

the mans Decree: Kai Ping / Chen Ping

Chapter 4501

“Second Prince, why would Master Limitless fight so desperately for you?” Kai asked Xiao Jian, his face full of confusion.

After all, Heavenly Realm beings were often prideful and looked down on Celestial Realm cultivators.

“I don’t know,” Xiao Jian admitted honestly. “I met Master Limitless by chance. He told me I possess wisdom roots and am the reincarnation of Buddha. Since then, he’s been following me around.”

Kai was speechless. The reincarnation of Buddha? Could that even be real? Or was it just some trick to fool people?

“Kid, you don’t get it,” the Red Cloud Demon Monarch chimed in. “Buddhist Ancestors really do rely on reincarnation for cultivation. One reincarnation equals a thousand years of training, and this method doesn’t care which world it happens in.”

“They reincarnate randomly across the vast cosmos, spanning countless worlds. Buddhist disciples dedicate themselves to finding these reincarnated Buddha Ancestors. Once they locate one, they’ll guard it with their lives until the reincarnated body regains its past-life memories...”

As Kai listened, his scalp tingled with unease. This type of Buddhist cultivation sounded exhausting!

No wonder Master Limitless was refusing to flee, even as he teetered on the edge of death. Now, he was burning his essence blood to resist until the bitter end!

The Tenth Highness observed Master Limitless with amusement. Smirking, he suddenly raised his hand and delivered a vicious slap aimed straight at Master Limitless' head.

Master Limitless remained unmoving, his hands folded in prayer, his expression unwavering like a mountain.

Slap! The sound echoed sharply as the slap landed. Master Limitless's body trembled violently, golden Buddha light scattering in all directions.

The Tenth Highness grinned, clearly enjoying himself. "This is too funny..."

Slap! Another slap followed, landing squarely on Master Limitless' bald head.

This time, Master Limitless was sent flying. Buddha light rippled from his body, spreading for miles before dissipating. When he landed, his posture remained the same—hands clasped, as if in devout pilgrimage.

"Hahaha! This old bald donkey is hilarious!" The Tenth Highness burst into laughter. In a flash, he reappeared before Master Limitless.

It was clear to everyone that the Tenth Highness was toying with Master Limitless. He could have killed him with a single slap, yet he chose to keep him alive—perhaps because Master Limitless was the only one in the Xiao Dynasty capable of lasting even a moment against him.

Master Limitless wanted to curse him. If he couldn't fight back, at least he could vent his anger. But he couldn't—not with the blood burning in his veins, locking him in this cycle of endurance.

Pah! Pah! Pah! Slap after slap rained down on Master Limitless' head.

Each strike forced him to take a step back. Each step back sent waves of Buddha light trembling from his body.

After enduring over a dozen slaps, blood began to seep from his head, and the radiant Buddha light around him grew dim.

“You bald donkey,” the Tenth Highness mocked, smirking. “Can’t handle a few slaps? What a disappointment!”

The golden glow surrounding Master Limitless finally faded. Blood trickled freely from the top of his head, and his eyes burned with fury as he glared at the Tenth Highness.

“Little brat,” Master Limitless snarled, his voice trembling with anger. “If I hadn’t been trapped for thousands of years, losing most of my strength, I’d peel off your skin and whip your tendons!”

The Tenth Highness chuckled, unfazed by the threat.

For Master Limitless, who could no longer fight back, cursing was the only thing that didn’t hurt.

Chapter 4502

The crowd was left speechless as Master Limitless’s rage echoed in the air.

It seemed that bragging was a universal trait, present in everyone.

“Old bald donkey, your strength is lacking, but your mouth is certainly bold!”

The Tenth Highness gave a faint smile and then delivered a slap.

The force of the slap sent Master Limitless flying, and he landed heavily in front of the crowd. Spitting out a mouthful of blood, he looked toward Fei Wenqiang. “Prime Minister Fei, are there any experts from the Xiao Imperial Dynasty who can hold them off for a while? I just need a moment to catch my breath.”

“This...” Fei Wenqiang hesitated, clearly embarrassed. While the Xiao Imperial Dynasty did have experts, they were not under his command.

“Prime Minister Fei, my father once mentioned that beneath the imperial city of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty...” Xiao Feng began to speak, turning to Fei Wenqiang.

Fei Wenqiang interrupted him quickly. “Your Imperial Highness, please don’t speak further. Those are the foundations of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty!”

“Prime Minister Fei, the Xiao Dynasty is on the brink of collapse. Do you still intend to hold back?”

“If that’s the case, I’ll take the Second Prince and leave. My loyalty is to him, not the Xiao Imperial Dynasty,” Master Limitless declared angrily.

He had already begun burning his essence blood and was pushing himself to his limits, yet Fei Wenqiang’s hesitation only fueled his frustration.

“Don’t be upset, Master Limitless. There are decisions that only Emperor Xiao can make, not us,” Fei Wenqiang explained hurriedly.

If Master Limitless abandoned them, they had no hope of stopping the Tenth Highness with the forces at hand.

“Where is Emperor Xiao? Why hasn’t he shown himself at such a critical moment?” Master Limitless demanded.

Everyone exchanged uneasy glances, unable to answer. No one knew where Xiao Yuan Shan was at this time.

“Emperor Xiao, leave this to me. After all, the Demon Sealing Alliance is targeting me,” Kai said weakly as he struggled to stand.

Though clearly exhausted, he managed to steady himself.

“Mr. Chen, this is no longer just about you versus the Demon Sealing Alliance,” Xiao Feng said with determination. “It’s about the survival of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty. Even if we offered you up, they would not spare us.”

“Rest assured, Mr. Chen. The Xiao Imperial Dynasty will not fall so easily.”

With a resolute expression, Xiao Feng pulled out a palm-sized square seal engraved with the character “Xiao.” Intricate, unfamiliar characters surrounded it, leaving Kai puzzled.

Fei Wenqiang’s face turned pale when he saw the seal. “Your Highness, what are you doing?”

“Prime Minister Fei, today’s tribulation for the Xiao Imperial Dynasty must be overcome. This is a test from my father,” Xiao Feng said.

A red light began to radiate from his palm, followed by a thread of blood that spread over the square seal.

“Prime Minister Fei, what is my brother doing?” Xiao Jian asked curiously.

With a sigh, Fei Wenqiang replied, “The First Prince is using the power of his bloodline to summon the ancestors of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty.”

Hearing this, Master Limitless’s eyes lit up. “I nearly forgot! The Second Prince is the reincarnation of Buddha. He possesses a Buddha bloodline and can do the same!”

Without hesitation, Master Limitless pulled out a Buddha seal and looked at Xiao Jian. “Second Prince, I need to borrow your blood!”

“Master Limitless, am I truly the reincarnation of Buddha?” Xiao Jian asked skeptically.

“This isn’t the time for questions. Just give me your blood!” Master Limitless urged.

Reluctantly, Xiao Jian pricked his finger, letting a drop of blood fall onto the Buddha seal.

A deep hum echoed as the seal trembled violently. Moments later, a golden shadow emerged from the Buddha seal. The figure clasped its hands together, its snow-white beard and eyebrows flowing as it stood in a wide monk’s robe, radiating a divine and ethereal presence.

Chapter 4503

The crowd was stunned as they witnessed a monk materialize before their eyes.

Only the Tenth Highness remained indifferent, his calm gaze laced with hints of mockery.

“Namu Amitabha Buddha...” The shadowy monk murmured softly, and beams of mysterious Buddha light began to materialize, surging straight toward the Tenth Highness.

With a casual wave of his hand, the Tenth Highness unleashed a terrifying aura that swept forth like crashing waves, obliterating the incoming Buddha light.

The shadow monk stepped forward, and as he did, a beam of Buddha light erupted beneath his feet like a massive pillar.

The Tenth Highness sneered coldly and stomped the ground with ferocity. The pillar of Buddha light shattered instantly, vanishing into nothingness.

Undeterred, the monk continued forward, and with each step, a white lotus flower appeared beneath his feet. By his ninth step, nine glowing white lotuses had bloomed in his wake.

The nine lotuses merged, forming a colossal lotus cage that descended upon the Tenth Highness. From within the cage, an endless cascade of Buddha light burst forth.

For the first time, the Tenth Highness raised his head, a flicker of seriousness crossing his otherwise calm face. Without moving, he extended his palms, and twin streams of white energy erupted forth, colliding directly with the lotus cage.

A deafening explosion shattered the silence, a sound so intense that the crowd's ears rang.

The lotus cage disintegrated into countless fragments, which rained down across the Imperial City. Entire buildings collapsed under the onslaught, and countless citizens of the Xiao Dynasty perished.

Human lives were reduced to mere ants in the face of such devastation.

Even cultivators of the Mahayana realm barely withstood the aftershocks, while those in the Transitional realm were obliterated outright.

Master Limitless observed the Tenth Highness with a grave expression. Despite summoning a fragment of the Dharma Ancestor's divine soul through the Buddha Seal, it had proved ineffective.

This was his final card to play. Without Xiao Jian's bloodline, Master Limitless wouldn't have been able to summon the divine soul at all.

It was known that Buddhism possessed numerous Buddha Seals, but only ten within the Thunder Sound Temple contained a fragment of the Dharma Ancestor's divine soul. These seals could only be activated by someone carrying a Buddha bloodline.

Even so, the Dharma Ancestor's divine soul was powerless against the Tenth Highness.

“This Dharma fool split his soul into millions of fragments, sealing them into Buddha Seals, thinking he could make his descendants invincible,” sneered the Red Cloud Demon Monarch. “And yet, even a wisp of that soul couldn’t best a child. How embarrassing.”

“Senior, is that shadow really the Dharma Ancestor?” Kai asked, shocked.

“Ancestor? At this point, he’s been reduced to a joke,” Red Cloud Demon Monarch replied scornfully.

Kai was speechless. It seemed no one could stop the terrifyingly powerful Tenth Highness before them. He hadn’t anticipated such overwhelming strength within the Demon Sealing Alliance.

“You old bald donkey,” the Tenth Highness mocked. “It’s impressive that a mere wisp of divine soul made me pay attention, but if you think that’s enough to defeat me, you’re dreaming.”

He spat out the lollipop from his mouth, and a massive long knife appeared in his hand.

The blade was taller than the Tenth Highness himself, impossibly wide and thick, with several clattering blade rings hanging from its length.

Clang! The knife scraped against itself, sending out an ominous sound, and a visible blade aura ripped through the void.

The monk’s shadow brought its hands together in prayer, golden light emanating from its form as it braced for the blade’s strike.

When the blade aura landed, a thunderous boom shook the heavens, and the shadow trembled violently under the impact.

Chapter 4504

Before anyone could react further, the Tenth Highness struck again. His second slash sent waves of terrifying energy that dispersed the ten thousand Buddha lights emanating from the shadowy figure.

The battle ended decisively after just two strikes.

The crowd stood in solemn silence, their faces heavy with despair.

Master Limitless collapsed onto the ground, utterly defeated. Despite all his efforts and strategies, he had been powerless against the enemy.

“Sigh, the Second Prince’s Buddha bloodline hasn’t fully awakened, and the divine soul of the Dharma Ancestor is far too weak,” Master Limitless lamented softly.

“Master Limitless, you’ve done your best. Leave the rest to me.” Xiao Feng stepped forward resolutely.

Suddenly, the entire Imperial City was bathed in golden light. Miraculously, the buildings that had been reduced to rubble moments before seemed to rise and restore themselves.

However, Kai quickly realized the truth. These structures weren’t truly repaired. Instead, Xiao Feng had used the Square Seal to shift everyone into a separate time and space, a mirrored version of the Imperial City.

Behind them, dozens of unfamiliar figures had appeared, exuding formidable auras. Each one was at least at the fourth grade of the Mahayana Realm.

It became clear to Kai that these individuals were the hidden reserve of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty, brought forth only in the direst of circumstances.

Despite the sudden reinforcements, the Tenth Highness remained unperturbed, his expression calm and devoid of fear.

Among the newly appeared figures, an elderly man stepped forward. His presence was commanding, his demeanor stern. “How many years has it been since the Xiao Imperial Dynasty has called upon us? And now, it’s in a life-or-death crisis?”

Xiao Feng knelt before them, addressing them respectfully. “Seniors of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty, our kingdom is indeed at the brink of destruction. I had no choice but to invoke the Square Seal, disturbing your retreat.”

The elderly man placed a gentle hand on Xiao Feng’s shoulder. “As Crown Prince, you owe us no such gesture. We are but servants of the dynasty.”

“Where is this so-called enemy that dares to threaten our Xiao Imperial Dynasty?” the elder asked.

Xiao Feng pointed toward the Tenth Highness, who was now leaning casually on his massive sword, a lollipop back in his mouth, his expression one of innocence.

The elder furrowed his brow, disbelief flashing across his face. “You’re telling me this child forced you to use the Square Seal? Has the dynasty truly fallen so far as to be threatened by a mere boy?”

“Elder, don’t be deceived by his appearance. His strength is beyond imagination,” Xiao Feng warned earnestly.

“Hmph! A child? How strong could he possibly be?” The elder dismissed the warning and approached the Tenth Highness confidently.

“Elder, no! Please step back!” Xiao Feng shouted in alarm.

Ignoring the plea, the elder strode forward boldly. But as he neared, the Tenth Highness moved with startling speed.

With a single swing of his massive blade, a streak of energy flashed like lightning.

The elder froze mid-step, his body unnervingly still. Then, with a heavy thud, he collapsed to the ground. A fine, crimson line appeared on his forehead—a fatal blow delivered in an instant.

The crowd was aghast, their horror palpable.

Xiao Feng sighed deeply, regret weighing heavily in his voice. “If only the elder hadn’t underestimated him...”

From the gathered figures, another elder, dressed in pristine white robes, stepped forward. His movements were measured, and his presence exuded immense power.

“What a formidable child. It seems summoning us was indeed necessary,” the white-robed elder remarked calmly.

Yu Wenqiang gasped upon seeing him and hurriedly knelt in reverence. “The forty-seventh Prime Minister of the Xiao Dynasty, Yu Wenqiang, pays respects to the former Prime Minister!”

“The forty-seventh already? How time flies...” the white-robed elder mused softly.

Xiao Feng and Xiao Jian exchanged glances, unfamiliar with this elder’s identity.

Yu Wenqiang quickly explained, “Great Prince, Second Prince, this is the eleventh Prime Minister of the Xiao Dynasty. He is the oldest living Prime Minister in our history.”

Chapter 4505

Upon hearing this, Xiao Feng and Xiao Jian quickly saluted the white-robed old man.

This Eleventh Prime Minister was likely much older than their father!

These individuals were seasoned and meritorious ministers of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty.

“There is no need for the two emperors to be so courteous,” the old prime minister said. His eyes narrowed as he glanced at the figure with the sword. “Who is that young man? And why does he want to oppose my Xiao Imperial Dynasty?”

“He belongs to the Demon Sealing Alliance,” Xiao Feng explained. “They have now declared war against our dynasty.”

“The Demon Sealing Alliance?” The old prime minister frowned slightly, then shook his head. “I’ve never heard of them...”

Yu Wenqiang quickly chimed in. “Old Prime Minister, the Demon Sealing Alliance was only recently established. It’s an alliance organization, so it’s no surprise you haven’t heard of it.”

“Ah, I see.” The old prime minister chuckled lightly but with a tinge of disdain. “A newly formed group dares to declare war on the Xiao Dynasty? It seems our dynasty’s prestige has waned...”

He turned toward the Tenth Highness, speaking with calm authority. “The Xiao Dynasty has stood tall for thousands of years. Not even the Divine and Demonic Wars could bring it down. And yet, this so-called Demon Sealing Alliance dares to make an enemy of us?”

He let out a soft sigh, shaking his head again. “Outrageous. Simply outrageous.”

As his voice faded, the old prime minister took a deliberate step forward.

Behind him, a hundred-foot-tall divine statue materialized. Its appearance radiated a powerful and righteous aura that spread across the imperial city.

Heaven and earth were still; the presence was commanding.

When the statue moved, its force resonated with the strength of a divine ruler.

The Tenth Highness, however, remained unfazed. Holding a lollipop in one hand, he smirked. “Finally, someone with actual strength from the Xiao Dynasty. The others were just disappointing.”

Though he acknowledged the old prime minister’s power, there was no trace of fear in his demeanor.

The old prime minister noticed this and respectfully clasped his hands. “Please, instruct me.”

In an instant, the old prime minister’s body merged with the hundred-foot idol, and it launched a powerful, mountain-like punch toward the Tenth Highness.

In response, the Tenth Highness swung his sword. A blade aura as tall as the statue clashed against the incoming fist.

Boom!

The strike shattered the blade aura, forcing the Tenth Highness to retreat.

“Well, this is getting interesting...” the Tenth Highness remarked, a faint smile on his lips.

“You’re not bad either,” the old prime minister admitted before launching another punch.

This time, however, the Tenth Highness chose to dodge rather than counter the blow.

Boom!

The punch struck the ground, leaving a massive crater over a hundred meters deep.

Seeing the Tenth Highness dodge for the first time, hope flickered in Xiao Feng and the others' eyes.

“He’s dodging! Maybe he’s finally feeling threatened!” they thought.

The Tenth Highness floated in mid-air, keeping a careful distance as the idol pursued him through the sky.

Suddenly, the Red Cloud Demon Monarch spoke. “It’s over. That old man is about to suffer.”

Kai stared in disbelief. “Senior, how can you say that? The old prime minister clearly has the upper hand! The Tenth Highness hasn’t even fought back—he’s only dodging!”

“You’ve forgotten,” the Demon Monarch replied, shaking his head. “This isn’t the Tenth Highness’s real body. If his true body were here, do you think this old man would stand a chance?”

Kai froze, realization dawning on him.

Even this projection of the Tenth Highness was already so powerful. If his true form appeared, the old prime minister might not be able to compete.

As if to confirm the Demon Monarch’s words, the air around them began to twist and distort.

Rumble!

A deafening noise echoed through the skies as an overwhelming aura filled the void.

Everyone’s faces turned pale.

From the distorted void, a figure began to emerge. As the figure became clearer, the Tenth Highness standing before them smirked—and slowly faded away.

The true body had arrived.

A collective wave of horror washed over the crowd.

Chapter 4506

“To compel my true form to appear... the Xiao Dynasty is impressive!”

The Tenth Highness smirked coldly. “But only just a little.”

As the Tenth Highness’s true body materialized, the old prime minister took a deep breath. His hands clenched tightly as streaks of radiant white light swirled around him.

The earth beneath him began to crack, and from within the fissures, a seven-foot longsword slowly emerged. The old prime minister reached out and grasped the sword with a firm grip.

“Sword of Shang?” Yu Wenqiang gasped in shock.

The Shang Sword had been a sacred relic of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty since its founding, passed down through generations of prime ministers. Its purpose was to uphold justice—to strike down tyrannical rulers and treacherous officials, ensuring the dynasty’s prosperity for eternity.

However, due to the virtue of past rulers, the Shang Sword had never been used.

Yu Wenqiang had known of its existence but had never seen it. He could hardly believe it would be drawn now, in this dire moment, to save the Xiao Dynasty.

The old prime minister stepped forward with the Shang Sword in hand and swung it.

From the blade erupted a torrent of sword energy, spanning tens of thousands of feet and filling the sky with its brilliance.

The might of the Shang Sword was unparalleled!

The vast, radiant sword energy surged forward like a raging river, crashing toward the Tenth Highness. The heavens dimmed, and the earth trembled under its power.

The Tenth Highness narrowed his eyes and stepped forward, slashing his own sword with a decisive swing.

In that instant, the arrogant smirk disappeared from his face, replaced by focused determination.

Boom!

The overwhelming sword energy shattered into countless fragments of light, dissipating into the void.

The old prime minister was forced back, retreating step by step until he had moved a hundred meters away.

Before he could regain his footing, the Tenth Highness launched another attack, his sword slicing through the air with ferocious speed.

Boom!

The old prime minister swung the Shang Sword once more, creating a blinding flash of light as the blades collided. The impact was catastrophic. The entire imperial city crumbled into rubble, reduced to ruins under the sheer force of the clash.

The Tenth Highness was flung dozens of miles away, and his sword shattered into countless fragments mid-air.

The crowd gasped. The shattering of the Tenth Highness's weapon seemed to indicate that even his true form couldn't defeat the old prime minister.

But then despair crept into the old prime minister's eyes.

With a deafening crack, the divine statue behind him shattered. The prime minister collapsed to the ground, his face pale and strained.

And then, the Shang Sword, once the dynasty's ultimate weapon, began to crack.

Piece by piece, it broke apart until nothing remained.

The crowd's initial relief turned into stunned silence.

The old prime minister had lost.

Everyone turned to look at the Tenth Highness, who reappeared before them unscathed.

Despite the prime minister's use of the Shang Sword, he had failed to harm the Tenth Highness.

The overwhelming realization hit the crowd: how could they possibly win this battle?

"Old Prime Minister, can you still...?" Yu Wenqiang began hesitantly, but upon seeing the prime minister's defeated expression, he couldn't bring himself to finish the question.

All eyes turned to Grandmaster Limitless.

Fei Wenqiang locked his gaze on the master, but Limitless quickly shook his head.

"Master Limitless, surely you can..." Xiao Jian started, but Limitless interrupted, "Second Prince, I truly cannot. It's not fear of death—it's that if I fall, no one will guide you to comprehend the Buddhist Dharma and reclaim the memories of your past life."

Silence fell over the group like a heavy shroud.

The Xiao Imperial Dynasty's most powerful warriors, their secret trump cards, had all failed.

All eyes turned to Xiao Feng, the Crown Prince.

With Emperor Xiao Yuanshan nowhere to be found, the fate of the dynasty now rested squarely on his shoulders.

Xiao Feng felt the immense weight of responsibility pressing down on him, yet he could do nothing but stand frozen, powerless in the face of their looming defeat.

Chapter 4507

The Tenth Highness scanned the silent crowd, a cold smile curling on his lips.

“The Xiao Imperial Dynasty—thousands of years of legacy, and yet not one worthy fighter to face me? Come out, someone capable!”

“Sending mere strays to confront me—is this how you insult me? Where is your so-called Xiao Emperor? Send me a proper steward!”

His words, sharp as poisoned needles, pierced the hearts of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty's subjects.

This proud dynasty, with millions of people and centuries of glory, was now humiliated by a child. No one dared to respond.

Then, from amidst the rubble, a slow, mocking voice rang out:

“The God Race, so lofty and proud, treating everything below them as mere ants. Yet here you are, coming to a minor Celestial Realm to make a scene. Is this what the once-mighty God Race has been reduced to? Picking fights in lowly worlds?”

All heads turned toward the voice as rubble shifted, and a figure emerged—a man dressed in tattered, patched clothing, resembling a beggar.

His hair was messy and dry, covered in dust, obscuring most of his face. He leaned on a slightly bent wooden stick for support as he hobbled forward.

The crowd stared at the beggar, their eyes wide with confusion.

Kai, however, locked his gaze on the man. From his words, it was clear he knew of the Divine Race, and his demeanor suggested he was no ordinary Celestial Realm cultivator. Perhaps this man had been a Heavenly Realm cultivator, left stranded in the Celestial Realm since the God-Devil War, trapped by the Heaven and Earth Grand Formation.

“Old Divine Sovereign?”

The old prime minister’s eyes widened in shock as he suddenly knelt, his voice trembling.

The words “Old Divine Sovereign” stunned the crowd. In an instant, the entire Xiao Imperial Dynasty knelt in unison before the beggar.

Kai was bewildered and turned to Xiao Feng.

“Xiao Emperor, what’s going on here?”

Xiao Feng quickly explained:

“Mr. Chen, you may not know this, but the Old Divine Sovereign is the savior of our Xiao Imperial Dynasty. In our dynasty, there is a Godly Monarch Temple dedicated to him, where we offer daily prayers.”

“During the God-Devil War, the Xiao Imperial Dynasty faced annihilation. It was this Dao Monarch who stepped in, shielding part of our foundation. His intervention allowed our dynasty to survive and

thrive to this day. That's why we honor him in the temple, though we never imagined he would appear in person."

Kai listened intently, now certain that the beggar before them was indeed a Heavenly Realm cultivator.

But instead of addressing those kneeling, the beggar fixed his gaze on Kai, staring intently.

The intensity of the gaze made Kai uneasy, his heart racing as he wondered why this man was fixated on him.

Suddenly, the Red Cloud Demon Lord muttered in irritation:

"That old bastard, dressing like a beggar—I barely recognized him."

Kai turned to him, startled. "Senior, you know this person?"

"Of course! That's Wufei, also known as Daoist Wufei. I've met him twice before," the Red Cloud Demon Lord replied.

Kai's heart leaped with hope. "Then... are you friends with Daoist Wufei?"

"Friends?" The Red Cloud Demon Lord snorted dismissively. "He's not worthy to be my friend! That little trash..."

Kai froze, utterly speechless.

At that moment, Master Limitless stepped forward, recognizing the beggar.

"Old man Wufei! I didn't expect to find you mingling with the Xiao Dynasty."

Hearing the voice, Daoist Wufei shifted his gaze to Master Limitless.

“Immeasurable Vulture? You’re still alive, too? Stuck here, unable to return to the Heavenly Realm like the rest of us.”

Daoist Wufei smiled faintly, his tone casual.

Master Limitless waved off the pleasantries, his face serious.

“Spare me the small talk. You’d better deal with this whelp in front of us,” he said, pointing directly at the Tenth Highness. “Otherwise, none of us are walking out of here alive.”

Chapter 4508

Daoist Wufei glanced at the Tenth Highness and chuckled softly, his tone laced with disdain. “Just a little brat. Simple, so simple...”

The people of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty fell to their knees, overwhelmed with excitement. Even the legendary Godly Monarch, who had once saved their dynasty, had returned. To them, his presence meant hope, salvation, and an end to despair.

For many, this was their first time seeing this mythical figure in person, a moment etched forever in their memories.

“Old mongrel! How dare you insult our Divine Race? Are you courting death?” The Tenth Highness sneered, his sharp gaze fixed on Daoist Wufei. He had recognized the venerable figure immediately.

“I only speak the truth. Killing me won’t erase the fact that your Divine Race has fallen.” Daoist Wufei’s voice was calm but resolute.

The Tenth Highness’s expression darkened, his fury palpable. “You dare! Old fool, prepare to die!”

Without hesitation, the Tenth Highness launched a punch, simple yet devastating in its raw power.

Daoist Wufei's expression grew serious. A golden light erupted from his hand as he raised a seemingly ordinary wooden staff to counter the attack. Yet this was no mere stick—it was a divine weapon.

Boom!

The clash shook the heavens. The Great Dao roared, the void quivered, and the entire Imperial City seemed on the brink of collapse under the chaotic, oppressive aura.

The people watched with bated breath, hoping their revered Divine Monarch could defeat the Tenth Highness. But when the fist and staff collided, the scene froze in eerie stillness.

All sound vanished.

As the tension peaked, the crowd saw something unthinkable—Daoist Wufei's staff began to crack and shatter. Worse still, his body, like fragile stone, crumbled bit by bit.

Hovering helplessly, his divine soul hung suspended in the air. His expression was serene, yet devoid of hope.

The cheers of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty's people died in their throats. Just moments ago, they had believed in victory. Now, their hearts sank.

One punch. Just one punch had defeated their revered Divine Monarch.

And the Tenth Highness hadn't even drawn a weapon.

Despair spread like wildfire through the crowd.

Master Immeasurable sighed heavily. "Ah, poor Wufei... After being trapped for so many years, it seems his strength has diminished greatly."

Daoist Wufei, despite his crumbling state, managed a faint smile. "Immeasurable... It seems I won't be joining you in returning to the Heavenly Realm after all."

With those final words, his divine soul dissipated into the void.

Far away, in Sun and Moon City, Daoist Wuji felt a sudden, sharp pang. His brow furrowed deeply.

“Daoist, what’s the matter?” Lin Chong asked, puzzled by the sudden shift.

“Emperor Lin, I must leave immediately...” Without further explanation, Daoist Wuji vanished into thin air.

Back in the Imperial City, despair gripped the people of the Xiao Dynasty.

Even their Divine Monarch, the one they had placed all their hopes upon, had been so easily defeated. Was this truly the end of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty?

As the people drowned in hopelessness, Xiao Feng stood motionless, his heart heavy. “Is this it? Is the Xiao Dynasty truly finished?” he muttered, unable to comprehend how things had unraveled so quickly.

He clenched his fists. “I just became the Crown Prince... Could my destiny be to witness the fall of my dynasty?”

But then, Xiao Feng straightened. His voice trembled with determination. “Even if we fall, even if we face death, when have the people of the Xiao Dynasty ever bowed their heads in humiliation?”

Suddenly, a powerful voice thundered through the heavens.

“Indeed! The Xiao Dynasty stands tall, no matter the odds!”

It was Xiao Yuanshan.

“Father!” Xiao Feng and Xiao Jian cried out in unison.

Boom!

A terrifying aura erupted from the heart of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty, shaking the earth and sky. A lone figure emerged, standing tall as the world seemed to quake beneath his presence.

Xiao Yuanshan.

Clad in a flowing robe, his expression was calm, unshaken, as if oblivious to the imminent danger surrounding his dynasty.

At the sight of him, the people fell to their knees once more.

Xiao Yuanshan—the mightiest force in the Xiao Dynasty—had arrived.

The Tenth Highness eyed him with a mix of curiosity and disdain. “So, you’re Emperor Xiao?”

Chapter 4509

Xiao Yuanshan stood firm, his gaze unwavering. “Exactly, I am the emperor of this Xiao Dynasty.”

The Tenth Highness chuckled coldly, a hint of disdain in his voice.

“You’ve finally come out. If I kill you now, will your Xiao Dynasty submit and return to the fold?”

Xiao Yuanshan’s expression remained calm, his tone steady. “If I fall, there are still my subjects. Can you kill every one of them? Our Xiao Dynasty has never bowed to anyone, not even during the God-Demon War. We resisted then, and we will resist now, even against the so-called Demon Sealing Alliance.”

He paused, his words resonating like a drumbeat across the battlefield. “Unless you can slaughter every last one of us...”

His defiant declaration rekindled the fighting spirit of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty. Those who had been paralyzed with despair found their courage reignited.

“We may fall, but we will never kneel!” Xiao Feng declared, his eyes blazing with determination.

“Your Majesty,” Yu Wenqiang added, his voice resolute, “this old minister will not yield either. Even if I am ground to dust, I will lead our people to resist until the bitter end.”

The warriors of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty roared in agreement, their fighting spirit surging. The despair of moments prior transformed into a unified resolve to stand their ground.

The Tenth Highness smirked, his voice dripping with derision. “If you’re so eager to die, who am I to refuse?”

His aura surged violently, but this time, the pressure failed to intimidate the Xiao Imperial Dynasty’s people.

“Fight to the death!” they roared in unison, their voices shaking the heavens.

As the cry echoed across the land, armies from dozens of cities within the Xiao Imperial Dynasty began marching toward the Imperial City. Over 100,000 troops, their commanders acting independently, converged on the capital, sensing the gravity of the moment.

The Tenth Highness observed this swelling tide of resistance with disdain, his lips curling into a sneer.

“Since you’re all so eager to die, I’ll oblige. What’s the harm in slaughtering a million cities?”

He raised his fist, his energy gathering like a storm, before launching a devastating blow toward Xiao Yuanshan.

Xiao Yuanshan met the attack head-on, his own fist hurtling forward. As it struck, the heavens seemed to chant, their voices reverberating with his defiance.

Boom!

The collision unleashed a force so immense that it rippled outward, obliterating everything in its path. Both combatants were thrown backward by the impact.

The ground beneath the Tenth Highness split open, forming a deep gully that stretched for tens of miles. Xiao Yuanshan, meanwhile, was driven back a hundred miles, the buildings beneath him reduced to ash.

The Xiao Imperial Dynasty's warriors watched with grim expressions, their resolve unwavering despite the outcome.

In an instant, both figures returned to their original positions, as if they had never moved.

The Tenth Highness smirked coldly. "The great Emperor of the Xiao Dynasty? Pathetic. You're no match for me."

Xiao Yuanshan's eyes narrowed. "And yet, you've proven no more impressive yourself."

"Is that so?" The Tenth Highness sneered. "I almost forgot to mention—my fists are the weakest of my attacks."

Xiao Yuanshan chuckled, his tone sharp. "And I haven't used my strongest, either."

"Then let's see what you've got!"

The Tenth Highness launched another devastating punch. But this time, Xiao Yuanshan raised his palms.

The earth beneath the Imperial City trembled violently. From deep below, an ancient, boundless energy began to surge upward, converging into Xiao Yuanshan's form.

The spirit beasts throughout the Imperial City let out anguished cries before collapsing, lifeless.

Yu Wenqiang, watching in awe and sorrow, murmured, "The Emperor has drawn upon the lifeforce of the city's spirit beasts. Such a heavy price..."

Chapter 4510

Xiao Yuanshan took a firm step forward, his fists surging with power. He struck out with explosive force.

Boom!

The punch landed squarely, sending the Tenth Highness hurtling back a hundred miles.

But Xiao Yuanshan did not relent. In a flash, he closed the distance and unleashed another devastating blow.

Boom!

Once again, the Tenth Highness was forced back, another hundred miles.

A wave of exhilaration swept through the crowd. Hope flickered in the hearts of the Xiao Imperial Dynasty's people. Even though the spirit beasts of the Imperial City had perished to empower their emperor, their sacrifice seemed worthwhile.

At this moment, Xiao Yuanshan was more than a man—he was the will of an entire dynasty.

With every strike, Xiao Yuanshan's fury seemed to intensify. His fists rained down like a tempest, each blow carrying the grief and determination of his people. He would avenge the fallen, prove the strength of his dynasty, and remind the world that the Xiao Imperial Dynasty was not forged of clay.

The Tenth Highness staggered backward, dodging and deflecting, yet his composure never wavered. His calm, calculating demeanor unsettled Kai, who stood among the onlookers.

Kai furrowed his brows, a shadow of concern passing over his face. To him, something was amiss. While Xiao Yuanshan appeared dominant, the Tenth Highness's ease under pressure suggested he was holding back. And that sword—the one yet to be drawn—it loomed ominously in Kai's thoughts.

Boom!

Another thunderous clash shook the heavens. Xiao Yuanshan forced the Tenth Highness back hundreds of miles, yet the latter emerged unscathed.

"Is that all you've got?" The Tenth Highness smirked, his voice taunting. "Perhaps it's time I stopped toying with you."

A flash of light revealed a long blade in his hand. It was eerily similar to the weapon that had shattered earlier, but its aura was even more terrifying.

With a sharp cry, the Tenth Highness swung the blade. "Chop!"

A crescent of blazing energy tore through the air, hurtling toward Xiao Yuanshan with unimaginable speed.

Xiao Yuanshan's eyes narrowed. He clenched his fists, drawing in every ounce of the Imperial City's remaining energy. The aura of the spirit beasts poured into him, his body glowing with a blinding radiance as he met the attack head-on.

Boom!

The clash was catastrophic. Xiao Yuanshan's energy dissipated in an instant, unable to withstand the overwhelming might of the blade. The force struck him directly, flinging his body through the air.

Blood sprayed from his wounds as he tumbled to the ground, his aura collapsing. The last remnants of the spirit beasts' sacrifice faded, their power extinguished.

But the Tenth Highness was unrelenting. With a smirk of cruel satisfaction, he swung the blade again.

Boom!

The second strike landed with devastating precision, obliterating the residual energy Xiao Yuanshan had gathered.

The onlookers were stunned into silence. Moments ago, their emperor had been forcing the Tenth Highness back, seemingly on the verge of victory. Now, the tables had turned so swiftly that it left them breathless.

Xiao Yuanshan's battered body lay before them, his wounds bleeding profusely, his expression grim.

Kai broke the silence, his voice heavy with disbelief. "Emperor Xiao... Even you aren't his match?"

Xiao Yuanshan shook his head weakly. "No... His strength is monstrous. To wield such power at his age, he cannot be a mere cultivator of the Celestial Realm. He must hail from a higher realm, far beyond this one."

The mention of the broader universe and its countless worlds brought a chilling realization to all present—the Celestial Realm, vast as it seemed, was but a speck in a much larger cosmos.

Yu Wenqiang stepped forward, desperation lacing his voice. “Your Majesty, if it comes to this, use the ancestral secret method. Absorb the dynasty’s Qi Luck—it may be the only way to turn the tide!”

Xiao Yuanshan’s gaze hardened. “No. The Xiao Imperial Dynasty’s Qi Luck belongs to its people. Without it, the dynasty will crumble, even if I win today. Such a price is too great.”

Before more could be said, the sound of thunderous marching filled the air.

From all directions, over a hundred thousand troops arrived, clad in silver helmets and golden armor. Their presence filled the battlefield with a renewed, unyielding aura.

The Xiao Imperial Dynasty’s warriors were not finished yet.

Chapter 4511

Facing a massive army of hundreds of thousands, the Tenth Prince was not panicked but brimming with excitement.

Xiao Yuanshan, however, wore a solemn expression. Though he had issued no orders, the soldiers, sensing the danger to the imperial city, had come together on their own.

Eighteen generals, clad in golden armor and armed with spears, knelt before Xiao Yuanshan and declared in unison, “We returned to the city without orders. Please punish us, Emperor Xiao.”

They knew their actions were a grave offense—mobilizing troops without orders could be deemed treason.

Xiao Yuanshan looked at the loyal generals and sighed deeply. “Stand up. Your intentions were for the safety of the Xiao Dynasty, so I pardon you. But your strength is insufficient. If you fight here, it will only lead to needless deaths.”

He refrained from summoning all his troops because, in such a battle, those of weaker realms could only serve as cannon fodder, offering no real advantage.

“Emperor Xiao, we are willing to sacrifice our souls to protect the Xiao Dynasty!” the generals said firmly.

“No!” Xiao Yuanshan roared, his voice echoing with anguish. “If you sacrifice your souls, there will be no chance for survival. I cannot allow you to die needlessly. The Xiao Dynasty has not yet reached such a desperate point!”

A cold, mocking voice suddenly rang out. “Xiao Yuanshan, your mighty Xiao Dynasty relies on overwhelming numbers to bully one man? How shameless!”

The words came from Zuo Tianzheng, who descended from the sky with hundreds of powerful cultivators. Many were masters of the Mahayana realm, representing the major factions of the five regions of the Tianren Realm.

Concerned that the Tenth Prince might face difficulty, Zuo Tianzheng had called upon the Demon Sealing League, summoning their elite members. Only those of significant strength had answered his call.

Altogether, their numbers exceeded 100,000, rivaling the forces of the Xiao Dynasty. Unlike the Xiao Dynasty, which had suffered severe losses among its Mahayana experts, the Demon Sealing League’s strength remained intact.

The arrival of Zuo Tianzheng and his forces darkened the expressions of the Xiao Dynasty’s defenders.

Chen Ping’s eyes locked onto Zuo Tianzheng, the man who had pursued him for over a century. Hatred burned in their gazes as they faced each other.

For Zuo Tianzheng, Chen Ping was merely a secondary concern. His primary goal was to subdue or destroy the Xiao Dynasty.

Xiao Yuanshan's face grew more grave. Already struggling against the Tenth Prince, the Xiao Dynasty now faced an even greater threat with Zuo Tianzheng's reinforcements.

The Tenth Prince turned his gaze to Zuo Tianzheng, his tone icy. "Why are you here?"

Zuo Tianzheng began to reply, but before he could finish, the Tenth Prince waved his hand dismissively.

Zuo Tianzheng was flung backward, landing awkwardly before quickly regaining his footing, his demeanor shaken.

"Step aside," the Tenth Prince commanded coldly. "I won't tolerate anyone interfering in my game of cat and mouse."

Terrified, Zuo Tianzheng nodded repeatedly and ordered his forces to retreat by a hundred miles.

Though he had come to assist, it was evident the Tenth Prince neither needed nor wanted his help. Knowing the immense power behind the Tenth Prince, Zuo Tianzheng dared not defy him.

Chapter 4512

When Xiao Yuanshan saw the Tenth Prince effortlessly drive Zuo Tianzheng and his forces away, his anxiety deepened.

This demonstrated the Tenth Prince's supreme confidence in his own strength.

Xiao Yuanshan's face grew more grim. He knew that if the battle continued, he might lose his ability to resist within three moves. The Tenth Prince's words about a "cat-and-mouse game" further confirmed

that he was toying with them, holding back his full power. Xiao Yuanshan wasn't even sure he could withstand one full-strength attack from the Tenth Prince.

Yet, in this moment of despair, Xiao Yuanshan realized that the only person who could stand against the Tenth Prince was himself.

Sensing Xiao Yuanshan's dilemma, the eighteen generals still kneeling before him exchanged resolute glances. Speaking in unison, they declared, "Emperor Xiao, we are willing to sacrifice our lives for the Xiao Dynasty to last for generations!"

Without hesitation, the eighteen generals drew their blades and severed their own heads.

Eighteen heads fell as streams of white light emerged from their bodies and soared into the sky.

Before Xiao Yuanshan could respond, the sight of the generals' sacrifice galvanized the hundreds of thousands of soldiers around him. They dropped to their knees in unison, shouting, "We are determined to give our lives for the Xiao Dynasty to endure for generations!"

Without a moment's pause, the soldiers swung their swords, beheading themselves in one synchronized motion.

Countless streams of spiritual energy surged into the air, converging into a massive force that exuded terrifying pressure.

The Tenth Prince watched the scene unfold, a flicker of surprise in his eyes.

Chen Ping was utterly stunned by the scale and tragedy of the sacrifice—it was unlike anything he had ever witnessed.

Even those still alive in the Xiao Dynasty were profoundly shaken. What had been a dwindling fighting spirit now surged to its peak.

Xiao Yuanshan looked at the bodies strewn across the ground. They were his loyal soldiers, yet he did not weep or rage.

Instead, he began to laugh. His laughter was filled with sorrow, echoing with the pain of loss.

Xiao Feng and Xiao Jian, standing nearby, were seething with fury. Their spiritual energy surged wildly, and it seemed they were ready to self-destruct at any moment.

If they did, it would mark the end of the Xiao Dynasty.

“Hahahaha... hahahaha...”

Xiao Yuanshan raised his head, laughing as his body faded from sight and reappeared mid-air.

In that moment, his form merged with the spiritual essence of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who had sacrificed themselves.

A golden light enveloped Xiao Yuanshan, obscuring his figure entirely.

When the light dissipated, Xiao Yuanshan emerged, looking much older. His hair was now gray, and his frail body exuded weariness.

But his eyes burned with fury, and an overwhelming, invisible pressure emanated from him.

“Father...” Xiao Feng and Xiao Jian cried out, their voices trembling.

Xiao Yuanshan did not respond. He began walking toward the Tenth Prince, step by step.

With every step he took, the very fabric of the void around him rippled like boiling water.

Xiao Yuanshan was no longer just himself—he embodied the spirits of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers who had given their lives.

From a hundred miles away, Zuo Tianzheng watched with growing fear.

Inwardly, he thanked the heavens that he had not led the Demon Sealing League in a direct assault on the Xiao Dynasty.

Had the Tenth Prince not intervened, Zuo Tianzheng was certain the Demon Sealing League would have been obliterated.

The sheer willpower of the Xiao Dynasty's soldiers was unmatched.

Hundreds of thousands of lives sacrificed without hesitation—this was a testament to their unshakable resolve.

Zuo Tianzheng knew that such determination did not exist in the Demon Sealing League. Even if their organization faced annihilation, none of its members would willingly give up their lives in this way.

This was the unbridgeable gap between a dynasty and an alliance.

It was the power of belief. The soldiers and citizens of the Xiao Dynasty were united by faith, and that faith was their greatest strength.

Chapter 4513

In the eyes of the Demon Sealing League's members, allegiance was tied solely to self-interest. If the League were ever destroyed, many would undoubtedly abandon it without a second thought.

Xiao Yuanshan, however, stood firm, fixing his gaze on the Tenth Prince. He spoke no words, wasting no time on pleasantries, and launched a punch with unyielding determination.

This punch carried not just his own anger but the unfulfilled hopes of hundreds of thousands of fallen soldiers.

The Tenth Prince, for the first time, discarded his air of nonchalance. Recognizing the power behind the blow, he raised his sword and countered with all his might.

The sight of so many soldiers sacrificing themselves without hesitation had left even this god-like figure shaken. The very act exuded a pressure that unsettled him—a god who regarded himself as a being far above humanity.

In the eyes of gods, humanity was insignificant, unworthy of respect. That was why, even with the power to end this fight with a single move, the Tenth Prince had chosen instead to toy with them.

But now, his haughty amusement was gone, replaced by a rare sense of unease.

Boom!

The clash of their powers sent shockwaves across the battlefield. The entire imperial city crumbled into ruins under the aftermath of their collision. The remains of the soldiers who had sacrificed themselves were reduced to dust, their essence merging with the universe itself.

The Tenth Prince's sword shattered into fragments, forcing him to retreat hundreds of miles in an instant.

Xiao Yuanshan, unmoved, stepped forward once more.

Around him, faint lights began to flicker like fireflies, encircling his form. He understood that these lights were the lingering spirits of the soldiers who had entrusted him with their souls.

He wasn't fighting alone.

Bang!

Xiao Yuanshan struck again, his fist distorting the very fabric of space.

In response, the Tenth Prince's expression hardened. With a swift motion, he summoned a new weapon—a long sword forged from golden light. It appeared identical to the previous one, save for a luminous golden energy coursing through its center.

The Tenth Prince gripped the sword tightly and unleashed a devastating slash.

Boom!

Sword and fist collided once more, unleashing another cataclysmic explosion of force. The ground split open, creating a massive pit thousands of meters deep, resembling an abyss consuming everything in its path.

The shockwave from their battle sent onlookers flying hundreds of miles away before they could regain their footing.

All who witnessed the exchange were struck speechless by its sheer intensity. The destructive power was unlike anything they had ever seen.

At the center of the devastation, Xiao Yuanshan and the Tenth Prince faced each other, both radiating unfathomable energy.

No one dared to approach—not even Zuo Tianzheng, who was deeply shaken. He knew that the punch Xiao Yuanshan had delivered earlier was beyond anything he could hope to withstand. The strength Xiao Yuanshan had gained from the collective souls of his soldiers had elevated him to a whole new level.

The Tenth Prince smirked, staring at the sword in his hand. “Absorbing hundreds of thousands of souls? Impressive, but it changes nothing. Killing you today will end your suffering. Consider it my mercy.”

Xiao Yuanshan's expression was resolute, his eyes blazing with murderous intent. “I may die, but I will take you with me. My soldiers demand justice, and I will deliver it.”

“Justice?” The Tenth Prince scoffed. “You think you’re worthy of such ideals?”

With that, he swung his golden sword once more, aiming directly at Xiao Yuanshan.

But Xiao Yuanshan didn’t flinch. Instead, he channeled the collective power of the soldiers’ souls into his own being. The white lights around him—the essence of countless lives—condensed into a massive, radiant fist.

This was no ordinary strike. It was the combined will and determination of hundreds of thousands of soldiers.

Boom!

The fist of light collided with the Tenth Prince’s sword, unleashing a cataclysmic burst of energy. The resulting explosion filled the heavens and earth with a chaotic maelstrom of sword lights and spiritual power.

Even those who had retreated hundreds of miles felt the shockwave’s impact and were forced to flee even farther to escape its overwhelming force.

The battlefield was transformed into a scene of chaos and destruction, a testament to the unyielding will of a single man and the legacy of hundreds of thousands of souls.

Chapter 4514

“Hey...”

Suddenly, Yu Wenqiang let out a deep sigh and slowly shook his head.

“Prime Minister Yu, what’s wrong?” Xiao Feng asked, his voice tinged with concern.

Yu Wenqiang said nothing, but his expression was grim.

“Emperor Xiao... I’m afraid he will lose,” Master Wuliang interjected solemnly.

“Master Wuliang, don’t talk nonsense! My father commands an army of hundreds of thousands. How could he possibly lose?” Xiao Jian retorted, his tone defiant yet uneasy.

Master Wuliang’s gaze remained steady as he replied, “Second Prince, it’s true that Emperor Xiao commands a vast army, but the issue isn’t strength—it’s fate. The luck of the Xiao Dynasty is waning. Can’t you feel it? When the fortune of a nation begins to fade, it signifies its imminent fall. If the dynasty collapses, how could Emperor Xiao hope to claim victory?”

The weight of his words silenced the room.

For anyone else, such a statement would have been dismissed outright as treasonous or absurd. But this was Master Wuliang—his abilities and insights had proven undeniable before.

The implications of his prediction left the members of the Xiao Dynasty pale and stricken.

The destruction of their dynasty?

If the Xiao Dynasty truly fell, what would become of them? They all understood the harsh reality: “No egg remains intact when the nest is overturned.”

A heavy silence settled over the room. In the heart of the imperial city, Xiao Yuanshan and the Tenth Prince continued their fierce battle, but the outcome remained uncertain.

Xiao Feng and Xiao Jian stood tense, their fists clenched tightly. For them, the stakes were personal. If the dynasty crumbled, their royal status would vanish in an instant.

Even if Xiao Yuanshan emerged victorious, the dynasty's losses were already severe, leaving them vulnerable to surrounding forces eager to strike.

In this moment, the truth was undeniable: whether they won or lost, the golden age of the Xiao Dynasty was likely over.

What made it worse was that this time, the intruder was merely a child—a child to whom even Zuo Tianzheng of the Demon Sealing League showed unwavering respect.

Who could say what terrifying power might stand behind this boy?

The Xiao Dynasty was but a small human force within the vast Heavenly Human Realm. How could it possibly stand against the might of the God Clan? It was shocking enough to realize that the Demon Sealing League was supported by the God Clan—an unexpected and staggering revelation.

Even Kai was taken aback. He had not anticipated that such a formidable force lurked behind the Demon Sealing League, nor had he imagined that the Heavenly Human Realm concealed so many powerful masters.

The great formation of heaven and earth had ensnared countless beings within its grasp, leaving them powerless.

Rumble...

The battle between Xiao Yuanshan and the Tenth Prince continued, their clash sending shockwaves rippling through the air. The sheer force of their exchange forced everyone else to retreat again and again.

Eventually, they were all driven beyond the boundaries of the imperial city.

The once-magnificent and glorious capital of the Xiao Dynasty now lay in ruins. The ground was littered with bottomless craters, and what remained of its grandeur was reduced to dust and rubble.

When the aftermath of the battle finally subsided, the figures of Xiao Yuanshan and the Tenth Prince emerged in mid-air.

The Tenth Prince still had a lollipop clenched between his teeth, and his golden sword shimmered with power. His eyes burned with an insatiable will to fight, his stance showing he was far from satisfied.

But Xiao Yuanshan was a different story. He looked utterly exhausted, a shadow of his former imperial self. No longer the commanding emperor, he now resembled an aging man on the brink of collapse.

His breath was shallow, his aura weakened, and the spiritual energy of the more than 100,000 soldiers who supported him had been completely drained.

“Hey...”

Xiao Yuanshan sighed, his eyes reflecting a mix of sorrow and resignation. Slowly, his body descended, landing amidst the wreckage of what was once the imperial city.

Tears streamed down his face.

It was rare for men to shed tears, and rarer still for an emperor like Xiao Yuanshan. Yet, at this moment, there was nothing else he could do.

He wept for his fallen soldiers, for the innocent lives lost, and for the once-glorious Xiao Dynasty, now reduced to ruins.

Chapter 4515

Seeing Xiao Yuanshan shedding tears, Xiao Feng and the others rushed forward in shock and disbelief.

When they stood before him and witnessed his sorrow, the entire Xiao Dynasty contingent froze in place.

Xiao Yuanshan had always been their backbone, the unwavering pillar of their strength.

To them, he wasn't just their emperor—he was their god.

And now, their god had fallen.

The sight of Xiao Yuanshan's collapse shattered their faith, leaving a void where their hope once thrived.

The truth was undeniable. In this battle, the Xiao Dynasty had lost—not just a confrontation, but everything.

Xiao Feng and Xiao Jian clenched their fists so tightly that their knuckles turned white, their faces ashen. The realization was bitter: the Xiao Dynasty was no more.

Above them, the Tenth Prince hovered like an unyielding storm, his cold, domineering gaze sweeping over the gathered crowd.

No one dared to meet his eyes.

Fear gripped them like an iron chain.

They had reignited their resolve time and time again, only to be crushed mercilessly every time.

But amid the despair, one figure stood defiant.

Kai.

Though his body was weak and barely recovered, his eyes burned with resolve, and there was not a trace of fear on his face. Slowly, Kai raised his head to meet the Tenth Prince's gaze.

“Senior,” Kai whispered inwardly, “I offer you my body. Can you kill this little bastard?”

Kai's voice carried determination. "I don't care if my physical body is destroyed. Do whatever you must!"

The Red Cloud Demon Lord, whose presence resided within Kai, responded with a hint of disdain.

"Your physical body is far too weak now," the Demon Lord retorted. "Even with my power, I cannot unleash my full strength."

"Then..." Kai hesitated for a moment before the Demon Lord interrupted, "Don't you have someone behind you? That master who always appears when your life is at stake? Call upon him!"

The Demon Lord was referring to Mr. Shi.

Time and again, Mr. Shi had appeared at the crucial moment, saving Kai when all seemed lost. His strength was unfathomable, and his presence undeniable. If anyone could crush the Tenth Prince with ease, it would be him.

But Kai was at a loss.

"I..." Kai began, frustration creeping into his voice. "I don't know how to contact him. He always shows up unbidden and vanishes just as quickly. I have no idea where he is or how to reach him."

Xiao Feng stepped forward, his eyes filled with desperation as he addressed Kai.

"Mr. Chen, I beg of you—can you save the Xiao Dynasty?"

His tone was a mixture of pleading and hope.

"When you were injured," Xiao Feng continued, "there was a middle-aged man who appeared. His strength was beyond comprehension. He said that you were a great opportunity for the Xiao Dynasty."

Kai's brow furrowed as Xiao Feng's words sunk in.

“Do you know who that master is?” Xiao Feng asked earnestly. “What did he mean when he said you were our dynasty’s great opportunity?”

For a moment, there was silence.

The remnants of the Xiao Dynasty looked toward Kai, their battered spirits clinging to the faint glimmer of hope that his answer might bring.

The sudden, commanding voice that echoed through the void instantly shifted the tide of emotions in the devastated imperial city.

“It’s not easy to practice, and you can’t destroy your soul at will,” the voice resonated with divine authority, calm yet impossible to ignore.

A dazzling white light engulfed the entire imperial city, silencing all who stood beneath it.

In the brilliance, the ethereal forms of hundreds of thousands of soldiers’ souls began to manifest, slowly and deliberately emerging from the void.

Then, with a thunderous boom, the spectral army descended, grounding themselves upon the ruined land.

Xiao Yuanshan froze, his weary body rigid with disbelief.

The soldiers’ souls—exhausted and expended in battle—were restored.

This was no illusion.

Their presence was palpable, their figures as vivid as if they had never perished.

The soldiers themselves stood in stunned awe, gazing around in bewilderment. They touched the ground beneath their feet and looked at one another, uncertain yet overjoyed.

Though their bodies were gone, their spirits remained, unbroken and brimming with vitality.

They weren't lost after all. Given time, their bodies could be remade.

For the Xiao Dynasty, this was nothing short of a miracle.

Xiao Yuanshan, his voice choked with emotion, fell to his knees. "Who is it? Which master has saved my Xiao Dynasty? We will worship you forever!"

The aged emperor's gratitude was sincere, his bowed head pressing against the scorched ground.

His subjects followed his lead.

Every soldier, every courtier, every citizen—none dared to stand before such grace. The entire Xiao Dynasty, broken and bruised, now knelt in unison toward the source of the voice, their collective awe tangible.

High above, the Tenth Prince scowled, his expression dark and clouded with rage.

The game had been rigged against him. He had fought for so long, invested so much power, only to be thwarted in this unexpected, divine twist.

His fists clenched, his golden sword trembling as his frustration reached its peak.

Whoever had intervened was beyond his reach, beyond his understanding.

"Mr. Shi..."

Kai's voice was barely a whisper, but it carried a deep, trembling reverence.

His body trembled as he stood, his gaze fixed on the light-filled heavens.

That voice, steady and familiar, could belong to no one else.

“Mr. Shi...” Kai repeated, his eyes glistening with tears.

It was a voice he would recognize anywhere—a voice that had appeared to guide him through his darkest moments, a voice of infinite wisdom and power.

And now, once again, Mr. Shi had come.

The Tenth Prince remained silent, his previous dominance reduced to a mere shadow. Though he dared not retreat, his resolve was shaken, the oppressive air around him faltering in the face of an unseen, overwhelming presence.

Kai clenched his fists, his excitement tempered by a deep sense of gratitude.

For the Xiao Dynasty, this was salvation.

For Kai, it was a reminder—he was not alone, not yet.

Chapter 4516

“I didn’t do anything; you don’t have to be so polite to me,” Kai said, trying to downplay the situation.

Just then, a figure descended from the sky—a serene old Taoist holding a whisk. His movements were slow, yet each step carried a sense of profound authority.

The sight of the Taoist brought visible excitement to Xiao Yuanshan and the others. They quickly assumed that the miraculous events earlier were his doing.

“Is it him?” Kai whispered, his eyes widening in surprise.

It was none other than Wuji Taoist, the master of Lin Keting. His arrival stirred mixed reactions. Zuo Tianzheng and his allies frowned deeply, feeling the weight of Wuji Taoist's imposing aura.

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers' souls, snatched away moments ago, had been forcefully returned to their bodies. Such an impossible feat would be unimaginable even for immortals.

"Senior..." Kai stepped forward hastily and bowed. Wuji Taoist had saved his life on multiple occasions, and Kai's respect for him was immeasurable.

The Taoist eyed Kai critically. "How pitiful... my apprentice's man reduced to this sorry state," he said, shaking his head in disdain. From his robe, Wuji Taoist produced a radiant, multicolored pill and tossed it to Kai.

"Eat it," he ordered bluntly.

Kai didn't hesitate. He swallowed the pill, and it dissolved instantly. A rush of warmth spread through his body as his depleted energy surged back to life. His aura grew stronger with each passing second.

Xiao Yuanshan and the others watched in awe. The implications were clear—Kai wasn't just an ordinary man. He was destined to play a critical role in saving the Xiao Dynasty.

"Senior," Kai asked hesitantly, "did you come here specifically to save me?"

"No," Wuji Taoist replied flatly. With a wave of his whisk, the air shimmered, and a faint figure materialized—a shadowy presence that gradually took form.

Kai froze. "Taoist Wuwei?" he murmured, recognizing the figure.

The shadow chuckled. "Brother, it's been so long. Look at you—still weak despite all these years."

Wuji Taoist smiled faintly. “And you, brother, haven’t changed much. It seems the Great Formation of Heaven and Earth hasn’t hindered you as much as it has others.”

“Hmm, that’s true,” Wuwei replied, his tone light but edged with curiosity. He glanced at the Tenth Prince, standing at the edge of the gathering.

Meanwhile, Wuji Taoist turned his sharp gaze toward the prince. Something deeper was at play, and the air grew tense as the old Taoist prepared to address him.

“Kid, the heavens are merciful. I shouldn’t have struck a child like you,” Wuji Taoist said with a faint sigh.

“But you dared to harm my junior brother. I had no choice.”

His tone was calm, almost regretful, but his eyes betrayed no hesitation.

The Tenth Prince sneered, his cold gaze fixed on Wuji Taoist. “Old bastard, have you come to meet your end as well?”

Wuji Taoist’s expression remained unchanged. Instead, he twirled the whisk in his hand and said casually, “Let me ask your mother first.”

Buzz!

The air vibrated violently as the Taoist made his move. The world itself seemed to contract under his command, and an overwhelming force surged forward.

The Tenth Prince’s pupils constricted as he instinctively raised his golden sword. Yet, the force came too fast—there was no time to draw it properly.

Boom!

A burst of dazzling white light engulfed the battlefield. The Tenth Prince was sent flying like a meteor, crashing into the distance. His once-mighty golden sword disintegrated into ash, scattered by the winds.

The Xiao Dynasty soldiers and citizens erupted in cheers. Only moments ago, they had faced certain death. Now, salvation had descended like a miracle.

Some people laughed hysterically, unable to contain their relief. Others fell to their knees, tears streaming down their faces.

With a single effortless move, Wuji Taoist had shattered the Tenth Prince's oppressive aura, leaving everyone stunned by his sheer might.

Taoist Wuwei and Master Wuliang, standing nearby, both sighed simultaneously.

"Master Wuliang, what's wrong?" Xiao Jian asked, noticing the somber expression.

Master Wuliang shook his head and let out a long breath. "If I hadn't been trapped for so many years, dealing with that brat would've been as easy as swatting a fly."

His words carried the weight of past glory and deep frustration.

Before the ancient war between gods and demons, Wuliang and Wuwei had been true immortals in the heavens, standing at the pinnacle of existence.

To them, mortal cultivators—no matter how powerful—were insignificant.

"Even gods are just self-proclaimed nobles," Wuliang muttered, disdain flickering in his eyes. "In our view, they're nothing more than pompous fools."

His words hung in the air like a declaration of forgotten greatness, a reminder that the true strength of immortals was yet to be fully revealed.

Chapter 4517

Zuo Tianzheng's nerves were fraying. To take down the Xiao Dynasty, he had gambled everything, sacrificing nearly all the demon masters the Demon Sealing League had painstakingly cultivated over the years.

Now, the prospect of failure loomed large. If the Xiao Dynasty couldn't be subdued, and the lives of these masters were wasted in vain, the Demon Sealing League's strength would be devastated. Zuo Tianzheng shuddered at the thought—without that power, he might not even be worthy of being a servant, let alone a leader.

Desperation filled his eyes as he turned toward the Tenth Prince. Surely, this must just be a test of strength. Surely, the prince hadn't yet unleashed his full might.

The Tenth Prince, however, was livid. Clutching his wounded arm, his fury burned hotter with every breath. The indignity of being injured—here, in the Heavenly Realm of all places—was almost unbearable.

At the ninth level of the Mahayana Realm, the Tenth Prince was an undisputed force. Few in the Heavenly Realm could rival such strength. Mahayana masters at their peak were scarce, and Immortal Realm cultivators were even rarer. Once someone reached the Immortal Realm, they often withdrew from worldly struggles, focusing solely on their ascension to immortality.

For centuries, the five domain masters—giants of the Immortal Realm—hadn't shown their faces in the Heavenly Realm. They were legends, far removed from the concerns of mortals and even most cultivators.

“Little brat,” Taoist Wuji sneered, his voice like ice. “Calling me an old bastard over and over—have you no respect for your elders? If I don't teach you a lesson, you'll think yourself untouchable.”

Before the Tenth Prince could retort, Master Wuliang interjected, his voice sharp with urgency. “Wuji! Don’t hold back. Kill this little devil!” His tone betrayed not just anger but desperation.

“You cannot treat him as a child anymore!” Master Wuliang shouted again. “He’s far beyond that!”

Driven to stop the Tenth Prince, Master Wuliang resorted to drastic measures—burning his own blood essence to bolster his strength.

In the Heavenly Realm, replenishing burned blood was nearly impossible, making such a move almost suicidal. With his vitality drained, Wuliang’s strength had plummeted dramatically. He wasn’t even sure if he could now hold his own against cultivators of the fourth or fifth level of the Mahayana Realm.

For a being of his stature, the humiliation was unbearable. Once an Immortal Realm cultivator, Master Wuliang had stood at the pinnacle. Now, he felt like a tiger stranded on a plain, harassed by scavenging dogs, or a dragon trapped in shallow waters, mocked by shrimps.

The battlefield crackled with tension as Taoist Wuji prepared his next strike, and Zuo Tianzheng prayed silently. The Tenth Prince, furious and unyielding, stood ready to retaliate. In this chaotic struggle, only one thing was certain—whoever faltered would face utter annihilation. A successful cat is stronger than a tiger, and a phoenix without feathers is no better than a chicken.

“Master Wuliang, haven’t you always taught me to be kind?” Xiao Jian asked, his gaze sharp as he addressed the elder monk.

Master Wuliang folded his hands, the barest hint of a smirk playing on his lips. “Second Prince,” he replied, “kindness depends on the timing. For a brat like this, kindness is wasted. He must be eliminated to quench your anger.”

Finishing his words, he solemnly intoned, “Amitabha...”

Kai, watching this exchange, couldn't help but smile faintly.

The Tenth Prince's face was a mask of frustration and humiliation. His earlier arrogance had completely evaporated. The fight had humbled him, forcing him to confront an uncomfortable truth: he was not invincible.

In his mind, the Tenth Prince had assumed this confrontation would be like stepping into a kindergarten—effortless, a place where he could dominate with ease. But to his shock, this “kindergarten” harbored not just children but formidable adults. Taoist Wuji's appearance was that of a seasoned warrior, an adult who had stepped into the playground and effortlessly turned the tables.

The Tenth Prince couldn't risk underestimating him any further. His gaze locked onto Wuji, who stood poised, calm, and unshaken. For once, the prince hesitated, holding back his attack.

Wuji Taoist broke the silence with a cold smile. Taking a deliberate step forward, he flicked the whisk in his hand with a precise motion. The simple gesture sent a ripple of power through the air.

Seeing this, the Tenth Prince had no choice but to react. With a grim expression, he hurled his long sword forward, channeling all his energy into defense. The tables had turned. No longer was he the aggressor; now, he was forced into a defensive stance, his survival dependent on staying vigilant.

Unlike the Tenth Prince, Wuji Taoist held all the cards. He could prolong the fight, drag it out indefinitely, or strike decisively at any moment. The tension in the air was palpable.

Then, it happened.

Boom!

Two blinding rays of light clashed in the air, unleashing a massive shockwave. The resulting explosion rippled outward, its force so immense that it seemed to dim the sun and moon above.

The crowd, already tense, scrambled to retreat, dodging the cascading waves of energy. The devastation was unimaginable.

When the light finally faded, all that remained was desolation. The ruins were gone—reduced to dust, indistinguishable from the empty void where they had once stood. No buildings, no corpses, not even the faintest sign that this had once been a flourishing imperial city.

Xiao Yuanshan and Zuo Tianzheng, both masters of the Mahayana Realm, stood in silent awe. Neither dared to underestimate the power they had just witnessed.

Chapter 4518

Even the aftermath of the explosion was terrifying—no one dared to step forward, let alone approach the epicenter. Within a hundred-mile radius, absolute silence reigned. No sounds, no signs of life, not even dust lingered in the air.

Taoist Wuji stood with his whisk in hand, calm and unmoved, exuding an aura of impenetrable confidence. Opposite him, the Tenth Prince appeared visibly shaken. His face had lost its color, and the hand clutching his long sword trembled uncontrollably.

The confrontation had yet to declare a definitive victor, but the disparity in power was evident to all. The Tenth Prince's role was clear—he was merely holding on, resisting for the sake of his pride and the reputation of the God Clan.

“Old—” the Tenth Prince began, his anger pushing him to speak recklessly, but Taoist Wuji's piercing gaze froze the words in his throat.

Those sharp, disdainful eyes forced the Tenth Prince to reconsider. After a moment, he corrected himself, stammering, “Old Taoist, don’t think you’ve won. I’m just toying with you!”

Though he spoke with bravado, everyone present knew the truth. The masters watching from the sidelines were no fools. The Tenth Prince’s efforts to save face were transparent, a futile attempt to cling to his dignity.

“Your Highness, perhaps we should retreat...” Zuo Tianzheng transmitted his cautious words to the prince via voice transmission. He knew the truth—continuing the fight would only lead to disaster. Better to retreat now than face total defeat.

The suggestion was a dagger to the Tenth Prince’s pride.

“Shut your mouth!” he roared back telepathically, fury and shame colliding in his tone. “The God Clan never retreats!”

Fueled by anger and humiliation, the Tenth Prince gripped his sword tightly and surged forward, charging at Taoist Wuji with reckless abandon. His movements were ferocious, and the blade emitted a blinding light that filled the void for miles around.

He sought to reclaim his honor, to show Zuo Tianzheng and the Demon Sealing League that the God Clan was invincible, and that he, the Tenth Prince, could still dominate.

But Taoist Wuji didn’t flinch.

As the dazzling sword light approached, Wuji’s eyes remained filled with disdain, as though he were watching a child throw a tantrum.

In his eyes, that’s all the Tenth Prince was—a child.

The prince’s sword might have been impressive, its light painting the sky in streaks of brilliance, but to Wuji, it was no more than a toy in the hands of an overeager boy.

As the sword neared, Taoist Wuji... The whisk swung out effortlessly, as if Taoist Wuji was swatting away a gnat, not defending against a deadly strike.

Boom!

The sword light shattered instantly upon contact with the whisk, and silence once again enveloped the vast expanse of the hundred-mile void.

This time, the Tenth Prince did not retreat.

Gritting his teeth, blood surged up his throat, but he swallowed it back down, refusing to yield. Summoning his strength, he launched another strike.

Wuji Taoist responded with the same casual flick of the whisk.

Boom!

The void quaked, but Taoist Wuji stood firm, unshaken, his expression calm and unbothered, as though he were swiping away a bothersome insect.

The Tenth Prince's frustration mounted, his attacks growing frantic. He slashed with his sword in a furious, continuous stream, filling the void with a dazzling cascade of sword lights, waves upon waves of brilliance crashing toward Wuji Taoist.

It was a spectacle to behold—the sword lights illuminated the void, a ceaseless tide of destruction that left the onlookers stunned.

But Taoist Wuji, unfazed, kept his rhythm.

With each gentle wave of his whisk, the sword lights disintegrated like ripples dissipating in still water. The fury of the Tenth Prince's onslaught melted away as though it had never existed, leaving behind only the stillness of the void.

The Taoist's composure didn't falter; his movements remained fluid and effortless, his demeanor as calm as a mountain stream.

The Tenth Prince, however, began to falter. His breaths grew uneven, his strikes losing precision, and his confidence started to crack.

But he wasn't finished.

As he unleashed yet another flurry of sword lights, his eyes glimmered with a cunning light. A plan had formed in the depths of his mind—a strategy to turn the tide.

In a sudden, unexpected move, he bit down on his lip, letting his own blood stain the blade of his sword. The crimson essence shimmered ominously, pulsing with malicious energy.

With a fierce cry, the Tenth Prince thrust the blood-streaked blade into the void.

Boom!

The void exploded with a terrifying burst of energy, and a towering wave of blood-red sword energy, a hundred feet tall, materialized above Wuji Taoist. It descended with unimaginable force, aimed directly at his head.

This was the Tenth Prince's trump card—a calculated maneuver to lull Wuji Taoist into complacency before unleashing his killing blow.

Seeing the blood-red sword energy barreling toward Wuji Taoist, the prince's lips curled into a victorious smirk. He believed he had finally caught the unshakable Taoist off guard.

Wuji Taoist's whisk seemed preoccupied, still dealing with the dissipating remnants of sword light in front of him. It appeared he had no time to block the lethal blood-red energy above him.

Kai and the others watched in horror, their breaths caught in their throats.

At this moment, it felt as if Taoist Wuji's fate was tied to all of theirs. His survival would determine their lives.

Would this be the end of Wuji Taoist's unshakable dominance? Or did he have yet another trick hidden up his sleeve?

The void held its breath, waiting for the answer.

Chapter 4519

The tension in the air was palpable. If Wuji Taoist fell, their lives would be forfeit. Victory was their only path to survival.

But then, to everyone's shock, Wuji Taoist didn't even glance at the looming blood-red sword energy above his head. Instead, after casually blocking the last of the sword light in front of him with his whisk, he stomped his foot lightly, and his entire figure transformed into a ray of light.

He shot directly toward the blood-colored sword energy.

A collective gasp erupted from the crowd.

What was Wuji Taoist doing?

Why wasn't he dodging? Why was he rushing headlong into the attack?

Even the Tenth Prince, whose strategy had set this in motion, was bewildered. His eyes narrowed as he struggled to understand Wuji Taoist's intentions.

At the edge of the battlefield, Taoist Wuwei, an old friend and confidant of Wuji Taoist, sighed deeply as he observed the unfolding events. A wistful smile tugged at the corners of his lips, and his eyes glimmered with a mix of admiration and resignation.

“Ah, senior brother,” Wuwei muttered under his breath, shaking his head slightly. “Always showing off... It’s so like you.”

He recognized what Wuji Taoist was doing immediately. The blood-colored sword energy, while undeniably destructive, was no real threat to someone of Wuji Taoist’s caliber. This wasn’t a desperate act of survival—it was a display, a theatrical move meant to leave a lasting impression.

But no one else knew this.

To the onlookers, Wuji Taoist’s decision seemed insane, reckless, and heroic all at once. Their gazes were glued to him as he collided with the blood-colored sword energy.

BOOM!

The impact shook the heavens, sending ripples of energy surging outward. Shards of blood-colored light exploded across the void, splintering in all directions. The entire sky was stained red, as though drenched in the hue of spilled blood.

Yet there was an unexpected beauty to it all. The fragments of the sword energy shimmered like fiery crimson fireworks, illuminating the battlefield in a hauntingly ethereal glow.

For a moment, time seemed to stop.

The Xiao Dynasty forces clenched their fists so tightly that their knuckles turned white. Their bodies trembled, and beads of sweat ran down their faces.

Their fates, their very lives, hung in the balance.

Finally, the blood-red light began to fade, the remnants of the attack dissipating into the void.

As the air cleared, all eyes turned toward where Wuji Taoist had stood.

There he was, floating serenely in the void. His whisk was in hand, and not a single thread of his robe was out of place. His expression was as calm as ever, as though he had merely stepped out for a stroll in the evening breeze.

He hadn't moved an inch.

The crowd from the Xiao Dynasty exhaled collectively, their relief palpable. Many collapsed to the ground, their legs unable to bear the weight of the tension they had been holding.

The Tenth Prince's face twisted in disbelief, his confidence shattered. His so-called killer move had been turned into nothing more than a display for Wuji Taoist to demonstrate his overwhelming superiority.

"Impossible," he whispered, his voice trembling.

But the truth was undeniable: Wuji Taoist stood untouchable, his calm a stark contrast to the havoc around him.

And in that moment, the legend of Wuji Taoist grew even larger. Kai's heart finally eased at the sight of Wuji Taoist's effortless composure. Though his body had almost completely recovered, Kai knew he lacked both the courage and the strength to confront someone like the Tenth Prince.

The gap between their realms was insurmountable.

Kai was only at the seventh level of the Tribulation Realm, while the Tenth Prince was at the ninth level of the Mahayana Realm. That gap wasn't something talent, magical tools, or clever tactics could bridge.

As relief settled in, a sense of urgency also weighed heavily on Kai's mind.

"I need to improve," he thought. "The Demon Sealing League even has cultivators at this level. How am I supposed to fight them in the future?"

This battle made one thing glaringly clear: without the Xiao Dynasty's intervention, he would already be dead.

Kai couldn't always count on Mr. Shi showing up at the last moment to save him.

As the Xiao Dynasty forces celebrated their narrow escape from annihilation, the mood among the Demon Sealing League was grim.

Zuo Tianzheng's face darkened, his mind racing as he weighed their dwindling options. Glaring at the serene figure of Wuji Taoist, he turned sharply to his subordinates.

"Prepare for a group assault. If this continues, the Tenth Prince won't be able to hold his ground."

A cultivator nearby hesitated, his voice shaky as he began, "League Master, even if we all attack together, I fear—"

But one sharp look from Zuo Tianzheng was enough to silence him mid-sentence. The fear of speaking out outweighed his doubts.

Meanwhile, in the void, the Tenth Prince stood with his sword lowered. He glared at Wuji Taoist, his pride battered but intact.

"Old Taoist," he spat, "you're truly powerful. I'll admit that much."

Wuji Taoist waved his hand dismissively, a faint smirk playing on his lips. "Oh, it's nothing. I'm old and weathered. Sparring with a little kid like you is hardly something to brag about."

The Tenth Prince's face contorted in frustration, his fists tightening around the hilt of his sword.

"Little kid?" he hissed, rolling his eyes.

Wuji Taoist's casual words felt like mockery, especially considering how ferociously the Taoist had fought back earlier.

“I’m not a little kid,” the Tenth Prince snapped, his voice laced with indignation. “It’s just my physical form that appears young. I’ve lived for hundreds of years!”

The absurdity of the exchange drew the attention of everyone present.

Many couldn’t help but look at Wuji Taoist with a mix of admiration and disbelief. Despite the intense battle, he still had the audacity to throw verbal jabs, as though he was conversing over tea instead of life and death.

Kai, standing among the Xiao Dynasty’s forces, couldn’t help but chuckle softly at the interaction.

It was surreal—how a fight that determined the lives of so many could still hold moments of levity.

But deep inside, Kai’s resolve solidified.

This wasn’t just about survival. This was a lesson in strength, preparation, and the confidence that came with true mastery.

For now, the battle was far from over, and Kai knew he couldn’t remain a spectator forever.

Chapter 4520

“Same as before. I’ve lived for almost ten thousand years. So yes, it’s perfectly reasonable to call you a little kid,” Wuji Taoist said, his voice calm yet tinged with mockery.

He then added with a smile, “If you’ve got nothing better to do, go home and let your mother feed you. Don’t play at being an adult, always fighting and killing. It’s unbecoming.”

The casual advice carried a deliberate sting, and everyone watching felt the awkwardness of it.

“Are you insulting me?” the Tenth Prince asked, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

Wuji Taoist shrugged nonchalantly. “If the shoe fits, then yes.”

The Xiao Dynasty warriors couldn’t help but exchange glances, stunned by the audacity of Wuji Taoist’s words. His calm, righteous demeanor clashed hilariously with his taunting tone, leaving them both impressed and speechless.

The Tenth Prince, however, was far from amused. His face turned red with rage. “Old bastard, you aren’t just insulting me—you’re insulting the entire temple. You’ll regret this!”

As soon as the words left his lips, the Tenth Prince raised his sword high, channeling immense energy into his attack. The sword glowed with a brilliance that seemed to split the sky, and as it descended, the sheer power shook the heavens.

Even those standing hundreds of miles away felt the oppressive force bearing down on them, leaving many trembling.

Kai, who was watching from the sidelines, felt the weight of the attack in his chest.

“How can there still be more power hidden behind this Demon Sealing League?” he muttered to himself.

His thoughts spiraled. What is this “temple” the Tenth Prince speaks of?

The forces of the Heavenly Realm felt endless, like some nested hierarchy of power. It was as if every organization had a hidden benefactor, a superior force backing them, much like subsidiaries under a larger corporation in the secular world.

Kai sighed internally. If the Demon Sealing League has forces like this “temple” behind it, what am I even fighting against?

“League Leader, should we go together now?” one of the Demon Sealing League monks whispered in Zuo Tianzheng’s ear, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

Zuo Tianzheng’s face grew dark as the pressure of the Tenth Prince’s attack bore down on them. He wanted to respond, but the weight of the energy made even speaking difficult. His earlier bravado about launching a group attack now felt laughable.

The monk smirked secretly. He had asked the question purely to humiliate Zuo Tianzheng. Didn’t the League Leader realize how powerless we are in this situation?

In the void, Wuji Taoist snorted softly, brushing his whisk through the air in a lazy yet calculated motion.

The whisk glowed faintly as it moved, intercepting the massive sword energy with a deceptively simple flick.

BOOM!

The collision created a shockwave that shook the earth and sky. A blood-red aura spread across the void, its oppressive light painting the heavens like a crimson sunset.

Despite the magnitude of the attack, Wuji Taoist remained unmoved, standing calm and resolute. His robes fluttered slightly from the wind of the explosion, but his expression didn’t change.

The Tenth Prince gritted his teeth in frustration. “How? How are you this strong?!”

Wuji Taoist raised an eyebrow, his voice calm yet cutting. “Haven’t I told you? You’re just a child swinging a stick. Come back in another thousand years when you’ve grown up.”

Kai, watching this exchange, couldn't help but smirk despite the tension. Wuji Taoist's effortless demeanor was both a relief and a lesson: true mastery needed no theatrics, only calm confidence.

As the dust began to settle, it became clear to everyone present: this battle was over, and the Tenth Prince had lost.

Kai stepped forward, his face calm despite the rising storm of energy around him. The oppressive aura of the Tenth Prince's unleashed sword path could shake even the most resolute, but Kai's eyes burned with determination.

The Tenth Prince's body continued to become more illusory, melding with the terrifying sword energy radiating from the blade in his hand. The figure of the sword spirit grew more defined, its presence amplifying the already overwhelming power.

"Do you think you, a mere Tribulation Realm cultivator, can withstand this?" the Tenth Prince sneered, his voice echoing with a strange resonance as his form became one with his weapon.

Kai didn't respond immediately. Instead, he raised his own weapon—a seemingly ordinary sword, its surface unmarred by the battles it had seen. Yet, as Kai gripped it tightly, a faint but radiant glow began to emanate from it.

The Xiao Dynasty warriors, battered and exhausted, stared at Kai in disbelief.

"He's only at the seventh level of the Tribulation Realm!" one of them whispered.

"Is he insane? Does he think he can match the ninth level of the Mahayana Realm, enhanced by a sword spirit?"

Kai ignored the murmurs. He knew the odds were stacked against him, but he also understood something the others didn't: his strength wasn't defined solely by his cultivation realm.

A sharp voice rang out in his mind. It was his sword's spirit, awakening for the first time in years.

"You dare call on me now, Kai? This is no ordinary fight. If you fail, both of us will be obliterated."

Kai smirked. "If we don't stand up now, we'll be obliterated anyway. So why not take the chance?"

The sword spirit chuckled darkly. "Fair enough. Let's give them something to remember."

With a roar, Kai unleashed his power. The glow around his sword intensified, and a rush of energy surged outward, pushing back the oppressive force of the Tenth Prince's sword path. The ground beneath Kai cracked and splintered as his aura erupted, shaking the battlefield.

The Tenth Prince's sneer faltered.

"What... what is this power?"

Kai didn't answer. Instead, he swung his sword in a wide arc, and a radiant crescent of energy shot forth, colliding with the Tenth Prince's sword energy. The impact created a deafening explosion, forcing everyone to shield their eyes from the blinding light.

For a moment, there was silence.

Then, out of the dissipating energy, Kai's voice rang clear.

"You're not the only one with a sword spirit, Tenth Prince. But unlike yours, mine doesn't bow to arrogance—it thrives on defiance."

The battlefield held its breath as Kai stood firm, his aura blazing. The Tenth Prince's once-dominant presence seemed to waver.

"Impossible," the Tenth Prince muttered, his confidence shaken.

Wuji Taoist, watching from the sidelines, chuckled softly.

“This kid... always full of surprises.”

Kai's bold stance lit a fire in the Xiao Dynasty warriors. Despite their exhaustion, they rallied behind him, ready to give their all. For the first time, it felt as if the tide of the battle might turn.