Chapter 6141 - 6142

Kai remained standing, completely motionless. His golden robe wasn't even wrinkled.

Not a single wound, not even a tear in the hem! Wu Lie's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, his pupils contracted sharply, and his voice trembled:

"This...how is this possible?! My true essence...can't even harm you in the slightest?!" Kai raised his hand, elegantly brushing away non-existent dust from his sleeve, a hint of disappointment in his voice:

"That's it?" These two words were like two resounding slaps to Wu Lie's face, and also to the hearts of all the Wu family members. Wu Lie's face turned ashen, filled with shame and indignation. He finally realized that the young man before him was a hundred, a thousand times more terrifying than he had imagined! "I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" He gritted his teeth and attacked again. This time, he held nothing back, unleashing the Wu family's strongest technique. Fists and palm strikes intertwined into a net, each move deadly, each step filled with murderous intent, as if he wanted to tear Kai to shreds. However, the outcome remained unchanged. Kai still neither dodged nor evaded, standing like a pillar of the sea. Every punch landed on Kai, yet it was like a mud ox sinking into the sea, not even causing a ripple. Every palm strike landed on Kai's chest, yet it was like a gentle breeze brushing a mountain, unable to shake him in the slightest. After ten moves, Wu Lie was panting heavily, covered in sweat, and the fear in his eyes had reached its peak. His hands began to tremble uncontrollably, sharp pain shooting through his knuckles, as if he hadn't just been hitting someone, but rather his flesh and blood colliding with the millennia-old black iron. Kai, however, remained standing there quietly, looking down at him, his eyes as calm as a stagnant pool, utterly unmoving. "Had enough?" Kai

asked softly, his voice eerily gentle. Wu Lie opened his mouth, wanting to utter harsh words, to threaten, but found his throat dry, unable to utter a single word. That tremor originating from the depths of his soul completely extinguished his fighting spirit. Kai slowly raised his hand.

The movement was slow, very light. Then, he struck down with his palm. “Pfft…” A muffled sound. Wu Lie’s proud head instantly exploded like a watermelon struck by a heavy hammer! Red and white splattered everywhere. The headless corpse swayed, then with a “thud,” fell straight to the ground. Wu Lie, the patriarch of the Wu family, a True Immortal Realm Level One expert, had fallen! So swift, so humiliating, so… laughable. The entire hall was deathly silent. You could hear a pin drop. The guests, the martial arts disciples, the surviving guards—all were frozen in place, as if under a spell. Wu Lie, a True Immortal Realm Level 1 cultivator, was dead just like that? Swatted like a fly by a mere Upper Immortal Realm Level 3 brat? Had the world gone mad? Kai withdrew his hand, his gaze calmly sweeping across the hall. Wherever his gaze fell, everyone lowered their heads, no one daring to meet his eyes. “Who else?” Those three words, calm as still water, resounded like thunder in everyone’s hearts. No one dared to move. No one dared to utter a sound. Even their breathing was deliberately suppressed to a minimum. Wu Lingyun slumped in his chair, already incontinent, urine streaming down his trousers, yet he remained oblivious. He stared at his father’s headless corpse, at the blood-soaked ground, his mind blank, filled only with endless despair. Kai strode towards him. Each step felt like a blow to Wu Lingyun’s heart, suffocating him and making his heart pound. Finally, Kai stopped in front of him. A shadow fell over him, and Wu Lingyun felt as if death itself was gripping his throat. “Wu Lingyun,” Kai said, his voice still calm, revealing no emotion.

“I’ve said it before, there are some things in this world you can’t touch. There are some people you can’t afford to offend.” Wu Lingyun opened his mouth, wanting to kneel and beg for mercy, wanting to kowtow and admit his mistakes, wanting to say that he was forced by his father…

But extreme fear choked his throat, and he couldn’t utter a sound, only convulsing, tears streaming down his face. Kai looked at him, his eyes devoid of pity, only a detached indifference that seemed to have seen

through the world. He slowly raised his right hand, his index finger lightly touching the ground.

At his fingertip, a wisp of brilliant golden light condensed, like a falling star. “Pfft…” The golden light flashed. A bloody hole, as thick as a thumb, instantly pierced through Wu Lingyun’s brow, protruding from his forehead and exploding into a cloud of blood mist at the back of his head. Wu Lingyun’s body stiffened abruptly, his expression frozen in that moment—terrification, despair, and regret. He wanted to say something, but nothing came out. “Bang…” The body fell to the ground, eyes wide open, dying with unfinished business.Wu Lingyun, fallen. Kai withdrew his hand, as if casually brushing away an annoying mosquito. He turned to look at Chen Wanqing, who had been standing quietly to the side. Chen Wanqing stood there, tears silently streaming down her face, soaking her clothes. She looked at Wu Lingyun’s corpse, at Wu Lie’s headless body, at the blood and devastation on the ground, and an indescribable emotion welled up in her heart. It was the grief that had been building up for days, the satisfaction of revenge, and even more so, a deep shock and awe at the man before her. Father, elders, members of the Chen family…

did you see that? The revenge was taken. And it was taken so thoroughly, so satisfyingly! Kai walked up to her, reached out, and gently patted her thin shoulder. That hand was warm and strong, instantly dispelling the chill in her heart. “Let’s go.” His voice was still calm, yet it carried a reassuring strength. “There are still people from the Temple waiting for us.” Chen Wanqing looked up at him, her eyes brimming with tears, and nodded vigorously. … Half an hour later. Yunxian City, a branch of the Temple. This once majestic hall, a symbol of the Temple’s supreme power, was now a ruin. Smoke still lingered among the broken walls and rubble. The corpses of three Temple elders lay scattered in pools of blood, their once arrogant expressions now twisted with terror. More than twenty elite Temple soldiers were also killed instantly. Kai stood in the center of the ruins, his golden robe fluttering slightly in the wind, still spotless and untouched by dust. It was as if the massacre had nothing to do with him; he had merely passed by and casually brushed away a few specks of dust. Behind him, Chen Wanqing, Ming Li, and Liu Qianqian watched all this silently, their hearts filled with turmoil. The tears on Chen Wanqing’s face had dried. Looking at the corpses of the enemies

who had wiped out her family, her eyes held no hatred, only utter relief. “Kai,” she whispered, her voice slightly hoarse. Kai turned to look at her.

Chen Wanqing took a deep breath, walked to him, straightened her clothes, and bowed deeply, remaining motionless for a long time. “Thank you.” These three words carried immense weight. Kai shook his head, reaching out to help her up, his movements natural and casual. “No need to thank me.” He gazed into the distance, his tone as calm as still water:

“The Wu family and the Divine Temple are inherently connected to me. Helping you was merely a convenient gesture, and also a way of helping myself.” Chen Wanqing looked at him, her eyes reddening again. She wanted to say something more in gratitude, but found that in the face of such absolute power and magnanimity, any words seemed pale and powerless. Kai smiled slightly, a smile as gentle as a spring breeze, yet carrying a serene composure that seemed to survey the world.

Chapter 6143 - 6145

On the ruins of a branch temple of the Divine Temple in Yunxian City,

Kai’s gaze slowly swept over the broken walls and rubble beneath his feet. From the collapsed pillars and shattered shrines to the cold corpses, his eyes remained utterly devoid of emotion, showing neither the satisfaction of revenge nor the ferocity of slaughter.

It was as if this branch temple, once revered by the people of Yunxian City and the source of the Chen family’s annihilation, was nothing more than a pile of ordinary rubble in his eyes, indistinguishable from the roadside stones and weeds.

His state of mind had long transcended worldly love, hate, anger, and delusion. Having endured the battles of the Thirteen Heavens and traversed countless mountains of corpses and seas of blood, the destruction and slaughter before him were, to him, merely a speck of dust on his path, easily brushed away with a wave of his hand.

Chen Wanqing stood beside him, her plain white dress already stained with blood, her hair disheveled and clinging to her cheeks, her face still bearing traces of wet tears and the weariness of battle.

Her gaze fell upon the haphazardly laid corpses, her expression a complex mix of emotions: the satisfaction of revenge, the grief of losing her family, and a hint of uncertainty about the future.

The revenge was complete.

The deep-seated hatred that had weighed on the Chen family for decades, the resentment that had festered in her heart for countless days and nights, had finally been resolved.

Those temple disciples who had once humiliated the Chen family and slaughtered their clansmen, those high-ranking temple warriors who had treated the Chen family like dirt, were now cold corpses, lying in the ruins of this branch temple they had once been so proud of.

But what then?

The Chen family was gone, her clansmen were gone, leaving her utterly alone.

All the glory and prosperity of the past had vanished with the destruction of the temple branch.

She didn't know where she should go, what she should do; she seemed to have lost her way, left only with an emptiness and bewilderment in her heart.

She slowly raised her head, her gaze falling on Kai's cool profile. Her voice carried a barely perceptible hoarseness and bewilderment as she softly asked, "Kai, what are your plans now?"

Kai slowly turned around, his gaze meeting hers. His eyes were cool and calm, yet held a subtle gentleness, as if he could see through her bewilderment and helplessness.

His voice wasn't loud, but it carried an undeniable firmness as he said calmly, "I came to the Fourteenth Heaven precisely to reach the Holy Domain of Light. Now that the matter of Cloud Immortal City is settled and my great revenge has been avenged, it's time for me to set off."

"The Holy Domain of Light?" Chen Wanqing paused slightly, a hint of doubt flashing in her eyes, before pressing for an answer, "What are you going there for? The Holy Domain of Light is a sacred place of the Fourteenth Heaven, heavily guarded. Is there something important you need to do there?"

Kai remained silent for a moment, his aura softening slightly. He slowly raised his hand and took out a soul crystal from his robes, its surface smooth and shimmering with a faint blue light.

The soul crystal was about the size of a fist, crystal clear, as if it contained a pool of clear autumn water.

Upon closer inspection, two illusory figures could be faintly seen within the soul crystal, curled up inside, eyes closed, their breaths weak, seemingly asleep, as if they might vanish at any moment.

"The souls of two people are sealed here,"

he said slowly, his voice lowering slightly, carrying a hint of solemnity. "They are my friends. They were killed by the temple, their bodies destroyed, and their souls forcibly sealed in this soul crystal, barely clinging to life.

The Temple of Light in the Holy Land is rumored to possess the ability to awaken souls. I need to go there, find the Temple, and find a way to resurrect them."

Chen Wanqing looked at the soul crystal, at the two faint, illusory figures inside, a flicker of emotion crossing her eyes.

She knew that Kai was aloof and taciturn, rarely showing such concern for anyone or anything. Anyone who could command such seriousness

from him, someone willing to venture into the perilous Holy Land of Light, must hold extraordinary significance for him.

She nodded gently, suppressing her confusion, and her tone became more firm: “I understand. To reach the Holy Land of Light, you need to use the inter-domain teleportation array, right? As for the teleportation array…”

Kai interrupted her, saying calmly, “I originally wanted to use the Chen family’s resources to raise immortal liquid, but then the temple suddenly attacked, and those things happened, so I didn’t bring it up again. But now…”

He paused, his gaze falling on Chen Wanqing again, his tone carrying a hint of consideration and trust: “Although your Chen family is gone, Cloud Immortal City still exists. This city is the foundation that the Chen family has built over hundreds of years. If you are willing, you

can stay for now.” ” Come, take control of Yunxian City, gather the remaining forces, accumulate strength, and rebuild the Chen family.”

Upon hearing this, Chen Wanqing immediately shook her head, her tone firm, her eyes filled with a hint of pleading and a barely perceptible stubbornness: “Kai, you’ve helped me so much, avenging the Chen family’s blood feud. If it weren’t for you, I would have already died at the hands of the temple disciples, and the Chen family’s great revenge would never have been achieved.

I can also help you arrange the teleportation array, contact the guardian of the teleportation array, and ensure that the teleportation array can be activated smoothly without any accidents. Even if the Chen family is gone, I don’t think anyone will stop us from using the teleportation array in Yunxian City.”Kai looked at the earnestness and stubbornness in her eyes and remained silent for a moment.

He could feel the gratitude and determination in Chen Wanqing’s heart, and he understood that she wanted to repay his kindness in this way, and also wanted to find a foothold and a direction to move forward.

After a long while, he slowly nodded, his tone still calm, but with a hint of approval: “Okay.”

One word, concise and powerful, both agreeing to Chen Wanqing’s request and trusting her.

Just then…

Ming Li, who had been silent and standing not far behind Kai, suddenly changed his expression drastically. His originally dark face instantly turned deathly pale, and the ghostly aura around him became restless, as if he had encountered something extremely terrifying.

He suddenly raised his head, his eyes wide open, staring intently into the distance, a trace of extreme shock and solemnity flashing in his eyes, even with a hint of barely perceptible fear.

Ming Li was born a ghost cultivator, and had an innate sensitivity to the aura of the ghost race. Even the faintest ghostly aura could not escape his perception.

“Mr. Chen!”

He could no longer hold back, his voice trembling slightly as he exclaimed, “I sensed… a strong aura of the Ghost Clan! It’s incredibly dense and extremely malevolent, definitely not from an ordinary Ghost Clan cultivator; it must be at least at the Saint Venerable level!”

“The sudden appearance of such a Ghost Clan aura in the Fourteenth Heaven—could it be another trick by the Divine Temple?”

Kai raised an eyebrow, his gaze instantly falling on Ming Li, a barely perceptible hint of seriousness flashing in his eyes.

He knew Ming Li’s abilities and how acutely he sensed the aura of the Ghost Clan. If Ming Li said he sensed a Ghost Clan aura, and such a dense one at that, then it couldn’t be wrong.

“What direction?”

Kai’s voice remained calm, yet carried an undeniable authority, as if he could handle any danger with ease.

Ming Li closed his eyes, took a deep breath, forcibly suppressing the agitation and fear within him, and focused intently on sensing.

The ghostly energy around him slowly emanated, connecting with the faint Ghost Clan aura in the air, carefully pinpointing the direction from which the aura was emanating.

A moment later, he suddenly opened his eyes, his gaze fixed firmly on the northeast direction, and said with certainty, “Over there, about eight thousand miles away, the aura is extremely strong, and it is still growing stronger!”

Kai’s gaze sharpened, and he looked in the direction Ming Li was pointing. Eight thousand miles away lies the edge of the temple’s sphere of influence, a desolate and uninhabited mountain range, ancient trees reaching for the sky, perpetually shrouded in mist—a wild and untamed region rarely visited by humans.

How could the aura of the Ghost Clan appear there?

A thought flashed through his mind, a thought that made his heart sink slightly… the Sacred Mountain.

When he first arrived in the Fourteenth Heaven, he had wreaked havoc on the temple’s Sacred Mountain, destroying the altar the temple used to resurrect powerful Ghost Clan members and thwarting the temple’s conspiracy.

But he knew in his heart that the temple’s influence was vast, spanning the Fourteenth Heaven; it couldn’t possibly have only one Sacred Mountain, nor only one altar.

Could it be… that the temple had also built Sacred Mountains in other parts of the Fourteenth Heaven, secretly resurrecting powerful Ghost Clan members and refining ghost corpses?

If so, then things were troublesome.

The Ghost Clan is inherently ferocious and bloodthirsty. If the Temple were to resurrect a large number of powerful Ghost Clan members and refine them into ghost corpses that obey their commands, then the entire Fourteenth Heaven would be plunged into misery, and countless cultivators and mortals would become food for the ghost corpses.

“Mr. Chen, could it be that the Holy Mountain repaired it?”

Ming Li asked cautiously, his tone tinged with uncertainty. “Although the Holy Mountain had several altars destroyed back then, the Temple is incredibly powerful. Perhaps they have some heaven-defying methods that can quickly repair it… If that’s the case, we’ll be in trouble. I’ve witnessed the strength of the Ghost Crying Saint Venerable!”

Kai slowly shook his head, his tone absolutely certain, without the slightest hesitation: “It’s not the Holy Mountain. Although I only destroyed three altars, even if the Temple has heaven-defying methods, it’s impossible for them to repair it in such a short time.”

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his eyes, and his aura became sharp, as if he wanted to completely freeze all the evil in the world.

“The temple certainly has more than one sacred mountain, and they definitely won’t let this go. They must have other sacred mountains elsewhere, using formations to revive powerful ghost clan members, refine them into ghost corpses, strengthen their own power, and plot wickedly.”

Ming Li’s expression changed again, his eyes filled with worry: “Then… what do we do now? If we let them revive powerful ghost clan members, the consequences will be unimaginable!”

Kai slowly turned around, his gaze falling on Chen Wanqing, his tone becoming more serious: “Miss Chen, the plan has changed.”

Chen Wanqing was slightly taken aback, then nodded, her eyes showing no hesitation, and said firmly: “Tell me, what do you need me to do? Whatever it is, I will do my best and will never hold you back.” Kai looked at her and said solemnly, “I’m going to that mountainous area eight thousand miles away to investigate the source of the ghost clan’s aura. If it truly is the sacred mountain of the temple, I will destroy it to stop them from resurrecting the ghost clan’s powerful figures and thwart their conspiracy.

During this time, you stay in Yunxian City. Use the remaining influence of the Chen family to gather those forces that are dependent on the Chen family, take control of the city, stabilize the order of Yunxian City, and prevent Yunxian City from falling into chaos.”

He paused and continued, “Also, keep an eye on the teleportation array for me. Contact the guardian of the teleportation array and make preparations. When I return, we will immediately set off for the Holy Domain of Light.”

Chen Wanqing looked at him, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes—reluctance, worry, and a trace of gratitude.

She knew that Kai was giving her a chance and trusting her.

What did it mean to control Yunxian City?

It meant she would become the master of this city, it meant she would have her own power and influence.

It meant she was no longer that orphan girl who could only rely on others and be bullied by others; it meant she could stand up again and protect everything she wanted to protect.

This was Kai’s gift to her, a weighty trust, a gift that helped her find her direction again.

“Kai…”

she murmured, her voice choked with emotion, a thousand words unspoken.

Kai waved his hand, interrupting her, his tone calm yet firm: “No need to say more. I believe in you, you can do it.”

He then turned to Ming Li and Liu Qianqian.

Liu Qianqian had been standing quietly to the side, dressed in green, her face beautiful, her eyes filled with determination. Whatever decision Kai made, she would obey unconditionally.

“You two, come with me,” Kai said calmly.

Ming Li nodded immediately, his worry instantly replaced by excitement, a glint of fanaticism in his eyes. He hurriedly said, “Alright! Mr. Chen, let’s smash up the temple’s territory, kill those resurrected ghost scum, and let them know how powerful we are!”

“And let our ghost clan’s strongmen rest in peace. We can’t let them die and still be tormented by these temple beasts.”

Ming Li now hated these guys from the temple to the core. Back then, the gods nearly wiped out the ghost race by hunting them down. Now, they’re even going so far as to use the corpses of powerful ghosts to create ghost corpses.

It’s utterly inhuman!

Liu Qianqian nodded gently, her voice soft yet resolute: “I’ll go with you.”

As soon as she finished speaking, the three figures moved simultaneously.

Kai’s body flashed with golden light, his gilded robe fluttering in the wind. His figure seemed to teleport, instantly transforming into a golden

streak of light, speeding towards the northeast. His speed was so great that it almost broke the limitations of space, leaving only a faint golden afterimage.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian followed closely behind. Ming Li was surrounded by ghostly energy, transforming into a black streak of light.

Liu Qianqian used her lightness technique, her figure as lithe as a swallow, transforming into a streak of azure light. The three figures moved like three bolts of lightning between heaven and earth, swiftly flying towards the desolate mountainous region eight thousand miles away, disappearing into the horizon of Yunxian City in an instant.

Chen Wanqing stood there, watching their departing figures, her gaze lingering for a long time.

The gale still howled, the ashes still danced, the ruins still stood silent, but the previous confusion and emptiness in her heart were gone, replaced by determination and courage.

After a long while, she took a deep breath, slowly turned around, and her gaze fell on the ruined branch of the temple, a resolute glint in her eyes.

She raised her hand, gently wiping away the tears and dust from her face, her aura becoming firm.

From this day forward, Yunxian City would belong to the Chen family.

She would reclaim the glory of the Chen family;

she had avenged the Chen family;

she would walk the path ahead with unwavering resolve, never betraying Kai’s trust, never betraying herself, and never betraying her fallen clansmen.

Chapter 6146 - 6150

Eight thousand miles away, amidst the vast, desolate mountains.

Here, the mountains stretched endlessly, peaks upon peaks, ancient trees reaching for the sky, blocking out the sun. Sunlight filtered through the dense foliage, casting dappled shadows that rustled on the thick layer of fallen leaves.

Mist swirled in the mountains, the air thick with moisture, carrying a faint, refreshing scent of grass and trees.

Yet, mingled with this fragrance was a subtle, chilling, and malevolent aura, cold and piercing, carrying a strong stench of blood and decay that sent shivers down one's spine.

Kai and his two companions concealed themselves in the dense forest of a mountain peak, concealing all their presence, approaching silently like three shadows.

Kai's gaze, sharp as a hawk's, swept across the mountains ahead. His divine sense slowly spread out, covering an area of hundreds of miles, meticulously examining every movement in the surroundings, leaving no stone unturned.

Ming Li also suppressed his ghostly aura, lowered his voice, and leaned close to Kai, his tone grave: "Mr. Chen, that ghostly aura is emanating from that mountain peak ahead. It's growing stronger and stronger; it seems their ritual to resurrect the ghostly powerhouses has reached a crucial stage."

Kai looked in the direction Ming Li indicated. Not far ahead, a majestic mountain stood amidst the clouds. The mountain soared into the sky, its steep slopes and dark black rocks, as if soaked in blood, exuding a faint, malevolent aura.

At the summit, a thick layer of blood-red mist shrouded the area, and within the mist, a massive altar was faintly visible.

From the altar, crimson light shot into the sky, piercing the clouds. Within that light lay a dense, malevolent power, chilling to the bone.

From afar, it resembled a lurking beast, baring its ferocious fangs, radiating a suffocating pressure.

Around the altar, countless temple soldiers patrolled, clad in black armor engraved with eerie runes, radiating a chilling killing intent. Their

sharp eyes scanned the surroundings warily, not missing a single anomaly. A

rough estimate suggested at least a thousand soldiers, including many eighth-grade Upper Immortals and even a few ninth-grade experts, guarding the altar with impenetrable defenses, making any attempt to approach difficult.

In the center of the altar, a massive coffin floated silently in mid-air, its surface entirely black, covered in dense, eerie runes. The runes emanated a dense ghostly aura and crimson light, while dark red liquid flowed across the surface of the coffin, emitting a nauseating stench of decay.

Within the coffin, a colossal figure could be vaguely discerned, huddled within, radiating an intense ghostly aura mixed with a faint, yet chilling, pressure of Saintly Venerable level.

“As expected, it’s the Holy Mountain.”

Kai’s lips curled into a cold smile, a sharp glint flashing in his eyes. His tone carried a hint of disdain. “The Temple really isn’t giving up. Even after I thwarted their conspiracy, they’re still resurrecting powerful ghost clan members and refining ghost corpses. They’re truly courting death.”

Ming Li leaned forward, lowering his voice, his tone tinged with worry and awe: “Mr. Chen, the one in that coffin should be the powerful ghost clan member they’re resurrecting.

Judging from the aura, he's at least at the Saint Venerable level. And it seems the resurrection ritual is already more than halfway complete. It won't be long before he fully awakens, and then we'll be in trouble."

Kai nodded slowly, his gaze fixed on the coffin floating in the center of the altar, a trace of solemnity flashing in his eyes.

He could clearly feel the ghostly energy within the coffin constantly increasing, and the enormous figure's aura was also constantly awakening, its surrounding pressure growing stronger and stronger. Clearly, the resurrection ritual had reached its most crucial moment.

If they wait any longer, the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable will soon be fully resurrected, becoming a ghost corpse controlled by the temple. At that point, killing him will become incredibly difficult, and it will bring immense disaster to the Fourteenth Heaven.

"We cannot let them succeed,"

Kai said calmly, his tone unwavering. His aura grew increasingly sharp, golden immortal light swirling around him, as if to purify this evil world. As soon as he

finished speaking, he slowly stood up, no longer concealing himself. Golden light erupted from his body, like a blazing sun illuminating the entire mountain range. The golden immortal light radiated immense pressure, distorting the surrounding air slightly.

He moved, without using any magic, simply flying slowly towards the summit of the sacred mountain. His steps were composed, his expression serene, as if he were attending a casual banquet rather than a life-or-death battle. Ming Li and Liu Qianqian exchanged a glance, a resolute glint in their eyes. They quickly concealed their auras and followed closely behind, flying towards the summit of the sacred mountain.

Ming Li's ghostly aura once more permeated the air, the black aura contrasting sharply with Kai's golden immortal radiance.

Liu Qianqian, meanwhile, held a cyan longsword, its blade emitting a faint immortal glow, her expression vigilant, ready to respond to any unexpected situation.

“Who goes there!”

The temple soldiers surrounding the altar instantly spotted them. The leader, a junior temple commander, shouted sharply, his voice filled with intense killing intent and vigilance.

Thousands of temple soldiers turned in unison, countless cold gazes sweeping over them like countless icy swords, aimed directly at Kai and his companions.

Their killing intent erupted instantly, converging into a massive torrent of killing intent that crushed towards Kai and his friends.

Kai ignored their stern shouts and the immense torrent of killing intent, continuing to fly forward unhurriedly, his expression indifferent, as if the temple soldiers and their killing intent were irrelevant to him.

His steps remained composed, his gaze cold and clear, as if the entire world consisted only of him, the coffin before him, and the obsession in his heart.

The temple’s junior commander’s face darkened, a flash of anger and disdain in his eyes.

Seeing Kai and his companions so arrogant, ignoring their existence and the temple’s majesty, his killing intent intensified.

He abruptly waved his hand and shouted, “Bold madmen! How dare you trespass on the temple’s sacred mountain! You’re courting death! Seize them and kill them without mercy!”

With his command, hundreds of temple soldiers attacked simultaneously, unleashing temple magic. Countless beams of light

erupted from their hands, carrying immense power, crashing down upon Kai and his companions.

The spells, dense and overwhelming, blotted out the sky, turning the entire heavens black, as if they were about to devour Kai and his companions.

Ming Li's expression changed, and he was about to defend himself, but Kai stopped him with a raised hand.

Kai remained standing with his hands behind his back, casually raising his hand without using any complex spells or even much immortal power, just a slight lift.

"Boom—"

An invisible force instantly erupted from his palm. The force seemed weak, yet it contained boundless power, like the power of heaven and earth, unstoppable.

The incoming spells exploded upon contact with this invisible force, turning into specks of black light that dissipated into the world without leaving a trace, as if they had never existed.

The hundreds of temple soldiers at the forefront were as if struck head-on by an invisible mountain. Their bodies instantly stiffened, their expressions froze, and their eyes were filled with terror and disbelief.

Immediately afterwards, they let out a shrill scream, their bodies flying backward like kites with broken strings. In mid-air, they spat out mouthfuls of blood, which stained the sky red and fell onto the rocks in the mountains, blooming into dazzling blood flowers. "Thump—thump—thump—"

A series of heavy thuds echoed as the hundreds of temple soldiers landed lifeless, their bodies stiff, eyes wide open, dying with unfinished business.

Even in death, they couldn't believe that their powerful spells had been neutralized with a single, casual strike. They hadn't even been able to touch a finger of their opponent before being instantly killed.

One move.

Just one move.

Hundreds of temple soldiers, including many eighth-grade Immortal Realm cultivators, had been slaughtered by Kai with a single, casual move, leaving no survivors.

The remaining temple soldiers were utterly dumbfounded, standing motionless, their eyes filled with fear and shock, as if they had witnessed something incredibly terrifying.

Their bodies trembled uncontrollably, and their weapons fell to the ground with a crisp sound, breaking the silence of the mountains and only highlighting the fear in their hearts.

What kind of power was this?

What kind of technique was this?

With a casual move, he slaughtered hundreds of Upper Immortal Realm cultivators. This meant he was at least a peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal Realm expert, right?

Perhaps even a True Immortal Realm powerhouse?

But Kai, standing before them, was merely a third-grade Upper Immortal Realm cultivator. How could he be so powerful?

They couldn't understand it; these temple soldiers simply couldn't comprehend it!

Their hearts were filled with doubt and fear. They looked at Kai as if he were an invincible god, filled with awe and terror, all traces of their previous killing intent and arrogance gone.

They didn't even have the courage to flee; they could only stand there, dumbfounded, awaiting their death.

Kai gave them no time to react, no chance to escape.

He took a step forward, his figure vanishing instantly, as if teleporting, appearing above the altar in the next second. Golden celestial radiance swirled around him, colliding with the crimson light above the altar and emitting a hissing sound. The golden radiance continuously suppressed the crimson light, purifying the dense evil aura bit by bit.

He lowered his head, his gaze fixed on the coffin floating in the center of the altar, watching the ghostly figure awakening within, watching the ever-increasing ghostly energy. A cold, disdainful smile curled at the corner of his lips.

"Since you haven't awakened yet, then never awaken."

His voice wasn't loud, but it carried an irresistible majesty, like a judgment, resounding throughout the entire sacred mountain, reaching every corner.

As his words fell, he slowly raised his hand. In his palm, golden celestial radiance instantly gathered, forming a massive golden palm print. The palm print contained boundless power, radiating immense pressure, as if it would shatter the entire sacred mountain.

The palm print also contained a rich purifying power, capable of purifying all evil and darkness—the nemesis of the ghostly race.

Just as he was about to strike down with his palm, shattering the coffin and obliterating the soul of the Ghost Clan Saint...

"Buzz!"

A deep hum resounded, and the strange runes carved into the ground on the altar instantly lit up. The crimson light surged, becoming even more intense and dazzling than before, piercing the clouds and dyeing the entire sky blood-red.

A massive evil power erupted from the altar, colliding with the golden palm print in Kai's palm, producing a deafening roar.

"Boom!!!"

The deafening roar shook the heavens, causing the entire sacred mountain to tremble violently, its body shaking, and rocks tumbling down, as if it were about to collapse at any moment.

The golden celestial radiance and the crimson evil power collided and crushed each other, unleashing countless energy shockwaves that spread outwards.

The temple soldiers around the altar had no time to dodge and were struck by the energy shockwaves, instantly turning into ashes without even a scream.

Kai frowned slightly, a barely perceptible hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

He hadn't expected the altar's array to be so powerful, capable of withstanding his attack and unleashing such immense evil power.

Clearly, the temple had invested tremendous effort in constructing this sacred mountain and resurrecting the Ghost Clan's powerful warrior, setting up a formidable array to protect the altar and aid the resurrection ritual.

"Interesting."

A playful smile played on Kai's lips, his fighting spirit igniting instantly.

He had initially thought this sacred mountain, these temple soldiers, and the soon-to-be-resurrected Ghost Clan Saint were merely clowns, easily dealt with, but unexpectedly, there had been such a surprise.

Without hesitation, the golden immortal light in his palm surged once more, and the immense golden palm print became even more terrifying. He slowly exerted his strength, pressing the golden palm print down again, gradually suppressing the evil power erupting from the altar array, and slowly approaching the coffin.

“Buzz—Buzz—Buzz—”

The altar array emitted a low hum again, the crimson light growing increasingly intense, and the evil power growing stronger.

Countless crimson runes flew up from the altar ground, converging to form a massive crimson barrier, blocking the coffin and attempting to withstand Kai’s golden palm print.

“Bang!”

The golden palm print slammed heavily onto the crimson barrier, causing it to tremble violently, cracks appearing on its surface, as if it would shatter at any moment.

Even so, the crimson barrier stubbornly resisted, not immediately breaking. The crimson runes continued to converge, constantly repairing the cracks on the barrier.

A cold glint flashed in Kai’s eyes. He could feel the energy of the altar array being constantly depleted.

The defensive power of the crimson barrier was also weakening. If he increased his strength further, he could completely shatter the crimson barrier and the coffin.

But at that moment, the enormous ghostly figure within the coffin suddenly moved.

“Roar!”

A shrill and ferocious roar erupted from the coffin, filled with intense malevolence and killing intent, along with a trace of resentment and pain. It resounded throughout the entire sacred mountain, causing eardrums to ache and hearts to tremble.

Immediately afterward, the black runes on the coffin lit up, and the lid slowly opened. A massive black figure rose from within.

The figure was several meters tall, covered in black scales that emanated a dense ghostly aura and a putrid stench. Its head resembled that of a demon, with bloodshot eyes and protruding fangs.

It exuded a powerful, Saint-level pressure, even more intense and terrifying than before, causing the entire sacred mountain to tremble slightly.

He wasn’t fully resurrected; part of his body remained in a phantom state, and his aura was unstable. Even so, the pressure emanating from him was enough to terrify even a peak-level Immortal Realm expert.

“Human…you dare…disrupt my resurrection ritual…you’re courting death!”

The Ghost Clan Saint Venerable spoke, his voice hoarse and violent, like a broken gong, filled with intense killing intent. His gaze was fixed on Kai, his eyes filled with hatred and rage.

He could sense that the Chaotic Immortal Power within Kai had a fatal restraining effect on him. If he were struck by that golden palm print, even if he managed to resurrect, he would be utterly annihilated, his soul scattered. As soon as he finished speaking, he abruptly raised his hand, and black ghostly energy instantly gathered in his palm, forming a massive black ghostly claw.

The claw contained a dense, evil power, grabbing towards Kai’s golden palm print, attempting to shatter it and kill him.

“Bang!”

The golden palm print and the black ghostly claw collided heavily, producing a deafening roar. The two immense forces crushed and devoured each other. An

even more terrifying energy shockwave erupted in the air, causing the entire sacred mountain to shake even more violently. Huge cracks appeared on the mountainside, and loose rocks tumbled down, as if it were about to collapse at any moment.

Kai’s body trembled slightly, the space beneath his feet slightly distorted, and he took a small step back, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

This Ghost Clan Saint Venerable, not yet fully resurrected, was already so powerful. If he were to fully resurrect, his strength would undoubtedly increase even further, making it even more difficult to kill him.

“Who is this guy Ming Li from your ghost clan? He must have been incredibly powerful when he was alive. He’s not even fully refined into a ghost corpse yet, and he’s already this strong,” Kai asked Ming Li. ”

Mr. Chen, this…this has changed so much. I can’t tell which ghost clan expert he is anymore. But don’t worry about me, just go all out,” Ming Li said.

“Damn…” At this critical moment, what’s the point of saving face for Kai?

The coldness in Kai’s eyes intensified, and the golden immortal radiance around him instantly surged to its peak, like a blazing sun illuminating the entire world.

Within the golden immortal radiance lay the power of chaos, a power that purifies all evil, the power that the ghost clan fears most.

He suddenly exerted his strength, and the golden palm print in his palm surged in power again. The golden light instantly suppressed the black ghost energy, gradually crushing and devouring the black ghost claws.

The Ghost Clan Saint Venerable let out a shrill scream. His black ghost claws shattered instantly, and his arms were scorched by the golden immortal light, leaving charred wounds from which black blood flowed, emitting a nauseating stench of decay.

“No!”

The Ghost Clan Saint Venerable roared in unwilling anger. He tried to exert his strength again, gathering ghost energy to resist Kai’s golden palm print, but he had not yet been fully refined. His aura was unstable, and his energy was constantly being consumed, making it impossible for him to withstand Kai’s attack.

The golden palm print pressed down little by little, continuously suppressing his aura and scorching his body. His body began to become illusory, as if it would dissipate at any moment.

Kai’s gaze was icy, without the slightest pity. He knew that this Ghost Clan Saint Venerable must have been a ferocious and bloodthirsty demon in his previous life, who had harmed countless lives. If he were to be resurrected, he would surely wreak havoc on all living beings again, bringing immense disaster to the Fourteenth Heaven. Therefore, he had to eliminate him completely, eradicating him forever and preventing future troubles.

“Boom!!!”

Finally, the golden palm print slammed heavily onto the Ghost Clan Saint, shattering the blood-red barrier and striking the black coffin.

A deafening roar echoed as the Ghost Clan Saint let out an utterly shrill scream. His body was instantly engulfed by golden immortal light, turning into a wisp of smoke that dissipated into the world, leaving not even a trace of his soul behind—completely annihilated.

The black coffin, too, shattered under the impact of the golden palm print, turning into countless fragments scattered across the ground. The dark red liquid within the coffin instantly evaporated and vanished.

The blood-red light on the altar dimmed instantly, and the strange runes carved into the ground lost their luster, becoming dull and lifeless. The altar's formation completely collapsed, unable to exert any further power.

The evil aura in the air gradually dissipated under the purification of the golden immortal light, restoring its original freshness.

"No!!!"

A furious roar, filled with extreme anger, echoed from afar, its intensity brimming with grief and killing intent, resounding throughout the entire summit of the sacred mountain.

Immediately afterward, several figures burst forth from the depths of the sacred mountain, like streaks of black lightning, instantly landing on the altar.

The leader, clad in a long black robe, possessed a sinister face and emanated a powerful aura—the aura of a True Immortal Realm First Grade, far surpassing even the previous Ghost Clan Saint Venerable.

Behind him followed four peak Ninth Grade Upper Immortal Realm experts, along with over a dozen Seventh and Eighth Grade Upper Immortal Realm cultivators, all powerful figures left behind by the Divine Temple to guard this sacred mountain.

They stared at the destroyed altar, the scattered fragments of the coffin, and the vanished Ghost Clan Saint. Their faces were ashen, their eyes filled with rage and killing intent. The killing aura around them erupted instantly, coalescing into a massive torrent of murderous intent that crushed towards Kai.

"You brat! You dare destroy my sacred mountain, ruin my grand plan, and kill countless disciples! Today, I will kill you!"

The True Immortal Realm expert stared intently at Kai, his eyes burning with murderous intent that seemed to devour him. He gritted his teeth,

speaking each word with intense hatred and resentment. This sacred mountain was built single-handedly by him over decades, a crucial part of the temple's grand plan to resurrect the Ghost Clan's Holy Venerable. But now, all of this had been destroyed by Kai. How could he not be furious, how could he not hate?

As soon as he finished speaking, he abruptly raised his hand, his palm instantly gathering immortal power to form a massive palm print. This palm print contained boundless power and a dense, terrifying aura, which he slammed towards Kai.

He showed no mercy, using all his strength to kill Kai in one strike, to avenge the fallen temple disciples and the destroyed sacred mountain.

Kai looked at him, a hint of mockery flashing in his eyes, a disdainful smile playing on his lips.

"Looking for death?"

he repeated softly, his tone filled with utter contempt and sarcasm, as if looking at a clown.

The current Kai didn't even consider a True Immortal Realm First Grade a threat. He was now at the peak of the Upper Immortal Realm Third Grade, and possessed various cultivation techniques and powers. So

what if he was a True Immortal Realm cultivator?

As long as it wasn't a True Immortal Realm Second Grade expert, Kai had no fear whatsoever.

Immediately, he raised his hand and struck out with a palm strike. Golden immortal light instantly gathered in his palm, forming a golden palm print.

This palm print contained boundless power and a rich purifying force, meeting the palm print of the True Immortal Realm expert head-on.

He didn't use his full strength, only less than ninety percent of his power. In his view, this True Immortal Realm First Grade expert wasn't worthy of his full strength.

"Bang!"

The two palms collided, a muffled boom resounding as the palm prints clashed and crushed each other.

Under the crushing force of Kai's golden palm print, the True Immortal Realm expert's palm print shattered little by little, turning into specks of light that dissipated into the world.

Then, a massive force erupted from Kai's palm, flowing along the palm print and into the True Immortal Realm expert's body.

The True Immortal Realm expert's expression changed drastically, his eyes filled with disbelief. He could feel an irresistible force instantly surging into his body, destroying his meridians and devouring his immortal power.

"Crack!"

A crisp sound of bone breaking rang out, and the True Immortal Realm expert's arm instantly exploded, blood gushing out and splattering onto the altar with a sizzling sound.

His body flew backward like a kite with a broken string, crashing heavily into the mountainside with a dull thud. A huge crater was instantly smashed into the mountainside, and debris tumbled down.

He struggled to get up, only to find that his meridians had been completely destroyed by that immense force, and his immortal power was rapidly dissipating. He spat out a mouthful of blood, his face turning deathly pale, his eyes filled with disbelief and despair.

"You…who are you?! How can your strength be so great?!"

“You’re just a lowly cultivator at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm…”

“Could you be Chen…Kai?”

Kai’s name was already a household name in the temple.

“You guessed right, but unfortunately there’s no reward!” Kai smiled faintly.

The True Immortal Realm expert stared at Kai in shock, his body trembling slightly, his eyes filled with doubt and fear. He was a True Immortal Realm Level 1 expert, considered a top expert in the Fourteenth Heaven. Yet, before Kai, he was utterly defeated. With a single move, Kai crippled his arm and destroyed his meridians!

For a mere Upper Immortal Level 3 cultivator to possess such strength was simply inhuman!

“Are you truly in the Golden Dragon True Body?” the True Immortal Realm expert asked, extremely curious!

Was Kai’s power solely due to that Golden Dragon True Body?

Kai didn’t answer his question, nor did he give him any chance.

He simply raised his hand slowly, his finger lightly touching the ground. A golden light shot out instantly from his fingertip, its speed almost breaking through spatial limitations, piercing the True Immortal Realm expert’s brow in a flash.

“Thump…”

The True Immortal Realm expert’s body went limp, collapsing to the ground, completely lifeless, his eyes wide open, dying with unresolved grievances.

Even in death, he couldn't believe that he had been so easily killed by a seemingly young cultivator.

The remaining temple experts were utterly desperate. Their faces were deathly pale, their bodies trembled uncontrollably, and their eyes were filled with terror.

Even a True Immortal Realm First Grade expert had been casually killed by the opponent; these Upper Immortal Realm cultivators were even more vulnerable before him, with no chance of resistance whatsoever.

"Run! Run!"

Someone shouted, and the remaining temple experts reacted instantly, turning and fleeing. Gone was their previous murderous intent and arrogance; they only wanted to escape as quickly as possible to save their lives.

They knew that staying meant certain death, and only by running away could they have a glimmer of hope.

Kai did not pursue.

He simply stood there, hands behind his back, quietly watching the fleeing figures. His eyes were devoid of any emotion; he had neither the intention to pursue nor the slightest concern.

In his view, these people were nothing more than clowns; whether he killed them or not was irrelevant. Even if they escaped, they wouldn't cause any trouble. Besides, he had more important things to do and didn't have time to waste on these people.

"Let's go,"

he said calmly, his tone still indifferent, as if the earth-shattering battle just now was merely a trivial matter.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian exchanged a glance, their eyes filled with awe.

They had followed Kai all this way, witnessing him slay countless powerful enemies and destroy a branch of the Divine Temple, but this time, they were still awestruck by Kai's strength.

A casual move to kill hundreds of Immortal Realm cultivators, a casual strike to kill a True Immortal Realm expert—his strength was simply unfathomable, beyond their reach.

They quickly nodded, following Kai's footsteps, and turned to fly down the Holy Mountain.

Behind them, the Holy Mountain slowly collapsed amidst violent shaking; the altar was completely reduced to ruins, and the corpses of thousands of Divine Temple soldiers lay scattered in pools of blood, staining the entire summit of the Holy Mountain red and exuding a thick, pungent stench.

The once majestic and heavily guarded sacred mountain temple is now nothing but scorched earth and ruins, telling tales of its unwillingness to accept its destruction and its despair.

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"Ming Li, can you still sense the aura of the Ghost Clan?"

After leaving the Holy Mountain, Kai asked Ming Li.

Ming Li nodded, his expression serious: "Mr. Chen, the aura I sensed this time is even stronger. In my opinion, the Ghost Clan powerhouse that the Temple is going to resurrect this time will be even stronger."

"It's alright."

Kai's lips curled up slightly, a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes.

“Even the strongest Ghost Clan powerhouse is nothing more than a mindless ghost corpse, possessing power but lacking intelligence. I will slay it with a single sword strike.”

He was bursting with confidence at this moment.

He had easily killed a first-grade True Immortal, so what was there to fear?

You must know that in the Fourteenth Heaven, the True Immortal Realm is almost the top combat power.

“Young Master Chen’s strength is now soaring, it’s the perfect time to destroy the Temple’s prestige.” Liu Qianqian flattered him with a smile from the side.

“Mr. Chen, southwest direction.”

Ming Li sensed for a moment, pointed into the distance, and said the direction of the Ghost Clan aura.

“Alright, let’s go.”

Kai took the lead and leaped up, transforming into a golden stream of light and disappearing into the horizon.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian followed closely behind.

Half a day later.

Thousands of miles away, another sacred mountain.

This sacred mountain was almost identical to the previous one—towering into the clouds, steep in cliffs, with dark gray rocks, exuding a faint pressure.

The summit was shrouded in a thick layer of golden mist.

Within the mist, a massive altar stood silently, golden light shooting upwards from it, radiating a chillingly sacred aura.

Around the altar, countless temple soldiers patrolled.

There were even more of them than on the previous sacred mountain—a full two thousand.

And there were even more powerful individuals.

More than ten peak-level Upper Immortals and two first-grade True Immortals guarded the altar, maintaining a high level of vigilance.

In the center of the altar, a massive golden coffin floated silently.

The coffin was inscribed with countless strange runes, radiating a dense ghostly aura and golden light.

Within the coffin, a colossal figure could be faintly seen, radiating the pressure of a Saint Venerable, yet devoid of any spiritual intelligence, only pure brutality and deathly stillness. Its

aura was even more concentrated than the previous Ghost Clan Saint Venerable.

Clearly, the Ghost Clan expert within this coffin was far more powerful than the previous one.

Kai and his companions concealed themselves on a mountain peak near the Holy Mountain, concealing all their auras as they carefully examined the situation.

Ming Li lowered his voice, his tone grave: “Mr. Chen, the defenses of this Holy Mountain are even tighter than the previous one. There are two True Immortal Realm First Grade experts, and the aura of the Ghost Clan Saint Venerable within the coffin is even more concentrated. The resurrection ritual is almost complete.”

Liu Qianqian nodded, a hint of worry in her eyes: “Moreover, there are more Temple soldiers than before. Destroying the altar will likely be much more difficult.”

Seeing this situation, Liu Qianqian was also somewhat worried.

This was no longer the time to praise Kai.

Kai nodded slowly, his gaze fixed on the altar atop the sacred mountain, a cold glint in his eyes.

He had long anticipated that the temple wouldn’t only have one sacred mountain.

But he hadn’t expected the temple to simultaneously resurrect so many powerful ghost race members.

Clearly, the temple’s ambitions were far greater than he had imagined.

Moreover, the resources behind the temple were not to be underestimated.

“The more difficult it is, the more we must destroy it,”

Kai said calmly, his tone unwavering.

“If this ghost race saint is resurrected, the consequences will be unimaginable. We must act quickly to stop the resurrection ceremony and destroy this sacred mountain.” As soon as he finished speaking, he slowly stood up.

He no longer concealed himself.

Golden celestial radiance erupted from his body, like a blazing sun illuminating the entire mountain range.

The golden radiance exuded immense pressure, distorting the surrounding air.

He moved swiftly, flying towards the summit of the sacred mountain. His steps were composed, his expression calm, and his aura grew increasingly fierce, as if he intended to reduce the sacred mountain to scorched earth.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian followed closely behind, but Kai waved his hand without turning his head.

“You wait here, no need to intervene.”

Ming Li was taken aback, then understood—Mr. Chen intended to handle this alone.

The two exchanged a glance, obediently stopping and observing from a distance.

“Who goes there! How dare you trespass on the sacred mountain of the temple!”

The temple soldiers around the altar instantly spotted Kai.

The leading temple commander shouted sharply, his voice filled with killing intent and vigilance.

Two thousand temple soldiers turned in unison, countless cold gazes sweeping over them.

Their killing intent erupted instantly, converging into a massive torrent of murderous energy that crushed towards Kai.

At the same time, the two True Immortal Realm experts guarding the altar, along with more than ten peak Upper Immortal Realm experts, also instantly sensed the anomaly.

They all turned, their eyes fixed on Kai, filled with vigilance and killing intent.

They could sense that Kai's aura was extremely powerful, far exceeding their expectations.

"It's you! That brat who destroyed our other holy mountain!"

One True Immortal Realm expert stared intently at Kai, a flash of anger and killing intent in his eyes.

He had clearly received news of the destruction of the other holy mountain.

"I didn't expect you to dare deliver yourself to our doorstep, you're courting death!"

Another True Immortal Realm expert shouted sharply, his killing intent intensifying.

"Today, you will pay for your crimes in blood, avenge the fallen disciples, and avenge the destroyed sacred mountain!"

Kai ignored their shouts and

the immense torrent of killing intent.

He continued flying forward unhurriedly, his expression indifferent, as if the temple soldiers and the True Immortal realm experts were none of his concern.

"Attack! Capture him, kill him without mercy!"

the temple commander roared, his eyes burning with killing intent that seemed to devour Kai.

At his command, two thousand temple soldiers attacked simultaneously.

They unleashed temple spells, countless golden rays erupting from their hands.

Carrying a sacred aura and immense power, they swept towards Kai like a tidal wave.

These spells were far more powerful and fierce than those cast by the soldiers from the sacred mountain.

Dense and overwhelming, they blotted out the sky, turning the entire heavens gold,

as if to completely engulf Kai.

At the same time, the two True Immortal realm experts also attacked.

Each of them unleashed their temple's ultimate techniques, golden immortal power instantly converging in their palms to form two enormous golden palm prints.

These palm prints contained boundless power and a rich, divine aura, striking towards Kai.

More than ten peak-level Upper Immortals also joined the fray, unleashing their respective spells to attack Kai,

attempting to kill him together. In an instant, countless spells and attacks converged, forming a massive torrent of attack that

crushed towards Kai.

The sheer power of this pressure was enough to terrify even a peak-level Immortal, enough to utterly destroy the entire mountain range.

Yet Kai remained calm and composed, showing no sign of panic.

He slowly raised his hand.

In his palm, a longsword instantly appeared

—the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Holding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, the golden immortal radiance around Kai instantly erupted with dazzling light.

Like countless golden swords, it pierced through the countless golden spells, illuminating the entire summit of the sacred mountain.

He no longer attacked casually as before.

Instead, he slowly raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword. The golden dragon patterns on the blade instantly shone brightly, as if coming to life, emitting deep dragon roars.

“Heaven and earth as the furnace, the dragon’s roar as the catalyst, slay all demons and monsters, annihilate all evil spirits,”

Kai’s voice slowly rang out.

It was no longer the previous calm and indifferent tone, but carried a majestic aura that resounded throughout the heavens and earth, like the judgment of a god.

Every word contained boundless power, causing the entire sacred mountain to tremble slightly.

The incoming golden spells, under the impact of this sound, began to become slightly disordered, their power diminished somewhat. As soon as he finished speaking

, he swung his sword fiercely.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword instantly unleashed a massive golden sword aura, within which a faint golden dragon phantom could be seen, baring its fangs and claws, slashing fiercely at the overwhelming attacks.

Wherever the golden dragon phantom passed, space was instantly torn apart, forming a long golden rift.

The overwhelming golden spells, upon contact with the golden dragon, melted instantly like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun.

They turned into specks of golden mist, dissipating into the world

without leaving a trace .

The two thousand temple soldiers, seeing their spells, which they had poured all their strength into, neutralized by a single sword strike, turned deathly pale.

Their eyes were filled with fear and despair.

They had never seen such power, never witnessed such terrifying methods.

Before Kai, they were like ants, insignificant and fragile.

There was absolutely no room for resistance.

“Impossible! This is impossible! How could you possess such power?!”

The leading temple commander screamed, his eyes filled with disbelief.

He simply couldn’t believe that his two thousand temple soldiers, along with over ten peak Upper Immortal realm experts and two True Immortal realm experts, couldn’t even withstand a single sword strike from the opponent.

Kai ignored his screams.

Holding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, he flashed forward, instantly appearing before the two True Immortal realm experts.

His speed surpassed even the perception of True Immortal realm experts.

Before the two True Immortal realm experts could even react, they felt a bone-chilling coldness descend upon them.

“Not good!”

One True Immortal realm expert’s expression changed drastically. He instinctively raised his hand, conjuring a golden shield to block Kai’s attack.

But his movements, in Kai’s presence, appeared so slow, so clumsy.

“Swoosh—”

The Dragon-Slaying Sword lightly sliced through.

There was no earth-shattering roar, only a crisp tearing sound.

The golden shield, under the sharpness of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, was torn apart instantly like paper.

It offered no resistance whatsoever.

Immediately afterward, the golden blade sliced across the neck of the True Immortal Realm expert.

A flash of golden light.

The True Immortal Realm expert’s head flew off instantly.

Golden blood gushed out, splattering onto the altar.

The other True Immortal Realm expert was terrified, turning and fleeing.

Gone was his previous arrogance and killing intent; only boundless fear remained in his heart.

He knew he was no match for Kai. Staying meant certain death.

Only escape offered a sliver of hope.

But Kai gave him no chance to escape.

With a slight flick of his wrist, the Dragon-Slaying Sword unleashed a golden sword aura.

The sword aura was so fast it almost defied spatial limitations, instantly catching up with the fleeing True Immortal Realm expert and

piercing his back.

The True Immortal Realm expert froze, his steps halting instantly.

He slowly lowered his head, staring at the golden sword aura in his chest, his eyes filled with disbelief and despair.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but could only spit out a mouthful of golden blood.

His body slowly collapsed, lifeless.

Two True Immortal Realm experts were killed in an instant.

More than ten peak Upper Immortal Realm experts were completely dumbfounded.

They stood motionless, frozen, their eyes filled with fear and shock.

They looked at Kai's figure as if he were a god from the heavens.

Only endless awe and fear remained in their hearts; the slightest will to fight was gone.

They knew that even True Immortal Realm experts were easily killed by him, so they, at the peak of the Upper Immortal Realm, were utterly helpless against him.

But Kai gave them no chance to escape.

He wielded the Dragon-Slaying Sword, his figure flashing.

With each strike, a peak Upper Immortal Realm expert fell.

More than ten people, in just three breaths, were all dead.

The remaining temple soldiers, witnessing this scene, felt their fear reach its peak.

They lost all will to fight and turned to flee, trying to escape this death trap.

But would Kai let them have their way?

He raised his hand, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword swept across the air.

A massive golden sword aura swept out, cutting hundreds of fleeing temple soldiers in half like grass.

Blood gushed, and corpses littered the ground.

Kai remained expressionless and swung his sword again.

Another sword aura, and hundreds more fell.

He continued, sword by sword, reaping the lives of these temple soldiers. In the time it takes to drink

a cup of tea

, not a single one of the two thousand temple soldiers survived.

They all lay in pools of blood, corpses piled high like mountains, a gruesome sight.

Kai sheathed his sword, stood with his hands behind his back amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood.

He remained clean, his golden robe spotless.

Not even a drop of blood stained his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

He looked up at the golden coffin floating in mid-air.

At this moment, the aura of the Ghost Clan Saint within the coffin grew increasingly intense and violent.

The golden runes on the coffin also shone brighter and brighter.

Clearly, the resurrection ritual had reached its final stage.

The Ghost Clan Saint was about to fully awaken.

“Buzz—buzz—buzz—”

On the altar, the strange runes carved into the ground lit up again,

even more intensely and dazzlingly than before.

A power even greater than the previous sacred mountain erupted from the altar, crushing towards Kai.

This power contained not only the ferocity of the Ghost Clan but also the sacred power of the temple’s formation.

The two forces intertwined, creating immense power that would terrify even a mid-stage True Immortal Realm expert.

Yet Kai remained calm and composed, showing no sign of panic. Countless pebbles tumbled down, dust filled the sky, and the altar was reduced to ruins. The corpses of two thousand temple soldiers lay strewn about in pools of blood.

Atop the ruins, a golden figure stood with his hands behind his back, holding a jet-black longsword. His aura was calm, yet exuded boundless pressure.

“This…this is…”

Lin Wuchen’s face turned deathly pale, his eyes filled with disbelief.

Yue Liuli’s eyes widened as well, her body trembling slightly.

Although they had never met Kai, they had heard of his deeds.

Destroying the Heavenly Road, killing a Grand Venerable, wreaking havoc on the Holy Mountain, and now destroying two more Holy Mountains…

this name had long been a nightmare for the temple.

“It…it’s Kai!”

Yue Liuli exclaimed in shock, instinctively taking a step back.

Lin Wuchen gritted his teeth, a deep sense of dread flashing in his eyes.

Although they were all ninth-grade Upper Immortals, considering themselves strong, seeing this scene before them—two thousand Divine Palace soldiers, two True Immortals, and a Ghost Clan Saint Venerable about to be resurrected—all annihilated, they instantly realized they were no match for Kai.

“Go!”

Lin Wuchen decisively turned and fled.

Yue Liuli followed without hesitation.

The two transformed into streaks of light, desperately fleeing into the distance.

But they had barely flown a hundred feet when a cold voice rang in their ears.

“Since you’re here, why the rush to leave?”

Before the words were finished, a golden figure instantly appeared before them.

Kai stood with his hands behind his back, calmly looking at the two.

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli’s faces turned pale, their bodies trembling.

“Chen…Kai, we have no grudge against each other, why must you be so ruthless?” Lin Wuchen said in a trembling voice.

Kai looked at him, a slight smile playing on his lips, a faint hint of mockery.

“No grudge?”

he repeated softly, shaking his head.

“Your temple hunted me down, put a bounty on my head, and even resurrected powerful ghost warriors to wreak havoc on the world. And you call this ‘no enmity’?”

Lin Wuchen was speechless.

Yue Liuli gritted her teeth and suddenly knelt down: “Young Master Chen, I am willing to submit, willing to be your woman, please spare my life!”

Kai looked down at her, his eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Be my woman?”

he repeated softly, then shook his head.

“You are not worthy.”

With that, he raised his hand.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword swung lightly.

Two golden sword energies shot out instantly.

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli didn’t even have time to react before the sword energies pierced their brows.

Their bodies fell from mid-air, crashing into the ruins, and then fell silent. Kai sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, not even glancing at them.

In the distance, Ming Li and Liu Qianqian finally dared to fly over, their eyes filled with awe as they looked at the scene before them.

“Mr. Chen, who are these two…?”

“Emissaries sent by the Temple to the Thirteenth Heaven, Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli. We clashed there,”

Kai said calmly. “Since they’ve delivered themselves to our doorstep today, let’s kill them while we’re at it.”

Liu Qianqian’s eyes widened upon hearing this, her awe of Kai deepening.

Kai turned around, his gaze sweeping over the ruins of the Holy Mountain.

The dust gradually dissipated, and the afterglow of the setting sun bathed the ruins.

He sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword and said calmly, “Let’s go back.”

Ming Li snapped out of her daze and quickly nodded, cautiously asking, “Mr. Chen, shall we continue searching? The Temple’s power is vast; there might be other Holy Mountains.”

Kai slowly shook his head.

His gaze drifted into the distance, a thoughtful glint in his eyes. His tone was calm yet resolute: “We’ll stop searching for now. The temple has more than just these two sacred mountains; I anticipated that.

But after these two blows, the temple has suffered heavy losses. Three True Immortals were killed, two sacred mountains were destroyed, and thousands of disciples were killed.

They no longer have the ability to rebuild the sacred mountains or resurrect the Ghost Clan experts in the short term, nor do they dare to make any major moves.”

He paused, then continued, “Moreover, we have more important matters to attend to. The matter of the Holy Domain of Light cannot be delayed any longer. The souls within the soul crystals are still dormant.

If we delay any longer, their souls may completely dissipate, making it impossible to resurrect them. So, let’s return to Cloud Immortal City, prepare, and set off for the Holy Domain of Light as soon as possible.” Upon hearing this,

Ming Li immediately nodded, his tone firm: “Alright! I’ll do as Mr. Chen says!”

Liu Qianqian also nodded gently, her voice soft yet resolute: “Yes, I’ll go with you.” As soon as she finished

speaking, the three figures moved simultaneously.

A golden light flashed around Kai, his golden robe fluttering in the wind.

His figure seemed to teleport, instantly transforming into a golden streak of light, speeding towards Yunxian City.

His speed was so fast it almost broke the limitations of space, leaving only a faint golden afterimage.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian followed closely behind.

Ming Li was surrounded by ghostly energy, transforming into a black streak of light.

Liu Qianqian used her lightness technique, her figure as lithe as a swallow, transforming into a streak of azure light.

The three figures, in the afterglow of the setting sun, were like three bolts of lightning, swiftly flying towards Yunxian City.

In an instant, they disappeared into the horizon.

Behind them, the two sacred mountains had become ruins.

Smoke and dust curled up, drifting in the wind.

The afterglow of the setting sun shone on the ruins, on the cold corpses. In

the direction of Yunxian City,

Chen Wanqing stood on the city wall, gazing northeast, her eyes filled with worry and anticipation.

She had already contacted the guardian of the teleportation array and made preparations to travel to the Holy Land of Light.

She was waiting for Kai's return, waiting to travel with him to that holy land full of unknowns and hope. The Fourteenth Heaven, at the pinnacle of the firmament.

The main hall of the Divine Temple floats amidst the sea of clouds, majestic as a celestial palace, radiating an awe-inspiring majesty that commands the reverence of all beings.

This region is far removed from the hustle and bustle of the mortal world; the fierce winds are like knives, and ordinary cultivators, let alone ascending, would have their souls torn apart by the winds even if they approached.

Only the powerful figures of the Divine Temple, with their profound cultivation, can traverse freely here.

This main hall of the Divine Temple is the most majestic building in the entire Fourteenth Heaven, the residence of those who wield divine powers, and the core of the Divine Temple's power.

The entire complex is vast, stretching for miles, and is entirely constructed of white immortal jade nurtured for millennia.

Each piece of immortal jade has been polished by countless skilled craftsmen, smooth as a mirror and warm as jade.

Dense ancient runes are engraved on the immortal jade, emitting a faint golden light as they flow, forming an invisible protective barrier around the temple.

This barrier can both repel external enemies and gather the spiritual energy of heaven and earth to nourish the cultivators within.

Under the midday sun, the Immortal Jade reflected a dazzling light, mingling with the sea of clouds, resembling a celestial palace forged from stars, sacred and inviolable.

At the center of the complex stood an even more magnificent hall.

This was the core of the main hall of the Divine Temple, where Shen Tong handled clan affairs and summoned elders.

At this moment, the atmosphere within the Lingxiao Hall was so heavy it was almost palpable. A

suffocating atmosphere permeated the air, as if a storm was about to break.

The hall was silent, save for the occasional howl of the wind outside, adding to the chilling atmosphere.

On the main seat of the Lingxiao Hall sat Shen Tong, the Temple Master.

He was tall and imposing, wearing a long robe embroidered with gilded dragons. The robe was adorned with lifelike five-clawed golden dragons outlined in gold thread, their scales clearly visible, shimmering with a cold luster under the hall's spiritual light, signifying his supreme status.

The divine power was imposing, with furrowed brows, a high nose, and thin, sharp lips, radiating the terrifying pressure of a second-grade True Immortal.

That pressure, like a towering mountain, weighed heavily on everyone's hearts, making it difficult to breathe.

His eyes flashed with a sharp light, seemingly able to pierce through people's hearts, seeing through the thoughts of everyone in the hall.

Below the main seat, more than ten temple elders stood neatly on either side of the jade steps.

These elders were all highly skilled, at least at the peak of the Upper Immortal realm, and many were True Immortal realm experts, usually influential figures in the Fourteenth Heaven.

Yet now, their faces were solemn, their brows furrowed, heads bowed, silent as cicadas in winter.

They could clearly sense the almost uncontrollable rage emanating from their temple master, knowing that something major was about to

happen, and that the slightest mistake would bring disaster upon themselves.

Just then, hurried footsteps sounded outside the hall. ”Report…”

Before the words were finished, a young cultivator dressed in the blue robes of a temple disciple rushed into the Lingxiao Palace.

He was panicked, his clothes disheveled and stained with blood, clearly having rushed there without even time to tidy himself.

Upon entering the palace, his legs gave way, and he knelt on one knee, his body trembling uncontrollably. His voice was filled with barely concealed fear and sobs: “Reporting to the Palace Master, oh… oh no!”

“The Third Sacred Mountain, the Fifth Sacred Mountain… they’ve all been destroyed!”

“The three True Immortal Realm elders who remained at the two sacred mountains fought valiantly, but ultimately all perished!”

“And the two Ghost Clan Saint Venerables we secretly nurtured, who were about to be resurrected, were also completely annihilated, their souls scattered, not even a trace of their spirits remaining!”

“And… and Grand Venerable Lin Wuchen and Ambassador Yue Liuli, they too… they too have fallen!”

The disciple practically cried out the last few words, each one filled with despair.

“What?!”

A furious shout exploded like thunder within the Lingxiao Palace.

Shen Tong abruptly rose from his seat, his aura instantly spiraling out of control. An extremely violent pressure swept through the entire hall like a tsunami.

This pressure was even more terrifying than before, carrying boundless rage and killing intent.

The elders below the jade steps paled, their faces changing drastically as they hurriedly circulated their full cultivation to erect protective shields.

Even so, they were still forced back by the pressure, blood trickling from their lips, their eyes filled with horror.

The disciple who had brought the news, whose cultivation was only at the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, was utterly unable to withstand Shen Tong's out-of-control pressure.

He was directly blasted away, crashing heavily into the dragon-carved pillar of the hall.

"Crack..."

The jade on the dragon-carved pillar shattered, the disciple coughed up blood, and his body slumped to the ground, barely breathing.

Shen Tong's eyes were bloodshot as he stared intently at the disciple on the ground, his golden spiritual energy surging violently, as if it were about to explode at any moment.

He gritted his teeth, his eyes filled with overwhelming killing intent, and roared, word by word, "Kai! It's that Kai again!"

This name, like a leech, appeared in his ears again and again, ruining his plans time and time again, and killing his subordinates time and time again.

Chapter 6156 - 6158

From a nobody at the thirteenth level of the Heavenly Realm to someone who could destroy three of his sacred mountains and kill many of his

powerful figures, Kai was like a malignant tumor, something he hated to the core.

“A mere third-grade Upper Immortal cultivator, nothing more than an ant who has only recently entered the Upper Immortal Realm, dares to destroy three of my sacred mountains, kill three True Immortal Realm elders, two Ghost Clan Saint Venerables, and two disciples!”

Shen Tong’s voice grew louder and louder, his anger almost consuming him.

“What makes him so powerful?! What makes him so capable?! My Divine Palace is vast, filled with powerful figures; how could a mere Upper Immortal Realm cultivator possibly accomplish this?!”

He grew increasingly furious, suddenly raising his right hand and slamming it hard onto the jade table in front of him.

The jade table was crafted from ten-thousand-year-old cold jade, incredibly hard, even ordinary True Immortal Realm experts could hardly damage it. But under Shen Tong’s furious strike,

“Boom!”

The jade table instantly turned to dust, fragments scattering everywhere.

Some fragments even carried a violent spiritual energy, smashing into the floor of the hall and creating small craters.

The elders inside were terrified and quickly moved aside, fearing they would be hit by the fragments and bring trouble upon themselves.

Shen Tong’s chest heaved violently, the killing intent in his eyes almost tangible.

He shouted fiercely towards the outside of the hall, “Pass on my order! Mobilize everyone in the temple to personally kill Kai!”

“I will tear him to pieces, extract his soul and refine it, so that he will never be reincarnated! Let everyone know the consequences of offending my temple!”

With that, Shen Tong turned to gather his men and personally pursue Kai.

He was now blinded by rage, with only one thought in his mind… to kill Kai and avenge the deceased elders and disciples.

“Palace Master, wait!”

Just then, a white-haired elder stepped forward, bowed respectfully, and spoke urgently and earnestly.

This elder was the Grand Elder of the temple, a highly skilled cultivator who had reached the True Immortal realm. He was one of Shen Tong’s most trusted confidants and also the most cunning person in the temple.

Shen Tong paused, his gaze suddenly turning cold. He slowly turned to look at the Grand Elder, his tone filled with impatience and killing intent: “Grand Elder, are you going to stop me?”

Sensing the killing intent in Shen Tong’s eyes, the Grand Elder’s heart skipped a beat, but he still forced a smile and shook his head, saying in a deep voice, “Palace Master, I am not trying to stop you, but this matter is suspicious, there must be some hidden story. We cannot act rashly!”

He paused, took a deep breath, and continued,

“Palace Master, think about it carefully. Kai is only at the third rank of the Upper Immortal realm. Even if he is exceptionally talented and has unorthodox methods, it is impossible for him to easily kill three True Immortal realm elders.” ”You must understand, those three True Immortal Realm elders were all powerful figures nurtured by our temple for many years. Their cultivation was all at the first rank of True Immortal Realm, and each possessed unique skills. Even against a

second-rank True Immortal Realm expert, they could barely hold their own.

Yet, all three of them died at Kai's hands simultaneously. This is definitely not something that could be achieved through ordinary means."

Shen Tong frowned slightly, his anger subsiding somewhat, replaced by a look of solemnity.

He knew the Grand Elder was right.

The simultaneous fall of three True Immortal Realm elders was no accident; there must be something fishy going on.

Seeing this, the Grand Elder quickly pressed his advantage: "That Kai possesses the bloodline of the Golden Dragon, a descendant of an ancient dragon king, and he also wields a Dragon-Slaying Sword. This guy is too strange. I think we should be cautious. What if Kai is backed by the entire Dragon Clan?"

"If we rashly pursue Kai and fall into a Dragon Clan ambush, our temple will be doomed!"

"Although the Dragon Clan has disappeared for many years, it doesn't mean they are extinct."

"The Dragon Clan?"

Shen Tong frowned even more, a hint of apprehension flashing in his eyes.

He knew the power of the Dragon Clan, of course.

In ancient times, the Dragon Clan was the most powerful race in the world, with countless strong individuals.

However, many years ago, during a great war between the Dragon Clan and the Demon Clan, the Dragon Clan suddenly disappeared, their whereabouts unknown. Over time, many cultivators believed that the Dragon Clan was extinct.

The First Elder nodded, his tone grave: “The Dragon Clan was torn apart by internal strife. Some members went into hiding, while others joined the Demon Clan, transforming into demonic dragons.

For years, the Dragon Clan has been silent, but recently there have been reports that the remnants of the Heavenly Dragon lineage are hiding deep within the Cangmang Mountains, secretly accumulating power, hoping to rise again.”

“After Kai emerged from the Ancient Dragon Pool, his strength skyrocketed, soaring from the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm to the third rank. It’s highly likely he received the support of the Dragon Clan and obtained their inheritance and treasures.”

Another elder, dressed in black robes, quickly stepped forward, bowing in agreement: “The First Elder is absolutely right. Palace Master, although our Temple is powerful, controlling half of the Fourteen Heavens, and possessing over ten True Immortal Realm experts, the Dragon Clan’s foundation is far too deep.”

“If we were to engage the Dragon Clan in a direct confrontation, even if we were to ultimately kill Kai and eliminate the remnants of the Dragon Clan, our Temple would inevitably pay a heavy price, suffering numerous casualties and severely weakening its strength.”

He paused, then continued, “Palace Master, don’t forget, the Fourteenth Heaven isn’t solely comprised of our Temple. The Divine Hall and the Divine Palace have always coveted our position, secretly accumulating power to seize it. And those ancient aristocratic families hidden in the shadows are also ambitious, eager to claim a share.”

“If we exhaust our Temple’s strength for the sake of Kai, giving the Divine Hall, the Divine Palace, and those ancient aristocratic families an opportunity to exploit the situation, then the Temple will be caught in a

pincer movement, and might even be annihilated!" Shen Tong remained silent.

He stood there, his aura gradually calming, but the killing intent in his eyes remained undiminished.

He knew the elders were right. While the Divine Temple was powerful, it wasn't invincible. A rash attack could indeed lead to utter destruction.

But the thought of the three destroyed sacred mountains, the three True Immortal Realm elders, the two Ghost Clan Saint Venerables, and his disciples Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli fueled his rage.

These were powerful figures the Divine Temple had painstakingly cultivated, crucial pieces in his quest to dominate the Fourteenth Heaven, the cornerstones of his stable position.

Now, all of them had been destroyed by Kai.

How could he let Kai off so easily?

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli were his most trusted disciples, his right-hand men, who had followed him for years and rendered countless merits.

Now, they had been killed by Kai, their souls scattered.

He had to avenge them!

Shen Tong's expression shifted unpredictably, alternating between overwhelming killing intent and deep contemplation.

The atmosphere in the hall became oppressive once more. The elders stood with their heads bowed, afraid to speak for fear of disturbing him.

Seeing his hesitation, the First Elder knew of his inner struggle and spoke again.

His voice lowered, carrying a hint of ruthlessness, as he leaned close to Shen Tong and whispered,

“Palace Master, I have a plan that can kill Kai, avenge the fallen elders and disciples, without depleting the temple’s resources, and also weaken the Dragon Clan’s power through the intervention of others.”

A glint of light flashed in Shen Tong’s eyes, and he quickly looked at the First Elder, his tone urgent:

“Speak! Tell me quickly what the plan is!”

The First Elder smiled slightly, lowered his voice again, and whispered in Shen Tong’s ear:

“Does the Palace Master still remember why the Dragon Clan suddenly disappeared and fragmented many years ago?”

Shen Tong raised an eyebrow, a hint of doubt flashing in his eyes, then suddenly realized, and said in a deep voice, “You mean… the Demon Clan? And those Demon Dragons who surrendered to the Demon Clan?”

The Grand Elder nodded, a cold glint flashing in his eyes: “Exactly. Back then, an internal strife broke out within the Dragon Clan. Some clansmen advocated peaceful coexistence with the Demon Clan, while others resolutely opposed it. The two sides engaged in fierce fighting, and the Dragon Clan was thus fragmented.

Among them, some clansmen, in order to seize control of the Dragon Clan, did not hesitate to surrender to the Demon Clan, cultivate demonic arts, and transform into Demon Dragons.”

“These demonic dragons are sworn enemies of the orthodox dragon race, their feud spanning generations. They will fight to the death against any member of the orthodox dragon race they encounter.”

He paused, then continued, “Since Kai possesses the bloodline of the Dragon Emperor and is a descendant of the orthodox dragon race’s ruler, he must be a mortal enemy of the demonic dragons.

Why don’t we send someone to secretly contact the demonic dragons, reveal Kai’s whereabouts to them, and use them to eliminate him?” “This way, we don’t need our temple to intervene, avoiding the depletion of our resources, and we can also make the Demon Dragons and the orthodox dragons fight each other, weakening both sides’ power. It’s a win-win situation!”

Shen Tong pondered for a moment, a glint of light flashing in his eyes, and a smile gradually appeared on his face. Using someone else to do the

dirty work.

This plan was indeed a good idea.

It allowed them to avenge themselves without risk, and they could also reap the benefits.

“Using someone else to do the dirty work… that’s a good idea.”

Shen Tong nodded, his tone carrying a hint of approval, but then he frowned. “However, the Demon Dragon clan is elusive, hiding deep within the Demon Realm for ten thousand years, never contacting the outside world. How can we contact them?”

The Grand Elder smiled slightly and took out a dark red jade slip from his sleeve.

The jade slip emitted a faint demonic aura, looking extremely eerie.

“Palace Master, you may not know this, but before the Demon Dragon lineage left the Dragon Clan and joined the Demon Clan, they had a brief period of cooperation with the Temple.

They left their contact information with the Temple, and this jade slip is the one left behind by the Demon Dragon lineage. It contains the method to contact them."

"We haven't used this jade slip all these years, but now it will come in handy."

Shen Tong took the jade slip, his fingertips twitched slightly, and his divine sense probed into it.

A moment later, a cold smile appeared on his face, and he nodded: "Good, very good! I'll leave this matter to the Grand Elder. Remember, it must be done in secret, and no one should know. Especially not the people of the Divine Hall and the Divine Palace, otherwise, if they interfere, things will become troublesome."

"Your subordinate obeys!"

The Grand Elder bowed respectfully and said, "Rest assured, Palace Master, your subordinate will handle this matter properly and contact the Demon Dragon lineage as soon as possible to have them eliminate Kai and avenge the deceased elders and the Great Venerable."

Shen Tong nodded, turned around and looked at the sea of clouds outside the palace, his eyes filled with murderous intent, and his tone was icy: "Kai... you destroyed my Holy Mountain, killed my elders, and harmed my disciples. I will settle this score with you sooner or later."

"Let the demonic dragon play with you for now, let you taste what it's like to be hunted down. Once you're dead, I'll personally lead the temple's experts to the Vast Mountains to wipe out those remaining dragons and eliminate any future troubles!"

As his words fell, the aura surrounding Shen Tong turned icy cold once more.

That killing intent seemed to pierce through the hall, reaching far into the distance, tearing Kai to pieces.

The Grand Elder bowed and stepped aside, secretly calculating how to contact the demonic dragon lineage as soon as possible to complete the task assigned by the temple master.

The other elders also breathed a sigh of relief; the temple master had finally calmed down and refrained from rashly attacking, preventing the temple from falling into crisis. Meanwhile, in Yunxian City,

on the city walls,

three streaks of light pierced the sky like shooting stars, landing steadily on the walls with lightning speed.

The light dissipated, revealing three figures: Kai, who had just destroyed the sacred temple and slain several powerful figures, along with Ming Li and Liu Qianqian, who had accompanied him.

Kai wore a flowing white robe, his long hair moving in the wind. His handsome face and calm expression seemed unaffected by the recent thrilling battle.

His aura was steady, showing no signs of fatigue, only a faint killing intent lingered deep in his eyes.

After the battle, his cultivation had not only remained unaffected, but having slain several powerful figures and absorbed their cultivation essence, he showed signs of breaking through to the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Ming Li stood to Kai’s left.

He was dressed in a black, close-fitting outfit, with a burly build, a rugged face, and a lingering air of ferocity. His clothes were stained with blood, making him look extremely fierce.

Liu Qianqian stood to Kai’s right. She wore a pink dress, possessed stunning beauty, and had a gentle demeanor. A hint of weariness lingered on her face, but her eyes were full of admiration.

The three landed on the city wall, where Chen Wanqing, who had been waiting, immediately showed a hint of joy in her eyes and hurried forward to greet them.

Chen Wanqing wore a light blue dress, her face was delicate and pretty, but her expression was somewhat haggard.

In recent days, she had devoted a great deal of effort to gathering the old forces of the Chen family and stabilizing the situation in Yunxian City. Since the destruction of the Chen family, she had remained in Yunxian City, gathering the old forces while waiting for Kai's return.

"Kai, you're back! Are you alright? Are you hurt?"

Chen Wanqing walked up to Kai, her tone urgent, her eyes fixed on him, carefully examining him, as if afraid that he might be harmed in the slightest.

In her heart, Kai was not only her savior but also her only support.

She truly didn't know what she would do if something happened to him.

Kai shook his head, his tone calm: "It's alright, don't worry. I've destroyed both of the temple's sacred mountains."

Chen Wanqing was slightly taken aback, then a look of shock flashed in her eyes, and disbelief appeared on her face.

Two sacred mountains?

Those were important strongholds of the temple.

Chen Wanqing was extremely surprised.

Although she knew Kai was powerful and exceptionally talented, she hadn't expected him to be this powerful.

After a moment of stunned silence, Chen Wanqing slowly regained her senses, her voice trembling slightly as she asked, “Then… what about those powerful figures from the temple? The elders who remained on the sacred mountains, and those soldiers, how… how are they?”

Chen Wanqing knew that the sacred mountains were very important to the temple and would definitely be heavily guarded. Kai’s tone remained calm, as if he were discussing a trivial matter: “Killed. Three True Immortal Realm elders, two envoys, and two Ghost Clan Saint Venerables about to be resurrected—all were slain by me. Not a single survivor was left.”

“Boom…”

These words exploded in Chen Wanqing’s ears like thunder.

She was completely stunned.

Standing there, her eyes wide open, her face filled with shock and disbelief, her mouth agape, unable to utter a single word for a long time.

Three True Immortal Realm elders.

Two envoys.

Two Ghost Clan Saint Venerables.

What kind of powerful beings were these?

Each one could easily annihilate the Chen family.

Yet now, they had all been killed by Kai.

What kind of record was this?

This was simply unprecedented and unparalleled!

Her gaze towards Kai became incredibly complex, filled with awe, shock, and an indescribable admiration.

This young man was like a towering mountain, unattainable to anyone.

He had created miracle after miracle with his strength, giving her hope to live and the courage for revenge.

Seeing Chen Wanqing stunned, Ming Li couldn't help but interject,

"Miss Chen, you have no idea how powerful Mr. Chen is! Those temple soldiers, more than two thousand in total, charged forward like fierce demons wielding weapons, but Mr. Chen swept his sword across them, killing a large number of them! Those soldiers were utterly helpless, they couldn't even touch the hem of Mr. Chen's clothes!"

"And those True Immortal Realm elders, they were all incredibly arrogant, trying to join forces to kill Mr. Chen, but they were all killed by Mr. Chen with a single strike of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, without even a chance to resist! The scene, wow, it was simply spectacular!"

Ming Li gestured as he spoke, a smug look on his face, as if he himself had just killed the temple's powerful figures, not Kai.

His admiration for Kai was deeply ingrained; in his heart, Kai was omnipotent, capable of anything.

Liu Qianqian nodded gently, her eyes full of admiration, and said softly, "Mr. Chen is indeed very powerful. Those True Immortal Realm elders are all very strong, but they are no match for Mr. Chen. If it weren't for Mr. Chen, we wouldn't have been able to come back alive."

Chapter 6159 - 6160

Kai waved his hand, interrupting Ming Li's flattery and Liu Qianqian's praise.

His gaze fell on Chen Wanqing, and his tone became more serious:

“Alright, enough of that. How’s the teleportation array I asked you to arrange? Is it all set up? We need to get to the Holy Land of Light as soon as possible.”

Chen Wanqing finally snapped out of her daze, quickly suppressing her shock and admiration, her expression turning serious.

She bit her lip, a hint of difficulty flashing across her face, and said softly, “I’ve contacted the guardian of the teleportation array in Yunxian City, and he’s agreed to let us use it. However…”

She paused, a hint of guilt in her voice, and lowered her head.

Kai frowned slightly:

“But what? Is there some difficulty?”

Chen Wanqing took a deep breath, looked up at Kai, her eyes filled with guilt and helplessness, and said softly, “Kai, I’m sorry, I… I failed to complete the task you entrusted to me. Yunxian City is… not very stable now.” ”

After the Chen family was destroyed, several forces in the city became restless, all wanting to seize control of Yunxian City.

They originally promised me I could use the teleportation array, but now they disagree, even if they offer them immortal elixir.”

She paused, then continued,

“Although I tried my best to gather the old forces of the Chen family and stabilize the situation in Yunxian City, those forces didn’t take me seriously at all. I’m no match for them. I can only barely hold onto the remnants of our Chen family’s power; I can’t control the entire Yunxian City.”

After speaking, Chen Wanqing's eyes reddened slightly, and she lowered her head again, her heart filled with guilt.

She felt that she had let Kai down. She

had failed to complete the task Kai entrusted to her, failed to protect the Chen family's foundation, and failed to restore the peace to Yunxian City.

Kai looked at her quietly, without speaking.

He understood Chen Wanqing's predicament.

How easy was it for an orphan girl to gather her former followers and control a city after her family's destruction?

The forces in Yunxian City were deeply intertwined. When the Wu and Chen families were in power, these forces lay dormant.

But now that the Wu and Chen families were gone, and the Divine Temple was no longer able to reach them, these dormant forces began to emerge.

Chen Wanqing's cultivation was only at the eighth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, and she didn't have many remaining Chen family forces around her, so she was simply no match for those forces.

It was already remarkable that she had managed to hold on until now, to gather some of the Chen family's former followers, and to preserve the remaining power of the Chen family.

Anyone else would probably have given up long ago.

They would either have sought refuge with other forces or fled Yunxian City incognito.

After a moment, Kai slowly spoke.

His tone was calm, without any blame, but rather with a hint of comfort: “Don’t blame yourself. You’ve done very well. Others might not have been able to do what you did.” ” The Chen family was destroyed. It’s already remarkable that you survived, managed to gather your old followers, and held on until now.”

“The situation in Yunxian City is far too complex. Those forces have powerful backers; it’s normal that you can’t handle them.”

Hearing Kai’s words of comfort, Chen Wanqing’s eyes welled up even more.

She looked up at Kai, her eyes filled with gratitude.

These past few days, she had endured so much pressure and so much injustice.

No one understood her, no one comforted her.

Now, Kai’s words instantly dissipated most of the grievances and pressure in her heart.

Kai turned around, his gaze fixed on the distance, towards Tianlong Valley.

After a moment of silence, he suddenly spoke, his tone firm: “I’m going to Tianlong Valley.” Ming Li

and Liu Qianqian exchanged a glance, their faces showing no surprise.

They both knew Kai’s status in Tianlong Valley: the bloodline of the Dragon Emperor, with all dragons submitting to him.

Long Zhan, the patriarch of the Tianlong lineage, was extremely respectful and obedient to Kai.

The entire Tianlong Valley followed Kai’s lead.

Ming Li scratched his head and asked,

“Mr. Chen, are you going to Tianlong Valley to… bring the dragons out of the mountains?”

Liu Qianqian also looked at Kai thoughtfully.

Kai nodded, a faint smile curving his lips: “That’s right. The waters of Yunxian City need a true dragon to keep them in check. Since the dragons acknowledge me as their Dragon Emperor, it’s time for them to show themselves.”

He paused, his tone calm yet carrying an undeniable domineering air: “Let them know that this city has a master.” ”

Having said that, Kai no longer hesitated. With a swift movement, he transformed into a golden streak of light and sped off towards Tianlong Valley.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian quickly followed.

The three figures disappeared once again into the sky above Yunxian City.

Chen Wanqing stood atop the city wall, watching the departing figures of Kai and the other two, her eyes filled with determination.

She secretly resolved to protect the old guard of the Chen family and to defend Yunxian City.

When Kai returned, she would not let him down, nor would she fail his trust and expectations.” …

Tianlong Valley, nestled deep within the vast mountain range,

is surrounded by towering mountains and ancient trees, brimming with spiritual energy—a

truly auspicious place. Within the valley, mist swirls, ethereal air permeates the air, waterfalls cascade, springs flow, birds sing, and flowers bloom—a veritable paradise on earth.

The Tianlong lineage has always carefully hidden here, propagating its offspring and accumulating power, fearing discovery by the Demon Dragon and the Divine Temple, which would bring annihilation.

At this moment, within the Dragon Palace,

Long Zhan sat in the main seat, handling the clan affairs of the Tianlong lineage.

Suddenly, Long Zhan's brow furrowed slightly, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes, followed by an expression of excitement.

He sensed a familiar aura, an aura belonging to the Dragon Emperor's bloodline, rapidly approaching Tianlong Valley.

This aura, warm and powerful, carried the majesty of the Dragon Emperor, filling him with an inexplicable awe and excitement.

"It's His Majesty! His Majesty the Dragon Emperor has returned!"

Long Zhan was overwhelmed with excitement, unable to concentrate on his clan affairs any longer.

He quickly rose and hurried out of the hall to greet them.

Just as he stepped out of the Heavenly Dragon Hall, Long Zhan saw three streaks of light rushing from the sky and instantly landing on the plaza of the Heavenly Dragon Hall.

The light dissipated, revealing Kai, Ming Li, and Liu Qianqian.

Upon seeing Kai, Long Zhan's eyes filled with excitement and awe.

He quickly stepped forward, bent his knees, and bowed deeply, his tone extremely respectful:

“Your Majesty! You’ve returned! Your subordinate, Long Zhan, welcomes Your Majesty to Heavenly Dragon Valley!”

His voice trembled with barely concealed excitement.

Kai nodded, his tone calm:

“Rise.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty!”

Long Zhan responded respectfully, slowly rising, still standing with his head bowed, not daring to be the slightest bit negligent.

He could sense that although Kai’s aura was only at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, it carried an innate Dragon Emperor’s majesty.

That majesty filled him with heartfelt reverence. Even though his cultivation was higher than Kai’s, he dared not show the slightest disrespect.

Kai stepped into the Dragon Hall and took his seat in the guest section.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian stood behind him.

Although they had been to Tianlong Valley before, they still looked around with curiosity.

Inside the Dragon Hall, the entire structure was made of golden jade, with lifelike dragons carved on the pillars, and a huge luminous pearl hanging from the ceiling, emitting a soft glow. The entire hall was majestic and sacred, filled with the aura of the dragon race.

Long Zhan followed behind Kai, cautiously approaching him and bowing, asking, “Your Majesty, is there any important matter that brings you

back to the valley? If Your Majesty has any instructions, I will certainly do my utmost and will not refuse!”

He knew that Kai’s visit must be for something important.

Kai looked at him and went straight to the point: “Long Zhan, I need the dragon race to help me with something.”

Long Zhan was taken aback, then a flicker of excitement flashed in his eyes, and he quickly said,

“Your Majesty, please speak! Let alone one thing, even ten or a hundred, I will certainly handle it! As long as Your Majesty is willing to lead us to revitalize the dragon race, our Heavenly Dragon lineage is willing to obey Your Majesty’s any command, even at the cost of fire and water!”

In his view, Kai’s visit must mean he had come to a realization and was willing to lead the Heavenly Dragon lineage to rise again and revitalize the dragon race.

Kai shook his head, his tone calm: “The matter of revitalizing the Dragon Clan can be discussed later. Right now, I need the Dragon Clan to go to Cloud Immortal City to help me control that city and stabilize the situation there.”

Long Zhan was slightly taken aback, a look of confusion on his face: “Your Majesty, Cloud Immortal City is just a mortal city, a melting pot of forces. With your strength, you could easily suppress all the forces in the city and take control of Cloud Immortal City yourself. Why would you need the Dragon Clan to intervene?”

Kai said indifferently: “I’m too lazy to deal with those clowns one by one, it’s a waste of time.

Besides, I’ll be going to the Holy Domain of Light soon, I don’t have time to stay in Cloud Immortal City.

That city connects all the regions of the Fourteenth Heaven .” As an important hub, the geographical location is very important. I need a strong person to take charge and stabilize the situation. ”

He paused, raised his head and looked at Long Zhan, his eyes burning: “You are the best choice. ”

Long Zhan frowned slightly, a little worried: “But Your Majesty, our Dragon Clan has been hiding in Tianlong Valley. If we come out rashly, I’m afraid we will be discovered by the demon dragon and the temple, which will bring disaster to our Tianlong Clan…”

Kai looked at him, his tone was calm but with unquestionable majesty: “Long Zhan, your Tianlong lineage has been hiding in Tianlong Valley for how many years? ”

Long Zhan was silent for a moment, with a hint of loneliness and helplessness on his face, and whispered: “I can’t remember clearly. ”

Can’t remember clearly?” ”

Kai sighed softly, with a hint of emotion in his tone, “You have been hiding here, not daring to go out, not daring to show up, you are cautious, walking on thin ice, for fear of being discovered by the demon dragon, being hunted by the temple, for fear of breaking the last bloodline of the Tianlong clan.

But have you ever thought about how long you can hide like this? ”

Long Zhan raised his head and looked at Kai, a trace of confusion and helplessness flashed in his eyes.

He had certainly considered this question.

But he had no choice.

The Demon Dragon lineage was powerful, backed by the Demon Clan.

The Temple controlled half of the Fourteenth Heaven, its powerful figures numerous.

Although the Heavenly Dragon lineage was a legitimate dragon race, its strength had been greatly diminished by internal strife, making it utterly incapable of contending with the Demon Dragons and the Temple.

If he didn’t hide, the Heavenly Dragon lineage would likely have been wiped out long ago.