

the mans Decree: Kai Ping / Chen Ping

Chapter 4841

“Don’t worry, Mr. Chen. Since I’ve sworn to serve you for three hundred years, I will protect you no matter who threatens you during this time—even if it means a life-or-death battle!”

Li Chunfeng vowed solemnly.

Kai looked at him with gratitude before nodding.

“Me too!”

Nan Batian quickly added.

Kai smiled. “Relax. As long as you follow me, your lives won’t be in danger. If an opponent is too powerful, someone else will deal with them.”

“I have more than just the two of you by my side!”

Hearing this, Lin Keting shivered.

“Kai, let’s leave this place. It feels too eerie!”

It was her first time witnessing divine punishment, and the sight had left her shaken.

Kai nodded, and in a flash, everyone left the second level of the ladder, returning to the Realm of Heaven and Man.

When Lin Chong and Taoist Wuji saw Kai and the others emerging again, they were shocked.

“That was fast!”

Their astonishment only grew when they noticed the sword cultivator with an ethereal presence standing beside Kai.

At the same time, many other cultivators who had entered the second level appeared as well. Ning Zhi and Su Yuqi were among those teleported out.

As the radiant gateway to the second floor slowly faded, it signified that the guardian of that level was no more.

Ning Zhi stared at Kai in disbelief, his gaze lingering on the sword cultivator beside him.

“Sister, let’s move on to the third floor...”

Without saying much, Ning Zhi took Su Yuqi and ascended to the next level.

After expressing their gratitude to Kai, the other cultivators followed suit.

Suddenly, Taoist Wuji’s eyes widened in shock.

“Li Jianxian?”

Clearly, he recognized Li Chunfeng!

Equally surprised, Li Chunfeng turned to him.

“Taoist Wuji? I never expected you to be trapped in the Heavenly Realm. No wonder I haven’t seen you in so many years!”

He was just as stunned.

“How did you end up in the ladder?” Taoist Wuji looked at him in confusion. “How did you end up here?”

Li Chunfeng hesitated before replying with slight embarrassment, “I made a small mistake and was sealed under the Dao Prison Seal, imprisoning me in the Ladder to Heaven.”

Taoist Wuji raised an eyebrow. “What kind of mistake?”

“Uh...” Li Chunfeng hesitated, unable to admit that he had been caught peeping at a woman bathing.

Sensing his discomfort, Kai quickly stepped in. “Master, let’s not dwell on that. Let’s return to the base first. Once I’ve rested, I’ll challenge the third floor.”

Li Chunfeng nodded in agreement but cautioned, “Mr. Chen, the guardian of the third floor will be incredibly strong. Even with your abilities, passing might not be easy.”

“I suggest you recover and train first. In the meantime, I can help sharpen your sword intent.”

Nan Batian chimed in, “And I can help temper your body!”

Kai thought for a moment before nodding. “You’re right. The Ladder to Heaven will exist for three months—there’s no need to rush.”

After two consecutive battles, he had expended a lot of energy and needed time to recover.

The group returned to the Taoist sect, now significantly quieter since most of the monks had gone to challenge the ladder.

During this period, Kai trained relentlessly—honing his sword intent with Li Chunfeng and tempering his body through intense sparring with Nan Batian.

Behind the Taoist sect, the sea of clouds churned violently.

Li Chunfeng pressed his fingers together, forming a sword stance. Even before he released his sword intent, the pine needles from the hundred-year-old trees on the cliff began to fall.

Kai stood still with his eyes closed, his sleeve sword humming softly. In his mind, he could faintly see an inverted galaxy stretching along the spine of his blade.

“Watch closely!”

With a sharp motion, Li Chunfeng slashed with his fingers, sending a dazzling sword light tearing through the mist. Just as it reached Kai’s forehead, the energy dispersed into thousands of glowing butterflies.

Kai, enlightened by the moment, moved instinctively. He swung his sword in a circular motion, gathering the scattered sword intent into a structured path. As his blade pointed forward, the sea of clouds surged, condensing into nine majestic white dragons that soared into the sky.

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Chapter 4842

Nan Batian’s muscles tensed, veins bulging across his arms as he clenched his iron-like fists. With a booming voice, he roared, “Mr. Chen, take this punch!”

A powerful gust of wind sent gravel flying as his fist barreled toward Kai’s chest. But instead of resisting, Kai spun with the impact, his body shimmering with a faint golden light.

As they exchanged blows, the entire mountain trembled, sending flocks of birds scattering into the sky like a dark cloud.

“The body is a cauldron, and the mind is fire.”

Nan Batian suddenly withdrew his strength, laughing wildly. At that moment, Kai felt his internal organs being refined as if tempered by flames. He exhaled sharply, releasing a stream of murky air that condensed into a tangible vortex of wind in the sky.

Watching Kai train relentlessly with Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian, Lin Chong and Taoist Wuji couldn't help but shudder. His madness for self-improvement was almost terrifying. Under their intense guidance, his strength soared at an astonishing pace.

Both Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian had initially agreed to serve Kai for three hundred years out of obligation. However, after spending time training him, they realized his talent and comprehension were extraordinarily rare—perhaps one in ten thousand years!

More importantly, Kai was nothing like the privileged young master they had imagined. He relied solely on his own perseverance to grow stronger. Many times, he was left battered and bruised, yet he never considered retreating.

Buzz...

One day, as Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian were still tempering Kai, the sky suddenly darkened, and the world trembled. Black clouds rolled in, thick and ominous.

The two warriors froze in shock.

“Is that... a tribulation cloud?” Li Chunfeng's face was filled with disbelief.

Nan Batian stared at Kai, who stood firm with his sword in hand. “Who's breaking through? Don't tell me... it's Mr. Chen?”

Li Chunfeng shook his head. “Impossible! This tribulation cloud is too terrifying. Kai is only at the third-grade Mahayana Realm—how could he trigger something of this magnitude?”

Before they could react further, Taoist Wuji's voice rang out.

"You two should step back unless you want to be caught in the thunder tribulation. That cloud... is for Kai."

Both men turned to him, their expressions frozen in shock.

"It's really his? But... can he even survive such a monstrous tribulation?" Li Chunfeng murmured, his voice laced with disbelief. "Have you forgotten? Mr. Chen has already withstood the power of the Heavenly Dao of a Golden Immortal. This thunder tribulation should be nothing for him. Let's step back!"

Nan Batian spoke confidently, pulling Li Chunfeng away as the tribulation clouds churned above. Within the dense clouds, streaks of lightning crackled ominously.

Boom!

Suddenly, a bolt of heavenly thunder came crashing down!

Yet, Kai remained motionless, making no effort to resist.

Just like that, the tribulation ended. His body emitted a faint burnt smell, but aside from a few surface marks, he was nearly unscathed.

His ability to withstand the tribulation directly with his body was largely due to Nan Batian's intense training.

After all, both Nan Batian and Li Chunfeng were immortals from the Heavenly Realm!

Now, Kai had advanced to the fourth level of the Mahayana Realm. His exact strength, however, remained a mystery.

Even after his breakthrough, he did not move for a long time. His eyes remained half-closed, as if he were sensing something profound.

“What is Mr. Chen doing?” Nan Batian asked in confusion.

“It seems he has gained some insight from this breakthrough.” Li Chunfeng observed carefully. “We mustn’t disturb him.”

Everyone watched in silence as Kai’s aura became increasingly ethereal, as though he were merging with some deep, unseen rhythm of the universe.

Moments later, his eyes slowly opened, a flicker of enlightenment flashing through them. In a deep, steady voice, he spoke:

“I have glimpsed some of the laws of heaven and earth. Their mysteries are far beyond imagination.”

With that, he raised his hand and took out the third of the four jade slips.

The jade slip felt both warm and cool in his palm. The runes etched upon it flickered faintly, as if resonating with the power of the laws he had just comprehended.

Taking a deep breath, Kai slowly channeled his consciousness into the jade slip.

In an instant, a dazzling brilliance burst forth from it, and an ancient, majestic aura surged outward like a mighty tide.

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At that moment, the entire world of Heaven and Man underwent a sudden and drastic transformation.

The once clear sky darkened in an instant as ominous storm clouds gathered, churning violently as if poised to consume the world itself.

Mountains trembled, rivers surged, and the earth split apart, deep fissures spreading like the gaping maw of a monstrous beast.

The wind howled, sweeping up sand, stones, and shattered vegetation, producing an eerie, piercing wail.

Birds took frantic flight, and wild beasts scattered in terror, sensing an impending catastrophe.

“What... what’s happening?” Nan Batian gasped, his eyes widening in shock. The sheer magnitude of the upheaval left his voice trembling.

Li Chunfeng narrowed his eyes, his gaze locked onto the jade slip in Kai’s hand. With a deep, solemn tone, he said, “This jade slip must be the cause of this upheaval. There’s an incredible secret hidden within it.”

Taoist Wuji stroked his beard, a trace of concern flashing in his eyes. He murmured, “A disturbance of this scale... it can only mean one thing—the Great Formation of Heaven and Earth is about to manifest. And Kai is the one bringing it forth.”

“If the Great Formation of Heaven and Earth appears, we may finally find a way to break through it. That would mean a chance to return to the Heavenly Realm and escape this place forever!”

Hearing this, both Nan Batian and Li Chunfeng were overcome with excitement.

Returning to the Heavenly Realm had been their greatest desire, and now, it was finally within reach.

Meanwhile, Kai remained completely immersed in the world of the jade slip.

Within the vast, boundless space of his divine consciousness, ancient and enigmatic images flashed like a revolving lantern. He witnessed the birth and transformation of mountains and rivers, the shifting orbits of the sun, moon, and stars, and the endless cycle of life and death.

Faint threads interwove within these images—the very fabric of the laws of heaven and earth taking tangible form before his eyes.

As he delved deeper, Kai felt his consciousness merging with the world of Heaven and Man itself.

He could perceive the breath of every inch of land, the whisper of every gust of wind, and even the collective emotions—joy, sorrow, anger, and pain—of every living being.

And deep within this world, a formidable and ancient force was slowly stirring from its slumber. It was the power of the Great Formation of Heaven and Earth.

“It’s almost time... The Great Formation of Heaven and Earth is about to appear.”

Kai’s heart pounded as beads of sweat formed on his forehead, though he remained oblivious to them.

Summoning all his strength, he extended his consciousness further, striving to forge an even deeper connection with the great formation that was now on the verge of awakening. Only in this way, when the Great Formation of Heaven and Earth appears, can it be broken more quickly and easily!

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Fire Burning Sect

Inside a secluded chamber, Wen Haotian sensed the disturbance rippling through the world of Heaven and Man. His expression grew increasingly grave.

“The Great Formation of Heaven and Earth is about to manifest...” Wen Haotian murmured.

Before him, an elderly man with a gray beard spoke with concern. “Ancestor, the Great Formation has appeared. Whether this bodes well or ill remains uncertain, but someone is undoubtedly attempting to break it.”

This man was Wen Nanxing, leader of the Fire Burning Sect and father of Wen Shi and Wen Qing.

Wen Nanxing had not gone into seclusion due to injury—his purpose was to aid Wen Haotian’s recovery.

Wen Haotian’s gaze darkened slightly. “There are both advantages and dangers. Everything in the world follows the balance of yin and yang. But if the Great Formation is broken, it may not necessarily be a bad thing for us.”

As he spoke, his eyes drifted toward a bronze coffin resting in the chamber.

Wen Nanxing hesitated before finally voicing his curiosity. “Ancestor, who is inside that bronze coffin? And why do you infuse it with spiritual energy every day?”

The moment the question left his lips, Wen Haotian’s expression turned ice-cold. His gaze sharpened as he stared at Wen Nanxing.

“How many times have I told you? There are things you should not ask about, things you should not know. It will do you no good.”

A chill ran down Wen Nanxing’s spine. Shuddering in fear, he quickly lowered his head. “Ancestor, I was wrong. I won’t ask again!”

Wen Haotian’s cold expression softened slightly as his gaze returned to the bronze coffin.

“I wonder... will he awaken when the Great Formation of Heaven and Earth is finally broken?” he murmured, lost in thought.

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A secluded cave in the Heavenly Realm—

“Brother, your ability to judge people is truly remarkable! The Heaven and Earth Array is about to appear. Once we break it, we’ll finally be free!”

The Array Demon exclaimed excitedly, gazing at the sudden emergence of the Heaven and Earth Array in the Heavenly Realm.

“Of course! My vision has always been sharper than yours!”

The Divine Pattern Ancestor replied proudly.

“Forget it. This person came to me, not you. What does it have to do with you? Let’s just focus on our chess game!”

“With that basic formation technique you taught him, do you really think he can break the Heaven and Earth Array when it fully manifests? I still need to give him proper guidance.”

The Array Demon rolled his eyes.

“You? Teaching him? Your skills in formation techniques are no match for mine, yet you still have the audacity to act like an expert?”

The Divine Pattern Ancestor scoffed.

“You’re talking nonsense! Just because you’re my senior brother doesn’t mean you can look down on me. If you don’t believe me, let’s test it!”

The Array Demon snapped, clearly irritated.

“Test it? As if I’d be afraid of you!” The Divine Pattern Ancestor flung a chess piece onto the board.

“Bring it on!”

Once again, the two began to bicker and fight—a scene that had played out countless times before. They only ever stopped when they were too exhausted to continue. Meanwhile, in Wuwang Land, Dao Gate—

Kai had been training with Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian for a month.

During this time, he had advanced to the fourth level of the Mahayana Realm, yet he remained diligent in his cultivation.

At first, he could barely withstand their attacks, often taking a beating. But now, he could hold his own in battle against them with ease.

Over the past month, many cultivators who had entered the Ladder to Heaven had begun emerging.

Among them were Xuan Bin, Lin Kefan, and others. However, Yun Li was still on the fourth floor, continuing his ascent.

Many who had entered the Ladder to Heaven never intended to reach all nine floors or ascend to the heavenly realm.

Many cultivators enter the world of the Heavenly Stairs not to reach the ninth level but to acquire resources and undergo training.

After all, passing all nine levels is no easy feat!

Ming Shao also emerged from the Heavenly Stairs, looking visibly excited—clearly, he had gained a substantial amount of resources from within.

“Hey, this kid actually advanced in just one month?”

Upon arriving at the Dao Gate, Ming Shao was surprised to find that Kai had broken through from the third level of the Mahayana Realm to the fourth.

Yet, it seemed Kai hadn’t even stayed inside the Heavenly Stairs for long!

“Ming Shao, the sisters of the Huo Fen Sect are still inside the Heavenly Stairs. With them away from the Dao Gate, this is the perfect chance to deal with Kai!”

The red-haired old man whispered.

“Ming Shao, he’s right... Now is the ideal time.”

Qian Xiaohan stepped forward, his intent unmistakable. He was determined to kill Kai at any cost.

“If we join forces, taking down Kai will be effortless!”

Huo Zhenfeng, the head of the Huo family, added urgently.

Each of them harbored a deep grudge against Kai and was eager to eliminate him.

Ming Shao nodded, then turned to the black-robed cultivators standing behind him.

“Fusheng, take your team and go greet Kai. Since all of you are sword cultivators, this should be interesting.”

The leader of the eight black-robed cultivators bowed slightly.

“As you command, sir.”

Without hesitation, the eight of them shed their black robes, revealing tight-fitting battle attire. Each carried a sword box on their back, making it obvious they were sword cultivators.

“The Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain?”

Huo Zhenfeng and Qian Xiaohan were stunned. They hadn’t expected these long-vanished sword masters to now be part of the Four Underworld Palaces!

In the next instant, eight figures vanished, and soon after, eight razor-sharp sword auras streaked across the sky.

Man and sword as one...

Kai, who was deep in training, furrowed his brow and looked up, his expression turning serious.

These sword auras were far from ordinary. Judging by their sheer intensity, the wielders had likely reached at least the fourth level of the Immortal Transformation Realm—perhaps even higher!

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As the eight sword energies landed before Kai, they transformed into eight monks, each carrying a sword case on their back. Kai's frown deepened.

“The Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain?”

Upon seeing them, Lin Kefan's expression darkened.

“Fourth Uncle, do you know them?” Kai asked.

“Of course. The Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain were once renowned figures. But unfortunately, they practiced demonic cultivation. Years ago, they were hunted down and supposedly killed by a great master!”

Lin Kefan's voice was filled with disbelief.

“I never expected them to still be alive... and judging by their aura, their strength has grown significantly!”

He was visibly shocked.

Kai turned to the swordsmen.

“Fellow cultivators, I have no enmity with you. Why have you come here?”

Unaware that these men served the Four Underworld Palaces, Kai remained cautious.

“We are from the Four Underworld Palaces, acting under Young Master Ming’s orders. Our mission is to kill you,” Fusheng, the leader of the group, stated coldly.

Lin Kefan was stunned.

“The Eight Swordsmen, once proud warriors, now serving the Four Underworld Palaces? Weren’t sword cultivators supposed to be unyielding?”

Even Kai was taken aback. He hadn’t expected the eight black-robed monks following Ming Shao to be these legendary swordsmen.

It was a testament to the immense power of the Four Underworld Palaces—especially their young master, who could command such formidable warriors.

“Fourth Uncle, can you handle these eight?” Kai asked.

Lin Kefan hesitated, then turned to him with a raised eyebrow.

“If you think I’m useless, just say it. There’s no need to phrase it like that...”

Kai chuckled.

“That’s not what I meant...”

“Oh? Then what did you mean? You probably just see me as dead weight. Are you hoping I’ll die so my younger sister gets a bigger share of the Sun Moon City inheritance?”

Lin Kefan shot him a glare.

Kai was speechless. Even if Lin Kefan were alive, all of Sun Moon City would still belong to him...

“Mr. Chen, we’re here too!”

Xuan Bin and the others spoke up.

Kai knew that although Xuan Bin and the rest had also broken through to the Immortal Realm, they were still far from being a match for these elite sword cultivators.

His gaze shifted to Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian.

“Mr. Chen, even if we take them on together, defeating all eight won’t be easy...” Li Chunfeng spoke honestly.

After all, their strength hadn’t fully recovered. In this place of no return, they could only rely on the fairy stones Kai had given them to keep their power from deteriorating.

Sparring with Kai every day also consumed a significant amount of resources.

“What about you two?” Kai asked.

“We can give it a try,” Nan Batian nodded.

Just as Kai was about to instruct Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian to engage the Eight Swordsmen first, Fusheng, the group’s leader, stepped forward.

“Kai, as a sword cultivator, I don’t believe in overwhelming an opponent with numbers. How about we fight one-on-one?”

“You and me?”

Kai glanced at Fusheng.

“Yes. A duel of swordsmanship.”

Fusheng nodded firmly.

“Alright, but don’t start crying when you lose,” Kai said with a smirk.

“It will be you who cries,” Fusheng shot back before leaping into the air.

Kai grinned, the corner of his mouth lifting as he floated up to meet him.

“Mr. Chen, this is the perfect chance to refine the sword intent you’ve been working on,” Li Chunfeng remarked.

“Yeah,” Kai nodded.

Not far away, Ming Shao watched the two figures rise into the sky and smiled faintly.

“This Kai is quite interesting. He suddenly has two more powerful allies by his side...”

He had no idea that Nan Batian and Li Chunfeng were actually the guardians of the world within the Ladder to Heaven.

“Ming Shao, Fusheng might not be able to win. Do you want me to step in?” the red-haired old man asked.

“No rush. Let’s watch first,” Ming Shao replied.

The red-haired old man nodded.

At that moment, high in the air, Fusheng slowly unsheathed his sword from its case.

The moment the blade was drawn, a brilliant cold light flashed, and the surrounding air froze under its chilling aura, emitting a sharp “chi chi” sound.

Chapter 4846

Runes shimmered across Fusheng's sword, and faint dragon roars echoed from within. It was clearly a peerless magical weapon.

Yet, to his surprise, Kai did not draw his renowned Dragon Slaying Sword.

Instead, he closed his eyes, allowing the aura around him to slowly condense. In his palm, a faint white light emerged, carrying an overwhelming sharpness—his condensed sword intent.

Fusheng's expression darkened instantly. He felt deeply insulted.

“Kai, what is the meaning of this? Is your Dragon Slaying Sword too sacred to be used against me?”

“You dare to fight me with nothing but sword intent? Do you take me, Fusheng, so lightly?”

His voice, filled with anger and resentment, echoed across the heavens.

He had witnessed the power of the Dragon Slaying Sword before and knew it was a divine weapon. Yet now, Kai refused to use it against him!

Kai slowly opened his eyes, a faint smirk flashing across his face.

“You guessed right—I do look down on you.”

“Against you, my sword intent alone is enough. Using the Dragon Slaying Sword would be overkill and an unfair fight.”

His tone was calm, yet his words crashed like a boulder into a tranquil lake, sending ripples through everyone's hearts.

“What an arrogant brat!”

Fusheng was completely enraged. With a furious swing of his sword, a razor-sharp energy blade shot toward Kai.

Wherever the sword energy passed, the air split open, leaving behind a jagged black tear in space—like a ferocious serpent lunging straight at him.

Yet Kai remained unfazed.

Raising his right hand, he calmly waved his palm, channeling his sword intent.

A streak of white light burst forth, meeting Fusheng's attack head-on.

The two forces clashed in midair—not with an earth-shattering explosion, but in a tense deadlock.

The white streak and the black sword energy entwined, colliding and grinding against each other, sending ripples of power spreading outward in all directions. Wherever Fusheng's sword energy passed, the ground crumbled into dust, and trees were sliced clean in half, their branches and leaves scattering through the sky.

“Hmph, let's see how long your sword intent can hold out!”

With a cold snort, Fusheng poured even more spiritual power into his attack. The black sword energy thickened and sharpened, steadily overpowering Kai's white streak of sword intent.

Yet Kai remained unfazed. The corners of his mouth curled into a confident smile.

“Break!” he commanded softly.

In an instant, the white sword intent flared with blinding radiance, unleashing a surge of power that instantly shattered Fusheng's black sword energy.

But it didn't stop there—the residual force surged forward, sweeping straight toward Fusheng.

His expression changed drastically. He hurriedly swung his sword, forming a protective barrier of sword energy in front of him.

However, Kai's sword intent was overwhelmingly strong.

With a deafening bang, the shield shattered on impact. Fusheng was sent flying backward like a kite with a broken string, tumbling dozens of feet before he barely managed to regain his footing.

A trickle of blood ran down the corner of his mouth, his eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

“Impossible... How is your sword intent this powerful?”

He muttered in disbelief, staring at Kai with not just shock—but fear.

Not far away, Ming Shao's smug expression vanished, replaced by a grim look.

“This Kai... He's grown far stronger in just a month,” Ming Shao murmured.

Beside him, the red-haired old man tensed. Turning to Ming Shao, he cautiously asked, “Ming Shao, Fusheng has lost. Should I step in now?”

Ming Shao remained silent for a moment before shaking his head.

“Not yet. Let's wait and see.”

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At that moment, Kai slowly descended from mid-air. Once he landed, he steadied himself and looked at Fusheng, his voice calm.

“Do you still have the strength to fight again?”

Fusheng clenched his teeth. Though unwilling to accept defeat, he understood the gap between himself and Kai.

With a deep breath, he sheathed his sword, clasped his fists, and said, “Kai, you are indeed strong. I admire your skill. Today, I was no match for you—I lost fair and square.”

With that, he turned and rejoined the Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain.

The remaining seven swordsmen were visibly shaken by Fusheng’s defeat.

They exchanged glances, hesitation flickering in their eyes. Yet, their pride as sword cultivators prevented them from backing down—especially with Ming Shao watching from behind.

In unison, the seven drew their swords, their auras surging to the limit as they surrounded Kai.

“Kai, since you’re so powerful, the seven of us will challenge you together!”

One of them spoke with unwavering determination, his voice carrying a hint of defiance.

Rather than fear, a spark of excitement flashed in Kai’s eyes.

“Good! Let’s see if the rest of the Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain are as skilled as Fusheng!”

Sword intent surged around him once more, the radiant white light enveloping him like a war god descending to the battlefield. A more intense battle was about to unfold...

“Kai, don’t fall for it! These guys have no shame—they just want to gang up on you!”

Lin Kefan stepped in front of Kai, his gaze filled with contempt as he looked at the seven sword cultivators.

“Do you have no honor? Kai just fought a battle and hasn’t even recovered, yet you want to fight seven against one?”

“If you’re looking for a fight, we in Sun Moon City are more than willing to oblige!”

At his words, several cultivators from Sun Moon City stepped forward in solidarity.

The seven swordsmen hesitated, momentarily at a loss for words, their faces turning stiff with embarrassment.

From a distance, Ming Shao observed the scene unfold before turning to the red-haired old ghost beside him.

“Old ghost, go show Kai how it’s done.”

The red-haired old ghost grinned wickedly. “I’ll have his head in an instant!”

With that, his figure flickered, transforming into a streak of black light as he shot straight toward Kai.

Feeling the approaching wave of terrifying energy, Kai’s expression darkened, a deep sense of unease flashing through his eyes. He had just fought an intense battle. If another powerful opponent appeared now, he wouldn’t be able to handle it!

“A battle of attrition? Is this all the so-called Four Hades are capable of? Pah!”

A voice echoed across the sky, followed by an overwhelming aura descending from above, instantly suppressing the red-haired old ghost’s energy!

Floating in the air, Taoist Wuji appeared, holding a whisk, exuding an ethereal and otherworldly presence.

Seeing Kai still recovering while being attacked again, Taoist Wuji could no longer stand idly by!

The red-haired old ghost glared at him and growled coldly, “Old bastard, stay out of this!”

“I’ll do whatever I please! If you have a problem with it, come and try me!”

Taoist Wuji snapped back, unbothered.

“Fine, let’s see what you’ve got!”

Without hesitation, the red-haired old ghost lunged at him, and the two clashed fiercely in mid-air. Explosions of power reverberated through the void as their battle raged on!

“It’s your turn now...”

Ming Shao glanced at Qian Xiaohan and Huo Zhenfeng.

The two nodded, then led their family’s experts and charged straight at Kai!

“All monks of Sun Moon City, hear my command—kill them!”

Lin Kefan roared, leading the cultivators of Sun Moon City into an all-out brawl against the enemy forces!

Xuan Bin and the others also rushed into the battlefield!

The fight was brutal—both sides were filled with Immortal Realm masters, and the sheer force of their clashes caused the very ground of Wuwang Land to tremble, as if it would collapse at any moment!

Seeing the battle erupt around him, Fusheng knew he could no longer stand aside. Gritting his teeth, he raised his sword.

“Go!”

The remaining seven swordsmen followed suit, drawing their blades in unison before launching a devastating attack on Kai!

Chapter 4848

“You worthless fools dare to attack Mr. Chen?”

Nan Batian and Li Chunfeng sprang into action without hesitation!

The sound of swords echoed through the air, followed by a dazzling storm of thousands of sword lights!

The Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain were instantly blocked, unable to get anywhere near Kai!

Nan Batian and Li Chunfeng engaged them in battle without delay.

Watching from a distance, Ming Shao smirked, the corners of his mouth curving upward. “This is getting more and more interesting...”

“Who are you? How is your swordsmanship this powerful?”

Fusheng, overwhelmed by Li Chunfeng’s technique, couldn’t hide his shock.

“If I told you, you’d have to call me grandfather. With your pathetic excuse for swordsmanship, you disgrace the very name of a swordsman.”

With that, Li Chunfeng transformed into a streak of sword light and slashed downward!

Sensing the terrifying force behind the attack, Fusheng dared not meet it head-on. Instead, he shouted, “Formation—activate!”

As his command rang out, all eight swordsmen simultaneously unsheathed their weapons, slicing through the cloth bindings on their sword boxes.

In an instant, the eight sword boxes shot into the sky, releasing blinding beams of light—sharp as blades—rushing straight toward Li Chunfeng!

It turned out that these sword boxes contained hidden mechanisms!

Boom!

Li Chunfeng swung his sword in a flawless defense, creating an impenetrable barrier before him.

Seeing this, Fusheng quickly bit his fingertip, drawing a strange symbol on his blade.

The other seven sword cultivators followed suit, each inscribing their own sigils in blood onto their swords.

The moment they finished, all eight blades began to tremble violently!

Then, as if guided by an unseen force, the swords flew into the air and started merging together!

The fusion of the eight blades formed a colossal sword, floating ominously in the sky. The entire void seemed to quiver under its presence!

With an earth-shattering force, the giant sword lunged straight at Li Chunfeng!

Meanwhile, the Eight Swordsmen swiftly moved into position, blood dripping onto the ground beneath them.

Suddenly, the earth beneath Li Chunfeng trembled violently as an intricate sword formation emerged, sealing him within its boundaries!

Within the sword formation, countless sword qi converged alongside the colossal blade, all aimed at Li Chunfeng!

Ten Thousand Swords Piercing the Heart Formation!

This was the strongest technique of the Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain. Once activated, it could effortlessly kill even a seventh-grade cultivator of the Immortal Realm!

None of them dared to underestimate Li Chunfeng. While his cultivation level wasn't particularly overwhelming, his swordsmanship was unlike anything they had ever seen before. Every strike, every motion carried an artistry beyond their comprehension.

From his sword intent alone, they realized—Li Chunfeng was not from the Heavenly Realm. He must have been trapped here!

Fearing the unknown, they wasted no time in unleashing the full might of the Ten Thousand Swords Piercing the Heart Formation!

Yet, as Li Chunfeng stood amidst the countless sword intents closing in, a faint smirk appeared at the corner of his lips. Slowly, he closed his eyes.

Despite the suppression of his cultivation, Li Chunfeng had seen far greater battles. How could a mere sword formation faze him?

With a calm demeanor, he raised his sword and made a slow, deliberate motion through the air.

A moment later, an invisible force rippled outward, forming a protective barrier that extended a hundred meters around him!

“Sword Domain?” Fusheng’s eyes widened in shock!

He hadn’t expected Li Chunfeng to wield such an ability.

In this Sword Domain, Li Chunfeng reigned supreme—this space was his creation, governed by his will alone!

Within the domain, Li Chunfeng suddenly opened his eyes and shouted, “Sword!”

Swish! Swish! Swish!

A surge of terrifying sword intent erupted, crashing against the sword formation with unstoppable force!

In mere moments, the formation shattered into nothingness, unable to withstand the overwhelming might!

Fusheng and his companions stumbled backward, their faces filled with horror as blood poured from their mouths!

“Fools who don’t know their place dare to challenge us?”

Nan Batian’s voice boomed like thunder. His figure suddenly expanded to a hundred meters in height before he unleashed a devastating punch!

Still reeling from Li Chunfeng’s attack, Fusheng and the others barely had time to react before Nan Batian’s assault came crashing down upon them!

Chapter 4849

The Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain had no choice but to retreat once more, desperately swinging their swords in an attempt to block Nan Batian’s attack!

Boom!

Their swords shattered instantly as Nan Batian’s colossal fist smashed into the ground before them, creating a massive crater nearly a hundred meters wide!

The force sent Fusheng and his fellow swordsmen flying, their bodies crashing to the ground in disarray.

Watching this unfold, Ming Shao's expression darkened, his brows furrowing with concern.

Fusheng wiped the blood from his lips, his face filled with disbelief. He hadn't expected Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian to be cultivators from the Heavenly Realm. Even though their power was suppressed, their battle experience and fearless aura were on an entirely different level!

More importantly, as the guardians of the Ladder to Heaven, Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian had fought countless opponents. Their combat experience was beyond comparison—they had faced every kind of enemy imaginable!

“You call yourselves sword cultivators? Don't disgrace the name.”

Li Chunfeng sneered coldly at the Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain.

Without hesitation, he swung his long sword, unleashing a terrifying sword energy that instantly tore through the void!

Fusheng's face paled. “Block it!” he shouted.

The Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain immediately drew backup swords from their waists and struck back in unison.

However, the moment their sword energy clashed with Li Chunfeng's, it was effortlessly obliterated!

The sheer force of his attack left deep, bloody gashes across their chests!

Now heavily injured, the eight swordsmen were no longer capable of standing against Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian!

Witnessing this, Qian Xiaohan and Huo Zhenfeng were left in utter shock.

After all, the Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain were renowned Immortal Realm experts, warriors with longstanding reputations!

Yet, they had been utterly crushed by the two cultivators by Kai's side. It wasn't just defeat—it was complete domination!

By now, Fusheng and the others had lost all will to fight. However, with Ming Shao still silent, they dared not retreat either!

Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian ignored them entirely. Instead, their gazes shifted toward Ming Shao, who stood a short distance away.

“That arrogant brat has been watching for too long. Should we teach him a lesson?”

Nan Batian smirked.

“Sounds good to me.” Li Chunfeng nodded in agreement.

Li Chunfeng swung his sword, sending a blinding sword light hurtling straight toward Ming Shao. At the same time, Nan Batian unleashed a devastating punch, its force manifesting into a ferocious beast that charged at Ming Shao!

“You think you can kill me?”

Ming Shao smirked coldly.

Suddenly, his face began shifting unnaturally, as if countless entities writhed beneath his skin!

A withered, skeletal hand slowly extended from his body, effortlessly crushing both the sword light and the fist's energy!

Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian were stunned. How could this seemingly young monk possess such terrifying power?

Ming Shao's expression grew even more sinister as black aura surged around him.

This was Dao-Patterned Evil Qi, and within its swirling darkness, the eerie wails of countless tormented spirits echoed!

From the depths of this malevolent energy, an old man in a blood-red robe, his hair wild and unkempt, slowly emerged.

His very presence radiated a chilling, unholy aura.

"Red-Robed Old Ghost, can you handle them both?" Ming Shao asked, his voice laced with malice.

The old man's eyes gleamed darkly as he glanced at Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian. "One is no problem..." he muttered.

"Then get on with it, useless fool."

With a dismissive wave of Ming Shao's hand, the Red-Robed Old Ghost lunged straight for Li Chunfeng!

Without hesitation, Li Chunfeng met the attack head-on, his sword flashing as he struck!

The two clashed in an instant, unleashing waves of destructive energy that tore through the battlefield!

The entire Wuwang Land was soon engulfed in thick, black fog, plunging everything into darkness!

Kai narrowed his eyes, sensing the overwhelming evil surrounding him.

"Such powerful Dao-Patterned Evil Qi... It seems Ming Shao has ties to the Yin Demons."

He clenched his fists.

Right now, he had to recover his strength as quickly as possible. He had no idea how many more formidable enemies were lurking behind Ming Shao...

Chapter 4850

Li Chunfeng and the red-robed old ghost clashed at incredible speed. Their battle unleashed terrifying forces, distorting the very fabric of Wuwang Land!

Many cultivators watched the fight with solemn expressions, fearing that Wuwang Land could collapse at any moment.

“Old Li, I’ll help you...”

Seeing the intensity of the battle, Nan Batian prepared to assist Li Chunfeng.

“You’d better fight me instead...”

At that moment, an old man emerged from the black fog surrounding Ming Shao. He wore a black robe, but his face was red and purple—resembling a monkey’s rear!

“Damn, another one?”

Kai frowned at the unexpected appearance.

Nan Batian eyed the red-faced old ghost and smirked. “You, monkey-ass, want to fight me too?”

The red-faced old ghost was momentarily stunned before looking at Nan Batian in shock. “You know me?”

“No,” Nan Batian replied flatly.

“Then how do you know my name?” the ghost asked, puzzled.

“Your name? Don’t tell me it’s actually Monkey Butt?”

“Yes, I’m Hou Ding,” the ghost nodded.

Nan Batian scoffed. “Damn, I guessed it! Enough talking—I’ll finish you off quickly. I still need to help Old Li!”

With that, Nan Batian launched a fierce punch at the red-faced ghost. The illusions in Wuwang Land intensified as the battle escalated.

Chaos erupted across Wuwang Land, with fights breaking out everywhere.

Meanwhile, Young Master Ming observed Kai with a smirk of disdain.

“The Four Ghosts of Mingshan... isn’t there still one missing?”

At that moment, Lin Chong approached Kai and spoke to Young Master Ming in the distance.

“The Four Ghosts of Mingshan?” Kai asked.

“It’s said that beneath Tianmo Mountain lies another range known as Mingshan, leading to the underworld. The Four Ghosts of Mingshan are demon cultivators from that land.”

“They belong to the same sect and are infamous for their cruelty. I never expected them to be under the command of the Four Hades as well.” Lin Chong followed alongside Kai, explaining,

“The Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain, the Four Ghosts of Mingshan... The Four Nether Palaces have recruited many powerful warriors?”

“No wonder this Young Master Ming is so arrogant despite his age—he truly has the strength to back it up!”

Kai gazed at Young Master Ming, realizing just how formidable the Four Nether Palaces had become.

“Emperor Lin, are you planning to step in yourself as well?”

Seeing Lin Chong standing beside Kai, Young Master Ming smirked coldly.

“I won’t allow anyone to threaten Mr. Chen—not even the Four Nether Palaces.”

Lin Chong’s voice was calm but resolute.

“Very well, I’ll grant you that wish,” Young Master Ming said with a nod.

From within the swirling black fog beside him, an old man emerged. He was draped in black robes, but his hands were blood-red, as if they had just been soaked in fresh blood.

“Emperor of Sun and Moon City, it is an honor to face you in battle.”

With that, the old man with red claws lunged at Lin Chong.

Lin Chong leaped forward, engaging in combat with him mid-air.

Kai scanned his surroundings—every force aligned behind him had been deployed.

Meanwhile, Young Master Ming walked toward Kai, his steps slow yet eerily swift, closing the distance in an instant.

“I’ve heard you’re a genius of the Heaven and Man Realm, a prodigy beyond compare. I’d like to see for myself...”

“But don’t worry—I’ll give you the chance to call for reinforcements. If you have anyone backing you, summon them all.”

Young Master Ming smiled politely, speaking in a refined yet condescending manner.

For a brief moment, the two didn't seem like enemies.

In truth, they weren't personal enemies—but Young Master Ming simply couldn't tolerate anyone stronger than himself.

Kai met his gaze and slowly shook his head. "I won't call anyone. If I did, your Four Nether Palaces would cease to exist."

Young Master Ming burst into laughter. "You're full of bold words. Even the leader of the Huofen Sect wouldn't dare to belittle my Four Nether Palaces like that!"

"Do you think we only have the Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain and the Four Ghosts of Mingshan?"

Chapter 4851

"No matter what forces the Four Nether Palaces possess, if I call for reinforcements again, not even a Daluo Jinxian could prevent your destruction. But I won't call for help!" Kai declared.

"Alright, since you won't call, I will!"

With that, Ming Shao slowly stepped back.

In an instant, his figure vanished into the dark, swirling evil aura.

At the same time, a middle-aged man emerged from the shadows. A single horn protruded from his forehead, giving him the appearance of a qilin.

Kai was momentarily stunned, staring at the man in disbelief. "Are you from the Beast Tribe?"

The middle-aged man shook his head. “My mother was from the Beast Tribe, but the blood of the Demon Clan flows in my veins.”

“Oh, so you’re a half-breed...”

Kai muttered casually, but as soon as the words left his mouth, he froze.

He had meant to mock the man—only to suddenly realize that his own mother was human, while his father was a dragon.

Didn’t that make him a half-breed too?

Damn...

“You’re courting death!” the middle-aged man roared, charging straight at Kai.

Kai didn’t dare let his guard down. He swiftly swung the Dragon Slashing Sword, sending out a streak of sword light.

Boom!

The sword light shattered instantly. The sheer force of the impact sent Kai flying backward before he crashed into the ground, creating a massive crater 100 meters deep!

“Die!”

The middle-aged man bellowed, and a colossal hand tore through the black mist, descending into the pit to crush Kai.

As the giant hand pressed down, waves of terrifying energy surged toward him, compressing the surrounding land with immense force.

Buzz...

At that moment, a sharp sword hum echoed from deep within the pit.

A golden sword light erupted into the sky, instantly piercing through the giant hand!

Kai soared into the air, gripping the Dragon Slashing Sword as he hovered in midair.

The sword emitted a faint glow, while golden light enveloped Kai's entire body—his Indestructible Golden Form fully activated.

Simultaneously, the blood power within him surged, distorting the very fabric of the void around him! Facing the opponent before him, Kai didn't dare let his guard down.

Although he could battle those above his level, this man's strength was clearly not so easy to overcome.

The middle-aged man stood with his hands behind his back, silently watching Kai. An invisible pressure radiated from his body, steadily suppressing Kai's aura.

"Senior, if I can't hold out until the end, it's up to you," Kai said to the Red Cloud Demon Lord.

"Tsk, you can handle this small fry yourself. But that arrogant brat Ming Shao... I like him. When the time comes, I'll deal with him."

"I want to show him that the more you act superior, the faster you die," the Red Cloud Demon Lord sneered.

Kai was speechless. What's that supposed to mean?

I've been acting a little flashy lately too. Does that mean I'm doomed?

"If you don't care about me, and I die, you won't get away either," Kai warned.

“Get lost with that nonsense. Stop trying to use that threat on me. You can’t die, period. Mr. Shi, that guy behind you? If he sneezed, these small fries would scatter in terror.”

“He won’t let you die. Just fight properly—treat it as practice. You’re not going anywhere,” the Red Cloud Demon Lord assured him.

Kai thought about it and realized he was right. He still had Mr. Shi backing him.

Every time he faced danger, Mr. Shi appeared just in time. If he couldn’t die anyway, what was there to fear?

With that thought, confidence surged within Kai. He looked at the middle-aged man and smirked.

“Is that all you’ve got, you little mutt?”

The middle-aged man’s face darkened with rage. He suddenly stepped forward, raised his palm, and swung it fiercely.

Boom!

In an instant, a crushing force descended upon Kai’s position, as though the very heavens were pressing down to suppress him!

Gritting his teeth, Kai swung the Dragon Slashing Sword, unleashing a flurry of terrifying sword energy that slashed straight toward the overwhelming pressure!

Chapter 4852

Puff, puff, puff...

The oppressive force of the world was instantly torn apart by Kai’s sword energy, restoring calm to the battlefield.

The middle-aged man's eyes narrowed. "The fourth level of the Mahayana realm... yet you possess such strength? Impressive."

"You haven't even seen the full extent of my power," Kai replied with disdain.

"Ugh, still putting on airs..." the middle-aged man muttered before throwing a powerful punch.

However, the moment he struck, his expression shifted slightly. He quickly glanced toward Young Master Ming, as if afraid that his earlier comment had drawn the young man's ire.

Seeing that Ming Shao wasn't paying attention, the middle-aged man let out a quiet sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, Kai felt the space around him compress in an instant. A surge of terrifying Yinsha energy roared toward him like an unstoppable tide.

It was as if he stood at the eye of a raging storm, with massive waves crashing against his body, each one powerful enough to tear him apart at any moment.

Golden light radiated from his Indestructible Golden Body, resisting the overwhelming force.

"It looks like it's time to use my trump card..."

Kai stowed away the Dragon Slaying Sword. In its place, the God King Bow appeared in his hands.

Against this wave of Dao-Patterned Evil Qi, there was no better weapon than the God King Bow.

The reason Kai had refrained from using it until now was simple—once revealed, he would become the target of every greedy eye.

Even those who had no prior enmity with him would be tempted to seize the bow.

After all, “a man without sin is guilty of possessing a treasure.”

But at this moment, Kai had no choice.

With the God King Bow in hand, he pulled back the bowstring.

A glowing arrow slowly took form, absorbing the surrounding Dao-Patterned Evil Qi, transforming into a devastating projectile.

Whoosh!

A piercing sound ripped through the air, shaking the eardrums of everyone in Wuwang Land.

The instant the arrow was loosed, the space around Kai erupted—a violent explosion shattered the surrounding evil energy, annihilating it completely!

Young Master Ming, who had been watching with a casual expression, suddenly widened his eyes the moment Kai drew the God King Bow and released an arrow.

“The God King Bow...”

His gaze burned with intense desire.

“The God King Bow...”

Even those locked in battle couldn’t help but pause, turning their heads toward Kai in shock.

The middle-aged man furrowed his brow, disbelief evident in his voice. “You’re actually using the God King Bow?”

“That’s right. Want to see its power firsthand?”

Kai smirked before pulling back the bowstring.

Instantly, the very air trembled as countless evil spirits surged toward the bow, converging upon it.

A golden, radiant arrow took shape, glowing brilliantly.

Whoosh!

The arrow shot forth like a streak of divine light. The middle-aged man hastily summoned layers of Gangqi, but the piercing projectile shattered through them in an instant, triggering a massive explosion.

The force of the blast sent the middle-aged man staggering backward, and the very void around him began to collapse under the impact.

After finally regaining his balance, his eyes were filled with astonishment. “What immense power... The God King Bow truly lives up to its legend!”

Without hesitation, the middle-aged man suddenly transformed into a streak of light and vanished.

Kai reacted instantly, leaping into the air.

“Trying to run?”

He swiftly nocked another arrow and fired. The arrows streaked through the sky, relentlessly pursuing the fleeing figure.

The middle-aged man countered with a flurry of protective Qi barriers, but each collision between the arrows and his defenses sent powerful shockwaves rippling through Wuwang Land, causing the very ground to crumble.

Yet, when these devastating forces reached the Heavenly Ladder, they mysteriously vanished without a trace, leaving the sacred structure completely unaffected.

Meanwhile, the middle-aged man unleashed his demonic bloodline, causing his energy to surge even further.

But Kai felt exhaustion creeping in.

Though the God King Bow was formidable, each time he drew it, it drained an immense amount of his strength.

Gritting his teeth, he pushed forward. He had come too far to falter now.

Without the God King Bow, he would have already lost this battle.

Chapter 4853

The middle-aged man noticed that Kai was nearing his limit, and a smirk appeared on his lips.

“Even though you possess the God King Bow, with your current strength, I doubt you can even draw it,” he sneered.

Although Kai truly couldn’t wield the God King Bow at the moment, his expression remained calm.

At the crucial moment, he knew he still had the Red Cloud Demon Lord to back him up.

Not to mention, there was also Mr. Shi.

“Even without the God King Bow, you still can’t kill me.”

Kai smiled faintly.

“Oh? Then let’s put that to the test...”

As soon as he finished speaking, the middle-aged man unleashed a surge of murderous intent and charged straight at Kai.

“Mr. Chen, leave such a petty villain to me!”

A voice rang out as Lin Chong suddenly appeared.

“Where’s that old ghost with the red claws?” Kai asked in surprise.

“Dead.”

Lin Chong waved his hand casually, and a severed head flew out—it was the old man with the red claws!

“As the Emperor of Sun Moon City, if I couldn’t even take down a mere lackey of the Four Underworlds, how could my Sun Moon City be recognized as the third strongest force in the Heavenly World?”

After finishing his words, Lin Chong turned to the one-horned middle-aged man. With a sudden wave of his hand, the suffocating aura of evil energy instantly dissipated.

Seizing the moment, Kai took the opportunity to rest.

This battle had drained him severely. For someone at the fourth-grade Mahayana realm, merely staying on his feet in this clash of immortal cultivators was already an achievement.

“Emperor Lin, you just fought a fierce battle—you are in no shape to be my opponent,” the one-horned middle-aged man declared.

“Hmph, and haven’t you just finished a battle yourself? Whether I can defeat you or not, we’ll find out soon enough!”

Lin Chong sneered.

“Boom—!”

The moment Lin Chong pressed his fingers together in a sword seal, the sky darkened, and a terrifying pressure descended like a heavenly

torrent. The air trembled as countless fine cracks spread across the void within a hundred-foot radius.

Before the golden sword light could strike the one-horned middle-aged man, the boiling aura of evil around him had already been suppressed and dispersed by three degrees.

“Sun and Moon Golden Rainbow Art?”

His pupils shrank in shock as the black mist coiling around his horn suddenly expanded. His once-solid body morphed into a swirling mass of black flames.

The eerie flames twisted into a grotesque ghostly face in midair, attempting to devour the righteous energy within Lin Chong’s sword light.

“The Black Evil Heart-Devouring Flames of the Four Underworld?”

Lin Chong sneered. “You dare flaunt such petty tricks before this emperor?”

With a sudden shift in his left-hand seal, the brilliant golden sword light took on a reddish hue.

A radiant red-gold sun rose between heaven and earth, unleashing a cascade of scorching solar flames.

The black flames let out an ear-piercing shriek under the overwhelming yang energy, and the ghostly face evaporated into nothingness in an instant.

“Ah!”

The one-horned middle-aged man reappeared, his right arm charred, the scales reduced to ash. Fear flickered in his eyes.

His expression turned icy as he took a deep breath and slowly extended his palm.

Boom!

A pitch-black spear materialized in his grasp, its presence shaking the heavens.

“Blood Soul Spear? Interesting. Looks like he finally got serious after taking a beating.”

Ming Shao smirked at the sight of the weapon.

Without hesitation, the one-horned middle-aged man bit his tongue, spraying a mouthful of blood onto his horn. The barbed spear in his hand pulsed with crimson patterns, and the faint wails of thousands of tormented souls echoed through the air.

“Blood Soul Sacrifice?”

Lin Chong’s expression darkened. “A forbidden technique of the Four Underworld Palaces. It temporarily boosts cultivation by 30%, but at the cost of a hundred years of lifespan!”

Before he could finish speaking, the one-horned man transformed into a blood-red streak of light and lunged forward.

As the spear slashed through the air, the void split apart, creating several gashes more than ten feet long. From within, countless blood-red chains shot out, carrying a foul stench as they wrapped toward Lin Chong.

“Sun and Moon Rotate—Break!”

Lin Chong swiftly formed intricate hand seals, and nine golden crow shadows emerged behind him.

A blazing domain of flames erupted around him, instantly reducing the approaching chains to droplets of blood before they could make contact.

Yet, the spear itself lunged forward like a venomous serpent, striking straight for Lin Chong's throat.

Chapter 4854

The clash of metal resounded through the sky as Lin Chong's sword-formed hand collided with the spear, sending sparks flying in all directions.

The ground beneath them crumbled, and the shockwave from their battle reduced the surrounding mountains and forests within a hundred-mile radius to dust.

“Stubborn!”

Lin Chong suddenly pressed his fingers together to form a palm, and the sun and moon marks on his hands burst into dazzling brilliance.

Behind him, a red-gold sun and a silver-white full moon intertwined, rotating to form a Yin-Yang Tai Chi diagram. The immense energy fluctuations caused the bones in the one-horned middle-aged man's body to crack and pop like firecrackers.

Meanwhile, Kai was rapidly absorbing resources from his storage ring, consuming them as if they were limitless.

He needed to recover as quickly as possible. The situation was still dangerous—Ming Shao had remained motionless this entire time, and Kai had no idea if he had more reinforcements waiting in the shadows.

At the same time, Kai kept a close eye on Lin Chong. The power Lin Chong was unleashing far exceeded his expectations.

It was no wonder Sun and Moon City had risen to become the third most powerful force in the Heavenly World.

Fortunately, the city was affiliated with the Tianlong Temple. Otherwise, Kai wouldn't know how to handle the current predicament.

“The sun and moon shine together—suppress!”

As Lin Chong shouted, the Yin-Yang Tai Chi diagram descended with a deafening crash.

The one-horned middle-aged man let out a desperate roar as the black mist surrounding him was crushed into nothingness. The vengeful spirits entwined around his blood-colored spear shrieked in agony as they were incinerated by the sun flames.

Just as the Tai Chi diagram was about to crush him, the ground suddenly split apart, revealing a massive abyss.

From within, countless white skeletal hands erupted, forcefully holding up the weight of the Yin-Yang Tai Chi suppression.

“Trying to escape?”

Lin Chong sneered as a thin golden beam shot from his fingertips.

It seemed weak at first, but the moment it touched the ground, it transformed into thousands of sword threads, instantly reducing every skeletal hand within a hundred feet to dust.

Seizing the opportunity, the one-horned middle-aged man plunged into the abyss. However, before he could disappear, Lin Chong's figure ghosted to the edge in a blur.

“You think you can escape with earth-based techniques in front of me?”

Lin Chong pressed his palm against the ground, and scorching sun flames surged through the earth's veins.

The entire Wuwang Land trembled violently. From deep underground, a blood-curdling scream erupted.

A moment later, a charred figure was blasted from the abyss like a cannonball.

“Emperor Lin... your reputation is well-deserved...”

The one-horned middle-aged man was engulfed in flames, his horn snapped in half. His single remaining eye locked onto Lin Chong with a mixture of fear and rage. Suddenly, he burst into wild laughter. “Do you think this is the end?”

Before he even finished speaking, he shockingly reached into his own chest and grabbed his heart with his bare hand.

Lin Chong’s eyes widened in alarm as the man’s body began to swell like an overinflated balloon. The blood-red lines on his horn flared with a dazzling crimson light.

“No! He’s going to self-destruct!”

Kai sprang to his feet, but it was already too late to stop him.

With a deafening explosion, the one-horned middle-aged man’s body detonated, scattering countless blood-colored light particles like fireflies. Yet, the moment they touched the ground, they twisted into hideous ghostly faces.

“Hehehe...”

“Emperor Lin, enjoy the Curse of the Four Underworlds!”

The grotesque faces swarmed toward Lin Chong, shrieking as they closed in. However, the instant they reached within three feet of him, they let out agonized wails and disintegrated.

A faint glow appeared between Lin Chong’s brows—the marks of the sun and moon. The moment the ghostly faces touched the blazing Yang flames surrounding him, they dissolved into green smoke. Only a few managed to bypass his defense, latching onto his right arm.

“Damn it!”

Lin Chong’s expression darkened, and frost instantly spread across his right arm.

Seeing this, Kai immediately crushed a jade talisman, igniting a firestorm that engulfed the sky. The remaining ghostly faces were incinerated into ashes.

“Emperor Lin, I’m here to help!”

Although Kai hadn’t fully recovered, he knew he couldn’t stand by at a time like this.

“Mr. Chen, there’s no need!”

Lin Chong abruptly brought his fingers together and sliced through his sleeve, revealing his steel-like muscles.

The sun and moon marks expanded from his forehead, spreading across his entire right arm. Under their burning radiance, the black curse marks melted away like snow.

“Did these fools from the Four Underworld Palaces really think my Sun and Moon Golden Rainbow Art was just for show?”

He turned to Kai. “Mr. Chen, focus on recovering. The aftershocks aren’t over yet.”

Just as Kai was about to respond, the ground trembled violently once more.

Chapter 4855

Dozens of shadowy figures, shrouded in black mist, surged out of the abyss. Leading them was none other than Ming Shao.

He stood atop a bone warship, his expression sinister, while behind him, four coffins emanating a terrifying aura floated ominously.

“Emperor Lin, your skills are impressive, but unfortunately...” Ming Shao smirked. “You’ve walked right into my trap!”

From the beginning, Ming Shao had never considered Kai a real threat. To him, the biggest danger was Lin Chong.

The emperor of Sun and Moon City—one of the top three forces in the Heavenly World—was not a man to be taken lightly.

Lin Chong’s strength was formidable, and even Ming Shao felt a flicker of apprehension.

But now, after two intense battles, Lin Chong was clearly exhausted.

“Despicable wretch! Compared to your father, the only thing you excel at is putting on an act,” Lin Chong said angrily, his gaze sharp.

“Say what you will—it won’t change anything.”

Ming Shao sneered and raised his skeletal scepter.

With a wave of his hand, the four coffins burst open.

A monstrous wave of evil energy surged into the sky as four mummies clad in ancient underworld armor slowly emerged. Their empty eye sockets flickered with eerie green flames.

“Evil corpses?” Lin Chong’s pupils contracted. “The Four Underworld Palaces dare to summon ancient evil corpses?”

“Hehehe, Emperor Lin, you do have a keen eye.” Ming Shao grinned as he pointed his scepter toward Kai.

“Today, not only will Sun and Moon City be wiped out, but I will also claim the head of this brat, Kai!”

“I want to teach him a lesson—there’s only room for one man to act untouchable in the Heavenly World, and that’s me...”

At his command, the four evil corpses shot forward, leaving a trail of frost in their wake.

Lin Chong’s Yang flames surged, but the moment they clashed with the mummies, their intensity was suppressed by nearly 30%.

What was even more terrifying was the hundreds of resentful spirits sealed within each corpse. Their agonized wails sent piercing shockwaves through the battlefield, making warriors clutch their ears in pain.

Kai forced himself to stand. The God King Bow trembled in his grip, emitting a low hum.

But just as he tried to draw the bowstring, a sharp pain stabbed through his chest.

His knees buckled, and he dropped to the ground, one knee pressing into the dirt. His face turned as pale as paper, sweat rolling down his forehead in thick beads. The consequences of recklessly using the God King Bow had finally caught up to Kai. A divine weapon of this caliber required precise control—otherwise, it would backfire.

At this moment, though he held the God King Bow in his grasp, the chaotic spiritual energy within his body made it nearly impossible to wield its full power.

Gritting his teeth, he forced his spiritual energy to circulate, but the effort sent a violent surge through his chest. He nearly coughed up blood on the spot.

Lin Chong, noticing his condition, felt a pang of concern and instinctively glanced in his direction.

Seizing the opening, one of the underworld corpses lunged forward, its desiccated arm glowing faintly green as it swung toward Lin Chong with terrifying force.

Lin Chong dodged to the side, but the cold aura still grazed his shoulder. Instantly, frost crept across his robes, and his skin turned an eerie shade of purple.

“Hah! Emperor Lin, today will be your final battle!”

Ming Shao, standing atop the bone warship, laughed triumphantly.

His skeletal scepter moved faster and faster, commanding the four underworld fiends and the horde of skeletal warriors to tighten their siege around Lin Chong and Kai.

Lin Chong took a deep breath, summoning the radiant energy of the Sun and Moon Golden Rainbow Art in a desperate bid to break free.

His hands moved swiftly, forming intricate seals, and the nine golden crow phantoms behind him ignited with blinding brilliance.

Each crow let out a piercing cry as waves of searing sunlight surged outward, crashing into the surrounding underworld creatures like an unstoppable tide.

“The sun and moon intertwine—shake the heavens!”

With a thunderous shout, Lin Chong unleashed a golden pillar of light, brimming with pure, masculine energy. It struck one of the demon corpses directly.

The creature roared in agony as the scorching flames melted its dark armor. The resentful spirits bound within its body shrieked before disintegrating into nothingness.

However, before Lin Chong could catch his breath, the remaining three demon corpses capitalized on his momentary depletion.

With eerie synchronization, they struck from different angles—their black spears, bone blades, and iron chains shrouded in thick, icy mist, hurtling toward him with deadly precision.

Lin Chong's expression remained steely as he twisted and maneuvered through the attacks, his movements as elusive as a phantom.

Meanwhile, Kai took advantage of the chaos. With Lin Chong drawing the attention of most enemies, he forced himself to endure the searing pain coursing through his body.

Crossing his legs, he sat down and began rapidly recovering.

Pushing his remaining strength to its limits, he activated the Concentration Heart Technique, greedily absorbing the surrounding dark energy.

Not only would this help him recover, but it would also reduce the pressure on Lin Chong, shifting the tide of battle in their favor.

Chapter 4856

“Emperor Lin, I’ll assist you!”

At that moment, Taoist Wuji arrived at full speed, holding the severed head of the red-haired old ghost in his grasp.

Seeing him approach, Lin Chong finally exhaled in relief.

He knew that if the battle dragged on any longer, he would reach his limit. The relentless combat had drained most of his strength.

“Master, be careful! That kid’s evil corpses are incredibly powerful, and you must watch out for his underhanded tricks!”

Lin Chong warned Taoist Wuji sternly.

“I understand!” Taoist Wuji nodded in acknowledgment.

He was well aware that Ming Shao had been waiting for the perfect moment to strike. Even though he had slain the red-haired old ghost, it had undoubtedly taken a toll on his own strength.

“Another one rushing to die? How wonderful...”

Ming Shao let out a sinister laugh.

As for the red-haired old ghost’s death? It didn’t concern him in the slightest.

To him, these were nothing more than pawns of the Four Underworld Mansions. If they perished, so be it—there was no need for sorrow.

Without hesitation, Taoist Wuji brandished his whisk and launched into battle against the evil corpses.

Yet, the moment he engaged, he immediately felt the strain. These creatures were far stronger than expected—and there were so many of them!

Gritting his teeth, Taoist Wuji steeled himself and fought on.

Meanwhile, Ming Shao stood atop the bone warship, observing the chaos with an eerie calm.

He had no need to rush.

He would wait for them all to wear themselves out—then, when they were at their weakest, he would pick them off one by one, just like a cat toying with its prey.

There was no need to devour the mouse until it was completely exhausted.

“Mr. Chen, we’ve arrived!”

A voice rang out as Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian finally made their way onto the battlefield.

Though they appeared somewhat battered, they had successfully slain the red-robed old ghost and the red-faced old ghost.

“You two, go assist Taoist Wuji—hold out for as long as you can!”

Kai instructed firmly.

The two warriors nodded without hesitation and leaped straight into the fray. With the arrival of Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian, Taoist Wuji felt some relief, but even with their help, victory was still far from certain.

The three of them had just endured an intense battle, and now facing these powerful evil corpses was proving to be an uphill struggle.

Meanwhile, Ming Shao stood watching with a smirk, his expression calm and composed.

He had yet to make a move. If he did, Taoist Wuji and the others would undoubtedly be overwhelmed in an instant.

Gritting his teeth, Kai frantically pushed his Condensation Heart Technique to accelerate his recovery.

He had always believed that with Sun and Moon City under his command, along with the recruitment of Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian, he was practically invincible in the world of Heaven and Man.

Yet now, against the Four Underworlds, even survival was proving to be a struggle.

And then there was the Fire Fen Sect...

Just thinking about them gave Kai a headache. Given his current strength, could he really hope to rescue the leader of the Refining Sect

from the hands of the Fire Fen Sect, the most powerful force in the world of Heaven and Man?

The chaotic battle raged on, and Wuwang Land trembled violently. If not for the support of the Ladder to Heaven, this land would have already crumbled into nothingness.

At that moment, at the very top of the ladder, a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old youth sat on the final step, a sword resting in his hands.

Behind him stood a white-haired old man, his face carrying a faint smile as the power of Heaven surged around him.

“Master, these people didn’t climb the ladder to train. Instead, they’re fighting and even damaging it. What should we do?”

The young man turned to ask the elder.

“Don’t worry, it won’t break. But after this, I’ll never guide the cultivators of the Heavenly World again. They’re nothing but fools. Let them struggle and ascend on their own.”

The old man shook his head, disappointment flashing in his eyes.

“That guy Ming Shao is way too arrogant. I want to teach him a lesson.”

The youth frowned, clearly displeased with Ming Shao’s behavior.

“No!” The old man quickly stopped him.

“Master, don’t tell me you’re afraid of the Four Underworld Palaces?” The young man asked in confusion.

“The Four Underworld Palaces?” The old man scoffed. “They are nothing. I could erase them with a single breath.”

Then, his gaze shifted toward Kai, and his expression grew thoughtful.

“But that young man surnamed Chen... he’s not someone to be underestimated. If he ascends to Heaven, I’ll leave him be.”

The young man: “.....”

Chapter 4857

At this moment, the battle in Wuwang Land was still raging, with both sides fighting fiercely, their eyes bloodshot from the relentless slaughter!

As Kai focused on recovering, he could feel a pair of malicious eyes watching him—like a predator lurking in the shadows, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

He knew exactly what they were after—his God King Bow!

The moment his side showed any sign of weakness, a group of them would undoubtedly swarm toward him!

“Kai, are you alright?”

Yun Li emerged from the ladder and, upon seeing Kai recovering his strength, spoke with urgency.

“I’m not dead yet. How are things inside the ladder?”

Kai asked.

“Ugh, don’t even mention it. The world inside has changed—the Immortal Mansion is gone. I managed to hold on until the fourth floor, but there’s no way forward, so I had to come out,” Yun Li sighed.

“Brother Yun Li, guard me for a bit. I need to recover quickly—there are too many eyes on me right now!”

Kai requested, knowing that if someone ambushed him mid-recovery, it would spell trouble.

“Got it!” Yun Li nodded.

As Kai continued restoring his strength, Lin Kefan, Xuan Bin, and others from Sun Moon City appeared.

They had joined forces with Lian Sanmen to fight against the Huo family and initially had the upper hand.

However, the sudden assault from the Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain immediately turned the tide against them!

In the brutal clash, five immortal cultivators from Sun Moon City fell, including Cang Yue, who perished beneath an enemy’s blade.

Yet, Lian Sanmen and the Huo family didn’t fare much better—they, too, suffered heavy losses!

Kai looked at Lin Kefan and the others. Almost all of them were injured, their faces twisted with fury.

The Four Underworld, Lian Sanmen, the Huo family...

He wanted these factions erased from the Heavenly World—forever!

At that moment, the dragon crystal on Kai’s chest burst into a dazzling glow as the Condensation Heart Technique surged into overdrive!

The entire energy of Wuwang Land rushed into his body like a raging tide!

Even the ladder to heaven, always as immovable as a mountain, trembled slightly at this moment! Kai’s eyes burned red with fury!

“Ah...”

With a deafening roar, the skies over Wuwang Land were instantly swallowed by dark clouds!

The terrifying sight brought the battlefield to a standstill.

“What is this? A Thunder Tribulation Cloud? Is Mr. Chen about to break through again?”

Li Chunfeng stared in shock at the ominous clouds covering the sky, unable to believe his eyes.

Kai had just broken through—if he advanced again so soon, it would be beyond reason!

Yun Li, Lin Kefan, and the others also looked at Kai in stunned disbelief.

At that moment, he resembled a madman—his eyes bloodshot, his aura overflowing with a bloodthirsty killing intent, as if he sought to annihilate the entire world!

Ming Shao frowned as the sky darkened.

“Ming Shao, is Kai about to break through?”

Huo Zhenfeng felt the overwhelming presence of the tribulation cloud and asked in shock.

“What a terrifying thunder tribulation... This isn’t the kind of tribulation triggered by a Mahayana cultivator’s breakthrough!”

Qian Xiaohan was equally astonished.

Ming Shao remained silent, his gaze shifting between Qian Xiaohan and Huo Zhenfeng.

“Do you still have the strength to fight?” he asked.

The two exchanged glances, their expressions uneasy. Their battle with Sun Moon City had already cost them dearly. If not for the intervention of the Eight Swordsmen of Demon Mountain, their losses would have been even greater.

Now, after such an exhausting fight, they were in no condition to rejoin the battle. The chaotic scene before them was so overwhelming that if they entered the fray again, they would likely fall within mere moments.

“Ming Shao, though I can no longer fight, I am willing to summon the ancestors of the Huo family and give my all for you!”

Huo Zhenfeng declared resolutely.

Ming Shao nodded in satisfaction. With a casual flick of his hand, a large pouch of fairy stones appeared before Huo Zhenfeng.

“Here are 500,000 fairy stones. Those loyal to my Four Nether Palaces will never lack resources!”

Ming Shao declared with a hint of arrogance.

Huo Zhenfeng accepted the storage bag with trembling hands, his heart surging with excitement. With these 500,000 fairy stones, the Huo family could cultivate numerous immortal masters!

Chapter 4858

Huo Zhenfeng put away the storage bag, then took out a Huo family token and forced a drop of blood onto it.

Boom!

A beam of light shot straight into the sky from the token!

In an instant, an overwhelming pressure swept across the battlefield, causing everyone to feel its weight.

All eyes turned toward the source of the beam.

Meanwhile, Kai remained locked in his tribulation, the thunderclouds above rumbling ominously.

Lin Chong, Taoist Wuji, and the others frowned.

“Does that Young Master Ming have reinforcements?”

Tension spread through the crowd.

The evil corpses they were already battling were difficult enough—if the enemy had more powerful allies arriving, how could they possibly stand a chance?

As the oppressive force grew stronger, a middle-aged man in a green robe slowly emerged.

He was thin and unimposing, not at all resembling a powerful cultivator.

Moreover, it was clear that this wasn't his real body—his aura was impossible to gauge, making it unclear how strong he truly was.

Ming Shao's expression shifted slightly upon seeing the man, and his previously rebellious demeanor softened.

“What's going on?” the middle-aged man asked, turning to Huo Zhenfeng.

“Ancestor, the Huo family is in trouble!” Huo Zhenfeng said.

But the man waved his hand dismissively.

“Don't call me that—I'm not your Huo family's ancestor. Your token can only summon someone like me to aid you.”

It was evident that this middle-aged man was not the legendary ancestor of the Huo family, nor did he seem to hold much authority within it.

Huo Zhenfeng was momentarily stunned, at a loss for words.

Ever since he became the head of his branch of the Huo family, he had always believed the token, passed down through generations, could summon the true ancestors in times of crisis.

Seeing his confusion, the man clarified:

“My name is Huo Zhao, an elder of the Huo family. Your lineage is just a branch—did you really think you could summon the true ancestor? What a joke!”

Huo Zhenfeng’s face burned with embarrassment.

After all, it was true. His family was merely a branch, while the direct descendants of the Huo family served in the temple, their power unimaginable.

Even this one elder—just a projection of his real self—was already so formidable that no one present could hope to match him! “Elder Huo, our Huo family in the Tianren Realm is facing a catastrophe—please, help us!”

Huo Zhenfeng pleaded.

Huo Zhao swept his gaze across the battlefield, then looked up at the thunder tribulation raging in the sky. His expression grew serious.

“Is there really a cultivator in the Tianren Realm capable of triggering such a thunder tribulation?”

He frowned slightly.

“Elder Huo, it’s that kid! He’s undergoing tribulation!”

Huo Zhenfeng pointed at Kai.

Of course, even without being told, Huo Zhao could see for himself. He wasn’t blind—he could easily tell who the tribulation was targeting.

“A mere Mahayana cultivator causing such a terrifying tribulation... This boy is no ordinary person. And he carries the blood of three clans?”

“Why would you provoke someone like that? Are you asking for trouble?”

Huo Zhao looked at Huo Zhenfeng with clear disapproval.

“Senior, Kai is my enemy. I must kill him, and the head of the Huo family has agreed to help me!”

Ming Shao interjected.

“And who are you?” Huo Zhao asked.

“The Four Nether Palaces—Master Ming!” Ming Shao declared arrogantly.

“The Four Nether Palaces? Never heard of it.”

Huo Zhao shook his head dismissively, then turned back to Huo Zhenfeng.

“You actually used the Huo family token to help someone else? You do realize that each branch only has one token, right? It should only be used in matters of life and death!”

His tone carried clear dissatisfaction—Huo Zhenfeng had wasted a precious family resource just to aid an outsider.

“Elder Huo, the Four Nether Palaces are extremely powerful in the Heavenly Realm, and they possess vast resources. They’ve already given us 500,000 fairy stones.”

“This Wuwang Land is barren, with no resources to sustain us. If our Huo family wants to grow, we have no choice but to seek alliances!”

Huo Zhenfeng hurriedly explained.

Hearing this, Huo Zhao let out a cold snort.

“So the side branches of the Huo family have fallen so low that they must rely on outsiders?”

“Forget it. Since you’ve summoned me, I’ll help you this time. But if you find yourself in trouble again, don’t expect anyone to come to your rescue!”

Chapter 4859

After finishing his words, Huo Zhao stepped forward, heading straight for Kai.

At that moment, Kai remained locked in his tribulation, enduring the relentless bombardment of terrifying lightning strikes.

“All monks of Sun Moon City, hear my command—protect Mr. Chen with your lives!”

“Do not let him get close!”

Lin Chong’s roar echoed across the battlefield.

Despite their exhaustion from the previous battle, the monks of Sun Moon City summoned every last ounce of strength they had left.

They knew they were no match for Huo Zhao—it was like an egg striking a boulder. But as Emperor Lin had given the order, they had no choice but to obey, even if it meant certain death.

Determined, they formed a human wall in front of Kai, prepared to sacrifice themselves to shield him.

“I’ll block his attack!”

Just then, a figure flashed forward—it was the Tenth Hall Master, unleashing his full power.

“Hmm? Someone from the Temple?”

Huo Zhao’s brows furrowed as he recognized him.

“Yes, I am the Tenth Hall Master of the Temple,” the man confirmed.

“If you belong to the Temple, then why are you protecting that boy, Kai?”

“Listen well—I am not only an elder of the Huo family but also the Lord of the Eighth Hall of the Temple. I order you to step aside immediately!”

Huo Zhao’s voice was cold and commanding.

Many members of the Huo family held high-ranking positions within the Temple, and he was one of them.

“You should leave while you still can,” the Tenth Hall Master warned.

“Mr. Chen is not someone you can handle. When the master behind him arrives, it will be too late for regrets!”

“You dare speak to me like that, you insignificant Tenth Hall Master? You must have a death wish!”

Huo Zhao’s expression darkened. Without hesitation, he struck with his palm.

The Tenth Hall Master clenched his teeth, refusing to back down. Instead, he gathered all his strength and countered with a powerful punch.

Boom!

The Tenth Hall Master's punch was so powerful that the sky trembled, the earth split, and even the sun and moon seemed to dim. The force of his fist howled like a raging storm!

Yet, the moment his terrifying attack collided with the casual wave of Huo Zhao's palm, it shattered instantly—vanishing without a trace!

At the same time, an overwhelming force surged toward the Tenth Hall Master.

His body was flung backward like a kite with a broken string, crashing heavily onto the ground.

“Father!”

Yun Li rushed over in alarm.

“He's... too strong... I can't stop him...”

The Tenth Hall Master coughed up blood, his face filled with helplessness.

And this was when Huo Zhao wasn't even using his true body. If he had, that single palm strike would have erased him completely.

Taoist Wuji and Lin Chong exchanged glances, their expressions grim. The sheer power of Huo Zhao's casual strike left no doubt—this was an opponent beyond their reach.

Just then, Li Chunfeng and Nan Batian leapt forward.

“Brat, step aside now, and we might just let you live!”

Huo Zhao glanced at them, raising an eyebrow.

“Heavenly cultivators? You two are trapped in this realm?”

“Enough talk! We told you to leave—if you refuse, don’t blame us for what happens next!”

Nan Batian roared.

Huo Zhao smirked.

“So what if you’re heavenly cultivators? At best, you’ve got one-third of your strength left. Even if you fight together, you’re still no match for me.”

“I have no desire to make unnecessary enemies, so I’ll spare your lives this time. Now, get lost!”

His voice was cold and commanding.

“Screw you!”

Nan Batian roared and threw a punch!

Seeing this, Li Chunfeng swung his sword and charged forward. They couldn’t just stand by and watch Huo Zhao attack Kai!

The two launched their assault, and at the same time, Lin Chong and Taoist Wuji also rushed in.

There was no room for hesitation—no concerns about outnumbering the enemy.

Right now, it was four against one...

Chapter 4860

Kai remained seated on the ground, enduring the relentless bombardment of the terrifying thunder tribulation!

Amidst the crackling storm in the heavens, Huo Zhao battled fiercely against Lin Chong and the other three.

Despite their combined efforts, the four of them couldn't gain the upper hand!

"Damn it! If I had my full strength, I would've killed you already!"

Nan Batian cursed in frustration, furious that even with four against one, they couldn't overpower Huo Zhao.

Their strength had already been severely suppressed, and after an exhausting battle, their immortal energy was nearly depleted.

Meanwhile, Huo Zhao, conserving his power and biding his time, managed to hold his ground effortlessly against them!

"You four, get out of my way!"

Huo Zhao roared, unleashing a terrifying force. Lin Chong and the others struggled to resist, but in the end, they were blasted backward!

They simply had no energy left to keep fighting.

With the path now clear, Huo Zhao advanced toward Kai!

The cultivators of Sun Moon City, despite knowing their strength was no match, charged at him desperately!

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Each impact signaled another Sun Moon City cultivator falling lifelessly to the ground. Against Huo Zhao, they stood no chance.

“Kai, break through! Hurry!”

Lin Keting clenched his fists, praying anxiously as he watched.

After cutting down more than ten Sun Moon City cultivators in rapid succession, Huo Zhao finally threw a devastating punch at Kai!

Just then, Kai’s eyes suddenly snapped open, and golden light erupted across the battlefield.

The storm of thunderclouds that had filled the heavens slowly began to dissipate!

He had broken through—advancing two small realms at once, reaching the sixth level of the Mahayana realm!

But the moment he awakened, an overwhelming sense of danger surged toward him.

He could feel it—the breath of death.

Huo Zhao’s punch was descending, carrying the weight of countless mountains, pressing down on him so intensely that he couldn’t move at all!

Was he about to die... right after breaking through?

Unwilling to accept his fate, a sudden flash ignited on his chest—the Dragon Mark!

The power of the three clans within him surged wildly, and in that instant, his Indestructible Golden Body wrapped around him like an impenetrable shield!

Boom! Huo Zhao’s punch instantly shattered Kai’s Indestructible Golden Body, suppressing the awakened power of the three clans at the same time!

Kai was blasted back a hundred miles!

“Kai...!”

“Mr. Chen...!”

Cries of alarm echoed across the battlefield as everyone watched in shock.

Kai’s figure had vanished into the distance, and a smug smirk appeared on Huo Zhao’s lips.

A mere Mahayana cultivator—how could he withstand his power? Even though this was only his summoned form and not his true body, he was still an immortal. Crushing a Mahayana cultivator with a single punch was only natural!

But just as Huo Zhao was reveling in his triumph, a brilliant golden light shot toward them at incredible speed!

When the light came to a halt, everyone saw Kai standing there.

He had been knocked back a hundred miles—yet he was not seriously injured!

Shock flickered across Huo Zhao’s face.

Kai’s gaze swept over the fallen cultivators of Sun Moon City, his eyes darkening with murderous intent.

“Did you kill them?” he asked, his voice eerily calm.

“Yes,” Huo Zhao replied with a smirk.

Kai clenched his fists. The warriors of Sun Moon City had died protecting him, and now their lifeless bodies lay strewn across the battlefield.

Rage erupted within him.

“You... will die for this!”

With a furious roar, the power of the three clans, the might of the dragon, and the sinister aura of the Dao Mark surged wildly into his Dragon-Slashing Sword!

Gripping the sword with both hands, Kai swung it down with all his might!

Boom!

The air trembled as a sharp, piercing hum echoed across the battlefield!

Huo Zhao merely sneered and threw a casual punch in response.

Crack!

The countless sword lights shattered instantly, and Kai was blasted backward once again!

Even after breaking through two realms, the gap between him and Huo Zhao remained vast!

But Kai refused to give up.

Releasing the Dragon-Slashing Sword, he reached for his God King Bow!

As he pulled back the bowstring, the surrounding evil aura surged wildly, pouring into the weapon...