Chapter 6081

The golden-crowned cultivator seized the opportunity to rush towards Kai, a golden longsword appearing in his hand: “Boy, prepare to die!”

“Divine King Sword Technique – Heavenly Punishment!”

The golden sword light, like thunder from the heavens, carried a majestic divine might as it slashed towards Kai.

This sword strike contained the power of the divine royal bloodline; its power was so great that the entire cave trembled.

The golden-crowned cultivator was at the peak of the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and with the blessing of the Divine King bloodline, the power of this sword strike was approaching that of the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm!

But Kai was not afraid at all.

“A mere trick.”

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was held horizontally, gray sword light condensing.

There were no fancy moves, just a simple straight thrust.

Clang!

The tips of the two swords collided precisely.

Time seemed to stand still for a moment.

The next instant, the golden sword light shattered!

The golden longsword in the golden-crowned cultivator's hand broke into pieces, and he himself was struck as if by a heavy blow, flying backward and crashing into the cave wall, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

"You... what realm are you?!"

The golden-crowned cultivator was horrified.

He clearly sensed that Kai was only at the peak of the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, so why was his combat power so terrifying?

Kai didn't answer, taking a step forward and already in front of the golden-crowned cultivator, the Dragon-Slaying Sword pressed against his throat.

"Speak, what exactly is going on with this Sacred Mountain? Why is the Divine Race refining ghost corpses?"

The golden-crowned cultivator's face was deathly pale, but a hint of madness flashed in his eyes: "Hehe...you can't stop it...the eight altars have been activated, the blood sacrifice array is complete...the Ghost Weeping Saint Venerable is about to reappear...at that time, you will all die..."

"Stubborn fool."

Kai pushed the tip of his sword forward, piercing halfway into the golden-crowned cultivator's throat, "If you don't speak, I'll kill you right now."

The fear of death finally overwhelmed his madness, and the golden-crowned cultivator trembled as he said, "I'll talk...I'll talk..."

"The Sacred Mountain...the entire Sacred Mountain...is actually the corpse of the Ghost Weeping Saint Venerable transformed..."

What?!

Kai and Ming Li were both shocked.

The entire Sacred Mountain was transformed from a single corpse?

“Tens of thousands of years ago, the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable fought a great battle with three True Immortals of the Temple, and was ultimately suppressed here,”

the golden-crowned cultivator said with difficulty. “But his cultivation was extraordinary, and even in death, his body remained indestructible, absorbing the spiritual energy of heaven and earth and transforming into a mountain range…” ”

The successive Temple Masters all wanted to control this Saint Venerable’s body, but the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable had placed a restriction on it before his death, which could not be controlled by anyone without the bloodline of the Ghost Clan. Until three hundred years ago, the current Temple Master, the Divine Power Master, devised a method to forcibly awaken the remaining consciousness within the body through blood sacrifice, and then used a secret method of the Divine Clan to refine it into a ghost corpse…”

“In this way, the restriction placed on the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable before his death would be eroded by the power of blood sacrifice, and ultimately controlled by the Temple…”

The golden-crowned cultivator coughed up blood: “Eight altars… each corresponding to one of the eight key parts of the body… Once the blood sacrifice array is completed… all living beings within the entire Holy Mountain area will be sacrificed… to awaken the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable’s body… and refine it into a ghost corpse that only obeys the Temple…”

“Your methods are truly vicious!” Ming Li was furious.

The Ghost Clan's Holy Venerable, even in death, could not find peace; he was to be turned into a puppet by his enemies—what a disgrace! Kai's eyes flashed even colder: "The eight pillars of light on the mountaintop, are those the eight altars?"

"Yes… the Blood Sacrifice Array is 70% activated… in another quarter of an hour… it will be fully formed…"

The golden-crowned cultivator laughed bitterly, "You can't stop it… the altars are guarded by powerful gods… and once the array is activated… unless three or more altars are destroyed simultaneously… it cannot be interrupted…"

"Now… it's too late…"

As if confirming his words, the sacred mountain trembled even more violently.

The eight blood-red pillars of light on the mountaintop grew brighter and brighter, the interconnected blood-red energy almost solidifying.

All living beings within the entire sacred mountain range felt their blood boiling; those with weaker cultivation began to bleed from their seven orifices!

The pilgrims were horrified to discover that their essence blood was being uncontrollably drawn from their bodies, turning into blood streaks flying towards the mountaintop.

They wanted to escape, but an invisible barrier seemed to exist within the sacred mountain range, sealing off all paths.

"Help!"

"Let us out!"

"The gods have deceived us! This isn't the sacred mountain, it's a demon's lair!"

Screams and cries echoed throughout the sacred mountain.

Inside the cave, the tremors of the Ghost Cry Saint statue reached their peak.

Large chunks of its stone outer shell peeled away, revealing a pitch-black body within.

It was a hundred-foot-tall ghost-like body, with a human torso, a snake's tail, and eight ferocious arms.

Although its eyes remained closed, the aura it emitted distorted the very space around it.

"It's about to awaken..."

The golden-crowned cultivator stared at the statue with fascination, "The Saint is about to awaken..."

Without hesitation, Kai ended the golden-crowned cultivator's life with a single sword strike.

"Ming Li, let's split up."

Kai quickly made a decision. "You go and disrupt the blood sacrifice ritual in the cave to prevent the statue from fully awakening. I'll go to the mountaintop and try to destroy the altar as much as possible."

"But Mr. Chen, there must be powerful gods guarding the mountaintop. You'll be alone..." Ming Li said worriedly.

"It's alright."

Kai looked at the statue that was about to awaken. "If it fully awakens, that will be the real problem. You do your best to stop it here, and I'll try my best at the mountaintop."

"Also, these controlled cultivators..."

Kai looked at the cultivators who were being controlled by the Soul-Controlling Bell and were attacking Ming Li.

Ming Li gritted his teeth: “I’ll find a way to break the control. The Ghost Clan has a secret technique to break soul control, but it will take time.”

“Alright, hurry up.”

Kai said no more, his figure blurred, and he rushed out of the cave.

The Divine Clan cultivators along the way tried to stop him, but no one could stop Kai’s sword light.

He was like a gray lightning bolt, shuttling through the cave passages, and soon rushed out of the cave and into the outside world.

Chapter 6082 - 6085

The outside world was a scene of utter devastation.

On the sacred mountain, thousands of pilgrims lay on the ground, groaning in agony.

Their life essence was forcibly extracted, transforming into streaks of blood that flew towards the summit.

Those with lower cultivation levels had already become desiccated corpses, while those with higher levels were struggling to survive.

In the sky, eight crimson pillars of light connected, forming an array that enveloped the entire sacred mountain.

Between the pillars, crimson energy intertwined like chains, forming a massive cage.

Kai looked up at the summit, his eyes flashing with cold light.

He transformed into a streak of light, rushing towards the summit against the direction from which the blood streaks had flown.

The higher he went, the stronger the suction became, and the denser the crimson energy grew.

If Kai hadn't possessed the power of chaos, capable of devouring all laws, he too would likely have been affected by this suction, his life essence spilling out.

When he reached the mountainside, a dozen figures suddenly appeared ahead, blocking his path.

Leading them was an old man with white hair, clad in a golden divine robe, his aura as deep as the sea—a peak eighth-grade Upper Immortal!

Behind him stood twelve golden-armored generals, each possessing cultivation levels of the sixth or seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

"Halt,"

the white-haired elder said calmly. "This is a sacred mountain, no idlers allowed."

Kai stopped, coldly staring at the elder. "Your divine race, under the guise of pilgrimage, actually performs blood sacrifices, slaughtering countless lives. Aren't you afraid of divine retribution?"

The white-haired elder laughed. "Divine retribution? In the Fourteenth Heaven, the Divine Temple is heaven itself. As for you, if I'm not mistaken, you are Kai from the Thirteenth Heaven, aren't you?"

"You know me?" Kai raised an eyebrow.

"Of course I know,"

the white-haired elder stroked his beard. “Destroying the Heavenly Path, killing the Great Venerable, forcing back the Temple’s special envoy… your name is renowned throughout the Temple. The Temple Master is very interested in you and specifically instructed that if he sees you, he should try to recruit you.”

He paused. “Kai, join the Temple. With your talent, if you are nurtured by the Temple, you will surely become a True Immortal within a hundred years. Why make an enemy of the Temple for those ant-like beings of the lower realms?”

Kai also laughed. “Recruit me? And then, like the pilgrims on this sacred mountain, one day use me as a blood sacrifice?”

“You are different,”

the white-haired elder shook his head. “You are a genius with the bloodline of the Golden Dragon and the power of Chaos. The Temple will only value you, not harm you.”

“Unfortunately, I don’t believe it.”

Kai held his Dragon-Slaying Sword level. “Get out of my way, or die.”

The white-haired old man’s face darkened. “You won’t listen to reason, so don’t blame me for being ruthless.”

He waved his hand: “Form a formation! Take him down!”

Twelve golden-armored generals quickly dispersed, forming a battle formation that surrounded Kai in the center.

As soon as the formation was complete, the auras of the twelve men merged into one, their power surging, even faintly exuding the oppressive aura of a ninth-grade Upper Immortal!

“Kill!” Twelve people shouted in unison, and twelve golden spear shadows, like dragons emerging from the sea, pierced towards Kai from all directions.

Kai neither dodged nor evaded, sweeping his Dragon-Slaying Sword horizontally.

“Chaotic Sword Domain – Open!”

The gray domain instantly unfolded, covering an area of a hundred feet.

After entering the domain, the twelve spear shadows slowed down drastically, and their power was greatly reduced.

Kai’s figure moved like a ghost, weaving through the spear shadows.

With each swing of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, a divine general fell.

The sword light was like lightning, and blood blossomed.

Three breaths later, all twelve divine generals fell to the ground, and the battle formation collapsed.

The white-haired old man’s pupils shrank sharply: “Such a fast sword… such a strange domain…”

He finally put away his contempt: “It seems that the Palace Master underestimated you. Your true combat strength is probably close to the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.”

“Get out of the way now, it’s not too late.”

Kai pointed his sword at the old man.

The white-haired elder laughed: “Young man, you are indeed strong. But this is the Holy Mountain, territory cultivated by the temple for ten thousand years.”

He formed hand seals: “I’ll show you the true power of the Holy Mountain Grand Array.” As soon as he

finished speaking, the Holy Mountain trembled, and eight blood-red pillars of light simultaneously shot down, converging on the white-haired elder.

The white-haired elder’s aura rose steadily, from the peak of the eighth rank to the early stage of the ninth rank, then to the middle stage of the ninth rank… finally settling at the peak of the ninth rank!

His white hair turned blood red, his eyes were crimson, and his body was surrounded by blood-red light, like a blood demon descending to earth.

“Under the blessing of the Blood Sacrifice Grand Array, I can briefly possess the power of the peak of the ninth rank.”

The white-haired elder’s voice became hoarse and eerie, “Kai, it’s an honor for you to die in this state.”

He struck out with a palm.

The blood-red palm print blotted out the sky, countless vengeful spirits howled within his palm, carrying a terrifying suction force, as if to drain Kai’s essence, blood, and soul.

This was an evil technique infused with the power of the Blood Sacrifice Grand Array!

Kai’s expression turned solemn. The power of this palm strike had indeed reached the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and even faintly touched the threshold of the True Immortal Realm.

He couldn’t take it head-on.

Kai retreated rapidly, simultaneously unleashing dozens of sword lights from his Dragon-Slaying Sword, slashing towards the blood-red palm print.

The sword lights struck the palm print, like mud oxen entering the sea, only creating slight ripples.

The palm print continued its momentum, relentlessly pursuing Kai. “You can’t escape.”

The white-haired elder sneered. “Within the Holy Mountain’s boundaries, no matter where you run, you can’t escape the array’s perception.”

Kai suddenly stopped.

He stopped running and turned to face the blood-red palm print.

“Who said I was going to run?”

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was held upright in front of his chest, and Kai closed his eyes.

Within his body, the Chaos Dao Seed spun wildly, the Golden Dragon Bloodline boiled, and the Netherworld Qi circulated.

The three forces began to merge under the harmonization of the Yin-Yang Returning Origin Technique.

Chaos was the foundation, the Golden Dragon was Yang, and the Netherworld was Yin.

The three elements returned to one, capable of breaking all laws.

“Slash.”

Kai opened his eyes and slashed out with his sword.

There was no dazzling sword light, no terrifying aura.

There was only a simple and unadorned gray sword light, as thin as a hair, flying silently toward the blood-red palm print.

The white-haired elder initially didn't take it seriously, but the next second, his expression changed drastically.

The moment the gray sword light touched the blood-red palm print, the palm print began to dissolve!

It wasn't shattered, but dissolved, like ice and snow meeting fire, rapidly crumbling.

The vengeful spirit in the palm let out a shrill scream, turning into wisps of smoke and dissipating.

The gray sword light, undiminished in its momentum, pierced through the palm print and shot straight at the white-haired old man.

"Impossible!"

The white-haired old man was horrified and hurriedly summoned all his protective magic treasures.

A golden shield, a jade talisman, a blood-red banner... seven or eight top-tier defensive magic treasures lit up simultaneously, forming layers of barriers in front of him.

But the gray sword light seemed to ignore them, piercing through layer after layer.

*Swoosh!

* The sword light finally pierced through the last barrier and pierced into the white-haired old man's chest.

The white-haired old man's body stiffened, and he looked down at his chest.

There was no wound, no blood, but his life force was rapidly fading.

"What... what kind of power is this..."

he managed to utter these words, his body beginning to turn to ashes and dissipate in the wind.

One sword strike, slaying a peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal!

Although his peak ninth-grade Immortal Realm cultivation was somewhat inflated due to external forces, Kai's sword strike was still incredibly impressive!

Kai sheathed his sword, his face pale.

That last strike had nearly exhausted seventy percent of his power. While

the Three Elements Returning to One technique was powerful, it also placed a tremendous burden on his body.

He dared not delay, swallowing several recovery pills before continuing his flight towards the mountaintop.

No one stopped him along the way. Soon, Kai reached the summit.

The summit was a massive platform, with eight crimson altars standing in an octagonal pattern at its center.

Each altar was about ten zhang high, intricately engraved with array patterns, from which blood flowed, emanating a thick, pungent stench.

Crimson energy connected the eight altars, forming a complete array. At the center of the array, a gigantic crimson heart floated, beating rhythmically.

Thump…thump…thump…

With each beat, the entire sacred mountain trembled.

Countless blood threads flew in from all directions, converging into the heart.

After absorbing the blood, the heart beat even more powerfully, emitting an increasingly terrifying aura.

Kai could sense that within that heart, a terrifying being was being conceived—the remnant consciousness of the Ghost Crying Saint Venerable, or rather, the embryonic form of a ghost corpse.

Once the heart was fully formed, the ghost corpse would awaken completely, becoming a killing tool controlled by the temple.

It must be destroyed!

Kai's gaze swept across the eight altars, quickly locking onto three. According to the golden-crowned cultivator, destroying all three altars simultaneously would interrupt the blood sacrifice formation.

However, the altars were protected by arrays, and the eight altars were interconnected; attacking one would trigger a counterattack from the other seven.

"I have no choice but to force my way through,"

Kai thought, selecting three of the closest altars. He took a deep breath, preparing to attack simultaneously.

But just then, a familiar voice rang out.

"Kai, you really came."

Kai turned to see Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli emerging from behind an altar.

And it wasn't just them.

From all directions, figures appeared.

There were over thirty Divine Race cultivators, each possessing a powerful aura. The weakest was at the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and the strongest, several elders, were at the ninth rank!

They were clearly prepared, waiting for Kai to walk right into their trap.

“I didn’t expect you to actually dare to come to the Fourteenth Heaven.”

Lin Wuchen looked at Kai, a complex expression flashing in his eyes. “Being defeated by you in the Thirteenth Heaven is the shame of my life. Today, I will personally wash away this shame.”

Yue Liuli also said coldly, “Kai, you ruined my temple’s grand plan and killed my temple’s cultivators. Today, you will not return alive!”

Kai glanced at everyone, his expression calm: “Just you?”

“Arrogant!”

A ninth-rank elder sneered, “Kai, you are indeed exceptionally talented and have astonishing combat power. But this is a sacred mountain, with the Blood Sacrifice Array enhancing our strength. And you, all alone, how can you withstand us?”

Another elder spoke up: “Kai, the temple master values talent and will give you one last chance. Join the temple, hand over the secrets of the Golden Dragon Bloodline and the Chaos Power, and I will spare your life. Otherwise, today is your death day.”

Kai smiled: “Recruit me? And then, like you treated Ghost Cry Saint Venerable, one day turn me into a puppet?”

The elders’ faces darkened.

“Stubborn to the end, then die!”

More than thirty divine cultivators attacked simultaneously. Various supernatural powers, magical treasures, and formations rained down on Kai.

The mountaintop platform was instantly engulfed in a dazzling array of colors, and the terrifying energy fluctuations caused the space itself to tremble.

Kai, at the center of the attack, remained remarkably calm.

This was the moment he had been waiting for.

“Chaotic True Body!”

“Golden Dragon Bloodline!” ”

Yin Yang Return to Origin Technique – Three Elements Return to One!”

The three supreme powers erupted simultaneously, and Kai’s aura instantly surged to its peak.

Half of his body shone with golden light like the sun, while the other half was shrouded in gray mist like chaos, with black energy flowing between his chest and abdomen, perfectly fusing the two powers.

On the Dragon-Slaying Sword, three-colored sword light flickered erratically, and the blade emitted an excited hum.

“Break!”

Kai unleashed a sword strike, and the three-colored sword light spread out in a fan shape, meeting all the attacks head-on.

Rumble…

A terrifying explosion swept across the entire mountaintop. The protective formations of the eight altars trembled violently, countless

cracks appeared on the platform, and several altars even began to tilt. More

than thirty divine cultivators were blasted away by the explosion, and those with weaker cultivation levels were seriously injured and coughed up blood on the spot.

Kai was also badly injured. Withstanding so many attacks, even with the Three Elements Unity protecting him, he suffered considerable internal injuries.

But he didn't stop. Taking advantage of the moment the divine cultivators were knocked back, he transformed into three afterimages and simultaneously pounced on the three chosen altars.

"Not good! He's going to destroy the altars!"

"Stop him!"

The divine cultivators were shocked and hurriedly tried to stop him.

But Kai's speed was too fast. The three afterimages arrived at the three altars almost simultaneously, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword was swung out.

"Chaos – Heaven Opening!"

Three gray sword lights simultaneously struck the altar bases.

The altar's protective array was like paper before the chaotic sword light, shattering instantly.

The sword light continued its momentum, slashing into the interior of the altars.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Huge cracks appeared on the three altars simultaneously, the cracks spreading rapidly, and finally...

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The three altars exploded!

The moment the altars exploded, the Blood Sacrifice Array violently trembled.

The eight crimson pillars of light dimmed, and the crimson energy chains connecting them snapped inch by inch.

The crimson heart, suspended in the center of the formation, emitted a shrill scream, its beating becoming erratic. The

tremors of the entire sacred mountain ceased.

The blood threads that had been flying towards the summit broke, the suction force within the pilgrims vanished, and their essence blood stopped flowing out.

Inside the cave, the statue of the Ghostly Weeping Saint, which was about to fully awaken, suddenly trembled, the cracks on its surface stopped spreading, and the scarlet light began to fade.

Success!

The Blood Sacrifice Formation had been interrupted!

“No!!!”

The divine cultivators roared in despair.

Their plan, painstakingly crafted for three hundred years and on the verge of success, had been ruined by Kai alone! ”Kill him! Kill him!”

Lin Wuchen’s eyes were bloodshot, he looked like a madman.

Yue Liuli also gritted her teeth: “Kai, I will tear you to pieces!”

The remaining twenty-five Divine Clan cultivators attacked again, this time without holding back, all using their strongest killing moves.

Kai smiled.

The great formation was broken, the ghost corpse failed to awaken, his goal had been achieved.

Now, it was time to leave.

“Ming Li, retreat!”

Kai transmitted his voice to Ming Li in the mountainside cave.

“Mr. Chen, I have rescued most of the cultivators, and I have also destroyed the Soul Control Bell.”

Ming Li replied, “But the cave entrance is sealed by the Divine Clan, I am breaking through.”

“Hold on, I will come to meet you.”

Kai no longer fought with the Divine Clan cultivators, he swung the Dragon Slayer Sword and unleashed a ring of sword light, forcing back the crowd, then transformed into a stream of light and rushed towards the mountainside.

“Stop him! Don’t let him get away!”

The Divine Clan cultivators gave chase.

Kai was extremely fast, and in a few breaths he arrived at the mountainside cave.

A dozen or so divine race cultivators guarded the cave entrance, and the sounds of fighting echoed from within.

“Get out of the way!”

Kai unleashed a sword strike, a crescent-shaped gray light sweeping across the cave, instantly slicing through the divine race cultivators at the entrance.

He rushed into the cave and saw Ming Li protecting dozens of rescued cultivators, locked in fierce combat with over twenty divine race cultivators.

Although these cultivators were not highly skilled, they had formed a simple battle formation under Ming Li’s command, barely holding on.

“Mr. Chen!” Ming Li’s spirits lifted upon seeing Kai.

“Go!” Kai forced back the attacking divine race cultivators with a single sword strike, opening a passage.

Ming Li led the rescued cultivators swiftly out of the cave,

while Kai brought up the rear. The divine race cultivators outside had caught up and joined the cultivators inside, numbering over forty, completely surrounding Kai and his group.

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli also arrived, their faces ashen.

“Kai, you’re not getting away today!” Lin Wuchen gritted his teeth.

Kai scanned his surroundings. The number of Divine Clan cultivators had grown to over fifty, including six at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

A direct confrontation was not an option.

He looked at Ming Li: “How many can you take with you?”

Ming Li smiled bitterly: “With my cultivation level, I can only teleport ten at most. And the distance can’t be too far.”

Kai nodded: “That’s enough. You take these cultivators and go first; I’ll cover the rear.”

“No! Mr. Chen, we’ll all go together!” Ming Li cried urgently.

“That’s an order,” Kai said firmly. “Your presence will only be a burden. Don’t worry, if I want to leave, they can’t stop me.”

Ming Li gritted his teeth and finally nodded: “Mr. Chen, be careful!”

He formed hand seals, unleashing a Ghost Clan secret technique, and a cloud of black mist enveloped the ten cultivators.

The black mist dissipated, and the eleven had vanished.

Previous Page Yue Liuli also manipulated the God-King Binding Immortal Rope, binding Kai.

But it was too late.

Kai’s figure disappeared into the crack, and the crack quickly closed.

The silver sword light and golden chains collided with the closed space, bursting with dazzling light, but could not penetrate.

Kai had escaped.

“Ah!!!” Lin Wuchen roared to the sky, seemingly insane.

Yue Liuli’s face was so gloomy it could drip water.

The six ninth-rank elders looked at each other, their eyes filled with horror.

Under the siege of more than fifty powerful members of the Divine Race, within the range of the Holy Mountain’s great formation, Kai not only destroyed the Blood Sacrifice Formation and saved people, but also escaped unscathed.

This strength, this courage, this method…

If this boy is not eliminated, he will surely become a major threat to the Divine Palace!

“Chase him!”

one of the elders gritted his teeth, “He forcibly broke through space, he must be seriously injured, he can’t have escaped far!”

“Use all our power to search the area within ten thousand miles of the Holy Mountain, we must find him!”

The Divine Race cultivators transformed into streaks of light, scattering in all directions to search.

Meanwhile, in a valley a hundred miles away from the Holy Mountain, a rift opened in space, and Kai staggered out.

His face was ashen, and he had a deep, bone-revealing sword wound on his chest, left by Lin Wuchen’s final strike.

A mark from a golden chain stretched across his back, nearly breaking his spine.

Even more serious were his internal injuries.

Forcibly using the Three Elements Unity technique to break through space had almost exhausted all his power; his Chaos Dao Seed and Golden Dragon Bloodline were both dim and lifeless.

But he was still alive.

Kai swallowed the last few pills and sat cross-legged to meditate.

Half an hour later, Ming Li appeared, enveloped in black mist.

“Mr. Chen!” Ming Li was shocked to see Kai’s injuries.

“It’s alright, I won’t die.”

Kai opened his eyes. “What about those cultivators?”

“I’ve placed them in a cave a hundred miles away, set up a concealment array, they’re safe for now,” Ming Li said. “Mr. Chen, your injuries…”

“I need time to recover.” Kai stood up. “It’s not safe here, the Divine Race will be searching soon. We need to leave as soon as possible.”

“Where to?” Ming Li asked.

Kai looked into the distance, a determined look flashing in his eyes.

“To the Divine Hall.”

“Since the Divine Hall wants to kill me, then I’ll go find their enemy. Moreover, the Divine Hall is the only hope to save Senior Mu Sha’s soul.”

The two transformed into streaks of light and disappeared into the valley.

Chapter 6086 - 6090

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The temple.

Inside the majestic main hall, Shen Tong was discussing with the twelve elders how to subtly spread the news of the Golden Dragon bloodline’s emergence.

“This matter needs to be handled subtly.”

Shen Tong picked up his jade cup and took a sip of the immortal liquid. “Being too deliberate will only arouse suspicion. It would be best to let

those reclusive old fellows find out by chance, so that they will send people down to the

mortal realm on their own initiative." Elder Hong Yan smiled and said, "Don't worry, Palace Master, I have made all the arrangements. Three days later, at the largest underground trade fair in the Northern Region, a broken jade slip containing information about the Golden Dragon Clan's secret realm will unexpectedly appear.

Seventy percent of the jade slip is genuine, and thirty percent is fake, enough to pass for the real thing."

"Very good."

Shen Tong nodded in satisfaction. "That Kai is only a first-grade Upper Immortal. Even with the bloodline of the Golden Dragon, he can't cause much trouble.

Once the experts of the Fourteenth Heaven swarm down to the mortal realm, even if he has three heads and six arms, he will only face certain death."

The white-haired elder seemed to have a hidden worry: "Palace Master, Kai was able to defeat Wu Chen and Liu Li, and also kill a Great Venerable. He is probably not an ordinary first-grade Upper Immortal.

If he hides in the demon army or escapes into the void rift, the people we send down to the mortal realm may not be able to succeed easily..."

"It's alright."

Shen Tong put down his jade cup, his expression calm. "He can hide for a while, but not forever. Resources are scarce in the lower realms, and spiritual energy is thin; he can't remain hidden forever. Besides..."

He paused, a cold smile playing on his lips, "If he truly has the guts, he might come to the Fourteenth Heaven on his own initiative."

Upon hearing this, all the elders were taken aback.

“What does the Palace Master mean…” the white-haired elder asked tentatively.

“Just a guess.”

Shen Tong said leisurely, “Kai has been so high-profile in the Thirteenth Heaven, destroying the Path to Heaven and killing a Great Venerable; he’s definitely not someone who’s content to lie low. If he learns what the Golden Dragon bloodline means in the Fourteenth Heaven, he might very well take the risk.”

He looked at the elders: “Give the order to all branch halls to keep an eye out for unfamiliar faces, especially young human cultivators. If Kai is discovered, report it immediately; no one is allowed to act without authorization.”

“Yes!”

the elders responded in unison.

Just then…

hurried footsteps suddenly came from outside the main hall.

A golden-armored general, looking flustered, almost stumbled into the hall and knelt on the ground.

“Reporting to the Hall Master! Urgent report from the Holy Mountain!”

Shen Tong frowned slightly. The affairs of the Holy Mountain were always handled by the Golden Crown Venerable, who was usually calm and collected. He had never been so flustered before.

“Speak,”

the golden-armored general said, his forehead dripping with cold sweat, his voice trembling. “The Holy Mountain… the Holy Mountain Blood Sacrifice Array has been destroyed! The three altars are destroyed, the awakening of the Ghostly Crying Saint Venerable has been interrupted, and the Golden Crown Venerable… the Golden Crown Venerable has died in the line of duty!”

Boom!

A terrifying pressure suddenly erupted from the throne, like the collapse of the heavens and the cracking of the earth, like a mountain collapsing and a tsunami crashing.

The twelve elders all paled, and the golden-armored general was struck as if by a heavy blow, forced to the ground, blood seeping from his seven orifices, yet he dared not even utter a groan.

Shen Tong slowly rose.

He still possessed that dignified and calm expression, but the pressure emanating from his body caused the entire main hall to tremble.

The divine beast patterns on the white jade pillars seemed to come alive, emitting a mournful hum.

“What did you say?”

His voice remained calm, yet it was like ten thousand years of ice, chilling to the bone.

The golden-armored general strained to utter a few words: “The Holy Mountain… was attacked… three altars were destroyed… the Golden Crown Venerable died in battle… the Blood Sacrifice Array… was interrupted…”

The divine power

remained silent. He simply stood there quietly.

But the entire temple felt the suppressed rage.

Elder Red Flame paled in horror and abruptly stood up: “Who? Who dares to be so audacious?! The Holy Mountain is heavily guarded by our temple’s troops, and the Blood Sacrifice Array is overseen by elders. Who could possibly break into the summit and destroy our altars?!” The

golden-armored general’s voice trembled: “According to… according to the surviving guards… the attacker was a young human, wielding a gray longsword, with astonishing combat power… He called himself… called himself Kai…”

“Kai?!”

Even the white-haired elder exclaimed in shock. Just moments

ago they were discussing how to deal with this lower realm youth, and in the blink of an eye, he had infiltrated the Fourteenth Heaven and directly attacked the Holy Mountain Blood Sacrifice Array, which the temple had cultivated for three hundred years!

“Impossible!”

Elder Hongyan exclaimed sharply. “How could he have reached the Fourteenth Heaven? The Path to Heaven is destroyed; how could a mere First-Rank Immortal cross the barrier between the two realms?”

The golden-armored general prostrated himself, not daring to raise his head. “Your subordinate… Your subordinate doesn’t know. But the surviving guards identified the attacker as matching Kai’s appearance on the wanted poster, and he possesses the bloodline of the Golden Dragon and the power of Chaos…”

He paused, his voice even lower. “Special Envoys Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli were on a routine patrol of the Holy Mountain at the time and had a direct confrontation with Kai. The two envoys confirmed… that the man was indeed Kai.” A deathly silence fell over the hall.

The twelve elders exchanged bewildered glances, their eyes filled with shock and dread.

A mere cultivator from the lower realm, newly arrived at the fourteenth level of the Heavenly Realm, dared to storm the sacred mountain that the temple had cultivated for millennia. Surrounded by over fifty powerful members of the Divine Race and elders empowered by a blood sacrifice array, he single-handedly destroyed three altars, killed the Golden Crown Venerable and dozens of guards, and yet escaped unscathed!

What audacity!

What combat prowess!

Shen Tong slowly returned to his throne, his calm expression finally replaced by a hint of malice.

“Golden Crown… has followed me for three hundred years.”

His voice was low and unreadable. “He was cautious in his actions, and although his cultivation wasn’t top-tier, he never overstepped his bounds. I entrusted the Holy Mountain to him because I trusted him.”

He paused. “He’s dead. The three altars are destroyed. Three hundred years of hard work, all gone in a single day.”

Elder Red Flame said urgently, “Palace Master, now that Kai’s whereabouts have been exposed, we should immediately send troops to seal off the area within ten thousand miles of the Holy Mountain, and we’ll dig three feet into the ground to capture and kill him!” Elder White Hair hesitated

, “Palace Master, if we send out a large force, the commotion will be too great, and the Divine Hall and Divine Palace will surely notice. If they use this as an excuse to…”

“Use this as an excuse to?”

Shen Tong sneered. “The Holy Mountain has been attacked, the altars destroyed, and I, the dignified Palace Master, have to be so hesitant even when pursuing an assassin?”

Elder White Hair fell silent.

Shen Tong took a deep breath, suppressing the surging killing intent in his heart.

“Issue my order!”

His voice suddenly turned stern: “First, mobilize all the elite troops from the seven cities of the Northern Region, under the command of Elder Hongyan, to seal off the area within a radius of 30,000 li around the Holy Mountain immediately. All cultivators entering and leaving must be strictly investigated!

Kai is seriously injured and cannot have escaped far; he must be hiding near the Holy Mountain to heal. Even if you have to turn every inch of land upside down, you must find him!”

Elder Hongyan bowed: “Your subordinate obeys!”

“Second, the Holy Mountain Blood Sacrifice Array must not be interrupted.”

Shentong’s gaze was icy. “The three destroyed altars must be repaired within three months. The necessary materials and blood sacrifices must be transferred from other Holy Mountain branch altars.

If there is a shortage of manpower, draw from the various branch halls. In short, I don’t care what methods you use, I want to see all eight altars fully operational again in three months!”

“This…”

The white-haired elder in charge of the Holy Mountain’s affairs looked troubled. “Palace Master, the materials needed to repair the altar are not

too difficult to obtain, as each branch altar has its own reserves. However, the blood sacrifice array requires a large amount of living beings' essence, blood, and soul power as a catalyst, and we need to gather a sufficient number of offerings within three months…"

Shen Tong gave him a cold look.

The white-haired elder's heart skipped a beat, and he immediately bowed his head: "Your subordinate obeys." "Third," Shen Tong's voice grew even colder, "Issue an order to all temples and branch halls in the Fourteenth Heaven to list Kai as a top-level wanted criminal, effective immediately. A reward of fifty thousand bottles of immortal liquid will be offered."

He paused, enunciating each word clearly: "Fifty thousand bottles."

"Fifty thousand bottles?!" The elders gasped.

This amount was enough to tempt even peak ninth-grade Upper Immortals, and might even tempt some rogue cultivators to take the risk!

"Furthermore,"

Shen Tong continued, "spread the news that Kai possesses the Golden Dragon bloodline and the power of chaos throughout the land. We were hesitant to be too deliberate before, but now that he's delivered himself to our doorstep, we might as well go with the flow."

A cold smile curved his lips: "Fifty thousand bottles of immortal liquid as a reward, plus the secret of the Golden Dragon bloodline and the power of chaos… I want to see how many people in the entire Fourteenth Heaven want his head."

The elders all agreed.

Elder Hong Yan accepted the order and left to prepare to mobilize troops to seal off the Holy Mountain.

The white-haired elder also hurriedly left the hall to begin preparations for repairing the altar.

The other elders each took their assigned tasks and departed.

Soon, only Shen Tong remained in the main hall.

He sat alone on the high golden throne, overlooking the empty hall, his face ashen.

After a long while, he muttered to himself,

“Kai… Kai…”

He uttered the name as if chewing on a piece of raw meat that was difficult to digest.

“I underestimated you.”

He slowly clenched his fist, golden divine light flowing in his palm, with faint glimpses of fading stars visible.

“However, do you think that destroying the Holy Mountain altar will ruin my grand plan?”

He sneered.

“There is more than one Holy Mountain. The Ghost Crying Saint Venerable is not the only one.”

He raised his hand and pointed at the air.

A golden talisman appeared from his fingertip, transforming into a stream of light that pierced through the ceiling and flew into the heavens.

The talisman flew towards the depths of the Fourteenth Heaven, where another Holy Mountain was located. Ten thousand miles away from the Holy Mountain!

Kai and Ming Li flew aimlessly. They wanted to go to the Divine Hall, but they didn't know its exact location!

The Fourteenth Heaven was much larger than the Thirteenth Heaven; without knowing its location, it would be very difficult to find!

"Mr. Chen, which direction should we go?" Ming Li asked!

Kai looked around; all he saw were forests and valleys, not even a town!

"Let's ask someone for directions first."

"Let's see if there's a small town or market town nearby," Kai said.

Just as the two were about to set off, suddenly...

the sounds of fierce fighting came from afar, mixed with a woman's angry shouts and a man's arrogant laughter.

"Help...!"

A shrill cry for help shattered the tranquility of the valley.

Kai and Ming Li exchanged a glance, then simultaneously transformed into streaks of light and rushed towards the source of the sound.

On the western side of the valley, at the edge of a sparse forest,

five golden-armored divine cultivators were surrounding a woman in white.

The woman was in her early twenties, with a face as beautiful as a lotus, delicate features, and a slender figure. Now, however, she was forced into a sorry state, several bloodstains on her dress, and a deep sword wound on her left shoulder revealing bone.

She held a long, cyan sword, its blade flashing with the phantom of a blue phoenix circling around it, clearly not an ordinary weapon.

However, her cultivation was only at the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, while the weakest of the five Divine Clan cultivators was at least at the fifth rank, and their leader was at the peak of the sixth rank.

“Run, why aren’t you running anymore?”

The leading divine cultivator was a burly man with a thick beard. He licked his lips, his eyes filled with lewdness. “Little lady, you’re quite the runner. You chased me all the way from Cloud Immortal City to here, a full three thousand miles. If it weren’t for the orders to capture you alive, I would have already killed you with one sword.”

The woman in white gritted her teeth: “Your temple is utterly heartless, you harmed my parents, slaughtered my sect, I will haunt you even as a ghost!”

“A ghost?”

The burly man laughed. “You think our temple is afraid of ghosts? We wiped out the Ghost Clan back then.

Let me tell you the truth, the Holy Mountain is short of materials. Capturing you back to offer as a sacrifice to the Holy Venerable is a good way to make the most of you. Brothers, charge! Just don’t kill her!”

Five divine cultivators rushed forward.

The woman in white fought desperately, her azure sword light like a rainbow, managing to barely block a few attacks.

But she was outnumbered and outmatched, on the verge of being captured.

Just then…

a gray sword light descended from the sky, like a thunderclap, aimed directly at the burly, bearded man!

“Who goes there!”

the burly man exclaimed in shock, hastily raising his sword to parry.

Clang!

The metal clashed, sparks flying. The burly man felt an overwhelming force emanating from the sword; his hand instantly split open, and the sword flew from his grasp!

He retreated in horror, and upon closer inspection, saw a man in a blue robe standing with a sword, its tip pointing diagonally at the ground, surrounded by a gray mist, appearing both god and demon.

It was Kai.

“You… who are you?!” The burly man with a bushy beard trembled and said, “You dare to meddle in the affairs of the Divine Temple? You’re tired of living!”

Kai didn’t answer, only giving him a cold glance.

With just that one glance, the burly man felt as if he had fallen into an ice cave.

He had seen countless powerful figures, and quite a few ninth-rank elders, but he had never seen such a calm yet chilling gaze. It wasn’t killing intent, but a kind of indifference, as if in Kai’s eyes, he was nothing more than an ant.

“People of the Divine Temple?”

Kai spoke, his voice calm. “Perfect, I have a score to settle with you.”

He took a step forward.

A gray sword light flashed across the sky like a bolt of lightning, instantly slicing through the throats of three Divine Clan cultivators.

The three didn't even have time to scream before they collapsed, lifeless.

The remaining two were terrified and turned to flee.

But Kai was faster.

The sword light flashed again, and two more fell.

In just three breaths, all five Divine Clan cultivators at the fifth and sixth ranks of the Upper Immortal Realm were dead.

The burly man with a thick beard knelt on the ground, clutching his bleeding throat, his eyes filled with resentment and fear.

With all his might, he forced out a few words: "You…you are…Chen…"

Before he could finish, he breathed his last.

Kai sheathed his sword and turned to look at the woman in white.

The woman in white stared at him blankly, as if she hadn't yet recovered from the shock she had just experienced.

Her lips trembled slightly, and after a long while, she managed to squeeze out a sentence:

"You…you're Kai? The Kai who destroyed the Path to Heaven, killed the Great Venerable, and just now caused a ruckus on the Holy Mountain?"

Kai raised an eyebrow: "You know me?"

"Now, who in the entire Fourteenth Heaven doesn't know you?"

The woman in white smiled bitterly, "The Divine Temple has issued the highest-level wanted notice, offering a reward of fifty thousand bottles of immortal liquid for your life. Although I've been hiding in the deep mountains cultivating, I've heard the news."

As she spoke, she suddenly knelt down and kowtowed heavily: “Benefactor above, please accept Liu Qianqian’s bow! I will never forget the life-saving grace you have shown me today!”

Kai reached out to help her up: “No need for that. The Divine Temple’s evil deeds are punishable by everyone. Please rise.”

Liu Qianqian shook her head, insisting on kowtowing three times before standing up.

This movement aggravated the wound on her left shoulder, and she groaned, her body swaying slightly.

Ming Li stepped forward and handed over a healing pill: “Take this first to stop the bleeding and heal your wounds.”

Liu Qianqian took the pill, hesitating slightly.

Ming Li said calmly, “A Ghost Clan pill, non-toxic.”

A hint of surprise flashed in Liu Qianqian’s eyes, but she didn’t ask any further questions and swallowed the pill.

As the medicine took effect, the wound on her left shoulder healed at a visible speed, and her pale complexion regained some color. ”Thank you both very much.”

Liu Qianqian clasped her hands in thanks. “May I ask your names?”

“Kai.”

Kai pointed to Ming Li. “Ming Li.”

Liu Qianqian nodded, her gaze sweeping over the two of them, then hesitated, as if she wanted to say something but didn’t.

Kai noticed her hesitation and asked directly, “Miss Liu, you just said that the temple wants to use you as a sacrifice. Do you know why they want to capture you?”

Liu Qianqian’s face darkened, and after a long silence, she whispered, “Because I know their secret.”

“What secret?”

“The gods are building sacred mountains in various places throughout the Fourteen Heavens, not just this one.”

Hatred flashed in Liu Qianqian’s eyes. “I was originally a disciple of the Azure Phoenix Sect. Three years ago, a group of gods broke into my sect, saying they wanted to requisition Azure Phoenix Mountain as a branch of the sacred mountain.

When the sect leader refused, they… slaughtered all 378 disciples of my Azure Phoenix Sect, draining their essence and souls to sacrifice to a strange statue with eight arms and a snake’s tail!”

Her voice trembled, but she forced back her tears. “I happened to be out training at the time and escaped the calamity. When I returned, I saw the mountain full of corpses, even the sect leader… had been turned into a dried corpse and hung around the statue…”

Kai remained silent.

Ming Li clenched his fists, the innate hatred for the gods within his ghost race bloodline almost uncontrollable.

Liu Qianqian took a deep breath and continued, “Over the years, I’ve been hiding from the gods’ pursuit while secretly investigating.

I discovered that the temple has built at least nine sacred mountains, scattered throughout the fourteen heavens. Each sacred mountain contains the corpse of a powerful ghost race member, all being used in

the same blood sacrifice method, attempting to refine them into ghost corpses!”

“Nine?!” Ming Li exclaimed in disbelief.

When the ghost race was wiped out, he never imagined that the corpses of many powerful ghost race members would still be preserved, intended to be refined into ghost corpses.

Ming Li’s body trembled slightly; their ghost race had truly suffered too much.

“Yes.”

Liu Qianqian gritted her teeth. “The Temple Master, Shen Tong, is extremely ambitious. He not only wants to refine the Ghost Cry Saint Venerable, but also the corpses of the other eight ancient powerful figures of the Ghost Clan. Once all nine ghost corpses are refined and form the ‘Nine Netherworld Purgatory Array,’ the Temple’s strength will be enough to crush the Divine Hall and the Divine Palace, and even… he even wants to become the ruler of the entire Divine Clan!”

Kai’s pupils shrank slightly.

This Shen Tong is far too ambitious.

You must know that the Divine King of the Divine Clan, that is, the patriarch, is a Golden Immortal, far beyond what Shen Tong, a mere Immortal, can compare to.

I didn’t expect that this Shen Tong also wants to become the patriarch of the entire Divine Clan.

No wonder he wants to refine so many ghost corpses!

“Have you said these things to anyone else?” Kai asked.

Liu Qianqian shook her head: “No. I dare not say, and no one would believe me. If it weren’t for your kindness in saving my life today, I would have intended to perish together with those divine pursuers, taking these secrets to my grave.”

She looked at Kai, her eyes pleading: “My benefactor, I know you are an enemy of the Temple, and I know you possess the bloodline of the Golden Dragon and the power of Chaos. I do not ask you to avenge my Qingluan Sect, I only ask that when you deal with the Temple, you destroy those sacred mountain altars as well. Even if you only destroy one, it will save countless lives from suffering.”

Kai looked at her and slowly nodded: “I will.”

Liu Qianqian felt relieved and bowed deeply again.

After her emotions had calmed down a bit, Kai asked: “Miss Liu, do you know how to get to the Temple?”

Liu Qianqian was taken aback: “The Temple? My benefactor wants to go to the Temple?” “Yes. The temple wants to kill me, so I’ll go find their enemy,”

Kai said. “Moreover, I need the temple’s experts to help rescue the souls of a couple.”

Liu Qianqian pondered for a moment: “The Holy Domain of Light, where the temple is located, is about 600,000 miles from here. Even if you were to fly, with your cultivation level, it would take more than a month to travel day and night.”

“That long?” Ming Li frowned.

“The Fourteenth Heaven is vast and boundless, each domain comparable to the Thirteenth Heaven,”

Liu Qianqian explained. “Moreover, the journey is fraught with danger, inhabited by demonic beasts, spatial rifts, and ancient restrictions… Ordinary cultivators wouldn’t dare to travel such a long distance.”

She paused, then added, “However, my benefactor need not worry. All the major immortal cities in the Fourteenth Heaven are connected by teleportation arrays. As long as you use a teleportation array, you can reach the Holy Domain of Light within a day.”

Kai’s eyes lit up: “Teleportation array? Where can I use it?”

“The closest is Cloud Immortal City, about three thousand miles from here,”

Liu Qianqian said. “It’s the largest immortal city within a radius of ten thousand miles, and it has a large teleportation array that leads directly to the Holy Domain of Light.”

“Alright, let’s go to Cloud Immortal City,” Kai decided immediately.

As the three were about to depart, Liu Qianqian hesitated, her face showing difficulty. “My benefactor, there’s something… I’m not sure if I should say it.”

“Speak freely.”

“The teleportation array… requires Immortal Liquid as payment,”

Liu Qianqian said softly. “At least one hundred bottles per person. That’s three hundred bottles for the three of us.”

“Immortal Liquid?”

Kai frowned slightly. “What’s that?”

Liu Qianqian took out a palm-sized white jade bottle from her bosom and handed it to Kai.

Kai took it and uncorked it.

The bottle contained about half a bottle of pale golden liquid, radiating a rich immortal aura, more than a hundred times purer than ordinary spirit stones or immortal crystals.

“This is Immortal Liquid,”

Liu Qianqian said. “Spirit stones and immortal crystals are not circulated in the Fourteenth Heaven; all transactions are priced in Immortal Liquid. This

is because although the spiritual energy here is abundant, it contains a special kind of turbid energy that cannot be directly absorbed for cultivation.

The spiritual energy must be purified and condensed into Immortal Liquid through a special method before it can be absorbed.”

“And this condensation method can only be performed in the condensation chambers of the major immortal cities,”

she added. “Cultivators can input their own immortal power into the array of the condensation chamber. The array will draw in the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, combine it with the cultivator’s immortal power, and condense it into drops of Immortal Liquid. The person who condenses the liquid receives 30% as payment.”

Ming Li suddenly understood: “No wonder when we entered the Fourteenth Heaven, although we felt the spiritual energy was abundant, there was always a sense of stagnation, as if the air we breathed in contained grit. I see.”

Kai pondered: “In other words, Immortal Liquid is both a resource that can be absorbed for cultivation and a currency for transactions.”

“Exactly.”

Liu Qianqian nodded. “Moreover, each bottle of immortal liquid has a unique spiritual mark, uniformly refined by the city lords’ mansions of various immortal cities, making it impossible to counterfeit. Immortal liquids from different immortal cities have different marks, but their value is equal, and they can all be used interchangeably.”

She paused, a look of shame on her face: “I’m so incompetent. I’ve been running for my life for three years, and I have very little immortal liquid left. There are only eight bottles here, not even enough to teleport one person…” Kai waved his hand, “No need to blame yourself. You just saved my life and Ming Li’s life; we should be thanking you.”

Liu Qianqian was taken aback, “I saved my benefactor?”

“If you hadn’t been being chased, we wouldn’t have met you.”

Kai rarely joked, “If we hadn’t met you, we would still be wandering aimlessly in the wilderness like headless flies, never finding the Divine Hall.”

Liu Qianqian paused, then chuckled, the gloom in her eyes dissipating considerably.

Ming Li also smiled, saying, “Mr. Chen is right. Miss Liu, don’t worry about the Immortal Elixir; we’ll find a way to earn it.” Liu

Qianqian nodded, “Ruyan is willing to accompany my benefactor to Yunxian City, and along the way, she can explain the customs and culture of the Fourteenth Heaven to him.”

“Alright.” Kai didn’t refuse.

The three of them transformed into streaks of light and flew towards Yunxian City.

Three thousand miles was only an hour for cultivators at the Upper Immortal Realm.

Along the way, Liu Qianqian gave Kai and Ming Li a detailed introduction to the basic situation of the Fourteenth Heaven.

Originally, the Fourteen Heavens comprised thirty-six cities, each governed by a main city, and beneath each main city lay dozens, even hundreds, of smaller immortal cities.

The Divine Temple occupied seven cities, the Divine Hall six, the Divine Palace five, and the remaining eighteen cities were controlled by various neutral forces, ancient families, and alliances of rogue cultivators.

Cloud Immortal City was a medium-sized border immortal city with complex power dynamics.

Nominally under the jurisdiction of the Divine Temple, its control over the area was actually quite weak.

Just then, the clouds and mist ahead gradually dissipated, and a majestic city came into view.

Cloud Immortal City.

Its city walls were hundreds of feet high, constructed entirely of azure-gold immortal stone, gleaming faintly in the sunlight.

Every hundred paces along the walls stood a watchtower, its tip adorned with a fist-sized orb of light—a detection array; any concealment technique would be exposed under the light.

The city gates were even more magnificent, standing thirty feet high, with lifelike carvings of clouds and immortal mountains on the two doors.

Four golden-armored guards stood on either side of the city gate, all at the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, their eyes sharp as eagles.

“Entering the city requires paying with Immortal Liquid,”

Liu Qianqian whispered. “One bottle per person, allowing a seven-day stay. For long-term residence, a separate identity token is required.”

She took out the white jade bottle from her robes, about to retrieve the Immortal Liquid, when Kai stopped her.

“No need.”

Kai took out a storage ring from his robes, which he had obtained by slaying a Great Venerable of the Divine Race in the Thirteenth Heaven, and hadn’t had time to examine it.

Probing it with his divine sense, he discovered that besides numerous magical treasures, pills, and cultivation manual jade slips, there was also an exquisite crystal bottle containing about thirty bottles of pale golden liquid.

It was indeed Immortal Liquid!

Kai took out three bottles and handed them to Liu Qianqian: “Use these first.”

Liu Qianqian took them, her eyes flashing with surprise: “Benefactor, you… how do you have Immortal Liquid?”

“I killed a Great Venerable of the Divine Race and took it along the way,” Kai said calmly.

Liu Qianqian gasped.

The Great Venerable of the Divine Race was a being of the eighth rank or higher in the Upper Immortal Realm, second only to the Elder in status.

She already knew from the wanted poster that Kai was able to kill a Great Venerable, indicating his strength far exceeded his apparent realm.

But hearing it from the person himself still shocked her. She gave Kai a deep look, asked no further questions, and handed the three bottles of immortal liquid to the city gate guard.

The guard took the liquid, carefully examined the spiritual runes on the bottom of the bottles, and after confirming that everything was correct, handed the three of them three jade tokens.

“Keep these tokens safe; you must return them when you leave the city,”

the guard said officially. “Flying is prohibited within the city, and fighting is forbidden; violators will be severely punished.”

Kai took the tokens and entered the city with Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.

…

Upon entering Cloud Immortal City, the scene before them suddenly opened up.

The main street, ten zhang wide, stretched straight ahead, with shops lining both sides.

Some sold magical treasures, some bought materials, some refined pills, and some even catered to cultivators’ banquets…

The place was bustling with noise and activity, ten times more prosperous than any immortal city in the Thirteen Heavens. The cultivators coming and going on the street had diverse appearances. Their cultivation levels ranged from the fourth to the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, but the ninth rank was extremely rare.

Occasionally, one or two cultivators would pass by, and the surrounding cultivators would automatically make way and respectfully bow.

“The Fourteenth Heaven is indeed a place where the strong are respected,” Ming Li remarked.

Liu Qianqian nodded: “The ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm is already top-tier combat power in the Fourteenth Heaven. Most of the elders of the major forces are at this level. As for the Upper Immortal Realm, those are city lords and sect leaders, but these people rarely appear on the streets.”

She paused and pointed to a five-story pavilion at the end of the street: “That’s the teleportation hall. The teleportation array to the Holy Land of Light is on the top floor.”

Kai looked over and saw that the pavilion was entirely silver-white, with a huge spatial array floating on the ceiling, flashing with spiritual light from time to time, clearly in operation.

“Let’s go ask about the teleportation fee first,” Kai said.

The three of them arrived at the teleportation hall, which was bustling with people.

They went straight to the third floor and found the steward in charge of the teleportation array to the Holy Land of Light.

The steward was a middle-aged man with a fair complexion and no beard, and his cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

He glanced at the three of them, noticing Kai and Ming Li were unfamiliar faces, and Liu Qianqian looked tired, assuming they were just ordinary rogue cultivators, so his attitude became somewhat cold.

“Going to the Holy Land of Light? One hundred and twenty bottles of immortal liquid per person.”

Kai frowned slightly: “I just heard it was one hundred bottles, why the price increase?”

The steward said impatiently: “That happened an hour ago. The temple just issued a notice to increase the Holy Mountain repair tax, raising the

cost of all teleportation arrays by 20%. Think it's too expensive? If you think it's too expensive, then don't go."

A cold glint flashed in Ming Li's eyes, and he was about to lash out, but Kai stopped him.

"Excuse me, where in the city can one earn Immortal Elixir?"

Seeing Kai's calm attitude, the steward didn't want to be sarcastic anymore and casually replied, "Earn Immortal Elixir? Simple. Either sell treasures at the Myriad Treasures Pavilion, take on missions at the Mercenary Guild, or work hard at the Elixir Condensation Room in the City Lord's Mansion. Judging from your appearance, you probably don't have any valuable treasures. Go to the Elixir Condensation Room; you can earn two or three bottles a day."

Kai nodded, "Thank you."

The three left the teleportation hall, Liu Qianqian's face somewhat grim.

"One hundred and twenty bottles... that's three hundred and sixty bottles for the three of us."

She whispered, "I thought three hundred bottles would be enough, but I didn't expect the temple to be so greedy, suddenly raising the price."

Kai, however, remained calm, "It's alright. Three hundred and sixty bottles is nothing; we can earn it eventually."

The three left the teleportation hall and walked along the main street.

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The streets were bustling with people, a cacophony of hawking, bargaining, and laughter.

Kai pondered how to raise the three hundred and sixty bottles of immortal liquid. Selling treasures was one option, but most of the divine race spoils in his storage ring had sensitive origins, and rashly selling them might expose his whereabouts.

Just then, a commotion arose ahead.

“Quick, look! A martial arts contest to find a husband!”

“Really? Which fairy is seeking a husband?”

“The eldest daughter of the Chen family in the east of the city! You know the Chen family, right? One of the most prominent families in Yunxian City!”

“Let’s go, let’s go see the excitement!”

A group of cultivators excitedly surged towards the east of the city.

Kai paused, his gaze following the flow of people.

“A martial arts contest to choose a husband?”

He raised an eyebrow. “Such things exist in the Fourteenth Heaven?”

Liu Qianqian also looked over there, a hint of realization flashing in her eyes. “It’s the Chen family. The Divine Palace in Yunxian City is relatively weak, and the affairs of the city are mostly managed by two major families. The Chen family is one of them, mainly engaged in the business of pills, and they are very wealthy.”

She paused. “The eldest daughter of the Chen family, Chen Wanqing, is said to be exceptionally talented, but she has been stuck at the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm for many years without breaking through. It seems that she is looking for a Daoist partner to help her break through through dual cultivation.”

Ming Li suddenly understood. “I see.”

After he finished speaking, he suddenly noticed Kai's thoughtful expression and immediately became alert.

"Mr. Chen," Ming Li said cautiously, "you wouldn't be thinking of..."

Kai withdrew his gaze, his expression calm: "Three hundred and sixty bottles of immortal liquid is no small sum. Selling treasures is risky, the condensation chamber is too slow, and mercenary missions will take an unknown amount of time."

He paused: "But if I could become the son-in-law of the Chen family, three hundred bottles of immortal liquid should be no problem."

Ming Li's eyes widened.

Liu Qianqian was also stunned.

"Mr. Chen,"

Ming Li said with difficulty, "You...you're going to a martial arts contest to find a husband?"

"Is there a problem?"

"Of course there's a problem!"

Ming Li was unusually anxious, "Although the temple's jurisdiction here is relatively weak, it is still within the temple's sphere of influence, and we are wanted by the temple!"

"If you go to a martial arts contest to find a husband, what if you are recognized? Wouldn't that be very troublesome, and we might not be able to leave."

"She's just a female cultivator. If Mr. Chen wants a woman, he can just spend money in the city to find one to vent his frustrations."

Kai glanced at Ming Li: "....."

He was helpless. He wasn't looking for a woman, but he didn't expect Ming Li to think of him like that.

Did others see him as someone who loved playing with women?

Kai couldn't understand. Although he had a few women, most of the time he was the one who was passive!

Liu Qianqian looked at Kai, remained silent for a moment, and whispered, "My benefactor, a martial arts contest to find a husband isn't so easy. Miss Chen has very high standards. Even if you win the contest, if she doesn't like you, it'll be a waste of effort."

She bit her lip, her cheeks slightly flushed, "If you… if you just want women, you don't need to take this risk. I…"

She lowered her eyes, her voice barely audible, "I'm willing to offer myself to my benefactor, to let him have some fun…"

Kai was speechless!

"That's not what I meant." Kai interrupted her, explaining, "Miss Liu, you misunderstand. I'm participating in the martial arts contest for a husband only for the immortal elixir, not for women."

"If you could marry into the Chen family, you'd naturally have over three hundred bottles of immortal elixir."

"Besides, if I wanted to play with women, they would come to me willingly; why would I need to personally participate in the martial arts contest?"

Kai wasn't lying; dozens of women had approached him willingly. He had never actively pursued any of them!

That's his charm!

Moreover, if he wanted to play with women, he had the sword spirit Zhongli, whom he could summon anytime for a good fight.

“Oh, then I misunderstood my benefactor!”

Liu Qianqian lowered her head.

“Let’s go…” Kai walked towards the arena!

Ming Li hesitated for a moment, then quickly followed.

Liu Qianqian stared blankly at Kai’s back, sighed softly after a long while, and quickly caught up.

The three walked towards the martial arts contest arena.

They passed through the bustling crowd and soon arrived at the East City Square.

In the center of the square stood a arena about ten feet high, its surface paved with lapis lazuli, polished smooth as a mirror.

At each of the four corners stood a white jade pillar, over ten feet tall, its shaft carved with intricate array patterns, faintly shimmering with spiritual light.

Beside the arena, a magnificent glazed sedan chair, its curtains drawn low, obscuring the face of the person inside.

Eight maidservants in green robes stood beside the chair, each with a beautiful face, their cultivation levels all around the fifth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

The area below the arena was already packed with at least three or four hundred cultivators.

There were independent cultivators, scions of noble families, and passing merchants, all craning their necks to peer at the arena.

“Why hasn’t anyone gone up yet?” someone asked impatiently.

“What’s the rush? The stage has only just been set up. The Chen family’s eldest daughter is holding a marriage contest; any hero with courage and ability should carefully consider their options.”

“Consider what? Those four pillars are the first test. I heard the Chen family set up these testing pillars to assess real ability; there’s no room for faking it.”

“Indeed. Immortal power strength, immortal power limit, physical strength, bloodline strength—only those who pass two-thirds of all four tests are qualified to invite the eldest daughter to alight from her sedan chair. This one test alone will probably eliminate 99% of the candidates.”

Kai stood in the crowd, his gaze fixed on the four white jade pillars.

Ming Li leaned closer and whispered, “Mr. Chen, can those four pillars really detect these things?”

“Yes,”

Kai said calmly. “The pillars are engraved with a spiritual resonance array, which can convert the immortal power injected by cultivators into light. The brighter the light, the stronger the aptitude in that area. When the entire pillar is lit up, it means that this aspect has reached its peak.”

Liu Qianqian nodded, “My benefactor has a good eye. These four pillars are testing artifacts that the Chen family purchased from the Divine Hall at great expense. It is said that there are only three sets in the entire Yunxian City.

Miss Chen has extremely high standards, and ordinary cultivators cannot meet her standards, so she set up this first test to prevent those who overestimate themselves from harassing her.”

As she was speaking, a commotion broke out in the crowd.

A burly man with broad shoulders and a thick waist pushed through the crowd and leaped onto the arena.

He was shirtless, his muscles were bulging, and the veins on his arms were standing out. He was clearly a cultivator who specialized in physical cultivation.

“I’ll give it a try!” the burly man said in a deep voice. The audience immediately perked up.

“It’s Iron-Armed Hermit Zhou Meng! A sixth-rank Immortal! I heard he can shatter a small mountain with a single punch!”

“Iron-Armed Hermit? The one who fights in underground boxing matches? Interesting.”

Zhou Meng strode to the first stone pillar, took a deep breath, and placed his large, fan-like hand on it.

The array patterns on the pillar lit up one by one, the light slowly rising from the bottom.

One step… two steps… three steps…

When it reached the fourth step, the light stopped, no matter how much Zhou Meng channeled his immortal power, it couldn’t rise any further.

Laughter erupted from the audience.

“Four steps? Not even halfway there!”

“You dare to embarrass yourself with this little skill? Go back and train for another hundred years!”

Zhou Meng’s face flushed red, he slammed his palm against the pillar, turned and jumped off the stage, squeezing into the crowd without looking back.

“Next!” a maid in green called out.

A young man in brocade robes leaped onto the stage.

He was fair-skinned, holding a folding fan, looking every bit the dashing scholar.

“It’s the young master of Zhou’s Trading Company! What’s a mere merchant doing here?”

“Don’t underestimate him. Young Master Zhou is a genuine fifth-grade Upper Immortal. It’s said he was tested as a child and found to have a profound-grade spiritual root.”

Young Master Zhou calmly walked to the first pillar, closed his folding fan, and gently pressed his slender fingers on the pillar.

Light shone.

One step, two steps, three steps, four steps, five steps…

When it reached the sixth step, the light began to flicker erratically, struggling for a moment before finally stopping between the sixth and seventh steps.

Young Master Zhou’s face stiffened slightly.

“Six and a half steps? Still far from it!”

“Hahaha, Young Master Zhou, you’re too delicate. You should go back and settle your accounts!”

Young Master Zhou coughed, feigning composure as he withdrew his hand, and cupped his hands towards the sedan chair: “I, Chen, am of limited talent and learning, and dare not presume to presume.” With that, he quickly stepped off the stage.

Another burst of laughter followed.

The third to step onto the stage was a gaunt old man with white hair and beard, who claimed to have cultivated diligently for three hundred years, living in seclusion.

Everyone initially thought he was quite remarkable, but the first pillar only lit up five bars, and the second only three.

“Old man, at your age, you’re still here to find a husband? Go home and hold your grandchildren!”

“Perhaps he’s still vigorous despite his age? Hahaha!”

The old man slunk off the stage.

The fourth, fifth, sixth…

one cultivator after another stepped onto the stage, only to slunk off again.

Some couldn’t even get past the first pillar with five bars lit up, some barely passed the first, but the second was a disaster.

The worst one tried all four pillars, only managing ten bars lit up in total, and was booed off the stage by the crowd.

“Anyone else want to try?” The maid in green’s voice was already tinged with impatience. Whispers arose from the crowd, but no one answered.

“The Chen family’s threshold is too high. Passing two-thirds of all four pillars—that’s some kind of heaven-defying talent!”

“Indeed. The first pillar, Immortal Power Strength, passing two-thirds means at least a seventh-grade Upper Immortal Realm Immortal Power purity;

the second pillar, Immortal Power Limit, tests the dantian capacity and meridian resilience—only those with extraordinary talent can achieve that;

the third pillar, Physical Strength, might be attainable for cultivators specializing in physical training;

the fourth pillar, Bloodline Strength, that's truly mysterious—what ordinary cultivators possess such a bloodline?"

"So, it seems the eldest daughter of the Chen family doesn't want to marry at all. Setting such a high threshold is just self-aggrandizement."

"You can't say that. When Miss Lin was choosing a husband, didn't she set similar thresholds? In the end, she was still won over by the third young

master of the Zhou family." "The third young master of the Zhou family is a true genius, already an eighth-grade Upper Immortal Realm cultivator before he was even a hundred years old, and it's said he possesses some kind of ancient bloodline. How easy is it for the eldest daughter of the Chen family to find such a husband?"

The discussions rose and fell.

Ming Li shook his head, "The Fourteenth Heaven is indeed full of talented people, but even so, the conditions of this Miss Chen are too demanding."

Liu Qianqian said, "Miss Chen Wanqing of the Chen family is said to be exceptionally beautiful and proficient in alchemy. How could she possibly be interested in ordinary men?

However, she has been stuck at the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm for many years and has been unable to break through, so she had no choice but to seek a Daoist partner through a marriage proposal.

Although her conditions are high, they are not unattainable. At least, the young master of the Wu family in Yunxian City has the ability to meet them."

"The young master of the Wu family?" Ming Li asked curiously.

Just as Liu Qianqian was about to explain, a commotion suddenly arose in the crowd.

“Make way! Young Master Wu is here!”

The crowd parted to the sides like a tide, making way for

a young man.

He was about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, with a handsome face and clear eyes. He wore a spotless moon-white robe, and a jade pendant hung at his waist, swaying gently with his steps.

His steps were slow, yet each one possessed a certain rhythm, his aura restrained and profound, as if he were one with heaven and earth.

“It really is Young Master Wu!”

“Wu Lingyun, the eldest son of the Wu family! Why is he here too?”

“The Chen family’s eldest daughter is holding a marriage contest, and Young Master Wu is personally participating. What chance do others have?”

“I heard Young Master Wu is already a ninth-grade Immortal, and he’s not even 120 years old yet. He’s truly a chosen one!”

Wu Lingyun ignored the surrounding discussions, walking steadily towards the arena without glancing to either side.

Every step he took was unhurried, as if he weren’t there to participate in the marriage contest, but rather to inspect his own backyard.

The eight maids in green unconsciously lowered their heads, and even the curtain of the eight-treasure glazed sedan chair seemed to sway slightly.

Wu Lingyun stepped onto the arena, standing with his hands behind his back before the four pillars, his gaze sweeping lightly over the crowd below, a faint smile playing on his lips.

“Finally, someone decent has arrived,” someone muttered softly.

Wu Lingyun did not immediately conduct the test, but first nodded slightly towards the sedan chair: “Miss Chen, I apologize for my intrusion in coming today.”

There was a moment of silence in the sedan chair, then a clear, cold female voice came out: “It is an honor for the Chen family that Young Master Wu is willing to come.”

Wu Lingyun smiled, then turned and walked towards the first stone pillar. Unlike the previous cultivators who drew in their inner energy or deliberately built up their power, he simply extended his right hand, his fingertips lightly touching the pillar.

Boom!

The entire pillar instantly erupted with blinding white light!

The light shot upwards from the bottom, one level, two levels, three levels... almost without pause, reaching the ninth level in the blink of an eye!

Everyone held their breath.

The tenth level!

The light pierced the top of the pillar like a sharp sword, exploding into a dazzling rain of light in the air. A

deathly silence fell.

Then, deafening exclamations erupted.

“Full light! The first pillar is fully lit!”

“My god, the entire pillar is lit!”

“Is this the strength of a ninth-grade Upper Immortal?!”

Wu Lingyun withdrew his hand, his expression calm, as if he had only done something insignificant.

He walked to the second pillar and extended his hand again.

This time, the light also reached the ninth level, but paused slightly at the tenth level, ultimately failing to completely pierce the top, stopping at nine and a half levels.

“It’s a pity it almost fully lit.”

“Nine and a half bars is still amazing! Didn’t you see those people before? Getting past six bars was considered good!”

Wu Lingyun looked at the nine and a half bars of light, his brows furrowing almost imperceptibly, before returning to normal.

He said calmly, “I’ve been in seclusion for a while recently, and my immortal energy flow is a bit sluggish. Please excuse my poor performance.”

The crowd below dared not laugh, and flattered him repeatedly, “Young Master Wu is too modest! Nine and a half bars is a once-in-a-century achievement!”

“Yes, yes, the second pillar tests the limit of immortal energy .

Reaching nine and a half bars means that Young Master Wu’s dantian capacity has reached a state of perfection!” Wu Lingyun remained noncommittal and walked towards the third pillar.

This pillar tested physical strength.

Wu Lingyun was tall and slender, not as burly as cultivators who specialized in physical strength, and the crowd couldn't help but worry for him.

Wu Lingyun rolled up his sleeves, revealing a section of his strong forearm. He clenched his fist and casually struck the pillar.

Bang!

The dull impact sounded like a drumbeat.

The stone pillar trembled, its light illuminating the pillar. One step, two steps, three steps... it rose to the seventh step, then slowed, finally stopping at seven and a half steps.

A chorus of regret rose from below the stage.

"Seven and a half steps, still half a step short of the two-thirds mark of eight..."

"What a pity, what a pity. Young Master Wu isn't a specialist in physical cultivation after all."

"Seven and a half steps is still pretty good, a hundred thousand times stronger than those three or four steps before."

Wu Lingyun withdrew his fist, his face revealing neither joy nor anger.

He looked at his palm and said softly, "It's been too long since I've practiced body tempering, I'm rusty."

These words were spoken casually, yet they made many below the stage blush; they were far less rusty than Wu Lingyun.

Finally, the fourth stone pillar.

Bloodline strength.

This was the most mysterious aspect.

Ordinary cultivators simply didn't have a bloodline worth mentioning; less than one in ten could light up this pillar.

Wu Lingyun stood still and closed his eyes.

After a moment, he opened his eyes and placed his right hand on the pillar.

A pale golden light shone at the base of the stone pillar.

The golden light, like flowing honey, slowly and steadily spread upwards.

One bar, two bars, three bars... Upon reaching the fifth bar, the gold suddenly deepened, turning into a dazzling crimson gold.

"What kind of bloodline is this?!"

"Crimson gold! At least a high-grade Xuan rank!" "I heard that a true immortal once existed in the Wu family. Could it be that the bloodline of that ancestor has awakened?"

The light continued to climb, the sixth, seventh, eighth...

It stopped between the eighth and ninth marks.

Wu Lingyun frowned, seemingly trying his best to push forward.

The golden light flashed several times, attempting to break through the threshold of the ninth mark, but ultimately failed, stopping at eight and a half marks.

He stopped and remained silent for a long time.

"Eight and a half marks."

The maid in green announced the result, her voice carrying a hint of respect, “The results of the four pillars: the first pillar is ten marks, the second pillar is nine and a half marks, the third pillar is seven and a half marks, and the fourth pillar is eight and a half marks. All of them exceed two-thirds, Young Master Wu has passed.”

The crowd below immediately erupted in cheers.

“He passed! He really passed!”

“I knew Young Master Wu could do it!”

“Now Miss Chen should get out of the sedan chair, right?”

All eyes were on the eight-treasure glazed sedan chair.

The curtains of the sedan chair remained motionless.

Wu Lingyun stood with his hands behind his back, a faint smile playing on his lips. He was neither impatient nor anxious, as if everything was under control.

After a while, a clear, cold female voice came from inside the sedan chair: “Young Master Wu is indeed exceptionally talented. However…”

She paused.

“However, the marriage selection is not over yet.”

Wu Lingyun raised an eyebrow slightly.

The maid in green quickly explained, “Young Master Wu, please don’t be offended. My mistress set up this Four Pillars test only to select a worthy candidate.

Those who pass the test may ask the mistress to alight from the sedan chair, but this is not the end of the marriage selection.

The mistress will meet with the successful candidates in person, and if they are mutually interested, then…”

“Then the next test.”

Wu Lingyun finished the sentence, his smile deepening. “I understand. Then, Miss Chen, would you please alight from the sedan chair for a chat?”

The sedan curtain was finally lifted slightly.

A slender hand reached out, delicate fingers like jade, and gently rested on the maid’s arm.

Everyone held their breath.

A graceful figure slowly stepped out of the sedan chair.

She wore a light green fairy dress with tassels at the waist, the hem of which flowed gracefully.

Her face was covered by a light veil of the same color, obscuring her features, revealing only a pair of eyes as clear as autumn water.

Those eyes alone were enough to captivate.

Chen Wanqing nodded slightly: “Young Master Wu has come from afar. On behalf of the Chen family, Wanqing thanks you.”

Wu Lingyun cupped his hands: “Miss Chen, you are too kind. I have long heard of your divine alchemy skills. It is my great honor to meet you today.”

The two faced each other from a distance, one dressed in white as snow, the other in green as smoke, truly like a celestial couple from a painting.

The crowd below was mesmerized, and the murmurs subsided.

Ming Li leaned closer to Kai and whispered: “Mr. Chen, this Young Master Wu seems quite impressive. He has passed two-thirds of the Four Pillars of Destiny. Shall we still go up on stage?”

Kai did not answer, but simply watched the white-robed man standing with his hands behind his back on the stage.

Liu Qianqian said softly, “Wu Lingyun, the eldest son of the Wu family in Yunxian City, is 120 years old and at the mid-stage of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. The Wu family and the Chen family are known as the two major families in Yunxian City. The Wu family is a rising star, having only emerged in the last five hundred years. This young master Wu has been hailed as a genius since childhood. It is said that he entered the Qi realm at the age of three, established his foundation at ten, and entered the Upper Immortal Realm at fifty. Among his peers, he has never met a worthy opponent.”

She paused, then whispered, “My benefactor, this person… is not to be trifled with.” Ming Li

looked at Kai nervously.

Kai withdrew his gaze, his expression remaining calm.

“Let’s take another look.”

Wu Lingyun on the stage seemed to sense something, his gaze inadvertently sweeping across the crowd, lingering for a moment in Kai’s direction.

He smiled, withdrew his gaze, and continued talking to Chen Wanqing.

Chapter 6094

On the stage, Wu Lingyun and Chen Wanqing stood facing each other, one dressed in white, the other in emerald green, truly like a celestial couple from a painting.

The crowd below was mesmerized, and the murmurs gradually subsided.

A full incense stick's time passed, and not a single person dared to step forward to challenge them.

Wu Lingyun's smile deepened.

He stood with his hands behind his back, his gaze slowly sweeping over the crowd below. His eyes seemed calm, yet carried a condescending scrutiny, as if saying: Who else?

The cultivators below avoided his gaze; some lowered their heads, some turned their faces away, and some simply turned away, pretending to talk to others.

The results of the Four Pillars test were undeniable; Wu Lingyun's score had crushed everyone before him. Who would dare to go up and humiliate themselves?

"It seems no one dares to step forward today,"

Wu Lingyun said, withdrawing his gaze, his tone indifferent, neither revealing regret nor pride.

He turned to Chen Wanqing and bowed slightly: "Miss Chen, since no one else is going to try, may we begin the next test now?"

Chen Wanqing's eyes flickered slightly; her expression was obscured by her veil, but her eyes, like autumn water, seemed to hold approval.

She nodded slightly: "Young Master Wu is right. Since no one is going up, then..."

"Wait."

A clear voice suddenly rang out from the crowd.

The voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached everyone's ears.

Everyone was startled and looked in the direction of the voice.

A man in a blue robe slowly walked out from the crowd.

He was dressed simply, with an ordinary face and a restrained aura, appearing unremarkable. But his eyes were exceptionally calm, like a deep pool, without ripples.

It was Kai.

Wu Lingyun raised an eyebrow, his gaze falling on Kai, scrutinizing him from head to toe.

Then, a faint smile appeared on his lips, a smile that carried a hint of amusement and disdain.

The crowd below erupted in commotion.

“Who is this guy? He dares to go on stage at a time like this?”

“Is he crazy? Didn’t he see Young Master Wu’s score? Going up there to embarrass himself?”

“Judging from his appearance, he’s only at the first rank of the

Upper Immortal Realm, right? He dares to come with that kind of cultivation?” “First rank? Am I seeing things? Peak first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm? This… isn’t this a joke?”

“Hahahaha! A first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm dares to come to a martial arts contest to find a husband? Miss Chen is an eighth rank! Is he trying to eat swan meat like a toad?”

“Get down! Don’t embarrass yourself!”

The mocking voices surged like a tide.

Kai's expression remained unchanged as he walked step by step towards the arena.

Wu Lingyun watched him approach, his smile deepening.

He didn't speak, but his eyes clearly said: I want to see what tricks you can pull.

Chen Wanqing's gaze narrowed slightly as she sized up the suddenly appearing man in blue robes through her veil.

A moment later, she frowned slightly, and her cool voice came from behind the veil:

"Young master, there are rules for this marriage contest. You must pass two-thirds of the four pillars test before you can ask me to step down from my sedan chair for an audience. Young Master Wu has already passed; the next test is about to begin. If you wish to participate, perhaps you should wait for the next opportunity."

Her tone was polite, but the meaning was clear: you are not qualified, don't waste your time.

Kai stepped onto the platform and stood before the four stone pillars.

He looked up at Chen Wanqing, his expression calm: "Miss Chen, you misunderstand. I don't want to wait for next time; I want to try now."

Upon hearing this, another burst of laughter erupted from below.

"Try now? He really dares to say that!"

"Young Master Wu is standing right there; isn't he just asking for trouble?" "A first-grade Upper Immortal, lighting up even one square is impressive!"

Wu Lingyun chuckled, stepping aside half a step and gesturing for him to proceed.

His movements were elegant and composed, but the contempt in his eyes was undisguised.

“Since this fellow Daoist wishes to try, then so be it,”

he said calmly. “I, Wu, also want to see how many squares this first-grade Upper Immortal can light up.”

He emphasized the words “first-grade Upper Immortal,” eliciting another burst of laughter from the audience.

Kai ignored the mockery and walked straight to the first stone pillar.

He extended his right hand and gently pressed it against the pillar.

The movement was casual, as if he were merely stroking an ordinary object.

The crowd held their breath, waiting to see him make a fool of himself.

Then…

Boom!

A blinding white light exploded instantly!

The light shot up from the base of the pillar, one square, two squares, three squares, four squares, five squares… Without any pause, without any hesitation, like a sword drawn from its sheath, like a rainbow piercing the sun, it broke through the ninth square in the blink of an eye!

The tenth square!

A beam of light shot out, exploding into a dazzling rain of light in the air, even more brilliant and dazzling than Wu Lingyun’s attack!

The entire arena fell silent.

Everyone stared wide-eyed, mouths agape, as if someone had grabbed their throats.

“This…how is this possible?!”

“How can a first-grade Upper Immortal possess such power?!”

“I must be seeing things! The stone pillar must be broken!”

Wu Lingyun’s composed smile froze.

He abruptly turned to look at the stone pillar; the light hadn’t completely dissipated, the afterglow of the tenth dimension still lingering in the air.

His pupils contracted slightly, a flicker of disbelief flashing in his eyes.

Chen Wanqing’s eyes also widened slightly; her expression was obscured by her veil, but her suddenly clenched hand betrayed her inner turmoil.

Kai withdrew his hand, his expression still calm, as if he had only done something insignificant.

He walked towards the second stone pillar.

Finally, someone in the audience snapped out of their daze and screamed,

“There’s a second one! Look at the second one!”

“Impossible! His first one was just luck!”

“Right, right, just luck, the second one definitely won’t work!”

Kai ignored these voices and pressed his right hand against the stone pillar again.

Boom!

White light exploded again!

One, two, three, four, five… unstoppable, devastating!

Ninth!

Tenth!

The light surged upwards again, even more intense and dazzling than before!

The second stone pillar, full strength!

Chapter 6095

This time, no one uttered a sound.

Everyone seemed frozen in place, staring blankly at the still-glowing stone pillar.

The vast plaza was so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Wu Lingyun’s composure vanished completely.

His brows furrowed, his gaze fixed on Kai’s retreating figure, a flicker of doubt in his eyes.

Chen Wanqing’s breath hitched slightly.

She instinctively took a half-step forward, then stopped abruptly, her eyes, like autumn water, filled with shock and a hint of inquiry.

Kai withdrew his hand, remaining calm.

He walked towards the third stone pillar, to test his physical strength.

“The third one… he definitely can’t do it!”

someone finally said in a trembling voice, “He’s so thin, how could he possibly have physical strength?”

“Yes, yes, yes! Physical strength isn’t just about talent; it requires real training!”

“Even Young Master Wu only has seven and a half levels; he absolutely cannot surpass that!”

Wu Lingyun didn’t agree, only staring intently at Kai.

Kai stopped before the third stone pillar.

He didn’t press down as he had the previous two times, but instead clenched his right fist.

The next moment…

he threw a punch.

No charging, no gathering of energy, just a simple punch that slammed into the stone pillar.

BOOM!!!

The dull impact was like a thunderclap!

The stone pillar trembled violently, and light flashed instantly, but this time, it wasn’t just light.

Crack!

A clear crack spread from where Kai’s fist had landed!

The pupils of the crowd below shrank drastically.

“Crack… it cracked?!”

“The pillar cracked?!”

“Is this physical strength? This must be a demon beast?!”

The light surged wildly, one bar, two bars, three bars, four bars… seven bars, eight bars, nine bars, ten bars!

Ten bars full!

And the crack stretched from the base of the pillar to the top, almost splitting the entire stone pillar in two!

Kai withdrew his fist, glanced at the crack on the pillar, and his brow furrowed almost imperceptibly.

“I used too much force,” he said calmly.

Too much force.

These four words exploded in everyone’s ears like thunder.

Everyone was completely stunned.

Wu Lingyun’s face was ashen.

What kind of physical body was this?!

Chen Wanqing clenched her sleeves tightly, her eyes, like autumn water, shining with astonishing brightness.

She stared intently at Kai, as if trying to see right through him.

“One more pillar is needed.” Kai walked towards the fourth pillar.

Bloodline strength test.

Everyone finally recovered from their shock. Someone said in a trembling voice,

“Bloodline! His bloodline is definitely not good enough!”

“Yes, yes, yes! No matter how strong his immortal power and physical body are, his bloodline is definitely lacking! What bloodline do ordinary cultivators have?”

“Young Master Wu has a Crimson Gold Bloodline! What bloodline could an unknown nobody like him have?”

Hearing this, Wu Lingyun’s expression softened slightly. He took a deep breath, straightened his back, and stared at Kai with a gloomy gaze.

“Not bad,”

he said, his voice a little hoarse, but he forced himself to remain calm. “This fellow Daoist’s immortal power and physical body are indeed remarkable, but the path of bloodline relies on inheritance, not cultivation. My Wu family ancestors produced Golden Immortals, which is why we have awakened our bloodline today. Fellow Daoist, may I ask what clan you belong to?”

His words were polite, but the meaning was clear: without bloodline inheritance, you will surely fail this test.

Kai did not answer.

He walked to the fourth stone pillar, stretched out his right hand, and gently pressed it against the pillar.

Then…

Roar!!!

A vast dragon roar suddenly resounded throughout the heavens and earth!

It was not a human voice, but a true dragon’s roar!

Ancient, majestic, and domineering, as if it came from the primordial era!

Everyone was shaken by this dragon roar, their blood surging, and those with lower cultivation even lost their footing and staggered backward!

The next moment, behind Kai, a golden phantom soared into the sky!

It was a five-clawed golden dragon, hundreds of feet long, with distinct scales, flowing whiskers, and eyes as bright as the sun and moon!

It coiled above Kai's head, exuding supreme majesty and domineering aura, like the master of heaven and earth, the king of all beasts!

Golden dragon bloodline!

The entire arena fell silent.

Then...

crack! crack! crack!

Countless cracks spread like a spider web across the fourth stone pillar!

Boom!!!

The stone pillar shattered!

Countless fragments scattered in all directions, and golden light shot into the sky, dyeing the entire sky gold!

The phantom of the golden dragon roared to the sky, its cry shaking the entire Cloud Immortal City!

Everyone stood there, stunned.

The color drained from Wu Lingyun's face. He stared blankly at the phantom of the golden dragon, at the shattered stone pillar, his lips moved, but he couldn't utter a single word.

What had he just said?

"Bloodline is inherited, not acquired through cultivation."

"Fellow Daoist, may I ask what clan you belong to?"

Now, Kai answered him in the most direct way.

Golden Dragon Bloodline.

The legendary supreme bloodline, even more noble than the gods and royalty!

What is his crimson-gold bloodline compared to the Golden Dragon?

An ant in the dust!

Wu Lingyun stood there, feeling as if he had been slapped countless times in public, his face burning with pain.

His proud talent, his condescending contempt, at this moment, all became the most laughable joke.

Chen Wanqing's eyes shone brightly.

She suddenly lifted her veil, revealing a stunningly beautiful face. Her eyes, like autumn water, were filled with shock and amazement, and a hint of...heat.

She looked at Kai, at the slowly dissipating golden dragon phantom behind him, her voice trembling slightly:

"Young Master...Young Master, what is your esteemed name?"

Kai withdrew his hand, his expression still calm, as if he had only done a trivial matter.

He looked at Chen Wanqing and said calmly,

“Nameless rogue cultivator, Kai.”

At this moment, Kai completely disregarded being wanted by the temple and revealed his name!

Now that his Golden Dragon bloodline had been exposed, there was no need to hide his name any longer!

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A moment of silence fell over the crowd, followed by a deafening roar of exclamations.

“Kai?! He’s Kai?!”

“The Kai who destroyed the Path to Heaven, killed the Great Venerable, and wreaked havoc on the Holy Mountain?!”

“The Kai with the bounty of 50,000 bottles of immortal liquid?!”

“My god! He actually dares to come to Cloud Immortal City?!”

The crowd erupted in commotion.

Some were shocked, some fearful, some excited, and some restless. The bounty of 50,000 bottles of immortal liquid was enough to tempt anyone.

But no one dared to act.

The test with those four stone pillars had already shown everyone Kai’s strength. So

what if he was only a first-grade Upper Immortal?

Someone who could shatter a test pillar with a single punch and possess the bloodline of a golden dragon was far beyond the reach of an ordinary first-grade Upper Immortal.

Upon hearing this name, Wu Lingyun's pupils constricted sharply.

Kai!

So it was him!

The guy wanted by the Divine Temple with a bounty of 50,000 bottles of immortal liquid!

A complex light flashed in his eyes, a mixture of apprehension, hostility, and a hint of...killing intent that was hard to define.

Chen Wanqing, however, seemed oblivious to the gasps around her. Her gaze was fixed on Kai, her eyes sparkling with a strange light.

"Kai..."

she murmured the name, a slight smile playing on her lips, "A good name."

She stepped forward, raising her hand in a gesture of invitation:

"Young Master Chen, the Four Pillars of Destiny test is over. According to the rules, you may return to the Chen residence with me for the second test."

She paused, then turned her gaze to Wu Lingyun, her tone still cool but now more polite:

"Young Master Wu, please come along as well. The second test requires both of you to participate simultaneously."

Wu Lingyun's expression stiffened slightly.

He glanced at Chen Wanqing, then at Kai, a shadow crossing his eyes.

But quickly, he regained his composure, nodding slightly:

"It is my honor."

However, his smile seemed somewhat forced.

Chen Wanqing didn't say much, turning to walk towards the eight-treasure glazed sedan chair.

Before entering, she glanced back at Kai and said softly,

"Young Master Chen, please."

Kai nodded, but didn't immediately get into the sedan chair.

He turned to look at the crowd below, his gaze sweeping across the people, and he spotted Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.

The two were watching him anxiously.

Kai walked over and whispered, "Wait here, I'm going to the Chen family."

Ming Li was anxious: "Mr. Chen, are you really going? What if..."

"It's alright,"

Kai said calmly, "I know what I'm doing. Find an inn to stay in and wait for my news."

Ming Li wanted to say something more, but Liu Qianqian tugged at his sleeve and whispered, "Since our benefactor has decided, we'll wait."

She looked at Kai with concern in her eyes: "Benefactor, be careful."

Kai nodded and turned to walk towards the eight-treasure glazed sedan chair.

The curtain was lifted, revealing a spacious interior, large enough to accommodate four or five people. Chen Wanqing was already seated inside. When she saw Kai come up, she nodded slightly in greeting. Wu Lingyun followed closely behind, stepping into the sedan chair.

The curtains fell, and eight maids in green robes lifted the chair, steadily heading east towards the city.

The interior was small, and the three sat facing each other, the atmosphere somewhat awkward.

Chen Wanqing sat upright in the center, her face now covered by a thin veil, revealing only her clear, autumn-water-like eyes.

Her gaze shifted between Kai and Wu Lingyun, but she remained silent.

Wu Lingyun sat to one side, his back ramrod straight, a perfectly measured smile on his face, befitting a young master from a noble family.

However, his gaze frequently fell on Kai, his eyes filled with scrutiny and inquiry.

Kai leaned against the sedan chair wall, his expression indifferent, as if he were merely going out for a stroll.

After a moment of silence, Wu Lingyun suddenly spoke:

“Kai… that name sounds familiar to me.”

He looked directly at Kai, a faint smile playing on his lips: “I heard a few days ago that the Divine Temple issued a warrant for the arrest of a wanted criminal who destroyed the Path to Heaven, killed a Grand Venerable, and caused chaos on the Holy Mountain, with a reward of fifty thousand bottles of immortal elixir. That person seems to also be named Kai.”

He spoke casually, but the meaning was crystal clear.

Chen Wanqing's eyes flickered as she looked at Kai.

Kai didn't even lift his eyelids, saying calmly, "Young Master Wu has a good memory."

This was an admission.

Wu Lingyun's smile deepened: "Young Master Chen has quite the audacity. Despite being wanted by the Divine Temple, you still dare to show your face in Yunxian City, even participating in a martial arts contest for marriage. Aren't you afraid I'll report you?"

Kai finally raised his eyes and glanced at him.

That calm, unwavering glance sent a chill down Wu Lingyun's spine.

"Young Master Wu is welcome to give it a try,"

Kai said calmly. "However, before Young Master Wu reports this, I can have him bedridden for a few months."

Wu Lingyun's face stiffened.

He recalled the four stone pillars on the arena, the scene of Kai shattering the testing pillar with a single punch, and the phantom of the five-clawed golden dragon... His smile froze on his face, and he was momentarily at a loss for words.

Chen Wanqing spoke up at the opportune moment, defusing the subtle awkwardness:

"Young Master Wu is joking. Although Yunxian City is nominally under the jurisdiction of the Temple, the affairs of the city have always been jointly managed by the two major families. The people of the Temple have no right to interfere in Yunxian City."

She looked at Kai, her gaze frank: “Don’t worry, Young Master Chen, in my Chen family, no one can touch you.”

She spoke with certainty and confidence.

Kai raised an eyebrow slightly and glanced at her again.

Wu Lingyun’s face grew even uglier.

He gave a dry laugh and said nothing more, but the gloom in his eyes deepened.

The sedan chair moved smoothly forward, the noise of the street gradually fading away.

Kai leaned against the sedan chair wall, his gaze fixed on Chen Wanqing.

Through the thin veil, the outline of a delicate face was vaguely visible.

He suddenly spoke, “Miss Chen, may you remove your veil?”

Chen Wanqing was slightly taken aback.

Kai continued, “Since this is a marriage proposal, I should at least see what my future partner looks like. What if he’s an ugly duckling? Wouldn’t I be at a great disadvantage?”

His words were blunt, even somewhat rude.

Wu Lingyun frowned and said coldly, “Young Master Chen, watch your words. Miss Chen is the legitimate daughter of the Chen family, a golden branch and jade leaf. How can you treat her so disrespectfully?”

Kai didn’t even look at him, only staring at Chen Wanqing: “Miss Chen, what do you say?”

Chen Wanqing was silent for a moment, then suddenly chuckled softly.

The laughter was clear and crisp, carrying a hint of surprise and a touch of amusement. “Young Master Chen is quite straightforward.” She raised her hand and slowly removed her veil.

Beneath the veil was a face of unparalleled beauty.

Her eyebrows were like distant mountains shrouded in mist, her eyes like autumn waters rippling across the surface, her nose was straight and elegant, and her lips were like cherry blossoms.

Her skin was as white as jade, shimmering faintly in the soft light inside the sedan chair.

She was indeed beautiful.

Not the kind of alluring beauty, but a kind of serene beauty with a touch of gentle grace, like a solitary orchid in a secluded valley, or a plum blossom in the snow.

Kai glanced at her and nodded: “Not bad, not a loss.”

Wu Lingyun’s face turned ashen.

What did he mean by “not bad”?

What did he mean by “not a loss”?

Chen Wanqing’s beauty was among the best in Yunxian City, and in Kai’s words, it was just “not bad”?

What angered him even more was that Chen Wanqing had actually removed her veil!

He had been talking to Chen Wanqing for a long time, and she had always kept her face veiled, never showing her true face.

But Kai had only said one sentence, and she had removed it!

This preferential treatment fueled Wu Lingyun's burning jealousy.

He took a deep breath, suppressing his displeasure, and coldly said, "Young Master Chen, the competition isn't over yet, and you're already so certain that Miss Chen will be your cultivation partner?"

Kai leaned against the sedan chair wall and said calmly, "Not sure. But I have to see the goods first. What if I win but find I'm not satisfied? Wouldn't that be a waste of effort?"

"You!"

Wu Lingyun's face flushed red. "Insolence! Is Miss Chen some kind of 'goods' you speak of?"

Chen Wanqing waved her hand, indicating that Wu Lingyun didn't need to be angry.

She looked at Kai, her eyes filled with curiosity: "Young Master Chen is quite confident. Are you so sure you can beat Young Master Wu?"

Kai didn't answer, but a slight smile appeared on his lips.

That smile carried a hint of amusement and disdain, as if saying: Him? Is he even worthy?

Wu Lingyun almost exploded with rage when he saw that smile. He clenched his fists tightly, his nails almost digging into his flesh, barely managing to hold back his outburst.

The sedan chair continued on its way.

After another incense stick's time, the sedan chair finally stopped.

"Miss, we've arrived," a maid's voice came from outside.

The three of them alighted from the sedan chair, and before them stood a magnificent mansion.

The vermilion gate was adorned with copper nails and rings, and a plaque hung above the lintel bearing the two large characters “Chen Mansion.”

Two rows of guards stood at the entrance, each exuding a calm and collected aura, all at least at the sixth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Chen Wanqing led the two into the mansion, through several courtyards, to a secluded courtyard.

In the center of the courtyard stood a crystal bed over ten feet long.

The crystal bed was entirely translucent, emitting a faint, cold light. Intricate array patterns were engraved on the bed surface, with a subtle flow of spiritual light; it was clearly no ordinary object.

Chen Wanqing stopped and turned to look at the two of them.

“This is the second test.”

Wu Lingyun frowned slightly. “May I ask, Miss Chen, what does this test examine?”

Chen Wanqing slowly replied, “Self-control.”

She pointed to the crystal bed. “This bed is called the Bed of Tranquility. Once you lie down on it, you will be drawn into an illusion by an array.

In this illusion, you will experience the deepest fears in the world, the nightmares that everyone least wants to face.”

She paused, then continued, “What you must do is maintain your composure in this illusion, remaining as still as a mountain. During this time, you must not use any immortal power; once you do, you will fail.”

“I will observe from the side to see if you can guard your mind.”

Kai looked at the crystal bed and suddenly spoke up, “No immortal power, just lying on it, and Miss Chen watching from the side?”

Chen Wanqing nodded, “Exactly.” Kai glanced at her thoughtfully, then suddenly said, “Miss Chen, are you testing the two of us to see who’s better in bed?”

Chen Wanqing was taken aback, then her cheeks flushed red.

“You… what nonsense are you talking about?!”

She was furious and glared at Kai. “This is a test of self-control! It’s not… it’s not what I meant!”

Kai shrugged. “Fine, fine, whatever you say.”

Chen Wanqing was speechless with anger.

Wu Lingyun watched from the side, gritting his teeth. This Kai, how dare he tease Chen Wanqing like this!

But Chen Wanqing only blushed, not truly angry, which made him feel even worse.

He snorted coldly, “Young Master Chen, stop talking nonsense. Since it’s a test, then I, Wu, will go first.”

With that, he strode to the crystal bed, turned over, and lay down.

Chen Wanqing calmed herself down and walked to the bedside.

She raised her right hand, a faint blue light emanating from her palm, and gently waved it.

The blue light enveloped Wu Lingyun’s entire body.

Wu Lingyun’s body stiffened slightly, then he closed his eyes.

A moment later, his brows furrowed, and a look of pain appeared on his face.

Kai stood to the side, watching with interest.

He could sense that the array on the crystal bed was operating, drawing Wu Lingyun's soul into an illusion.

The azure light in Chen Wanqing's palm was likely observing his reaction within the illusion.

Wu Lingyun's body began to tremble slightly.

His breathing became rapid, and fine beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

His hands gripped the edge of the bed tightly, his knuckles turning white.

"No…don't…"

he murmured, his voice filled with fear, "Don't come any closer…"

He struggled violently, as if fighting against something terrifying.

Chen Wanqing frowned slightly but did not stop.

Wu Lingyun's struggles grew more intense; his body twisted on the bed, and he uttered indistinct groans.

Suddenly, he let out a muffled groan, and a strange reaction occurred in a certain part of his body, clearly visible beneath his robes.

Chen Wanqing's expression changed, and she abruptly withdrew her hand.

The azure light dissipated, and Wu Lingyun suddenly opened his eyes, gasping for breath.

His clothes were soaked with sweat, his face was as pale as paper, and his eyes still held fear and disorientation.

“Young Master Wu,”

Chen Wanqing’s voice turned cold, “you have failed.”

Wu Lingyun was stunned, then realized what had happened.

His face turned from white to red, then from red to green, his eyes filled with shame and resentment.

“Miss Chen, I…”

“No need to say more,”

Chen Wanqing interrupted him, her tone icy. “In the illusion, you were consumed by fear, your mind lost control, and your body reacted. This shows a lack of self-control. Young Master Wu, please leave.”

Wu Lingyun opened his mouth, but didn’t know what to say.

He got off the bed, glared fiercely at Kai, and stepped aside.

But he didn’t leave.

He wanted to see what Kai would do next. Kai glanced at him, a slight smile playing on his lips.

He walked to the crystal bed, but didn’t lie down immediately. Instead, he looked at Chen Wanqing.

“Miss Chen, I think I understand the purpose of this test.”

Chen Wanqing raised an eyebrow: “Oh?”

“The so-called illusion is probably everyone’s deepest fear,”

Kai said slowly. “And what you need to see is not whether we can overcome fear, but whether we can maintain our true selves and remain unmoved in the face of fear.”

He paused, looking at the bed: “Young Master Wu’s reaction just now shows that he was controlled by fear in the illusion, his body out of control. Miss Chen thinks that such a person is not worthy to be your cultivation partner.”

A hint of surprise flashed in Chen Wanqing’s eyes.

Kai’s words were spot on.

She nodded slightly: “Young Master Chen has good eyesight.”

Kai smiled, turned over, and lay down on the crystal bed.

“Then let’s begin.”

Chen Wanqing took a deep breath, and a blue light emanated from her palm again. She waved it gently.

The blue light enveloped Kai.

Kai closed his eyes.

In an instant, he felt as if he had fallen into an endless abyss.

All around him was boundless darkness, devoid of light, sound, and any sense of direction.

His body continued to fall, fall, fall, seemingly without end.

This was an illusion.

But Kai knew this was no ordinary illusion.

Something terrifying seemed to be lurking within that darkness, the deepest fear in his heart.

What was it?

He watched silently.

Gradually, images emerged from the darkness.

It was Yu Ranran.

She stood atop the Star Gazing Tower in Jade Immortal City, gazing into the distance, her eyes filled with anticipation.

Then, her body began to become transparent, dissipating bit by bit, transforming into countless specks of light.

“Brother Chen… I’m waiting for you…”

Her voice grew fainter and fainter, until it vanished completely.

Kai’s heart clenched.

The scene changed again.

It was Mu Sha and his wife.

They were pierced through the shoulder blades by iron chains, suspended in a cave on the Holy Mountain, their life essence and soul being slowly extracted, emitting shrill screams.

“Kai… save us…”

Their voices echoed in the darkness, shrill and piercing. Chen

Ping’s brows furrowed slightly.

The scene shifted again. It

was Ming Li.

He was surrounded by dozens of divine cultivators, covered in blood, and finally, a sword pierced his chest, causing him to slowly fall.

“Mr. Chen… run…”

Kai’s fingers twitched slightly.

The scene shifted again.

It was the sword spirit Zhong Li.

She was bound by countless golden chains, groaning in pain, her figure growing fainter and fainter until she finally turned into a wisp of green smoke and completely dissipated.

Kai’s breath hitched slightly.

But he didn’t move.

He knew these were all illusions.

They were all the deepest fears in his heart—the fear of loss, the fear of helplessness, the fear of those he cherished leaving him one by one.

But must fear have to control him?

Kai calmly watched the scenes, watching familiar faces disappear before him.

His brows furrowed slightly, but his eyes remained calm as still water.

What did fear matter?

What did loss matter? Kai had risen from mortal to where he was today; what storms hadn’t he weathered? What suffering hadn’t he endured?

Yu Ranran was waiting for him; he would definitely return.

The souls of Mu Sha and his wife were still alive; he would find a way to save them.

Ming Li had followed him through life and death; he would never let him die.

Zhong Li was his sword spirit, connected to his soul; no one could take him away.

These things could not be shaken by illusions.

Kai closed his eyes, letting his body fall into the darkness. He

didn’t know how much time had passed when the darkness gradually dissipated.

He felt someone gently sit on him.

It was a soft body, carrying a faint fragrance.

He could feel the person leaning down, close to his ear, and gently blowing a breath.

Kai didn’t react.

The person seemed somewhat surprised and reached out to gently stroke his chest.

Kai still didn’t react.

The person intensified their movements, roaming over his body, their actions becoming bolder and more… provocative.

Kai still didn’t react.

His breathing was steady, his heartbeat normal, and a certain part of his body remained completely still.

Chen Wanqing straddled Kai, using every trick in the book.

She leaned down slightly, close to Kai's ear, her breath sweet as orchids.

Kai didn't react.

She reached out and gently drew circles on his chest.

Kai didn't react.

She bit her lip, becoming bolder, her body slightly twisting.

Kai still didn't react.

Chen Wanqing finally gave up.

She straightened up, staring blankly at the man beneath her, his eyes closed as if asleep, her eyes filled with shock and confusion.

Her beauty, her figure, her charm—in Yunxian City, countless young talents were infatuated with her.

And now, she had used every means possible, yet this man… didn't react at all?

Was his self-control that strong?

Or… did she truly hold no attraction for him?

Chen Wanqing bit her lip, a complex emotion welling up inside her: frustration, resentment, and a faint… admiration.

She withdrew her hand, the blue light in her palm dissipating.

Kai opened his eyes, meeting Chen Wanqing's complex gaze.

A slight smile played on his lips.

“Miss Chen, have you had your fun?”

Chen Wanqing blushed and quickly got off him.

She straightened her clothes, took a deep breath, and regained her cool composure.

“Young Master Chen certainly has good self-control.”

Her voice was calm, but the slight tremor at the end betrayed her inner turmoil. “The second test…Young Master Chen has passed.”

Wu Lingyun stood to the side, his face extremely grim.

He had watched helplessly as Chen Wanqing straddled Kai, using every trick to seduce him, while Kai remained unresponsive.

He himself, however, had only slightly lost control in the illusion and was judged a failure.

The difference was too obvious.

He gritted his teeth, staring intently at Kai, his eyes filled with resentment and bitterness.

Kai sat up from the crystal bed, straightened his clothes, and looked at Chen Wanqing.

“Miss Chen, you’ve passed the second hurdle. What’s next?”

Chen Wanqing gave him a deep look and said softly,

“Next…”

She paused, a slight smile appearing on her lips.

“Next, I will have a private talk with Mr. Chen.” Upon hearing this, Wu Lingyun’s face turned a deep shade of liver.

A private talk?

What did this mean?

He, Wu Lingyun, the dignified young master of the Wu family, a genius at the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, had actually been eliminated, while this Kai, who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere, wanted to talk to Chen Wanqing alone?

The thought of Kai soon

pinning Chen Wanqing down filled Wu Lingyun with a surge of anger. He should be the one pinning Chen Wanqing down!

“Wait!”

Wu Lingyun stepped forward, blocking Kai and Chen Wanqing, his face ashen.

Chen Wanqing frowned slightly: “Young Master Wu, what else is there?”

Wu Lingyun took a deep breath, suppressing his anger, and said in a deep voice: “Miss Chen, I am not convinced.”

“Not convinced?” Chen Wanqing raised an eyebrow.

“Not bad,”

Wu Lingyun said coldly. “I admit I didn’t perform well in this second test. But to conclude that I’m inferior to this person based solely on my performance in this illusion is too hasty.”

He looked at Kai, his eyes filled with undisguised hostility: “I suspect there was cheating involved in this assessment.”

Chen Wanqing's face turned cold: "Young Master Wu, what do you mean by that?"

"The meaning is simple,"

Wu Lingyun said, enunciating each word clearly. "I want to fight him. A real fight, let's settle things with strength. Whoever wins will be qualified to be the Chen family's son-in-law."

He turned to Kai, a cold smile playing on his lips: "Kai, do you dare?"

Kai looked at him calmly, without saying a word.

Seeing his silence, Wu Lingyun assumed he was afraid and sneered even more: "What? Scared? Weren't you quite impressive on the arena just now? All four pillars lit up, you shattered the testing pillar with one punch, and your Golden Dragon bloodline stunned everyone. What, now that I'm letting you make a move, you're chickening out?"

He stepped forward, looking down at Kai: "Kai, you're just a peak first-grade Upper Immortal, while I

, Wu Lingyun, am a ninth-grade Upper Immortal. There's a full eight grades between us. Even if you have the Golden Dragon bloodline, so what? The difference in realm can't be bridged by bloodline."

He paused, his tone becoming increasingly aggressive: "The test just now was nothing but theory. In a real fight, you wouldn't even be able to withstand one of my moves. If you know what's good for you, get out of the Chen residence now and give Miss Chen to me. Otherwise..."

He didn't finish, but the threat was already crystal clear.

Chen Wanqing's face darkened, and she was about to rebuke him when Kai suddenly laughed.

The smile was faint, almost imperceptible.

He looked up at Wu Lingyun, his tone still calm: “Young Master Wu, are you finished?”

Wu Lingyun was taken aback.

Kai continued, “You’ve said so much, just to provoke me into a fight. But why should I fight you?”

Wu Lingyun sneered, “What? You’re afraid?”

“It’s not that I’m afraid,”

Kai shook his head, “It’s that I don’t want to.”

He stood up, walked to Chen Wanqing’s side, and suddenly reached out, wrapping his arm around her slender waist.

Chen Wanqing stiffened, but did not struggle. Kai looked at Wu Lingyun, a playful smile playing on his lips. “Young Master Wu, you’ve got one thing wrong. I came to participate in the martial arts contest not to compete with you, but to win.”

He tightened his grip on Chen Wanqing’s hand. “Now, I’ve won. Miss Chen is my cultivation partner, and you, Wu Lingyun, are eliminated.”

Wu Lingyun’s face turned ashen.

Kai continued, “I’m about to sleep with Miss Chen. Just imagine having such a beautiful woman beneath me… tsk tsk.”

He looked at Wu Lingyun, his smile nonchalant. “Young Master Wu, tell me, why would I waste my energy fighting you when I have such a good opportunity?”

Wu Lingyun’s face turned from green to purple, then from purple to black.

He pointed at Kai, his fingers trembling. “You… you…”

“What?”

Kai interrupted him. “Young Master Wu, if you like to watch, you can observe. But I think you might not have that kind of fetish.”

Wu Lingyun nearly coughed up blood.

He had lived for over a hundred years and had never been so humiliated!

“Kai!”

he gritted his teeth, “You’ve gone too far!”

Kai shrugged: “How have I gone too far? I’m just stating the facts. You’ve been eliminated, and I’m going to sleep with Miss Chen. Isn’t that obvious?”

He paused, then suddenly looked enlightened: “Oh, I understand. Young Master Wu is jealous. Of course, Miss Chen is so beautiful, who wouldn’t be jealous? What a pity…”

He shook his head, looking regretful: “Young Master Wu, you should go back and cultivate properly. Maybe you can win the next marriage contest.”

Wu Lingyun trembled with rage.

He stared intently at Kai, his eyes almost spitting fire.

But he couldn’t refute a single word Kai said.

Yes, he had lost.

Completely lost.

Whether in the test or the illusion, he had lost to this guy at the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Now that Kai was embracing Chen Wanqing, what right did he have to challenge him?

“Fine…fine…”

Wu Lingyun took a deep breath, suppressing the surging killing intent in his heart, and said, word by word,

“Kai, I will remember this humiliation.”

He turned and strode towards

the courtyard gate. Reaching the gate, he suddenly stopped, glanced back at Kai, his eyes filled with resentment:

“Don’t forget, you’re still wanted by the Temple. I will truthfully inform the Temple of today’s events, and then…”

He didn’t finish, but the threat was unmistakable.

With that, he turned and left.

Kai watched his departing figure, the smile on his lips fading slightly, but his expression remained calm. Chen Wanqing pulled her hand away from his and glared at him: “What nonsense were you spouting just now?”

Kai withdrew his hand and shrugged: “Nonsense? I was just telling the truth. Isn’t Miss Chen my cultivation partner?”

Chen Wanqing’s cheeks flushed slightly, and she spat lightly: “Who’s your cultivation partner? The test isn’t over yet!”

“Not over yet?”

Kai raised an eyebrow, “Didn’t you pass the second test? You said we’d talk alone next, wasn’t that about sleeping together?”

“Don’t talk nonsense!” Chen Wanqing blushed!

She didn’t understand, this Kai was quite capable, how come he kept talking about sleeping with women.

“Young Master Chen, actually, I participated in the martial arts contest to find a husband because I have other things to do!”

Chen Wanqing said truthfully!

Kai smiled, in fact, he had already seen through the trickery in Chen Wanqing’s martial arts contest to find a husband, and he was right!

“Miss Chen, actually, I participated in the martial arts contest to find a husband for the Immortal Elixir.”

Kai said with a smile!

Chen Wanqing was slightly stunned, then took a deep breath, calmed her emotions, and resumed her aloof demeanor.

“Come with me.”

She turned and walked deeper into the courtyard.

Kai followed.

The two passed through a moon gate and arrived at an elegant side room.

The room was simply furnished with a small table and a couch. Tea sets were placed on the table, and soft cushions were laid out on the couch. Incense burned by the window, its fragrance wafting

gently. Chen Wanqing sat down at the table and gestured for Kai to sit as well.

Kai sat down opposite her, his gaze fixed on her face, waiting for her to speak.

Chen Wanqing was silent for a moment, then slowly said, “Young Master Chen, you just said you participated in the martial arts contest for a husband because of the Immortal Elixir?”

Kai nodded, “That’s right. I need three hundred and sixty bottles of Immortal Elixir to take the teleportation array to the Holy Domain of Light.”

“Three hundred and sixty bottles…”

Chen Wanqing nodded slightly, “That number is indeed considerable for ordinary rogue cultivators. But for my Chen family, it’s just a drop in the ocean.”

She looked at Kai, her gaze frank, “Young Master Chen, if you need the Immortal Elixir, I can give it to you now. I can easily provide up to a thousand bottles myself.”

Kai raised an eyebrow, “Miss Chen is so generous? What are the conditions?”

Chen Wanqing’s lips curled up slightly, “Young Master Chen is indeed clever. Indeed, I have a favor to ask.”

Kai leaned back in his chair, his expression indifferent, “Tell me.”

Chen Wanqing didn’t speak immediately, but got up and walked to the window, turning her back to Kai, remaining silent for a long time.

After a long pause, she slowly spoke:

“Young Master Chen, do you know why my Chen family is holding this martial arts contest to find a husband?”

Kai thought for a moment: “Isn’t it because you’ve been stuck at the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm for many years and want to find a Daoist partner to cultivate with to break through your current realm?”

Chen Wanqing turned around, looked at him, and smiled bitterly. “That was just an excuse. The real purpose…”

She paused, emphasizing each word:

“It was to find someone with dragon blood.”

Kai’s gaze sharpened.

Dragon blood?

No wonder there was a bloodline test during the assessment.

Chen Wanqing continued, “Three months ago, my Chen family discovered the entrance to an ancient dragon pool.”

“An ancient dragon pool?” Kai frowned slightly.

“That’s right.”

Chen Wanqing nodded. “According to ancient records, in ancient times, the dragon race once lived near my Yunxian City. That Dragon Pool was where the dragons bathed, played, and cultivated. Later, during the war between gods and demons, the dragons disappeared, and the Dragon Pool also vanished, never to be found again.”

She walked back a few steps and sat down opposite Kai, looking at him intently:

“Three months ago, an elder of my Chen family was gathering herbs in the mountains north of the city when he accidentally triggered an ancient restriction and discovered a hidden cave. Deep within the cave is the entrance to that Dragon Pool.”

“We tried countless times to enter the Dragon Pool, but each time we were blocked by an invisible barrier. That barrier has a restriction left by the dragons; those without dragon blood are not allowed to enter.”

Kai listened quietly without speaking.

Chen Wanqing looked at him, her eyes filled with anticipation: “Young Master Chen, you possess the bloodline of the Golden Dragon, you are a king among the Dragon Clan. If anyone in this world can enter that Dragon Pool, it must be you.”

Kai was silent for a moment, then slowly said: “So, you held this martial arts contest to find a husband, just to lure out someone with the bloodline of the Dragon Clan?”

“Yes.”

Chen Wanqing did not deny it, “The Dragon Clan disappeared thousands of years ago, and the Dragon Clan bloodline has long been extinct. I thought I would never find such a person in this lifetime, but I didn’t expect…”

She looked at Kai, her eyes sparkling: “I didn’t expect that Young Master Chen would deliver himself to my door.”

Kai did not reply, but simply looked at her calmly.

Seeing his unmoved expression, Chen Wanqing bit her lip and said again, “Young Master Chen, I know this request is somewhat presumptuous. But the Dragon Pool may very well contain dragon clan treasures, dragon clan legacies, and even clues about the whereabouts of the dragon clan.

You possess the bloodline of the Golden Dragon; don’t you want to know where your bloodline comes from? Don’t you want to know why the dragon clan disappeared?”

Kai finally spoke, “Miss Chen, what you’ve said does indeed pique my interest. However…”

He paused, “Have you considered my current situation?”

Chen Wanqing was taken aback.

Kai continued, “I’m wanted by the Temple, with a reward of fifty thousand bottles of immortal liquid. You heard what Wu Lingyun said when he left. He’ll definitely inform on me. It won’t be long before the people from the Temple come knocking.”

He looked at Chen Wanqing, “Miss Chen, although your Chen family has a strong foundation, can you withstand the Temple?”

Chen Wanqing remained silent.

She knew Kai was right.

The Temple was one of the three major powers of the Fourteen Heavens, possessing formidable strength.

Although the Chen family has some influence in Yunxian City, compared to the temple, it’s like an egg hitting a rock.