the mans Decree: Kai Ping / Chen Ping

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On the morning of the third day, the first rays of sunlight pierced through the thick black smoke, illuminating the sky.

Kai and the Judgment Venerable remained locked in a standoff in the void.

Both were covered in wounds, their breaths weak.

The surrounding air felt unusually heavy, save for their heavy breathing and the occasional clang of clashing weapons.

“Kai, you… what kind of monster are you?”

The Judgment Venerable’s voice trembled slightly.

He had never imagined that he would be forced to this point by a cultivator at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Three days and three nights of fierce fighting had exhausted most of his spiritual power, leaving him severely injured.

Yet Kai could still stand before him, still possessing the strength to fight.

Kai remained silent.

His throat was choked with blood, allowing only weak gasps.

He raised his purplish-gray longsword and charged at the Judgment Venerable once more.

This strike used the last vestige of chaotic power within him, yet the purplish-gray light on the sword remained dazzling.

A ruthless glint flashed in the Judgment Venerable's eyes as he also used his last ounce of spiritual power to meet the attack.

The three beams of light—gold, purple, and gray—collided once more.

This time, there was no earth-shattering shockwave, only a faint thud.

Both figures were simultaneously sent flying, crashing heavily to the ground, spitting out mouthfuls of golden blood, unable to rise again.

Kai lay on the ground, covered in wounds, his chaotic power completely exhausted, unable to even move a finger.

But his eyes still shone, a faint smile playing on his lips.

He had won.

At least, he hadn't lost.

He had blocked the Judgment Venerable, protecting everyone.

The Judgment Venerable lay not far away, his golden robes soaked in blood, his wounds festering, his holy light completely dissipated.

He struggled to raise his head, looking at Kai, his eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

He was the number one person in the Fifteenth Heaven, a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank, yet he had been beaten to a pulp by a mere Upper Immortal of the Ninth Rank peak.

If word got out, he would lose all face, and the prestige of the Judgment Hall would be utterly destroyed.

The elite warriors of the divine race, seeing the Arbiter Venerable severely wounded, rushed over and surrounded him, their expressions panicked.

“Palace Master! Palace Master, how are you?”

The Arbiter Venerable waved his hand weakly, his voice carrying an undeniable authority.

“Help…help me up, retreat…retreat!”

He knew he couldn’t kill Kai today.

Staying would only result in heavy losses for the divine race’s elite.

Moreover, he was severely injured and needed to recover quickly.

“Palace Master, what about Kai?” a divine race cultivator asked cautiously.

The Arbiter Venerable looked at Kai, a flash of resentment and ruthlessness in his eyes.

“Keep…keep him alive. Next time, I will take his dog’s life!”

With that, he was helped to his feet by the divine race’s elite and slowly walked away towards the Arbiter’s Palace.

A thousand divine race elites followed closely behind, their figures disheveled, their previous arrogance completely gone.

Seeing the Arbiter Venerable retreating with his men, Lang Hao, Yun Xi, and the others finally breathed a sigh of relief and rushed over to surround Kai.

“Kai! Kai, how are you?”

Lang Hao knelt down, carefully helping Kai up, his voice trembling, his eyes filled with heartache.

Kai slightly opened his eyes, looked at the people around him, a faint smile appearing on his lips, his voice hoarse.

“He…they’re gone…we…won…”

He finished speaking, then everything went black, and he fainted.

Yun Xi quickly supported Kai, tears finally streaming down her face.

“Don’t worry, we will definitely save you, you will be alright.” Yun Xi cried.

Ying Wuji and Feng Qingzi stood aside, looking at the unconscious Kai, their eyes filled with admiration.

Feng Qingzi sighed: “Three days and three nights, single-handedly withstanding the Arbiter Venerable, an eighth-grade True Immortal, and even forcing him to retreat. Kai is indeed a genius of all time.” Ying Wuji nodded

, a complex emotion flashing in his dark eyes.

“He is the hope of all of us.” Ying Wuji’s tone carried a glimmer of hope!

In this epic battle, Kai and the Arbiter Venerable were both severely injured, with the Arbiter Venerable retreating in a

sorry state. Kai, however, used his power to protect everyone and brought a brief respite to the Fifteenth Heaven.

The格局 (geju, a concept encompassing the overall structure and overall situation) of the Fifteenth Heaven might truly be rewritten!

It was three days later when the Arbiter Venerable returned to the Arbitration Hall.

His injuries were severe.

The wound on his chest, scorched by the Chaos Fire, had become infected and suppurated. Holy light flowed over the wound, but it failed to heal.

The corrosive power of the Chaos was too strong; even though he had tried his best to dispel it, the remaining power was like a persistent carbuncle, relentlessly eroding his flesh day and night.

“Hall Master, your injuries…” The accompanying healer knelt on the ground, trembling.

“I won’t die.”

The Arbiter Venerable’s voice was hoarse, but a ruthless glint flashed in his eyes. “Kai’s Chaos Power is indeed worthy of its reputation.”

He leaned back on his throne, closed his eyes, and lightly tapped the armrest with his fingers.

The sound echoed in the empty hall, like the tolling of a death knell.

Three days had passed.

He had been pondering one question: why could Kai hold him off?

A peak ninth-grade Upper Immortal against an eighth-grade True Immortal.

A difference of a major realm, and countless minor realms.

Logically, he could crush Kai with a single finger.

But the truth was, he had fought with all his might for three days and three nights, only to end up with both sides severely injured.

The power of chaos.

The power of chaos that restrains all power.

The Judgment Venerable opened his eyes, gazing at the inverted starry sky suspended above the hall's dome, remaining silent for a long time.

"Kai... if you don't die, the格局 (geju, a concept encompassing the structure and power structure) of the Fifteenth Heaven will be rewritten."

His voice was soft, but each word seemed to be squeezed out from between his teeth.

The majesty of the Judgment Hall was something he had built up over thousands of years.

The divine race's dominance in the Fifteenth Heaven was bought with the blood of countless ancestors.

If Kai didn't die, and if the Shadow Palace, the Loose Cultivator Alliance, the Sirius Tribe, and the Nether Moon Kingdom united, the Judgment Hall's doom would be near.

He couldn't allow that to happen.

"Someone come here."

"Hall Master!" A divine race cultivator strode into the hall and knelt on the ground.

"Pass down the order. From today onwards, the Judgment Hall is on high alert. All cultivators on patrol are to be recalled, and all restrictions are to be activated. No one is to leave without my order."

The cultivator's expression changed. "Hall Master, you mean..."

"I need to go into seclusion to heal my injuries," the Judgment Venerable interrupted him. "Until I emerge from seclusion, no conflict with any

force is permitted. Especially Kai; upon seeing him, retreat immediately, and do not engage in battle."

"Yes!"

The cultivator turned and left. The Venerable Judge's secluded meditation chamber was located at the deepest part of the main hall, sealed by seven layers of ancient restrictions.

The walls of the chamber were forged from extraterrestrial meteorite iron, engraved with the supreme runes of the divine race. In

the center of the chamber stood a stone platform, upon which was engraved a complex magic array—the most ancient summoning technique of the divine race, capable of summoning the projections of powerful beings from the upper realm to the lower realm.

The Venerable Judge had never used this technique before,

because the price was too high.

Each summoning required the expenditure of a hundred years of his cultivation, and the summoned being might not even respond.

Which powerful being from the upper realm wasn't arrogant and aloof?

Who would care about a summons from the lower realm?

But now, he couldn't care less.

He sat cross-legged on the stone platform, his hands forming a mudra, activating the holy light within his body.

Golden light surged from his body, pouring into the magic array on the stone platform.

One by one, the runes of the magic array lit up, emitting dazzling golden light that illuminated the entire chamber.

“Using the bloodline of the gods as a guide, and the laws of heaven and earth as a bridge, the supreme being of the upper realm descends upon this place!”

The voice of the Judgment Venerable was deep and solemn, each word containing immense spiritual power.

The light of the magic array grew brighter and brighter, causing the entire secret chamber to tremble.

Then, a beam of light rose from the magic array, shooting straight into the sky.

The Judgment Venerable’s face turned deathly pale.

The depletion of a century of cultivation had almost completely drained his body.

He gritted his teeth, staring intently at the center of the magic array, waiting for the appearance of that figure of light.

A figure of light appeared.

It was a blurry humanoid outline, the face indistinct, only vaguely discernible that he wore golden armor and had a pair of enormous wings of light on his back.

His body emanated a terrifying pressure, like a mountain pressing down, making it almost impossible for the Judgment Venerable to breathe.

The Judgment Venerable’s heart leaped with joy.

It’s here! A powerful being from the upper realm!

But before he could speak, a second figure of light appeared.

Then, a third, a fourth, and a fifth.

Five figures, five people, appeared simultaneously within the magic array.

The Judgement Venerable's pupils contracted sharply.

He had only summoned one person.

Why were there five?

The five figures gradually solidified, revealing the faces of five individuals.

They were all young, appearing to be only in their twenties or thirties, but each possessed a weathered look accumulated over countless years.

Their cultivation levels were all at the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, the same as the Judgement Venerable's.

However, the aura and oppressive presence they exuded far surpassed that of the Judgement Venerable.

It was an aura emanating from their very bones, an aura acquired only through countless life-and-death battles.

The person standing at the very front had a cold and stern face, with sword-like eyebrows and bright eyes, and long, silver-white hair cascading down his back.

He wore a suit of silver-white armor, covered in runes that the Judgement Venerable had never seen before.

In his hand, he held a long spear, its shaft shimmering with a dazzling silver light. He

looked at the Judgement Venerable, his eyes devoid of any emotion, only a condescending indifference.

"So, you summoned them?"

The Judgement Venerable's body trembled violently.

He quickly descended from the stone platform, knelt on the ground, and respectfully bowed.

"Junior, the Lord of the Judgment Hall, pays respects to the senior from the Upper Realm."

The man's eyes narrowed slightly. "Judgment Hall? Never heard of it. A branch of the divine race in the Fifteenth Heaven?"

"Yes…yes."

The man was silent for a moment, then turned to look at the four people behind him.

The four people were also looking at him, their eyes filled with a hint of amusement.

"Interesting." The man turned to look at the Judgment Venerable. "Why did you summon me?"

The Judgment Venerable swallowed hard and said cautiously, "Junior has encountered a powerful enemy, whose strength far surpasses that of cultivators of the same realm. Junior is no match for him, so I wish to ask the senior from the Upper Realm to take action and kill him."

The man's brows furrowed slightly. "A powerful enemy? What is his cultivation level?"

"Peak of the Ninth Grade of the Upper Immortal Realm."

The man paused for a moment, then smiled.

The smile was cold, so cold that it lowered the temperature of the entire secret chamber.

“Peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm? You, an eighth-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator, can’t defeat a peak ninth-rank Upper Immortal Realm cultivator?”

The Judgment Venerable’s face flushed crimson. “Senior, that person possesses the power of chaos, which suppresses all other powers. This junior is truly no match for him.”

“The power of chaos?” The man’s eyes lit up. “Interesting.”

The four people behind him also whispered among themselves, a hint of interest flashing in their eyes.

“Senior…” The Judgment Venerable asked cautiously, “This junior only summoned one, why are there five?”

The man glanced at him and said indifferently, “We weren’t summoned by you.”

The Judgment Venerable was taken aback: “Then who are you, seniors…”

“Pursuing a traitor.”

The man’s voice was cold. “A traitor escaped from the sixteenth heaven to the lower realm. We tracked his aura all the way to the fifteenth heaven. Your summoning technique just happened to resonate with our tracking technique, leading us here.”

The Judgment Venerable was overjoyed.

Pursuing a traitor?

A traitor who escaped from the sixteenth heaven?

Doesn’t that mean that these five people are all experts from the sixteenth heaven?

Although their cultivation was only at the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, their strength far surpassed that of cultivators at the fifteenth level of the Heavenly Realm.

“Senior, that traitor…” the Judgment Venerable asked cautiously, “Does he need my help?”

The man glanced at him, a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes. “You? I can’t help.”

The Judgment Venerable’s face darkened, but he dared not say anything.

He knelt on the ground, head bowed, awaiting the man’s next instruction.

The man was silent for a moment, then said, “However, since you’re here, there’s no rush to leave. Where is that person you mentioned who possesses the power of chaos?”

The Judgment Venerable’s heart skipped a beat. “He’s in the Heavenly Wolf Tribe. Senior, are you willing to help?”

“The power of chaos… how many years has it been since I’ve seen it?” the man murmured. In a certain canyon!

Inside the Demon-Suppressing Tower, Kai sat cross-legged, his body swirling with purple chaotic power.

Three days had passed outside, but a year had passed inside the tower.

During this year, he had tirelessly circulated his cultivation technique, absorbing the spiritual energy from the crystals to repair his damaged meridians and flesh.

The Golden Dragon bloodline’s self-healing ability far surpassed that of ordinary people, but this time the injury was simply too severe.

The holy light of the Judgment Venerable contained the supreme laws of the divine race; even though it was restrained by chaotic power, the residual power remained like a persistent ailment, deeply embedded in his flesh.

It took him a year to gradually dispel, devour, and transform this residual power.

He opened his eyes and looked down at his hands.

The wounds on his skin had completely healed, leaving only faint white marks.

The chaotic power within his body was more condensed and purer than before the battle, and the vortex in his dantian spun more steadily.

His cultivation at the peak of the ninth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm was completely stable, only a thin membrane separating him from the True Immortal Realm.

He clenched his fist, purple light swirling in his palm.

“Judgment Venerable, next time we meet, I won’t give you another chance.”

He leaped out of the Demon Suppression Tower, landing in the valley.

The sunlight was blinding, the air crisp and cold.

He took a deep breath, transforming into a purple streak of light, and flew towards the direction of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe.

Lang Hao was practicing axe training in the training ground.

His injuries had mostly healed; his left arm was still in a sling, but he could already wield the axe.

Seeing Kai flying over, he put down his battle axe and strode forward to meet him.

“Completely healed?”

“Completely healed.” Kai landed in front of him. “What’s the situation with the Judgment Venerable?”

Lang Hao shook his head: “No. The Judgment Hall has sealed off the mountain, all the cultivators patrolling outside have been recalled, and all the restrictions have been activated. Our scouts can’t get in; we don’t know what’s happening inside.”

Kai’s brows furrowed slightly.

Sealed off the mountain?

The Judgment Venerable wasn’t the type to swallow his pride after suffering a loss.

He must be brewing something.

“Continue monitoring,” Kai said. “Tell me immediately if anything unusual happens.”

He turned and walked towards the tent in the center of the camp.

Yun Xi was waiting for him inside. Seeing him enter, she stood up, looked him up and down, and only breathed a sigh of relief after confirming he was unharmed.

“All done?”

“All done.”

Yun Xi nodded, without asking any further questions. She walked to the map and pointed to the location of the Judgment Hall.

“The Shadow Hall and the Loose Cultivator Alliance have both sent people to ask when we’re going to make our move.”

Kai looked at the map and remained silent for a moment.

“Gather everyone. Tomorrow, we’ll discuss how to destroy the Judgment Hall.”

Yun Xi’s eyes lit up. “Okay.”

The next morning, Kai was in the tent discussing the plan to attack the Judgment Hall with Lang Hao, Yun Xi, and others.

Ying Wuji pointed to the Judgment Hall on the map, his voice low: “The Judgment Hall has seven layers of restrictions, each inherited from ancient times. If we force our way in, the losses will be huge.”

Feng Qingzi shook his head: “But we don’t have time to slowly break through them. The Judgment Venerable is in seclusion. If he recovers, it will be difficult to make a move.” Kai remained silent

.

He stared at the map, his fingers lightly tapping the table, his mind racing.

Just then, a deafening roar erupted outside.

The roar was like the sky collapsing and the earth splitting, the entire land trembling.

The tent shook violently, the map on the table falling to the ground. Everyone’s expression changed drastically.

“What’s going on?” Lang Hao rushed out.

Kai followed closely behind.

The sky had changed.

The previously gray sky was now torn open by a massive crack.

The crack was thousands of feet long and hundreds of feet wide, gushing forth blinding white light, mixed with lightning and flames, the entire sky ablaze. At

the edge of the crack, fragments of space scattered like a torrential rain, each containing destructive power.

Then, figures fell from the crack.

One, two, ten, twenty, thirty.

They rained down from the sky, crashing towards the Sky Wolf tribe's camp.

"Scatter!" Lang Hao roared, and the beastmen warriors scattered in panic.

The figures crashed heavily to the ground, some onto tents, some onto the training ground, and some onto the wasteland outside the camp.

Large craters were created, sending debris flying and dust billowing into the sky.

Within a few breaths, the cracks disappeared. Only a faint white trail remained in the sky, slowly fading away.

Dozens of people lay in the camp.

They were covered in wounds, their clothes tattered, and their bodies stained with blood.

Some were unconscious, some were still struggling, and some lay motionless on the ground, their fates unknown.

Lang Hao's face was ashen.

He drew his battle axe and stood guard in front of the camp.

"Alert! Everyone, alert!"

The beastmen and ghostmen warriors grabbed their weapons and surrounded the figures.

Kai walked to the nearest large crater and looked down at the person inside.

It was a middle-aged man, burly and with a resolute face, wearing tattered armor.

He had more than a dozen wounds on his body, each bleeding.

His cultivation level was True Immortal Realm Seventh Grade.

Kai's pupils contracted slightly.

True Immortal Realm Seventh Grade?

Such cultivation level would already make one a regional overlord in the fifteenth heaven.

But he had never seen this person before.

He then looked at another person.

A seventh-grade True Immortal.

Another, a peak sixth-grade True Immortal.

Yet another, a mid-seventh-grade True Immortal.

Dozens of people, the lowest cultivation level was fifth-grade True Immortal, most were sixth or seventh-grade True Immortal, and there

was also an old man whose cultivation level was eighth-grade True Immortal.

Kai's heart sank.

Where did these people come from?

The first to awaken was the old man at the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm.

He lay in the crater, covered in blood, his silver-white hair disheveled and draped over his shoulders.

His fingers twitched, then he slowly opened his eyes.

They were aged eyes, cloudy and weary, but deep within the pupils was a sharpness that only those who had experienced countless life-and-death battles could possess.

He struggled to sit up and looked around.

Seeing the beastmen and ghostmen warriors surrounding him, his body tensed abruptly, a hint of wariness and hostility flashing in his eyes.

"Don't move." Lang Hao pointed his battle axe at him. "Who are you? Where did you come from?"

The old man didn't speak.

His gaze swept over the beastmen warriors, then over the ghostmen warriors, finally landing on Kai.

Seeing that Kai was human, the wariness in his eyes lessened slightly.

"Where is this?" His voice was hoarse, like sandpaper rubbing.

"The Heavenly Wolf Tribe." Kai crouched down, looking him in the eye. "Beastmen's territory. Who are you? Where did you come from?"

The old man’s eyes brightened.

Orc territory?

Not god territory?

He turned to look around, seeing the wounds on the orc warriors, the ruins of the camp, the burned tents and collapsed wooden fences in the distance.

This was a battlefield.

They had just finished fighting.

“Is this the Fifteenth Heaven?” His voice trembled.

“Yes.” Kai nodded, “The Fifteenth Heaven.”

Tears welled up in the old man’s eyes.

He looked up at the sky, his lips trembling, as if he were saying something, or perhaps praying.

“Finally… finally escaped…”

The people behind him also woke up one by one.

They struggled to sit up, looking around, their eyes filled with terror and wariness.

Some gripped their weapons tightly, some protected the old man, and some wept softly.

“Elder, where is this?”

“The Fifteenth Heaven.” The old man’s voice was hoarse, “?” Kai looked at them, a strange feeling welling up inside him.

These people must have come from the Upper Realm.

Their cultivation levels were at least at the fifth rank of True Immortal.

If they harbored malice, the Heavenly Wolf Tribe wouldn't be able to stop them.

But there was no malice in their eyes, only fear and exhaustion.

"You came from the Sixteenth Heaven?" Kai asked.

The old man looked at him, remained silent for a moment, and then nodded.

"Yes."

Kai's pupils contracted slightly.

The Sixteenth Heaven.

The place he was going to.

"Why did you come to the Fifteenth Heaven?"

The old man was silent.

He looked at Kai, then at the beastmen and ghost warriors around him, a hint of hesitation flashing in his eyes.

"I need to know whether this is human territory or the territory of another race."

The old man's voice was soft, but every word was heavy. "If you are a human cultivator, take me to where humans gather. Once we get there, I will tell you everything."

Kai remained silent for a moment, then stood up.

“Alright. I’ll take you there.”

Lang Hao’s expression changed. “Mr. Chen, these people are of unknown origin, you can’t…”

“I know,” Kai interrupted him, “but I can sense they mean no harm. And if they really want to make a move, we can’t stop them.”

Lang Hao opened his mouth, wanting to refute, but meeting Kai’s calm eyes, he swallowed his words.

Kai was right. These people’s cultivation was too high; if they really made a move, the Heavenly Wolf Tribe wouldn’t be able to stop them at all.

“I’ll go with you,” Yun Xi stepped forward.

Kai shook his head: “No need. You stay here and help Lang Hao guard the camp. I can go alone.”

“But…”

“No buts.” Kai’s voice left no room for argument.

Yun Xi bit her lip and didn’t say anything more.

Kai turned around and looked at the old man.

“Let’s go. I’ll take you to the Loose Cultivator Alliance. There are human cultivators there.”

The old man struggled to his feet, and the people behind him also stood up.

They supported each other and followed behind Kai, walking towards the Loose Cultivator Alliance.

…

The headquarters of the Loose Cultivator Alliance was in Cloud City, a city floating in the air.

When Kai landed on the square of Cloud City with the dozens of people, Feng Qingzi was drinking tea in the council hall.

Hearing the news, he rushed out.

Seeing the dozens of cultivators, covered in wounds but with frighteningly high cultivation levels, Feng Qingzi's face turned deathly pale.

"Fellow Daoist Chen… Kai, these people are…"

"From the Sixteenth Heaven," Kai's voice was calm. "Find a quiet place for them to rest."

Feng Qingzi swallowed hard and quickly arranged for people to take the dozens of people to guest rooms.

He personally led the old man to a secret room behind the council hall.

In the secret room, only Kai, Feng Qingzi, and the old man were present.

The old man sat in a chair, eyes closed, silent for a long time.

His hands trembled slightly, his lips quivered, and his breathing was heavy, as if he were suppressing something.

"My name is Chu Tianxing," he finally spoke, his voice hoarse, "Elder of the Human Resistance Army from the Sixteenth Heaven."

Kai's pupils contracted slightly.

The Resistance Army?

"The Sixteenth Heaven…" Chu Tian's voice was low, "…has already been controlled by the God Clan."

Kai's heart sank.

"The God Clan's power in the Sixteenth Heaven is far greater than you imagine."

Chu Tianxing opened his eyes and looked at Kai. "They have an organization called the God Clan Alliance. All branches of the God Clan obey this alliance. The leader of the alliance is a peak ninth-grade True Immortal."

"For thousands of years, the God Clan has been expanding. They suppress other races, enslave other races, and slaughter other races. Humans, beastmen, demons, ghosts… all non-God Clan cultivators are their enemies."

"We resisted for tens of thousands of years. Humans, beastmen, demons, ghosts, all races oppressed by the God Clan united to form a resistance army. We operated in the shadows, raiding God Clan strongholds, rescuing enslaved cultivators, and searching for the weaknesses of the God Clan Alliance."

"But in the last few hundred years, the God Clan Alliance has grown stronger and stronger. They found our secret headquarters and sent out forces several times our size to surround us."

Chu Tianxing's voice trembled.

"That battle lasted three days and three nights. We fought desperately, but we were outnumbered. Our leader used his last ounce of strength to tear open the void, allowing us to escape."

"The void rift only lasted for less than three breaths. Only a few dozen of us escaped. The rest… all died."

He lowered his head, tears dripping onto his hands.

Kai fell silent.

He remembered the figures that had descended from the sky, their wounds, the fear and exhaustion in their eyes.

They hadn't come to invade; they had come to escape.

"What do you plan to do?" Kai asked.

Chu Tianxing looked up at him.

"Hide." His voice was soft. "The Divine Alliance will definitely send people to hunt us down. We must hide; we can't let them find us."

Kai was silent for a moment.

"Elder Feng Qingzi, can you arrange a place for them?"

Feng Qingzi nodded quickly: "Yes. Although the Loose Cultivator Alliance isn't large, it can still hide a few dozen people."

"Thank you." Chu Tianxing stood up and bowed deeply to Feng Qingzi.

Feng Qingzi quickly helped him up, "No, no, no, you're a senior, you can't do this."

Chu Tianxing shook his head and looked at Kai.

"Young brother, what's your name?"

"Kai."

"Kai..." Chu Tianxing repeated the name, then nodded, "I'll remember you. Thank you."

Kai shook his head, "No need to thank me. I'm also a human."

He turned and walked out of the secret chamber.

It was already evening when Kai returned to the Sirius Tribe.

Lang Hao and Yun Xi were waiting at the camp entrance, both relieved to see him return.

“Where are those people?” Lang Hao asked.

“They’ve been settled in the Loose Cultivator Alliance,” Kai said, entering the camp. “They came from the Sixteenth Heaven. The Sixteenth Heaven has been taken over by the Gods; they escaped.”

Lang Hao’s expression changed. “The Sixteenth Heaven…taken over by the Gods?”

“Yes.” Kai sat down in the tent and recounted Chu Tianxing’s words in detail.

Lang Hao listened in silence for a long time. Yun Xi’s expression was also grim.

“If the Gods of the Sixteenth Heaven send people down…” Yun Xi’s voice tightened, “then the Judgment Hall won’t be so easily destroyed.”

Kai nodded.

“Therefore, our plan needs to change.”

He stood up and walked to the map.

“Originally, we planned to launch a preemptive attack on the Hall of Judgment. But now, we can’t act rashly. If the gods of the Sixteenth Heaven really send people down, a hasty attack will only hasten our demise.”

“We must relocate immediately. The Hall of Judgment might already be on its way. We’ll settle temporarily at the Loose Cultivator Alliance.”

“At the same time, I’ll inform Ying Wuji to also lead men to the Loose Cultivator Alliance.”

“Yunxi, inform your father that the Youyue Kingdom is no longer safe. Take all the resources and go to the Loose Cultivator Alliance.”

“We must unite our forces and defend fiercely, preventing the Hall of Judgment from defeating us piecemeal.”

Kai’s face was serious. If the gods truly sent pursuers down from the Sixteenth Heaven, they would be in grave danger.

“Alright, let’s move out immediately!” Lang Hao and Yunxi nodded simultaneously!

Although many members of the Tianlang tribe were reluctant to leave their homeland, their lives were at stake. The Sirius tribe’s camp was completely empty at dusk.

The twilight, like blood, dyed the wasteland a dark red.

A wind blew from afar, swirling up ashes and dust, like countless silent sighs.

The tents were gone, leaving only bare ground and wooden stakes deeply embedded in the earth.

The wooden fences were knocked down, lying haphazardly on the ground, some charred, others still emitting faint wisps of smoke.

Dried bloodstains, black and dark red, were everywhere, like scars on the earth. The air was thick with the stench of burning and blood, lingering for a long time.

Lang Hao stood in the center of the camp, gazing at the place where he had lived for thousands of years, silent for a long time.

His left arm was still in a sling, and the wound in his chest still throbbed, but his back was ramrod straight.

His father was recuperating here, the old man who had been in a coma for three hundred years and had just been awakened by Kai. He was now being carried on a stretcher by several young orc warriors, walking at the head of the procession.

His son had grown up here, the young warrior who never returned from his first battle. His body lay buried on the hillside behind the camp, facing the wasteland, facing the land he had guarded his entire life.

His warriors trained here; every morning, the clash of battle axes and the roar of battle echoed across the wasteland.

His people laughed here; children chased and played among the tents, women sang around the campfire, and elders sat at the tent entrances, telling ancient stories.

Now, it was all over.

Not destroyed by the gods, but given up by themselves.

“Let’s go,” Kai said softly as he walked to his side. “We’ll come back.”

His blue robe fluttered slightly in the evening breeze, and the Dragon Slayer Sword hanging at his waist reflected a faint light in the setting sun.

His face was expressionless, but a hint of suppressed self-reproach flickered in his eyes. If it weren’t for him, the Sirius tribe wouldn’t have offended the Judgment Hall, wouldn’t have been forced to abandon their homeland, and wouldn’t have suffered so many deaths.

Lang Hao turned to look at him, remaining silent for a moment.

Then, he smiled. The smile was faint, but sincere. “You’re right, they’ll come back.” He reached out and patted Kai’s shoulder. “Don’t think too much. The people of the Sirius tribe never regret anything.”

He turned and strode towards the group. His back appeared somewhat hunched in the twilight, but every step was steady.

Behind him, the beastmen warriors formed a long line, carrying packs and supporting the wounded, heading towards the Loose Cultivator Alliance.

No one spoke; only the sounds of footsteps and wheels echoed in the twilight.

Some glanced back at the camp, their eyes filled with reluctance; some lowered their heads, staring at the road beneath their feet, afraid to look up; some bit their lips, forcing back tears. But none of them stopped.

Yun Xi led the ghost warriors at the very front of the group.

Her face was calm, but a hint of suppressed exhaustion lingered in her eyes.

Her left shoulder was still wrapped in bandages, stained with faint blood.

Her demonic blade hung at her waist, its black light dimmed considerably; the battle had severely depleted her spiritual energy, and she hadn't fully recovered.

But she didn't complain or groan.

She was the princess of Youyue Kingdom, the leader of these demon warriors; she couldn't fall.

The demon warriors of Youyue Kingdom followed behind her, their armor worn and their weapons shabby, but each one stood ramrod straight.

They were a race hunted by the gods for millennia, hiding in the darkness, barely surviving, believing their lives would end there.

But now, they no longer hid.

They stood up, in the sunlight, on the battlefield, beside those willing to fight alongside them.

Ying Wuji, leading the demon cultivators of the Shadow Palace, arrived from another route, meeting them halfway.

His face was grim; the Shadow Palace, built over thousands of years, was being abandoned so easily—it pained him.

His black robe was still stained with golden blood from the battle at the North Mine, and his right hand trembled slightly.

It was an old wound left by Lei Zhentian's holy light, which ached faintly on cloudy days.

But he did not hesitate. He knew Kai was right; if the gods of the Sixteenth Heaven really sent people down, dividing their forces to defend would only lead to their defeat one by one.

He waved his hand, and the demon cultivators behind him silently merged into the ranks.

Everyone was moving in the same direction.

Loose Cultivator Alliance, Cloud City.

...

Cloud City was a city floating in the air, shrouded in clouds and mist year-round. From the ground, only a faint outline could be seen.

The city's foundation was forged from extraterrestrial meteorite iron, covered with densely packed runes that shimmered with a faint blue light in the clouds, like countless fireflies.

The city was not large, only a few dozen miles in circumference, but its walls were sturdy, heavily fortified, and easy to defend.

The city walls were built of black stone, engraved with defensive runes, each rune imbued with the power of ancient warriors.

The city gates were cast in iron, three feet thick, inlaid with several fist-sized spirit stones that emitted a faint glow.

Feng Qingzi stood at the city gate, watching the processions surging in from all directions, his face grave.

He still gripped his broken sword, its blade riddled with nicks, the cloth strip on the hilt soaked with sweat.

Behind him, disciples of the Loose Cultivator Alliance stood in formation on the city walls, weapons in hand, their eyes filled with tension and vigilance.

They had never seen so many people before—beastmen, ghosts, demons, humans—cultivators of different races gathered together, their armor varied, their weapons diverse, but each one's eyes shone with the same light: survival.

"Elder Feng Qingzi, everyone's here,"

a disciple of the Loose Cultivator Alliance ran up, panting.

His face was covered in sweat, and a scar on his forehead, burned by holy light, was still oozing blood.

Feng Qingzi nodded and turned to walk into the city.

His steps were quick, but his back was somewhat hunched.

The Loose Cultivator Alliance had survived for thousands of years in the cracks, relying on not offending or provoking anyone.

But now, he had chosen to take sides, chosen to be an enemy of the Judgment Hall.

He didn’t know if this choice was right or wrong, but he didn’t regret it.

The council hall was packed with people.

Lang Hao, Yun Xi, Ying Wuji, Yun Quan, Han Shuang, Jiang Xuelan, and Chu Tianxing, the old man who had escaped from the Sixteenth Heaven, a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank.

His silver-white hair was somewhat disheveled, and several unhealed wounds lingered on his face, but his eyes shone brightly, like stars in the night.

Kai stood before the map, his fingers lightly tapping the table.

His brows were slightly furrowed, his gaze sweeping across the map, his mind racing.

His injuries had healed, and his chaotic power had recovered most of its strength, but he knew it was far from enough.

They had received news that five True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade cultivators had arrived from the Sixteenth Heaven.

The Judgment Venerable was a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade cultivator, as were the five Upper Realm Divine Race cultivators. Although their cultivation levels were the same, the strength of the Upper Realm cultivators was far superior to that of the Lower Realm.

And he, he was only at the peak of the Ninth Grade Upper Immortal Realm.

He was a whole major realm below him.”Everyone’s here. Let me explain the current situation.” His voice was calm, but every word carried weight.

All eyes were on him.

“Cloud City is our last stronghold. The walls are sturdy, the restrictions are numerous, making it easy to defend and difficult to attack. But we

lack manpower and experts. The Judgment Hall has three thousand Divine Race cultivators, a Judgment Venerable, and five True Immortals at the eighth rank, pursuers from the Sixteenth Heaven. We…”

He glanced at Chu Tianxing.

“We have friends who escaped from the Sixteenth Heaven. But their injuries haven’t healed, and not many can fight.”

Chu Tianxing stood up, clasped his hands, and said, “Young friend Kai is right. Although our injuries haven’t healed, if the Divine Race attacks, we won’t stand idly by.”

His voice was hoarse, but firm.

The dozens of human cultivators behind him nodded, their eyes filled with fighting spirit.

Kai nodded and continued, “Therefore, our strategy is defense, not offense. Hold Cloud City and wait for my strength to break through.”

He paused, his voice calm and firm.

“I need to break through to the True Immortal Realm.”

The council hall fell silent.

Everyone knew Kai was right.

Only his Chaos Power could restrain the Holy Light of the Divine Race, only he could fight against the Judgment Venerable.

If he couldn’t break through, Cloud City couldn’t be defended.

“What do you need?” Lang Hao was the first to speak.

His voice was loud, making the teacups on the table tremble slightly.

“Resources,”

Kai said, “Crystals, pills, spiritual herbs, anything that can improve cultivation.” Chen

Ping knew that with his cultivation level rising, he needed a massive amount of resources.

Lang Hao stood up: “All the resources of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe are yours.”

He took out a storage ring from his robes and placed it on the table.

The storage ring was old, covered in scratches, but what was inside was the Heavenly Wolf Tribe’s savings accumulated over thousands of years.

Yun Xi also stood up: “All the resources of the Youyue Kingdom are yours.”

She took out a black storage ring and placed it on the table.

That was the last remaining asset of the Youyue Kingdom. The Ghost Race had been hunted down for thousands of years, and there wasn’t much left, but Yun Xi didn’t hesitate.

Ying Wuji nodded: “The resources of the Shadow Palace are yours too.”

He took out a silver-white storage ring from his sleeve and placed it on the table.

His fingers lingered on the ring for a moment; it represented ten thousand years of accumulation for the Shadow Palace, but he knew that if he couldn’t protect it, these things would be useless.

Feng Qingzi sighed: “Although the Loose Cultivator Alliance is poor, we’ll give you everything we can.”

He took out a cyan storage ring from his robes and placed it on the table.

Most of the disciples in the Loose Cultivator Alliance were desperate rogue cultivators with little savings, but Feng Qingzi still turned the alliance's treasury upside down.

Jiang Xuelan didn't speak, but simply took out a storage ring from her sleeve and placed it on the table.

It contained all the resources of the Ice God Palace, gathered from the disciples who had awakened their bloodlines.

Her fingers gently caressed the ring, a complex emotion flashing in her eyes.

The Ice God Palace had just been rebuilt and had nothing; these resources were what she had painstakingly accumulated.

But she also knew that if she couldn't protect them, the Ice God Palace would truly be finished.

Kai stared at the storage rings on the table, remaining silent for a moment.

His gaze shifted from one ring to another, a complex mix of emotions welling up within him.

These resources represented the accumulated wealth of these forces over thousands, even tens of thousands of years. They had placed all their hopes on him.

"Thank you," he said softly, yet with profound weight.

He picked up the storage rings, turned, and left the council hall.

...

Kai found a secret chamber beneath Cloud City.

The chamber was small, only a few feet in diameter, but its walls were thick, its defenses tight, and it was remarkably quiet.

The walls were forged from meteorite iron from outer space, covered with defensive runes that shimmered with a faint blue light in the darkness.

The floor was smooth rock, covered with a thick carpet of animal hides, soft and silent underfoot.

He sat cross-legged, placing the Demon-Suppressing Tower before him.

The tower doors opened, releasing an ancient aura.

The aura was desolate and heavy, like a call from the distant past.

He took a deep breath and leaped into the tower.

Inside the Demon-Suppressing Tower, crystals were piled up like small mountains. Resources

from the Sirius Tribe, the Nether Moon Kingdom, the Shadow Palace, the Loose Cultivator Alliance, and the Ice God Palace—

all concentrated here, enough for a True Immortal cultivator to cultivate for thousands of years.

The light from the crystals illuminated the entire tower, a kaleidoscope of colors: crimson, ice blue, purplish-black, bluish-white, golden—a dazzling spectacle, like a dreamlike fairyland.

Kai gazed at the crystals, silent for a moment.

Then, he closed his eyes and placed his hands on the pile of crystals.

Chaotic power circulated within his body, and purple light surged forth, illuminating the entire tower.

The spiritual energy within the crystals flowed into his body like rivers flowing into the sea.

This spiritual energy flowed through his meridians into his dantian, where it was devoured, transformed, and fused by the chaotic power, becoming his own strength.

One crystal was drained, turning into grayish-white powder that fell softly from between his fingers.

Ten, a hundred, a thousand. The powder piled up into a small mountain before him, grayish-white like snow.

His meridians expanded and strengthened under the impact of spiritual energy.

Each surge of spiritual energy was like a flood roaring in a river, widening the banks little by little.

Pain was inevitable, but Kai had grown accustomed to it.

He gritted his teeth, remaining silent, letting the spiritual energy rampage through his body.

The vortex of chaotic energy in his dantian spun faster and larger.

What was originally the size of a fist had now become the size of a bowl, with purple light flowing within it, like a rotating Milky Way.

At the center of the vortex, chaotic fire burned quietly, purple and gold intertwined, its temperature high enough to melt everything, yet it remained serene within his dantian, like a sleeping phoenix.

Time flowed silently within the Demon Suppression Tower.

Ten days, twenty days, thirty days.

His cultivation level, starting from the peak of the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, began to surge upwards.

The thin membrane, under the constant impact of spiritual energy, began to crack.

With each impact, another crack appeared, each accompanied by a sharp pain, but Kai did not stop.

Fifty days later, the membrane shattered.

Kai's body shuddered violently, and an unprecedented power surged from within him.

Purple chaotic energy transformed into a pillar of light shooting into the sky, causing the entire Demon-Suppressing Tower to vibrate and hum.

The runes on the tower walls flickered violently, as if cheering, or perhaps trembling.

True Immortal Realm.

He had finally broken through.

But he did not stop. There were still many resources. The crystals were still being absorbed, the spiritual energy was still flowing in, and his cultivation was still improving.

True Immortal Realm, early stage, middle stage, late stage, peak.

True Immortal Realm, second rank.

He opened his eyes and looked down at his hands.

Purple light flowed in his palms, more condensed and pure than before.

He could feel that every inch of his flesh, every bone, and every meridian had been tempered by the power of chaos, becoming as tough as refined steel.

He could feel that the vortex of chaotic power in his dantian was several times larger than before, spinning faster, and containing even greater power.

He could feel that the chaotic fire was more intense than before, and the source of lightning was more violent than before.

He clenched his fist, and purple light condensed in his palm, transforming into a purple flame.

...

Just as Kai was in seclusion, the Judgment Venerable, accompanied by five Upper Realm God Clan cultivators, arrived at the Sirius Tribe.

Five silver-white streaks of light flashed across the sky, like five shooting stars, trailing long, fiery tails, landing on the ruins of the Sirius Tribe camp.

The man with long silver hair surveyed his surroundings, his brows slightly furrowed.

His spear twirled gently in his hand, the silver tip gleaming with a blinding cold light in the twilight.

“Empty?”

The Judgment Venerable’s expression was grim.

His wounds hadn’t fully healed; the gash in his chest still throbbed.

He stepped forward, looking at the dismantled tents, the toppled wooden fences, and the dried bloodstains, a bad premonition rising within him.

His steps faltered; the battle three days prior had severely depleted his spiritual energy, and he hadn't recovered yet.

"They…ran away."

The captain's eyes narrowed. "Ran away?"

"Yes…yes." The Judgment Venerable's voice trembled, cold sweat beading on his forehead. "They probably received word and moved ahead of time."

The captain was silent for a moment, then let out a cold laugh.

The smile was cold, so cold it seemed to lower the surrounding temperature. "You've gone through all this trouble just to show us an empty camp?"

Cold sweat beaded on the Arbiter's forehead as he quickly bowed, saying, "Senior, please calm down. They must still be in the Fifteenth Heaven. I know where they might be…"

"Then lead the way." The captain's voice was icy. "Don't waste any more of our time."

The Arbiter nodded hastily and led the five towards the Shadow Palace.

The Shadow Palace was empty.

The underground palace of Shadow Abyss was deserted.

The secret chambers had been emptied, the restrictions closed, and even the stone doors remained ajar.

The black throne stood alone in the empty hall, as if mocking them.

The mineral stones embedded in the dome still glowed, their eerie blue light illuminating the deserted corridors.

The Arbiter's expression darkened further. "They... they've even abandoned the Shadow Palace."

The captain's patience had reached its limit. "Where else?"

"The Nether Moon Kingdom... there might still be people in the Nether Moon Kingdom."

The Arbiter, leading his five companions, flew to the Nether Moon Kingdom deep within the Netherworld Mountains.

The ancient city was empty.

The streets were deserted, the stone halls were empty, even the runes on the city walls had faded.

Only the sound of the wind blowing through the ruins, a mournful wail, like weeping.

A black flag still stood at the city gate, embroidered with the emblem of the Nether Moon Kingdom, fluttering in the wind, as if saying: We've left, but we will return.

The captain's face turned completely grim. "Arbiter, are you playing us?"

The Arbiter knelt on the ground with a thud, trembling all over.

His forehead pressed against the ground, he dared not raise his head.

"Senior, this junior dares not! They must still be in the Fifteenth Heaven! They must have gone to the Loose Cultivator Alliance! The headquarters of the Loose Cultivator Alliance is in Cloud City, a city floating in the air! That must be their last stronghold!" the Arbiter said respectfully.

The captain looked at him, remaining silent for a long time.

Then, he turned around and said to the four people behind him, "Let's go. To the Loose Cultivator Alliance."

Five silver-white streaks of light streaked across the sky again, flying towards the Loose Cultivator Alliance.

The Judgment Venerable got up from the ground, wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and hurriedly followed.

...

Cloud City.

Feng Qingzi stood on the city wall, looking at the distant horizon.

His brows were furrowed, and the broken sword in his hand trembled slightly. His hand was shaking, not because of fear, but because he knew that it had come.

In the distance, golden light was shining.

It was not the light of the sun, but holy light, the holy light of the divine race cultivators.

Thousands upon thousands of holy lights converged, dyeing the entire sky a dazzling gold.

The golden light rose from the horizon, growing brighter and brighter, closer and closer, like a golden ocean surging towards them.

The Judgment Venerable stood at the forefront, his golden robes fluttering in the wind.

Behind him were three thousand elite divine race warriors, each with a cultivation level of at least the third rank of True Immortal Realm, their armor gleaming, their spears sharp.

Behind them stood five upper-realm divine cultivators, their silver armor gleaming in the sunlight, their weapons gleaming with a blinding cold light.

They were unscathed, their clothes perfectly wrinkle-free; the strength of sixteenth-level Heavenly experts was indeed far beyond that of those in the lower realms.

Feng Qingzi's face turned deathly pale.

He had lived for thousands of years, witnessing countless storms, but at this moment, his legs trembled slightly.

"Three thousand troops... and five from the upper realm..." His voice trembled, but he took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down.

He turned and shouted to the cultivators on the city wall, "Everyone, prepare for battle!"

Lang Hao gripped his battle axe, standing at the forefront of the city wall. His injuries hadn't fully healed; his left arm was still in a sling, but his eyes shone brightly.

Behind him were over two hundred beastmen warriors, each one burning with fighting spirit.

Yun Xi stood beside him, her ghost blade twirling gently in her hand.

Her left shoulder still throbbed, but she didn't retreat.

Behind her stood over a hundred ghost warriors, their armor tattered and their weapons worn, yet each stood ramrod straight.

Ying Wuji stood on the city wall, black chaotic demonic energy surging around him.

His eyes held no fear, only a battle intent suppressed for too long.

Behind him were over three hundred demon cultivators, each possessing a cultivation level above the True Immortal realm.

Yun Quan led the ghost warriors of Youyue Kingdom, guarding the city gate.

His body was still…? Jiang Xuelan stood atop the highest point of the city wall, icy blue divine light swirling in her palm.

Behind her stood the 137 disciples of the Ice God Palace, each with a burning flame in their eyes.

They had only recently awakened their bloodlines, their cultivation still unstable, yet not one of them flinched.

Chu Tianxing stood at the entrance of the council hall, a cold glint flashing in his eyes as he looked at the five Upper Realm God Clan cultivators in the distance.

He gripped a longsword, its blade shimmering with a dazzling silver light.

Behind him were the dozens of human cultivators who had escaped from the Sixteenth Heaven, each possessing a cultivation level of at least the fifth rank of True Immortal.

Their wounds were still fresh, bandages wrapped around their bodies, but their eyes shone brightly.

“The Sixteenth Heaven… lackeys of the God Clan Alliance.” Chu Tianxing’s voice was soft, but each word seemed to be squeezed out from between his teeth.

He tightened his grip on his longsword, turning to the dozens of human cultivators behind him and saying, “Brothers, are you ready?”

“Ready!” The voices of the dozens of people were unified and resolute.

The Arbiter stood in the void, gazing at Cloud City, his voice booming like thunder, “Kai, hand over Kai! I might spare your lives!”

No one answered from the city walls.

Feng Qingzi gripped his broken sword, coldly staring at him. Lang Hao tightened his grip on his battle axe, his eyes filled with killing intent.

Yun Xi's Ghost Blade spun gently in her hand, black light flowing across its blade.

Ying Wuji's black chaotic demonic energy surged around him, like a sleeping black dragon.

The Arbiter's face darkened. "Don't hand him over? Then die."

He raised his hand, golden holy light condensing in his palm, transforming into a gigantic sword of light.

The sword was a hundred feet long, its blade covered in dense runes, each rune containing destructive power.

"Attack!"

Three thousand divine cultivators attacked simultaneously, golden holy light surging towards Cloud City like a tidal wave.

From the city walls, Feng Qingzi shouted, "Defend!"

All the restrictions of the Loose Cultivator Alliance activated, a golden light curtain enveloping the entire city.

The runes on the light barrier were densely packed, like countless eyes, flickering under the impact of the holy light.

The first wave of attack was blocked. The golden holy light crashed into the barrier, unleashing a deafening roar; the barrier trembled violently, but did not shatter.

The second wave of attack caused cracks to appear in the barrier. The cracks spread outwards like a spiderweb, and golden light shone through, dyeing the entire sky a dark gold.

The third wave of attack shattered the barrier. Golden fragments scattered in all directions, like countless golden butterflies fluttering in the air.

Golden holy light poured down on the city walls like a torrential rain, sending debris flying and dust billowing into the sky.

The cultivators of the Loose Cultivator Alliance hid behind the city walls, using shields to block the holy light. Some were struck and fell into pools of blood.

Some were blasted away, crashing off the city walls and landing heavily on the ground, never to rise again.

Lang Hao charged at the forefront.

His battle axe spun in his hand, shattering the holy light and severing the light blades.

His body was scorched by the holy light, his flesh charred black, but he did not retreat.

Behind him were his people, his brothers, and those who believed in him.

Yun Xi followed behind him, her ghostly blade flashing in the black light.

Her swordsmanship was cunning and ruthless, each strike aimed at the vital points of the divine cultivators.

Blood still flowed from her left shoulder, her face as white as paper, but her sword was swift.

One strike, one divine cultivator fell. Two strikes, two. Three strikes, three.

Ying Wuji's black chaotic demonic energy surged across the battlefield, and with a single palm strike, a black palm print sent a group of divine cultivators flying.

His face was expressionless, but in his eyes was a hint of suppressed pleasure.

Five thousand years of hatred, five thousand years of resentment, today could finally be avenged.

Jiang Xuelan's icy blue divine light bloomed on the city wall, freezing the charging divine cultivators into ice sculptures.

Her face was pale, her spiritual energy rapidly depleting, but she did not stop.

Behind her, the disciples of the Ice God Temple were also fighting, their icy blue light rising and falling on the city walls like countless blooming ice flowers.

The battle lasted for a whole day.

The attacks of the gods came wave after wave, relentlessly.

The defenses of Cloud City were torn apart time and time again, only to be blocked again and again.

Beneath the city walls, corpses piled up like mountains—gods, beastmen, ghosts, demons, and humans.

Blood stained the city walls, turning the gray rocks a dark red.

Lang Hao had seven or eight new wounds.

His left arm was completely unable to be lifted, and he could only grip his battle axe with his right hand.

His chest was pierced by holy light, blood flowing down his armor and dripping onto the ground, forming a small pool.

But his eyes were still bright, and his battle axe was still in his hand.

Yun Xi's wound on her left shoulder reopened, blood staining most of her clothes.

Her ghost blade was broken in half, but she was still fighting.

She pierced the throat of a divine cultivator with her broken sword, then turned and pierced another.

Her face was covered in blood, indistinguishable between her own and her enemy's.

Ying Wuji's black robe was torn to shreds by the holy light, his body covered in charred wounds.

His spiritual power was mostly depleted, but fear remained in his eyes.

He stood on the city wall like a black statue, striking out with each palm, sending the charging divine cultivators flying one by one.

Jiang Xuelan's icy blue divine light had dimmed considerably, her breathing rapid and erratic, yet ice needles still coalesced in her hands.

A trickle of blood escaped from the corner of her mouth; she too had been struck by the holy light, but she did not retreat.

The cultivators of the Loose Cultivator Alliance suffered heavy casualties.

Almost all cultivators below the fourth rank of True Immortal were killed or wounded, and many cultivators above the fourth rank of True Immortal also suffered losses.

Feng Qingzi's broken sword was completely shattered; he stood bare-handed on the city wall, condensing his spiritual power into light blades to fight the divine cultivators.

His body was covered in wounds, but his eyes still shone brightly.

On the city wall, a young cultivator from the Loose Cultivator Alliance had been pierced through the chest by a sword from a Divine Clan cultivator and fell to the ground.

His eyes were still open, gazing at the sky, a hint of resentment on his lips.

He still clutched a broken sword in his hand, its blade stained with golden blood.

Beside him, another cultivator from the Loose Cultivator Alliance rushed forward, grabbing the leg of the Divine Clan cultivator to buy time for his companion.

The Divine Clan cultivator slashed down with his sword, his head rolling to the ground, blood gushing out and splattering onto the city wall, leaving a long trail of blood.

Seeing this, Lang Hao's eyes reddened.

His teeth clenched so tightly they rattled, and his fists clenched so hard they cracked.

"I'll fight you to the death!"

He raised his battle axe and charged towards the Judgment Venerable.

He staggered, his body swaying, but his eyes were filled with killing intent.

He wanted to kill the Judgment Venerable; he wanted revenge for his fallen brothers.

But before he could take more than a few steps, a silver-white light descended from the sky, blasting him away.

The light was as fast as lightning; Lang Hao didn't even have time to react before it struck him in the chest.

He felt his sternum shatter, his internal organs churning, and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

Lang Hao crashed heavily to the ground, blood gushing from his mouth.

His battle axe was stuck in the ground beside him, its blade chipped and broken.

His eyes were still open, but his body was paralyzed.

The captain with the long silver hair stood in the void, looking down at Lang Hao, his eyes devoid of any emotion.

His spear was still stained with Lang Hao's blood, the silver tip now dark red.

"Ants." His voice was cold, chilling to the bone.

He raised his spear, ready to end Lang Hao's life.

A blinding silver light condensed at the spear tip, growing brighter and brighter, illuminating the entire city wall.

Just then, an aged voice came from within the city.

"Stop!"

A silver-white sword beam flew out from the city, striking the captain's spear.

The sword beam collided with the spear, unleashing a deafening roar.

The captain was knocked back several steps, nearly dropping his spear.

A hint of surprise flashed in his eyes; the power of this sword was no weaker than his own.

Chu Tianxing walked out of the city.

His silver-white hair fluttered in the wind, and he held a longsword in his hand, its blade shimmering with a blinding silver light.

Behind him followed dozens of human cultivators, each with a cultivation level of at least the fifth rank of True Immortal.

They were still bandaged, some bleeding, but their eyes shone brightly.

The captain's eyes narrowed. "Chu Tianxing? You really are here."

Chu Tianxing looked at him, his voice icy. "A lackey of the Divine Alliance, you're quick to catch me."

The captain sneered. "Traitor, you think you're safe just because you've escaped to the lower realm?"

Chu Tianxing didn't answer.

He raised his longsword, pointing it at the captain.

"Brothers, attack!"

Dozens of human cultivators attacked simultaneously. Silver-white sword light, black demonic energy, blood-red axe light, and icy blue divine light intertwined on the battlefield, creating a magnificent spectacle.

Although their cultivation was inferior to the five upper realm divine cultivators, their numbers and perfect coordination allowed them to entangle the five for a time.

The captain's face darkened. "You're courting death!"

His spear erupted with a blinding silver light as he thrust it towards Chu Tianxing's chest.

Chu Tianxing dodged to the side, slashing at his shoulder with his sword.

The two clashed, their figures flashing through the void, too fast to see clearly.

Silver-white sword light clashed with silver-white spear light, each impact unleashing a deafening roar.

The situation on the battlefield temporarily stabilized.

But everyone knew this was only temporary.

The five upper-realm god-race cultivators were too powerful; Chu Tianxing and his group couldn't hold out for long.

Their injuries hadn't healed, and their spiritual energy was insufficient; they could only barely hold off the five.

If it dragged on, they would surely be defeated.

Just then, a purple light shot up from beneath Cloud City.

The light was dazzling yet warm, enveloping the entire city.

The cultivators on the city walls felt a warm power surge into their bodies; their wounds healed, their spiritual energy recovered, and their fatigue dissipated.

The light contained chaotic power, suppressing all forces and healing all wounds.

Everyone was stunned.

Lang Hao lay on the ground, watching the purple light, tears welling up in his eyes.

His chest wound was healing, the broken bone in his left arm was set, and his spiritual energy was recovering. He knew that Kai had emerged from seclusion.

“Kai…” His voice was hoarse, but tinged with a smile.

Yun Xi stood on the city wall, watching the purple light, a slight smile playing on her lips.

The wound on her left shoulder was healing, her spiritual power was recovering, and her fatigue was dissipating. “Finally out of seclusion.” Her voice was soft, but carried an indescribable sense of relief.

Jiang Xuelan looked at the purple light, a surge of inexplicable emotions welling up within her.

She remembered that night under the Tree of Life, remembered the man who almost died to save her.

He always appeared at the most crucial moment.

Ying Wuji looked at the purple light, a flicker of anticipation in his eyes.

He wanted to know what realm Kai had broken through to.

First Rank of True Immortal Realm?

Or Second Rank?

Could he defeat those five Upper Realm God Clan cultivators?

Feng Qingzi looked at the purple light and let out a long breath.

His broken sword was completely shattered; he stood empty-handed on the city wall, covered in wounds.

But at this moment, he smiled. He knew they had hope.

Chu Tianxing stared at the purple light, his pupils slightly contracting.

He could sense that the chaotic power contained within that light was several times stronger than before.

“Chaotic power… True Immortal Realm, Second Rank… Good lad.” His voice was soft, but tinged with a hint of satisfaction.

The purple light gradually dissipated.

Kai emerged from underground, his cyan robe fluttering in the wind, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist reflecting a faint light in the sunlight.

Purple chaotic power swirled around him; the light wasn’t violent, but tranquil, like a sleeping dragon.

His eyes were purple, and stars seemed to swirl within his pupils.

He walked to the city wall, looking at the cultivators fighting, the corpses lying in pools of blood, and the warriors still fighting desperately.

His fists clenched, his nails digging into his palms.

“I’m sorry, I’m late.”

His voice was soft, but every word struck the hearts of everyone like a hammer blow.

He leaped into the air, transforming into a streak of purple light, and flew towards the center of the battlefield. A deep purple, chaotic stream of light tore through thick clouds like a doomsday comet, slicing through the deathly silence of the sky.

Its tail, carrying annihilating purple lightning and swirling gray mist, crashed towards the center of the battlefield, littered with corpses, like the furious roar of an ancient demon god awakening .

The air ignited from the high-speed friction, leaving a purple streak across the heavens and earth, even distorting spacetime slightly under its power.

Like a meteor falling to earth, it trailed a long, fiery tail as it flew towards the center of the battlefield.

The purple light was intensely bright, blindingly so, that all other radiance paled in comparison.

The golden holy light, the pride of the gods, paled in comparison, and the sharp, silvery spear light in the hands of cultivators appeared weak and feeble, as if it might be completely swallowed by this domineering purple power at any moment.

It was so bright that even the golden holy light paled in comparison, so bright that even the silvery spear light seemed dim.

In an instant, the entire sky was enveloped in a dense, impenetrable deep purple, like a purple sun bearing the essence of chaos rising from the depths of Cloud City, hanging high in the heavens. Its oppressive power swept across all directions, causing the laws of the entire Fifteenth Heaven to tremble slightly, as if paying homage to this supreme power.

It was as if a purple sun had risen from beneath Cloud City, hanging in the sky.

All the surviving beings on the battlefield, regardless of race, faction, or the severity of their injuries, all had their eyes uncontrollably drawn to that purple streak of light. Their hearts stopped, their breaths ceased, and only that purple trajectory that pierced through despair remained in the world.

The cultivators of the Divine Race stopped their attacks, raised their heads, and looked at the purple light, their eyes filled with terror.

Their legs trembled uncontrollably, their divine weapons trembling slightly, as if they were afraid of the world-destroying pressure brought by the purple figure, an irresistible surrender and despair rising in their hearts.

The warriors of the Beast Race gripped their battle axes tightly, their eyes filled with hope.

The long-suppressed resentment and despair vanished instantly. Veins bulged on his arms, gripping his battle axe, and his eyes burned with the flames of revenge, as if he saw the dawn of victory.

The demon warriors straightened their backs, their eyes filled with excitement. The demonic energy surging around the demon cultivators calmed, their eyes filled with anticipation. The

human cultivators gripped their longswords, their eyes filled with admiration.

Kai landed in the center of the battlefield, his feet slamming into the ground, creating two deep craters.

Debris flew, dust billowed, and a purple shockwave emanated from him, blasting away the surrounding divine cultivators.

Those divine cultivators tumbled several times in the air before crashing heavily to the ground, spitting blood, unable to rise again.

He straightened up, raised his head, and his purple eyes swept across the battlefield.

Wherever his gaze fell, the divine cultivators involuntarily took a step back.

His gaze held no emotion, only a chilling indifference that sent shivers down one's spine.

He stared at the corpses lying in pools of blood—beastmen, ghosts, demons, humans—old and young, some he knew, some he didn't.

His fists clenched, nails digging into his palms, blood dripping from between his fingers. His

knuckles turned white, sharp nails embedded deep in flesh, hot blood slowly dripping down, splashing onto the blood-stained ground, creating tiny sprays. An endless surge of rage and sorrow welled up within him. His gaze fell

on Lang Hao.

Lang Hao lay on the ground, covered in blood, his left arm severed, his chest pierced, his battle axe stuck in the ground beside him, its blade chipped and broken.

His eyes were still open, looking at Kai, a faint smile playing on his lips.

His lips moved, but no sound came out, yet Kai understood: kill.

His gaze fell on Yun Xi.

Yun Xi stood on the city wall, blood still flowing from her left shoulder wound, her ghost blade broken in half, her face covered in blood.

Her eyes were red, but she didn't cry.

She looked at Kai and nodded slightly.

His gaze fell on Jiang Xuelan.

Jiang Xuelan stood atop the highest point of the city wall, her icy blue divine light dimmed considerably, her face as pale as paper, a trace of blood trickling from the corner of her mouth.

She looked at Kai without speaking, but her eyes held an indescribable emotion—trust, expectation, or something else entirely.

Kai withdrew his gaze, lowered his head, and looked at his hands.

Purple chaotic power flowed in his palms, more condensed and pure than before.

He could feel an unprecedented power surging within him, like a sleeping dragon opening its eyes, like a volcano that had been suppressed for too long finally finding its outlet.

Kai raised his head and looked at the Arbiter Venerable.

The Arbiter Venerable stood in the void, his golden robes fluttering in the wind.

Behind him were three thousand elite Divine Race soldiers, and beside him were five Upper Realm Divine Race cultivators.

His injuries had not yet healed; the wound on his chest still throbbed faintly, but there was no fear in his eyes. He had three thousand soldiers and five Upper Realm experts—what did he have to fear?

“Kai, you’ve finally emerged.”

The Judgment Venerable’s voice carried a hint of smugness. “You think breaking through to the second rank of True Immortal Realm will guarantee victory? I have three thousand soldiers here, and five eighth-rank True Immortal Realm seniors. How many can you kill alone?”

He looked down at Kai condescendingly, his golden robes fluttering in the wind, confident of his complete control, his eyes filled with disdain for lower-level cultivators and an arrogant sense of certain victory.

Kai remained silent.

Purple chaotic energy surged around him like a tide, his eyes as cold as ancient ice, and the oppressive aura emanating from him grew increasingly intense, causing the surrounding air to solidify and distort.

He drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

The instant the sword was drawn, a purple sword beam shot into the sky, tearing a huge gash in the clouds.

Sunlight streamed through the crack, illuminating Kai and casting a long, long shadow.

The cracks on the Dragon-Slaying Sword had disappeared. While cultivating in the Demon-Suppressing Tower, he had nourished the sword with chaotic power, filling and repairing the cracks, making the blade smoother and sharper than before.

Purple light flowed across the sword, and the dragon patterns on the hilt were lifelike, as if they might fly off at any moment.

He gripped the Dragon-Slaying Sword tightly, purple chaotic power surging from his palm into the blade, making the light on the sword brighter and more dazzling, like a purple sun rising in his hand.

“Three thousand troops?” Kai’s voice was calm. “I, one man and one sword, am enough.”

His voice wasn’t loud, but it clearly reached everyone’s ears.

The cultivators of the Divine Race changed their expressions. They sensed that this human cultivator at the second rank of True Immortal Realm possessed an aura even more terrifying than that of the Judgment Venerable.

It was an aura that suppressed all power, an aura that instilled fear in people to the very core.

The Arbiter’s expression also changed.

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“You…” Before he could finish speaking, Kai moved. His

purple figure left a trail of afterimages in the void, so fast that even a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank couldn’t see it clearly.

Chaotic power erupted beneath Kai’s feet, his figure transforming into a blurry purple shadow, breaking the sound barrier and spatial barriers with his speed.

Even the divine sense of an Eighth Rank True Immortal couldn’t track his trajectory, leaving only a series of shattered spatial ripples. In the next instant, he hovered above the three thousand divine army like a demon god, his pressure crashing down like an ancient mountain.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword high above his head, a hundred-foot-long purple sword beam condensing on its blade.

Golden flames burned on the sword beam, purple lightning flashed, and gray reincarnation power flowed.

“This sword is for the Heavenly Wolf Tribe.”

He slashed down.

The purple sword beam, like divine punishment, slashed towards the divine army.

Where the purple sword beam swept, the hard spatial barriers were easily torn apart like thin paper, and the dark, deep spatial cracks expanded wildly.

A violent spatial turbulence and annihilation power surged within the fissure. Nearby divine cultivators didn’t even have time to scream before being shredded into a bloody mist by the turbulence, their very souls crushed, revealing a pitch-black crack.

Terrifying spatial turbulence erupted from the fissure, sucking in surrounding divine cultivators and tearing them to shreds.

Golden holy light was like paper before the sword light, instantly torn apart, devoured, and dissipated.

Boom!

The sword light struck the ground, cleaving a thousand-foot-long chasm, its depths unfathomable. Lava gushed from the fissure, engulfing the surrounding divine cultivators.

Hundreds of divine cultivators turned to ashes under this single sword strike, without even a chance to scream.

Everyone was stunned.

The battlefield was deathly silent, save for the churning lava and the hissing of the spatial fissure. Everyone stood frozen, their minds blank, unable to believe the horrifying scene before them.

Lang Hao lay on the ground, staring wide-eyed at the sight.

He knew Kai was strong, but he hadn't known Kai was this strong.

With a single sword strike, hundreds of Divine Race cultivators at the True Immortal Realm level three or higher were slain.

This was beyond mere "strength"; it was monstrous.

Yun Xi stood on the city wall, her hand gripping the broken sword trembling slightly.

Her eyes were filled with shock, and a hint of indescribable emotion—pride.

Jiang Xuelan gazed at the purple sword light, a surge of inexplicable emotion welling up within her.

She remembered that night beneath the Tree of Life, remembered the man who nearly died to save her.

He always appeared at the most crucial moment, solving the most seemingly impossible problems in the most awe-inspiring way.

Ying Wuji stood on the city wall, black chaotic demonic energy surging around him.

A glimmer of hope flashed in his eyes.

Five thousand years of hatred, five thousand years of resentment—perhaps today he could truly avenge them.

Feng Qingzi stood on the city wall, bare-handed, his body covered in wounds.

He looked at the purple sword light and smiled.

“Good lad.” His voice was soft, but carried an barely suppressed excitement.

Chu Tianxing was locked in combat with the captain when he saw this scene, and his longsword paused slightly.

A hint of surprise flashed in his eyes. A second-grade True Immortal Realm cultivator, slaying hundreds of cultivators at the third grade or higher with a single sword strike.

This young man was stronger than he had imagined.

The captain’s face turned ashen. “You… who exactly are you?”

Kai didn’t answer.

He turned around and looked at the five Upper Realm God Clan cultivators.

“You, come at me all at once.”

The captain’s eyes narrowed.

A strong unease rose in his heart. It wasn’t the pressure from the difference in cultivation level, but an absolute restraint on the level of life itself, the instinctive fear of encountering a natural enemy, as if he were facing not cultivators, but chaotic beasts.

He sensed a power within this second-grade True Immortal Realm human cultivator that made him uneasy.

It wasn’t the suppression of cultivation level, but something more fundamental, like a natural enemy, like destiny.

“Arrogant.”

The captain sneered, pointing his spear at Kai. “You think killing a few small fry makes you a match for the five of us?”

The four behind him also gripped their weapons tightly.

One wielded twin swords, their blades shimmering with silvery light; another held a greatsword, its surface covered in ancient runes; one carried a long whip studded with barbs; and a bow and arrow rested on a silver-white arrow.

Five people, five True Immortals at the eighth rank, five powerful figures from the sixteenth level of the Heavenly Realm.

Kai looked at them, a slight smile playing on his lips. The smile was faint, almost imperceptible, but at that moment, everyone felt a chill.

“Five True Immortals at the eighth rank,” Kai said calmly, “not enough.”

The captain’s face darkened. “You’re courting death!”

He thrust his spear forward, the silvery spear light transforming into a silver dragon, its claws outstretched, charging towards Kai.

Wherever the silver dragon passed, the air was torn apart, space distorted, and a deep trench was carved into the ground.

Kai did not dodge. He raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashed down.

The purple sword light collided with the silver dragon. There was no explosion, no loud noise. The silver dragon, governed by law, crashed into the purple sword light; there was no earth-shattering explosion, only a silent crushing. The

divine light laws of the Divine Race were like withered wood meeting a raging fire before the Chaos Origin—they crumbled, melted, and annihilated layer by layer. The silver dragon let out a mournful cry, shattering inch by inch, leaving not even a trace. It

was instantly torn apart, devoured, and dissipated. The sword light continued forward, slashing towards the captain.

The captain's pupils suddenly contracted. He desperately channeled his spiritual power, condensing a silver shield of light in front of him.

The sword light struck the shield, shattering it. He was knocked back dozens of steps, his hands split open, blood flowing down the shaft of his spear.

His face turned deathly pale. "You..."

Before he could finish speaking, the attacks of the four men arrived.

The twin blades unleashed two silver-white beams of light, attacking from both sides;

the greatsword unleashed a hundred-foot-long silver beam of light, cleaving down from the front;

the long whip transformed into a silver serpent, coiling around him from behind; and the arrow, like a meteor, aimed straight for Kai's throat.

Four attacks came simultaneously from four directions.

Kai didn't dodge. He stood still, the Dragon-Slaying Sword spinning in his hand, purple chaotic power surging from his body, forming a purple light shield around him.

The blade's edge struck the shield and shattered; the sword's edge cleaved the shield and dissipated;

the whip, wrapped around the shield, was scorched by the chaotic fire and broke inch by inch;

the arrow struck the shield and turned into silvery-white powder.

Four killing moves, imbued with the full power of an eighth-grade True Immortal and the laws of the divine race, crashed down on the purple light shield. The blade's edge shattered, the sword's aura annihilated, and the whip was burned to ashes by the chaotic fire.

The arrow turned directly into specks of light. The light shield remained unmoved; Kai stood within it, his clothes unfurled, as if he had merely brushed away a few specks of dust.

The four men's faces turned deathly pale.

They had never seen such power before: a second-grade True Immortal, enduring the full force of four eighth-grade True Immortals, unscathed. Kai raised his head, looking at them. "I said, it's not enough."

He moved.

A purple figure left a trail of afterimages in the void, instantly appearing in front of the man wielding twin swords.

Before the man could react, the Dragon-Slaying Sword had already pierced his chest.

Purple chaotic fire surged from the sword, igniting his body.

He let out a shrill scream, his body burning in the flames. Holy light was like paper before the chaotic fire, instantly swallowed up.

In the blink of an eye, he turned into a pile of ashes.

The first person, dead.

Kai pulled out the Dragon-Slaying Sword and turned to look at the man wielding the greatsword.

That man was terrified and hurriedly raised his greatsword to block.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword collided with the greatsword, and the greatsword, like rotten wood before the chaotic power, shattered instantly. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword continued downward, cleaving the man in two.

Golden blood gushed out, splattering on Kai's face, which he did not wipe away.

The second person, dead.

Kai turned around and looked at the man wielding the long whip.

The man was terrified and turned to run.

Kai raised his left hand, and a purple lightning spear materialized in his palm.

He hurled the spear, which moved with lightning speed, instantly catching up to the man, piercing his back and exiting through his chest.

The man's body froze in mid-air for a moment, then exploded into countless golden specks of light.

The third person was dead.

Kai looked at the last person, the one holding the bow and arrow.

The man had already drawn his bow, the arrow aimed at Kai's throat.

His hand trembled, his face filled with fear, but he still released the bowstring.

The arrow transformed into a silver-white light, shooting straight at Kai's throat.

Kai didn't dodge.

He raised two fingers and caught the arrow between them.

The arrow trembled at his fingertips, the silver-white light gradually dimming.

He casually tossed the arrow to the ground and looked at the man.

"Your turn."

The man's face turned deathly pale, his legs gave way, and he collapsed to the ground. "No…don't kill me…I surrender…I surrender…"

Kai looked at him and remained silent for a moment.

Then, he raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword and brought it down.

The fourth person was dead.

Four True Immortals at the eighth rank from the Upper Realm God Clan were all killed in less than ten breaths from the moment Kai made his move.

From the moment he made his move to the moment he killed four eighth-rank True Immortals, it was so fast that even the divine senses of the crowd couldn't keep up. The purple figure darted across the battlefield, like a reaper of death, leaving no room for mercy.

The battlefield was deathly silent.

The wind stopped and the sound ceased, leaving only the sound of dripping blood and scattering ashes. The God Clan cultivators were ashen-faced, their fighting spirit completely shattered, and only endless fear remained in their hearts.

Everyone looked at Kai, their eyes filled with shock and fear.

The God Clan cultivators' legs went weak; some collapsed to the ground, some turned and ran, and some knelt and begged for mercy. The Beast Clan warriors

gripped their battle axes tightly, their eyes filled with fanaticism.

The demon warriors straightened their backs, their eyes filled with excitement.

The demon cultivators' surging demonic energy subsided, their eyes filled with admiration.

The human cultivators gripped their longswords tightly, their eyes filled with hope.

The long-suppressed repression and despair vanished, the veins on their arms bulging as they gripped their battle axes, their eyes burning with the flames of revenge, as if they saw the dawn of victory.

Lang Hao lay on the ground, watching Kai's back, tears streaming down his face, "Good lad... good lad..."

His voice trembled, but he smiled.

Yun Xi stood on the city wall, her hand holding the broken sword trembling slightly.

Her eyes were full of tears, but a smile played on her lips, “You finally… finally…”

She couldn’t finish her sentence.

Jiang Xuelan looked at Kai’s back, a surge of indescribable emotions welling up inside her.

Ying Wuji looked at Kai’s back, a glint of light flashing in his dark eyes, “He is the hope of all of us.”

Feng Qingzi stood on the city wall, unarmed, his body covered in wounds.

He looked at Kai’s retreating figure and smiled.

Chu Tianxing looked at Kai’s retreating figure, his eyes filled with satisfaction.

“The power of chaos… truly lives up to its reputation.” His voice was soft, but tinged with emotion.

The captain stood there, looking at the ashes and corpses of the four people, his face deathly pale.

He still held his spear in his hand, but his hand was trembling.

He had never seen such a person before. A second-grade True Immortal, killing four eighth-grade True Immortals in less than ten breaths.

From the moment he made his move to the moment he killed four eighth-grade True Immortals, it was so fast that even the divine senses of the crowd could not keep up. The purple figure darted through the battlefield, like a reaper of death, leaving no room for mercy.

“You… who exactly are you?” His voice trembled.

Kai turned around and looked at him.

“Kai.”

The captain’s pupils contracted slightly.

“You can’t kill me.”

The captain’s voice trembled. “I am a member of the Divine Alliance. If you kill me, the Divine Alliance will not let you go.

The experts of the Sixteenth Heaven will come down and kill you and all your friends.”

Kai looked at him and remained silent for a moment.

Then, he smiled.

The smile was cold, so cold it seemed to lower the surrounding temperature.

“The Divine Alliance?” Kai’s voice was calm. “Once I reach the Sixteenth Heaven, I will go find them.”

The captain’s expression changed drastically. “You…”

Before he could finish speaking, Kai moved.

A purple figure left a trail of afterimages in the void, instantly appearing before the captain. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword, crackling with purple chaotic fire, thrust towards the captain’s chest.

The captain desperately raised his spear to block, the spear colliding with the Dragon-Slaying Sword, unleashing a deafening roar.

The spear, before the power of chaos, was like rotten wood, instantly shattering.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword continued forward, piercing the captain's chest.

Purple chaotic fire surged from the sword, igniting the captain's body.

He let out a piercing scream, his body engulfed in flames. The holy light, like paper, was instantly swallowed by the chaotic fire.

His eyes widened in disbelief, even in death.

"You…you'll regret this…" His voice grew weaker and weaker until it vanished completely.

Kai drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, turned, and looked at the Judgment Venerable.

The Judgment Venerable stood in the void, his face deathly pale.

Behind him stood three thousand elite divine warriors, but now, only two thousand remained.

Kai's single sword strike had slain hundreds. Beside him were five upper-realm divine cultivators.

But now, all five were dead.

He gripped the golden longsword, but his hand trembled.

He had never imagined he would fall to this state.

He was the number one figure in the Fifteenth Heaven, a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank.

He had ruled the Fifteenth Heaven for thousands of years, and no one had ever dared challenge his authority.

But now, he had encountered Kai, a True Immortal of the Second Rank human cultivator, who had annihilated all his trump cards in less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn. “Kai…”

His voice trembled, “You can’t kill me. I am the Lord of the Judgment Hall, I am the representative of the Divine Race in the Fifteenth Heaven. If you kill me, the Divine Race will not let you go.”

Kai looked at him, silent for a moment.

His eyes were full of coldness, so cold that the Judgment Venerable’s body trembled violently.

“The Divine Race will not let me go?” Kai’s voice was very calm, “When did your Divine Race ever let me go?”

He raised the Dragon Slayer Sword, pointing it at the Judgment Venerable.

“From the moment you oppressed the Ghost Race in the Heavenly Fire Pit, from the moment you enslaved the Ice God lineage in the North Mine, from the moment you sent a large army to besiege the Heavenly Wolf Tribe, from the moment you killed so many innocent people, you should have known that this day would come.”

The Judgment Venerable’s face was pale.

“Kai, I can give you whatever you want. Crystals, pills, cultivation techniques, territory, whatever you want, I can give you. Half of the Judgment Hall’s resources, no, all of them, I’ll give them to you, just spare my life.”

The Judgment Venerable began to beg for mercy.

The once high and mighty number one of the fifteen heavens was now deathly pale, his voice trembling, his posture humble, devoid of any dignity, wanting only to survive.

Kai shook his head, “I don’t want your resources.”

“Then what do you want?”

“I want your life.”

A trace of despair flashed in the eyes of the Judgment Venerable.

He knew he couldn’t escape today. But a ruthless glint also flashed in his eyes; since he couldn’t escape, he would fight to the death.

“Kai, do you think you’ve already won?” The Judgment Venerable’s voice became frantic, “I am a True Immortal of the eighth rank, and you are only a True Immortal of the second rank. Even if your Chaos Power restrains my Holy Light, I will not sit idly by and wait to die!”

He raised his golden longsword, and the holy light around him surged.

Golden light poured out from his body, dyeing the entire sky gold.

His hair turned golden, his eyes also turned golden, and his aura rose again, reaching the peak of the True Immortal of the eighth rank.

“Sword of Judgment, cut down all heretics!”

He swung his sword down, the golden sword light transforming into a thousand-foot-long blade of light, slashing towards Kai.

Where the blade of light passed, space was torn apart, revealing a pitch-black rift.

Terrifying spatial turbulence surged from the rift, sucking everything in its path and shredding it to pieces.

Kai did not dodge.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic power condensing on its blade.

Chaotic fire, the source of lightning, and the source of space intertwined, transforming into a purple-gold sword beam.

Golden flames burned on the sword beam, purple lightning flashed, and gray spatial energy flowed.

“This sword is for all those you have killed,”

he said, slashing down.

The purple-gold sword beam collided with the golden blade of light.

There was no explosion, no loud noise; the golden blade of light was like paper before the chaotic power, instantly torn apart, devoured, and dissipated. The

purple-gold sword beam continued forward, slashing towards the Judgment Venerable.

The Judgment Venerable’s pupils suddenly contracted.

He exerted all his strength to activate his holy light, condensing a golden light shield before him.

The light shield had seven layers, each containing the supreme laws of the divine race.

A crimson sword beam struck the light shield.

The first layer shattered.

The second layer shattered.

The third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh layers.

The sword beam, like a red-hot iron rod piercing through butter, silently pierced through all seven layers of the light shield.

The crimson sword beam was unstoppable; each layer of the light shield, imbued with the supreme laws of the divine race, was pierced like paper, cracks spreading, laws crumbling, offering no resistance whatsoever.

Then, the sword beam struck the Arbiter Venerable.

“Ah!”

The Arbiter Venerable let out a shrill scream.

His body burned in the chaotic fire; the holy light before the chaotic fire was like paper, instantly swallowed up.

His left arm was severed, his right leg charred, and his chest pierced through.

Golden blood gushed from the wounds, evaporating into golden mist in the flames.

His body plummeted from the sky, crashing heavily to the ground, creating a large crater.

His eyes remained open, staring at the sky, filled with resentment and fear.

“No…impossible…” His voice grew weaker and weaker, “I am the number one in the Fifteenth Heaven…how could I…”

Kai landed beside him, looking down at him.

The purple light on the Dragon-Slaying Sword gradually dimmed, but the tip of the sword was still pressed against the Judgment Venerable’s throat.

“You are not the number one in the Fifteenth Heaven.” Kai’s voice was calm, “You are just a coward who bullies the weak.”

A trace of despair flashed in the Judgment Venerable’s eyes.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but nothing came out.

Kai raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword and thrust it down.

Golden blood gushed from the Judgment Venerable's throat, staining the ground dark gold.

His eyes were wide open, unable to believe it even in death.

The number one in the Fifteenth Heaven, the Lord of the Judgment Hall, a powerful expert of the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm—was dead.

The battlefield was deathly silent.

The wind stopped and the sound ceased, leaving only the sound of dripping blood and scattering ashes. The divine cultivators were ashen-faced, their fighting spirit completely shattered, and only endless fear remained in their hearts.

Everyone looked at Kai, at the young man standing beside the Judgment Venerable's corpse.

His blue robes were stained with golden blood, his face was covered in blood, but his eyes shone brightly.

The divine cultivators collapsed.

They threw down their weapons and turned to flee.

Golden holy light scattered and fled across the wasteland like startled fireflies.

No one chased them; they were no longer a threat.

The Judgment Venerable was dead, five upper-realm divine cultivators were dead, more than half of the three thousand-strong army had perished, and the Judgment Hall was finished.

Lang Hao lay on the ground, watching Kai's retreating figure, tears streaming down his face.

"We won...we won..." His voice trembled, but he smiled.

Yun Xi stood on the city wall, watching Kai's retreating figure, tears finally falling.

She bit her lip, trying not to cry out, but the tears flowed uncontrollably.

Kai stood in the center of the battlefield, watching the fleeing divine cultivators, the corpses lying in pools of blood, and his comrades still cheering.

His face was expressionless, his eyes devoid of joy.

He simply stood there, gripping the Dragon-Slaying Sword, gazing at the sky.

The setting sun dyed the entire wasteland a golden-red.

The wind swept across the battlefield, swirling up ashes and dust, like countless silent sighs.

"It's over," he said softly.

He turned and walked towards Cloud City.

On the city walls, Lang Hao, Yun Xi, Jiang Xuelan, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Chu Tianxing, and the surviving warriors all watched him.

Their eyes were filled with respect, gratitude, and hope.

Kai reached the foot of the city wall, raised his head, and looked at them.

"We won," he said softly, but every word carried weight.

On the city walls, cheers shook the heavens and the earth. The

roars of the beastmen, the shrieks of the ghosts, the growls of the demons, and the shouts of the humans—countless voices converged, soaring into the sky, shattering the remaining clouds, and echoing throughout the wasteland and the Cloud City.

“Kai! Kai! Kai!”

Beastmen warriors raised their battle axes, ghost warriors raised their demon blades, demon cultivators raised their longswords, and human cultivators raised their broken swords.

The voices of different races blended together, resounding across the entire wasteland.

Kai looked at them, a slight smile playing on his lips.

Then, he walked into the city.

Behind him, the setting sun dyed the entire world golden-red.

The era of the Judgment Hall had ended.

Meanwhile, in the main hall of the Divine Alliance on the Sixteenth Heaven, five dim beams of light streaked across a curtain.

“Dead? They actually perished on the Fifteenth Heaven?” Wei Pengkun, the leader of the alliance, was filled with surprise and astonishment. Wei Pengkun sat in the main seat, his fingers lightly tapping the table.

He appeared to be in his forties, with a resolute face, sharp eyebrows, and bright eyes, his long black hair tied back.

He wore a deep purple robe embroidered with the emblem of the Divine Alliance, and carried a golden longsword with a silver dragon coiled around its blade.

His cultivation was at the peak of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, half a step into the legendary Golden Immortal Realm.

Wei Pengkun's eyes were filled with surprise and astonishment.

He couldn't understand it. In a place like the Fifteenth Heaven, the highest level was only the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, and the cultivators in the lower realms, whether in terms of cultivation techniques, magical treasures, or combat experience, were inferior to those of the same level in the Sixteenth Heaven.

The five people he had sent were all top-tier eighth-rank True Immortal Realm cultivators, each having experienced countless life-and-death battles.

How could they have died?

At whose hands did they die?

He closed his eyes, the images of those five people flashing through his mind.

The captain's cold, stern face, his silver-white spear; the dual-wielder's sharp swordsmanship; the greatsword master's ferocious strength; the whip-wielder's insidious moves; the archer's precise archery.

Together, these five could hold their own against even a ninth-grade True Immortal.

But in the fifteenth heaven, they died.

"Someone come here." His voice wasn't loud, but it carried clearly throughout the hall.

A Divine Clan cultivator strode in and knelt. "Alliance Leader."

"Summon the strategist."

"Yes."

A moment later, an old man entered the hall.

He wore a grey robe, his hair was gray, his face was thin, and his eyes were small but bright, like those of an owl in the night.

He held a whisk in his hand, the white threads on it fluttering gently in the breeze.

His cultivation was not high, only seventh-grade True Immortal, but within the Divine Clan Alliance, his position was second only to Wei Pengkun. He was the strategist, Wei Pengkun's most trusted advisor, named Zhuge Ming.

"Alliance Leader, you summoned me?" Zhuge Ming walked to the table, his gaze falling on the light screen, his pupils slightly contracting.

"They're dead." Wei Pengkun's voice was calm, but Zhuge Ming sensed the anger beneath.

Zhuge Ming was silent for a moment, then reached out and summoned a jade tablet from the light screen, examining it closely.

Cracks on the jade tablet spread outwards from the center, like a withered flower.

He placed the jade tablet on the table, looked up at Wei Pengkun.

"The Fifteenth Heaven?" His voice was soft.

"The Fifteenth Heaven." Wei Pengkun nodded. "I don't understand, who could kill them in a place like the Fifteenth Heaven?"

Zhuge Ming didn't answer immediately.

He walked to the star map, looked at the location of the Fifteenth Heaven, and remained silent for a long time.

"Alliance Leader, although the Fifteenth Heaven is a lower realm, it is not without powerful individuals."

His voice was soft. “The people we sent were to hunt down those rebellious individuals like Chu Tianxing. Chu Tianxing is a True Immortal of the Eighth Rank, but he is severely injured and cannot possibly be a match for five people. Therefore, the one who killed them was not Chu Tianxing.”

“Then who was it?”

Zhuge Ming turned around and looked at Wei Pengkun.

“Alliance Leader, do you remember? The Lord of the Judgment Hall once contacted us using a summoning technique.

He said he encountered a powerful enemy in the Fifteenth Heaven, possessing the power of chaos, someone even an Upper Immortal could fight against.”

Wei Pengkun’s eyes narrowed. “You mean…”

“The power of chaos restrains all power.”

Zhuge Ming’s eyes narrowed slightly, his gaze flashing with an all-seeing light. “If that person breaks through, combined with the power of chaos, he might be able to kill five True Immortals of the Eighth Rank.”

Wei Pengkun remained silent for a long time. “The power of chaos… it’s been so many years since I’ve seen it.”

“The last time the power of chaos appeared was 30,000 years ago.” Zhuge Ming’s voice carried a hint of emotion. “That person almost destroyed the God Alliance.”

Wei Pengkun clenched his fist. “What happened to that person afterward?”

“He was suppressed by the alliance’s Supreme Elders. But the Supreme Elders also paid a heavy price and are still in seclusion healing their

wounds.” Zhuge Ming looked at Wei Pengkun. “Alliance Leader, this person who possesses the power of chaos cannot be allowed to live.”

Wei Pengkun nodded. “I know. But we can’t send anyone down rashly again. Five True Immortals at the eighth rank are already dead. If we send more and they just die again, our losses will be too great.”

“What does the Alliance Leader mean…?”

“Investigate first.”

Wei Pengkun stood up and walked to the star map. “Send people skilled in stealth and reconnaissance to the Fifteenth Heaven. Not to hunt them down, but to investigate.

Find out how those five people died, find out the current situation in the Fifteenth Heaven, find out who the person with the power of chaos is, what their cultivation level is, and what their background is.”

Zhuge Ming nodded. “I’ll arrange it right away.”

“Also,” Wei Pengkun turned around and looked at Zhuge Ming, “Tell the people you send not to alert them. Find out the truth and come back. No fighting is allowed.”

“Yes.”

Zhuge Ming turned and left the hall.

Wei Pengkun stood in front of the star map, looking at the location of the Fifteenth Heaven, and remained silent for a long time.

“The power of chaos… interesting.” His voice was soft, but a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

…

Cloud City.

After the battle, the entire city was immersed in revelry.

The bloodstains on the city walls hadn't dried yet, and the corpses beneath them hadn't been cleared away, but the survivors had already begun to celebrate.

Beastmen warriors huddled around campfires, devouring meat and drinking wine, singing ancient war songs.

Ghost warriors huddled together, weeping and laughing, reciting the names of those who had died in battle. Demon cultivators

sat silently in corners, but their eyes no longer held fear, only the relief of surviving a catastrophe. Human

cultivators raised their wine cups, shouting Kai's name, their voices shaking the heavens and earth.

Feng Qingzi brought out all the wine from the storeroom and laid it out in the square, allowing everyone to drink to their hearts' content.

Lang Hao's wounds hadn't healed; his left arm was still in a sling, but he had already drunk several bowls of wine, his face flushed red.

Yun Xi sat on the city wall, watching the cheering crowds, a smile playing on her lips, but a hint of inexplicable weariness in her eyes.

Jiang Xuelan stood at the highest point of the city wall, icy blue divine light flowing in her palm. Her injuries had not fully healed, but she did not rest; she was watching Kai.

Kai didn't drink.

He stood on the city wall, looking at the distant sky, his brows furrowed.

Yun Xi walked to his side and asked softly, "What's wrong? Aren't you happy even though you won?"

Kai didn’t turn around. “Happy.”

“Then why are you frowning?”

Kai was silent for a moment. “The Divine Alliance of the Sixteenth Heaven won’t let this go easily.”

Yun Xi’s smile froze.

“They lost five people, they will definitely send people to investigate.” Kai said calmly, “After they find out, they will send more people, True Immortal Realm Ninth Grade, or even higher.”

Yun Xi was silent.

She looked at the distant sky, at the gradually dissipating golden holy light, and an inexplicable fear welled up in her heart.

“Then what should we do?”

Kai turned around and looked at her, “Celebrate first. We’ll talk about it tomorrow.”

He walked down the city wall.

Kai found Chu Tianxing in the council hall.

The old man sat in a chair, his eyes closed, his silver-white hair somewhat disheveled, and there were several unhealed wounds on his face.

His hands were on his knees, his fingers trembling slightly. In that battle, his spiritual power was greatly depleted, and his injuries had not fully healed.

But he didn’t go to rest; he was also waiting for Kai.

“You’re here.” Chu Tianxing opened his eyes and looked at Kai. Kai sat down opposite him. “Elder Chu, I want to ask you some questions.”

Chu Tianxing nodded. “Go ahead and ask.”

“What kind of person is the leader of the Divine Clan Alliance?”

Chu Tianxing’s eyes narrowed slightly.

“Wei Pengkun, a peak ninth-grade True Immortal, is half a step into the Golden Immortal realm. He cultivates the supreme divine technique, the ‘Heavenly Saint Technique,’ which is said to allow one to communicate with the Heavenly Dao and borrow the power of heaven and earth when cultivated to its peak. His strength ranks among the top three in the Sixteenth Heaven.”

“What about his personality?”

Chu Tianxing thought for a moment. “Careful, suspicious, and ruthless. He doesn’t like taking risks and will repeatedly rehearse before each action to ensure everything goes perfectly. But once he makes up his mind, he will stop at nothing.”

Kai nodded. “What will he do after five people die?”

Chu Tianxing was silent for a moment. “He will first send people to investigate, not to attack, but to investigate. He will find out who you are, what your cultivation level is, and what your background is. Then, he will formulate a plan and send down even stronger individuals to annihilate you all in one fell swoop.”

Kai frowned. “Stronger individuals? Ninth-grade True Immortal?”

“Maybe more than that.” Chu Tianxing’s voice was soft. “Wei Pengkun has three great generals under his command, each a ninth-grade True Immortal. He also has two Supreme Elders, who are said to have already entered the Golden Immortal realm. If he’s truly determined, he might send his generals down.”

Kai remained silent.

Ninth-grade True Immortal.

He was currently a second-grade True Immortal. Although the power of chaos countered all other powers, he was still a whole realm below that level. He didn't know if he could defeat them.

"There's one more thing,"

Chu Tianxing said, looking at Kai. "Wei Pengkun is very wary of the power of chaos. Thirty thousand years ago, a person possessing the power of chaos almost destroyed the God Alliance.

Although he was eventually suppressed, the Supreme Elders of the alliance paid a heavy price. Therefore, he will definitely do everything in his power to eliminate you."

Kai's pupils contracted slightly. "Thirty thousand years ago? A person possessing the power of chaos? Who was he?"

Chu Tianxing shook his head. "I don't know. That period of history was sealed by the Divine Alliance. We only know that this person existed, but we don't know his identity.

Some say he was a rogue cultivator from the human race, some say he was a traitor to the divine race, and some say he came from a higher realm. There are many different opinions, and there is no definitive conclusion."

Kai remained silent for a long time.

"If Wei Pengkun sends someone to investigate, what kind of person will he send?"

Chu Tianxing thought for a moment. "Someone skilled in concealment and reconnaissance wouldn't have a cultivation level that's too high, as that would make them easy to expose; nor would they have a cultivation

level that's too low, as that would make it impossible to find anything. Probably a sixth or seventh rank True Immortal, skilled in concealment, disguise, and tracking."

Kai nodded. "How do we defend ourselves?"

Chu Tianxing stood up and walked to the map.

"First, strengthen defenses. Activate all the restrictions on Cloud City, and double the patrols on the city walls. Strictly check anyone entering or leaving."

"Second, conceal your strength. Don't reveal your true cultivation level and chaotic power. If the Divine Race spies come, make them think you're just an ordinary True Immortal Realm Second Grade."

"Third, transfer resources. Hide all the crystals, pills, and cultivation techniques; don't let them know our resources." "

Fourth, train our troops. The Divine Race Alliance will send a large army down sooner or later; we must be prepared."

Kai nodded. "Anything else?"

Chu Tianxing turned to look at him. "Also, you need to improve your strength as quickly as possible. True Immortal Realm Second Grade isn't enough, far from enough.

You need to break through to True Immortal Realm Third, Fourth, and Fifth Grade—the higher the better. Only when your chaotic power is strong enough will we have a chance of victory."

Kai was silent for a moment. "We're running out of resources."

Chu Tianxing took out a storage ring from his robes and placed it on the table. "This is what we brought from the Sixteenth Heaven. It's not much, but it should be enough for you to break through to the third rank of True Immortal."

Kai looked at the storage ring and remained silent for a long time.

“Thank you.”

Chu Tianxing shook his head. “No need to thank me. You saved all of our lives. This little thing is nothing.”

He stood up, walked to the door, stopped, and didn’t look back.

“Kai, you are all our hope. Don’t let them down.”

Then he left.

In the following days, Cloud City entered a state of high alert.

Feng Qingzi activated all the restrictions of the Loose Cultivator Alliance, and the city walls were covered with defensive runes, which shimmered with a dazzling blue light in the sunlight. The number

of patrolling cultivators was three times that of before, and everyone entering and leaving had to undergo strict checks.

Checkpoints were set up at the city gates, and no one was allowed to enter or leave at will.

Lang Hao led the beastmen warriors in training day and night.

His injuries had not yet fully healed, and his left arm was still in a sling, but every morning he would stand on the training ground, watching the beastmen warriors swing their axes, chop, and charge.

His eyes were full of expectation and worry. He knew that the real battle had not yet begun.

Yun Xi led the ghost warriors to set traps outside the city walls.

They condensed the ghostly energy of the Netherworld Ghost Domain into black threads, wrapping them around the wasteland outside the walls.

These threads were invisible to the naked eye, but once someone touched them, an alarm would be triggered, releasing dense ghostly energy to trap the enemy.

Ying Wuji led the demon cultivators of the Shadow Palace to dig secret chambers underground in Cloud City.

They hid crystals, pills, and cultivation techniques deep underground, sealing them with restrictions.

The secret chamber had three levels, each with different restrictions, making it impossible for outsiders to enter.

Jiang Xuelan led the disciples of the Ice God Palace to set up an ice-sealing restriction above Cloud City.

Ice-blue divine light intertwined in the sky, forming a large net that enveloped the entire city.

Once an enemy attacked from the air, this net would fall, freezing the enemy into ice sculptures.

Chu Tianxing led dozens of human cultivators to set up reconnaissance points around Cloud City.

Disguised as ordinary rogue cultivators, they mingled in the small town on the wasteland, monitoring every movement around them.

If they spotted any spies from the Divine Race, they would immediately send a message back.

Everyone was incredibly busy.

Only Kai sat alone in the Demon-Suppressing Tower, a small mountain of crystals piled before him.

He took out the ring Chu Tianxing had given him from his storage ring and poured out its resources.

Crystals, pills, and spiritual herbs formed a new small mountain.

He looked at the resources and remained silent for a long time.

Then, he closed his eyes and placed his hands on the pile of crystals.

Chaotic power circulated within him, and purple light surged forth, illuminating the entire tower.

The spiritual energy within the crystals flowed into his body like rivers flowing into the sea.

One crystal was drained, turning into grayish-white powder.

Ten, a hundred, a thousand.

His cultivation began its ascent from the early stage of the second rank of True Immortal Realm. Then,

the second rank reached the middle, late, and peak stages.

Then, his resources were exhausted.

He opened his eyes, staring at the pile of grayish-white powder before him, and remained silent for a long time.

The peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm.

Just one step away from the third rank.

But his resources were insufficient.

Kai shook his head helplessly. With each increase in his cultivation level, the rate at which he consumed resources multiplied.

He leaped out of the Demon-Suppressing Tower and headed towards the council hall. Inside

the council hall, Lang Hao, Yun Xi, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Chu Tianxing, and Jiang Xuelan were all present.

They sat around the table, watching Kai.

“We’re running out of resources,” Kai said bluntly.

Everyone’s faces darkened.

“How much do we have left?” Lang Hao asked.

Feng Qingzi sighed, “The Loose Cultivator Alliance’s treasury is empty. To support your cultivation, we gave you everything we could.”

Yun Xi shook her head, “Youyue Kingdom is gone too. All the resources accumulated over thousands of years were given to you.”

Ying Wuji was silent for a moment, “The Shadow Palace has a little, but not much.”

Lang Hao clenched his fist, “The Heavenly Wolf Tribe is empty too.”

Jiang Xuelan remained silent.

Her Ice God Palace had just been rebuilt and had nothing left.

Kai looked at them, silent for a long time.

“I’m going to the Judgment Hall,” he said softly.

Everyone's eyes lit up. "The Hall of Judgment has been operating for thousands of years; their treasury must still hold a vast amount of resources."

Feng Qingzi's voice was somewhat excited. "If we could obtain those resources..."

"Not just resources." Kai interrupted him.

All eyes were on him.

"There's something else in the Hall of Judgment that's more important than resources." Kai's voice was calm, but every word was heavy. "The Netherworld Lamp."

The council hall fell silent.

Yun Quan's pupils contracted slightly.

He sat in the corner, silent all along.

His injuries hadn't healed; his face was pale, and his eyes were full of exhaustion.

But at this moment, his body suddenly trembled, as if struck by lightning.

"The Netherworld Lamp..." His voice trembled. "Mr. Chen, you mean..."

"We already have the Core of Reincarnation and the Soul-Guiding Fire. We only lack the Netherworld Lamp."

Kai looked at Yun Quan. "Gathering these three treasures and lighting the Netherworld Lamp will open the Path of Reincarnation and release all the trapped ghost souls in the Reincarnation Division."

Tears welled up in Yun Quan's eyes.

He struggled to his feet, walked to Kai, and knelt down with a thud.

“Mr. Chen! On behalf of the Youyue Kingdom and all the Ghost Clan, I thank you for your great kindness!”

Kai quickly helped him up. “King Yunquan, please don’t be like this. This is what I promised Yunxi.”

Yunxi stood to the side, her eyes also red.

She bit her lip, trying not to cry out, but tears flowed uncontrollably.

She remembered the way Kai looked when they first met, remembered his words, “I will help you.” She thought it was just a polite remark, that Kai was just saying it casually.

But Kai hadn’t forgotten.

He had been doing it, one thing at a time.

From the Core of Reincarnation to the Soul-Guiding Flame, from the Northern Mine to the Sirius Tribe, from the three-day, three-night battle with the Judgment Venerable, to now going to retrieve the Netherworld Lamp.

He had never forgotten his promise.

“Kai…” Her voice was very soft, almost inaudible.

Kai turned around and looked at her. “Come, come with me to the Judgment Hall.”

Yunxi nodded vigorously.

…

The Judgment Hall was located in the central area of the Fifteenth Heaven, a huge palace built on a mountaintop.

The palace, built of white jade, was magnificent and resplendent.

But now, it was a ghost town.

Kai and Yun Xi landed on the plaza in front of the palace.

Various debris was scattered across the plaza: weapons, armor, elixir bottles, jade slips—everything was strewn about.

A wind blew from the mountaintop, whipping up dust and scraps of paper that swirled in the air.

The fallen tree had scattered the monkeys; the Judgement Venerable was dead, and all the cultivators of the Judgement Hall had fled.

“The Netherworld Lamp should be in the Judgement Venerable’s secret chamber,” Kai said.

“Where is the secret chamber?” Yun Xi asked.

“Behind the main hall.” Kai pushed open the door of the main hall and went inside.

The main hall was empty; the golden throne stood alone at the front, the golden robe still on it, but its owner was gone.

Sunlight streamed through the skylight in the dome, illuminating the throne and reflecting a blinding light.

Kai didn’t linger. He crossed the main hall and came to the corridor at the back.

The corridor was lined with stone chambers, some bedrooms, some cultivation rooms, and some libraries.

He walked to the end of the corridor, where there was a stone door.

The door was covered with restrictive runes.

The runes shimmered with a faint golden light in the darkness, like countless eyes.

Kai raised his right hand, and a ball of chaotic fire condensed in his palm. The purple flames burned through, melted, and dissipated the runes layer by layer. The stone door slowly opened.

The secret chamber was small, only a few feet in diameter.

The walls were forged from meteorite iron from outer space, covered with defensive runes. In the center of the chamber was a stone platform, on which sat a golden lamp.

The Netherworld Lamp.

The lamp was small, only the size of a fist, entirely golden, and covered with ancient runes.

The space around the lamp was slightly distorted, as if something was flowing.

Yun Xi's breath caught in her throat, "This is... the Netherworld Lamp..."

Kai walked to the stone platform and picked up the lamp.

He found it heavy and cold to the touch, the flame within the lamp dancing in his palm, as if responding to his chaotic power.

He could feel the powerful reincarnation energy contained within the lamp, of the same origin and essence as the Core of Reincarnation and the Soul-Guiding Flame.

"Got it," Kai said.

Yun Xi's tears finally fell.

Kai put the Netherworld Lamp into his storage ring, turned around, and said, "Let's go to the storeroom."

The two walked out of the secret room, through the corridor, and arrived at the storeroom.

The storeroom was mostly empty, but some scattered crystals were still piled in the corner, and some untouched cultivation techniques and magical artifacts were still on the shelves.

Kai went to the corner and put the crystals into his storage ring one by one.

Yun Xi went to the shelves and collected the cultivation techniques and magical artifacts one by one.

“These cultivation techniques and magical artifacts, although not as good as those top-tier resources, are already very good equipment for the warriors of the Nether Moon Kingdom,” Yun Xi said with some excitement.

“Take it all,” Kai said. “Leave nothing behind.”

The two ransacked the storeroom.

They left the storeroom, crossed the corridor, and returned to the main hall.

Kai stood in the center of the hall, looking around.

A golden throne, golden robes, a golden dome, golden sunlight.

Everything was golden, but its owner was gone.

“Let’s go.” He turned and walked out of the hall.

Yun Xi followed behind him.

The two leaped into the air, transforming into two streaks of light, flying towards Cloud City.

Behind them, the Hall of Judgment stood silently in the sunlight, like a colossal tomb.

When Kai and Yun Xi returned to Cloud City, it was already evening.

At the city gate, everyone was waiting.

Lang Hao, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Jiang Xuelan, Chu Tianxing, and Yun Quan.

Yun Quan's eyes were filled with anticipation, his hands trembling slightly.

Kai landed at the city gate and took out the Netherworld Lamp from his storage ring.

The golden lamp shimmered with a warm light in the setting sun.

The Netherworld light within the lamp danced, like countless ghost souls cheering.

Yun Quan's tears welled up instantly.

He knelt on the ground with a thud and kowtowed three times to Kai.

"Mr. Chen! Your great kindness will never be forgotten by the Youyue Kingdom!"

Kai quickly helped him up. "King Yun Quan, don't do this. This is what I promised Yun Xi."

He turned around and looked at everyone.

"The Core of Reincarnation, the Soul-Guiding Fire, and the Netherworld Lamp—the three supreme treasures are all gathered."

Cheers shook the heavens and the earth from the city wall.

“Kai! Kai! Kai!”

The ghost warriors raised their ghost blades and cheered.

Yun Xi stood on the city wall, watching Kai’s back, tears streaming down her face.

She recalled the first time she met Kai, his words, and his deeds.

He had never disappointed her.

Jiang Xuelan watched Kai’s retreating figure, a complex mix of emotions welling up within her.

This man always treated others’ affairs as his own, always valued his promises more than his own life.

Kai raised his hand, and the cheers gradually subsided.

“Tomorrow, light the Netherworld Lamps and go to the Reincarnation Bureau to release all the trapped ghost souls.”

Yun Quan’s tears flowed even more fiercely. “Thank you… thank you…”

Kai smiled, turned, and walked into the city. The next morning, before dawn, the square of Cloud City was already packed with people.

In the center of the square stood a stone platform.

On the platform lay three supreme treasures: the Core of Reincarnation, as black as night; the Soul-Guiding Flame, as brilliant as day; and the Ancient Netherworld Lamp, as pristine as ever.

The light of the three treasures intertwined, illuminating the entire square.

Kai stood before the platform, purple chaotic power flowing around him.

Behind him were Yun Quan, Yun Xi, Lang Hao, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Jiang Xuelan, Chu Tianxing, and the surviving warriors.

All eyes were fixed on him.

“Let’s begin,” Kai’s voice was calm.

He raised his right hand and infused the chaotic power into the Core of Reincarnation.

The silver patterns on the Core of Reincarnation began to glow, like countless winding rivers, shimmering with an eerie light in the darkness. The power of reincarnation surged from the bead, condensing into a cloud of gray mist above the platform.

He raised his left hand again, infusing the power of chaos into the Soul-Guiding Fire.

The golden flames of the Soul-Guiding Fire surged violently, transforming into a golden fire dragon that hovered above the stone platform.

Wherever the fire dragon passed, the gray mist ignited, turning into a golden sea of fire.

Then, he held up the Netherworld Lamp with both hands, pouring the power of chaos into it.

The ancient runes on the Netherworld Lamp lit up one after another, and the Netherworld Fire at the center of the lamp began to flicker, growing stronger and brighter.

The power of the three treasures converged above the stone platform.

The power of reincarnation, the Soul-Guiding Fire, and the Netherworld Flame intertwined, transforming into a pillar of light

that shot into the sky. The pillar of light was a hundred feet thick, soaring straight into the clouds, tearing a huge gash in the sky.

Sunlight streamed down from the crack, illuminating the plaza and casting long shadows on everyone.

Then, the pillar of light vanished.

Above the stone platform, a pitch-black crack appeared.

The crack was several feet wide, its edges smooth as a mirror, without a trace of residual spatial vibration.

On the other side of the rift, a hazy, gray world could be vaguely seen—the Reincarnation Bureau, a transit station for the souls of the Ghost Clan.

“The passage is open, but it can only last for thirty breaths,” Kai said.

He turned to look at Yun Quan and Yun Xi. “Let’s go.”

Tears welled in Yun Quan’s eyes, but he didn’t let them fall.

He took a deep breath, straightened his back, and was the first to step into the rift.

Yun Xi glanced at Kai, nodded, and followed behind her father.

Kai turned to look at Lang Hao, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Jiang Xuelan, and Chu Tianxing.

“Guard Cloud City. Wait for our return.”

Lang Hao gripped his battle axe tightly. “Don’t worry. Anyone who dares approach Cloud City, I’ll chop them down.”

Ying Wuji nodded. “The disciples of the Shadow Hall will guard every gate.”

Feng Qingzi gripped his broken sword. “The restrictions of the Loose Cultivator Alliance have all been activated; not even a fly can get in.”

Jiang Xuelan looked at Kai without speaking, but there was an indescribable emotion in her eyes—trust, expectation, or something else entirely.

He turned and walked into the crevice.

Behind him, the crevice slowly closed.

Kai landed on a gray-white stone staircase.

The staircase was wide, dozens of feet across, with bottomless abysses on either side.

Gray mist churned in the abyss, and within the mist, countless blurry figures could be vaguely seen drifting—the ghost souls trapped in the Reincarnation Bureau, waiting for tens of thousands of years.

The staircase was long, stretching as far as the eye could see.

Every hundred feet along either side of the stone steps stood a stone pillar, its surface covered with ancient runes that shimmered with a faint blue light in the gray mist.

At the top of each pillar hung a bronze lantern, its flame burning with a ghostly green light, illuminating the entire staircase.

Yunquan and Yunxi stood on the steps, tears streaming down their faces as they gazed at the figures in the gray mist.

“These…they are our people…”

Yunquan’s voice trembled. “For tens of thousands of years, they’ve been trapped here…unable to reincarnate, unable to leave…” Yunxi

gripped her ghostly blade tightly. “How can we save them?” Kai

walked to the center of the steps, looking around. “The seal of the Reincarnation Bureau is at the deepest point. We need to reach the end.”

The three of them began to walk up the steps.

The steps were long; after about an hour, they still couldn’t see the end.

The gray mist on either side grew thicker, and the figures within became clearer.

Some were weeping, some were shouting, some were silent, and some were praying.

Their voices intertwined, forming a low hum that echoed across the steps.

Yunquan’s steps grew slower and slower.

His injuries hadn’t healed, and his spiritual power hadn’t fully recovered.

But he gritted his teeth and continued forward step by step.

“Father, rest a bit,” Yunxi said, supporting him.

“No need,” Yunquan shook his head. “I’ve waited too long for this day. I can’t rest.”

Kai remained silent.

He walked at the front, purple chaotic power flowing around him, dispelling the gray mist and clearing a clear path for Yunquan and Yunxi.

After walking for about an hour, the end of the stone steps finally appeared.

It was a massive stone gate.

The gate was about a hundred feet high and fifty feet wide, entirely black, and covered with complex runes.

The runes shimmered with a faint blue light in the darkness, like countless eyes.

In the very center of the gate were three large characters: “Reincarnation Bureau.”

Before the gate stood two enormous stone statues.

The statues were about ten feet tall, clad in armor, holding spears, their faces ferocious.

Their eyes were blood red, gleaming eerily in the darkness.

Kai walked to the stone door and placed his hands on it.

Purple chaotic power surged from his palms, flowing into the runes on the stone door.

The runes began to flicker, the blue light growing brighter and more dazzling. The stone door slowly opened.

Behind the door was a grayish-white space.

The space was vast, as vast as a plain.

On the plain, countless gray figures stood densely packed, the ghost souls trapped in the Reincarnation Bureau.

Tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions.

They stood there, motionless, their eyes staring blankly ahead.

Black chains bound them, one end to the ground beneath their feet, the other to their wrists and ankles.

Yunquan's tears finally fell.

"My people… my people…" He knelt on the ground with a thud, sobbing uncontrollably.

Yunxi stood beside him, tears streaming down her face.

Kai walked to the center of the plain, looking at the souls bound by chains.

His fists clenched.

"How do we break the seal?" Kai asked.

Yunquan struggled to his feet and walked to Kai's side. "The core of the seal is at the deepest part. There is a Reincarnation Stone there, the eye of the seal. Once the Reincarnation Stone is broken, all the chains will snap."

"Lead the way."

The three of them passed through the densely packed souls, heading towards the deepest part of the plain.

The souls looked at them, a glimmer of light flashing in their empty eyes—hope, expectation, the first hope they had seen in tens of thousands of years.

Deep within the plain lay a colossal stone:

the Reincarnation Stone.

Ten zhang tall, it was entirely black, covered in densely packed runes.

The runes shimmered with an eerie blue light in the darkness, like winding rivers.

Around the stone stood four figures clad in black armor—guardians of the Reincarnation Bureau, each a True Immortal of the eighth rank.

They saw Kai and his companions and simultaneously opened their eyes.

Their blood-red eyes flickered with an eerie light in the darkness, like four ghostly lamps.

“Those who trespass into the Reincarnation Bureau shall die,” the foremost guardian spoke, his voice cold and devoid of emotion.

Kai did not reply.

He drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic power flowing across its blade.

“You all step back,” he said calmly.

Yun Quan and Yun Xi retreated to a distance. The four guardians moved simultaneously.

Their speed was lightning-fast, their spears imbued with black, ghostly energy, thrusting towards Kai.

Wherever the spears passed, the air was torn apart, and deep furrows were carved into the ground.

Kai did not dodge. He raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashed down.

The purple sword light collided with the four spears, but there was no explosion, no loud noise; the spears, like rotten wood before the chaotic power, shattered instantly.

The sword light continued forward, blasting the four guardians away.

They crashed heavily to the ground, spitting blood.

“You…” The foremost guardian struggled to his feet, his eyes filled with shock.

Kai walked to him, the Dragon-Slaying Sword pressed against his throat. “Open the seal.”

A hint of despair flashed in the guardian’s eyes.

“The Reincarnation Stone was left by an ancient god; I cannot open it.” The guardian shook his head.

Kai said nothing more. He turned and walked to the Reincarnation Stone, placing his hands on it.

Purple chaotic power surged from his palms, flowing into the Reincarnation Stone.

Runes began to flicker, the blue light growing brighter and more blinding.

Cracks on the Reincarnation Stone began to spread, like a withered flower.

“No…” the guardian’s voice trembled, “You will destroy the Reincarnation Bureau…”

Kai ignored him.

He pushed the power of chaos to its limit, the purple light illuminating the entire plain.

The cracks on the Reincarnation Stone multiplied, becoming denser and denser.

Then, a deafening roar.

The Reincarnation Stone shattered.

Black fragments scattered and flew, turning into dust.

When the dust settled, only a pile of grayish-white powder remained where the Reincarnation Stone had been.

The chains broke simultaneously.

Millions of ghost souls opened their eyes at the same time.

The chains on their bodies snapped one by one, the black fragments falling to the ground and turning into dust.

Their bodies began to become transparent and glow.

Gray, white, gold, and silver lights intertwined on the plain, like an ocean of light.

They raised their heads, looking at the sky.

A huge crack appeared in the sky.

A blinding white light surged from the crack, containing the power of reincarnation—a passage to the path of rebirth.

“Free…”

“We are free…”

“Tens of thousands of years…finally…”

Voices surged from all directions—crying, laughing, shouting, praying.

Millions of voices intertwined, transforming into a deafening hum that echoed across the plains.

Yunquan knelt on the ground, looking at the souls, tears streaming down his face. “Go…go all…reincarnate…be reborn…live the lives you desire…”

An old man's soul floated before him, bowed deeply, "Your Majesty, thank you."

Yunquan looked up at the old man, recognizing him—his grandfather, the ruler of Youyue Kingdom thirty thousand years ago.

"Grandfather..." His voice trembled.

The old man smiled. "You did well, better than me."

Then, he turned and flew towards the crack in the sky.

His body grew brighter and brighter, more transparent, finally transforming into a white light and disappearing into the crack.

One after another, souls flew towards the rift.

Among them were the elderly, the young, the children, the warriors, and the civilians.

Some laughed, some cried, some waved goodbye, and some prayed silently.

Millions of rays of light rose from the plain, like a reversed meteor shower.

Yunxi stood beside Kai, watching the rays of light, tears streaming down her face. "Thank you."

Kai looked at her and smiled. "You're welcome. This is what I promised you."

He turned away, looking at the rays of light, a surge of indescribable emotion welling up inside him.

Tens of thousands of years of waiting, tens of thousands of years of hardship, tens of thousands of years of despair.

Today, it was finally over.

The guardian knelt on the ground, his eyes filled with despair.

Yunquan looked at the guardian and angrily rebuked him: “As guardians of the Ghost Clan’s Reincarnation Division, why did you deliberately seal these souls, preventing them from being reborn?”

The guardian shook his head: “The Heavenly Dao, this is the Heavenly Dao’s command. Now you have forcibly released these souls, and you will be punished by Heaven. The calamity of the Ghost Clan will eventually come.”

The guardian’s body slowly disappeared.

“The Heavenly Dao? What’s going on?” Kai asked in surprise.

But the guardian’s body had vanished, completely disappeared.

Yun Quan and Yun Xi listened to the guardian’s words, lost in thought. They didn’t know if releasing these souls was the right thing to do.

Although these souls were trapped in the Reincarnation Bureau and couldn’t be reborn, they were safe.

But now that they were all released and returned to their respective worlds to be reborn…

then they might face a dangerous situation, possibly even being completely annihilated, without even a chance to be reborn.

“Let’s go. Since we’ve done it, let’s not think about it too much,”

Kai said, seeing the father and daughter’s worries.

It was already late at night when Kai, Yun Quan, and Yun Xi left the Reincarnation Bureau. At the city gate of Cloud City, everyone stood waiting.

Lang Hao, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Jiang Xuelan, Chu Tianxing, and the surviving warriors.

Their eyes were filled with anticipation and worry.

Seeing Kai and the other two emerge, Lang Hao was the first to rush forward. “How did it go?”

Kai smiled. “We succeeded.”

Cheers erupted from the city walls.

Yun Quan stood at the city gate, watching the cheering crowd, tears streaming down his face.

He had waited for this day for far too long.

For tens of thousands of years, his people had been hunted, enslaved, and imprisoned.

He thought he would never see hope again.

But now, hope had arrived.

He turned to Kai and bowed deeply.

“Mr. Chen, your kindness and virtue will be forever remembered by the Youyue Kingdom.”

Kai helped him up. “King Yun Quan, please don’t do this. This is what I promised Yun Xi.”

He turned to face everyone.

“The era of the Judgment Hall has ended. The suffering of the Ghost Clan has ended. But our battle is not over yet.”

The cheers gradually subsided.

“The Divine Alliance of the Sixteenth Heaven won’t let this go. They’ve lost five people, they’ll definitely send more. True Immortal Realm Ninth Grade, or even higher.”

Everyone’s expression turned solemn.

“So, we must prepare.” Kai’s voice was calm. “Train, prepare for battle, improve our strength. When they come, we’ll make sure they don’t return.”

Lang Hao gripped his battle axe tightly. “Yes! Make sure they don’t return!”

“Make sure they don’t return!” The beastmen warriors roared in unison.

“Make sure they don’t return!” The ghost warriors shouted in unison.

“Make sure they don’t return!” The demon cultivators shouted in unison.

“Make sure they don’t return!” The human cultivators howled in unison.

Kai looked at them, a slight smile playing on his lips.

“Alright. Let them come.”

He turned and walked into the city.

Just as Kai and the others entered the city, a dark figure silently landed on the ruins of the Heavenly Wolf Tribe.

It was a thin man, wearing a black bodysuit, his face covered with a black cloth, only his eyes visible.

His cultivation level was at the sixth rank of True Immortal, but his aura was extremely weak, almost imperceptible.

He held a round magical artifact in his hand, its surface shimmering with a faint silver light.

He was a spy for the Divine Alliance, codenamed “Shadow.”

Shadow stood on the ruins, surveying his surroundings.

He looked at the dismantled tents, the toppled wooden fences, the dried bloodstains, a flicker of doubt in his eyes.

He crouched down, dipped his finger in the bloodstain, and smelled it.

“Beast blood, ghost blood, demon blood, human blood… and divine blood.” His voice was soft. “The battle was fierce.”

He stood up and flew towards the Shadow Palace.

The Shadow Palace was empty.

The underground palace of Shadow Abyss was deserted.

The secret chambers had been emptied, the restrictions closed, even the stone doors remained ajar.

The black throne stood alone in the empty hall, as if mocking him.

Shadow walked to the throne and touched the armrests.

A faint warmth lingered on the armrest; someone had sat there not long ago.

He turned and flew towards the direction of Youyue Kingdom.

Youyue Kingdom was empty.

The ancient city was deserted, the stone halls were empty, even the runes on the city walls had dimmed.

A black flag, embroidered with the emblem of Youyue Kingdom, still flew at the city gate, fluttering in the wind.

Ying stood at the city gate, gazing at the flag, silent for a long time.

Then, he flew towards Yunzhong City.

He didn't approach Yunzhong City.

He stopped on a small hill a hundred miles away, took out a round magical artifact from his robes, and aimed it at Yunzhong City.

The silver light on the artifact grew brighter and brighter, projecting the image of Yunzhong City before him.

Ying observed Yunzhong City through the artifact, his brows furrowing.

There were three times more cultivators patrolling the city walls than usual, one every ten feet, weapons in hand, their eyes scanning the surroundings like hawks.

The city walls were covered in dense defensive runes, each radiating a blinding blue light, weaving together into an impenetrable net.

A gigantic, icy-blue net hung in the sky, enveloping the entire city, its chilling aura so intense even birds dared not approach.

On the wasteland, invisible black threads entwined among the withered grass and pebbles, like an invisible spiderweb, waiting for prey to walk into its trap.

He sheathed his magical artifact, leaned against a rock, and closed his eyes in thought.

Forcing his way in was impossible; once those restrictions were triggered, he wouldn't even have a chance to escape.

Disguising himself as a rogue cultivator and sneaking in?

That wouldn't work either; the checks at the city gate were too strict. Everyone entering or leaving was questioned, searched, and their identities verified.

Although his divine aura was concealed by a concealment technique, one of the checking cultivators was an elderly man at the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm, with incredibly sharp eyes; he might not be able to fool him.

He opened his eyes, looking in the direction of Cloud City, a cold glint flashing in them.

"Since we can't get in, we'll just wait," he murmured. "Wait for the people inside to come out. Someone has to come out eventually."

Shadow waited for three days.

For three days, he lay motionless on the hill like a stone.

His aura was completely concealed, and even his body temperature dropped to the same level as the surrounding environment.

His eyes were fixed on the city gate of Cloud City, watching the people coming and going.

Beastman caravans, ghost messengers, demon patrols, and human rogue cultivators.

He memorized everyone's face, aura, and route.

On the morning of the fourth day, the opportunity came.

A group of beastman warriors came out of the city, escorting several carriages, heading south.

The carriages were loaded with crystals and pills, obviously being transported to some stronghold.

Shadow stealthily followed. He followed a great distance, so far that the convoy was invisible to the naked eye, and he could only track it by sensing its aura.

His concealment skills were among the best in the Divine Alliance; even a True Immortal of the eighth rank would have difficulty detecting him.

The caravan traveled for about an hour before stopping in a valley.

The beastmen warriors began unloading, carrying the crystals and pills into a hidden cave.

Shadow lay prone on a distant ridge, watching the busy beastmen warriors, pondering whether he should take the opportunity to sneak in.

But just then, he felt a gaze.

The gaze was very light, as light as a feather landing on his skin.

But Shadow's body stiffened abruptly; he had been discovered.

He lay motionless on the ground, even his breathing stopped.

His concealment technique was still active; his aura was completely hidden. He shouldn't have been discovered.

The gaze vanished.Ying waited a long time, making sure no one was chasing after him, before slowly raising his head.

A fine layer of sweat beaded on his forehead, and his hands trembled slightly.

"An illusion?" he murmured. "It must be an illusion."

He didn't notice that in the distance, in the valley below, a young man in a blue robe stood at the entrance of a cave, a slight smile playing on his lips.

Kai stood at the cave entrance, watching the faintly visible black figure in the distance, a cold glint in his eyes.

“They’ve arrived,” he said softly.

Lang Hao walked to his side, following his gaze, but saw nothing. “Who’s here?” ”

A spy from the Divine Clan Alliance,” Kai said, withdrawing his gaze. “A sixth-grade True Immortal, skilled in concealment. They’ve been lying in wait on the ridge for three days.”

Lang Hao’s pupils contracted slightly. “You already found out?”

“I found out on the first day.” Kai smiled. “He’s waiting for a chance to enter the city. We’ll give him that chance.”

Lang Hao frowned. “What do you want to do?”

“Let him in.”

Kai turned to look at Lang Hao. “Pass down the order: starting today, relax the checks at the city gate by half.

Reduce the number of patrolling cultivators by one-third.

Close the ice seal in the sky for one incense stick’s time every noon.”

Lang Hao’s expression changed. “Are you crazy? What if he…”

“He won’t make a move.”

Kai interrupted him. “He’s just here to investigate, not to fight. Once he’s found out, he’ll go back and report. I want him to find out.”

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his eyes. “Then, I’ll make sure he can’t go back.”

Lang Hao looked into Kai's calm eyes, a strange emotion welling up inside him.

This young man usually seemed very gentle, loyal to his friends, and compassionate towards the weak.

But once he made up his mind to do something, he became ruthless, decisive, and unscrupulous.

"Okay." Lang Hao nodded. "I'll go arrange it now."

Ying noticed the change.

The checks at the city gates were relaxed.

What used to take the time it takes for an incense stick to burn now only requires a few words.

The number of patrolling cultivators decreased, and the figures on the city walls became much thinner.

Every day at noon, the giant ice-blue net in the sky would close for the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, as if someone was deliberately leaving a passage for him.

Shadow crouched on the small hill, watching the changes, a sense of unease rising in his heart.

"Too coincidental," he murmured, "Too coincidental." But he did not retreat.

He was the best spy of the Divine Alliance; he could not return empty-handed.

He had to go in, he had to find out the truth.

At noon on the fifth day, the giant ice-blue net closed precisely on time.

Shadow took a deep breath, activated his concealment technique, and transformed into a faint black shadow, rushing towards Cloud City.

His speed was as fast as lightning, but his aura was so weak that it was almost imperceptible.

He passed through the gap in the giant net, crossed the city wall, and landed in a secluded corner of the city.

The city was bustling.

Beastmen, ghosts, demons, and humans—cultivators of different races mingled together, some trading, some drinking, some training.

Shadow huddled in a corner, watching them, silently memorizing every detail.

Shadow's heart pounded.

These were the enemies of the Divine Alliance.

He had to remember everything and report back.

Then, he saw Kai.

Kai stood on the city wall, his azure robe fluttering in the wind, the Dragon-Slaying Sword at his waist reflecting a faint light in the sunlight.

Purple chaotic power swirled around him, a light that wasn't violent, but tranquil, like a sleeping dragon.

His eyes were purple, and stars seemed to swirl within their pupils.

Shadow's breath caught in his throat.

He sensed the young man's aura, a fear that pierced his very bones.

It wasn't a suppression of cultivation, but something more fundamental, like a natural enemy, like destiny.

"Peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm..." Ying murmured, "Possessing the power of chaos... It's him. He's the one who killed those five people."

He suppressed his fear and continued to observe.

He saw Kai walk down the city wall and into the council hall.

He quietly followed, hiding outside the council hall window, listening to the conversation inside.

"Are the resources enough?" That was Lang Hao's voice.

"Enough to break through to the third rank of True Immortal Realm."

That was Kai's voice, "But not enough to the fourth rank. Although the Judgment Hall has plenty of resources, my chaotic power is being consumed too much."

"Then what should we do?" That was Yun Xi's voice.

"Break through to the third rank first." Kai's voice was calm, "Then we'll think of another way."

Ying's lips curled slightly.

Peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm, about to break through to the third rank.

This was their trump card.

He quietly retreated and left the council hall.

He didn't know that inside the council hall, Kai's lips also curled slightly.

Ying stayed in the city for three days.

In those three days, he thoroughly investigated the defenses, troop strength, resources, and personnel composition of Cloud City.

He even sneaked into the underground chambers and saw the hidden crystals and pills.

He felt incredibly lucky, thinking these lower-realm cultivators were too foolish to even notice him entering.

Late on the third night, Shadow decided to leave.

He darted through secluded corners of the city, heading towards the city walls.

His speed was lightning fast, yet his presence was so faint as to be almost imperceptible.

He was about to succeed. He vaulted over the city wall, landing outside the city, and sped towards a distant hill.

Just then, a purple light shone before him.

Shadow's body stiffened abruptly, and he stopped in his tracks.

Standing before him was a young man in a blue robe.

Purple chaotic energy swirled around him, dispelling the surrounding darkness.

His eyes were purple, and stars seemed to swirl within his pupils.

A slight smile played at the corners of his lips, so faint it was almost imperceptible, yet at that moment, Ying felt a chill run from the soles of his feet straight to the top of his head.

"Have you found out?" Kai's voice was calm.

Ying's pupils contracted sharply.

He turned and ran.

He pushed his concealment technique to its limit, his speed to its limit.

But no matter how fast he ran, the purple light remained in front of him.

"You..." Ying's voice trembled, "You discovered it all along?"

Kai didn't answer.

He raised his right hand, fingers spread, palm facing Ying.

Purple chaotic power condensed in his palm, but this time, it wasn't fire, not lightning, but a more ancient, purer power.

The Origin of Space.

Ying felt the surrounding space begin to distort.

The air became viscous, like frozen glue.

His body stiffened, as if gripped by an invisible hand.

"No..." He struggled desperately, but his concealment technique was like paper before the Origin of Space, instantly torn apart.

His body was compressed, solidified, and sealed; the surrounding air became a transparent wall, trapping him in a tiny, three-foot-square confined space.

Ying lunged at the transparent wall, pounding on it desperately, but the wall remained unmoved.

His face was deathly pale, his eyes filled with terror. "Let me out! Let me out!"

Kai walked up to him, looking at him through the transparent wall. “How many of you came?”

Ying gritted his teeth, remaining silent.

Kai raised his right hand and gently clenched his fist.

The confined space began to shrink, the transparent wall squeezing inward.

Ying’s body was compressed, his bones creaking and groaning.

He let out a piercing scream.

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“I’ll talk! I’ll talk!”

His voice trembled. “It’s just me! I’m a scout, there are more… more…”

Kai’s hand stopped. “What else?”

A hint of despair flashed in Ying’s eyes. “There are… three great generals… they’ll come to the Fifteenth Heaven in half a month…”

Kai’s brows furrowed slightly. “Three great generals? What are their cultivation levels?”

“Ninth Rank True Immortal… all ninth rank True Immortal…”

Ying’s voice grew weaker and weaker. “The Alliance Leader said… said he’d kill you all…”

Kai was silent for a moment. “Anything else?”

“Nothing else… nothing else… I’ve told you everything I know… please let me go… please…”

Kai looked at him, silent for a long time.

Then, he raised his right hand and gently clenched his fist.

The enclosed space instantly contracted, crushing Ying's body into dust.

There was no blood, no screams, only a faint cracking sound.

Ying's concealment technique, his magical artifacts, his soul—all were crushed by the power of space, turning into nothingness.

Kai withdrew his right hand, turned around, and walked towards Cloud City.

In the council hall, everyone was present.

Kai relayed Ying's words in detail.

The three great generals, all at the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, would reach the fifteenth heaven in half a month.

Everyone's face turned deathly pale.

"Ninth rank of True Immortal Realm..." Lang Hao's voice trembled, "Three..."

"We can't defeat them." Ying Wuji's voice was calm, but there was a trace of despair in his eyes.

Feng Qingzi clenched his fists, "Half a month... only half a month..."

Yun Xi looked at Kai, "How long will it take you to break through to the third rank of True Immortal Realm?"

Kai shook his head: "I don't know. If there are enough resources, perhaps it will be quick. But..."

With the Demon Suppression Tower, Kai's cultivation speed could be incredibly fast, but where were the resources?

Every time he advanced to a minor realm, he used a massive amount of resources. He had almost used up all the resources of the major forces in the fifteenth heaven to reach the peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm.

Although the resources in the fifteenth heaven could still be mined, pills could still be refined, and immortal herbs could still grow, all of these required a very long time.

What they lacked most now was time; they simply couldn't wait.

Chu Tianxing stood up and walked to the map. "The three great generals are Wei Pengkun's strongest fighting force. Each of them has experienced thousands of years of life-and-death battles. Their cultivation techniques, magical treasures, and combat experience are far superior to the previous five.

Even if you break through to the third rank of True Immortal Realm, plus the power of chaos, you might not be able to defeat three ninth-rank True Immortal Realm cultivators."

Kai looked at him. "Then what should we do?"

Chu Tianxing turned around and looked at Kai. "You need help."

"Help? Where can we find it?"

Chu Tianxing took out a jade slip from his robes and placed it on the table. "This is the contact information for the Sixteenth Heaven Resistance Army. Although we only have a few dozen people in the Fifteenth Heaven, we have thousands of brothers in the Sixteenth Heaven. They are all hiding in various places, and the Divine Alliance cannot possibly eliminate them all.

If we can contact them and have them create chaos in the Sixteenth Heaven to tie down the Divine Alliance's forces, Wei Pengkun will not dare to send down the three great generals."

Kai's eyes lit up. "Can we contact them?"

Chu Tianxing nodded: "Yes. But it will take time, and someone needs to go to the Sixteenth Heaven."

The council hall fell silent.

Everyone knew what going to the Sixteenth Heaven meant.

That was the territory of the Divine Alliance, teeming with Divine spies and informants.

A single misstep could lead to discovery, pursuit, and death.

"I'll go," Kai said calmly.

Everyone's expression changed.

"No!" Yun Xi was the first to stand up. "You can't go! You're our hope! If something happens to you in the Sixteenth Heaven..."

"Precisely because I'm hope, I must go,"

Kai interrupted her. "If I stay in the Fifteenth Heaven, break through to the fourth rank of True Immortal, and then wait for the three great generals to descend and fight them head-on,

even if we win, Wei Pengkun will send even stronger warriors. If a ninth-rank True Immortal isn't enough, they'll send a Golden Immortal; if a Golden Immortal isn't enough, they'll send someone even stronger. We can't afford to waste time."

He looked at Yun Xi, his voice softening. "Only by contacting the resistance forces in the Sixteenth Heaven and having them restrain the

Divine Alliance will you have a chance to breathe. Or, I can destroy the Divine Alliance in the Sixteenth Heaven."

Yun Xi bit her lip, tears welling in her eyes, but she didn't let them fall.

"I'll go with you." Lang Hao stood up.

"Me too." Ying Wuji stood up.

"Me too." Feng Qingzi stood up.

Kai shook his head. "No need. I can go alone. Too many people will only make us more vulnerable."

He turned to Chu Tianxing. "Elder Chu, give me the Resistance Army's contact information."

Chu Tianxing was silent for a long time.

Then, he took out a silver-white jade slip from his robes and handed it to Kai. "This is the Resistance Army's token. Once you reach the Sixteenth Heaven, find any Resistance Army stronghold, show this jade slip, and they will believe you."

Kai took the jade slip and put it into his storage ring.

The next morning, before dawn.

Kai stood at the city gate of Cloud City, his blue robe fluttering slightly in the morning breeze.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword hung at his waist, and he held a silver-white jade slip in his hand.

Behind him were Lang Hao, Yun Xi, Jiang Xuelan, Ying Wuji, Feng Qingzi, Chu Tianxing, and the surviving warriors.

"Are you really going?" Yun Xi's voice was soft.

Kai nodded. ”

You really want to go.” “Then promise me,” Yun Xi looked into his eyes, “you must come back.”

Kai smiled. “I promise you.”

“I’ll go with you…” Jiang Xuelan said at this moment.

“You’re going? The Ice God Palace has just been established, they…”

“They’ve all awakened and are capable of doing a good job. I’m going to the Sixteenth Heaven to find the descendants of the Ice God lineage.”

“Besides, I’m also a member of the God Clan. It will be easier to act once I’m in the Sixteenth Heaven,”

Jiang Xuelan said.

Kai looked at Jiang Xuelan, knowing that once she made up her mind, she wouldn’t change it, so he nodded.

“Alright, let’s go together.”

Yun Xi was envious, but she knew that compared to Jiang Xuelan, her strength was weaker, and she wouldn’t be of much help to Kai.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan leaped into the air, transforming into two streaks of light and disappearing into the horizon.

Behind them, Yun Xi stood at the city gate, watching the fading purple light, and tears finally fell.

“You must come back.”

Kai and Jiang Xuelan entered the void rift.

The feeling within was like being thrown into a giant millstone.

Endless darkness surrounded them, accompanied by the deafening roar of spatial storms.

Terrifying spatial power pressed in from all directions, threatening to grind them to dust.

Kai's chaotic power flowed across his body, its purple light isolating him from the spatial forces.

Jiang Xuelan's icy blue divine light also surged, freezing nearby spatial fragments into ice crystals before gently shattering them.

"Almost there," Kai's voice echoed in the darkness.

A white dot of light appeared ahead.

The dot grew larger and brighter, eventually transforming into a massive exit.

The two burst out of the rift, landing on unfamiliar land.

Kai steadied himself and looked around.

This place was completely different from the Fifteenth Heaven.

The sky was greyish-white, with two moons hanging high, one silvery-white and the other dark red.

The simultaneous illumination of the two moons dyed the earth a strange silvery-red hue.

The spiritual energy in the air was at least ten times denser than in the fifteenth heaven, and its quality was purer and heavier.

However, at the same time, an invisible pressure surged from all directions, as if an invisible hand was pressing on his shoulder. The laws of

nature were suppressing him.

The laws of nature in the sixteenth heaven were far more stringent than those in the fifteenth heaven; cultivators below the fourth rank of True Immortal would be suppressed to the point of being unable to move an inch.

Kai was currently at the peak of the second rank of True Immortal. Although the power of chaos helped him offset most of the suppression, he could still feel the heavy pressure.

Jiang Xuelan's face was also somewhat pale.

She was currently at the seventh rank of True Immortal, and the suppression she experienced was much less than Kai's, but the spatial storm in the void rift still consumed a considerable amount of her spiritual energy.

"This is the sixteenth heaven," Jiang Xuelan said softly, her gaze sweeping over the surroundings. "It's more desolate than I imagined."

Beneath her feet lay an ice plain.

The grayish-white ice stretched to the horizon, barren of any vegetation.

The ice surface was riddled with cracked ravines and weathered icicles, and distant icebergs cast long shadows under the silvery-red moonlight.

A bone-chilling cold permeated the air, along with an indescribable, decaying stench.

Kai crouched down and tapped the ice surface with his fingers.

The ice was thick, so thick that the bottom was invisible.

He could sense an extremely faint power surging beneath the ice, as if something was slumbering.

“Did you sense it?” Jiang Xuelan walked to his side.

“I sensed it.” Kai stood up. “There’s something beneath the ice. Very ancient, very powerful.”

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment. “Perhaps it’s the ruins of the Ice God lineage. Our ancestral home records that the ancestral land of the Ice God lineage lies deep within the Sixteenth Heaven.”

Kai nodded. “Let’s scout ahead. We know nothing about this place; we can’t act rashly.”

The two concealed their presence and walked towards the edge of the ice field.

The ice field was vast, seemingly endless.

They walked for a whole day, still without seeing any signs of life.

Only ice, snow, wind, and the two moons that never set.

Kai’s chaotic power flowed across his body, keeping the cold at bay.

Jiang Xuelan herself possessed the bloodline of the Ice God, so the cold of the icy plains had no effect on her; on the contrary, it made her feel exceptionally comfortable.

“Your Ice God bloodline is much more active here than in the Fifteenth Heaven,” Kai noticed, the icy blue light surrounding Jiang Xuelan was brighter than usual.

Jiang Xuelan nodded, “The spiritual energy of heaven and earth here contains a trace of the Ice God’s power, though very weak, it definitely exists. This shows that the Ice God lineage does indeed exist in the Sixteenth Heaven.”

The two continued on their way.

After traveling for about half a day, they finally saw signs of habitation ahead.

It was a caravan.

A dozen or so carriages, dozens of people—beastmen, humans, demons, and a few ghosts.

They were dressed in thick animal skins, wrapped tightly, struggling to move across the icy plains.

The carriages were loaded with goods, covered with tarpaulins, making it impossible to see what was inside.

Kai's eyes narrowed slightly.

The cultivation levels of this caravan were not high; the highest was only at the sixth rank of True Immortal.

In a place like the Sixteenth Heaven, such cultivation could only barely protect themselves.

"Let's go, follow them," Kai whispered.

The two quietly followed the caravan, maintaining a safe distance.

The caravan members seemed very vigilant, with someone glancing back every now and then, but Kai's chaotic power completely concealed their presence, and they noticed nothing.

The caravan traveled across the icy plains for about two hours before a small town appeared ahead.

The town was small, with only a few dozen households.

The houses were built of ice blocks, crystal clear, shimmering with a faint blue light under the moonlight.

Tall wooden fences surrounded the town, covered with defensive runes.

Two guards stood at the town gate, one a beastman and the other a human, both with cultivation levels around the fourth rank of True Immortal Realm.

The caravan members exchanged a few words with the guards and then entered the town.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan waited a while before emerging from their hiding place and heading towards the town.

“Halt.” The beastman guard raised his spear, blocking the two. “Who are you?”

Kai clasped his hands in a salute. “A wandering cultivator passing by. Looking for a place to rest.”

The beastman guard sized them up, his gaze lingering on Jiang Xuelan for a moment.

This woman was too beautiful, her temperament too outstanding; she didn’t seem like an ordinary wandering cultivator.

“Where are you from? Where are you going?” the human guard asked, his tone full of vigilance.

“From the south.” Kai casually made up a direction. “Thinking of trying my luck in the north.”

The human guard was silent for a moment, then stepped aside. “Go in. The town isn’t big, there’s only one inn. Don’t cause trouble.”

Kai thanked him and led Jiang Xuelan into the town.

The town’s streets were narrow, lined with shops selling all sorts of goods:

pills, magical artifacts, materials, intelligence. There weren't many people on the streets, mostly wandering cultivators, but also some beastman and demon merchants.

They saw Kai and Jiang Xuelan, but only glanced at them before looking away.

Strangers were not uncommon in this desolate place.

Kai found the inn.

It was small, with only a few rooms, but very clean.

The innkeeper was an old beastman, a sixth-grade True Immortal, with a scar running from his forehead to his chin, making him look fierce, but his tone was gentle.

"Would you two like to stay?"

"Yes." Kai took out a handful of crystals and placed them on the counter. "Two rooms, one night."

The old beastman took the crystals, counted them, and nodded. "Upstairs, on the left, two rooms next to each other."

He paused, lowering his voice, "Is this your first time in the Ice Plains?"

Kai looked at him: "How did you know?"

The old beastman smiled: "I know everyone in the Ice Plains. You two look unfamiliar; you're obviously from out of town. I advise you, the Ice Plains haven't been peaceful lately. The Divine Race patrols are three times more than usual, seemingly searching for someone. If you don't have anything else to do, leave as soon as possible." Kai frowned slightly.

The Divine Race patrols were three times larger than usual?

Who were they looking for?

Were they looking for them?

No, probably not.

They had only just arrived at the Sixteenth Heaven; the Divine Race couldn't possibly know their whereabouts so quickly.

Then who were they looking for?

"Thank you for the reminder." Kai took out another handful of crystals and placed them on the counter. "Shopkeeper, I need to ask you something."

The old beastman's eyes lit up as he looked at the handful of crystals. "Ask away."

"What's deep in the Ice Plains?"

The old beastman's expression changed. "Why are you asking this?"

"Just curious."

The old beastman was silent for a moment, then lowered his voice: "Deep in the Ice Plains lies an ancient ruin. Legend has it that it's the ancestral land of the Ice God lineage, containing countless treasures and cultivation techniques.

For thousands of years, countless people have entered, but no one has ever come out. Some say they were killed by the restrictions within the ruins, others say they were captured by the gods. In any case, that place is forbidden."

Kai nodded. "Who are the god-race patrols looking for lately?"

The old beastman's expression grew even more grave. "I don't know. I only know that half a month ago, the god-race alliance sent a team to the depths of the Ice Plains, and they never returned. After that, patrols

increased, as if they were looking for something, or perhaps waiting for someone."

Kai's heart skipped a beat.

Half a month ago, the god-race alliance sent a team to the depths of the Ice Plains, and they never returned.

Weren't those the five people he killed?

Weren't they here to hunt down Chu Tianxing?

Why did they go to the depths of the Ice Plains?

"Thank you." Kai took out another handful of crystals and placed them on the counter.

The old beastman accepted the crystals without saying anything more.

"Kai, do you think those ruins are real? How can an innkeeper even mention the Ice God lineage?"

Jiang Xuelan asked curiously.

"It's possible they're real, but I think there must be a void passage deep within that ice plain connecting to the Fifteenth Heaven. The God Alliance used this passage to send people to the Fifteenth Heaven to hunt down Chu Tianxing and his group,"

Kai analyzed.

Chu Tianxing and his group used a great deal of resources and strength to barely tear open the void and open the passage to the Fifteenth Heaven, and they only managed to close it after a few breaths.

The God Alliance, however, could easily send people to the Fifteenth Heaven to hunt them down, so they must have found a void passage.

They didn't forcibly tear open the void like Chu Tianxing and his group did.

"It seems that the people you killed are quite important to the God Alliance," Jiang Xuelan said.

"Hmm, the scout hasn't returned either, so the Divine Alliance will definitely take this seriously, and sending out patrols is normal."

"Let's rest first and see how things go tomorrow."

Jiang Xuelan nodded, then stared intently at Kai.

Kai felt the intensity in Jiang Xuelan's eyes and seemed to understand something.

"The night is long, how about we cultivate together and improve each other's cultivation?"

Kai took the initiative.

He knew that women were shy about suggesting things first.

"Okay!" Jiang Xuelan nodded, then went inside and started undressing.

Kai followed her in and closed the door.

Then, Jiang Xuelan's blissful voice came from inside the room, a voice that seemed to bring a touch of spring to the cold icy plains.

The next morning, before dawn, Kai was awakened by a commotion.

He went to the window, lifted a corner of the curtain, and looked outside.

At the town gate, a team of Divine Clan cultivators in golden armor were checking people coming in and out.

Leading the group was a middle-aged man at the seventh level of the True Immortal Realm, his face cold and stern, his gaze sweeping across the surroundings like a hawk's.

Behind him followed more than a dozen Divine Clan cultivators, each with a cultivation level of at least the fifth level of the True Immortal Realm.

Kai frowned.

Kai pushed open the door and went inside.

Jiang Xuelan was already dressed and standing by the window, watching the Divine Clan patrol outside.

Her expression was calm, but there was a hint of seriousness in her eyes.

"You see them?" Kai asked.

"I see them."

Jiang Xuelan nodded, "Seventh-level True Immortal Realm cultivators, more than a dozen at the fifth level or above. If they fight, we're not afraid, but it will expose our whereabouts."

"No need to fight."

Kai walked to her side, "My Chaos Power can conceal our aura. As long as we don't expose ourselves, they won't be able to find us."

Jiang Xuelan looked at him. "Are you sure?"

Kai smiled. "Sure."

The two walked out of the inn and headed towards the town gate.

The Divine Clan patrol was checking everyone entering and leaving, one after another, very slowly.

Kai noticed that the magical artifacts in their hands swept over everyone, their light changing according to the examinee's cultivation level and race.

What were the divine cultivators using these artifacts to detect?

Were they detecting chaotic power?

Kai's heart sank. He turned to Jiang Xuelan and whispered, "Stay close to me."

The two walked to the back of the line, waiting to be checked.

People passed by one after another, the artifacts flashing. Some were let through, others were taken aside for questioning.

When it was Kai's turn, he took a deep breath and activated his chaotic power to completely conceal their auras.

Purple light flowed within their bodies, but not a trace leaked out.

The divine cultivator raised his artifact and swept it over Kai.

The artifact flickered, its light so faint it was almost invisible.

The divine cultivator frowned and swept it again.

This time, the artifact didn't react.

"Go on," the divine cultivator waved his hand.

Kai thanked him and led Jiang Xuelan out of the town.

Behind him, the middle-aged man leading the group frowned slightly as he watched Kai's retreating figure.

He had a feeling that something was off about the young man, but the magic artifact's test results showed that he was just an ordinary second-grade True Immortal cultivator.

Perhaps it was just his imagination.

"Continue the investigation." He withdrew his gaze and said to the divine cultivator behind him.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan left Icewind Town and headed deeper into the ice plains.

The town behind them grew farther and farther away, smaller and smaller, until it finally disappeared on the horizon.

Kai stopped and looked back to make sure no one was following before letting out a sigh of relief.

"That was close." His voice was soft.

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, "Your concealment technique couldn't even detect you at the seventh rank of True Immortal?"

Kai shook his head, "It's not that it couldn't detect me. It's that my Chaos Power counters all power, including the detection power of that magic artifact. When the light of the magic artifact swept over me, the Chaos Power devoured the detection power, so the magic artifact didn't react at all."

A hint of surprise flashed in Jiang Xuelan's eyes, "Chaos Power, indeed, lives up to its reputation."

Kai smiled, "Let's go. There's something waiting for us deep in the ice plains."

The two continued on their way.

The ice plains grew deeper and colder.

The wind blew from all directions, whipping up ice shards that stung their faces.

Kai's chaotic energy circulated on his body, keeping the cold at bay.

Jiang Xuelan's ice god energy circulated within her body; far from feeling cold, she felt exceptionally comfortable. After walking for about half a day, Jiang Xuelan suddenly stopped.

Kai turned to look at her. "What's wrong?"

Jiang Xuelan's eyes were closed, her brows slightly furrowed, as if she were sensing something. "The Ice God's bloodline... I sensed the Ice God's bloodline."

Kai's eyes lit up. "Where?"

Jiang Xuelan opened her eyes and pointed north. "That direction. It's far away, but very clear. Not just one, at least three."

Kai looked in the direction she was pointing.

To the north was a continuous stretch of icebergs, shimmering with a faint blue light under the moonlight.

Deep within the icebergs, something was calling to Jiang Xuelan.

"Let's go." Kai took the lead.

The two quickened their pace, heading north.

The wind on the ice plains grew stronger and colder, and the ice on the ground grew thicker and more slippery.

Kai's chaotic energy circulated on his body, keeping the cold at bay.

Jiang Xuelan's Ice God's energy circulated within her body; she not only didn't feel cold, but instead felt exceptionally comfortable.

After walking for about another half day, the icebergs ahead drew closer.

At the foot of the iceberg, there was a massive fissure, from which blinding white light surged.

The light contained a dense power of the Ice God, causing Jiang Xuelan's body to tremble involuntarily.

"This is it," Jiang Xuelan's voice trembled.

Kai walked to the fissure and looked down.

The fissure was deep, its bottom unseen.

The white light emanating from its depths illuminated the entire fissure.

He could sense an extremely ancient and powerful force slumbering within.

"Let's go down and take a look," Kai said, leaping into the fissure.

Jiang Xuelan followed behind him.

The two descended for a long time.

The fissure was much deeper than they had imagined; after descending for about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, they finally saw the bottom.

At the bottom was an ice-blue platform, vast, hundreds of feet in diameter.

The platform was surrounded by ice walls, inscribed with ancient runes that shimmered with a faint blue light in the darkness. In

the center of the platform lay three people:

two men and one woman, clad in ancient armor, their eyes closed, motionless.

A thin layer of frost covered their bodies, their faces were as pale as paper, and their breathing was so weak it was almost imperceptible.

Their cultivation levels were True Immortal Realm Seventh Grade, True Immortal Realm Sixth Grade, and True Immortal Realm Fifth Grade.

Jiang Xuelan's tears welled up instantly.

"The Ice God lineage... they're still alive..."

She rushed to the three people, knelt down, and placed her hands on their foreheads.

Icy blue divine light surged from her palms and flowed into their bodies.

The three people's bodies trembled violently, the frost on their bodies began to melt, and color gradually returned to their pale faces.

Kai stood aside, watching this scene, a warm feeling welling up in his heart.

The Ice God lineage was not dead.

People from the Ice God lineage had actually been found here, not just descendants, but true cultivators whose Ice God bloodline had awakened.

No wonder Jiang Xuelan was so excited; it was like suddenly seeing relatives from one's hometown in a foreign country—not compatriots, but blood relatives, that was the feeling.

Jiang Xuelan's hands were on the three people's foreheads, and icy blue divine light surged into their bodies like a tide.

The light was warm and soft, a stark contrast to the chilling aura of the ruins.

The three began to tremble slightly, the frost covering them melting away, turning into droplets that slid down their cheeks.

Kai stood to the side, purple chaotic energy flowing around him, ready to intervene at any moment.

He could sense that the Ice God bloodline within these three was awakening—not the weak, diluted bloodline of countless generations, but a pure, ancient bloodline, sharing the same origin as Jiang Xuelan.

These were true Ice God lineage cultivators.

The first to awaken was the man at the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm.

His eyelashes fluttered slightly, then he slowly opened his eyes.

They were deep blue eyes, with what seemed like swirling ice crystals in the pupils.

His gaze was unfocused, as if he had just woken from a very long dream.

His lips moved, uttering a barely audible sound.

“Where…is this…”

Jiang Xuelan supported his shoulder, her voice soft, “The Ruins of the Ice God. You’re safe.”

The man’s pupils slowly focused, landing on Jiang Xuelan’s face.

He saw the icy blue divine light surrounding her, and the power of the Ice God flowing in her palm.

His body trembled violently, the unfocused look in his eyes instantly replaced by shock.

“You…you are…” His voice trembled, “The Ice God lineage…you are a descendant of the Ice God lineage?”

Jiang Xuelan nodded, “I am the Palace Master of the Ice God Palace, Jiang Xuelan.”

Tears welled up in the man’s eyes.

He struggled to sit up, but his body was too weak, and he collapsed again after only half-rising.

Jiang Xuelan supported him, leaning him against her shoulder.

“Don’t move. You’ve been frozen for too long, your body needs time to recover.”

The man ignored her.

He gripped Jiang Xuelan’s wrist tightly, his voice hoarse and urgent, “Palace Master…I’ve finally waited for you…we’ve waited for you for thousands of years…”

The other two also woke up one after another.

The woman, a sixth-grade True Immortal, had delicate features, silver-white hair, and ice-blue eyes.

Upon waking and seeing Jiang Xuelan for the first time, tears streamed down her face.

The man, a fifth-grade True Immortal, appeared to be the youngest, with a cold and stern face. He remained silent upon waking, but his eyes were fixed on Jiang Xuelan, his eyes red-rimmed.

“My name is Bing Wuhen,” the seventh-grade True Immortal spoke first, his voice hoarse. “She is Bing Xue’er, and he is Bing Fenghan. We are both cultivators of the Ice God lineage.

Thousands of years ago, the Divine Alliance began to annihilate the Ice God lineage, forcing us into slavery. Our people refused, and some died, others fled.

The three of us led a group of our people to the depths of the Ice Plains, hoping to find our ancestral land for protection, but we triggered a restriction in the ruins and were frozen here…”

His voice grew weaker and weaker, as if each word required all his strength.

Bing Xue’er leaned against him and continued, “When we were frozen, we were still conscious. We heard sounds outside; the pursuers from the Divine Alliance came and went, came and went. For thousands of years, we thought no one would come again. Until just now… we sensed the aura of the Ice God’s power…”

Bing Fenghan didn’t speak, but his lips trembled slightly.

Jiang Xuelan looked at them, her eyes also reddening. “You’ve suffered. From now on, you don’t need to hide anymore.”

She turned to Kai, “Kai, help them awaken their bloodlines. Their bloodlines have been suppressed by the ice for too long and need the power of chaos to activate them.”

Kai nodded, walked to the three of them, and sat down cross-legged.

Kai placed his hands on Bing Wuhen’s back, and purple chaotic power surged from his palms, flowing into his body through his meridians.

Bing Wuhen’s body jolted violently, letting out a muffled groan.

The power of chaos coursed through his body, gradually dispelling, absorbing, and transforming the frost and impurities that had accumulated in his meridians for thousands of years.

Jiang Xuelan sat before Bing Wuhen, her hands pressed against his chest. Ice-blue divine light surged from her palms, merging with Kai's power of chaos.

The purple-blue intertwined light enveloped Bing Wuhen's entire body, which began to glow, growing brighter and brighter, more and more dazzling.

Bing Wuhen felt as if his body was on fire.

Not in pain, but in an indescribable heat.

That heat spread from his dantian to his limbs, from his limbs to every inch of flesh, every bone, every meridian.

The Ice God bloodline within him began to boil, like a dragon that had slumbered for thousands of years finally opening its eyes.

His cultivation began to break through.

True Immortal Realm, early stage, middle stage, late stage, peak.

True Immortal Realm, eighth stage.

He opened his eyes and exhaled a long breath.

That breath was icy blue, condensing into tiny ice crystals in the air, which fluttered to the ground.

His eyes were brighter than before, the ice crystals in his pupils spinning faster.

He could feel that the Ice God power within him was several times stronger than before, his meridians several times wider, and his physical body several times more resilient.

He lowered his head, looking at his hands, and remained silent for a long time.

Then, he raised his head, looked at Jiang Xuelan and Kai, and bowed deeply.

“Palace Master, Mr. Chen, your kindness is immeasurable, Bing Wuhen will never forget it.”

Jiang Xuelan shook her head. “No need to repay, the Ice God lineage is all one family.”

Next was Bing Xue’er.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan used the same method to help her awaken her bloodline.

Her cultivation level broke through from the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm to the seventh rank.

Her hair changed from silver-white to snow-white, her eyes changed from ice-blue to light blue, a faint chill lingered around her, and a thin layer of ice formed on the ground beneath her feet.

Bing Xue’er opened her eyes, looked at her hands, and tears streamed down her face. “So… this is the true Ice God bloodline…”

She looked at Jiang Xuelan, her voice choked with emotion, “Palace Master, I finally know why I always felt something was missing.”

Finally, there was Bing Fenghan.

His cultivation level broke through from the fifth rank of True Immortal Realm to the peak of the sixth rank.

His face was still cold and stern, but his eyes had changed. They were no longer empty, cold, and lifeless, but bright, warm, and hopeful.

He opened his eyes, looked at Kai, and remained silent for a long time.

Then, he said a sentence.

“Thank you.”

Only two words, but Kai understood the weight contained in those two words.

At the very moment Bing Xue’er awakened, a surge suddenly occurred in Kai’s sea of consciousness.

Bei Mingyuan’s remnant soul awakened.

Not the previous violent, angry awakening, but a calm awakening, tinged with a certain expectation.

An icy blue light slowly illuminated Kai’s sea of consciousness, and Bei Mingyuan’s voice echoed in Kai’s mind.

“Kai.”

Kai’s consciousness sank into his sea of consciousness, looking at the icy blue sphere of light. “What’s wrong?”

“I sensed it.” Bei Mingyuan’s voice was soft. “In this ruin, there is a second remnant of my will.”

Kai’s pupils contracted slightly. “A second remnant of my will?”

“Yes.”

Bei Mingyuan’s voice carried a hint of emotion. “Back when I was traveling through the Sixteen Heavens, I left a remnant of my will in the ancestral land of the Ice God lineage to protect its heritage.

Later, the God Clan occupied the ancestral land, and my remnant of my will was trapped there. But in this ruin, there is another one, which I left even earlier to guide future generations to find the ancestral land."

Kai's brows furrowed. "You want us to rescue that lingering spirit?"

"Not rescue."

Bei Mingyuan's voice turned serious. "It's fusion. That lingering spirit contains all my understanding and insights into the power of the Ice God. If Jiang Xuelan can fuse with it, her strength will rise to a whole new level. Moreover…"

He paused, "That lingering spirit also contains important information about the God Race."

Kai was silent for a moment. "Where is that lingering spirit?"

"In the deepest part of the ruins."

Bei Mingyuan's voice grew weaker. "It's sealed by an ancient restriction, and only those with the bloodline of the Ice God can open it. You need to pass through three trials: the Ice Heart Trial, the Ice Soul Trial, and the Ice Spirit Trial. Each trial is a test, and the slightest carelessness will result in annihilation."

Kai clenched his fists. "I understand."

He withdrew his divine sense, opened his eyes, and looked at Jiang Xuelan.

"Bei Mingyuan said that there is a second remnant of his will in this ruin. It is sealed in the deepest part by an ancient restriction. We need to pass through three trials to find it."

Jiang Xuelan's pupils contracted slightly. "A second remnant of his will?"

"Yes."

Kai stood up. “After merging with it, your strength will greatly increase. Moreover, the remnant contains important information about the God Race.”

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, then nodded. “Let’s go.”

Kai, Jiang Xuelan, Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue’er, and Bing Fenghan crossed the platform and arrived in front of a huge ice gate.

The ice gate was about ten zhang high and five zhang wide, and its entire body was ice blue, covered with ancient runes.

The patterns of the runes were like winding rivers, shimmering with a faint light in the darkness.

In the very center of the ice gate were three large characters—“Bingxin Pass”.

Bing Wuhen stepped forward and reached out to touch the runes on the ice gate.

As soon as his fingers touched the runes, the light on the ice gate suddenly shone brightly, and the dazzling blue light illuminated the entire platform.

His body jolted violently, bounced back by an invisible force, and he staggered back several steps.

“There’s a restriction on this door,” his voice was strained. “Only those with the bloodline of the Ice God can enter.”

Jiang Xuelan walked to the ice door and placed her hands on it.

Icy blue divine light surged from her palms, flowing into the runes on the ice door.

The runes began to flicker, the blue light growing brighter and more dazzling.

The ice door slowly opened.

Behind the door was an icy blue space.

The space wasn't large, only a few dozen feet in diameter, but the surrounding ice walls were covered with densely packed runes, which shimmered with a faint blue light in the darkness.

In the center of the space, a crystalline ice blue crystal floated, containing a wisp of white mist.

"The Ice Heart Pass tests one's state of mind," Bei Mingyuan's voice echoed in Kai's mind. "Only those with a pure heart can pass. A slight misstep will result in being eroded by the power of the Ice Heart, turning into an ice sculpture, forever trapped here."

Kai took a deep breath and stepped into the ice gate first.

The moment he stepped through, he felt the air around him change.

Not that it became colder, but heavier, as if something was pressing down on his mind.

Various images began to surface in his mind: Su Yuqi's back as Ning Zhi took her away, Yun Xi's injured state in the Heavenly Fire Pit, Lang Hao's fallen figure on the battlefield, and the faces of those who died in battle.

He knew this was a test of the power of the Ice Heart.

It was digging into the deepest fears, guilt, and obsessions within him.

If he couldn't hold onto his true self, he would be devoured by these emotions and trapped here forever.

He closed his eyes and circulated the power of chaos within his body.

The purple light dispelled the images layer by layer, and his mind gradually calmed down.

When he opened his eyes again, he was already standing at the other end of the space.

Behind him, the white mist in the ice-blue crystal had dissipated, and the runes on the ice wall had dimmed.

He had passed.

Jiang Xuelan, Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue'er, and Bing Fenghan followed closely behind.

Their faces were tired, but their eyes held a hint of relief at surviving a disaster. The second ice gate was taller and thicker than the first.

The runes carved on it were denser and more complex.

The patterns of the runes resembled ferocious dragons, shimmering with a ghostly blue light in the darkness.

In the very center of the ice gate were three large characters—"Ice Soul Pass."

"The Ice Soul Pass tests combat strength,"

Bei Mingyuan's voice echoed in Kai's mind. "You need to defeat the guardians manifested by the Ice Soul. The guardians' strength will vary according to the cultivation level of those who enter. If all five of you enter together, the guardians' strength will be the sum of your five strengths."

Kai frowned. "The sum of five people?"

"Yes." Bei Mingyuan's voice carried a hint of solemnity. "Therefore, you need to cooperate. No one can win in a one-on-one fight."

Kai turned around, looking at Jiang Xuelan, Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue'er, and Bing Fenghan.

"Once inside, follow my instructions."

The four nodded.

The ice gate slowly opened.

Behind the gate was an even more expansive space.

The space spanned several hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by ice walls engraved with battle runes.

In the center stood an ice-blue figure.

It was three feet tall, clad in ice armor, wielding an ice sword, its face blurred except for its blood-red eyes.

The Guardian.

Kai drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic power flowing across its blade. "Attack!"

The five attacked simultaneously.

Jiang Xuelan's ice-blue divine light transformed into countless ice needles, shooting towards the Guardian's eyes.

Bing Wuhen's ice sword unleashed a hundred-foot-long ice-blue sword beam, slashing down from the front.

Bing Xue'er's ice whip transformed into an ice serpent, coiling around from the left.

Bing Fenghan's ice spear transformed into an ice-blue stream of light, thrusting from the right.

Kai's Dragon-Slaying Sword, imbued with purple chaotic fire, slashed down from directly above.

Five attacks, from five directions, struck simultaneously.

The Guardian did not dodge.

It raised its ice sword and slashed down.

The icy blue sword light collided with the five attacks, unleashing a deafening roar.

The space trembled violently, and the runes on the ice wall flickered wildly.

The five people were forced back several steps, and the guardian also took a step back.

A glint flashed in Kai's eyes.

The guardian's strength was indeed equivalent to the combined strength of the five of them.

However, it had a weakness: its speed was slow, and its attack method was limited.

"Jiang Xuelan, Ice Seal!" Kai shouted.

Jiang Xuelan formed hand seals, and icy blue divine light transformed into an ice wall, blocking the guardian.

The guardian shattered the ice wall with a single sword strike, but that brief pause was enough.

"Bing Wuhen, frontal restraint!"

Bing Wuhen rushed forward, his ice sword clashing with the guardian's ice sword.

His cultivation was inferior to the guardian's, but he didn't need to win; he only needed to restrain him.

"Bing Xue'er, left side! Bing Fenghan, right side!"

Bing Xue'er's ice whip wrapped around the guardian's left arm, and Bing Fenghan's ice spear pierced the guardian's right shoulder.

The guardian's movements were a beat too slow.

Kai moved.

His purple figure left a trail of afterimages in the void, instantly appearing behind the Guardian.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword, crackling with purple chaotic fire, pierced the Guardian's back.

The Guardian's body stiffened abruptly.

The blood-red in its eyes gradually dimmed, and its body began to crumble, transforming into countless ice-blue specks of light.

The specks of light drifted through the space like countless fireflies.

Kai pulled out the Dragon-Slaying Sword and turned around. "Let's go."

The five of them traversed the space and arrived before the third ice gate.

The third ice gate was even more ancient and mysterious than the previous two.

The runes on the gate were somewhat blurred, but the aura it emitted was even more terrifying.

The patterns of the runes resembled ancient rivers flowing in the darkness.

In the very center of the ice gate were three large characters—"Ice Soul Pass."

"The Ice Soul Pass tests one's bloodline,"

Bei Mingyuan's voice echoed in Kai's mind. "Only those with pure Ice God blood can enter. Kai, you cannot go in."

Kai frowned. "Then Jiang Xuelan will go in alone?"

"Yes," Bei Mingyuan's voice was soft. "This is her destiny; she must face it alone."

Kai turned to look at Jiang Xuelan. "I cannot go in. Be careful."

Jiang Xuelan nodded without speaking.

She walked to the ice gate and placed her hands on it.

Icy blue divine light surged from her palms, flowing into the runes on the ice gate.

The runes began to flicker, the blue light growing brighter and more dazzling.

The ice gate slowly opened.

Behind the gate was an endless void.

Countless icy blue crystals floated in the void, each containing a wisp of white mist.

At the end of the void, there was an icy blue pillar of light, within which floated a huge ice crystal.

Sealed within the ice crystal was a blurry figure.

Bei Mingyuan's lingering will.

Jiang Xuelan took a deep breath and stepped into the void.

She walked step by step towards the icy blue pillar of light.

With each step, the surrounding ice crystals lit up, and white mist surged from within them, coalescing into blurry figures before her.

These figures were men and women, old and young, all clad in ancient ice armor, their faces indistinct, but their eyes bright.

The ancestors of the Ice God lineage.

They looked at Jiang Xuelan, silent, but their eyes held a hint of expectation, a hint of relief, and a hint of entrustment.

Tears streamed down Jiang Xuelan's face.

She passed the illusory figures of her ancestors and stood before the icy blue pillar of light. She reached out and placed her hand on the ice crystals.

The ice crystals shattered.

Bei Mingyuan's lingering will emerged from the ice crystals, transforming into a beam of icy blue light that entered Jiang Xuelan's brow.

Jiang Xuelan's body trembled violently, and an unprecedented power surged from within her.

The icy blue divine light transformed into a pillar of light that shot into the sky, illuminating the entire void. Her cultivation began to break through—the mid-stage, late-stage, and peak of the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm.

She opened her eyes, her eyes filled with tears.

She saw it.

She saw the history of the Ice God lineage, the struggles and sacrifices of her ancestors, the glory and decline of the ancestral land, the terror of the Destroyer and the truth of the seal.

She knew what she had to do.

She turned around and stepped out of the void.

Kai stood before the ice gate, watching Jiang Xuelan emerge.

Her face was somewhat pale, but her eyes were bright, shining like stars in the night.

Icy blue divine light surrounded her, the light more condensed and purer than before.

“Did you succeed?” Kai asked.

Jiang Xuelan nodded. “It’s a success.”

She didn’t say much, but Kai read a lot in her eyes.

“Let’s go.”

Jiang Xuelan turned around, looking at Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue’er, and Bing Fenghan. “Back to the ancestral land. The Ice God lineage should see the light of day again.”

Bing Wuhen’s eyes reddened. “Palace Master, we’ve waited for this day for thousands of years.”

Bing Xue’er cried.

Bing Fenghan didn’t speak, but his fists were clenched tightly.

The five of them walked out of the ruins and onto the icy plain.

Five people emerged from the ruins and stepped onto the icy plain.

The silvery-red moonlight cast long, elongated shadows on the ice.

Behind them, the white light emanating from the massive crack gradually dimmed, like a door closing.

The ancient aura of the ruins dissipated as the crack closed, leaving only a biting wind and swirling ice shards on the icy plain.

Kai stopped and glanced back.

The crack had completely closed, the ice surface smooth as a mirror, showing no trace.

But a vague unease lingered in his heart; the ruins had been opened, and their aura had leaked out.

On this icy plain, heavily monitored by the gods, such fluctuations couldn't possibly go unnoticed.

"Hurry up," he said softly, but with a hint of urgency.

Jiang Xuelan glanced at him but remained silent.

She too could sense the overwhelming power of the Ice God released when the ruins opened; cultivators within a thousand miles could perceive it.

If a patrol of the gods was nearby, they would find them soon.

Bing Wuhen walked at the head of the group, his steps steady.

His cultivation had broken through to the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, making him a whole realm stronger than before he was frozen.

But his face showed no joy, only solemnity.

He knew the Divine Alliance would not let any Ice God bloodline user go.

This was true thousands of years ago, and it would remain true thousands of years later.

Bing Xue'er followed behind Bing Wuhen, her long, snow-white hair fluttering in the wind.

She held a long, ice-blue whip in her hand, its tip gleaming with a faint, cold light.

Her eyes constantly scanned her surroundings, wary of any potential danger. Bing

Fenghan walked at the very back, silent.

He held an ice spear in his hand, the tip gleaming with a ghostly blue light under the moonlight.

His footsteps were light, almost inaudible.

But his eyes were bright, as bright as stars in the night.

The five of them traveled swiftly across the ice plains for about two hours when golden rays appeared on the horizon ahead.

The light was faint, almost invisible, but Kai's chaotic power sensed all forces, and he detected it immediately.

"Stop." Kai raised his hand, signaling everyone to halt.

All five stopped simultaneously, lying prone on the ice.

Kai lay prone, pressing his ear to the ice and closing his eyes.

Chaotic power surged from his body, spreading forward along the ice. He could sense dozens of auras rapidly approaching, golden, blazing, and radiating the holy light unique to the divine race.

"Divine race pursuers."

Kai opened his eyes, his voice calm. “A True Immortal Realm Rank 8 leader, at least thirty True Immortal Realm Rank 5 or higher cultivators.”

Bing Wuhen’s pupils contracted slightly. “Thirty? We only have five people.”

“Not thirty.”

Kai stood up, looking at the faintly visible golden light in the distance. “It’s thirty-seven. The leader is a True Immortal Realm Rank 8 mid-stage, there are three True Immortal Realm Rank 7, and the rest are True Immortal Realm Rank 5 and Rank 6.”

Jiang Xuelan frowned. “Can we defeat them?”

Kai was silent for a moment, then smiled.

The smile was faint, almost imperceptible, but at that moment, everyone felt a chill.

“We can win,”

his voice was calm, “but we can’t let them escape. If anyone escapes back to report, the Divine Alliance will know our whereabouts, and we’ll be in big trouble.”

Bing Wuhen gripped his ice sword tightly. “You mean annihilate them all?”

“Annihilate them all.” Kai turned to the four of them. “I need you to help me set a trap.”

There was a naturally formed ice canyon on the ice plains, with towering ice walls on both sides, and only a narrow passage for entry and exit.

At the bottom of the canyon was an open space, scattered with countless huge ice spikes, like countless ice spears pointing to the sky.

Kai stood at the entrance of the canyon, looked around, and nodded in satisfaction. “This is it.”

Jiang Xuelan walked to his side, looking at the terrain of the canyon. “You want to lure the Divine Race pursuers in and then seal the exit?”

“Yes.”

Kai pointed to the ice walls on both sides of the canyon. “You and Bing Wuhen hide on the left ice wall, and Bing Xue’er and Bing Fenghan hide on the right. Once all the Divine Race pursuers have entered the canyon, you two will attack simultaneously to seal the entrance and exit. Leave the rest to me.”

Bing Wuhen frowned. “You alone? There are thirty-seven people on the other side, and the leader is a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade…”

“I know.”

Kai interrupted her. “But I have the power of chaos. Their holy light is like paper in front of me. As long as you seal the entrance and exit and don’t let them escape, I alone am enough.”

Bing Wuhen looked at Kai, a complex emotion flashing in his eyes.

He had seen many people, but he had never seen anyone like this. A True Immortal Realm Second Grade Peak, facing thirty-seven enemies whose realms were far superior to his, his face showed no fear, only calmness.

That calmness was not feigned, but a confidence that emanated from his very bones.

“Okay.” Bing Wuhen nodded. “I believe you.”

Bing Xue’er and Bing Fenghan also nodded.

The five of them quickly took their positions.

Kai stood on the ice plain outside the canyon entrance. Jiang Xuelan and Bing Wuhen hid on the ice wall to the left, while Bing Xue'er and Bing Fenghan hid on the ice wall to the right.

The five of them concealed their auras, becoming like five lifeless ice stones, blending into the surrounding ice and snow.

The golden light in the distance grew brighter and closer.

Kai stood on the ice plain, his cyan robe fluttering in the wind, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist, the purple light on the blade already reduced to its extreme.

His eyes were purple, and stars seemed to be spinning in his pupils.

He looked at the approaching golden light, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"It's here."

The golden light swept across the ice plain, like a golden river, flowing towards the ruins.

Leading the way was a tall, powerful cultivator of the Divine Race, a mid-stage eighth-rank True Immortal, with a cold face and hawk-like eyes.

Behind him followed thirty-six divine cultivators, each of whom possessed a cultivation level of at least the fifth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

They wore golden armor and held golden longswords, holy light swirling around them, dispelling the chill of the icy plains.

The leading cultivator, the deputy commander under the Shadow Warrior, was named Jin Lie.

Suddenly, he raised his hand, signaling the group to halt.

“My lord, what’s wrong?” a cultivator behind him asked.

Jin Lie’s gaze swept around, his brow furrowing slightly. “The aura of the ruins has disappeared.”

“Disappeared? Could it be…”

“Shut up.”

Jin Lie interrupted him, his gaze settling on the icy canyon ahead.

His intuition told him something was wrong.

But he couldn’t quite put his finger on it.

The icy canyon was a common natural feature of the icy plains, showing no unusual fluctuations in aura. “My lord, shall we continue?” a cultivator behind him asked.

Jin Lie was silent for a moment, then nodded. “Continue. The Alliance Leader said, we must find them alive or dead.”

The group continued forward, surging towards the Ice Canyon.

Jin Lie walked at the front, and the moment he stepped into the Ice Canyon, his steps faltered.

His intuition warned him again that something was wrong.

But he looked around and found nothing.

There was only ice on the ice walls, only snow on the ground, and only wind in the air.

“Keep going,” he waved his hand.

Thirty-seven divine race cultivators filed in, stepping into the Ice Canyon.

The group wound its way through the canyon, the golden holy light illuminating the ice walls.

Jin Lie walked at the front, his eyes scanning the surroundings warily.

He held a golden longsword in his hand, its blade shimmering with dazzling holy light.

When the last divine race cultivator stepped into the canyon, Kai moved.

He stood up from the ice field outside the canyon entrance, purple chaotic power flowing around him, completely dispelling his concealment.

His eyes were purple, with stars seemingly swirling within their pupils.

He gripped the Dragon-Slaying Sword, its blade crackling with purple chaotic fire.

“Attack!”

His voice echoed through the canyon like thunder.

Jiang Xuelan burst forth from the left ice wall, her icy blue divine light forming a wall that sealed the canyon entrance.

The ice wall was tens of feet high and several feet thick, covered with densely packed ice-sealing runes, completely blocking the entrance.

Bing Wuhen also burst forth from the left ice wall, his icy blue sword light slashing at the canyon’s exit, sealing it off.

The sword light transformed into an icy blue light curtain, its surface flowing with ancient runes of the Ice God lineage, sealing the exit completely.

Bing Xue'er and Bing Fenghan emerged from the right ice wall, their ice whips and spears striking simultaneously, activating the defensive runes on the ice walls on both sides of the canyon.

Icy blue light shone from the ice walls, enveloping the entire canyon.

Thirty-seven divine cultivators were trapped in the canyon, unable to advance or retreat.

Jin Lie's expression changed. "An ambush! Form ranks!"

The thirty-seven divine cultivators quickly formed ranks, golden holy light flowing around them, condensing into a massive golden light shield.

The shield had five layers, each containing the supreme laws of the divine race.

Kai walked in from the canyon entrance, step by step, unhurried and deliberate.

His footsteps echoed through the canyon, each step feeling like a blow to the hearts of the divine cultivators.

Purple chaotic power surrounded him, the light not violent, but quiet, like a sleeping dragon.

Jin Lie's pupils contracted. "You…who are you?"

Kai did not answer.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic fire burning on its blade.

The temperature of the flames was so high that the surrounding air began to distort, and the ice on the ice wall began to melt, turning into water droplets that flowed down the ice wall.

"Kill him!" Jin Lie roared.

The thirty-seven divine cultivators attacked simultaneously.

Golden holy light surged towards Kai like a tidal wave, transforming into countless blades, spears, and swords of light, overwhelming him

with their power. Each attack was enough to level a mountain.

Kai did not dodge.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashed down.

The purple sword light collided with the golden holy light.

There was no explosion, no loud noise; the golden holy light was like paper before the power of chaos, instantly torn apart, devoured, and dissipated.

The sword light continued forward, blasting away the dozen or so Divine Race cultivators at the front.

They crashed heavily against the ice wall, spitting out blood, unable to rise again.

Jin Lie's face turned deathly pale. "You…you are the one who possesses the power of chaos…"

Kai remained silent.

He took a step forward, his purple figure leaving an afterimage in the void, instantly appearing before Jin Lie. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword, imbued with purple chaotic fire, pierced towards Jin Lie's chest.

Jin Lie desperately raised his golden sword to block.

The longsword clashed with the Dragon-Slaying Sword. The golden longsword, before the power of chaos, was like rotten wood, shattering instantly.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword continued forward, piercing Jin Lie's chest.

Purple chaotic fire surged from the sword, igniting Jin Lie's body.

He let out a shrill scream, his body burning in the flames. His holy light, like paper before the chaotic fire, was instantly swallowed.

His eyes widened in disbelief, even in death.

"You…you'll regret this…" His voice grew weaker and weaker, finally fading completely.

Jin Lie was dead.

The remaining divine cultivators, seeing their leader killed with a single sword strike, utterly collapsed.

They threw down their weapons and turned to flee.

But the entrance and exit of the canyon were sealed; they had nowhere to escape.

Jiang Xuelan plunged down from the ice wall, her icy blue divine light transforming into countless ice needles, freezing more than a dozen divine cultivators into ice sculptures.

Bing Wuhen's ice sword unleashed a hundred-foot-long sword beam, cleaving seven or eight divine cultivators in two.

Bing Xue'er's ice whip wrapped around the neck of a divine cultivator, and with a gentle pull, his head rolled to the ground.

Bing Feng Han's ice spear pierced the chest of another divine cultivator, pinning him to the ice wall.

Kai stood in the center of the canyon, watching the fleeing divine cultivators, his eyes devoid of emotion.

He raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashed down, one strike after another.

Each strike took a life, purple sword light flashing in the canyon, golden blood flowing on the ice.

In less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, all thirty-seven divine cultivators were lifeless.

The canyon fell silent.

Thirty-seven corpses lay on the ice, golden blood staining the white ice a dark gold.

The air was thick with the stench of burning and blood, thick smoke rising from the corpses and drifting through the canyon.

Kai stood amidst the corpses, his blue robe stained with golden blood, but his face remained expressionless.

He turned around and looked at the last Divine Race cultivator, a young True Immortal Realm fifth-grade cultivator, pinned to the ice wall by Bing Fenghan's ice spear, yet still alive.

His face was deathly pale, his eyes filled with terror.

He had seven or eight wounds on his body, each bleeding profusely.

His left arm was severed, and his right leg was pierced by the ice spear; he hung on the ice wall like a rag doll.

Kai walked up to him, drew the Dragon-Slaying Sword, and pressed it against his throat.

"How many of you came? Are there any pursuers behind us?"

The cultivator's lips trembled, his teeth chattering. "I…I don't know…"

Kai's eyes narrowed slightly, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword drew closer.

The tip of the sword pierced the skin, and golden blood flowed down the blade.

"I'll ask you one more time. How many of you came? Are there any pursuers behind us?"

Tears and snot streamed down the cultivator's face. "I'll talk… I'll talk… We're just the vanguard… There's… there's General Shadow Warrior behind us… He's leading a thousand elite troops… Behind us…"

Kai frowned. "General Shadow Warrior? What's his cultivation level?"

"Ninth Rank True Immortal… Ninth Rank True Immortal…"

The cultivator's voice grew weaker and weaker. "The Alliance Leader said… said you came to the Sixteenth Heaven… and ordered General Shadow Warrior to be in charge of the pursuit… He wants to see you alive… or dead…"

Kai was silent for a moment. "Where is General Shadow Warrior?"

"At… at the camp on the edge of the Ice Plains… He told us to come and explore the ruins first… He'll be there soon…"

Kai sheathed his Dragon Slayer Sword, turned around, and looked at Jiang Xuelan.

"Finished questioning."

Jiang Xuelan nodded, raised her hand, and a beam of icy blue divine light shot into the cultivator's brow.

The cultivator's body stiffened abruptly, then slowly collapsed, his eyes still open, but he was already lifeless.

Bing Wuhen walked to Kai's side, looked at the corpses, and remained silent for a long time. "Shadow Warrior, a ninth-grade True Immortal. We can't beat him."

"I know," Kai's voice was calm. "So we can't fight head-on. We need to find help."

"Help? Where to find them?" Bing Xue'er's voice trembled slightly.

Kai took out a silver-white jade slip from his robes, the resistance token given to him by Chu Tianxing. "There's a human resistance army in the Sixteenth Heaven. They're in the Free Valley of the Eastern Region. We need to find them."

Bing Wuhen frowned. "The Free Valley of the Eastern Region? That's human territory, our Ice God lineage..."

"The Ice God lineage is also an enemy of the gods,"

Kai interrupted him. "The enemy of my enemy is my friend. Let's go, we can't stay here. Shadow Warrior will soon find out his men are dead, and then he won't be able to leave even if he wants to."

The five of them quickly left the Ice Valley and sped towards the Eastern Region.

Behind them, in the Ice Valley, thirty-seven corpses lay silently under the moonlight, golden blood congealing on the ice, turning into dark golden ice crystals.

...

The edge of the ice plains, the god camp.

The Shadow General sat in the main tent, eyes closed, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest.

His face was cold and stern, his long black hair tied back, and he wore a black battle armor covered in concealment runes.

His cultivation was at the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, making him the most skilled in concealment and assassination among Wei Pengkun's three generals.

Before him floated a jade tablet.

The light on the tablet grew dimmer and weaker.

It was Jin Lie's life tablet; the light on it represented the life of its owner.

When the light completely extinguished, it meant Jin Lie was dead.

The Shadow General opened his eyes, looked at the jade tablet, and remained silent for a long time.

"Dead." His voice was soft, but each word seemed to be squeezed out from between his teeth. "Thirty-seven people, all dead."

He stood up, walked out of the main tent, and looked towards the depths of the icy plains.

There, the fluctuations of the icy ruins had disappeared, but his intuition told him that those who killed Jin Lie were fleeing towards the Eastern Region.

"Pass down the order." His voice was cold. "Gather all forces and pursue them."

"My lord, which direction should we pursue them?" the cultivator behind him asked.

The Shadow General's lips curled slightly. "The Eastern Region. They're going to Free Valley to find the Resistance Army."

The cultivator behind him changed his expression. “My lord, Free Valley is the territory of the Human Resistance Army, we…”

“I know.” The Shadow General interrupted him. “So we can’t let them in. We must intercept them before they reach Free Valley.”

He turned around and walked into the main tent.

“Messenger.”

“Yes!”

“Notify the Alliance Leader that the person possessing the power of chaos is in the Sixteenth Heaven Ice Plains area, and request the Alliance Leader to send reinforcements.”

“Yes!”

The Shadow General sat in the main tent, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest.

The sound echoed in the empty tent, like the tolling of a death knell.

“Kai… the power of chaos… interesting.” His voice was soft, but a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

…

Kai and his five companions traveled swiftly across the ice plains all night.

At dawn, they finally emerged from the ice plains.

The ice beneath their feet had turned into gray-black rock, and the biting cold in the air gradually dissipated, replaced by a dry wind carrying the scent of sand and dust.

The two moons in the sky had set, replaced by a golden sun.

The sunlight shone on the wasteland, dyeing everything a golden-red.

Kai stopped and looked back.

The ice field receded into the distance behind them, becoming a gray-white line.

He breathed a sigh of relief, but dared not let his guard down; Shadow Warrior was still chasing them, and they were not yet safe.

“Let’s rest for a bit.” Kai sat down on a rock and took out some pills and crystals from his storage ring, distributing them to everyone.

The long journey had left each of them exhausted, and they needed to replenish their strength.

Bing Wuhen sat beside him, took the pills, but did not eat them. “Mr. Chen, are you sure the resistance will help us?”

Kai looked at him. “Not sure. But we have to try.”

Bing Wuhen was silent for a moment. “What if the resistance doesn’t want to help us?”

Kai smiled. “Then we’ll persuade them.”

Bing Xue’er sat to the side, hugging her knees, looking at the distant sky.

There was a trace of confusion and a trace of expectation in her eyes.

Thousands of years of ice had changed the outside world.

She didn’t know what awaited her, but she knew that as long as the Palace Master and Kai were there, she wouldn’t be afraid.

Bing Fenghan stood on a high rock, gazing into the distance.

He held an ice spear in his hand, the cold light at the tip shimmering with a faint blue glow in the sunlight.

His eyes were bright, as bright as stars in the night.

Jiang Xuelan walked to Kai's side and sat down. "Kai, what do you think is in Freedom Valley?"

Kai thought for a moment. "Hope."

Jiang Xuelan looked at him without speaking.

She knew that the hope Kai spoke of wasn't just the hope of the resistance army, but the hope of all races oppressed by the gods.

Kai stood up, dusted himself off, and said, "Let's go. There's still a long way to go."

The five of them stood up and continued their journey towards the Eastern Region.

They walked for another three days across the wasteland.

The gray-black rocks beneath their feet were gradually replaced by sparse grass, which then turned into low shrubs.

The air was no longer dry, carrying a hint of damp earth.

The sun rose in the east and set in the west, and two moons appeared alternately in the night, like two silent watchmen.

Kai rarely spoke along the way.

His gaze remained fixed ahead, occasionally glancing back at the path they had come from.

The Shadow Warriors' pursuers hadn't appeared, but he knew it wasn't because they had shaken them off, but because the pursuers were

waiting, waiting for them to lower their guard, waiting for them to reveal their weaknesses. On the evening of the third day, a mountain range appeared ahead.

The range stretched endlessly, its peaks soaring into the clouds, their slopes covered in dense vegetation, a deep green hue in the setting sun.

The entrance to the range was a narrow canyon, its sides flanked by steep cliffs covered in vines and moss, appearing no different from any other ravine.

Bing Wuhen stopped, looking at the canyon, his brow furrowing slightly. “Is this it? Freedom Valley?”

Kai didn’t answer.

He walked to the canyon entrance, closed his eyes, and drew chaotic energy from within.

Purple light spread forward along the ground, like an invisible serpent, disappearing into the crevices of the rocks deep within the canyon.

A moment later, he opened his eyes, a slight smile playing on his lips.

“There’s a restriction. Very well hidden; you wouldn’t find it unless you were deliberately searching.”

He took out the silver-white jade slip from his robes and held it in his palm.

A faint light flowed across the jade slip, resonating with some power deep within the canyon.

On the rock walls on both sides of the canyon, the previously ordinary vines and moss began to glow. The light converged into runes, which flickered in the air a few times before slowly dissipating.

The entrance to the canyon had changed.

The narrow passage widened, and a smooth stone path appeared beneath their feet. Two rows of stone pillars stood on either side of the path, their surfaces engraved with defensive runes.

At the end of the path, a stone gate could be vaguely seen.

“Let’s go,” Kai said, taking the first step.

The five of them walked forward along the stone path.

The path was long and winding, with openings appearing from time to time in the mountain walls. People peered out from these openings, but no one came out to stop them.

They wore various kinds of clothing—humans, beastmen, demons, and even a few ghosts.

Their cultivation levels were all quite high, the lowest being at the fourth rank of True Immortal.

They looked at Kai and his group with wariness and curiosity in their eyes.

At the end of the stone path was a stone gate.

The stone gate was enormous, several dozen feet high, carved from a single piece of mountain stone, with two large characters engraved on it—”Freedom. ”

Two guards stood before the gate, both human, at the sixth rank of the True Immortal realm.

Upon seeing the silver-white jade slip in Kai’s hand, their expressions changed, and they quickly stepped aside.

“Elder Chu Tianxing’s token?” one of the guards asked, his voice trembling slightly.

Kai nodded. “I need to see your leader.”

The guards exchanged a glance, and one of them turned and ran through the stone gate.

A moment later, the stone gate slowly opened.

Behind it lay a vast valley.

The valley was enormous, stretching as far as the eye could see.

Wooden houses and stone halls were scattered throughout the valley, arranged in a pleasing, irregular pattern.

A small river flowed through the valley, its water crystal clear, with a few fallen leaves floating on its surface.

People were washing clothes, drawing water, and chatting by the river.

Children chased and played in the open space, their laughter ringing out.

On the distant hillside, people were training; the sounds of clashing swords and shouts mingled together, creating a lively atmosphere.

This didn’t seem like a secret base; it was more like an ordinary mountain village.

Kai stood at the entrance, watching all this, a strange feeling welling up inside him.

These people, these people oppressed, hunted, and driven away by the gods, had built a home here.

A home where there was no need to hide, no need to fear, no need to bow one’s head.

A middle-aged man walked out from the depths of the valley.

He looked to be in his forties, tall and strong, with a resolute face, short black hair, and wearing a gray robe.

His steps were quick but steady, each step firm and solid.

His cultivation was at the peak of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, a level higher than Bing Wuhen.

His eyes were bright, like torches in the night.

He walked up to Kai, his gaze falling on the silver-white jade slip in Kai's hand, then looking at Kai's face.

"Chu Tianxing's token. Are you Kai?"

Kai nodded. "Are you Lin Yuan?"

The middle-aged man didn't answer, but instead extended his hand.

Kai handed him the jade slip. Lin Yuan took the jade slip, examined it carefully for a moment, then looked up at Kai.

His eyes held a complex mix of emotions: admiration, doubt, and an inexplicable expectation.

"Is Master alright in the Fifteenth Heaven?" his voice was low.

"He was injured, but his condition has stabilized," Kai said. "He sent me to find you, saying you need help."

Lin Yuan was silent for a moment, then returned the jade slip to Kai. "Come with me."

He turned and walked towards the depths of the valley.

Kai followed behind him, followed by Jiang Xuelan, Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue'er, and Bing Fenghan.

Deep in the valley stood a stone hall, slightly larger than the surrounding buildings, but not by much.

The hall's doors were open, revealing a spacious hall.

In the center of the hall was a long table with a map spread out on it.

The map marked the various regions of the Sixteenth Heaven, using different colored markers to indicate the strongholds, troop deployments, and patrol routes of the Divine Alliance.

The red markers were densely packed, almost covering the entire map.

Lin Yuan walked to the table, turned around, and looked at Kai.

"Master mentioned your deeds in the jade slip: possessing the power of chaos, a True Immortal of the second rank slaying five True Immortals of the eighth rank, and uniting various races in the Fifteenth Heaven to overthrow the Judgment Hall."

His voice was calm, but every word carried weight. "To be honest, I don't quite believe it."

Kai remained silent.

Lin Yuan continued, "It's not that I doubt Master's judgment. But you should understand that the Fifteenth Heaven is different from the Sixteenth Heaven.

The divine alliance here isn't some small-scale skirmish like the Judgment Hall. Any general here has a higher cultivation level than a Judgment Venerable.

You say you killed five True Immortals of the eighth rank, but none of us here witnessed it."

Kai nodded. "How do you want to see it?"

Lin Yuan smiled.

He turned and called out to the outside of the hall, “Old Zhao, come in.”

A burly man walked in.

He wore a fur vest, revealing two thick, scarred arms.

His cultivation was at the fifth rank of True Immortal Realm. His expression was fierce, but his eyes held a kind of憨厚 (honest and simple) light.

He walked to Lin Yuan’s side, sized Kai up and down, then grinned.

“Chief, you called me?”

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Lin Yuan pointed at Kai, “This is Kai, someone Master found from the Fifteenth Heaven. He says he can help us overthrow the God Clan Alliance.”

Old Zhao opened his mouth, then laughed out loud, “Him? A second-grade True Immortal?”

He turned to look at Lin Yuan, his expression as if he were watching a joke, “Chief, are you sure you’re not mistaken? Anyone from our Free Valley has a higher cultivation level than him. What can he do for us? Serve us tea and water?”

Several people followed into the hall, all key members of Free Valley.

A tall, thin man, a sixth-grade True Immortal, wore a gray cloth Taoist robe and held a folding fan, looking quite scholarly.

A middle-aged woman, a fifth-grade True Immortal, had two short swords hanging at her waist, and sharp eyes.

There was also an old man, with gray hair and a seventh-grade True Immortal, leaning against the doorframe, squinting at Kai.

They all laughed when they heard Old Zhao's words.

Not a malicious laugh, but a laugh of absurdity.

A young man at the second rank of True Immortal Realm came to the Sixteenth Heaven to say he wanted to help them overthrow the God Alliance. It was like an ant asking an elephant to move a mountain.

Kai didn't laugh.

He looked at Old Zhao, his voice calm, "You think the fifth rank of True Immortal Realm is that powerful?" Old Zhao was taken aback.

"What do you mean?"

Kai beckoned to him. "You make your move, with all your might."

The hall was silent for a moment, then Old Zhao's face darkened.

He couldn't stand being looked down upon, especially by a mere second-rank True Immortal Realm brat.

He rolled up his sleeves, his fists clenched so tightly they cracked.

"Kid, one punch from me and you might be bedridden for three months."

"You can't hit me."

Old Zhao didn't waste any more words.

He took a step forward, his fist enveloped in a layer of earthy yellow light, and slammed it towards Kai's chest.

His technique was earth-based, heavy and steady; a single punch could pierce even a city wall.

The air in the hall was stirred by the force of his punch, and the map on the table rustled.

Kai didn't dodge.

He didn't even raise his hand.

He simply stood there, watching the fist draw ever closer.

The fist stopped three inches from Kai's chest.

It wasn't that Old Zhao stopped on his own; he simply couldn't penetrate it.

His fist felt like it had struck an invisible wall, an impenetrable, unyielding wall.

His wrist was numb from the impact, the muscles in his arm trembled, but his fist simply wouldn't go in an inch.

Old Zhao's eyes widened.

He gritted his teeth, adding even more force, the yellowish-brown light in his eyes doubling in brightness.

The fist still wouldn't budge.

"This…this is impossible…" his voice trembled.

Kai looked at him, saying nothing.

He simply took a small step forward.

Old Zhao felt as if he'd been struck head-on by a mountain; he was sent flying, tumbling twice in the air before landing on his backside, sliding several meters away, overturning a chair in the corner.

The hall fell silent.

The tall, thin man closed his folding fan, his smile vanishing.

The middle-aged woman's hand rested on the hilt of her knife, her gaze turning serious.

The old man leaning against the doorframe opened his eyes, no longer squinting, but staring straight at Kai.

Old Zhao got up from the ground, dusted off his backside, and his expression changed from shock to disbelief.

He looked at his fist, then at Kai, his mouth opening and closing repeatedly before finally managing to utter, "You F*cking really are a True Immortal Realm Second Grade?"

Kai didn't answer.

He looked at the tall, thin man, "Want to try too?"

The tall, thin man hesitated.

He was a True Immortal Realm Sixth Grade, a realm higher than Old Zhao, and considered a prominent figure in Freedom Valley.

If he were intimidated by a young man at the True Immortal Realm Second Grade, how could he face anyone in the future?

He tucked his folding fan into his collar, stretched his wrists, and walked up to Kai.

"Brother Chen, my specialty is speed, so be careful."

Before he finished speaking, his figure vanished.

Not the slow kind of invisibility, but a speed so fast that it was impossible for the naked eye to detect.

Only a blurry shadow remained in the hall, darting from left to right, from right to left, like a ghost.

Kai stood rooted to the spot, not even blinking.

The tall, thin man appeared behind Kai, pointing a finger at the back of his neck.

This finger carried a sharp spiritual power, enough to pierce a steel plate.

A smug smile appeared on his face, thinking that even if this finger couldn't knock Kai down, it would at least make him take a few steps back.

But when his finger touched the back of Kai's neck, it felt as if he had touched nothing at all.

Not that he had missed, but that all the spiritual power at his fingertip had vanished, as if swallowed by something.

Kai's neck didn't budge, not even the skin dented.

The tall, thin man's smile froze.

He pointed again, with the same feeling.

He pointed again, still no reaction.

Kai turned around and looked at him, "Is that enough?"

The tall, thin man swallowed hard, quickly took two steps back, and cupped his hands, saying, "Enough, enough, Brother Chen, you have good skills."

The middle-aged woman's lips twitched as she watched this scene.

She was a True Immortal Realm Fifth Grade, the same realm as Old Zhao, and was skilled with dual swords.

She had initially considered going up to try, but seeing the fates of Old Zhao and the tall, thin man, she decided not to embarrass herself.

She lowered her hand from the hilt of her knife and took a half-step back.

The old man leaning against the doorframe, however, straightened up.

He stretched his neck, making a cracking sound, and then slowly walked up to Kai.

“Young man, my name is Old Xu, a seventh-grade True Immortal.”

His voice was hoarse, like sandpaper rubbing together. “I cultivate fire-based techniques, and I have a bad temper. If you can’t handle it, just say so.”

Kai looked at him. “Please.”

Old Xu didn’t stand on ceremony.

He raised his right hand, a ball of crimson flame coalescing in his palm. The flame was incredibly hot, so hot that the surrounding air began to distort, and the edges of the map on the table began to curl.

People in the hall retreated hastily, some fanning themselves, others channeling their inner energy to resist the heat.

“Be careful!” Old Xu slammed his palm down.

The crimson flame transformed into a fiery serpent, baring its fangs and claws as it lunged at Kai.

Wherever the serpent passed, the air ignited, producing a series of crackling sounds.

The power of this palm strike was several times stronger than Old Zhao and the tall, thin man combined.

Kai looked at the fiery serpent, a slight smile playing on his lips.

He raised his right hand, fingers spread, palm facing the fiery serpent.

The fiery serpent collided with his palm.

Then, the fiery serpent vanished.

Not blocked, not dispersed, but as if sucked in, silently disappearing into Kai's palm.

The crimson flame, along with all the spiritual energy it contained, was swallowed up by Kai's palm, leaving not even a spark behind. Old Xu's pupils contracted.

He had cultivated his flames for thousands of years and had never encountered anything like this before.

His flames weren't extinguished, but devoured.

It felt as if his flames had encountered a higher-level flame, completely suppressed, swallowed, and assimilated.

"Your fire..." Old Xu's voice trembled slightly, "What kind of fire is this?"

Kai withdrew his hand, "Chaotic Fire."

Old Xu's expression changed.

He didn't attack again, but took two steps back and bowed deeply to Kai. "This old man was blind to your greatness, Mr. Chen, please forgive me."

The hall fell completely silent.

Three experts—a fifth, sixth, and seventh-grade True Immortal—each stronger than the last, yet none could withstand a single move from Kai.

Moreover, Kai hadn't launched an attack from beginning to end; he simply stood there, letting them beat him.

This kind of strength couldn't be measured by ordinary standards.

Lin Yuan's expression was complex.

He knew his master wouldn't lie to him, but witnessing this scene firsthand still felt somewhat unreal.

A young man at the second rank of True Immortal Realm stood there motionless, enduring the full force of an attack from a seventh-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator, without even a tear in his clothes.

If word got out, the entire Sixteenth Heaven would be shaken.

"Anyone else want to try?" Kai looked around.

No one spoke.

Old Zhao lowered his head, his face flushed red.

The tall, thin man repeatedly pulled out and put back his folding fan.

The middle-aged woman crossed her arms, pretending to look at the map on the wall.

Old Xu had already retreated outside the door frame, hands behind his back, looking at the sky.

Lin Yuan took a deep breath and walked up to Kai. "I'll try."

Everyone in the hall looked up at Lin Yuan.

Old Zhao opened his mouth as if to say something, then closed it again.

The tall, thin man's folding fan fell to the ground with a thud.

The middle-aged woman's hand returned to the hilt of her knife.

Old Xu poked his head in from outside the door frame, his eyes wide like copper bells.

Lin Yuan was at the peak of the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, the number one expert in Freedom Valley, and the strongest person in the entire resistance army.

He cultivated a pure Yang technique, extremely powerful and fierce, each punch and kick carrying earth-shattering force.

He rarely fought personally, because no one in the entire Free Valley could withstand three of his moves.

"Leader, are you going to fight personally?" Old Zhao couldn't help but ask.

Lin Yuan ignored him.

He looked at Kai, his eyes serious, "Kai, I won't hold back."

Kai nodded, "No need to hold back."

Lin Yuan said nothing more. He raised his right hand, a ball of golden light condensing in his palm.

That light wasn't the holy light of the gods, but a purer, more powerful force, like the blazing sun, like thunder.

The temperature in the hall instantly rose several degrees, the map on the table began to smoke, and dust on the walls was shaken off.

Old Zhao, the tall, thin man, the middle-aged woman, Old Xu—everyone held their breath.

They had never seen Lin Yuan so serious.

In the past, Lin Yuan would just casually wave his hand and send people away, but this time, he was gathering his strength, taking an opponent seriously.

The golden light grew brighter and more dazzling, bathing the entire hall in gold.

Lin Yuan unleashed a palm strike.

The golden palm print hurtled towards Kai's chest with lightning speed, tearing the air apart and emitting a piercing shriek.

The palm print was covered in dense runes, each containing pure Yang energy, enough to pulverize a small mountain.

Kai didn't dodge.

He didn't even raise his hand.

He simply stood there, watching the golden palm print, a slight smile playing on his lips.

Purple chaotic energy surged from his body, condensing into a thin shield of light before him.

The shield was incredibly thin, almost transparent, yet it shimmered with a quiet, profound purple light, like a bottomless lake.

The golden palm print struck the shield.

There was no explosion, no loud bang.

The palm print was like a mud ox entering the sea before the chaotic energy, instantly swallowed, absorbed, and dissipated.

The light shield remained completely still, and Kai stood rooted to the spot, not even the hem of his robe fluttering.

The hall was deathly silent.

Lin Yuan's hand was still raised in mid-air, his expression shifting from seriousness to shock.

His palm print, his full-force strike, was enough to send anyone below the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm flying.

But Kai hadn't even moved.

Old Zhao's mouth gaped open enough to fit a fist.

The tall, thin man's folding fan fell to the ground; he forgot to pick it up.

The middle-aged woman's hand slipped from the hilt of her knife; she was completely stunned.

Old Xu walked in from outside the doorway, his eyes fixed on Kai, muttering to himself.

Bing Wuhen's hands trembled. He knew Kai was strong, but this was the first time he had witnessed Kai in action.

A peak second-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator, he had withstood a full-force attack from a peak eighth-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator, unscathed. This wasn't strength; this was monster.

Bing Xue'er's mouth gaped open enough to fit an egg.

Bing Fenghan's eyes widened, and the ice spear in his hand nearly fell to the ground.

Jiang Xuelan watched Kai's retreating figure, a slight smile playing on her lips.

She had witnessed Kai's three-day, three-night battle with the Judgment Venerable in the Fifteenth Heaven, seen him single-handedly slay five

Upper Realm God Clan cultivators with his sword, and seen him crush spies into dust using the essence of space.

But every time she saw him fight, she was still awestruck.

Kai withdrew his light shield and looked at Lin Yuan. “Is that enough?”

Lin Yuan remained silent for a long time.

He slowly lowered his hand, the golden light in his palm gradually dissipating.

He took a deep breath, exhaled, and then smiled.

That smile contained bitterness, relief, and above all, an indescribable emotion.

“That’s enough.” His voice was somewhat hoarse. “Master was right, you are indeed the person we need.”

Old Zhao picked up the fallen chair from the ground, plopped down, and buried his head in his hands. “My god, a True Immortal Realm Second Grade, withstood the leader’s full-force palm strike. I’ve wasted these past few thousand years.”

The tall, thin man bent down to pick up a folding fan, opening and closing it repeatedly, his expression as if he were dreaming.

“My finger touched his neck, and all my spiritual power vanished. Vanished, you understand? It was like… like his body was a bottomless pit, swallowing all my spiritual power.”

The middle-aged woman finally removed her hand from the hilt of her sword, leaned against the wall, and let out a long sigh. “Luckily I didn’t go. Otherwise, I would have been utterly humiliated.” Old

Xu walked up to Kai and bowed respectfully. “Mr. Chen, I have cultivated fire-based techniques for three thousand years, and I considered myself

to have reached a high level. But after seeing your Chaos Fire today, I realize what it means to be outmatched. I admire you, I admire you."

Kai helped him up. "Old Xu, you're too kind."

Lin Yuan walked to the table and pointed to a mark on the map.

"The Divine Alliance has three major prisons in the Sixteenth Heaven, holding tens of thousands of non-divine cultivators.

Some are resistance fighters, some are captured rogue cultivators, and some are survivors of extermination. They are treated like slaves in the prisons, and many die every day."

His finger pointed to the red mark.

"This is the prison closest to Freedom Valley, called Black Rock Prison. It holds at least five hundred human cultivators.

We want to rescue them, but the prison guards are too strong. The warden is an eighth-grade True Immortal, with thousands of divine cultivators under his command. There are also ancient restrictions around the prison.

We have tried three times, and all three times we failed, and many people died."

He looked up at Kai.

"Master said you can help us. If you can help me rescue those people, I will believe you." Kai stared at the red marker on the map, remaining silent for a moment. "How many people do you need?"

Lin Yuan was taken aback. "What?"

"How many people do you need to rescue those people?" Kai looked at him. "How many people are you planning to take?"

Lin Yuan thought for a moment. “At least two hundred. There are too many guards in the prison. We need someone to hold them off, someone to break the restrictions, and someone to rescue them.”

Kai shook his head. “Not two hundred. Me, Jiang Xuelan, and Bing Wuhen—three people are enough.”

Lin Yuan frowned. “Three people? Are you crazy? That’s a prison for the gods. There are thousands of guards, including a warden at the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm…”

“I know,”

Kai interrupted him. “But taking two hundred people will be too conspicuous. We’ll be discovered before we even get close to the prison. Three people are smaller targets, faster, and easier to infiltrate.”

He looked at Lin Yuan, his voice calm.

“You just need to tell me the layout of the prison, the guards’ shift changes, and the weaknesses in the restrictions. Leave the rest to me.”

Lin Yuan looked into his eyes and remained silent for a long time. He saw many things in those eyes: confidence, but not arrogance; calmness, but not indifference; determination, but not impulsiveness.

“Okay,” Lin Yuan nodded. “I’ll give you the map. But you have to promise me one thing.”

“Say it.”

“Come back alive.”

Kai smiled. “Okay.”

That night, Kai, Jiang Xuelan, and Bing Wuhen left Free Valley, heading towards Black Rock Prison.

Bing Xue’er and Bing Fenghan stayed in Free Valley, waiting for their return.

Lin Yuan stood at the entrance of Free Valley, watching the three figures disappear into the night, silent for a long time.

“Master, what is the background of this person you’re looking for?” he murmured.

No one answered.

Only the sound of the wind blowing through the valley, sobbing and lamenting, as if telling a story.

Behind them, the lights of Free Valley flickered in the night, like a small starry sky.

Thousands of people, hunted, driven, and oppressed by the gods, lived in those lights.

They had found a home here, a home where they didn’t need to hide, didn’t need to fear, didn’t need to bow their heads.

But Kai knew that this home wasn’t safe enough.

As long as the Divine Alliance exists, as long as those prisons exist, and as long as the order of the Sixteen Heavens is still controlled by the Divine Race, this home will forever remain an isolated island, vulnerable to being submerged at any moment.

Therefore, he was going to Blackrock Prison.

Not to prove himself, not to win Lin Yuan’s trust, but because those imprisoned there also deserved a home.

That was all.

...

Blackrock Prison was even more heavily guarded than Lin Yuan had described.

Kai, Jiang Xuelan, and Bing Wuhen lay prone on a hill thirty miles away, staring at the black rocky mountain. The number

of Divine Race cultivators on the watchtowers was twice as many as marked on the map, and the patrol teams had increased from three to five.

Several more new corpses lay on the wooden stakes outside the iron gate, their blood still damp, gleaming a dark red in the moonlight.

“We can’t get in,”

Bing Wuhen said softly, a hint of frustration in his voice. “The patrols are too dense, there are restrictions everywhere; we’ll be discovered before we even get close.”

Kai remained silent.

He stared in the direction of the prison, his mind racing. A direct

assault wouldn’t work; there were only three of them, and the enemy had over a thousand guards. Infiltration

was also out of the question; the defenses and patrols had been strengthened, likely due to Shadow Warrior’s warning.

That left only one option.

“We’ll just go straight there,” Kai said.

Bing Wuhen was stunned. “What?”

“Just walk straight there. Let them arrest us.”

Bing Wuhen's eyes widened. "Are you crazy? That's the God Clan's prison; once you're in, you won't get out..."

"We can get out,"

Kai interrupted him calmly. "They don't know who we are. My Chaos Power can conceal our aura; in their eyes, we're just three rogue cultivators at the second or third rank of True Immortal Realm.

Being arrested and locked in ordinary cells is easier than us forcing our way in from the outside."

Jiang Xuelan looked at Kai, remained silent for a moment, then nodded. "It's feasible. But what do we do once we're inside?"

"First, find the imprisoned human cultivators and their leader. Then, break through from the inside."

Bing Wuhen opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but upon meeting Kai's calm eyes, he swallowed his words.

He gritted his teeth. "Fine. Anyway, you saved my life, so I'll go crazy with you this once."

The three of them stood up from the hill, no longer concealing their auras, and swaggered towards Black Rock Prison.

The divine cultivators on the watchtower spotted them almost immediately.

A golden light shone down from the watchtower, illuminating the three of them. A

piercing alarm sounded, the iron gate opened, and a group of divine cultivators rushed out, surrounding them.

"Halt! Who are you? How dare you trespass into Black Rock Prison?"

The leading divine cultivator was a sixth-grade True Immortal, with a cold face, his long sword pointed at Kai's throat.

His gaze swept over the three of them, lingering for a moment on Jiang Xuelan's face, but quickly shifting away.

Kai raised his hands, a look of fear on his face. "My lord, we...we are just wandering cultivators passing by. We got lost and don't know where this is..."

"Lost?" The divine cultivator sneered. "Black Rock Prison is a forbidden zone for hundreds of miles around. How could you get lost here? I bet you're spies for the resistance!"

"No, no, my lord, we really are just wandering cultivators..."

"Enough nonsense!" The divine cultivator waved his hand. "Search them! Take them in! Lock them in ordinary cells, and send them to work in the mines tomorrow!"

Several divine cultivators rushed forward and roughly searched them.

Kai had already hidden his storage ring in the temporary space created by the power of chaos, so they found nothing.

Jiang Xuelan's Ice God Sword was hidden in the same place.

Bing Wuhen's Ice Sword was the same.

The divine cultivators only found some broken crystals and a few bottles of low-grade pills, further convincing them that they were just a few poor wandering cultivators.

"Take them in!"

The three were pushed and shoved into Black Rock Prison.

The interior of Blackrock Prison was even more sinister than the exterior.

A long corridor ran through the entire mountain, lined with cells on both sides, their iron doors sealed with talismans.

The corridor reeked of decay and blood; torture instruments hung on the walls, and broken bones littered the floor.

The ordinary cells were located in the middle of the prison, holding prisoners of lower cultivation levels and lesser crimes.

The three were wheeled into a large cell, already holding over a dozen people, all human, ragged, emaciated, and with numb eyes.

The iron door slammed shut, the chains rattling.

The footsteps of the divine cultivators faded into the distance.

The prisoners looked up at them, then lowered their heads again.

No one spoke, no one asked who they were or where they came from.

Staying here long enough would turn people into this—apathetic and hopeless. Kai sat down against the wall and closed his eyes.

The power of chaos flowed slowly within his body, and his divine sense pierced through the cell walls, spreading throughout the entire prison.

He needed to find the leader of the imprisoned human cultivators, to find those who hadn’t given up hope.

His divine sense, like an invisible snake, slithered through the corridors, passing through each cell, sensing the aura of each person.

Most people had weak auras, their spiritual power sealed, their souls suppressed, making them indistinguishable from ordinary people.

But the aura in one cell was different. That cell was at the end of the corridor, its iron door affixed with seven sealing talismans, twice as many as the other cells.

Inside was a person, a True Immortal of the seventh rank, whose aura, though sealed and suppressed, was still far stronger than the other prisoners.

Kai memorized the location of that cell.

After sensing for a while longer, confirming there were no stronger individuals, he withdrew his divine sense.

He opened his eyes, looking at the numb faces in the cell, a complex mix of emotions welling up within him.

These people, once cultivators, once had their own homes, their own families, their own dreams.

But now, they are merely livestock raised by the gods, waiting to be squeezed dry of their last bit of value.

“Everyone,” Kai spoke, his voice not loud, but clearly reaching everyone’s ears.

No one responded. Some didn’t even look up.

“My name is Kai, I’m from outside. I’ve come to rescue you.”

The cell was silent for a moment, then someone laughed.

The laughter was bitter, as if mocking Kai’s naiveté.

“Rescue us?”

A middle-aged man looked up, a scar running from his forehead to his chin, his eyes empty. “Do you know where this is? Black Rock Prison.

One of the three great prisons of the gods. No one who enters has ever left alive.”

“Not before,” Kai said, “but since then.”

The middle-aged man looked at him, remained silent for a moment, then shook his head. “Young man, I’ve been here for three hundred years. I’ve seen countless people like you, coming in full of confidence, talking about escaping, talking about rebelling. Now their bones are still hanging on the wooden stakes outside the iron gate.”

Kai didn’t refute.

He stood up from the wall, walked to the iron gate, and reached out to grasp the chains on it.

Chaotic fire surged from his palm, instantly melting the chains and burning the sealing talisman to ashes.

The people in the cells simultaneously raised their heads.

Their eyes widened, their mouths gaped, and the numbness on their faces was replaced by shock.

The middle-aged man struggled to his feet, his legs almost giving way, and he steadied himself by holding onto the wall. “You…you can break the seal?”

Kai turned around and looked at them. “I said, I’m here to rescue you.”

Kai didn’t rush to open all the cells.

He needed to find the leader first, he needed to formulate a plan, and he needed to figure out the prison’s troop deployment and the distribution of restrictions.

He left Bing Wuhen and Jiang Xuelan in the cell and walked alone down the corridor towards the cell with seven sealing talismans affixed to it.

The corridor was long, and the cells on both sides held all sorts of people.

There were humans, beastmen, demons, and even a few ghosts.

They all showed surprise when they saw Kai walking down the corridor; ordinary prisoners were not allowed to move around in the corridor.

Kai stopped in front of the cell.

The seven sealing talismans on the iron door shimmered with golden light in the darkness, and the chain was twice as thick as that of an ordinary cell.

He reached out and grasped the chain, and the chaotic fire melted it, burning the sealing talismans to ashes one by one.

The iron door opened.

Inside the cell, an old man sat in the corner.

His hair was gray, his face was aged, and he wore a tattered gray robe.

His cultivation was at the seventh rank of True Immortal Realm, but it was suppressed by the seal, and his aura was very weak.

His eyes were closed, as if he were sleeping, or perhaps deep in thought.

“Who are you?” The old man didn’t open his eyes, his voice hoarse.

“Kai. From outside.”

The old man’s eyelids twitched, and he slowly opened his eyes.

They were cloudy eyes, but deep within the pupils was a glimmer of light—the light of someone who had endured so much suffering yet never given up.

“From outside?” The old man looked at him. “A member of the Resistance?”

Kai nodded. “Lin Yuan sent me.”

The old man’s body jolted. “Lin Yuan? He’s still alive?”

“Alive. He’s in Freedom Valley.”

Tears welled up in the old man’s eyes.

He struggled to his feet, walked to Kai, grabbed his arm, and his voice trembled. “Lin Yuan… he’s still alive… good, good…”

Kai supported him. “Senior, what’s your name?”

“My name is Zhao Tieshan. I’m an old man from the resistance army, imprisoned three hundred years ago.” The old man wiped away his tears, took a deep breath, and composed himself. “You came in alone?”

“Three people. Two others are in the outer cells.”

“Three people?” Zhao Tieshan’s face changed. “Are you crazy? Black Rock Prison has thousands of guards, and the warden is an eighth-grade True Immortal. How can you three rescue people?”

Kai looked at him. “I have a way. But I need your help.”

“What kind of help?”

“Tell me, how many human cultivators are in the prison? In which cells are they? Who can still fight? Who can still move?”

Zhao Tieshan was silent for a moment, then turned around, walked to the wall, and drew a simple map on the wall with his finger.

The layout of the prison, the distribution of guards, the location of the restrictions, and the classification of cells were all marked.

“There are 537 human cultivators in total. They are distributed across twelve cells on the second floor.”

His finger moved across the map. “Less than 100 are capable fighters. They’ve been imprisoned for too long; their spiritual power is sealed, and their bodies have collapsed. But if there’s a way to break the seal, they can recover some of their strength.”

Kai nodded. “I can break the seal. The power of chaos counters all seals.”

Zhao Tieshan’s eyes lit up. “The power of chaos? You possess the power of chaos?”

“Yes.”

Zhao Tieshan was silent for a long time, then let out a long breath.

“No wonder Lin Yuan dared to send you. Good, good, good.” He said “good” three times in a row, his eyes growing brighter and brighter.

“The plan is like this.”

Kai squatted down and gestured on the map on the wall with his finger. “Tomorrow morning, the Divine Race cultivators will open the prison and take us to work in the mine.

That’s our only chance. There are fewer guards in the mine than in the prison, and the terrain is more open, making it easier to make a move.

You’re in charge of contacting everyone and having them prepare. Once I give the signal, we’ll all move together.”

Zhao Tieshan frowned. “There are also restrictions in the mine, and a warden is stationed there. We can’t beat an eighth-grade True Immortal.”

“Leave the warden to me.”

Zhao Tieshan looked at him, his eyes full of doubt.

A young man at the second grade of True Immortal Realm saying he could deal with a warden at the eighth grade of True Immortal Realm—it sounded like a fantasy.

But the way Kai broke the seal just now was indeed something an ordinary person couldn't do. "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Zhao Tieshan gritted his teeth. "Fine. I trust you."

The next morning, the iron gate to the prison cell was opened.

A divine cultivator stood in the corridor, whip in hand, shouting loudly,

"Get up! Get up! Go to work!"

One by one, the prisoners walked out of their cells, forming a long line, heading out of the prison.

Their feet were shackled, the shackles engraved with sealing runes, preventing the flow of spiritual energy.

They hung their heads, staggering, like a group of walking corpses.

Kai, Jiang Xuelan, and Bing Wuhen mingled in the crowd, following the line out of the prison.

The mine was located to the north of the prison, a huge open-pit mine.

The bottom of the pit was piled with black ore, and the miners used pickaxes to strike the rocks, producing dull sounds.

Divine cultivators stood around the mine, longswords in hand, their eyes scanning the surroundings like hawks.

At the highest point of the mine, there was a stone platform, upon which sat a tall, imposing divine cultivator, the warden, a True Immortal of the eighth rank.

Kai was assigned to the deepest part of the mine, digging with a dozen or so other prisoners.

He took the pickaxe, bent down to strike the rock, his eyes scanning the distribution of guards around him.

The mine had fewer guards than the prison, but still over a hundred.

The warden sat high above, overlooking the entire mine; nothing unusual escaped his notice.

Kai wasn't in a hurry.

He was waiting for an opportunity.

At noon, the sun reached its highest point, its rays shining directly into the mine, creating waves of heat.

The guards began their shift change, and the warden closed his eyes, seemingly dozing.

Kai put down the pickaxe, straightened up, and walked towards the edge of the mine.

"What are you doing? Go back!" A divine cultivator approached him, his whip raised.

Kai didn't stop. He walked up to the divine cultivator, reached out, and placed his hand on his chest.

Chaotic fire surged from his palm, and the cultivator didn't even have time to scream before turning into ashes.

Kai turned around, looking at everyone in the mine. His voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached everyone's ears.

"Attack."

Zhao Tieshan was the first to move.

He smashed his pickaxe against the divine cultivator beside him, the pickaxe hitting the cultivator's head, blood splattering.

He took the key from the cultivator's corpse and unlocked the shackles on his feet.

The sealed spiritual power surged within his body, and the aura of a seventh-grade True Immortal erupted, making the air in the mine tremble.

"Brothers, kill!"

Five hundred and thirty-seven human cultivators sprang up simultaneously.

Some used pickaxes, some used stones, and some used their fists, rushing towards the divine cultivators beside them.

The divine cultivators were caught off guard and momentarily lost their composure.

But the warden reacted quickly.

He rose from the stone platform, golden holy light swirling around him, the pressure of an eighth-grade True Immortal pressing down like a mountain.

"Seeking death!" he roared, slamming his palm towards the mine.

The golden palm print blotted out the sky, crashing towards the crowd.

Kai blocked the palm print.

He drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic power flowing across its blade, and slashed down.

The purple sword light collided with the golden palm print, but there was no explosion, no loud noise. The palm print was like paper before the chaotic power, instantly torn apart, devoured, and dissipated.

The warden's pupils contracted. "Chaotic power? You're the one who killed Jin Lie!"

Kai didn't answer.

He took a step forward, his purple figure leaving a trail of afterimages in the void, instantly appearing before the warden. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword, imbued with purple chaotic fire, pierced towards the warden's chest.

The warden desperately channeled his holy light, condensing a golden shield of light before him.

The light shield had five layers, each containing the supreme laws of the gods.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword pierced the first layer and shattered.

The second layer, shattered. The third, fourth, and fifth layers—the Dragon-Slaying Sword, like a red-hot iron rod piercing through butter, silently pierced all five layers of the light shield.

The warden's face turned deathly pale.

He tried to retreat, but Kai's sword was too fast.

A purple sword light pierced his chest, and chaotic fire surged from the sword, igniting his body.

“No…”

His scream lasted only a breath before it vanished completely.

The warden was dead.

The gods in the mine, seeing their warden killed with a single sword strike, completely collapsed.

They threw down their weapons and turned to flee.

Golden holy light scattered and fled in the mine, like disturbed fireflies.

Zhao Tieshan led the human cultivators in pursuit, killing the fleeing gods one by one.

Jiang Xuelan’s icy blue divine light froze a group of divine cultivators into ice sculptures, while Bing Wuhen’s ice sword cleaved another group in two.

In less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, all the hundreds of divine cultivators in the mine were dead.

Kai stood beside the warden’s corpse, his blue robe stained with golden blood.

He looked at the cheering human cultivators, at his rescued comrades, a slight smile playing on his lips.

“Let’s go. Back to Freedom Valley.”

Five hundred and thirty-seven human cultivators formed a long line, following Kai towards Freedom Valley.

Their feet were still shackled, but the seals on the shackles had been melted by Kai’s chaotic fire.

Their spiritual power was slowly recovering, their bodies were slowly growing stronger, and the numbness in their eyes was slowly fading.

Some cried, some laughed, some knelt and kissed the earth, some roared to the sky.

Zhao Tieshan walked beside Kai, his steps steady. Tears still clung to his face, but his eyes shone brightly.

“Mr. Chen, when I was captured three hundred years ago, I thought I would never get out of here.”

His voice was a little hoarse. “I never thought I would come out alive.”

Kai looked at him. “It’s good that you’re alive. Go back and rest well. There are still battles to fight in the future.”

Zhao Tieshan nodded. “From now on, my life is yours.”

Kai shook his head. “Not mine. It belongs to the human race.”

Zhao Tieshan paused for a moment, then smiled. “Right. It belongs to the human race.”

Behind him, 537 human cultivators formed a long line in the setting sun, walking towards the direction of Freedom Valley.

Their shadows were stretched very long, like 537 rekindled lifelines.

The lights of Freedom Valley flickered in the distance, like a small starry sky.

Those lights housed thousands of people who had been hunted, driven, and oppressed by the gods. From today onwards, the number doubled.

Lin Yuan stood at the entrance of Freedom Valley, watching the gradually appearing line in the distance, tears welling up in his eyes.

“They’re back…they’re back…”

He rushed forward and hugged Zhao Tieshan tightly; the two old men embraced and wept bitterly.

Old Zhao, the tall, thin man, the middle-aged woman, Old Xu, and everyone else from Freedom Valley stood at the entrance, watching the rescued human cultivators, their eyes filled with tears.

Kai stood at the back of the crowd, watching everything unfold, a complex mix of emotions welling up within him.

He turned around, looking towards Black Rock Prison.

There, the black rocky mountain stood silently in the moonlight, like a colossal tomb.

But the tomb was now empty of life.

Jiang Xuelan walked to his side. “What are you thinking about?”

Kai shook his head. “Nothing. Let’s go back.”

The two walked side by side into Freedom Valley. Free Valley had never been so lively.

Tables and chairs, brought from various households, were scattered across the open space in the center of the valley. They varied in size and color, some even missing a leg and propped up with stones.

The tables were piled high with food and wine jars.

The food wasn’t fancy, mostly roasted animal meat, coarse grain cakes, and pickled vegetables, but to those who had eaten pig feed for centuries in Black Rock Prison, these things were more precious than delicacies.

The wine was brewed by Free Valley itself, using the spiritual grains and wild fruits grown in the valley, fermented using traditional methods. It was rough in taste but strong enough.

Zhao Tieshan sat at the main table, holding a bowl of wine, his hands trembling.

Not because of his injuries, but because of excitement.

For the first time in three hundred years, he was sitting in a brightly lit place drinking, with the starry sky above, his compatriots beside him, and the distant laughter of children playing.

He took a sip of wine, and tears streamed down his face.

“Old Zhao, why are you crying?” Old Zhao sat beside him, grinning, his scars crinkling into a ball. “On such a joyous day, one should laugh.”

Zhao Tieshan wiped away his tears and smiled. “Yes, one should laugh. I’m happy.”

Old Zhao poured himself a full bowl of wine, stood up, and raised the bowl towards Kai. “Mr. Chen, I, Old Zhao, was blind to your greatness and spoke rudely to you on the first day. This bowl of wine is a toast to you, an apology!”

He then tilted his head back and gulped it down.

Kai, sitting in the main seat, smiled, raised his bowl, and also drank it dry. “Old Zhao, you’re too kind. With your strength, you couldn’t even break through my protective inner energy. What’s there to apologize for?”

Old Zhao’s face flushed red, and everyone around burst into laughter.

The tall, thin man, fanning himself with a folding fan, laughed so hard he almost dropped the fan into his wine bowl.

The middle-aged woman slapped the table, laughing so hard she couldn't straighten up.

Old Xu stroked his beard, his eyes narrowed as he smiled, his wrinkles resembling blooming chrysanthemums.

The tall, thin man stood up, snapped his folding fan shut, and bowed to Kai. "Brother Chen, when I touched your neck with my finger, all your spiritual power vanished. It felt like punching cotton—no, even weaker than cotton, like hitting air.

In all my years of cultivation, this is the first time I've felt so frustrated." He poured himself a bowl of wine. "A toast to you, a toast to your chaotic power."

Kai drank another bowl.

The wine was strong, burning from his throat to his stomach, but it was exhilarating.

The middle-aged woman also stood up.

She didn't say much, simply raising her bowl to Kai before downing it in one gulp.

Kai also drank his, and she nodded and sat down.

Old Xu finally stood up, holding his wine bowl, and walked to Kai. He said earnestly, "Mr. Chen, I have cultivated fire-based techniques for three thousand years, and I considered myself to have reached the pinnacle.

But seeing your Chaos Flame, I realize I'm just a frog in a well. This bowl is for you, and for the Chaos Flame itself." He finished his drink in one gulp and bowed deeply to Kai.

Kai helped him up and also drank. "Old Xu's flame is very pure, but it lacks a little refinement. Perhaps we can spar sometime in the future."

Old Xu's eyes lit up, and he nodded repeatedly.

Lin Yuan sat beside Kai, remaining mostly silent.

He simply kept drinking, bowl after bowl, his expression gradually shifting from solemn to relaxed.

When the third jar of wine was empty, he finally spoke.

"Kai, in my life, I, Lin Yuan, have never truly respected anyone. My master is one, and you are another."

His voice was hoarse, and his eyes were red.

Not because of the wine, but because of his emotions.

The resistance had struggled in the Sixteenth Heaven for so many years, suffering so much death and hardship, yet they had never won such a brilliant battle.

Three men, deep into the lion's den, rescued 537 people, killed the warden, and destroyed a prison.

Such a feat was something he had never dared to dream of before.

"You have no idea what kind of life we've lived these past years,"

Lin Yuan said, his voice low as he drank another bowl of wine. "Hiding in Freedom Valley, afraid to go out, afraid to show our faces. When the Divine Clan's patrol passed through the valley entrance, we didn't even dare to breathe.

Every operation had to be rehearsed repeatedly, and then rehearsed again, for fear of making the slightest mistake. Yet even so, many of us still died."

He looked up at Kai, tears welling in his eyes. "Last time during the prison break, I took two hundred men out, but less than a hundred

returned. Their bodies are hanging on the wooden stakes outside Black Rock Prison, exposed to the wind and sun, and we don't even dare to collect them."

The table fell silent.

Old Zhao put down his wine bowl, the tall, thin man closed his folding fan, the middle-aged woman lowered her head, and Old Xu sighed.

Kai didn't speak.

He poured Lin Yuan a bowl of wine.

Lin Yuan took the bowl, took a sip, and continued, "But you're different. You came, and in three days, you took down Black Rock Prison. Five hundred and thirty-seven people, brought back without a single one missing."

He put down the bowl, looked at Kai, his eyes full of admiration, "Kai, I, Lin Yuan, admire you."

Kai smiled. "It wasn't just my achievement. Without the map you gave me, without Old Zhao's cooperation inside, without Jiang Xuelan and Bing Wuhen's help, I couldn't have done it alone."

Lin Yuan waved his hand. "You're being modest. I gave you the map, but you were the one who got in. You found Old Zhao, you broke the seal, you killed the warden. We all saw it."

Old Zhao chimed in from the side. "Exactly, exactly. Mr. Chen, don't be modest. This is the first time in all these years that Freedom Valley has felt so proud."

The tall, thin man, fanning himself with a folding fan, said with a smile, "Brother Chen, how exactly did you cultivate that Chaos Power? Teach us, please?"

Kai glanced at him. "Can't be cultivated, it's talent."

The tall, thin man's smile froze for a moment, then he sighed. "Talent? That's hopeless. I'll never be able to cultivate it in this lifetime."

Everyone laughed again.

After a few rounds of drinks, the atmosphere became increasingly lively.

Someone started singing, singing ancient human songs, the tunes and lyrics were very old, but everyone present knew them.

The songs echoed in the valley, deep and long, as if telling a story.

Some people started dancing, around the campfire, hand in hand, their steps unsteady but joyful.

Some people hugged each other and cried, then laughed, then cried again.

Zhao Tieshan, drunk, held Kai's hand, rambling on and on.

He talked about his time in the resistance army, about being imprisoned in Black Rock Prison, and how he endured his time there.

Kai listened, nodding occasionally, without interrupting him.

He knew it was better to say these things aloud than to keep them bottled up inside.

Lin Yuan was also quite drunk.

He patted Kai on the shoulder, his voice loud. "Kai, what do you think we should do next? Should we go to those two prisons?"

Kai took a sip of wine, his tongue a little thick. "Go. Why not? Saving one is the same as saving two. Let's go tomorrow."

Lin Yuan's eyes lit up. "Really?"

“Really.”

Kai put down his wine bowl. “We can take down Black Rock Prison, and the other prisons are no different. The warden is a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade; I’ve killed more than one. A few more, and we’ll kill them without hesitation.” Old Zhao egged them on from the side. “Mr. Chen is awesome! Tomorrow we’ll take down the other two prisons too!”

The tall, thin man, fanning himself with a folding fan, smiled until his eyes narrowed into slits. “The Divine Alliance won’t be able to sleep now.”

The middle-aged woman rarely smiled, raising her wine bowl and gesturing to Kai.

Old Xu stroked his beard, nodding repeatedly.

Lin Yuan stood up, raised his wine bowl, and shouted to everyone, “Brothers, Mr. Chen said he’ll take down the other two prisons tomorrow. Everyone go back and get some rest, conserve your energy, and let’s go again tomorrow!”

A cheer erupted in the valley.

“Long live Mr. Chen!” ” Long live the

human race!” “Defeat the Divine Race!” Kai smiled and waved his hand, signaling everyone to be quiet. “Get some rest. We have important business to attend to tomorrow.” The crowd gradually dispersed. The valley quieted down, leaving only the campfire crackling. Kai sat by the campfire, watching the flames dance, his smile slowly fading. Jiang Xuelan walked over to him and sat down. “Drunk?” Kai shook his head. “Not much. This little bit of wine won’t get me drunk.” “Then what you said earlier about going to raid the other two prisons tomorrow, were you serious or just talking drunk?” Kai turned to look at her. “Serious. The Black Rock Prison can’t be kept secret for long; the Divine Alliance will find out soon. Rather than waiting for them to strengthen their defenses, we should strike while the iron is hot and do it before they can react.”

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment. “Are you confident?” “Yes.” Kai’s voice was calm. “But we need to be quick. We’ll leave first thing tomorrow morning.” Jiang Xuelan nodded. “Okay. I’ll go prepare.” She stood up, took a few steps, then stopped without turning back. “Kai, you said you wanted to establish a Celestial Realm without classes, where all races are equal. Is that true?” Kai was stunned. He remembered saying something similar to Youying in Youyue Kingdom. At that time, he had just saved Xiaoyou, and seeing the child clinging to his leg and refusing to let go, he had this idea. But he had never seriously thought about how to achieve it; he just felt that it should be done. “It’s true,” he said. Jiang Xuelan didn’t say anything more and left. Kai sat by the campfire, staring at the flames, his mind a jumbled mess. The alcohol was kicking in, making him a little dizzy, but he didn’t want to sleep. He thought of Su Yuqi, of her standing beside Ning Zhi, of the way she glanced back at him. He thought of Yun Xi, of her injured state in the Heavenly Fire Pit, of her standing on the city wall saying, “You must come back.” He thought of Chu Tianxing, of him saying, “You are the hope of all of us.” Hope. That word was too heavy, so heavy that sometimes he felt he couldn’t bear it. But he couldn’t let go, because letting go meant that those who believed in him would be disappointed, would despair, would lose everything. … In the main hall of the Divine Alliance, the lights shone brightly. Wei Pengkun sat in the main seat, his face as gloomy as the sky before a storm. His fingers tapped lightly on the table, once, once, and again, the sound echoing in the empty hall like the tolling of a death knell. Before him knelt a Divine Clan cultivator, trembling, his forehead pressed to the ground, afraid to look up. “Black Rock Prison, it’s been raided?” Wei Pengkun’s voice was calm, but everyone could hear the anger beneath that calm. “Yes…yes, Alliance Leader.” The cultivator’s voice trembled. “The warden was killed, over a thousand guards were wiped out, and all five hundred and thirty-seven prisoners were rescued.” Wei Pengkun’s finger stopped. “Who did it?” “Kai. The one with the power of chaos. He infiltrated the prison with two others, attacking from the inside.” Wei Pengkun remained silent for a long time. The images of those five men flashed through his mind: the captain’s cold face and silver spear; the twin-swordsman’s sharp swordsmanship; the greatsword master’s ferocious strength; the whip-wielder’s insidious moves; the archer’s precise archery. Five people , five True Immortal Realm eighth-grade experts, all wiped out in the fifteenth heaven. His scout, Shadow, hadn’t returned either. Now, Black Rock Prison had also

been taken down. “Kai…” he murmured, his voice soft, but each word seemed to be squeezed out from between his teeth. He stood up, walked to the star map, and looked at the map of the Sixteen Heavens. Black Rock Prison, located at the border of the Eastern and Northern Regions, had already been destroyed. The other two prisons, one in the Southern Region and the other in the Western Region, were still under the control of the Divine Race. “Pass down the order,” his voice was cold, “Immediately strengthen the security of the prisons in the Southern and Western Regions. Activate all restrictions and double the patrols. No one is allowed to enter or leave without my order.” “Yes!” The cultivator stood up and turned to leave. “And another thing,” Wei Pengkun called after him, “Notify Shadow General to take men to garrison the Western Region prison. If Kai dares to come, make sure he doesn’t return.” The cultivator’s expression changed slightly, “Shadow General, you’re going personally?” “Kai is no ordinary person. He killed Jin Lie and the warden of Black Rock Prison. Ordinary cultivators cannot deal with him.” Wei Pengkun’s voice was calm, “Tell Shadow General to see him alive or dead.” “Yes!” The cultivator turned and left. The hall fell silent. Wei Pengkun stood before the star map, gazing at the location of the Western Regions prison, remaining silent for a long time. “Kai, do you think taking down Black Rock Prison will shake the foundations of the Divine Alliance?” His voice was soft, but a cold glint flashed in his eyes. “Naive. The Sixteenth Heaven is the territory of the Divine Race. You alone cannot overturn it.” He turned, walked back to the throne, and sat down. His fingers began to tap lightly on the armrest again, once, once, and again. The sound echoed in the hall, like some ancient timer calculating something. Outside the window, the two moons of the Sixteenth Heaven hung high in the sky, one silvery-white, the other dark red.Moonlight spilled onto the golden dome of the Divine Alliance’s main hall, reflecting a cold, icy light.

When Shadow Warrior received the order, he was resting with his eyes closed in his camp at the edge of the icy plains.

He opened his eyes, looked at the messenger, and a slight smile played on his lips.

“Kai? Interesting.” He stood up, picked up his spear, and said, “Let’s go, to the Western Regions.”

The Divine Clan cultivators behind him quickly assembled and followed him westward.

Shadow Warrior led the way, his black armor gleaming coldly in the moonlight.

He twirled his spear lightly in his hand, the tip tracing silvery arcs in the night.

“Kai, don’t disappoint me,” he murmured.

The next morning, just as dawn was breaking, Freedom Valley was still shrouded in a thin layer of morning mist.

The mountain air, carrying the fragrance of grass and trees, flowed slowly through the valley’s crevices. The embers of the bonfire from the previous night’s revelry had long since cooled, leaving only wisps of pale smoke drifting gently in the air.

The entire valley was not yet fully awake; only a few clear birdsongs, intermittently drifting from the depths of the dense forest, broke the morning’s tranquility.

Kai stood alone in the center of the courtyard, slowly stretching his limbs.

He had drunk quite a bit at the victory banquet the previous night, bowl after bowl of strong liquor going down his throat, the scalding liquid burning his chest. An ordinary cultivator would probably be passed out drunk and unconscious by now.

But for Kai, this amount of alcohol was nothing.

He only gently circulated the chaotic energy within his body for two cycles, and a gentle yet extremely domineering power coursed through his meridians throughout his body.

Wherever he passed, the lingering smell of alcohol was instantly swept away, his mind clearing instantly, leaving not a trace of drowsiness.

He stood there, eyes slightly closed, breathing long and even.

With each inhale and exhale, the sparse spiritual energy of heaven and earth was drawn to him, slowly swirling around his body.

After a moment, Kai slowly opened his eyes, a barely perceptible purple light flashing in them.

He stretched out his arms, pushing his hands forward slowly, and wisps of purple chaotic power quietly emerged in his palms.

This power was not as sharp and aggressive as ordinary spiritual energy, nor as scorching and violent as divine fire, nor as biting and piercing as ice.

It was quiet and gentle, yet it carried a profound sense of encompassing all things and suppressing everything, like a slumbering galaxy, or a quietly flowing underground river, seemingly gentle, but actually containing the potential to destroy the world.

A purple aura slowly flowed through his palm, within which a hazy, mysterious scene, reminiscent of the beginning of time, could be vaguely seen.

Kai focused his mind, feeling the surging power within his body.

In the battle of Black Rock Prison, he had slain the eighth-rank True Immortal Prison Guardian, broken the seal, and rescued hundreds of his comrades. His own cultivation had also become increasingly stable in actual combat, and his control over the power of chaos had become more and more adept.

However, he knew in his heart that this was far from enough.

The Divine Alliance had a profound foundation and countless powerful figures; his current achievements were far from enough to shake their foundation.

Just then, a series of light footsteps came from outside the courtyard gate.

Lin Yuan walked in from outside.

His eyes were bloodshot, and his face showed a trace of fatigue, clearly indicating that he had not slept all night. A lingering worry lingered between his brows.

In his hands, he carried a large, rough earthenware bowl filled with steaming spirit grain soup. The soup was light in color, with a few tender wild vegetables floating on top, its aroma simple yet warm.

Lin Yuan walked up to Kai and gently handed him the soup bowl without saying a word.

Kai took the bowl, feeling its warmth on his fingertips.

He lowered his head and took a sip; the soup flowed smoothly down his throat, carrying the unique sweetness of the spiritual valley and the faint fragrance of wild vegetables.

The taste wasn't particularly delicious, but it was exceptionally warming, a warmth slowly sinking down his throat into his dantian, dispelling the lingering chill of the morning.

"Is something wrong?"

Kai put down the bowl and spoke softly.

He could tell that Lin Yuan's expression was off today, far from a simple morning greeting.

Lin Yuan nodded, but didn't immediately look up. He silently walked to the steps and squatted down.

He hugged his knees, curling himself into a ball, looking somewhat like a child who had done something wrong and didn't know how to speak, a stark contrast to the composed and decisive leader of the resistance army.

Silence spread through the courtyard.

A morning breeze blew, causing a few fallen leaves to swirl gently.

After a long while, Lin Yuan slowly spoke, his voice slightly hoarse and filled with barely concealed struggle: "Last night you said that we should continue the prison break today and take down the remaining two god-race prisons as well… After I got back, I thought about it all night."

Kai hummed in agreement and waited quietly for him to continue.

"Then I felt something was wrong."

Lin Yuan finally raised his head, revealing a pair of bloodshot eyes with faint dark circles under them, clearly showing he hadn't slept all night and was exhausted.

"The Divine Alliance is well-informed. Such a major event as the breach of Black Rock Prison, the killing of the warden, and the rescue of hundreds of prisoners couldn't possibly be kept secret.

By now, the news has probably already reached the Divine Palace. The other two prisons must be on full alert, with all restrictions lifted, guards doubled, and possibly even powerful figures personally overseeing them."

He paused, his tone heavy: "If we go now, it's not bravery, it's like walking into the line of fire, it's just throwing our lives away."

Kai put down his empty bowl on the stone steps beside him, turned to look at him, his expression calm: “You didn’t say that last night.”

Last night by the campfire, Lin Yuan raised his glass and shouted, full of vigor, declaring that he would follow Kai to sweep through the Divine Prisons and right the injustice. The atmosphere was extremely heated, and everyone was blinded by that passion.

Lin Yuan gave a bitter smile, a smile tinged with helplessness and self-mockery.

“I’m genuinely happy, and genuinely excited. For three hundred years, our resistance has never felt so triumphant. A few drinks, a surge of passion, a few grand pronouncements—that’s normal.”

He sighed softly, his voice low. “But I’m the leader of the resistance, not some hotheaded youth seeking only pleasure. Happiness is one thing, but I can’t lose my head, and I can’t forget my responsibilities.”

“The lives of these hundreds of people in Freedom Valley are in my hands. We’ve already lost too many brothers in the last prison break; we can’t afford to take unnecessary risks again.

Another assault, if it fails, will bring utter destruction to Freedom Valley. I can’t afford to gamble, and I can’t afford to lose.”

Kai listened without rebuttal, simply sitting down on the steps beside Lin Yuan, side by side.

The stone steps were cool, carrying the scent of morning dew.

He gazed into the depths of the valley, where distant mountains rose and fell, lush forests, a scene of tranquility and peace.

But he knew this tranquility was incredibly fragile, easily shattered by the iron hooves of the gods.

“Then, in your opinion, what should we do?” Kai asked softly.

Lin Yuan fell silent again.

His lips were slightly pursed, his brows furrowed, and his knuckles turned slightly white from the pressure, clearly indicating an intense internal struggle.

He had pondered this question all night; every path was fraught with thorns, every choice carried immense risk.

After a long while, he finally spoke, his voice low and firm: “We need help.”

“The people we have are not enough. The Free Valley has only a few hundred people who can truly fight on the front lines, the majority of whom are old, weak, women, and children, with very few experts.”

The Blackrock Prison succeeded last time thanks to two factors: a surprise attack and your presence. But facing the fully prepared Protoss forces, our small force is simply no match. Kai raised an eyebrow slightly: “Where can we find help?”

In this Sixteenth Heaven, the human race is weak and helpless, like stray dogs, hunted down by the gods.

Other races either submit to the gods or remain isolated for self-preservation. Who would be willing to risk offending the god alliance and lend a helping hand?

Lin Yuan slowly raised his head, his gaze fixed on the distant, undulating, and vast mountain range.

Those mountains soared into the clouds, ancient trees reached for the sky, shrouded in mist, concealing countless unknown secrets and dangers.

His eyes were complex, filled with a hint of awe and uncertainty, as if he were telling a long-buried secret.

“Within the Sixteen Heavens, there lies another race.”

“A race that has not been completely suppressed or exterminated by the gods.”

“They live in seclusion deep within the mountains and forests, without any contact with the outside world. The gods search far and wide, yet find it difficult to locate their true lair.

Even if they occasionally sense something amiss, they are unwilling to get too involved, much less to wage a large-scale war to annihilate them.”

Kai’s heart stirred: “Why?”

“Because this race is peaceful and content with its lot,”

Lin Yuan explained. “They never initiate conflict, do not expand their territory, do not plunder resources, and do not covet power. They pose no threat to the rule of the gods.

The gods weigh the pros and cons and decide that rather than expending a large amount of military force to attack a territory with no profit, it is better to let them be. As long as they do not cause trouble, they turn a blind eye.”

A glint flashed in Kai’s eyes: “What race?”

“The Spirit Race.”

Lin Yuan lowered his voice, his tone solemn, as if revealing a secret that could shake the entire Sixteen Heavens.

“Some also call them the Spirit Plant Clan.”

“They are not beings of flesh and blood, nor are they transformed from beasts through cultivation. Rather, they are spirits directly nurtured by the spiritual energy of heaven and earth.

Thousand-year-old trees absorb the essence of the sun and moon, ten-thousand-year-old Ganoderma lucidum absorbs the energy of mountains and rivers, and rare flowers and herbs endure the baptism of heaven and earth. Over time, they awaken their intelligence, condense their physical bodies, and transform into humans, forming their own race."

"They do not belong to the human race, nor to the divine race, nor to the demon race, nor even to the beast race. They are life born from the very nature of heaven and earth, the spirits of the mountains and forests, the souls of plants and trees."

Kai paused slightly upon hearing this.

He was extremely familiar with the beast race; they were birds and beasts who cultivated and attained enlightenment, transforming into human form, many of whom possessed astonishing talent.

The fox princess he had once played with, named Bai Qian, was a fox in her true form, possessing unparalleled beauty and captivating charm, who had once unsettled his heart and haunted his dreams.

A complete race that could be formed from plants, flowers, ancient trees, and spiritual herbs, possessing its own territory, rules, and traditions—this was something he had never heard of or seen before.

A sense of curiosity arose in his heart.

"Are they very strong?" Kai asked directly.

In this dog-eat-dog world, strength is the foundation of all cooperation.

Lin Yuan nodded without hesitation: "Very strong."

"But not in the way you imagine—the kind of strength that comes from charging into battle and acting decisively. The Spirit Race isn't good at head-on combat, nor do they cultivate berserk offensive techniques. Their strengths lie in perception, healing, and formations."

“An ancient divine tree that has lived for over ten thousand years can manifest, its roots spreading across an entire mountain range. Within a thousand miles, no rustling of wind, fluctuation of spiritual energy, or movement of a person can escape its perception. Against them, there is virtually no possibility of sneak attacks or ambushes.”

“A spirit cultivator manifested from a ten-thousand-year-old Ganoderma lucidum can revive the dead and heal bones with a single drop of its primordial sap. Ordinary fatal injuries can be healed in the blink of an eye. Even a cultivator severely injured and on the verge of death can be forcibly brought back to life as long as they have a breath left.”

“Moreover, their vitality is almost immortal. As long as their innate spiritual root is not completely destroyed, even if their physical body shatters and their soul is scattered, they can reassemble themselves using the essence of plants and trees, slowly recovering. Ordinary attacks are nothing more than superficial wounds to them.”

Kai nodded slightly, gaining a general understanding of the Spirit Race.

Such a race might not be top-tier in direct combat, but as allies, their role is irreplaceable.

Perception and early warning, array restraint, healing and sustainment—they can perfectly compensate for the resistance army’s shortcomings.

“Since they are so powerful, why didn’t the God Race completely suppress them and eradicate them completely?” Kai wondered.

Given the domineering and greedy nature of the God Race Alliance, it would be impossible for them to tolerate the peaceful existence of such a dissident force.

Lin Yuan held up two fingers and slowly explained the reasons: “There are two reasons.”

“First, they are too well hidden. The Spirit Clan’s lair is called the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm, hidden within a primeval forest shrouded in

ancient restrictions. The restrictions are profound, forming a world of its own; outsiders simply cannot find the entrance. Even if they manage to enter, they will be trapped by endless mazes, forever unable to escape.

Moreover, the ancient forest is the Spirit Clan's absolute home ground. In the forest, they thrive like fish in water. Even powerful members of the Divine Clan would gain no advantage and would likely suffer heavy losses."

"Second, there is no profit to be made. The Spirit Clan is naturally indifferent to worldly gains. They do not mine resources, forge divine weapons, create elixirs, or hoard wealth.

They rely on the spiritual energy of heaven and earth for natural cultivation, living off the land and water. Apart from plants and living creatures, they possess almost nothing.

The Divine Clan would go to great lengths and incur enormous costs to conquer it, only to gain no resources and attract a host of trouble—a net loss."

"Therefore, in the rules of the Divine Race Alliance, the Spirit Race is the only non-divine race not on the list of those to be attacked.

It's not that they don't want to destroy them, but destroying them would be troublesome and offer no benefit, so they simply let them run wild."

Kai understood.

He was silent for a moment, then looked at Lin Yuan: "In that case, are they willing to help us?" As

soon as he asked this question, Lin Yuan's face instantly turned extremely ugly, as if a layer of gloom had been cast over it. His brows, which had just relaxed slightly, furrowed tightly again, and his tone became even heavier.

"This is the most difficult part."

“The Spirit Race… is extremely unfriendly to the human race.”

Kai frowned slightly: “Why?”

The Spirit Race lives in seclusion in the mountains and forests, and has no direct conflict with the human race, so how could they have any enmity?

Lin Yuan sighed deeply, his voice filled with guilt and helplessness: “When you traveled in the lower realm and the Celestial Realm, you must have seen the forests that had been extensively cut down, and the spiritual mountains and veins that had been hollowed out, right?”

Kai nodded.

The path of cultivation is inherently about plundering the resources of heaven and earth.

Spiritual herbs, spiritual woods, and spiritual plants are all top-grade materials for alchemy, weapon crafting, and array formation. It is commonplace for human cultivators to search far and wide for rare and precious materials in order to improve their cultivation.

“Those ancient trees that have been felled, those ten-thousand-year-old Ganoderma lucidum that have been dug up, and those rare flowers and herbs that have been picked, are cultivation resources to us.

But in the eyes of the Spirit Race, they are their unborn kin, their children, their compatriots.”

“Countless spiritual plants, before they could even awaken their intelligence, were ruthlessly felled, harvested, smelted, and refined by the human race, turning them into pills, magical artifacts, and stepping stones to enhance their cultivation.

For billions of years, this blood feud has been deeply etched into the very bones and blood of the spirit race.”

“They do not hate the suppression of the gods, nor do they hate the invasion of the beast race; they only hate the greed and plunder of the human race.” Kai fell silent upon hearing this.

He recalled his own cultivation in the Celestial Realm, when, in order to break through his cultivation level, he had ventured into the deep mountains to gather spiritual herbs and cut down spiritual trees for alchemy and array formations.

At that time, he considered them ordinary resources, using them as needed without giving them much thought.

Now, putting himself in their shoes, he understood the immense suffering that must have caused the Spirit Race.

“Therefore, the Spirit Race hates the Human Race,” Kai slowly began.

“It’s more than just hatred,”

Lin Yuan said with a bitter smile, “it’s a hatred etched into our bones, an ancient grudge spanning millennia. In recent years, our resistance army has been hunted down by the Divine Race, fleeing everywhere, repeatedly driven to the brink of despair. When we passed through the Spirit Race’s territory, they never offered assistance, nor did they ever take advantage of our misfortunes.

They simply closed their doors, isolating themselves from the outside world, turning a blind eye to all human conflicts.”

“To them, the Human Race is no different from an enemy.”

Kai stopped speaking, simply gazing silently at the distant mountains.

The morning mist gradually dissipated, and sunlight pierced through the clouds, illuminating the mountains and gilding the endless forest with a golden edge.

The wind rustled through the treetops, creating a soft whisper, as if countless plants were murmuring.

He knew in his heart that uniting a group of beings who hated his race was incredibly difficult, almost impossible.

But now, Free Valley had no way out.

The Divine Alliance, enraged, would undoubtedly launch a furious retaliation, and Free Valley, with its limited strength, was utterly powerless to resist.

Once surrounded by the Divine Army, only annihilation awaited them.

There was no other choice.

Kai remained silent for a long time before finally speaking, his voice calm yet firm: “Where is the Ancient Realm of Ten Thousand Spirits?”

Lin Yuan was startled, looking at him in disbelief: “You…you’re going?”

“How will I know if they’re willing to help if I don’t try?”

Kai said calmly. “You always have to try to have hope. Sitting and waiting for death will only lead to certain demise.”

Lin Yuan’s expression changed drastically, and he hurriedly tried to dissuade him: “Are you crazy? The Spirit Race hates the Human Race to the bone. Going there alone is no different from walking into a trap. The

Ancient Realm of Ten Thousand Spirits is filled with restrictions, mazes, and killing formations, as well as countless natural traps set by the Spirit Race. It’s extremely dangerous.

Before you even see the Spirit Race’s high-ranking members, you’ll probably be trapped in the forest, or even killed outright.”

In his view, this was tantamount to suicide.

Kai slowly stood up, a flash of purple chaotic power appearing on his body, his aura as steady as a mountain.

“My chaotic power can break all laws. All restrictions and formations in the world are useless before me.”

“As for their hatred, that’s their old grudge against the entire human race, not just me.

I’m not going here to seek revenge, not to provoke, but to discuss cooperation and seek coexistence. If we can reach an agreement, that would be best; if not, I’ll simply turn around and leave. They can’t stop me.”

Lin Yuan looked into Kai’s unusually calm eyes and was shocked.

In those eyes, there was no arrogance, no anxiety, only unfathomable composure and absolute confidence.

He recalled the scene last night when Kai casually blocked his full-force attack, his invincible demeanor as he stormed into Black Rock Prison as if it were empty, and his terrifying strength in suppressing True Immortal Realm experts with a mere wave of his hand.

Perhaps…

perhaps this person can truly do what ordinary people cannot.

Perhaps he can truly resolve the ancient enmity between the human and spirit races, and bring a glimmer of hope to Freedom Valley and all of humanity.

Lin Yuan opened his mouth, but the words of dissuasion that were on the tip of his tongue were ultimately swallowed back.

He took out a neatly folded animal hide map from his robes. The map was old and yellowed, marked with mountains, rivers, canyons, and

dangerous places; it was clearly a precious artifact that had been perfected over many years.

Lin Yuan gently spread the map on the ground and pointed to a specially circled area in the deepest part of the north.

“The Ancient Realm of Ten Thousand Spirits is located in the deepest part of the Northern Region.”

“Starting from here, head north, passing through a perpetually misty forest, and you will find the outer edge of the Ancient Realm.

The entrance is sealed by an ancient restriction, and only members of the Spirit Clan can open it. Outsiders who wish to enter must be personally guided by someone from within the Spirit Clan; otherwise, they will be unable to move an inch.”

“How can we find someone to guide us?” Kai asked.

“There are Spirit Clan patrol teams that patrol the Misty Forest year-round,”

Lin Yuan said thoughtfully. “If you encounter one, identify yourself and state your purpose; you might be taken to see the clan leader. Of course, you might also be expelled directly, or even captured and imprisoned on the spot. It’s all uncertain.”

Kai bent down, picked up the map from the ground, and carefully put it into his pocket.

“I’ll give it a try.”

He turned to leave.

“Kai!”

Lin Yuan suddenly stood up and called out to him.

Kai paused and turned back.

Lin Yuan's expression was solemn as he carefully instructed, word by word: "The Spirit Clan Chief's name is Qingmu."

"His true form is the transformation of an ancient pine tree that has lived for 100,000 years. His cultivation is unfathomable; it is said he has already reached the ninth rank of True Immortal, only one step away from the Golden Immortal realm."

"He is eccentric and withdrawn, taciturn, and extremely dislikes outsiders, especially humans. Be extremely careful on your journey. Do not act impulsively or recklessly; always prioritize harmony."

Kai nodded slightly: "I understand."

He said no more and stepped out of the courtyard.

Outside the courtyard gate, Jiang Xuelan was already standing quietly.

She was dressed in plain clothes, her posture upright, her face cold and aloof, like a snow-covered plum blossom, untouched by worldly dust.

Clearly, she had heard every word of the conversation in the courtyard.

She didn't speak, but simply looked at Kai, her gaze calm yet carrying an unspoken determination.

"Are you coming too?" Kai asked.

Jiang Xuelan nodded gently, her voice calm yet carrying an undeniable resolve: "Wherever you go, I'll go."

No matter if the road ahead was a bottomless abyss or a perilous wasteland, she would follow closely behind, never abandoning him.

Kai looked at her, a faint smile playing on his lips.

With someone like her by his side, even the most dangerous places held no fear.

“Alright, let’s go then.”

As soon as the words fell, the two moved simultaneously, transforming into two streaks of light, soaring into the sky and hurtling towards the northern horizon.

Their speed was so fast that it was almost instantaneous.

In the morning light, Freedom Valley grew smaller and smaller, gradually becoming indistinct, until it shrank to a single point and disappeared into the distance, like a dream slowly closing.

At the valley entrance, Lin Yuan stood alone.

He gazed in the direction Kai and Jiang Xuelan had disappeared, motionless for a long time.

The mountain wind whipped his robes, making a rustling sound.

His mind was in turmoil; he both hoped Kai could successfully persuade the Spirit Clan to bring powerful reinforcements to the resistance, and feared that Kai would anger the Spirit Clan, bringing disaster upon himself and completely worsening the already precarious situation.

But he had no other choice.

A mere few hundred people in Freedom Valley were as fragile as candles in the wind before the overwhelming wrath of the Divine Alliance.

To survive, to continue the resistance, to fight for a way out for humanity, they had to find outside help, they had to gamble.

Even if the hope was slim, even if the road ahead was fraught with danger.

Lin Yuan took a deep breath, his gaze hardening once more.

He turned and walked back into the valley.

No matter the outcome, he would protect this place, protect these homeless compatriots, and wait for Kai's return.

Chapter 6381 - 6390

Kai and Jiang Xuelan flew north for three days and three nights.

The Eastern Region was known for its fertile plains and sprawling cities. Even with mountains as barriers, the terrain consisted mostly of open, gentle hills, bustling with cultivators and vibrant with the lively atmosphere of the marketplace.

The Northern Region, however, was entirely different.

From the moment they entered the Northern Region, the spiritual energy between heaven and earth grew increasingly intense. The wind carried the astringent scent of grass and trees, along with a faint, ancient aura, and even the sunlight seemed thinner.

The further north they went, the denser the trees became, and the more precipitous the mountains grew.

Initially, they could see traces of independent cultivators in the mountain valleys.

These cultivators were mostly dressed in coarse cloth, carrying medicine baskets or weapons, and moved cautiously through the forest, presumably seeking the unique spiritual herbs or rare treasures of the Northern Region.

Occasionally, they could also see a few small towns nestled in the valleys.

The town was small, mostly wooden houses with wisps of smoke rising from their chimneys.

The townspeople, mostly dependent on the mountains for their livelihood, possessed a rugged yet simple charm characteristic of people from the northern regions. When

they saw Kai and Jiang Xuelan, two cultivators with distinguished attire and composed demeanor, they merely observed from afar, not daring to approach and speak.

But by noon the next day,

all signs of life had vanished. The hills beneath their feet were gradually replaced by an endless primeval forest, a vast expanse of ancient trees that blocked out the sky.

Not a trace of human activity could be seen; even the occasional lone cultivators seen before had completely disappeared.

These ancient trees were often dozens of meters tall, their trunks so thick that it took more than a dozen people to encircle them. Their bark was cracked and covered with the marks of time, as if they had been rooted here since ancient times, witnessing countless changes over the ages.

The canopies layered upon each other, intertwining to completely obscure the sky.

Sunlight strained through the gaps in the branches and leaves, casting dappled shadows on the ground, swaying in the wind like countless dancing sprites.

The forest floor was covered with a thick layer of fallen leaves, soft and rustling underfoot.

But apart from that, there was no other sound.

The forest was eerily quiet, so eerily quiet

it was unsettling. There were no birdsongs, no chirping insects, not even the rustling of the wind through the leaves.

It was as if the forest had been muted, leaving only the faint sound of their clothes fluttering as they flew through the air.

Kai's divine sense had been quietly spreading, covering an area of several miles around.

He could clearly sense countless faint auras hidden within the forest.

These auras were ancient, quiet, without any malice, yet carrying a hint of wariness.

They were hidden deep within the tree roots, in the thick trunks, and in the intertwined vines.

Like a group of sleeping elders, or like pairs of eyes silently watching them, taking in their every move.

Beside her, Jiang Xuelan's brows had been tightly furrowed ever since they entered this primeval forest, never relaxing.

The icy blue divine light surrounding her was much dimmer than usual, and her expression carried a hint of discomfort.

As the inheritor of the Ice God, her ice-attribute spiritual power was always domineering and fierce.

But in this forest, her ice god power was noticeably suppressed.

Not by some evil force deliberately suppressing it, but because the wood-attribute spiritual energy in this forest was too dense, almost viscous.

Her ice-attribute spiritual power clashed with this wood-attribute spiritual energy, like fire meeting ice, repelling each other.

This made it more difficult for her to circulate her spiritual power.

“This forest has lived for a very long time, longer than we imagined,”

Jiang Xuelan stopped, hovering in mid-air, her gaze slowly sweeping over the ancient trees below, and said softly.

Her voice carried a subtle, almost imperceptible, solemn tone.

She could sense that every inch of this forest, every blade of grass and tree, contained a powerful life force.

This life force was ancient and tenacious, far surpassing anything she had ever seen before.

Kai nodded, his expression equally serious.

“It’s not just that they’ve lived for a long time.”

“Every tree, every vine, every patch of moss here has its own consciousness.”

“They haven’t taken form, they haven’t spoken, yet they are truly alive.”

“They are sensing the presence of outsiders, wary of our every move, as if waiting for something,” Kai said.

His chaotic power was extremely sensitive to all forces in the world.

Those faint consciousnesses hidden in the grass and trees, in his perception, were like twinkling stars.

Though faint, they were incredibly clear.

The two didn’t linger and continued flying north.

Along the way, that eerie silence always enveloped them.

The presence hidden in the grass and trees never dissipated, always following behind them.

Not too close, not too far, as if monitoring, or perhaps probing.

Jiang Xuelan gradually adapted to the spiritual energy environment, and her icy blue divine light stabilized again.

However, she still deliberately concealed her aura to avoid a strong conflict with the wood-attribute spiritual energy of the forest.

Kai, on the other hand, remained vigilant, his divine sense not daring to relax for a moment.

He knew that this forest, seemingly peaceful, actually concealed hidden dangers.

A slight misstep could lead to utter destruction.

On the evening of the third day, the last rays of the setting sun shone through the gaps in the tree canopy, casting a final golden-red glow that bathed the entire forest in a soft, warm hue.

Just then, a thick fog suddenly appeared ahead.

Like an invisible barrier, it blocked their path.

This fog was no ordinary water vapor, but rather formed from the purest wood-attribute spiritual energy in the world.

It was as thick as melted paste, allowing visibility to only a few meters ahead.

Beyond that, everything was completely shrouded in fog, obscured.

Countless tiny threads of wood-attribute spiritual energy were also mixed within the fog.

The threads were thin yet strong, invisible to the naked eye.

They intertwined into a vast and complex net, enveloping the entire area and emanating a faint pressure.

Kai's divine sense probed into the thick fog, and was instantly entangled by those spiritual threads, his divine sense becoming sluggish.

He knew perfectly well that anyone stepping into this dense fog would trigger the alarm formed by the threads of spiritual energy.

Not only would they lose their way and be trapped in an endless labyrinth, but they would also be corroded by the wood-attribute spiritual energy within the fog.

Weaker cultivators might even be trapped and die within the fog, becoming nourishment for the forest.

"We've arrived at the Misty Forest."

Kai stopped, his gaze fixed intently on the dense fog before him, his tone carrying a hint of certainty.

This was the outer barrier of the Spirit Clan, and the only way to enter their territory.

Ordinary cultivators couldn't even take a single step inside. Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her icy blue divine light surging slightly, forming a thin protective shield that kept the surrounding fog at bay.

Looking at the thick fog before her, her brows furrowed even more.

"How do we get through? This fog is too thick; my divine sense can't penetrate it at all, and those spiritual energy threads are very strange," Jiang Xuelan asked.

Kai closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

The chaotic power within his body slowly surged, spreading out along his meridians, transforming into an invisible purple stream of light that stretched towards the thick fog ahead.

Chaotic power is the primordial force from the beginning of heaven and earth, encompassing all things and suppressing all types of spiritual energy.

Those threads woven from wood-attribute spiritual energy, once they encountered chaotic power, were like ice and snow meeting the scorching sun.

They melted away silently, leaving not a trace.

After a moment, Kai's divine sense, aided by the chaotic power, finally penetrated the thick fog and perceived the scene deep within it.

He could clearly sense countless intricate paths deep within the dense fog.

Some led to traps strewn with spikes, some to bottomless abysses, and others to swamps teeming with poison.

Only one narrow path wound its way forward, leading into the depths of the Misty Forest.

It was the only correct path through the Misty Forest.

He slowly opened his eyes, a flash of purple light appearing within them, and said to Jiang Xuelan,

"Follow me, don't stray from my path."

"No matter what you see, don't touch the surrounding fog light," Kai instructed.

Jiang Xuelan nodded, following closely behind Kai.

The icy blue light shield around her was reinforced again, constantly alert to any movement around them.

The moment Kai and Jiang Xuelan stepped into the Misty Forest, the world seemed to change color instantly.

The previously bright sky darkened in an instant.

The thick fog didn't slowly gather around them, but surged in from all directions like a tidal wave,

instantly engulfing the two of them completely.

The fog was so thick it almost had a texture, clinging to the skin with a cool, sticky feel.

It was like countless invisible hands gently caressing and probing, or issuing a silent warning,

cautioning them not to proceed rashly.

Kai's chaotic energy automatically activated, instantly unfurling a purple light shield that enveloped both him and Jiang Xuelan.

The thick fog, upon contact with the purple shield, sizzled as if burned by flames,

rapidly dissolving into wisps of faint spiritual energy, absorbed by the chaotic energy.

Jiang Xuelan wasn't idle either; icy blue divine light swirled rapidly across her body,

freezing the fog that tried to bypass the purple shield and approach them into tiny ice crystals.

The ice crystals fell to the ground with a crisp "clinking" sound,

but before they could even land, they were completely swallowed by the new dense fog and vanished.

“The consciousness of this forest is stronger than we imagined,”

Jiang Xuelan said softly, her tone tinged with seriousness.

“It’s watching us, judging our good and evil, testing our strength,” Kai said.

She could clearly feel that the wood-attribute consciousnesses hidden in the thick fog had become more active than before.

It was as if they were observing them closely, assessing whether they were qualified to step into the Spirit Clan’s territory.

“Stay close to me, don’t get distracted.”

Kai’s voice was calm, but his tone carried an undeniable solemnity.

His divine sense remained highly focused.

The chaotic power transformed into an invisible serpent, carving out a narrow passage in the thick fog.

The fog on both sides of the passage surged incessantly, as if it were alive, constantly closing in on the passage,

trying to trap them inside .

But the restraining effect of the chaotic power was too domineering.

The threads woven from wood-attribute spiritual energy would instantly melt upon contact with the purple chaotic light, unable to get even a fraction closer to them.

The two proceeded cautiously along the passage Kai had carved out.

Along the way, the fog grew thicker and thicker, visibility decreased, and the wood-attribute spiritual energy in the air became increasingly viscous.

A faint, fresh scent of grass and trees could be detected, mingled with a barely perceptible stench of decay.

These were signs of the spiritual veins beginning to decay, though obscured by the thick fog.

Kai's chaotic power probed ahead, avoiding trap after trap hidden within the fog.

Some traps were sharp tree roots suddenly emerging from the ground.

These roots were as hard as iron, shimmering with an eerie green light.

Once touched, they would instantly coil around the person, binding them tightly.

Other traps were poisonous mushrooms disguised as stones.

These mushrooms appeared ordinary, yet emitted a colorless and odorless toxin; inhaling even a trace of the toxic gas would paralyze the entire body, causing the loss of all cultivation.

Still other traps were poisonous spores invisible to the naked eye in the air.

These spores floated in the fog, and once they came into contact with a cultivator's skin, they would quickly penetrate the body, corroding the meridians, making them impossible to defend against.

Fortunately, Kai's chaotic power countered all other forces.

Before those traps could even get close, they were completely swallowed up by the purple chaotic light.

Transformed into wisps of spiritual energy, it was absorbed by Kai.

Far from harming them, it nourished the chaotic power within Kai's body.

Jiang Xuelan followed behind Kai, her eyes warily observing everything around her.

Occasionally, she would intervene, using the power of the Ice God to freeze any stragglers, ensuring their safety.

In this way, the two traveled through the thick fog for about the time it takes for an incense stick

to burn. Just when they thought they would continue smoothly, a subtle movement suddenly came from ahead.

It sounded like something was moving rapidly, accompanied by the rustling sound of branches and leaves rubbing together.

Several faint yet concentrated auras were rapidly approaching them.

Kai instantly stopped, his divine sense expanding rapidly, instantly locking onto the auras.

There were five auras, all with cultivation levels between the fourth and fifth ranks of the True Immortal Realm.

Their auras were refined and steady, carrying a rich wood-attribute spiritual energy that blended perfectly with the forest's atmosphere.

Without careful perception, their presence was virtually undetectable.

Moreover, their auras carried a clear wariness and hostility, clearly targeting them.

"Someone's coming. It's the Spirit Clan,"

Kai whispered to Jiang Xuelan, his tone tinged with caution.

“Their cultivation isn’t high, but their auras are very well concealed.”

“They’re probably a Spirit Clan patrol, responsible for guarding this misty forest and preventing outsiders from intruding,” Kai said.

Jiang Xuelan nodded, her icy blue divine light instantly sharpening as she prepared for battle.

“Should we subdue them?” “No need,” Kai shook his head.

“We’re here to see the Spirit Clan Chief and discuss cooperation. It’s not wise to act rashly, lest we escalate the conflict.”

“Let’s observe their intentions first. If they insist on obstructing us, then we can act.” After speaking, Kai carefully surveyed his surroundings. No sooner had he

finished speaking than five green figures darted out of the thick fog, instantly blocking their path.

They were five Spirit Clan cultivators, all young. Tall and slender

, with pale bluish-green skin and subtle wood-like patterns swirling in their pupils. They

wore robes woven from leaves and vines, adorned with simple runes that emitted a faint wood-attribute spiritual energy.

Each held a wooden staff, the tip of which was inlaid with a small green crystal, emitting a soft glow—clearly their magical artifact.

Leading them was a young Spirit Clan man, handsome with sharp eyes, his cultivation at the fifth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

He stared coldly at Kai and Jiang Xuelan, his tone filled with undisguised hostility.

“Humans? How did you trespass into the Misty Forest?”

“This is the territory of the Spirit Clan; outsiders are not allowed to enter.”

“Retreat immediately, or don’t blame us for being impolite!”

His voice wasn’t loud, but it carried an undeniable authority.

Clearly, he held a high position within the Spirit Clan patrol.

The other four Spirit Clan cultivators also raised their wooden staffs.

The green crystals at the tips of their staffs shone brightly, gathering faint streams of wood-attribute spiritual energy.

They aimed at Kai and Jiang Xuelan, their expressions wary, ready to attack at any moment.

Kai took a step forward, the purple light shield around him slightly receding.

A gentle expression appeared on his face as he clasped his hands in a fist salute to the leading Spirit Clan man.

“Fellow Spirit Clan cultivator, I am Kai, and this is Fellow Daoist Jiang Xuelan beside me.”

“We have not come here with the intention of offending the Spirit Clan’s territory.”

“But we have important matters to discuss with the Spirit Clan Chief. We would be grateful if you could grant us this favor and inform him.” Kai said politely.

“Seeking an audience with the clan leader?” The leading spirit race man sneered, his hostility intensifying.

“Humans dare to seek an audience with our clan leader?”

“You humans are greedy and cunning, cutting down our trees, harvesting our medicinal herbs, and destroying our homes.”

“Your hands are stained with the blood of our spirit race, and now you still have the nerve to seek an audience with the clan leader?”

“I think you’ve come to probe our spirit race’s strength, intending to harm us again!”

The leading man didn’t believe Kai’s words at all.

The other four spirit race cultivators, upon hearing this, became even more enraged.

The wooden staffs in their hands trembled slightly, and streams of wood-attribute spiritual energy became increasingly condensed.

The tense atmosphere in the air instantly escalated, as if a battle would erupt at any moment.

Jiang Xuelan frowned, stepped forward, her icy blue divine light surging slightly, and spoke in a cold tone.

“Fellow Daoist, watch your words!”

“Not all humans are as you describe.”

“We’ve come to discuss cooperation with the Spirit Clan, not to harm you.”

“If you insist on obstructing us, don’t blame us for being impolite!”

Jiang Xuelan was somewhat angry.

“Impolite?” A hint of disdain flashed in the eyes of the leading Spirit Clan man.

“Just the two of you humans? You dare to act so presumptuously on our Spirit Clan’s territory?”

“I advise you to be sensible and retreat immediately.”

“Otherwise, today we’ll let you perish in this misty forest and become nourishment for our Spirit Clan’s vegetation!”

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly raised his hand, pointing his wooden staff at Kai, and shouted.

“Attack!”

The other four Spirit Clan cultivators immediately responded, swinging their wooden staffs simultaneously.

Streams of green wood-attribute spiritual energy transformed into sharp vines, swiftly wrapping around Kai and Jiang Xuelan.

The vines were extremely fast, carrying a sharp aura, and instantly arrived in front of them,

attempting to bind them tightly.

At the same time, the surrounding fog thickened further.

Countless tiny threads of wood-attribute spiritual energy coiled around them,

forming a massive net that completely blocked their escape route.

“It seems we have no choice but to act,”

Kai thought with a hint of helplessness.

He didn’t want to be enemies with the Spirit Clan, but their insistence on blocking him left him no choice but to retaliate.

He simply raised his hand, and the chaotic power within his body surged instantly.

Purple light burst forth, forming a massive protective shield that enveloped him and Jiang Xuelan.

The attacking vines and threads of spiritual energy, upon touching the purple shield,

melted instantly, like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun, turning into wisps of spiritual energy absorbed by the chaotic power.

The leading Spirit Clan man's expression changed slightly upon seeing this, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

"What kind of power is this? It can actually restrain our wood-attribute spiritual energy?"

He had never seen such power before.

Neither human spiritual energy nor the power of other races possessed such a domineering restraining effect.

Their prized wood-attribute spiritual power proved utterly ineffective against this purple force.

"Fellow Daoist, we do not wish to be your enemies. Please do not obstruct us any further,"

Kai's voice remained calm, but a new, undeniable authority crept into it.

"We have indeed come to discuss cooperation with the Spirit Clan."

"This concerns the very survival of the Spirit Clan. If this matter is delayed, you cannot bear the responsibility," Kai pleaded.

"Survival?" The leading Spirit Clan man sneered, a glint of disdain in his eyes.

“Our Spirit Clan has survived in this forest for tens of thousands of years, enduring countless storms unscathed.”

“How could there be a crisis of life and death?”

“Stop spreading alarmist rumors. You think you can fool us into letting you pass? Not so easy!”

With that, he brandished his wooden staff again, chanting incantations.

Instantly, the surrounding ground began to tremble violently.

Countless thick tree roots burst forth from the ground, like giant venomous snakes, swiftly attacking Kai and Jiang Xuelan.

These roots were thicker and harder than the previous vines,

covered with a thick layer of scales that shimmered with an eerie green light, clearly containing immense power.

If struck, even a cultivator at the fifth rank of the True Immortal Realm would be severely injured.

Jiang Xuelan’s eyes turned cold, and she no longer hesitated.

The power of the Ice God within her body erupted instantly, and the icy blue divine light surged,

transforming into countless sharp ice blades that cleaved towards the attacking tree roots.

Crackling sounds rang out continuously.

The thick tree roots, struck by the ice blades, were instantly frozen into blocks of ice.

Then they shattered, turning into countless tiny ice shards that fell to the ground.

But the tree roots seemed endless.

As soon as one wave was shattered, another wave burst forth from the ground, relentlessly attacking them.At the same time, the five Spirit Clan cultivators also made their move together.

The wooden staffs in their hands kept waving, and streams of green spiritual energy transformed into various attacks.

There were sharp wooden swords, poisonous wooden spikes, and extremely binding vines.

They completely blocked all possible escape routes.

Looking at the scene before him, Kai knew clearly that if this stalemate continued, it would not only waste time,

but might also attract even more Spirit Clan cultivators.

At that point, meeting the Spirit Clan Chief would become even more difficult.

So, he decided to end the battle quickly.

Without harming the Spirit Clan patrol, he would still make them obediently step aside.

He took a deep breath, and the power of chaos inside his body surged once again.

Purple light instantly expanded, forming a gigantic purple palm that gently pressed toward the five Spirit Clan cultivators.

The palm looked slow, yet it contained immense power.

There was not the slightest killing intent—only an overwhelming pressure descending upon them.

The expressions of the five Spirit Clan cultivators immediately turned pale.

They could clearly feel that this pressure was far beyond what they could endure.

There was simply no way to resist it.

The leading Spirit Clan man tried to swing his wooden staff in retaliation, but realized his body could no longer move.

Even the wood-element spiritual energy inside him had completely stagnated, as if frozen solid.

The other four Spirit Clan cultivators were also trapped beneath the pressure, unable to move.

Fear appeared on their faces.

The purple palm gently landed above their heads.

It caused no harm at all. Instead, it injected a gentle stream of chaotic power into their bodies,

suppressing their spiritual energy and preventing them from attacking again.

“Fellow Daoists, we truly mean no harm.”

Kai’s voice rang out once more. His tone was calm, yet carried undeniable authority.

“The spiritual vein is drying up. This forest is about to die.”

“Your Spirit Clan is also on the verge of extinction.”

“We came here to help you resolve this crisis and discuss cooperation.”

“To fight together against the Divine Alliance.”

“If you continue to obstruct us and delay this matter, not only you, but the entire Spirit Clan, will perish because of it.”

Kai reminded them again.

The fear on the leading Spirit Clan man’s face gradually faded.

It was replaced by confusion and shock.

“What did you say? The spiritual vein is drying up? Impossible!”

“Our Spirit Clan’s spiritual vein has been stable since ancient times. How could it dry up?”

“You must be lying to us!” the leading Spirit Clan man said in disbelief.

Kai did not argue. Instead, he took out a black stone from his robe.

It was something he had picked up on the outskirts of the Mist Forest.

The surface of the stone was covered in cracks, and black liquid seeped from them, emitting a faint rotten stench.

He tossed the stone to the leading Spirit Clan man and said,

“Fellow Daoist, take a look for yourself. I found this outside the Mist Forest.”

“Your Spirit Clan has lived here for generations. You should know what this is.”

“This is a Corruption Stone formed after a spiritual vein decays.”

“Once a spiritual vein begins to rot, stones like this will appear.”

“As the spiritual vein continues to wither, more and more of these stones will emerge.”

“Until the entire forest turns into a dead land where not a single blade of grass can grow.”

After speaking, Kai quietly watched the man before him.

The leading Spirit Clan man caught the black stone and examined it carefully for a moment.

His face instantly turned deathly pale, and his body trembled slightly.

He was the captain of the Spirit Clan patrol, named Qing He.

He had grown up in this forest and understood the condition of the spiritual veins extremely well.

He knew clearly that this kind of black Corruption Stone was indeed a symbol of spiritual vein decay.

But he had never imagined that the Spirit Clan’s spiritual vein had already deteriorated to such a degree.

He raised his head and looked at Kai, the hostility in his eyes now completely gone.

In its place were confusion and worry.

“What you said is true? The spiritual vein is really drying up? Our Spirit Clan is truly facing extinction?” Qing He asked.

“Absolutely true.” Kai nodded and said solemnly,

“I can sense that the spiritual vein of this forest has already withered by thirty percent.”

“And the rate of decay is still accelerating. If nothing is done soon, this forest will become a dead land before long.”

“And your Spirit Clan will perish along with it. The power of chaos within me can repair spiritual veins and nourish this forest.”

“That is why I came to seek an audience with the Spirit Clan Chief. I wish to cooperate with the Spirit Clan and help you resolve the crisis of the dying spiritual vein.”

“At the same time, I hope the Spirit Clan can help us fight against the Divine Alliance together.”

After Kai finished speaking, Qing He fell silent.

He looked at the black Corruption Stone in his hand, then at Kai before him, his heart filled with conflict.

He knew that Kai was most likely telling the truth.

Because recently, he too had felt that the spiritual energy in the forest had become much thinner than before.

Some ancient plants had even begun to wither.

But he had always assumed it was merely a natural phenomenon, never suspecting that it was caused by the spiritual vein drying up.

The other four Spirit Clan cultivators also revealed expressions of shock and concern after hearing their conversation.

They all looked toward Qing He, waiting for his decision.

After a long while, Qing He slowly raised his head, and the struggle in his eyes gradually disappeared.

In its place was determination.

He knew this matter concerned the life and death of the entire Spirit Clan and could not be treated carelessly.

Nor could he continue allowing his own prejudice to stop Kai and the others.

So, he clasped his fists respectfully toward Kai and said,

“Fellow Daoist Kai, please forgive our offense.”“I was aware of the depletion of the spiritual veins, but I hadn’t paid it much attention.”

“Since you have a way to resolve the crisis, I’ll take you to see the clan leader.”

“However, the clan leader has always disliked humans. Whether you can persuade him depends on your own abilities.”

Qinghe’s hostility lessened considerably.

“Thank you for your understanding, fellow Daoist.” Kai smiled slightly.

He gently raised his hand and withdrew the chaotic power that had enveloped the five spirit race cultivators.

“If we can see the clan leader and persuade him to cooperate with us, it will not only be a blessing for the spirit race, but also for all of us humans,” Kai said.

Qinghe nodded and put away the black corrosive stone in her hand.

She gave the other four spirit race cultivators a wink and said, “Continue patrolling here and keep a close eye on the surrounding area.”

“If any other outsiders intrude, report it immediately. I’ll take Fellow Daoist Kai and Fellow Daoist Jiang Xuelan to see the clan leader.”

“Yes, Captain!” the four spirit race cultivators replied in unison.

He put away his wooden staff, disappeared back into the thick fog, and continued his patrol. Qinghe turned around and gestured for Kai and Jiang Xuelan to follow her.

“Fellow Daoists, please follow me.” ”

The paths deeper into the Misty Forest are far more complex than here, and there are many powerful restrictions.”

“Without my guidance, even if you manage to cross this dense fog, it will be difficult to reach the core territory of the Spirit Clan.”

“Thank you for your trouble, fellow Daoists,” Kai said, clasping his hands in a fist salute.

Together with Jiang Xuelan, they followed Qinghe deeper into the Misty Forest.

Qinghe walked at the front, gently waving her wooden staff, releasing streams of green spiritual energy that

dispelled the surrounding fog, clearing a wide path.

As he walked, he explained to Kai and Jiang Xuelan, “This Misty Forest is our Spirit Clan’s first line of defense.”

“It’s filled with restrictions set up by our Spirit Clan. These restrictions are made of ancient spiritual plants and wood-attribute spiritual energy.”

“They’re specifically designed to prevent outsiders from intruding. What you encountered just now was only the outermost patrol.”

“Further in, there are even stronger patrols and more powerful restrictions.”

Hearing Qinghe’s words, Kai nodded, his divine sense constantly spreading out, carefully sensing the surrounding activity.

He could feel the surrounding wood-attribute spiritual energy becoming increasingly dense.

The consciousnesses hidden within the vegetation were also becoming more active.

However, their hostility towards them had vanished.

Only a trace of curiosity and wariness remained, clearly because of Qinghe.

Jiang Xuelan also relaxed her guard, the icy blue divine light around her slightly receding.

However, she remained vigilant, observing everything around her.

Looking at Qinghe beside her, she couldn't help but ask, "Fellow Daoist Qinghe, when exactly did the Spirit Clan's spiritual veins begin to decay?"

"Didn't your Spirit Clan's higher-ups notice?"

Qinghe's face showed a hint of helplessness and bitterness.

"I don't know exactly when it started. It was probably several decades ago when we noticed the spiritual energy in the forests was becoming thinner." "

Some ancient plants also began to show signs of withering."

"We reported this to the clan's higher-ups."

"But they said it was just a normal natural phenomenon and told us not to make a fuss."

"Now that I think about it, they must have discovered the problem of the depleted spiritual veins long ago."

“They just couldn’t solve it, so they chose to hide it, fearing it would cause panic among the clansmen,”

Qinghe analyzed.

Kai’s heart sank slightly upon hearing this.

The problem of depleted spiritual veins had actually existed for decades.

And the Spirit Clan’s higher-ups had chosen to conceal it.

This meant that the decay of the spiritual veins might be more serious than he had imagined.

If it had been a few years later, even with his Chaos Power, he probably wouldn’t have been able to reverse it.

The three continued their journey, Qinghe leading them, avoiding one powerful restriction after another.

These restrictions were incredibly powerful; if accidentally triggered, even a seventh-grade True Immortal would be severely injured.

Along the way, they encountered several patrols of the Spirit Race.

The patrols all bowed respectfully upon seeing Qinghe.

Although they looked at Kai and Jiang Xuelan, the two humans, with suspicion and wariness in their eyes,

they did not stop them, clearly because Qinghe had given prior notice.

The three traveled through the Misty Forest for about half an hour.

The thick fog ahead gradually thinned, and the trees became more sparse.

The stench in the air faded, replaced by a rich and pure wood-attribute spiritual energy,

refreshing their spirits.

After walking for a while longer, a wide clearing suddenly appeared ahead.

The clearing was large, covered with tender green grass and blooming with colorful exotic flowers.

The air was filled with the fresh scent of grass and trees, a stark contrast to the eerie atmosphere of the Misty Forest.

Seven enormous ancient trees stood in the clearing.

These trees were even older than the ancient trees in the Misty Forest, their trunks so thick that dozens of people would need to encircle them.

Their bark was covered with the marks of time, and their canopies intertwined in layers, forming a natural archway.

Ancient runes were carved into the trunks of the trees.

These runes shimmered with a faint green light in the light mist,

emanating a powerful restrictive force that enveloped the entire clearing.

At the very center of the archway, a fist-sized green crystal floated.

The crystal emitted a soft and pure wood-attribute spiritual energy, its gentle light illuminating the entire clearing.

The crystal's aura blended perfectly with the surrounding ancient trees and the restrictive force,

clearly making it the core of the entire restriction.

Kai stopped, his gaze fixed intently on the natural archway.

His divine sense probed into it, but was instantly blocked by a powerful restrictive force.

He could sense an extremely powerful fluctuation of spiritual energy behind the archway.

That was the power of an ancient restriction, stronger than any restriction he had encountered before.

Clearly, this was the outer defense line of the Spirit Clan.

Only after passing through this gate could one truly enter the core territory of the Spirit Clan.

“This is our Spirit Clan’s outer defense line, called the ‘Seven Wood Archway’,”

Qinghe stopped and introduced to Kai and Jiang Xuelan. “These seven ancient trees are spiritual plants that have lived for tens of thousands of years, containing powerful vitality.”

“The restriction they form is incredibly strong; even a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade cultivator would find it difficult to forcibly break through.”

“The green crystal in the center of the archway is the core of the restriction, called the ‘Spirit Heart Crystal’.”

“Once the Spirit Heart Crystal is destroyed, the entire restriction will collapse.”

Jiang Xuelan looked at the seven enormous ancient trees, a hint of surprise flashing in her eyes.

“These ancient trees actually have their own consciousness, and their cultivation is not low. No wonder this restriction is so powerful,” Jiang Xuelan said.

She could sense that each ancient tree contained power at least at the True Immortal Realm Seventh Grade.

The restrictions they formed, working together, were indeed beyond the reach of ordinary cultivators.

“This should be the outer defense line of the Spirit Clan,”

Jiang Xuelan said softly, her tone grave.

“Only after passing through this gate can we truly enter the Spirit Clan’s territory and meet the clan leader.”

Kai nodded, his gaze fixed on the archway, his expression serious.

“This restriction is indeed powerful. Forcibly breaking through it will not only damage these ancient trees,”

but also potentially invite an attack from the Spirit Clan. Fellow Daoist Qinghe, please inform the clan leader. ”

Tell him that Kai requests an audience with a matter of life and death concerning the Spirit Clan, to discuss with him.”

Kai said, looking at Qinghe.

Qinghe nodded and said, “Please wait a moment, fellow Daoists. I will go and inform the clan leader.”

“However, the clan leader has a rather eccentric temperament and has always disliked humans.”

“Whether he is willing to see you, I cannot guarantee.”

With that, he clasped his hands together in front of the archway, chanting incantations.

As Qinghe chanted, the runes on the seven ancient trees instantly lit up.

The eerie green light intensified, and the brilliance of the Spirit Heart Crystal surged accordingly.

A beam of green light shot out from the Spirit Heart Crystal, transforming into a streak of light that flew towards the depths of the forest.

Clearly, it was going to inform the Spirit Clan Chief. The three stood in the clearing, waiting quietly.

The spiritual energy in the air grew increasingly dense, and the consciousness of the ancient trees curiously observed Kai and Jiang Xuelan.

There was no hostility whatsoever; clearly, Qinghe had already informed the ancient trees of their purpose.

After about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, an aged voice came from the depths of the forest.

The voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached the ears of the three.

There was no anger, no hostility, only a faint regret and a sense of vicissitude in the voice.

"Human, you shouldn't have stepped into this place. The Spirit Race and the Human Race have long been sworn enemies; there's nothing to talk about."

Hearing this, Qinghe's face showed a hint of helplessness as she said to Kai, "Fellow Daoist Kai, this is Elder Qingxuan, an elder of our Spirit Race."

“He’s responsible for guarding this outer defensive line; the clan leader should arrive soon.”

Kai didn’t pay attention to Elder Qingxuan’s tone.

Instead, he clasped his hands in a fist salute towards the depths of the forest, his voice calm and firm.

“Elder Qingxuan, this junior, Kai, has come not to offend the Spirit Clan.”

“But rather, it concerns a matter of life and death for the Spirit Clan, and I request an audience with the Spirit Clan Chief.”

“The spiritual veins are drying up; this forest is on the verge of death.”

“If no action is taken, the entire Spirit Clan will perish.”

“This junior has a way to repair the spiritual veins and only wishes to discuss cooperation with the Spirit Clan to jointly resolve this crisis.”

The forest fell silent for a moment.

Elder Qingxuan’s voice rang out again, tinged with doubt and disbelief.

“You, a human, understand spiritual vein repair?”

“Spiritual veins are the foundation of our Spirit Clan. Since ancient times, only members of our Spirit Clan have been able to perceive and repair them.”

“How could an outsider like you possibly have a way to repair spiritual veins?”

“I think you’re exaggerating, trying to trick us into letting you into the Spirit Clan’s territory for nefarious purposes.”

Elder Qingxuan’s voice was deafening.

“This junior is not exaggerating,” Kai said, taking out the black, decaying stone again and holding it high.

“Elder Qingxuan, look at this stone. It’s a decayed stone formed from the corruption of a spiritual vein.”

“There are many such stones on the outskirts of the Misty Forest.”

“The chaotic power within me is the primordial power from the beginning of time.”

“It encompasses all things, nourishes all things, and can restrain the corruption of spiritual veins and repair depleted ones.”

“I can prove it on the spot, as long as Elder gives me a chance.”

Kai’s face was sincere, without the slightest pretense or affectation.

After a moment, Elder Qingxuan’s voice rang out again.

His tone carried a hint of hesitation and solemnity, “Alright, I’ll give you a chance.”

“If you can truly prove that you can repair the spiritual vein, I will take you to see the clan leader.”

“If you dare to lie to me, I will make you perish under this Seven Wood Arch today, becoming nourishment for the ancient trees.”

Elder Qingxuan gave Kai a chance.

“Thank you for your kindness, Elder.” A smile appeared on Kai’s face.

He clasped his hands towards the depths of the forest, then walked to one of the seven ancient trees.

A fine crack ran along the trunk of the ancient tree, and its leaves were somewhat withered and yellowed.

Clearly, it was affected by the depletion of its spiritual veins.

Kai reached out and placed his palm on the tree's trunk.

The chaotic power within his body slowly surged, and purple light flowed from his palm into the tree's body.

The chaotic power, gentle yet domineering, instantly spread along the trunk to its roots,

nourishing its root system and repairing the crack.

A moment later, a miracle occurred.

The crack in the tree's trunk began to slowly heal.

The withered leaves turned green again, radiating a rich vitality.

Even the surrounding spiritual energy became denser.

The runes carved on the trunk brightened, shimmering with a faint green light,

as if cheering and thanking Kai.

Elder Qingxuan's voice rang out again.

His tone was tinged with shock and disbelief, "This…this really is the power of chaos?"

"It can actually nourish spiritual plants and repair damage! It seems what you said was true, the spiritual veins are truly drying up."

Kai withdrew his hand and clasped his hands towards the depths of the forest, "Elder, please be wise, everything I have said is true."

"The corruption of the spiritual veins is becoming increasingly severe. If no measures are taken soon, this forest will become a dead zone."

“Your Spirit Clan will also perish. I implore you, Elder, to take me to see the Clan Chief.”

“To discuss the repair of the spiritual veins and cooperation against the Divine Alliance.”

The forest remained silent for a long time.

So long that Kai and Jiang Xuelan thought Elder Qingxuan would refuse again.

Just then, Elder Qingxuan’s voice rang out again.

His tone was solemn and resolute.

“Alright, I’ll take you to see the clan chief. But I must warn you, the clan chief has a very strange temper and a deep prejudice against humans.”

“Whether you can persuade him depends on your own abilities. If you can’t persuade him, even if you have the ability to repair the spiritual veins, you won’t be able to stay in the Spirit Clan’s territory,” Elder Qingxuan said.

“This junior understands, thank you, Elder.”

Kai nodded, a sigh of relief in his heart.

He knew this was his only chance to see the Spirit Clan chief.

No matter what difficulties he encountered, he had to seize this opportunity

to persuade the Spirit Clan chief to cooperate with them.

As soon as he finished speaking, a green light flew from the depths of the forest and landed on the clearing.

It transformed into an aged Spirit Clan elder.

The elder had white hair, a thin face, and pale blue skin, with what seemed like flowing wood grain in his pupils.

He wore a long blue robe, covered with ancient runes, radiating a powerful aura.

His cultivation was at the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, and he was one with the forest.

It was as if he were a part of the forest itself.

“Elder Qingxuan.” Qinghe bowed respectfully to the elder.

Elder Qingxuan nodded, his gaze falling on Kai.

His eyes were complex, filled with surprise, doubt, and a hint of barely perceptible wariness.

“You are Kai? You possess the power of chaos within you?”

“Indeed, this is junior.” Kai clasped his hands in a fist salute to Elder Qingxuan, his tone respectful.

“Junior Kai greets Elder Qingxuan.”

Elder Qingxuan sized Kai up and down for a moment, then nodded.

“Not bad, so young, yet you possess the power of chaos, truly remarkable.”

“It seems you do indeed have the ability to repair spiritual veins. Let’s go, I’ll take you to see the clan leader.”

With that, Elder Qingxuan turned and walked towards the depths of the forest.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan exchanged a glance and followed.

Qinghe remained under the Seven Wood Archway, continuing to guard this outer defensive line.

Elder Qingxuan walked at the forefront, his pace slow.

As they walked, he introduced the area to Kai and Jiang Xuelan: “Our Spirit Clan’s core territory is called the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits.”

“All members of our Spirit Clan live there, along with countless ancient spiritual plants and beasts.”

“Our clan leader resides in the deepest part of the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits, in a place called the Azure Wood Palace, which is our Spirit Clan’s sacred ground.” The three continued their journey, traversing dense forests.

The trees here were older and thicker than those in the Misty Forest.

Moss and vines covered their trunks, and their roots meandered and coiled across the ground, forming natural barriers.

The wood-attribute spiritual energy in the air was so concentrated it was almost liquefied.

Taking a deep breath, one could feel their spiritual power surging wildly within, an incredibly soothing sensation.

Kai’s divine sense continued to spread, carefully sensing the surrounding activity.

He could sense that countless powerful auras were hidden within this Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits.

Their cultivation levels ranged from the fifth to the eighth rank of True Immortal, and some even reached the ninth rank.

Clearly, they were high-ranking members of the Spirit Race.

Moreover, the spiritual plants and beasts here possessed their own consciousness.

They coexisted harmoniously, jointly protecting this Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits.

The atmosphere was filled with peace and tranquility, a stark contrast to the cruel world outside.

Jiang Xuelan also gradually relaxed.

The icy blue divine light surrounding her harmonized with the surrounding wood-attribute spiritual energy.

No longer were they mutually exclusive as before.

She looked at the exotic flowers and plants around her, at the spirit beasts darting through the forest, a hint of curiosity in her eyes.

She had never seen such a place before.

No strife, no killing, only peace and tranquility.

It was like a paradise on earth.

After walking for about half an hour, a wide valley appeared ahead.

The valley was vast, so vast that it seemed to stretch to the horizon, like a small, independent world.

Kai’s breath caught in his throat.

Everywhere in the valley were enormous ancient trees.

Some trunks were as thick as small mountains, requiring hundreds of people to encircle them.

Some canopies soared into the clouds, reaching straight to the sky.

Some roots meandered and twisted across the ground, forming natural bridges and platforms.

Clear streams flowed between the ancient trees.

The water was crystal clear, with colorful petals floating on its surface.

The babbling brook made a clear, melodious sound, like a beautiful song.

The ground was covered with all sorts of exotic flowers and plants.

Some trees emitted a soft glow in the darkness, while others swayed gently in the breeze.

Some even seemed to be softly chanting, releasing a faint fragrance.

The wood-attribute spiritual energy in the air was so concentrated that it almost condensed into water droplets.

Inhaling it refreshed the mind and body, making one's spiritual energy incredibly active.

But Kai's gaze did not linger on these beautiful scenes.

His eyes were fixed on an ancient pine tree deep within the valley.

That ancient pine was larger than any tree he had ever seen. Its

trunk was as thick as a magnificent palace, requiring hundreds of people to encircle it.

Its bark was cracked, covered with the marks of time, as if it had been rooted there since ancient times,

witnessing countless changes over the years.

Its canopy blocked out the sky, enveloping the entire valley in its shade.

Its branches and leaves were lush and verdant, exuding a powerful vitality.

The roots of the ancient pine rose from the ground, forming natural steps that

meandered upwards, leading to a huge hollow in the trunk.

The tree hollow was spacious and bright, with a curtain woven from vines and flowers hanging at the entrance.

A faint fragrance emanated from the curtain.

Standing before the tree hollow was a middle-aged man.

Tall and imposing, with a resolute face, his long, blue hair cascaded over his shoulders, flowing in the wind.

His skin was pale blue, and his pupils were deep green.

Wood grain seemed to flow within his pupils, radiating a calm and powerful aura.

He wore a long robe woven from leaves and vines.

Several unidentified small flowers adorned the robe, emitting a faint spiritual energy, perfectly blending with the surrounding environment.

His cultivation had reached the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm. His

aura was as steady as a mountain, merging with the entire valley.

It was as if he were the ruler of this ancient realm of myriad spirits, every movement carrying an unquestionable majesty.

“That is our Spirit Clan Chief, Chief Qingmu,”

Elder Qingxuan stopped and whispered to Kai, his tone respectful.

“The patriarch has lived for a hundred thousand years, his cultivation is unfathomable.”

“He is the most powerful person in our Sixteen Heavens Spirit Clan, and also the guardian of this Ancient Realm of Ten Thousand Spirits.”

“You must be careful with your words, do not offend the patriarch,” Elder Qingxuan instructed.

Kai nodded, his heart filled with awe.

The cultivation of a ninth-grade True Immortal was stronger than any enemy he had encountered before.

Even if he possessed the power of chaos, defeating Patriarch Qingmu was almost impossible.

But he did not back down; he knew this was his only chance.

No matter what difficulties he encountered, he had to persuade Patriarch Qingmu to cooperate with them.

Elder Qingxuan led Kai and Jiang Xuelan slowly to the tree cave and stopped.

He bowed respectfully and said in a respectful voice, “Patriarch, the person has been brought.”

“He is Kai, who possesses the power of chaos within him.”

“He says he can repair our Spirit Clan’s depleted spiritual veins and wants to discuss cooperation with our Spirit Clan to jointly fight against the God Clan Alliance.”

Patriarch Qingmu did not speak, and did not even glance at Elder Qingxuan.

His gaze was fixed on Kai.

His eyes were cold, so cold that the surrounding temperature seemed to drop several degrees.

There was no emotion in his gaze, only a condescending scrutiny.

It was as if he were looking at an ant that had strayed into his territory, carrying a hint of disdain and indifference.

His gaze lingered on Kai for a long time

, scrutinizing him meticulously, as if trying to see through him inside and out.

Then, his gaze shifted to Jiang Xuelan, giving her a quick glance.

He turned back again, his eyes still cold and unchanged.

“Humans,”

Chief Qingmu finally spoke, his voice deep and resonant, like wind blowing through a pine forest.

A powerful pressure enveloped Kai and Jiang Xuelan.

“The Spirit Race and the Human Race are sworn enemies, there has been no room for negotiation since ancient times.”

“You humans are greedy and cunning, cutting down our trees, harvesting our spiritual herbs, destroying our homes.”

“Your hands are stained with the blood of our Spirit Race.”

“Now, you come here again, what tricks do you intend to play?”

The pressure was incredibly strong, the aura of a ninth-grade True Immortal, like Mount Tai pressing down on Kai.

The chaotic power within Kai automatically activated, and a purple light shield instantly unfolded, blocking the pressure.

His face paled slightly, but his eyes remained resolute, showing no sign of retreat.

Jiang Xuelan also felt the powerful pressure.

The Ice God Power within her instantly erupted, and an icy blue light shield unfolded, barely blocking the pressure.

Her brows were furrowed, and her expression was rather grim.

The pressure from a ninth-grade True Immortal was simply too overwhelming.

Even as the inheritor of the Ice God's legacy, she found it difficult to withstand.Kai took a deep breath and respectfully clasped his hands in a fist salute to Chief Qingmu.

His voice was calm yet firm.

"Chief Qingmu, this junior is Kai, from the Human Resistance Army of Free Valley."

"This junior has come not to offend the Spirit Race, nor to play any tricks."

"But to discuss a matter of life and death for the Spirit Race with you, Chief."

Kai's expression remained calm and unchanging.

"Resistance Army?" Chief Qingmu's lips curled into a cold smile.

That smile was filled with disdain and mockery. "Your human race's resistance against the God Race Alliance is your own business, none of our Spirit Race's concern."

“The Spirit Race does not participate in any conflicts. You fight your battles, we live our lives.”

“We keep to ourselves. You don’t need to try to deceive me with some matter of life and death.”

Chief Qingmu didn’t believe Kai’s words at all.

Kai looked at Chief Qingmu, his eyes resolute, without the slightest wavering.

“Chief Qingmu, if the Spirit Clan could truly remain neutral, I wouldn’t have come to interfere.”

“But you can’t. You know the ambitions of the Divine Alliance better than I do.”

“They’ve already conquered the Human, Beast, Demon, and Ghost races; their next target is your Spirit Clan.”

“The reason they haven’t attacked the Spirit Clan yet is simply because they feel the Spirit Clan has no immediate value.”

“Moreover, the Spirit Clan’s restrictions are powerful, and they don’t want to pay too high a price.”

“But once they conquer the other races and are free to act, they will not hesitate to attack the Spirit Clan.”

“No matter how strong your Spirit Clan’s restrictions are, can they stop the Divine Alliance’s army?”

“Can they stop those Golden Immortal level experts?”

Kai’s words struck Qingmu’s heart like a heavy hammer.

Chief Qingmu’s eyes narrowed slightly.

The coldness in his eyes was gradually replaced by a hint of solemnity.

He had lived for ten thousand years, witnessing the rise of the Divine Alliance and the destruction of countless races.

He knew better than anyone that the Divine Alliance's ambition was to rule the entire Sixteen Heavens.

No non-divine race can remain unaffected.

Kai's words were true.

He simply refused to acknowledge them, unwilling to confront them.

"Are you threatening me?"

Chief Qingmu's voice grew even colder, a barely perceptible hint of anger in his tone.

He was the chief of the Spirit Race, the ruler of the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits.

No one had ever dared to speak to him like this before.

"This junior dares not threaten the chief; this junior is merely stating the facts,"

Kai's voice remained calm, devoid of the slightest fear.

"The strength of the Divine Alliance is growing ever stronger, and so is their ambition."

"If the Spirit Race continues to hide here, refusing to join forces with other races, they will inevitably be conquered by the Divine Alliance."

"At that time, not only will this Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits be destroyed, but all the Spirit Race members will be enslaved by the Divine Race, or even killed."

“I have come here to seek cooperation with the Spirit Race.”

“We will help the Spirit Race repair the spiritual veins and resolve the crisis of their depletion.”

“The Spirit Race will help us resist the Divine Alliance and jointly protect our homeland.”

“This is a win-win cooperation, beneficial to both sides.”

Chief Qingmu fell silent.

He stood before the tree hollow, his gaze falling upon the ancient trees and exotic flowers and herbs in the valley.

His eyes were complex, filled with struggle, reluctance, and a barely perceptible worry.

He had lived for a hundred thousand years and witnessed too much greed and betrayal from the human race.

He didn’t trust humans and was unwilling to cooperate with them.

But Kai’s words were impossible to ignore.

The problem of the spiritual veins and the threat from the Divine Race weighed heavily on his heart like two mountains.

“You came to the Spirit Clan just to say this?”

Chief Qingmu’s voice softened slightly, but remained icy.

“If you only wanted to persuade me to cooperate with your human race, then you can leave.”

“The Spirit Clan will not cooperate with the human race, nor does it need your help.”

“No.” Kai shook his head.

He took out the black, decaying stone from his robes and handed it to Chief Qingmu.

“This is the main reason I’ve come.”

“Clan Chief, you should recognize this stone. It’s a decaying stone formed from the corruption of a spiritual vein.”

“I found many such stones on the outskirts of the Misty Forest.”

“Moreover, the deeper one ventures into the Spirit Clan’s territory, the more obvious the signs of spiritual vein corruption become.”

“I can sense that thirty percent of the spiritual veins in this Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits have already withered.”

“And the rate of corruption is accelerating.”

“If measures aren’t taken quickly, this Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits will soon become a dead zone.”

“All the spiritual plants will wither, and all the Spirit Clan members will perish.”

Clan Chief Qingmu reached out and took the black decaying stone, examining it carefully for a moment.

His pupils contracted slightly. His

fingers clenched tightly in his sleeve.

The coldness on his face was instantly replaced by solemnity.

He knew better than anyone what this decaying stone meant.

The corruption of the spiritual veins had reached a point that could no longer be ignored.

He had simply refused to face this fact, choosing to conceal it.

But he quickly regained his composure, his expression turning cold again.

He tossed the rotten stone back to Kai, saying in an icy tone, “Just an ordinary stone. The Spirit Clan has plenty.”

“The matter of the spirit veins is none of your concern, outsider. We, the Spirit Clan, have our own ways of handling it.”

“Chief Qingmu, you know better than I do that this stone is no ordinary stone.” Kai caught the rotten stone, gripping it tightly in his hand.

His gaze fixed firmly into Chief Qingmu’s eyes.

“The corruption of the spiritual veins is becoming increasingly severe. Your Spirit Clan’s higher-ups should have noticed this problem long ago.”

“It’s just that you have no way to solve it. Your Spirit Clan cannot leave this Ancient Realm of Ten Thousand Spirits, cannot leave the spiritual veins.”

“If you leave, you will wither and die. You are already trapped here.”

“If you don’t accept my help, only annihilation awaits you.”

Kai’s words were heavy, carrying a hint of threat.

The Azure Wood Clan Chief’s face turned grim.

He stared at Kai, his eyes cold, but he did not refute. Kai’s words were like daggers, striking at the truth he least wanted to face. He was already

aware of the crisis of the depleted spiritual veins, and the clan elders had discussed countermeasures many times.

But whether it was ancient sacrificial rituals or the Spirit Clan's secret techniques, they could only temporarily slow down the corruption of the spiritual veins. They could not solve the problem at its root. Over the years, he had watched the spiritual energy of the Ancient Realm of Ten Thousand Spirits grow thinner and thinner. Watching some ancient spiritual plants wither away quietly, and seeing the cultivation levels of the younger members of the clan stagnating, the anxiety in his heart was already etched into his very bones. "Insolence!"

Chief Qingmu suddenly raised his hand, unleashing a powerful burst of wood-attribute spiritual energy.

The surrounding air instantly thickened.

Countless vines sprouted from the ground, coiling around him,

radiating a sharp aura.

"Human brat, how dare you speak ill of the Spirit Race's fate!"

"Even if the Spirit Vein truly faces a crisis, it's none of your human race's business to interfere!"

His voice was filled with suppressed anger, a mixture of

embarrassment at having his truth exposed, ingrained prejudice against humans, and

fear of an unknown destiny.

Elder Qingxuan, standing to the side, immediately stepped forward

, bowing respectfully and urgently to Chief Qingmu.

"Clan Chief, Fellow Daoist Kai's words are all true."

“Just now, under the Seven Wood Arch, he used the power of chaos to repair a damaged ancient tree.”

“His power can indeed nourish the spiritual veins. Now, the spiritual veins are in imminent crisis, and the Divine Alliance is eyeing us covetously.”

“We can no longer cling to our prejudices and miss our only chance!” Elder Qingxuan said.

Clan Chief Qingmu glanced coldly at Elder Qingxuan, his tone carrying a hint of rebuke.

“Qingxuan, do you know what you’re saying?”

“Humans have always been cunning. Back then, in order to seize the spiritual herbs of the Spirit Clan, they didn’t hesitate to slaughter unarmed Spirit Clan cubs.”

“Have you forgotten this blood debt?”

“How can we trust a human? How can we entrust the life and death of the Spirit Clan to outsiders?” Clan

Chief Qingmu’s tone was heavy.

“Clan Chief, this junior dares not forget the blood debt.”

Kai stepped forward, his tone still respectful, but now with a touch more earnestness.

“Those who harmed the Spirit Race back then were those greedy human cultivators.”

“Not all humans are like that. The Free Valley Resistance Army, where I belong, has always upheld its principles.”

“We have never harmed any innocent race.”

“Now, we are fighting with all our might against the invasion of the Divine Alliance.”

“To protect the peace of this world, I know that a mere promise is not enough to convince the clan leader.”

“But I am willing to swear by the power of Chaos.” ”

If I utter even a single falsehood, if I harbor the slightest intention to harm the Spirit Race,” ”

I will surely suffer the backlash of the power of Chaos, my soul scattered, never to be reborn.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the power of Chaos within Kai surged suddenly.

A purple light shot into the sky, forming a massive pillar of light,

enveloping the entire valley.

Within the pillar of light lay the primordial aura of the beginning of heaven and earth.

Pure and domineering, without a trace of malice.

Only the power of a solemn oath.

The surrounding spiritual plants sensed this power, swaying their branches and leaves,

emitting a soft hum, as if witnessing this oath.

Chief Qingmu’s eyes finally showed a noticeable change.

He had lived for a hundred thousand years and witnessed countless oaths of various races.

Yet, he had never seen anyone dare to swear an oath with the power of chaos.

The power of chaos was domineering and unparalleled; once an oath was broken, the backlash was something no one could withstand.

He could sense that Kai's oath was utterly sincere.

There was no falsehood whatsoever; that resolute determination did not seem feigned.

Just then, three green lights flew from the depths of the valley.

They landed behind Chief Qingmu and transformed into three aged elders of the Spirit Clan.

They were all elders of the Spirit Clan, all at the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm.

Their auras were steady, and their expressions were solemn.

The elder at the head of the group had an aged face and snow-white hair.

His eyes were cloudy yet held a hint of sharpness; he was none other than Elder Qingyuan, the Great Elder of the Spirit Clan.

"Chief, Elder Qingxuan is absolutely right,"

Elder Qingyuan bowed to Chief Qingmu and said solemnly.

"We've just tested the core spiritual vein of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm."

"The situation is more serious than we imagined."

"The corruption of the spiritual vein has spread to the core area."

“If this continues, within a hundred years, the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm will be completely reduced to a dead zone.”

“Fellow Daoist Kai’s chaotic power is our only hope.”

“Even if we distrust the human race, we cannot risk the fate of the entire Spirit Race.”

The other two elders echoed this sentiment.

“Clan Chief, the Great Elder is right.”

“The spiritual vein is the foundation of our Spirit Race; without it, the Spirit Race will perish.”

“The threat of the God Alliance is imminent; if we hold out alone, we will be breached sooner or later.”

“Cooperation with the human race may be the only way out.”

All the elders agreed with Kai.

Because they knew that only Kai could save their entire Spirit Race.

Clan Chief Qingmu fell silent.

He looked at the elders before him, at the resolute Kai,

and then at the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm that had nurtured the Spirit Race for ten thousand years.

The struggle within him grew increasingly intense.

He hated the human race, hated their cruelty and greed of the past.

But he loved the spirit race even more, and didn’t want to see this home they had lived in for generations destroyed.

He didn’t want to see his people face annihilation.

After a long while, he slowly closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

The spiritual power within his body gradually receded, and the vines around him slowly faded away.

When he opened his eyes again, the coldness and indifference in his eyes had been replaced by solemnity and determination.

However, his gaze towards Kai still carried a trace of wariness.

“Alright.”

Chief Qingmu’s voice was low and hoarse, carrying a hint of weariness, yet incredibly firm.

“I’ll give you a chance, and I’ll give the spirit race a chance.”

“If you help us repair the spiritual veins, I will agree to cooperate with your Free Valley Resistance Army.”

“We will unite against the Divine Alliance, but I warn you, if you dare to play any tricks,”

“If your method of repairing the spiritual veins harms the Spirit Race,”

“I will tear you to pieces and ensure you are never reincarnated.”

Chief Qingmu’s words carried a hint of threat.

Kai, however, was not angry. A look of joy appeared on his face, and he quickly clasped his hands in a fist salute to Chief Qingmu.

“Thank you for your trust, Chief!”

“This junior will certainly not fail in my mission and will do my utmost to repair the spiritual veins.”

“I will not dare to slacken in the slightest, nor will I dare to harm the Spirit Race in the slightest!”

“If there is anything needed during the repair of the spiritual veins,”

“I ask for your cooperation, Chief and all elders.” Kai looked at the elders.

Elder Qingxuan also showed a relieved smile and nodded to Kai.

“Fellow Daoist Kai, rest assured, we will fully cooperate with you.”

“Repairing the spiritual vein requires the core spiritual spring of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm, as well as the ancient spiritual crystals of the Spirit Clan.”

“We will prepare these for you as soon as possible.”

Clan Chief Qingmu waved his hand, beckoning Elder Qingxuan to his side, and whispered, “Qingxuan, take Fellow Daoist Kai and Fellow Daoist Jiang Xuelan to rest.”

“Arrange their accommodations, but also send people to secretly monitor them to prevent them from secretly probing the Spirit Clan’s strength.”

“Yes!” Qingxuan nodded.

“Qingyuan, take a few elders to prepare the items needed to repair the spiritual vein.”

“Tomorrow morning, the repair ceremony will begin at the core spiritual vein,” Clan Chief Qingmu said.

“Yes, Clan Chief!”

Elder Qingyuan replied. Clan

Chief Qingmu gave Kai a deep look.

His eyes still held wariness, but also a hint of expectation.

“Kai, remember your oath. The fate of the Spirit Clan rests in your hands.”

“If you break your promise, not only you, but the entire Free Valley Resistance Army will become the enemy of the Spirit Clan,” Qingmu said.

“I will keep this in mind and never break my promise,”

Kai said solemnly.

Afterwards, Elder Qingxuan led Kai and Jiang Xuelan away from the tree hollow of the Qingmu Clan Chief,

heading towards the residential area of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm. Along the way, Jiang Xuelan secretly gave Kai a reassuring look.

Kai nodded slightly, but his heart remained uneasy.

He knew this was just the beginning.

The process of repairing the spiritual veins would certainly not be smooth sailing.

Moreover, the prejudice of the Spirit Race against the Human Race could not be eliminated in a short time.

There was still a long way to go before true cooperation could be achieved.

Elder Qingxuan said to Kai and Jiang Xuelan as they walked, “Fellow Daoists, the residential area of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm is just ahead on the banks of the Spirit Stream.”

“The spiritual energy there is abundant and suitable for resting, but there is one thing I would like to remind you both.”

“There are many ancient spiritual plants and spirit beasts in the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm.”

“They are all companions of the Spirit Race, so please do not touch them casually.”

“To avoid causing unnecessary conflict. In addition, although the clan leader has agreed to cooperate, there are still many clansmen who harbor hostility towards the Human Race.”

“Please try not to go out alone.”

Elder Qingxuan thoughtfully reminded the two of them.

“Thank you for the reminder, Elder Qingxuan. We’ve taken note,” Kai nodded respectfully.

He understood the Spirit Clan’s hostility.

After all, the grudges of the past were too deep to be easily resolved.

He could only demonstrate his sincerity through actions,

proving that humans weren’t all greedy and cunning.

Soon, the three arrived at the banks of the Spirit Stream.

The scenery here was even more beautiful than deep in the valley.

The clear Spirit Stream flowed gently.

Tender green grass and colorful exotic flowers grew along its banks.

A refreshing spiritual energy filled the air, invigorating the spirit. Small,

exquisite houses made of wood and vines sat along the banks

, blending perfectly with their surroundings.

Clearly, these were the dwellings of the Spirit Clan.

Elder Qingxuan led them to a small house at the end of the Spirit Stream and said, “Fellow Daoists, this is your lodging.”

“The facilities inside are all prepared; please rest here for now.”

“Tomorrow morning, I will come to pick you up and take you to the core spiritual vein to begin the restoration ritual.”

“If you need anything, simply circulate your spiritual energy and send a signal, and I will come immediately.”

“Thank you for your trouble, Elder Qingxuan,” Kai said gratefully, clasping his hands in a fist salute.

Elder Qingxuan nodded, gave a few more instructions, and then turned and left.

Watching Elder Qingxuan’s departing figure, Jiang Xuelan finally breathed a sigh of relief.

She said to Kai, “I didn’t expect that Clan Chief Qingmu would actually agree to cooperate.”

“This journey has been incredibly difficult.”

“But, are you really confident in restoring the spiritual vein?”

“Even the Spirit Clan itself cannot solve the problem of the depleted spiritual vein.”

“Can the power of chaos really do it?” Jiang Xuelan wasn’t sure either.

Kai smiled. “Don’t worry, I’m confident. The power of chaos is the primordial force from the beginning of heaven and earth, encompassing and nourishing all things.”

“The corruption of spiritual veins is essentially the depletion and impurity of spiritual energy.”

“The power of chaos can purify the impurity, nourish the spiritual veins, and repair their damaged foundations.” ”

However, repairing the core spiritual veins requires a large amount of chaotic power.”

“Moreover, we may encounter some unknown dangers during the process, so we must be careful.”

A resolute look appeared in Kai’s eyes.

“I will always be with you.” Jiang Xuelan looked at Kai, her eyes filled with love.

Along this journey, Jiang Xuelan had long since fallen in love with Kai.

They were no longer just partners, and Jiang Xuelan was no longer asking Kai to help her find her clansmen.

They were more like companions, soulmates.

“No matter what dangers we encounter, we will face them together. If you need anything else, I can help too…”

Jiang Xuelan’s face flushed as she finished speaking.

Kai nodded, a warm feeling welling up in his heart.

During this time, no matter how great the danger, Jiang Xuelan had always been by his side.

Unwavering support became his strongest reliance.

He knew that repairing the spiritual veins and fighting against the divine alliance was a path fraught with difficulties.

But as long as Jiang Xuelan was there, he had the courage to forge ahead.

Furthermore, Jiang Xuelan's words about other needs truly resonated with Kai.

During this time, without dual cultivation, he felt something was amiss.

"Xuelan, are you sure you're willing to give me your body?" Kai asked.

Jiang Xuelan didn't speak, but nodded vigorously.

Kai smiled and carried Jiang Xuelan into the small house.

The house was simple yet elegant, with soft moss covering the floor.

A pot of fragrant spiritual herbs sat in the corner.

A wooden table and two chairs stood by the window.

Sunlight streamed through the vine-woven window, filling the room with warmth and softness.

What followed was a fierce battle between the two, both drenched in sweat and thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Afterwards, Kai walked to the window, gazing at the beautiful scenery outside, his expression gradually becoming serious.

He knew that tomorrow's restoration ceremony was not only a matter of life and death for the Spirit Race,

but also for the future of the Free Valley Resistance Army,

and even the fate of the entire Sixteenth Heaven.

He had to give it his all and could not afford the slightest mistake.

Meanwhile, inside the tree hollow of the Green Wood Clan Chief,

Elder Qingyuan and several other elders were gathered around him, discussing the matter with grave expressions.

“Clan Chief, do you really trust that Kai?”

one elder asked worriedly.

“Humans are always cunning; we cannot easily trust him.”

“What if his restoration of the spiritual veins is a ruse, and he truly wants to seize our Spirit Race’s core spiritual crystal?”

“What if his true intention is to control the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits? Then our Spirit Race will truly be doomed.”

Chief Qingmu shook his head, his tone grave. “I don’t trust the human race either, but we have no choice.”

“The spiritual vein crisis is imminent, and the Divine Alliance is watching us closely.” ”

Kai’s chaotic power is our only hope. Moreover, his oath, sworn with chaotic power, is not empty words.”

“If he dares to break his promise, the chaotic power will retaliate against him. We only need to secretly monitor him and take precautions.”

“Once we discover any unusual activity, we must immediately strike and kill him. We must not give him the opportunity to harm the spiritual race.”

Chief Qingmu didn’t fully trust Kai at this moment.

“Chief is right,”

Elder Qingyuan nodded. “We have already arranged for people to secretly monitor Kai’s every move.”

“As long as he shows the slightest abnormality, we will detect it immediately.”

“Furthermore, we will also take precautions regarding the spiritual crystals and spiritual springs needed to repair the spiritual veins, and we must not give him any opportunity.”

“Excellent!” Chief Qingmu looked out the window at the Myriad Spirits Ancient Realm that had nurtured the spiritual race for ten thousand years.

His eyes were filled with complex emotions.

He only hoped that Kai could truly repair the spiritual veins

and sincerely cooperate with the Spirit Race to overcome this crisis.

If Kai broke his promise, he would fight with all his might to make Kai pay a heavy price and

protect the Spirit Race’s homeland.

As night deepened, the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits gradually fell silent.

Only the murmuring of the Spirit Stream and the soft humming of the spiritual plants echoed in the night sky.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan each regulated their breathing, conserving their energy

to prepare for tomorrow’s repair ceremony.

A battle concerning the fate of the Spirit Race and the Human Race had only just begun.

Dangers and challenges awaited them on the road ahead.

Chapter 6391 - 6400

The next morning, just as dawn was breaking,

the core spiritual vein of the Ancient Realm of Myriad Spirits was already heavily guarded by the Spirit Clan.

The core spiritual vein was located deep within the Spirit Vein Secret Realm of the Ancient Realm.

At the center of the secret realm stood a massive stone altar.

The altar was carved entirely from warm, lustrous spirit jade, and its surface was covered with ancient Spirit Clan runes.

The runes shimmered with a faint green light, radiating a heavy and solemn aura.

In the center of the altar was a deep spring.

Within the spring flowed a milky-white spiritual spring.

Ripples spread across the surface of the spring, and a rich spiritual energy wafted out.

However, it carried a faint turbidity, a sign of the spiritual vein’s decay.

Around the spring were eight fist-sized spirit crystals.

The crystals were emerald green, containing abundant spiritual energy, yet they appeared somewhat dim.

This was clearly due to the depletion of the spiritual vein and insufficient supply of spiritual energy.

Chief Qingmu, Elder Qingyuan, Elder Qingxuan, and several other elders

of the Spirit Clan stood around the stone altar, clad in ancient Spirit Clan sacrificial robes. Their

expressions were solemn, their hands forming hand seals, silently chanting ancient Spirit Clan incantations.

The incantations were deep and resonant, echoing throughout the entire secret realm.

The runes on the stone altar shone brighter with each chant.

Green spiritual light coiled around the altar, resonating with the spiritual spring within.

The Spirit Clan members surrounded the outer edge of the secret realm, their hands clasped together, their expressions devout,

silently praying.

Their eyes held both trepidation and anticipation; this was their Spirit Clan's last hope.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan stood in the center of the stone altar.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside Kai, her icy blue spiritual energy quietly circulating around her. She remained

vigilant, constantly watching for any movement around her, protecting Kai's safety.

Kai took a deep breath and slowly closed his eyes.

His aura gradually became calm and steady.

He slowly raised his hands, palms facing each other, and the chaotic power within his body slowly surged forth.

At first, only a faint purple spiritual light overflowed from his palms.

The light was pure and domineering, carrying the primordial aura of the beginning of heaven and earth.

It formed a stark contrast with the surrounding green spiritual energy.

As Kai's mind calmed down, the chaotic power surged even more violently.

The purple spiritual light continuously flowed from his body,

gradually converging into a thick pillar of light, enveloping the entire stone altar.

Within the pillar of light, countless tiny purple specks of light could be vaguely seen.

These were the origin of the chaotic power, radiating a powerful nourishing force.

Kai slowly opened his eyes, a resolute glint in them.

He pressed his hands down sharply, and the purple pillar of chaotic light instantly plunged down,

directly into the spiritual spring in the center of the stone altar.

"Buzz..."

A deep hum resounded throughout the entire secret realm.

The moment the pillar of chaotic light entered the spiritual spring, the spring churned violently.

The milky white spring water and the purple chaotic power mingled together.

A purple-white vortex formed.

The ancient runes on the stone altar shone brightly.

Green spiritual light intertwined with the purple-white vortex

, forming a massive light shield that enveloped the entire stone altar.

The eight spirit crystals around it, nourished by the chaotic power,

gradually brightened from their dim light.

Emerald light overflowed from the spirit crystals, flowing along the runes on the stone altar and

slowly converging into the spiritual spring, aiding in the repair of the spiritual veins.

Kai's expression gradually became solemn, fine beads of sweat appearing on his forehead, and his face turning slightly pale.

Repairing the spiritual veins was far more difficult than he had imagined; the corruption of the core spiritual veins had penetrated deep into its foundation.

Although the chaotic power could nourish the spiritual veins and purify the impurities,

he needed to precisely control every wisp of power.

He had to completely remove the impurities from the spiritual veins without damaging their essence.

He frowned slightly, his mind highly focused.

Manipulating the power of chaos, it seeped little by little into the depths of the spiritual spring, slowly nourishing the damaged foundation of the spiritual veins along their course.

Everyone clearly saw the turbid energy within the spring

gradually being stripped away under the influence of the chaotic energy.

It transformed into wisps of black mist, rising from the spring.

The moment it touched the light barrier, it was purified by the green spiritual light within the barrier and dissipated into the air.

As the turbid energy was gradually cleared away, the color of the spiritual spring gradually became purer

, slowly changing from milky white to a clear, bright emerald green.

The spiritual energy surging within the spring became increasingly concentrated, carrying a refreshing vitality.

Below the stone altar, the originally dry and cracked earth

gradually became moist under the nourishment of the spiritual spring and the chaotic energy.

Tender green shoots broke through the cracks in the soil

, growing rapidly, quickly becoming a lush patch of grass.

The surrounding spiritual plants, sensing the changes in the spiritual veins, swayed their branches and leaves.

Employing a joyful buzz, the withered branches and leaves gradually turned lush and vibrant green, bursting forth with vitality.

The spirit beasts in the distance also sensed the revival of spiritual energy, letting out clear cries filled with joy.

The Qingmu Clan Chief and several elders wore expressions of shock.

They stared intently at the scene in the center of the stone altar.

Their hand seals never ceased, and their incantations grew increasingly rapid.

They could clearly feel the aura of the core spiritual vein gradually becoming fuller.

The damaged foundation was being repaired little by little by the power of chaos.

The despair of near-exhaustion was gradually dissipating, replaced by a thriving vitality.

Elder Qingxuan

‘s face showed a relieved smile. His gaze towards Kai was filled with admiration.

He hadn’t misjudged him; Kai’s chaotic power truly could save the Spirit Race.

Jiang Xuelan kept her eyes fixed on Kai, noticing his pale face.

Worry filled her eyes.

She could feel the chaotic power within Kai rapidly depleting.

His aura was growing weaker and weaker.

She quietly took a step forward, her icy blue spiritual power slowly flowing into Kai’s body to replenish his strength, whispering, “Kai, hold on, I’m with you.”

Kai sensed Jiang Xuelan’s spiritual power and nodded slightly,

a weak yet resolute smile appearing on his face.

He didn’t stop what he was doing, continuing to manipulate the chaotic power,

purifying the impurities in the spiritual veins little by little, nourishing their foundation.

Time passed slowly, and the spiritual energy within the secret realm grew increasingly dense.

The spiritual spring became clearer, and the runes on the stone altar shone brighter.

Deep within the spiritual veins, the previously broken and damaged vein patterns

gradually reconnected under the nourishment of the chaotic power, flowing with pure spiritual energy.

Suddenly, Kai's body shuddered violently.

His face turned deathly pale, and a mouthful of blood spilled from the corner of his mouth.

Deep within the spiritual vein, a powerful, corrupting force lay hidden.

It was the root of the spiritual vein's decay, now stirred by the chaotic power.

It erupted suddenly, frantically assaulting Kai's chaotic power. "Not good!"

Clan Chief Qingmu's expression changed, and he exclaimed in alarm.

"It's the turbid core of the spiritual vein! That's a turbid core formed from years of decay in the spiritual vein, containing powerful corrupting energy. Fellow Daoist Kai probably won't be able to withstand it!"

Elder Qingyuan's expression also changed drastically, and he hurriedly said, "Clan Chief, let's help!"

“If Fellow Daoist Kai is harmed, the spiritual vein will never be repaired!”

Clan Chief Qingmu didn’t hesitate at all and suddenly raised his hand.

The wood-attribute spiritual power around him surged, and green spiritual light gathered into a huge palm.

He slammed it towards the center of the stone altar.

The other elders also made their moves.

They each circulated their spiritual power, gathering it into beams of spiritual light.

They merged into Clan Chief Qingmu’s palm and together they rushed towards the turbid core of the spiritual vein.

Kai felt the impact of the turbid core, and a resolute look flashed in his eyes.

He gritted his teeth and unleashed all the remaining chaotic power in his body.

The purple light pillar surged again, merging with the green spiritual light of Clan Chief Qingmu and the others.

A massive force, a blend of purple and green, slammed down upon the turbid core of the spiritual vein.

“Boom!”

A deafening roar echoed as the immense force struck the core.

The core trembled violently, black mist gushing forth, yet it was firmly contained by the purple-green force.

Kai exerted all his strength, manipulating the power of chaos to gradually erode the core.

The Green Wood Clan Chief and several elders also poured their spiritual energy into assisting Kai in purifying the core.

Jiang Xuelan gripped Kai's hand tightly, continuously channeling her spiritual energy into his body.

Her eyes were filled with worry, but she showed no sign of retreat.

After half an hour of stalemate, the turbid core of the spiritual vein was finally purified and dissipated under the combined influence of the chaotic and spiritual forces of the Spirit Clan.

As the last wisp of black mist vanished into the air, the spiritual spring in the center of the stone altar became completely clear and transparent.

Emerald green water gurgled and flowed, radiating a rich and pure spiritual energy.

Below the stone altar, the previously cracked earth was now covered with lush green grass.

The surrounding spiritual plants grew ever more lush, and spiritual energy flowed freely within the secret realm, brimming with vitality.

Kai could no longer hold on; his legs buckled, and he nearly collapsed.

Jiang Xuelan quickly supported him, her eyes filled with heartache.

His face remained deathly pale, his breath extremely weak, and the chaotic power within his body was almost completely depleted.

Yet, a relieved smile appeared on his face.

He had done it.

He had successfully repaired the core foundation of the spiritual vein.

He had secured a chance of survival for the Spirit Clan and for the Free Valley Resistance Army.

Clan Chief Qingmu and several elders quickly walked to the center of the stone altar and bowed deeply to Kai.

Their voices were filled with admiration and gratitude.

“Thank you, Fellow Daoist Kai!”

“Thank you, Fellow Daoist, for saving the Spirit Clan!”

“The Spirit Clan will never forget your great kindness!”

The Spirit Clan members surrounding the secret realm also knelt on the ground, shouting in unison.

“Thank you, Fellow Daoist Kai! Thank you, Fellow Daoist Kai!”

The voice was loud and clear, echoing throughout the entire secret realm, filled with gratitude and awe.

Kai leaned against Jiang Xuelan, waved his hand slightly, and said weakly but with a smile, “Clan leader, you’re too kind.”

“Repairing the spiritual veins is also for our common goal. As long as we can fight against the Divine Alliance and protect this world, this sacrifice is nothing.”

Elder Qingxuan quickly stepped forward, took out a crystal-clear spiritual fruit, and handed it to Kai.

“Fellow Daoist Kai, this is our Spirit Clan’s thousand-year-old spiritual fruit.”

“It can quickly replenish spiritual power and nourish the body. Please take it and meditate properly.” Elder Qingxuan said.

Kai took the spiritual fruit, nodded to Elder Qingxuan, and said gratefully, “Thank you, Elder Qingxuan.”

Then, he put the spiritual fruit in his mouth, and it melted instantly.

A sweet spiritual power instantly surged into his body, nourishing his exhausted meridians and chaotic power.

The fatigue in his body gradually eased.

Chief Qingmu gazed at the vibrant spiritual vein before him, his eyes filled with satisfaction and emotion.

He turned to Kai, his tone utterly solemn, and said, “Fellow Daoist Kai, from this day forward, the Spirit Race and the Free Valley Resistance Army are allies.”

“No matter what dangers we face, the Spirit Race will fight alongside you, together against the Divine Alliance, to protect the peace of this world!”

Chief Qingmu’s voice boomed like thunder through the valley of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Forest, resounding with unwavering conviction.

Every word carried an undeniable firmness, as if etched into the hearts of every Spirit Race member present.

A faint cyan-green spiritual energy swirled around him, the very essence of the Spirit Race.

As his words rose and fell, even the ancient trees around him seemed to tremble slightly, their branches rustling as if echoing his decision.

The surrounding Spirit Race members, whether strong young warriors, white-haired elders, or beautiful female cultivators, all raised their heads, their eyes blazing with fighting spirit.

They gripped their magical artifacts tightly, shouting in unison,

“Fight alongside Freedom Valley!”

A tall Spirit Clan warrior roared first, his voice booming like a bell, rippling the surrounding air.

“Fight against the Divine Alliance! We will never retreat!”

“Protect our homeland! Protect the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits!”

Shouts rose and fell, growing louder and louder, converging into a mighty torrent.

They echoed through the valley, striking the cliffs with reverberations, even causing the ground to tremble slightly.

This heartfelt resolve was the Spirit Clan’s deep love for their homeland, and their resistance against the oppression of the Divine Alliance.

Kai leaned against Jiang Xuelan’s soft shoulder, his face still as pale as paper, but a weak yet incredibly relieved smile slowly appeared on his lips.

His spiritual energy was almost completely depleted, and the stinging pain from repairing his meridians lingered in his veins.

Each breath carried a trace of weariness, but seeing this scene before him, all the hardship and sacrifice vanished.

This trip to the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits was definitely worthwhile.

The alliance of the Spirit Race undoubtedly injected a powerful boost into Freedom Valley and the battle against the God Race alliance.

Elder Qingxuan quickly stepped forward and carefully supported Kai's other arm.

His movements were gentle, as if afraid of aggravating Kai's damaged meridians, and his tone was full of concern.

"Fellow Daoist Kai, you have exhausted yourself. Your spiritual energy is almost depleted, and your meridians are slightly damaged. Go to the side hall to rest and recuperate."

He paused, a trace of gratitude and relief flashing in his eyes.

"The repair of the spiritual meridians is all thanks to you. It is now completely successful, and the foundation of the Myriad Spirit Ancient Forest has been preserved."

"Leave the remaining alliance matters to us. You don't need to push yourself."

Kai slowly shook his head.

He took a deep breath, and a faint chaotic power slowly flowed through his meridians, barely supporting his body.

Though her voice was soft, it carried a firm tone, "It's alright, I'll recover after a short rest." "

Chief Aoki, regarding the cooperation between the Spirit Clan and Free Valley to jointly fight against the God Clan Alliance, there are still some details I'd like to finalize with you."Chief Qingmu waved his hand, a gentle smile on his face, his eyes overflowing with gratitude.

"Fellow Daoist Kai, there's no need for such formality. You saved the foundation of our Spirit Clan, and the entire Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits."

“Cooperation is naturally no problem, no need for further discussion.”

He looked up at the Spirit Clan members behind him, his tone becoming serious.

“I will immediately arrange for men, selecting the elite of the clan to accompany you back to Freedom Valley.”

“We will fight alongside you, jointly resisting the invasion of the Divine Alliance, even if it costs the Spirit Clan all its strength, we will never retreat.”

Kai’s heart leaped with joy, a glint of light flashing in his eyes.

He forced himself to stand, deeply clasped his hands in a fist salute to Chief Qingmu, his tone respectful and sincere.

“Thank you for your trust, Chief!”

“With the Spirit Clan’s assistance, our chances of defeating the Divine Alliance have increased even further!”

However, just as Kai finished speaking, the smile on Chief Qingmu’s face gradually faded.

Instead, a hint of difficulty appeared on his face, his brows furrowed slightly, and his tone became heavier,

as if he had some unspeakable secret.

“However, Fellow Daoist Kai, there’s a problem I must inform you of beforehand,”

Chief Qingmu said. “This might affect our subsequent cooperation plans.”

Seeing Chief Qingmu’s sudden change in expression, Kai’s heart sank, and a bad premonition quietly rose within him.

He wiped the smile from his face, his expression becoming solemn, and slowly said,

“Chief, please speak. Whatever the problem is, we can work together to find a solution.”

Chief Qingmu sighed softly, his gaze sweeping over the lush ancient forest around him, his eyes filled with longing and helplessness.

His tone carried a touch of melancholy.

“We, the Spirit Clan, have been rooted here since ancient times, born and raised in this ancient forest.”

“We have long been one with this land.”

“The spiritual power within us is not simply the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, but is intimately connected with the spiritual energy of this Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits.”

“It is the spiritual vein power of the ancient forest that nourishes us and has also created the innate supernatural abilities of our Spirit Clan.”

He stretched out his hand, a wisp of greenish-blue spiritual power emanating from his palm.

The spiritual power was mixed with a faint fragrance of grass and trees, as if it contained the vitality of the ancient forest.

“Once we leave this ancient forest, the spiritual power within us will lose its source of nourishment.”

“The speed at which we absorb the spiritual energy of heaven and earth will become extremely slow, even less than one-tenth of what it is in the ancient forest.”

“Even with high-grade pills and spirit stones to replenish it, the external spiritual energy is difficult to integrate with the spiritual vein power within our bodies.”

“It takes a very, very long time to refine it and transform it into usable spiritual power.”

As he spoke, the Azure Wood Clan Chief’s tone became increasingly heavy, a trace of bitterness flashing in his eyes.

“More importantly, after each battle, our Spirit Clan warriors suffer immense depletion of spiritual energy.”

“It takes far longer for them to recover to their peak condition compared to other races.”

“Only by returning to this ancient forest and bathing in the power of the spiritual veins can our recovery speed be significantly improved.”

“Only then can we quickly return to the battlefield.”

He paused, then slowly continued,

“This is one of the reasons why our Spirit Clan has been confined to this place for thousands of years, never easily stepping out of the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits.”

“It’s not that we don’t want to go out, it’s not that we fear the Divine Alliance.”

“It’s that we can’t go out.”

“Leaving the ancient forest, our combat power will be greatly reduced, and our recovery will be slow.”

“Once we encounter a powerful enemy, we will only become lambs to the slaughter.”

“Not only will we be unable to help our allies, but we will also become a burden.”

Hearing this, the surrounding Spirit Clan members all showed a somber expression.

Some lowered their heads, their eyes filled with resentment.

They also longed to leave the ancient forest, longed to contribute more to protecting their homeland.

But their innate constitution had become a shackle binding them.

Jiang Xuelan also frowned, a trace of worry flashing in her eyes.

She understood the Spirit Clan’s predicament.

If the Spirit Clan warriors’ combat strength is greatly reduced and their recovery is slow after leaving the Ancient Forest,

then even if they join the Valley of Freedom, they will find it difficult to play a real role.

They might even suffer heavy losses in the battle against the God Clan Alliance.

However, after listening to Chief Qingmu’s words, Kai showed no worry on his face.

Instead, a confident smile slowly appeared on his face.

He gently patted Jiang Xuelan’s hand, indicating that she could rest assured.

Then he looked at Chief Qingmu and said firmly, “Chief, I can solve this problem.”

Chief Qingmu was stunned, his eyes filled with disbelief.

He suddenly raised his head, staring intently at Kai, his tone filled with urgency and doubt.

“You can solve it?”

“Fellow Daoist Kai, do you know that this is an inherent predicament of our Spirit Clan?”

“For thousands of years, we have tried countless methods, but none have been able to break it.”

“You really have a way?”

Kai slowly nodded, his confidence growing stronger.

He slowly raised his right hand, palm up, and gently flipped it.

A black halo emerged from his palm.

A black tower the size of a palm slowly condensed and landed in his palm.

This black tower was entirely jet black, its body ancient and imposing.

It was covered with countless ancient runes, twisting and intertwining as if containing the mysteries of the universe.

It exuded a desolate, weighty, and majestic aura, as if it had withstood the test of countless ages,

inspiring awe in all who beheld it.

The tower’s tip was slightly pointed, with a wisp of black mist swirling around it, radiating an overwhelming aura of suppressing all things.

“This is the Demon-Suppressing Tower,” Kai’s voice slowly rang out, carrying a hint of authority. ”

This tower is an ancient treasure, its interior forming its own space.” ”

The flow of time within this space is completely different from the outside world; one day outside is equivalent to a hundred days inside.”

“If warriors of the Spirit Clan need to recover after battle, they only need to enter the Demon-Suppressing Tower to recuperate.”

“This will give them ample time to refine spiritual energy and heal their injuries.”

“Even those severely injured can recover to their peak condition in a short time.”

The Azure Wood Clan Chief’s pupils suddenly contracted, his eyes filled with shock.

He stared intently at the Demon-Suppressing Tower in Kai’s palm, his body trembling slightly.

His lips moved, but he couldn’t utter a word for a long time.

After a long while, he finally managed to squeeze out a few words through clenched teeth, his voice choked with emotion.

“The Demon-Suppressing Tower… this is actually the legendary Demon-Suppressing Tower!”

Kai was somewhat surprised by the Azure Wood Clan Chief’s excited reaction.

He originally only knew that the Demon-Suppressing Tower was an ancient treasure with the ability to accelerate time.

He never expected that the Azure Wood Clan Chief would recognize this tower, and react so strongly.

He raised an eyebrow slightly and asked curiously, “Clan Chief recognizes this tower?”

The Azure Wood Clan Chief took a deep breath, trying to calm his shock.

He slowly reached out, wanting to touch the Demon-Suppressing Tower, but stopped at the last moment.

His eyes were filled with awe, as if it were an inviolable sacred object.

After a long while, he slowly withdrew his hand, his tone carrying a hint of vicissitude and reverence. “Yes, of course I know it.”

“In the ancient books of our Spirit Clan, there is a legend about an ancient divine tower.”

“That is the legend of the Three Towers.”

He raised his eyes and looked into the distance, his gaze seemingly traversing countless ages, returning to the ancient times.

“Legend has it that in ancient times, when heaven and earth were first created, the three realms were in chaos, demons roamed freely, and immortals and gods fought endlessly, causing immense suffering to all living beings.”

“To pacify the three realms and protect all living beings, ancient powerful beings forged three divine towers.”

“These are the Demon-Suppressing Tower, the Monster-Suppressing Tower, and the Immortal-Suppressing Tower.”

“These three divine towers each possess supernatural powers, their might boundless, shaking the three realms.”

“The Demon-Suppressing Tower is primarily for suppression, capable of suppressing all demons and evil spirits in the world.”

“The time flow within the tower is unpredictable, helping cultivators to quickly recuperate and break through realms.”

“The Monster-Suppressing Tower is primarily for space, able to control the laws of space, traversing between heaven and earth, ignoring distance limitations.”

“The Immortal-Suppressing Tower is primarily for purification, able to purify all evil and nourish the immortal soul.”

“It enhances the cultivator’s state of mind and cultivation.”

The Green Wood Clan Chief’s tone grew increasingly solemn, a hint of longing flashing in his eyes.

“Legend has it that if these three divine towers could be gathered together and unified,” ”

they would transform into the Three Realms Suppressing Tower, possessing unparalleled power to suppress all realms, control time and space, and purify everything.”

“They could even reshape the order of heaven and earth, restoring peace to the Three Realms.” ”

However, since ancient times, these three divine towers have been scattered throughout the Three Realms.”

“No one has ever seen any of them, and over time, this legend has gradually been forgotten.”

“Only in the ancient books of our ancient races are there a trace of records.”

He looked again at the Demon Suppressing Tower in Kai’s palm, his eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

“I never imagined that in my lifetime I would actually see the Demon Suppressing Tower with my own eyes.”

“Even more unexpectedly, this legendary treasure is actually in your hands!”

“Fellow Daoist Kai, who exactly are you?”

After hearing the words of the Green Wood Clan Chief, Kai was not surprised. The Green Wood Clan Chief’s words were similar to what Shen Zhiyan had said, so it seemed that the legend of the three towers was true.

Kai smiled slowly and said calmly, “Clan leader, please don’t worry. I’m just an ordinary rogue cultivator.

I belong to no sect or faction; I only obtained these two towers by chance.”

“I’m not a special person.”

As he spoke, he extended his left hand again, flipped his palm, and a white halo appeared.

Another white tower, about the size of a palm, slowly condensed and landed in his palm.

This white tower was pure white like jade, crystal clear, as if carved from the finest mutton-fat jade.

The tower body was also covered with ancient runes.

However, these runes were softer than those on the Demon-Suppressing Tower, emitting a faint white light.

Pure and warm, they formed a stark contrast with the dark and heavy Demon-Suppressing Tower.

One black, one white; one hard, one soft, complementing each other perfectly.

“The Demon-Suppressing Tower!”

Elder Qingxuan exclaimed in surprise upon seeing this white tower, his eyes widening

in disbelief, his body trembling slightly .

As an elder of the Spirit Clan, he had also perused the clan’s ancient texts

and was familiar with the legend of the Three Towers, naturally recognizing the origin of the white tower.

Elder Qingyuan, standing nearby, was also stunned, his lips trembling slightly, his eyes filled with shock.

He couldn’t utter a single word.

The surrounding Spirit Clan members erupted in jubilation, kneeling down and clasping their hands together.

Their expressions were respectful and devout, as if on a pilgrimage.

They bowed and worshipped the two divine towers in Kai’s palms, chanting incantations.

It was the Spirit Clan’s reverence and respect for ancient treasures.

Clan Chief Qingmu’s face instantly turned pale, his eyes filled with utter shock.

He stared intently at the two divine towers in Kai’s palms, his voice trembling and distorted.

“You…you actually have two!”

“Fellow Daoist Kai, you actually possess both the Demon Suppression Tower and the Monster Suppression Tower!”

“This…this is simply unbelievable!”

Kai chuckled lightly, his tone remaining calm. “This junior obtained these two towers by sheer chance.” ”

I’ve had the Monster Suppression Tower for some time now, but I haven’t been able to fully control it.”

“My understanding and use of it are still very shallow; I can only unleash a negligible portion of its power.”

The Green Wood Clan Chief took a deep breath, slowly calming his extreme shock.

He looked at the Monster Suppression Tower in Kai’s palm, a hint of solemnity and expectation flashing in his eyes. “The Monster Suppression Tower is a spatial treasure, its power boundless.”

“If one can fully control it, one can truly control the laws of space, ignoring all spatial distances, and reach any place you wish to go.”

“Whether it’s traversing thousands of miles, crossing different realms, or even crossing dimensions, it’s all within reach.”

Kai’s eyes lit up, a flash of surprise instantly appearing within them.

He hurriedly asked, “Really? Clan Chief, are you telling the truth?”

“As long as one fully controls the Demon-Suppressing Tower, one can freely traverse the sixteen heavens, even cross dimensions?”

Clan Chief Qingmu slowly nodded, his tone certain, “That’s how it’s recorded in ancient texts.”

“The core of the Demon-Suppressing Tower contains pure spatial origin power.”

“As long as one can draw upon and control this power, one can unlock its full potential.”

“And you possess the power of chaos, which encompasses all things and can be compatible with all attributes of power.”

“Whether it’s the power of time or the power of space, it can be integrated with it.”

“Therefore, I believe you can definitely fully control the power of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.”

Kai looked at the Demon-Suppressing Tower in his hand, a strong impulse surging within him.

His eyes flashed with a burning light.

If he could truly fully control the Demon-Suppressing Tower, then travel, combat, and rescue would all become incredibly convenient.

The battlefield between Free Valley and the Divine Alliance spanned the sixteen heavens.

If he could traverse freely, he could flexibly mobilize troops and strike the enemy unexpectedly.

This rendered the Protoss alliance’s defenses virtually nonexistent.

“Clan Chief, I want to try.” Kai’s voice was firm and powerful, without the slightest hesitation in his eyes.

He couldn’t wait to try and control this powerful spatial force.

Although he had subdued the Demon-Suppressing Tower, Kai still didn’t know how to use its spatial abilities.

If, as Clan Chief Qingmu said, controlling the Demon-Suppressing Tower meant controlling space, then they wouldn't need to fly for days to return to Freedom Valley; they could arrive instantly using the tower.

Clan Chief Qingmu nodded slowly, his eyes full of expectation and approval.

"Good! Your chaotic power is unique; perhaps you can truly awaken the full power of the Demon-Suppressing Tower."

"Try controlling the power of spatial origin right here; we will protect you."

"We will absolutely not let anyone disturb you, ensuring you can calmly refine and control the Demon-Suppressing Tower."

After speaking, Clan Chief Qingmu winked at Elder Qingxuan and several Spirit Clan elders beside him. The elders immediately understood and dispersed, forming a large protective circle around Kai.

Their spiritual energy circulated, converging into a sturdy shield that

enveloped Kai, vigilantly observing their surroundings to prevent any unforeseen events.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside Kai, her icy blue spiritual energy subtly circulating.

A chilling aura emanated from her, her eyes sharp as knives.

She stared intently at everything outside the shield; even a bird approaching wouldn't escape her notice.

Kai took a deep breath, slowly closed his eyes, and regulated his breathing,

allowing his mind to gradually calm down.

He sat cross-legged, putting away the Demon-Suppressing Tower, leaving only the Demon-Suppressing Tower,

and gently placed it on the ground before him.

At this moment, his mind was free of any distractions; all his attention was focused on the Demon-Suppressing Tower,

feeling the soft white light emanating from it,

and sensing the vast and pure spatial primordial power contained within.

A moment later, Kai slowly opened his eyes, a resolute glint in them.

He slowly raised his hands, palms facing the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The chaotic power within his body began to circulate, and a purple halo emerged from his palms ,

slowly enveloping the tower.

This chaotic power was gentle yet vast, encompassing all things, without the slightest aggression. Like a spring drizzle, it slowly seeped into the tower's structure. The instant the chaotic power touched the tower, it trembled slightly, emitting a deep and resonant hum, as if a colossal beast that had slumbered for millennia had finally been awakened. The ancient runes on the tower's surface lit up one after another, like stars being illuminated. White light emanated from the runes, growing brighter and more dazzling, gradually enveloping the entire protective circle, bathing everything around it in a pure white light. Kai's divine sense, following the chaotic power, slowly probed into the interior of the Demon-Suppressing Tower. The moment his consciousness entered the tower, a vast and pure spatial force instantly enveloped it, giving him an unprecedented sense of lightness and freedom. It was as if he had transformed into a gentle breeze, able to freely traverse this space. Inside the tower was a void of white space. There was no heaven or earth, no sun or moon, no mountains or rivers, not even a sense of up, down, left, or right. Only endless white, without end, and the passage of time

imperceptible. It was as if this were a chaotic land independent of the Three Realms. The former staircase was gone, each floor where Old Hei and the others were imprisoned had vanished, and the spirit of the artifact was gone. The Demon-Suppressing Tower seemed to have become a primordial relic, in need of reconstruction. The air was filled with a rich spatial primordial force, every wisp of which was incredibly pure. Inhaling even a trace of it made Kai's consciousness more refined. Without hesitation, Kai manipulated his consciousness, slowly traversing this void, searching for the core of the Demon-Suppressing Tower. He knew that the core of the Demon-Suppressing Tower was the place containing the spatial primordial force. Only by finding the core and unleashing its power can one truly control the Demon-Suppressing Tower. Time passed slowly, and the hours outside gradually ticked by. Inside the protective shield, Kai remained seated cross-legged, eyes closed, his expression calm and focused. Only fine beads of sweat gradually seeped from his forehead, slowly sliding down his cheeks , dripping onto the ground and spreading into small patches . His face gradually grew paler. The chaotic power within his body was continuously flowing into the Demon-Suppressing Tower. The consumption of his divine sense was also increasing, each time he controlled his divine sense to wander, it required a tremendous expenditure of mental energy. One hour, two hours, three hours... a full three hours passed, and Kai's divine sense was still wandering in the void space of the Demon-Suppressing Tower. He still hadn't found the core of the Demon-Suppressing Tower. His divine sense had become somewhat weak, and the white space before him was beginning to blur. Stinging pains emanated from his meridians, and the consumption of chaotic power had reached its critical point. He might collapse at any moment. Jiang Xuelan, standing to the side, looked at Kai's pale face, her eyes filled with worry. She wanted several times to persuade him to stop and rest, but feared disturbing him. She could only bite her lip tightly, silently circulating her spiritual energy to send a tiny wisp of energy to Kai, helping him to persevere. The Qingmu Clan Chief and several Spirit Clan elders also watched Kai with solemn expressions, their eyes filled with expectation and worry. They could sense that Kai's chaotic energy was rapidly depleting , and his divine sense was becoming increasingly weak. But they also knew that controlling an ancient treasure was no easy task. They could only silently protect Kai and pray for his success. A sense of weariness also crept into Kai's heart, but he did not give up. He

knew this was the key to controlling the Demon-Suppressing Tower. If he gave up, all his previous efforts would be in vain. And he didn't know how long he would have to wait to try again. He gritted his teeth, forcing himself to concentrate, circulating the last of his chaotic energy to nourish his divine sense, making it more refined again. He took a deep breath, focusing all his attention on his divine sense. No longer wandering aimlessly, he calmed himself and sensed the flow of the spatial primal energy around him. He discovered that the spatial primal energy in this void was not chaotic, but rather slowly converging towards a central point. Although the convergence was extremely slow, it was remarkably regular. Kai was overjoyed and immediately manipulated his divine sense, moving slowly forward along the direction of the converging spatial primal energy. This time, his speed became even slower, and he was even more cautious.He proceeded cautiously, afraid of missing even the slightest clue.

As he moved forward, the primal power of the surrounding space grew increasingly dense.

The feeling of lightness and freedom intensified.

The consumption of his divine sense gradually decreased.

Another hour passed, which was the fourth hour in the outside world.

Kai's divine sense finally touched the center point where the primal power of space converged.

It was a fist-sized white sphere of light, suspended in the very center of the void.

The sphere was pure white, radiating a soft yet powerful white light.

It contained an extremely vast and pure primal power of space.

It seemed to be the core of this space, the soul of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The moment Kai’s divine sense touched the white sphere, it trembled violently.

A massive force erupted instantly, attempting to repel Kai’s divine sense.

This force was extremely powerful, carrying pure spatial pressure.

It caused Kai’s divine sense a sharp pain, almost causing it to dissipate. Kai’s heart tightened, and he immediately circulated the chaotic power within his body

, continuously channeling it into his divine sense to strengthen it.

Simultaneously, he manipulated the chaotic power, slowly permeating it into the white sphere of light,

attempting to merge it with the spatial origin power within.

The chaotic power, all-encompassing, gentle yet boundless,

began to slowly envelop the spatial origin power the moment it came into contact with it.

It permeated and merged little by little, without the slightest repulsion.

The white sphere of light trembled violently, its light flickering, as if struggling, or perhaps adapting.

Kai’s face grew even paler, and beads of sweat poured down his forehead.

His chaotic power was almost completely depleted, and his divine sense was under immense pressure.

Each fusion required tremendous mental effort.

The stinging pain in his meridians grew increasingly intense, as if they were being torn apart.

But he did not give up, gritting his teeth and persevering.

He continued to manipulate the chaotic power, merging it with the spatial origin power within the white sphere of light.

He could clearly feel the primordial spatial power within the white sphere of light

being gradually assimilated by the power of chaos and controlled by his divine sense.

As the fusion deepened, the trembling of the white sphere of light gradually subsided.

The light became softer and more stable, no longer repelling Kai's divine sense.

Just then, a vast amount of information surged into Kai's mind like a tidal wave,

instantly filling his divine sense.

This information was incredibly vast, containing all the manipulation techniques of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

From the most basic spatial folding and spatial traversal, to advanced spatial sealing and spatial shattering,

and then to top-level spatial crossing and dimensional traversal, all sorts of supernatural abilities emerged one by one,

clearly imprinted in Kai's mind, as if they were abilities he was born with.

Kai closed his eyes, carefully memorizing these manipulation techniques, comprehending their mysteries one by one.

He felt as if he were in a completely new world, surrounded by the figures of spatial laws.

He could clearly feel the flow of space and its mysteries.

It was as if he had merged with this space, able to manipulate everything within it at will.

He comprehended the techniques of spatial folding, the principles of spatial travel, and

the true essence of spatial sealing. With each comprehension, his control over the Demon-Suppressing Tower deepened.

The spatial primordial power within his body also increased accordingly.

Time flowed once more, and two hours had quietly passed in the outside world.

During these two hours, Kai had been comprehending the methods of controlling the Demon-Suppressing Tower and fusing with the spatial primordial power.

His divine sense had completely merged with the white sphere of light.

He could freely manipulate the spatial primordial power within the white sphere and

freely mobilize the power of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The chaotic power within his body had also perfectly merged with the spatial primordial power,

forming a new power that possessed both the inclusiveness of chaotic power and the agility of spatial power.

Finally, Kai slowly opened his eyes.

The instant he opened his eyes, a dazzling white light flashed within them.

That was the power of the spatial primordial power, fleeting and then returning to calm.

But his gaze had become deeper and more resolute,

as if containing endless spatial mysteries.

His face remained pale, but his eyes were filled with confidence and composure.

His spiritual energy was slowly recovering, and the stinging pain in his meridians gradually disappeared.

He slowly raised his right hand and gently waved it.

The spatial origin power within him instantly circulated, flowing through his arm and into the air.

The space before him instantly distorted, forming a faint white ripple.

The ripple continued to spread, gradually condensing into a white light gate half a person's height.

The light gate was pure white, emitting a soft white light; behind it was a blur, as if connecting to another space.

Opposite the light gate was the other end of the valley in the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits

, hundreds of feet away from Kai's current location.

Kai slowly stood up, brushed the dust off his clothes, and a relieved smile appeared on his face.

He took a deep breath and stepped into the white light gate.

The moment his figure entered the light gate, it trembled slightly and vanished instantly.

The surrounding space returned to normal.

The next instant, Kai appeared at the other end of the valley, standing firmly on the ground.

He turned around, looking at the protective barrier hundreds of feet away, a confident smile on his face.

Inside the barrier, Elder Qingxuan was completely stunned.

His eyes widened, his mouth gaped open, wide enough to fit a fist, his face filled with disbelief.

He subconsciously rubbed his eyes, thinking he was seeing things.

Elder Qingyuan was the same, his lips trembling slightly, his eyes filled with shock. He couldn't

utter a single word.

He never expected that Kai had actually mastered the power of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

He could traverse space so easily.

The surrounding Spirit Clan members were even more dumbfounded, standing up one after another, their faces filled with shock and awe.

They looked at Kai as if he were a god.

They had originally thought that it would take Kai at least several days or even months to master the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

But unexpectedly, Kai had succeeded in just six hours.

And he could use the ability to traverse space so skillfully.

Chief Qingmu took a deep breath and slowly deactivated the protective shield, his eyes filled with shock and admiration.

He strode up to Kai, his voice trembling slightly, “You…you’ve taken control of the Demon-Suppressing Tower?”

“Fellow Daoist Kai, have you truly mastered its power completely?”

Kai nodded slowly, a humble smile on his face, “I’d say I’ve only gained initial control.”

“Currently, I can freely traverse the sixteen heavens with the help of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.”

“Whether it’s a thousand miles or ten thousand miles, I can arrive instantly.”

“But I can’t yet cross dimensions to reach other heavens.”

“After all, my cultivation is still insufficient, and my understanding of the power of spatial origin is not deep enough.”

“I still need further cultivation and comprehension.”

The Green Wood Clan Chief let out a long breath, a relieved smile appearing on his face.

The awe in his eyes grew even stronger.

“Enough, that’s enough!”

“Being able to traverse freely across the sixteen heavens is already an incredible ability.”

“With this ability, your army can instantly appear anywhere.”

“The Divine Alliance’s defenses are nothing but a facade before you!”

“From now on, our Spirit Clan will fight alongside the Valley of Freedom, and we will surely break through the oppression of the Divine Alliance and protect our homeland!”

Kai put away the Demon-Suppressing Tower and walked to Chief Qingmu. “Chief, the Spirit Clan’s recovery problem has now been resolved.”

“The flow of time within the Demon-Suppressing Tower is erratic; the warriors are recuperating inside.”

“They can quickly restore their spiritual power and also use the spiritual energy within the tower to enhance their cultivation—a double benefit with half the effort.” Chief Qingmu gave Kai a deep look.

The last trace of wariness in his eyes finally vanished completely,

replaced by boundless admiration and absolute trust.

He knew that Kai not only possessed ancient treasures, but also formidable strength and extraordinary courage.

More importantly, he had a heart dedicated to protecting all living beings.

With such a person, the Spirit Race had hope, and could truly escape the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits and break free from their predicament.

“Kai, you are indeed no ordinary person,”

Chief Qingmu’s voice was firm and sincere.

He reached out and firmly grasped Kai’s hand.

“My Spirit Clan is willing to formally ally with you and with Freedom Valley!”

“From this day forward, the Spirit Clan and Freedom Valley will share life and death, honor and disgrace, and will never betray each other!”

“Even if it costs the Spirit Clan all its strength, we will stand with you against the Divine Alliance.”

“We will protect our common home!”

Kai gripped Chief Qingmu’s hand tightly, his eyes filled with determination. “Chief, rest assured, from this day forward, Freedom Valley and the Spirit Clan will be our strongest allies!”

“I, Kai, hereby swear that I will not let the Spirit Clan’s sacrifices be in vain.”

“I will lead everyone to break the oppression of the Divine Alliance and restore peace to the Sixteenth Heaven!”

Chief Qingmu acted swiftly and decisively; once he made a decision, he acted immediately.

He gave a few instructions to Elder Qingxuan beside him, who immediately accepted the order and turned to leave.

He went to select elite warriors from the clan to accompany Kai back to Freedom Valley.

In less than half a day, Elder Qingxuan arrived before Kai with three hundred Spirit Clan warriors.

These three hundred Spirit Clan warriors were all tall and imposing, their auras steady.

A dense azure-green spiritual energy surrounded them, and their cultivation levels were all above the sixth rank of True Immortal.

Among them were several seventh-rank True Immortal experts, and even a few eighth-rank True Immortal powerhouses.

Their strength was extremely formidable.

They wore uniform azure-green robes embroidered with ancient plant patterns.

Spirit Clan magical artifacts were worn at their waists, their eyes sharp, their expressions resolute.

They exuded an aura of fearlessness, clearly elites of the Spirit Clan.

“Clan Chief, three hundred elite warriors have assembled and are ready to depart at any time!”

Elder Qingxuan bowed respectfully to Clan Chief Qingmu.

He himself possessed the cultivation of an eighth-rank True Immortal, and his strength was formidable; he

would lead these three hundred Spirit Clan warriors back to Freedom Valley with Kai to assist Freedom Valley in its fight against the Divine Clan Alliance.

Chief Qingmu nodded, his gaze falling on the three hundred Spirit Clan warriors. He spoke solemnly, “Fellow clansmen, we have returned to Freedom Valley with Fellow Daoist Kai to protect our homeland.

To resist the invasion of the Divine Alliance.

You are all the elite of our Spirit Clan. I hope that in Freedom Valley, you will work together with the warriors of Freedom Valley.

Help each other, and obey the arrangements of Fellow Daoist Kai and the leader of Freedom Valley.

Do not let down the expectations of the Spirit Clan, do not let down the expectations of the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits!”

“We obey the Chief’s command!” The three hundred Spirit Clan warriors shouted in unison, their voices booming and deafening, their eyes filled with unwavering determination.

They bowed deeply to Chief Qingmu, their expressions respectful yet resolute.

Chief Qingmu then looked at Elder Qingxuan and said solemnly, “Qingxuan, as the leader of this expedition, you must take good care of all the clansmen.”

“Think thrice before you act, and cooperate with Fellow Daoist Kai to deal with all crises together.”

“The Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits is entrusted to me and Qingyuan. You can go with peace of mind.”

“Please rest assured, Chief, your subordinate will not fail in his mission!” Elder Qingxuan bowed and said firmly.

Elder Qingyuan stepped forward, cupped his hands to Elder Qingxuan and the three hundred Spirit Clan warriors, and said sincerely, “Fellow Daoists, take care on your journey. May you achieve victory and return soon.”

“The Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits, I will guard it well, and await your triumphant return.”

Kai looked at the three hundred Spirit Clan warriors, a warm feeling welling up in his heart.

With the addition of these three hundred elite warriors above the True Immortal Realm, the strength of Freedom Valley would greatly increase.

Their confidence in confronting the Divine Alliance would also be much stronger.

He cupped his hands respectfully to Clan Chief Qingmu and Elder Qingyuan, saying, “Clan Chief, Elder Qingyuan, thank you for your trust and support.”

“Please rest assured, I will take good care of all my fellow Spirit Clan members and will not let their sacrifices be in vain.”

“Once we have quelled the rebellion of the Divine Alliance, we will definitely return to visit you and celebrate peace with you.”

“Good, good!” Clan Chief Qingmu nodded with a smile, his eyes full of anticipation. “I await your good news!”

Jiang Xuelan walked to Kai’s side and asked softly, “Kai, how do we get back?”

“From the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits to the Valley of Freedom, the distance is vast. If we fly back, it will take at least several days.”

“Moreover, we might encounter patrols from the Divine Alliance along the way. If a conflict occurs, casualties are inevitable.”

“It will also waste time.”

Kai smiled, a confident glint in his eyes. “No need to fly, we have a faster way.”

With that, he took out the Demon-Suppressing Tower again and gently lifted it.

The Demon-Suppressing Tower floated in mid-air, its body emitting a soft white light, enveloping everything around it.

“Come closer to me, everyone! Whether you’re a fellow cultivator from the Spirit Clan or Xue Lan, stay close and don’t scatter.”

Three hundred Spirit Clan warriors gathered around, Elder Qingxuan standing beside Kai, his expression expectant.

He couldn't wait to experience the spatial teleportation power of the Demon Suppression Tower.

Jiang Xue Lan also walked to Kai's side, standing close to him, her eyes full of trust.

Kai took a deep breath, his hands rapidly forming hand seals.

The chaotic power and spatial origin power within his body circulated simultaneously, continuously pouring into the Demon Suppression Tower.

With the infusion of spiritual power, the light of the Demon Suppression Tower surged.

A dazzling white pillar of light shot into the sky, instantly enveloping everyone present.

It enveloped them within the pillar of light.

The pillar of light was gentle and warm, without any aggression, instead giving people an incomparably safe feeling.

Kai raised his head, his gaze resolute, and let out a low shout.

"Spatial leap, destination—Valley of Freedom!" The words had barely left his lips

when the white pillar of light enveloping everyone abruptly contracted, instantly becoming blindingly bright. It was so intense it was impossible to open one's eyes. The next instant, the pillar of light vanished completely, and everyone present disappeared into the valley of the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits. Only Chief Qingmu and Elder Qingyuan remained, standing in the direction the pillar of light had disappeared. Simultaneously, at the entrance to Valley of Freedom, a

dazzling white pillar of light suddenly descended from the sky, instantly enveloping an area at the valley entrance. After the pillar of light dissipated, Kai, Jiang Xuelan, and three hundred Spirit Clan warriors appeared at the valley entrance. On the stone tablet at the valley entrance were engraved two powerful characters—Freedom. It was the symbol of Valley of Freedom, the faith in the hearts of all its warriors. The surrounding valley was lush and verdant, filled with birdsong and fragrant flowers. Unlike the ancient and solemn atmosphere of the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits, the aura of Valley of Freedom was more one of resilience and hope. It was the spiritual sustenance of countless cultivators resisting the oppression of the Divine Alliance. Valley of Freedom, arrived. At this moment, on the city wall of Free Valley, Lin Yuan was patrolling alone.

His brows were furrowed, his expression weary, and his eyes bloodshot, clearly indicating he hadn't had a proper rest in a long time.

Several days had passed since Kai left Free Valley to seek an alliance with the Spirit Clan in the

Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits. No news had returned during this time, as if the message had sunk without a trace.

Lin Yuan was filled with worry.

He didn't know what Kai had encountered in the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits. He didn't know

if the negotiations with the Spirit Clan had gone smoothly. He

didn't even know if Kai was alive or dead.

Free Valley was currently in a difficult situation, with

the Divine Clan alliance pressing forward relentlessly, and their forces vastly outnumbered. If Kai couldn't successfully persuade the Spirit Clan to form an alliance, then the future of Free Valley would be incredibly difficult,

perhaps even facing annihilation.

The pressure on his shoulders was immense; every minute was agonizing.

Just then, a dazzling white beam of light suddenly shone at the valley entrance.

The light was blinding, instantly illuminating the entire valley entrance, even bathing the city wall in a white glow.

Lin Yuan abruptly raised his hand to shield his eyes, startled, and instinctively shouted,

“Enemy attack?!”

He thought it was a sneak attack by cultivators from the Divine Clan Alliance, and his heart tightened. He

quickly turned around, wanting to order the warriors on the city wall to be on alert and prepare for battle.

But the moment he turned, the dazzling white pillar of light suddenly vanished.

It left no trace, as if it had never appeared at all.

Lin Yuan lowered his hand and looked towards the valley entrance in confusion.

When he saw the scene at the valley entrance, he was completely stunned.

His pupils suddenly contracted, his mouth gaped open, big enough to fit a fist, his face full of disbelief.

His body was trembling slightly.

At the valley entrance stood more than three hundred people.

Leading them were Kai and Jiang Xuelan, whom he had been thinking about day and night.

Although Kai's face was still somewhat pale, his eyes remained firm and composed.

He exuded a faint aura, which, compared to when he left, had gained a touch of the spiritual energy of spatial origin.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her expression calm, icy blue spiritual energy swirling around her. She

remained as aloof and beautiful as ever.

Behind them followed three hundred cultivators clad in turquoise robes.

Each of them had a faint turquoise complexion, and their pupils seemed to shimmer with wood grain.

A dense turquoise spiritual energy surrounded them, their auras steady and powerful.

They were clearly not ordinary people.

The Spirit Race!

These two words flashed through Lin Yuan's mind instantly.

Although he had never seen Spirit Race cultivators, he had heard of their characteristics.

These people looked exactly like the legendary Spirit Race cultivators!

"Chen…Kai?" Lin Yuan's voice trembled slightly, filled with disbelief.

He called out tentatively, afraid that everything before him was just an illusion.

Kai looked at Lin Yuan on the city wall, a gentle smile on his face.

He waved to Lin Yuan and said in a loud voice, “Lin Yuan, I’m back.”

He paused, his gaze sweeping over the three hundred Spirit Clan warriors beside him, and said firmly, “The Spirit Clan has agreed to ally with our Free Valley to fight against the God Clan Alliance.”

“These three hundred Spirit Clan warriors are now our allies, our brothers-in-arms!”

Lin Yuan was stunned for a moment before slowly reacting.

The weariness and worry on his face were instantly replaced by ecstatic joy.

He jumped up, gesturing wildly with excitement, his voice trembling with emotion.

“We succeeded! We really succeeded!”

“Kai, you really did it!”

“The Spirit Clan really agreed to cooperate with us!”

He was so excited, so happy.

He had waited for this day for far too long.

Free Valley had been trapped for so long, struggling and resisting time and time again under the oppression of the God Clan Alliance.

They had made countless sacrifices, yet still saw no hope.

But the alliance with the Spirit Clan undoubtedly brought new life to Free Valley.

It brought hope of defeating the God Clan Alliance.

Lin Yuan turned and shouted with all his might into the valley,

“Brothers! Kai is back!”

“Kai has returned with his fellow cultivators from the Spirit Clan!” ”

The Spirit Clan has agreed to cooperate with us to fight against the God Clan Alliance!”

“We are saved! We have hope!”

His voice echoed through Free Valley, instantly breaking the oppressive atmosphere that had gripped the valley for days.

Hearing Lin Yuan’s shouts, the Free Valley warriors rushed out of their houses.

Old Zhao was the first to emerge, his tall, thin figure now appearing somewhat unsteady.

He even dropped his folding fan, oblivious to the fact that it had fallen to the ground.

His eyes were fixed on Kai at the valley entrance, his face filled with wild joy and disbelief.

“Mr…Mr. Chen? You’re really back?”

“The Spirit Clan…the Spirit Clan has really come?”

The middle-aged woman, usually known for her bold and forthright personality and always carrying twin swords, also hurried up the city wall.

When she saw the three hundred Spirit Clan warriors at the valley entrance, her eyes were filled with shock and ecstasy.

Unable to contain himself, he shouted, “Great! Really great!”

“With the help of the Spirit Clan, we can finally teach those god scum a lesson!”

Old Xu stroked his beard, a relieved smile spreading across his face, his eyes brimming with tears.

He bowed deeply to Kai at the valley entrance, saying sincerely, “Mr. Chen, thank you for your hard work. You haven’t let us down.”

Zhao Tieshan, leaning on his cane, walked shakily out of the house.

His face was still pale, his injuries not fully healed, but his eyes shone brightly—

full of hope.

He walked to the city wall, gazing at Kai at the valley entrance, his eyes red-rimmed, his voice choked with emotion.

“Mr. Chen, you really did it…”

“You truly brought hope to our Freedom Valley…”

In an instant, Freedom Valley erupted in jubilation.

The warriors cheered and jumped for joy, their faces filled with ecstasy and excitement.

The fatigue and oppression of the past few days vanished completely at this moment.

They cheered and shouted, as if they could already see the day they would defeat the Divine Alliance and gain their freedom.

Watching this scene, Kai felt a surge of warmth in his heart.

He quickly walked up the city wall, stood before Lin Yuan, and gently patted him on the shoulder.

A resolute smile appeared on his face.

“Lin Yuan, thank you for your hard work. It’s all thanks to you that you’ve held Freedom Valley safe these past few days.”

“From now on, we have allies. With the help of our fellow cultivators from the Spirit Clan, we no longer have to fight alone.”

“The good days of the Divine Alliance are over.”

“From this day forward, we of Freedom Valley will fight side-by-side with the Spirit Clan, united in purpose.”

“We will surely break the oppression of the Divine Alliance and restore peace to everyone.”

“We will restore freedom to all cultivators!”

Lin Yuan nodded vigorously, tears finally streaming down his face.

They were tears of excitement, tears of joy, tears of seeing hope.

He had waited for this day for far too long, and now, it had finally arrived. Before Lin Yuan could even wipe away his tears, Kai had already pulled him by the arm and led him to Elder Qingxuan.

“Lin Yuan, this is Elder Qingxuan of the Spirit Clan, a True Immortal Realm Eighth Grade, an elder who has lived for over ten thousand years. He’s leading the three hundred elite troops the Spirit Clan sent this time,”

Kai introduced.

Lin Yuan quickly clasped his hands in a fist salute, his voice still hoarse from sobs: “Elder Qingxuan, thank you so much for the Spirit Clan’s righteous assistance! The entire Free Valley is deeply grateful!”

Elder Qingxuan wore a long, azure-green robe with spiritual patterns, its hem swirling with delicate spiritual light from plants and trees.

His face was gentle and refined, his white hair tied back, his eyes reflecting the weight and peace of ten thousand years.

The wood-elemental spiritual energy around him was long and mellow, unlike the domineering and fierce holy light of the Divine Clan, instead possessing a gentle and inclusive quality that nourished all things.

Hearing Lin Yuan’s earnest thanks, Elder Qingxuan slowly raised his hand, smiled gently, and returned the greeting with composure, his demeanor humble and devoid of the arrogance of an ancient elder.

“Chief Lin, there’s no need for such formalities, nor for words of thanks.”

Elder Qingxuan spoke slowly, his gaze distant, his tone extremely solemn.

“Back then, Fellow Daoist Kai ventured deep into the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits, breaking the ancient seal within the clan, slaying the ancient ferocious beasts that had eroded the Spirit Clan’s essence, preserving the foundation upon which the Spirit Clan had dwelled for generations, and protecting the survival of tens of thousands of our clansmen.”

“This grace of rebirth is heavier than mountains and rivers; the entire Spirit Clan will forever remember it, never to be forgotten.”

He looked up at Kai beside him, his eyes filled with heartfelt respect.

“Even a drop of water in need is repaid with a spring of gratitude, let alone the immense favor of saving lives. From this day forward, the

Spirit Race and the Valley of Freedom are sworn allies, bound by blood, sharing life and death.” ” We will share both

fortune and misfortune, advance and retreat in unison. Whenever the Valley of Freedom faces hardship, the Spirit Race will mobilize its entire force, braving fire and water, without hesitation.”

These simple words solidified the bond between the two forces, firmly securing a crucial foundation for the precarious resistance.

The two men clasped hands deeply, their palms touching, a fusion of the unwavering resolve of the human cultivators and the boundless vitality of the Spirit Race’s ancient vegetation.

An invisible alliance was quietly forged; from this moment on, the Valley of Freedom was no longer fighting alone.

After the handshake, Kai stepped aside, raising his hand to introduce the several powerful Spirit Race experts behind him.

“These are the captains of the Spirit Clan’s elite squads, each a seasoned veteran with

countless battles under their belt, their minimum cultivation level being the seventh rank of True Immortal.” “They’ve been stationed on the ancient forest’s borders for years, fighting countless battles against alien races and ferocious beasts, their combat experience far surpassing that of other cultivators of the same level.”

Following Kai’s guidance, Lin Yuan looked at each of them, his heart trembling violently, his eyes brimming with uncontrollable joy and excitement.

The Spirit Clan captains possessed a restrained and focused aura, their surrounding vegetation radiating spiritual light with ease. Their postures were as steady as mountains, their gazes sharp and profound.

Even without uttering a word, one could feel the killing intent honed through countless battles.

Three hundred elite Spirit Clan soldiers stood in neat formation, their ranks orderly and disciplined. Each possessed abundant spiritual power, a resilient physique, and a unified, powerful aura, without a trace of slackness or negligence.

Every single one of them was a veteran who had fought to the death.

The sudden addition of such an elite force was like sending charcoal in snowy weather.

Lin Yuan quickly calculated in his mind. Free Valley had suffered repeated bloody battles, losing nearly half of its elite troops and riddled with wounded, its combat strength greatly reduced.

In contrast, the three hundred Spirit Clan warriors before him were all top-tier fighters with formidable overall strength. Combined, Free Valley's overall combat power more than doubled, even enough to directly confront a medium-sized garrison from the Divine Clan Alliance.

The gloom and despair that had weighed on him for days vanished in an instant.

A surge of heroic spirit welled up in Lin Yuan's chest. He suddenly raised his hand and waved it, the sound waves sweeping across the entire valley, echoing in all directions.

"All troops, form ranks! Open the valley gates! Enter the city immediately to rest!"

"Tonight, Free Valley will host a banquet, setting up a hundred tables, with all the wine and meat prepared." "

I will personally accompany Mr. Chen, Elder Qingxuan, and all the Spirit Clan fellow Daoists who have traveled from afar, to welcome them and celebrate the alliance!"

The moment the order was given, the previously demoralized and wounded Free Valley warriors erupted into a deafening cheer.

Shouts echoed through the valley, and amidst the shattered city, despair dissipated, and passion reignited.

Countless cultivators, clad in tattered armor and wielding broken weapons, surged forward, surrounding Kai and the group of powerful Spirit Race warriors, and poured into the heart of Freedom Valley.

As the setting sun cast its last rays, the long-lost vitality and passion slowly revived amidst the ruins and valleys.

Night fell, the bright moon hid behind the clouds, and countless stars adorned the dark night sky.

The giant plaza in the center of Freedom Valley had already been swept clean, with tables and chairs neatly arranged, stretching for hundreds of meters.

Brightly lit, bonfires blazed, their flickering orange-red flames dispelling the chill of the night and illuminating the smiles on everyone's faces.

This feast was far more lively and grand than any previous gathering.

Three hundred Spirit Race warriors were scattered throughout the crowd, their distinctive turquoise robes with spirit patterns standing out vividly in the flickering firelight.

The spiritual light emanating from the plants and trees subtly mingled with the aura of the surrounding human cultivators, creating a seamless connection.

The cultivators of Free Valley, having shed the tension and vigilance of days of battle, laid down their weapons and gathered around the spirit warriors.

Their eyes were filled with curiosity and longing, and their chattering questions created a lively and bustling atmosphere.

“Fellow Daoists of the Spirit Clan, it is said that you are naturally close to all living things, able to manipulate mountains, rivers, plants, and ancient trees at will. Even in the most dangerous and dense forests, you can use the power of plants to defend yourself. Is this true?”

“I have heard that the Spirit Clan understands the language of heaven and earth, can comprehend the whispers of flowers and the cries of birds and beasts, and can perceive the changes in the energy of mountains and rivers. Is this true?”

“You seniors are all powerful beings with lifespans of ten thousand years. In those long years, have you personally witnessed the magnificent battles of ancient immortals and gods?”

“Did those ancient gods and demons, whose stories have been passed down through the ages, truly possess unparalleled power capable of destroying the world?”

A variety of questions followed one after another, some expressing curiosity, some reverence, and some longing.

The Spirit Clan members are naturally gentle and kind, with a tranquil nature, and are not fond of fighting.

Faced with the continuous stream of curious questions from the human cultivators, they showed no impatience or annoyance, each with a gentle smile, patiently and meticulously answering each question.

They slowly recounted the wonders of the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits, the mysteries of cultivation through plants and trees, and the hidden legends passed down from ancient times.

Laughter and cheerful conversation mingled, quickly dissolving the initial awkwardness.

The cultivators from both groups became familiar with each other, and the atmosphere was extremely harmonious. At the central table in the square sat the most honored seat.

Elder Qingxuan was forcibly pulled to the head seat by Lin Yuan. The table was laden with meats, spirit wines, and mountain vegetables from Free Valley's treasured collection, along with a dazzling array of cultivation supplements—a display of utmost hospitality. Elder Qingxuan

had long lived in seclusion in the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits, feeding on the spiritual energy of the plants and trees, drinking morning dew, and eating spiritual fruits. He was accustomed to a simple and austere diet for cultivation. He found

it difficult to adapt to the heavy oil and salt of human meat and strong liquor.

However, he could not refuse the hospitality and did not want to disappoint Lin Yuan and the people of Free Valley. He could only pick at a few plates of sweet mountain vegetables, slowly savoring them, his demeanor calm and elegant.

After several rounds of drinks, the atmosphere grew more intense. Amidst the noisy banquet, Elder Qingxuan slowly put down his jade chopsticks. The

warmth in his gentle eyes gradually faded, his expression turning solemn and dignified. The relaxed aura around him suddenly deepened, striking straight to the core, with no more polite greetings.

"Chief Lin, Fellow Daoist Kai has already informed our Spirit Clan of the current situation of Freedom Valley and its entanglements with the Divine Clan Alliance."

"The Divine Clan Alliance dominates the Sixteen Heavens, its influence spreading across the four seas and eight wastelands, with vast territories and countless strongholds."

“Among them, the most formidable are the three Heavenly Prisons, specifically used to imprison powerful figures and rebellious cultivators from various races who oppose the Divine Clan.”

“Previously, you fought a bloody battle, paying a heavy price, and forcefully destroyed one of the three Heavenly Prisons, the Black Rock Prison, severely damaging the Divine Clan’s reputation and shocking the entire Sixteen Heavens.”

“Now that the Black Rock Prison has been destroyed, the remaining two Heavenly Prisons are still firmly controlled by the Divine Clan, suppressing countless rebellious cultivators from various races.”

“When do you plan to take action next to eliminate the remaining two major threats?”

The direct and sharp question instantly broke the hustle and bustle of the banquet.

Lin Yuan raised his hand and put down his wine bowl, the smile on his face vanishing abruptly.

A deep, unyielding melancholy settled between his brows, and all traces of ease vanished from his body, replaced by the chilling, battle-hardened aura of someone who had been through countless battles.

“Elder Qingxuan is straightforward and outspoken, so I will also cut to the chase and speak the truth.”

Lin Yuan took a deep breath, a deep sense of apprehension and worry flashing in his eyes, and slowly began to speak. “This afternoon, I received urgent intelligence from a spy embedded within the Divine Race.” ”

Of the three Heavenly Prisons, the Crimson Flame Prison, located in the Flaming Mountains of the Western Regions, has been heavily fortified by the Divine Race Alliance.” ”

The Divine Race's high command values this place highly, and has specially dispatched Shadow Warrior, one of their three great generals, to personally oversee its defense."

"This person's cultivation has reached the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, placing him among the Divine Race's top combat forces."

"Most terrifyingly, he does not employ direct offensive tactics, but has devoted his life to honing techniques of concealment, assassination, and tracking. His methods are ruthless and unpredictable, appearing and disappearing unpredictably, making him impossible to defend against."

"In five thousand years of cultivation and slaughter, the number of top experts from various races, sect leaders, ancient demon kings, and human powerhouses who have died under his assassination is no less than a hundred."

"Countless renowned figures have been silently murdered by him without anyone noticing, their bodies left no trace."

"His methods are ruthless and impossible to defend against; his infamous reputation has spread throughout the heavens and earth."

"But things are different now. With Elder Qingxuan in charge, three hundred elite Spirit Clan warriors providing strong support, plus the remaining fighting force of my Free Valley."

"The two forces combined have a surge in combat power, giving us the strength to directly confront Crimson Flame Hell."

"My plan is to seize this opportunity and take down Crimson Flame Hell in one fell swoop…"

Before he could finish speaking, all eyes turned to Kai.

The entire hall was silent; everyone awaited the answer from this key decision-maker.

Kai held a white jade wine cup between his fingers, slowly picking up a bite of spiritual vegetables, chewing slowly and deliberately.

His expression was calm and serene, his eyes indifferent, as if the heavy situation around him and the dangerous enemy could not stir his emotions in the slightest. He remained

silent for a long time.

The evening breeze swept across the square, and the campfire crackled.

A moment of silence weighed heavily on everyone's hearts.

Several breaths passed before Kai slowly put down his chopsticks and raised his eyes.

His dark eyes were as deep as a cold pool, his gaze calm as he looked at Lin Yuan. Each word he spoke was indifferent yet carried an undeniable decisiveness.

"The entire deployment, terrain, troop distribution, and strength of the Crimson Flame Prison in the Western Regions."

"Explain all the detailed intelligence, without reservation, point by point," Kai commanded.

Lin Yuan dared not delay. He immediately took out a neatly folded animal hide map from his robes and quickly spread it on the table.

The map was meticulously drawn, clearly marking mountains, volcanic landscapes, prison structures, and checkpoint locations.

Red and blue runes intertwined, densely covered with annotations—firsthand intelligence gathered by spies at great personal risk.

Lin Yuan's fingertip landed on a crimson area on the western side of the map, and he began to explain in a deep voice.

“The Crimson Flame Prison is located deep within the Flaming Mountains, a perilous region in the Western Regions. The entire mountain range is formed from millennia-old volcanic rock, its geology incredibly hard, resistant to high temperatures, magic, and direct attacks—a naturally perfect prison fortress.”

“Beneath the mountain range lies a crisscrossing network, through which flows a massive, ceaselessly rushing river of magma, its currents constantly surging and scorching.”

“The entire Flaming Mountains are scorching hot year-round, with scorching heatwaves.” ”

The main body of the Crimson Flame Prison is carved directly into the heart of the volcano, reinforced layer by layer. The outer layer of the prison is completely encased and isolated by layers of molten lava, surrounded by constant intense heat and flames, naturally forming an insurmountable barrier of death.”

“The entire prison is connected to the outside world by only one narrow, deep, private passage—a

formidable stronghold, easy to defend and difficult to attack.” “Breaking through by force is extremely difficult. The prison is structured in three layers, each with its own defenses and suppression, with extremely strict control.”

“The first layer holds ordinary prisoners from various races, mostly low-level cultivators who rebelled against the gods.”

“The second level holds the most heinous criminals, all of whom are mid-level cultivators who have committed serious crimes and repeatedly rebelled against the Divine Race.”

“The most dangerous third level is a top-secret death row, specifically used to imprison powerful individuals of various races above the seventh rank of True Immortal, ancient monsters, and rebel leaders.”

“The punishments are cruel, and the seals are extremely tight; once imprisoned, there is almost no chance of survival.” Chen

Ping stared intently at the map, calmly asking, “How is the outer guard force divided? Explain the core experts and hidden combat forces one by one.”

Lin Yuan’s fingertips quickly traced the markings on the map, his expression growing increasingly solemn.

“The prison is surrounded by twelve checkpoints, both visible and concealed, forming a ring that seals off all entrances and exits to Flame Mountain, strictly preventing outsiders from infiltrating.”

“Each checkpoint is permanently stationed with one hundred regular Divine Race cultivators, whose cultivation levels are uniformly stable between the third and fifth ranks of the True Immortal Realm.”

“Equipped with divine light barriers, early warning arrays, and deadly traps, the prison is heavily guarded with rotating shifts around the clock.”

“The prison’s internal defenses are layered: the first layer is manned by 300 divine guards, the second layer by 200 elite cultivators, with each layer reinforcing the defense.”

“The most crucial third layer, the death row, is guarded by 50 top-tier divine elites, each at least a sixth-rank cultivator, utterly loyal and formidable in combat.”

“The apparent warden is an eighth-rank True Immortal, possessing considerable skill, and controls the prison’s daily operations and legal punishments.” ”

He appears to be the highest-ranking official in Crimson Flame Prison, but he is merely a pawn used to deceive external enemies.”

At this crucial point, Lin Yuan's voice suddenly lowered, a deep sense of apprehension surfacing in his eyes.

"The true controller of the Crimson Flame Prison, and also the greatest life-or-death crisis of our journey, is the Shadow Warrior."

"The Shadow Warrior, a ninth-grade True Immortal, ranks among the three top warriors of the Divine Clan Alliance, his fame shaking the Sixteen Heavens."

"He has devoted his life to cultivating the peerless assassination technique, the 'Shadow Assassination Art,' which allows him to devour darkness, merge with the shadows, conceal his whereabouts, and completely hide his aura."

"He moves silently between reality and illusion, tracking across thousands of miles and killing within a hundred steps."

"In five thousand years of cultivation and slaughter, no fewer than a hundred top experts from various races have died under his assassination."

"Countless renowned figures have been silently annihilated by him without anyone noticing, their bodies left without a trace." "

His methods are ruthless and impossible to defend against; his fearsome reputation has spread throughout the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths." After

the intelligence was fully revealed, the plaza fell into a deathly silence.