivating two hundred million Precepts of Swordsmanship in his body, he had clearly felt a bottleneck. It was extremely difficult to increase it.

Second, condensing the Heaven Sword Soul had a high requirement for the strength of a cultivator's own Saint Soul.

When Blood Empress gave birth to Zhang Ruochen, she was not a deity. Therefore, although Zhang Ruochen was the son of

a deity, his soul power was not strong. He could not be compared with cultivators like Luo Shengtian, Que Shenzi, and Luo Sha. Their souls were nurtured by the deity in their infancy.

How did Lan Ying become the only cultivator in the Thousand-Koan Realm who had cultivated the Heaven Sword Soul since the Yuanhui period?

Other than his profound attainments in Swordsmanship, his soul power was powerful.

He was the Divine Fetus, the body of a spirit soul nurtured by the divine power and Qi of slaughter on the battlefield of gods. It was nurtured for three Yuanhui periods, close to 400,000 years.

His Core Spirit was likely to be a divine soul, but it was sealed at the level of a Saint Soul and had not been fully released. It was even more powerful than Luo Shengtian, Que Shenzi, and Luo Sha.

This level of soul power was something ordinary cultivators, Scion, and Scionesses, could only dream of.

Even with such powerful soul power, Lan Ying had only cultivated the Heaven Sword Soul after breaking through to the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm. The last time Zhang Ruochen fought with him, he sensed that Lan Ying had more than one billion Precepts of Swordsmanship.

Zhang Ruochen's soul power was inferior to his, and he only had 200 million Precepts of Swordsmanship. Condensing the Heaven Sword Soul was even harder than ascending to heaven.

"No matter how difficult it is, I have to try."

Zhang Ruochen decided to do both.

First, since increasing the number of Precepts of Swordsmanship was challenging, he could only improve the quality of the Precepts of Swordsmanship.

Like when he cultivated the Earth Sword Soul, Zhang Ruochen had swallowed a large amount of Meritorious Sword-

cleansing Essence and refined the Precepts of Swordsmanship in his body to the extreme. Therefore, he succeeded in one go.

Treasures like Meritorious Sword-cleansing Essence could be found in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Second, to improve the Saint Soul.

There were many ways to improve the Saint Soul. For example, to absorb the Saint Soul of other cultivators and refine the stellar soul of a deity.

Guye Jing owed Zhang Ruochen soul power debt. Obviously, he was looking for an opportunity to get it back.

However, compared to absorbing the Saint Soul of other cultivators, refining the stellar soul of a deity would improve the Saint Soul faster. Last time, Zhang Ruochen refined a small amount of the stellar soul of a deity left in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace by Wargod Bloodximius, which improved the Saint Souls significantly.

The stellar soul of a deity...

Zhang Ruochen sighed, "My mother once killed a pseudo god. I don't know if the stellar soul of a deity is still there. If I can refine the complete pseudo god's stellar soul... Sigh! Forget it. My mother has gone to the Jadeite Realm. I'll think of a way in the Royal City of Hundred Clans!"

...

Chapter 2557: Problem Solved

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Zhang Ruochen went to the top shops, chambers of commerce, and even the House of Enchanters in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. He had some gains.

He bought half a bottle of Divine Sword-Lacquer to cleanse the Precepts of Swordsmanship, and three King Grade Sacred Pills, Pill of Nether-Soul, to improve the Saint Soul.

The Divine Sword-Lacquer was a liquid born from the inside of a divine weapon-level sword. It was extremely precious and could only be encountered by sword cultivators.

The Pill of Nether-Soul was a pill refined by the Nether Hall to improve a cultivator's Saint Soul. It was expensive and rare.

It didn't take long for Zhang Ruochen to refine the Divine Sword-Lacquer and the Pill of Nether-Soul. He had indeed refined the Precepts of Swordsmanship and improved his Saint Soul by ten to twenty percent. However, it was far from Zhang Ruochen's goal.

Zhang Ruochen finally knew that some things couldn't be bought with Godstones.

Just like the Pill of Nether-Soul, Zhang Ruochen wanted to buy more. However, people told him that the Nether Hall only released limited pills. There were only three in the entire Royal City of Hundred Clans. A Supreme Saint from the Nether Hall could buy up to ten Pills of Nether-Soul at a lower price.

If it was a descendant of a deity of the Nether Hall, he would get a bigger share.

As for the Divine Sword-Lacquer, Zhang Ruochen first thought of Lord Ming's Stellar Sword. However, Lord Ming was probably already on his way to the Southern Sword Realm.

Moreover, the Stellar Sword was a divine sword of fire nature. It was unlikely to produce the Divine Sword-Lacquer.

And the more precious Stellar Soul of God was not sold at all.

One must know that the Royal City of Hundred Clans was an supercity. If an item could not be bought in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, the outcome would be the same when you tried to find it in a divine city.

Zhang Ruochen had his eyes set on the Intergold Tiger, but the tiger did not care about him.

Just when Zhang Ruochen was at a loss, his mind moved. He sensed the aura of Terra Demon Emperor. There was another important figure with him.

"It's him. That's great. I don't have to worry anymore!"

Zhang Ruochen was overjoyed. He waved his sleeve, and the wind kicked up. The door opened, and he walked out quickly to welcome him.

The important figure who had come with Terra Demon Emperor was the Fortune Palace's Black Robe High Priest.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his fists and said, "Greetings, Your Highness, Your Eminence."

The High Priest was concerned about Zhang Ruochen's safety. After hearing the news about Zhang Ruochen, he immediately rushed to the Royal City of Hundred Clans from Hoth.

After all, Zhang Ruochen was a new generation hero that Fukurokuju valued. He also had the background of the Xue Jue family and God's Ancient Nidus. Nothing could go wrong.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was fine, Fortune Palace's High Priest was in a good mood. Then, he noticed the seven

cultivators in the yard and recognized Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi. His expression was both shocking and strange.

Fortune Palace's High Priest spoke like Zhang Ruochen's elder in his family, "Ruochen, it's good for young people to be sharp," he said earnestly. "But the Fane of Death is full of powerful people. They're also fierce. It's best not to offend them too harshly or hurt their faces."

Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi had long been disheartened. They did not have any hope for the Fane of Destiny. They knew that the Xue Jue family was a force of Fortune Palace's High Priest. They would not place their hope on the High Priest. They would rather wish Buddha would show some miracle to let them break the curse and escape.

Zhang Ruochen said, "The high priest is right. I don't want to become enemies with the Fane of Death. So, I think it's effective to let the two Martial-Nephews use Buddhist dharma to resolve their resentment and killing intent.

"After the three White Reapers refined the Pill of Feelings and Desires, their buddhist hearts have grown. Their killing intent has almost disappeared.

"Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi have also become calmer. They can now recite the *Maitrī Sunyata Sutra*."

Sikong the Elder held his head high and puffed out his chest. "They can also recite the *Shorter Sukhāvatīvyūha Sutra* and the *Lotus Sutra*."

Zhang Ruochen was pleasantly surprised. He nodded to Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi with certainty.

Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi were so ashamed that they wished they could find a hole to hide in.

"These people have gone too far. They have humiliated us in front of Terra Demon Emperor and Fortune Palace's High Priest. This is intolerable.

"Sigh. Forget it. We'll just endure it!"

Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi gritted their teeth and chanted a Buddhist chant to suppress their anger. After they chanted the

name of Buddha, they realized something was wrong. It was too late to regret it!

Fortune Palace's High Priest and the Terra Demon Emperor were stunned. 'The five Isshou Realm Supreme Saints from the Fane of Death are going to convert to Buddhism?

'Anything is indeed possible!'

After Fortune Palace's High Priest and Zhang Ruochen asked each other some questions, he planned to leave and return to Hoth. After all, the most important thing for the Fane of Destiny was to deal with Ji Fanxin, a Yuanhui-level genius, and to get the Tensho Compass back.

Her escape route through Hoth had to be sealed off.

"High Priest, please wait. I want to buy something," Zhang Ruochen said.

Fortune Palace's High Priest wasn't surprised at all. Instead, he smiled and said, "Zhang Ruochen, how rich are you? You want to buy it through me. It seems that you want to buy something extraordinary."

The Fortune Palace wasn't famous for its combat power. Its combat power was far inferior to the Death Palace and the Ominous Palace.

However, the Fortune Palace was ranked first in the Fane of Destiny regarding wealth and cultivation resources.

This was because the Fortune Palace's job wasn't to fight but to manage most of the Fane of Destiny's businesses. It was the biggest source of the fortune of the Fane of Destiny.

The Realm of Star Ocean was the biggest business empire in the Infernal Court. It was powerful and known as the Infernal Court's eleventh clan. It controlled hundreds of millions of shops and had countless planets, primitive worlds, and secret universe realms under its banner.

And behind the Realm of Star Ocean was the Fortune Palace.

Of course, in a sense, the Fortune Palace was just the manager. The wealth and benefits produced by the Realm of Star Ocean actually belonged to the entire Fane of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen told Fortune Palace's High Priest that he wanted to condense the Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill and then told him what he wanted.

"Condense the Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill?" Even Terra Demon Emperor was shocked.

Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi were shocked when they heard Zhang Ruochen's story. But soon, they sneered and thought that Zhang Ruochen was delusional.

On the other hand, Fortune Palace's High Priest was touched because Zhang Ruochen had told him the secret openly, which meant that he trusted him.

It was almost impossible to condense the Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill, but what if Zhang Ruochen succeeded?

Once he succeeded, it would be of great significance.

It would greatly impact the Infernal Court and the millions of cultivators in the Myriad Realms of Celestial Court.

It could even rewrite the entire history of cultivation in the universe.

Since it could be recorded in the history books and spread throughout the ages, even if Zhang Ruochen was delusional, he had to try his best to help.

Fortune Palace's High Priest said, "The cultivation resources you need are of a very high level. Only the Realm of Star Ocean's headquarter in the Divine Domain of Destiny has them. Moreover, you need a lot of them. It will be difficult to gather them in a short time. Are you in a hurry?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Yes."

Beside him, Terra Demon Emperor lowered his head and pondered. It was unknown what he was thinking. Suddenly, he said, "We do have some Stellar Souls of God."

"Your Highness, can you sell them all to me at any price?"

Zhang Ruochen knew that Stellar Souls of God were expensive. He didn't have many Godstones now, but he had a

lot of treasures and resources. He could sell some of them.

To cultivate the Heaven Sword Soul and condense the Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill, Zhang Ruochen could bear any price.

Terra Demon Emperor smiled and said, “Supreme Saint Ruochen, you don’t know that the Stellar Soul of God is never for sale.”

“It’s not for sale. Why did you say that?” Sikong the Elder glared at the old man.

“It’s only for gifting,” Terra Demon Emperor added.

Zhang Ruochen understood the more profound meaning. He quickly thanked the emperor. “Thank you, Your Highness. I will definitely remember your kindness.”

Terra Demon Emperor grabbed Zhang Ruochen’s hand and patted it lightly. “You’re being too polite, Supreme Saint Ruochen. It’s just a bit of the Stellar Soul of God.”

“Just call me Ruochen,” Zhang Ruochen said.

In recent days, Yan Yu had taken the initiative to befriend Zhang Ruochen, and the new Scioness of Destiny had taken the initiative to visit him. Now, even Fortune Palace’s High Priest had come. All the forces were trying to curry favor with him. Terra Demon Emperor was an experienced person. How could he not see Zhang Ruochen’s potential in the future?

Now, Zhang Ruochen, the prodigy, lived in the sacred ground of the Terra Demons. He should try to win Zhang Ruochen over now. Or else, it would be too late to do so when Zhang Ruochen reached the level of the Wargod Bloodximius.

Terra Demon Emperor was waiting for the perfect opportunity to give him a helping hand today. Naturally, he had to grasp it firmly.

It would be best if Zhang Ruochen could condense the Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill. Even if he couldn’t, it would be good for him to give away some Stellar Souls of God and form a good relationship.

Giving away the Stellar Souls of God was just a small favor for Zhang Ruochen.

He should take this opportunity to tie the relationship more tightly.

The Terra Demon Emperor said with a smile, “Ruochen, what do you think of Qingying of our clan? I wonder if she is lucky enough to marry into the Xue Jue Family?”

“Well...”

Zhang Ruochen had just received a considerable favor from the Terra Demons, so he could not refuse directly. Otherwise, the Terra Demon royal family would lose face.

Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi were already burning with jealousy. They gritted their teeth as they watched from the side. Their eyes were about to spit fire.

‘This emperor gave Zhang Ruochen the Stellar Soul of God to befriend the Xue Jue family.

‘Not to mention Xuan Qingying is one of the prettiest women at the edge of the Infernal Court. Her cultivation is also very strong. In the future, when she reaches the Paramount Realm, her name will most likely enter the *Tome of the Divines*. There are countless suitors for such a talented girl. She is a girl that even the gods will set their eyes on them.

‘Now, the emperor lowered his pride and asked Zhang Ruochen to accept the proposal, but this pretentious brat dares to show hesitation. This is unbearable.’

Terra Demon Emperor didn’t overthink. After all, Master Yan Yu wanted Zhang Ruochen to take the eldest young lady of Yanluo Clan as bride.

Although Xuan Qingying was outstanding, she was nothing compared to the eldest young lady of Yanluo Clan.

Chapter 2558: Sightseeing with a Beauty

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Seeing Zhang Ruochen was in a difficult position, the emperor of Terra Demons was sensible and did not continue to ask.

After all, it was good to have a marriage, but it did not matter if it did not work out. When Xuan Qingying broke through to the Paramount Realm, she had a chance to become a god's concubine. It was also a way to rise.

Zhang Ruochen was in a difficult position not because he was honest nor uninterested in beauty. It was just that he did not want to leave too many flaws for himself.

Think about it. Once he agreed with the emperor of Terra Demons, he would be responsible for Xuan Qingying, a woman he had no feelings for.

Zhang Ruochen had so many enemies in Celestial Court and Infernal Court. If those enemies caught this flaw and took Xuan Qingying away, they would threaten him. Should he save her or not?

Conversely, Luo Sha and Yan Zhexian would not have him worried so much.

Even if the gods caught them, they would risk the extinction of their clans.

Shortly after Fortune Palace's High Priest left, Xuan Qingying was ordered by the emperor to deliver the Stellar Soul of God that was stored in the divine crystal to Zhang Ruochen.

Xuan Qingying left after Zhang Ruochen exchanged some pleasantries and thanked her.

She didn't seem to know that the emperor had sent her here for another reason.

The Terra Demons had sent more Stellar Soul of God than the Wargod Bloodximius had left in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. After Zhang Ruochen refined them, his saint soul and spiritual power improved significantly.

However, it was still far from enough.

He had to elevate his saint soul to a level stronger than Lan Ying. It required a vast amount of resources.

This was not only practicing the Heaven Sword Soul and the Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill but also paving the way for Zhang Ruochen to become a god faster and easier.

It would be best if he could elevate his saint soul to a level comparable to the divine soul.

However, it would take a long time for Fortune Palace's High Priest to mobilize resources, and Zhang Ruochen's time was extremely precious. He could not just wait.

He had to act.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen was shocked. 'I got it. I have a misunderstanding idea. How could the Royal City of Hundred Clans not have cultivation resources like Divine Sword-Lacquer and Pill of Nether-Soul? However, the shops or Chambers of Commerce did not sell these cultivation resources. They were stored in the sacred ground of the various clans.

'However, these small clans could not sell their precious cultivation resources to me. What should I do?'

Not long after, Zhang Ruochen had an idea. He then went to look for Yan Zhexian.

Yan Zhexian did not expect Zhang Ruochen to take the initiative to look for her. Moreover, he had invited her to visit the places of interest in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. She had wanted to refuse, but she was conflicted when she remembered that Zhang Ruochen had saved her.

Yan Yu had been whispering many nice things about Zhang Ruochen in her ear lately.

She had looked up Zhang Ruochen's detailed information and knew that Zhang Ruochen had joined the Infernal Court to save his son and daughter. He had been forced to do so and was not the kind of betrayer or cold-blooded and ruthless killer she had thought he was.

Yan Yu had analyzed the subtleties of Zhang Ruochen's situation for her. He had come to the Infernal Court to do many extreme things. In fact, he had done so because he wanted the warlords. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to survive in the Infernal Court.

Yan Zhexian couldn't trust any cultivators, but she trusted her uncle very much.

Thinking about it carefully, she felt Zhang Ruochen was quite pitiful. He didn't look as annoying as before, so she agreed.

After returning to the Terra Demon's sacred land, Yan Yu first went to see Yan Huangtu, who was recuperating, and asked him carefully if he had really said anything to humiliate Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Huangtu wanted to cry yet tearless. 'Why didn't even my brother believe me? Do I look like someone with a running mouth?'

After a while, Yan Yu walked out of Yan Huangtu's recuperating courtyard. His eyes became cold.

If the cultivators of Fane of Death really dared to plot against his own brother, he had to give them a solemn warning.

A Yanluo clan's cultivator walked over quickly. He knelt on one knee and reported that Zhang Ruochen had taken Yan Zhexian away.

Yan Yu was slightly surprised when he heard it. He asked, "Zhang Ruochen took the initiative?"

"Yes. I heard that Zhang Ruochen wanted to show her the places of interest in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. She agreed after a moment of hesitation!"

Yan Yu smiled and said, "That's good news! But..."

Yan Yu thought of a person. She was Peach Blossom, the top-ranked killer of Empyrean Assassins.

'That woman is in the city, but she has not shown up. What if she attacks Zhang Ruochen?

'Zhang Ruochen is a smart person. He should have thought of this. But why did he still plan to do it? Is he trying to lure the Peach Blossom out on purpose?'

Yan Yu was not worried about Yan Zhexian's safety. The Ancient God of Knowledge had been furious ever since the assassination attempt took place at Hoth. He sent someone to deliver a Divine Talisman Robe immediately.

Yes, there was only one.

And he gave it to Yan Zhexian instead of Yan Huangtu, who had also experienced death.

It was not that Yan Huangtu was not valued, but the gods of the Yanluo clan believed the truly powerful should endure more trials. However, Yan Zhexian was a woman, and she was on a different path. Her talent was reflected more in Talisman.

Zhang Ruochen was also afraid of Peach Blossom, so his first stop was straight to the Wulvers.

"The Seven Mountain Chain of the Wulvers' sacred ground was one of the top ten great sceneries in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. It was magnificent and spectacular. Standing on the first peak, you can see the majestic Demonic Sea of Clouds. The lord ancestor of the Wulvers, Fenrir, once captured a shining star from the sky and fixed it in the sky above the sacred ground, turning it into a bright moon that never falls."

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Zhexian walked into the Wulvers' sacred ground. They talked as they walked in the mountains, which had the charm of an immortal couple.

Seven monks followed behind them.

Zhen Nu, Zhen Se, Zhen Sha, Zhen Tan, and Zhen Wang each held a box.

Yan Zhexian asked, “Zhang Ruochen, you always cultivate in seclusion. How can you have the mood for sightseeing? Just say it. What is your purpose in coming to the Wulvers’ sacred ground?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “It’s true for sightseeing since I promised your uncle. I also wanted to take this opportunity to visit and apologize to all the clans personally. Miss Zhexian, you should know that I offended all the clans in the Royal City of Hundred Clans because I was cultivating in seclusion in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace during the few days I entered the city. This hatred will be formed if I don’t apologize. I don’t want a group of enemies for no reason.”

Yan Zhexian snorted and gave him a look that said, ‘I knew your intentions weren’t simple.’ She said, “You want to make amends and apologize? What do you mean by bringing me along?”

“Everyone shows their respect to the young lady of the Yanluo clan. Those small clans might not accept my apology, but they might accept for your sake when they see you coming along,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen’s words were so lovely that even Yan Zhexian didn’t know how to refute him!

The emperor of the Wulvers received Zhang Ruochen and Yan Zhexian.

With the relationship between Zhang Ruochen and the Wulvers, the apology was just a formality. Both sides laughed off their grudges immediately and began to brag to each other.

Yan Zhexian couldn’t stand their looks. So, she left and visited the places of interest in the sacred ground alone.

Zhang Ruochen and the emperor of the Wulvers started to talk business after she left.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Have you found out who the traitor is?”

“It’s Jiushou Bailang. He had personally executed by Handae.”

The emperor of the Wulvers' face was cold, and he stared at Zhang Ruochen. He suddenly smiled, "The five apology gifts from Ruochen are all priceless. I think you came to the Wulvers' sacred ground for another purpose."

Zhang Ruochen straightforwardly said his purpose was to practice the Heaven Sword Soul.

It means these five treasures were not gifts of apology but things to buy the resources to improve the Saint Soul and refine the Precepts of Swordsmanship.

The relationship between the Wulvers and Kunlun's field had never been broken. Of course, they would help Zhang Ruochen.

The Wulvers was worthy of being the third prominent clan in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. The resources they offered were not comparable to the Terra Demon. Zhang Ruochen had gained a lot.

Initially, Zhang Ruochen had another purpose. He wanted to ask Handae, Fenrir's grandson, to protect him from the assassination of the Peach Blossom. However, to his surprise, Le showed up and claimed he had a way to balance the Peach Blossom and didn't need the protection of the god.

Although Zhang Ruochen didn't know where Le's confidence came from, he still chose to trust him. He didn't continue to ask for the protection of the god. After all, the gods were of noble status. They couldn't protect him forever.

At the mountain gate of the Wulvers' sacred ground, Zhang Ruochen spoke to Le telepathically.

"Do you know Peach Blossom?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Le stood with his sword in his hand silently.

Zhang Ruochen understood. He patted his shoulder and said, "You must be careful. It's dangerous to fall in love with a woman who is a killer and stronger than you. You volunteered because you worried the gods would ambush her if she tried to assassinate me, right? Do you care about her a lot?"

“Actually, it’s her who has been pestering me. But I don’t want her to die in the hands of the gods. Don’t worry. If she wants to kill you, she must kill me first,” Le said.

Zhang Ruochen was stunned for a while. Then, he showed a look of admiration.

A top-ranked killer emperor was pestering Le. Zhang Ruochen was less afraid. Instead, he looked forward to meeting this girl.

“Where are the cultivators of the Fane of Death Now?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“The Rotkins’ sacred ground. The Rotkins are dependent on the Fane of Death,” Le said.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment. “Next stop, we will go to the Rotkins’ sacred ground.”

Yan Zhexian returned from her mountain excursion. She looked at Zhang Ruochen coldly and was highly displeased.

Zhang Ruochen looked apologetic. He walked over and said, “I’m sorry. The emperor of the Wulvers is too warm. I really couldn’t get away. I shouldn’t have left you alone.”

“Don’t talk so much nonsense. Continue apologizing to the other tribes by yourself. Forgive me for not accompanying you!”

How could Yan Zhexian not know that Zhang Ruochen was using her? She wouldn’t mind helping Zhang Ruochen if Zhang Ruochen was sincere enough. It was to return his favor.

However, Zhang Ruochen was entirely perfunctory for her. The so-called visiting the places of interest meant she was enjoying the cool breeze alone on the peak.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen couldn’t let Yan Zhexian go. The most crucial step was going to the Rotkins’ sacred ground.

Many masters of the Fane of Death gathered in the Rotkins’ sacred ground. If Yan Zhexian did not go with him, Zhang Ruochen would be torn to pieces no matter how many trump cards he had. There was no way to execute the following plan.

Zhang Ruochen quickly caught up and said, “Miss Zhexian, let me tell you the truth. I really want to ask you for help this time.”

Then, Zhang Ruochen told her his plan in detail.

It turned out that the apology was also fake. Zhang Ruochen’s purpose was to buy the cultivated resources from the other clans.

“You want to condense the Heaven Sword Soul in the Hundred-Shackle Realm? And you want to practice the Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill?” Yan Zhexian stared at Zhang Ruochen in disbelief. She felt that what he said was impossible.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I’m just trying. What if I succeed? Miss Zhexian, can you help me?”

Chapter 2559: Hai Ke and Nan Sheng

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Yan Zhexian didn't know if she wanted to return Zhang Ruochen's favor or if she felt Zhang Ruochen was honest enough, but she agreed.

However, she had a condition.

Since Zhang Ruochen claimed he was taking her out to visit places of interest, he had to keep his word.

Hearing this condition, Zhang Ruochen was very surprised. He thought she would take the opportunity to extort. He couldn't help but think. Did Yan Zhexian have other motives?

"Are you going to agree or not?" Yan Zhexian pouted and urged.

"Sure! I've been in seclusion for many days. I'd be very active physically after a forced quiet. It's a good thing to take this opportunity to walk around and broaden my horizons." Zhang Ruochen agreed.

Both of them entered the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords carried the colossal palace and rolled up a thick, cold ghost fog. They swaggered toward the Rotkins scared ground.

Le sat on the stone steps outside the palace, holding his iron sword diagonally. He was thinking alone and coldly. No one knew what he was thinking.

The seven monks, led by Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger, followed behind.

“Walk faster. You are dilly-dallying.”

Sikong the Elder knocked Zhen Sha’s butt. Zhen Sha wasn’t angry. He took more giant steps.

Zhen Se “Que Shenzi” and Zhen Nu “Tian Shuzi” were ecstatic when they heard Zhang Ruochen was going to the Rotkins scared ground. Then they began to feel anxious.

They were ecstatic because almost all the great Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death were gathered in the Rotkins scared ground. Zhang Ruochen’s trip would definitely be disastrous. They could also regain their freedom.

They felt anxious because how could Zhang Ruochen go to the Rotkins scared ground if he didn’t have a certain amount of confidence?

What was Zhang Ruochen’s purpose for going to the Rotkins scared ground?

Moreover, wouldn’t they be laughed at for the rest of their lives if they went to the Rotkins scared ground and let the great Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death see them with their current appearance?

In the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Yan Zhexian asked, “The Heaven and Earth Slaughterer who helped me win the bet in the House of Enchanters of the Divine Domain of Destiny was transformed by you, right?”

“Yes.”

Zhang Ruochen answered while counting the boxes he got from the Wulvers.

“Why?”

“No reason. It’s nothing.”

Yan Zhexian was not satisfied with this answer. She said, “It’s because of the child in my belly, right?”

Zhang Ruochen counted everything and put them all into his Ring of Dimensions. Then he stared at her thoughtfully and answered, “Actually, I already know that there is no intimate relationship between us.”

A touch of embarrassment appeared on Yan Zhexian's fair face after she heard this.

It turned out that...

He already knew!

Zhang Ruochen continued, "But outsiders don't know it. We should get closer and display affection so the Yanluo clan won't be embarrassed. This is what you think, right?"

Yan Zhexian's embarrassment disappeared. Her expression turned cold. She said, "It's good that you know. So you'd better don't have improper thoughts about me. Our relationship can only stay at the level of cooperation."

"I understand. That's what I need too," Zhang Ruochen said straightforwardly.

"HMPH!"

Yan Zhexian snorted and walked out of the palace in a hurry.

Zhang Ruochen didn't chase after her. Instead, he took out the Quasi-Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, "Saint Soul Pill," which he had just obtained. He was going to swallow and refine it.

Yan Zhexian, who had walked to the door, suddenly stopped. She turned around and said rudely, "The Fane of Death is the greatness in the Deathkin. It has a deep foundation and many masters. You'd better be careful."

"Thank you for your concern, Miss Zhexian." Zhang Ruochen sat on the ground and bowed to her.

Yan Zhexian waved her sleeve and left. She felt inexplicable resentment in her heart. She thought to herself, "It's just a deal. I'll just treat it as an act for all the cultivators in the world to see. Otherwise, those guys will secretly laugh at me or criticize the Yanluo clan. It's really annoying."

The Royal City of Hundred Clans, which constantly gathered the talented and able, was again in an uproar today.

After many days, Zhang Ruochen swaggered on the streets again. He was still riding the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, which

was incredibly high-profile. What surprised everyone was the seven monks following behind the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

“What do I see? Is that Que Shenzi?”

“There are Tian Shuzi and three White Reaper.”

“My god! Why are they all shaved and wearing monk robes? Are they really going to convert to Buddhist Sect?”

“Five Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death had become monks. This is a rare occurrence even in the Yuanhui period.”

“Zhang Ruochen is too bold. We’re going to see some fun. Just wait and see. The Fane of Death will definitely take action.”

...

Everyone spread the news one after another. More and more cultivators followed behind the Sevenstar Imperial Palace to watch.

The scared ground of the Rotkins was called the Devourer Swamp.

It was a black swamp that covered a hundred miles. There were many ghost mountains and shade peaks around it. It was like a basin, so it was called the Devourer Swamp.

The Devourer Swamp was barren. It was filled with Yin all year round. Its corruption power was strong.

Two important figures from the Fane of Death came to the Devourer Swamp today. One was called Hai Ke, and the other was called Nan Sheng.

Two of them were in the Banshi Isshou Realm but had already entered the Tome of the Divines. They were even more famous than Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi in the Deathkin. Yuan Qianmo had personally written a letter to invite them over.

The Rotkins scared ground held a grand saint feast to welcome the two of them.

A group of beautiful Rakshasi placed a jade plate with a human head on top of their heads. They formed a long line and

presented it to Nan Sheng one by one.

“Nan Sheng likes to eat human heads” was a well-known fact in the entire Infernal Court.

On the other side, a group of Immortal Vampire maidservants with wings held jade bowls filled with babies and presented them to the Hai Ke.

“Hai Ke likes to eat baby. He eats 800 babies every day” was also famous.

Nan Sheng and Hai Ke sat at the top. The Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death and Yuan Benji sat on the left and right sides.

As for the cultivators of the Rotkins, including the emperor, all stood and waited on them carefully.

“I ate 1,000 babies today. I’m full. Keep the rest and give them to me tomorrow.”

After Hai Ke had eaten the 1,000th baby, he grabbed two Immortal Vampire maidservants with each hand and held them in his arms. He pinched them so hard that they cried out in pain.

Just like how the Immortal Vampire could capture the Six-Tribulation Ghost Lord to carry the palace, it was usual for other clans to take the Immortal Vampire as their slaves. However, doing so in a formal situation was humiliating to some extent.

The 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords who had helped Zhang Ruochen carry the Sevenstar Imperial Palace were deliberately done by Wargod Bloodximius to disgust the Ghost Master.

After Nan Sheng ate 1,000 human heads, he waved his hand to signal the Rakshasi to leave.

He was different from Hai Ke. He was a very refined man who looked similar to humans. He had two strands of white hair on his temples.

Nan Sheng said, “I was practicing in the south. If I didn’t show respect to Yuan Qianmo, I wouldn’t have come. Who can tell me why the Fane of Death, strong like a school of

silver carp moving down a stream, was humiliated by a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint?”

Hai Ke revealed his sharp fangs and laughed sinisterly, “A bunch of losers. Even if Zhang Ruochen has superhuman powers, he’s only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He captured five Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints. How can you still sit here? Losers. All of you are losers.”

The Fane of Death’s Supreme Saints were all embarrassed and nervous. No one dared to argue.

After all, both of them had terrifying backgrounds. If nothing went wrong, they would take over Yuan Qianmo’s position and become the pillar of the Fane of Death.

They had eaten the head of a Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death in their rage. They only would be reprimanded by the gods at most.

Yuan Benji laughed dryly, “Zhang Ruochen’s demigod body is powerful. He has a huge advantage in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.”

Another Supreme Saint quickly added, “That’s right. The environment is too favorable for him. If it were anywhere else, Tian Shuzi and Que Shenzi wouldn’t have lost to him.”

“He has a demigod body? So what? He only has brute force. Haha, I also have brute force.” Hai Ke’s arms were as thick as an elephant’s leg. The two Immortal Vampire maidservants in his arms were crushed into two balls of blood mist with two explosions.

The other Immortal Vampire maidservants were so scared that they knelt on the ground and trembled.

Nan Sheng smiled calmly and said, “Who can compare to Hai Ke in terms of physical strength? His physical body is divine and has been tempered in the Apeiron Sea for thousands of years. Let alone a demigod’s physical body, even some weaker Paramount physique can be shattered with one punch.”

Hai Ke was from Deathkin, but he had been transformed from a god’s corpse.

“Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power is also extreme,” Yuan Benji said.

Nan Sheng’s eyes flashed with contempt. He chanted the word “Xing”.

“Swoosh!”

Countless figures appeared in heaven and earth.

Nan Sheng’s spiritual power formed each figure.

“Zhe!”

Another word rang out.

The figures in the sky rushed into Nan Sheng’s body like a hummingbird returning to its nest.

Nan Sheng said, “Who do you think has stronger spiritual power? Zhang Ruochen or me?”

Yuan Benji laughed out loud. “Nan Sheng is under the Seven Elders of South-Haven. Zhang Ruochen naturally can’t compare with him in terms of the strength and the use of spiritual power.”

Legend had four legendary figures in the Infernal Court with spiritual power at the 90th level.

Yama Grand Supreme, Void Disaster Palace.

Starry Ocean Fisherman, South-Haven Life-Death Ruins.

The Seven Elders Yuan Benji mentioned were the seventh disciple of the South-Haven Life-Death Ruins. Every disciple of that person was named after a number.

Seven was his last disciple.

Many gods had to address him as the Seven Elders even though he was only the seventh disciple.

Of course, these four spiritual power legends were all proverbs left behind 100,000 years ago. They were famous throughout the world during the Divine Wars.

No one knew whether any of them had died in the past 100,000 years.

It was also unknown whether a new 90th level of spiritual power had been born.

Hai Ke couldn't wait any longer. He said, "Let's go and capture that kid now. I'll definitely let him understand what it means can neither live nor die. A demigod's body, right? I'll tear him apart with my own hands."

Suddenly, a cultivator of the Rotkins rushed to the bottom of the steps of the saint feast with a terrified expression. He said anxiously, "Z-Zhang Ruochen is here. Zhang Ruochen i-is in the scared ground..."

Chapter 2560: Heavens War Oath

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

“Zhang Ruochen of the Xue Jue Family pays a visit to the sacred ground of the Rotkins.”

Zhang Ruochen’s voice was like a divine thunderclap, surging into the Devonian layer by layer, causing the clouds to roll and boil over.

The Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death was both surprised and shocked.

Hai Ke was stunned for a moment, and then he laughed loudly. “Since he came to us of his own accord, it saves us a lot of trouble. Old Man Sigui, go and bring him in. I want to see what this brat is capable of since he could capture a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm.”

With a brief acknowledgment, Sigui, the leader of the Rotkins, immediately led a group of cultivators and flew toward the mountain gate of the sacred ground.

Outside of Devonian, there was already a mass of people, with cultivators from all clans gathering to watch the spectacle.

This was too shocking!

The Fane of Death didn’t seek trouble from Zhang Ruochen. Was Zhang Ruochen going to take the initiative and attack them first?

Zhang Ruochen brought five Supreme Saints from the Fane of Death who have turned into monks with him. This was definitely a provocation and humiliation. It was like stepping on the Fane of Death’s face and slapping it.

“Zhang Ruochen and the Fane of Death are already at each other’s throats. I wonder what will happen next?”

“Zhang Ruochen is too stupid to try to challenge the entire Fane of Death on his own. If I were him, I would have to join forces with the top ten clans of the Immortal Vampires first. Only by using the power of the entire Immortal Vampires can one fight against the Fane of Death.”

“The other cultivators of the Immortal Vampires don’t have a deep hatred for the Fane of Death. Why should they listen to his call? Besides, with Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation, he’s far from being able to command the entire Immortal Vampires.”

...

...

Yan Zhexian stood in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and didn’t reveal herself for the time being. However, she was shocked by the surrounding atmosphere. She didn’t expect this matter to develop to such an extent. It practically blew up the entire Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Suddenly, she regretted promising Zhang Ruochen.

Even if she, the eldest daughter of the Yanluo clan, went with him, she probably wouldn’t be able to suppress the anger of the cultivators of the Fane of Death.

Whoosh

The array of inscriptions lit up at the Mountain Gate of the Rotkins sacred ground. From the center, a 30-foot-wide door appeared.

A dozen Supreme Saints walked out with the Rotkins Emperor leading the group.

Their bodies were all wrapped in black robes with faces that couldn’t be seen clearly, and they all radiated a cold, rotten power.

There weren’t many pleasantries to exchange. The Rotkins Emperor said, “Supreme Saint Ruochen, please come in.”

Zhang Ruochen stood outside the palace gate of Sevenstar Imperial Palace and looked down. He shook his head and said, "The Emperor hasn't even asked me why I want to visit the Rotkins. Why did he invite me in then? Is there an ambush inside?"

The Rotkins Emperor is aware of his bitterness. He knew that once Zhang Ruochen entered Devonian, he would definitely die.

If Zhang Ruochen died in Devonian, it would be strange if the Xue Jue Family didn't destroy the Rotkins.

But what could he do?

The Rotkins were attached to the Fane of Death after all. They could only do as they were told.

"Why have you come, Supreme Saint Ruochen?" The Rotkins Emperor asked patiently.

"To apologize, of course."

Zhang Ruochen snapped his fingers. Zhen Nu, Zhen Sha, Zhen Tan, Zhen Wang, and Zhen Se walked out one after another. Each of them carried two big gleaming copper chests and placed them on the ground under Sikong the Elder's command.

The ten chests were opened, and dazzling divine light poured out.

They were ten chests filled to the brim with Godstones. There were 3,000 of them in total.

As royalty, he wasn't scared by 3,000 Godstones.

The Rotkins Emperor only glanced at them. His gaze fell on the five monks opposite him. He sneered in his heart, "You're here to apologize? No matter how I look at it, you're here to stir up trouble."

After seeing the five Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints from the Fane of Death become cultivators, the Fane of Death's Supreme Saints were filled with righteous anger. They couldn't sit still in the sacred ground anymore and flew out.

Ji originally roared, “Zhang Ruochen, if you want to apologize, hand over all your Supreme Artifacts first and then kowtow step by step into the Rotkins sacred ground. Maybe the Fane of Death will spare your life.”

The Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death assume poses surrounding the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. They released their Saint Aura and wanted to tear Zhang Ruochen into pieces.

The atmosphere instantly became tense and murderous.

With just a single fuse, an unstoppable massacre would burst forth.

The powerful Saint Aura suffocated the onlooking cultivators of the various races. They were even more nervous than Zhang Ruochen, who was in the storm’s center.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Brother Yuan, you misunderstood. I’m not here to apologize to the Fane of Death but to the Rotkins.”

While everyone was confused, Zhang Ruochen continued, “I heard that when I entered the Royal City of Hundred Clans, all the clans in the city sent cultivators to invite me and pay me a visit. However, I was at a critical moment of cultivation during that time, so I couldn’t help but neglect the emissaries of the clans. I felt guilty for that, so I planned to apologize to them individually.”

“As for you from the Fane of Death, didn’t we agree last time that we would settle our feud with one battle? Aren’t you all a little forgetful?”

The Emperor of the Rotkins said, “I’m afraid you’ve misunderstood. No monk from the Rotkins has come to visit you, and no cultivator has invited you.”

Hearing this, the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death revealed mocking smiles.

“Is that so?”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t feel embarrassed at all, and he said, “Well, in that case, let’s talk about another thing, I want to cultivate the Heaven Sword Soul in the Hundred-Shackle

Realm, but I know it's difficult. The main reason is that I lack cultivation resources. I wonder whether the Rotkins have any treasures to help cultivators improve their Saint Souls or Precepts of Swordsmanship? If so, I would like to buy some."

"No."

The Rotkins Emperor directly refused him.

What joke is he making? The Rotkins are attached to the Fane of Death. You, Zhang Ruochen trying to buy cultivation resources, and you came to the Rotkins. Aren't you asking for trouble?

You are simply asking to be humiliated.

The Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death were happy to see Zhang Ruochen's idiotic look, so they were not in a hurry to make a move.

Zhang Ruochen asked again, "Is there really none? For example, such as the Stellar Soul of God, the Pill of Nether-Soul, the Pill of the Saint Soul, and the Divine Sword-Lacquer..."

"No, there is nothing. The Rotkins has none of anything that you might have wanted." The Rotkins Emperor gradually became more confident and said arrogantly, "However, the Rotkins doesn't mind taking the ten boxes of Godstones that Supreme Saint Ruochen has brought over."

Laughter broke out.

Zhang Ruochen nodded thoughtfully and said, "Well, I haven't really thought about taking the ten boxes of Godstones back. Now, let's talk about the third thing!"

Suddenly, a bloody light burst out of Zhang Ruochen's body.

A divine cloud of bloody sea appeared around him, and a pair of huge blood-red wings burst out of his back.

"It's... It's the Wargod Belt."

"That's right; it's indeed the Wargod Belt of the Immortal Vampires. Only the thirteen Wargods of the Immortal

Vampires are qualified to wear it, which symbolizes supreme honor.”

“Wearing the Wargod Belt is like a Wargod personally arriving. When those from the Immortal Vampires see it, they should kneel and worship it. They should listen to given orders, and none of them could dare to disobey.”

...

All the Immortal Vampires present hesitated, not knowing whether they should kneel and worship it or not.

If one of the thirteen Wargods had come, they wouldn't hesitate. But the one wearing the Wargod Belt was Zhang Ruochen. He was only a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint.

Yuan Benji sneered when he saw the Immortal Vampires' reactions. It was ridiculous for Zhang Ruochen to think he could command the Immortal Vampires with just the Wargod Belt.

He was far inferior in both prestige and strength.

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Ancient Abyssal Blade and pointed it at the Rotkins Emperor, saying, “Today, I challenge the Rotkins in the name of the future Wargod of the Immortal Vampires. I want to be invincible in the current realm and the next. Whom under the sky can defeat me? Is there any in the strongest Hundred-Shackle Realm or Thousand-Koan Realm belonging to the Rotkins that dare to accept this challenge from me? If there is no one with the guts to fight me, any cultivator from the Rotkins that saw me from now on will have to retreat 30,000 miles away.”

Not a sound came from the surroundings.

None of the cultivators knew what Zhang Ruochen was trying to do! Some even thought that he might have met a problem with his cultivation and went insane.

“Why does his words sound so familiar?” A cultivator of the Immortal Vampires muttered to himself.

An older Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint beside him exclaimed, “I remember now. This is what Wargod Bloodximius said when he challenged all the cultivators of the Celestial Court.”

“The original words are: Today, I challenge the Celestial Court in the name of the future Wargod of the Immortal Vampires. I want to be invincible in the same realm and also in the next realm. Is there anyone in the Celestial Court who can defeat me?”

“This sentence has been carved on the divine column of the Fane of War in the Fane of Immortality. It is called the oath to conquer the world.”

The clamors became louder and louder.

Even after more than 100,000 years, there were still cultivators who remembered the heroic deeds of the Wargod Bloodximius. He challenged all the cultivators in the world by himself.

“It is said that the lord of the Fane of Death and an extremely old Wargod personally led Wargod Bloodximius, who was in the Hundred-Shackle Realm during that time, to the most famous battlefield of the fallen deities, at the edge of the Apeiron Sea. He shouted these words at the allied army of the Celestial Court across the divine sea.”

“On the first day, the Celestial Court sent 57 Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm to battle, but they were all defeated and killed by Wargod Bloodximius.”

“On the second day, the Celestial Court finally accepted the fact that no one in the same realm as the Wargod Bloodximius was a match for him. Hence, they sent cultivators of a higher realm than Wargod Bloodximius to battle. The top elites of the Celestial Court in the Thousand-Koan Realm attacked one after another.”

“Unfortunately, all of them were defeated three days in a row.”

“Even among the Thousand-Koan Realm, no one could fight against Wargod Bloodximius. In fact, none of them managed to escape alive.”

“You must know that these unrivaled talents at the Hundred-Shackle Realm and Thousand-Koan Realm are all seeds of deities in the Celestial Court. After Wargod Bloodximius killed so many of them, the Celestial Court suffered heavy losses.”

“The moral of the Heavenly Court’s myriad worlds has been dealt a terrible blow.” Many of the Heavenly Court’s deities were furious. They offered bounties to the myriad worlds. Anyone in the Thousand-Koan Realm who could defeat Wargod Bloodximius would be rewarded by the gods.”

“Finally, on the fifth day, Huang Tian appeared. His cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was on par with Wargod Bloodximius. After nine battles in nine days, it was still difficult to determine the victor, which helped the Celestial Court’s army regain their morale.”

“However, what the Wargod Bloodximius did in the past, still became a legend. It became the dream of the young cultivators in the Infernal Court.”

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen had shouted similar words. Could it be that he wanted to walk the same path that the Wargod Bloodximius had walked before?

Using the warring oath, he forced the Rotkins to accept the battle.

Chapter 2561: Martial Senior Sister-in-law

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Zhang Ruochen said grandly, “You can have these ten boxes of Godstones if you want them. Let the strongest Rotkins in the Hundred-Shackle Realm or the Thousand-Koan Realm collect them. If they can defeat me, they can take them all.”

Yan Zhexian stood in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and looked at Zhang Ruochen’s domineering back. He felt a little absent-minded.

This guy had been gentle and meek before, but how had he become so fierce and aggressive within a short span of time? Who in the world didn’t know Zhang Ruochen’s strength?

Had he become schizophrenic?

Both Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi, who had planned to escape to the Fane of Death camp, were also shocked. At this moment, Zhang Ruochen’s killing intent had soared to the sky as if he had changed into a different person. They couldn’t decide at that moment.

The Rotkins Emperor was stunned for a moment. Then he laughed out loud. “What a great title for a future Wargod. The warring oath is also declared out loud enough. But why should the Rotkins accept the challenge?”

The Rotkins Emperor’s move may seem weak, but it was very effective.

If they sent out the strongest of the Rotkins’s Hundred-Shackle Realm and Thousand-Koan Realm, and Zhang Ruochen then

killed those, it would be a considerable loss. After all, there were only dozens of Supreme Saints in the entire Rotkins.

Zhang Ruochen patted the Wargod Belt, “I brought the Immortal Vampires’ Wargod Belt here,” he said. “I now represent the entire Immortal Vampires, and I challenge you in the name of Wargods. Do the Rotkins want to look down on the Immortal Vampires, the Fane of Immortality or do they care not even about the 13 Immortal Vampires’ Wargods?”

Zhang Ruochen’s every word was like a sharp sword, piercing the weakest part of the Rotkins Emperor’s heart.

He finally understood that if the Rotkins didn’t accept the challenge today, they would offend the entire Immortal Vampires. The other 12 successors of the Wargods might even harbor evil thoughts towards the Rotkins.

Although the Immortal Vampires present felt that Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation wasn’t enough to command the entire Immortal Vampires, they respected the Wargod Belt and regarded it with extreme conviction.

Therefore, they all had unpleasant looks in their eyes.

The Rotkins are just a small clan. You dare to reject my challenge with a Wargod’s Belt to you and disrespect me?

A broad-shouldered and burly figure charged out of the crowd with a bloody murderous aura around him and roared, “Those who wear the Wargod Belt are like the Wargod himself. It is your greatest honor for a Wargod of the Immortal Vampires to challenge you. If you don’t accept the challenge, you are humiliating the Wargod. For those who humiliate the Wargod, we Immortal Vampires would attack together as one.”

“Those who humiliate the Wargod, we will attack together as one.”

“Those who humiliate the Wargod, we will attack together as one.”

...

All the Immortal Vampires present roared in unison.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the burly Immortal Vampire cultivator. He was slightly surprised that it was Xue Tu.

Xue Tu turned around and bowed to Zhang Ruochen, who was standing on the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, “How dare the Rotkins be disrespectful to the Wargod?” he continued. “Your junior can’t take it anymore. Senior, why don’t you take out the Destiny Token and challenge them in the name of the twelve Reverends of the Fane of Destiny. I’d like to see if the Rotkins do not even care about the Fane of Destiny.”

The Rotkins Emperor was shocked. He didn’t expect the Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint to be even more ruthless than Zhang Ruochen. Was he trying to wipe out the Rotkins?

A loud voice came from the mountain gate of the Rotkins sacred ground. “You’re the Scion of the Immortal Vampires. How can you bully a small clan? How about I challenge the Supreme Saint Ruochen instead? I wonder if you would accept my challenge.”

Nan Sheng and Hai Ke walked out from the array gate of light.

It was Nan Sheng who had spoken.

The Rotkins Emperor let out a long sigh of relief and retreated to the side.

Xue Tu’s expression changed drastically when he saw these two. He was filled with regret. He wouldn’t have shown himself if he had known they would come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

Not only would he not be able to gain anything from Zhang Ruochen, but he might also have to die here today.

But it was too late to have regrets!

Now, he had to persevere even if he had to bite the bullet.

Boom

All the cultivators in the surroundings burst into chaos.

“Nan Sheng actually came to the Royal City of Hundred Clans. He is the direct disciple of the Seven Elders, a figure from the South-Haven.”

“Hai Ke has a divine body. When he was in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he could defeat a Supreme Saint at the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm. After so many years, his cultivation has surely reached a terrifying level.”

“Zhang Ruochen has messed up this time. There is a big chance that he might die today.”

“Even if Nan Sheng and Hai Ke kill Zhang Ruochen, no one will dare to say anything. Don’t tell me that the deities of the Xue Jue Family dare to attack Apeiron Sea and South-Haven?”

...

All the Immortal Vampires present sighed. There are even some that blamed Zhang Ruochen.

If Zhang Ruochen were killed by Nan Sheng and Hai Ke while wearing the Wargod Belt, it would be a disgrace to the entire Immortal Vampires.

The cultivators of the Fane of Death and the Rotkins all smiled mockingly.

“Let’s see how Zhang Ruochen ends up.”

“It is best for him to run. In any case, he’s still a Master of Time and Space and should be very good at running for his life.”

“We’re surrounded by the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death. How can we run?”

“If I were Zhang Ruochen, I would immediately self-detonate my Sainthood Source since I’ve made a fatal mistake and could at least die a heroic death. Otherwise, there is a chance of being humiliated after one has been captured by Nan Sheng and Hai Ke. Not only would he be disrespected, but the entire Immortal Vampires would also be affected.”

...

Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi were overjoyed. They looked at each other and rushed toward Nan Sheng and Hai Ke.

They could finally escape!

Swoosh

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen made a decisive move and slashed twice.

The razor-sharp sword flew out and chopped off their legs.

Their legs stayed where they were, but the upper bodies flew forward and fell to the ground. The torsos thrashed around and bled profusely.

Half of Que Shenzi and Tian Shuzi's bodies lay on the ground, staring at Zhang Ruochen in a daze. You've changed, Zhang Ruochen! You've changed! You've really changed!

You used to say that you wanted to resolve your grudges and were extremely kind and friendly. How could you suddenly become so cold-blooded and heartless?

All these years of referring to you as "Ancestral Master" had been in vain!

Zhang Ruochen's tone was cold. "Xue Tu, their legs are yours. If they dare to run again, kill them! They're really stubborn."

Xue Tu was delighted. He stared at the four legs on the ground with fevered eyes.

The legs were filled with the fresh blood of Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints. It was an irresistible temptation for the Immortal Vampires. Their cultivation could increase by a large margin by consuming the blood.

"You're courting death."

Hai Ke roared. Blinding divine light surged out of his body. He flew up like a blazing sun.

Dense Precepts surged out of the divine light. There were nine trillion Precepts, more than 90% of all Paramount Realm Supreme Saints. Only Demigods had more Precepts than him.

But he was still in the Banshi Isshou Realm. He hadn't formed a Paramount physique.

In other words, he could be called a Demigod once he broke through.

Hai Ke's fist was as big as a water tank. It was earth-shattering. The force it emitted sent Tian Shuzi, Que Shenzi, and Xue Tu flying like falling leaves.

Fei Zhong's puppet rushed out behind Zhang Ruochen. It wielded a battle ax and swung it at Hai Ke.

Boom

Fei Zhong's puppet's battle strength was close to that of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. Even Tian Shuzi, who had cultivated five trillion Precepts, could only fight with it to a draw.

However, before Fei Zhong's puppet's battle ax could get close to Hai Ke's fist, its arm exploded with a crackling sound.

Bang

Fei Zhong's broken puppet body and the ax flew back and smashed heavily on the steps of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Hai Ke laughed loudly. The power of his fist did not decrease as it struck Zhang Ruochen, who was standing upright.

Zhang Ruochen's hair and clothes were blown back by the wind of the fist. Suddenly, purple vines alight with thunderflame unfurled out from his back.

Hundreds and thousands of purple vines twisted together to form a palm print that was bigger than Zhang Ruochen's body.

Boom

The fist and palm collided.

The palm print of the vines exploded and turned into broken branches and leaves.

Hai Ke flew back. After landing on the ground, he took three steps back to stabilize himself. He stared at Zhang Ruochen, who was still standing in front of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace in surprise, and asked, "Has your Saint Devourer reached the Paramount Realm?"

Hai Ke was arrogant, but he wasn't blind and arrogant. He had checked Zhang Ruochen's background information beforehand.

The Saint Devourer's voice rang in Zhang Ruochen's ears. "Master, this person is powerful. I'm no match for him."

Zhang Ruochen didn't change his expression. He nodded slightly.

The corner of Xue Tu's mouth had bloody scars. Seeing that Hai Ke had been pushed back, he was overjoyed. He rushed to the bottom of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace again and laughed. "It seems that one look is worth a thousand words. The famous Hai Ke can't even defeat a plant my senior had raised."

Killing intent surged in Hai Ke's eyes, and he was so angry that he laughed out loud. "Haha! So what if it was a Saint Devourer of the Paramount Realm? I was just testing it out with a punch. Now, I officially challenge you. Zhang Ruochen, do you dare to accept? It doesn't matter who wins or loses; there's only life and death."

Xue Tu laughed again. "I've never heard of cultivators with low cultivation challenging cultivators with high cultivation. For cultivators at two realms higher challenging cultivators with lower realms. "Hai Ke, you've lost all the respect of the Apeiron Sea !"

Hai Ke glared at him coldly.

"Senior, save me," Xue Tu said.

Zhang Ruochen swiped his finger and opened the Sevenstar Imperial Palace's Defensive Array to let him in.

Xue Tu stood on the steps of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He felt much safer and called out to Hai Ke again, "What would the lord guarding the Apeiron Sea think if he knew that his disciple was so weak? If I were you, I would challenge the top figures of the Paramount Realm and fight them to the death, such as Wuma Jiuxing, Yuan Qianmo, and Ji Fanxin."

Hai Ke was so angry that his entire body was trembling. He bared his sharp fangs and ordered with a hideous smile, "Let's attack together and break through the Sevenstar Imperial Palace's defensive formation. Kill that talkative Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint first, and then kill Zhang Ruochen."

The Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death all summoned their sacred artifact and unleashed waves of destructive power.

The cultivators who were watching the battle nearby retreated farther away.

If this wave of attacks landed, all the cultivators in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace would be scared out of their wits, let alone it breaking through the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Zhang Ruochen had finally caused his own demise.

Xue Tu looked at the sacred artifacts rising one by one. His back felt cold, and he turned to look at Zhang Ruochen. He wanted to ask, "Senior, should we run?"

However, he could not open his mouth. He did not say a word.

Zhang Ruochen did not seem to have prepared any trump cards. He just stood there as if he was waiting to die.

Just as Xue Tu was severely regretting his decision, a beautiful figure walked out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Her white robe fluttered in the wind. She was gorgeous and spoke to all the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death, "The legendary Hai Ke and Nan Sheng disappointed us immeasurably. Does the Fane of Death not even have a decent cultivator to send?"

Nan Sheng saw Yan Zhexian standing beside Zhang Ruochen and was slightly shocked. He immediately sent a voice transmission to stop the Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death who were preparing to attack.

What a joke. Zhang Ruochen could kill as he liked, but if Yan Zhexian also died in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, the matter would be blown up! Even if he escaped back to the South-Haven, he would not be able to avoid trouble.

Xue Tu, who was initially feeling numb and even a little desperate, saw Yan Zhexian, and the worry in his heart was swept away. He quickly cupped his fists together and smiled, "So you are here too, my sister-in-law. What you said is true; the Fane of Death has indeed done a disgrace. A Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint challenging a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, the Immortal Vampires, and the Yanluo clan has never been such a joke."

“Aiya, you are pregnant. What if these Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death acted too heavily and caused you to be sick? What should we do then? Who can shoulder this responsibility?”

Xue Tu kept calling her “Sister-in-law,” which made Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger standing not far away to stare at each other. When Scion Xue Tu led the army to attack the Sword Vault in Kunlun... why didn't they see that he was such an intelligent guy?

“Amitabha!”

“Amitabha!”

The two monks closed their eyes and chanted the name of Buddha.

Hai Ke and Nan Sheng's faces turned grave. The cultivators of the Rotkins, including the other Supreme Saints of the Death God Hall, could ignore their reputation, but the two of them couldn't.

Yan Zhexian's appearance caught them off guard.

It seemed impossible to kill Zhang Ruochen with lightning speed!

Yan Zhexian said, “Zhang Ruochen is challenging the Rotkins. I absolutely have no objection if the Fane of Death wants to stand up for the Rotkins and send out the Hundred-Shackle Realm and the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints.

“However, if Nan Sheng and Hai Ke make a move, can I go and find a second uncle to challenge you?”

“Yes!”

Xue Tu roared and said with a smile.

He had never dreamed that his senior would be so powerful. He had even taken down the eldest daughter of the Yanluo clan. What was there to be afraid of? It might be more beneficial to curry favor with the eldest daughter of the Yanluo clan than to curry favor with his seniors.

Nan Sheng and Hai Ke communicated with each other telepathically. Ultimately, they decided not to fight head-on

with the Yanluo clan. It wasn't too late to find a chance to kill Zhang Ruochen after they left the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

...

Chapter 2562: I am not a Bully

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

“It seems that the young lady of the Yanluo clan has changed her mind. She has completely fallen into Zhang Ruochen’s arms. Yuan Qianmo is indeed miserable.”

“He already has a child. What’s done cannot be undone. Humph, Zhang Ruochen’s luck with women is so good that it makes people envious. Now, he has the support of both Devala and the Yanluo clan.”

“Don’t worry. The more you get, the more people will hate you. Such a person won’t be able to live for long. Marriage is just an unorthodox method. The path itself depends on one’s own strength.”

Nan Sheng and Hai Ke exchanged a few words of pleasantries. Then they turned around and entered Devonian. They left this place to the leader of the Rotkins.

What could the Rotkins clan leader do? Did he have to wait for Zhang Ruochen to take out the Destiny Token before surrendering?

Zhang Ruochen’s challenge was fake. His real motive was to kill to vent out his anger.

The Rotkins Clan Emperor found an old Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint who didn’t have much time left to live and asked him to accept Zhang Ruochen’s challenge. If he died at Zhang Ruochen’s hands, his clan members would receive all kinds of benefits.

The old Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint said, “Clan Emperor, you don’t have to say anything. Zhang Ruochen has gone too far. I will accept his challenge even if you don’t come to me. Otherwise, the cultivators all over the world will think that the Rotkins are cowards. I don’t have more than a hundred years left anyway. If worst comes to worst, I’ll just self-detonate my Sainthood Source and die with him.”

Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power was strong. He heard their discussion clearly, “Xu Ze Supreme Saint is undoubtedly an elder,” he said. “He should stay in the clan to rest and die at an old age. The Clan Emperor had sent him to fight. He wasn’t afraid of turning the cultivators’ hearts cold. I heard that there’s a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint in the Rotkins. His name is Huo Li, and he can be considered a powerful figure. Let him come out and fight with me.”

“Zhang Ruochen, don’t even think about it!”

The Rotkins Emperor roared and suddenly stepped out. His corrosive killing intent turned into a fierce hurricane.

Huo Li had fused with Grade Five Saintwill. He was a hero who would be qualified to become a TrueGod in the future. There was only one God Candidate like this in the entire Rotkins. It represented the Rotkins’ hope for the future.

If anything happened to him, the Rotkins would have to wait many years before they could give birth to another God Candidate.

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t afraid of the Emperor’s Saint Aura at all. He used the sound wave Saint Techniques, saying. “Huo Li, come out and fight with me. Don’t let an elder about to die sacrifice himself in your place. You should know that if you’re too weak to fight with me today, you won’t dare to face the Divine Tribulation even if you’ve reached the Paramount Realm in the future. What’s the difference between living like this and dying?”

Swoosh

A streak of blinding fire flew out of the Rotkins sacred ground and landed below the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Huo Li wasn't a human-shaped cultivator. His body was like a giant lizard, and he said in a deep voice, "Zhang Ruochen, you don't have to provoke me with words. Based on your previous humiliation and belittlement of the Rotkins, I will fight to the death with you today."

The Rotkins emperor advised, "Don't be fooled by him."

"Clan Emperor, although Zhang Ruochen is hateful, he is right about one thing. If I don't fight today, it will be difficult for me to break through the mental barrier and reach the Banshi Isshou Realm, let alone achieve divinity."

"Fight! Fight for the dignity of the Rotkins."

"Fight! Fight to avenge the shame."

"Fight! Fight for yourself!"

He shouted three words in a row.

After shouting the first battle cry, Huo Li ignited the Saint Blood in his body.

After shouting the second battle cry, Huo Li burned his lifespan crazily.

After shouting the battle cry, the Sainthood Source in Huo Li's body burst into flames.

Every time he shouted a battle cry, the energy fluctuation within his body would double. After shouting the third battle cry, Huo Li's condition had reached an unprecedented peak. He could even self-destruct his Sainthood Source with just a thought.

"As expected of Huo Li. He is indeed the pride of the Rotkins. To be able to fuse with Grade Five Saintwill as a God Candidate is extraordinary."

"Zhang Ruochen has gone too far this time. He might fail miserably."

...

As everyone was discussing, Zhang Ruochen, who had flown out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, slashed down with his

sword. He clashed with Huo Li, who had used the divine flame Saint Technique.

Puff

Huo Li's Neverwithers physique was split into two.

His corpse fell to the ground.

Zhang Ruochen had returned to the Sevenstar Imperial Palace without anyone noticing. He wiped the blood off the Ancient Abyssal Blade and said, "Let's Go! Next stop, we'll challenge the Sengens. No, we'll go to the Sengens instead to apologize."

The 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords lifted the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and left.

Xue Tu stared at the two halves of Huo Li's corpse and licked his lips. But when he saw the Rotkins Emperor rush over to it with murderous intent, he suppressed his agitation and could only sigh. "What a waste! There's so much good blood."

Outside Devonian, countless spectators were still stunned.

One sword blow!

With just one blow from his sword, Zhang Ruochen had killed the only God Candidate of the Rotkins. Huo Li didn't even have the chance to self-detonate his Sainthood Source.

The young man was still too impulsive!

It wasn't wrong to admit defeat in front of absolute power.

Some people were amazed by Zhang Ruochen's Swordsmanship, some sympathized with the Rotkins, and some envied Zhang Ruochen for being favored by the eldest daughter of the Yanluo clan. In short, they had many mixed feelings, and even their thoughts of discussion had faded away.

"Did you hear what Zhang Ruochen said just now? Challenging the Sengens?"

"No, he said he was going to the Sengens to apologize."

"Let's go. No matter what Zhang Ruochen will do, we can't miss this show."

...

A group of cultivators followed behind Sevenstar Imperial Palace and swarmed toward the Sengens.

The Sengens cultivators hurriedly rushed back to their sacred ground and reported the terrible bad news to the clan Emperor.

The Sengens's sacred ground wasn't far from the Rotkins sacred ground. So Zhang Ruochen arrived in an instant.

The Sengens's Emperor, Princess Xue Lai, and the Supreme Saints were already waiting outside the mountain gate.

Their expressions were grave and anxious, especially Princess Xue Lai's. She wondered if Zhang Ruochen was jealous of her when she drove Tian Shuzi to deal with Zhang Ruochen. Maybe that was why he chose the Sengens as his second target.

In Ghostwood Manor, she felt that Zhang Ruochen was very much prejudiced against her.

If she had known that Zhang Ruochen was a vengeful person, she wouldn't have gotten involved in the first place.

It was a fight between immortals and mere mortals that suffered the most.

The Sevenstar Imperial Palace arrived at the Sengens sacred ground. It stopped slowly. Ten boxes of Godstones were lifted up again. They opened one by one, and divine light shone for thousands of feet.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the palace and said, "I pay my respects to the Clan Emperor. There are three things that I came for to pay a visit to the Sengens."

"The first is the day I entered the city. Princess Xue Lai once invited me to visit the Sengens, but I was at a critical moment of cultivation and couldn't respond immediately. I heard that Princess Xue Lai and the Sengens held a grudge against me because of this. That should not have happened, so this visit is to resolve the conflict and misunderstanding between the two sides."

“As expected, I have offended Zhang Ruochen. He is targeting me.” Princess Xue Lai looked at the Clan Emperor’s mother. She wanted to take the blame by herself without implicating the entire Sengens.

The Sengens clan emperor stopped her. He took a dozen steps forward, “Saint Ruochen, you don’t have to be so polite. Actually, the Sengens and Xue Lai have never held a grudge against you. On the contrary, Xue Lai has mentioned you many times in front of me. She claims that you’re a genius and admires you exceedingly.”

Xue Tu said, “If that’s the case, let Princess Xue Lai marry my senior. I won’t argue with you over that matter anymore!”

Zhang Ruochen glared at him, scaring Xue Tu into silence.

Zhang Ruochen bowed to the Sengens Emperor and said humbly, “So it’s really a misunderstanding. I feel much better now! The Emperor must accept these ten boxes of Godstones as my apology.”

The Emperor shook his head quickly and said gently, “Since it’s a misunderstanding, how can there be compensation as an apology?”

Zhang Ruochen laughed. “The Emperor is right. In that case, let’s talk about the second thing. I want to cultivate the Heaven Sword Soul at the Hundred-Shackle Realm...”

Then Zhang Ruochen told him about the cultivation resources he wanted to buy.

Although the Emperor had been mentally prepared, his noble and elegant face still turned cold.

The cultivation resources Zhang Ruochen wanted were treasures of the clan. They were used to cultivate the God Candidates. How could he sell them so easily?

They were said to be for sale, but who dares to accept Zhang Ruochen’s Godstones?

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Do the Sengens have none at all?”

Just as the Sengens emperor was struck speechless, he heard a voice transmission from the Wulvers Emperor. “Sell the

resources to Zhang Ruochen. You can keep the God Candidate alive that way.”

The Sengens Emperor’s thoughts became clear. He suddenly understood everything.

So this was the reason why Zhang Ruochen had made such a big show of apologizing to the other races and showing off his power in the Rotkins.

If he could use some cultivation resources in exchange for the life of the God Candidates in the clan, it would be acceptable.

“The Sengens still has some of the cultivation resources that Supreme Saint Ruochen wants.”

The Emperor immediately sent someone to bring three bottles of Divine Sword-Lacquer.

Zhang Ruochen was overjoyed and said, “Three bottles of the Divine Sword-Lacquer are worth 900 Godstones.”

“These three bottles of the Divine Sword-Lacquer are a gift to Supreme Saint Ruochen. I won’t accept a single divine stone.” The Emperor of the Sengens quickly rejected the offer, afraid that the Godstones would be related to him.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression became serious. “I am truly here to buy cultivation resources. If the Emperor doesn’t accept the Godstones, won’t everyone think that I’m bullying others?”

The voice of the Wulvers Emperor rang out again, “It’s best to accept Zhang Ruochen’s Godstones. You have to accept all of them in order to protect the God Candidate of the clan. Three bottles of Divine Sword-Lacquer can only save your life, but not your cultivation.”

The Sengens didn’t know where the Wulvers Emperor was, but he guessed that Zhang Ruochen must have gone to the Wulvers before he went to the Rotkins.

The Wulvers were very rich. They had sold Zhang Ruochen 3,000 Godstones of cultivation resources, so they had kept the God Candidate of their clan alive.

That should be it!

If Zhang Ruochen was willing to pay 3,000 Godstones to take out those cultivation resources, it seemed that the Sengens didn't have much to lose.

The Sengens emperor thanked the Wulvers Emperor and said quickly, "Actually, the Sengens still has some Divine Sword-Lacquer. I'll send someone to get them all."

"Thank you, Clan Emperor." Zhang Ruochen bowed again.

Just like that, Zhang Ruochen spent 3,000 Godstones buying ten bottles of Divine Sword-Lacquer from the Sengens.

Back then, he had searched all the saint shops and chambers of commerce in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, but he could only buy half a bottle.

The third thing was to challenge the most powerful Hundred-Shackle Realm and Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints of the Sengens.

Zhang Ruochen used one move each to defeat them. He left ten boxes of Godstones and returned to the Sevenstar Imperial Palace to apologize to the next small clan. Before he left, he didn't forget to ask Princess Xue Lai if she hated him.

Princess Xue Lai naturally smiled sweetly back. She proclaimed that Scion Ruochen was the one she admired the most and was also the best friend of the Sengens.

Chapter 2563: The Arrival of Celestial Court's gods

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Zhang Ruochen visited the Rotkins and the Sengens one after another. His way of doing things was completely different. Suddenly, the fearful clans finally understood his intentions.

Zhang Ruochen was here only to buy cultivation resources. Why did he have to make it so scary?

In the next few days, whenever Zhang Ruochen visited a clan, the Clan Emperor would already prepare 3,000 Godstones worth of cultivation resources in advance. The two sides completed the challenge in a friendly and happy atmosphere.

In addition, Scion Ruochen and the eldest daughter of Yanluo clan also visited one place after another under the envious gazes of various clans' cultivators. It could be said that everyone was jealous of the lovebirds, not of immortality.

Later, some most powerful Thousand-Koan Realm elites in some small clans took the initiative to bring cultivation resources and came to visit Zhang Ruochen, which saved Zhang Ruochen a lot of time.

The storm that shook the Royal City of Hundreds Clan gradually subsided.

Zhang Ruochen spent his Godstones like running water. In the end, he sold the imitation of The Divine Book of Light to Yan Yu. Only after he received many Godstones did he fill the hole.

Although the Divine Book of Light was an imitation, there was a Supreme Inscription inside. It was of great research

value. Yan Yu bought it for 400,000 Godstones in his own name.

Its value was even higher than the Wheel of the Nether Sun, a Class Seven Regal Artifact.

Zhang Ruochen naturally did not ask why Yan Yu bought the Divine Book of Light when he cultivated Path of Darkness.

After collecting the resources, Zhang Ruochen no longer paid attention to the messy secular affairs. He opened Sundial and went into seclusion to practice.

For some reason, the news that Zhang Ruochen wanted to condense Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill spread like wildfire in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. Ultimately, it became a huge sensation, and everyone knew about it.

It wasn't that someone had leaked the news. In the beginning, it was just speculation.

After all, Zhang Ruochen had spent so many Godstones to turn Royal City of Hundred Clan upside down just to cultivate Heaven Sword Soul in Hundred-Shackle Realm. It was too much of a fuss.

Couldn't he cultivate Heaven Sword Soul after reaching Thousand-Koan Realm and Banshi Isshou Realm?

Why did he have to pay such a high price to cultivate it in Hundred-Shackle Realm?

When one thought of Zhang Ruochen's Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, the news that Zhang Ruochen wanted to rewrite the universe's history and condense a Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill spread with the help of some cultivators!

"Zhang Ruochen is known as a Yuanhui level genius and the third Master of Time and Space since ancient times. There are high possibilities for him to break the limits of heavenly and earthly precepts and become the first cultivator to cultivate a single Path of Saintwill to Grade Three."

"Zhang Ruochen is blessed with exceptional conditions. It is already certain that he can condense a Grade Three

Swordsmanship Saintwill.”

“Zhang Ruochen is the main character of this Yuanhui period. Other so-called geniuses are not even worthy to carry his shoes.”

...

More and more cultivators added fuel to the fire.

Of course, they did not believe that Zhang Ruochen could condense Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill. They just wanted to hold him up high.

The higher they held him up, the harder he would fall.

In the Rotkins’ sacred ground, Yuan Benji had been sneering. “That’s right. Continue to spread the news. Let the cultivators of myriad realms of Celestial Court and the ten clans of Infernal Court know that Zhang Ruochen swore in the name of Wargod Bloodximius to condense Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill in Hundred-Shackle Realm.

“If he can’t condense it in 100 years, he’ll cultivate in Hundred-Shackle Realm for an extra 100 years. If he can’t condense it in 10,000 years, he’ll cultivate in Hundred-Shackle Realm for another 10,000 years.”

“Isn’t it bad to mention the name of Wargod?” the Rotkins’ cultivator said worriedly while kneeling on one knee.

“What’s there to be afraid of? Wargod Bloodximius is a proud and arrogant person. How could he find trouble with a nobody like you?”

After the Rotkins’ cultivator left, a smirk appeared on his face. Even if it was just a rumor, as long as it spread widely enough, everyone would believe it was true.

At that time, if Zhang Ruochen couldn’t condense Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill, how could he have the nerve to break through to Thousand-Koan Realm?

Hai Ke swallowed 800 infants and wiped the blood from his mouth. He laughed ferociously. “Your move is malicious!

Under divinity, there were only a few cultivators who could condense Heaven Sword Soul.

“Zhang Ruochen probably just wanted to try cultivating Heaven Sword Soul. He didn’t have much hope at all. If he couldn’t cultivate Heaven Sword Soul after being forced by you, how could he appear in Infernal Court again?”

Nan Sheng said, “It’s hazardous to break through Heaven Sword Soul. If anything goes wrong, he’ll lose his cultivation or his soul. Are you trying to force Zhang Ruochen to death?”

“Don’t you think it’s interesting?” Yuan Benji laughed.

“Haha!”

The Supreme Saint of Fane of Death laughed loudly.

All this time, they had never mentioned whether Zhang Ruochen could condense Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill.

That was because there was no need to mention it.

It was absolutely impossible.

After all, cultivators who cultivated Heaven Sword Soul in Hundred-Shackle Realm only existed in legends.

Zhang Ruochen focused on Time and Dimension. It was impossible for him to cultivate Heaven Sword Soul and become a legend of Swordsmanship.

...

Ten days passed.

Because of Light of Origin, more cultivators came to the Royal City of Hundred Clan.

Zhang Ruochen paid no attention to the outside world. He focused on practicing and improving every day.

The strength of his Saint Soul was increasing day by day.

The number of Precepts of Swordsmanship rose to 240 million with difficulty, and it underwent an earth-shaking change.

If the Precepts of Swordsmanship were compared to a thread that could be broken at a single pull. Now, each Precept was

like an indestructible golden needle.

During this time, Fukurokuju came once and sent many cultivation resources.

In the room, Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged. His temperament became more and more fierce. His state of mind was entirely covered by the powerful will of Swordsmanship.

Every strand of hair that floated up was like a peerless sword. It could break through dimensions and create ripples.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen stopped and opened his eyes.

In his eyes, numerous sword shadows shuttled back and forth. They flew out with his gaze.

Bang Bang

A gaze from him was a sword.

The sword flew out and shook the protective array in the room.

This was a sign that he couldn't control the power of Swordsmanship in his body!

Zhang Ruochen quickly used his mighty spiritual power and Saint Soul to control his body's Precepts of Swordsmanship and comprehension. The sword light in his eyes gradually disappeared and returned to clarity.

"The strength of my Precepts of Swordsmanship has already surpassed Lan Yin. However, my Saint Soul is still a little weaker than him. Although I'd refined a lot of Stellar Soul of God and various Saint Soul Pills, ten years of cultivation is still no match for his three Yuanhui period.

"The following step might be even difficult to improve."

Zhang Ruochen thought of Dragon Lord's Dragonic Flame of Origin.

This fire could refine spiritual power, perhaps it could also refine and strengthen the Precepts of Swordsmanship.

Zhang Ruochen understood the principle of gradual progress. He did not continue practicing. Instead, he took out Wordless

Sword Manual in the form of a stone sword, the five volumes of Azure Brush, and read them many times.

Time passed day by day. Zhang Ruochen was utterly immersed in the world of Swordsmanship until Le appeared again.

...

Le was waiting in the yard.

Under the service of Lian Xi, Zhang Ruochen took a bath and put on his makeup. He changed into a spotless white robe. From the beginning to the end, he held Ancient Abyssal Blade in his hand and felt the special connection between man and sword.

Lian Xi helped Zhang Ruochen comb his hair while she stared at the highly handsome face of the man in the mirror.

It must be said that at this moment, Zhang Ruochen was like a white-clothed sword god. He matched the image of every woman's dream lover. He could strike a chord in every lady's heart and was full of charm.

After finishing dressing, Zhang Ruochen suddenly said, "Haven't you always wanted to go back? Today, I will send you away."

Lian Xi was slightly startled. She raised her head and stared at Zhang Ruochen closely.

"If you don't want to go, you can stay," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lian Xi said, "How am I leaving?"

"I have my ways."

Zhang Ruochen took out 12 Sword of Judgment from his Ring of Dimensions and suspended them in the room.

"Merge!"

The 12 swords combined into one, and the sword light was extremely bright.

Zhang Ruochen handed the sword to her, "It doesn't matter if you go back to Celestial Court or Soul Realm. You might not

be able to get the glory that you once had. When combined, this set of Sword of Judgment is a Supreme Artifact that belongs to Fane of Light.

“If you have no other choice, you can take this set of Sword of Judgment and go to Fane of Light. Just say that you stole it from me. If you get the Supreme Artifact back, Fane of Light will take you in and treat you as a hero. After all, no one will believe that I gave you a Supreme Artifact.

“Before you go to Fane of Light, remember to cut off this memory.”

Lian Xi stared at Zhang Ruochen for a long time with her beautiful almond eyes. Then she took the Sword of Judgment and put it away. She bit her lips and felt a subtle feeling in her heart.

What was this feeling?

Was she touched... No, this was what he should have done. He owed it to her.

But why couldn't she feel any hatred when she was about to leave after suffering so many grievances from him?

Zhang Ruochen ignored her and pushed the door open.

Lian Xi suddenly said, “Do you think I will be grateful to you?”

“You still have a little time. You can think about it carefully. If you don't want to leave, you can stay. I, Zhang Ruochen, will never mistreat you.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't turn his head back. He went to the yard and talked with Le in the Spatial Domain.

“The god of the Wulvers told me to tell you that the god of Celestial Realm has come!” Le said.

Zhang Ruochen had expected that something big would happen since Le had come. He was not surprised. “Where are the Gods of Infernal Court? Have they heard the news?”

“Only two gods of Celestial Court have come. They are new gods who have avoided the surveillance of Infernal Court's

gods,” Le said.

It was typical for the gods of Celestial Court to avoid surveillance of the Infernal Court and Kunlun gods.

After all, the gods of Kunlun knew that Celestial Court was about to make a move.

It was very likely that Dragon Lord or Empress of Thousand Bones had personally followed Claflin to Celestial Court and watched his every move.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “It’s impossible for Celestial Court to only send two new gods.”

“Empress thinks so too, so these two new gods should be here to investigate the exact location of Fane of Origin. Once the location is confirmed, the gods of Celestial Court will definitely descend in large numbers. Right now, the gods of Celestial Court don’t dare to make a big fuss.”

Then, Le continued, “This matter is dangerous and of great importance. Dragon Lord said it would be difficult for you to accomplish it yourself. Therefore, a new god of Kunlun will come and help you in secret.”

Chapter 2564: The Butterfly Effect

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Underground of Ghostwood Manor.

Zhang Ruochen sent Lian Xi into the stone door of the seven-story ancient tower.

The door was a dimensional teleportation array. It could reach the dimension of the universe ten billion miles away from the Royal City of Hundred Clans. The Cloaking Array set up by Mandala Goddess was still there, but the Origin Sea of Qi there had been put into Violet Gourd by Ji Fanxin.

This secret passage connected the inside and outside of the Royal City of Hundred Clans. Only a God at the level of Mandala Goddess could set up such a powerful dimensional teleportation array.

It would be pretty safe to leave from here.

Returning from the stone door of the ancient tower, Zhang Ruochen saw Ji Fanxin sitting under the old tree covered with crimson leaves.

“You’re harming her by letting her go,” Ji Fanxin said.

“I’m done with her. Just let her go on her way.”

Zhang Ruochen stood with his sword in his hand. His gaze was indifferent, and his temperament was as cold as an ice mountain that hadn’t melted for thousands of years. “We’re leaving!”

“Are we following your way or mine?” Ji Fanxin knew where to go.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Come with me."

"You really do know the exact location of Fane of Origin."

"I only know one possible location. The exact location depends on you."

Ji Fanxin always felt that the Zhang Ruochen she saw this time was not the same person as the one she saw last time. If it were not for the fact that he and Lian Xi came together with Ancient Abyssal Blade in his hands, she would have thought that the Zhang Ruochen in front of her was an imposter transformed by another cultivator.

"Alright, I'll go with you. Do I need to hide inside your macroworld?" Ji Fanxin asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "You must transform into someone and travel with me with her identity."

"Who?"

"Bai Qing'er."

Ji Fanxin was puzzled. "Why?"

"Two reasons."

"First, even if you hide in my macroworld and go to Fane of Origin, you still need to show yourself. By then, you'll need an identity that you can use in Infernal Court.

"Second, I won't lie to you. My main purpose for this operation is not Fane of Origin but another important matter. If you transform into Bai Qing'er and come with me, I'll owe you a huge favor. In the future, as long as you say a word, I, Zhang Ruochen, will definitely overcome all difficulties, whether it's a mountain of knives, a sea of fire, or 100,000 gods and demons to help you."

Ji Fanxin shook her head, and she sighed. "I didn't realize until now that your biggest change isn't your temperament but your ability to please girls! No wonder the princess of Devala and the eldest daughter of Yanluo Clan fell in love with you."

"So you agreed?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Ji Fanxin smiled and said, “You have to take responsibility for what you said today. I accept your great favor!”

Swoosh!

Zhang Ruochen pointed his finger gently in the air.

Wisps of air gathered and condensed into Bai Qing'er's appearance. It was vivid and lifelike, just like a natural person. Then, the Bai Qing'er formed from the air opened her mouth and spoke with a charming voice.

This fake body wasn't brilliant. It could only fool cultivators in Saint Kingdom.

To fool a Supreme Saint or even a god, Ji Fanxin should be the one who transforms herself. Ji Fanxin's spiritual power was extremely high. Ordinary gods would find it hard to see if it was a real or fake body unless they looked closely.

Ji Fanxin's learning ability was powerful. Soon, she transformed into Bai Qing'er, learning Bai Qing'er's tone and habits.

...

At noon, Zhang Ruochen and the veiled Bai Qing'er appeared in the Royal City of Hundred Clans and headed towards the Yakshas.

The cultivators who had been watching Zhang Ruochen immediately spread the shocking news and reported it to the leaders of the major forces in the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

In the sacred ground of Terra Demon.

Xuan Qingying told the news to the clan emperor.

The clan emperor knew this was unusual and immediately visited Yan Yu.

Yan Yu was a little surprised when he heard it. He said, “When did Bai Qing'er enter the city? Why is there no news at all?”

“I'm not sure! After the House of Enchanters of Hoth was destroyed, this woman disappeared without a trace. All the major forces thought she had been killed by the Heavenly

Retribution Talisman! No one thought she would suddenly appear again and be together with Zhang Ruochen. These two should be incompatible,” Terra Demon’s Emperor said.

Yan Yu put his hands behind his back and slowly walked forward. “At that time, when Heavenly Retribution Talisman was suppressed, Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing’er disappeared simultaneously. Now, they appear together. What does this mean?”

“Could it be that they’ve been together all this time? Or could it be that the disappearance of the five supreme-quality Divine Crystals of Origin in the House of Enchanters of Divine Domain of Destiny and the deaths of Xing Qian and Tan Fei were all planned by them? They’ve been blaming each other all this time. But in fact, they’re just trying to confuse us.”

Yan Yu smiled. “No matter what the truth is, one thing is certain. The five supreme-quality Divine Crystals of Origin must be on one of them. The two appeared together and even went to the Yakshas’ sacred ground. The answer is already undeniable.”

“I’ll gather the cultivators and head to the Yakshas’ sacred ground.”

Before Terra Demon’s emperor could finish his last word, he found that Yan Yu had already disappeared before his eyes.

...

The Yakshas’ sacred ground.

After hearing the news, the originally silent man let out a long laugh and said, “It turns out that this pair of adulterers have already gotten together. Good, very good. They finally couldn’t hold it in anymore. Let’s go to the Yakshas’ sacred ground.”

“They want to take Fane of Origin for themselves. Let’s see if they can do it,” Nan Sheng said.

He had agreed to come to the Royal City of Hundred Clans with Yuan Qianmo because of Fane of Origin.

...

In the sacred ground of a small clan in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, Luo Shengtian said in surprise, “Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing’er showed up at the same time and went to the Yakshas’ sacred ground? When did this happen?”

“It just happened.”

Feng Qingli said coldly, “Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing’er really played us all. I don’t know when they got together. I really feel bad for my junior sister. Zhang Ruochen has been flirting with women everywhere. He has never thought about junior sister’s feelings.”

Shang Xia’s figure appeared in Luo Shengtian’s mind. He felt a little guilty and didn’t dare to answer. He said quickly, “Let’s go. We should go to the Yakshas’ sacred ground first.”

...

Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing’er deliberately hid their tracks so fewer cultivators could stalk them. However, the news was still quickly spread.

More than a dozen forces that knew about the birth of the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin received the news and rushed to the Yakshas’ sacred ground.

The forces who were only attracted by the Light of Origin but that didn’t know about the birth of the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin sensed the unusual atmosphere and rushed to the vicinity of the Yakshas’ sacred ground.

The news was immediately spread through the wormhole to the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt, alerting the Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of the various major powers stationed there.

The major forces elites such as Xing Luo, Yuan Qianmo, Madam Nixuan, Guye Jing, Dishastan, Roopkund Sea, Hollow Chasm, Fane of Barasingha, and other major powers gathered together.

Yuan Qianmo, who had always been calm, was the first to speak. He said aggressively, “I want to go to the Royal City of Hundreds Clan immediately, but Fane of Death will leave ten Paramount Realm Supreme Saints to help Fane of Destiny to deal with Ji Fanxin.”

“You are the main force to deal with Ji Fanxin. If you leave, we will fall from grace!” Madam Nixuan clan said.

A superior of Paramount Realm from Fane of Barasingha sneered. “Of course, Madam Nixuan is not in a hurry. I’m afraid you already know that the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is with Zhang Ruochen, right? Does your Xue Jue Family want to unite with the Enchanter Chamber and take over Fane of Origin ?”

Madam Nixuan said coldly, “Even if the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin is in Zhang Ruochen’s hands, it is still his skill to obtain it. If Wargod knows, I’m afraid he’ll praise him.

“Actually, I don’t think you need to be so impatient. We don’t know what happened. If the superior-grade Divine Crystal of Origin was in Zhang Ruochen’s hands, he would have gone to Fane of Origin long ago. Why did he went to Hoth?

“I think Bai Qing’er must have kidnapped Zhang Ruochen. It’s also possible that the Celestial Court’s cultivators transformed into Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing’er to create a diversion and save Ji Fanxin, who is trapped here. There are many possibilities. Everyone, please stay calm.”

Madam Nixuan was unable to convince everyone. Cultivators from all the major forces had left, and Fane of Destiny was no exception.

After all, Fane of Origin was too important!

It was even more critical than Tensho Compass and the Yuanhui-level genius Ji Fanxin.

...

Bai Qing’er stood in the empty, dark, and cold universe in Ji Fanxin’s appearance. She used her Divine Eye of Origin to look in the direction of the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt.

Beside her stood Lord Turtle, General Pillar, Wuma Jiuxing, and Hand of the World, Duan Lingfeng. All of them were full of energy, their auras were powerful, and their energy waves were like rivers and seas.

She said, "Half of the elites have suddenly left. It seems like something big has happened."

"What could be more important than killing a Yuanhui-level genius from the Celestial Court?" Duan Lingfeng said.

Bai Qing'er said, "Fane of Origin is coming into being."

Wuma Jiuxing's eyes lit up. It was evident that he had great expectations for Fane of Origin.

"If I'm not wrong, Zhang Ruochen must have met the real Ji Fanxin! Based on Ji Fanxin's perception of the supreme-quality Divine Crystal of Origin, they must have been on their way to find Fane of Origin. That's why we have to make a move," Bai Qing'er said.

Duan Lingfeng asked, "Junior Sister, why are you so sure that the real Ji Fanxin has come to Infernal Court?"

"There aren't many Masters of Origin in the world. Who else can Zhang Ruochen find if not Ji Fanxin? Besides, Zhang Ruochen is in Hundred-Shackle Realm now. He needs to practice Saintwill diligently. Ji Fanxin can help him."

Bai Qing'er continued, "Now is the time I've been telling you. When Zhang Ruochen goes to Fane of Origin, it's time I break through the inescapable trap of Fane of Destiny in Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt."

Lord Turtle, General Pillar, Wuma Jiuxing, and Duan Lingfeng's bodies quickly faded and disappeared.

Only Bai Qing'er was left. She turned into a shooting star and flew toward Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt.

Chapter 2565: Feinting

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The Yakshas could be said to be one of the top clans below the ten major clans of the Infernal Realm. They had a powerful inheritance that was similar to eternal and indestructible Macroworld. Their cultivation methods were profound. They had many Saint Techniques and even Divine Artifacts. Their foundations were unfathomable.

The sacred ground of the Yakshas in Royal City of Hundred Clan, Night Ocean, occupied an area of eight hundred miles. It was the gathering place in this star area of the universe. The cultivation environment was excellent, and it wasn't weaker than the top divine land of the ten clans of the Infernal Realm.

Various forces gathered in Night Ocean in large numbers. It was as if they were making a big move. The already tense Yakshas immediately activated their defensive formation.

A holy army of the Yakshas lined up at the mountain gate. All of them wore armor and held a set of weapons.

A genuine holy army comprised 100,000 Demi-Saints, 3,000 Saints, 100 Supreme Saints, and three Paramount realm Supreme Saints.

The armor they wore was precisely the same. It was engraved with the inscription of a formation. After activation, it could be combined into a defensive formation.

The weapons in their hands were engraved with the same inscription of an attack formation.

The weak realms in Celestial Court could even empty a macroworld if they wanted to refine the equipment of a holy army, let alone assemble the number of people they needed.

If the enemies they met were not strong, they could be split into three legions. Each legion would be led by a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, and a Thousand-Koan Supreme Saints as the general.

Or, they could be split into a hundred and form a hundred holy war camps. Each holy war camp would be led by a Supreme Saint.

Or, they could be split into three thousand and form three thousand small squads.

Suppose they encountered powerful enemies, such as Demigods, pseudo gods, or even ordinary gods. In that case, even if these holy army soldiers were spread over 100,000 kilometers, they could instantly combine their powers to resist and kill the powerful enemies.

It could be said that cultivating such a holy army was enough to make a force invincible under divinity and sweep everything.

The Yakshas had deployed their army. It was obvious that they had long been prepared.

The imperial emperor of the Yakshas was already in his twilight years. He wore sacred armor and stood among the army soldiers. His voice was sonorous and ear-splitting. “I have said long ago that when the leaders of the major forces return from Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt, I will definitely give them an explanation. Step on our corpses if you can’t wait and want to attack the Yakshas’ sacred ground.”

“Fight! Fight! Fight!”

The 100,000 soldiers of the Yakshas’ army shouted in unison, their killing intent soaring to the sky.

Although the major forces had countless experts, they were all scattered soldiers. Facing the might of an army, they couldn’t help but feel apprehensive and troubled.

It wasn’t until Scioness of Destiny, Pan Ruo, arrived that stopped the war from breaking out.

Lan Ying went up to meet her. His body was filled with killing intent. “Your Highness, please send the holy army of Fane of Destiny stationed outside into the city and destroy the Yakshas.”

“Why destroy the Yakshas?” Pan Ruo asked.

“Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing’er entered the Yakshas, but the Yakshas stopped us from entering. Xue Jue Family, the Enchanter Chamber, and the Yakshas plan to split Fane of Origin. Only by sending the holy army of Fane of Origin into the city can we break this situation.”

“Everyone, control yourselves first. I don’t think the Yakshas have the guts to make enemies with so many forces. I’ll go talk to the clan emperor.”

Pan Ruo entered the Yakshas and communicated with the clan emperor.

A moment later, she returned.

Cultivators from all the forces immediately surrounded her and asked for the results.

Pan Ruo had a strange look on her face. “The clan emperor said that Zhang Ruochen and Yan Zhexian went to the sacred ground of the Yakshas. They used a dimensional teleportation array and the spatial wormhole to go to their Ancestral Domain. They wanted to see the beautiful scenery of the Yakshas’ Ancestral Domain.”

“They went to the Yakshas’ Ancestral Domain? How is that possible?”

Hearing this result, all the Supreme Saints present were stunned. They didn’t believe it at all.

“That’s not right. Zhang Ruochen entered the Yakshas’ sacred ground with Bai Qing’er. Why is it Yan Zhexian now? There’s a problem, a big problem,” Yuan Benji said.

“The eldest daughter hasn’t left and has been in the sacred ground of Terra Demon.” a Supreme Saint of Yanluo Clan said.

Nan Sheng's gaze was sharp. "Could it be that Fane of Origin isn't in the Yakshas' sacred ground but in the Yakshas' Ancestral Domain?"

"That's entirely possible."

"The Light of Origin that appeared in the Yakshas' sacred ground is most likely just a pretense. It wants to pin us all down here. Bai Qing'er transformed into Yan Zhexian's appearance and fooled the cultivators of the Yakshas. She successfully escaped with Zhang Ruochen."

"These two b*stards are so ambitious."

"Let's go. We have to rush to the Yaksha's Ancestral Domain immediately. If we're too late, I'm afraid we won't get any benefits from Fane of Origin."

...

After learning the truth, the Yakshas' emperor immediately called for a high-level meeting.

After the meeting, they all thought that Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing'er had used the Yakshas! They had used them to block the cultivators from the big forces.

Fane of Origin was very likely in the Yakshas' Ancestral Domain.

After all, the Yakshas had once been glorious and had shaken Infernal Court. But then, it had suddenly fallen. Perhaps that was the reason why Fane of Origin had disappeared.

"It's possible that our Yaksha has a forgotten history."

"The Light of Origin can't appear in the Yakshas' sacred ground for no reason. Maybe this is a sign."

The higher-ups of the Yakshas were all excited.

They saw the hope of the Yakshas' revival. They could use Fane of Origin to stand at the top of the universe again.

After the Light of Origin appeared in Night Ocean, some big forces living in the center of Infernal Court came to them one after another. At that time, the higher-ups of the Yakshas became vigilant.

After many inquiries and spending a lot of Godstones, they finally knew the secret of the coming of Fane of Origin.

The emperor of the Yakshas had a deep look in his eyes. He said, "If Fane of Origin is in the Yakshas' Ancestral Domain, it can only mean that it was left by our ancestors. As descendants, we must protect it with our lives. We must never let it fall into the hands of outsiders."

"That's right! We will protect it with our lives. No one can touch it."

"But Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing'er have already gone to the Ancestral Domain."

The Yakshas emperor laughed coldly. "The Ancestral Domain is the territory of the Yakshas. Let alone the two of them, even if two gods went, they wouldn't be able to take Fane of Origin away. However, let's not alarm them for now. It's not too late to stop them after they found Fane of Origin."

"Supreme Saint Han Li, Supreme Saint Feng Yun, and Supreme Saint Qi will continue to be in charge of the army and protect Night Ocean. No cultivators are allowed to enter. The rest of the Supreme Saints will follow me back to the Ancestral Domain."

Royal City of Hundred Clans was only a city built by 137 small clans at the border of Infernal Court. It was like a "small Celestial Court."

As the number one clan in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, the Yakshas controlled 38 Macroworlds at the border of Infernal Court. There was countless Planet of Life.

The Yakshas' Ancestral Domain had been passed down through the ages.

Legend had it that in the ancient past when the Yakshas were at their most glorious, they ruled over 300 macroworlds. But now, they had declined and became effete. They couldn't even compare to a single clan of Immortal Vampires.

To go from the Royal City of Hundred Clans to the Yakshas' Ancestral Domain, one had to go through a wormhole.

Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin chose the fastest way. They used a dimensional teleportation array from the sacred ground of the Yakshas to teleport directly to the wormhole billions of miles away from the Royal City of Hundred Clans.

When the cultivators of the major forces gathered outside the sacred ground of the Yakshas, they had already arrived at the Yakshas' Ancestral Domain.

When the emperor of the Yakshas rushed back to the Yakshas' Ancestral Domain, he received news that Zhang Ruochen and the so-called Yan Zhexian had borrowed a dimensional teleportation array from the Ancestral Domain and left.

At this moment, more and more Supreme Saints of the Yakshas gathered near the dimensional teleportation array.

The cultivators guarding the dimensional teleportation array had never seen so many significant figures of the clan gathered. They all knelt on the ground in fear, not daring to move.

The Yakshas emperor said in exasperation, "Why did you let them in without asking?"

The person in charge of the transfer array said in fear, "One of them is the famous Zhang Ruochen, and the other is the eldest daughter of Yanluo Clan. How could we dare to ask? Besides, they have the token given by the Clan Emperor."

The Yakshas emperor sighed with regret.

When Zhang Ruochen and Yan Zhexian visited, they only said they admired the culture, places of interest, and gods of the Yakshas and wanted to travel there. The Yakshas emperor wanted to make friends with them, so he didn't think much and directly lent his token to Zhang Ruochen.

Who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen would go to the Yakshas' Ancestral Domain to find Fane of Origin?

It was too late to regret now.

A cultivator with profound cultivation of Path of Dimension studied the dimensional teleportation array for a long time, but

he could not find anything. He could not help but shake his head and sigh.

He walked to the front of the Yakshas' emperor. He bowed and said, "Zhang Ruochen's Path of Dimension is exquisite. When he left through the dimensional teleportation array, he erased part of the Dimensional Inscription on the dimensional teleportation array. Now, tracking the coordinates of the space he teleported away from is difficult. It will take a long time to repair this dimensional teleportation array."

The Yakshas' emperor asked, "Can you tell if he teleported inside or outside the domain?"

The Path of Dimension cultivator shook his head with a bitter look.

Although his cultivation was far higher than Zhang Ruochen's, his attainments in Path of Dimension were far from his level.

The disciple of the ancient god of the Yakshas, Jadea, Han Ailian said, "We can't delay for too long. The major forces of Infernal Court will arrive at the Ancestral Domain soon. Will they believe us if we say we don't know where Zhang Ruochen is?"

"Obviously, Zhang Ruochen has already planned to use the Yakshas to deal with the cultivators following closely behind him. I even suspect that Fane of Origin isn't in the sacred ground of the Yakshas. Likely, Zhang Ruochen has left the Ancestral Domain through dimensional teleportation array and went to the real place where Fane of Origin was born."

"What do you think we should do?" the Yakshas' emperor asked.

Han Aileen said, "Three steps. First, I'll wake up my master, who is sleeping. Only when she wakes up can she sense if Zhang Ruochen is still in the Ancestral Domain. Moreover, with such a big thing happening, there should be a god to take charge of the situation.

"Second, I will send people to patrol the secret places in the Ancestral Domain and the planets in the outer universe. Since Zhang Ruochen has chosen to come to the Yakshas' Ancestral

Domain, he can't just beat around the bush. Maybe Fane of Origin is really close to our Ancestral Domain.

"Third, the Clan Emperor must immediately meet the Scioness of Fane of Origin and tell her about the situation. It would be best if she could ask the elites of Fane of Origin to come here and use Path of Destiny to calculate the coordinates of Zhang Ruochen.

"In short, no matter what, we can't let the Yakshas become the target of public criticism. If that happens, we will fall into Zhang Ruochen's trap."

"Alright, as you say. It seems that our clan also has some outstanding talents. I, the Clan Emperor, was the one who lost my head." The Clan Emperor felt that he would be formidable in the future.

...

Chapter 2566: The Great Triangular Starfield of Darkness

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

The dimensional teleportation array in the Yakshas' Ancestral Domain was of very high quality. He could not set it up even with Zhang Ruochen's current dimensional attainments.

Whoosh

A powerful spatial fluctuation appeared in the dark and boundless universe. Zhang Ruochen and Yan Zhexian appeared at the center of the spatial fluctuation.

Zhang Ruochen looked around and found the spot of light representing the Yakshas' Ancestral Domain in the starry sky. He had a rough idea of the distance.

He said, "This is the limit of the dimensional teleportation array. Is the location correct?"

Ji Fanxin, who looked like Yan Zhexian, turned into Bai Qing'er. She nodded slightly and pointed in the opposite direction of the Yakshas' Ancestral Domain. She said, "Look over there."

Zhang Ruochen looked over.

The direction Ji Fanxin was pointing at was pitch-black. It was empty and eerie. No stars could be seen. But in other directions, starlight shone.

In this comparison, the scene before Zhang Ruochen was bizarre.

Zhang Ruochen said, “That’s right. This is the legendary Triangular Starfield of Darkness, the most terrifying forbidden zone at the edge of the Infernal Court.”

According to Seven-Armed Elder’s description, the Qiankun Realm was located in the Triangular Starfield of Darkness.

The north of the Triangular Starfield of Darkness was close to the Yakshas’ Ancestral Domain. According to the star map at the edge of the Infernal Court, the starfield with the Royal City of Hundred Clans as its center was north of the Triangular Starfield of Darkness.

To the southwest of the Triangular Starfield of Darkness was the Ashuran Planet.

Of course, the Ashuran Planet was not close to it. Instead, it was a few light years away, hundreds of billions of miles away.

To the southeast of the Triangular Starfield of Darkness was the star field where the Tianchu Civilization, the Thousand-Star Civilization, and dozens of other ancient civilizations were located. The distance between them was also very far.

No one knew how vast the Triangular Starfield of Darkness was. However, there was an extremely curious Supreme Saint who flew along one of the boundary lines for more than a thousand years. However, he could not reach the end of the boundary line. Eventually, he encountered a wormhole and returned to the Infernal Court.

Perhaps only some powerful gods knew about the situation in the Great Triangle of darkness.

The reason why the Great Triangle of darkness was called a forbidden zone was not that there was any danger in this galaxy. In fact, all the cultivators who entered claimed that it was extremely safe.

However, only one or two of the 100 cultivators who had entered could return.

The other cultivators were all lost in it.

If a mortal drove a ship into the sea, he could at least tell the sun's and stars' locations. However, once a cultivator entered the Triangular Starfield of Darkness, he would completely lose his sense of direction.

Even a Supreme Saint could get lost in it if he went too deep.

“When the Death Palace of the Fane of Destiny went to the Southern Sword Realm, did they set up a dimensional teleportation array at the edge of the Triangular Starfield of Darkness?” Zhang Ruochen asked Seven-Armed Elder.

The Seven-Armed Elder replied, “As far as I know, no. After they found the Southern Sword Realm, they decided it was a barren Macroworld. Its value was minimal, so there was no need to build a large-scale dimensional teleportation array.”

Zhang Ruochen summoned Xue Tu out of the Qiankun Realm to ask about his gathered information.

Before Zhang Ruochen went to Hoth, he had sent Xue Tu to the Southern Sword Realm. Because he did not have much hope for him, he had not asked about it.

Xue Tu said proudly, “I followed your instructions, and I have been to the Southern Sword Realm once.”

“Have you been to the Southern Sword Realm?” Zhang Ruochen was quite surprised.

Xue Tu laughed. “I’m alone. Naturally, I don’t dare to break into the Triangular Starfield of Darkness. I followed the cultivators of the Corpusians secretly. You must believe that I can go there. Otherwise, why would the Blood Empress take me as her disciple?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that the Southern Sword Realm had been sold by the Death Palace to the Ghost’s Dishatan, the Bone Clan’s Roopkund Sea, and the Corpusians’ Hall of Permanence.

Xue Tu said, “The Southern Sword Realm is only at the edge of the Triangular Starfield of Darkness. It’s only 300 million to 400 million miles away from the outside world. If you take a fast sacred ship, you can reach it in three or four days.

“Of course, if you don’t know the exact location of the Southern Sword Realm, a cultivator wouldn’t be able to find it even if he traveled in the Triangular Starfield of Darkness for 10,000 years.”

Suddenly, Xue Tu thought of something. He said seriously, “Dishastan, Roopkund Sea, and the Hall of Permanence are building a dimensional teleportation array connecting the Southern Sword Realm to the outside world. I’m afraid they’re treating that place as a farm for the Ghosts.”

Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought. He asked, “How many masters do these three forces have in the Triangular Starfield of Darkness and the Southern Sword Realm? Do they have a sacred army?”

Xue Tu shook his head and said, “How can they send a sacred army to manage a barren world? Usually, they only send three or five Supreme Saints to manage the Ghosts’ farm.

“However, because of you, the three forces have focused on the Southern Sword Realm. On the surface, there are dozens of Supreme Saints. However, there must be other masters hiding in the dark, but I can’t detect them with my cultivation.

“According to my analysis, even if the three forces send masters to the Southern Sword Realm, they won’t be that powerful. After all, your cultivation wasn’t as amazing as it was now when the House of Enchanters said that they would seize the Southern Sword Realm by force.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at Xue Tu with a new look in his eyes.

‘With his cultivation at the Neverwilt Realm, he could do such a difficult thing well. It showed his extraordinary ability. No wonder Wargod Bloodximius had sent him to the Sword Vault to rescue Lord Ming.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Xue Tu hesitated and said, “Senior brother, I have a question, but I’m not sure if I should tell you about it.”

“Speak out!”

Xue Tu was puzzled and said, “Many cultivators know that the Fane of Origin will most likely appear in the Royal City of Hundred Clans. Why are we sacrificing the big to take the

small, such as the Southern Sword Realm, at such an important time?”

In Xue Tu's eyes, the Fane of Origin was much more important than the Southern Sword Realm. Even if he could only follow behind and pick up the crumbs, it was still better than a barren Macroworld.

Zhang Ruochen didn't answer his question. He said, “How far is this place from where the Dishastan, Roopkund Sea, and the Hall of Permanence are stationed?”

Xue Tu was very anxious. He felt that Zhang Ruochen didn't know what was essential and what wasn't. He wanted to persuade him again, but when he saw Zhang Ruochen's cold eyes, he held back.

Xue Tu observed the arrangement of the stars in all directions. After predicting silently for a while, he pointed in a direction and said, “This direction. It's about three billion kilometers.”

“That far?” Zhang Ruochen frowned.

Xue Tu said, “Senior brother, compared to the entire Triangular Starfield of Darkness, this is very close!”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Ji Fanxin.

Ji Fanxin nodded and said, “The direction is right.”

“It seems that the Seven-Armed Elder is telling the truth. The Fane of Origin might really be in the Southern Sword Realm,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu's ears perked up. His eyes rolled around. “Senior brother, what did you say?”

“Don't ask questions you shouldn't ask. Do you know what kind of people die the fastest?” Zhang Ruochen said.

“I understand. I won't ask anymore. From now on, I'll follow you and Ji Fanxin to the Fane of Origin. If you find any treasures, take them first. Leave me some crumbs will do.”

Xue Tu's face was red. He was so excited that his heart was about to explode.

He had clearly heard Zhang Ruochen say, “The Fane of Origin is in the Southern Sword Realm.”.

‘Oh my goodness! If that was true, even if I followed Zhang Ruochen and picked up the crumbs, he could make the Supreme Realm and demigods envious to death.’

As for why the Fane of Origin was in the Southern Sword Realm, Xue Tu didn’t want to think about it. After all, Zhang Ruochen was a Yuanhui-level genius and had great luck. What Zhang Ruochen said couldn’t be false.

‘What was the use of having a deity as a father?’

‘It was better to have a Yuanhui-level genius senior brother.

‘I could soar into the sky just by following his luck.’

Xue Tu thought of his father. His father’s talent wasn’t exceptional when he was young, but he couldn’t help it. He was good friends with the young Wargod Bloodximius.

Now, not only had his father reached divinity, but he had also survived the first Yuanhui Tribulation and become the overlord of the Bloodysky Clan.

Xue Tu couldn’t wait. He wanted to grow a few more pairs of blood wings and fly to the Southern Sword Realm immediately.

Zhang Ruochen strategized silently. With his current attainments in cultivation, even if he used the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light and traveled at full speed, it would still take nearly 20 days to reach the three forces’ encampment.

“I have a demigod-level ship. It can fly three billion miles in a day. It’s a failed product that my master once refined.”

Ji Fanxin took a palm-sized flower boat from her sleeve and threw it out.

Driven by Saint Qi, the flower boat expanded rapidly and turned into a 300-meter-long ship. The ship was made of wood. The deck was planted with all kinds of strange flowers and plants. They were colorful and beautiful.

Xue Tu was stunned for a moment. “This... was a demigod-level ship?”

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and observed carefully. He was perplexed. The ship before him looked ordinary and small compared to some saint ships refined by Supreme Saints. How could it be called a demigod-level ship?

The key was the wood structure.

Could it be made of divine wood?

“The bigger the ship, the stronger it is.”

Ji Fanxin was floating. Like a fairy, she flew onto the ship.

Zhang Ruochen and Xue Tu flew up one after another. They climbed onto the deck and walked among the colorful flowers. Only then did they truly feel the extraordinariness of this place.

The surrounding Saint Qi of the wood element was highly dense. The aura of life was boundless. In some areas, the Saint Qi of the wood element even spread out from the soil.

“There are at least three Immortal Cacti that have grown.”

“Wow, could this be the legendary Immortal Flower? Even a drop of dew on its petals could extend the life of an old and soon-to-die Supreme Saint for a hundred years. This can be considered half a divine herb. In the future, it might even be a chance to become a true divine herb.”

Xue Tu stood in the center of the ship. He could not help but extend his finger under a giant crimson flower more than 20 meters tall.

BOOM!

Xue Tu’s action triggered the restriction.

Xue Tu flew out like a rubber ball. His body was charred black, and he passed out in the flowers.

The ship was activated, and it flew out at an unparalleled speed.

Chapter 2567: Slaying the Ghost Master's Sixth Son

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Being called a demigod-level ship took more than just flying fast.

Zhang Ruochen walked around the ship and found a lot of powerful Divine Marks and some impenetrable inscriptions of arrays. It was hard to predict how strong the defense and attack power would be when these Divine Marks and inscriptions of arrays were activated.

Perhaps this ship was why Ji Fanxin dared to meet Bai Qing'er.

...

The starry sky seemed to have been frozen since ancient times. There were bright meteors occasionally flying past. The Triangular Starfield of Darkness, which looked like a dead pool, quickly disappeared, and its light dimmed.

The demigod-level ship flew along the edge of the dark starfield. It could travel over 100,000 miles in one breath's time.

About a day later, they arrived at the nearby starfield where the three forces were stationed.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the ship and looked into the distance.

He saw a black corpse mountain, a metal Ghost pagoda that was more than 10,000 meters tall, and a giant white bone Supreme Saint grade beast floating at the edge of the dark starfield.

The corpse mountain had palaces, caves, stone bridges, and waterfalls formed by the River Styx.

Eight floating bridges were built on the eight sides of the metal Ghost pagoda. The Ghosts' soldiers escorted groups of souls into the pagoda.

The white bone Supreme Saint Beast was even bigger than the mountain of corpses and the Ghost pagoda. There were roads built on the bones of the legs. There were abodes on the ribs.

On the head and mouth, there was a massive pool of blood. There were Bone Clan cultivators pushing creatures into the pool of blood. The bodies of the creatures melted, and their flesh was stripped off. They turned into white bones and became the Bone soldiers.

In the center of the corpse mountain, Ghost pagoda, and the white bone Supreme Saint beast, there was a floating island connected by iron chains and an air bridge.

On the floating island, more than ten black-robed cultivators were building a large-scale dimensional teleportation array. Corpse soldiers, ghost generals, and bone soldiers carried an endless stream of materials.

Ji Fanxin sighed. "Did you see that? To the cultivators of the Infernal Court, as long as they discover a Macroworld, they will treat the cultivators, mortals, beasts, and demons of that Macroworld as food, prey, and source of manpower.

"But they never thought that if all the living beings of the Macroworlds died, what's left for them to eat? They would probably have to kill each other, and the entire universe would perish in the end.

"This happens when you only know destruction and don't know creation. You only know death and don't know life.

"Do you know why the Asuras, Rakshasas, and Immortal Vampires can only be the three lower clans? It's not that these three clans aren't strong enough, but it's because most of these three clans were living creatures."

Zhang Ruochen knew that Ji Fanxin was saying this to tell him that the Infernal Court wasn't a place to live for long. If the

Infernal Court completely destroyed the Celestial Court, the creatures of the Infernal Court would be the first to die.

In the Infernal Court, death was the most fundamental ideology.

The living helped the dead to kill the living. Sooner or later, the living would be killed by the dead.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Only knowing life, not knowing death. What’s the result?”

Ji Fanxin was slightly stunned.

She cultivated the Path of Life, so she didn’t think about it the other way around.

“Life and death must coexist. There needs to be a balance between the two. 300,000 years ago, the 20 heavens could grasp this balance, so the entire universe was thriving. 300,000 years ago, this balance was broken. Someone or a group had to rebuild the balance and establish a new order.” Zhang Ruochen looked at the starry sky. He said this.

Ji Fanxin looked at Zhang Ruochen. She felt that at this moment, he had a unique charm and a fatal allure, like the nectar to a bee and the candle to a moth.

She was like a greedy bee and an irrational moth at this moment.

“Of course, with our current attainments in cultivation, there is no need to think about this. We are in this era of imbalance. How can we control the world and the universe if we can’t control ourselves?”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Ancient Abyssal Sword. The sword was as cold as frost. He looked sideways at Ji Fanxin and said, “With your spiritual power, can you stop them from sending the message?”

“I think so,” Ji Fanxin said softly, wearing a veil.

Xue Tu, who had woken up long ago and had been playing dead, suddenly got up and said, “Senior Brother, I want to fight with you.”

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen ignored him and used the Great Dimensional Shift. Every step he took was thousands of miles away.

In an instant, he came close to the three forces' encampment. He hovered in the void, and his body burst out with the brilliance of divine fire as bright as the sun.

On the floating island in the center, more than a dozen black-robed dead souls setting up the dimensional teleportation array sensed his power first and looked over.

"Why did the sun suddenly appear?"

"No, it's a Supreme Saint, a mighty Supreme Saint."

"Who is it? What a powerful aura. Are you the cultivator from the Hall of Permanence?"

While the low-level dead spirit cultivators were still discussing.

Above their heads, a huge black sword that was hundreds of thousands of meters long suddenly appeared. It seemed like it would cut the world in half as it slashed down.

"Not good. Quick, activate the defensive formation."

...

BOOM!

In its gigantic form, the Ancient Abyssal Sword split the black corpse mountain into two. The palace collapsed, the stone bridge broke, and waterfalls fell. Countless corpse cultivators scattered into the void.

The giant sword slashed out again and shattered the white bone Supreme Saint beast.

Large pieces of the bone flew into the distant starry sky.

Only the powerful saint Bone cultivators flew out of the bones like light spots. They let out angry howls and cold curses.

Zhang Ruochen struck out a third time and landed on the 10,000-meter-tall metal Ghost pagoda.

In the metal Ghost pagoda, there were important figures of the Ghosts guarding it. They activated the defense array. Strange lines appeared on the surface of the Ghost pagoda. They shone with black light.

BANG!

The giant sword was still dozens of feet away from the Ghost pagoda. It met with obstacles and failed to cut through the dark brilliance.

A deep voice came from the Ghost pagoda, shaking the universe. “Zhang Ruochen, you really came to me. Do you know that I have been waiting for you for a long time?”

“So it’s Zhang Ruochen.”

More than a dozen black-robed dead souls on the floating island in the center worked together to display the Power of Dimension. The densely packed Dimensional Rifts turned into a storm and rushed toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed at the void, and the Ancient Abyssal Sword returned to its original size and fell into his hand.

Then, he became one with the sword and ignored the Dimensional Storm. He turned into a rapid sword light and flew toward the metal Ghost pagoda.

The sword light passed through the Dimensional Storm, and the light became brighter and brighter.

The light condensed into a giant flower.

“Blossoming Cadence!”

The huge flower hit the metal Ghost pagoda’s surface, making the array’s black light shake violently. The sword light flew out of the flower like a needle, broke through the array, and entered the tower.

All the dead souls in this starfield looked at the metal Ghost pagoda in horror.

How could Zhang Ruochen be so powerful?

The defensive array of the Ghost pagoda couldn’t stop him.

After a moment of silence, the metal Ghost pagoda broke into pieces from top to bottom.

One black and one white figure flew out from the bottom of the tower and fought fiercely.

The white figure was naturally Zhang Ruochen.

The black figure was wearing ghost armor. His black hair was flowing in the air. His cultivation reached the Banshi Isshou Realm. He was a powerful figure who had shaken both Celestial Court and Infernal Court, Yu.

He was also known as the sixth son of the Ghost Master.

He was the elder brother of Xu and the younger brother of Ling.

Seeing this, the dead soul cultivators all over the starfield realized that things weren't good. Zhang Ruochen was stronger than they'd expected.

Thus, some cultivators carved Communication talismans and sent them out.

The Communication talismans stopped not far away. They exploded and turned into jade dust.

"The spiritual-power Supreme Saint is hiding in the dark."

More cultivators shot out Communication talismans to spread the news and call for reinforcements.

Unfortunately, even though the Communication talismans flew out like raindrops, they exploded after reaching a certain area. They were all destroyed.

The atmosphere of fear spread.

Zhang Ruochen must have brought a powerful helper. He was planning to kill them all, leaving no one alive.

Yu screamed in pain as they were planning to break out of the encirclement in different directions.

The winner was decided.

Zhang Ruochen performed a strange and peerless sword technique and activated the Marks of Time between heaven

and earth.

The Marks of Time gathered into a bright moon. Under the light of the Moon, time seemed to have stopped. Yu stood still and could not move. Zhang Ruochen's sword pierced through Yu's chest.

Yu's Ghost body was shattered by the sword qi.

The Ghost's soul was cut into pieces by Zhang Ruochen's sword soul.

It dissipated completely. There was no chance for it to reunite with Yu's Ghost body.

Heaven and earth went silent. All the cultivators present were shocked.

That was Yu, the sixth son of the Ghost Master. He was a master in the Banshi Isshou Realm. He had the potential to become a god. How could he be killed by Zhang Ruochen?

It was too surreal. No cultivator wanted to believe it was real.

It must be an illusion.

It was not until Zhang Ruochen took out Yu's Sainthood Source from the Ghost mist that they woke up and fled in all directions like crazy.

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen refined Yu's remnant soul in the Sainthood Source. Dense purple vines flew out from his back.

The purple vines flowed with the light of thunder and fire. From one vine divided into 100, 100 to 10,000, 10,000 to 100,000, 100,000 to 1,000,000... Soon, the vines covered an area of 500 kilometers and turned into a sea of thunder and fire vines, binding and imprisoning one dead spirit after another.

Zhang Ruochen walked forward. Moyin's enchanting figure behind him appeared. Her eyes were wild and excited. All the vines flew out of her hair.

She used the dead soul cultivators as nutrients. She kept absorbing them and transforming them into the precepts in her body. Her cultivation increased rapidly.

The Saint Devourer's cultivation method was completely different from other cultivators. After fusing with the dharma body, it reached the Paramount Realm. However, there were only a trillion precepts in her body.

However, as long as it was given enough nutrients, it could continuously increase its cultivation.

Other cultivators were different. They needed to accumulate the precepts for an extended period in the Banshi Isshou Realm. The more precepts they gathered, the stronger their initial Paramount physique formed. After reaching the Paramount Realm, the upper limit would be higher.

Generally speaking, the upper limit was two to three times that of the initial Paramount physique.

For example, a Supreme Saint had accumulated three trillion precepts at the peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm. He used these precepts to form a Paramount physique.

In that case, the total number of precepts in his body at the peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm could only be within the range of six trillion precepts to nine trillion precepts.

He couldn't reach ten trillion precepts and become a Demigod.

If he could not become a Demigod, it was naturally impossible for him to become a deity.

Therefore, Supreme Saints who had the ambition to become deities would need to accumulate four trillion precepts before they could seek a breakthrough. However, most of the Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints could not do so.

Chapter 2568: Master Ye You

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Whoosh —

The Ancient Abyssal Blade shuttled through the dense vines like a streak of black light. With the sound of metal colliding, the weapon in the hands of the struggling Saint-level dead souls was devoured and refined.

When Xue Tu arrived, he found that the battle had ended. Looking at the sea of thunder and fire vines, he couldn't help but feel a rush of heat rising from his heart to his head.

That's right!

Following Zhang Ruochen would indeed bring him luck.

The Saint Devourer's combat strength was only in the Thousand-Koan Realm during the Celestial-Hunting battle. How long had it been? Now, its combat strength was even more terrifying than a Supreme Saint at the peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm! He didn't know if it had reached the Paramount Realm.

Ji Fanxin put away the divine-level ship and flew to the floating island with a dimensional teleportation array.

The corpses and bones of black-robed dead souls were strewn around the teleportation array. They had all been killed by Zhang Ruochen. Only a black-robed ghost was frozen by the Curse of Light and Dark. He didn't move.

Zhang Ruochen took out the sundial and slowed down the flow of time on the floating island. Then he studied the dimensional teleportation array in detail and nodded,

“Brilliant, really brilliant. Even I can’t compare with your study on the dimensional teleportation array.”

To set up a dimensional teleportation array that spanned hundreds of millions of miles was more complicated than a ninth-class array.

His attainments in array formations were at least at the level of High-Saint.

His attainments in dimensional could not be weak.

His spiritual power had to be above the 69th level.

He had to meet all three conditions. In addition, plenty of precious dimensional materials were needed to set up a teleportation array at this level.

One had to admit that the Ghost Supreme Saint was an incredible talent.

Xue Tu flew onto the floating island and laughed loudly, “Senior, you may not know. This Master Ye You is a figure on par with the Noqoilpi, Seven-Armed Elder. Both are one of the twelve wandering cultivators in the Infernal Court. It is only because he has met you, who is highly skilled in dimensional. It is difficult for other cultivators to keep him. Dishastan must have paid a high price to invite him to set up the array.”

In fact, Xue Tu was very surprised. To his knowledge, Master Ye You’s spiritual power had reached the 69th level, and his cultivation seemed to be at the peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm.

Even if Zhang Ruochen’s dimensional attainments were better than Master Ye You’s and could stop him from escaping.

But how could he use a curse to stop him?

Zhang Ruochen is indeed unfathomable. I don’t know what kind of trump card he has. Master Ye You has the experience of escaping from the pseudo god, but he can’t escape from Zhang Ruochen.’ Xue Tu was deeply shocked. A sense of awe rose from the bottom of his heart.

It was both awe and fear.

Of course, Xue Tu didn't know that Zhang Ruochen and Seven-Armed Elder had worked together to restrain Master Ye You.

It was the Seven-Armed Elder who had activated the Myriad Curse Bead and performed the Curse of Light and Dark.

Master Ye You could never have imagined there was a master in Zhang Ruochen's inner world whose spiritual power was not weaker than his. He was caught off guard and fell.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen's dimensional attainments were higher than Master Ye You's. However, he practiced and studied more offensive methods than teleportation array.

"Zhang Ruochen, give me a quick death. I won't give in. Kill me. Refine and scatter my soul." Master Ye You's voice was hoarse, but his will was firm.

Ji Fanxin had a look of admiration. She said, "Master Ye You is as strong as the legends say. He's not afraid of death. Such a figure can be considered a hero even in the Infernal Court. If there's no hatred in the past, let him go!"

Apparently, Ji Fanxin was different from other cultivators in Heavenly Realm. She did not have to kill every cultivator in Infernal Court she met.

This was why she still treated Zhang Ruochen as a friend rather than turning against him.

Master Ye You's eyes were sharp. He said, "I don't need any mercy from any cultivators. I agreed to help the Dishastan build a teleportation array for them because of Divine Stone. But I died in the hands of the enemies of the Dishastan. This is my fate. Life or death is not something to be afraid of. It's not like I haven't died before."

Xue Tu's heart was shocked again. He hadn't expected to see a genuinely fearless person who didn't care about life or death.

There were no other words to describe his feelings at this moment except admiration.

The Seven-Armed Elder smiled and transmitted to Zhang Ruochen, "Trust me. If you really kill him, he'll be more

cowardly than anyone else. He claimed he had escaped from pseudo god at that time. But, he was actually kneeling on the ground, begging for mercy, crying, and acknowledging the pseudo god as godfather. He even gave away all the Divine Stones he had before the pseudo god let him go. In fact, his pseudo god godfather was not as old as he was.”

Zhang Ruochen walked toward Master Ye You expressionlessly. The Ancient Abyssal Blade flew into his hand and said, “Okay, I’ll fulfill your wish. I can take your soul power and feed it to my eighteen Six-Tribulation Ghost Lord.”

“Zhang Ruochen!”

Master Ye You suddenly shouted and burst into tears. He said sincerely, “I’ve heard that humans are most compassionate. Since you have human blood, I only beg you to protect a planet for me after you kill me.”

“I’ve secretly saved all the humans on that planet. Their world has been destroyed, their country has been destroyed, and their families have been separated. Sigh. If I die, all the humans on this planet will be killed by the cultivators of the Ghost, and their souls will be devoured. Please, protect this planet for me. Please!”

“Okay, I promise you.” Zhang Ruochen held the hilt of his sword with both hands and activated the Earth Sword Soul to adjust his chopping posture.

“Zhang Ruochen!”

Master Ye You shouted again and said, “Y-You haven’t asked me where the planet is.”

“It’s okay. I can find out with the power of Xue Jue Family.”

Zhang Ruochen adjusted his chopping posture again.

Ji Fanxin couldn’t bear it. She stopped Zhang Ruochen and said, “Zhang Ruochen, can you spare his life for me?”

“No. Every cultivator will hold a grudge. If you spare his life, there will be endless trouble.” Zhang Ruochen was tough.

Ji Fanxin said, “I’ll trade with the favor you owe me.”

“The favor is great,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Ji Fanxin said, “I know.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed in his heart. No wonder the Mandala Goddess wanted to seal her cultivation and spiritual power so she could slowly practice from the lowest realm.

As expected, there was still a lack of bone.

Even Xue Tu might be able to scheme against someone like her. Let alone those old and cunning people in divinity.

Of course, Ji Fanxin was very intelligent and wise among her peers. It could only be said that Master Ye You was too smart and knew the weakness of human nature.

He knew Zhang Ruochen would not kill him from the moment Zhang Ruochen suppressed and did not kill him.

In that case, deliberately pretending to be fearless of life or death would make Zhang Ruochen think highly of him, and he can have a greater chance of survival.

When Zhang Ruochen wanted to kill him, he immediately changed his attitude and began to appeal to pathos. He tried to win Zhang Ruochen’s sympathy and make Zhang Ruochen refrain from taking action.

After all, all the humans on a planet would die after killing him.

If without the reminder from the Seven-Armed Elder, who was familiar with Master Ye You. Zhang Ruochen, a cultivator with The Heart of Truth, might have been deceived by him and let him go. Not to mention Ji Fanxin, who had refused death.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen seemed to hesitate, Master Ye You said righteously, “Miss, no need to plead for me. I was able to escape from the pseudo god, but I fell into the hands of a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. I’m already content to see such a peerless genius in my life. I am honored to be killed by an unparalleled Yuanhui level genius.”

Then he said with a choked voice, “Zhang Ruochen, you must go to that planet immediately after you kill me. You must do it

immediately. The humans on that planet can't leave me for even a moment. Please, please! Kill me, kill me now!"

"As you can see, he is the one who wants to die."

Zhang Ruochen said to Ji Fanxin and swung his sword downward.

Before the sword fell, Master Ye You had already knelt down. He stretched out a hand and shouted, "Godfather, wait."

Ji Fanxin and Xue Tu were stunned. They looked at Master Ye You in disbelief.

What was going on?

Zhang Ruochen was also stunned. He wasn't surprised that Master Ye You would suddenly kneel down. After all, he had expected that he would surrender soon.

He was surprised that Master Ye You had dissolved much of the Curse of Light and Dark in such a short time. He could move freely, but his spiritual power and cultivation were still cursed and could not be used.

He was indeed a strong cultivator.

Master Ye You pressed his hands on the ground and kowtowed three times. Then, he raised his head and stared at Zhang Ruochen with tears. He said, "I thought about it carefully. In the end, I still worried about the humans on that planet. I have to be alive for them. I have to stay strong even if I have to kneel down or have to acknowledge someone as my father."

"Godfather, can you take me in? I will be at your disposal from now on."

How could Ji Fanxin and Xue Tu not understand? The legendary cultivator, Master Ye You, was not a strong person at all. His level of cowardice was even worse than a mortal.

Ji Fanxin was embarrassed and angry. A cold look appeared in her eyes.

She had thought that she had experienced enough, had seen all kinds of things in the world, and had long been able to

understand people's hearts. But now, it seemed that she had not experienced enough.

She regained her calmness and indifference soon. She convinced herself that this would only allow her to grow and that she would not make the same mistake in the future.

Master Ye You was at least 20,000 years old. Zhang Ruochen wanted to chop him down with his sword when he called him godfather.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Master Ye You was indeed a talent. Like the Seven-Armed Elder, he was valuable in specific fields that even gods could not replace.

More importantly, he was a wandering cultivator.

It would be advantageous if he could take such a talent for his use.

Zhang Ruochen squatted down and looked at Master Ye You. He said, "Actually, I never thought of killing you from the beginning to the end."

Master Ye You's eyes shone brightly.

Zhang Ruochen patted his shoulder and said, "I don't want an old foster son like you, but I can make an exception to take an in-name disciple."

After Master Ye You knew that he had been schemed against, he seemed to have come to terms with it. He stopped pretending and smiled coldly.

He could kneel down and call others as a father to save his life.

He could do extraordinary things in times of emergency.

What was more important than saving his life?

However, he looked down on a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint in his heart.

Zhang Ruochen said, "My cultivation is indeed shallow. "I don't seem to be worthy of being your master. However, have you thought about another problem? Being my disciple is known as Saint Monk Xumi's grand disciple. Not every

cultivator in this world is qualified to be his grand disciple. Think about it if you want to improve your dimensional attainments or become a god. You don't have much time left, do you?"

With that, Zhang Ruochen continued to study the unfinished dimensional teleportation array.

Chapter 2569: The Sense of Wordless Sword Manual

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

“Can you teach me the Path of Dimension?”

“Yes.”

“Can you help me become a god?”

“I can only help you. Whether you can become a god depends on your ability.”

“How long can you extend my life?”

Zhang Ruochen took out a Divine Tree Wooden Jar and threw it to him.

Master Ye You opened the wooden jar and saw the Spring of Life inside. His eyes became fiery. He raised his head and drank wildly.

Xue Tu stopped him and said, “Senior hasn’t agreed yet. How dare you start drinking?”

Master Ye You had finished drinking. He patted the empty wooden jar and sighed with a smile, “This is a very high-quality Spring of Life. It has extended my life for at least ten years. Ah! This wooden jar is also good. I’ll take it!”

“It means you agree to be my in-name disciple since you drank the Spring of Life. You know what will happen to you if you betray the sect, right?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Master Ye You said, “I know, I know. My soul and body will be destroyed. How could I be afraid of this... Ahem, Master, I didn’t mean that. What I mean is this Spring of Life is too little.”

“You will have enough Spring of Life as long as you are obedient,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Master Ye You spread his wrinkled hands and said, “T-This is empty talk...”

A stream of the Spring of Life flew out from Zhang Ruochen’s glabella and flowed around his body, making a pleasant sound of flowing water.

Master Ye You unconsciously knelt down and said, “Master, please accept my bow.”

Ji Fanxin felt that her understanding had collapsed entirely. An old monster who had lived for more than 20,000 years had taken Zhang Ruochen as his Master and called him “Master” straightforwardly.

However, thinking that he could even call Zhang Ruochen “Godfather”, she felt relieved.

Master Ye You did not have as many thoughts as Ji Fanxin. So what if he took Zhang Ruochen as his Master? Taking Zhang Ruochen as his Master would not shorten his life, nor would he break his bones or lose his soul. Instead, he would get free benefits.

How could such a good thing happen in the world?

Only Zhang Ruochen, the second generation of the Xue Jue Family, was so wasteful.

However, to Master Ye You’s disappointment, the Spring of Life turned into a stream and flew back to Zhang Ruochen’s glabella.

Although the Spring of Life could prolong his life, the effect would be reduced quickly if he drank too much. Zhang Ruochen intended to use the Spring of Life as bait to string him along.

Master Ye You rolled his eyes and said, “I heard that Master has received the inheritance of Grand Master and has a Secret Tome of Time and Space. May I have a look at it?”

“No rush. Come and finish setting up the dimensional teleportation array with me.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Myriad Curse Bead and undid the Curse of Light and Dark on Master Ye You.

Master Ye You relaxed and was stunned. He thought to himself, 'Zhang Ruochen is so careless. How could he let me recover my cultivation easily? Isn't he afraid that I will kill him and steal the treasure? No, I can't act rashly. He must be testing me. I will definitely be killed if I attack.'

Master Ye You kept feeling that Zhang Ruochen couldn't curse him with his spiritual power, even if he had the Supreme Artifact, the Myriad Curse Bead. There must be some undisclosed power hidden in him.

'Forget it. I won't take the risk. There are too many essential figures behind Zhang Ruochen. I can't afford to offend them. I'd better leave immediately!'

Suddenly, Master Ye You fell into hesitation again. He couldn't take a step forward.

He believed that he could escape if he wanted to.

But did not he want the Spring of Life on Zhang Ruochen?

Did he not want to learn the Dimensional Inscription, Dimensional Saint Technique, and Dimensional Array on the Secret Tome of Time and Space?

Was Zhang Ruochen bragging that he could help him become a god, or did he really have the ability?

With Master Ye You's age and his fear of death, what he desired most now was to break through to the divinity. Once he reached divinity, he would have a lifespan of 129,600 years.

If he didn't want to become a god, he wouldn't have to keep his realm at the peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm after practicing three trillion rules of precept.

In the end, Master Ye You didn't leave. He continued to build the dimensional teleportation array with Zhang Ruochen.

It took them three months to carve all the inscriptions needed for the dimensional teleportation array.

Of course, with the sundial, only six hours had passed in the outside world.

Ji Fanxin, Xue Tu, and Moyin, which had significantly improved her cultivation, entered the array one after another.

The dimensional teleportation array began to operate with violent dimensional fluctuations and dazzling brilliance. In an instant, they disappeared from the array. They crossed a few hundred million miles and arrived in a pitch-black, cold, vast universe space.

Zhang Ruochen had thought he would be teleported directly to the Southern Sword Realm. But he was clearly in the Triangular Starfield of Darkness now.

Ji Fanxin immediately became alert. Beautiful Saint Flowers bloomed in the void space beneath her feet.

“Geezer, how dare you play tricks?” Xue Tu asked.

Master Ye You said, “What are you nervous about? The Southern Sword Realm is ahead. It’s just that the teleportation array can’t teleport directly into the realm. Master, come with me. We’ll know at a glance.”

Zhang Ruochen saw a chaotic zone in the distance after flying for hundreds of miles. It was like a chaotic wall. He couldn’t see the end of it from up and down or from left and right.

The so-called chaotic zone was a broken zone filled with Dimensional Rifts, Dimensional Vortexes, and Dimensional Storms.

He couldn’t see this chaotic zone because cultivators’ vision and perception would be severely affected by the Power of Darkness in the Triangular Starfield of Darkness. Even a Supreme Saint could only see hundreds of miles away.

Master Ye You said, “The entire Southern Sword Realm is covered by the chaotic zone. The thickest part is more than 300 miles. Even the thinnest part is more than 100 miles.”

“It won’t be so difficult to pass through with the dimensional teleportation array even if there is a chaotic zone that covers the Southern Sword Realm,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Master Ye You said, “Master, you don’t know this. This chaotic zone is filled with a special power. It’s hazardous to teleport by force. Master, you can use the Great Dimensional Shift if you don’t believe me. Let’s see if you can teleport directly to the Southern Sword Realm.”

Whoosh—

Zhang Ruochen released Saint Qi wrapped around Master Ye You, Ji Fanxin, Xue Tu, and Moyin. Ripples appeared around him.

Everyone disappeared in the center of the ripples.

When they reappeared, they were already above the clouds in the Southern Sword Realm.

Xue Tu stared at Master Ye You and couldn’t help but laugh. “Senior’s Great Dimensional Shift can pass through directly. Why can’t the dimensional teleportation array?”

Master Ye You didn’t feel embarrassed at all. He unconsciously knelt down and said, “Master’s Great Dimensional Shift is marvelous. Teach me.”

Master Ye You had always been proud of his dimensional attainments.

But now, he realized the gap between his and Zhang Ruochen’s practice of Great Dimensional Shift was like heaven and earth.

He might really have the ability to escape from the pseudo god once he learned this move.

Saint Monk Xumi’s technique was indeed extraordinary.

Xue Tu was also tempted, but he had some bottom line. He was not as shameless as Master Ye You, who kneeled like tofu.

“I’ll pass it on to you after this trip.”

Zhang Ruochen turned into a streak of flowing light and dived into the sea of clouds.

He landed on the ground and stood on the top of a protruding ring-shaped mountain range a moment later.

In the center of the mountain range was a massive pit with a diameter of nearly 1,000 meters. The soil in the pit was charred black, and the chaotic energy emitted from it was extremely shocking. It could affect an area hundreds of miles away.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

...

Master Ye You, Moyin, Ji Fanxin, and Xue Tu flew down one after another and stood not far from Zhang Ruochen.

Master Ye You sucked in a breath of cold air. He said in disbelief, "This place is the encampment of Dishastan, Hall of Permanence, and Roopkund Sea in the Southern Sword Realm. There are dozens of Supreme Saints gathered here. How could this place be razed to the ground? And they didn't even have time to send out the Communication talisman."

Apart from Zhang Ruochen, everyone else looked nervous.

Some powerful figures had arrived at Southern Sword Realm before them.

Although Lord Ming's attack didn't use divine force and hid his aura completely, Zhang Ruochen's Heart of Truth could still feel the faint aura. He was sure that it was him.

The aura grew fainter and fainter.

This was normal. Once Lord Ming broke into the Fane of Origin, there might be some anomalies. He had to clear the cultivators from the three dead souls forces to prevent the news from leaking.

The environment in the Southern Sword Realm wasn't as dark and lightless as Zhang Ruochen had imagined.

In reality, the plants in this great world would emit light for a certain amount of time, illuminating the world. It was very dreamy.

It was daytime in the Southern Sword Realm!

The world was pitch-black when the plants all went to sleep.

It was nighttime in the Southern Sword Realm!

Xue Tu looked at Zhang Ruochen with anticipation. He couldn't wait any longer. But seeing Master Ye You beside him, he didn't ask immediately when they would go to the Fane of Origin.

Master Ye You flew to the massive pit and studied it carefully.

After a moment, he returned with a solemn expression. He said, "Master, I think we have to leave the Southern Sword Realm immediately. The strong who killed all the cultivators of the three forces must be extraordinary. Moreover, the three forces will never let it go. We can't defend the Southern Sword Realm alone."

Xue Tu said, "Leave quickly if you're afraid."

"Master, can I really leave?" Master Ye You asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I won't stop you if you want to leave. But you're no longer my disciple."

"Survival is more important. No one wants to be your disciple. At worst, I won't learn your Great Dimensional Shift."

Master Ye You laughed inwardly. His heart skipped a beat just as he was about to fly away.

That's not right. Why is Zhang Ruochen so calm? Does he know who killed the cultivators of the three forces?

Moreover, all the cultivators in the world were attracted to the Royal City of Hundred Clans because of the Light of Origin. Why did Zhang Ruochen suddenly come to the Southern Sword Realm while staying in the Royal City of Hundred Clans?

Could he have another purpose?

Master Ye You felt something was wrong when he thought of the eager look on Xue Tu's face when he wanted him to leave. Perhaps, there was something extraordinary about the Southern Sword Realm, just as he had guessed.

As one of the top strong among the wandering cultivators, they were all brilliant figures. After knowing a great world had

appeared in the Triangular Starfield of Darkness, they felt that this great world must be extraordinary.

Master Ye You had agreed to the Dishastan and help them set up the dimensional teleportation array because he had the intention to investigate. However, his luck was not as good as the Seven-Armed Elder's, so he did not discover anything.

In an instant, Master Ye You had a hundred thoughts running through his mind. He laughed and said, "Master, you need me now. How can I leave? Master, tell me. Just tell me if you have any tough work."

"There is one thing I need you to do."

Zhang Ruochen released Zhou Zhen, Shentu Yunkong, and Lord Sinluo from the Qiankun Realm. He gave each of them an Exquisite Dimensional Orb. Inside each sphere of Exquisite Dimensional Orb was a planet suitable for human survival.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Take the three of them to take as many cultivators from the Southern Sword Realm as possible. You should have a Spatial Treasure, right?"

Master Ye You thought for a while and asked, "Why did you do that?"

"Don't ask so many questions. Just do as you're told," Xue Tu said to Master Ye You in such a tone.

Perhaps he really thought he was a junior of his Master.

"Remember to watch out for them. Don't let them escape!"

Zhang Ruochen pointed at Zhou Zhen and Shentu Yunkong.

"Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on them."

The one who said this wasn't Master Ye You but Lord Sinluo.

After Master Ye You, Lord Sinluo, Zhou Zhen, and Shentu Yunkong flew away. Ji Fanxin said, "The Southern Sword Realm is extremely vast. With just four of them, I'm afraid they won't be able to save even one in ten thousand before many strong figures arrive."

"How can we save a realm with our current cultivation? Let's do our best. They still have plenty of time," Zhang Ruochen

said.

It would definitely take a long time for the cultivators of Infernal Court to find out that Zhang Ruochen had come to the Southern Sword Realm.

The only worry was that Bai Qing'er would swiftly break out the encirclement and draw all the masters of the Infernal Court here. She had the Supreme Grade Divine Crystal of Origin and was the Master of Origin. She could sense the location of the Fane of Origin.

No matter the situation, the cultivators from all the significant forces of the Infernal Court, would arrive in this great world sooner or later.

The gods of the Heavenly Realm and Infernal Court would also arrive if nothing unexpected happened.

When that time came, Zhang Ruochen was unsure whether the Southern Sword Realm would be destroyed. The only thing he could do now was to save more native creatures and preserve the flame for them.

"My perception is even stronger!" Ji Fanxin dragged the Supreme Grade Divine Crystal of Origin and looked in one direction.

"Wait a minute."

Zhang Ruochen suddenly sensed something and took out the Wordless Sword Manual in the form of a stone sword. He was surprised to find that golden characters flashed and appeared on the surface of the stone sword.

The sword's body trembled. It would have flown out if Zhang Ruochen had not suppressed it.

"What's going on? Is the Wordless Sword Manual related to the Southern Sword Realm? Or is it related to the Fane of Origin?"

Zhang Ruochen found that the direction the Wordless Sword Manual was about to fly was exactly where Ji Fanxin was looking.

Chapter 2570: Treasure in the Ruins

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

“Zhang Ruochen asked us to take away the creatures of the Southern Sword Realm. Why didn’t he do it himself?”

Master Ye You pondered as he flew.

“Is he worried that the three forces will take revenge and cannot defend the Southern Sword Realm alone?”

“But, even if the three forces send a large number of elites, they can’t destroy the Southern Sword Realm. Why would they take those creatures into the Exquisite Dimensional Orb?”

“Could it be...”

Master Ye You could only think of one possibility: that the Southern Sword Realm is facing the risk of being destroyed.

Thinking of this, he suddenly stopped and looked excited, and he said to himself, “Yes, Zhang Ruochen must have something important to do in the Southern Sword Realm. Moreover, this important matter might cause the Southern Sword Realm to suffer a disaster.”

“Why did you stop?” Lord Sinluo urged him on.

“Hehe, let’s go. We’ll go to the city before us and take all the creatures there.”

After saying this, Master Ye You continued flying with Lord Sinluo.

After a while, another Master Ye You appeared from the void and flew back. He planned to secretly follow Zhang Ruochen and the others to see what they were up to.

This was his real body!

What flew away with Lord Sinluo was only a spiritual avatar of his.

...

The Southern Sword Realm was incredibly vast. Zhang Ruochen and the others flew tens of millions of miles before they flew out of the continent and into the sea. Following Ji Fanxin's perception, they flew hundreds of millions of miles in the sea and finally arrived at the Ocean of Demon.

Whoosh

The sea wind was freezing cold and piercing like a razor.

Sometimes, the billowing waves could reach 200 to 300 meters high, as if they were going to sweep the sky down.

The stone sword in Zhang Ruochen's hand trembled even more violently. It shone brightly like a golden torch.

Xue Tu said, "I feel that this sea is incredible. The sea water is as dense as lead and mercury. Therefore, to generate such a high wave, some powerful energy must drive it. Could it be that the Fane of Origin is at the bottom of the sea?"

"This place is strange. The effect on vision and spiritual power is worse than in the Triangular Starfield of Darkness. After entering the sea, follow me closely. Don't get separated!"

Plop

Zhang Ruochen followed the stone sword's response and rushed into the sea. He quickly dived to the bottom of the sea.

Moyin turned into the Saint Devourer and hid behind his back.

It became deeper and deeper. He couldn't even see his fingers in the water.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen activated the Armor of the Fire deity and released divine fire, illuminating a vast area of water.

Xue Tu and Ji Fanxin followed closely behind him.

After diving for tens of thousands of meters, they landed on a planet floating while submerged in the water.

This planet was only 700 to 800 kilometers in diameter and had a rocky structure. On the planet's surface were mountains, valleys, and some ancient ruins.

“What a terrifying water pressure. Even with my Supreme Saint cultivation, I can feel my body being squeezed,” said Xue Tu, using his spiritual power to project a voice.

After saying this, he used his speed to rush toward an ancient ruin to search.

Ji Fanxin sensed something strange and stared at Zhang Ruochen, “This planet used to be filled with Divine Marks and inscriptions of arrays,” he continued. “There is murderous intent everywhere. But that was broken not long ago by someone. Someone came here before us, and that person should be a deity. Could it be a deity of Kunlun?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that he could not hide it from her. He shook his head slightly.

“Then it must be the deity of the Xue Jue Family!”

Ji Fanxin's eyes were calm, but her tone was displeased, “So, you didn't go to the Fane of Origin immediately,” she said. “You said you needed to be well-prepared, but that was just an excuse. The real goal was to let the deity of the Xue Jue Family take the treasures in the Fane of Origin first.”

“I didn't mean to deceive you,” Zhang Ruochen said. “As I've always said, finding treasures is secondary in this trip to the Fane of Origin. I have another more important thing to do.”

“Besides, if this really is the Fane of Origin, only a Reverend-level deity can take the entire temple. Other deities can only take a small part of the treasures when they come.”

In fact, Zhang Ruochen did not expect to land on the planet where Lord Ming had come before.

No...

Maybe it was not a coincidence.

When he came to the Southern Sword Realm, the Wordless Sword Manual had sensed him. Lord Ming's Stellar Sword was closely related to the Wordless Sword Manual. Could it have also perceived him?

Legend had it that the Stellar Sword and the Wordless Sword Manual originated from the Ancestral Swordmaster.

Therefore, by following the sense of the Wordless Sword Manual, there is a chance that he might overlap with Lord Ming's path.

It didn't take long for Zhang Ruochen to find the special mark left by Lord Ming on a 30-meter-long boulder in the ruins.

In the distance, Xue Tu laughed wildly as if he had found some incredible treasure.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the boulder and transmitted his voice to him, "There are still many immortal indestructible Divine Marks and inscriptions of arrays on this planet. If you touch them, your soul and body might be destroyed by it."

Apparently, Xue Tu was scared by that, and he quickly returned.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "You're so excited. What treasure did you find exactly?"

"Actually... it was nothing."

Xue Tu wanted to slap himself. Why couldn't he get over his arrogance? He could have secretly put the treasure away if he had found it. Instead, he had laughed so loudly that it would be strange if Zhang Ruochen didn't notice him.

Under Zhang Ruochen's gaze, Xue Tu took out a two-foot-long golden blade and half of a broken alms bowl and placed them on the boulder.

He was nervous and said painfully, "I should share the treasure found in the Fane of Origin with my senior. Senior brother, pick either one of these!"

Zhang Ruochen picked up the golden blade and said in surprise, "It's a fragment of a Supreme Artifact. Unfortunately, the supreme inscription inside has faded with the endless

passing of time. After re-refining it, it could be refined into a powerful Regal Artifact.”

“The patterns inside this alms bowl are very mysterious. It should be an ancient tool nurtured by the deities with divine Qi all year round. Unfortunately, thousands of years have passed, and the divine force has dissipated. Its value is limited.”

Zhang Ruochen found that there were some ancient words carved on the inside of the alms bowl. He used his spiritual power to decode it. It seemed to record a kind of cultivation method of higher knowledge.

The words carved by the deities were not indecipherable.

What was indecipherable were the words that the deities did not want to be deciphered.

Unfortunately, the alms bowl was incomplete, and the cultivation method was also excessively vague. There was no way to cultivate it.

Both items were of high value. They would fetch a high price if they were up for auction. However, with Zhang Ruochen’s current goals, how could he be interested in them?

Unless the fragment of the Divine Artifact was more or less completed.

“All the treasures you found in the Fane of Origin can be yours. I don’t want any of them.” Zhang Ruochen waved his hand.

Xue Tu was ecstatic. As he took the golden blade and alms bowl away, he said, “Senior, with all the things you have given me, what more can I ask for?”

“But you’ll have to pay me back when we leave the Fane of Origin!” Zhang Ruochen said.

The joy on Xue Tu’s face disappeared instantly. He became pale as paper as if a sharp sword had pierced his heart. It turned out... it turned out that Zhang Ruochen wanted to take it all at the end...

“Senior!”

Xue Tu couldn't help but kneel and beg like Master Ye You.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You don't have to say anything! We are among the first cultivators to enter the Fane of Origin.

Suppose you have such an advantage and cannot get more than a Supreme Artifact. It can only mean that your ability is too weak."

Xue Tu thought about it, and it seemed to make sense.

The first cultivators to enter the Fane of Origin would get many benefits. Even deities would go crazy over it. It was possible to encounter any chance that might happen.

Even cultivators who didn't have the potential to achieve divinity might be able to defy the heavens and become deities.

For cultivators who were nearing the end of their lives, they might be able to find Divine Herbs.

That's right. It wasn't strange to find Divine Artifacts and Divine Herbs in the Fane of Origin, let alone a Supreme Artifact.

Ji Fanxin returned, holding a stone the size of a human head.

"This is..."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes lit up.

Ji Fanxin said, "I found this by passing through the dense Divine Marks in the depths of a ruin."

"It's just a stone."

Thinking of the two treasures he had found, Xue Tu couldn't help but look disdainful.

Ji Fanxin exerted some force from her five fingers. With a crack, the surface of the stone cracked.

Dazzling divine light shone out from the crack.

After the stone's surface was completely shattered, blinding divine light burst out from within the inside of the rock. The surrounding seawater was utterly blown away by it, forming a spherical bubble with a diameter of dozens of kilometers.

Xue Tu was so excited that he was trembling. He said, "Divine... Divinity Source..."

"It's indeed a Divinity Source," said Ji Fanxin.

A Divinity Source could create a pseudo god. One could imagine how valuable it was.

Xue Tu said, "Let's go look for the ruins you visited. If my guess is correct, there must have been a deity who died there a long time ago. There must have been other treasures."

Ji Fanxin did not care about the word "Sister-in-law" at all. she said, "Countless years have passed. Many things have turned into dust. I've already looked into it. Other than this Divinity Source, there's nothing else left."

"There's no Divine Bone?" Xue Tu asked.

Ji Fanxin shook her head and put away the Divinity Source.

"If it were a Ghost deity, there wouldn't be any Divine Bones left," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu sat down on the boulder and sighed.

"This isn't the Fane of Origin yet. It's just a planet on the periphery. The better things are all in the Fane. This planet should be the array's base to protect the Fane of Origin." Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu said, "If that's the case, what are we waiting for? Let's go on."

"We have to wait a little longer. Someone is tailing us."

Zhang Ruochen looked in one direction and said, "Come out. Your aura has been exposed."

Master Ye You hid in a pile of rubble. His eyes showed hesitation.

Although he did not know what this place was, it must be a precious land of treasures to be able to pick up a Divinity Source easily like that.

He was very excited. He wanted to kill and silence them so he could occupy this place alone.

But... he did not dare to do so.

He had many concerns and was afraid that Zhang Ruochen had other cards up his sleeve.

He was also afraid that if Zhang Ruochen escaped, he would be hunted down by the Xue Jue Family.

He was also afraid of the woman next to Zhang Ruochen. He always felt that the woman was not like a pretty delicate vase as she looked. Perhaps she had extraordinarily powerful cultivation.

“Do we do this job or not?”

Master Ye You was extremely conflicted. He could not help but pull his hair.

Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin appeared not far behind him silently. Zhang Ruochen said, “It really is you. I told you to collect the creatures of the Southern Sword Realm. Why did you follow me here?”

Master Ye You turned around and said righteously, “After I left, I thought about it carefully and realized that master had something important to do and might need me, so I immediately chased after him. As for a small matter like taking in living beings, I can do it with a mere clone.”

“After coming here, I finally understand that master needs me. Putting everything else aside, I can contribute if there is a need to break the arrays here.”

“I am a High-Saint Array Master at the level of King of Sea and Land.”

In the end, Master Ye You was still cowardly and did not dare to take the risk. However, when it came to his attainments in array mastery, he was full of confidence and incredibly proud.

“I have invited a Hand of the World. Why would I require a King of Sea and Land?”

Saying this, Zhang Ruochen summoned Le and High-Saint Kai Luo from the Qiankun Realm.

Master Ye You's expression changed drastically. Then, he let out a long sigh of relief and thought, "I see, Zhang Ruochen has invited a Hand of the World. Fortunately, my reason just now overcame my greed. Otherwise, I would have been reduced into a Sainthood Source. There is nothing wrong with being cautious."

After thinking for a while, Zhang Ruochen called out the Seven-Armed Elder again.

Seeing the Seven-Armed Elder, Master Ye You's face changed again. He suddenly thought of many things. Then, he gritted his teeth and became angry. No wonder he could not deceive Zhang Ruochen. It must be that old b*stard who had betrayed him.

...

Chapter 2571: Medicinal Herbs Everywhere

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Master Ye You's heart filled with hatred as he questioned the Seven-Armed Elder.

How could the Seven-Armed Elder admit to such a thing? He swore on the spot that whoever revealed his secret would be his grandson.

Master Ye You was suspicious and certainly didn't believe him. However, he couldn't bring out any evidence. After arguing for a while, he gave up.

Kai Luo was indeed an extraordinary figure. However, The same thing happened when he fell into the hands of deities and became just like an ant without a trace of spirit or pride on its body. He looked like an ancient walking corpse.

Most of his spirit and willpower had been wiped out.

He had also been hit by the "Blood Wolf Curse" that Handae had cast. Once he had the heart to try and resist, he would suffer the pain of a pack of wolves devouring his soul.

At this moment, Le was sitting on the back of a giant wolf covered in long blood-red fur. Beside him was the Kai Luo. The two followed closely behind Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin, who was walking at the front.

They had already left the planet and were walking at the bottom of the sea on top of metallic-feeling sand, and their feet left footprints on the sand.

Of course, Xue Tu would meticulously clean up these footprints as he was walking at the back.

Xue Tu was afraid that other cultivators would easily follow their path and enter the Fane of Origin. Therefore, he was very diligent at work in cleaning up the footprints.

Although Lord Ming had opened up a path, he didn't seem interested in the treasures along the way. Instead, he headed straight for the Fane of Origin in the center.

Because of this, many Divine Marks and array inscriptions hadn't been thoroughly cleaned up.

They couldn't threaten gods, but they could threaten Saint-level cultivators like them.

Thus, Kai Luo came in handy.

Walking at the front, Zhang Ruochen and Ji Fanxin used the Heart of Truth and the Divine Eye of Origin to check their path. When they found the inscriptions of arrays, they immediately pushed Kai Luo to the front.

Kai Luo also thought about resisting, but the Blood Wolf under Le let out a long howl. He immediately trembled like a mouse meeting a cat or a baby chick meeting an eagle.

Obviously, Handae had scared him out of his wits.

Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You walked side by side and secretly communicated with each other using spiritual power.

Master Ye You asked, "What is this place exactly? Zhang Ruochen and the others have cracked the array of several ruins along the way, and they seem to have gained a lot."

The Seven-Armed Elder narrowed his eyes and smiled. "Before I answer your question, I want to discuss something with you first."

"Go ahead."

"Do you think we can defeat Zhang Ruochen and the others if we work together?"

Master Ye You had thought of this more than once. However, the initiative of the Seven-Armed Elder had made him cautious, "This old bastard obviously joined the Xue Jue

Family a long time ago. At this moment, he must have listened to Zhang Ruochen's secret command to test my loyalty."

Master Ye You smiled and said, "I have accepted Zhang Ruochen as my master. Once a master, always a master. How could I dare to think of killing my master?"

The Seven-Armed Elder rolled his eyes. He realized the old man didn't trust him, so he had to suppress his thoughts.

Without Master Ye You's help, he wasn't confident enough to rely on himself.

"What kind of sacred treasure land is this? Why are there more and more ruins that are exceedingly old? The materials used in the buildings here were extraordinary." Master Ye You couldn't help but ask again.

The Seven-Armed Elder still pretended to be mysterious and didn't tell him.

The ruins and remnants became even more densely packed as they moved forward.

There were broken columns dozens of meters high with mysterious ancient beasts carved on them.

There was a broken stone statue with only half of its body, but it was as big as a mountain. The statue was in the act of killing and subduing demons. Under the dim light, it was extremely shocking.

They looked as small as ants when they walked past the statue.

Xue Tu saw a purple gem the size of a pond between the stone statue's eyebrows. The light it emitted was enough to affect the Precepts in his body.

It was evident that it was a treasure.

He wanted to take it, but Zhang Ruochen stopped him.

The Seven-Armed Elder sneered. "The stone statue is surrounded by powerful Divine Marks that can't be described with words. Normal gods might not even dare to approach it. You can die if you want, but don't drag us down with you."

Everyone felt regret but continued to move forward.

Four days later, they finally arrived at the core of the Fane of Origin. Everyone was shocked and petrified by the scene before them.

It was no longer pitch black. The place was filled with all kinds of strange flowers and plants that could emit radiant light. Many of them had reached the level of Yuanhui Tribulation sacred herbs. There were also some extremely rare ones that could only be seen in ancient handwritten notes.

“Oh my God, how can there be such a huge dragon heart plant? Every leaf is like a dragon. It has already grown five leaves. Doesn’t that mean that it has already lived for five Yuanhui periods? Once such a sacred medicine is born, the gods will appear and buy it.”

Master Ye You looked at the dragon heart grass in the distance. He was so excited that his entire body was emitting spectral flame.

It must be known that any sacred medicine that had lived for three Yuanhui periods could already be used as the primary medicine for refining Emperor Grade Sacred Pill and Subdivine Elixir. It could even be used as an accompanying medicine for divine pills.

Once he picked the dragon heart grass that had survived for five Yuanhui periods and consumed it, his spiritual power would reach level 69 and a half. He might even reach level 70 and directly achieve divinity.

No wonder Zhang Ruochen claimed that he could help him achieve divinity. It turned out that he wasn’t merely talking about it.

“Is this the legendary Purple Tears Sky Bamboo? It actually grew into a purple bamboo forest. Most of them have lived for one Yuanhui period. Some even have lived for three or four Yuanhui periods.” The Seven-Armed Elder kept gulping his saliva that came in such quantities that his eyes were about to turn purple.

Last time, he did not barge into such proximity when he came alone.

Xue Tu's cultivation was too low. Naturally, he did not dare to expect to pick the sacred medicinal herbs that had lived for three or four Yuanhui periods. This was because these medicinal herbs usually had mighty offensive power. The more powerful the herbs, the more powerful the Arrays and Divine Marks would be.

Therefore, he specifically targeted those medicinal herbs that had only lived for one Yuanhui period and quickly gathered them.

Zhang Ruochen was also interested in some of the medicinal herbs, but he was more interested in what the Wordless Sword Manual was sensing. So, he looked at the vast ruins of the Fane.

He couldn't see the outline of the Fane of Origin. He could only see a hillside filled with soil and strange flowers with weird plants.

The hillside was endless. It extended up to the end of the horizon.

Zhang Ruochen had seen the Fane of Truth before. It was thousands of miles tall. If the Fane of Origin had not been destroyed, it would probably have been on such a scale. After the destruction, the ruins could spread for tens of thousands of miles.

"The Fane of Origin nurtured the sacred medicine here. It has been growing for tens of thousands of years. No one has ever picked it. The quantity of sacred medicine here is probably unequaled in quantity to the Fane of Truth in the Celestial Court and the Fane of Destiny in the Infernal Court. It is the most precious treasure here. You should try to pick as much as possible with the time we've got."

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and released the Lord of Sword, the Lord of Stone, Sikong the Elder, Sikong the Younger, Zhen Sha, Zhen Tan, and Zhen Wang from the Qiankun Realm. He allowed them to go and collect as an opportunity.

As for the Que Shenzi “Zhen Se” and Tian Shuzi “Zhen Nu,” Zhang Ruochen only let them out to take a look at the sacred medicine. He stored them back in the Qiankun Realm when they were stirred up and excited.

The disobedient cultivators could only watch but not eat.

The Fane of Origin had sunk to the bottom of the sea for a long time. Most of the valuable treasures must have turned to dust. Although the treasures that could be preserved were rare ones, they were few and far between.

The countless number of medicinal herbs were the most incredible wealth.

Zhang Ruochen sent a voice transmission to Ji Fanxin. “Help me keep an eye on Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You.”

“There’s no need to keep an eye on them. They may be rebellious, but at this moment... look, you look at them. They’re all so anxious to pick the medicinal herbs. How can they have the mood to do anything else?” Ji Fanxin said.

“That seems to be the case... Eh?”

When Zhang Ruochen looked at Ji Fanxin, he was surprised to find that the sacred medicine that even the Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You couldn’t pick easily flew out of the Divine Marks by themselves to Ji Fanxin’s side.

In a moment, she was surrounded by hundreds of flowers. She stood amidst the sea of flowers. Her figure was graceful and beautiful, and her black hair flowed like a waterfall.

The light from the petals reflected her skin like jade, and she was transformed into a real Fairy of a Hundred Flowers.

Zhang Ruochen was mesmerized by this scene for a moment. This extreme beauty almost intoxicated him.

This intoxication did not contain any impurities. It was the purest kind of appreciation.

Of course, it was only for a moment.

The other cultivators stared blankly for a long time before recovering their emotions.

Under the contrast of the hundred flowers, her beauty was even more powerful than illusions and spiritual power spells. It was as if she could seduce a Supreme Saint's soul and shake his will.

Only the sacred medicine of the flower category would take the initiative to approach and get close to her.

On the other hand, they were so envious that they cried out in admiration.

“As expected of the Lotus of Divine Reflection, named as the emperor of all flowers. Moreover, the sacred medicine here has absorbed the power of Origin, and she is also a Master of Origin. The flower types of the sacred medicine must treat her like a mother. It also includes the Saint Devourer, which became very close to her after coming into contact with her,” Zhang Ruochen thought.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen released the Saint Devourer and asked her to stay here to care for everyone and collect the sacred medicine.

If she encountered other ferocious plants, she could resist them with her cultivation of the Paramount Realm.

After making proper arrangements, Zhang Ruochen, Le, and Kai Luo followed the path opened by Lord Ming and used the sensing capabilities of the Wordless Sword Manual to set off towards the Fane of Origin.

After walking for about a day, they saw a vast sword-shaped stone mountain in the distance.

This Stone Mountain looked similar to the Wordless Sword Manual but more majestic.

Countless swords flew around the sword-shaped stone mountain like schools of fish.

Zhang Ruochen saw the silhouette of Lord Ming on the cliff of the sword-shaped Stone Mountain.

Chapter 2572: The Tomb of Ten Thousand Swords

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

After traveling for another day, Zhang Ruochen and the others finally approached Mount Sword after passing through many obstacles.

At the foot of Mount Sword was a vast undersea plain with numerous tombstones. In front of each tombstone was a scabbard standing upright. There were words on the tombstones, but they had long been washed away by the seawater.

It was a very desolate scene!

It seemed to tell the future generations that the brilliant civilization of the Swordsmanship had been destroyed here.

Lord Ming walked out of the forest of tombs and greeted Zhang Ruochen. “These are the tombstones that the Ancestral Swordmaster built for them. There are no bones in the tomb, only a sword inside. When the owner of the sword died, there was nothing left.”

“The Ancestral Swordmaster came before to the Fane of Origin? Why are their swords buried in the Fane of Origin? Why did the Ancestral Swordmaster build the tombstones for them?” Zhang Ruochen had many questions in his heart.

Lord Ming pointed at Mount Sword in the distance, “If you can pass their test and reach the foot of Mount Sword, you will understand everything and get more benefits than you can imagine. The chances here are immeasurable for sword

cultivators. Even if you get just a little, the trip to the Fane of Origin will be counted as the Great Perfection!”

If even Lord Ming could give such an evaluation, the opportunities available here must be extraordinary.

Zhang Ruochen said, “With uncle’s cultivation, how could he not take the opportunities here?”

“It’s not that I can’t take them, but the truth is I can’t take them all. The opportunities here are too weighty, and I can only bear some of them. Well, go and try it. If you get something, you can go far in Swordsmanship.”

After saying this, Lord Ming’s body dispersed and disappeared without a trace.

It turned out to be just a divine projection. His actual body had already left a long time ago.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Le and said, “Do you want to try it together?”

“Yes!”

Le jumped down from the back of the Blood Wolf and whispered to it. Then he walked into the forest of tombs with Zhang Ruochen.

As they had just stepped into the forest of tombs...

Swoosh

A bright and sharp beam of light flew out from the tomb. It was a sword that flew into the air and paused for a moment before slashing down at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s Swordwill reacted, and the Ancient Abyssal Blade flew out, cutting upwards diagonally.

With a bang, the two swords collided.

The purplish green sword seemed to be grasped in an invisible hand. It immediately changed its move, and the blade tip pierced down toward Zhang Ruochen’s head.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the tombstone that the sword flew out of and grabbed the sheath in front of the tombstone.

The purplish green sword returned to its scabbard when it stabbed straight down.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the hilt and suppressed it. After a while, the purplish green sword stopped struggling and returned to its calm state.

“Let’s go back!”

Zhang Ruochen buried it back into the tombstone.

On the other side, Le was also attacked by a sword that had flown out of the tombstone. After ten consecutive strikes, the sword let out a high-pitched piercing sound. Then it turned into a ray of rainbow and flew toward Mount Sword in the distance.

The two continued to move forward.

Swish

More and more swords flew out of the graves and attacked them.

They either attacked head-on, stabbed from behind, or slashed their souls across space.

Similarly, each sword only attacked for ten moves. After ten moves, they flew toward Mount Sword automatically and converged with the rain of swords that flew around Mount Sword.

The power of each sword attacking Zhang Ruochen was roughly similar to his. However, each sword’s moves were not only different, but some were exquisite beyond comparison while others were weak.

Zhang Ruochen and Le were both injured after only one-tenth of the way through the forest of tombs.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to activate the Armor of the Fire God to protect his body, but it seemed that no weapons other than swords were allowed in the forest of tombs. The Armor of the Fire God did not respond to Saint Qi or the stimulation of the Canon.

Zhang Ruochen's physical recovery was remarkable. Although there were traces of blood on his body, his wounds had already healed.

Le practiced the Nine Transformations Life and Death Mantra. The power of life and death circulated in his body continuously. These injuries were nothing to him.

After they had walked one-tenth of the way...

Zhang Ruochen was surprised to find a strange power gushing out from the tomb where the sword had flown out to attack him. All of it gathered in his body.

It was the Canon!

The Canon of Swordsmanship!

Although it was only one in 10,000, it could make a sword cultivator's Swordsmanship undergo the most exquisite transformation.

It should be known that for the gods who cultivated Swordsmanship, no matter how high their attainments in Swordsmanship were, they were not qualified to be called Sword Gods if they did not master the Canon of Swordsmanship.

Only those who grasped the Canon of Swordsmanship could glimpse the ultimate Swordsmanship.

For those lazy and greedy who practiced Swordsmanship, if someone sold them one-thousandth of the Canon of Swordsmanship, they would definitely be willing to give everything they had to buy it.

Le also got one-thousandth of the Canon of Swordsmanship.

Zhang Ruochen finally understood what Lord Ming had said. He said to himself, "So that's how it is. No matter how many treasures there are in the Fane of Origin, how can they compare to a one-thousandth of the Canon of Swordsmanship?"

The two looked at each other. Their eyes showed determination and resolve, and they continued to move forward.

The road ahead became more difficult.

The swords that attacked them no longer only contained sword moves but also powerful Swordwill. Occasionally, two swords would attack one person at the same time.

After the second one-tenth of the road, Zhang Ruochen and Le obtained another one-thousandth of the Canon of Swordsmanship.

There were more blood stains on their bodies, but after a short rest, their injuries would be healed.

They continued to move forward.

At a third of the way, the swords that attack them not only possess exquisite sword moves and the sharp Swordwill but there are also sword souls controlling the swords. Of course, these sword souls stayed at the level of the Earth Sword Soul, which was about as strong as Zhang Ruochen's sword soul.

The rest of the way became more and more difficult. Fortunately, after walking a tenth of the way, they had a short rest to heal their injuries.

Moreover, each sword could only attack in ten moves.

Otherwise, with Le and Zhang Ruochen's willpower, they would not have been able to withstand it.

On this day, Zhang Ruochen and Le walked through the seventh tenth of the way with blood all over their bodies. They sat down exhausted and recuperated.

Comparatively, Zhang Ruochen's wounds were much fewer.

There was not a single piece of intact flesh and blood on Le's body. He was a human-shaped creature sliced into a bloody mess. Some of the sword wounds had pierced through his body. His internal organs had long been shattered, and his Saint Soul had even been damaged.

In the end, it was mainly because he cultivated Swordsmanship to focus on attacking and killing. He did not know how to defend at all.

Attacking was defense.

This was somewhat similar to Lan Ying but even more extreme than Lan Ying.

Such a way of the sword was indeed compelling. It could often kill enemies that were stronger than him.

However, it could only be considered to be unconventional Swordsmanship. It was not orthodox Swordsmanship.

Zhang Ruochen's Swordsmanship was all-encompassing. It could be integrated with all kinds of Tao techniques in the world. With one thought, the sword technique would have been completed. It could be used to attack or defend. His mastery was flawless.

Along the way, Zhang Ruochen discovered the results of practicing in seclusion under the Sundial for many years. He was comprehending and mastering all kinds of moves with ease. His understanding of Swordsmanship had reached a higher level.

With the Canon of Swordsmanship, Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could cultivate the Heaven Sword Soul at the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"You have already obtained 7% of the Canon of Swordsmanship, and your future achievements will certainly be out of the ordinary. Please don't go any further!" Zhang Ruochen said worriedly.

Le was seriously injured. Zhang Ruochen worried he would die if he continued to hold on.

The road ahead would be more dangerous. Zhang Ruochen was not confident that he could save himself, let alone Le if they faced danger.

Le's injuries were mostly healed. He looked at Mount Sword from a distance and said, "I have walked more dangerous roads before. I must continue on this road for sure, and how far I can go depends on luck! Now, we have to make an oath."

"What oath?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Le said, "For the road later on, no matter which one of us is in a life-or-death situation, the other can't be distracted from

saving him. If we break the oath, all the swords here will kill us and cut us into 100,000 pieces.”

Le took the lead in making the oath. Then, from the tombs in all directions, there were multiple sounds of swords ringing as if in response to his oath.

Le said, “It’s your turn!”

Of course, Zhang Ruochen understood why Le proposed to take the oath.

He knew that he was doing what he wanted and that doing so might harm Zhang Ruochen. Because once he was in danger, Zhang Ruochen would definitely save him.

At that time, both of them would definitely die.

Zhang Ruochen pointed to the sky with one hand and took the oath.

Swish

The road ahead was challenging. With each step forward, new wounds would appear on their bodies.

It was no longer just one or two swords attacking them but several or even dozens of swords attacking simultaneously. No matter how powerful Zhang Ruochen’s defense was, he was still pierced through, which caused fresh blood to be splattered everywhere.

The Swordwill, sword soul, and some force of Swordsmanship that Zhang Ruochen had never seen before also attacked his body.

Zhang Ruochen had refined countless pills to strengthen the Saint Soul and the Stellar Soul of God. Even if another sword soul hit him, he could still withstand it. However, Le did not have such a powerful sword soul.

After walking through the ninth-tenth and entering the last section, Le finally encountered an unprecedented life-and-death danger. Dozens of swords pierced through his body at the same time.

In addition, dozens of sword souls slashed at his Saint Soul.

Once they hit, it was obvious that his soul would be scattered.

Le looked at the dozens of sword souls slashing at him. His eyes were calm and fearless. This was his choice. Naturally, he had to admit that this was the end. He gathered his remaining strength and raised his sword with difficulty.

“Le!”

Zhang Ruochen’s figure flickered and appeared in front of him. He stabbed out with his sword and shouted. “Burial flower!”

This powerful sword attack did not destroy the sword souls entirely.

There were still several sword souls that slashed at them. The pain was as if their souls had been torn apart. It was excruciating. Both of them could not help but let out long howls.

Le half-knelt on the ground. His eyes were cold as he glared at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen wiped the blood on his face and said, “How can a mere oath restrain me? Even if the 10,000 clones of swords attack me, what’s the big deal about that?”

Before he finished his words, a dense and ear-piercing sound of swords came from the entire graveyard.

Swoosh

Swoosh

...

Countless swords flew out of the tomb and hung in the air. Each of the Swordwills all locked on Zhang Ruochen.

If one swore on 10,000 swords, he would be punished by 10,000 swords.

Chapter 2573: Sword Valor and Sword Soul

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Zhang Ruochen's hair was disheveled. He grabbed Ancient Abyssal Blade and stood up unsteadily. He looked down at the tombstones and swords in the air and said, "Come on, kill me. I don't fear you."

Swish Swish

The swords turned into a rain of light and flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

From afar, it seemed as if a massive vortex of sword rain had appeared.

At the center of the vortex was Zhang Ruochen.

"Charge!"

Zhang Ruochen kept swinging Ancient Abyssal Blade and hacking away the swords.

However, there were too many swords, and he could not block them.

In an instant, his chest and abdomen exploded. His skin, flesh, bones, and internal organs turned into blood mist. No matter how strong his physical recovery ability was, it could not be reversed.

No matter how strong his physical defense was, he could not withstand it.

His legs, arms, and head exploded...

Zhang Ruochen's physical body was completely destroyed and turned into a bloody mist. Compared to the last time he was attacked by the million weapons of Infernal Court's army in Kunlun, he died even more thoroughly.

Last time, there was at least one skeleton left.

This time, there were no bones left.

After killing Zhang Ruochen, all the swords flew back to the tomb.

Le half-knelt on the ground, holding the iron sword with his hand, so he didn't fall. Blood-red tears flowed from his initially cold and resolute eyes. The pain in his heart was far worse than when his Saint Soul was killed.

In the distance, High-Saint Kai Luo, who saw this laughed excitedly.

How could there be such a strange thing in the world?

Countless cultivators from Celestial Court and Infernal Court, who couldn't kill Zhang Ruochen with all their efforts, had actually died in this tomb forest under his oath.

Good, very good.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen die with his eyes, he had completed his mission.

Suddenly, Le keenly sensed a faint life force in the condensed blood mist not far away.

Whoosh!

The blood mist shook and turned into a giant spinning blood cocoon.

The life force became more and more vigorous.

The blood cocoon quickly shrank and condensed into a heroic figure. Zhang Ruochen's flesh and blood body were intact. His eyes contained the starry universe. His eyebrows were like the tip of a divine sword. His arms were as smooth as jade, but there were muscle lines.

Clang!

The sound of a sword rang out.

Ancient Abyssal Blade flew into his hand.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were a little confused. He looked at the sword in his hand, examined it, and finally understood.

The myriad swords didn't seem to have any intention of killing him. Sword Qi seemed to be everywhere, but it only cut off his body. It didn't hurt his Sea of Qi, saint soul, or spiritual power.

Otherwise, even if he'd refined Pale Blood Soil, he wouldn't be able to recover.

Besides that, the myriad swords seemed to be helping him practice after he'd been cut. It had cut off some harmful substances in his body and left some mysteries Precepts of Swordsmanship that he'd never come into contact with before.

For example, the myriad swords cut off most of Yanshen's substances that belonged to Yanshen's Leg that Moon Goddess had helped him fuse with. Only 100 million Divine Mark of Flame and some divine substances remained.

Zhang Ruochen's Demigod physique had been mighty before, but now he was like a fat man with a heavy body. He couldn't use his body to fight against Paramount Realm's Supreme Saints Paramount physique, let alone Demigods.

However, the power of the myriad swords helped him cut off the bad things in his Demigod physique, making it stronger and more refined.

In addition, the impurities in his Saint Soul and spiritual power were also removed.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen felt like he had walked out of a swamp. He felt unspeakably relaxed, refreshed, and like he could fly away.

"Thank you for your help, seniors."

Zhang Ruochen bowed in all directions.

He didn't know why the myriad swords — buried in the tomb — helped him. However, it benefited him, who wanted to

condense Heaven Sword Soul and practice Grade Three Swordsmanship Saintwill.

It was like the saints of Precepts of Swordsmanship in ancient times helped him to build his foundation.

Standing at the edge of the tomb forest of Precepts of Swordsmanship, High-Saint Kai Luo's smile disappeared completely. He was dumbfounded and his state of mind almost collapsed. How could this be?

Zhang Ruochen had been shattered into a bloody mist, but he could still come back to life.

Zhang Ruochen and Le did not say much. They just looked at each other and smiled.

Then, Le picked up the iron sword and started on the way back.

Zhang Ruochen raised his sword and continued to move toward sword mountain.

"Sword out."

Zhang Ruochen raised his hand and drew out more than 200 Precepts of Swordsmanship in his body.

The Precepts of Swordsmanship had significantly changed. Before, they were just golden needles. But now, the golden needles had been cast out and turned into small swords.

Each Precept of Swordsmanship was a sword.

This was the strongest state of Precepts of Swordsmanship!

With such Precepts of Swordsmanship, Zhang Ruochen was like a sword cultivator who had cultivated Heaven Sword Soul. He could directly cut off the Precepts of his opponent.

Destroy his cultivation and cut off his Path.

If he had not experienced the dismembering of myriad swords, it would have been difficult for him to finish this path with his cultivation of Swordsmanship.

But now, Zhang Ruochen's Swordsmanship had significantly increased. He charged all the way, and in less than half a day,

he passed through the tomb forest of Swordsmanship and arrived at the foot of sword mountain.

Looking back, tombstones were standing there, as if there were thousands of soldiers and horses that could not see the end. It was also like the ancient white-clothed sword saints with swords standing in front of them.

That sword mountain was their commander.

Each tombstone and each sword should have a story!

It could be melodious, touching, or sorrowful. It could be a world of swords or grudges of the world...

It could be that the sword's owner was still alive and telling them about their past. Or it could be that the previous myriad swords had given him their spirit of Swordsmanship.

Zhang Ruochen could not help but feel highly sorrowful. It was as if he could feel it. Tears flowed from his eyes, and his heart was broken.

This inexplicable feeling lasted for a long time before Zhang Ruochen walked out. He said, "Seniors, don't be sad. Swordsmanship has never declined or died. The heart of Swordsmanship will always exist between heaven and earth."

Zhang Ruochen bowed to them again. Then he turned around and looked at the towering sword mountain.

He saw a few lines of ancient words on the pitch-black cliff wall.

They were words that Zhang Ruochen had never seen before.

The strokes of each word were like exquisite sword moves, explaining the truth of Swordsmanship.

Zhang Ruochen did not know why, but he actually understood the words on it:

"I am the Master of Swordsphere, the ancestor of Swordsmanship. During the peak of the universe, I had three thousand sword gods and hundreds of millions of sword cultivators with me. All things were annihilated where the

sword tip pointed. We dominated the world, and the world bowed to us.

“However, when darkness fell, all swords were destroyed. Even 3,000 sword gods and a hundred million Sword Saints were no match. They were all destroyed, body and soul.

“I am the Ancestral Swordmaster, but I am also the end of the sword. The power of darkness is far more potent than the sword in my hand.

“Pathetic, the eternal night of Swordsmanship.

“Tears, the fall of Swordsmanship.”

Zhang Ruochen was extremely shocked. There had been such a powerful civilization of Swordsmanship in the world.

3,000 sword gods and hundreds of millions of sword saints ran rampant in the universe. Who could stop them?

How influential was the Ancestral Swordmaster, who commanded 3,000 sword gods?

What was the relationship between this “Master of Swordsphere, the ancestor of Swordsmanship” and the Ancestral Swordmaster in the ancient Kunlun?

Was Swordsphere the present Southern Sword Realm?

What did the “darkness” in the passage refer to? The ‘darkness’ that even the Ancestral Swordmaster could not defeat, resulted in all the 3,000 sword gods dying.

Zhang Ruochen was full of questions. He searched the cliff wall, trying to find more clues.

As he continued walking, he saw words on another cliff wall:

“I am the Ancestral Swordmaster. I have the eight absolutes in my body. sword valor, Sword Spirit, Sword Soul, Sword Heart, Sword Manual, Sword Bone, Sword Source, and Canon of Swordsmanship.

“Today, Swordsphere was shattered, and all the living beings died. All the swords were buried here. I wanted to fight with the darkness, but I knew that I would die trying.

“If I died, Swordsmanship would wither.

“I thought hard for three days. In the end, I left my sword spirit here and fled to the ends of the earth. Hoping to save my humiliating body and find a macroworld to pass down Swordsmanship.

“When the darkness descends again, Swordsmanship will be at the forefront. It will tear open the dark curtain for the living beings in the universe and seek the final chance of survival.”

Zhang Ruochen was almost suffocated by these words. His eyes were bloodshot.

There was no doubt that the Ancestral Swordmaster of Kunlun was not a local cultivator of Kunlun. He had fled after the destruction of Swordsphere.

the Ancestral Swordmaster was a significant figure. There were endless legends about him in Kunlun, and he had passed down Swordsmanship. Not only did he influence the generations of Kunlun, but he also greatly influenced the Swordsmanship of the myriad realms of Celestial Court and the ten clans of Infernal Court.

It was just Wordless Sword Manual that no cultivator had reached the end of it.

There was probably no sword cultivator in the world who did not respect the Ancestral Swordmaster.

However, how could a figure like the Ancestral Swordmaster have such a powerless, helpless, sad, and humiliating moment? He was so scared by the darkness that he abandoned his sword spirit and fled to Kunlun.

How powerful was the enemy he called “darkness”? Was there really no chance of winning?

Zhang Ruochen firmly believed that even if the Ancestral Swordmaster had only a slim chance of winning, he would never run away.

Swoosh!

Wordless Sword Manual suddenly struggled violently and flew out of Zhang Ruochen’s hand toward the top of sword

mountain.

Zhang Ruochen immediately chased after it. Just as he was about to fly, he fell back to where he was.

He had no choice but to follow a stone path and climb to the top of the mountain with difficulty.

After climbing up the cliff for half a day, he saw a cavern.

Above the cavern, there were five ancient words engraved
“Here lies the sword valor.”

Next to the cavern was a new line of words that contained the aura of Lord Ming. “Today, I obtained the sword valor of Sword Ancestor. From now on, I have nothing to fear.

“I will hold the sword in my hand and carry the will of Sword Ancestor. I will be the one at the front when the darkness descends again.”

The sword valor had been taken away by Lord Ming!

Zhang Ruochen entered the cavern. Sure enough, it was empty inside.

So, he continued to climb up the stone path.

When he reached the top of sword mountain, a stone tablet and an ancient well appeared.

On the stone tablet, there was an inscription: “Here lies the sword spirit.”

the Ancestral Swordmaster had abandoned his sword spirit to escape.

If his sword spirit was with him, he could not escape.

In other words, the Ancestral Swordmaster who went to Kunlun wasn't the complete Sword Ancestor. The Swordsmanship he had passed down was not complete either.

Just like the Swordsmanship in Kunlun, they only knew how to cultivate the sword soul. Which cultivator knew that they still had to develop the sword soul?

The soul was the essence.

The spirit was the vitality.

The sword spirit was the vitality of Swordsmanship.

“The Ancestral Swordmaster’s sword soul is in this ancient well?”

Chapter 2574: Heaven Sword Soul

Translator: EndlessFantasy

**Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation**

The vast and ancient tomb forest in the dark undersea world.

The towering and huge sword mountain stood in the center of the tomb forest. Some of the swords were rusty and had lost their Spiritual Qi, but they still flew around it.

Perhaps swords too, had obsessions.

The swords wouldn't return to their sheaths if the obsessions didn't go away.

Le, Kai Luo, and Blood Wolf watched Zhang Ruochen kill his way through the tomb forest of Swordsmanship and climb to the top of Mount Sword. Finally, Zhang Ruochen jumped down from the ancient well at the top of the mountain.

At this moment, Le vaguely saw a woman in white standing under a towering tombstone in the distance.

The tombstone was very close to where Zhang Ruochen was dismembered by the myriad swords.

She was holding a blood-red sword in her hand. She wore a veil on her face, so her actual appearance could not be seen.

Le blinked his eyes and looked again. The white-clothed woman had disappeared as if he had just been hallucinating.

Oh, that's right. It must be an illusion.

How could a cultivator silently pass through the tomb forest of Swordsmanship and arrive at the one-tenth of the 10th road?

It couldn't be the ghost in the tomb, right?

After so many years, even the ghost had been annihilated.

Suddenly, Le's eyes focused again and saw the white-clothed, black-haired woman. She appeared at the foot of Mount Sword and touched the cliff wall with her fingers. She looked up and read something as she walked.

In just an instant, she disappeared again.

"Do you see a woman at the foot of Mount Sword?" Le asked.

Kai Luo was stunned. He looked at the sword mountain in the distance and shook his head.

Blood Wolf standing at the side also shook its huge head.

Le said, "From the moment we came to the bottom of the sea, I always felt that someone was following us. However, I didn't find anything when I used my spiritual power to investigate. Your spiritual power is extreme. Don't tell me you didn't notice anything at all?"

Kai Luo sneered. "As an assassin, you are different from other cultivators. That's because you always wonder if other assassins who want to kill you are hiding in the dark."

"Are you saying that I am too vigilant and paranoid?" Le asked.

Kai Luo said, "As a Hand of the World with spiritual power at level 69, my perception of the surrounding world is even better than some gods. How could you notice it with your cultivation if I didn't?"

"I hope I'm really hallucinating."

Le thought of something. Dragon Lord had said that a new god of Kunlun would secretly help Zhang Ruochen, but this new God had never appeared.

Perhaps his perception was not wrong, and what he saw was not an illusion.

...

Humans had three souls and seven spirits.

The soul was divided into Celestial Soul, Earth Soul, and Human Soul.

Celestial Soul and Earth Soul were not in the human body.

Earth Soul was the shadow under the feet.

Celestial Soul was a part of Deva Path, and ordinary cultivators could not sense it.

A cultivator's saint soul was formed by the battle soul, which was developed by Human Soul.

As for seven spirits, few cultivators practiced it. At least Zhang Ruochen had never come into contact with the cultivation path of seven spirits nor the practice of seven spirits.

It was the first time he had heard of the sword spirit.

Jumping into the ancient well, Zhang Ruochen felt like he had suddenly jumped into a pitch-black divine sea. The ice-cold, bone-chilling sea water surged from all directions, freezing his body to the point that it was almost frozen.

Images appeared before his eyes one after another. There was the glorious and magnificent scenery of the Swordsmanship civilization, the graceful scene of thousands of swords flying out of the spiritual mountain. The beauty of a man and a woman practicing sword moves under the sunset by the sea.

Suddenly, fireballs flew across the sky.

Each fireball was a destructive star that fell into the world of Swordsmanship civilization. The earth shook, volcanoes erupted, and tsunamis rose into the sky.

Even the sun hanging high in the sky was shattered.

Black clouds rolled and covered the sky.

Among the mountains, in the Sword Palace, in the deep mountains and valleys, divine swords flew out and hit the sky. Each had a majestic and holy figure standing on the sacred swords and charging toward the rolling black clouds.

In the black clouds, an incomparably colossal hand stretched out.

Instantly, those divine figures exploded and shattered in the air like they were made of sand. Only the swords fell back to the ground. The bodies of the swords were stained with blood.

...

The scene in front of them was filled with a destructive aura. All the beautiful things in the world had been destroyed, causing people to feel sad and sorrowful.

The giant palm in the sky gave people a sense of suffocation. It made people feel hopeless and powerless as if it were God's hand. It felt like the people it wanted to destroy would definitely die.

Zhang Ruochen knew that most of the scenes in front of him were things that had happened before.

A blurry shadow appeared in the water. It was an old man with a white beard and white hair. His tone was distant and sad, "Swordshpere is destroyed! There is an invisible hand in the universe making its own rules. Once a powerful civilization appears, it will be destroyed by it."

"Is it because that Swordsphere was a threat to it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The figure did not answer his question, "You came with Wordless Sword Manual. This means that we are fated to meet. You have a sword cultivator, which means that you are the guardian of the new civilization generation in Swordsphere.

"You have a fearless spirit and a sense of loyalty. You are not afraid of death but want to save your friend. You have been recognized by the heroic spirits of the entire Swordsphere. Therefore, you are qualified to inherit my sword soul.

"The sword spirit is the vitality of the sword.

"The sword has two sides. One side is to kill all the evil in the world, and the other is to save and protect the goodness in the world. The sword's tip represents an indomitable spirit, unceasing self-improvement while it pierces through the clouds. Even if there are layers of pressure on top of the head,

it will never yield. The sword should be equal, free, and the most beautiful...”

Swoosh—

The light and shadow shattered and turned into a rain of light.

The rain of light revolved around Zhang Ruochen and rushed into his body.

Zhang Ruochen felt that his body was expanding infinitely. The sword spirit that surged into his body was somewhat similar to the power left in his body by the myriad swords, but it was purer and more powerful.

It was so powerful that Zhang Ruochen could not bear it.

His Sea of Qi, internal organs, meridians, bones, blood, and every part of his body absorbed the power, including his Saint Soul. His saint soul was growing rapidly.

Soul! Spirit!

The soul was inseparable from the spirit. The spirit was inseparable from the soul.

“ARGH!”

Zhang Ruochen let out a long cry and flew toward the well.

At the top of Mount Sword, an extremely bright light column rushed out of the ancient well.

Zhang Ruochen’s body was suspended in the light column. The swords initially flying around Mount Sword rushed towards the light column and flew around him. At this moment, he was like the Master of the Swordsphere, the young Sword God.

“What a powerful power of Swordsmanship. What kind of encounter did Zhang Ruochen get?” Kai Luo’s eyes were full of jealousy. He wanted to kill Le and Blood Wolf and rush to Mount Sword to seize the opportunity.

Le felt the killing intent from him and stared at him.

Howl!

Blood Wolf let out a long howl. Kai Luo hugs his head with his hands. His saint soul was gnawed by a pack of wolves. He rolled on the ground in pain and begged. Finally, he knelt in front of Blood Wolf.

“Precepts of Swordsmanship between heaven and earth are flowing. Did he succeed?”

Le looked at the top of Mount Sword again.

Precepts of Swordsmanship between heaven and earth gathered above Zhang Ruochen’s head and condensed into a faint shadow of a soul.

“He successfully condensed Heaven Sword Soul in Hundred-Shackle Realm.” A smile appeared on Le’s lips.

As Heaven Sword Soul was formed, the swords initially buried in the tomb broke out of the ground and rushed into the sky. They turned into thousands of sword rivers and flew around Zhang Ruochen.

The power of the Ancestral Swordmaster’s sword soul was too strong. Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation could not bear it.

His skin began to explode and turn into wisps of blood mist.

Just when Zhang Ruochen thought that his body was about to be crushed by the power of the sword spirit, Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension between his eyebrows began to mobilize quickly and absorbed the boundless energy of the sword spirit.

Zhang Ruochen felt light all over and landed on the top of Mount Sword.

His body was emitting a bright white light. Each light strand was a strand of Sword Qi with an unbreakable power.

“What a powerful sword soul! Only a few of it was absorbed by my seven spirits, but most of it was stored in my Sea of Qi, organs, meridians, bones, and blood. And some of them were absorbed by Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension.”

Zhang Ruochen touched the space between his eyebrows. He ignored the part of the sword spirit that had been absorbed into Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension for the time being. It

was more important to control the part of the sword spirit in his body.

Otherwise, he would be no different from a hedgehog if he walked out in his current state.

Whether an enemy or a friend, they would be injured if exposed to the light from his body. No one could get close to him.

“But how can I control the sword spirit?”

Just as Zhang Ruochen was puzzled, Wordless Sword Manual in the form of a stone sword flew out of the ancient well and stuck in front of him. Golden characters appeared on the stone sword.

The golden characters turned into little golden people and assumed different postures.

“I see.”

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged and followed the characters and postures in Wordless Sword Manual. He formed sword gestures with his hands.

As for why Wordless Sword Manual showed how to cultivate and control the sword soul, it might have something to do with flying into the ancient well.

Time flew by.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged on the top of Mount Sword for half a month. The light on his body gradually dimmed and returned to his body. He refined it into the seven spirits.

The seven spirits all materialized and turned into seven extremely bright swords floating above the sky-reaching river in the Sea of Qi.

“It’s done!”

Zhang Ruochen stood up. His figure was clear as jade, and his long hair swayed in the water. Suddenly, he thought of something and summoned Ancient Abyssal Blade, swimming with the myriad swords, back into his hand.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

He carved a few lines on the stone tablet beside the ancient well:

“Now that I have the sword spirit of Ancestral Swordmaster, I will definitely reach the top of Swordsmanship in the future. I will bring Swordsmanship to greater heights, and the spirit of Swordsmanship will be eternal.

“If darkness falls again, I will definitely be the one at the forefront.”

Zhang Ruochen put away his sword and stood proudly.

Countless swords flying in the water seemed to feel his will. They flew over and stabbed into Mount Sword. Some of the swords shone with divine light. After countless years, the divinity on the swords hadn't been erased.

Zhang Ruochen looked down at the tombstones. He couldn't help but think that the incomplete Swordsmanship could be listed as one of the 72 Paths of Supreme Saint. If the complete Swordsmanship was born, would it be qualified to be on par with the nine Path of the Ancients?

At least the battle techniques could be on par.

...

Chapter 2575: All The Major Forces Arrived

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Zhang Ruochen stood at the top of Mount Sword, high-spirited and full of energy. He raised his voice and said, “A swordsman should show his sharpness, break the clouds, and split the Moon. One shall not sleep here and turn into rust. Seniors, are you willing to leave with me? I will pick the fated ones among the new civilization in Swordsphere to inherit your Swordsmanship.”

Clang!

Thousands of swords chimed in unison, their voices lasting for a long time.

“Okay!”

Zhang Ruochen pressed his hands on his temples and activated Shenwu Mark of Time and Dimension between his eyebrows. He collected all the thousands of swords on Mount Sword and placed them in Qiankun Realm.

Then, a sword domain enveloped by a strong sword comprehension appeared in Qiankun Realm.

Most of these swords had lost their spirituality and were like scrap metal. However, there were still some famous swords that would last forever. They were genuinely divine weapons.

Zhang Ruochen’s words weren’t nonsense. He truly wanted to revive Swordsphere.

On Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen had promised Southern Sword Realm’s Supreme Lord to protect Southern Sword Realm for ten thousand years and pass down

his teachings to Southern Sword Realm. At the time, he had only treated this as a deal.

Later, he competed with Dishastan, Hall of Permanence, and Roopkund Sea. That was only because he had wanted to fulfill his promise.

However, when he came to the tomb forest of the Swordsmanship, he had obtained 0.01% of Canon of Swordsmanship, received the purification of myriad swords, and the sword soul of Ancestral Swordmaster. He had also seen the glory and destruction of Swordsphere. He was deeply moved. It was as if he had become a part of Swordsphere.

Therefore, reviving Swordsphere and promoting Swordsmanship was neither a deal nor a promise. It was something he wanted to do from the bottom of his heart.

Zhang Ruochen walked in the desolate tomb forest. His footprints were deep. He looked at the mottled tombstones and the scabbard in front of the gravestones.

There was a tomb, but no one was there.

There was a scabbard, but the sword did not return.

He could not help but feel emotional. He chanted,

“The 3,000 divine swords left the scabbard, but no one returned to the hundred-mile sky tomb.

“The people who buried the swords lost their courage, but we will win in the future generations.”

...

Zhang Ruochen and Le set out on their way back.

Zhang Ruochen had obtained the Canon of the Swordsmanship, the sword spirit, and condensed Heaven Sword Soul in Hundred-Shackle Realm. The trip to Fane of Origin had been completed.

Two more things needed to be done.

First, he had to see if Bai Qing'er had lured cultivators from the major forces to Fane of Origin.

For her, this was the final test to steel herself before she became a god. Thus, she would definitely come. Moreover, the bigger the matter, the better it is. The more chaotic it was, the more she could retreat successfully.

This was precisely what Zhang Ruochen wanted too.

Second, Zhang Ruochen had to think of a way to protect Southern Sword Realm as much as possible.

This was a change of attitude after going to the tomb forest of Swordsmanship.

Before this, he just wanted to save more creatures of the Southern Sword Realm. He did not have such a strong sense of responsibility.

The more he got, the heavier the responsibility.

There were only two ways to save Southern Sword Realm.

Either he kept Southern Sword Realm away or lure the gods elsewhere.

Southern Sword Realm was vast. With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he could barely bear the growing Qiankun Realm. Obviously, he could not take it into his Sea of Qi.

Ordinary gods wouldn't be able to carry a macroworld like Southern Sword Realm. Only Gods that had to survive the Yuanhui tribulation could.

However, since Fane of Origin was also in Southern Sword Realm, it was likely that only a deity would be able to keep Southern Sword Realm in his own Divine Plane.

If Zhang Ruochen wanted to protect Southern Sword Realm, he could only think of ways to lure the gods elsewhere.

However, he was only a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. Let alone lure the gods away. One strike from the gods, and he'll be dead.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was thinking hard, Intergold Tiger's voice rang out. "My Intergold Divine Plane could hold it for a short time if Fane of Origin is taken away, and only Southern Sword Realm is left."

“You can release divine power and take over Southern Sword Realm?” Zhang Ruochen asked in surprise.

Intergold Tiger said, “Of course, I can’t release too much divine power. I can only release the Divine Plane. Moreover, you will have to bear the Divine Plane. Only then can we hide from the heavenly’s perception. Otherwise, when the heavenly punishment comes, we will all die.”

“Okay, that’s decided for now.”

With Intergold Tiger’s help, Zhang Ruochen felt the burden on his shoulders lighten. He also felt more confident.

...

Fane of Origin had long been reduced to ruins. There were broken walls everywhere.

There were broken walls that were hundreds of feet high. Colossal Kylin stone carvings were standing in the rubble. There were sword tablets that fell under the ravine. They were so broken yet so magnificent.

There were also broken arrays and ancient Divine Marks of slaughter scattered everywhere.

Even if a Supreme Saint barges in, one could trigger the formation and invite death.

However, Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger could not care less. Their robes were tattered, and their mouths were full of blood as they fled through the ruins.

Every time they triggered the formation, Sword Qi would fly out and strike them, causing the two monks to scream in pain.

Yet, they did not dare to stop. Behind them, the sound of water breaking could be heard. There were dozens of Supreme Saints chasing after them.

“Master, you should go first. We will stop them.”

Zhen Sha, Zhen Tan, and Zhen Wang’s bodies released powerful Death Qi and Precept Domain. They turned into three bright light beams and charged toward the pursuers behind them.

The three of them were all in Banshi Isshou stage.

With the power of the three of them, they were able to defeat dozens of Supreme Saints without using any weapons. If they weren't merciful and didn't have any killing intent, a Supreme Saint might have already died.

A loud shout came from afar, "You are the White Reapers from Fane of Death, not a Buddhist cultivator. Get it straight."

The voice contained a mighty spiritual power and death telekinesis.

Zhen Sha, Zhen Tan, Zhen Wang's spiritual power, and saint soul were stunned and stood rooted to the ground.

Nan Sheng and the four Supreme Saints of Fane of Death flew over quickly. Their bodies cut through the thick water, leaving behind five streaks of white water ripples.

When they saw Nan Sheng, the dozens of Supreme Saints around them looked at each other in dismay. They revealed fear and frightened expressions as they retreated quickly.

They all knew that Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger had a lot of origin sacred medicine on them, so they were unwilling to give up. They continued to wander far away, waiting for an opportunity to fish in troubled waters.

Nan Sheng stood on the shoulder of a broken stone sculpture more than 30 meters tall. He glanced at Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger, who was running away. He laughed mockingly. "Two mere Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints want to escape after seeing me."

"Nan Sheng, don't kill them. Since they call Zhang Ruochen senior uncle, they might be useful to capture him," said a Fane of Death Supreme Saint with a crocodile head.

Nan Sheng nodded. He released his spiritual power and formed two gray chains.

The gray chains were formed by heavenly and earthly precepts. Like two spiritual snakes, they wrapped around Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger.

"Don't hurt my two masters."

Zhen Sha neutralized Nan Sheng's spiritual power. Buddhist light appeared in his eyes. He pressed his palms together, and a giant sword a hundred feet long appeared above his head.

He slashed down with his hands, and the huge sword followed suit.

Boom!

The two spiritual power chains broke.

"Well done, Zhen Sha." Sikong the Elder turned around and could not help but praise.

Nan Sheng was at a loss at first. Then, he turned furious. He could faintly hear the laughter of the Supreme Saints from afar.

It was unknown whether they were mocking him or Fane of Death.

Fane of Death's White Reaper had turned into a Buddhist cultivator. In turn, they became the enemy of Fane of Death. Was there anything funnier than this?

Zhen Tan and Zhen Wang also neutralized Nan Sheng's mental suppression. They each formed a Buddha seal. A sword of slaughter condensed above their heads and attacked Nan Sheng.

"You two go and capture those two monks. I'll suppress these three detestable things."

Nan Sheng's expression was dark. He took out a green rune fan and fanned it forward. Dense runes flew out and turned into hundreds and thousands of lightning bolts. They struck Zhen Sha, Zhen Tan, and Zhen Wang and sent them flying.

The four Supreme Saints of Fane of Death went around and chased after Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger.

"Nan Sheng is too terrifying. He is also at Banshi Isshou Realm but can fight against three of them."

"He is fighting against three of them? With a wave of his hand, he can defeat three of them. His battle prowess is comparable to that of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint."

“The disciples of the Seven Elders are legendary figures of Deathkin. Do you think they are ordinary people? Let’s go. With Nan Sheng here, we can forget about taking advantage of them.”

...

The weakest of the four Supreme Saints of Fane of Death was in Hundred-Shackle Realm.

However, this was Fane of Origin. They were worried that they would trigger the array formation and the Divine Marks of slaughter. Hence, they chased them for a long time but failed to capture Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger.

They had launched long-range attacks and spiritual attacks before and managed to hit the two monks.

Strangely, Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger seemed to have an indestructible body. They would spit out two mouthfuls of blood every hit and immediately get up to continue fleeing.

“The Golden Body of the Buddhist Bodhisattva is actually so powerful?” The Deathkin Supreme Saint with the head of a crocodile asked in astonishment.

His attack from across space could have killed a peak stage Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint. However, after the fat monk was hit, he only rolled around on the ground like a rubber ball, immediately got up, and continued to flee.

“Perhaps they are not only at Neverwilt Realm,” a Deathkin Supreme Saint guessed.

“Don’t worry about it. Let’s suppress them first. They entered Fane of Origin before us. They must have picked a lot of sacred medicines.”

The crocodile-headed Deathkin Supreme Saint was speedy. In an instant, he had caught up to Sikong the Elder. The hammer-shaped weapon in his hand glowed with the Light of Death. He suddenly raised it and smashed it at Sikong the Elder’s head.

The power of this hammer was not weaker than a full-powered strike from a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm. He did not believe that the fat monk could still withstand it.

“Senior Uncle, you are finally here. Save me.” Sikong the Elder looked ahead and was overjoyed.

The crocodile-headed Deathkin Supreme Saint smiled coldly. He was not moved at all.

This fat monk had already used this move twice. Does he actually want to use it a third time?

Just as the war hammer was about to land on Sikong the Elder’s head, the sound of a sword rang out.

Whoosh!

Ancient Abyssal Blade turned into a streak of black sword radiance and slashed at the crocodile-headed Deathkin Supreme Saint’s body. His hand’s war hammer and body were broken into two as he was thrown backward.

The blood of the Deathkin Supreme Saint dyed this area of water red.

...

Chapter 2576: The Battle with Nan Sheng

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

POW!

POW!

...

After the Ancient Abyssal Sword cut off the crocodile-headed Deathkin Supreme Saint's body, it flew towards the three other Deathkin Supreme Saints.

The first Deathkin Supreme Saint was pierced through the center of his brows.

The second Deathkin Supreme Saint's head was separated from his body.

The third Deathkin Supreme Saint's chest was shattered.

The three Deathkin Supreme Saints were prepared and used their ultimate defensive powers.

However, it was useless.

The first Deathkin Supreme Saint used his Precept Domain, but it was broken by the Ancient Abyssal Sword. The second Deathkin Supreme Saint used his battle weapon to defend, but his battle weapon was broken by the Ancient Abyssal Sword.

With the sharpness of the Ancient Abyssal Sword, how could an ordinary Regal Artifact be able to defend against it?

The three corpses fell to the bottom of the sea, and the water became even redder.

The life force of the Supreme Saints was strong. Even if their bodies were shattered, they had a chance to regenerate. However, the four Supreme Saints, including the crocodile-headed Deathkin Supreme Saint, died instantly after being struck by the Ancient Abyssal Sword.

The reason why it was so terrifying was that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated the Heaven Sword Soul.

The sword didn't just slash at their bodies. It also slashed at their Saint Souls.

Since their souls were destroyed, they could not regenerate their bodies.

The Ancient Abyssal Sword flew around in the water and refined and absorbed all the Saint Weapons of the four Deathkin Supreme Saints before returning to Zhang Ruochen's hands. In addition, Zhang Ruochen also took away the Sainthood Source of the four Deathkin Supreme Saints.

The whole process ended in an instant.

In the distance, the Supreme Saints who were about to leave sensed the mighty power of the Swordsmanship. They all stopped and looked over.

"Zhang Ruochen has finally shown himself!"

"He killed a Supreme Saint with one strike, leaving no chance of survival. The Swordsmanship is comparable to the Deathkin's Deathly Swordsmanship and the Asura's Sword of Slaughter."

"Now, Zhang Ruochen and the Fane of Death have become enemies. He can't deny it even if he wants to."

"Nan Sheng is nearby. Zhang Ruochen will probably run away soon."

...

Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger were exhausted. They were covered in wounds, but their faces were full of anxiety, "Senior Uncle Master," they urged. "Let's run quickly. There's someone even more powerful behind us. Zhen Sha,

Zhen Tan, and Zhen Wang are blocking them, but they won't be able to hold them off for long."

"Zhen Sha, Zhen Tan, and Zhen Wang have joined the Buddhist sect and called me Senior Uncle Master. How can I abandon them?"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes glared at Nan Sheng.

Nan Sheng stood on the shoulder of the stone sculpture, more than 30 meters tall. In his hand, a green talisman flew out from the fan of green talismans. The talisman turned into a 30-meter-long palace, suppressing Zhen Sha, Zhen Wang, and Zhen Tan below.

Feeling Zhang Ruochen's gaze, the corners of Nan Sheng's mouth curled slightly. His body flew up and landed only 30 meters away from Zhang Ruochen.

Nan Sheng wasn't angry at Zhang Ruochen for killing the four Fane of Death Supreme Saints. Instead, he was happy. Waving his fan, he smiled. "I didn't expect you to show up so quickly. That's good."

Zhang Ruochen was dressed in white. He had a heroic aura. "I didn't expect you to arrive at the Southern Sword Realm quickly. You even broke into the Fane of Origin."

"Your methods are beyond my expectations. If we hadn't followed Ji Fanxin to the Southern Sword Realm, we would have thought you were in the Yakshas' Ancestral Domain." The two strands of long white hair on Nan Sheng's temples fluttered in the water.

Nan Sheng was surprised that Zhang Ruochen didn't run away when he saw him. Nan Sheng was careful. He used his spiritual power to secretly check his surroundings to ensure no other superior was hiding. Only then did he relax.

'It seemed that Zhang Ruochen didn't have any tricks up his sleeve. He was just being arrogant.

'Good. Today, Zhang Ruochen would know how painful the price of arrogance was.' Nan Sheng thought.

Nan Sheng smiled. “This isn’t the Royal City of Hundred Clans. You can’t fight me with your physical strength alone. Are you sure you don’t want to run?”

“If I want to leave, can you stay?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Nan Sheng narrowed his eyes. His body turned into a bolt of lightning. In an instant, he was in front of Zhang Ruochen. His right sleeve fluttered, forming a powerful print.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t use the Power of Dimension to dodge. The sword in his hand came first. He swung it.

BOOM!

Nan Sheng’s palm condensed the extreme Death Qi. It formed a circular print plate and collided with the Ancient Abyssal Sword.

The Sword Qi and Death Qi shot out in all directions, with the two at the center.

Nan Sheng’s cultivation was at the pinnacle of the Banshi Isshou Realm. He cultivated a technique comparable to the divine power treasured book on the Taiyi Divine Power Board. The Death Qi in his body was naturally of a higher level than Zhang Ruochen’s Saint Qi and Blood Qi of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. The power he unleashed was even more robust.

This was the difference between realms!

Zhang Ruochen retreated backward. With every step he took, a large area of debris would be crushed.

“Is this all the power of the so-called Demigod-level physique?” Nan Sheng laughed coldly.

Sikong the Elder hid in a corner. He laughed even more coldly. “My uncle-master’s cultivation is only at the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but you’re at the peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm. How can you say such things? Be careful, or you’ll lose to my uncle-master later. You’ll lose all face.”

Nan Sheng thought to himself. ‘The bald donkey was right. As a direct descendant of Tiannan, he was two realms higher than

his opponent. If he could not win quickly, it would be a disgrace.'

He snorted, and 36 pictures of Saint Beasts appeared on his body.

Each picture of Saint Beasts was refined by a Supreme Saint-level Saint Beast.

The power burst out from his palm print technique increased significantly. With a world-shaking beast roar, the power wave that distorted space sent Zhang Ruochen flying.

Zhang Ruochen flew hundreds of feet and landed lightly on the ground.

This famous Nan Sheng was indeed worthy of his name. He didn't disgrace Tian Nan's reputation. Once he broke through to the Paramount Realm, he would definitely become one of the top existences in the secular world.

Nan Sheng was shocked. He wasn't as calm as Zhang Ruochen.

One had to know that Nan Sheng had the power of 36 Supreme Saint beasts. With his extreme physical quality, he wasn't afraid of Zhang Ruochen's Demigod-level physique regarding physical strength.

Since his physical body was not at a disadvantage and was two realms higher, how could Zhang Ruochen resolve his power so easily?' Nan Sheng thought.

"Again."

ROAR!

ROAR!

...

The sound of beasts came from inside Nan Sheng's body. Huge Beast Shadows appeared in his body. He changed his palm into a claw and clawed it across the air. The claw was as big as a cloud cover, and its power was like a thousand mountains.

Zhang Ruochen still didn't use the Power of Dimension to dodge. Instead, he activated 12 pairs of golden wings. The chaotic Saint Qi in his body turned into the Blood Qi. He activated the ancestral ley lines on the golden wings.

“Fight!”

Zhang Ruochen swung his sword.

Regal Inscriptions appeared on the Ancient Abyssal Sword. They exploded with black light.

Boom Boom

The sword and claw kept clashing. In an instant, Zhang Ruochen and Nan Sheng exchanged more than 100 blows.

This was the purest power attack. The divine light from Zhang Ruochen's Demigod-level physique became brighter and brighter. His use of the Demigod-level physique's power became more and more flexible. He could use some of his hidden power.

Nan Sheng became increasingly impatient, unable to take the attack for a long time. He grunted.

Golden Flare appeared on Nan Sheng's claws. The divine flames instantly boiled the seawater around him. At the same time, the 36 Supreme Saint Beasts Claws reached out and pressed down on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen raised the Ancient Abyssal Sword above his head. The purple divine stone embedded in the sword was activated and released mighty divine power. At the same time, the purple divine stone absorbed the precepts of heaven and earth.

Swoosh

The sword hacked down and cut off the 36 Supreme Saint Beasts' claws.

The purple divine stone was condensed from a planet beside the black hole. After it was activated, its weight burst out, making the Ancient Abyssal Sword as heavy as a planet.

The sword tip collided with the golden claws of Nan Sheng.

BOOM!

The golden divine flames scattered.

Zhang Ruochen and Nan Sheng separated and opened up a long distance.

A blood line appeared on Nan Sheng's arms, and the blood of a Supreme Saint flowed out.

The Supreme Saints who were wandering in the distance were all shocked. They witnessed Zhang Ruochen had injured Nan Sheng first.

Zhang Ruochen had taken advantage of the weapons, but that was Nan Sheng, a direct descendant of Tian Nan. How could he be injured by a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint? Even if he was a Yuanhui-level genius, he shouldn't be so powerful.

The light of death flashed on Nan Sheng's arms. The wounds disappeared instantly. He looked at the Ancient Abyssal Sword, "The sword made of natural iron is extraordinary. The purple divine stone embedded in the sword seems like a treasure."

Zhang Ruochen said, "The so-called direct descendant of Tian Nan is just so-so."

"Don't be so smug. I was just playing with you!"

Nan Sheng was angry. He spread his arms, and countless precepts flew out from his glabella, filling the entire underwater space. There were seven trillion precepts. The Precept Domain appeared and wrapped Zhang Ruochen inside.

The precepts were like chains, locking Zhang Ruochen up and not giving him any space to move.

"Zhang Ruochen, I've said it before. This is not the Royal City of Hundred Clans. You can't show off just by having a strong body. In front of me, you're as weak as an ant. I don't even have to fight. I can suppress you with my Precept Domain," Nan Sheng said.

Zhang Ruochen's arm, which was holding the sword, was lowered by hundreds of billions of precepts. He wanted to lift

the Ancient Abyssal Sword with all his strength, but he couldn't move his arm even if he used all his power.

"As expected, the gap between realms is too big. If I don't use the power of Canon, I won't be able to fight back against a superior of this level."

Zhang Ruochen sighed. Then, subtle spatial fluctuations appeared around him, and his body disappeared.

"The Great Dimensional Shift! How is this possible?"

Nan Sheng narrowed his eyes. He couldn't believe that Zhang Ruochen could still use the Great Dimensional Shift under the absolute suppression of the Precept Domain. He thought, 'Was I wrong about the ability of the Master of Space?'

No, Zhang Ruochen must have grasped some kind of spatial treasure. It might even be the Canon of Dimension.

It was better this way. After killing him, the rewards would be even greater.

Suddenly, Nan Sheng sensed something, and Zhang Ruochen appeared behind him.

He didn't even need to turn around. Nan Sheng used his Saint Soul to control the precepts in the Precept Domain. It turned into a massive wave of precepts and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift again and appeared above his head. He said silently, "Moonlight Melody."

The dense light spots of Marks of Time appeared in Nan Sheng's Precept Domain. Where the light spots of Marks of Time were the thickest, they condensed into a bright moon that hung above Zhang Ruochen's head.

Nan Sheng wanted to activate the precepts, but he found that the flow of time slowed down. The precepts surged toward Zhang Ruochen at a very slow speed. He knew something was wrong.

Zhang Ruochen was not only a Master of Space but also a Master of Time.

Chapter 2577: The Flawless Nan Sheng

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

“Unextinguishable Mo Yang.”

Nan Sheng let out a soft cry as he released his powerful spiritual power and condensed a pitch-black Mo Yang.

The Mo Yang and his head merged into one.

The Bright Moon carried by the Ancient Abyssal Blade collided with Mo Yang, forming two arcs of light, one white and one black. Following that, extremely violent energy surged out from the moon and sun.

The tip of the sword could not touch Nan Sheng’s scalp.

CRASH

The ruins under Nan Sheng’s feet shattered, and his body sank downwards.

The energy gushed out from the ground and sent the surrounding ruins flying, clearing the vast and flat piece of land. Not far away, an ancient and broken array was triggered by it, and dense and sharp Sword Qi flew out from the array.

Before the Sword Qi got close to Zhang Ruochen and Nan Sheng, it was shattered by the powerful force from their bodies.

Not long after, the light spots from the Mark of Time faded away.

Nan Sheng took this opportunity to mobilize the 300 billion Precepts in the Precept Domain. They turned into destructive power and surrounded Zhang Ruochen from all directions.

Zhang Ruochen had only practiced more than 10 billion Precepts. How could he withstand the attack of 300 billion Precepts?

Whoosh

He used the Great Dimensional Shift again and escaped.

Nan Sheng seized the moment of weakness when he used the Great Dimensional Shift. The fan in his hand flew out and spun quickly, cutting the afterimage of Zhang Ruochen as he left.

At 300 meters away, Zhang Ruochen appeared again.

A three-inch-long gap had appeared on his white robe.

It was dangerous for him a moment ago. The difference in cultivation was too big. Zhang Ruochen cannot be hit by Nan Sheng. If the attack hit him, he would be seriously injured.

This was someone who had practiced seven trillion Precepts. He couldn't be compared to Lord Ironclad, who had practiced more than one trillion Precepts and was at the peak of the Banshi Isshou Realm.

"His reaction speed is so fast. The Sword of Time and Canon of Dimension can't even do anything to him," Zhang Ruochen thought.

Nan Sheng had long stopped underestimating him, and he thought to himself, "Zhang Ruochen is so powerful. I had almost lost to him, and he's only in the cultivation of Hundred-Shackle Realm, but he's already more of a threat to me than some Paramount Realm Supreme Saints.

The figures in the distance didn't expect the battle between Nan Sheng and Zhang Ruochen to be so intense. It wasn't one-sided at all.

In particular, Zhang Ruochen could advance and retreat freely in Nan Sheng's Precept Domain. It overthrew their previous understanding. At the same time, they had a deeper understanding of the power of the Path of Dimension.

Nan Sheng mobilized three trillion Precepts to form a giant black bell that spun rapidly and enveloped his body.

Then, he mobilized the remaining four trillion Precepts in the Precept Domain to form 40 light sabers that attacked Zhang Ruochen from all different directions.

No matter how mysterious the Path of Dimension was, with the protection of the giant bell, one could still stand in an invincible position.

No matter how fast you ran, there would be a flaw in the instant you performed the Great Dimensional Shift. Any of the 40 light sabers that caught the flaw and slashed at you would be able to injure you severely.

Zhang Ruochen activated 670 million Intergold Precept Marks and merged them with the Ancient Abyssal Blade. It shone with a boundless golden light and hacked away the light sabers one by one.

Nan Sheng chuckled and rode the giant black bell. He rushed out from behind the light sabers and fiercely crashed towards Zhang Ruochen.

“Eleven Sword.”

Zhang Ruochen had long been ahead of him. He calmly swung his sword horizontally, leaving a straight sword light behind. This sword merged with the Path of Truth and exploded with 30 times the attack power to land on the black bell.

This was Sword Eleven of the Great Perfection!

Thud

The bell rang with a cracking sound.

The Precepts were shattered where the black bell was hit, leaving a long gash.

Nan Sheng’s expression changed slightly. Zhang Ruochen had inherited the precept marks of the Intergold Tiger. He was extremely powerful, with all his power gathered in one thread. His attack with a heaven-defying sword had actually broken through his array defense.

Nan Sheng immediately mobilized the Golden Flare and formed a golden shield print to hit the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

Boom

After breaking the giant black bell, the Ancient Abyssal Blade's power was exhausted. After being hit by the golden shield print again, a tremendous amount of power surged back, forcing Zhang Ruochen to be knocked flying again.

Zhang Ruochen retreated to the bottom of a broken wall. He stopped and stared fixedly at Nan Sheng.

He had to admit that Nan Sheng was also a flawlessly superior elite. They were all at the top level, whether it was his attack, defense, or reaction speed in actual combat.

In the same realm, Zhang Ruochen could certainly crush him with power.

However, in the current situation, finding Nan Sheng's weaknesses and a chance to win was difficult.

If the long battle went on, Zhang Ruochen would be the one to lose because Nan Sheng was also looking for his weakness.

His lower realm was Zhang Ruochen's biggest weakness.

The huge black bell reformed again, and Nan Sheng stood inside; then, he said, "I've long heard that your Path of Truth is very powerful. It lives up to its reputation. However, that sword blow just now should have exhausted the Blood Qi in your body, right?"

"Do you think that I can't break your defense?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Nan Sheng said, "I heard that you have a macroworld in your body and that you can mobilize the world's power and make your power close to that of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. Aren't you going to use that power?"

Many spectators were watching the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen.

It was no secret that Zhang Ruochen had a macroworld among the high-level cultivators in the Infernal Court.

However, Nan Sheng also knew that when Zhang Ruochen mobilized the power of the world close to the Paramount

Realm Supreme Saint, he almost couldn't bear the power of the world and nearly died. Therefore, he wasn't that afraid of Zhang Ruochen's trump card. He just wanted to know how much power Zhang Ruochen could be forced to use at his full strength.

He was always curious about those geniuses of a Yuanhui period.

Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger looked worried. This Nan Sheng was too powerful. Their master had already used all his trump cards but couldn't do anything to him. Instead, he was almost in danger.

Zhang Ruochen calculated in his heart that he had to reach the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm at least to defeat a powerful person like Nan Sheng.

After all, for Zhang Ruochen, his current cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm could only account for less than 10% of his combat power. The power of the Demigod-level physique and the Canon took up the other 90%.

Even if he broke through to the Thousand-Koan Realm, the improvement in his combat power would be minimal.

As long as he reached the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm and accumulated enough Precepts, the Saint Qi and the Blood Qi in his body would be sufficient to form his combat power.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It is indeed meaningless to fight like this. It seems that I can only defeat you with external force."

"Try to take another sword blow from me."

Swish Swish

Zhang Ruochen performed seven Great Dimensional Shifts in a row to avoid the precept light sabers. In an instant, he reached the top of Nan Sheng's head and raised his sword with both hands before hacking downwards.

The Violet Godstone on the sword shone as bright as the stars.

At the same time, the worldly power of the Qiankun Realm surged through Zhang Ruochen's arms like a roaring river. It caused the four heavenly tribulation imprints, "Wind," "Fire,"

“Water,” and “Thunder,” to appear on the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

Nan Sheng looked up at the incoming war sword and felt an invisible pressure.

Swish

The forty light sabers dispersed and turned into four trillion Precepts. They surged toward the giant black bell, making it bigger, thicker, and more solid.

BANG

The Ancient Abyssal Blade struck the giant black bell, and an earth-shattering peal of sound spread out. It sent both Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger standing nearby, flying like scarecrows.

Nan Sheng’s legs trembled slightly. He gritted his teeth and supported himself with all his strength.

“This is... power close to the Paramount Realm... and it had exceeded some of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saints might...”

CRASH

The Ancient Abyssal Blade broke through the black bell and struck Nan Sheng’s right shoulder.

Half of Nan Sheng’s body was slammed into the ground. Blood poured out of his shoulder, and he spat out a large mouthful of blood.

However, Zhang Ruochen was slightly stunned by this.

The sword could split apart the black bell, but it couldn’t split Nan Sheng’s body.

Zhang Ruochen saw that apart from the thirty-six beast engravings, there were also blood-red inscriptions on Nan Sheng’s skin.

He carved the runes on his body.

Nan Sheng, who only had a small part of his body sticking out of the ground, slowly raised his head and revealed a sinister

smile. “You actually forced me to use the Possession Blood Talisman. I’m definitely going to take the macroworld inside of you!”

Whoosh

The blood-red runes on Nan Sheng’s body shone brightly. They condensed into a bloody runic hand and slapped towards Zhang Ruochen.

The bloody runic hand was three meters long. It exploded with powerful divine force.

Zhang Ruochen quickly sheathed his sword to block. He then slapped out with his palm, shattering the bloody runic hand into strands of Blood Qi.

Taking this opportunity, Nan Sheng flew straight up from the ground and retreated far away. He opened his mouth and inhaled. He swallowed all the Blood Qi from the broken bloody runic hand into his stomach.

Nan Sheng said, “If I continue to fight with you like this, I’ll lose South Haven’s reputation.”

“It looks like you’ll have to use your true ability now!” Zhang Ruochen said lightly without a bit of fear.

Nan Sheng said, “You should know that the most powerful and mysterious method for the Deathkin is the Will of Death. South-Haven doesn’t teach the Path, but the spiritual power cultivation method and the cultivation of the Will of Death. The Path and the physical body are just supplementary ways of cultivation for me.”

“South-Haven’s power has always been rumored to be magical and bizarre. I’ve wanted to see it for a long time,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“As you wish.”

Nan Sheng’s eyes turned a dark maroon. Strange dark clouds of death gathered in the water and covered the ruins of the Fane. Then they suddenly surged crazily towards Zhang Ruochen.

These were dark clouds formed by the Will of Death!

The Supreme Saints in the distance had only just touched a wisp of the deathly dark cloud, and their bodies withered quickly, with their life force dissipating swiftly. They were all frightened by it and promptly retreated further away.

“The Will of Death is the natural power of the Deathkin. If Nan Sheng used it with the strength of his spiritual power, he could instantly wipe out all life on a planet. Fortunately, the arrays and Divine Marks in the Fane of Origin had blocked the Will of Death from overflowing to the outside.”

“I don’t know how powerful Nan Sheng’s spiritual power is. I’ve never seen the Will of Death so strong before.”

“As the disciple of the Seven Elders, Nan Sheng must have practiced an exquisite controlling method for the Will of Death in the South-Haven.”

...

Nan Sheng’s eyes were overcast as his body floated up involuntarily while he said, “Zhang Ruochen, I heard that your spiritual power is powerful. But can you block my Will of Death?”

...

Chapter 2578: Wrath Sword

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Zhang Ruochen had already seen that the strength of Nan Sheng's spiritual power had reached the 68th class. With his age, this was an outstanding achievement.

Although Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power was also in the 68th class, a Supreme Saint who specialized in the Path of spiritual power and a Supreme Saint who used spiritual power as support were not in the same category. Moreover, Nan Sheng comes from South Haven as well.

Even ten Zhang Ruochens combined would not be a match for the Nan Sheng if it were a spiritual power battle.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen had no intention of competing with Nan Sheng's spiritual power.

Zhang Ruochen was extremely cautious. First, he took out the Myriad Curse Bead and channeled his spiritual power into it. Then he formed a spiritual power defense with the Supreme Artifact and activated the Armor of the Fire God. Afterward, he spread out the 12 wings on his back and rushed into the dark clouds of the Will of Death, approaching Nan Sheng.

Only in close combat could Zhang Ruochen have a chance to win.

"This is unexpected! His spiritual power has also reached class 68."

Nan Sheng smiled. He closed his eyes and waved his arms. The Will of Death gathered around his body and formed a group of deathly demonic butterflies.

The butterflies were only the size of a palm. They were gorgeous and had wings colored in three vibrant colors.

Swoosh

The butterflies flew out like flying knives, leaving behind streaks of triple-colored lights. They kept hitting the Armor of the Fire God, making sounds that resembled metal and stone colliding.

Each butterfly hit Zhang Ruochen like a heavy punch.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen was getting closer, Nan Sheng frowned. The most important part of his “Deathly Demonic Butterflies Dance” was not the impact force of the butterfly but the vigorous Will of Death contained in the butterfly.

Once a butterfly hit his body, the Will of Death would instantly invade into the body. It corrupts flesh and blood and also devours vitality. Even a Regal Artifact class saint armor could not block his Will of Death.

However, the armor on Zhang Ruochen seemed to restrain the Will of Death and could not be penetrated at all.

In an instant, Zhang Ruochen was already 300 feet away.

“Butterfly Emperor, break out of the cocoon.”

With the sound of Nan Sheng’s voice, a large group of three-colored deathly demonic butterflies gathered in front of him and formed a cocoon ball with a diameter of three meters.

When Zhang Ruochen slashed down with his sword, the Butterfly Emperor formed itself in the cocoon ball. A slender five-colored light arm stretched out to block the edge of the Ancient Abyssal Blade.

Crash

The sword that could break the stars and moons has been blocked!

WHOOSH

The cocoon ball shattered, and a huge butterfly empress appeared. Its entire body emitted light in five colors. Besides three pairs of long, pointed, five-colored light arms, she had a surprisingly completely naked and stunning feminine body.

The vast butterfly wings spread out and flapped gently. They released five-colored light dots and wrapped them around Zhang Ruochen.

The five-colored light dots contained powerful spiritual power and could hypnotize cultivators.

In Zhang Ruochen's eyes, the feminine beauty with giant butterfly wings became more and more attractive.

Of course, these illusions could not charm Zhang Ruochen's mind.

He sensed vigilantly that Nan Sheng had once again mobilized the Precepts, which condensed into light sabers and flew toward him from behind.

The situation was extremely dangerous with the butterfly empress in front and the rain of sabers behind.

"It's over!"

Nan Sheng thought that victory was within his grasp, and the smile in his eyes grew wider.

Suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his heart. The smile in his eyes disappeared, and he shouted, "Chant of Death!"

The saint's heart was where the spiritual power was stored. Being attacked right there by the power of Zhang Ruochen's curse, Nan Sheng's spiritual power was undoubtedly greatly affected. Even the five-colored lights on the deathly butterfly empress, controlled by spiritual power, quickly dimmed.

Zhang Ruochen knew that his only chance to win had appeared!

Without hesitation, he activated one of the Seven Shaft Spirit Swords hanging in his sea of Qi.

"Wrath Sword!"

A bright sword light flew out from between Zhang Ruochen's eyebrows and pierced through the butterfly empress's body. Following that, it then struck Nan Sheng's chest.

Swoosh

The thirty-six beast engravings and blood-red inscriptions simultaneously appeared on Nan Sheng's body. However, the sword light still penetrated his body, causing him to shoot out like a cannonball and crash heavily into the ruins.

The Seven Shaft Spirit Swords corresponded to Zhang Ruochen's seven emotions: Sorrow, Love, Desire, Wrath, Joy, Hate, and Fear.

Among them, the Sorrow Sword was the strongest, and the Fear Sword was the weakest.

However, the strength of the seven swords was related to the cultivator's emotions. They could burst out with unparalleled power if any feelings were extreme enough.

As long as Zhang Ruochen was terrified, even the Sword of Fear could be stronger than the Sorrow Sword.

The power of the sword spirit was very destructive to a cultivator's spiritual power, Saint Soul, and emotions, but it was less damaging to the physical body.

"The power of the sword spirit is so powerful that it can even break through the physical defense of Nan Sheng." Zhang Ruochen was shocked. After all, he knew very well that because he was not angry enough, the power of the Wrath Sword he used just now was quite subpar.

It was like how he had 100 million saint stones, but he could only take out 10,000 saint stones to show off. Other saint stones were on him, but he could not take them out.

Zhang Ruochen immediately struck out with the Ancient Abyssal Blade and flew straight toward the place where the Nan Sheng had fallen.

BOOM

However, the Ancient Abyssal Blade was hit by a seal, and it flew back.

With a swoosh, the Nan Sheng rushed out of the ruins. He stuck a talisman on his body and threw another talisman at Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger. Then, he retreated far away at a breakneck speed.

He thought he could withstand the injuries to his body.

However, the injuries to his spiritual power and Saint Soul were severe. He also couldn't figure out the origin of Zhang Ruochen's sword attack, so he ran away decisively.

Zhang Ruochen moved in front of Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger. He shoved his palm forward and used Dimensional Freeze.

Boom

The talisman exploded. Its power was comparable to a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint exploding his Sainthood Source, and the frozen space was instantly torn apart.

Zhang Ruochen carried one in each hand and brought Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger to a distance of roughly five kilometers away. When he turned around, the talisman's destructive power was weakened and dissolved by the ancient Divine Marks, but it still flattened a large area.

The vicious voice of Nan Sheng came from somewhere. "Zhang Ruochen, I will remember today's sword blow and repay it twice in the future!"

Zhang Ruochen could roughly sense his location, but he did not chase after him.

A figure like Nan Sheng must have many life-saving treasures. In addition, his cultivation was powerful. The probability of being left behind was very small if he chased after him. Instead, he might be ambushed and suffer a significant loss.

"If you see me again, you will fear me like a deity," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Supreme Saints who had stayed nearby were all frightened and fled.

It was too terrifying!

Nan Sheng had lost to Zhang Ruochen. If this news were to spread, it would definitely alarm the Infernal Court's Ten Clans.

None of them believed that Zhang Ruochen was still in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. They all thought that Zhang Ruochen must have gotten a great opportunity in the Fane of Origin and had broken through to the Thousand-Koan Realm.

“Master, you’re so handsome. I also want to cultivate Swordsmanship now,” Sikong the Elder said excitedly.

Zhang Ruochen put away the Ancient Abyssal Blade and took out two Godstones. “You’re not suitable for Swordsmanship! But I see that you and Sikong the Younger have very impressive physiques. What race are you exactly?”

“What race?” Sikong the Elder was stunned. “Aren’t we the same? Oh, no. Master is a half-human and half-Immortal Vampire. Sikong the Younger and I must be pure-blooded humans.”

“Is that so?”

A sword-shaped Sword Qi flew out of Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

The Sword Qi flew past Sikong the Elder’s round face. When the blade touched his skin, it made an ear-piercing scraping sound, and sparks also flew out.

The sword didn’t cut his skin.

Sikong the Elder fell to the ground. He covered his face and screamed. “Master, can we talk? Cultivators don’t lie, and I am really a human.”

“Do you have any guesses?” Sikong the Younger pressed his palms together and asked calmly.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. “Forget it. When I ask you, you probably don’t know too. When I have the chance, I’ll ask your Master myself.”

Sikong the Elder got up from the ground. Rubbing his fat face, he muttered, “Luckily, I didn’t get a scar from that.”

Zhang Ruochen sat on a huge rock, “Now,” he said, “Tell me what happened. Why were you chased by the cultivators of the Fane of Death? Where is Moyin, Fairy, the Lord of Stone, and the Lord of Sword?”

Chapter 2579:

Denouncement from All Sides

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger narrated the situation as they hurried on.

It wasn't too different from what Zhang Ruochen had guessed. Bai Qing'er led the cultivators of the major forces to Fane of Origin. Sikong the Elder and Sikong the Younger had taken many sacred medicines. How could the cultivators not be jealous?

In a moment of desperation, they had to run away separately.

...

There were still some sacred medicines left in the area that was once full of sacred medicines. They were all growing in a powerful formation. A large number of powerful cultivators had gathered here, trying to find a way to break the formation.

Numerous Terra Demon cultivators had occupied a ruin.

In the ruin, there was an ancient saint tree growing. On the tree, more than ten saint fruits were flowing with lightning. The Emperor of Terra Demon, Xuan Zehai, and the Array Master of Yanluo Clan broke the formation around the ancient Saint Tree.

Yan Zhexian and Xuan Qingying were standing in the outer area, on guard against the sneak attacks of the cultivators from other forces.

Not many cultivators dared to provoke Yanluo Clan, but this was Fane of Origin. For the sake of treasures, there's nothing those bold cultivators wouldn't do.

Xuan Qingying said, "Fane of Origin has come into being. The deities from the major forces in Infernal Court should have arrived by now, right?"

"The gods care more about Fane of Origin than we do. I guess some of them have already arrived in Southern Sword Realm. They might even have entered the Fane," Yan Zhexian said.

Xuan Qingying rolled her eyes. Suddenly, she said, "Zhang Ruochen is standing at the storm's peak again. He has fooled all the forces. Many leaders of the forces have already said they will teach him a lesson."

Yan Zhexian's eyes were cold. "Don't mention him. I'll teach him a lesson myself if I meet him. I have to show him how terrifying Yanluo Clan's eldest daughter's anger is."

Yan Zhexian's anger burned thinking about how Zhang Ruochen and Bai Qing'er had used her name to sneak into Fane of Origin in advance. She wanted to be like the other cultivators and call them adulterous couples.

There was a commotion in the distance. Many cultivators flew over.

A cultivator from Terra Demon rushed over. He said anxiously, "Reporting to the two Supreme Saints, Zhang Ruochen has appeared!"

"Hmph!"

Yan Zhexian waved her long sleeve and turned into a streak of light. She trails along the water.

Xuan Qingying followed closely.

Zhang Ruochen came to this area with five cultivators. He didn't panic when he saw the cultivators from all the forces rushing over, "Most of the sacred medicines in this area have been picked. Why are there still so many cultivators here? Everyone, there must be treasures in other areas of Fane of Origin as well."

A group of people from Fane of Asura walked out with murderous intent.

The leader was a three-tailed Supreme Saint who had reached Paramount Realm. “Zhang Ruochen, did you kill Supreme Saint Xing Qian of Fane of Asuran?”

His name was Shan Haijun, and he had been cultivating for over 10,000 years.

With Pan Ruo as the leader, a group of Supreme Saints rushed out of Fane of Destiny and surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

Pan Ruo asked, “Supreme Saint Ruochen, can you explain where Ji Fanxin got the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin from?”

...

“Zhang Ruochen, did you kill Supreme Saint Fei’er Tianding of The Paarth Family?”

...

“Five supreme-quality Divine Crystal of Origins were stolen from the House of Enchanters of Divine Domain of Destiny. By self-detonating his Sainthood Source, Tan Fei almost killed all the cultivators of the major forces. Did you plan this?”

...

The cultivators of the various forces were holding back their anger. Some had resentments, and some had grudges. They all wanted to punish Zhang Ruochen.

Yan Zhexian was extremely angry and thought Zhang Ruochen was hateful. However, seeing Zhang Ruochen in such a dangerous situation, she held back from rushing out. She didn’t want to kick a man when he was down.

She even started to worry.

What if that guy angered everyone, was surrounded and killed?

“Do I need to explain how I killed a few saints in Infernal Court? Even if you attack now, and I kill all of you. I don’t need to explain to anyone.”

Zhang Ruochen scanned the surroundings. Powerful Qi surged out of his body. He held Ancient Abyssal Blade in his hand and shouted, “Get out of the way!”

“You’re too arrogant. What realm are you in? How can you be so arrogant?” The Supreme Saint of Fane of Asuran, Shan Haijun, roared.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Arrogant? You’re obviously making accusations. You want to kill me and split the treasures on me. How can I reason with you? Is there any logic?”

The cultivators of the major forces couldn’t take it anymore. They all took out their weapons and prepared to kill Zhang Ruochen together.

“Wait.”

Pan Ruo walked out from the cultivators of Fane of Destiny and came to Zhang Ruochen. She said, “You can settle other matters in private. However, Supreme Saint Ruochen better explain the source of the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin in Ji Fanxin’s hands now.”

Zhang Ruochen could see that Pan Ruo had come up to him because she wanted him to capture her as a hostage and escape.

Zhang Ruochen was unmoved. “Of course, she stole the supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin from me. Does Scioness think I’m colluding with the cultivators of Celestial Court?”

Suddenly, a child’s voice sounded from the crowd. “Zhang Ruochen is right. There’s no such thing as logic in the world. There’s no need to talk so much to kill someone.”

A child with nine-colored divine light walked out from the crowd of cultivators.

Whoosh

He flew up, and the six swords on his back flew out.

Two of them released Supreme Power. They were two Supreme Artifacts. The six swords flew together and turned the water upside down.

Apart from some Paramount Realm Supreme Saints, the other Supreme Saints couldn't stand properly. They were almost swept away by the Supreme Power.

This child was naturally Lan Ying.

Lan Ying laughed coldly, "I heard that you defeated Que. This time, I will go all out."

"Heaven Sword Soul."

Precepts of Swordsmanship in the sea flew towards him. Above his head, a shadow of a soul appeared. In an instant, the power of Lan Ying's sword increased significantly.

"Asura Heaven's Kill"

The six swords lined up and turned into a sword light, slashing down.

Zhang Ruochen's body turned golden, and a shadow of a soul appeared above his head. He rushed up and slashed out with his sword, Sword Eleven.

The two powerful forces of Swordsmanship collided, shooting out tens of thousands of Sword Qi.

The Sword Qi contained the power of the sword soul. Some cultivators were hit, and their saint souls were severely injured. They let out shrill screams.

"Heaven Sword Soul... Zhang Ruochen has also cultivated Heaven Sword Soul..."

"It is indeed Heaven Sword Soul. Zhang Ruochen has cultivated Heaven Sword Soul in Hundred-Shackle Realm. How can his attainments in Swordsmanship be so high?"

Amidst the exclamations of the crowd, Lan Ying and Zhang Ruochen had already exchanged dozens of sword strikes.

Suddenly, Lan Ying fell from above and fell heavily into the mud and rocks, making a large area of water extremely muddy. Six battle swords also fell from the sky and stabbed into the bottom of the sea.

A long sword cut was cut through Lan Ying's abdomen, and it could not be healed for a long time.

Lan Ying somersaulted from the ground, his face ferocious. He shouted, “Zhang Ruochen, don’t go. Let’s fight again.”

It was then that everyone realized that Zhang Ruochen had long disappeared. Even the five cultivators had been taken away by him.

The elders of Paramount Realm looked at each other in shock. Had Zhang Ruochen grown to such an extent?

So many cultivators had gathered to denounce him, but he had escaped easily.

Pan Ruo looked in the direction where Zhang Ruochen had escaped. An unnoticeable smile appeared in her eyes.

Soon after, there was news that Zhang Ruochen had defeated Nan Sheng.

Everyone was shocked again. Some cultivators who had denounced Zhang Ruochen earlier felt fear and regret. They were afraid that Zhang Ruochen would take revenge in secret. This trip to Fane of Origin seemed to be even more dangerous!

Xuan Qingying looked at Lan Ying, surrounded by a group of cultivators from Fane of Barasingha. She was still a little absent-minded. She muttered to herself, “No one can stop Zhang Ruochen’s rise. The secular world of Infernal Court will soon belong to him.”

Fane of Origin was full of dangers. Other than cultivators from Fane of Barasingha, no other forces continued to pursue Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had returned to this place because he wanted to find the aura left behind by Saint Devourer.

Compared to Ji Fanxin, who had no way to find her, Zhang Ruochen thought that he should find Saint Devourer, Lord of Stone, Lord of Sword, and Xue Tu first. There was a subtle connection between him and Saint Devourer. He could sense where she was going.

Not long after, Zhang Ruochen found a vine of Saint Devourer in a shabby stone hall.

Picking up the vine, Zhang Ruochen sensed it and said, “The aura of Hai Ke. This is great. It’s a good opportunity to kill him in Fane of Origin.”

When he first met Hai Ke in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, Zhang Ruochen’s Heart of Truth sensed that Hai Ke had Canon of Truth. Thus, Zhang Ruochen put him on the must-kill list.

As for why Hai Ke, a Supreme Saint of Infernal Court, had Canon of Truth, Zhang Ruochen had some guesses. It was most likely because he killed a Celestial Court cultivator who had Canon of Truth and taken it.

Zhang Ruochen burst out with an even faster speed to catch up. He soon sensed a familiar power fluctuation coming from the water.

Splash

The water in front of him was very muddy. There were ripples of Death Qi and deafening sounds of battle.

Although Hai Ke was a member of Deathkin, his body was a god’s corpse.

At this moment, Hai Ke’s divine body was more than 3000 meters tall. He grabbed Lord of Stone and held him in his palm. He smiled. “An Azure Terra Stone can be cultivated to such a high realm. This is a precious material to refine a Supreme Artifact.”

“Azure Terra sacred spear!”

Lord of Stone roared. A long spear covered in dragon scales flew out from his body toward Hai Ke’s glabella.

BOOM

Hai Ke ignored it. The Azure Terra sacred spear hit his glabella. A layer of divine light automatically appeared on his skin and sent Supreme Artifact flying.

“Haha! My body is stronger than Zhang Ruochen’s Demigod physique. How can you hurt me?”

Hai Ke stuffed Lord of Stone into his mouth and swallowed him. He planned to use the divine fire in his body to refine and tame Lord of Stone's spirit and will.

Chapter 2580: Seizing the Canon

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

Moyin stood on the head of a female deity statue, her face extremely pale.

Around her delicate body was a Precept Domain condensed from 1500 billion Precepts. Her hair turned into purple vines that floated in the water, releasing wisps of Divine Purification Flames.

Lord of Sword stood in the palm of the deity statue, his body gathering and dispersing at times. He was in a terrible state.

After Lord of Stone was swallowed by Hai Ke, both felt sorry for him. Their morale dropped to rock bottom.

“Do you still want to struggle? In Infernal Court, following me is more promising than following Zhang Ruochen.” Hai Ke stretched out a giant hand with divine chains. He slapped down and smashed the statue into pieces.

Moyin moved nimbly and flew out from between his fingers. The moment she was stuck in the water, five fingers grabbed out through the air. They tore open five Dimensional Rifts hundreds of feet long and flew toward Hai Ke’s face.

Before the five Dimensional Rifts could reach Hai Ke, they were closed by Hai Ke’s Precept Domain.

“In my Precept Domain, dimensional attacks are useless.”

Hai Ke grabbed Lord of Stone from the rubble.

BOOM!

His five fingers exerted some force, and Lord of Stone's body exploded, turning into a ball of light cloud.

Hai Ke exclaimed in surprise. He looked at the light cloud in his palm and said in shock, "It's actually a strand of sword intent. It gave birth to consciousness and condensed into a spirit body. This is the core sword intent left behind by a Sword God after he died, right?"

Hai Ke felt like he had obtained a treasure. A sword comprehension cultivated to the Supreme Saint realm was enough to sell for a sky-high price.

Moyin sensed that Zhang Ruochen was nearby, so she released all the remaining Saint Qi in her body and turned it into the divine fire. She stretched out her arms and turned them into thousands of vines wrapped around Hai Ke's divine body.

The divine fire burned on the vines, turning Hai Ke into a vast fireball.

Hai Ke roared, "You're courting death."

Two Divine Qi light pillars with a diameter of dozens of feet surged out of his eyes and shot toward Moyin.

At this moment, Hai Ke's expression changed. He sensed an extremely explosive power appearing above him. He roared, "Zhang Ruochen!"

"It's me."

Zhang Ruochen escaped from the dimension and slashed down with his sword.

Ancient Abyssal Blade was as heavy as a planet. It became 300 meters long, like a black waterfall.

Zhang Ruochen had chosen to attack at this time. Thus, he would not give Hai Ke any chance to dodge. Sneak attack and direct confrontation were two completely different concepts.

Hai Ke did not have time to think about how Zhang Ruochen could use Great Dimensional Shift in his Precept Domain. In a hurry, he had to mobilize as many Precepts in the Precept Domain as possible to form a defensive light wall.

Puff

Ancient Abyssal Blade broke through the defensive light wall and stuck to Hai Ke's scalp. It dragged from the back of his head to the bottom of his back, forming a sword cut thousands of feet long.

The wound was shocking.

Large amounts of divine blood surged out of the sword cut, instantly dyeing the water red.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't happy about it. Instead, his face turned ugly. He hadn't been able to kill Hai Ke with one strike.

Hai Ke's divine body was too strong. With the advantage of Ancient Abyssal Blade and the power of Qiankun Realm that Zhang Ruochen had mobilized, he had only hacked a few feet deep.

In fact, he hadn't even hurt Hai Ke's bones, let alone split his divine body.

Two beams of Divine Qi shot out of Hai Ke's eyes. They had already severely injured Moyin. It flew out like charcoal and fell into the depths of the sea.

BANG! BANG!

Hai Ke broke the vines that wrapped around his body. His body shrank rapidly and became only two meters tall. He took the opportunity to dodge the sword that Zhang Ruochen had slashed toward his neck.

His Precept Domain couldn't restrain Zhang Ruochen's Power of Dimension. His huge divine body would become his weakness, giving Zhang Ruochen more opportunities to take advantage of it.

The smaller the divine body, the more advantageous it would be for him.

The second sword missed, and Zhang Ruochen decisively retreated far away. He had a deeper understanding of Hai Ke's strength.

Although this person looked overbearing, impulsive, and bloodthirsty on the surface, he had a lot of battle experience. Zhang Ruochen would be at a significant disadvantage if he underestimated him.

The disciple of that important figure in Apeiron Sea was not an ordinary person.

Sword Qi had invaded Hai Ke's back, making it difficult for the wound to heal. Divine blood kept flowing out.

Thinking that he'd been injured by a weak cultivator like Zhang Ruochen, anger surged in Hai Ke's heart. He summoned Catastrophic Ax and said in a deep voice, "Since you dared to show up, I naturally can't let you escape today."

Whoosh

More than nine trillion Precepts enveloped the wider underwater water area.

The temperature of this water area dropped rapidly, condensing into strange-shaped ice crystals. The cold slowed Zhang Ruochen's blood flow and Saint Qi.

The space seemed to be frozen.

Hai Ke strode over, "I know you are the Master of Time and Space. Your ability to escape is great. However, the Divine Marks and arrays in Fane of Origin will greatly limit your power. What chance do you think you have to escape?"

"When did I say I would escape?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"You couldn't break my physical defense even when I was defenseless. Do you think you have a chance in a head-on confrontation? I've been practicing in Apeiron Sea for many years. The environment here can make my combat power stronger." said Hai Ke

"Our strengths are not based on words," Zhang Ruochen said.

The distance between the two closed to 30 meters.

Swoosh!

Hai Ke raised Catastrophic Ax and hacked down.

Catastrophic Ax instantly became 30 meters long, as big as a house, releasing purple-black lightning brilliance.

Zhang Ruochen turned sideways and dodged quickly.

BOOM!

Catastrophic Ax hacked a crack hundreds of meters long at the bottom of the sea. Countless Divine Marks were triggered. Beams of destructive light surged out from the bottom of the crack.

Although Zhang Ruochen dodged the axe, he could not avoid the ubiquitous lightning.

In the water, the power of lightning could not be avoided.

Dozens of lightning struck the Armor of the Fire God, penetrated the armor, and attacked Zhang Ruochen's body. Each bolt of lightning pierced his body like a sword.

Hai Ke laughed and swung his axe.

BAM!

This time, Zhang Ruochen took out Zangshan Demonic Mirror. The mirror became as tall as a person and reflected the lightning in the water.

BOOM!

BOOM!!!

...

Hai Ke was confident and calm. He said, "If you keep dodging like this, you won't be able to hide for long."

Zhang Ruochen looked around and noticed that the edge of Hai Ke's Precept Domain had completely frozen into white ice. It was shrinking rapidly.

Zhang Ruochen's space to move would become smaller.

More importantly, the white ice and Hai Ke's Precepts combined utterly. Even if Zhang Ruochen used Canon of Dimension and Great Dimensional Shift, he wouldn't be able to pass through.

“It seems like there’s no other way!”

Zhang Ruochen murmured. Then he turned to Hai Ke and said, “Do you really think no one can break your divine body?”

“Only a Demigod can break my divine body’s defense,” Hai Ke said.

Zhang Ruochen took out a copper coffin from his Ring of Dimension. With a bang, he slapped the lid away.

Faint divine light surged out of the coffin.

It was the coffin that held half of the god’s corpse.

Hai Ke was slightly surprised. He smiled. “You’ve even prepared a coffin for yourself?”

Rustle

A strange sound came from the coffin.

Numerous God-Eater Bugs flew out of the coffin. Their bodies were blue and green. Blue flames radiated from their bodies as they flew toward Hai Ke.

“God-Eater Bugs!”

Hai Ke’s expression finally changed. He stopped immediately and released his Divine Qi. It formed a substantial spherical shield. Then he swung his axe.

God’s corpse was most afraid of God-Eater Bugs.

There were so many of them. The bugs ate everything and chewed on the Divine Qi shield.

Hai Ke’s attacks were strong, but the God-Eater Bugs weren’t weak. He could only kill a few with his axe.

Zhang Ruochen took out Sevenstar Imperial Palace and found Saint Devourer, which had been beaten back to its original form. He brought it into the palace and put it into Spring of Life to recuperate.

Palace Guardian Huang Tian knew that Hai Ke was a powerful existence. He immediately activated the array, Divine Marks, and Supreme Saint Inscriptions.

At Sevenstar Imperial Palace's entrance, Zhang Ruochen looked at Hai Ke surrounded by the God-Eater Bugs. He then released the Realm-frame of Truth in Boundless Universe.

At the same time, a crystal-clear diamond-shaped gem flew out of his body. It had 129,600 facets and was brighter than the thousands of stars in the realms.

Hai Ke, who was trying to stop the God-Eater Bugs from getting close was shocked to find that Canon of Truth in his body flew toward Sevenstar Imperial Palace uncontrollably.

“Zhang Ruochen, you really have a rare treasure of Truth. But don't you even think about taking away my Canon.”

Hai Ke jumped out of the swarm of insects. He grabbed Catastrophic Ax with both hands and struck it down with lightning speed.

The ax became 300 meters long, and the lightning turned into an ocean.

Boom

The layers of defensive array light screen of Sevenstar Imperial Palace were broken by him. The colossal battle axe slowly fell down.

Zhang Ruochen had already absorbed two-tenths of Canon of Truth in Hai Ke's body into Heart of Truth. He looked up and said, “Desire Blade!”

A bright sword light flew out from between his eyebrows and hit Hai Ke's body.

Bang!

Hai Ke was thrown back and fell back into the swarm of insects.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. “He doesn't seem to be hurt. My desire is still not strong enough.”

Desire Blade did not hurt Hai Ke's divine body, but it hurt Hai Ke's spirit and saint soul to a certain extent.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged and held Myriad Curse Bead in his palm. He mobilized his mighty spiritual power and fused it into his body. He chanted, “Chant of Death.”

This curse directly attacked Hai Ke’s heart.

Hai Ke’s spiritual power was not as strong as Nan Sheng’s. When attacked by the Chant of Death, he was immediately severely affected. His defense was broken, and a God-Eater Bug took the opportunity to drill into the wound on his back.

“Curse of Abandon.”

“Aprameya Curse.”

“Blood-devouring Curse.”

...

One curse after another came out of Zhang Ruochen’s mouth.

Hai Ke roared again and again. He ignored the God-Eater Bugs and rushed toward Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Hai Ke was powerful. Of course, he couldn’t clash head-on with him. With a thought, Sevenstar Imperial Palace became the size of a fist and disappeared into space. In the next moment, he appeared behind Hai Ke.

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Chapter 2581: Broke Through the Realm

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The God-eater Bug had absorbed the poison from the divine corpse in the copper coffin. After many years of cultivation by Zhang Ruochen, it had morphed and evolved. It could be considered the second generation of the God-eater Bug.

At first, Hai Ke didn't care about being bitten by the God-eater Bug.

But as time passed, poisonous green lines appeared on his body. Even though he was a corpse and more of a dead spirit, he still felt the terror of the poison.

His body became numb, and his reflexes slowed down. His power also decreased significantly.

One could imagine that if the creatures at the Banshi Isshou Realm were bitten, they would be poisoned to death.

Hai Ke finally realized the danger and sensed the threat of death.

'I didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to raise such a large group of God-eater Bugs that contain divine poison. I've miscalculated. I can't continue this stalemate. I have to leave immediately.'

Hai Ke withdrew the nine trillion precepts that had condensed into a Precept Domain into his body. He grabbed the Catastrophic Ax with both hands and struck the ground.

BOOM!

The space shook.

A thick, powerful thunderlight shuttle surged out of the Catastrophic Ax and sent the God-eater Bugs flying.

Even the impact hit the fist-sized Sevenstar Imperial Palace in the distance and crashed into the thick ice wall.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the palace gate and shook his body. He thought to himself, 'As expected from the divine corpse physique. The divine poison has entered its body, but it can still launch such a powerful attack.'

However, Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Hai Ke was already at the end of his rope. He was probably going to escape.

"Zhang Ruochen, you're good. Next time, I'll definitely take the treasure that can restrain the God-eater Bug and take your head."

Hai Ke turned into a streak of divine light and flew into the distance.

"Do you think there will be a next time?"

Zhang Ruochen's voice was still behind him. However, Hai Ke was surprised to find that the Sevenstar Imperial Palace had appeared before him. It was as big as a real palace, and Zhang Ruochen stood in the center of the palace gate.

Zhang Ruochen was in a bow drawing position and held the Ancient Abyssal Sword with both hands. The sword was like an arrow on the bowstring.

BANG!

The bowstring sounded.

Zhang Ruochen and the Ancient Abyssal Sword seemed to have become one. They turned into a fast-flying beam of light, dragging a tail that was dozens of meters long, and hit Hai Ke.

Hai Ke gritted his teeth. His arm that held the ax spun like a windmill, and a mighty aura surged out of his body.

He struck out with the ax.

BOOM!

The Ancient Abyssal Sword broke through Hai Ke's protective Precept Domain and hit his chest hard. The entire sword pierced through, and the tip of the sword emerged from his back.

Hai Ke's ax struck Zhang Ruochen, causing sparks to fly from the Armor of the Fire God.

Zhang Ruochen flew out diagonally, smashing a long string of ruined buildings and creating a deep ravine on the seabed.

The Catastrophic Ax didn't break the Armor of the Fire God, but the impact made Zhang Ruochen's bones fall apart. Cracks appeared on his internal organs, and blood flowed out of his mouth.

If Hai Ke had struck at his peak, Zhang Ruochen didn't know if his Demigod-level physique could withstand it.

Zhang Ruochen's sword had merged with the Heaven Sword Soul, causing Hai Ke's Saint Soul to suffer an unprecedented serious injury. Because his Saint Soul was injured, it was tough for him to mobilize the Divine Qi in his body and gather enough power.

To deal with a dead spirit like Hai Ke. Only by attacking his spirit could Zhang Ruochen kill him completely.

The cultivators of the Fane of Barasingha had been chasing after Zhang Ruochen. At this moment, they were hiding in a corner far away. They were standing on a huge ancient map to hide their aura.

"It seems to be true. Zhang Ruochen can seriously injure Hai Ke, and the news about defeating Nan Sheng. It's not so hard to believe anymore!" Bai Fang said.

Bai Fang was a Supreme Saint of the Fane of Barasingha. He didn't go with the other Supreme Saints to explore the depths of the Fane of Origin. Instead, he stayed behind to protect Lan Ying. He was in charge of preserving the Fane of Barasingha's interests outside the Fane of Origin.

A Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint said disdainfully, "Zhang Ruochen can only restrain Hai Ke with the help of the God-eater Bug."

“But Zhang Ruochen is the master of the God-eater Bug.”

Bai Fang glanced at Lan Ying and said, “Let’s go. Zhang Ruochen has already reached the pinnacle. Hai Ke has suffered a great loss. Even if we attack, we won’t be able to win.”

Although Bai Fang’s cultivation was in the Paramount Realm, he had only cultivated more than two trillion precepts. His battle strength was weaker than Hai Ke at the Banshi Isshou Realm.

“Zhang Ruochen was hit by HAI Ke’s ax. Even if he didn’t die, he must have been seriously injured. Isn’t now the best time for us to attack?” asked Lan Ying.

He couldn’t forget about Zhang Ruochen, a Yuanhui-level genius. He had always wanted to devour him.

Then, Lan Ying looked at Hai Ke, whose body was on the verge of collapse. He smiled and said, “Why don’t we devour them together?”

Bai Fang was shocked and stopped him immediately. He said, “The Fane of Barasingha has always insisted that we should never provoke powerful enemies of the Infernal Court. We should keep a low profile and progress steadily. Killing Zhang Ruochen is to completely rope in Asurendra Samay. But Hai Ke is the disciple of that important figure in the Apeiron Sea. He is also the top-notch powerhouse of the mortal world who will take over Yuan Qianmo from the Deathkin in the future. He must not be touched.”

“If Zhang Ruochen can be touched, why can’t I?”

Lan Ying did not listen at all. He felt that Bai Fang was too cautious and had too many restrictions. Lan Ying thought, ‘No wonder he could only cultivate and reach the Paramount Realm in his life. At most, he would be given a Divinity Source in the future to cultivate into a pseudo god.

Lan Ying was a peerless genius. He couldn’t let himself listen to the words of such a mediocre person.

If he listened to the words of a mediocre person, he would only become a mediocre person.

People don't become average because they were born average. It was because he didn't dare to do extraordinary things. Walking down the extraordinary path was the path of extraordinary changes.

Lan Ying summoned six swords. Just as he was about to make his move, dazzling divine light surged out of Hai Ke's body and turned into a mighty divine cloud. Countless precepts wrapped around his body.

Thunder and lightning shuttled through the divine cloud.

There were also Hai Ke's deafening roars.

Bai Fang's eyes focused. "Hai Ke is condensing a supreme body. He's about to break through."

"He just cultivated more than 9 trillion precepts, and he's already broken through? Hai Ke was crippled by Zhang Ruochen!" Lan Ying shook his head and sneered.

When Bai Fang thought about how he had only cultivated more than 1 trillion precepts when he had formed his Paramount physique, he felt like he had been stabbed in the heart.

With Hai Ke's cultivation, once he broke the realm, the number of precepts would definitely exceed 10 trillion. Although he was still in the Paramount Realm, such a Paramount Realm was called a "Demigod".

Bai Fang recovered after a long time. "Let's go. Hai Ke is well prepared. He has already swallowed the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill that helped him form his Paramount physique. Breaking the realm is inevitable."

The aura from Hai Ke grew stronger and stronger. It swept to the hiding places of the cultivators of the Fane of Barasingha.

Some Supreme Saints with lower cultivation felt the terrifying aura and faint divine power. Their faces turned pale. They felt Hai Ke was no longer a Supreme Saint but a god.

"After Hai Ke breaks through the realm, if he finds us hiding in the dark, he might kill us all with his ferocity."

“Zhang Ruochen might have already escaped. I’m afraid we won’t have a chance if we don’t escape now.”

...

The cultivators of the Fane of Barasingha said anxiously. They all looked at Lan Ying.

Lan Ying wasn’t satisfied. He said, “Let’s go! After breaking through, Hai Ke isn’t someone we can afford to provoke.”

Just as Lan Ying said, Hai Ke breaking through at this time was equivalent to self-destruction.

For cultivators who wanted to break through to the representative level of the Yuanhui-level, accumulating ten trillion precepts at the pinnacle of the Banshi Isshou Realm was an indispensable threshold.

Breaking through before crossing the threshold was equivalent to cutting off the qualification to enter the ranks of the top-notch powerhouse in the secular world.

This represented not only reputation but also a great influence.

As the number one powerhouse of the Fane of Death and the Deathkin, Yuan Qianmo had more than ten times the power and resources as the number two powerhouse of the Deathkin.

This was because the Deathkin had to nurture a peerless master at all costs in the secular world, protecting and expanding the interests of the Deathkin in the secular world.

Yuan Qianmo was the representative of the Deathkins.

With so many resources, Yuan Qianmo could accumulate to an extreme level under the Neverwilt Realm. Once he broke through to the Neverwilt Realm, he could become a powerhouse among the gods.

As for Hai Ke, he had lost the qualification to be the face of the new generation of the Deathkin, so he could break through to divinity quickly. However, he needed to cultivate for tens of thousands of years in the divinity to reach Yuan Qianmo’s strength when he had just broken through to the divinity.

The accumulation under the divinity could greatly shorten the cultivation time in the divinity.

Therefore, many peerless figures would choose to accumulate more time under the divinity if they were not in a hurry to get things done.

Hai Ke was forced to make a breakthrough.

Zhang Ruochen was seriously injured, but he was sitting cross-legged in the ruins. He used the Myriad Curse Bead to curse him, making it impossible for him to escape. The God-eater Bugs came again. If he didn't choose to break through, he might die today at Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Hai Ke's breakthrough was coming to an end.

There were more than ten trillion precepts around him. The precepts were twice as thick. The power of each precept was ten times stronger.

If the God-eater Bugs got close, they would instantly be swept away by his aura.

Zhang Ruochen knew that he couldn't stop Hai Ke. He stopped cursing. A grim expression appeared between his brows.

He stood up slowly. Most of his injuries had recovered.

He didn't choose to run away. After all, the Heart of Truth had been exposed. Even if he had a chance, he had to kill Hai Ke. "You two have been watching for so long. Aren't you going to show yourself?"

There was no response.

Zhang Ruochen said again, "If you kill Hai Ke, all his treasures will be yours. I won't take them."

The Seven-Armed Elder popped a head out of the ground and said, "Are you serious?"

"I, Zhang Ruochen, am not short of treasures," Zhang Ruochen said.

A bright Dimensional Array suddenly appeared and spun in the water.

Master Ye You stood in the center of the array and said, “Hai Ke’s divine body belongs to me, and so does the Sainthood Source. I think the Catastrophic Ax should still belong to me. If you don’t agree to my condition, then this matter can not be discussed.”

“Is this a condition?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Unexpectedly, the Seven-Armed Elder agreed readily and said, “These three things belong to you, but the other treasures on him all belong to me.”

Chapter 2582: The Deity of the Angels

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Anyone with a discerning eye could see that the most valuable things on Hai Ke were his divine body, Sainthood Source, and the Catastrophic Ax. Seeing how the Seven-Armed Elder agreed readily, Master Ye You was somewhat hesitant.

The Seven-Armed Elder said, “Old man, could it be that you are insatiable and want more?”

Master Ye You could not figure out the reason. Still, he thought about how he could obtain a divine corpse, a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint’s Sainthood Source, and a top-tier Regal Artifact. He seemed to have made a lot of money, so he did not think much about it.

He snorted and looked around. “I’m just worried. Hai Ke’s background is incredible. With the Apeiron Sea supporting him if things were to be exposed, where would you and I have a place to stay in the Infernal Court?”

“Below the divinity, there are very few cultivators who can hide from our senses. The only cultivator hiding in the nearby Fane of Barasingha has already escaped. What do you have to worry about? “Are you afraid of Hai Ke and afraid to attack?” The Seven-Armed Elder asked.

Seeing that the two were about to argue, the power waves from Hai Ke’s body gradually stabilized. It was a sign that his cultivation had stabilized. Zhang Ruochen quickly said, “Hai Ke heard your conversation. He won’t let you off if you don’t attack today.”

Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You both looked at the chaotic divine cloud.

“I’ll set up an array to suppress his Precept Domain.”

Master Ye You took out a two-meter-long bone staff and stabbed it into the ground.

BOOM!

Dense Dimensional Inscriptions appeared on the staff and flew into the water, covering an area of dozens of miles.

Master Ye You then took out a bunch of black beans from a beast skin bag and threw them out.

The black beans floated in the water, turning into little people in black armor. The Dimensional Inscriptions gathered on the little people and interwoven into a huge Dimensional Array.

Zhang Ruochen walked around the edge of the array and observed it secretly. At the same time, he put the God-eater Bug back into the coffin.

Master Ye You, who cultivated the Path of Dimension, was quite capable. The Dimensional Array he set up suppressed the violent divine qi that fluctuated on Hai Ke’s body.

SWOOSH!

Hai Ke’s Paramount physique was successfully condensed. His physical strength rose to an unprecedented level. He roared, “I have broken through the realm. No one can stop me now.”

Hai Ke punched out. His fist shone brilliantly. Divine power surged out like a river.

Boom

The array Master Ye You had set up shook violently. A large part of the Dimensional Inscription shattered.

Then, Hai Ke performed a superior-level saint spell. Dense precepts gathered toward the Catastrophic Ax. The ax hadn’t been slashed out yet, and the power it released already made the sea water boil.

“He’d only just broken through and was already so powerful.” Zhang Ruochen retreated to a distance. He was initially very confident in Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You, but now he began to worry.

“Old Man, can you do it or not?” Seven-Armed Elder asked anxiously.

Suppose Master Ye You couldn’t use the Power of Dimension to suppress Hai Ke’s Precept Domain. In that case, it won’t be easy to kill a demigod.

Master Ye You was calm and collected. He took a handful of beans from his bag and threw them out, turning them into more black minions. The minions surrounded the gigantic Hai Ke.

“Seven-tier Worldly Pagoda.”

Master Ye You grabbed the bone staff on the ground with one hand and poured all his level 69 spiritual power into it.

WHOOSH!

A bright pillar of light shot out from the top of the bone staff. Seven circles of array patterns appeared around the light pillar.

These seven circles of array patterns were connected to the Array of Dimension formed by small black figures. In the blink of an eye, a faintly discernible giant light tower enveloped Hai Ke.

Hai Ke’s ax struck the edge of the light tower.

The light of the tower shook violently, but it did not shatter.

On the contrary, Hai Ke suffered the rebound force and retreated dozens of steps. His eyes revealed a look of surprise.

“The Worldly Pagoda that I can set up only has seven floors. It won’t be able to suppress a demigod for long. Let’s attack together and end this quickly.”

Master Ye You grabbed the white bone staff and flew to the top of the Worldly Pagoda. He raised his right hand above his head and used his mighty spiritual power to catch hundreds of

thousands of black lightning bolts. They entered the Worldly Pagoda and roared, "Refine them for me."

A 69th-level spiritual-power Supreme Saint was equivalent to a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

'This old sly has finally revealed his ferocious side,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen didn't take this opportunity to leave. After all, Lord of Sword and Lord of Stone were still within Hai Ke. He had to save them.

Although the Lord of Sword's body had been crushed, as long as its core swordwill wasn't destroyed, he could reassemble his body.

Although Lord of Stone had been swallowed by Hai Ke, he had fused with the spiritual wills of the six gods. It was not easy for Hai Ke to refine him.

The Seven-Armed Elder revealed his true form and turned into a monster that was a thousand feet long.

The monster had a huge head the size of a palace and seven long furry flaming palms. From the palms of each of the Seven-Armed Elder, a scorching pillar of fire surged into the Worldly Pagoda and landed on Hai Ke's body.

Lightning and flames filled the tower.

Hai Ke let out furious roars and attacked the Worldly Pagoda, causing the surrounding waters to tremble. The energy released could even injure a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint.

Although some cultivators could sense the ripples of the battle, none of them dared to approach and investigate.

"Seven-Armed Elder, Ye You, how dare you attack me? Aren't you afraid of the retaliation of the Apeiron Sea?" Hai Ke's divine body was charred black by the lightning and flames.

His physical injuries were secondary. What terrified Hai Ke was that the spiritual power of the Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You was too strong. They constantly attacked his Saint Soul with spiritual power.

His Saint Soul had already been heavily injured by Zhang Ruochen's Heaven Sword Soul. It hadn't fully recovered even after taking the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. How could it withstand the attacks of two 69th-level spiritual power saints?

Master Ye You was the timidest. He was scared to death of the Apeiron Sea.

However, when he heard Hai Ke's threatening words, the killing intent in his eyes became stronger, colder, and more determined.

Hai Ke's spiritual power was at level 67. It could be considered quite strong, but his enemy's spiritual power was more potent. Even Zhang Ruochen could suppress him to self-detonate his Sainthood Source, let alone Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You.

After struggling desperately in the Worldly Pagoda for about an hour, Hai Ke broke the six-tier Worldly Pagoda in a row. His divine body finally collapsed heavily when he was about to rush out.

His Saint Soul was destroyed entirely.

The spiritual power of the Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You was significantly consumed. With lingering fear, they flew to the side of Hai Ke's giant divine corpse.

If Hai Ke had held on longer and escaped from the Seven-tier Worldly Pagoda, it would have been their turn to run for their lives. However, how could there be so many ifs in this world?

The truth was that the two of them had killed a demigod together. Even though this demigod had just broken through and his realm wasn't stable enough, he still hadn't fully grasped the power of a demigod.

Master Ye You was afraid that the seven-handed old man would go back on his words, so he immediately took the Catastrophic Ax and dug out the Sainthood Source in Hai Ke's body.

"You can take the other treasures. Just leave the divine corpse to me," Master Ye You said generously.

There weren't any valuable treasures anyway. Only Hai Ke's broken regal-grade armor could be sold for many Godstones.

BOOM!

An explosion sounded from the abdomen of the ten-thousand-meter-long divine corpse.

An AzureTerra Stone flew out.

Then, it transformed into a human figure. It was 13 meters tall and had six arms. It was Lord of Stone, whose breath was a little weak.

"This AzureTerra Stone..."

The Seven-Armed Elder was about to speak when Zhang Ruochen walked over and said, "I can't give you this AzureTerra Stone."

A cloud of light flew out from the divine corpse's left sleeve and condensed into the figure of the Lord of Sword.

The Seven-Armed Elder released his spiritual power to check the surroundings and found that there were no other cultivators nearby. He looked at Master Ye You and expressed his intention to cooperate again.

This time, there was no Ji Fanxin by Zhang Ruochen's side. Master Ye You didn't have much fear in his heart.

Since Master Ye You had already killed Hai Ke, wouldn't he be able to get more treasures if he killed Zhang Ruochen without anyone knowing?

Zhang Ruochen could read their minds. Just as they were about to take out the Shenlong Chaos Tower of Sun and Moon as a warning, a terrifying aura came from above.

Zhang Ruochen, the Seven-Armed Elder, Master Ye You, Lord of Stone, and Lord of Sword were suppressed by an invisible pressure. They almost knelt on the ground.

Even the Saint Soul seemed to be crushed into pieces.

A man in the red armor of the angels appeared above their heads. He had white hair and was extremely handsome. His eyes and lips were more delicate than a woman's.

On his back, there were 14 flawless white wings. They were thin and almost overlapped. It was as if there was only one pair.

“The... deity of the angels...” The Seven-Armed Elder’s heart was filled with fear, and his whole body trembled.

In front of a deity, no one could stay calm and collected.

The deity’s power directly hit the cultivator’s soul.

Zhang Ruochen tried hard to resist the suppression of the deity’s power. He gritted his teeth and looked into the eyes emitting light energy. He had no intention of yielding.

“Lord Father!”

Master Ye You kneeled down habitually and kowtowed heavily to the ground. He was frank. He said with tears, “I didn’t expect to see the greatest deity of the angels in the universe in my lifetime. It’s just like the legend. No, it’s more majestic, beautiful, and sacred than the legend. I don’t know why, but I’m deeply convinced.”

“Lord deity, can you accept me as your foster son? I’m willing to be a spy for the Heavenly Realm in the Infernal Court. I’m only willing to contribute the rest of my life for the admiration in my heart.”

...

Chapter 2583: A Sword Chime Sounded

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

When the deity of the angels landed a hundred feet away from the bottom of the sea, revealing his handsome figure.

Because of the appearance of a deity, the seawater seemed to have turned white and contained a mighty Power of Light.

Even though he did not launch an attack on purpose, Master Ye You's Ghost body seemed to have been placed in a sea of fire. It made a cracking sound and emitted green smoke.

The Seven-Armed Elder's body was also purified by the Power of Light. His hair fell off.

The angels' deity gazed at Zhang Ruochen, "You're the Zhang Ruochen who killed countless elites of the Heavenly Realm?" He asked. "You're not bad, but you're a half-human, half-immortal vampire bastard."

His voice was beautiful, but it was filled with nobility and arrogance.

"As expected, an angel does curse." Zhang Ruochen lifted the Ancient Abyssal Sword and sneered.

The Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You looked at each other. They didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to have the guts to speak to a deity like this.

The angels' deity seemed to want to show his self-restraint. He wasn't angry and said, "You should know what will happen to you if you meet me," he said coldly. "So you'd better answer every question I ask. Maybe I can give you a way out."

Zhang Ruochen smiled but didn't say anything.

“Who is the woman who transformed into Ji Fanxin?” The angels’ deity asked.

The cultivators of the Infernal Court might have guessed that Ji Fanxin had the battle strength of a Yuanhui-level genius. But as a deity of the Celestial Court, he only needed to investigate a little to know that it was unreasonable.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t hide it from them.

“If you want to kill me, just do it,” Zhang Ruochen said. “Why are you talking so much nonsense?”

The angels’ deity’s eyes darkened. “Do you think I won’t know if you don’t tell me? It’s easy for the deity to search your soul. However, your Saint Soul and spirit will be seriously affected after your soul is searched.”

“If that’s the case, why haven’t you done anything yet?”

Zhang Ruochen communicated with the vessel spirit of the Shenlong Chaos Tower of Sun and Moon and was ready to strike any time.

‘It was just a new deity in the Heavenly Realm. Could he withstand the Dragon Lord’s power?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

The Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You were already full of admiration for Zhang Ruochen. He’s fearless and courageous. A Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint challenging a deity seemed like an egg hitting a rock. He overestimated himself, but it awakened the boiling blood and pride that had been dormant in their bodies for a long time.

“It’s a pity that there is an ancient god in the Heavenly Realm who wants you, a living Yuanhui-level genius. Otherwise, your soul would have been shattered the first time you talked back to me.”

The angels’ deity said no more. With a thought, a vast light hand condensed in the water and grabbed Zhang Ruochen between his fingers.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to call out the Shenlong Chaos Tower of Sun and Moon. Not only could he not move his body, but his spiritual thoughts were also restricted. He could not even communicate with the vessel spirit.

‘Was he really just becoming the new deity lately?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen felt something was different when the angels’ deity had participated in the attack on Mo Yunduan, he wasn’t this powerless. They were both gods, but there was a huge difference between a pseudo god and a true god.

“The soul search will only hurt your Saint Soul and spirit. I’m sure the ancient god from the Heavenly Realm won’t have any objections.”

The angels’ deity floated in the water. He didn’t move at all. Light tentacles flew out between his brows and surged toward Zhang Ruochen’s sea of Qi.

“There are many deities covering up your secrets. You must have many secrets in your mind.” The angels’ deity’s beautiful eyes were filled with anticipation.

Master Ye You and the Seven-Armed Elder chose to look down and pretend that they couldn’t see anything. However, in their hearts, they cursed that angels’ deity.

Lord of Sword and Lord of Stone wanted to attack, but they were suppressed by the two beams of light power and fell to the ground.

Just as the light tentacles were about to pierce Zhang Ruochen’s forehead, an ear-piercing sound of a sword rang out in the space. All the cultivators present, including Zhang Ruochen, Master Ye You, and the Seven-Armed Elder, temporarily lost their hearing, and everything became dark.

BANG!

Zhang Ruochen fell to the bottom of the sea. He was dazed for a long time before he gradually regained his sight.

He was still in a daze and could not hear anything.

The bottom of the sea became dark again. The angels’ deity disappeared without a trace. For some reason, the Ancient Abyssal Sword in his hand trembled slightly.

After an unknown amount of time, Zhang Ruochen finally recovered completely. He looked at the Ancient Abyssal

Sword again and asked, “Is it her?”

The vessel spirit of the Ancient Abyssal Sword was silent. There was no response.

No response meant an affirmative answer.

The Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You rushed over with strange looks in their eyes.

“What are you trying to say?” Zhang Ruochen activated the Eye of Truth and looked around as if he was looking for something. He just asked casually.

The Seven-Armed Elder said carefully, “Is the deity who attacked just now the one from your Xue Jue family?”

“Yes, you should have heard the chime of the sword just now,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Master, please accept my bow.” Master Ye You unconsciously slipped to his knees and knelt down.

‘Why did he kneel?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Of course, it was because of the lingering fear.

The deity of the Xue Jue family had been nearby. Had he been so careless, he would have become a Sainthood Source by now.

As Zhang Ruochen’s disciple, Master Ye You could drink the Spring of Life and learn the Dimensional techniques. He wouldn’t want to die.

The Seven-Armed Elder’s eyes flickered. He thought to himself, ‘What a close call. Since Zhang Ruochen knows the location of the Fane of Origin, how could he not inform the deity of the Xue Jue family? No wonder Zhang Ruochen dared to release me from the Qiankun Realm. It turns out that he was testing me along the way. It was too dangerous! This sly Zhang Ruochen is too scheming and terrifying, truly terrifying. Death was so close to me.’

The Seven-Armed Elder felt a cold in his spine. He cupped his fists, bowing, he said, “Senior Brother, Ye You and I have picked a lot of sacred medicine. After Lord Ming repels the

angels' deity, will you introduce us to him? We can offer the sacred medicine to him as a token of our appreciation."

"Why did you call my Master, Senior Brother?" Master Ye You looked over with his neck straight.

The Seven-Armed Elder stuck out his chest proudly and said, "To tell you the truth, Senior Brother has promised to recommend me to Blood Empress. I will be the Blood Empress's latest disciple in a few days."

Master Ye You's eyes widened, saying, "Master, this is not fair. I wished to be the Blood Empress's disciple."

"Didn't you just take the angels' deity as your foster father?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"It's all a temporary measure. To be honest, what I hate the most in my life are the angels and the Heavenly Realm. Any cultivator of the Ghosts is at odds with them." Master Ye You answered.

"You can't take anyone as your master as you wished. So far, you haven't done anything for the Xue Jue family. How can you take the deity as your master?" said Zhang Ruochen. He withdrew the Light of Truth from his eyes and sighed in his heart. 'The deity's divinity was indeed mysterious. I couldn't even sense them with the Heart of Truth and the Canon of Dimension.'

Master Ye You pointed at the Seven-Armed Elder and said, "Did he do anything?"

The Seven-Armed Elder stroked his beard.

"He's the one who told the Xue Jue family the location of the Fane of Origin," Zhang Ruochen said.

Master Ye You's face turned pale. Then he looked at the Seven-Armed Elder with admiration. He thought, 'This old fox has given up such a big secret. He must have been determined to submit to the Xue Jue family. He even knows that Lord Ming is nearby. He has hinted to me many times about killing Zhang Ruochen together. He is definitely setting me up and trying to kill me. What a dangerous man!'

Zhang Ruochen patted Master Ye You's shoulder and said, "Can you release Xue Tu now?"

Master Ye You's face changed again. He really could not figure out what kind of power Zhang Ruochen had to know that Xue Tu had been suppressed into a Spatial Treasure by him.

Zhang Ruochen was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, but he was already heaven-defying. He had endless potential in the future. He would definitely be able to set off a shocking wave in the Infernal Court. It might even be an opportunity to take him as a teacher.

Thinking of this, Master Ye You's thoughts suddenly became clear. He let Xue Tu out.

...

A chime from the sword rang out. The angels' deity was also greatly affected. He felt the blood light in front of him fill the sky. Sword Qi was everywhere. Just as he was about to defend, the world suddenly spun.

When he could stabilize himself in the void, he found that he had been pulled into a Divine Plane.

A woman in white stood in the center of the Divine Plane with a blood-red sword in her hand. She looked very young and beautiful. Her skin was as if it was carved out of divine jade and immortal crystals. Her long black hair was as soft as a waterfall. She had an elegant and heroic temperament, like a peerless swordsman who had experienced many vicissitudes of life. She was like a pure maiden who had not stepped out of her house before.

When the angels' deity saw her true appearance, he couldn't help but smile in surprise. "I didn't expect Empress Chi Yao, who supported the entire Kunlun with her own strength, to have such a delicate and pure side. Even more unexpected was that you didn't stay in Kunlun to guard the Battlefield of Merits but secretly came to the Fane of Origin."

"There are many things you didn't expect," said Chi Yao.

Chi Yao waved the sword in her hand, her jade-like fingers wiping the blade, and the corners of her mouth curled into a slight smile.

After she smiled, she became even more beautiful. Even the angels' deity standing opposite her could not help but admire her. They revealed an intoxicated look.

He said, "Among the female gods of the Celestial Court, in terms of beauty and temperament, other than the Moon Goddess, Chi Yao is the only one! Unfortunately, you are a god of Kunlun. Moreover, you chose an ant-like man and gave birth to his child. What a pity."

"You mean, if I choose you, I won't be a pity?" Chi Yao was quite serious, and her eyelashes were straightened.

The angels' deity smiled like a spring breeze and said, "Of course, Kunlun will be protected by the Heavenly Realm, so it won't be destroyed. It's not too late for you to choose again. At least I don't mind."

"My dear Uriel, have you ever thought about why I'm in the Fane of Origin?" Chi Yao smiled, revealing her red lips and white teeth.

The angels' deity's eyes rolled. He suddenly understood, "You've been in contact with Zhang Ruochen for a long time. The hostility between you two is all for the gods of the myriad Macroworlds and Microworlds of Celestial Court and the ten clans of Infernal Court to see. Now I understand. Zhang Ruochen joined the Infernal Court because you ordered him to, right?"

Chi Yao rubbed her fair forehead. She shook her head and sighed. "You're even dumber than I thought. I asked you why I appeared in the Fane of Origin, but you guessed many useless things. Do you think you can still be my man? To tell you the truth, I came to the Fane of Origin to protect my man and kill all enemies against him. You are the first!"

...

Chapter 2584: Youth Will Never Cease

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Uriel, the god of the angels, had become an ascended divinity three thousand years ago. He was an extraordinarily talented and proud figure. Still, his anger soared after being ridiculed by Chi Yao, no matter how good his state of mind was.

Many light wheels appeared on his body, breaking free from the suppression of Chi Yao's Divine Plane. He said, "I've long heard you killed a deity from the Infernal Court. With that, you shook the Celestial Court and even made the Celestial Palace look up to you. However, you're too ignorant to dream of killing me."

The two powerful divine auras were already fighting each other.

Chi Yao held the Blood Dropper and used it as a mirror. Looking at her own eyes and face on the sword, she said, "Uriel, you came to the Southern Sword Realm with Sarathiel, right?"

"How did you know?" Uriel's eyes narrowed.

Uriel and Sarathiel had sneaked into the Infernal Court. Almost no one knew about it, and they even managed to hide it from the deities of the Infernal Court. Chi Yao was only a new deity who ascended a few years ago. How could she know their whereabouts like the back of her hand?

There was a conspiracy!

There must be a conspiracy!

Chi Yao smiled, then she said, “If it was Sarathiel, I really can’t guarantee that I would be able to keep him. After all, he has cultivated in the Fane of Dimension for many years and has profound attainments in the Path of Dimension. As for you, I really don’t think much of you.”

Uriel was filled with doubts. He had a faint feeling that something was wrong. He was anxious to escape and stop Sarathiel from bringing the deities from the Heavenly Realm to the Southern Sword Realm.

WHOOSH!

The seven pairs of wings on his back spread open and emitted an extremely bright radiance. They turned into a white divine pillar and flew out of the Divine Plane.

“Do you think that you can still escape?”

In an instant, Chi Yao blocked his path. A seven-colored divine light appeared on her snow-white skin. She was indifferent and otherworldly, like a banished immortal that did not exist in the mortal world.

“Get out of the way.”

Uriel didn’t show any mercy to her. His eyes were filled with awe. Between his hands, a materialized light wheel appeared.

The light wheel turned three thousand meters long. Countless Precepts of Light interweaved within. They spun and collided with the beautiful figure in front of him.

The power of the light wheel caused Chi Yao’s Divine Plane to shake violently. It shook as if it was about to shatter.

WHOOSH!

Chi Yao casually slashed out with her sword, creating a sword light that shot toward the horizon.

The sword light broke the light wheel and hit Uriel’s body. Although it didn’t break through Uriel’s Divine Plane’s defense, it sent him flying back.

“I told you you couldn’t do it. Why don’t you believe me?”

Chi Yao raised the Blood Dropper above her head. Countless Precepts of Swordsmanship gathered on the sword.

The vast Divine Plane turned blood-red in an instant.

“The Canon of Swordsmanship!”

Uriel was shocked. He looked up at the sky. Dense silver light patterns appeared on his forehead, forming an ancient and mysterious pattern.

A lightning streak containing endless divine power flew out from the silver pattern. It was like dozens of silver dragons entangled together, baring their fangs and brandishing their claws at Chi Yao.

“Slash!”

Chi Yao and the Blood Dropper merged into one and turned into a streak of blood light that flew out, destroying the silver flash.

The sword’s tip ruthlessly struck between Uriel’s brows, piercing half an inch deep.

The blood in Uriel’s body surged out by itself and was sucked in by the blood-red sword.

Uriel’s extremely handsome face became distorted. He uttered a long cry and spat out a purple-gold shield from his mouth. It was like a sharp blade as it slashed toward Chi Yao.

Chi Yao raised her wrist slightly and flicked her sword, sending Uriel flying.

Then, she swung her sword back and sent the purple-gold shield flying into the sky. While it was flying in the air, the shield was split into two.

Uriel retreated rapidly. Divine blood flowed continuously from the bloody hole between his eyebrows, and his divine aura dissipated.

WHOOSH!

WHOOSH!

...

Without giving him the chance to stabilize his injuries, Chi Yao slashed out one sword after another like a divine light.

Uriel didn't have the strength to fight back. Even with his true god's physique, he couldn't block it. The sword wounds on his body kept increasing. His white divine feathers were dyed red, and he released angry roars.

Suddenly, Chi Yao stopped attacking and quietly stood to the side. She even put the Blood Dripper back into the sheath.

Uriel steadied himself. Divine Power of Light flashed, and all the wounds on his body disappeared instantly. His eyes were cold as he said, "You still can't kill me."

"You think just because I can't kill you, and that's why you're not dead?" Chi Yao was a little surprised.

Uriel said with certainty, "I admit that you're very powerful. I'm not your opponent. However, it is not that easy to kill a true god. Even if you have grasped some Canons of Swordsmanship with your current cultivation base, it is still far from enough to kill me. And the price of not being able to kill me is too high. You can't afford it."

Chi Yao sighed, "If all the gods in the Heavenly Realm were as self-righteous as you, it would be great."

Uriel said, "Am I wrong?"

"You may not know this, but I'm a petty woman with a strong desire for revenge. I killed you with my sword because I didn't want you to die too easily. I'll use my sword to return every word you said to humiliate Zhang Ruochen to you. Do you still remember how many words you said and how many swords you took?" Chi Yao asked.

Uriel's eyes darkened. He clenched his fists but didn't act rashly. He knew that the woman in front of him was indeed competent. Now that he was trapped in her Divine Plane, it was as difficult as climbing up to the sky to escape.

Suddenly, he looked through the Divine Plane and saw Zhang Ruochen standing beside the three thousand-meter-long divine

corpses at the bottom of the sea. He had a plan.

“Since you think highly of that weak ant, I’ll kill him first.”

Uriel grabbed a white halberd from the void.

On the halberd, numerous Supreme Inscriptions appeared. They exploded with Supreme Power.

They were both Supreme Saint weapons. In the hands of a god, the power burst out was thousands or tens of thousands of times more potent than in the hands of a Supreme Saint.

BOOM!

The white halberd seemed to have turned into a pillar supporting the sky. Each Supreme Inscription was like a river flowing, suddenly piercing Zhang Ruochen.

Cracks appeared on Chi Yao’s Divine Plane. It was about to be pierced.

“You’re really courting death.”

Chi Yao’s eyes suddenly became extremely sharp, and her speed was as fast as light. Before Uriel could react, a palm landed on his chest and dented his red armor.

Uriel spat out divine blood and flew backward.

“Come back.”

Chi Yao grabbed Uriel’s wrist and dragged him back.

She changed her palm into a fist and struck him in the chest again.

WHAM!

A crack appeared on the red armor.

Bang Bang

Another 12 consecutive strikes pierced through the red armor. Blood flew out of Uriel’s chest, and he felt extremely depressed. He couldn’t even escape, much less use his strength to counterattack. He was completely crushed.

“Burn, my divine blood!”

Uriel’s eyes were cold and vicious as he shouted in his heart.

Whoosh

Countless sword Qi flew out from Chi Yao's forehead, piercing Uriel's godly physique into a sieve. Then, it exploded and turned into a ball of blood mist and fragments of divine bones.

Without giving Uriel a chance to reassemble his godly physique, a lotus flower that emitted chaotic light flew out from her snow-white palm and absorbed all the blood mist.

This lotus was the supreme treasure left behind by Saint Monk Xumi, the Chaotic Space-time Lotus.

Uriel was in the lotus and re-formed his godly physique. However, many Dimensional Rifts and Marks of Time kept attacking him, destroying his life force bit by bit.

"Chi Yao, you'd better let me go. Otherwise, Kunlun will be doomed forever. Billions of lives will die because of you," Uriel's voice roared in the lotus.

The Chaotic Space-time Lotus floated in Chi Yao's palm. She said calmly, "Is that so? Can you decide the life and death of Kunlun? I only know that I can decide your life and death now."

"You will regret it," said Uriel.

"I want to erase you as soon as possible so that my ears can be clean," said Chi Yao.

After thinking for a while, she took out a clay bottle, poured out a kind of golden flame from the bottle, and dropped it into the lotus.

This clay bottle was formed by the third Confucius forefather when he perfected the Major Path. Legend has it that after the clay bottle was formed, all the characters within a hundred thousand kilometers fell from the book's pages and flew into it.

Billions of characters cast its soul.

Hence, this Supreme Treasure of Confucius was also known as the Bottle of Writings.

The flame in the bottle was collected by Chi Yao from the place where Huoshen had fallen. It was called the Refined Divine Flame. Legend had it that Huoshen had burned himself to death by the Refined Divine Flame he had cultivated, leaving behind only the Armor of the Fire God.

The Refined Divine Flame could burn Huoshen, so it was easy to refine a new god.

After Uriel finally stopped screaming, Chi Yao put away the Chaotic Space-Time Lotus and the Divine Plane. She descended to the bottom of the sea again and silently appeared less than 30 feet away from Zhang Ruochen.

She sat on broken rock and rested her chin on her finger. She looked at Zhang Ruochen quietly. She couldn't help but laugh when she saw him threatening Master Ye You and the Seven-Armed Elder with Lord Ming.

She had been like this for a long time. Standing close to them, she felt like she had returned 800 years ago.

At that time, she and Zhang Ruochen were still at their youngest and most beautiful age. They had the purest love and the kindest heart. They hadn't even killed anyone. They weren't stained with the blood of any living creature. They were inseparable. They were filled with endless hope for the future.

Everything in the world at that time was good, beautiful, and pure. It was as if there was no evil or filth. There was no separation between life and death and no grief or sorrow.

She had never thought of parting with Zhang Ruochen. It was the same 800 years ago and is the same now.

But she knew that she could still be inseparable from him. It was only temporary. Eventually, they would be separated. One day, the Ancient Abyssal Blade and the Blood Dripper would clash.

However...

So what?

At least that day had not come yet.

Chi Yao cleared her mind and took out a wooden comb. She combed her black hair and felt that she had never felt so relaxed and at ease in the past 800 years. She could unload all the burdens and responsibilities on her body.

To Chi Yao, her title, incredible power, and virtue can all be discarded. After she had left Kunlun. She just wanted to be a simple woman.

She would only be known as a simple woman, Yaoyao.

A young girl who seemed to have stopped at the age of sixteen!

Youth will never cease. It stays in the heart always.

...

Chapter 2585: The Aromatic Fungus

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Master Ye You pointed his finger at the sky, “Master, I dare to swear to the heavens that I only suppressed him because I don’t like him. I never thought of snatching the sacred medicine from him, let alone killing him. “Just think about it. Given my age and cultivation, shouldn’t I teach him a lesson for being disrespectful to me?”

“In fact, you’ve taken all my sacred medicine!” Xue Tu said resentfully.

Master Ye You glared at him. “Taken? How can you call that taking sacred medicine from your own people? I was keeping it for you. Just think about it. With your cultivation base, if I hadn’t kept it for you, other cultivators would have taken it away!”

“Then return it to me now!” Xue Tu said.

Master Ye You put on a kind face and said, “Child, it’s not safe in the Fane of Origin. How can I be at ease if I leave it to you? I’ll give it back to you when I leave this place.”

Xue Tu couldn’t bear it anymore. This old man actually treated him like a child and fooled him. He had lived more than 20,000 years longer than him, and he was even taking advantage of his age.

“You don’t want to give it to me? I’ll take it myself.”

Xue Tu was caught off guard. He pounced forward and pushed Master Ye You to the ground. He started searching under his clothes.

“Kid... Where are you touching? Stop it. If you don’t stop, I won’t hold back...”

...

Zhang Ruochen ignored the argument behind him. He found the sacred medicine Lord of Sword and Lord of Stone had taken from the giant divine corpse.

“Take it. These belong to you.” Zhang Ruochen returned it to them.

Lord of Sword and Lord of Stone knew that Zhang Ruochen did not lack sacred medicine, so they just took it from him. However, they secretly remembered today’s favor.

BANG!

A figure flew over the three of them.

It was Xue Tu, who had been kicked away by Master Ye You like a rubber ball.

Master Ye You’s black robe was in a mess. He got up from the ground, tied his belt, and cursed, “How dare you disrespect me like this. I would have kicked you to death if you weren’t my master’s Junior Brother.”

Xue Tu ran back. He didn’t know if he had learned it from Master Ye You, but he shamelessly sat down at Zhang Ruochen’s feet. He hugged his thigh and said, “Senior Brother, please stand by me.”

Xue Tu wanted to kneel, but he couldn’t. He couldn’t kneel as naturally and sincerely as Master Ye You.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Master Ye You and was about to speak.

Master Ye You suddenly burst into tears. He sat on the ground in a daze. The half-fastened belt was torn open again, “How many years has it been?” He said. “My old body was humiliated by a junior. My last bit of dignity was lost.”

Then he cried and roared, “Master, I will never return the sacred medicine. He should compensate me. He should because he touched me!”

“You are an old fool. What’s there to touch? Now that you have said it, I feel a little disgusted!”

Xue Tu felt a chill. He had put on his bottom line. He never thought that a Supreme Saint could be so shameless to such an extent.

Master Ye You glared at him with hidden bitterness. With tears in his eyes, he said, “Why didn’t you feel disgusted when you touched them?”

Xue Tu was so disgusted that he wanted to chop off the hands that had touched him just now. This old man could pretend that nothing had happened if word got out. But how could Xue Tu raise his head in the Infernal Court?

Suddenly.

Xue Tu thought of something and laughed.

Master Ye You narrowed his eyes secretly. He felt that something was wrong.

“To tell you the truth, those sacred medicines are all Senior Brother’s.” As he said this, Xue Tu cupped his hands and bowed to Zhang Ruochen. He glanced at Master Ye You with a sneer, saying, “If I cannot keep it, so will you.”

“Damn it, this little bastard is so ruthless in using the move of mutual destruction. Well, in that case, I can only be more ruthless than you.”

Master Ye You wiped away the tears in his eyes. He took a storage bag from somewhere and handed it to Zhang Ruochen. “Master, this bag is full of my compliments. You must accept it.”

Xue Tu’s face changed drastically. He had painstakingly picked the sacred medicine in this bag. He had planned to find an opportunity to slip away and hide on an uninhabited planet in the universe. He would cultivate for hundreds of years, swallow all the sacred medicine, and then return to the Bloodysky Clan.

After being robbed by Master Ye You, he knew it would be difficult for him to get the sacred medicines back with his

cultivation. So he gritted his teeth and made up his mind. He decided to give the sacred medicines to Zhang Ruochen to pay off his debts.

But now, Master Ye You was even more ruthless than him. He directly gave the sacred medicines to Zhang Ruochen.

In this way, not only did he not get the sacred medicines back, but he also had to continue paying off the debts he owed Zhang Ruochen.

Xue Tu grabbed Zhang Ruochen's wrist and said, "Senior brother... I picked these sacred medicines with great effort. I even suffered serious injuries when I fought with them."

Zhang Ruochen took the storage bag from Master Ye You and opened it. There were indeed a lot of sacred medicines in it. Each of them contained pure Power of Origin. Their value was immeasurable.

If Xue Tu had gotten these sacred medicines, he would have spent hundreds of years cultivating to reach the Paramount Realm. He would definitely be a top-notch powerhouse in the Paramount Realm.

They were all treasures that could change fate.

Zhang Ruochen took out a most inconspicuous three-leaf Yuanhui level sacred medicine and stuffed it into Xue Tu's hand. "Take it to heal your injuries."

Xue Tu stared at the storage bag and asked, "Senior brother, what about the debt I owed you?"

"There's no rush. You can pay it back later." Zhang Ruochen patted his shoulder.

PFFT!

Xue Tu spat out a mouthful of blood. It was unclear whether he was seriously injured or angry.

Xue Tu didn't hate Zhang Ruochen. He only half-knelt on the ground and stared at Master Ye You, who was smiling. Xue Tu swore in his heart, 'I'll pay you back tenfold in the future.'

On the other side, the Seven-Armed Elder took out a simple brass dagger. He dug open the divine corpse's heart and carefully cut open the palace-sized heart.

Master Ye You rushed over immediately and growled, "We had an agreement before. The heart will naturally belong to me if the divine corpse belongs to me."

"I know, I know. Look at how nervous you are."

The Seven-Armed Elder jumped into the huge heart filled with divine light and searched for a long time. Suddenly, his eyes lit up, and he saw a "Big umbrella" growing in the broken heart sea.

Zhang Ruochen, standing in the sea, smelled a strong fragrance. He looked over.

"It smells so good. What is it?"

Master Ye You became nervous. Just as he was about to jump into the heart of the god, he saw the Seven-Armed Elder flying out with a big umbrella.

The fragrance was even stronger!

"Haha! That Hai Ke was full of death, but I could see a majestic aura of life in his heart. "Think about it. How thick is the death aura of the divine corpse? How high is Hai Ke's attainment in cultivation? A lifeform that can grow out of his body must be a magical treasure. I admit that killing Hai Ke was part of the gamble, but I made the right bet. It was worth it."

Seven-Armed Elder's other five hands grew out of his body unconsciously.

The Seven-Armed Elder was stroking the fragrant umbrella. His intoxicated look was as if he was hugging a naked beauty.

"Do you know what kind of treasure this is?" Seven-Armed Elder asked proudly.

Master Ye You's eyes were wide open. He walked forward and said, "It's the Aromatic Fungus. How can it be?"

The Seven-Armed Elder old man quickly retreated and distanced himself from him. He said, "We've already agreed that you only want the Sainthood Source, the Catastrophic Ax, and the divine corpse. It's too late to regret now!"

Master Ye You was indeed extremely regretful. He should have guessed it long ago. Without an absolutely tempting treasure, how could the Seven-Armed Elder dare to take such a huge risk to kill Hai Ke?

What was the most crucial thing for Master Ye You and the Seven-Armed Elder?

Of course, it was to break through and become a god.

The Seven-Armed Elder old man had already picked a lot of sacred medicines. It was not too difficult for him to cultivate his spiritual power to level 70 and become a spiritual power god.

Now that he had obtained the Aromatic Fungus, it was certain that his spiritual power would break through the level 70 barrier within a hundred years.

The Seven-Armed Elder was a little too pleased with himself. He continued to anger Master Ye You. He smiled and said, "It hasn't been long since Hai Ke gained sentience. However, this divine corpse has probably existed for more than ten periods of time. The Aromatic Fungus must have been nurtured in its heart for hundreds of thousands of years, or even millions of years."

"I suspect that Hai Ke and his master did not pick and refine the Aromatic Fungus because he wanted to continue to nurture it. He treated it as a parasite and great medicine to break through to the Yuanhui level. "Unfortunately, it has fallen into my hands now."

"The mushroom is extremely beneficial to the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, especially to the Demon cultivators. It's a Supreme Treasure."

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. He wanted to warn the Seven-Armed Elder who was taunting Master Ye You.

However, he saw that the water was covered in red demonic fog.

A silver bell-like laughter rang out. “I didn’t expect to have such an unexpected harvest. The Aromatic Fungus is indeed a Supreme Treasure to me.”

Boom Boom

A slim red figure appeared beside the Seven-Armed Elder. The two of them exchanged seven blows in a row. When the eighth blow came, the Seven-Armed Elder couldn’t withstand it. He flew out diagonally and fell into the mud.

The red-veiled woman grabbed the “Big umbrella” that had a fragrant smell. Her beautiful eyes revealed a strange glow as she exclaimed, “It is indeed the legendary Path of Demon’s Supreme Treasure. Thank you, I will accept it!”

Master Ye You was ecstatic. Previously, the Aromatic Fungus was in Seven-Armed Elder’s hands, and he had no reason to forcefully snatch it. Now, the opportunity has arrived!

“You demoness, how dare you steal my best friend’s treasure? I will get you for this.”

Master Ye You grabbed the white bone staff and pointed at it. He was about to release his mighty spiritual power, but he was first swept away by the red demonic fog in the water.

The demonic fog was like an unbreakable gauze but also like a lock. It wrapped Master Ye You tightly.

Master Ye You’s expression finally changed. He realized that this demoness was not an ordinary person.

The Demon techniques and beautiful appearance of this woman made him think of a terrifying place.

The most dangerous place of the Rakshasas was the Rāhu Mountains.

Could it be that she was the descendant of the Rāhu Mountains?

Lightning shot out from Master Ye You’s body as he broke through the layers of demon fog. His feet landed on the ground

as he said with a cold expression, “May I know your name? Are you from the Rāhu Mountains?”

“At least you have some eyesight. My surname is Guye.”

Guye Jing put away the Aromatic Fungus and crossed her arms in front of her entire chest. She stared at Master Ye You. She said, “Didn’t you want to deal with me? Make your move. Although your strength is ordinary, you have a lot of guts. You are even willing to stand up for your friend. Because of this, I will definitely give you a quick death.”

Master Ye You complained bitterly in his heart. How did he offend the successor of the Rāhu Mountains?

To be called the most dangerous place of the Rakshasas, the demoness who walked out from there was definitely an extremely vicious existence. Even if all of them were added together, it was probably not enough for her to kill.

Rakshasi loved to eat people, but would she eat Ghosts?

It was over for Master Ye You as he had suffered a considerable setback today.

Master Ye You felt his legs go weak again, but he steadied himself this time. He didn’t slip down because he had already thought of a way to escape.

“Demoness, do you know who is standing next to me? He is a famous genius of the Yuanhui level, Zhang Ruochen.” Master Ye You pointed at Zhang Ruochen and smiled.

In Master Ye You’s eyes, he was just an old ghost who didn’t have much time left. This Rakshasi was definitely not interested in him. However, if Zhang Ruochen’s identity was exposed, it would be completely different!

No Rakshasi in the world would not want to take a bite of the body of a Yuanhui-level genius.

Moreover, all cultivators in the Infernal Court knew that Zhang Ruochen had countless treasures in him. Even if the descendant of the Rāhu Mountains attacked, he would definitely be the first to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Taking this opportunity, he would naturally be able to escape.

Thinking of this, Master Ye You couldn't help but admire his quick wit. He smiled to himself and said, "Master, I'm sorry. I also want to live. I can only sacrifice you to feed the Rakshasi."

Chapter 2586: Three Divine Artifacts

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

As Master Ye You had expected, Guye Jing's attention fell on Zhang Ruochen.

Just as Master Ye You was secretly mobilizing his spiritual power and preparing to escape, he heard the Crone from the Rāhu Mountains say, "Zhang Ruochen, didn't you say that we have the closest relationship? Why didn't you tell me that you came to the Fane of Origin alone? You know, this hurts the hearts of others a lot."

Master Ye You was stunned. What was going on?

Why was the Crone's tone so resentful?

Zhang Ruochen said, "We were indeed allies. But when I was targeted by the major forces in the House of Enchanters and the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt on Hoth, why didn't I see your aunt Guye Jing coming to help me?"

Guye Jing could hear the coldness in Zhang Ruochen's tone. It was completely different from before. At least he would pretend to be affectionate friends with her before.

The Seven-Armed Elder crawled out from the depths of the sand. His eyes were thickly bloodshot, and he glared at Guye Jing fiercely, but he didn't dare to act rashly because he was afraid.

He looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Senior, this Crone has stolen my treasure. You can't just ignore her. You have to ask the deities to help and suppress her."

Guye Jing was slightly shocked. She released her spiritual power and sensed carefully. As expected, she felt the raw power left by a deity in the nearby sea area.

Could it be that Zhang Ruochen had already invited the god of the Xue Jue Family to the Fane of Origin?

Master Ye You slapped his forehead heavily. How could he forget that the god of the Xue Jue Family was nearby? Why was he afraid of a little Crone?

Master Ye You walked over with a righteous face and said, “Master, if you want to start a war, just tell us. Are we afraid of the Rāhu Mountains now?”

On the other side, Guye Jing burst into laughter with her slender waist trembling slightly, with the beauty to topple all living things. She said, “What kind of nonsense are they calling you? Why did you take two old weirdos as your followers and disciples?”

“Since I took him as my disciple, his business is my business. Guye Jing, if you don’t want us to become enemies, you must return the Aromatic Fungus to me,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The Seven-Armed Elder was not too touched. Zhang Ruochen wanted the Aromatic Fungus, most likely for himself. How could he offend Guye Jing and the Rāhu Mountains for him?

The Seven-Armed Elder knew that Zhang Ruochen and Guye Jing had an ambiguous relationship that was impossible to unravel.

Guye Jing looked even more resentful. She snorted. “You’re going to turn against me for an old monster and an Aromatic Fungus? Are you really so heartless?”

Zhang Ruochen stood with his sword in hand. He looked calm as if Lord Ming was actually nearby.

“It’s just a broken mushroom. What’s so rare about it? With my cultivation, I don’t need it anymore. I’ll return it to you as it is.”

Gu Shizhen was extremely angry. She took out the Aromatic Fungus and threw it over.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Aromatic Fungus from the air and threw it to the Seven-Armed Elder.

The Seven-Armed Elder's wrinkled face froze. He took the Aromatic Fungus without thinking, and there was a complicated expression on his face as he said, "This..."

As someone who had always been shrewd, he was struck speechless.

This was the Aromatic Fungus. It was a precious treasure. If Zhang Ruochen wanted it for himself, who would dare to refute him? Even if the Seven-Armed Elder was not convinced, he could only accept this loss.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not hesitate to offend Guye Jing and the Rāhu Mountains. He took it back for him and even handed it to him personally.

This touched the Seven-Armed Elder, who had always been unfaithful.

"It's impossible for Zhang Ruochen not to see through my unfaithfulness, but he still can tolerate me. He must know the Aromatic Fungus's true value, but he can still get it back for me. Perhaps joining the Xue Jue Family is not a bad choice."

As he had been a wandering cultivator for over 20,000 years, he had never been willing to join any major forces. He had even refused the invitation of the deities because the Seven-Armed Elder did not believe in any major force, let alone the deities.

In his opinion, every cultivator in the world was selfish.

Zhang Ruochen might be selfish, but the Seven-Armed Elder had followed him for so long, and he could see that Zhang Ruochen was not stingy with the cultivators who followed him.

The Seven-Armed Elder could see that Zhang Ruochen differed from the Infernal Court cultivators. This youngster was a man with feelings and grand ambitions.

As long as such a person didn't die, he would undoubtedly have extraordinary achievements in the future.

“Thank you, senior.”

After a long time, the Seven-Armed Elder put away the Aromatic Fungus and bowed deeply to Zhang Ruochen.

This voluntary bow represented everything.

Master Ye You didn't know that the Seven-Armed Elder's state of mind had significantly changed, but he was shocked by Guye Jing's behavior. Was Zhang Ruochen so charming that the successor of the Rāhu Mountains would take the initiative and return the Aromatic Fungus to him?

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen had actually returned the Aromatic Fungus to the Seven-Armed Elder.

“It seems good to follow Zhang Ruochen. At least I don't have to worry about the treasures I found being taken away by him. Moreover, I can use the power of the Xue Jue Family to deter enemies,” Master Ye You thought to himself.

“Let's go!”

Zhang Ruochen stared at Guye Jing deeply. He then turned around and prepared to leave.

The most important thing now was to meet Ji Fanxin as soon as possible. It was good to find the Canon of Origin. If he couldn't, he also needed to leave the Fane of Origin as quickly as possible.

After all, the deities of the Heavenly Realm and Infernal Court could arrive at any time.

Master Ye You hurriedly put away the Divine Corpse.

Swoosh

A red shadow flashed past them, and Guye Jing appeared beside Zhang Ruochen to explain to him, “You were the one who came out to confront Bai Qing'er in the House of Enchanters of Hoth. How can you blame me for not helping you? Besides, you were hit by the Arrow of Deva Path shortly after you appeared. I didn't have time to respond.”

“And the one who attacked you during the small operation of Oort was just a Lan Ying. You can deal with him without a

problem. Is there a need for others to attack?”

“You, Zhang Ruochen, are a genius of the Yuanhui period. It would be best if you had the generosity of the Yuanhui class. I have already returned the Aromatic Fungus. Don’t you understand how important you are? Why are you still angry now?”

Guye Jing pouted and gently punched Zhang Ruochen’s chest with her tender fist.

If it had been the indifferent and cold Guye Jing, perhaps Zhang Ruochen would have fallen out with her and never crossed paths with her again.

However, this delicate and playful Guye Jing appeared, making it difficult for Zhang Ruochen to be angry with her.

The original grudge had dissipated by a lot.

Zhang Ruochen stopped walking and said, “You owe me more than one stalk of Aromatic Fungus.”

“You mean the soul power?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Guye Jing smiled beautifully and said, “You have saved my life. I will definitely return the soul power I owe you. But this shouldn’t be done in the Fane of Origin. If I give you my soul power now, my cultivation and combat power will drop drastically. How can I do what we need to do together?”

Zhang Ruochen had already guessed that Guye Jing must have something important to tell him.

Now, she had finally said it!

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What do you mean by the thing that we need to accomplish together?”

Guye Jing’s expression became serious. She said, “Before I came to the Fane of Origin, a deity from the Rāhu Mountains told me a secret.”

Seven-Armed Elder, Master Ye You, and Xue Tu pretended to be vigilant of the surroundings, but they had all pricked up

their ears. They didn't dare to miss a single word Guye Jing said.

Guye Jing said, "The gods found records about the Fane of Origin in an ancient iron book found within the Rāhu Mountains."

"The iron book said that the Fane of Origin was once glorious, respected by all the worlds and worshipped by hundreds of millions of races. In short, it was very powerful, and its influence was as strong as the Celestial Palace and Fane of Destiny now."

"It also mentions that the Fane of Origin had three temple-guarding Divine Artifacts, the Heaven Flute, the Earth Sparrow, and the Star Sword. Each of them was extremely powerful and could pierce through a world or even destroy a galaxy."

"With the disappearance of the Fane of Origin, the whereabouts of the three Divine Artifacts had become unknown."

"Therefore, the deities speculate that the three Divine Artifacts are most likely in the ruins of the Fane of Origin."

"Now, the top elites of the major forces have gone to the center of the Fane of Origin to search for the Canon of Origin. We do not need to join in the fun, but if by chance we can find a Divine Artifact, then wouldn't it be a great harvest?"

Seven-Armed Elder, Master Ye You, and Xue Tu were all excited. Their blood was boiling. A Divine Artifact, and also one which was mentioned in the legends. Wouldn't the vast universe allow them to roam as they like if they could find one?

Zhang Ruochen, on the other hand, was much calmer, "Why did you feel the need to share this secret with me?" he continued. "Also, even if there are really three exceptional Divine Artifacts buried in the ruins of the Fane of Origin, it would be challenging for us to find them with our cultivation."

"Actually, before I came to find you, I had already locked onto an area. It's very likely that the Earth Sparrow, one of the three

Divine Artifacts, is hidden there,” Guye Jing said. “But there are a lot of powerful Dimensional Array remnants in that area. I had tried to break through twice but had failed each time.”

“That’s why you thought of me?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing complained, “You came to the Fane of Origin alone. How could you have thought about others?”

Because of the news of the Divine Artifact, Xue Tu’s previous depression had disappeared completely. He walked over and tried to persuade them. “My seniors, please don’t fight among yourselves at such a critical time.”

Guye Jing did not reject the word “Senior.” Instead, she gave Xue Tu an appreciating smile.

However, Blood Butcher felt a chill on his neck as if someone had held a sword there. He thought Guye Jing was hiding a knife in her smile. He quickly restrained himself and said, “You two have important matters to attend to.”

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and said, “I have more important matters to attend to.”

Of course, Zhang Ruochen was tempted by the Divine Artifact.

However, he knew that time was of the essence. He had to find Ji Fanxin first. Since he had invited her to the Infernal Court, he had to send her back unharmed.

Master Ye You hurried over and said, “Master, what is more important than finding the Divine Artifact?”

“Finding the source of the flute sound,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The Seven-Armed Elder suddenly realized that he was going to find the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers.

The Fairy of a Hundred Flowers seemed much more important to Zhang Ruochen than the little Crone of the Rāhu Mountains.

There was no other solution!

Although Ji Fanxin had changed into Bai Qing’er’s appearance, they had all traveled for a considerable distance.

With the Seven-Armed Elder's shrewdness, how could he not see through her true identity?

Guye Jing looked thoughtful and said, "I seem to have heard the sound of a flute in the area where the Earth Sparrow might be hidden. The sound of the flute is delightful but fleeting because it sometimes sounds near but other times far away."

"Are you serious?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Guye Jing put her hands behind her back and said, "Our Saint Souls are connected. You should be able to sense whether I'm telling the truth or not."

...

Outside the Southern Sword Realm, at the edge of the chaotic area.

In the pitch-black space of the universe, there was a dazzling mass of light floating in the air.

A deity of the angels, Sarathiel, stood in the center of the mass of light. He mobilized his divine force and activated the array towers that were located in eight different directions.

Whoosh

Whoosh

...

The array towers were as tall as mountains. They lighted up layer by layer, releasing countless Dimensional Inscriptions interweaving into an incomparably large dimensional teleportation array.

The dimensional ripples released by the arrays caused even the space thousands of miles away to quiver slightly.

"Once the dimensional teleportation array is activated, the deities of the Infernal Court hiding nearby will definitely sense it. Time is of the essence, so I have to bring the deities of the Heavenly Realm here as soon as possible."

The Divinity Source of Sarathiel flew out of the sea of Qi and shone with a brilliance that was as bright and scorching as a star.

He used the Divinity Source to activate the Dimensional Array. Instantly, the eight array towers began to rotate slowly.

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Chapter 2587: Divine Onmyoji

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

The Ancestral Domain of the Yakshas was very close to the Triangular Starfield of Darkness, at least to the deities.

Bai Qing'er and the cultivators from the various major forces of the Infernal Court fought their way to the Southern Sword Realm, causing a huge commotion. They flew directly above the Ancestral Domain of the Yakshas.

At sunset, Han Ailian had finally woken up Jadea, the ancient deity of the Yakshas, who had fallen into a deep sleep. She told her in detail about what had happened recently.

Jadea had woken up from an ancient area of the sea. On the surface of the sea, she had condensed a body that seemed both real and unreal simultaneously.

She looked at the sky where the Triangular Starfield of Darkness was located and said, "Is the Fane of Origin about to come into being after such a long time?"

"Master, how can you be sure that the Fane of Origin is about to come into being?" Han Ailian asked in surprise.

Han Ailian had always thought that the so-called Fane of Origin was a myth. He thought it was just someone trying to use the Fane of Origin to stir up trouble and achieve an unknown goal.

Jadea said, "There are some things that you shouldn't know yet. "Actually, that vast Triangular Starfield of Darkness used to have many brilliant stars. It had a mighty civilization, and the Yakshas had a deep relationship with it."

“You better tell the clan emperor to activate the Realm Defense Array to deal with the dangers we might face later.”

Yu Lingshen turned into a streak of divine light and flew at an unparalleled speed toward the Triangular Starfield of Darkness.

Not long after, she stopped at the edge of the Triangular Starfield of Darkness and looked at an asteroid in front of her with a strange look.

There were two figures on the asteroid.

One of them was Asurendra Samay.

Asurendra Samay’s figure was covered by a ball of divine light and was quite blurry to the naked eye. However, his Asuran Divine Warsoul, the Eight-armed Asuran, was like a vast mountain standing on the asteroid.

The other figure was only the height of a normal human. He wore a long robe embroidered with a fiery sun wheel imprint. His face was handsome and divine, and he looked only about thirty years old.

“Where is Jadea going?” He asked with a smile.

Jadea knew that since this person had appeared here, she herself definitely wouldn’t have the chance to find the Fane of Origin. She could only fly onto the asteroid and said, “I heard that a large number of Infernal Court youngsters have entered the Triangular Starfield of Darkness, and was curious, so I decided to rush over and investigate. I didn’t expect that the Divine Master and Asurendra Samay would also come over.”

Asurendra Samay snorted, feeling uneasy. If it weren’t for Divine Onmyoji stopping him, he would have entered the Fane of Origin long ago.

Divine Onmyoji belonged to the Fane of Destiny. He was the second most influential figure in the Divination Division, one of the three divisions, and was second only to the Divination Reverend.

Divine Onmyoji smiled like a spring breeze. “Jadea, there’s no need to be curious. We’re all deities from the Infernal Court,

so there's nothing to hide. The Fane of Origin has been born, and it's located in the Southern Sword Realm of the Triangular Starfield of Darkness."

Jadea didn't expect the other party to tell her the truth so directly, so she pretended to be surprised, saying, "Legend has it that the Fane of Origin, which has been gone for more than a hundred million years, is actually going to be born! Why are the two of you staying here and not going to the Southern Sword Realm?"

Divine Onmyoji smiled but didn't say anything.

Asurendra Samay said in a gloomy voice, "The Ancestral Domain of the Yakshas is only a short distance away from the Triangular Starfield of Darkness. It's impossible that you, Jadea, haven't gone in to investigate, right?"

"I did investigate, but unfortunately, I didn't find anything," Jadea answered truthfully.

Asurendra Samay laughed loudly. "The Southern Sword Realm is only a few hundred million kilometers from the Triangular Starfield of Darkness border. Given your cultivation level, how could you have missed discovering it?"

Jadea's face turned cold, saying, "The Triangular Starfield of Darkness has existed for countless years. Countless cultivators have gone in to investigate, but who could discover the Southern Sword Realm? What exactly is the meaning of this, Asurendra Samay?"

Asurendra Samay said, "Do you know why we stayed here and didn't go to the Southern Sword Realm? Because the Divine Master suspects that someone had deliberately used the Fane of Origin as bait and set a trap to lure the deities of the Infernal Court to their deaths."

Jadea was enraged. "Could it be that you all suspect that I am setting up a trap?"

"The Yakshas have always been ambitious. They want to become the eleventh clan of the Infernal Court and enjoy the same status and authority as the ten great clans. The deities of the Infernal Court have fallen, and the Yakshas have seized the

opportunity to rise up. That is not impossible,” Asurendra Samay replied.

“Asurendra Samay, if you continue to spout nonsense and slander the Yakshas and me, don’t blame me for being impolite to you.”

Jadea released a mighty divine might, and a sea of divine Qi that spanned tens of thousands of miles appeared beneath her feet, causing even the stars in the sky to tremble.

All the living beings in the Ancestral Domain of the Yakshas could see a ball of divine clouds and light spots appearing in the distant starry sky.

Even though they were tens of billions of miles away, they could still sense a faint pressure.

However, Asurendra Samay wasn’t afraid of Jadea, and he continued, “Are you confident that you will be able to survive the fourth Yuanhui Tribulation? I remember that you barely managed to survive the third Yuanhui Tribulation. Even so, why didn’t you go to the Jadeite Realm to look for opportunities? Isn’t that suspicious?”

Jadea said, “I wanted to ask you the same question. Why didn’t you go to the Jadeite Realm? Could it be that you are confident that you can survive the next Yuanhui Tribulation?”

Asurendra Samay sneered and said, “It’s none of your business.”

“If that’s the case, then it’s none of your business if I didn’t go to the Jadeite Realm,” Jadea said.

Asurendra Samay didn’t go to the Jadeite Realm, of course, because he knew that his injuries were too severe. Even if he found something in the Jadeite Realm that could help him survive the Yuanhui Tribulation, it wouldn’t be helpful.

On the contrary, if he could take advantage of the absence of Wardeity Bloodximius to capture Zhang Ruochen, he would have a bright future.

Asurendra Samay said, “How do you explain the Light of Origin that appeared at the Yakshas’ sacred ground in the

Royal City of Hundred Clans?”

“I’ve heard about that, but I haven’t had the chance to go to the Royal City of Hundred Clans to investigate,” Jadea replied.

Asurendra Samay replied, “I’m afraid this is a scheme of the Yakshas. They want to use this to startle the entire Infernal Court and attract all the major powers here.”

Jadea glanced at Divine Onmyoji. Seeing that he didn’t say anything, she was worried that the Fane of Destiny would think so too. Hence, she stretched out her divine hand and grabbed at Asurendra Samay.

“Asurendra Samay, the Yakshas have no enmity with you. But since you are slandering them like this, I must seek justice for the Yakshas.”

Jadea’s attack was extremely fast, but when it was about to land on Asurendra Samay, it became slower and slower.

The flow of time around Asurendra Samay’s body was almost at a standstill. No matter how Jadea’s attack could break the sky or shatter the ground, it still couldn’t hurt him, and was quickly neutralized by his power.

At this moment, although Asurendra Samay’s injuries were severe, he was in peak condition. He wasn’t like when he fought with Lord Ming, the Blood Empress, and Wardeity Bloodximus. At that time, he was restrained by Chi Kongyue’s weakening bindings and couldn’t use his divine force. His Saint Soul was also affected by Jade Swallow Pendant. As a result, he couldn’t even use one-tenth of his combat power. Thus, he suffered a great humiliation at that time.

“Again.”

Jadea turned serious, and her body emitted an extremely dazzling light, but the aura she emitted was extremely cold.

The small rock planet under her feet instantly turned into an ice planet.

Swoosh

Divine Onmyoji placed itself between the two deities. Without using any magical technique, a vast Yin Yang imprint appeared under his feet, separating Jadea and Asurendra Samay, who were both about to fight. He also moved them to two different directions.

Jadea and Asurendra Samay felt that their bodies were out of their control. The two deities were already several hundred miles apart when they regained their balance.

They looked at Divine Onmyoji at the same time and were both extremely shocked.

This junior, who had just survived the calamity of the two Yuanhui Tribulations, had already reached such a terrifying level of cultivation.

Divine Onmyoji smiled and said, “Both of you, please calm down. Jadea, you can not blame Asurendra Samay for being so suspicious. After all, the appearance of the Fane of Origin is indeed suspicious.”

“Firstly, the appearance of a supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin in the hands of a wild Saint-level cultivator is most suspicious.”

“Secondly, regarding the appearance of the Light of Origin in the Royal City of Hundred Clans, which is most definitely man-made.”

“Thirdly, the appearance of the Fane of Origin happened right after the opening of the Jadeite Realm. It was the time when the Infernal Court was at its most empty. Isn’t that too much of a coincidence?”

“Fourthly, the Divination Division’s Divine Artifact, the Tensho Compass, has gone missing. Even I can’t sense its location. It can only mean that the cultivator who suppressed it has higher cultivation and spiritual power than me. Now, who can that person be? With the Celestial and Infernal Court’s current empty state, We can count such exceptional figures on one hand.”

“These signs of human intervention scares me. I have to be more careful from now on.”

Jadea was silent for a moment before saying, "Hence, the Divine Master is worried that the Fane of Origin is a trap specially designed to kill the deities of the Infernal Court. Once you enter, you will never be able to return."

Divine Onmyoji nodded.

"However, other than me, all the deities of the Yakshas have gone to the Jadeite Realm. It's impossible for them, and they don't have the strength to set up all of this." Jadea said.

"The one who set up the trap must be from the Celestial Court, and the Yakshas could be involved," Asurendra Samay said coldly.

Jadea glared at him angrily.

Divine Onmyoji immediately stopped Asurendra Samay; he smiled and said, "I naturally believe in the Yakshas and Jadea. However, please cooperate with the Fane of Destiny and don't go to the Southern Sword Realm for the time being. Otherwise, the whole situation may go out of control."

Jadea naturally understood the severity of the situation. She nodded and said, "Therefore, should we let those juniors seize the opportunities in the Fane of Origin?"

"This is the safest way!" Divine Onmyoji said.

Jadea said, "They are just a group of Saint-level juniors. Even if they were all killed in the Fane of Origin, a group of them could grow up again after a thousand years. The losses and risks can indeed be minimized through this way."

"However, that deity from the Xue Jue Family had gone in. If it wasn't a trap, wouldn't all the benefits go to the Xue Jue Family?" Asurendra Samay said with extreme jealousy and hatred.

Divine Onmyoji smiled and said, "Both of you have underestimated the abilities of this group of Saint-level juniors. Once they find an opportunity to break through and achieve divinity in the Fane of Origin, they will be able to restrain that deity from the Xue Jue Family..."

Divine Onmyoji's expression suddenly froze as he looked toward the Triangular Starfield of Darkness.

In the next moment, Asurendra Samay and Jadea also sensed something, and there was shock in their eyes.

Divine Onmyoji turned around and faced Asurendra Samay and Jadea with the other side of his body. However, it wasn't his back that they expected, but a beautiful and dignified woman with a moon imprint embroidered on her front.

Her slender snow-white hands formed a lotus shape and said, "I've already calculated that it's a dimensional fluctuation and a divine force fluctuation with a light aura."

"However, the Triangular Starfield of Darkness is quite special. A mysterious force interferes with the calculation, so I can't calculate which deity had released the fluctuation."

Asurendra Samay's spirit was immediately roused. He smiled and said, "The deities of the Celestial Court are stirring up a lot of trouble. Since they have come to the Infernal Court, how can we let them go back?"

Asurendra Samay was interested in Zhang Ruochen in the Fane of Origin and the Fane of Origin itself. However, he could not find an opportunity to go to the Southern Sword Realm for a long time. Now that the situation was gradually getting more evident and if he did not make a move now, when would he do it?

Divine Onmyoji thought about it and didn't say anything. He still felt that there was something fishy about this.

Asurendra Samay said, "The deities of the Celestial Court have all taken the initiative to release their auras. They're clearly provoking us."

"Divine Master, this is the territory of the Infernal Court. Even if the Fane of Origin has a deity-killing trap, we just need to gather enough deities to flatten it," Jadea said.

Divine Onmyoji decided and said, "Alright, let's meet the Celestial Court deities first and see whether our old friends are there!"

He made this decision mainly because there were quite a few Saint-level juniors in the Infernal Court who had great potential among the youngsters who entered the Fane of Origin this time. If all of them died, the losses would be significant.

Secondly, it was very likely that the Tensho Compass was taken away by the deities of the Celestial Court.

The Divination Division's Divine Artifact must not be lost.

Bang

Divine Onmyoji, Asurendra Samay, and Jadea broke through the air and flew away. They did not take long to arrive at the space outside the Southern Sword Realm.

They saw a bright dimensional teleportation array floating in the center of the eight array towers.

There were a total of nine figures in the array.

One of them was Sarathiel. As he had expended a lot of energy, he was sitting cross-legged and recovering the divine Qi in his body.

Jiatianxia was clad in scarlet divine armor. His aura was like an imposing mountain, and the eight blood wings on his back were emitting crimson light. He looked into the distance and smiled. "Asurendra Samay and Divine Onmyoji are here, as well as Jadea of the Yakshas."

"Just the three of them? If the Fane of Origin is really a trap set up by the Infernal Court and wants to kill us, there should at least be a deity guarding it, right?" The Lord of the Soul Realm snorted.

Sarathiel said, "Uriel and I went in before to investigate, but there was no trace of anything being set up. On the contrary, a large number of saint-level cultivators from the Infernal Court had entered, including Yan Yu of the Yanluo clan, Yuan Qianmo of the Fane of Death, Xing Luo of the Fane of Destiny, and Zhang Ruochen of the Immortal Vampires. If it's really a trap, the people of the Infernal Court would be too cruel to sacrifice them."

Jiatianxia said, “Whether it was a trap or not, as long as one of these three before us is suppressed, the deities of the Infernal Court will not be able to sit still. Any trap by them has to be exposed.”

On the other side, Divine Onmyoji saw Jiatianxia, the Lord of the Soul Realm, and the others in the dimensional teleportation array. His expression changed, and he immediately projected this image with his eyes.

In the next instant, this image appeared in the mind of Divine Onmyoji’s avatar in the Fane of Destiny, which was billions of miles away.

“This is not good. The deities of the Celestial Court have appeared in the Southern Sword Realm on such a large scale. Something big is about to happen. We must immediately invite the Reverend to take charge of the situation.”

Divine Onmyoji’s avatar immediately rushed over to the Death Palace.

In the Fane of Destiny, only two Reverends did not went to the Jadeite Realm. One was Skywrath, who was in charge of the Battlefield of Merits, and the other was Death Reverend, who was in charge of the Divine Domain of Destiny.

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Chapter 2588: Chance Encounter

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The ruins of Fane of Origin were incredibly vast. Secret areas were everywhere, and every step was filled with killing intent. Even though Zhang Ruochen and the others had high cultivation, they still took a long time to reach the area that Guye Jing had mentioned.

The seawater here was as black as ink and extremely cold.

Zhang Ruochen's vision and perception were greatly affected. He couldn't help but be on guard.

Xue Tu couldn't help but shiver. Looking at the endless darkness ahead, he said, "This place is so cold and can even affect a Supreme Saint. But why isn't the seawater frozen? This is definitely a place of murder."

Seven-Armed Elder released his spiritual power and formed a small world that enveloped Zhang Ruochen, "There seems to be a strange power in the seawater. It's eroding my body all the time. If a cultivator below the Supreme Saint came here, he'd probably be instantly corroded into a monster by that power."

Zhang Ruochen said, "It's Demonic Qi."

"How could it be Demonic Qi? I've seen many demonic cultivators. Their auras are similar to this power, but they're different," said Seven-Armed Elder.

"It's indeed Demonic Qi."

Guye Jing said, "This area has existed for ten thousand years. There must be something different between the Path of Demon

in the past and present. According to the iron book, the Earth Sparrow, also known as Demon Geospiza, is the earliest record of Path of Demon in the world.

“It is precisely because there is such a dense ancient Demonic Qi here that I guessed the Demon Geospiza might be hiding here.”

Xue Tu said carefully, “I don’t know what kind of Divine Artifact the Demon Geospiza is. What if the vessel spirit is still in it and has a strong demonic nature? Wouldn’t it be suicide for us to barge in like this?”

“The vessel spirit of Divine Artifact will also have to go through the Yuanhui Tribulation. After so many years, the vessel spirit has long disappeared,” Master Ye You said.

Xue Tu said, “Since it has been so many years, what if a new vessel spirit is born?”

“This...”

Master Ye You was speechless. His eyes couldn’t help but turn cold. He felt that Xue Tu liked to argue with him too much. He secretly decided to find an opportunity to teach him a good lesson.

Guye Jing said, “The materials used to refine a Divine Artifact are all the ultimate materials in the universe. Even if they go through the ages, they will not decay. It is indeed possible for Divine Artifact to give birth to a new vessel spirit. However, if the vessel spirit wants to cultivate on its own and reach divinity, it is as difficult as ascending to the heavens. Therefore, we don’t have to worry too much.”

Seven-Armed Elder said, “There is one thing that I think we should clarify in advance.”

“What is it?” said Guye Jing.

Seven-Armed Elder said, “If we find Demon Geospiza and subdue it, who should this Divine Artifact belong to? It can’t all belong to you, right?”

“This is indeed something we should discuss in advance!” Master Ye You said.

Guye Jing seemed to have expected that they would raise this question. She said with a smile, “The place where the Divine Artifact resides must be extraordinary. There are probably other rare treasures.

“Our biggest problem now is that it’s difficult to enter this area. Why don’t we join hands and break in? We can divide the rare treasures we encounter equally. And if Demon Geospiza is really inside, we can subdue it with our abilities. The Divine Artifact will belong to whoever can subdue it. What do you think?”

“In this way, doesn’t everyone have a chance?” Xue Tu’s expression was significantly boosted.

Guye Jing said, “Yes! Legend has it that many Divine Artifacts choose their owners. There was even a case where a Divine Artifact submitted to a saint.”

This suggestion made Seven-Armed Elder and Master Ye You’s eyes light up. They didn’t have any objections.

As for Guye Jing, if she wanted to take the Divine Artifact for herself, it wouldn’t be so easy for them. After all, if they worked together with Zhang Ruochen, she might not be able to gain any advantage in this place filled with the remnants of a Dimensional Array.

Zhang Ruochen was calm from the start. He mobilized Heart of Truth, activated Eye of Truth, and carefully sensed and observed.

Unfortunately, this area was too strange. The Heart of Truth was greatly affected and could only detect a tiny area.

“Let’s go in and talk about it. Ye You, and Guye Jing, go ahead and open a path,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Master Ye You’s attainments in Path of Dimension weren’t low. Guye Jing had broken in twice, so they advanced slowly. They didn’t encounter too much danger for now.

Xue Tu was still at the back, cleaning up the tracks.

Zhang Ruochen had been studying and observing along the way. Suddenly, he said, “There are a lot of dimensional

bubbles and folded dimensions here. You better follow closely, so you don't get separated or lost in the layers of space."

"There's a shadow!" Xue Tu exclaimed.

Everyone stopped in unison and looked at the sky on the right.

About 10 miles away from them, 300 to 400 feet above the ground, there was a road made of giant stones. It connected from the ground up to the end of their line of sight.

Although it was in the water, it was like a road to the sky, leading to an unknown place.

A long line of human figures appeared on the road.

"Why is there a floating road, and it's slanting upwards?"

"It's too far. I can't see who it is. It can't be an image left from ancient times, right?"

"Why don't we go over and take a look?"

Zhang Ruochen stopped Master Ye You, who wanted to go over, "The space here is very complicated. Although it looks like it's only ten miles away from us, it might be thousands of miles away. That road looks like it's slanting upwards, but it's very likely to be a flat road.

"And the figures walking on that road. I've seen them clearly. They're not ancient images but cultivators from Fane of Death. The one walking in front is Yuan Qianmo."

"Master, you can see that clearly?" Master Ye You didn't believe it.

How could a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint's eyesight be so assertive?

Guye Jing walked over and asked, "Is it really Yuan Qianmo?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Seven-Armed Elder's expression became solemn. "Didn't Yuan Qianmo and the Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of Fane of Death go to the hinterland of Fane of Origin? Have we already reached the hinterland?"

Yuan Qianmo was too famous. Who in the secular world wasn't afraid of him?

They'd just killed Deathkin's Hai Ke, so they felt weak.

Guye Jing said, "Your Dimensional attainments are profound. Can you roughly estimate how far they are from us?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "It's too far. It's hard to tell."

"Why don't we go closer and take a look?" Guye Jing suggested.

Master Ye You was a little scared. He said, "Let's not do that. Yuan Qianmo alone is enough to destroy all of us. Besides, he has many Neverwilt Realm warriors of Fane of Death. If we go closer, the consequences will be unimaginable."

Guye Jing said, "Yuan Qianmo is such a character. He didn't fight for Canon of Origin, but he appeared here. He must have an important purpose. Besides, the book collection of Fane of Death is above The Rāhu Mountains. It may contain more information about Fane of Origin and Demon Geospiza."

"If that's the case, why don't we follow them? We can wait for them to wear themselves out."

"It's too risky!"

Master Ye You was very timid. He didn't dare to provoke the powerful Fane of Death.

Zhang Ruochen thought for a while and said, "It is not a good idea for us to search aimlessly. Since the cultivators of Fane of Death gave up fighting for Canon of Origin and appeared here, they must have some useful information. It is indeed our best choice to follow them."

Guye Jing was happy. She knew that Zhang Ruochen had enough courage and boldness.

Zhang Ruochen was worried that Ji Fanxin might be in extreme danger if she fell into this area and was found by the cultivators of Fane of Death.

Zhang Ruochen ordered, "I'll lead the way next."

“Ye You, set up a formation to hide our aura. Don’t let Fane of Death sense our presence.

“Seven-Armed Elder, be alert. Deal with the unknown dangers that may appear.

“Xue Tu, clean up the traces.”

Zhang Ruochen looked to the far right and saw that the road that extended from the ground to the top was rapidly fading and was about to disappear.

“Open!”

Zhang Ruochen secretly mobilized Canon of Dimension and pointed forward.

Crack! Crack!

The invisible Dimensional Inscriptions were broken one by one. Where there was no road, Zhang Ruochen forcefully paved the way.

Then, Zhang Ruochen worked out every difficulty, like when they encountered the broken cliff of space, the primitive realm of Dimensional Array, the chaotic Dimensional Array...

The broken cliff of space was like a natural cliff. There was no road there.

Zhang Ruochen only pointed forward with his finger, and a road of space automatically extended to the horizon.

The primitive realm of Dimensional Array was even stranger. It was only a few hundred feet wide, but after Guye Jing fell in, she found herself in a Ruins Realm that was hundreds of thousands of miles wide. She could not get out, no matter how hard she tried.

In the end, Zhang Ruochen broke in and brought her out.

...

Gradually, they caught up with the cultivators of Fane of Death.

They were still more than ten miles apart, but even with Xue Tu’s cultivation, he could clearly see Yuan Qianmo’s face.

This meant that the distance of more than ten miles was accurate and not separated by layers of space.

Just as Zhang Ruochen had speculated, the cultivators of Fane of Death did not walk up the giant stone path diagonally but straight forward.

It had been an illusion caused by Dimensional Warp.

“They seem to have stopped. What are they doing?” Xue Tu asked.

The cultivators of Fane of Death had indeed stopped. They used crystals emitting divine light to build a simple altar.

Guye Jing stood to Zhang Ruochen’s right. She used her slender arm to gently bump into him. Smiling sweetly, she said, “Do you know who is the young cultivator standing next to Yuan Qianmo?”

Zhang Ruochen observed carefully and said, “Strange! Why is a Demi-Saint youth following a group of top elites of Fane of Death? Is he Huan Zhen?”

“Yes, he’s one of the only six Masters of Origin in Celestial and Infernal Court that I’ve mentioned to you before, Huan Zhen. Yuan Qianmo must be up to no good if he brought Huan Zhen here.” Guye Jing smiled. She seemed to be very interested in this situation.

Master Ye You and Seven-Armed Elder were trembling with fear. They were highly cautious, afraid that Yuan Qianmo would notice them. Guye Jing was the only one who could still smile at this moment.

Guye Jing said, “Why are you so afraid? The god of Xue Jue Family is nearby. Why are you afraid of Yuan Qianmo?”

“The deity must also look for fortuitous encounters. They can’t stay by my side all the time,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Guye Jing smiled in her heart. This was normal.

How could a deity enter Fane of Origin without going to the hinterland to investigate?

On the way, Zhang Ruochen didn't sense any cultivators following him, so he determined that Chi Yao was most likely restrained by angles' deity!

Zhang Ruochen wasn't too shaken. In his opinion, Chi Yao had come to Fane of Origin mainly because of Dragon Lord. Dragon Lord probably wanted to use this opportunity to resolve the hatred and conflict between the two.

Unfortunately, Dragon Lord was just an outsider. He didn't understand the love-hate relationship between Zhang Ruochen and Chi Yao.

How many subjects of Shengming Central Empire had Chi Yao's soldiers killed?

How many disciples of the Chi family had Zhang Ruochen killed when he led Shengming Central Empire's old subjects to break into Lingxiao Heavenly Palace?

The hatred didn't belong to just the two of them.

Besides, the conflict between them wasn't as simple as hatred.

Without Chi Yao, Zhang Ruochen felt much more relaxed. He didn't want to owe her too much today. He didn't want to be too soft-hearted when they fought in the future.

The two people on opposite sides shouldn't get too close.

Chi Yao should understand this.

Chapter 2589: Giant Stone Altar

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy
Translation

The road made of giant stones was 300 feet wide. Ten carriages could run side by side.

However, there were many forks on this road.

At this moment, Fane of Death cultivators led by Yuan Qianmo stopped at a fork. They used Divine Crystal of Origins to build a small three-foot-tall altar.

It was an ordinary Divine Crystal of Origin, not a supreme-grade Divine Crystal of Origin.

Yuan Qianmo, whose hair was as white as snow, put his hands behind his back and said casually, "Huan Zhen, go."

Huan Zhen nodded and walked forward. He cut his wrist and dripped the blood from his body onto the divine crystal altar.

He was a Master of Origin. Even though he was only a Demi-Saint, his blood still contained pure Power of Origin.

Swoosh

A blood pillar rushed out of the divine crystal altar.

The surface of the blood pillar was covered with a faint Light of Origin.

Yuan Qianmo looked in the direction of the blood pillar. He pointed forward and said, "Go this way."

He took the lead and said, "Benji, put away the altar and clean up the traces."

Benji didn't complain. Instead, he answered positively, "Don't worry, Fourth Brother. There won't be any traces left. Other cultivators can't follow the path we opened."

There were a total of fourteen cultivators present. Except for Yuan Benji and Huan Zhen, they were all in Paramount Realm.

These weren't all the experts from Fane of Death. They were just the direct descendants of Yuan Qianmo.

The reason why Yuan Benji was able to become one of them was because of his blood relationship with Yuan Qianmo. Otherwise, he wouldn't have had the right to participate and share the benefits.

Thus, he had to do the dirty work.

Huan Zhen followed Yuan Qianmo with an apologetic face. "Master, it's all my fault that my cultivation base is too low. If I could reach Paramount Realm, I wouldn't need to build an altar. I could sense the Canon of Origin with just my saint soul."

Yuan Qianmo patted his shoulder and smiled warmly. "You've done well. If it weren't for your sense, we would have gone to the hinterland of Fane of Origin and fought with the big forces. It's hard to say how many Canon of Origin we could get and many cultivators would have died there. We wouldn't be able to get a Canon alone like now."

"What if I'm wrong?" Huan Zhen was a little worried.

They had come here because Huan Zhen had sensed a strong aura of origin besides the hinterland of Fane of Origin.

Such a strong and pure aura of origin must be caused by Canon of Origin.

At first, Huan Zhen didn't dare to be sure. However, his master seemed to have some information. He was convinced that there must be a lot of Canon of Origin here. Thus, they changed their route and came here.

Yuan Qianmo smiled calmly, "Even if it's wrong, it's because I made a wrong judgment. I will take all the responsibility."

What are you worried about?”

Huan Zhen felt relieved when he heard this. He laughed.

The Paramount Realm Supreme Saints who followed Yuan Qianmo also laughed.

The reason why they followed Yuan Qianmo was not only because he was ranked first in the “Tome of the Divines” and had a bright future. It was because Yuan Qianmo had a strong personality that made people willing to work for him.

Yuan Qianmo was such a perfect person. He had no flaws and was full of advantages.

Zhang Ruochen and the others followed them from a distance, passing through one fork after another.

Xue Tu asked curiously, “Where do you think these fork roads lead to?”

Master Ye You said, “Often, the places where the most valuable treasures are hidden will design some paths of life and death. If you make the wrong choice and end up at a dead end, I’m afraid that ordinary gods will die.”

Xue Tu said, “It can’t be! Fane of Origin had sunk to the bottom of the sea for many years. Even if those dead ends used to have a god-killing array or the god-killing Divine Marks carved by gods, their power would definitely be greatly reduced now. They might even lose their power.”

Why were they arguing again?

Master Ye You narrowed his eyes, and a cold light flashed in his eyes. He said, “Why don’t you go and try to walk a dead end?”

“Stop arguing. Look ahead,” Seven-Armed Elder said.

Xue Tu and Master Ye You both looked over and showed an ecstatic look.

At the road’s end was an altar made of huge rocks.

The altar was extremely magnificent. It extended for dozens of miles.

It was about 30,000 feet high. At the top of the altar, a strange building could be seen. However, the seawater was too dark. Even with the Eye of Truth, Zhang Ruochen could not see the structure of the building clearly.

The cultivators of Fane of Death had already climbed up the giant stone altar.

“Let’s follow them, or they will take all the good stuff!”
Master Ye You was so excited that he could not speak clearly. He kept pursing his lips.

At this moment, he had forgotten the word “Fear” entirely.

They felt even more shocked when they reached the bottom of the giant stone altar. The altar was like a divine wall that divided heaven and earth. It could last forever and would be hard to corrode even after billions of years.

Each huge stone was 120 feet long and 120 feet tall.

There were wind, rain, thunder, and lightning carvings on the vast stone. There were also all sorts of ancient beast carvings and human figures that were already blurry. Even now, there were still Divine Marks flowing on the patterns. One could imagine how terrifying the cultivation of the person who left the Divine Marks was.

Each level of the giant rock altar was 120 feet tall, like a straight and neat cliff wall.

Zhang Ruochen and the others broke through the Divine Marks between the giant rocks and climbed dozens of levels in a row.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen felt something. He looked up, and his face changed slightly. He saw a ghost cloud pressing down from above.

From the ghost cloud, a 3.6-meter-tall Nine-Tribulation Ghost Emperor rushed out. He held a broadsword and slashed down.

BOOM

The invisible array enveloped Zhang Ruochen, and the others were broken like a bubble.

Seven-Armed Elder quickly mobilized his spiritual power. He pointed out with his finger. A Fire Pillar shot out from his fingertip and hit the Nine-Tribulation Ghost Emperor but Nine-Tribulation Ghost Emperor blocked with his sword. The broadsword turned into a shield and flew out diagonally. He landed on the giant stone platform on the right side of Zhang Ruochen and the others.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Nine-Tribulation Ghost Emperor and muttered to himself, “It’s the ghost servant. It seems that we’ve been discovered!”

He had seen Yuan Qianmo’s ghost servant on Hoth.

A ghost who had survived Nine-Tribulation Ghost was in Paramount Realm.

Yuan Qianmo’s slightly smiling voice came from above. “I was wondering who was following behind. It’s you, Zhang Ruochen. You’ve got guts.”

Yuan Benji laughed loudly. “He saved us a lot of trouble by seeking death on his own.”

Yuan Qianmo was in the center. More than a dozen influential figures of Fane of Death lined up. They appeared on the giant stone steps 120 feet above Zhang Ruochen and the others, looking down at them.

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Chapter 2590: Saber of Light From the Altar

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

Above them, beams of Saint Aura that could suppress the heavens and earth descended. All sorts of miraculous scenes of the Precept Domain appeared.

Three Black Islands appeared above the head of the Supreme Saints of Fane of Death and floated in space.

There was an Amphisbaena same as Paramount Realm. A five-colored river appeared around him, and the sound of the water was deafening.

The clouds of Qi of Death enveloped the entire Altar of Megalithic. The thunders and lightning that were as thick as buckets shuttled through them.

Master Ye You, Seven-Armed Elder, and Xue Tu were all shocked.

It wasn't that they hadn't seen a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint before. But it was shocking, with more than ten Paramount Realm cultivators in the array simultaneously. Besides strong figures like Wuma Jiuxing and Bai Qing'er, who wouldn't be scared in the secular world?

Zhang Ruochen knew that once he started to step on the Altar of Megalithic, he wouldn't be able to hide his tracks. So he didn't panic too much.

Everyone only felt a flash of light in front of them, and their bodies lost a little weight. Then they appeared in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. The Palace Defense Array, Supreme Saint

Inscriptions, and Divine Mark all appeared and formed layers of defense.

Everyone calmed down a little. After all, the Sevenstar Imperial Palace had been refined by the Wargod Bloodximus, and he had personally carved the Supreme Saint Inscriptions and Divine Marks. Besides, they weren't weak. So they could use this palace to fight against the Fane of Death.

Whoosh!

The Seven-Armed Elder sat in the center of the palace and pressed his palm on the ground. His spiritual power at the 69th level was released.

The patterns on the Sevenstar Imperial Palace's surface became even brighter instantly. Wisps of divine fog surged out of the seven palaces and turned into a river, protecting the Imperial Palace.

The stronger the cultivator was, the stronger the defense of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace would be.

Zhang Ruochen could see the Seven-Armed Elder was genuinely loyal to the Xue Jue family. His eyes were filled with relief.

Yuan Benji snorted coldly, "I'm afraid a Sevenstar Imperial Palace won't be able to protect you."

Zhang Ruochen stood outside the palace and looked up. He said, "I know the Fane of Death has many masters. But I'm afraid it won't be easy for you to break through the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and even suppress us."

"It might not be easy."

Yuan Qianmo took out a black metal pen. Huan Zhen, who was standing beside him, immediately took out a purple ink block and an inkstone, grinding out purple ink.

Yuan Qianmo stained with the ink and started drawing in the air.

Master Ye You stared at Yuan Qianmo. His eyelids twitched, and he said, "Oh no, it's the Stygian Pen and the Ten Myriad Corpse Fluid."

“Divine Artifact?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“It’s not a Divine Artifact, but the Stygian Pen is very famous. It’s one of the special artifacts of the Fane of Death. Every owner has been honored as a king in the divinity. It’s a pen nurtured by successive kings and venerable of the Fane of Death. The power of it is beyond our imagination.”

“The Ten Myriad Corpse Fluid is the ninth corrosive substance refined from the decomposed corpse. It’s also the strongest corrosive substance. It’s said that it takes 100,000 decomposed corpses to refine a grain the size of a green bean. This corrosive substance specializes in breaking the Supreme Saint Inscriptions and Divine Marks.”

“Use the Power of Dimensions to escape from here.”

Master Ye You had just finished speaking.

Yuan Qianmo smiled and said, “You can’t escape.”

The arcane runes he drew were strange and ferocious. They danced like ghosts as they flew toward the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and suppressed it.

The strong corrosive power spread into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace through the Supreme Saint Inscriptions, Divine Marks, and Defense Array. Zhang Ruochen’s skin turned gray-black instantly.

It was so terrifying even though it hadn’t landed yet. The corrosive power would rush in once the Supreme Saint Inscriptions and Divine Marks were corroded. Wouldn’t they all die inside?

A circular array rose from the Sevenstar Imperial Palace just as Master Ye You’s knees were trembling. Countless heavenly flames flew out from the array and clashed with the arcane runes that Yuan Qianmo had drawn.

Rumble.

After an intense clash, the arcane runes filled with corrosive energy were wholly burned away by the heavenly flames.

“What array is this? It’s so powerful!”

The Supreme Saints of Fane of Death were all surprised.

Yuan Qianmo narrowed his eyes and stared at the array above the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. He said, “No wonder you’re so calm. There’s a Hand of the World in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.”

Le, High-Saint Kai Luo, and Blood Wolf walked out of the palace and appeared beside Zhang Ruochen.

Their identities were unique. They couldn’t show up, so they stayed in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Yuan Benji shouted, “Zhang Ruochen, how dare you collude with the Heavenly Realm?”

“Yuan Benji, are you stupid? My senior is colluding with the Heavenly Realm? Tell the Fane of Destiny and see if they believe you,” said Xue Tu.

Yuan Benji thought about it carefully and was speechless.

Zhang Ruochen colluded with the cultivators of the Heavenly Realm. Yes, if this was told, not only the Fane of Destiny wouldn’t believe it, but even the Heavenly Realm cultivators wouldn’t.

What was Zhang Ruochen capable of? How could he subdue the High-Saint Kai Luo, Master Ye You, and the Seven-Armed Elder, who were much stronger than him?

Guye Jing giggled and said, “Qianmo, think carefully. If we really fight, the Fane of Death might lose.”

Yuan Qianmo said, “Why do you have to be so close to Zhang Ruochen, Miss Guye Jing? Why don’t you be friends with the Fane of Death and kill Zhang Ruochen together? You can take the treasures from him first. What do you think?”

“This proposal is quite tempting.” Guye Jing smiled like a crescent moon.

Xue Tu’s expression changed. “Sister-in-law, don’t fall for his trick. He wants to drive a wedge between us.”

“Only you’re the smart one?”

Guye Jing said coldly. Then she looked at Yuan Qianmo and said, "I'm indeed interested in the treasures from Zhang Ruochen. But if I can get them by killing him, I'll have many chances to kill him."

Yuan Qianmo nodded and said, "That's true! Does it mean that even if I kill Zhang Ruochen, I won't be able to get his treasure?"

"Yes, so I have been thinking of a way to see if he will give it to me voluntarily." Guye Jing looked at Zhang Ruochen.

The situation became delicate.

Guye Jing seemed to have rejected Yuan Qianmo's offer but also seemed to be threatening Zhang Ruochen. There was a hint of ambiguity in her threat.

No one could guess what she was really thinking.

The Seven-Armed Elder transmitted his voice to Zhang Ruochen, "Guye Jing definitely wouldn't dare to cooperate with the Fane of Death to eliminate us. Give her whatever treasure she wants temporarily. By stabilizing her, we can only have the strength to fight against the Fane of Death."

Zhang Ruochen knew that Guye Jing wanted the "Demonstone Engraving," but he didn't intend to compromise and give it to her. He said, "Yuan Qianmo, I'm afraid other cultivators will benefit if we continue fighting here. Are you sure killing me is more important than taking the supreme treasure in the Fane of Origin?"

A puzzled look flashed across Yuan Qianmo's face.

Yuan Benji looked around and said gloomily, "Zhang Ruochen, don't set up a trap. Where are the other cultivators?"

"But someone did get to the Altar of Megalithic before us."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Can't you see there were Dimensional Inscriptions between these megaliths? But the ones at the bottom have been broken."

"The Master of Origin of the Fane of Death can sense it even though he's only a Demi-Saint. Can't the Master of Origin of the Supreme Saint sense it?"

The cultivators of the Fane of Death looked at each other and released their spiritual power to check.

Yuan Qianmo's expression changed slightly. He turned to look up and pointed the Stygian Pen in his hand across the air like a short spear.

A half-meter-wide beam of Qi of Death surged out of the pen's tip and pierced through layers of Divine Mark.

Roar!

When Yuan Qianmo moved, a high-pitched dragon's roar sounded from the right.

A chariot rushed out from the silver mist as a blinding silver light shone. The one pulling the chariot was a 120-foot-tall Creo Dragon. Its entire body was exuding a dense divine might like a blazing sun rolling over.

"Silver Cloud Chariot! Everyone, be careful. It's Wuma Jiuxing."

"Why is Wuma Jiuxing hiding here?"

...

Three Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death charged forward to intercept the Creo Dragon. However, they were all blown by the Creo Dragon's claws and fell to the bottom of the Altar of Megalithic.

This Creo Dragon was a pure-blooded divine beast and Wuma Jiuxing's mount. It was only one step away from becoming a pseudo god. So it was naturally not something ordinary Paramount Realm could block.

Yuan Shu moved quickly and blocked in front of the Creo Dragon. Then, she pushed out a palm.

The Shadow of Death which was more than a hundred feet tall rose up behind her. This shadow also pushed out a palm and hit the Creo Dragon's head, suppressing and stopping the Silver Cloud Chariot.

Suddenly, Yuan Shu sensed dense Precepts of Saber appearing around her. Her hair and her crown were cut off. Her saint

armor was cut open.

She raised her head and looked over.

She saw a saber of light condensed from the Precepts of Saber hovering above her.

The terrifying aura of the saber suppressed her body so much that she couldn't move. It was as if the eyes of death had locked onto her.

“Wuma Jiuxing is so powerful.”

Yuan Shu knew she would never be able to block the saber attack, and she didn't have the time to use the forbidden technique that could save her life. She could only close her eyes slowly.

Boom.

Just when she thought she would surely die, a loud noise came from above her head, like a godly thunder had exploded.

The Stygian Pen shattered the saber of light.

In the next moment, she felt her delicate body become lighter. She opened her eyes and saw Yuan Qianmo's handsome face. When her feet landed on the ground, she had already put a long distance between her and the Silver Cloud Chariot.

Yuan Qianmo's arm loosened from her waist. He grabbed the Stygian Pen that flew back and said, “Wuma Jiuxing, your opponent is me.”

A deep voice came from the Silver Cloud Chariot, “It's a pity. If she hadn't blocked my attack for a moment and caught me off guard, my first strike would have injured you.”

Yuan Qianmo said, “I thought that you, Wuma Jiuxing, were one of the few qualified to fight me head-on in the world. I didn't expect that you would be so weak. My saber was already fragile before I attacked when I attacked from behind.”

“I wanted to fight you fairly too. However, other than Yu Qiu, I've been surrounded and killed by many cultivators after so many years. It's like defeating Zhuo Yunong on Hoth but attracting the attention of the entire Fane of Destiny. “There

are so many experts in the Fane of Death, but you want me to attack you head-on. Isn't that too much?"

Wuma Jiuxing walked out of the chariot with his fiery red hair and landed on Creo Dragon's head. He exuded a masculine and domineering aura.

Xue Tu shouted, "You can fight Yuan Qianmo. We will deal with the other Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death."

"One is the first in the Tome of the Divines, and the other is the first in the dark forces. Who is the real number one? Today, the battle between you will be spectacular," Master Ye You said.

Xue Tu said, "Perhaps, we will witness a historic moment today. The battle for the number one position in the Infernal Court is exciting!"

"Fight! Fight to the death. Who is the supreme being below the divinity?" Master Ye You said.

...

The two spoke one after another. Their fighting spirit and momentum seemed stronger than Yuan Qianmo and Wuma Jiuxing.

Zhang Ruochen understood that Xue Tu and Master Ye You wanted to attack Yuan Qianmo and Wuma Jiuxing. Only when the two fought would they have a chance to take advantage of it. However, Yuan Qianmo and Wuma Jiuxing were not ordinary people. It would probably backfire if they did this. He was about to stop them.

However, Yuan Qianmo's voice rang out. He said, "Why don't we kill them first and then have a showdown?"

Xue Tu and Master Ye You's expressions changed drastically. They were filled with regret and immediately shut up.

Chapter 2591: A Chaotic Battle

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

“Good. That’s a good idea,” said Wuma Jiuxing.

The cultivators of the Fane of Death stared at Zhang Ruochen and the others and sneered.

Xue Tu and Master Ye You were pale. Even Guye Jing, who had been smiling, became serious at this moment.

Wuma Jiuxing and Yuan Qianmo were absolutely invincible when they joined hands. No one under divinity could stop them.

Zhang Ruochen remained calm and said, “Yuan Qianmo, aren’t you curious why Wuma Jiuxing ambushed you here and didn’t go to the top of the altar?”

Yuan Qianmo’s eyebrows moved slightly as he thought deeply.

Wuma Jiuxing stood on the top of Creo Dragon’s head. He raised his arm above his head and used his hand as a knife to cut across the air.

SWOOSH!

A crescent-shaped blade light that was hundreds of feet long flew toward the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

It was a blade light formed purely from the Precepts of Saber. Just the ear-piercing sound of the blade could tear apart the eardrums of all creatures below the Supreme Saint Realm. It was as fast as light and shadow.

Boom Boom

The blade broke the layers of defensive arrays and inscriptions of the Supreme Saint in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The blade light reached 3 meters in front of Zhang Ruochen before it was blocked by the divine inscriptions carved on the stairs by Wargod Bloodximius. However, the impact of the saber's Qi still knocked the entire Sevenstar Imperial Palace off the giant stone altar.

From the beginning to the end, the people in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace didn't even have time to use a saint technique or a sacred artifact to block the saber's light.

"What a terrifying Saber technique. One more attack and the defense of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace will be broken." The Seven-Armed Elder's face suddenly changed, and his forehead was full of sweat.

Wuma Jiuxing did not strike a second time. Instead, he drove the Silver Cloud Chariot and rushed to the top of the altar.

That was because Yuan Qianmo and the cultivators of the Fane of Death had already reached the top when he attacked.

"It's not a coincidence that Wuma Jiuxing is here. You guys go first. I'll stop him."

Yuan Qianmo gave the order and soared up like a white crane spreading its wings. Then, he dived toward the Silver Cloud Chariot that was coming toward him.

SPLASH!

The sound of the river was heard.

A gray river of death qi appeared under Yuan Qianmo's feet. The Death Qi was so strong that it condensed into a liquid state. Golden blades were flying in the river of death qi.

Boom

The river of death qi and the Silver Cloud Chariot collided. The shockwave from the collision vaporized all the water in the nearby sea, creating a space without any water.

The precepts that surged out of their bodies were extremely chaotic, covering all directions. Even the Sevenstar Imperial

Palace under the altar was spinning like a top.

The array that Master Ye You and High-Saint Kai Luo had set up rumbled when it was hit by Yuan Qianmo and Wuma Jiuxing's power as if it would be broken at any moment.

"Are these two still in the Saint Realm?" Xue Tu felt that his Saint Soul was trembling, and his eardrums were about to be shattered by the loud noise.

"Freeze!"

Guye Jing spread her arms. Immediately, the red demonic qi, which contained a strong aura of death, wrapped around the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and stabilized the shaking palace.

She said, "Great. Now that Wuma Jiuxing and Yuan Qianmo are fighting, let's go around the left side of the altar."

"There's no need to go through so much trouble," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen released the Profound Spatial Dimension to envelop the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. he shouted, "Great Dimensional Shift!"

The massive Sevenstar Imperial Palace suddenly flew out of the ground and shrank rapidly. Finally, it turned into a speck of light and vanished into thin air.

Whoosh

When the Sevenstar Imperial Palace appeared again, it was already in the middle of the altar, thousands of feet above the sea.

Zhang Ruochen had planned to move directly to the top of the giant stone altar, but he bumped into a space barrier.

A meter-tall emerald turtle stood behind the space barrier with an iron staff in its hand. It snorted and said, "If you want to... w-w-want to go up, y-you have to... g-go through... first..."

Xue Tu listened carefully for a long time and shouted, "Go through what first? What do you mean?"

"Go through me first." It was rare for Lord Turtle to speak fluently, so he felt very comfortable.

Seeing Lord Turtle, Zhang Ruochen confirmed his guess. As expected, Bai Qing'er had reached the altar first. It wasn't surprising that Wuma Jiuxing had appeared here.

In another direction, the cultivators of the Fane of Death were stopped by the Enchanter Chamber's Hand of the World, Duan Lingfeng.

Zhang Ruochen looked up and said, "We have to get through as soon as possible. Ye You, work with me to break its space barrier and Array of Dimension. This turtle isn't simple. Be careful."

Zhang Ruochen flew out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and pushed his palms forward. He created a Dimensional Storm formed by thousands of Dimensional Rift and kept hitting the space barrier.

Hearing Zhang Ruochen's words, "Be careful." Master Ye You's eyes were a little strange. It has been ages since someone took the initiative to care about him.

Even if it was just a simple reminder from Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen's casual reminder showed that he was sincere.

Before this, whether Zhang Ruochen had given him the Spring of Life or promised to teach him the Path of Dimension, he had seen that all these tricks were just for his strength. They wanted to rope him in and entice him.

Master Ye You had seen so many of these tricks and actions. He only pretended to be subservient, but he was disdainful of them.

Instead, this casual concern touched the heart of this lonely person who had lived for more than 20,000 years.

"Master, I'm Coming!"

Master Ye You stepped on a cloud of ghosts and flew out. The white bone staff in his hand struck out heavily.

A burst of space penetrating power condensed by tens of billions of Precepts of Dimension on the white bone staff broke the thin space barrier into a hole.

Zhang Ruochen's Dimensional Storm followed the hole and ultimately broke the barrier.

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen moved in a flash.

He appeared above Lord Turtle and flew straight to the top of the altar.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen's vision darkened. A stone handprint the size of a house pressed down. Zhang Ruochen sensed the terrifying power of the handprint. He immediately mobilized the Power of Qiankun Realm and struck out the Dragon-Tiger Prajna Strike.

As soon as the two palms collided, Zhang Ruochen heard his bones crackling all over his body. His body fell heavily out of control.

"As expected, I still can't contend with a true Paramount Realm Supreme Saint."

Zhang Ruochen's entire body was in pain and numbness. He stared at the stone handprint pressing down rapidly above him. His body shot out and landed on another boulder, avoiding the heavy blow.

The one who had just attacked was another powerhouse under Bai Qing'er, General Pillar.

General Pillar's body was tall and made of stone. When his attack failed, he immediately struck out a second handprint. His arm stretched out for hundreds of feet. There were hundreds of millions of precepts. He struck out with the stone arm.

Before the stone arm arrived, the wind force that burst out almost blew Zhang Ruochen away.

Suddenly, a figure appeared in front of him. He struck out seven hands in a row to neutralize General Pillar's attack. It was the Seven-Armed Elder.

The Seven-Armed Elder turned around and stared at Zhang Ruochen. He said, "Leave it to me."

Before he finished his words, the Seven-Armed Elder had already transformed into his original form and flew out.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the Seven-Armed Elder, who was fighting with General Pillar, and then at Master Ye You, who was fighting with Lord Tortoise in the space array. He could not help but smile gently.

Sevenstar Imperial Palace flew into Zhang Ruochen's hands. Le, Blood Wolf, and High-Saint Kai Luo stood beside him.

Xue Tu and Guye Jing were not inside.

Guye Jing was easy to find because she had already turned into a red shadow of demonic qi and flew to the top of the giant stone altar. As for Xue Tu, Guye Jing could crush him into dust.

“Follow me.”

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to use the Great Dimensional Shift easily because if Lord Turtle could set up a spatial barrier, he could set up more spatial techniques above.

If Zhang Ruochen fell into its spatial trap, he would be in big trouble!

Zhang Ruochen, Le, High-Saint Kai Luo, and Blood Wolf jumped on giant rocks and climbed up quickly.

On the other side of the altar, Xue Tu's body had shrunk to the size of a mosquito. He flew up carefully, afraid that he would make too much noise and be discovered by the influential figures in the fierce battle.

He was too weak. Any cultivator could kill him.

He had to be more careful and avoid the central area of the battle.

The cultivators of the Fane of Death bypassed the array set up by Duan Lingfeng and rushed in through the gap that Zhang Ruochen and the others had broken.

Yuan Shu was the fastest. She took the lead and chased after Guye Jing. A red phoenix mark appeared between her white eyebrows.

SWOOSH!

The phoenix mark disappeared and turned into a phoenix tail feather. It flew toward Guye Jing.

This was a Class Seven Regal Artifact. Seven layers of firepower surged out of the phoenix tail feather. It burned more and more fiercely. It broke through the demonic qi of the dead spirit that guarded Guye Jing and rushed toward her back.

Guye Jing was about to be pierced by the phoenix tail feather. Suddenly, Guye Jing turned around and reached out to grab it. Her slender hands formed layers of illusions.

This Class Seven Regal Artifact appeared in her hands the next instant and was sandwiched between two fingers.

“How is this possible?” Yuan Shu’s expression changed drastically. She couldn’t believe her eyes.

Yuan Shu’s strongest weapon had actually been snatched away by Guye Jing with her bare hands.

Even a top-tier powerhouse like Yuan Qianmo might not be able to grasp the phoenix tail feather with his bare hands.

Zhang Ruochen saw this and his eyelids twitched. He thought to himself, ‘Did she really hide her strength? Or is she not... Guye...Jing...’

“It’s a priceless treasure,” Guye Jing muttered to herself as she landed on the edge of a giant rock.

At this moment, Guye Jing stood straight, and her clothes fluttered in the wind. Her aura was powerful, and the demonic clouds above her head were billowing. Her eyes were heroic and cold.

Compared to before, she seemed to have become a completely different person. Her entire body was emitting an overwhelming battle intent and demonic qi. In her pupils, demonic patterns are interwoven into a sea of blood-red stars.

She held the phoenix tail feather in her hand. The phoenix tailfeather’s vessel spirit, which was trembling non-stop, was

quickly suppressed by her.

She twirled her long black hair with both hands and inserted the phoenix tail feather into it as if it was a hairpin.

Immediately, the mischievous woman, full of smiles earlier, became a cold-faced man.

Chapter 2592: The Rāhu Physique

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The phoenix tail feather was called the Fluttering Phoenix Pin. It was a Class Seven Regal Artifact made of rare materials and had the potential to become a Supreme Artifact. It was naturally mighty.

However, such an artifact was worth hundreds of thousands of Godstones, yet it was used as a hairpin in her hair.

All the cultivators looked at her. Some were afraid, some were shocked, and some were confused.

“The successor from the most dangerous place of the Rakshasas is indeed terrifying. Let’s attack together and help Yuan Shu retrieve the Fluttering Phoenix Pin.”

The Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death chased after Yuan Shu and joined up with her.

They all released their Precept Domains and summoned their sacred artifacts.

A bright Gate of Destiny rose from behind one of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint’s backs. It floated above her head and tried to suppress the demonic aura on Guye Jing’s body.

“With just you guys?”

Guye Jing stood against the wind, and her eyes were disdainful.

Guye Jing faced the Precept Domains of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death with her disdainful eyes.

“Arrogant! Although your Rāhu Mountains is infamous, it’s nothing in front of the Fane of Death.” A Paramount Realm Supreme Saint with three black islands floating above his head snorted coldly.

Then, he controlled the three islands and shot them down.

The Fane of Death, the entire Deathkins, had such confidence.

Each of the three black islands was thousands of miles long. If they were placed in the ocean of a planet, they could be called three continents.

This Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death had cultivated the Path of Dimension. The three black islands were in his Spatial Domain. At this moment, the space was compressed. The three islands appeared above the giant stone altar. They were only the size of mountains.

However, the weight of the three islands overlapped with the precepts of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death. Their power was terrifying. The space distorted and caved in.

Zhang Ruochen and Le, who were far away, found it difficult to breathe.

Xue Tu, which had turned the size of a mosquito, fell heavily on the giant rock. His body’s bones were almost crushed, and he screamed in pain.

Then, a gust of wind blew on his body and blew him into the cracks of the giant rock. He fell into a dark and unknown place.

There were no cracks between the giant rocks, but there were strange divine patterns carved on the place where he fell. The power of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death activated the divine patterns and was revived.

The power of the three islands was boundless. However, when they were hundreds of feet away from Guye Jing’s head, they could no longer fall. The red demonic aura of the dead converted into the shape of a demonic tree. It opened up its branches and leaves and supported the three islands.

Guye Jing's slender fingers formed a finger technique.

Streaks of divine patterns flowed on her fingers like blood worms.

WHOOSH!

She pointed out.

A beam of light containing divine power flew out from her finger and hit the chest of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death.

A scream sounded.

A bloody hole the size of a basin appeared on the chest of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint. A large amount of blood mist exploded and fell onto the colossal rock below.

“Ji Yun.”

Another Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death flew over and checked on his injuries. He was shocked that the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint had died a horrible death. His flesh and blood had turned into dust, and even his Sainthood Source had been corroded by the demonic aura.

This Paramount Realm Supreme Saint hurriedly retreated and said in trembling, “What a terrifying Power of Death. Even the aura of death in the bodies of the dead can not compare to it.”

Logically speaking, the life force of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint was powerful, and it was tough to kill him.

But now, he had just been hit by a finger force, and a living Paramount Realm Supreme Saint had been reduced to dust. To any cultivator, the impact of this was too significant!

Following the tragic death of their master, the three islands floating above Guye Jing's head disintegrated by themselves.

“This demoness is too overbearing. Let's attack together and avenge Supreme Saint Ji Yun.”

The Paramount Realm Supreme Saint, holding the Gate of Destiny, shouted as he threw out a Class Five Regal Artifact in the shape of a conch.

The conch-shaped artifact released dense lightning bolts and turned into an electric dragon.

Boom

Guye Jing pointed her finger and hit the electric dragon.

The electric dragon exploded, and the conch-shaped Regal Artifact was thrown out.

The light beam did not disappear. Its power did not decrease as it landed on the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint's body. It broke through layers of defensive light and turned him into a cloud of blood mist.

All the defensive measures, talismans, and artifacts he threw out were useless and could not escape death.

The Gate of Destiny dispersed.

The second Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death had fallen. The blood mist sprinkled on the faces of Yuan Shu and the other supreme saints of the Fane of Death. They were stunned and couldn't speak. They could only hear their own rapid heartbeats.

Master Nightwanderer, Lord Turtle, Seven-Armed Elder, and General Pillar, who were fighting, all stopped.

Two Supreme Saints had fallen in a row. They were terrified.

"The higher knowledge of the Rāhu Mountains, Finger of Death. I didn't expect Zhang Ruochen's lover to be so powerful. No wonder she dared to follow Yuan Qianmo here."

Master Nightwanderer smiled. He stared at Lord Turtle and said, "See? This is a master on my side. Little Turtle, run for your life!"

Hearing "Little Turtle" makes Lord Turtle grit his teeth in anger.

He was a cultivator who had cultivated with Magnogod Huang Tian and could be considered a disciple of the magnogod. How could this crooked-looking old Ghost humiliate him?

Lord Turtle said disdainfully, "Expert... My *ss. O-Our...L-Lady... G-Guye..."

“You are a turtle and still want to be a lady?” Master Nightwanderer was slightly stunned.

Lord Turtle was so angry that it turned from emerald to red.

The Ghost and the turtle immediately started fighting again.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Guye Jing and said, “Something’s wrong! She didn’t have much power when she attacked Bai Qing’er on Hoth. What’s going on?”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t believe Guye Jing deliberately hid her cultivation when she fought with Bai Qing’er and Wuma Jiuxing.

After all, Wuma Jiuxing’s saber wasn’t a joke.

Even demigods couldn’t survive a strike.

The time after leaving Hoth was too short, so Guye Jing couldn’t make a significant breakthrough.

The only explanation was that Guye Jing might have two personalities or even two souls. Guye Jing, who had fought with Wuma Jiuxing, was cheerful and lively, but her cultivation was weaker.

Guye Jing, who was serious and full of demonic qi, was much stronger.

Even Zhang Ruochen feared Guye Jing, the Supreme Saint of the Fane of Death. He always felt that she had no feelings as if she was possessed by a demon. Even if Zhang Ruochen approached her, he could be killed by her with one finger.

“Those who stand in my way will be killed without mercy.”

Guye Jing shot a cold glance at the cultivator of the Fane of Death. Then, she turned into a red stream of light and rushed to the top of the altar.

“Demoness, where are you going?”

Duan Lingfeng roared and pointed at Guye Jing with the scarlet golden staff in his hand.

In front of the staff, inscriptions of the array appeared and interweaved into a circular array with a diameter of 10 meters.

Swoosh

A rain of swords flew out from the formation.

They were not sword qi, but metal swords.

These swords were formed by forging the wind and using the formation to absorb one of the five elements' precepts, the Precepts of Metal.

The densely packed swords turned into a 30-meters-wide torrent and charged toward Guye Jing.

“The Hand of the World’s power is indeed extraordinary. Even with Guye Jing’s ability, she was forced to stop.”

Taking advantage of this opportunity, the saint Qi in the bodies of the eight Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death surged like a river, forming eight clouds of death above their heads.

Eight Paramount-level saint techniques were formed in the clouds of Death Qi.

Guye Jing did stop. She turned around to face the oncoming torrent of swords and said coldly, “I’ve already said that anyone who stands in my way will die. How dare you offend me?”

She did not use any protective techniques as she charged straight at the torrent of swords.

BOOM!

BOOM!

...

She punched out one punch after another, shattering thousands upon thousands of swords.

Metal shards flew all over the sky.

As for the eight Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death, all eight Paramount-level saint techniques landed on her body. However, they were unable to harm her demonic body.

The cultivators of the Fane of Death felt as if they had seen a ghost. They felt a chill run down their spines.

“Even if she is a pseudo god, her godly physique won’t be able to withstand the attacks of the eight Paramount-level saint techniques. She will definitely be injured. Could it be that her demonic body is stronger than a pseudo god’s godly physique?”

Yuan Shu said, “Although her physical body is strong, it isn’t that strong. She is using a peerless higher knowledge from the secret manual of The Rāhu Mountains, the *Nekromanteia Portrait*. It is called the Rāhu Physique.”

“The precepts she has cultivated are combined with her physical body in the form of higher knowledge. This way, her physical body will not be damaged or defeated. Only by cultivating the Rāhu Physique to the fifth level can she do it.”

“From ancient times until now, less than ten cultivators can cultivate this higher knowledge to the fourth level or above. She is considered the number one person in the Rāhu Mountains!”

A Paramount Realm powerhouse of the Deathkin said, “The Rāhu Physique is powerful, but her saint soul and spiritual energy might be her weakness. Let’s use our Will of Death to attack her saint soul and spiritual energy.”

Just as the eight Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death released their Will of Death simultaneously, Guye Jing had pierced through the flood of swords and arrived before Duan Lingfeng.

Duan Lingfeng’s expression changed drastically. The Array Masters hated close combat the most. Furthermore, the opponent was someone who had cultivated the Rāhu Physique. He could clearly sense the monstrous killing intent and boundless demonic might emitted from the beautiful woman’s body.

The staff in Duan Lingfeng’s hand was a treasure even more precious than the Class Seven Regal Artifact. It was called the Genbu Warstaff.

The staff was shaped like a snake and had many sharp scales. At the top was a turtle the size of a fist.

It was similar to Genbu.

At this critical moment of life and death, Duan Lingfeng grabbed the staff tightly and swiped it downwards.

The sharp scales cut through his palm, and a large amount of holy blood flowed.

The Genbu Warstaff absorbed Duan Lingfeng's blood, and instantly, the light increased significantly. The eyes of the turtle on top of the staff lit up.

Duan Lingfeng slammed the staff heavily onto the ground.

WHOOSH!

A defensive array lit up under his feet.

Then, the second one, the third one.

Eight formations stacked up one after another and connected, forming a Genbu that was 33 meters long.

Guye Jing punched Genbu. The eight formations revolved at the same time and bounced her back. A large amount of lightning surged from the formation and struck her body.

Duan Lingfeng stood at the center of the Genbu and let out a sigh of relief. He smiled and said, "My class eight Genbu Array can even withstand a pseudo god for a while. Don't waste your energy!"

Just as Guye Jing was about to attack, the Will of Death of the eight Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death landed on her body.

The Will of Death was like a curse. It was formless and attacked her Saint Soul and spirit directly.

"You really don't know what you're talking about. The bodies and minds of The Rāhu Mountains cultivators are advancing at the same time. You think you can attack me with your Will of Death?"

Guye Jing turned around and stared at them. She chanted, "The demons above the sky and below the ground grant me strength. The stronger my inner demons are, the stronger I am."

"Inner Devourer!"

In the next instant, the eight Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death who were using their Will of Death, apart from Yuan Shu, let out shrill screams.

One of them went crazy and scratched his skull. His face was covered in blood, and he was extremely ferocious. He charged towards the bottom of the altar, and no one knew where he was going.

Yuan Qianmo and Wuma Jiuxing, engaged in the fierce battle, were finally alarmed.

The two of them immediately stopped.

One of them let out a long whistle, while the other let out an ear-piercing sound of blades to intimidate Guye Jing.

Guye Jing looked at the two shadows flying at high speed from below and pointed at the calcining wind. "I hope that you can hide in the array formation. Otherwise, I, Guye Jing, will keep my word and let you die without a burial place."

SWOOSH!

Guye Jing flew through the air and was the first to reach the top of the giant stone altar.

Then, she seemed to have seen something incredible. Her eyes were filled with shock.

Duan Lingfeng let out a long breath. His sacred robe was soaked with sweat.

Zhang Ruochen looked up and felt that Guye Jing had become extremely unfamiliar. He said solemnly, "Before you go up, set up the array first. You both are Hands of the World. Kai Luo, your skills should not be weaker than Duan Lingfeng's, right?"

“I am the Hand of the World in the Formation Sect, the best Array Master amongst the Celestial Court. How can Duan Lingfeng compare to me?”

Although Kai Luo said so, he was shocked by Guye Jing’s battle strength. He immediately set up a defensive array.

Once the array was set up, it immediately turned into a camel-like divine beast that was hundreds of feet long.

The three of them and the Blood Wolf stood inside the camel.

The camel ran wildly, climbed onto the huge stone altar, and reached the top.

...

“I didn’t expect that this successor of the Rāhu Mountains had cultivated the Rāhu Physique and the Inner Devourer. This caused the Fane of Death to lose three Supreme Saints in a row,” Yuan Qianmo said.

He had already helped the seven Paramount Realm Supreme Saints of the Fane of Death to resolve the inner demon phenomenon that had invaded their bodies.

Apart from Yuan Shu, the other six Supreme Saints’ Saint Souls were all injured to varying degrees. It would be difficult for them to recover in a short time.

Yuan Qianmo and the cultivators of the Fane of Death almost climbed to the top of the giant stone altar along with the array-formed camel.

After reaching the top, even Zhang Ruochen, Le, and Yuan Qianmo held their breaths in shock at the scene before them.

After reaching the top, even Zhang Ruochen, Le, and Yuan Qianmo held their breaths in shock at the scene before them.

Chapter 2593: At the Top of the Altar

Translator: EndlessFantasy

Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy

Translation

The top of the giant stone altar was beyond the reach of the sea.

The giant stone, which even Wuma Jiuxing's saber couldn't damage, was riddled with cracks. A massive pit with a diameter of hundreds of meters was formed. In the huge pit, there was extremely red blood. It looked like a small blood lake.

It was as if a ball of blood had fallen from the sky long ago and smashed the giant stone altar into this state.

The blood lake was not shocking.

What was shocking was the sword island at the center of the blood lake.

The small island was filled with all kinds of swords. Six of them were emitting bright divine light and gave off a terrifying power comparable to that of a god. Any cultivator in the Supreme Saint Realm knew these were six swords of the Divine Artifact grade.

There were also thirteen swords. On the body of the swords, the Supreme Inscription flowed and released Supreme Qi.

There were another thirteen swords at the supreme-being holy weapon level.

Even more shocking were densely packed stars in the sky above the blood lake and in the pitch-black seawater. It was like a starry sky that contained endless mysteries.

Everyone knew that many planets were floating in this sea area.

However, those planets didn't emit light at all. They couldn't be seen anywhere else in the Fane of Origin, yet they all appeared here.

The starry sky, the blood lake, and the sword island.

In the distance, there were strange buildings hidden in the blood fog.

One cannot possibly be unmoved by this sight.

After suppressing the shock in her heart, Guye Jing spread her Rakshasa wings on her back and flew toward the sword island.

She had just reached the top of the blood lake.

She lost control of her body and fell down abruptly.

The blood lake below gave Guye Jing an unprecedented sense of fear. Her eyes were filled with blood, and her mind was under a considerable impact. It was as if thousands of invisible hands were pulling her.

She hit the lake's surface with her palm at a critical moment. Her body flew backward and landed on the shore.

RUSTLE!

Her beautiful palm, which had touched the blood, turned into sand and fell to the ground.

Guye Jing retreated backward in horror as if avoiding snakes and scorpions, leaving a long distance between her and the blood lake. Then, she cut off her entire arm at the fastest speed.

RUSTLE!

Her arm, which had fallen to the ground, also turned into sand and dust.

No one present could breathe, and that even the cultivators. They were as stunned as could be.

Guye Jing's Rāhu Physique was so powerful that it could be said to be indestructible. However, it was broken with just a

little bit of blood. She had no choice but to cut off one of her arms to save her life.

The cultivators attracted by the Divine Artifacts and Supreme Artifacts and wanted to rush forward were all scared and retreated.

It was too terrifying!

“Is this blood so corrosive? Is it comparable to the corrosive substances on the bodies of the Corpusians’ god?” Master Ye You was terrified. Looking at the blood lake made him want to turn around and run away.

Everyone retreated. Only Yuan Qianmo suddenly walked forward and came to the side of the blood lake. He said confidently, “Let me try.”

WHOOSH!

He activated the Stygian Pen. Instantly, white brush hairs flew out like ten thousand feet of white hair and rushed toward the sword island.

Seeing that he was about to succeed, Yuan Qianmo was delighted when he took back a Divine Artifact with the brush hairs.

Suddenly, the brush hair was cut off and sank into the blood lake.

Yuan Qianmo looked at the bald Stygian Pen in confusion.

‘The brush hair of the Stygian Pen was made by an ancient god using his own hair and was nurtured by the gods of the Fane of Death. How could it be cut off just like that?’

Just as Yuan Qianmo was in a daze, a faint blood-colored mist spread out from the blood lake.

The blood-colored mist spread to his body, and Yuan Qianmo discovered to his horror that the precepts in his body were uncontrollably absorbed by the blood mist.

He hurriedly retreated, but he still lost hundreds of billions of precepts.

One had to know that it had only been an instant.

Moreover, it had only been touched by the blood mist and not directly touched by the blood water.

Yuan Qianmo's heart was shrouded in fear. He wanted to escape from this place, but even when he met an enemy at divinity, he could not affect his state of mind like this.

Guye Jing endured the immense pain and pressed her left hand on her right shoulder.

A new slender jade arm grew out of her bloody right shoulder, still as smooth as jade. Her eyes were fixed on the blood lake and sword island, thinking about something.

Master Ye You and Seven-Armed Elder entered the array-formed camel. Their faces were as pale as paper.

Seven-Armed Elder opened his mouth with difficulty and said, "I've lived for over 20,000 years. I've been to countless forbidden areas and dead lands. I've never seen such a strange and terrifying thing. This must be an extremely vicious place. My intuition tells me that we must leave immediately."

Master Ye You rarely agreed with the Seven-Armed Elder. He said, "Although the swords on the sword island are extremely rare, enough to make gods fight to the death. However, we must not touch them. Otherwise, I'm afraid we won't be as capable as Guye Jing and Yuan Qianmo of saving our lives."

Zhang Ruochen was also shocked, but his eyes were fixated on the six divine swords on the sword island.

The seven sword souls in his sea of Qi had a subtle sense.

They even felt a little familiar with the six divine swords. The aura was similar to the Stellar Sword in Lord Ming's hand, but the divine power it emitted was slightly weaker.

Were the six divine swords left behind by the Ancestral Swordmaster? Were they from the same origin as the Stellar Sword?

But why didn't the Ancestral Swordmaster bring them with him when he went to Kunlun?

Zhang Ruochen was confused and didn't want to leave.

The dead silence was broken, and a beautiful and graceful voice came from afar, “The liquid in this lake may or may not be blood, but it doesn’t belong to our world. It contains strange energy that can destroy everything in this world. Anyone who touches it will die.”

Ji Fanxin, dressed in white, walked along the blood lake from afar.

Bathed in starlight, she looked like a goddess. Her entire body was fragrant.

When Zhang Ruochen saw her, he knew she wasn’t the real Ji Fanxin. She was Bai Qing’er. The current Bai Qing’er seemed to have completed some transformation. She was out of tune with the secular world and was about to fly away.

She was like the clouds in the sky, like the pearls of the primordial.

Yuan Qianmo and Guye Jing looked strange when Bai Qing’er walked into the room.

After all, from the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt to the Royal City of Hundred Clans and then to the Southern Sword Realm, Ji Fanxin had fought against heaven and the earth. She had single-handedly fought against all the cultivators of the Infernal Court.

It was unknown how many famous experts of the Infernal Court had died at her hands. The starry skies had once been dyed red.

Bai Qing’er continued, “If we want to obtain a Divine Artifact, we can not do so with our current cultivation. We must first break through to the divinity. Yuan Qianmo, you are the first in the *Tome of the Divines*. Everyone says that you can become a deity with just a thought.”

“Guye Jing, you are the most outstanding successor of the Rāhu Mountains in this Yuanhui period. You have cultivated the Rāhu Physique to the strongest realm below divinity.”

“The two of you are only one step away from the divinity. Why don’t we have a life-and-death battle today to see if we can break through that step?”

There were only four cultivators present who could understand what Bai Qing'er meant by that step.

Guye Jing's demonic might overflowed into the sky as she said, "Alright, let's have a life-and-death battle."

"Forget it. Only powerhouses like you have given me absolute pressure and motivation in this era. Perhaps I can break through the barrier, subdue the divine gate, and suppress the gods with my thoughts. Let's fight!" Yuan Qianmo said.

Bai Qing'er stood proudly and looked at the stars. She said, "In a one-on-one fight, no one here is my match. You guys go together. I also want to break through the barrier, subdue the divine gate, and suppress the gods with my thoughts."

Guye Jing and Yuan Qianmo knew Bai Qing'er's strength, so they didn't just stand idly and prepared to join forces.

"Wait a minute," Bai Qing'er said.

Yuan Qianmo said, "Why? Do you regret it?"

Bai Qing'er shook her head and said, "Just the two of you are still not enough to be my opponent. I know there are three of you."

Guye Jing and Yuan Qianmo looked at Wuma Jiuxing.

Wuma Jiuxing stood on the top of the Ying Dragon's head, Unmoved.

"She is talking about me."

A melodious and cold voice sounded, and a silver stream of light flew to the top of the altar.

The silver light stopped, and Xue Lingxian's straight figure appeared.

Then, Granny Begonia's old figure also walked up slowly.

"Granny, why are you here?" Zhang Ruochen immediately went up to greet her. He didn't hide the fact that he knew the cultivators of Kunlun.

Granny Begonia smiled kindly. "The Sword Pavilion sensed a special aura, so we came here. I didn't expect to be in such a

big battle. We're right on time rather than early."

Rumble

On the top of the altar, a violent wind suddenly blew, and the precepts were in disorder. Powerful and peerless auras shuttled back and forth like divine dragons.

Guye Jing was mighty and cold, like a peerless devil.

Yuan Qianmo's white hair fluttered in the wind, and he held a brush in his hand. His elegant movements carried an extreme charm of death.

Xue Lingxian had a snake's head and a human's body. He used the Precepts of Swordsmanship to condense a blood sword. The sharpness on his body was exposed, and his aura shot into the starry sky.

Bai Qing'er, standing by the blood lake, was very relaxed. She had a feeling of returning to her natural state. She was neither sad nor happy, neither angry nor proud. Her thin and delicate body was calm and collected under the power of the three influential figures. It was as if she was in an ethereal state.

Granny Begonia sighed and said, "This woman is really talented. She has some of the demeanor of the former empress. Today, if she doesn't die at the hands of Xue Lingxian and the others, she will be able to break through the barrier, subdue the divine gate, and suppress the gods."

Zhang Ruochen had heard this many times. He asked curiously, "What do you mean by breaking through the barriers, subduing the divine gate, and suppressing the gods?"

"The so-called barriers are the marks the gods have placed on them. Only by breaking through the barriers and suppressing the gods with their spiritual thoughts will they have a chance to become kings and gods in the future."

Granny Begonia said, "The so-called marks of the gods are the marks formed when a cultivator reaches the Paramount Realm of the four Martial Arts' Realms, and the gods resonate with him."

“To obtain the Mark of the Gods, every one of them is a genius. It means that they have received the recognition and protection of the gods.”

“For cultivators below divinity, the Mark of the Gods has endless benefits. For example, the blessing of the gods. All kinds of opportunities you have encountered since you started cultivating, or the choices you made in a moment of inspiration, or the sense of danger, are all guided and warned by the gods.”

“However, after you become a god, the Mark of the Gods will become a barrier, limiting the heights you can reach. Before you become a god, you can suppress the gods with your thoughts, and you will have unlimited possibilities in the future.”

Zhang Ruochen was thousands of miles away from Bai Qing'er and the others' current attainments in cultivation. He didn't quite understand what they were saying. He asked, “If you can't become a god, how can you suppress the gods with your thoughts? Where are the gods that gave you the Mark?”

Granny Begonia looked up at the starry sky and said faintly, “The gods are dead.”

On the other side, Guye Jing attacked Bai Qing'er first.

Chapter 2594: The Gods Are Immortal but Dead

Translator: EndlessFantasy

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Translation

The crimson demonic cloud surged together with Guye Jing and flew around Bai Qing'er like a swimming dragon.

An instant, a blood-colored demonic hand seal the size of a millstone struck Bai Qing'er's back.

Bai Qing'er did not turn around. Instead, she clasped her hands together as if she was meditating.

WHOOSH!

The eight hundred Golden Bodhisattvas phantoms appeared and emitted a golden light that was hundreds of thousands of meters tall. The sound of Buddha's voice was vast and mighty. The next instant, all the Golden Bodhisattvas merged into one and turned into a Vajra Buddha.

The Vajra Buddha punched out, colliding with the blood-colored devilish palm print, exploding with eight hundred ripples of Buddhist light.

The demon palm print shattered with a bang, and Guye Jing's true form appeared. Her boundless demon-energy eyes seemed to be astonished.

She was about to retreat when Bai Qing'er suddenly turned around and pushed out her palm lightly.

Clouds filled the sky, and the wisps of Qi flowed like silk.

Guye Jing was shocked once again. Bai Qing'er's palm was extremely mysterious. It seemed to be pushing toward her, but it was actually pulling her like countless strands of silk,

making it impossible for her to retreat or escape. Her body leaned forward.

Guye Jing was also mighty. At this critical moment of life and death, she used all her strength to mobilize the divine patterns in her body, forming a higher knowledge, the Finger of Death.

A dazzling divine light illuminated the entire altar when the finger force was released.

BOOM!

Guye Jing flew backward. Her two fingers were bleeding and trembling.

Not only had the Rāhu Physique been broken, but even the Finger of Death had also been broken.

“Taiqing Cloud-Pushing Palm!” Zhang Ruochen chanted with a complicated expression.

Taiqing Cloud-Pushing Palm was the first move of the Eight techniques of Genesis taught to Zhang Ruochen by the Intergold Tiger. He did not expect Bai Qing’er, who had secretly learned it from the side, to understand its profound mysteries and reach such an amazing level.

Bai Qing’er said, “If your Rāhu Physique had not been damaged earlier, it would not be so easy to break. As for the Finger of Death, it’s just so so. You must show your true ability if you want to fight with me.”

Guye Jing snorted softly. The blood stains on her two fingers disappeared and turned into a state of glazed jade.

On the other side, a fully materialized Hand of the Death God condensed above Yuan Qianmo’s head. It was hundreds of feet long and fell from the sky, pressing down on Bai Qing’er.

Even in the distance in the array-formed camel, Zhang Ruochen and Le felt their bodies sink as if the “Sky” was pressing down on them.

Yuan Qianmo’s Hand of the Death God had the terrifying power to smash a planet.

Bai Qing'er rolled up her sleeve, and the hundreds of feet long Hand of the Death God was directly taken away by her and put into her sleeve.

Then, the Hand of the Death God flew toward Xue Lingxian, who was attacking with a sword.

BANG!

Xue Lingxian merged his sword into one, and his speed was as fast as a flowing light as he crashed into the Hand of the Death God.

The Hand of the Death God exploded and turned into a ball of death qi. Xue Lingxian's sword momentum was blocked, and his body retreated to the original place.

Yuan Qianmo's face changed again and again. The higher knowledge, Hand of the Death God, was taken away easily by his opponent, and it was even turned into her own power to attack. She had become even more potent than in the Oort Cloud Asteroid Belt!

'Was she doing all this on purpose?' Yuan Qianmo thought.

Was she using the powers of the top-notch powerhouses of the significant forces in the Infernal Court to hone her Path?

"I've already said that you are no match for me if you attack alone."

Bai Qing'er's eyes were filled with contempt for all living things. She released her Precept Domain and the Primeval Chaos Saintwill, pulling Guye Jing, Yuan Qianmo, and Xue Lingxian into the primal chaos.

The space within the chaos was boundless. It was as if they were still on the altar but as if they had entered another space.

Master Ye You stared at the chaotic cloud churning violently, his eyes filled with admiration and fanaticism. He said, "This Fairy of a Hundred Flowers is so powerful. She's arrogant and domineering, pulling the three great powerhouses into her Precept Domain. Could it be that she's not afraid of her Precept Domain being penetrated?"

“What she has cultivated is the perfect Grade Two Saintwill. When the Grade Two Saintwill is combined with the Precept Domain, who can break through it if the gods don’t appear?” The Seven-Armed Elder said.

“She’s not Ji Fanxin. Ji Fanxin can’t be this powerful,” the Kai Luo said coldly.

No one paid attention to him.

Zhang Ruochen asked Granny Begonia, “What do you mean by the gods are dead?”

Granny Begonia didn’t seem to care about Xue Lingxian’s safety. She explained patiently to Zhang Ruochen, “How many gods have been born in Kunlun since ancient times?”

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and then shook his head.

“How many gods have been born in the myriad Macroworlds and Microworlds of Celestial Court and the ten clans of Infernal Court since ancient times?” Granny Begonia asked.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head again.

Granny Begonia said, “Do you know that once you become a true God, in a sense, it means that you are immortal?”

Zhang Ruochen knew this and nodded.

The soul of a true god was powerful. Not only did it have a soul in the body, but part of it was in the world outside the body. There were also divine thoughts wandering in the vast universe.

That was why even if the body died and the soul in the body was refined, a true God was still not completely dead.

This was because mortals could communicate with the true God’s remaining soul or divine thoughts in the world through sacrificial rituals.

Back then, Chi Linyuan, the Lord of the Sect of the Blood God, had used sacrificial rituals to communicate with the soul of the dead Blood God.

Granny Begonia said, “After the true God died, the remaining thin soul in the world went to another space dimension. Only by using a similar sacrificial ritual can one break through the dimension’s wall, communicate with them, and even obtain their power.”

“That space dimension is what we call the Divine Realm?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Granny Begonia said, “Perhaps some ignorant mortals call it the Divine Realm, but all the worlds call it Trayastrimsa.”

Zhang Ruochen was familiar with Trayastrimsa, so he did not think much about it. He asked, “Did Trayastrimsa bestow the Shenwu Mark on cultivators?”

Granny Begonia shook her head, “No, the gods are dead. Even if remnant souls are left in Trayastrimsa, they can’t do anything. They’re like a ball of Qi and a wisp of smoke. How can they affect the secular world so much? But Trayastrimsa is huge. Otherwise, the Celestial Court and Infernal Court gods would have entered and absorbed all the souls!”

Zhang Ruochen thought it was normal. The true gods’ souls wandering outside his body were probably not even one in ten thousand. Even with his current cultivation, he could defeat them.

Granny Begonia said, “The Shenwu Mark is one of the ultimate secrets of the universe that I don’t know about either.”

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully, and he said, “I understand now. After reaching the Paramount Realm in the four realms of Martial Arts, the gods’ resonance was breaking some precepts between heaven and earth and connecting to the remnant souls of the gods in Trayastrimsa.”

“The Shenwu Marks that merged with my sea of Qi were given by these remnant souls, right?”

Granny Begonia nodded and said gently, “You are brilliant. That’s true.”

“But why did these remnant souls of the gods do this?” Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

Granny Begonia's eyes became sad. She said bitterly, "Because the marks were given to you by the past fallen gods of Kunlun."

"They are already dead, but they are still selecting talents in the future to protect you and guide you. In the future, when you reach the height of Xue Lingxian and the others, you will suppress them with your own spirit and destroy their remaining consciousness. When you break into the divinity, the remnant souls of their gods in Trayastrimsa will fly into your body and strengthen your divine soul. They will die completely and disappear from the world."

"What if my spirit can't suppress them? Will I never be able to be a king in the future?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Granny Begonia shook her head and said, "I don't know! But... It is said that to be a king, one must reach the Avacaniya Realm. To reach the Avacaniya Realm, one must go to Trayastrimsa. Maybe it has something to do with this."

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a long time. After a long time, he sighed and said, "The gods are dead, but their heroic souls are still alive."

In the distant chaotic cloud, the deafening sounds of battle rang out like thunder.

The cloud sometimes grew bigger and sometimes shrank.

Although Bai Qing'er was strong, the battle seemed very difficult.

Zhang Ruochen hated himself for his attainment in cultivation was too low. Otherwise, he would have charged in and turned the world upside down. He would not be like now, where he could not see the battle clearly.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen's gaze fell on the sword island in the center of the blood lake. He had an idea. He said to Kai Luo, "Control the array. Let's go and take a look."

"Are you crazy?" Kai Luo said in fear.

Master Ye You and the Seven-Armed Elder's faces changed significantly. They quickly tried to dissuade him.

“Why are you so nervous? I just want to go to the lakeside to take a look,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Kai Luo had no choice but to do as he was told.

Master Ye You did not dare to go near the blood lake. He wanted to leave the array-formed camel, but when he saw the cultivators of the Fane of Death and Wuma Jiuxing standing on top of Creo Dragon’s head, he had no choice but to follow them.

When the Fane of Death cultivators saw Zhang Ruochen and the others going to the blood lake, they did not stop them. Instead, they all sneered.

“Lord Qianmo has suffered a great loss. How dare they approach the blood lake?”

“Zhang Ruochen is audacious. He probably wants to die!”

...

Wuma Jiuxing looked over and showed a hint of interest.

The closer they got to the blood lake, the more the people in the array-formed camel felt invisible pressure and fear. It was as if there was a giant beast with its mouth wide open waiting to devour them.

Kai Luo, Master Ye You, and the Seven-Armed Elder were sweating profusely. They tried to dissuade Zhang Ruochen several times.

The array-formed camel stopped 30 meters away from the blood lake. It could no longer move forward. If it continued to move forward, the strange power of the blood lake would be able to break down the array of inscriptions.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the array-formed camel and came to the bank of the blood lake, accompanied by Granny Begonia.

Zhang Ruochen did not believe that the blood lake’s water could destroy everything. So he took out a piece of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree’s wooden pillar and threw it at the blood lake.

The wooden pillar floated on the surface of the blood lake for only half a breath's time before it turned into dust and disappeared into the water.

Then, Zhang Ruochen took out the Regal Artifact, Godstone, Divine Bone, Sainthood Source... all kinds of treasures and tried them out. Without exception, once it touched the water of the blood lake, it would turn into dust.

Only the Divine Bone could last longer.

The cultivators of the Fane of Death were stunned by this display of wealth. They began to plan secretly. They felt that snatching Zhang Ruochen was more reliable than grabbing the Divine Artifact on the sword island.

Zhang Ruochen calculated the success rate and risk he would get the Divine Artifact on the sword island using the bridge form from Divine Bones.