# Chapter 5501

After being labeled a “demon spy” by the golden-robed monk, their eyes toward Kai instantly filled with hostility, as if he were their sworn enemy.

“Who are you? Why are you ruining our plans?” A burly, bearded man stepped forward and slammed his massive axe into the ground, sending up a cloud of dust.

The axe flashed with a cold light, as if it could chop Kai in half at any moment.

“I think he’s just jealous of us receiving guidance from the temple!”

another monk in a green robe echoed, his hand already on the sword at his waist, ready to unsheathe it if Kai made the slightest move.

Kai frowned, inwardly lamenting the foolishness of these people.

He stepped forward, attempting to explain, “Don’t be fooled! The jade ruyi in his hand is emitting a hypnotic aura. The runes beneath the platform are soul-gathering formations. Your soul threads are being drawn into the soul urns in the grooves. If you wait any longer, your souls will be taken away!”

However, his words were barely finished when he was drowned out by a barrage of angry curses.

“Nonsense! The Temple is the orthodox God Clan, how could they do such a thing?” a white-haired elder shouted, his eyes wide with anger.

“I think you’re fabricating lies because you’re afraid we’ll be stronger than you after our breakthrough!” another young cultivator said with disdain.

“Brothers, stop wasting time with him. Capture him first and hand him over to the Temple!”

Someone in the crowd shouted, and a dozen cultivators instantly rushed towards Kai.

Their magical weapons gleamed coldly, and their spiritual energy fluctuated chaotically, yet it carried a force that could not be underestimated.

Most of these cultivators were independent cultivators who had long been stuck in a bottleneck. Their pursuit of a “breakthrough opportunity” had long since lost their minds, and they would not listen to any advice.

In their view, Kai was the culprit who had destroyed their bright future and must be brought to justice.

Seeing this, Hu Mazi quickly took out several defensive talismans and placed them in front of him, saying urgently, “Kai, it’s impossible to explain this to them! These people are bewildered!”

He knew that these cultivators were now obsessed with “breaking through” and would not believe Kai no matter how he explained.

Kai looked at the cultivators rushing towards him, a trace of disappointment in his eyes. He could easily defeat these men, but they weren’t evil, merely pitiful souls who had been deceived.

In pursuit of higher cultivation, they risked everything, unaware that they had fallen prey to a vast conspiracy.

He dodged a cultivator’s blade, which scraped past the hem of his clothes, sending a gust of wind through his veins. He

used his spiritual energy to deflect another cultivator's magical weapon, sending it flying into the distance.

Kai shouted again, "Feel your brows! Do you feel a slight tingling sensation? That's a sign of your soul being ripped out!"

But all he got in response was an even more frenzied attack.

A white-haired old man summoned a compass, and several golden beams shot out, piercing Kai's vital points.

The beams were so powerful that they burned and distorted the air wherever they passed.

The old man cursed, "You are spreading rumors to confuse the people! Today, I will enforce justice on behalf of Heaven!"

The last trace of hesitation faded from Kai's eyes.

He knew that these people had been completely consumed by the obsession of "breaking through". Even if he rescued them now, they would probably go back to the temple to "listen to the teachings".

They were already deeply trapped and unable to extricate themselves.

He stopped dodging, and the black and white flames around him suddenly spread outward, forming an invisible barrier.

The barrier seemed thin, but it contained a powerful force. It pushed back several steps all the monks who rushed towards him, but did not hurt them at all.

Although Kai was angry at the ignorance of these monks, he still could not bear to hurt them.

"Since you don't believe it, then go with it."

Kai's voice became cold, without any ripples.

# Chapter 5502

His eyes held a resolute look, as if he had lost hope in these people.

“Master Hu, let’s go,” Kai said to Hu Mazi beside him.

Hu Mazi was stunned for a moment, then realized that Kai had given up.

He looked at the monks still cursing, shook his head helplessly, and followed Kai back to a corner outside the Soul Gathering Altar.

They stood there, watching the unfolding events on the altar in silence, their hearts filled with mixed emotions.

Seeing that Kai had stopped attacking, the golden-robed monk smiled triumphantly.

He shouted to the crowd, “See? This spy is guilty! Everyone, stay focused and don’t let him distract you. In a few moments, it will be time for everyone to break through!”

As he spoke, he raised the jade ruyi again, muttering something to himself.

The jade ruyi once again radiated a soft, hypnotic light, and the black runes beneath the platform lit up again, the cracks slowly healing.

The repulsed monks hesitated for a moment before actually closing their eyes again, sinking back into the state of “listening to the teachings.”

Pale blue soul threads drifted from their brows once again, flowing toward the groove.

Like tiny streams, the soul threads converged within the groove, as if eloquently expressing their ignorance and sorrow.

Hu Mazi's teeth clenched in anger, his fists clenched. "These people... are truly foolish!"

He couldn't understand how these monks could be so easily deceived by the golden-robed monk, willing to sacrifice their souls for a illusory "breakthrough opportunity."

Kai watched silently, his eyes calm.

He could see that as the soul threads flowed into the groove, the soul urn deep within it continued to expand. He could faintly hear the clearer cries of souls within, filled with despair and pain. It must have contained the souls of many monks.

Those souls struggled within the urn, uttering silent cries, but no one could hear them. As time passed, the jade ruyi's radiance grew brighter, and the black runes beneath the dais seemed to come alive, flickering with an eerie, shimmering light.

The soul threads emanating from the brows of the cultivators who closed their eyes in concentration grew thicker, their once pale blue threads gradually tinged with a grayish-white hue, a sign that their very essence was being drained.

These grayish-white threads, like polluted streams, carried an ominous aura.

After about an incense stick of time, the golden-robed cultivator abruptly retracted the jade ruyi, and the runes beneath the dais dimmed.

The soul urn deep within the recess had now expanded to half a person's height, its surface covered in twisted soul patterns, resembling faces in agony.

The soul cries emanating from within were muffled and agonized, as if countless wronged souls were struggling within.

The sound echoed throughout the Soul Gathering Altar, sending a chill through the air.

“Fellow Daoists, congratulations on your breakthrough!” the golden-robed cultivator plastered a false smile and bowed to the group.

His smile shone with a sinister smugness, as if he were admiring his own masterpiece.

The monks opened their eyes one after another, feeling light and airy. The spiritual energy within them seemed to flow more smoothly than before, and they actually believed they had broken through a bottleneck.

They were immersed in the joy of this breakthrough, completely unaware of the preciousness they had lost.

A monk in coarse shorts excitedly pumped his fist: “Thank you, Immortal Master, for your guidance! I feel like my bottleneck has truly been loosened!”

His face beamed with joy, as if he envisioned a glorious future of rapid advancement.

Another middle-aged monk was so excited that tears welled up in his eyes: “I’ve been stuck at the peak of the Earthly Immortal Realm for three years, and today I’ve finally broken through! Immortal Master, your kindness will be forever unforgettable!”

He fell to his knees and kowtowed repeatedly to the golden-robed monk, as if he were his adopted parent.

# Chapter 5505

He glanced at the trembling monks and said calmly: “Considering that you were just deceived, I will spare your lives today. But the loss of your souls was your own choice, so you can’t blame others.”

Although his voice was flat, it revealed an irresistible majesty.

Everyone looked at Kai, some were angry, some were ashamed, and some were at a loss.

But they all knew that they had chosen this path on their own. Kai's previous persuasion was regarded by them as deliberate obstruction, and they attacked in groups.

Kai ignored the monks, but glanced at the golden-robed monk. He pressed his palm lightly, and a breath of air instantly pinned the golden-robed monk to the ground, unable to move.

"What are you going to do? I am from the Sixth Palace of the Temple. If you dare to kill me, the Sixth Palace Master will not let you go."

The golden-robed monk said with horror on his face.

Kai sneered, "The Sixth Palace Master is nothing. Even if he wants to let me go, I won't. I've come to the Seventh Heaven to kill him."

The golden-robed monk's face paled at Kai's words. He hadn't expected Kai to be so unafraid of the Temple's threats.

"Master Hu, let's go,"

Kai said to Hu Mazi!

"What about this guy?" Hu Mazi pointed at the golden-robed monk and asked.

"Don't worry about him. Someone will take action after we leave."

Kai said, turning and leaving.

He knew that the monks whose souls had been extracted would never let this guy go.

Hu Mazi understood Kai's meaning and nodded. Then he looked at the monks who looked like dogs that had lost their homes and followed him out of the Soul Gathering Altar.

The monks were left sitting or lying there, their faces filled with despair and regret.

They had ruined their own paths of cultivation for the illusory "breakthrough," and they had no one else to blame for it.

Seeing Kai and Hu Mazi leave, the monks cast their furious glares upon the golden-robed monk.

"Ah..."

Soon, the golden-robed monk's screams reached Kai and Hu Mazi's ears.

...

A mountain peak in the Seventh Heaven, like a giant beast's lair hidden in darkness, permeated with a mysterious and dangerous aura.

The meeting hall of the Sixth Hall of the Temple, like the heart of a giant beast, now beat with a rhythm of tension and anger.

The Sixth Hall Master sat at the head of the table, his towering figure emanating an aura of authority without even anger.

His fingertips gently toyed with a brilliant white jade talisman, which shimmered with a soft yet mysterious light in the candlelight.

The candlelight within the hall flickered uncontrollably, like a group of restless spirits, casting shadows on the walls and highlighting the sinister look on the Sixth Hall Master's face.

He had just received a message from the golden-robed monk.

The message, tinged with excitement and pride, informed him that progress at the Soul Gathering Altar was proceeding smoothly, and that the Soul Urn had already collected the soul threads of nearly a thousand cultivators.

According to the plan, in a few days, this Soul Urn, carrying the soul power of countless cultivators, would be handed over to the Evil Path Hall, completing a secret and dangerous transaction.

The Sixth Palace Master, as if foreseeing the lucrative rewards of a successful transaction and the further rise in his status within the temple, unconsciously raised his lips.

Currently, a large amount of immortal stones was piled in a warehouse within the Sixth Palace. If the Sixth Palace Master could deliver these immortal stones to the Third Palace Master, his future would be bright.

However, fate always seemed to like to strike a fatal blow at the moment of greatest success.

Just then, a shattered communication talisman suddenly flew in from outside the hall like a runaway meteor.

The talisman paper instantly exploded in the air, shattering into countless tiny fragments, leaving only intermittent sounds of fear and despair echoing in the air.