the mans Decree: Kai Ping / Chen Ping

Chapter 6401 - 6410

Many Free Valley cultivators paled, instinctively gripping their weapons.

The mere mention of the Shadow General's fearsome reputation sent chills down their spines.

Kai stared intently at the Crimson Flame Prison mark on the map, purple chaotic spiritual energy swirling slightly at his fingertips.

After a long period of silent contemplation, his clear, cold voice slowly rang out, outlining the overall battle plan.

"This battle will have a clear division of labor, each fulfilling their duties without interfering with others."

"The Shadow General, a ninth-rank warrior, is unstoppable by assassination; I will handle him alone."

"The publicly known eighth-rank prison warden will be suppressed by Elder Qingxuan."

"All other divine race guards, sentry posts, and mid-level cultivators will be jointly wiped out by the Free Valley and Spirit Race allied forces, advancing layer by layer, breaking through each level."

As his words fell, Elder Qingxuan nodded slightly, his expression calm and composed, without a trace of fear in his eyes.

"Leave the eighth-rank prison warden to me. Ten thousand years of cultivation have perfected my wood-based imprisonment and trapping techniques."

“Dealing with a fellow divine race cultivator of the same rank is a sure thing, without a single mistake.” Elder Qingxuan was very confident.

Lin Yuan, standing nearby, immediately frowned, his face filled with anxiety and worry, and quickly tried to dissuade him.

“Kai, you absolutely mustn’t be impulsive! Your current cultivation is only at the second rank of True Immortal Realm. To cross several realms and single-handedly confront a ninth-rank Shadow Warrior is far too dangerous!”

“That Shadow Warrior has killed countless people, his movements are unpredictable, his assassinations are unstoppable, and he’s practically invincible among those of the same rank.”

“To confront a top-tier ninth-rank expert with low-level combat power is tantamount to putting yourself in danger; it’s far too reckless!”

The leaders of the Free Valley and the Spirit Race around him also nodded in agreement.

Their gazes were filled with worry as they looked at Kai, all disapproving of this extremely risky arrangement.

Despite the crowd’s attempts to dissuade him, Kai remained unmoved, calmly interrupting them with a resolute tone, “I understand the difference in cultivation levels, and I know the terror of the Shadow Warrior.”

“But I possess the innate power of chaos, impervious to all laws, and able to counter the divine light, shadow killing techniques, yin-yang magic, and all other fundamental powers.”

“I control the Demon-Suppressing Tower, possessing multiple supernatural abilities such as spatial traversal, spatial sealing, and illusionary imprisonment.”

“If I can’t win, I can instantly teleport away, more than enough to protect myself, and won’t be trapped in a deadly situation.”

He turned to look at the white-clad woman sitting quietly beside him, his expression softening slightly.

“Moreover, I’m not alone in this battle. Xue Lan cultivates the extreme cold ice path, freezing thousands of miles and imprisoning her body, perfectly countering the Shadow Warrior’s shadow movement techniques.”

“With her assisting and restraining him, the odds of victory are high enough.”

Jiang Xue Lan sat quietly beside Kai, her snow-white dress spotless, her beautiful, aloof face devoid of any superfluous emotion.

A chilling, icy blue spiritual energy enveloped her, its coldness subtly spreading.

She remained silent, only slightly raising her eyes, her gaze upon Kai unwavering. Her

clear, cold eyes were filled with an unyielding resolve, silently proclaiming her determination to fight side-by-side.

Lin Yuan opened his mouth, wanting to continue his persuasion, listing the dangers involved.

But when he met Kai’s calm, resolute eyes, all his words of advice stuck in his throat, unable to be uttered.

He sighed deeply, knowing Kai’s stubborn nature; once a decision was made, it would not be easily changed.

He could only raise his hand and pat Kai’s shoulder heavily, his expression grave, his tone heavy.

“Alright. I believe you. Since your mind is made up, then so be it.” ”

Rest for one night. At dawn tomorrow, the entire army will be fully equipped and immediately march to the Western Regions to launch a fierce attack on the Crimson Flame Prison and begin the bloody battle.”

As night deepened, the campfires still burned brightly, and the lively banquet slowly came to an end.

In the turbulent Western Regions, a bloodbath destined to flow for thousands of miles and leave corpses strewn across the land had already begun.

At dawn the next day, the sky was still shrouded in a thick layer of darkness, with only a faint glimmer of dawn appearing on the eastern horizon, yet the entire Valley of Freedom had already fully awakened.

On the central square, everyone had already assembled, and a chilling aura enveloped the area, completely replacing the liveliness and clamor of the previous night.

Kai, Jiang Xuelan, Lin Yuan, and Elder Qingxuan, the four core leaders, stood side by side at the forefront of the formation, their imposing presence awe-inspiring.

Behind them, three hundred Free Valley warriors, their armor gleaming and weapons drawn, exuded a murderous aura, having fought a bloody battle.

Three hundred elite Spirit Clan soldiers stood solemnly, their plant-based spiritual energy poised to be unleashed, their vine-based magical artifacts concealed around them, ready to strike.

Within the ranks, all the core experts were present.

The veteran, Old Zhao, carried a heavy battle axe on his back; his muscles bulged, the axe’s blade gleaming coldly, radiating a fearless, bloodthirsty spirit.

The tall, thin strategist casually waved a folding fan, seemingly relaxed, yet his eyes held endless calculations; spells and talismans were always at his side, ready to aid in breaking the deadlock at any moment.

The middle-aged female cultivator gripped a double-edged short sword tightly in both hands, the blade gleaming with a chilling light; her movements were swift, her close-combat skills extremely fierce.

Xu Bai, with his white hair and beard, possessed an air of otherworldly elegance; his fingertips subtly formed incantations, defensive, healing, and support spells ready to be deployed at any time.

Zhao Tieshan had been severely injured in the previous battle, his bones broken and his spiritual power damaged. His injuries had not fully healed, and he remained pale and weak, even struggling to circulate his spiritual power normally.

Yet, he refused to stay behind, forcing himself to lean on a sturdy ironwood cane, enduring the pain to come to the square to see Kai off.

His cloudy eyes were fixed on Kai, his eyes reddening with worry and concern.

“Mr. Chen, the Western Regions are extremely dangerous. The Crimson Flame Hell is teeming with powerful warriors, and the Shadow Warriors are infamous. This journey is fraught with peril,”

Zhao Tieshan said hoarsely, his tone earnest. “You must be extremely careful, act within your limits, and never recklessly engage in battle. You must return safely.”

Kai turned to look at this loyal and comrade-in-arms, a warmth flickering in his eyes.

He stepped forward, gently patted Zhao Tieshan’s shoulder, his tone steady and resolute.

“Rest assured. I promised everyone I would return safely.”

“Once this battle is over and the Crimson Flame Hell is liberated, I will return to drink with you until we are completely drunk.”

After reassuring everyone, Kai raised his hand and waved it, causing the ancient and heavy Demon-Suppressing Tower to float in his palm.

The tower was mottled and its patterns were ancient, containing endless spatial power.

He channeled spiritual energy into his fingertips, gently lifting the tower, and a surge of powerful spatial force erupted.

A dazzling white beam of light shot into the sky, piercing through the clouds and instantly enveloping all the soldiers on the square.

Everyone was enveloped by the gentle yet domineering spatial power, their bodies stable and unaffected by the tearing force of space.

“Cross-domain spatial traversal, lock coordinates, target—Western Region Flame Mountain, Crimson Flame Hell!”

Kai shouted, his divine sense locking onto the coordinates of the Western Region’s perilous realm a thousand miles away, and the Demon-Suppressing Tower’s light blazed brightly.

The dazzling white light suddenly contracted, instantly engulfing thousands of people.

The next second, the plaza was empty; the densely packed army, along with the four leaders, had vanished into Freedom Valley without a trace.

Space was traversed in an instant, ignoring mountains and rivers, and disregarding geographical distances. The next instant, the violent spatial tremors subsided, and the group landed firmly on their feet, finding themselves in a vast, desolate Gobi Desert of the Western Regions. A

wave of intense heat and the pungent stench of sulfur assaulted their senses. Dry, scorching

winds howled past, whipping up countless fine, reddish sand grains that rustled against their clothes.

Looking out, the landscape was a desolate wasteland, barren of vegetation, a landscape of cracked, scorched earth and scorching volcanic rocks—a scene of utter desolation and lifelessness.

At the horizon, a colossal volcano rose abruptly, its surface a deep crimson, its walls jagged and cracked, layers of volcanic rock exuding an aura of destruction and fury.

From its summit, a massive crater continuously spewed billowing black smoke, blotting out the sun.

The thick black smoke swirled upwards, painting the entire sky a dark, oppressive red.

From countless cracks in the mountain, scorching red lava flowed slowly, meandering down the rock walls and dripping onto the ground, emitting plumes of white smoke.

From the depths of the earth came the faint rumble of surging lava, the earth trembling slightly, constantly radiating a terrifyingly high temperature that scorched the heavens and earth.

The air was suffocatingly hot; each breath felt like inhaling scalding fire, burning the throat and lungs.

Ordinary cultivators, without circulating their spiritual energy to resist, would be burned by the intense heat and their spiritual energy depleted in moments.

Looking into the distance, the massive black cage embedded in the volcano's belly stood impenetrable, deathly still.

This was their final destination—the Crimson Flame Prison.

Danger lurked everywhere, killing intent permeated the air, the perilous prison was close at hand.

Kai slowly crouched down, his fingertips lightly touching the scorching volcanic rocks beneath his feet, the burning heat radiating through his fingertips.

His expression remained unchanged as he calmly retrieved a detailed map from his robes, his fingertip precisely pointing to twelve faint points of light on the outer perimeter of the volcano's base.

"Twelve ring-shaped outposts surround the Crimson Flame Prison, interwoven with both light and shadow, forming a defensive network, each garrisoned by a hundred men."

"Combined with early warning arrays and holy light restrictions, if any one of them raises an alarm, the entire Crimson Flame Prison will instantly go on full alert, sealing off all entrances and exits."

"At that point, the difficulty of a direct assault will increase several times over."

"We must silently eliminate all twelve outposts before the Divine Race detects anything amiss and sends out warnings."

"Slay all the outer garrisoned cultivators, cut off all early warning channels, launch a perfect surprise attack, and give the enemy no chance to react,"

Kai said with a sharp gaze.

Lin Yuan's brows furrowed tightly as his gaze swept over the densely packed outposts on the map, his face showing difficulty.

"The twelve outposts are scattered throughout the Flaming Mountains, far apart and isolated from each other."

“If we split up, our forces will be too dispersed and easily defeated one by one.”

“If we concentrate our forces to attack them one by one, it will be too slow, and prolonged delays will inevitably expose our location and trigger alarms.”

“The allied forces are too scattered to conduct a simultaneous cleanup.”

“There’s no need for a full-scale mobilization, no need for a simultaneous attack.”

Kai slowly put away the map, stood up, and purple chaotic power quietly flowed around him, his aura completely concealed.

He seemed to merge with the surrounding scorching darkness, silent and still.

He raised his eyes to the distant, continuous volcanic outposts, his tone indifferent.

“Twelve outposts, twelve hundred Divine Race cultivators—I alone am enough.”

A simple sentence, calm and composed, yet carrying an unparalleled confidence that looked down upon all, shook the hearts of everyone present.

Lin Yuan’s pupils instantly shrank, his face filled with disbelief, and he uttered a stammering cry.

“You alone? Twelve outposts spanning a hundred miles of territory, heavily fortified, with numerous restrictions, and a thousand garrisoned, each with considerable cultivation.”

“How could you possibly wipe them all out so quickly by yourself? That’s insane!” Lin Yuan’s face was full of disbelief.

“My Chaos Power can completely conceal my aura, shield me from divine sense detection, and ignore the perception of the divine race’s warning array.”

“With the Demon Suppression Tower enhancing my spatial traversal abilities, I can travel a hundred miles in a single step, instantly changing positions, coming and going without a trace.”

Kai explained calmly, his aura becoming increasingly ethereal.

“When it comes to silent assassinations and surprise attacks, no one in the entire outer perimeter of the Crimson Flame Prison can stop me.”

“A thousand-strong garrison, layers of restrictions, are nothing but clay chickens and earthen dogs to me.”

Before he finished speaking, Kai’s figure swayed slightly, without any warning, fading and becoming ethereal.

His aura completely dissipated, as if he had evaporated into thin air, instantly disappearing from everyone’s sight.

Space folded, a thousand miles in an instant, a hundred miles of mountains and rivers traversed in a single step.

The next moment, Kai’s figure silently appeared in the shadows behind the first outer outpost.

This outpost was built atop a massive volcanic rock, offering a commanding view and perfectly blocking one side of the mountain road.

The outpost was surrounded by a dense array of golden divine light barriers, runes flowing and shimmering, covering a radius of a thousand meters.

Any approaching enemy would instantly trigger an alarm.

Inside and outside the outpost, a hundred divine cultivators, clad in golden standard light armor and wielding holy light longswords, patrolled in pairs, alternating shifts.

Their expressions were cold and vigilant, their divine senses constantly scanning the surroundings, maintaining a tight security.

The outpost commander, clad in exquisite scale armor, exuded a powerful aura, possessing the cultivation of a fifth-grade True Immortal, and wielded a heavy holy light longsword.

Standing atop the highest point of the outpost, his cold gaze swept across the entire Gobi Desert, not daring to relax for a moment.

The scorching wind howled, masking all subtle movements.

Unnoticed, a deadly shadow had silently descended.

Kai lay dormant in the darkness, his eyes icy, slowly drawing the Dragon-Slaying Sword from his back.

The long, black blade gleamed with a chilling light in the dim sky.

A vast, dense purple chaotic power surged into the sword like a tidal wave, swirling and layering around it.

The domineering chaotic aura remained contained, confined within the sword itself, causing no fluctuations in spiritual energy.

He slightly raised his wrist, his arm swaying lightly, his movements fluid and graceful, without the slightest hesitation.

A condensed, hair-thin purple chaotic sword beam silently pierced the void.

There were no earth-shattering phenomena, no deafening roars, not even a ripple in the air.

Utterly restrained, utterly deadly.

A

faint, almost imperceptible hiss dissipated in the gale.

The purple sword light pierced through the entire outpost in an instant, precisely grazing the vital point between the eyebrows of every divine cultivator.

The next second, all one hundred Divine Clan cultivators at the outpost froze in unison.

Their eyes widened, pupils contracted sharply, and the cold, patrolling expression remained on their faces, but their bodies were utterly devoid of life.

The Holy Light Source, spiritual meridians, and the foundation of their divine souls within their bodies were instantly disintegrated, torn apart, and dissolved by the power of chaos.

The power of chaos restrains all laws, and the Holy Light Power, which the Divine Clan was so proud of, was utterly fragile before the pure source of chaos.

Like ice and snow meeting a raging fire, it melted and disintegrated instantly.

In a mere breath, all one hundred garrison members perished.

Immediately afterward, the bodies of the Divine Clan cultivators began to slowly dissolve, turning into fragments of golden Holy Light, drifting away in the wind.

They dissolved into the sweltering air, leaving not a single drop of blood or a complete corpse behind.

Clean, ruthless, and merciless.

The entire process was completely silent; no one screamed, no one cried for help, and not a single alarm was sounded. Kai remained expressionless, sheathing his sword. His figure blurred once more, and using spatial power, he instantly teleported to the next outpost.

The second, the third, the fourth…

one outpost after another fell.

Kai was like a grim reaper wandering the darkness of the Western Regions, traversing the hundred-mile Gobi Desert.

His movements were seamless, and his attacks were deadly.

Each sword strike was concise and precise, aimed directly at the vital points, wasting not a ounce of spiritual power, nor revealing a trace of his aura.

Relying on his unparalleled stealth abilities and spatial powers, he perfectly avoided all restrictions and patrols.

No matter how tight the outpost's defenses were, or how powerful the commander's cultivation, they were powerless against Kai's chaotic sword light. Even

the most numerous fourth and fifth-grade True Immortal cultivators of the Divine Race could not withstand the crushing force of a power that transcended realms.

Time slowly passed, and in less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, all twelve outer outposts surrounding Flaming Mountain were annihilated.

Twelve hundred fully armed and heavily guarded Protoss soldiers were silently and completely wiped out.

Kai's figure slowly reappeared, landing back in front of the allied forces. His

robes were spotless, his entire being clean and tidy, not a speck of dust on his clothes, nor a drop of blood.

It was as if the massacre of a thousand men was merely a trivial matter.

He reached into his storage ring and took out twelve golden tokens engraved with special Protoss runes, casually tossing them to Lin Yuan.

“Twelve core tokens for the sentry posts, controlling all the outer holy light defense arrays.” ”

With these tokens in hand, the outer layer of the Crimson Flame Prison’s restrictions will automatically recognize us and prevent any attack, allowing us unimpeded access to the prison’s main gate.”

Lin Yuan instinctively reached out and caught the heavy golden tokens, their cool touch revealing a rich aura of Protoss holy light.

He looked down at the twelve tokens in his hand, recalling the horrific feat of slaughtering a thousand people in the short span of an incense stick’s time.

His hands trembled slightly, a tidal wave of shock washing over him, his face filled with disbelief.

Twelve hundred regular Divine Race cultivators, twelve well-defended outposts, layers upon layers of restrictions, and multiple layers of defense.

Yet, in Kai’s hands, they couldn’t even withstand the force of an incense stick’s time before being completely annihilated, silently and without leaving any trace.

This was no longer a crushing defeat due to a difference in cultivation level, but a comprehensive dimensional reduction in power, supernatural abilities, and combat awareness.

Elder Qingxuan, standing to the side, gazed intently at Kai, his admiration and apprehension growing stronger.

He spoke slowly, his tone full of praise.

“Fellow Daoist Kai’s strength is indeed well-deserved, truly hidden.” ”

With the power of chaos enhancing his spatial techniques, his assassination, raid, and clearing capabilities have reached an unbelievable level.”

“No wonder he was able to repeatedly inflict heavy damage on the Divine Race and crush powerful enemies.”

Elder Qingxuan was shocked.

Kai nodded calmly, without boasting, his gaze fixed on the towering, crimson Flame Mountain in the distance, his tone cold.

“The outer obstacles have all been cleared, the path ahead is clear. The real bloodbath, the real formidable enemy, is still trapped within the Crimson Flame Prison.”

“The real show has only just begun.”

With that, he took the lead, steadily advancing towards the foot of the scorching Flame Mountain.

Thousands of allied soldiers followed closely behind, their steps steady, their killing intent palpable, stepping into this deathly abyss shrouded in flames.

The gates of the Crimson Flame Prison, shrouded in blood, slowly opened.

The closer they got to the Flame Mountain, the more terrifying the surrounding temperature became.

The volcanic rocks beneath their feet were scorching hot; even through their thick combat boots, the bone-chilling heat was palpable.

If an ordinary cultivator lingered for even a moment, their soles would be

burned and cracked by the intense heat. The air was thick with the pungent smell of sulfur and the acrid stench of burning lava; the scorching air currents assaulted their senses, making their skin burn and their mouths parched.

The soldiers of Free Valley circulated their spiritual energy, forming a thin protective shield around their bodies to insulate against the intense heat and flames.

Even so, walking for an extended period in this fiery land was incredibly taxing.

Many cultivators had cold sweat beading on their foreheads and were breathing rapidly.

In contrast, the Spirit Clan members were much more composed.

Wood-type spiritual energy is naturally enduring and, although naturally countered by fire-type energy, Elder Qingxuan had anticipated this.

As they marched, he subtly formed hand seals, and a vast, rich power of all spirits slowly spread out.

A massive, emerald-green protective shield of plant-like spiritual light enveloped the entire allied army.

The spiritual light, both supple and powerful, firmly isolated them from the scorching heat and burning air currents.

This greatly reduced the consumption of everyone’s spiritual energy, steadily protecting them.

The group proceeded steadily, soon arriving at the foot of Flaming Mountain, where the main gate of the Crimson Flame Prison appeared before them.

It was a massive, ten-zhang-high black iron gate, its surface pitch black.

Forged from a mixture of extraterrestrial cold iron and volcanic refined iron, it was incredibly hard, resistant to high temperatures, magic, and slashing.

The gate was densely engraved with countless ancient divine sealing runes, their golden light subtly surging, suppressing evil energy.

It exuded an ancient and domineering divine pressure.

Directly in front of the stone gate, two rows of divine guardian cultivators stood in neat formation, twenty on each side, forty in total.

All were clad in heavy golden armor, wielding holy light greatswords, their auras chilling, and their minimum cultivation level was at the fifth rank of True Immortal.

Standing tall and imposing, with icy, bloodthirsty eyes, surrounded by holy light and exuding a menacing aura, these were the elite gatekeepers carefully selected by the divine race.

Behind the forty cultivators, a gigantic golden light screen, spanning the entire mountain pass, floated high in the air.

Countless intricate runes flowed rapidly across the light screen, layering and overlapping to form an unbreakable defensive barrier.

This was the final, ultimate restriction on the outer perimeter of the Crimson Flame Prison, possessing overwhelming defensive power, specifically designed to withstand large-scale attacks from external enemies.

As soon as Kai and his group stepped into the restricted area, the forty divine race gatekeepers ahead instantly became alert.

Their holy light surged instantly, they gripped their weapons tightly, and approached step by step. A cold, stern shout suddenly rang out, echoing throughout the mountain pass.

“Halt! This is the sacred ground of the Divine Race Alliance, the forbidden area of the Crimson Flame Prison. Unauthorized personnel are strictly prohibited from approaching!” ”

Those who trespass into the forbidden area of the Heavenly Prison and disrespect the majesty of the divine race will be killed without mercy!”

As the cold warning fell, the forty divine race cultivators simultaneously raised their heavy swords.

A dazzling golden holy light flowed and converged along the blade, and a fierce killing aura locked onto all who approached, signaling the imminent outbreak of a great battle.

The atmosphere instantly became extremely tense. Kai remained indifferent, ignoring the intimidation of the assembled divine cultivators. He silently raised his hand and slowly drew the Dragon-Slaying Sword from his back.

The moment the black blade was drawn, a violent and dense purple chaotic power erupted, sweeping across the area like a tsunami.

Wrapped around the sword, layers of blazing chaotic fire burned, its purple light soaring into the sky.

The domineering and unparalleled primal power instantly suppressed the golden holy light throughout the area.

There were no superfluous words, no pre-battle standoff.

Kai raised his arm high, his wrist slamming down with tremendous force.

With a single strike, the wind and clouds shifted.

The purple chaotic power, condensed to its extreme, coalesced into a gigantic blade of light a hundred feet long, tearing through the scorching air.

With terrifying destructive power, it swept towards the forty gatekeeper cultivators and the golden light barrier in front of him.

Wherever the blade passed, the surrounding scorching air was instantly torn apart and twisted.

The hard volcanic ground was ravaged by the sharp sword energy, carving a trench several meters deep and stretching for hundreds of meters, scattering rubble and lava everywhere.

The holy light power upon which the gods relied was as fragile as paper before the chaotic origin.

The moment it touched the surface, it was frantically devoured, torn apart, and dissolved, unable to even offer a moment's resistance.

Forty elite fifth-rank gods didn't even have time to activate their defensive spells, their armor, or utter a final scream.

Their bodies were instantly sliced and disintegrated by the chaotic light blade.

Their golden blood evaporated instantly, their bodies turning into countless golden specks of light that dissipated with the wind.

In an instant, the entire army was annihilated, leaving no trace of their remains.

The annihilation of the forty defenders took only a moment.

The hundred-foot-long purple light blade continued its momentum, carrying destructive power, and slammed heavily into the thick golden defensive light barrier.

Boom…

A deafening roar suddenly erupted, the entire Flaming Mountain trembled slightly, and a fierce wind raged at the mountain pass.

The golden light barrier trembled and shook violently, its surface runes flashing, dimming, and shattering at a visible speed.

Countless spiderweb-like cracks instantly covered the entire barrier.

The defensive barrier of the ancient restriction crumbled step by step under the frenzied erosion and crushing force of chaotic power.

In less than three breaths, accompanied by a deafening shattering roar, the incomparably sturdy ultimate restriction light barrier exploded.

Countless fragments of golden runes scattered and dissipated into the air.

The last outer barrier was completely shattered.

The thick, pitch-black giant stone door was exposed to everyone’s eyes without any concealment.

Kai stepped forward, walking step by step to the ten-zhang-long stone door, his palms slowly resting on the cold, hard door panel.

Within his palms, a faint purple chaotic fire slowly rose and danced.

The domineering and eerie power of the fire rapidly spread and permeated along the sealing runes on the door panel.

The sealing runes, inscribed by the divine race for millennia, melted, cracked, and dissipated layer by layer under the scorching heat of the chaotic fire.

The domineering sealing power was gradually dismantled and broken.

The ear-piercing sound of shattering runes echoed continuously.

The heavy stone door, accompanied by the dull creak of mechanical turning, slowly opened inwards.

Beyond the stone door lay a deep and long mountain tunnel.

Countless glowing fluorite stones were embedded in the rock walls on both sides of the tunnel, their soft white light illuminating the narrow, winding passage.

The tunnel was dark and deep, a cold wind carrying the scorching heat of magma assaulting the senses.

The end was unknown and deep, faintly exuding the chilling, deathly aura unique to prisons.

“Enter the city, advance layer by layer, beware of ambushes,”

Kai coldly instructed, holding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, and stepped into the deep tunnel first, his steps steady and unwavering.

Lin Yuan and Elder Qingxuan followed closely behind, and thousands of soldiers entered in succession, their ranks orderly and their defenses tight.

They slowly surged into the Crimson Flame Prison.

This infernal realm, which has suppressed countless rebellious cultivators, is destined to be rewritten today by blood and fury.

The tunnel is winding and intricate, dark and oppressive throughout.

The cold, hard rock walls on both sides occasionally let out scorching air from the cracks, mingling with the unique stench of decay and blood unique to the prison, making everyone feel suffocated and uncomfortable.

The group moved forward steadily, constantly on guard against the ambush and traps hidden by the gods.

After walking for the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, passing through layers of winding side paths, the view suddenly opened up ahead.

A much larger and heavier colossal stone gate stood before them, the entrance barrier to the first level of the Crimson Flame Prison.

This stone gate was even more majestic and imposing than the outer main gate, forged entirely from volcanic black iron mixed with sealing divine stones, doubling its defensive power.

The gate was engraved with dense ancient imprisoning runes, their golden light flickering dimly, radiating a heavy suppressive force.

Simply standing there, one felt a suffocating sense of oppression.

Directly in front of the stone gate, a burly, tall figure stood arrogantly, blocking their path.

This divine cultivator was clad in a full set of refined golden heavy armor, the armor’s patterns intricate and its edges sharp.

He wielded a massive lava warhammer, taller than a man, its surface covered with ferocious spikes, wreathed in flames, heavy and domineering.

His aura was powerful and profound, his cultivation firmly locked at the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm.

His muscles were bulging, his eyes fierce, exuding the aura of a hundred battles and slaughter.

Behind him, three hundred first-level divine guards were already lined up, layer upon layer, weapons drawn, holy light flowing.

Their expressions were cold and bloodthirsty, already prepared for a bloody battle.

Seeing Kai and his group break through the outer barrier and enter the heart of the prison, the sixth-rank divine commander's eyes were bloodshot, his rage soaring to the heavens. He gripped

the massive warhammer tightly, roaring fiercely, the sound waves echoing through the tunnel.

"Kai! You defied the heavens, leading the rebels to destroy Black Rock Prison, slaughtering the soldiers of the Divine Race, committing heinous crimes!"

"Now, unrepentant, you dare to invade Crimson Flame Prison alone, provoking the dignity of the Divine Race Alliance!"

"Today, with me here guarding the first level, I will tear you to pieces, extract your soul, and sacrifice your head to the Divine Race to avenge our fallen kin in Black Rock Prison!"

"Today is your death day!"

A furious roar echoed across the land, filled with chilling killing intent.

Kai's gaze remained indifferent, completely ignoring the opponent's furious shouts. He turned to look at Lin Yuan and Elder Qingxuan beside him, calmly assigning tasks.

"The three hundred guards on the first level, plus this sixth-rank commander, will all be dealt with by me alone."

“Lead the Free Valley and Spirit Clan allied forces and immediately storm the prison area to rescue the trapped prisoners.”

“Don’t linger here and delay the rescue.”

Kai ordered.

“Can you do it?” Lin Yuan asked.

Kai raised his eyebrows slightly, his tone carrying a faint indifference and disdain.

“Three hundred cultivators below the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm are nothing but a rabble. Their combined strength is limited; they can’t harm me in the slightest.”

“Such opponents are not enough for me to slaughter with a single sword strike.”

Lin Yuan looked at Kai’s calm and composed expression, and recalled the terrifying combat power of instantly killing a thousand people at the twelve outposts.

He knew that Kai’s combat power had long surpassed the norm for those of the same level. The combined attack of ordinary cultivators would be futile against him.

A second-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator who didn’t take hundreds of cultivators below the sixth rank of True Immortal Realm seriously—who in the entire Sixteenth Heaven dared to do that?”All troops, listen to my command! Bypass the front lines, charge into the first level of the prison at full speed, break the shackles, and rescue the trapped cultivators of all races!”

Lin Yuan decisively raised his hand and issued the order.

The warriors of Free Valley and the elite of the Spirit Race immediately adjusted their formation, bypassing the main battlefield and rushing towards the passages on both sides of the stone gate.

They rushed to the prison area to carry out the rescue.

Seeing this, the three hundred Divine Race guards behind them immediately tried to split up to block them.

The sixth-rank commander was even more enraged. He roared and raised his giant lava warhammer high, his body radiating holy light.

A heavy force erupted, and he stepped forward to intercept the rescue army.

“Don’t even think about rescuing people! Kill Kai first, then slaughter the rebels!”

Just as he took a step, Kai’s figure suddenly flashed, using Spatial Flash to travel a hundred miles in one step, instantly traversing dozens of feet, and appearing directly in front of the sixth-rank commander.

The speed was so fast that not even a shadow was left behind.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword surged with purple light, engulfed in raging chaotic fire, its blade sharp and piercing.

Ignoring the opponent’s heavy armor, it precisely pierced through a gap in the armor, striking a vital spot in the chest.

Thud…

The ear-piercing sound of a blade entering flesh rang out abruptly.

The sixth-rank divine race commander’s pupils contracted sharply, his face filled with utter disbelief and despair.

His heavy armor offered unparalleled defense, his strength was immense, and he could easily overwhelm his peers in close combat. His prized physique and armor were like paper before Kai.

He hadn't even been able to unleash a single move, his warhammer barely able to fall, before the sword pierced his vitals.

His life force rapidly drained away, his holy light source instantly devoured and disintegrated by the chaotic fire.

His burly body froze heavily in place, unable to accept his defeat in a single move and his instant demise until his last breath.

Kai raised his hand and withdrew the Dragon-Slaying Sword. Golden blood dripped slowly from the blade, landing on the scorching ground and instantly evaporating.

"Kill,"

he uttered, a single word chilling to the bone.

Kai leaped forward, charging alone into the ranks of three hundred divine guards.

Purple sword light crisscrossed, flashing and exploding within the dim tunnel.

The longsword, imbued with chaotic power, carried an unyielding, primal suppression with every slash, thrust, and sweep.

The divine cultivators' holy swords, defensive spells, and holy shields shattered and crumbled before the purple sword light, utterly vulnerable.

The sharp blade reaped life after life.

Golden blood splattered freely, staining the cold ground crimson, forming thin streams of blood.

Screams, wails, the sounds of shattering weapons, and exploding spells mingled together, echoing throughout the first level of the passage.

Three hundred divine guards, numerous in number, surrounded Kai in layers, forming a united formation, attempting to trap him with sheer numbers.

However, faced with an absolute difference in strength and the restraint of their inherent power, all their struggles were futile.

Kai moved with agile grace, weaving through the flashing blades, advancing and retreating with ease, avoiding all attacks.

Every strike was deadly

, every move a fatal blow. There were no superfluous or flashy techniques; each sword strike was concise and ruthless, striking vital points with terrifying efficiency.

In the time it takes to brew a cup of tea, the three hundred divine guards, who had been densely packed and brimming with murderous intent, all lay dead in pools of blood.

All perished; not a single survivor.

Corpses and broken armor littered the ground, blood soaked the rock, and a thick, pungent stench of blood permeated the air—a horrifying sight.

Kai slowly sheathed his sword, the purple chaotic power around him gradually receding, his expression remaining calm, devoid of any trace of the ferocity that followed the battle.

It was as if the bloody massacre just moments before was merely a casual sweep of ants.

He raised his eyes to the dark passage deep within the prison, his steps light, and he walked slowly towards the second level of the prison.

The bloody battle on the first level had ended, but the killing continued.

In the vast prison area on the first level, rows of sturdy stone cells were closely connected, dark, damp, and chilling, never seeing the sun. The

heavy black iron cell doors were tightly locked, and the cells were covered with sealing runes.

Countless black, cold, god-devouring iron chains firmly bound the prisoners' limbs and necks, and the chains were engraved with densely packed suppression arrays.

Forcibly sealing the cultivators' spiritual power, meridians, and soul, obliterating their cultivation foundation.

Lin Yuan led the allied forces and rushed into the prison area, where every sight was a scene of unbearable horror.

Over three hundred human cultivators from various races had been imprisoned here for years, enduring brutal torture. Their clothes were tattered, they were emaciated, and covered in wounds.

Their flesh was festering, old wounds piled upon new ones.

The long-term suppression by the seal and the torment of torture had left their eyes numb and empty, their faces deathly pale, their bodies weak—like walking corpses.

They had long lost the strength to resist, leaving only endless despair and numbness.

The ear-piercing sound of chains being dragged, weak coughs, and suppressed sobs rose and fell in the cells, a heart-wrenching sound.

When these prisoners, trapped in darkness and on the verge of despair, saw the warriors of Free Valley and the Spirit Race, clad in armor and wielding weapons, rush in

, a faint light suddenly flashed in their lifeless eyes.

Their dull gazes slowly focused, and upon recognizing Lin Yuan as their leader, the emotions suppressed for countless days and nights instantly collapsed.

Weak, hoarse sobs rang out one after another.

“Leader Lin… Leader Lin… Leader Lin has come…”

“We… we haven’t been abandoned… someone has really come to save us…”

“Live on… we finally have a chance to live…”

Tears streamed down his weathered, withered face, and in his despairing eyes, hope for life rekindled.

Lin Yuan looked at these fellow cultivators who had suffered so much torture and torment.

Remembering the countless beings of various races who had been harmed by the gods, remembering the terrible price paid by Free Valley, his eyes instantly reddened, and his heart ached unbearably.

Tears welled up in his eyes.

“Fellow countrymen, do not be afraid. We have come, Free Valley has come.”

“Today, we will shatter the cage, break the seal, and bring you back to the light of day!”

Lin Yuan suppressed his grief and anger, strode to the door of the first cell, roared, and gathered his spiritual power in his fists, slamming them hard against the heavy black iron cell door.

The deafening roar shook the cell, the cell door trembled violently, runes flickered, but it remained unmoved.

The chains binding the prisoners were forged from extraterrestrial god-devouring iron, specifically designed to suppress cultivators' spiritual power, and were extremely hard.

Layer upon layer of sealing runes were added, rendering the brute force and magic of ordinary cultivators utterly ineffective.

Lin Yuan's full-force attack landed on the chains, leaving only a shallow white mark, completely useless.

"Brute force is useless, step aside."

A cold voice sounded from behind, and Kai slowly walked into the cell, his gaze falling on the black chains that firmly bound the prisoner.

He raised his hand, extending two fingers and gently grasping the cold, heavy Devouring God Iron chains.

A faint purple chaotic fire slowly rose from his palm.

The domineering chaotic power spread rapidly along the chains, eroding the sealing runes on them layer by layer.

Under the scorching heat of the chaotic fire, the incomparably hard Devouring God Iron quickly softened, melted, and broke.

Crack...

A crisp breaking sound rang out, and the shackles that had imprisoned for countless days and nights snapped and fell heavily to the ground.

With the shackles broken, the seal instantly collapsed.

The spiritual energy, bloodline power, and divine soul essence that had been suppressed within him for countless days and nights instantly

broke free from their restraints, surging and reviving wildly within his body.

The human cultivator, imprisoned for years, trembled, his long-suppressed power suddenly erupting.

His weakened body collapsed heavily to his knees, his hands gripping the cold ground tightly, and he wept uncontrollably.

Tears mingled with blood, making him look utterly wretched, yet also incredibly relieved.

“Benefactor… Thank you for saving me… I will never forget your great kindness…” “Get up quickly, no need to kneel.” Kai gently helped him up, his voice gentle.

“There are countless others trapped behind us. Time is of the essence, we must rescue them quickly.”

With that, Kai moved between the cells.

Chaotic fire flowed between his fingertips; with a wave of his hand, shackles snapped, runes dissolved, and cell doors shattered.

One after another, the closed, despairing prisons were opened, and the chains that bound freedom were melted.

One after another, tormented figures were reborn.

More than three hundred trapped human cultivators were successively released from their seals and freed from their shackles.

Some curled up on the ground, weeping bitterly, releasing years of despair and pain.

Some laughed loudly, tears streaming down their faces, feeling the long-lost breath of freedom.

Some trembled, touching their meridians as their spiritual energy recovered, unable to calm down for a long time.

Depleted spiritual energy slowly revived, and decaying bodies gradually warmed.

Empty eyes regained their light, and numb souls awakened once more.

In the blink of an eye, the first level of the prison was liberated.

Over three hundred newly freed cultivators wiped away their tears, enduring their physical pain, and bent down to pick up the weapons left behind by the divine race cultivators.

Their eyes blazed with intense anger and a burning desire for revenge.

The hatred accumulated over years of imprisonment and torture by the divine race, the rage from enduring countless humiliations, all coalesced in their hearts.

“The divine race bound my body, humiliated my dignity, and maimed my kin! Today, this blood feud will be avenged with blood!”

“We are willing to follow Leader Lin, follow Mr. Chen, storm the second level, rescue more compatriots, and raze the Crimson Flame Prison to the ground!”

“Slay the divine race, overthrow oppression, and resist to the death!”

A series of impassioned roars echoed through the prison, instantly replenishing the ranks of fighters, and the resistance grew ever stronger.

Lin Yuan wiped away the tears from the corners of his eyes, gazing at the rescued cultivators behind him, their morale soaring and their fighting spirit boundless. His blood boiled. He raised his arm

and shouted, his voice resounding across the land.

“Fellow countrymen, the suffering is over, the shackles are broken! Follow me to charge into the second level and rescue more imprisoned warriors of all races!”

“An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!”

“Charge into the second level! Crush the Crimson Flame Prison!”

A deafening roar echoed throughout the prison, as countless figures followed closely behind, a mighty force charging swiftly towards the entrance to the second level.

The flames of war spread, the carnage escalated, and the horn of liberation resounded throughout the fiery cage.

Passing through the narrow connecting passage of the first level, the barrier of the second level suddenly appeared.

Compared to the rudimentary defenses of the first level, the defenses of the second level of the Crimson Flame Prison were doubled, with much stricter security and a more elite fighting force.

Two hundred elite cultivators of the Divine Race stood in formation, guarding the entrance, each with a cultivation level firmly established at the fifth rank of the True Immortal Realm or higher.

Coordinated with their exclusive trapping and killing formations, offense and defense were integrated, and their attacks were coordinated.

The second-level warden, leading the group, possessed a cultivation level of the seventh rank of True Immortal. Ruthless and skilled in imprisonment techniques, he was one of the most formidable figures among the divine race.

A thick, golden barrier of light blocked their path.

The barrier was far thicker than the first level, its surface inscribed with ancient and complex runes of the ancient divine kings.

The golden light was heavy and condensed, radiating a vast and powerful ancient divine might.

The barrier stood before them, blocking all escape routes, its oppressive force inspiring awe.

The seventh-rank warden, holding a holy light staff, stood before the barrier, his expression arrogant and cold.

His gaze towards Kai was full of mockery and disdain, and he coldly scoffed.

“Kai, you’re merely a second-grade True Immortal, relying on bizarre secret techniques and unorthodox methods to barely clear the first level, and you think you’re invincible?”

“This second level’s God-King Sealing Light Barrier was personally crafted and reinforced by an ancient God-King, containing the power of a God-King’s origin, making

it sturdy and indestructible.” “Don’t even mention a low-level cultivator like you; even a top-tier ninth-grade True Immortal wouldn’t be able to break it in a short time with a full-force attack!”

“Today, you are destined to stop here, buried in the Crimson Flame Hell!”

Kai’s expression was indifferent, ignoring the opponent’s mockery and taunts. He slowly stepped forward, his palms directly touching the cold, hard golden light barrier.

Vast and boundless chaotic power surged forth from his palms.

The dense purple light collided violently with the golden God-King Light Barrier.

Sizzling…

the black and white primal forces clashed fiercely, and ear-piercing sounds of erosion echoed continuously.

The purple chaotic power frantically devoured and disintegrated the golden holy light, causing the surface of the light barrier to tremble violently, and the runes to flicker and oscillate wildly.

However, the ancient god-king's primordial power was far too profound, its foundation too solid, far surpassing the holy light of ordinary gods.

Although the chaotic power naturally restrained all divine powers, its restraining effect was greatly weakened when facing the ancient primordial power of a god-king.

It could only continuously wear down the surface of the light barrier, unable to quickly shatter the core barrier.

The light barrier shook violently, yet remained firmly in place, showing no sign of breaking.

Seeing this, the seventh-rank warden's tense expression instantly relaxed, a cruel sneer curling at the corner of his mouth, his tone becoming increasingly arrogant.

"Useless! It's completely futile!"

"Your chaotic power is indeed strange and domineering, suppressing the holy light of ordinary divine cultivators, but it's utterly insignificant before the divine essence of an ancient god-king."

"The difference in realm and the difference in essence cannot be bridged by unorthodox methods. You are doomed to defeat today!"

Kai slowly withdrew his hand, his brows furrowing slightly, a hint of solemnity flashing in his eyes.

It was indeed troublesome.

Ordinary holy light barriers could be instantly crushed and shattered by chaotic power.

But this light barrier was forged with the residual essence of a god-king, its defensive foundation increasing exponentially.

Relying solely on his own chaotic power, it would be difficult to break through in a short time.

Just then, Elder Qingxuan stepped forward slowly, his gaze fixed on the ancient god-king runes flowing on the light barrier.

Carefully analyzing the patterns and veins, his expression gradually became solemn.

“Fellow Daoist Kai, this light barrier is indeed troublesome,”

Elder Qingxuan said slowly.

“The power of a God-King’s origin is profound and of a transcendent level. Your chaotic power can restrain ordinary divine arts, but it is difficult to quickly break through the defensive barrier of a God-King level.”

“To forcibly break the formation, you must stack an even more powerful source of energy to amplify it and tear the seal apart.”

“What is a stronger amplified amplification?” Kai turned his head and asked.

Elder Qingxuan remained silent for a moment, then reached into his robes and took out a palm-sized, translucent, emerald-green rhombus-shaped spirit crystal.

The crystal was pure, its spiritual light intensely concentrated, its surface shrouded in layers of ancient plant and tree patterns.

Simply holding it in his hand, one could feel a vast, boundless, and endless ancient life force.

“This is the Myriad Spirits Ancestral Crystal, passed down through generations of my Spirit Clan, gathering the essence of the spiritual energy of the mountains, rivers, and vegetation of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Forest over ten thousand years.”

“Condensing the primordial life force of the entire ancient forest, it is a supreme treasure of the Spirit Clan.”

Elder Qingxuan solemnly handed the ancestral crystal to Kai.

“With the vast primordial power of the ancestral crystal, enhance your chaotic power; the two sources will merge and complement each other.”

“A forced unleashing of extreme destructive power will be enough to break through this God-King’s sealing barrier.”

Kai reached out and took the cool, smooth Myriad Spirits Ancestral Crystal, instantly feeling a warm, boundless, and endlessly vast spiritual power in his palm.

Pure and gentle, profound and boundless.Without hesitation, he immediately poured the pure chaotic power within his body into the ancestral crystal.

In an instant, the lush, verdant spiritual light of the myriad spirit plants intertwined and merged with the domineering, profound purple chaotic light.

A beam of light, both blue and purple, shot into the sky, the two extreme powers perfectly merging, unleashing a terrifying power that shook the heavens and earth.

Kai braced his hands against the light barrier, channeling his spiritual power to its fullest extent, his divine sense urging the fusion power, and with a low shout, he shook the passage.

“Break!”

The violent beam of light, intertwined blue and purple, erupted with a deafening roar, crushing heavily onto the golden divine king light barrier.

Boom!

A deafening explosion suddenly erupted, the entire second level of the passage shook violently, and rubble fell from the walls.

The once incredibly stable divine king light barrier was instantly on the verge of collapse, its surface runes shattering in patches.

Countless cracks spread wildly at a visible speed, and the originally thick and condensed golden light rapidly dimmed.

The arrogant smile on the seventh-rank warden’s face froze instantly, his pupils contracted sharply, and his face turned deathly pale.

His eyes were filled with disbelief and panic.

“No…impossible…this is a God-King’s seal…how could it be forcibly broken by a low-level cultivator…”

Before his desperate roar could even finish, the incredibly sturdy golden light barrier collapsed with a deafening shattering sound.

A beam of destructive light, both blue and purple, swept across the two hundred elite Divine Race cultivators in front of him

with unstoppable force. Piercing screams instantly erupted.

The two hundred elite Divine Race cultivators, all above the fifth rank, were utterly powerless against the ultimate power of the dual-source fusion.

Their bodies were instantly torn apart, dissolved, and crushed, golden blood splattering everywhere.

In an instant, they were all annihilated, leaving not even a complete skeleton behind.

The intense light slowly dissipated, leaving the passage deathly silent and littered with devastation.

Kai slowly withdrew his hand, his face slightly pale, his breathing slightly uneven.

The 100,000-year-old spiritual essence contained within the Myriad Spirit Ancestral Crystal had been largely depleted in the previous attack, its luster dimmed, and its spiritual energy severely depleted, a devastating loss.

He handed the dimmed crystal back to Elder Qingxuan, bowed slightly, and solemnly clasped his hands in thanks.

“Thank you for your great help, Elder. I will remember this kindness.”

Elder Qingxuan gently shook his head, his expression indifferent. “Allies should help each other out; there’s no need for thanks.”

“Overthrowing the tyranny of the gods and saving all living beings is the wish of my Spirit Clan.”

The barrier was broken, and the guards were all wiped out.

The crowd immediately surged into the second level of the prison area.

Compared to the single human prisoners on the first level, the second level held powerful rebels from all corners of the world and all races. There were

veteran human cultivators, powerful beastmen generals

, unpredictable demon cultivators, and powerful ghosts with refined spirits.

The groups were diverse, all suffering equally cruel imprisonment and torture.

As the prison doors were broken open one by one, and the shackles melted away, the moment countless alien cultivators regained their freedom, their suppressed grief and rage erupted.

Powerful figures from all races bowed deeply, kneeling before Kai, Lin Yuan, and Elder Qingxuan, expressing their gratitude for being saved.

Kai remained silent, continuing his work of clearing cells and breaking shackles.

He gently comforted the cultivators, gathering all forces of resistance.

Over two hundred top cultivators from various races, reborn, joined the resistance army, following closely behind, their killing intent palpable. They

steadily advanced towards the final, third level of the death row.

The decisive battle was within reach.

Their path was clear, eliminating any remaining scattered guards along the way.

Finally, they arrived at the core, the most sinister, and the most terrifying area of the Crimson Flame Prison—the third level of the death row.

This was the ultimate forbidden area of the Crimson Flame Prison, and one of the most terrifying prisons in the entire Sixteen Heavens.

The air was icy cold, thick with the stench of blood, decay, and death, suffocating the senses.

The rock walls were dark and cold, covered with dense sealing runes, having imprisoned high-level experts for years. The spiritual energy of heaven and earth was thin, and the pervasive death aura made one's mind oppressed.

In the center of the empty hall at the entrance to the third level, a solitary and tall figure in black stood silently, blocking all paths.

He was slender and upright, shrouded in a dense, cold, pure black armor.

The armor's patterns were dark, carved with shadowy demonic runes, radiating a chilling, bloodthirsty aura.

His face was cold and angular, his skin pale, and his vertical pupils were an eerie deep purple.

Endless darkness and slaughter flowed deep within his pupils, as if containing ancient shadows, sinister and terrifying.

He gripped a dark spear tightly in his palm, the spear's shaft long and cold, wrapped in a dense dark aura and killing intent.

The spear tip gleamed with a chilling, poisonous light; a single glance was enough to pierce the soul and instill fear.

He possessed no outwardly raging aura, appearing utterly unremarkable.

Yet, he concealed an immeasurable, all-consuming shadow power, his entire being perfectly integrated with the surrounding darkness.

A True Immortal Realm Ninth Rank, Shadow Warrior.

Behind his tall, cold back stood fifty elite warriors of the Divine Race, their ranks impeccable, their auras as solid as mountains.

Each Divine Race cultivator clad in gilded holy armor, surrounded by a dense, heavy golden holy light. Their cultivation levels all easily

surpassed those of a True Immortal Realm Seventh Rank, their blood and qi surging, their divine power immense. Each wielded

a long, narrow sword with holy runes, its blade flowing with intense, holy golden light. A divine pressure blanketed the heavens and earth; their eyes were indifferent as frost, devoid of joy or sorrow, filled only with killing intent and loyalty—like a horde of ruthless weapons, knowing only to obey orders and slaughter.

Shadow Warrior's indifferent gaze pierced the dimly lit corridor, locking onto Kai as he slowly approached. A chilling, mocking smile slowly curved his thin lips, radiating an icy aura.

"Kai, you've finally set foot here. I've been waiting for you for a long time on the third level of Black Rock Prison."

Kai stopped, his aura calm and composed, his gaze fixed on the top warrior of the Divine Race before him. His tone was indifferent and flat: "You waited here specifically for me?"

"Indeed."

A chilling glint flashed in Shadow Warrior's eyes, and his dark aura surged, instantly engulfing the entire space with suppressed killing intent.

"You killed the Divine Race general Jin Lie, slaughtered the guards, and destroyed the impregnable first two levels of Black Rock Prison, committing heinous crimes. The Divine Race Alliance Leader is furious."

"He specifically ordered me to guard this place, to block your path, to see you alive or dead. Today, you have no way to escape."

He paused slightly, his sharp gaze sweeping over the group of Spirit Clan warriors following Kai. His brows furrowed, revealing deep disdain and impatience.

“The Spirit Clan has always been peaceful, dwelling in the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits. Why must you rashly meddle in the feud between the Divine Clan and you?”

Elder Qingxuan stepped out of the ranks, his azure aura shimmering around him. His expression was calm and composed, displaying the dignified bearing of an elder.

“The Spirit Clan has long formed an alliance with the Valley of Freedom, sharing both glory and ruin. Shadow Warrior, the sea of suffering is boundless; turn back before it’s too late. Immediately lead your elite Divine Clan troops away from this place, and we may spare your life,” Elder Qingxuan said. “Hahaha, utterly absurd!”

Shadow Warrior suddenly let out a chilling, bone-chilling laugh, the sound carrying a dense, malevolent aura that sent dust flying from the surrounding rock walls.

“You mere weaklings of the Spirit Race, cowering in the dense forest, dare to presume to beg for mercy before my Divine Race? A bunch of reclusive, cowardly trash, worthy of negotiating with me and spouting nonsense?”

His aura suddenly plummeted, his icy voice carrying a bone-chilling killing intent, echoing throughout the entire dark floor.

“I’m giving you one last chance. Immediately take these monsters and disappear. I can forgive and forget what happened today.”

“If you insist on obstructing me, when the Divine Race Alliance’s million-strong army crushes the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits and slaughters the entire Spirit Race, then you’ll regret it!”

Shadow Warrior threatened Elder Qingxuan.

Elder Qingxuan’s expression suddenly turned solemn, a fierce aura surging between his brows, yet he forcefully suppressed his anger,

refraining from rash action. He simply turned his gaze to Kai, awaiting a decision. Chen

Ping ignored the menacing Shadow Warrior and slowly stepped aside.

His gaze swept over the tense Jiang Xuelan beside him, the composed and solemn Lin Yuan, the dignified and steady Elder Qingxuan, and the group of captured cultivators who had just broken free of their shackles after enduring hardship.

His voice was not loud, but it carried a power that struck straight to the heart: “Faced with the oppressive power and the threat of death from the Divine Race, are you afraid?”

A brief silence enveloped the crowd; no one answered, only heavy breathing echoed in the air.

The next second, Lin Yuan clenched his fists, his fighting spirit soaring to the sky, and roared first, his voice booming like thunder: “We cultivators would rather die than surrender, we are not afraid!”

“Not afraid!”

All the warriors of Free Valley raised their arms in unison, their roars thunderous, their fighting spirit blazing like wildfire.

“Fearless!”

The Spirit Clan warriors shone brightly, shouting in unison, their pride unyielding.

“Fearless!”

The long-suppressed anger and resentment of the captured cultivators, who had endured torture and escaped death, erupted completely, their roars shaking the heavens and earth.

Thousands of shouts converged, a powerful will to resist breaking through the darkness and crushing the surrounding divine pressure.

Kai slowly turned around, his back as straight as a pine tree, his indifferent eyes staring directly at the shadow warrior with a livid face. He spoke each word clearly and coldly: “Did you hear that? No one fears the might of your divine race.”

In an instant, Kai’s right arm trembled, a clanging sound rang out, and the long-sheathed Dragon-Slaying Sword was suddenly drawn.

On the gleaming sword, a vast and boundless purple chaotic power surged and churned.

Layers of chaotic flames coiled around the sword, burning fiercely, the purple flames eerily domineering, releasing a terrifying aura capable of destroying all things.

“Attack!”

With a command, the battle instantly erupted.

Kai’s figure suddenly transformed into a purple afterimage, the void beneath his feet shattering and the air currents violently tearing apart.

Like an arrow released from a bow, he was enveloped in chaotic flames capable of scorching the heavens and destroying the earth, wielding the Dragon-Slaying Sword and charging straight for the Shadow Warrior’s vital chest

. The blade sliced through the air, leaving a ferocious, narrow purple sword light, the chaotic flames burning the air along its path, waves of heat rolling in, the destructive power crashing down.

The Shadow Warrior’s expression hardened, not daring to underestimate him, his black spear instantly blocking his chest. Dark, malevolent energy

erupted from the spear, dense black mist swirling around it, forcefully withstanding this thunderous, fatal blow.

“Clang!!”

A deafening clang of metal clashing suddenly exploded, the terrifying force of the collision unleashing a violent shockwave that swept wildly around the two men.

Debris flew, rock walls cracked, black malevolent energy and purple chaotic power clashed and annihilated each other, sparks flying everywhere.

Two extremely domineering forces collided violently, and both men suffered immense backlash, their steps faltering back several feet, the hard volcanic rock beneath their feet cracking and sinking.

The Shadow Warrior’s grip on his spear trembled violently, a slight numbness spreading through him, his eyes filled with disbelief and horror as he stared intently at Kai.

“A mere second-grade True Immortal Realm cultivator, yet his physical explosiveness and cultivation technique rival an eighth-grade True Immortal Realm expert.”

“The legendary Chaos Power, capable of overcoming all laws and destroying everything, truly lives up to its reputation; extremely troublesome,”

the Shadow Warrior remarked.

Kai’s expression was cold, offering no further words. He exerted force once more, his figure surging forward again.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword danced in his hand, unleashing a flurry of sword shadows, unleashing seven consecutive strikes in one breath, each strike faster and more ruthless than the last.

Sword winds tore through the void, countless purple sword energies crisscrossing and sealing off all escape routes for the Shadow Warrior. Each strike aimed

directly at vital points, ruthless and merciless. The Shadow Warrior's expression was extremely solemn, his black spear spinning rapidly in his palm.

The spear shadows were impenetrable, dense dark energy condensing into a tangible spear curtain, precisely parrying every slash.

Spear and sword clashed wildly, the ear-piercing sounds of their clashes continuous, and violent energy shockwaves exploding outwards.

Two extremely fast figures darted and weaved through the dim void at a speed too fast for the naked eye to follow.

Only the flashing purple and black lights clashed and intertwined wildly, the terrifying aftershocks of the battle continuously destroying surrounding buildings, thick walls crumbling inch by inch, and fragments of stone and iron flying everywhere.

On the other side, Jiang Xuelan had already made her move simultaneously, refusing to stand idly by.

Her jade-like hands flew, her ten fingers rapidly forming intricate and profound ice-sealing hand seals. A vast, piercingly cold, icy-blue divine light surged around her, instantly freezing the surrounding air with extreme cold.

Countless fine, sharp ice needles condensed from the divine light, densely packed and overwhelming.

Carrying bone-tearing, extreme cold, they rained down on Shadow Warrior's vital points like a storm, sealing his movements and wounding his body.

Shadow Warrior was focused on blocking Kai's relentless sword attacks, unable to dodge in all directions.

Even though he twisted his body at lightning speed to avoid most of the ice needles, several extremely refined ice needles still pierced deep into his shoulder blades.

The piercing cold instantly seeped into his meridians and flesh through the wounds, spreading and circulating, freezing his divine power, stagnating his blood and qi, instantly slowing his movements and attack speed, causing his actions to falter by a fraction of a second.

This fleeting opening was enough to be fatal.

Seizing this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, Kai channeled all the chaotic power within his body into the sword.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword's light surged several times over, and it charged forward, its incredibly sharp blade wreathed in raging purple flames, piercing fiercely into the Shadow Warrior's left ribs!

"Thud!"

The dull thud of the blade entering flesh was deafening.

The Shadow Warrior shuddered violently, a metallic taste rising in his throat, and he couldn't help but let out a muffled groan.

A searing pain swept through his body. He endured the agony, his eyes bloodshot, and in a fit of rage, his spear, imbued with a dark, malevolent aura, swept out with overwhelming force, forcing Kai back several feet.

He lowered his head, his gaze fixed on the wound piercing his ribs. Rich, golden divine blood flowed continuously, staining his black armor.

The divine power was constantly being burned and eroded by the chaotic flames, making the wound excruciatingly painful and slow to heal. Extreme rage and humiliation instantly overwhelmed his reason.

Shadow Warrior's eyes blazed with murderous intent, his ferocity surging wildly: "You lowly wretch, daring to harm me, you're courting death!"

Before his words even finished, the dark aura around him suddenly contracted violently, and the next second, his entire body vanished into the darkness.

This wasn't ordinary concealment; it was a complete merging into the dark laws of heaven and earth.

His physical body, aura, divine power, and soul fluctuations were all annihilated, completely dissipating into the dark space, leaving no trace.

Kai immediately focused his mind on guard, his divine sense spreading out in all directions, frantically scanning the entire third layer of space.

However, he couldn't detect even a trace of Shadow Warrior's aura, as if this person had never existed.

"Not good! He has mastered the Dark Escape Technique, merging into the dark laws, invisible and shadowless, harboring deadly intent. Everyone, be extremely careful of a sneak attack from behind!"

Lin Yuan shouted sharply, warning everyone to be on guard.

Before the roar had even faded, a chilling, bone-piercing sound suddenly erupted from the deathly darkness behind Kai.

A jet-black spear light, condensed to its utmost, gathering all its killing intent, silently and ruthlessly aimed straight for Kai's vital heart.

Sensing the deadly danger, Kai instinctively dodged to the side, barely avoiding his heart, but the sharp spear light still tore through his shoulder flesh, revealing bone, and scalding golden blood instantly splattered onto the ground.

Having landed a blow, the Shadow Warrior's shadow flashed and disappeared, sinking back into the boundless darkness, vanishing without a trace, waiting for its next hunt.

In this critical moment, Elder Qingxuan no longer remained behind, decisively unleashing his full power.

His aged hands rapidly formed hand seals, and a vast and boundless azure-green natural spiritual energy surged forth from within him.

In an instant, it transformed into thousands of thick, resilient ancient vines, crisscrossing and spreading out, densely covering the entire third level of space.

Each vine shimmered with a lustrous emerald light, containing the unique all-pervading perception of the Spirit Race, penetrating every nook and cranny of the entire space.

"So what if he hides in darkness? The laws of nature are all-seeing!"

Elder Qingxuan roared, his divine sense urging the countless vines to tighten abruptly, binding and restricting a strangely fluctuating void barrier.

The Shadow Warrior, concealed within, had no escape and was forcibly dragged from the dark laws, his form forced to reveal itself.

His face darkened, and with a furious roar, he slashed with his black spear with all his might, the violent aura instantly severing the vines binding him.

But this brief moment of stagnation and exposure gave Kai the perfect opportunity to attack.

Kai stepped into the void, his figure charging forward, the Dragon-Slaying Sword, imbued with the chaotic fire of destruction, aimed directly at the Shadow Warrior's throat.

Shadow Warrior hastily raised his spear to parry, but the instant spear and sword clashed, Jiang Xuelan's Ice-Sealing Needles struck again, precisely locking onto his eyes, their chilling aura impossible to defend against.

Forced by the danger, Shadow Warrior could only hastily turn his head to dodge, completely exposing his weakness.

Kai seized the opportunity, his sword shifting, the sharp blade piercing deeply into Shadow Warrior's right shoulder. Chaotic flames surged wildly through the wound, scorching his meridians and disintegrating his divine power.

"Ah!"

Shadow Warrior roared furiously, the extreme pain driving him to madness.

His black spear suddenly erupted with a blindingly dark light, its surging killing intent exploding.

The terrifying shockwave transformed into a circular shockwave, instantly sweeping across the entire area.

Kai, Jiang Xuelan, and Elder Qingxuan were caught off guard, all violently blasted back by the ferocious power, their blood churning, their chests feeling tight.

At this moment, the Shadow Warrior was covered in wounds, his holy blood dripping, his armor shattered in many places, and his body riddled with injuries.

Yet, in his purple eyes, only madness and bloodlust remained; his combat power had not decreased but increased, and the oppressive aura was becoming increasingly terrifying.

"You think you can kill me with just the three of you joining forces?"

His chest heaved violently, his divine might overwhelming, and his roar echoed throughout the building.

“I am a ninth-grade True Immortal Realm expert, personally appointed Shadow Warrior by the Divine Alliance! I have fought countless battles and killed countless people; the number of powerful figures who have died by my spear far exceeds what you have ever seen in your lives! You mere ants joining forces, do you think you can shake my foundation?”

In his extreme rage, the Shadow Warrior clenched his teeth, biting his tongue hard, and spat out a mouthful of pure, golden divine blood.

The golden blood hung in mid-air, instantly swallowed and assimilated by the dense dark aura, transforming into a churning, pitch-black mist.

From the depths of the mist, the mournful howls and wails of countless vengeful and desperate souls echoed endlessly.

A surge of resentment filled the air, the killing intent solidifying into a tangible form. Countless illusory souls twisted and struggled within the mist, a chilling and terrifying sight.

“Shadow Killing Forbidden Technique—Shadow Killing Art!”

The pitch-black mist exploded, transforming into thousands upon thousands of ferocious, black ghostly figures, baring their fangs and claws, carrying a bone-chilling resentment and a murderous will, swarming towards Kai, Jiang Xuelan, and Elder Qingxuan.

Each ghostly figure embodied the culmination of a Shadow Warrior’s lifelong slaughter, its soul-devouring attacks vicious and ruthless.

An ordinary eighth-grade True Immortal cultivator, once bitten at close range, would instantly have their soul shattered and their spirit scattered.

Kai's expression suddenly turned cold and solemn; he dared not be careless. The chaotic origin deep within his body surged to its fullest potential.

Vast and boundless purple chaotic power soared into the sky, transforming into layers of purple light shields enveloping his body.

Chaotic power is the origin of all laws, inherently restraining all evil, resentment, darkness, and the laws of slaughter in the world.

The oncoming dark ghostly figures, upon touching the purple chaotic spiritual light, instantly emitted shrill, ear-piercing screams, their bodies melting away inch by inch, turning into wisps of black smoke that dissipated with the wind.

However, the number of ghostly figures was overwhelming, densely packed and endless, continuously surging forth from the black mist, relentlessly and fearlessly charging forward.

The intense use of chaotic power to resist the divine soul attack caused Kai's spiritual energy to rapidly deplete, his aura steadily declining, his face growing increasingly pale, and fine beads of cold sweat appearing on his forehead.

Jiang Xuelan's body swirled with icy blue freezing divine light, the extreme cold power transforming into layers of ice walls, freezing all the attacking ghostly figures into crystalline ice crystals that shattered with a crash.

However, the continuous, large-scale release of the freezing divine technique severely depleted her spiritual energy; her arms trembled slightly, and her aura gradually became disordered.

Elder Qingxuan's thousands of defensive vines, under the frenzied attack of the massive number of ghostly figures, snapped and withered inch by inch, naturally resulting in a severe overextension of his spiritual energy.

A sharp pain shot through his chest, and a trickle of crimson blood slowly seeped from the corner of his mouth. His body swayed slightly.

“Kai, we can’t stay in this stalemate any longer! The Soul Devouring Thousand Ghosts technique is extremely energy-consuming. If this drags on, the three of us will run out of spiritual power and we’ll be defeated without a doubt. We must use an even stronger trump card to break this deadlock!”

Elder Qingxuan shouted urgently, enduring his injuries.

Kai gritted his teeth, knowing the situation was critical. Without the slightest hesitation, he quickly reached into his robes and took out the ancient and heavy Demon-Suppressing Tower.

He poured all the remaining chaotic power and primordial spiritual energy within his body into the tower without reservation.

In an instant, the Demon-Suppressing Tower shone with a dazzling white light, a brilliant milky-white pillar of light piercing through all darkness, shooting straight into the sky, instantly illuminating the entire dark and oppressive third level of the Black Rock Prison.

The holy and boundless purifying power swept across the surroundings, and wherever the pillar of light passed, the countless dark ghostly figures instantly melted away.

The churning black mist of resentment was purified, disintegrated, and dissipated layer by layer, and the sinister killing aura was swept away.

Sensing this extremely pure purifying power, Shadow Warrior’s body stiffened abruptly, his pupils suddenly contracted violently, and his face was filled with disbelief and horror.

“The Demon-Suppressing Tower! The legendary treasure that suppresses all evil and purifies the heavens, you actually possess this ancient artifact!” Kai didn’t respond, his divine sense firmly locking onto the

Demon-Suppressing Tower, and he suddenly activated the power of the divine artifact.

“Full Domain, Spatial Seal!”

The soaring white pillar of light suddenly contracted and transformed, becoming an immense, boundless, sealed light shield that descended from the sky, instantly trapping Shadow Warrior within a small space.

The sealing power originated from the ancient divine artifact, its law-based restraint terrifying beyond compare. The dark laws and spatial power surrounding Shadow Warrior were forcibly sealed.

His limbs stiffened, his body stagnated, and the flow of his divine power was obstructed.

He couldn’t move an inch, couldn’t wield his spear to attack, and even his breathing was suppressed, each breath incredibly difficult.

Despair and panic instantly crept onto his face.

“No… impossible! I am a dignified ninth-grade True Immortal, a powerful being who controls the dark laws and roams the heavens. How could you, a second-grade cultivator, completely seal my movements and power with just a divine artifact?”

Kai walked steadily, step by step, to the imprisoned Shadow Warrior.

He raised his hand and gripped the Dragon-Slaying Sword tightly. The cold, sharp blade slowly pressed against his throat, its chilling edge piercing to the bone. Life and death hung in the balance.

“A ninth-rank True Immortal, with unparalleled talent and boundless power, you think you’re superior, acting arrogantly and oppressing all races? Is that so great?”

“You, a divine warrior, do things even worse than those of demons, you deserve to die…”

Kai’s eyes were filled with chilling killing intent.

The Shadow Warrior’s eyes were filled with extreme fear and intense resentment. He struggled violently, but couldn’t budge the spatial confinement even slightly. He could only roar and threaten, his voice weak and menacing.

“You can’t kill me! I am a core warrior of the Divine Alliance, of noble status and high rank!”

“If you kill me today, the Divine Alliance Leader will surely use the entire nation’s power to besiege you, hunt down everyone around you, destroy Freedom Valley, and ensure you never have peace again!”

Kai’s eyes remained calm, his tone even yet resolute.

“I publicly slayed Jin Lie of the Divine Race, and I personally destroyed the impregnable Black Rock Prison. Your blood debts are countless, your sins are immeasurable. What difference does one more like you make?”

His gaze suddenly sharpened, revealing his ruthless nature.

“Moreover, from the moment your Divine Race wantonly imprisoned cultivators of all races and oppressed the heavens with your power, I had already made up my mind to crush the Divine Race Alliance sooner or later and end your brutal rule.” As

his words fell, Kai suddenly exerted force with his wrist.

A purple sword light, wrapped in raging chaotic flames, suddenly erupted, piercing the Shadow Warrior’s vital chest.

The domineering chaotic fire surged wildly along the sword, instantly engulfing his meridians and sacred bones, the raging flames scorching his divine body.

The supreme divine light was utterly fragile before the innately restrained chaotic fire, melting and shattering like paper in an instant.

The Shadow Warrior let out a heart-wrenching scream as his body rapidly burned and withered in the purple flames. His armor melted, his holy blood evaporated, and his immense divine power dissipated at an alarming rate.

“You…you will pay the price for this…the gods…will never let this go…”

His final curse shattered weakly, his voice gradually fading and disappearing as his body was completely incinerated by the chaotic flames.

The once mighty Shadow Warrior, who had slaughtered countless enemies, had fallen.

The fifty elite warriors of the gods guarding the third level witnessed firsthand the ninth-rank expert Shadow Warrior being slain by Kai with a single sword strike, his bones burned and his soul destroyed. Instantly, they were overwhelmed by extreme fear, their

fighting spirit shattered. These warriors of the gods, who were usually high and mighty and oppressed all races, turned ashen-faced, trembling all over, their sacred faith collapsing completely.

They had lost all will to fight, throwing away their holy-inscribed swords and discarding their armor, turning and fleeing without a second thought, wanting nothing more than to escape this land of death.

The killing intent was ignited; no survivors would be spared.

Kai’s gaze was icy, devoid of any pity. Wielding the Dragon-Slaying Sword, he plunged into the fleeing divine race.

Purple sword light crisscrossed, and chaotic flames raged across the plains. Each swing of the sword was accompanied by gushing blood and screams of agony.

Every strike drew blood; one sword slain a man, one sword extinguished a soul. His moves were swift and decisive, ruthless and merciless.

Jiang Xuelan's figure flickered, moving across the battlefield. Her hands constantly formed hand seals, unleashing a continuous barrage of icy needles that covered a wide area.

One after another, the fleeing divine race cultivators were pierced by the ice, instantly turning into lifelike ice sculptures, frozen in place, shattering inch by inch the next second.

Elder Qingxuan activated natural spiritual power, and thousands of vines burst from the earth, crisscrossing and binding, tightly restraining and holding back the scattered divine race cultivators.

Resilient vines tore through armor, crushed flesh and blood, and separated bone from flesh—a gruesome sight.

Lin Yuan led the elite of Free Valley, along with a group of captured cultivators who had broken free of their shackles and were filled with rage, and swarmed forward.

Long swords and sharp blades swung down in unison, slaughtering the remaining members of the divine race who had lost the power to resist and were fleeing in panic.

Every strike was fatal, venting the overwhelming rage simmering from their long imprisonment and torture.

The fierce battle echoed throughout the entire third level of the prison, and the stench of blood quickly filled the air.

In the short time it takes to brew a cup of tea, fifty elite members of the divine race, all with cultivation levels of at least the sixth rank of True Immortal, were wiped out without exception, their blood staining the prison city.

After clearing out all the remaining members of the divine race, Kai's gaze turned to the deep, layered death cells of the third level.

This was the forbidden area of Black Rock Prison, where serious criminals were imprisoned, including top-tier powerhouses from all over the heavens who had committed grave crimes or were considered a threat by the divine race.

The prison cells were sealed with layers of locks, densely covered with rune seals, and the cages were incredibly sturdy. Each cell suppressed a terrifyingly powerful being.

Among them were overlords at the seventh level of the True Immortal Realm, ancient monsters at the eighth level of the True Immortal Realm, and in the deepest, ultimate prison, suppressed an extremely terrifying veteran powerhouse.

He was an old man with white hair reaching his shoulders, weathered and aged, with nine thick, pitch-black soul-locking chains wrapped around his body.

Each chain was densely engraved with ancient sealing runes, layer upon layer, sealing his cultivation and imprisoning his soul for eight thousand years.

The old man’s aura appeared weak and feeble, but the faintly emanating pressure was unmistakably that of a true ninth-level True Immortal.

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Kai moved steadily forward, his footsteps treading across the cold, hard volcanic rock slabs of the third level of Black Rock Prison. Each step carried an aura of unwavering stability.

On both sides of the path were countless rusty prison doors, their iron gates covered in millennia of accumulated blood and dark, malevolent energy.

Layers of sealing runes coiled around the doorframes and chains, radiating a faint, suppressed, binding light, firmly imprisoning the powerful cultivators within.

He raised his hand, focusing his mind, a wisp of pure, restrained chaotic power swirling around his fingertips. Driven by his will, a sharp, cold light erupted from his palm.

The instant he raised his hand to swing his sword, the sword light condensed into a sliver of starlight, the incomparably sharp blade instantly cutting through the heavy sealing chains.

A series of crisp, cracking sounds echoed through the dark corridor, echoing the ancient binding runes imbued by the gods.

The black iron chains, imperishable for millennia, could not withstand the destructive power of the primal chaos, snapping inch by inch, their fragments scattering to the ground.

The layers of binding arrays and spirit-locking runes attached to the chains and cell doors were instantly dissipated by the sword light, turning into lifeless ashes, completely shattering all restraints.

One by one, the tightly locked cell doors swung open, releasing a stench of blood and mildew from the millennia-old, stagnant air—a stark contrast to the vibrant, pure spiritual energy of the outside world.

The top experts of various races, trapped in these dark, sunless prisons for thousands of years, immediately broke free of their shackles and stepped out of their cells.

They greedily inhaled the long-awaited spiritual energy of freedom, rapidly expelling the stagnant, sealed energy and impure qi that had accumulated in their meridians for millennia.

The humiliation, resentment, repression, and despair that had been building up within their chests were all released with the turbid air.

These powerful figures included veteran cultivators of the human race, barbaric overlords of the beast race, iron-blooded warriors of the demon race, and sinister experts of the ghost race, all dressed in tattered clothes.

Their flesh was covered with hideous scars left by torture, their meridians had been sealed for many years and were mostly damaged, their cultivation had been suppressed for ten thousand years, and their bodies and minds had been ravaged.

But now, reborn, the light in their eyes, which had been dead for many years, suddenly revived, and their pride had not been worn away in the slightest by the hardships of imprisonment.

In unison, they all knelt down, their knees slamming heavily on the cold stone ground with a dull thud, and kowtowed deeply to Kai.

Their foreheads touched the ground, their posture extremely respectful, and every word was filled with heartfelt gratitude.

“Thank you so much, benefactor, for breaking free of our prison and rescuing us from this sea of suffering. We will never forget your kindness and will repay you with our lives!”

“Your benefactor’s virtue transcends heaven and earth. We have long suffered enough from the bullying and oppression of the gods. Today, we are willing to follow you to the death, rush to the front lines, and fight against the god alliance until we die!”

Kai’s expression was gentle and peaceful. He quickly stepped forward and used his gentle spiritual power to help the kneeling crowd to their feet. His gaze swept over the devastated corridor, and his voice was steady and powerful, reassuring everyone.

“Esteemed seniors, there’s no need for such formalities. Please rise. The divine race’s hegemony has not yet crumbled, and all races across the heavens still suffer under the oppression of powerful forces. The threat of war is ever-present, and countless cultivators are still enduring immense hardship.”

“We have no time for rest and recuperation. Quickly gather your strength, regulate

your breathing, and stabilize your qi and blood. Come with me out of Black Rock Prison to aid our suffering compatriots outside, and together raise the banner of resistance.” With that, he said no more, turning and striding towards the deepest part of the third level, his gaze fixed on the last, highest-grade, and most heavily sealed ultimate prison cell.

He pushed hard, and the heavy, rust-covered iron door creaked open with a dull, grating sound.

It slowly opened inward, releasing an aura of extreme cold, death, and desolation, several times more oppressive than any other cell nearby.

Inside the dimly lit, damp ultimate cell, not a ray of light shone, except for a faint wisp of malevolent energy lingering in the corner.

An elderly man with white hair and a withered, emaciated body sat quietly cross-legged in the center of the ground.

His clothes were tattered and unrecognizable, the edges worn and torn, clinging tightly to his thin frame.

Nine thick, black iron chains, as thick as bowls, crisscrossed and tightly bound his limbs, neck, and dantian meridians.

Each chain was densely engraved with the supreme divine-locking runes and meridian-sealing array patterns of the divine race, layer upon layer, interlocking.

Day and night, they drained his spiritual power, suppressed his cultivation, and imprisoned his soul, forcibly trapping a ninth-rank powerhouse here for eight thousand years.

Sensing movement outside the door, the old man slowly raised his heavy head, his eyes cloudy and aged, filled with the weariness of years and the trials of imprisonment.

In the depths of the deathly silence that had lain dormant for eight thousand years in his eyes, a faint yet bright light suddenly flashed.

The gaze fell directly on Kai, carrying a mixture of surprise, expectation, and disbelief.

“Young man, who exactly are you? How dare you single-handedly storm a prison heavily guarded by the Divine Race, breaking through layers of high-level sealing formations, risking your life to rescue us, the prisoners trapped here?”

The old man’s voice was hoarse and dry; after a long silence, his vocal cords were stiff, each word carrying the weight of years.

“Kai, the person in charge of Free Valley,” Kai replied calmly and composedly, neither humble nor arrogant, answering truthfully. His aura was clean and open, devoid of any ulterior motives.

Upon hearing this, the old man remained silent for a long time. A weathered yet relieved smile slowly spread across his gaunt face, a smile tinged with endless sorrow and anticipation. Tears welled in his eyes, and his voice trembled slightly.

“Free Valley... After ten thousand years, I never thought I would hear those three words again. Lin Yuan, that boy, was still young back then. Is he alright now? Is Free Valley alright?” ”

Senior Lin Yuan is waiting outside the prison, safe and sound. Free Valley’s foundation is solid, the soldiers are united, and everything is fine.”

Kai replied softly, his tone reassuring, giving the old man peace of mind.

Eight thousand years of imprisonment in darkness, eight thousand years of torment without seeing the sun, eight thousand years of having his spiritual power drained, his soul depleted, and being eroded and tormented by runes day and night—the old man had long since lost all hope, only wishing to quietly die in his cage.

Now, hearing that his old friend was well and his homeland was safe, the grievances, forbearance, and loneliness accumulated over ten thousand years instantly broke through his defenses.

Turbid tears slowly slid down his deeply lined cheeks, each drop hitting the cold ground. He choked back sobs, filled with the relief of surviving a calamity.

“Eight thousand years… I have been trapped here day and night, suffering endless tortures from the seal.

I thought I was destined to die in this cage, never to see the light of day again, never to see my homeland again…” “Unexpectedly, in the darkness, there is still a chance to escape and return to the world…”

Kai said no more, raised his hand and focused his mind. The Dragon-Slaying Sword was raised lightly, and a refined and pure purple sword light burst forth instantly. The sword light was sharp and decisive, accurately slicing through the nine sealing iron chains.

Crackling sounds rang out one after another, and the hard black iron chains broke and fell to the ground, scattering the imprisoning runes all over the sky. The layers of ten thousand years of seal were completely released. He bent down and reached out, steadily helping the elderly man to his feet. The warmth in his palm helped stabilize the man’s disordered qi and blood.

“Senior, the past hardships are over. There’s no need to dwell on them anymore. Follow me out of this infernal prison. The long night will eventually fade, and the flames of our rebellion against the gods have already ignited. Everything is worth looking forward to.”

A moment later, Kai personally led the way, followed closely by a group of top experts who had regained their freedom and thousands of rescued cultivators who had endured countless hardships, as they marched out of the third level.

At this moment, the vast wilderness was bathed in the first light of dawn. The morning sun pierced through the thick clouds, illuminating the entire land.

In the distance, a majestic cluster of volcanoes stood tall, their massive craters continuously spewing billowing black smoke.

A thick cloud of dust blotted out the sun, casting a dark, oppressive crimson hue over the sky. The howling wind and desolate wasteland only amplified the surging fighting spirit in everyone's hearts.

Kai stood alone at the forefront of the group, his back straight as a proud pine tree, his black robes fluttering in the wind. His posture was steady and imposing, as immovable as a mountain.

Behind him stood thousands of cultivators from various races, reborn from the dead. Humans were known for their propriety and resilience, beastmen for their ferocity and fearlessness, demons for their iron will and fortitude, ghosts for their forbearance and determination, and spirits for their gentleness and unity. All races were gathered together, united in purpose.

They were all ragged and emaciated, their skin covered with old and new scars from torture, their energy still weak, yet not one of them hunched over or showed any fear.

Eyes once filled with despair and numbness now shone like stars in the dark night, burning with the raging flames of resistance against tyranny.

They were brimming with the burning gratitude of surviving a catastrophe, and bound by an unwavering, indomitable will.

Gazing at the young figure ahead, alone, carrying the banner of resistance against all races, they placed their trust and utter reliance on him.

Kai slowly turned, his gaze sweeping over the countless cultivators behind him, oppressed by the gods and suffering endless imprisonment.

His eyes were calm and undisturbed, his conviction as unbreakable as steel.

He slowly walked, braving the howling wind, step by step, to the charred, mangled corpse of Shadow Warrior not far away.

The body had long been burned beyond recognition by the chaotic flames, its bones charred and withered, its murderous aura completely dissipated.

Only the cold, glaring alliance emblem engraved with the divine totem on its chest remained intact.

The metal, gleaming with a chilling arrogance and cold in the dim sunlight, seemed to stubbornly still display the once supreme and domineering authority of the divine race.

Kai, his face cold, slowly raised his foot, carrying the wrath of all races and the will of a thousand hearts, and stomped down heavily, crushing the mangled corpse of the Shadow Warrior.

Inch by inch, he crushed and shattered the last vestiges of the divine race's arrogance and illusory majesty, shattering the shackles of power and oppression.

The howling winds of the wasteland suddenly intensified, sweeping across the vast wilderness, stirring up clouds of dust and debris.

Kai stood tall, his chest heaving with a surging battle intent, his voice rising sharply, like a thunderclap from the heavens.

It carried the overwhelming rage and indomitable will of all the cultivators of all races, resounding across the thousand miles of wasteland, shaking the heavens and earth, its penetrating power lingering for a long time.

"The Divine Alliance, relying on its strength to bully the weak, runs rampant throughout the heavens, arbitrarily imprisoning cultivators of

all races, wantonly trampling on the lives of living beings, forcibly defining the rules of heaven and earth with its power, crushing weaker races with its force, domineering and tyrannical, its crimes are heinous!”

“Today, I, Kai, join hands with the power of cultivators of all races across the heavens to break through the Divine Alliance’s infernal prison, publicly slay a high-ranking Divine Alliance general, and tear apart the hypocritical mask of the Divine Alliance!”

“From this day forward, we will defy the heavens, rise against the tide, never bow to power, never bend to hegemony!”

“Today, I, Kai, act on behalf of heaven, leading cultivators of all races across the world to personally dismantle the heavens that have made you, the Divine Alliance, so high and mighty, oppressing all living beings!” The

moment his voice fell, thousands of cultivators of all races behind him raised their arms and roared in unison, the sound waves layered upon each other, soaring straight into the nine heavens, their majestic momentum shaking the heavens and the earth, vibrating the entire desolate world.

“Tear down the gods’ heaven!”

“Tear down the gods’ heaven!”

“Tear down the gods’ heaven!”

The continuous roars echoed across the crimson wasteland, lingering for a long time, forcefully breaking through the thick clouds and scattering the billowing black mist.

Each roar, carrying endless resentment, raging anger, and a determination to resist to the death, officially announced the beginning of the collapse of the gods’ millennia-long hegemony, resounding throughout the entire Western Regions of the Sixteen Heavens.

In the distant sky, rolling dark clouds surged and converged wildly, with faint winds and thunder rumbling.

The entire world seemed deeply shaken by this indomitable will to resist, trembling slightly, and strange phenomena arose in response.

Among the crowd, Lin Yuan stood quietly, his gaze fixed on Kai's solitary yet imposing figure.

The grievances, forbearance, torment, and anticipation accumulated over thousands of years transformed into scalding tears, silently sliding down his cheeks and soaking his clothes.

To overthrow the brutal rule of the gods, to protect the peace of Free Valley, and to preserve the last glimmer of hope for all races,

he had endured and borne burdens for far too long. Today, he finally awaited the breaking of the long night and the arrival of dawn, his heart overflowing with mixed emotions and immense relief.

Beneath the distant mountains, the gates of Free Valley opened wide, their lights shining brightly through the night, piercing the darkness and gloom, warm and dazzling.

When Kai led a group of top experts and thousands of rescued cultivators to the entrance of Free Valley, the entire valley instantly erupted in cheers, echoing throughout its depths. Upon

hearing the news, Old Zhao, the valley's guardian, immediately dropped his warm wine bowl, ignoring the slippery path, and stumbled out, his eyes red and swollen with emotion, his voice choked with emotion.

"Mr. Chen! You're back safe and sound! Everyone's back safe and sound!"

The usually composed and tall strategist, who often waved his folding fan, was now trembling uncontrollably. His fan

fell heavily to the bluestone ground with a thud, but he seemed oblivious, focused only on gazing at the returning troops, his eyes filled with tears and joy.

The middle-aged female cultivator on duty on the city wall gripped her twin swords tightly, the blades trembling slightly.

Her usually sharp and cold features relaxed completely, her lips parted in a wide, genuine smile, her heart overflowing with the joy of reunion after the ordeal.

The venerable Old Man Xu stood quietly at the valley entrance, slowly stroking his white beard, hot tears streaming down his face, each drop landing heavily on the thick city bricks, silently expressing his heartfelt relief.

Zhao Tieshan, the most senior and oldest among them, leaned on a sturdy cane, his steps unsteady as he quickly stepped forward, his voice choked with emotion.

“Mr. Chen… you really did it… you really rescued all our trapped compatriots safely…”

Kai strode forward, steadily supporting the unsteady Zhao Tieshan, a gentle smile playing on his lips, his tone resolute and trustworthy.

“Rest assured, senior, I promised you, and no matter how difficult, I will fulfill my promise without fail.” As soon as the words were spoken, thousands of rescued cultivators poured into Freedom Valley in an orderly fashion. The cultivators of

various races were ragged, covered in wounds of varying depths, and still weak, yet their eyes shone like stars, their hearts filled with the reassurance and warmth of a safe haven.

The warriors of Freedom Valley stepped forward, carefully helping the weak and wounded, quickly distributing clean water, warm rations, and warm clothing.

Their efforts were efficient and orderly, creating a warm and welcoming atmosphere. Children in the valley curiously and kindly gathered around, offering soft greetings;

the women of the valley took out their treasured soft fabrics and worked through the night to make new, well-fitting, and warm clothes for their new comrades from various races.

Throughout the valley, the cries of reunion, joyful laughter, and friendly greetings mingled together, filling the air with a cacophony of sounds.

It was impossible to distinguish between sorrow and joy; only the warmth of the valley dispelled all the hardship and chill.

Lin Yuan stood alone on the high ground, gazing at the bustling, harmonious crowd, tears blurring his vision once more. His heart was filled with countless emotions; he had truly waited far too long for this day.

As night fell, a grand banquet was laid out overnight in Free Valley Square, unprecedented in scale, surpassing any previous celebration in the valley.

The existing stone tables and benches in the square were insufficient, so the Free Valley warriors, without a word, dismantled thick, flat wooden door panels and placed them on stone stools to serve as makeshift tabletops.

When bowls and chopsticks were scarce, everyone brought out rustic wooden bowls and natural bamboo chopsticks they always had at home, making do without complaint.

When there wasn’t enough fragrant wine, the Spirit Clan warriors joined forces, channeling pure natural spiritual energy to quickly ripen the naturally growing, sweet wild fruits in the valley.

They brewed jars of refreshing, sweet natural fruit wine overnight, its delicate aroma soothing and delightful.

In the center of the square, a roaring bonfire burned through the night, its warm orange flames flickering and gently reflecting on everyone's faces, dispelling the chill of the night and spreading warmth throughout the valley.

Surrounded by the sincere support of the crowd, Kai sat regally in the main seat, his posture calm and composed. Jiang Xuelan, dressed in blue, with a cool and gentle demeanor, sat quietly beside him, silently accompanying and steadfastly protecting him.

Lin Yuan raised a thick wooden bowl filled with fruit wine, his voice booming like thunder, his shouts echoing throughout the entire area.

"The first bowl of wine is to Mr. Chen! To his selfless sacrifice, his courageous journey through hell, his lone battle against high-ranking generals, his willingness to risk his life to save countless compatriots, and to hold up the sky for us!"

"To Mr. Chen!" a thousand voices responded in unison, the sound deafening and the atmosphere overwhelming.

Kai raised his hand, picked up the wooden bowl, tilted his head back, and drank it all in one gulp. The wine warmed his heart, and his eyes were filled with the unwavering determination of the united people.

"The second bowl of wine is to Elder Qingxuan! To the Spirit Clan of the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits, for their profound understanding of righteousness, their courageous intervention, and their selfless acts of fighting alongside our Free Valley, weathering storms together to resist tyranny!"

"To the Spirit Clan!" The entire audience shouted in unison once more, their hearts united.

Elder Qingxuan nodded slightly in acknowledgment, his heart open and honest. He raised his bowl and drank it all in one gulp, displaying the demeanor of an elder.

“The third bowl of wine is to all our brothers and sisters who have escaped death and returned from the ashes! From this day forward, we will be united as one, sharing life and death, never abandoning each other, fighting together against the Divine Race, and protecting our homeland!”

“Sharing life and death! Never abandoning each other!” The shouts echoed through the valley, uniting the hearts of all.

After several rounds of wine and dishes, the atmosphere of the banquet grew increasingly warm and harmonious.

Old Zhao pounded on the door and table, shouting loudly, insisting on hearing Kai recount the entire fierce battle of slaying the Shadow Warrior on the third level, which ignited the passion of everyone present.

A tall, thin strategist, fanning himself with a folding fan and smiling gently, surrounded Elder Qingxuan, humbly seeking his knowledge of the strange tales and cultivation secrets within the Spirit Clan’s ancient forest.

A middle-aged female cultivator, accompanied by several newly rescued female cultivators, sat together, chatting softly about their peaceful lives in the valley. They exchanged warm smiles, their hearts brimming

with joy. Old Xu sat alone in a corner, quietly watching the bustling and harmonious scene before him, silently wiping away tears of contentment.

Zhao Tieshan, slightly drunk, clung tightly to Lin Yuan’s arm, reminiscing about the difficult years of hidden suffering and hardship, and appreciating the hard-won peace they now enjoyed.

The newly arrived rescued cultivators from various races gradually let go of their guard and anxieties, fully integrating into the warm and harmonious family of Free Valley, their faces finally showing long-lost smiles of peace.

As night deepened, the lights of Free Valley shone brightly, their warm glow filling the sky, brighter and more captivating than any other night before.

As the lively banquet ended and night deepened, all was quiet.

Kai left the bustling crowd alone and went to find Elder Qingxuan, who was resting alone. With a solemn expression, he got straight to the point and discussed important matters.

“Elder, as I mentioned before, the Spirit Clan warriors have lived in the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits for many years, relying on the rich natural spiritual energy of the forest to nourish their bodies and regulate their cultivation.

Now that everyone has left their homeland and is in the valley, the spiritual energy is thin, their recovery speed has slowed down significantly, their combat strength is difficult to recover quickly, and their cultivation is much less effective.

I will completely solve this hidden danger for everyone today.”

Upon hearing this, Elder Qingxuan’s expression instantly became solemn, his brows furrowed slightly, and he asked earnestly, “Fellow Daoist Kai, this operation has depleted the blood and energy of the entire team, and their combat strength has also decreased considerably. If a sudden battle occurs, it will inevitably drag down the entire team. Do you already have a foolproof solution?”

Kai nodded silently, without saying anything more. With a wave of his hand, the ancient and heavy Demon-Suppressing Tower, surrounded by a warm and gentle light, slowly appeared in his palm. The tower’s patterns were ancient and weathered, possessing its own purifying and nourishing power, and its aura was calm and powerful.

“This tower is the ancient treasure, the Demon-Suppressing Tower, which I acquired in my early years. It forms its own independent

cultivation space with unique spatial laws, and the flow of time is drastically different from the outside world.

A day passes peacefully outside, but a hundred days pass within the tower.

Spirit Clan warriors who enter to recuperate and cultivate in seclusion can accumulate in a hundred days in the time it takes to do in a single day outside—a double benefit, rapidly restoring their combat strength and replenishing their spiritual energy."

Elder Qingxuan's pupils suddenly contracted sharply, his gaze fixed on the Demon-Suppressing Tower, his eyes filled with utter shock, and he exclaimed in astonishment,

"This is the legendary ancient treasure, the Demon-Suppressing Tower, which possesses its own time laws?

I never imagined it would actually appear in the world, and be in your hands! Heaven's will, heaven's will indeed be on your side!"

"It is indeed this." Kai nodded gently, his tone calm and confident.

"Elder, you may immediately summon all the brothers of the Spirit Clan and lead them into the tower for inspection.

I have already prepared a full range of essential resources for cultivation, including high-grade spiritual vein crystals, natural spiritual spring liquid, foundation-strengthening pills, and soul-nourishing herbs.

The spiritual energy inside the tower is rich and misty, warm and not dry, making it most suitable for the Spirit Clan's physique to rest and recuperate in peace and cultivate diligently, without any hidden dangers." Elder Qingxuan, without further hesitation, immediately responded and led the charge, gathering his three hundred elite spirit race warriors. They assembled and, following Kai's steps, entered the secret realm within the Demon Suppression Tower.

Inside the tower, the view suddenly opened up, a pure white, tranquil expanse stretching to the horizon.

Pure and rich spiritual energy rushed towards them, so thick it almost condensed into liquid spiritual mist, seeping into the cultivators' meridians and pores, gently nourishing them silently.

The three hundred spirit race warriors, without a word, moved in perfect unison, sitting cross-legged, closing their eyes, and focusing their

minds on circulating their innate spirit race cultivation techniques. They greedily absorbed the surging spiritual energy around them, healing their damaged meridians and stabilizing their cultivation.

Elder Qingxuan stood in the center of the secret realm, calmly focusing his mind on circulating his cultivation technique.

Feeling his depleted spiritual energy rapidly recovering, his damaged meridians quickly repairing, and his primordial blood steadily replenishing, all fatigue vanished, and the shock in his eyes intensified. He was deeply moved.

"One day outside is a hundred days inside the tower; the difference in time and space is enormous.

With the blessing of this heaven-defying treasure, in just a few days, the entire Spirit Clan will have returned to their peak combat power, and even their cultivation will steadily improve. In the subsequent battle against the God Clan's army, our Spirit Clan will absolutely not hold them back!"

Kai smiled calmly, his tone steady and reassuring. "Elders, please stay here and lead the team to cultivate and recuperate peacefully. All defense, reconnaissance, and preparations outside the valley will be handled by me. You don't need to worry about them."

After speaking, Kai turned and slowly exited the Demon Suppression Tower. He raised his hand and cast a spell, steadily placing the ancient tower in the center of the Free Valley's central square.

The black tower stood silently in the plaza, neither ostentatious nor fierce, its body slowly radiating a gentle, warm protective light that steadily enveloped the entire valley, protecting all the cultivators within.

Lin Yuan strode forward, his gaze fixed on the towering Demon-Suppressing Tower, filled with emotion, and said in a deep voice,

"With this heaven-defying treasure guarding the valley, the combat strength of all our soldiers can quickly recover, our combat efficiency will be greatly improved, and our confidence in confronting the God Race will be completely solid."

Kai nodded solemnly, his gaze fixed on the direction of the God Race Alliance in the distance, a hidden fighting spirit in his eyes.

"It's not just about simply restoring combat strength. The ample time within the tower is enough for all soldiers to devote themselves to seclusion, hone their foundations, break through their current cultivation bottlenecks, and elevate the overall combat strength of the entire team, so that they will have a full chance of victory when facing high-level God Race experts."

From then on, all the warriors and rescued cultivators of Free Valley took turns entering the Demon-Suppressing Tower's secret realm for secluded cultivation.

Each day, the cultivators emerging from the tower possessed an aura several times stronger and more powerful than before they entered. Their foundations were increasingly solid and stable, and their minds more calm and resilient.

Throughout the valley, one could see pairs of cultivators sparring, practicing their techniques, and concentrating on solidifying their

cultivation. Morale was high, the atmosphere was uplifting, and it was a scene of flourishing prosperity and full-fledged preparation for battle.

Meanwhile, a thousand miles away, inside the core hall of the Divine Clan Alliance, the atmosphere was oppressive and deathly silent, chilling to the bone, a stark contrast to the warm and inviting Free Valley.

Alliance Leader Wei Pengkun sat high on a gilded throne, his magnificent golden robe accentuating his cold and aloof aura. His long, slender fingers tapped lightly on the cold armrests, the slow rhythm carrying an inherent sense of oppression.

In the very center of the hall, a low-ranking Divine Clan cultivator, trembling all over, his clothes disheveled, and his face filled with fear, knelt on the ground.

His forehead pressed against the cold palace floor, cold sweat pouring down his body, he dared not look directly at Wei Pengkun on the throne, his heart filled with extreme fear.

“Say it again. Shadow Warrior… really died on the third level of Black Rock Prison?”

Wei Pengkun’s voice was calm and even, revealing no emotion whatsoever.

Yet, every powerful member of the Divine Race on duty in the hall felt a chill run down their spines.

Everyone knew that beneath this calm lay a monstrous rage that was about to engulf the world; the slightest misstep would bring disaster upon them.

“Yes…yes, Alliance Leader, it’s absolutely true!” The kneeling cultivator’s teeth chattered, his voice trembling and incoherent, each word a testament to his fear.

“Kai, leading the forces of Free Valley and joining forces with elite cultivators of the Spirit Clan, forcefully breached the entire defense line of Crimson Flame Prison, unstoppable in their advance!

General Shadow War General personally oversaw the rebellion, fighting fiercely for a long time before being personally slain by Kai, his body never to be found!”

“The fifty elite guards of the Divine Clan who accompanied him were all wiped out, not a single survivor!

Both Black Rock Prison and Crimson Flame Prison have fallen, and all the imprisoned criminals and suffering cultivators have been rescued by Kai and his group. Our Divine Clan has lost face, and our defense line has collapsed!”

These few sentences in the report were piercingly incisive.

The hall instantly fell into a deathly silence, so quiet you could hear a pin drop. All the high-ranking Divine Clan experts held their breath, afraid to speak or even breathe, their hearts filled with dread and unease.

Wei Pengkun’s fingers, which were tapping on the armrest, suddenly stopped, his movements abruptly halting. A chilling aura emanated from him, making it difficult to breathe.

A long, suffocating silence enveloped the hall for a long time.

After a long while, Wei Pengkun slowly rose, his long, gilded robe trailing on the ground, making a low, rustling sound as he walked. He

walked step by step to the giant interstellar sand table star map in the hall, his gaze fixed on the two dim points of the Crimson Flame Prison and Black Rock Prison in the Western Regions. A cold glint flashed in his eyes, and killing intent surged.

“Of the three Heavenly Prisons of the Divine Race, Black Rock Prison is gone, and Crimson Flame Prison is gone too.”

His tone was icy and chilling, each word deliberate and penetrating. “Looking across the entire Western Regions, only the last barrier remains—the Northern Nether Prison.”

He slowly turned, his cold gaze sweeping across the group of terrified Divine Race powerhouses in the hall, issuing his command in a deep voice, brooking no argument.

“Immediately issue orders throughout the entire region! Warrior General and Strategist General, heed my command!”

Two ninth-rank experts, with strikingly different physiques and auras, immediately rose, bowed respectfully, and declared, “Your subordinates are here!”

“You two will immediately lead three thousand elite Divine Race troops to the Northern Underworld Prison at full speed. Double-guard it, maintain strict discipline, and allow no oversights!

Without my personal order, you are not to leave the prison area even a step. Hold it to the death, and absolutely do not allow Kai to set foot near the Northern Underworld Prison!”

Wei Pengkun commanded sternly, his killing intent palpable.

“Your subordinates obey! We swear to defend the Northern Underworld Prison to the death, and not fail the Alliance Leader’s trust!” The two generals answered in unison, their fighting spirit blazing, and immediately withdrew to prepare for defense.

Wei Pengkun’s gaze shifted, landing on the strategist Zhuge Ming beside him. His eyes narrowed slightly, a chilling aura lurking beneath.

“Our scouts report that the Spirit Clan has openly interfered in this matter, siding with Free Valley and becoming enemies of our Divine Clan?”

Zhuge Ming strode forward, bowed, and reported solemnly, “Reporting to the Alliance Leader, it is indeed true.

Elder Qingxuan of the Spirit Clan personally led three hundred elite soldiers, cooperating with Kai throughout the entire battle, launching a frontal assault on our Divine Clan’s prison defenses.

They have genuinely formed an alliance with Free Valley, openly betraying the Divine Clan alliance and challenging the Alliance Leader’s authority.”

“The Spirit Clan… what a bunch of self-satisfied, ignorant Spirit Clan.” Wei Pengkun sneered softly, his eyes filled with murderous intent and impatience.

“Issue the order: immediately dispatch more spies to monitor the entire Ten Thousand Spirits Ancient Forest 24/7. Every move of the Spirit Clan, every troop movement, must be reported back to the main hall in real time, without delay.”

He returned to his throne and sat down, his fingers tapping the armrest again with a cold rhythm.

“First, concentrate all our forces to eliminate Kai and flatten Freedom Valley.

After the storm has passed, immediately march into the Ten Thousand Spirits Ancient Forest and annihilate the entire Spirit Clan. Zhuge Ming bowed respectfully, accepting the order: “Your subordinate will immediately deploy a secret network to monitor the Spirit Clan’s movements closely, leaving no stone unturned.”

Wei Pengkun slowly leaned back on the throne, his eyes slightly closed, a murderous aura swirling around him.

His fingertips rhythmically tapped the armrest, one tap after another, the sound particularly jarring in the deathly silent hall, like a silent countdown, silently calculating the moment of revenge.

Outside the window, two different moons hung high in the night sky, one silvery-white and cold, the other dark red and eerie. The two-colored moonlight spilled onto the gilded dome of the Divine Clan's palace, reflecting a chilling, sinister light, and a murderous aura permeated the entire area.

Wei Pengkun slowly opened his eyes, gazing at the two-colored night sky outside the window, muttering to himself, his killing intent piercing to the bone.

"Kai, you destroyed two of my Heavenly Prisons, killed two of my capable generals, and damaged the prestige of my Divine Race. I will settle this blood debt with you, penny by penny, interest, and all, without any leniency."

He clenched his fist tightly, his eyes filled with overwhelming ferocity.

"And the Spirit Race, daring to openly interfere in the internal affairs of the Divine Race and defy me, should prepare for the annihilation of their entire race and the extinction of their bloodline."

Outside the hall, a fierce wind howled in the dead of night, and dark clouds quickly obscured the moon, plunging the world into boundless darkness, oppressive to the extreme.

Ten thousand miles away, the lights of Freedom Valley were warm and bright, an inextinguishable beacon of hope in the face of despair.

But in Wei Pengkun's eyes, this light was a rebellious flame that had to be extinguished by his own hand, and it had to be completely eradicated.

More than an hour later, Zhuge Ming, having fully arranged the secret patrols and border defenses, quietly returned to the hall.

Looking at Wei Pengkun, whose face was ashen and filled with barely suppressed rage, Zhuge Ming lowered his voice and carefully stepped forward to report.

“Alliance Leader, I have already arranged for the defense of the entire region and the presence of secret agents.

However, Kai possesses innate chaotic power, making his combat strength beyond his level all the more extraordinary. Now, with the full support of the Spirit Clan, his power is growing stronger. It will be no easy task for us to eliminate him in

one fell swoop. We need to plan carefully.” Wei Pengkun’s eyes suddenly sharpened, and he coldly retorted, “What? Do you think that my Divine Clan’s army is no match for a mere rogue cultivator like Kai?”

Zhuge Ming hurriedly bowed and explained, not daring to show the slightest disrespect.

“This is not my intention!

It’s just that Kai’s combat strength is strange, his trump cards are endless, and his foundation is unfathomable.

He most likely has a reclusive top expert secretly protecting him. A rash attack might deplete the elite forces of our Divine Race, which would be a loss.”

“Hmph, so what if he has a powerful protector?” Wei Pengkun sneered with disdain and arrogance.

“Does he have a backer? Does our Divine Race Alliance have no trump cards?

Our two Supreme Elders have been in seclusion for many days, focusing all their efforts on breaking through the Golden Immortal realm barrier. They are about to finish their seclusion.

Soon they will both break through the shackles and ascend to the high position of Golden Immortal.”

“When the two elders emerge from seclusion, even if Kai really has a powerful backer, we will crush and tear him apart, expose his true form, and suppress him completely! He is just a mere ant, not worth mentioning!”

The two Supreme Elders are Wei Pengkun’s greatest trump card and the core reliance of the Divine Race Alliance to stand firm in the Sixteenth Heaven.

Upon hearing this, Zhuge Ming instantly felt relieved and offered no further advice.

Within the Sixteenth Heaven’s territory, Golden Immortals were the pinnacle of combat power, overlooking all races and invincible.

As long as the two Supreme Elders successfully broke through, Kai, the Spirit Clan, and Free Valley would all be utterly vulnerable and could be annihilated with a flick of the wrist.

Time passed swiftly, and the two days flew by.

Within Free Valley, Elder Qingxuan personally led three hundred elite Spirit Clan warriors, all emerging orderly from the Demon Suppression Tower’s secret realm.

While only two days passed in the outside world, the secret realm within the tower provided a full two hundred days of cultivation.

Day after day, they focused on recuperation, honing their foundations, and refining their spiritual power, achieving remarkable results.

All three hundred Spirit Clan warriors possessed a powerful and vigorous aura, abundant spiritual power, and perfectly repaired meridians.

Their primordial blood and qi were thick and enduring, and their combat power had returned to its peak, even far exceeding their pre-battle levels.

Elder Qingxuan's cultivation remained stable at the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, without any forced breakthrough.

However, the sheer volume of his spiritual energy doubled, its purity far surpassing its former level. The azure-green natural spiritual light surrounding him was so dense it seemed almost dripping, demonstrating his incredibly solid foundation.

Several of his spirit race squad leaders, who had been stuck at the seventh rank bottleneck for years, experienced a surge in spiritual energy, their foundations strengthened, and their auras soaring.

They were already incredibly close to the threshold of the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, needing only a fortuitous opportunity to break through.

"Fellow Daoist Kai, the Demon Suppression Tower's miraculous effects are truly well-deserved!" Elder Qingxuan bowed respectfully, his heart filled with gratitude, his tone sincere.

"The fighting strength of our entire Spirit Clan has rebounded dramatically, and our foundation is becoming increasingly solid. If we encounter the powerful

God Clan again, we will definitely confront them head-on, without fear of battle, and without hindering the Allied Forces!" Kai smiled calmly and replied, "Elder, there's no need for formalities. We fight side by side, sharing both glory and disgrace

. The stronger you all are, the greater our chances of overthrowing the God Clan's hegemony will be." As soon as he finished speaking, Lin Yuan strode out from the crowd, his face solemn and serious, showing none of the relaxed joy of the others. He lowered his voice and spoke, breaking the peaceful atmosphere.

"Kai, we have already taken down two Heavenly Prisons of the Divine Race, and our morale is high. But we absolutely cannot rashly attack the third Northern Underworld Prison; this matter is extremely dangerous."

Kai's gaze darkened as he looked at Lin Yuan: "I was just planning to strike while the iron is hot, taking advantage of the Divine Race's unstable defenses and the panic among their people, to take down the Northern Underworld Prison in one fell swoop and sever the Divine Race's last barrier in the Western Regions. Is there anything wrong with that?"

Lin Yuan gently shook his head, took out a tightly sealed urgent intelligence scroll from his robes, and solemnly handed it to Kai, his expression growing increasingly grave.

"It's too late. Wei Pengkun reacted extremely quickly, his plans were ruthless and meticulous, and he had already made thorough preparations in advance."

"He has personally ordered the dispatch of two True Immortal Realm ninth-grade experts, a Warrior of Strength and a Warrior of Wisdom, to both rush to the Northern Underworld Prison to double-guard it and defend it at all costs."

He paused for a moment, adding in a heavy tone.

"Previously, our entire team fought against the lone Shadow Warrior with great difficulty, and everyone was in grave danger, nearly suffering heavy casualties."

"Now, two ninth-rank experts are stationed together, one forceful and the other gentle, one strong and the other strategic, complementing each other perfectly, combining offense and defense, doubling their combat power, making the danger several times greater than before."

Kai took the intelligence scroll, quickly unfolded it, and read it at a glance, his brows slightly furrowed as he silently weighed the pros and cons.

The writing on the scroll was clear, detailing all the information about the two generals.

The Strength Warrior, a perfect ninth-rank True Immortal, specializes in the Pure Yang Undying Body Refining Divine Art, his physical body tempered to the extreme, with copper skin and iron bones, impervious to blades and spears, a single punch could shatter mountains and rivers, tear the earth apart, and no one could stop his frontal assault.

The Wise Warrior, also at the peak of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, is not good at direct combat, but is proficient in ancient trapping and killing formations, deadly illusion formations, and soul-deceiving formations. He is cunning and treacherous in his planning, and is good at secretly scheming to trap and kill powerful enemies silently, without shedding blood.

One force can break all laws, and one strategy can trap all the heavens. When two powerful figures join forces, one in the open and one in the shadows, one hard and one soft, their offense and defense are without blind spots, and their cooperation is seamless. They are indeed more than ten times more difficult to deal with than a Shadow Warrior fighting alone. A strong attack would inevitably result in heavy casualties. “This is indeed a tricky situation; a direct, head-on assault is not advisable.” Kai put away the intelligence scroll, his expression grave, and sighed deeply.

Elder Qingxuan stepped forward slowly, pondered

for a moment, and then made a prudent suggestion. “Fellow Daoist Kai, in my opinion, it would be better to postpone the direct attack on the Northern Underworld Prison and instead go into seclusion to accumulate strength and steadily improve the team’s overall power.

Especially you, your innate chaotic power naturally counters the divine light and divine power origin of the Divine Race, which is the core key to our breakthrough and turning the tide.”

“If you can take this opportunity to break through to the third or even fourth rank of the True Immortal Realm, your combat power will skyrocket. Then, when we gather everyone together to launch a joint attack on the Northern Underworld Prison, our chances of victory will be greatly increased, making it a sure thing.” Elder Qingxuan said.

Kai nodded slowly, naturally understanding this principle. Breaking through cultivation would allow him to crush powerful enemies, but the opportunity could not be delayed.

“Of course I want to focus on my cultivation and hone my combat skills, but right now, what we lack most is time. We can’t afford to waste a single second. Besides, we need resources.”

Kai knew that advancing even a small realm required a massive amount of resources.

Lin Yuan’s face turned deathly pale instantly. He instinctively lowered his voice, leaned close to their ears, and whispered the devastating news.

“My loyal spies, planted deep within the core of the Divine Alliance, have sent back top-secret information overnight.

Two reclusive Supreme Elders of the Divine Alliance are in the final stages of their secluded cultivation to break through to the Golden Immortal realm. They will soon emerge and ascend the Golden Immortal path.”

“Once they successfully break through and both become Golden Immortals, these two Golden Immortal powerhouses will reign supreme over the Divine Alliance, overlooking the entire Sixteen Heavens.”

“At that time, even if Kai breaks through to the fifth rank of True Immortal, even if our combined combat power doubles, we will be like ants trying to shake a tree before Golden Immortals—utterly vulnerable, with no chance of victory. We can only sit and wait to be slaughtered.”

As the words fell, the expressions of Kai, Elder Qingxuan, Jiang Xuelan, and the others present changed drastically, a chill creeping into their hearts.

True Immortals and Golden Immortals, seemingly only one realm apart, are in reality worlds apart, like heaven and earth, crossing the barrier

between immortals and mortals. The chasm of combat power is insurmountable, making them utterly incomparable.

“We must forcefully overthrow the Divine Alliance and disrupt all their plans before the two Supreme Elders break through to Golden Immortal status, or all races will perish.”

Kai’s voice was calm and even, yet it revealed an unwavering determination, his eyes filled with resolute fighting spirit.

Lin Yuan smiled bitterly, his heart filled with anxiety: “But our current strength is insufficient. We can’t even contend with two ninth-rank generals. How can we buy time? How can we fight against the subsequent Golden Immortal experts? There’s simply no solution.”

Jiang Xuelan, who had been silently standing aside, calmly pondering, finally spoke slowly. Her voice was clear and gentle, yet every word was clear and reassuring.

“I might have a way to quickly boost our combat power, help Kai break through his cultivation level quickly, and accumulate enough strength to turn the tide before the Golden Immortals emerge from seclusion.”

Everyone instantly turned their heads, their gazes falling on Jiang Xuelan, full of anticipation, waiting for her to continue.

“In the deepest part of the frigid northern lands, where ice has frozen for millions of years, lies the ancestral home of my Ice God lineage.”

Jiang Xuelan gazed towards the northern horizon, a hint of determination and anticipation flashing in her eyes, and slowly said, “Within this ancestral home, the ancient Ice God’s legacy treasures are sealed: a complete set of Ice God armor and an Ice God sword, both ancient divine weapons with boundless power.”

“If I can successfully retrieve them, my bloodline will awaken, my cultivation will surge, and my combat strength will directly rise a whole level, enough to directly contend with a ninth-rank general.”

“Besides, within the ancestral land, there are also a vast amount of pure cultivation resources and primordial spiritual materials accumulated by the ancestors of the Ice God lineage. Among them, there is a high probability that there are primordial treasures that are compatible with Kai’s chaotic physique, enough to help you break through your realm and quickly increase your combat power.”

Kai’s eyes instantly lit up with a sharp light. His heart stirred, and he suddenly remembered what the remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan had said in the Ice God ruins: Deep in the northern region of the sixteenth heaven, there exists the true ancestral land of the Ice God, but it has long been forcibly occupied by the divine race’s heavy army and is strictly guarded, making it difficult for outsiders to approach.

“What is the exact location of the ancestral land? Are there heavy troops blocking the way or strong restrictions along the way?” Kai immediately asked in a deep voice, finalizing the itinerary.

“The deepest part of the ancient frozen wasteland in the northern region, thousands of miles of ice, tens of thousands of miles of snow, and extreme cold all year round,” Jiang Xuelan said.

“The outer perimeter has long been heavily guarded by the Divine Race, with camps stretching as far as the eye can see and constant patrols. Ancient isolation barriers have also been erected, making it impossible for anyone without the pure bloodline of the Ice God to approach the core secret realm. Any attempt to force their way in will only result in being strangled by the barriers, leaving no trace of their remains.”

“Only those of the true bloodline of the Ice God can pass through safely and open the three trial stages of the ancestral land.”

Without further hesitation, Kai immediately stood up and made decisive arrangements.

“Time is of the essence, let’s set off immediately. Jiang Xuelan will lead the way. Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue’er, Bing Fenghan, and I will travel lightly and stealthily towards the ancestral land of the Ice God in the Northern Region.

We must return as quickly as possible.” “The rest of you must remain in Freedom Valley, focusing all your efforts on seclusion in the Demon Suppression Tower to prepare for battle. Strictly guard the valley entrance and do not leave without permission. Just wait for our return.”

Lin Yuan opened his mouth, wanting to dissuade them, worried about the dangers ahead and the ambush of the divine race’s heavy forces. However, meeting Kai’s firm, resolute, and unyielding eyes, all his words of dissuasion were swallowed back. He only solemnly instructed,

“Be extremely careful on the journey, protect your own safety, and be sure to return safely. Everyone in Freedom Valley is waiting for your triumphant return.”

Kai smiled faintly and nodded calmly: “Rest assured, I will not fail everyone’s trust.”

A moment later, the five figures quietly left Freedom Valley, then took out the Demon Suppression Tower and used spatial teleportation to send the five of them to the deepest part of the Northern Region.

Deep within the Northern Region lies a vast, desolate wasteland, completely frozen by ancient ice for millennia, where only extreme cold remains.

The biting wind, like sharp blades, carries countless ice shards and snowflakes, howling and slashing at the skin, chilling to the bone.

The frigid intensity here is terrifying; even a low-level True Immortal cultivator, activating their protective spiritual power, would have their meridians instantly frozen, their body stiffened, and perish on the spot.

Braving the biting wind, Kai and his companions raced forward, finally catching a glimpse of the majestic outline of the Ice God’s ancestral land in the distance.

It was a colossal iceberg rising abruptly from the ground, towering into the clouds, entirely formed from millennia-old black ice, crystal clear and

untouched by dust. Under the cold moonlight, it gleamed with a deep, eerie blue light, solemn and sacred, exuding an ancient pressure.

At the foot of the icy mountain, the Divine Clan's camp stretched as far as the eye could see, its tents densely packed together, heavily guarded, brightly lit, and heavily fortified. At least a thousand elite Divine Clan cultivators were stationed there, their combat power formidable.

The camp's leaders were two genuine eighth-grade True Immortal Realm Divine Clan elders, possessing profound cultivation and proficiency in both offense and defense, maintaining a tight grip on the defenses and preventing any outsiders from approaching the icy mountain.

"The Divine Clan's forces are too overwhelming. A direct assault would inevitably alert the entire army, resulting in heavy casualties—a loss that would not outweigh the gains,"

Bing Wuhen said in a low voice, his expression wary as he quickly surveyed the surrounding defenses, offering a stern warning to his men. Kai did not respond with a rebuttal. He slowly closed his eyes and focused his mind, sinking his consciousness into his dantian. The vast power of chaos quietly spread out, transforming into an invisible network of perception that comprehensively covered the entire iceberg, the outer camp, and all the surrounding restrictions and formations.

The power of chaos naturally breaks illusions, concealments, and restrictions. In a short moment, all the patrol routes, troop checkpoints, weak points in the restrictions, and blind spots in the formations were clearly imprinted in his mind, leaving no trace.

A moment later, Kai slowly opened his eyes, a confident smile playing on his lips. He calmly said, "There's no need for a direct, forceful assault.

The core restrictions of the ancestral land only recognize the true bloodline of the Ice God. Even with heavy troops stationed on the outer perimeter, the divine race cultivators cannot even take a single step inside; they

can only watch and defend from the outside." "We only need to avoid the patrol teams, find the blind spots, and quietly sneak around the outer defenses, stepping into the barrier's light screen

. The divine race army will be helpless, forced to watch us enter the ancestral land, unable to stop us." The five immediately lowered their bodies, pressed themselves against the cold ice surface, concealed all their auras, and silently stealthily made their way towards the foot of the iceberg.

Kai used the power of Chaos Concealment throughout, perfectly concealing and shielding all their figures, auras, and spiritual energy fluctuations, leaving no trace.

Squads of divine patrol soldiers, wielding holy light artifacts, brushed past the five figures just steps away, their eyes scanning the surroundings, completely unaware that a powerful enemy was already close.

Successfully avoiding all patrol checkpoints, the five figures lightly stepped into the invisible, colorless protective barrier surrounding the ancestral land at the foot of the iceberg.

The barrier isolated the inside from the outside, shielding sound and blocking auras. The moment they stepped inside, the surrounding biting wind abruptly ceased, the oppressive atmosphere instantly dissipated, and the spiritual energy of heaven and earth became pure and warm, a stark contrast to the icy, bitter cold outside.

The divine cultivators in the main camp behind them could only watch helplessly as the five figures vanished into thin air before the barrier, powerless to pursue them across boundaries. They could only immediately sound the alarm, maintain a high level of vigilance, and await orders.

Passing through the outer protective barrier, a gigantic ice gate, ten zhang high, stood before them.

The gate, a pure, icy blue, had remained frozen for millennia. Engraved on it were three ancient characters, their strokes powerful and ancient, exuding a chilling aura—"Ice Heart Pass."

Within Ice Heart Pass lay an endless, dark void, devoid of sky and earth, light and warmth, sound and stillness, a deathly, oppressive place specifically designed to test a cultivator's true heart and Dao heart, to dispel inner demons and obsessions.

"This pass only tests one's inner heart and inner demons. There's no need for us to fight side-by-side. I will enter alone. You all stay here and guard the outer perimeter, preventing a surprise attack from the gods,"

Jiang Xuelan solemnly instructed the four, then stepped calmly into the dark space of Ice Heart Pass alone.

Kai, Bing Wuhen, and the others stood guard outside the pass, their concentration on guard, silently waiting.

Jiang Xuelan stood alone in the boundless darkness, surrounded by utter silence.

Only a thin, slender path of light stretched straight ahead towards the distant exit; otherwise, thick darkness enveloped her.

She took a deep breath, suppressing the slight turmoil in her heart, and steadily walked forward.

After walking only a hundred steps, the surrounding darkness suddenly surged and shifted, countless incredibly realistic illusions appearing out of thin air before her eyes, striking at the deepest fears and obsessions within her heart.

The scenes flashed back a thousand years, recreating the horrific catastrophe of the past: in her innocent childhood, the peaceful homeland of the Ice God lineage was mercilessly slaughtered by the divine army; the sect was shattered, clansmen perished, elders fell, blood flowed for miles, and cries of agony echoed across the land.

As a child, she huddled alone beneath the cold ruins, afraid to utter a sound, afraid to cry.

She watched helplessly as her kin fell beneath the blades of other branches of the divine race, her family destroyed, her home lost, and she displaced.

Growing up, she shouldered the immense burden of reviving the Ice God lineage alone. Without family or friends, without support, she walked alone for a thousand years, enduring a thousand years of solitude. Day and night, she carried the mission of revival, bearing endless pressure, with no one to share her burdens, no one to accompany her, her heart weary and with nowhere to confide.

In the darkness, countless phantoms of her tragically deceased clansmen slowly emerged, their faces filled with sorrow, approaching Jiang Xuelan step by step. Their cold, illusory hands gently touched her shoulders, whispering in a seductive voice, bewitching her soul.

“Xuelan…stay…come with us…don’t bear it all alone anymore…it’s too tiring…”

The chilling whispers, accompanied by a mournful tone, struck her very soul, shaking her resolve.

Jiang Xuelan’s eyes instantly reddened, her heart aching unbearably. All the loneliness, weariness, and grievances of the past surged into her mind, almost causing her to stop and turn back, succumbing to the illusion.

But just as her mind was about to break down, the image of Kai suddenly appeared in her mind.

That figure who had accompanied her all the way from the fifteenth heaven, rebuilding the Ice God Palace for her, searching for her bloodline members, repairing her spiritual veins, and facing the divine power alongside her, never abandoning her and fighting side by side.

“I have never been alone.” Jiang Xuelan murmured to herself, her eyes suddenly hardening, her mind as firm as a rock, no longer bewitched by illusions.

“I have comrades-in-arms, fellow clansmen, and those who carry the flag alongside me. Behind me, there are countless hopes. The divine race is not destroyed, my people are not at peace, I must not succumb to inner demons and stop here!”

With a firm will and a steadfast Dao heart, the slender path of light beneath her feet suddenly widened, the dense darkness around her vanished with a roar, and all the inner demon illusions disappeared.

Jiang Xuelan stepped safely out of the end of the Ice Heart Pass, successfully passing through. A second giant ice gate slowly appeared ahead, its chilling aura emanating from it, engraved with three words—Ice Soul Pass.

The Ice Soul Pass doesn’t test your will, only your fighting prowess. Each pass determines life or death, each test your edge.

Inside the pass, an ancient, colossal ice beast lies coiled, its power overwhelming, a relentless fight to the death.

The ice beast’s body is as imposing as a mountain, forged from millennia of extreme, mysterious ice. Its body is as hard as top-grade divine metal, possessing the true fighting strength of a peak ninth-grade True Immortal.

The beast’s claws tear through the void, their cold light chilling. A single breath of extreme cold can instantly freeze a hundred miles of mountains and rivers, sealing the souls of cultivators. Its killing power is unparalleled.

“Everyone, join forces! A swift victory! Slay the ice beast and advance!” Kai roared, his fighting spirit surging, taking the initiative to attack.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn, its boundless purple chaotic fire blazing fiercely, its destructive power fully infused into the blade.

A sharp, purple sword aura pierced the air, slashing fiercely at the weakest point of the ice beast's foreleg joint.

With a deafening hiss, a deep, charred crack, revealing bone, was instantly cleaved through the hard ice body. Chaotic fire scorched the ice, continuously melting it and suppressing the beast's primal power.

The ice beast, writhing in pain and raging, roared to the heavens, its massive, mountain-like claws slamming down with immense force towards Kai, determined to shatter its enemy in one blow. Kai stepped through the air, his figure as swift as lightning, deftly dodging the attack with a sidestep. His giant claw slammed into the ground, instantly creating a massive ice crater several meters deep, sending ice shards and fragments flying in all directions with terrifying force.

Simultaneously, Bing Wuhen launched a lightning-fast attack from the left, his ice-elemental natal sword gleaming coldly, precisely piercing a weak spot in the ice crevice beneath the giant beast's ribs, breaking through the ice and injuring its vital points.

Bing Xue'er's wrist flicked, and a long, flowing ice whip instantly wrapped around the giant beast's thick hind legs, tightly binding and restricting its movement.

Bing Fenghan focused his energy, gathering all his spiritual power into a sharp ice spear, aiming precisely at the giant beast's eye, a blind spot.

Jiang Xuelan stood high behind, her hands rapidly forming hand seals, unleashing a dense rain of ice-blue sealing needles, precisely locking down the giant beast's various spiritual energy acupoints, freezing its spiritual energy flow and slowing its movements.

The five fighters coordinated flawlessly, their offense and defense perfectly ordered, one controlling and the other attacking, one at long

range and the other at close range, employing tactics to their fullest potential.

Kai engaged head-on, drawing aggro while the other four flanked, providing damage and controlling the battlefield, giving the behemoth no chance to retaliate or catch their breath.

Chaos Fire countered the source of ice, while ice-based spiritual energy targeted and broke through its defenses. The five fighters complemented each other's strengths, battling fiercely for a full half-hour without a moment's rest.

The ice behemoth roared repeatedly, its icy body cracking more and more, its spiritual energy gradually depleting, and its combat power steadily declining.

Finally, with a deafening roar, its massive icy body shattered into countless tiny ice crystals, dissipating into the void of Ice Soul Pass, its final demise.

Kai sheathed his sword, his aura slightly fluctuating, his face a little pale. The continuous high-intensity battle had taken its toll, but the fighting spirit in his eyes remained bright and sharp. He spoke in a deep voice.

"Rest for a moment, then immediately proceed to the final trial."

The final trial, the Ice God Trial, the ultimate test of the ancestral land, has four ironclad rules engraved on its lintel—Only Bloodline.

Those who are not of pure Ice God lineage, even with extraordinary cultivation, will be forcibly blocked outside by the invisible barrier at the entrance, unable to take even half a step.

Kai, Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue'er, and Bing Fenghan were all isolated outside the Ice God Trial, unable to move forward an inch.

"You all wait here peacefully, I will go inside to retrieve the inherited divine weapon." Jiang Xuelan nodded, took a deep breath, and stepped

alone, calmly entering the core secret realm of the Ice God Trial. Inside the

trial, a magnificent and ancient ice palace stood silently, its interior filled with a rich, ancient aura, exuding a solemn and imposing aura.

Above the center of the ice palace, two dazzling ice-blue primordial spiritual lights floated, shining brightly, their spiritual energy overwhelming.

Within the spiritual light on the left was a complete and flawless set of ancient Ice God armor. The armor plates were engraved with ancient ice runes, flowing with an eternally chilling aura, possessing the miraculous triple effects of protection, amplification, and freezing.

Within the spiritual light on the right stood a long, icy blue sword, its blade crystal clear and incomparably sharp. The hilt was inlaid with a fist-sized natal ice crystal, its foundation profound—this was the inherited divine weapon, the Ice God Sword.

Jiang Xuelan slowly stepped forward and gently touched the Ice God armor.

The armor instantly became sentient, transforming into an icy blue radiance that instantly merged into her limbs, meridians, and dantian.

A vast and boundless ancient Ice God power instantly washed over her entire body, repairing her foundation and elevating her cultivation.

Her aura surged, instantly breaking through the shackles of the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, reaching the ninth rank, her foundation solidified and her foundation greatly enhanced.

She then raised her hand and firmly grasped the hilt of the Ice God Sword.

The divine sword trembled with spiritual energy, its clear, resonant cry echoing throughout the ice palace, as if celebrating its master.

The hilt's natal ice crystal shone brightly, and a vast, boundless stream of information from the complete lineage of the Ice God instantly flooded into the depths of her mind.

It encompassed ancient ice-based techniques, deadly sword skills, enemy-trapping formations, and insights into the ultimate laws of ice—all were present.

Jiang Xuelan closed her eyes to calmly digest the inheritance. After a moment, she opened them, her aura completely transformed. Her cool demeanor was now imbued with composure and majesty. Her cultivation was firmly established at the peak of the ninth rank, half a step away from entering the Golden Immortal realm; her strength was now vastly different from before.

She turned to leave the ice palace when her gaze suddenly fell upon a strange, warm, luminous, purple crystal quietly floating in a corner, faintly emitting familiar fluctuations.

She reached out and took it; its warmth enveloped her, a chaotic aura emanating from it. She immediately strode out of the Ice God's Gate and handed it to Kai.

"This was obtained from a corner of the hall. It contains a rich aura of primordial chaos, and is suspected to be a relic left behind by the progenitor of the Northern Underworld Abyss. It is perfectly compatible with your physique and can help you break through your realm." The

moment Kai's fingertips touched the chaotic spirit stone, a warm and scalding primordial texture surged through his palm and meridians, flowing straight to his limbs and bones without any abruptness or ferocity, pure to the point of being almost flawless.

The next second, a vast and powerful torrent of primordial chaos burst forth from the stone.

Like a primordial spring that had been dormant for countless ages suddenly unsealed, it surged rapidly through his seventy-two main

meridians, instantly resonating and merging with the natal chaotic power that had been swirling and settling deep within his dantian.

Only the deep and powerful roar of spiritual energy resounded in his ears, and his eyes were instantly filled with a rich and pure purple light.

His mind was clear and transparent, and external objects, the cold wind, and the movements of the distant divine race camp were all shut out, unable to disturb him in the slightest.

He focused his mind and introspectively perceived the preciousness of this spirit stone.

This was no ordinary cultivation material; it was a crystallized primordial chaos essence preserved from the beginning of time, containing no impurities or violent energy, perfectly suited to his innate primordial chaos body.

The primordial essence sealed within the spirit stone was abundant, refined, and perfectly complemented his current cultivation shortcomings—just the right amount to steadily propel him from the peak of the second rank of True Immortal Realm, breaking through all barriers to reach the third rank.

No need to forcibly deplete his foundation, no need to worry about a fragile realm—it was a top-tier opportunity that was rare and precious.

“A primordial chaos spirit stone, a gift from the origin of heaven and earth,”

Kai murmured softly, his tone calm and even, yet his heart was already certain that this breakthrough was a sure thing, without a doubt.

Jiang Xuelan, standing to the side, had a calm and composed gaze. Her icy blue aura subtly tightened, isolating her from all the noise and disturbances of the surrounding wind and snow. Her tone was crisp and decisive, each word firm and resolute.

“This opportunity is rare, the timing is perfect. There’s no need to hesitate. Simply sit cross-legged here and focus on absorbing

the energy to break through. As for all external affairs and surrounding threats, the four of us will protect you fiercely, without yielding an inch, without the slightest disturbance.” Kai nodded slightly, saying nothing more. He then lowered his body and sat steadily cross-legged on the eternally frozen Xuanbing platform.

The ice was bitterly cold, but it didn’t affect him in the slightest. His palms remained firmly gripping the Chaos Spirit Stone, his eyes slowly closed, and his mind completely immersed in the secret realm of his dantian, devoting himself entirely to cultivation and breakthrough, leaving no room for distractions.

In the next instant, the spiritual light on the surface of the spirit stone peeled away layer by layer, and a massive amount of chaotic essence

poured out like a surging river, flowing steadily and orderly into his body along the meridians in his palm, gently cleansing every blocked meridian. The subtle and impure evil energy remaining from his past cultivation, as well as the hidden injuries in his meridians accumulated during cultivation, were swept away by the chaotic essence and completely dissolved.

The meridians throughout his body were slowly expanded, widened, and tempered by the boundless spiritual power, their resilience and breadth increasing dramatically.

The chaotic vortex in the center of his dantian suddenly increased in speed, expanding and becoming more condensed and heavier. Purple spiritual light surrounded the vortex, and its pressure steadily increased, with his cultivation aura advancing and rising layer by layer. On the outer defensive line, the division of labor was meticulous, the defenses were tight, and there was not a single oversight.

Bing Wuhen stood tall and straight like a pine tree, holding a sharp ice blade, his eyes as sharp as an eagle’s, fixed on the direction of the main camp of the Divine Race in the distance. No matter how small the

movement of spiritual energy or the slightest movement of a figure, it would not escape his detection.

Bing Xue'er moved lightly, hidden in the shadows of the ice rocks, her fingertips forming hidden lines of ice, silently setting up multiple warning restrictions. If any alien aura approached, the restrictions would be triggered immediately, alerting and blocking the enemy.

Bing Fenghan guarded the rear blind spot, his heavy spiritual energy fully activated, his fists taut, his offensive and defensive spiritual energy ready to be unleashed at any moment, ready to fight at any time and block any ambush.

The three formed a triangular encirclement, firmly locking down the entire airspace of the ancestral land's exit, giving no opportunity for the enemy.

Jiang Xuelan stood alone half a step away from Kai, never leaving his side, protecting him closely.

She had just successfully received the complete inheritance of the Ice God and the ancient divine weapon. A faint, icy-blue divine radiance emanated

from her, her aura of cold majesty perfectly natural. The Ice God Sword hung diagonally at the ground, its tip lightly touching the ice. Fine wisps of icy sword energy seeped into the earth, creating an invisible ice barrier. Any hostile creature approaching within a hundred feet was instantly frozen, slowed, and had its fighting power suppressed.

Her cold gaze swept across the surroundings, her expression solemn and composed, she did not retreat an inch, isolating all potential dangers outside Kai's cultivation aura, protecting him and ensuring his safe breakthrough.

Time steadily passed, the wind and snow still howled across the wasteland, the surrounding chill biting to the bone. The four guardians

remained vigilant, not daring to relax for a moment, their minds tense, protecting the peace within the arena.

Inside, the purple light around Kai grew increasingly intense, his chaotic aura rising steadily; the opportunity for his breakthrough was quietly approaching.

A full hour passed peacefully, undisturbed by external enemies or disrupted in his cultivation.

Kai suddenly opened his eyes, two condensed and pure purple beams of light flashing from them. The sharp edge instantly subsided, returning to a calm and profound state, revealing not a trace of ferocity.

The turbulent spiritual energy surging around his body instantly calmed and returned to its proper place. The chaotic vortex in his dantian became stable and full, his meridians wide and resilient. The barriers to his cultivation completely shattered and dissolved, and his realm landed steadily, solid and substantial, without the slightest hint of superficiality.

The shackles of the peak of the second rank of the True Immortal Realm were completely broken, and he perfectly stepped into the third rank of the True Immortal Realm!

Kai slowly stood up, his back straight and upright, his aura calm and restrained. He seemed no different from usual, but in reality, the power within his body had undergone a tremendous upheaval, increasing several times over.

He gently clenched his fist, the force in his palm as solid as a mountain, a faint, chaotic, destructive power swirling between his knuckles, capable of shattering the surrounding icy winds from a distance.

His physical strength, spiritual power, spiritual refinement, and explosive power of his techniques had all leaped to a new level, giving him increasing confidence in fighting high-level cultivators.

“A solid foundation, doubled combat power, enough to handle the crisis in the Northern Underworld Prison and contend with a ninth-rank general of the Divine Race,”

Kai assessed in a low, deep voice, his mind calm and undisturbed, not arrogant despite his breakthrough, but simply because he had gained more confidence to protect his companions and resist powerful forces.

“Once we’ve rested properly, we can set off to return and reinforce Freedom Valley,” Jiang Xuelan said softly, her gaze sweeping across the deep night in the distance, a hint of urgency in her eyes, worried that the Divine Race might make a move prematurely.

“Hmm.” Kai responded indifferently, his expression cold as he raised his eyes, his gaze fixed on the densely packed, brightly lit Divine Clan camp beyond the ice mountain. A murderous intent suddenly gathered in his eyes, chilling him to the bone.

“Before we leave, let’s clear out the surrounding area of trouble, leaving no future problems, and leave this place cleanly.”

The five of them rose side by side, their steps steady and orderly, stepping out of the protective light barrier of the Ice God Ancestral Land.

The moment their feet crossed the boundary of the barrier, the Divine Clan patrol team on the outer perimeter instantly detected the movement and turned to look.

Their eyes sharp and vigilant, they instantly gripped their holy light spears and gilded battle blades, their bodies glowing with holy light and spiritual power, their postures fully alert.

This patrol team consisted of fifty elite Divine Clan cultivators, each with solid cultivation, the lowest being at the fifth rank of True Immortal Realm.

They had been stationed on the outer perimeter of the ancestral land for many years, possessing rich combat experience and ruthless methods.

They were accustomed to bullying scattered cultivators in the surrounding area, arrogant and domineering.

The squad leader, a seventh-grade True Immortal, had a sinister and sharp gaze. He stared intently at Kai and his group of five, shouting loudly, his voice echoing across the icy plains.

“Halt! This is a forbidden area of the Divine Race, the entire Ice God Ancestral Land is sealed off. Trespassers will be killed without mercy! Anyone who dares to step out of the restrictions will perish here tonight, their bodies never to be found!”

His arrogant and domineering voice still lingered in the cold wind.

Kai was too lazy to waste any more words. His killing intent condensed in his sword heart. With a slight flick of his wrist, the Dragon Slayer Sword was silently drawn from its sheath. Its sharpness did not shake the wind and snow, and its ferocity did not diminish in the slightest.

He raised his hand and unleashed a horizontal slash! A purple chaotic sword light, refined to its extreme, swept across the sky, fast as lightning, sharp as divine punishment, without any fancy moves, containing only pure destructive power.

Where the sword’s light passed, the void trembled slightly, and the biting wind was instantly torn apart. The holy light protecting the fifty divine cultivators, their gilded armor, and protective magical artifacts were as fragile as paper, shattering into pieces.

There were no screams or cries of agony, no struggles or pleas for mercy, no chance to retaliate.

These fifty elite divine cultivators didn’t even have time to defend themselves, not even to sound a cry for help.

Their bodies were instantly disintegrated and dissolved by the chaotic sword light, turning into fragments of golden light that dissipated in the

frigid wind. Not even a single bone or piece of clothing remained; they were utterly annihilated into the world.

One sword strike, fifty men gone—clean, swift, and decisive.

The next second, in the distant main camp of the Divine Race, the guards witnessed this horrifying scene. Their scalps tingled, their faces drained of color, and the piercing alarm bells rang frantically, their booming sounds tearing through the silent night of the ancient icy plains, echoing for miles around!

“Enemy attack! A powerful enemy has broken through the seal and broken out of the ancestral land! All troops, prepare for battle! Form ranks to meet the enemy!”

Urgent and panicked shouts rose and fell, figures thronged within the tents, the sounds of clashing armor, rubbing weapons, and shouts of orders mingling together.

Thousands of elite Divine Race cultivators, clad in armor and wielding weapons, rushed out of the sprawling camp at full speed, holy light and spiritual energy blazing forth.

Golden light spread across the entire frozen wasteland, their killing intent surging as they converged and charged towards the ancestral land, their formations disciplined, their aura of slaughter overwhelming.

At the forefront of the group, two eighth-rank True Immortals of the Divine Race, clad in gilded elder robes and possessing sinister and cold expressions, led

the way side by side. Their auras were imposing and domineering, their bodies enveloped in holy light, their oppressive power pressing down on all directions.

One wielded a heavy Holy Light Pagoda, specializing in defense, suppression, and trapping groups of enemies.

The other held a Soul-Devouring Demon Scythe, specializing in close-quarters combat and severing souls.

The two had been stationed together for years, their cooperation seamless, their offense and defense both formidable, their killing ruthless and decisive—their most crucial fighting force on this outer defensive line. “A mere five people dare to trespass into my divine race’s forbidden area and slaughter my divine race’s elite guards? They’re utterly courting death!”

The elder holding the tower roared fiercely, his eyes filled with a chilling ferocity and murderous intent.

“Everyone, form the ultimate killing formation! Trample these five and tear them apart alive! Take the head of the leader and bring it back to the alliance to claim credit and reward, as a warning to others!”

Thousands of divine race cultivators responded in unison, their voices echoing across the icy plains as they rapidly deployed the ultimate killing formation.

Holy light intertwined into a net, sealing off all escape routes, layer upon layer, determined to trap and kill Kai and his companions on the spot, leaving no survivors.

Facing the densely packed, layered divine army, and the overwhelming pressure of the two eighth-rank elders, Kai’s expression remained unchanged, his eyes as cold as ice.

Without retreating or dodging, he took the initiative, his figure transforming into a streak of purple light, charging straight into the heart of the thousand-strong army formation, brazenly engaging in battle and breaking through the formation with his own body!

“Today, I will make sure you all die without a burial place!” Kai roared in a deep voice, his voice carrying chaotic spiritual power, causing the eardrums of the surrounding divine cultivators to buzz.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword high, purple chaotic flames blazing fiercely, the sword's spiritual light surging several feet, unleashing unparalleled destructive power, and slashed down, crashing into the crowd!

Boom!

The earth-shattering sword power exploded, purple shockwaves sweeping in all directions, dozens of divine cultivators around him were instantly blown away by the sword energy, their bodies exploding, golden blood spraying everywhere, staining the snow-covered ground beneath their feet red.

Kai's figure moved swiftly and powerfully through the army formation, his movements unparalleled, his sword strikes expansive and fiercely lethal.

With each strike, several Divine Race cultivators perished. Wherever the sword light passed, heads rolled, armor shattered, and spiritual energy dissipated, reaping enemy lives like harvesting wheat. No one could withstand the power of a single sword strike!

After breaking through to the third rank of True Immortal, his combat strength had increased several times over. Combined with the innate chaotic power that naturally countered the Divine Race's Holy Light origin, he was even more formidable.

The Holy Light protection that the Divine Race cultivators were so proud of was utterly useless before the chaotic sword light, completely vulnerable. All their defensive measures were forcibly crushed and broken through; close combat meant instant death, with no chance to fight back.

Seeing this, the two eighth-rank elders were enraged and charged forward at full speed, attacking Kai from both sides, attempting to encircle and disrupt his killing rhythm.

“Youngster, how dare you be so arrogant! We two elders will suppress you!”

Kai’s eyes were cold and sharp. Without dodging or avoiding, he slashed diagonally with his sword, unleashing chaotic sword energy to meet the combined attack of the two elders head-on.

With a loud bang, the holy light spiritual power and the chaotic violent power collided and exploded violently. The shockwaves rolled and swept in all directions, and all the divine cultivators within several feet were shattered by the aftershocks and died instantly.

The two elders felt a sharp pain and numbness in their mouths, their blood surging and flowing backward. They involuntarily took several steps back, their hearts filled with horror.

Their faces were full of disbelief. A mere young cultivator’s combat power was so strong, and he could withstand the pressure from a higher level without any effort!

Just as Kai was holding back the main force of the entire battlefield and holding back the two elders, Jiang Xuelan’s figure soared into the air, her clothes fluttering.

Her cold figure stood high in the air, overlooking the entire battlefield below. Her aura was majestic and awe-inspiring, fully displaying the orthodox majesty of the Ice God lineage.

She calmly raised her hand, gathering her strength. The Ice God Sword in her hand pointed directly at the sky, unleashing the vast power of the Ice God’s origin. A sudden

cold wave swept across the world, a gale carrying ice shards that engulfed the entire area. The temperature plummeted by a hundred feet in an instant, and even the void faintly showed signs of frost and ice-sealing patterns.

“Freeze a hundred miles, an eternally cold blade!” Jiang Xuelan coldly shouted, her voice falling as her divine power surged.

A gigantic, hundred-foot-long, and infinitely thick ice-blue blade materialized out of thin air, its chilling aura piercing to the bone, its oppressive power overwhelming, crashing down upon the vast array of divine race soldiers below! The

moment the blade touched the ground, a hundred-mile-long ice domain instantly formed, the biting cold freezing all spiritual energy, all movements, and all life force.

The hundred or so divine race cultivators at the forefront didn’t even have time to utter a scream before their bodies were instantly frozen solid by the extreme cold.

Transformed into lifelike, motionless ice sculptures, frozen in their charging, battle-ready stances.

The next instant, a series of cracking sounds echoed across the battlefield as the ice sculptures shattered, turning into a shower of ice dust that drifted away with the wind.

A hundred cultivators perished instantly, their bodies vanishing without a trace. A chilling aura enveloped the entire battlefield, suppressing the fighting power of the entire divine race.

Seeing this, Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue’er, and Bing Fenghan immediately seized the opportunity, rapidly flanking from both sides, their coordination seamless and their movements perfect.

Bing Wuhen charged forward, his ice-based blade sweeping across, cutting off the enemy’s retreat, dividing the battlefield, and eliminating isolated cultivators one by one.

Bing Xue’er moved to the flanks, her ice silk binding and binding, sealing off enemy movements and precisely controlling any who slipped through.

Bing Fenghan forcefully brought up the rear, unleashing powerful punches that shattered the enemy formation head-on, crushing the remaining cultivators.

Having cooperated for years, the three displayed seamless offense and defense, maximizing their combat power. They swiftly wiped out the scattered remnants of the enemy on both flanks, giving the enemy no chance to regroup and counterattack.

On the battlefield, purple light crisscrossed, blue light swept across the sky, and the sounds of killing, explosions, freezing, and wailing mingled

together, shaking the heavens. Divine cultivators fell in droves, holy light and spiritual power were extinguished in swathes, and camps were torn apart by sword energy and icy aura. Firelight, ice light, and purple light intertwined and reflected each other, staining the frozen wasteland red. The battle was fierce and explosive, and the overwhelming force was obvious.

In less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, the massive, fully armed elite force of the divine race, numbering over a thousand, was completely annihilated. Not a single one escaped, and not a single one broke through to seek reinforcements.

The entire camp was reduced to a deathly silence. Tents were broken and collapsed, weapons and armor were scattered everywhere, and blood soaked through the millennia-old ice, staining the frozen wasteland red. The stench of blood mixed with the chill permeated the air, a horrifying sight filled with murderous intent.

The last two True Immortal Realm eighth-grade elders were covered in wounds, their spiritual power mostly depleted. They were disheveled and filled with fear, no longer able to resist. They wanted to retreat and flee for help.

Kai’s eyes turned cold, and he instantly pursued them, piercing their hearts with his sword. The power of chaos instantly invaded their dantian, crushing their spiritual power source.

The two elders' bodies stiffened for a moment, then they collapsed to the ground, completely dead, their cultivation destroyed, their souls annihilated.

With this, all the divine race's garrison forces on the outskirts of the ancestral land were wiped out, completely eradicated, leaving not a trace. The camp was destroyed, and the defense line was broken.

A biting wind swept across the wasteland once more, swirling up shards of armor and ice, the

stench of blood carrying a chilling stench. The battlefield was littered with corpses, a deathly silence reigning, devoid of any trace of the divine race's arrogance. Only five towering figures stood atop the blood-soaked ice, unmoved as mountains, their aura imposing.

Kai slowly sheathed his sword, his movements calm and composed, showing no sign of fatigue. All the chaotic, malevolent energy around him had subsided, replaced by a serene demeanor.

He slowly turned, gazing at the towering, majestic, and solemn Ice God Mountain behind him, his eyes deep and thoughtful.

The battle was over, the smoke clearing, yet a different kind of thought arose in his heart, not merely about returning home.

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Jiang Xuelan slowly walked to his side, standing shoulder to shoulder, both gazing at the solemn ice mountain, at this ancestral land that bore witness to the rise and fall, the blood and tears, and the obsessions of the Ice God lineage for a thousand years.

The chill around her softened, the murderous intent in her eyes vanished, leaving only a heart full of complex emotions. After a long silence, she spoke softly, her tone carrying thousands of years of forbearance and anticipation.

“The ancestral land of the Ice God lineage, where the roots of our culture and bloodline converge, cannot be allowed to remain under the control and oppression of the gods, becoming a forbidden ground for foreign races, suffering humiliation generation after generation.”

As her words fell, she slowly raised the Ice God Sword in her hand, its tip pointing steadily at the open, flat, spiritually rich, and easily defensible frozen plain at the foot of the ice mountain. Her gaze was firm, her tone resounding, without the slightest hesitation.

“Right here, on this very spot, build the Ice God Palace as a permanent residence, take root in our homeland, and never wander again,” Jiang Xuelan said.

Bing Wuhen, standing to the side, trembled, his eyes instantly blazing with intense light. His breathing quickened involuntarily as he stepped forward, his voice filled with disbelief and excitement.

“Palace Master, is this true? Can we really establish ourselves here, have our own legitimate base, and no longer have to hide and flee?”

“Absolutely true, without a doubt.” Jiang Xuelan nodded gently, her voice soft yet each word carrying immense weight and conviction.

“The ancestral land is protected by an ancient bloodline restriction, allowing only those of the true bloodline of the Ice God to freely enter and exit. No external enemies or alien races can approach the core area; the natural barrier is secure and worry-free.”

“The spiritual energy here is rich and abundant, far surpassing the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits. Its terrain is treacherous, easy to defend and difficult to attack, far from the encirclement and suppression range of the core forces of the Divine Race.

It is safer and more secure than any previous hiding place, making it the most suitable base for the revival and rise of my Ice God lineage, to restore the glory of our race.”

Having said this, she turned to Kai beside her, her gaze filled with a mixture of inquiry and trust, awaiting his decision.

Having fought side-by-side and shared life and death along the way, Kai was already the most trusted support of the Ice God lineage. Important matters of the race should be discussed and decided together.

Kai smiled faintly, his expression gentle and resolute, and readily agreed, “Your mind is made up. What the clan needs is what is feasible. If you think it’s suitable, then we will begin construction immediately, build on the spot, and provide full support without delay.”

A simple sentence, without flowery language, yet it firmly supported the Ice God lineage’s thousand-year-long yearning, giving everyone a sense of security.

Bing Wuhen’s eyes instantly reddened, warm tears welling up, which he forcefully held back, a thousand years of hidden bitterness surging into his heart.

Bing Xue’er quickly raised her hand to cover her lips, unable to suppress the bittersweet joy in her heart, tears silently sliding down her cheeks, soaking her clothes.

Bing Fenghan, usually taciturn, remained silent, but his fists clenched tightly, his eyes filled with burning emotion and excitement.

Thousands of years of wandering, thousands of years of hiding and enduring, thousands of years of oppression by foreign races, thousands of years of his bloodline being scattered.

The Ice God lineage had been scattered and separated, afraid to acknowledge their ancestors, afraid to return to their clan, afraid to reveal their identities, living day and night in fear and humiliation, homeless, without a place to call home, without a branch to perch on.

But today, their suffering had turned the page, their humiliation had ended, and their wandering had ceased.

The Ice God lineage had finally reclaimed their homeland, taken root in their ancestral land, and possessed a truly stable home of their own, with the foundation to revitalize their clan.

After calming their emotions, everyone immediately set to work, building their home with great enthusiasm.

Bing Wuhen, Bing Xue'er, and Bing Fenghan fully activated the pure power of the Ice God's essence, raising their hands to condense energy into bricks, and solid, heavy, and chilling Xuanbing God bricks quickly took shape.

Layer upon layer, they divided the work of building houses, arranging streets and alleys, and reinforcing the towering outer walls, their movements swift and efficient, their hearts filled with the passion to build their home.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan assisted side by side, working together to speed things up.

Kai unleashed his powerful chaotic energy, stabilizing the foundation, solidifying the walls, and leveling the terrain. He smoothed out the uneven battlefield, reinforcing the entire stronghold and making the city impregnable.

Jiang Xuelan channeled the power of the Ice God, outlining defensive runes for the city walls, setting up protective barriers for the clan and residences, and perfecting the network of offensive and defensive formations, ensuring both stability and protection.

The chaotic energy and the power of the Ice God intertwined and merged, filling the sky with spiritual light, the cold and warm energies mingling, complementing each other, making construction twice as efficient and progressing rapidly.

In just half a day, a small, ice-bound city, orderly and solemn, with sturdy walls, complete barriers, and surrounded by spiritual energy, rose from the foot of the ancestral mountain.

Well-arranged, with orderly streets and alleys, complete residences, and a balance of offense and defense, it began to resemble a major sect's stronghold, both stable and dignified.

On the smooth ice stone before the city gate, Jiang Xuelan personally raised her hand, gathering her strength. Using the essence of the Ice God as ink and the spiritual power at her fingertips as a brush, she carved three powerful, ancient, and chilling characters—"Ice God Palace"—with each stroke, resounding and forceful.

The characters, once completed, shimmered with spiritual light, exuding an aura of dominance, rooted in their homeland, proclaiming the rebirth of their clan.

She stood alone beneath the city gate, gazing silently at the four characters, at the new city, at the icy mountains of her homeland. She stood there for a long, long time, her heart churning with emotion. A thousand words finally coalesced into a soft whisper, each syllable heavy, each sentence touching her heart .

"From this day forward, this will be the only home for the Ice God lineage, rooted for generations, never to be exiled."

Kai slowly stepped forward, standing beside her, both gazing up at the characters on the city gate, their gazes firm and steady, offering a soft, comforting promise.

"Settle down and protect our home, steadily rebuild our clan. When we return, we will join forces to overthrow the Divine Alliance and crush the powerful and tyrannical.

At that time, the Ice God lineage can stand openly among all the races of the heavens, no longer needing to hide and endure, no longer needing to fear oppression, but proudly and honorably regaining its glory."

Jiang Xuelan turned to look at him, a complex and unreadable emotion flashing in her clear, cold eyes—gratitude, trust, emotion, and reassurance, a thousand feelings converging in one place.

“Thank you,” Jiang Xuelan said.

Kai smiled calmly and waved his hand casually, “No need for thanks. Comrades-in-arms should help each other and overcome difficulties together.

It’s getting late, and the people of Free Valley are still waiting for us to return and provide reinforcements. The battle ahead is intense, so we shouldn’t linger. Let’s set off immediately.”

Just as everyone was about to leave, Kai suddenly whispered in Jiang Xuelan’s ear, “You are my woman, so it’s only right that I help you.”

Jiang Xuelan’s face flushed slightly, and she quickly looked at Bing Wuhen and the others, afraid they would hear.

After all, she was the Palace Master of the Ice God lineage, and everyone respected her. If the people of the Ice God lineage knew that their noble Palace Master had been taken advantage of, they would definitely feel bad.

Kai saw Jiang Xuelan’s embarrassment and smiled faintly, “Don’t worry, I won’t touch you in front of the people of the Ice God lineage…”

After saying that, Kai took out the Demon Suppression Tower, and the spatial origin began to slowly activate. A flash of light appeared, and the figures of the five people disappeared. The biting winds of the northern icy plains had barely faded from their ears

when the unique spatial power within the Demon-Suppressing Tower suddenly unleashed itself. Layers upon layers of spatial runes enveloped five tall figures, tearing through thousands of miles of void without leaving a trace.

There was no loss of spiritual energy from a long journey, no weariness from crossing realms.

Kai, Jiang Xuelan, and their three companions, using the Demon-Suppressing Tower's exclusive spatial traversal ability, instantly traversed the entire far northern frontier, landing steadily outside the entrance to the heart of the long-awaited Freedom Valley.

The blinding white light of space slowly receded and dissipated, transforming into specks of shimmering white light that merged into the morning sky.

The five figures, their robes fluttering slightly, exuded a steady aura, their feet firmly planted on the cool bluestone valley path, their postures upright, showing no sign of fatigue.

It was the break of dawn, the sky just beginning to lighten. A pale blue morning mist, like a veil, enveloped the entire valley, swirling and obscuring the outlines

of the nearby vegetation. The dew that had condensed overnight still clung to the roadside herbs and ancient trees, dampening them.

The crisp, rich spiritual energy of the plants, mingled with the moist scent of the morning dew, wafted through the air, soothing the biting chill brought back from the icy northern plains. At

the valley entrance, where the view was expansive, a group of people stood ready, waiting patiently without a moment's hesitation.

Leading them was Lin Yuan, standing alone in the most conspicuous spot beneath the valley's entrance gate.

His posture was as straight as a pine tree, his dark, fitted robe soaked through with the overnight dew, the edges slightly sagged, clinging tightly to his body.

It was obvious without a word that he had been waiting there since before dawn, before the night had faded, never leaving his side, his anxiety suppressed, hoping only for the figure returning ahead.

The heavy burden, the worry, and the restless anxiety that had weighed on his heart for days were all etched on his brow.

His aura was taut, his spiritual energy subtly gathering, yet his mind remained unsettled.

Only when his gaze firmly landed on Kai's returning figure did his furrowed brows relax, a huge weight lifted from his heart.

His tense aura instantly dissipated, his steps quickened, and he strode forward, his eyes burning with anticipation and eagerness.

The core members and the leading cultivators waiting around him also turned to look, their gazes fixed on Kai and his group. The atmosphere instantly became solemn; no one spoke, everyone eagerly awaiting the good news.

"How was it? Did you successfully break through to the next level during your seclusion in the Northern Ice Plains?"

Lin Yuan strode up to Kai, his voice barely concealing his excitement.

His gaze immediately fell upon Kai's aura, scrutinizing him meticulously from top to bottom, repeatedly probing his spiritual energy reserves and cultivation level. His eyes practically overflowed with anticipation, and his tone was filled with barely suppressed urgency.

Kai remained calm and composed. Having endured the harshness of the Northern Ice Plains and the trials of life and death, his temperament had become increasingly reserved and profound, showing no trace of impetuosity.

He nodded slightly, his palm gently raised, and a wisp of pure and condensed purple chaotic energy quietly flowed out, a fleeting flash of light, neither ostentatious nor leaky, calm and restrained, yet possessing an overwhelming primal pressure that crushed ordinary spiritual energy.

“Thankfully, I lived up to everyone’s expectations and successfully broke through the barrier, stabilizing

my cultivation at the True Immortal Realm, Grade Three.” Kai’s voice was steady, each word firm. His gaze swept over the white-clad figure beside him as he added, “Xue Lan accompanied me throughout my cultivation journey, protecting me as I comprehended the Dao.

By a fortunate coincidence, I fully inherited the ancient Ice God’s source of knowledge, perfecting my Ice Dao Laws and Ice Sealing Divine Powers. My combat power has more than doubled, enough to stand alone against top-tier Immortal Realm opponents.”

These two short sentences were like a reassuring needle, firmly piercing the hearts of everyone present.

Upon hearing this, Lin Yuan suddenly exhaled a long, heavy breath,

releasing the pressure, fear, and torment that had been building up for months. His fists clenched unconsciously, his knuckles turning white from the force, the bones creaking softly as they rubbed together. The emotions that had been suppressed for so long were finally released.

He had waited far too long for this breakthrough, for this main force to take shape, for this battle of revenge and rescue.

Having endured countless sleepless nights and weathered numerous small-scale attacks from the Divine Race, the opportune moment had finally arrived.

“Excellent! Excellent!”

Lin Yuan shouted in a deep voice, his tone resolute and powerful, a cold glint flashing in his eyes, an aura of killing intent instantly enveloping him.

“The two Supreme Elders of the Divine Race are about to emerge from seclusion. Once they succeed, their cultivation will undoubtedly reach new heights.

At that time, we will have no power to resist, and the opportunity to rescue our people and fight against the Divine Race will be completely severed. We can no longer afford to waste time!”

He abruptly turned, his posture sharp, his gaze suddenly fixed on the thousands of elite cultivators arrayed and ready to fight deep within the valley.

His breath rose sharply, his voice resounding throughout the Free Valley, each word ringing out with penetrating power, reaching the ears of every cultivator.

“The Northern Underworld Prison imprisons countless compatriots of all races, and has slaughtered countless fellow cultivators. Today, the time is ripe. We will march forth immediately and storm the Northern Underworld Prison!”

Kai’s expression was fierce, without the slightest hesitation. His fighting spirit soared, and he immediately issued a command in a deep voice, his order as firm as a mountain: “The entire army, assemble and form ranks immediately! After a short rest, our target is the Northern Underworld Prison. A full-scale assault! We will not return to the valley until the prison gates are breached!”

The powerful command echoed through the valley, reaching every corner of Freedom Valley and clearly reaching the ears of every waiting cultivator.

The Freedom Valley’s elite warriors, who had been diligently cultivating and resting in the Demon Suppression Tower for many days, along with the Spirit Clan’s elite troops who had rushed to their aid from neighboring territories, acted immediately upon hearing the order, their steps perfectly synchronized.

They quickly rushed to the open area at the valley entrance and assembled in formation, the sound of armor clashing echoing in unison, their aura solemn.

Elder Qingxuan, clad in a flowing emerald robe, strode in, his body enveloped in spiritual light, exuding a powerful and profound aura.

He personally led three hundred elite spirit race warriors, their steps steady and orderly as they emerged from the Demon Suppression Tower's secret realm.

Over two hundred days of secluded cultivation, refining their spiritual power, tempering their physical bodies, and perfecting their battle formations, had transformed the spirit race warriors' foundation.

Each warrior was surrounded by a rich and enduring emerald-green spiritual light, brimming with vitality, their spiritual power flowing smoothly and powerfully, like the boundless vitality nurtured in fertile spring soil—resilient and with far greater endurance than before.

Although Elder Qingxuan himself had not yet broken through his cultivation bottleneck, the depth of his spiritual power had more than doubled.

His meridians had widened and strengthened, his spiritual power flowing without any stagnation, and every gesture carried the composed and imposing aura of a seasoned expert.

With an imposing presence that commands respect and keeps the enemy in check, they are the most reliable logistical and tactical asset in the army.

On the other side, Lin Yuan skillfully orchestrated the situation, personally leading five hundred elite human resistance fighters who swiftly converged from various garrison points throughout the valley. The thousand-strong ranks formed a tight, orderly formation, advancing and retreating with perfect precision.

The gleaming swords were all drawn, their sharp edges reflecting the dawn light, radiating a chilling killing intent;

heavy, sturdy black iron armor clung to their bodies, the plates clashing and clanging with a continuous, crisp sound, and an aura of grim determination swept across the entire valley entrance. Within the ranks, familiar faces gleamed with fighting spirit, each fulfilling their duties, their auras palpable.

Old Zhao, wielding a heavy black iron battle axe, its blade gleaming coldly, grinned broadly, revealing a set of neat white teeth. His rugged features were filled with fearless bravery, awaiting only the order to charge into battle.

A tall, thin cultivator waved a plain folding fan, seemingly casual and relaxed, yet his eyes held a glint colder and sharper than a drawn blade. The fan's opening and closing concealed deadly moves, specializing in close-quarters ambushes and blocking escape routes. A

middle-aged female cultivator's fingers flew, two short-bladed swords twirling rapidly in her palms, their blades flashing with a sharp, cold light, undefeated in close combat.

The white-haired elder, Xu, stroked his long, white beard, his gaze deep and unfathomable, silently observing the surrounding formation, anticipating the changing tides of battle, his meticulous mind controlling the entire situation.

Only Zhao Tieshan stood alone at the rear of the group, leaning on his old ironwood cane. His body was hunched, his cultivation completely destroyed, unable to fight.

Yet, he insisted on being there to see them off, unwilling to miss this crucial battle for the survival of his clan.

The war drums hadn't sounded, but his mind was made up. The road ahead was fraught with danger, surrounded by powerful enemies, but no one retreated a single step.

Zhao Tieshan looked up at Kai, his voice hoarse and dry, his eyes uncontrollably reddening, filled with concern and worry. He softly instructed, “Mr. Chen, the Northern Underworld Prison is a heavily guarded, perilous place of the gods, with two powerful figures stationed there. It’s extremely dangerous. You must protect yourself and bring everyone back alive.”

Kai slowly stepped forward, gently patting Zhao Tieshan’s shoulder. His palm was warm and steady, his gaze gentle yet resolute.

With a faint smile and a resolute tone, he said, “Elder Chief, rest assured. I have never broken a promise to you, and I will certainly return safely today, leading our people out of this predicament and protecting the Valley of Freedom.”

He said no more, raising his hand and making a grasping motion in the air. The ancient and imposing Demon-Suppressing Tower instantly emerged from his dantian storage space.

Completely black, its surface was inscribed with ancient demon-suppressing runes, their patterns weathered and ancient, exuding an imposing aura. It floated silently in the morning light, serene and solemn.

The next instant, a magnificent and dazzling white pillar of light shot into the sky, piercing through heaven and earth. Its soft light slowly spread, precisely enveloping all the assembled cultivators at the valley entrance, leaving no one out.

“Cross the entire spatial domain, lock onto the coordinates—the outer wasteland of the Northern Underworld Prison!”

Kai commanded in a deep voice, activating the power of the Demon-Suppressing Tower’s primordial space.

The white light suddenly contracted rapidly, engulfing over a thousand figures within its pillar. The next second, they vanished from the

entrance to Freedom Valley without a trace, leaving only an empty stone arena.

Zhao Tieshan stood alone, gazing at the dissipating white pillar of light, his gaze lingering. He silently wiped the warm tears from his eyes, offering a silent prayer for a triumphant return.

The Northern Underworld Prison, a forbidden land on the very edge of the Northern Region, far from the habitable territories of humans and spirits, stands alone on a desolate, barren black frozen wasteland, isolated from the world, permeated with malevolent energy. Among the

renowned infernal realms of the heavens, each possesses its own ferocious characteristics.

In the depths of the Black Rock Prison, magma surges, flames scorch the body, and the intense heat is enough to melt metal and corrode bones, leaving nothing but barrenness. The Crimson Flame Prison

is filled with lava ravines, its fiery energy attacking the heart; spiritual cultivators who enter will suffer a depletion of their vital energy, severely restrained.

The Northern Underworld Prison, however, is the complete opposite—an extremely yin and frigid wasteland. The entire prison is buried deep beneath millennia-old permafrost, isolated from sunlight, spiritual energy, and all life.

This place is not a naturally dangerous location, but rather the ruins of an ancient battlefield left behind by a great war between gods and demons.

Tens of thousands of years ago, countless powerful warriors fought and bled here, their souls annihilated, their blood soaking through layers of rock and soil, penetrating thousands of feet underground.

After tens of thousands of years of erosion, the soil still retains a dark, dark red hue, mottled and patchy, like unhealed blood-red scars on the earth, a horrifying sight.

On this desolate wasteland, there are no flowers, no grass, no insects, no beasts, not a trace of vibrant life, only deathly silence and cold. Year-round, howling winds and stagnant malevolent energy cause any living being to feel their mind oppressed and their spiritual energy stagnant upon stepping upon it.

The entire main prison area of the Northern Underworld Prison is hidden deep underground, surrounded by layers of thick, unyielding permafrost, as hard as top-grade black iron.

Further reinforced by continuous, heavy basalt layers, its defenses are unparalleled; even a full-force attack from an ordinary immortal cultivator would find it difficult to breach the slightest barrier.

The entire prison area is connected to the surface by only one deep, narrow, pitch-black passage, offering no other escape route. Easy to defend and difficult to attack, it is a natural fortress.

The cliff walls on both sides of this single passage are densely covered with holy light restrictions exclusive to the divine race, layers of ancient golden runes flashing alternately in light and shadow.

Deep within the dimly lit passage, they are like countless vigilant, cold eyes, intently watching the movements of the surrounding wasteland.

The restrictions are interlocking, layered, hundreds upon hundreds, forming a unified offense and defense, seemingly unbreakable.

Ordinary low- and mid-level cultivators would be instantly locked onto by the restriction within a hundred feet of the passage, their bodies annihilated by the violent holy light, leaving not even a trace of their souls.

Even high-level Immortal Realm cultivators who recklessly forced their way in would pay a heavy price, severely injured and on the verge of retreat, with only a nine-out-of-ten chance of survival.

At this moment, at the entrance to the only ground passage of the Northern Underworld Prison, two towering figures stood side by side, their auras icy and overwhelming, firmly guarding the vital passage, giving no opportunity for a surprise attack.

Both were core combatants of the Divine Race, their cultivation reaching the peak of the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, only a step away from the Immortal Realm Perfection, their combat power overwhelming, and their fearsome reputation infamous.

The one on the left was as burly as a mountain, towering over the heavens and the earth, a full twelve feet tall, with broad shoulders and a thick back, his physique terrifyingly powerful.

Every muscle on his body was bulging and knotted, its lines sharp and angular, unlike flesh and blood, but rather like steel forged through countless hammer blows, indestructible.

His skin was perpetually enveloped in a faint, dark golden sheen, even and dense, without a single flaw.

This was the exclusive mark left by ten thousand years of arduous cultivation of the Pure Yang Undying Body, a physical body transcending the limits of the mortal realm, impervious to swords and blades, water and fire, and unbreakable by magic; his physical defense was unparalleled among his peers.

He carried no divine weapons, bare-handed, his bare fists enough to dominate the Northern Region, intimidating cultivators of all races. His fists

were covered with calluses and old scars of varying depths, each scar a medal left from cross-border battles and life-or-death struggles, witnessing the demise of countless enemies beneath his fists.

This man was none other than the strongest physical warrior under the Divine Race—the Mighty Warrior.

He specialized in the Pure Yang Undying Supreme Physical Body Technique, refusing to take shortcuts through spiritual energy and magic, focusing solely on tempering his physique.

In close-quarters combat, no one of his rank could withstand three punches from him; his physical strength was unparalleled in the entire Northern Frontier Divine Clan territory.

The warrior's eyes, sharp as unsheathed blades, swept across the vast, desolate wasteland.

Piercing through the howling wind, he precisely locked onto a faint white light flickering on the distant horizon, a haughty and cold smile playing on his lips.

Then, his voice, deep and resonant, carried an imposing aura: "They've arrived. These ignorant remnants of the rebel army, they really dare to venture alone into my Northern Underworld Prison." On the right stood a figure completely opposite, slender and thin, with an upright posture but lacking any fierceness.

His face was sinister and cold, his skin as pale as if he had never seen the sun in years, devoid of any color. A single glance evoked a chilling aura, instilling wariness.

In his hand, he lightly gripped an ancient whisk, its white bristles fine and resilient, remaining perfectly still and unwavering despite the howling winds of the desolate plains. This was no ordinary object.

It was the ancient treasure, the Heaven-Binding Whisk, specifically designed for setting up formations to trap enemies, seal their souls, and aid in combat; its power was unfathomable.

A strange, flowing silver light swirled around him, his aura cold and malevolent, not the orthodox holy light of the divine race, but rather his unique, centuries-old, illusory killing power.

Specializing in disrupting the soul, confusing the mind, and severing spiritual consciousness, it could silently dismantle an opponent's mind, killing without bloodshed, ruthless and vicious beyond measure.

This man was the divine race's trump card—the Wise Warrior.

Also firmly established at the peak of the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, he was not adept at close-quarters combat, but was proficient in ancient trapping and killing formations and deadly illusionary formations, capable of setting up elaborate

schemes over vast distances and manipulating people's hearts. He excelled at using formations to trap and kill hordes of enemies, silently annihilating invading armies, treacherous and cunning, making him impossible to defend against.

The Wise General's eyes were as deep as an abyss, filled with layers of calculation, showing no trace of emotion.

At this moment, he narrowed his eyes slightly, gazing at the white pillar of light that was constantly approaching on the distant horizon, a cold and chilling smile slowly curving his lips, killing intent hidden in his heart.

"I had already predicted the enemy's marching route, and spent three days and three nights in advance, using my own divine soul as the guide, spiritual power as the foundation, and the

evil energy of heaven and earth as the auxiliary material, to set up a nine-layered linked trapping and killing formation." The Wise General flicked his wrist, and the Heaven-Binding Horsetail whisk slowly swung, instantly revealing dense, continuous, and eerie silver array patterns beneath the ground.

The array patterns writhed and moved slowly like living things, a chilling, murderous aura constantly rising and enveloping the entire outer wasteland.

“The nine-layered array extends from the outer wasteland all the way to the prison gate entrance, interlocking and mutually reinforcing, forming a unified offense and defense.

Once these people step into the array’s range, they’ve walked into a trap, with no way to escape. They are destined to perish here today.”

The powerful warrior glanced sideways, snorted coldly, and said with a hint of disdain, “A mere nine-layered array is making a mountain out of a molehill.

A bunch of rogue cultivators and rebels, a rabble. Why do you need to go to such lengths to set up an array? I can crush them all with my bare fists and slaughter them all.”

The Wise Warrior shook his head slightly, his expression unusually grave, his tone serious, devoid of his usual composure: “We must not underestimate them. The Shadow Warrior, despite his formidable strength, still perished at the hands of Kai and his group;

the successive breaches of the heavily fortified Crimson Flame Prison and Black Rock Prison, with their annihilated defenders, are no accident.

This group is courageous and resourceful, possesses considerable combat power, and is further aided by a strange primal force. To underestimate them is to invite destruction.”

Behind the two, three thousand elite armored warriors of the Divine Race were already arrayed, their military bearing impeccable, their aura overwhelming.

A continuous expanse of golden, orthodox holy light emanated from them, converging into a dazzling sea of light, illuminating the dark wasteland and dispelling most of the chilling malevolent aura.

The warriors wielded various divine weapons: longswords with sharp edges, spears pointing forward, and heavy, ferocious battle axes, all enveloped in holy light, gleaming with a deadly chill, exuding a chilling killing intent.

The entire force breathed in unison, their steps synchronized, their minds focused, their fighting spirit taut. They awaited only the command to charge forth and annihilate the invading enemy.

The biting winds of the wasteland howled, whipping up fine, dark red sand that slammed against their hard armor with a piercing rustling sound.

Silence reigned, broken only by the wind's whisper, the air thick with killing intent, making it hard to breathe.

Everyone present knew perfectly well that this decisive battle—no need for further probing, no need for pleasantries—was a battle to the death, a fight to the death that would determine the fate of the Northern Frontier and the survival of all races.

A white pillar of light suddenly plummeted from the sky, landing precisely a hundred feet from the entrance to the Northern Underworld Prison on the open wasteland, avoiding the coverage of the frontline restrictions.

The dazzling white light vanished abruptly, revealing over a thousand figures standing firmly on the dark red frozen earth, their auras concentrated, their formation intact. They had taken their positions the instant they landed, ready for battle.

The biting wind of the wasteland was fierce and piercing, like ice blades cutting into the skin, seeping into the bones through the seams of their robes, chilling them to the bone.

But every cultivator present had their blood surging, their fighting spirit boiling, their chests burning with heat, and not a trace of cold could penetrate their minds.

No one feared battle, no one retreated, no one had any thought of retreating; their gazes were all fixed on the divine army and the two top generals ahead.

Kai stood alone at the very front of the army, his blue robe fluttering in the gale, his posture upright as a pine tree, as steady as Mount Tai.

His gaze was calm and unwavering as he slowly scanned the entire scene, but his eyes concealed a thunderous fighting spirit.

His gaze swept over the three thousand elite divine warriors who were on high alert and protected by holy light, over the layers of holy light restrictions that concealed killing intent, and finally landed precisely on the two warriors, the strength warrior and the wisdom warrior, at the entrance of the passage. In his mind, he quickly predicted the battle situation and deduced his countermeasures.

Both top-tier combatants were at the peak of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, half a step towards perfection. Their combat power was formidable, each possessing unique strengths, complementing each other perfectly, making them extremely difficult to deal with.

Kai’s voice was calm and even, without the slightest inflection. His instructions were clear, and the division of labor precise: “Xue Lan, you focus on the strategist general wielding the whisk

. Break his formation, disturb his soul, and suppress him at close range. No need for prolonged combat; just hold him off and wait for an opportunity to kill him. As for the physical powerhouse general, his fists are domineering, and his physical strength is unmatched. Leave that to me alone.”

Jiang Xue Lan stood quietly beside him, dressed in white, her figure aloof and cold, her eyes sharp as icy blades.

Hearing this, no further words were needed; she simply nodded slightly, their understanding perfect.

With a slight movement of her fingertips, the Ice God Sword was drawn, a chilling, icy blue light instantly flowing across its blade, an extreme cold aura spreading outwards, freezing the surrounding winds.

The essence of the Ice God Armor within her body quietly gathered, condensing within her dantian. With a mere thought, it could instantly protect her, providing both offense and defense, giving her immense confidence.

After inheriting the complete Ice God's legacy, her divine soul, spiritual power, and the laws of ice were all enhanced, making her more than capable of contending with the Wise Warriors.

Elder Qingxuan stepped forward, his expression solemn, and in a deep voice coordinated the overall command: "The rest of you, follow me in a frontal charge, forcefully break through the outer restrictions, tear apart the divine race's defenses, and head straight for the prison gates to rescue the people.

Do not linger with the miscellaneous soldiers along the way, do not greedily engage in battle, prioritize breaking through the formations and clearing the way. The sooner we rescue our trapped comrades, the higher our chances of victory."

Lin Yuan gripped his longsword tightly, channeling his spiritual power into the hilt. Pure, pale golden spiritual power flowed along the blade, causing the blade's light to surge, its sharpness overwhelming.

His gaze was fixed on the dark prison gate passage ahead, his chest heaving violently. The anger, worry, and frustration that had been building up for days gathered in his heart, awaiting the order to charge.

Countless kinsmen and comrades have been imprisoned and tortured, and today is finally the day of their rescue. He has long been unable to suppress his killing intent.

No need for much mobilization, no need for excessive encouragement. Hatred is before him, his compatriots are behind him, there is no way out but to fight to the death. “All troops, heed my command—Kill!”

A battle cry echoed across the desolate plains, tearing through the cold wind and reverberating throughout the land.

Kai took a step forward, his figure charging ahead like a streak of purple light, leading the charge against two top-tier experts without the slightest fear.

Kai’s attack was at its peak from the start, leaving no room for probing, rushing to the battlefield at full speed.

The void beneath his feet instantly shattered, tiny fragments of space scattering in all directions, the air currents violently twisting.

His entire being enveloped in a vast, chaotic power, transforming into a condensed, ultra-pure purple streak, hurtling through

the air, heading straight for the powerful generals, locking onto them for a fight to the death, refusing to detour. The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn in response, its clanging sound deafening, soaring into the sky.

A raging purple chaotic flame erupted from the sword’s blade, the flames domineering and intensely hot, scorching the void, twisting the air currents, the temperature terrifyingly high.

The cold wind within several feet was instantly incinerated, the frozen ground slightly blackened by the heatwave.

The Chaotic Flame Origin, capable of suppressing all orthodox spiritual power and divine/demonic power, was Kai’s greatest asset in resisting powerful enemies.

Seeing this, the warrior remained calm, neither dodging nor retreating, but a fervent fighting spirit ignited in his eyes.

He loved head-on confrontations above all else; the stronger the opponent, the more it ignited the ferocity within him.

Suddenly, he raised his right arm, gathering immense power, his dark golden pure Yang Origin energy frantically converging at his fist. The fist's surface shone with golden light, becoming dense, powerful, and utterly domineering.

A massive, mountain-crushing fist force erupted, a direct punch aimed straight at Kai's vital point.

No fancy moves, no flanking maneuvers, just a pure, extreme clash of power—the most primal and the most dangerous.

The next instant, sword and fist collided with a deafening roar, their Origin Forces clashing violently.

Boom—!!!

A deafening roar suddenly erupted, the sound waves sweeping across a radius of a hundred feet, causing eardrums to buzz and minds to tremble.

The purple chaotic flames and the dark golden pure yang fist energy collided violently, the two supreme forces eroding, crushing, and annihilating each other. The violent shockwaves rolled and swept outwards, cracking the frozen ground layer by layer, the fissures crisscrossing like a spiderweb.

Centered on the point of impact, a radius of several dozen feet of thick frozen ground was instantly ripped away, large chunks of rock and dark red soil flying in all directions like cannonballs, with immense destructive power. Even the surrounding divine race soldiers watching were forced to retreat.

Kai retreated three steps, each step leaving deep footprints in the hard frozen ground. The edges of the footprints were instantly scorched black by the chaotic heat, a horrifying sight.

His tiger's mouth throbbed violently, the meridians in his arm trembled uncontrollably, his blood surged and flowed in reverse, and his chest felt a dull ache. A heavy force rebounded from the sword, consuming his entire body.

In contrast, the Mighty Warrior stood firm as a mountain, unmoved, yet the ground beneath his feet cracked open with several wide, deep fissures spreading outwards.

A genuine admiration flashed in his eyes, and his gaze towards Kai became more respectful, no longer entirely dismissive.

"A True Immortal Realm third rank cultivator, yet you withstood seventy percent of my Pure Yang Fist power without serious injury or being sent flying. Your physical body and spiritual power are both commendable."

The Mighty Warrior's voice boomed like thunder, his rough, cold laughter echoing, "No wonder that piece of trash like Shadow Warrior died at your hands. Unfortunately, you've met me today, not him. Today, you are doomed."

Before his words even finished, the Mighty Warrior suddenly took a step forward, the ground beneath his feet exploding with a deafening roar, sending rubble flying.

His entire being transformed into a heavy, dark golden meteor, carrying boundless, domineering power as he charged forward at full speed.

His speed was so extreme that the naked eye could barely follow his trajectory, leaving only a faint golden afterimage. His fist aimed directly at Kai's vitals, the attack fierce and domineering.

Kai knew that a head-on collision would be disadvantageous, and he would never blindly take the hit.

He suddenly activated his movement technique, channeling chaotic power into his legs, his figure shifting sideways like a ghost, light and agile, avoiding the direct attack.

His swift and graceful movements far surpassed those of the cumbersome Warrior, a natural advantage he had to firmly grasp.

The Warrior's deadly punch grazed past Kai's clothes, missing its target before slamming heavily into the thick, frozen earth behind him.

Boom—!

A massive crater, several meters wide and bottomless, instantly formed. The rock and soil at the bottom of the crater were directly melted into a glassy texture by the extreme force and temperature of the punch, gleaming with a dark red, cold light, and hard and piercing to the touch.

Dust and debris billowed into the sky, obscuring half of the view, their power terrifying.

"Quick movements indeed, quite slippery,"

the Warrior General sneered, his fighting spirit intensifying. He immediately unleashed a barrage of punches without pause.

Layers upon layers of fist shadows, like mountains and seas, densely packed, sealed off all of Kai's escape routes, covering him from all directions, leaving no gaps.

Each punch carried an overwhelming, domineering pure Yang power, tearing through the air with a piercing shriek, the sound waves sending shivers down one's spine.

Kai trod through the void, his figure flashing like lightning, nimbly maneuvering amidst the overwhelming fist shadows, narrowly avoiding fatal blows.

Simultaneously, his wrist flicked, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword unleashed seven rapid strikes in quick succession. Seven condensed purple chaotic sword beams landed consecutively on the Warrior General's chest, shoulder, and forearm—a fierce and cunning attack.

However, the sword light only left a shallow white mark on the opponent's dark golden, hard skin, which was instantly smoothed over by the body's self-healing power. It didn't even damage the surface flesh, let alone harm the meridians or the source of life.

Kai understood, and his expression grew serious.

The power of chaos naturally counters the orthodox holy light of the divine race. However, the warrior, who had painstakingly cultivated the Pure Yang Undying Body, relied solely on his physical strength to fight, without any aid from holy light. This perfectly avoided the weakness of the chaotic power's counter, significantly weakening his own advantage and drastically increasing the difficulty of the battle.

"Useless! All futile efforts!"

The Mighty Warrior laughed wildly, his voice echoing across the wasteland, brimming with arrogance. "My Pure Yang Undying Body, tempered and refined day and night for ten thousand years, is as hard as ancient divine metal, impervious to blades and spears, and untouched by magic!

Even a peak True Immortal Realm expert, at full power, couldn't possibly harm my bones or muscles! Your Chaos Fire is nothing but a tickle in my eyes!"

Before his laughter subsided, the Mighty Warrior's aura suddenly surged, his movement speed doubled, and he charged forward with ferocious fury.

Kai couldn't dodge in time, and could only barely manage to sidestep and block. The opponent's fist, imbued with the force of ten thousand jin, slammed solidly into the center of his chest.

Bang!

A muffled, deafening sound shook the very soul.

Kai felt an unbearable pain in his chest, as if his sternum had shattered instantly. His internal organs trembled violently, and a surge of violent energy rushed straight to his meridians and dantian, causing his blood and qi to flow wildly backward.

A mouthful of golden cultivator's essence blood gushed out uncontrollably, sending him flying backward through the air like a kite with a broken string.

He forced himself to steady himself in mid-air, tumbling several times to dissipate the force. After landing, he staggered back more than ten steps before barely managing to regain his balance and avoid falling.

His robes were torn to shreds by the force of the fist, revealing large patches of thick, bluish-purple bruises—a horrifying sight.

His breathing was rapid and disordered, and blood kept dripping from the corner of his mouth, splashing onto the dark red frozen soil, which was particularly glaring.The Warrior General stood still, not seizing the opportunity to pursue. Instead, he leisurely stretched his wrists and muscles, his dark golden skin shimmering with light, his physical aura stable and undamaged.

He swept his gaze contemptuously, his tone full of mockery: "Is this all the meager skill you have? You dare to come and provoke the majesty of my divine race, to launch a forceful attack on the Northern Underworld Prison? Utterly laughable."

Just as Kai and the Warrior General were locked in a bloody battle, their fists and swords clashing, on the other side of the battlefield, the perilous contest between Jiang Xuelan and the Wise Warrior General had fully commenced, fraught with hidden dangers and fraught with peril.

The Wise Warrior General, throughout his life, never engaged in close combat or brute force; this was a combat instinct ingrained in his bones.

He disdained facing his enemies with swords drawn; his battlefield was never in the open clash of fists and feet, but within formations, illusions,

and the depths of the soul—killing without a trace, defeating without a sound, insidious and vicious, impossible to defend against.

Jiang Xuelan knew her opponent was cunning and wouldn't give him a chance to set up an array, gather strength, or disrupt his mind. She attacked with a full-force killing move.

With a flick of her wrist, the Ice God Sword's cold light surged, and a highly refined, ice-blue sword beam shot through the air at incredible speed, aiming directly for the Wise General's throat. The angle was tricky, and the chill was bone-chilling.

Wherever the sword beam passed, the air instantly froze, tiny ice crystals fluttered down, and a chill permeated the surroundings, sealing off the opponent's escape route.

But just as the sword beam was about to reach him, an invisible silver barrier suddenly appeared in mid-air, shimmering with light and extremely resilient.

A low,

resonant sound rang out as the ice-bound sword beam slammed into the barrier, erupting with blinding light and spreading chilling energy before slowly dissipating, failing to harm the Wise General in the slightest.

The Wise General stood calmly at the core of the array, lightly waving his whisk, his expression composed, a sinister smile playing on his lips.

"The last inheritor of the Ice God lineage, indeed exceptionally talented, your icy divine abilities are truly unparalleled, living up to your reputation.

Unfortunately, once you step into the heart of my nine-layered linked trapping array, you are like a bird in a cage. No matter your combat strength or sword speed, you have nowhere to unleash your power, and can only await your death."

As his words fell, he suddenly exerted force in his wrist, rapidly waving the Heaven-Binding Whisk, activating the array's runes.

Illusions arose within the array, the world spun, and the surrounding scenery instantly distorted and changed. The original desolate battlefield transformed into a boundless icy illusion, with countless illusory souls of prisoners who had died tragically in the prison roaring and rushing

towards them, disturbing their minds. Simultaneously, countless silver, sharp blades of light suddenly shot out from all directions, each containing the full killing power of a ninth-grade True Immortal, dense as rain, sealing off all directions, all slashing towards Jiang Xuelan's vital points.

Jiang Xuelan's expression remained cold and unchanged, her mind steadfast, unaffected by the illusions.

Her Ice God Sword danced swiftly, drawing a thick, perfectly round, ice-blue defensive shield that protected her flawlessly.

Ice crystals condensed on the shield's surface, its chilling aura shielding her and deflecting all the incoming silver blades with a series of clanging sounds.

However, the blades were too numerous and their attacks relentless.

Cracks rapidly spread across the shield, forming a dense spiderweb pattern, threatening to collapse.

She had to continuously replenish and reinforce it with her spiritual energy, her dantian's energy rapidly depleting, her meridians aching and weak, fine beads of sweat forming on her forehead as the pressure intensified.

"Freeze for a hundred miles, lock the array's mechanism!"

Jiang Xuelan shouted in a deep voice, unleashing a wide-range ice magic.

A vast, bone-chilling cold wave surged from her body, sweeping across the entire core of the array, instantly spreading in all directions.

The dark red frozen earth beneath her feet instantly froze into thick white frost, layers of ice spreading, and all moisture in the air condensed into ice crystals.

Even the silver array patterns moving across the ground were covered in ice, their speed greatly slowed, weakening the light blade attacks and easing the pressure.

Zhi Zhanjiang frowned slightly, a sense of apprehension rising within him.

He hadn't expected Jiang Xuelan's primordial ice-sealing power to directly interfere with the array's operation and suppress his array-building foundation.

"The ice-sealing technique is indeed exquisite, but unfortunately, your cultivation is a notch below mine."

A cold glint flashed in Zhi Zhanjiang's eyes, and with a sudden flick of his whisk, hundreds of silver light points appeared within the array, exploding in mid-air.

They transformed into hundreds of slender silver longswords, densely packed, blotting out the sky, hovering

in mid-air, their killing intent chilling. "Ice can only delay the inevitable, it cannot break the array. Today, you are destined to die here."

Hundreds of silver longswords simultaneously swooped down, thrusting towards Jiang Xuelan with lightning speed, like a torrential downpour, leaving no way to dodge.

Jiang Xuelan gritted her teeth and focused her mind, fully activating the Ice God's essence. An ice-blue battle armor instantly appeared on her

body, conforming to her form. Ancient runes flowed with a faint light, providing extremely strong protection.

The Ice God's armor steadily blocked most of the silver longsword's edge, protecting her vital points, but a few swords still pierced through the gaps in the defense, cutting her skin and leaving fine wounds.

Warm blood slowly seeped out, staining her elegant white dress red, a shocking sight.

Yet her expression remained unchanged; she neither cried out in pain nor retreated, her mind remaining taut. Her Ice God Sword swung ceaselessly, shattering the nearby swords one by one, holding her ground in the formation, refusing to retreat even a single step.

On the main battlefield, the life-or-death struggle between Kai and the Mighty Warrior grew increasingly fierce. The clash of fists and swords never ceased, the killing intent overwhelming.

The Mighty Warrior's attacks became increasingly violent and ferocious, each punch delivered with full force, crushing everything in its path.

The Pure Yang Undying Body was activated to its peak, its dark golden light blazing brightly, like a blazing sun hanging low in the sky, radiating heat and creating an oppressive atmosphere.

The range of the fist energy expanded, almost sealing off the entire battle area.

No matter how fast Kai's movements were, he could not completely avoid all the attacks. Sharp fist energies grazed past him, striking his shoulders, arms, ribs, and back, causing increasing bruises and layers of pain.

Golden blood repeatedly spilled from the corners of his mouth, dripping onto the dark red frozen earth, staining the ground.

Yet Kai remained standing, his fighting spirit undiminished.

He endured the excruciating pain, his mind highly focused, his eyes fixed on every move of the powerful warrior, patiently searching for any fleeting opening.

He had already grasped the key to the battle: the Warrior's physical body was invincible, his strength domineering, his defense unbreakable, and his endurance unparalleled—these were his absolute advantages.

However, precisely because he relied too heavily on brute force, his moves were wide-ranging and unrestrained, leaving an extremely brief pause when he retracted his fist and turned.

This pause was imperceptible, something ordinary cultivators couldn't detect, but Kai's divine sense far surpassed that of his peers, his perception exceptionally sharp, allowing him to pinpoint it precisely.

Enduring the pain and seizing the opening would offer a chance to turn the tide. After dozens of intense exchanges, the opportunity finally arrived.

The powerful warrior unleashed another full-force punch, its momentum overwhelming and its power overwhelming all directions. Just as the old force was exhausted and the new force had not yet arisen, and he pulled back his fist to the side, his figure faltered slightly, revealing an opening.

Kai's eyes narrowed instantly. Seizing this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, his figure blurred instantly, leaving only a shadowy afterimage, while his true form ghost-like approached the powerful warrior's side.

The chaotic fire on the Dragon-Slaying Sword surged wildly, purple flames enveloping the entire blade, scorching hot. The sword's edge precisely targeted the opponent's right rib

, the weakest point in the Pure Yang Undying Body's protective patterns, where the opening for retraction was greatest.

*Thud!

* The sharp blade pierced deep into the flesh, breaking through the hard skin, penetrating the surface fascia, and reaching the internal organs and meridians.

The raging chaotic fire surged wildly into his body through the wound, relentlessly scorching the warrior's internal organs, meridians, and vital energy. Its destructive power was immense, specifically targeting the very foundation of his physical body.

"Ah—!"

The warrior, writhing in excruciating pain, couldn't help but let out a deafening roar. The agony was excruciating, shaking his very soul.

He endured the agonizing internal pain, ignoring the sword still embedded in his body, and with a surge of power in his right arm, unleashed a brutal, sweeping punch, slamming it heavily into Kai's shoulder, sending him flying.

Kai tumbled several times in the air, landing on one knee, panting heavily. His chest heaved with surging blood and qi, a thick bruise now covering his shoulder, his sword-wielding arm trembling slightly—his strength was immensely depleted.

Yet, a faint smile played on his lips, his eyes burning with even greater fighting spirit. He

had effectively broken through Kai's defenses, injuring his very essence; the advantage in the battle was beginning to shift in his favor.

The warrior stared intently at the bleeding wound on his right side. The charred flesh, continuously burned by the chaotic fire, was healing at a drastically slower pace,

his pure Yang essence constantly leaking out, and his combat power quietly diminishing. His expression was ashen, his eyes blazing with murderous intent, his anger burning fiercely.

“You’ve successfully enraged me. Today, I will tear your flesh apart and crush your soul!”

In his fury, he ripped off his tattered battle robe, revealing his broad chest covered in dark golden primal patterns.

Each pattern was a mark of his primal essence, forged over millennia of physical tempering, containing immense pure Yang power. Now, they all lit up, their light surging like burning flames.

“Pure Yang Undying Body, Second Level—Burning Heaven!”

With a deep command, the warrior’s skin rapidly changed color, from dark gold to crimson, like red-hot iron, scorching hot.

The surrounding temperature soared, the permafrost melted rapidly, steam rose, and moisture in the air evaporated instantly, turning the surrounding area dozens of feet dry and scorching hot, with oppressive heat waves.

His strength, speed, reaction, and explosive power all increased by 50%, doubling his combat power to an terrifying degree.

Kai’s pupils contracted slightly, his mind becoming serious. This was the true combat power that the Mighty Warrior had been holding back; the real battle had only just begun.

With the Heaven-Burning state enhanced, the Mighty Warrior took a step forward, the ground exploding into a huge crater, his figure swooping down like a meteorite, so fast that Kai’s dynamic vision could hardly capture it clearly.

Bang!

A heavy punch struck Kai’s chest precisely, with overwhelming force.

Kai was sent flying backward like a kite with a broken string, crashing heavily to the ground, creating a deep, human-shaped crater, his whole body wracked with pain, his blood churning.

He gritted his teeth, supporting himself on his sword as he got up, spitting out another mouthful of golden blood essence, his injuries continuing to worsen.

The relentless attack gave him no respite, pressing forward with a barrage of punches, each powerful enough to shatter mountains and destroy solid rock.

Kai dodged and maneuvered with all his might, yet he was constantly grazed and struck by the fist energy, his body riddled with wounds, his robes torn to shreds, leaving him battered and bruised, writhing in pain.

Even so, he refused to retreat a single step, refusing to surrender.

Kai focused his mind and energy, channeling all the chaotic power in his dantian into the Dragon-Slaying Sword. The sword shone with an intense purple light, the chaotic fire and primordial spiritual power intertwining and fusing to condense into a gigantic purple light sword over ten feet long, its power overwhelming.

“Chaos Annihilation Slash!”

He unleashed a full-force strike, the purple destructive sword light clashing head-on with the crimson, blazing fist energy.

Boom—!

Two supreme forces collided violently, unleashing a ring-shaped shockwave that ripped through the frozen earth, sending hundreds of feet of soil flying and scattering debris and dirt, obscuring the sky in a horrifying spectacle.

Kai was forced back dozens of steps, his tiger’s mouth split open and bleeding, blood dripping from the hilt of his sword, staining the frozen

earth red. His meridians ached and throbbed, and his spiritual energy was severely depleted.

The Warrior General was also forced back three steps, his fist scorched black by the chaotic fire, his body throbbing with pain, his very essence damaged.

“You’re severely injured, your spiritual energy depleted, yet your strength is still rising?”

The Warrior General was utterly shocked and incredulous.

Kai didn’t answer, wiping the blood from his mouth, and charged again with his sword.

He no longer dodged or maneuvered, no longer deliberately seeking weaknesses, but directly confronted his opponent head-on, trading injury for injury, risking his life for his life.

With each clash of fist and sword, the chaotic power seized the opportunity to invade his opponent’s body, burning his meridians and essence, continuously weakening the foundation of his Pure Yang Undying Body.

His physical body was inferior to his opponent’s, his spiritual power was less abundant, and his combat experience was slightly less. However, he possessed the unique advantage of the Chaos Origin, which allowed him to overcome all external forces.

As long as he could endure the excruciating pain, withstand the onslaught, and continuously accumulate the erosion damage until his opponent’s origin was exhausted, victory would be his ultimate goal.

Inside the great formation, Jiang Xuelan had been pushed to her limit, her situation extremely perilous.

The silver longswords bombarded her relentlessly like a torrential rain, the light of her Ice God Armor continued to dim, her spiritual power

rapidly depleted, her meridians throbbed with unbearable pain, her wounds multiplied, she lost blood and strength, and her stamina plummeted.

Her breathing became rapid, and her figure gradually became unsteady, yet she remained steadfastly within the formation, refusing to retreat even a single step.

The Wise General stood outside the formation, calmly controlling it, his expression cold and smug, like a cat toying with a mouse.

“So what if you inherit the Ice God’s legacy? Alone and trapped, your spiritual energy depleted, you’re doomed.

The divine race will unify the heavens; the tide is irreversible. You rebels are destined to perish in the wasteland, your bones forgotten.”

Jiang Xuelan ignored her, her mind returning to zero, shutting out all external distractions.

She slowly closed her eyes, the Ice God Sword held horizontally before her chest, calmly recalling her inherited memories, searching for the ultimate killing technique of the Ice God lineage.

In the past, during her cultivation, she had only roughly memorized the sword techniques’ incantations, never forcibly activating them, for the cost was too great, depleting her essence and damaging her foundation.

But today, in this desperate situation with no way out, without breaking the formation, she couldn’t rush to Kai’s aid; without breaking the formation, certain death was inevitable. She had no choice but to fight to the death.

In an instant, she suddenly opened her eyes, her icy blue pupils blazing with cold light, revealing her resolute will.

She fully activated the Ice God’s essence within her, pouring all her divine soul power into the sword, causing the chilling aura around her to

rise to its peak, and the extreme cold of heaven and earth to converge upon her.

Ancient runes on the Ice God Sword lit up, flowing around its body and echoing the patterns on the Ice God Armor, resonating and radiating immense power.

“Ice God – Eternal Annihilation!”

A cold shout fell, and a sword slashed down, shaking heaven and earth and breaking the formation.

A three-foot-long, condensed, ice-blue sword beam pierced the air, seemingly slender, yet containing an extreme, frigid power capable of freezing eternity and sealing all things.

Wherever the sword beam passed, the void frosted, the air currents froze, leaving behind an indelible white ice trail, its chill piercing to the bone.

Silver swords along its path, upon touching the sword beam, instantly shattered into ice crystals;

wandering array patterns, upon touching the sword beam, froze and collapsed, losing their spiritual energy; thick array walls, upon touching the sword beam, collapsed and shattered with a deafening roar, the chill spreading throughout the entire area.

The Wise General’s face turned deathly pale, his mind reeling. He frantically poured all his spiritual energy into activating his whisk, reinforcing the array’s core,

desperately trying to block it. But the ancient Ice God’s ultimate killing move was overwhelmingly powerful, far exceeding the limits of ordinary immortal realm combat strength, and he was utterly powerless to stop it.

The sword beam precisely struck the core of the great array.

Boom—!

The array's core shattered, the silver light dissipated, and the nine-layered, interconnected trapping array collapsed like shattered glass, vanishing into thin air.

The array was linked to the strategist's mind; its destruction unleashed a backlash that instantly engulfed him.

His body trembled violently, a sharp pain shooting through his chest. He coughed up a mouthful of golden blood, suffering severe internal injuries, his breathing disordered, and his combat power reduced by thirty percent.

Jiang Xuelan seized the opportunity to break free. Ignoring her own depleted spiritual energy and the excruciating pain in her meridians, she moved with ghostly speed, her Ice God Sword aimed directly at the strategist's throat: "The array is broken, it's your turn."

Close combat was always the strategist's weakness.

He hastily swung his whisk to block, the clanging of metal against metal piercing the air. He was forced back several steps by the sword, his arm numb, his mind filled with apprehension.

Jiang Xuelan pressed her advantage, her sword speed increasing rapidly. Layers of chilling energy suppressed her, sealing off her retreat and freezing her meridians, forcing the strategist to retreat steadily, forced into a passive defensive posture, utterly powerless to retaliate.

On the front lines of the wasteland, the bloody battle raged for half an hour, both sides exhausted and riddled with wounds, the battle extremely fierce.

The warrior's infernal state was nearing its end, the crimson color fading from his body, returning to its dark gold hue.

His primordial spiritual power was greatly depleted, dozens of charred wounds on his body burning uncontrollably, golden blood slowly seeping

out, his pure yang power continuously draining away, his combat strength plummeting.

Kai's situation was even more dire, his robes torn, his body covered in wounds and bruises, his left arm fractured and hanging limply, each breath causing excruciating chest pain, his essence and blood repeatedly draining away, his stamina on the verge of collapse.

Yet, the fighting spirit in his eyes remained burning brightly, the purple flames of his Dragon-Slaying Sword never extinguished.

"You're a madman."

The warrior gasped for breath, utterly incredulous. "You could have retreated or defended, yet you insisted on fighting head-on, risking your life for injury. Why go through all that?"

Kai wiped the blood from his lips, his smile indifferent yet stubbornly resolute: "Hiding will never win against a strong enemy. Only a fight to the death can break the deadlock."

With that, he charged again, sword in hand, a purple sword light slashing down.

The warrior gritted his teeth and raised his fist to block, both being forced back, the gap narrowing, the scales of victory tipping.

The warrior knew he couldn't delay any longer; dragging it out would surely lead to defeat. A ruthless glint flashed in his eyes as he desperately activated his trump card.

Dark gold patterns converged on his chest, his primordial blood burning and depleting.

"Pure Yang Undying Body, Third Level—World Destruction!"

His body suddenly swelled, muscles bulging and veins throbbing, a terrifying, world-destroying pressure sweeping across the land, cracking the earth and crushing rocks into dust.

The warrior's eyes were bloodshot, his skin pale, and his temperature reached its peak. He gathered his life's essence, condensing it into a white, world-destroying fist light, intending to end the battle with a single blow and perish together.

Seeing this, Kai neither retreated nor dodged, choosing to fight to the death.

He planted his sword in the ground, formed hand seals, and mobilized all the chaotic essence, chaotic fire, chaotic thunder, and spatial power in his dantian. He combined these four forces into one, unleashing the ultimate profound mystery he had comprehended when breaking through to the third rank of True Immortal.

"Chaos – The Beginning of Heaven and Earth!"

A fist-sized purple ball of light condensed in his palm. Seemingly insignificant, it contained the power of the primordial origin of heaven and earth, trembling the void and oppressing all directions.

The two ultimate forces, one purple and one white, collided with a deafening roar.

There was no loud noise, no violent shockwave, only the two forces devouring, annihilating, battling, and stalemate with each other. The world was silent, and the atmosphere was extremely oppressive.

Kai's meridians tore with excruciating pain, his dantian trembled as if about to burst, and his essence blood gushed out continuously, leaving him on the verge of exhaustion. The Warrior's life force was rapidly depleting, his body withering, his markings dimming, and his life force fading.

Both roared simultaneously, unleashing their last remaining strength.

The next instant, the sphere of light exploded!

A circular shockwave swept hundreds of feet, shearing away several feet of ground, shattering rocks, overturning tents, and leaving the wasteland in ruins.

Kai crashed heavily into the deep pit, his body wracked with pain and powerless, unable to move, only his eyes remaining bright as he murmured, “I haven’t lost yet, I can’t die.”

The Warrior was slammed against the rock wall, a bloody hole pierced through his chest by chaotic power, his internal organs ruptured, his life force dissipated, and he knelt heavily injured, no longer able to fight.

On the other side, Jiang Xuelan, enduring the backlash from her depleted spiritual energy, once again condensed an icy sword light, severely injuring the Wise Warrior.

The Wise Warrior, his essence blood exhausted and severely injured, was unable to fight any longer, filled with fear and apprehension.

Both generals were severely wounded and rendered powerless. The morale of the elite Divine Race collapsed instantly, their will to fight gone, and they scattered and fled for their lives, no longer daring to fight.

The wise general gritted his teeth and uttered a single word: “Retreat!”

The two generals helped each other up and retreated in a sorry state into the depths of the prison gates, with the remaining soldiers following closely behind. The defensive line completely collapsed.

Kai, enduring the pain, raised his hand to stop the allied forces that wanted to pursue: “No need to pursue. Prioritize rescuing people. Do not cause any unnecessary trouble.”

Elder Qingxuan and Lin Yuan immediately led the charge, breaking through the restrictions and entering the heart of the Northern Underworld Prison.

Old Zhao cleaved the remaining enemies with his battle axe, the tall, thin man used his folding fan to slit throats, the middle-aged man wielded twin swords to kill enemies, and Old Xu held the line to protect the team. The allied forces advanced unstoppably, clearing the way without hindrance.

They reached the third level of the prison, smashed open the prison doors, cut the shackles, and hundreds of prisoners from various races saw the light of day again. With tears in their eyes, they knelt down and kowtowed to express their gratitude.

Kai leaned against the wall, gazing at his compatriots who had regained their freedom. A slight smile played on his lips, and a sense of peace settled in his heart.

This battle had successfully breached the Northern Underworld Prison, rescuing thousands of prisoners.

Yet, he knew clearly in his heart that the powerful enemy was not yet defeated, and the two Supreme Elders of the Divine Race were still in seclusion. The true life-or-death battle was yet to come.

Today was merely the prelude; the subsequent battles would be even more perilous.

As darkness fell, two strange moons hung high in the night sky, one silver and one red, their cold light casting a desolate and

chilling glow over the wasteland. Kai and Jiang Xuelan, supporting each other, covered in blood and grime, walked slowly out of the prison gates.

Behind them followed their rescued compatriots and the orderly allied forces. The procession moved slowly, their steps steady, their hearts filled with hope. As dawn approached, the last rays of the cold night faded completely from the northern wilderness.

Two strange moons still hung lonely in the sky, one silver and one red, their cold light like knives.

The cold light slanted across the carved skylight of the main hall of the Divine Alliance, streaming straight into the hall.

The light fell on the cold, jade-like bluestone floor tiles, and also on two disheveled figures.

It stung the eyes and the heart.

The Warrior of Strength and the Warrior of Wisdom clung tightly to each other's arms, their steps heavy and unsteady.

Their robes were torn and tattered, soaked with dark red blood.

Dust and blood clung to their flesh, making them look utterly wretched.

Gone was the former majesty of the top warriors who once commanded the Northern Underworld and dominated the northern frontier.

Every step forward required the expending of their last remaining strength.

Their bodies swayed precariously, as if they would collapse to the ground at any moment.

The once robust and indestructible body of Li Zhan, tempered over millennia, was no longer the mighty warrior it once was.

A gruesome, fist-sized hole pierced through his chest, piercing his entire body.

His flesh was charred and rotting, the meridians along the edges completely carbonized by the chaotic flames.

A foul, acrid stench slowly permeated his surroundings. The once

radiant, pure Yang Undying Body's original patterns, which adorned his chest and limbs,

were now completely dim and lifeless, as silent as ashes. No

longer could he muster even a trace of pure Yang spiritual power.

His supreme physical body, painstakingly cultivated for millennia, had been shattered at its very foundation by Kai's chaotic original power.

Like a weathered, utterly broken rock, riddled with holes, its life force constantly draining away.

Arms that could once shatter mountains with a mere gesture now hung limply, trembling slightly.

Every breath aggravated his severe chest injury, the pain excruciating.

He couldn't help but bend over, gasping for breath.

His once towering, imposing figure was now hunched over, utterly exhausted. He had

even lost the strength to straighten his back.

The Wise Warrior's situation was no better than the Might Warrior's; he too was mortally wounded.

His right shoulder was pierced by the Ice God Sword, the wound penetrating, the flesh frozen and scabbed over.

His internal meridians were severed and damaged, his primordial spiritual energy scattered and lost, difficult to gather and circulate.

His left arm was deeply frostbitten by the extreme cold.

The skin was stiff and purple, the chill seeping into his dantian along his meridians.

His entire body was cold and numb, his limbs stiff and sluggish.

His most treasured possession, the Heaven-Binding Dust, which he had relied on throughout his life and used in countless battles, was

now mostly broken and incomplete.

The array's spiritual light surrounding it had almost completely dissipated, leaving it dim and lifeless.

He could no longer set up even a half-complete trapping and killing array.

The lingering power of the Ice God's freezing force within him was like a persistent, malignant infection.

It coursed through his meridians, constantly severing his spiritual veins and disturbing his soul.

This caused him great unease, and his spiritual energy flowed sluggishly.

Even raising his hand to pay respects was incredibly difficult

. His once strategic, ruthless eyes

were now bloodshot, filled with lingering fear and apprehension.

Gone was any trace of calculation or composure.

On either side of the hall, layers of divine guards and high-ranking cultivators

stood solemnly on guard. Their gazes all fell upon the two men.

The next second, their faces turned deathly pale, their legs trembling uncontrollably.

A chill ran through them, and even their breathing became unconsciously shallow.

They dared not utter a sound.

The hall was deathly silent; you could hear a pin drop.

Only the heavy, labored breathing of the two men echoed slowly in the empty hall.

They had guarded the Alliance Hall for many years.

Every day, they had witnessed the two great generals' awe-inspiring might and decisive ruthlessness.

They held the northern frontier as a stronghold, steadily suppressing cultivators of all races.

They were always invincible, unstoppable in battle.

When had they ever seen them so battered and bruised, their life force depleted? Peak

ninth-grade True Immortals, the two strongest barriers in the northern region of the Divine Clan Alliance.

They had been brutally beaten, reduced to cripples, and forced to flee back to their heartland in disarray.

Panic, like invisible ice water, instantly seeped into the hearts of every cultivator on duty.

A chill ran through them ,

and unease lingered. Even the two great generals had suffered such a crushing defeat; how terrifying must the invading enemy be?

Had the Divine Clan's northern frontier defenses completely collapsed?

Countless thoughts surged in their minds, but no one dared to speak, no one dared to move.

At the very top of the hall, a majestic, gilded throne hung high.

Wei Pengkun sat upon it, his posture upright, his aura cold and icy.

Just moments before, he had been lightly tapping the armrest of the throne with his fingertips.

His pace was leisurely and relaxed, his demeanor composed and unhurried.

Every gesture exuded the air of a leader in complete control, a master strategist.

It was as if all the variables in the world were within his calculations, easily manipulated.

But when his sharp gaze swept down,

precisely capturing the pitiful state of the two men, heavily injured, their blood and energy depleted, their

very essence shattered, his fingertips, which had been tapping the armrest, suddenly froze, suspended in mid-air, unable to fall.

His composed aura vanished instantly.

A chilling coldness quietly permeated the hall, making everyone tremble.

Deathly silence, utter deathly silence.

Enveloped in suppressed rage, it enveloped the entire main hall of the divine race.

No one dared to look directly at Wei Pengkun on the throne.

No one dared to break this suffocating silence.

“You… have lost?”

Wei Pengkun spoke slowly, his voice flat and emotionless, revealing no trace of joy or anger.

Yet everyone in the hall clearly sensed it.

Beneath this calm surface, a raging fury was brewing, ready to ignite and destroy everything.

A single misstep could unleash a bloodbath, leaving rivers of blood.

The warrior's heart sank; he dared not hesitate for a moment.

Enduring excruciating pain, he forced himself to kneel on one knee.

His burly body swayed precariously.

Cold sweat mixed with dark red blood trickled down his forehead,

splashing onto the bluestone floor and leaving damp marks.

His voice was hoarse and dry, each word seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth,

filled with endless humiliation and resentment.

"Alliance Leader, I am incompetent, my command was ineffective, and my fighting strength was insufficient."

"Northern Underworld Prison has completely fallen, utterly lost."

"The defending army suffered heavy casualties, and the defensive line has completely collapsed." "

I fought desperately to break through the encirclement and only managed to return to the palace in such a sorry state. I beg the Alliance Leader to punish me."

"Clang—"

Wei Pengkun’s five fingers suddenly gripped the armrest of the throne tightly.

The hard, gilded solid wood armrest creaked instantly, cracks spread, and debris flaked off.

A cold light flashed in his eyes, and a raging fire burned in his chest,

almost breaking through his reason and incinerating everything.

Zhi Zhan followed closely behind, kneeling with difficulty.

A chill ran down his spine, his heart filled with lingering fear and apprehension.

He spoke weakly, reporting the truth without daring to conceal anything.

“Alliance Leader, the battle situation has suddenly changed, beyond human control.”

“Kai has successfully broken through his cultivation, stabilizing his True Immortal Realm, Grade Three.”

“The chaotic power within him is becoming increasingly domineering and potent, its destructive power multiplying.”

“It specifically counters the orthodox Holy Light Origin of our Divine Race, making it difficult to contend with.”

“In addition, Jiang Xuelan has fully inherited the legacy of the Ancient Ice God.” ”

She has awakened the complete set of Ice God divine abilities, wielding the Ice God Sword and wearing the Ice God Battle Armor.”

“Her combat power has increased several times over, combining offense and defense, making her unstoppable in breaking formations and killing.” ”

Your subordinate and Li Zhan have exhausted their life's cultivation and all their trump cards. ”

“We fought to the death for half a day, desperately maneuvering.”

“In the end, we only managed to achieve a draw with both of them.”

“We were powerless to stop the allied forces from breaking out of the prison to rescue people; we were truly powerless to reverse the situation.”A lose-lose situation?”

Wei Pengkun's lips twitched uncontrollably, a low, cold laugh escaping his lips, chilling to the bone.

“I have assigned you three thousand elite Divine Race armored warriors.”

“Sufficient provisions and excellent weaponry.”

“Plus two peak ninth-rank True Immortal Realm warriors to guard the area.”

“To defend the strategically important and heavily fortified Northern Underworld Prison.”

“And tell me, is it merely a lose-lose situation?”

His questioning voice fell, his oppressive aura sweeping across the entire area.

The Warriors of Strength and Wisdom pressed their foreheads to the cold floor tiles.

They dared not breathe, dared not look up, dared not utter a single word of explanation.

The facts were undeniable: a crushing defeat, inescapable guilt.

Any excuse would be utterly futile.

Wei Pengkun slowly rose, his magnificent golden robe trailing on the ground.

The fabric rustled against the bluestone floor.

Each step he took felt like a heavy hammer blow to the hearts of everyone present.

The oppressive atmosphere was suffocating and bone-chilling.

He slowly walked to the two men, looking down at them with cold eyes at their mangled bodies.

His gaze was sharp as an ice blade, piercing straight into their hearts.

Their chests heaved violently as the pent-up anger, frustration, and defeat of the past few days surged forth. They

almost lost their reason and were about to kill on the spot in a fit of rage.

The three Heavenly Prisons had fallen one after another, breached one after another by Kai's powerful attacks.

His Golden Fierce General and Shadow General had died one after another on the battlefield, losing core combat power.

His spies and agents sent out had all gone missing or perished, resulting in a breakdown in intelligence.

Now, the last two top generals had also returned in a sorry state, seriously wounded, and the northern border barrier was completely shattered.

Step by step, they had retreated, suffering losses time and time again.

Not only had they failed to wipe out the Free Valley rebels, but Kai had become stronger with each battle.

His power had grown increasingly strong, already approaching the heartland of the Divine Clan Alliance, threatening the foundation of the alliance leader.

Such a crushing defeat had caused them to lose face and damage their authority.

How to suppress the cultivators under his command, how to consolidate the rule of the Divine Clan Alliance?

Wei Pengkun took a deep breath, forcibly gritting his teeth to suppress the violent killing intent surging in his heart.

Reason forced his way back.

No matter how intense his anger was, he could not wantonly kill core generals at this moment.

With a formidable enemy at hand, this was the time to use manpower; cutting off his own arm would be a loss.

The killing intent was hidden in his heart, to be settled later.

“Strategist.” He suppressed his anger, his voice returning to its cold calm.

From the shadows to the side, Zhuge Ming quickly stepped out, bowing.

Dressed in a blue scholar’s robe, his expression solemn and dignified, he bowed respectfully, awaiting orders.

“Alliance Leader.”

“Issue the order throughout the entire region.” Wei Pengkun said coldly.

“The entire territory under the jurisdiction of the Divine Alliance shall immediately enter the highest level of wartime alert.”

“All patrolling scouts, garrisoned cultivators, and border patrol teams,

regardless of distance or post, shall immediately retreat at full speed to the main hall in the heart of the territory.”

“No delay is permitted.” ”

All defensive restrictions, deadly arrays, and holy light barriers throughout the territory shall be activated at full power.”

“Layer upon layer, sealing off all entrances and exits.”

“Without my personal order, no one shall enter or leave the Alliance territory.”

“No one shall engage in battle without authorization; those who disobey will be executed immediately, and their entire clan will be implicated.” ”

Your subordinate obeys. The message will be relayed throughout the territory immediately.” Zhuge Ming bowed and accepted the order.

“And one more thing.” Wei Pengkun’s gaze returned to the two kneeling figures.

“Take them both away and send them to their private healing chamber.”

“Use high-grade divine pills and primordial spirit liquid to heal them with all your might.”

“Once they are fully healed, they must immediately return to the Northern Frontier and guard the border fortress.”

“They must atone for their crimes through meritorious service; there must be no mistakes or shirking of responsibility.”

The two warriors, Li Zhan and Zhi Zhan, were simultaneously stunned, utterly astonished.

They had expected a crushing defeat and severe punishment. At

best, their cultivation would be crippled; at worst, they would be executed on the spot to uphold military law.

Unexpectedly, the Alliance Leader had shown no remorse, even granting them resources for healing and allowing them to remain to guard the border.

Overjoyed, they were filled with remorse and even greater awe and submission.

The two immediately kowtowed deeply, their voices hoarse, their hearts filled with sincerity.

“Thank you for sparing our lives

, Alliance Leader!” “We will fight to the death to defend the Northern Frontier and atone for our crimes through meritorious service.”

“We swear to be loyal to the Alliance Leader to the death and will never betray your trust!”

Wei Pengkun didn’t even glance at the two, turning and slowly walking back to the gilded throne.

He silently sat down.

His fingertips lifted again, gently tapping the armrest.

One tap, then another, the rhythm slow and muffled.

Like an ancient death knell counting down, it tolled, instilling unease and apprehension throughout the room.

“Strategist, speak frankly. How should we proceed in dealing with Kai’s rebel army?”

Wei Pengkun asked in a deep voice.

Zhuge Ming stepped forward, his voice low and thoughtful, his analysis clear and logical.

“Alliance Leader, in my assessment,” ”

Although Kai and his group have won consecutive victories, breaking through three Heavenly Prisons and gaining great momentum,”

“they have also paid a heavy price, suffering severe damage.”

“Last night, in the bloody battle at the Northern Underworld Prison, Kai was severely injured, his chest meridians were damaged.”

“His bones are fractured and his internal injuries are difficult to heal.” ”

Jiang Xuelan forcibly activated the Ice God’s ultimate killing move, damaging her soul and depleting her spiritual power.”

“The two of them are simply unable to fight again in the short term, their combat strength is less than three-tenths.”

“They would never dare to rashly invade the heartland of the Divine Clan Alliance.”

“Currently, our heartland is safe, there is no need to rush to take the initiative.”

“Wouldn’t dare?” Wei Pengkun’s lips curled into a cold sneer.

“He even dared to launch a strong attack on three heavily guarded Heavenly Prisons.”

“He even dared to slaughter my own generals.”

“Is there anything in this world that he wouldn’t dare to do?”

Zhuge Ming gently shook his head, a deep calculation flashing in his eyes.

“Alliance Leader, the core issue right now isn’t Kai, but time.”

“The two Supreme Elders are in seclusion, striving to break through to the Golden Immortal realm, and have reached the final stage.”

“They are only one step away from success.”

“As long as these two Golden Immortal experts successfully emerge and oversee the Northern Frontier,” ”

no matter how domineering Kai’s chaotic power is, no matter how outstanding his talent,” ”

his mere True Immortal cultivation is ultimately like an ant trying to shake a tree, utterly vulnerable.”

“The gap between Golden Immortal and True Immortal is insurmountable, a difference in fundamental level.”

“It cannot be bridged by secret techniques, divine weapons, or talent.”

Wei Pengkun’s fingers paused slightly, his eyes darkening, and he remained silent in contemplation.

“My only plan is to hold out and wait for them to emerge,” Zhuge Ming said firmly.

“Contract the outer defenses across the board, abandoning remote outposts.”

“All forces should concentrate in the heartland, holding the main hall fortress.”

“Avoid pointless engagements with Kai’s remaining troops, do not initiate battle, only defend and do not attack.”

“Hold on for as long as possible, until the two Supreme Elders emerge from their seclusion.” ”

That will be the day Kai is destroyed, Free Valley is razed, and future troubles are eliminated forever.”

Inside the main hall, only the dull sound of fingertips tapping the armrest

echoed endlessly, oppressive and suffocating.

Wei Pengkun remained silent for a long time, his eyes filled with murderous intent, weighing the pros and cons.

Finally, he made a solemn decision.

“Good. Issue the order as you said.”

“Contract the entire army’s defenses, hold the line, strictly blockade the entire area, and defend the heartland to the death.”

“Monitor all movements in Free Valley around the clock, and report back immediately at the slightest sign of trouble.”

“No delays allowed.”

“Your subordinate obeys.” Zhuge Ming bowed and withdrew, immediately coordinating all forces in the area.

Wei Pengkun leaned back on his throne, slowly closing his eyes.

His fingertips continued to tap lightly on the armrest.

Outside the window, two strange moons shone coldly, the night was deep, and a chill permeated the palace.

He muttered to himself, his voice light, yet full of sinister resolve.

“Kai, you destroyed three of my Heavenly Prisons and killed two of my trusted generals.”

“You lost countless elites of my divine race. This blood debt, I will remember.”

“You may be smug for a few days, I have no hurry.”

“But remember, you will never win.”

“The final winner in this world is destined to be the divine race, destined to be me.”

Chapter 6431 - 6440

At the same moment, within Freedom Valley, night had completely fallen.

The world was dark and gloomy, the evening wind biting coldly.

It carried the stench of blood from the wasteland, permeating every corner of the valley.

The atmosphere was oppressive and somber.

Kai, carefully supported by those around him, struggled step by step into the valley entrance.

His body was wracked with pain; every step he took aggravated his injuries.

His brow furrowed in agony, cold sweat constantly seeping from his forehead.

His injuries were extremely severe; a large area of blood had pooled in his chest, blocking his meridians.

His breathing was short and labored; each inhale felt like countless ice needles piercing his lungs.

The pain was excruciating.

His left arm was broken and dislocated, hanging limply at his side, utterly useless.

Even the slightest movement caused excruciating pain.

Dried bloodstains at the corners of his mouth had congealed; his face was as pale as paper, his lips devoid of color.

Covered in blood, his clothes tattered, he was utterly wretched.

Even with excruciating pain and utter exhaustion, he gritted his teeth and persevered.

He refused to let anyone carry or support him.

He was strong-willed; he was the backbone of Freedom Valley, the hope of everyone.

Even with his broken body, he could not fall, could not show the slightest weakness.

He moved forward slowly and steadily, step by step. His

footprints were heavy, each step stained with blood, on the bluestone path of Freedom Valley.

Every step weighed down with endless fatigue and hidden worries.

Jiang Xuelan quietly accompanied him.

Her white dress was mostly soaked with blood, the hem torn.

Strands of hair clung to her pale cheeks, her face haggard and weak.

Her vital energy was extremely depleted.

The backlash from forcibly activating the Ice God's ultimate sword technique

was constantly eroding her soul and depleting her essence.

Her meridians throbbed and numbed, her spiritual energy was exhausted and difficult to gather.

Yet her eyes remained clear and firm, without the slightest sign of weakness or retreat.

He leaned his Ice God Sword diagonally on the ground, using it as a crutch to support his weakened body.

The sword tip grazed the ground, leaving a thin, long, continuous shallow mark,

silently telling of the battle's ferocity and hardship.

At the valley entrance, Zhao Tieshan still stood quietly, waiting, not moving an inch. He had waited

from daylight to night, from dawn to moonlight.

His legs were already numb, stiff, and aching.

His crutch was deeply embedded in the soil, creating a deep crater,

a testament to the length of his wait and the intensity of his worry.

His gaze was fixed on the direction of their return journey outside the valley, his eyes filled with anxiety and unease. His heart

had been hanging in suspense, unable to sit still.

He feared receiving bad news, feared seeing corpses.

When he saw Kai, Jiang Xuelan, and their group appear, when he

saw them covered in blood and returning in a sorry state,

the tension that had been building up for days suddenly eased.

The worry and fear that had accumulated for so long instantly turned into hot tears.

Tears welled up uncontrollably, streaming down his aged, wrinkled face.

“They’re back…they’re all back safe and sound…”

His voice choked with emotion, his steps faltering as he hurried forward.

His body trembled slightly with excitement, his words incoherent, filled only with overwhelming relief.

Kai turned to the old patriarch, managing a weak smile, and softly reassured him.

“Old patriarch, don’t worry. I always keep my word.”

“They will definitely return safely, protecting Free Valley.”

Zhao Tieshan nodded emphatically, tears blurring his vision, his throat choked with emotion.

A thousand words remained stuck in his throat, unable to be uttered.

He could only wipe away the hot tears from his eyes, filled with relief.

Lin Yuan dared not delay, immediately making orderly arrangements.

He ordered his men to quickly set up temporary healing tents,

properly accommodate the seriously injured cultivators, and count the casualties.

He also treated the wounded and sick brought back from the battlefield.

Meanwhile, he personally directed the relocation of the Demon-Suppressing Tower to the center of the plaza.

Stabilize the tower and open the healing secret realm within.

The time flow within the Demon-Suppressing Tower is uniquely fast; one day outside is equivalent to a hundred days inside.

It is the only treasured secret realm in Free Valley capable of rapidly repairing severe injuries, nourishing one's essence, and stabilizing cultivation.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan suffered the most severe injuries and the greatest loss of their essence.

Their souls, meridians, and bodies were all severely damaged.

Without further ado, they immediately stepped into the depths of the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Each found a secluded corner, sat cross-legged, closed their eyes, and concentrated.

They immediately began to regulate their breathing and heal their injuries, repairing their broken bodies and calming their damaged souls.

Kai calmed his mind and focused his breath, mobilizing the meager chaotic power remaining within his body.

He slowly circulated it throughout his meridians, repairing his damaged flesh inch by inch.

He reconnected misaligned bones and flushed away accumulated blood stasis.

He could even fight off the remaining pure Yang domineering power within his body.

Like countless tiny steel needles, it densely rooted itself deep within his meridians,

wandering and colliding, constantly pricking his spiritual veins and hindering the flow of spiritual energy.

The burning pain in his dantian was relentless, a dull ache that was difficult to completely eradicate.

He gritted his teeth, enduring the excruciating agony, his resolve unwavering. He

slowly absorbed, transformed, refined, and expelled the remaining pure yang energy, daring not to slacken his efforts even slightly . Not far away, Jiang Xuelan sat silently, her breath faint. The Ice God Armor's spiritual light had dimmed, almost dissipating . Her protective spiritual shield was as thin as a cicada's wing, offering no real protection. The Ice God Sword lay across her knees, its ancient runes having lost their luster. It lay motionless, devoid of its former chilling aura. She calmly activated the remaining Ice God essence, slowly nourishing her damaged soul. She repaired the meridians of her consciousness, eroded by the power of illusion and slaughter. She soothed her restless mind, gradually warming her body and restoring her spiritual foundation.

Time passed silently within the tower,

isolated from all external disturbances and anxieties.

While only three days passed outside,

three hundred days of arduous cultivation and recuperation had already taken place within the tower.

The time difference was exceptionally favorable, making the healing process twice as efficient.

After three hundred days of secluded cultivation, Kai's severe injuries were completely healed.

The fracture in his left arm was perfectly repaired, and the blood stasis in his chest cavity was completely cleared.

The remaining pure Yang energy in his meridians was thoroughly refined and expelled.

The chaotic vortex in his dantian operated smoothly, its origin intact.

Although his cultivation did not break through to the next level, it remained firmly at the third rank of True Immortal.

However, his chaotic power became increasingly refined and mellow, circulating more smoothly and freely.

His understanding of the origin of heaven and earth and the laws of the void became increasingly profound and clear.

His foundation steadily improved, and his state of mind became increasingly calm and resilient.

Jiang Xuelan also recovered most of her combat strength, her blood and qi returning

to normal. Her spiritual energy was abundant, and her damaged soul was fully repaired.

The Ice God Armor once again shone with a cool, spiritual light, its protective resilience restored to its original state. The runes on

the Ice God Sword revived and flowed, its chilling aura returning to the blade.

Its killing power returned in full .

His cultivation steadily solidified into the mid-to-late stage of the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm.

He was only a hair’s breadth away from the peak of the ninth rank.

His combat strength had fully recovered; he remained a top-tier killing expert. The two opened their eyes at the same moment, their gazes meeting across the void.

Without a word,

they saw the same heavy worry deep within each other’s eyes.

They saw the lingering shadow of the road ahead, the life-or-death crisis weighing on their hearts.

The Divine Alliance, two Supreme Elders who had been in seclusion for many years,

were reaching the final stage of their assault on the Golden Immortal realm.

They could break through at any moment and ascend to the Golden Immortal status.

Once a Golden Immortal appeared, True Immortals would be nothing but ants.

The chasm was insurmountable.

Kai slowly rose, his steps steady as he walked out of the Demon Suppression Tower.

His gaze swept across the entire Free Valley Square.

On the square, all the cultivators were training with all their might, daring not to slacken in the slightest.

Elder Qingxuan personally led three hundred elite Spirit Clan warriors,

traveling day and night between the Demon Suppression Tower and the valley.

Utilizing the time difference within the tower, they diligently cultivated and accumulated strength, their spiritual power growing richer day by day.

Their battle formations became increasingly coordinated, their vitality and spiritual energy filling their bodies, their combat power steadily increasing.

Lin Yuan directed the human resistance army, training them day and night in combat formations.

They honed their fighting skills, strengthened offensive and defensive coordination, and tempered their will and courage.

Discipline was strict, formations were orderly, and morale was decent.

They were determined to defend Freedom Valley to the death.

Everyone was desperately trying to become stronger, desperately preparing for war.

They wanted to protect their homeland, to preserve their hard-won peace.

But Kai knew perfectly well that these efforts were far from enough, a drop in the ocean, futile.

No matter how many cultivators there were, how skilled their formations, or how abundant their spiritual power,

before a true Golden Immortal, they were like ants and dust, utterly vulnerable.

Numbers, tactics, weapons, secret techniques—everything

was insufficient to bridge the chasm between True Immortals and Golden Immortals.

He stood alone atop the city wall, facing the wind,

gazing towards the direction of the Northern Frontier Divine Alliance.

The distant sky was dark and oppressive, a faint aura of killing intent emanating from it.

He stood silently for a long time, his heart churning with helplessness, resentment, and despair.

“We have no choice but to gamble,” he murmured to himself.

His voice was low and hoarse, filled with exhaustion and bewilderment. “I’m

betting that those two Supreme Elders will fail in their attempt to break through to the Golden Immortal realm, that they’ll fall short.”

“I’m betting that they’ll stumble during their seclusion and suffer severe backlash.”

“I’m betting that we can break through the heart of the Divine Alliance before they succeed.”

“I’m betting to end this war sooner. There’s no other way out.”

Lin Yuan slowly walked up the city wall to Kai’s side.

Hearing this whisper, Kai’s heart sank, a bitter smile appearing on his face.

He was filled with sorrow.

“Gamble? All our lives, the safety of everyone in Freedom Valley.”

“The survival of tens of thousands of our people, all staked on a single gamble?”

“Do we have any way out?”

Kai didn’t turn around, didn’t answer.

He was speechless, seeing no light at the end of the tunnel.

He couldn’t find a foolproof plan.

A formidable enemy was approaching, a dead end was inevitable, and there was no choice but to gamble.

A sense of powerlessness, like a cold tide, slowly engulfed his heart, suffocating him.

Several days passed quickly, arriving in the blink of an eye.

That morning, the sky was a hazy gray.

Thick, dark clouds piled up, pressing low over the horizon, obscuring the sun and the breeze.

The oppressive atmosphere weighed heavily on everyone, making their chests feel tight and their minds uneasy. A

nameless restlessness arose, as if a great calamity was about to befall the world.

In Free Valley, the cultivators practiced as usual.

The clanging of swords echoed throughout the valley, a sound that was usually commonplace and peaceful.

But today, everyone felt a vague sense of unease.

They were restless and uneasy, unaware of the impending danger.

Kai stood atop the city wall, gazing at the distant horizon.

His unease grew stronger, and alarm bells rang in his heart.

A chill crept in.

The next second, he clearly sensed it.

Two vast, boundless, and terrifying auras, overwhelming the heavens and earth,

roared into the sky from the distant heartland of the Divine Alliance.

They tore through the clouds and shook the surrounding landscape.

They didn't rise slowly, nor did they progress gradually.

Instead, they erupted like a volcanic eruption, a cataclysmic

event, violently surging into the heavens and earth, traversing the entire world.

The entire world trembled violently; mountains shook, and valleys roared.

The earth cracked, and spiritual energy surged wildly out of control.

Thick, dark clouds were instantly ripped apart by the terrifying pressure, collapsing layer by layer.

Light managed to filter through the gaps in the clouds, but it was

icy cold, chilling to the bone.

The aura of Golden Immortals.

Two, undeniably powerful Golden Immortal auras, domineering and overlooking all living beings.

Kai's pupils suddenly contracted sharply, his heart sinking.

His entire body turned ice-cold; an extreme chill shot from his feet to the top of his head, chilling every limb and bone.

The chaotic power within their bodies surged uncontrollably and wildly.

Instinctively, they wanted to rise and resist the terrifying pressure that crushed the heavens and earth.

But the difference in their levels was too vast; they were insignificant and powerless.

Even with its inherent domineering power and exceptional talent, the chaotic power

was humble and insignificant before the laws of the Golden Immortal Great Dao, trembling involuntarily.

This wasn't cowardice, nor fear.

It was the instinctive awe and helplessness of a lower-level cultivator facing a higher-level Great Dao expert.

Within Free Valley, all the cultivators instantly stopped what they were doing.

They all looked up at the distant horizon.

Their faces turned deathly pale, their legs went weak, and their bodies trembled with cold.

Some people's legs buckled, and they collapsed to the ground, their eyes glazed

over, filled with despair. Others' hands, gripping their weapons, trembled violently, nearly slipping from their grasp, their spirits breaking.

Some stopped breathing, their faces ashen, their bodies stiff, unable to move.

Panic, like a plague, swept through the entire valley in an instant, despair spreading to every corner.

Lin Yuan, his face deathly pale, rushed out of the council hall without hesitation.

He strode up the city wall, gazing at the terrifying aura tearing through the sky in the distance.

His voice trembled, his eyes filled with despair.

"Golden Immortals... really Golden Immortals... and two of them... Heaven is going to destroy my Freedom Valley..."

Elder Qingxuan also hurried out of the Demon-Suppressing Tower, his aged face filled with bitter sorrow.

He sighed deeply, utterly powerless, "Eight thousand years... the two Supreme Elders of the Divine Race have finally broken through and ascended to the Golden Immortal realm."

"The natural barrier of the Northern Frontier is no longer there; our fate is sealed, there's no turning back..."

Jiang Xuelan moved swiftly, instantly appearing beside Kai.

The Ice God Sword was instantly drawn to protect her, its icy blue divine light flowing across her body. She

forcefully withstood the onslaught of the Golden Immortal's oppressive aura. She didn't retreat a single step, nor did she show any fear. Yet, her body trembled uncontrollably, a chill running down her spine. Knowing their fate was sealed, she still resolved to stand shoulder to shoulder, through life and death. Kai took a deep breath of cold, turbid air, suppressing the despair and helplessness surging within him. He forced himself to steady his mind. His gaze swept over every cultivator in the valley, over their terrified, helpless, and despairing faces. His heart felt as if a boulder had crushed it, suffocating him with pain. It was too late; there was no turning back. With the Golden Immortal pressing in, annihilation was imminent. Staying meant certain death, leaving no trace, and Free Valley would be utterly destroyed. Only by scattering and escaping could they preserve a spark, a sliver of hope. "Everyone, heed my command." Kai's voice was unusually calm.

So calm it sent a chill down one's spine, revealing not a trace of emotion.

Yet it carried an unyielding resolve.

"Immediately lay down your weapons, abandon your packs and supplies, and disperse to leave Freedom Valley."

"Do not travel in groups, do not huddle together, do not look back."

"Do not linger on your homeland. Escape as far as you can, conceal your whereabouts, and lie low in seclusion."

"Never return to Freedom Valley. Go now, depart immediately!"

Old Zhao was the first to rush forward, his eyes red and his voice choked with emotion. "Mr. Chen! What do you mean by this? Are you telling us to abandon you and flee alone?"

"We won't leave! We'll fight together, we'll die together! We will never live alone!"

"Go." Kai's gaze was firm, his tone leaving no room for argument, each word heavy.

“The power of a Golden Immortal is beyond our ability to contend with. Staying means certain death.”

“Not a single one will survive. There is no chance of victory, no hope of turning the tide.”

“Only if you escape can Freedom Valley have a spark, a future.”

The tall, thin man’s folding fan suddenly fell to the ground, untouched.

His eyes dimmed completely, filled with despair and hopelessness.

The middle-aged woman’s twin swords fell from her hands, landing with a sharp, jarring sound.

She stood frozen,

bewildered and helpless. Old Xu’s hand, stroking his beard, abruptly stopped. His face turned ashen, and he sighed deeply, utterly powerless.

Everyone was stunned, panicked, and overwhelmed by the despair of death.

Zhao Tieshan, leaning on his cane, shakily and laboriously stepped forward, his aged body swaying precariously. His voice was hoarse as he said, “Mr. Chen, let’s go together. My old bones are nothing.”

“You can’t stay here to die. If we escape together, we can survive.”

Kai gently shook his head, a sorrowful smile appearing on his face. “I won’t leave. You must leave. I’ll stay and hold off the two Golden Immortals.”

“Hold off the Divine Clan army, buying you time to escape.”

“Only if I don’t leave will you have a chance to escape.”

“If I leave, the Golden Immortals’ pressure will lock onto everyone; no one will escape, and we will all be annihilated.”

His gaze swept across the entire area; his voice wasn’t loud, but every word was clear, reaching everyone’s ears.

“The roots of Freedom Valley have never been on this land.”

“The roots are in your hearts, in the living.”

“As long as you live, Freedom Valley is not dead, and hope remains.”

“No need for sorrow, no need to linger, go quickly.”

Elder Qingxuan remained silent for a long time, giving Kai a deep look.

His eyes were filled with admiration, guilt, and sorrow as he solemnly clasped his hands in a salute.

“Fellow Daoist Kai, your righteousness is boundless; you sacrificed yourself to protect your entire clan.”

“The entire Spirit Clan will never forget this great kindness.”

“We will not be a burden; we will immediately lead our men to retreat and live well.”

“We will await the day when we can avenge this blood feud.”

Having said this, he didn’t hesitate any longer, turning and waving his hand.

Leading three hundred Spirit Clan warriors, he transformed into streaks of azure light, soaring into the sky.

They quickly dissipated into the horizon, not daring to look back, their hearts filled with tragic grandeur.

Lin Yuan's eyes were red, tears welling up, but he gritted his teeth, refusing to shed a tear.

"I won't leave! I want to stay and fight alongside you, what does death matter!"

"Go!" Kai's voice suddenly became more forceful, carrying an unyielding authority.

"Take everyone and evacuate immediately. Don't be a burden to me."

"Don't betray my willingness to sacrifice myself to cover our retreat."

"The gods won't immediately pursue those who flee; you still have a chance to survive."

"Go quickly, as far as possible! Live on and protect the flame of Freedom Valley for me!"

Lin Yuan's tears finally streamed down his face as he hugged Kai tightly.

Suppressing his grief, he turned and roared his orders.

"Everyone, listen up! Evacuate Freedom Valley immediately and scatter!"

"Live on! You must live on!"

Old Zhao, the tall, thin man, the middle-aged woman, Old Xu—

all the Freedom Valley warriors, their eyes red, forced back tears, gritted their teeth, and turned away.

They followed Lin Yuan, running frantically outwards.

No one looked back, not because they were reluctant, not because they didn't care.

But because they dared not look back; if they did, they would never be able to leave again.

They would willingly stay and die.

Zhao Tieshan was the last to move, leaning on his broken cane.

He trudged step by step toward the valley entrance.

Reaching the edge of the valley, he stopped, never looking back.

He simply mustered all his strength and shouted hoarsely,

“Mr. Chen, you must live! We’re waiting for you to come back!”

His mournful cry echoed through the valley.

With that, he resolutely strode away and disappeared beyond the valley’s edge.

In an instant, the crowd dispersed, footsteps faded, and shouts vanished.

The once bustling and vibrant Freedom Valley instantly became empty, desolate, and lifeless.

Not a trace of life remained.

In the vast valley, amidst the ruins and cold wind,

only Kai and Jiang Xuelan stood side-by-side atop the city wall, facing

the impending doom of the Golden Immortals. Isolated and helpless, surrounded by despair.

At midday, the sunlight was blindingly white, offering no warmth.

Wei Pengkun personally led the way, accompanying the two newly promoted Golden Immortal elders.

They descended slowly into the air above Freedom Valley.

A powerful pressure enveloped the entire valley; heaven and earth were deathly silent, and all things were still.

Two Golden Immortals hovered in the void,

surrounded by a faint, transparent halo of law.

The holy light wasn't blazing, yet it carried the majesty of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth.

Sunlight, falling upon them, was repelled by the halo of law, daring not to approach.

Looking down at the valley below, their eyes were indifferent and cold.

Like mortals looking down at ants beneath their feet, they showed no pity, no emotion whatsoever.

The one on the left, the Crimson Flame Venerable, was tall and ancient, with white hair.

A figure in a pristine white robe fluttered slightly in the wind, surrounded by blazing holy light.

A wave of heat swept across the air, distorting and scorching the void.

Deep within his golden eyes, an inextinguishable holy fire seemed to burn fiercely.

His gaze carried the power to incinerate all things.

To the right stood the Venerable Han Yuan, his figure lean and sinister, his hair dry and gray.

His black robe was solemn and chilling, surrounded by the power of extreme cold and shadow.

A chill descended upon all directions, freezing the air and the earth.

Deep within his silver eyes, ancient ice seemed to have solidified.

A single glance from him froze the mind and chilled the soul.

One fire, one ice; one heat, one cold—the two Golden Immortals stood side by side.

One on the left, one on the right, they suppressed the entire天地气机 (the energy of heaven and earth)

, sealing off all escape routes, locking in a deadly situation.

Wei Pengkun stood behind them, his golden robe billowing in the wind.

He was full of vigor, his smile arrogant and triumphant.

His gaze swept across the empty Freedom Valley, his brow furrowing slightly before a cold smile appeared.

“They ran fast, a bunch of ants, cowardly and afraid of death, scattering in all directions.”

“Too bad, they can only escape for so long, not forever. ”

His gaze shifted, precisely locking onto two solitary figures atop the city wall. Kai and Jiang Xuelan stood alone, neither fleeing nor retreating. Wei Pengkun laughed loudly, “Kai, all your henchmen have fled, your clansmen scattered and fled.” “Betrayed by everyone, all alone, still trying to maintain appearances?” “So loyal, willing to stay and die alone, laughable and pathetic.”

Kai remained silent, his face calm and expressionless.

Yet, a deep sorrow and resentment weighed on his heart.

He drew his sword, the Dragon-Slaying Sword gleaming coldly, its purple chaotic flames raging fiercely.

He defied the odds, facing the oppressive aura of a Golden Immortal, refusing to bow his head or kneel.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, the Ice God Sword firmly in her hand.

Ice-blue divine light protected her body, her face pale and weak.

Yet, her sword-wielding hand was as steady as a rock, her eyes resolute, her resolve unwavering, her commitment to life and death.

Wei Pengkun bowed respectfully, requesting instructions.

“Two Supreme Elders, these two are the culprits who wreaked havoc in the Northern Frontier.”

“The culprits who destroyed my three Heavenly Prisons and killed two of my Divine Race’s generals.”

“We beg the Elders to act and execute them on the spot, to uphold divine authority and deter all.”

The Crimson Flame Venerable glanced at them indifferently, his gaze casual and detached.

As if examining an insignificant object, his tone languid.

“True Immortal Realm, Third Grade, with meager Chaos Power, it does bear a resemblance to the ancient origin.”

“Barely passable. Unfortunately, the realm is too low; merely an ant.”

Venerable Hanyuan’s lips curled into a contemptuous smile as he coldly stated.

“No matter how rare Chaos Power is, no matter how outstanding one’s talent, it ultimately cannot overcome the chasm of realm.”

“A True Immortal ant, worthy to be presumptuous before a Golden Immortal? I could crush him with a flick of my wrist.”

Kai turned to look at Jiang Xuelan, his voice extremely low.

With a final plea, “You go too. Before the great battle begins, before the oppressive aura is locked, immediately break through the void and escape.”

“If you stay, you’ll only face death; it’s meaningless.”

“Live on, and see what the future holds for me.”

Jiang Xuelan gently shook her head, her eyes resolute and unwavering.

“I won’t leave. You’re alone; you can’t withstand the combined attack of two Golden Immortals.”

“If you die, my life is meaningless. We live together, we die together.”

Kai’s throat tightened, a thousand words stuck in his throat, unable to be uttered.

He couldn’t persuade him, nor could he bear to.

After a moment of silence, a resolute glint flashed in his eyes, and he whispered,

“Alright. Then let’s fight together, let’s battle together, let’s defend the last stretch of Freedom Valley together.”

Crimson Flame Venerable didn’t want to waste any more time and took the lead in raising his hand.

It was effortless, without any sense of exertion.

A ball of extremely pure golden holy fire condensed in his palm.

The flames were blazing and scorching, burning the void, and the surrounding air was completely burned and distorted.

Ripples spread across the void, the temperature terrifying beyond compare.

With a gentle push, the golden holy fire condensed into a fire dragon, roaring and howling.

With the power to burn mountains and boil seas, it directly crushed down, heading straight for Kai.

A Golden Immortal's attack, no need for charging, no need for techniques.

Simply put, it contained world-destroying power.

Kai refused to dodge, unwilling to retreat.

Gritting his teeth, he fully activated the last remaining chaotic power within his body.

The chaotic flames of the Dragon-Slaying Sword surged, and purple fire soared into the sky. He

head-on clashed with the golden fire dragon, using his mortal body to resist a Golden Immortal, defying the heavens with his meager strength.

Boom—!

The disparity in strength was immense, like heaven and earth.

The purple chaotic flames only lasted for a fleeting moment

before being instantly engulfed and incinerated by the golden holy fire dragon.

He had no power to resist.

The terrifying residual force pressed down, slamming heavily onto Kai's body.

Kai was sent flying backward like a kite with a broken string. He crashed

heavily into the thick city wall.

With a deafening roar, the city wall collapsed and shattered.

Rocks flew everywhere, dust filled the sky, and most of his body was buried under the rubble.

He was in excruciating pain, his blood surging and flowing backward, and he spat out a mouthful of golden essence blood.

His old injuries flared up again, and the fracture in his left arm worsened.

Large, charred gashes burned his chest, the flesh festering.

The pain nearly made him faint.

He endured the agony, struggling to crawl out of the rubble.

Covered in blood and filth, he was a pathetic sight, his strength rapidly fading, his body utterly powerless.

"Is that all you've got?" The Crimson Flame Venerable shook his head and sneered, his face filled with disappointment.

"Chaotic power, all talk and no action, utterly useless."

On the other side, the Cold Abyss Venerable simultaneously raised his hand, expressionless.

A silver, icy glint shot from his fingertip, silently piercing the air.

It aimed directly at Jiang Xuelan’s vitals

, sealing off all escape routes. Jiang Xuelan gritted her teeth and focused her mind, activating all of her Ice God essence.

The Ice God Armor shone brightly, the Ice God Sword held horizontally before her, desperately blocking the Golden Immortal’s attack.

The icy blue light and the silver glint collided violently.

Crack—

the Ice God Sword’s light dimmed instantly, its blade trembling and humming, all the runes on its surface shattering.

The Ice God Armor was covered in dense spiderweb-like cracks, its spiritual light dissipating.

Its protective power shattered instantly.

Jiang Xuelan was violently thrown back by the lingering chill .

Her blood and qi surged backward, and she spat out a mouthful of blood.

She crashed heavily onto the cold ground.

Her body was stiff and cold, her spiritual energy nearly frozen and depleted. She

couldn’t even lift her hand to push herself up.

Kai witnessed Jiang Xuelan’s severe injuries and weak breath.

A surge of anger instantly burned through his internal organs, a mixture of grief and indignation.

Ignoring everything, he endured the excruciating pain and desperately struggled to his feet.

From his storage ring, he retrieved his most treasured ancient divine weapon—the God King Bow.

This was his last trump card.

He exhausted all his Daoist energy, channeling it into the bow, drawing the bowstring taut.

A refined purple divine arrow pierced the air.

The arrow moved with the speed of a meteor, its killing intent chilling, aiming straight for the Crimson Flame Venerable's brow.

The Crimson Flame Venerable didn't even lift an eyelid.

With a casual wave of his hand, golden holy fire filled the sky.

The purple divine arrow was instantly incinerated into nothingness.

Not even a ripple was stirred. His trump card had failed, all his efforts in vain.

Kai refused to accept his fate and took out his protective treasure, the Dragon Pattern Bell.

He fully activated his primal spiritual power, the golden bell hovering around him.

Golden dragon patterns coiled around it, their roars shaking the heavens, protecting him and

withstanding the oppressive attack of the Golden Immortal.

Venerable Han Yuan casually pointed, a silver glint of light striking the Dragon Pattern Bell precisely.

With a crisp crack, the protective treasure shattered.

Golden fragments scattered everywhere, completely destroyed.

The terrifying shockwave pierced through the wreckage, striking Kai's chest and abdomen.

Kai coughed up blood, flying backward to the ground.

Multiple meridians throughout his body were broken, his dantian trembled, and his very essence was damaged.

His injuries instantly worsened several times over, leaving him on the verge of exhaustion.

The Divine King Bow shattered, the Dragon Pattern Bell destroyed, his spiritual power depleted.

His physical body was broken, his soul exhausted.

All his trump cards were used up, all his combat power overdrawn.

Before two Golden Immortals, all struggles, all resistance, all trump cards

were insignificant and laughable, utterly worthless.

Kai felt that his most powerful Divine King Bow and his sturdy Dragon Pattern Bell were completely useless before the Golden Immortals.

The Golden Immortal, this truly extraordinary realm, was indeed not so easy to deal with. The Crimson Flame Venerable landed slowly in mid-air, standing before Kai.

Looking down at him, he coldly surveyed the heavily wounded man lying on the ground.

His eyes held no pity, only indifference.

“A True Immortal Realm Third Grade, possessing two ancient divine weapons—that’s quite an achievement.”

“Unfortunately, today is your death day. Even the finest weapons are beyond your reach.”

He slowly raised his hand, golden holy fire condensing once more in his palm.

It was even more intense and violent than before, incinerating everything.

He prepared to end Kai’s life with a single blow, concluding this battle.

Kai lay amidst the blood-soaked ruins, utterly powerless, struggling to move. He

looked up with difficulty at Jiang Xuelan not far away.

She lay quietly on the ground, her breath faint, her white robes stained with blood, motionless.

The Ice God Sword was stuck diagonally beside her, dim and lifeless.

“Go…go quickly…” Kai’s voice was hoarse and broken, almost inaudible.

He whispered with his last strength, filled with reluctance and guilt.

Jiang Xuelan struggled to lift her eyes to look at him, tears finally streaming down her cheeks, soaking the dust.

She wanted to get up, to protect him, to fight alongside him again.

But her body was no longer under her control; her spiritual power was frozen, her meridians severely injured, and she was powerless.

She gently shook her head, her lips slightly moving, silently saying—I won’t leave, I’ll stay with you until the end.

Kai closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, his eyes were filled with resentment and grief.

He was unwilling to lose like this, unwilling to die like this.

Unwilling to see Freedom Valley destroyed.

Unwilling to see his people flee everywhere, displaced and homeless. But what could he do? He

was powerless to change fate, and destiny was inescapable.

The golden sacred fire dragon had already taken shape, roaring and swooping down, heading straight for Kai.

Death was imminent.

In this desperate situation, Jiang Xuelan suddenly unleashed her last bit of primal power from somewhere.

She suddenly pushed herself up and staggered forward.

The Ice God Sword slashed out with all its might, the icy blue sword light forcefully blocking the fire dragon.

The sword's edge severed half of the fire dragon, but it was powerless to stop the remaining flames.

Golden holy fire instantly engulfed Jiang Xuelan's body.

Her white robes burned, her armor shattered, and the chill dissipated.

Enveloped in flames, she was thrown heavily to the ground, silent and motionless.

"Xuelan—!!!"

Kai roared, his voice tearing through the sky,

filled with unbearable grief. His eyes instantly turned bloodshot, his heart overflowing with sorrow and anger.

He disregarded everything, burning all his essence, soul, and lifespan.

He forcibly reversed his meridians, igniting the chaotic vortex in his dantian.

The chaotic fire around him instantly turned from purple to black, violent and terrifying.

His aura surged, rising from the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth ranks…

all the way to the peak of the sixth rank of the True Immortal Realm before finally stopping.

A final burst of energy, burning away his life force, briefly boosting his combat power.

The price was the complete annihilation of his physical body and soul after the battle; certain death was inevitable.

Ignoring the excruciating pain of his flesh shattering, he forced himself to his feet.

Black chaotic flames enveloped the Dragon-Slaying Sword,

and he took a step forward. He slashed against the Crimson Flame Venerable, fighting to the death, a desperate gamble.

The Crimson Flame Venerable frowned slightly, somewhat surprised.

“Burning your essence, fighting to the death? You have some backbone, but unfortunately, it’s still useless.”

Sword and fire clashed, the black flames briefly engulfing the golden holy fire, a stalemate.

But the difference in their levels was ultimately insurmountable; the Golden Immortal's laws crushed his essence.

The black flames retreated rapidly, the backlash engulfing Kai.

Seeing this, the Cold Abyss Venerable, unwilling to delay, struck.

A beam of extreme silver light struck Kai's body.

Kai's body instantly froze, countless cracks appearing on his skin.

Golden blood seeped from the cracks, flesh shattered, excruciating pain coursing through his bones.

He gritted his teeth, enduring the agonizing pain, disregarding life and death, and once again swung his sword at the Cold Abyss Venerable.

He was determined to die.

The Venerable Hanyuan's eyes turned cold, and he raised his hand, striking out with a palm.

A silver, cold light condensed into a giant palm, slamming it hard into Kai's chest.

Kai, like a kite with a broken string, crashed heavily into the deep pit.

His bones were shattered, his flesh a mangled mess, his left arm broken, his right leg fractured.

A gaping hole pierced his chest; he was on the verge of death, clinging to his last breath.

He lay at the bottom of the pit, gazing up at the gray sky.

The clouds were broken, the sunlight a ghastly white.

Countless figures flashed through his mind.

Friends and relatives, his clansmen, his comrades-in-arms.

The peaceful smoke of Free Valley flashed by.

Finally, his gaze settled on Jiang Xuelan's pale, blood-stained face.

Tears streamed down her face, mingling with blood, her heart filled with sorrow and regret.

Just then, on the distant horizon,

Lin Yuan, unable to bear the thought of leaving, led the remaining soldiers of Free Valley back.

Knowing they would die, he returned to die alongside Kai, without regret.

"Kill! Fight to the death, protect Mr. Chen!" Lin Yuan roared as he charged forward.

The remaining soldiers followed closely behind, knowing it was a futile effort, yet still fearless.

Wei Pengkun coldly waved his hand, and the elite of the Divine Race swarmed forward.

Holy light filled the sky, swords clashed, and a bloody battle instantly erupted.

The remaining soldiers, outnumbered and outmatched, fell in droves, their blood staining the valley.

Old Zhao, his battle axe slashing down several enemies, finally succumbed to exhaustion, several longswords piercing his heart.

He fell to the ground, his eyes wide open, dying with unfulfilled grievances.

The tall, thin man, wielding a folding fan, killed two men, a spear piercing his chest from behind.

He lay motionless in a pool of blood.

The middle-aged woman, wielding twin swords, fought valiantly, her body severely wounded.

Finally, a sword pierced her heart, and she slid against the wall, dying silently.

Old Xu fought desperately, but was slain when exhausted; his head rolled off, his white hair stained with blood.

Lin Yuan, covered in blood, his longsword broken, charged forward with his life.

He was pierced through the chest by Wei Pengkun's golden sword, nailed to the ground, his eyes filled with resentment, and died with bitterness in his heart.

Zhao Tieshan rushed forward to help, only to be kicked to the ground by a Divine Clan cultivator.

His crutch broke, and he lay on the ground, unable to rise, crying out in despair and helplessness.

Kai used his last bit of strength, bracing himself with his elbows.

He crawled out of the deep pit, leaving a long trail of blood.

He struggled to reach Jiang Xuelan's side, wanting to see her one last time,

to protect her one last time.

The Crimson Flame Venerable's holy fire flared up again, crashing down and engulfing Kai's body.

Flesh, bones, and meridians were all burned to ashes.

Only a wisp of his soul remained, firmly bound by the chains of holy fire, unable to dissipate.

“Spare the woman’s life; she will be useful. Seal this man

‘s soul into a Soul-Suppressing Pearl.” “Take him back to the Alliance and refine his soul into a Soul Pearl,”

the Cold Abyss Venerable ordered in a deep voice.

A black Soul-Suppressing Pearl flew out, absorbing Kai’s remnant soul and sealing it within.

Endless darkness, eternal damnation, unable to be reborn.

The valley was deathly silent, corpses littered the ground, and blood flowed like a river.

The tattered eagle banner fluttered in the wind, half burned, yet still standing tall against the wind.

The cold wind howled, like the heavens and earth weeping.

A low murmur of mourning for Freedom Valley, for Kai, for all those who died in battle.

The setting sun, like blood, stained the vast, desolate wilderness of the Sixteenth Heaven.

The outline of Freedom Valley gradually shrank and faded at the edge of the field of vision, with lingering smoke and the acrid smell of blood still clinging to the broken walls and ruins.

The collapsed main peak was piled with rubble; the once formidable anti-god fortress, teeming with cultivators and heavily fortified, was now

nothing but a desolate ruin, with scattered mangled corpses and broken weapons of resistance cultivators.

The wind swept through the tattered armor and rags, stirring up blood and dust. The valley, which once echoed with the clash of techniques and battle cries, was now only filled with the wailing of the dead, desolate and bleak.

A gleaming armored, fiercely protective army of the gods was steadily marching across the wasteland outside the valley, heading towards the main hall of the God Alliance.

The ranks stood solemn and disciplined, their golden armor reflecting the setting sun's afterglow, radiating a chilling, holy light. Each cultivator was enveloped in pure, domineering divine spiritual power, their eyes arrogant, their steps resounding, displaying the overwhelming power of conquerors.

Wei Pengkun, clad in a gilded purple-gold robe with a dragon-patterned jade belt, walked steadily at the very front of the column,

his aura vast and imposing. He was tall and imposing, his brows furrowed with undisguised smugness, a smug, calculating smile playing on his lips.

The battle was over, the outcome was decided, and all major threats had been eliminated.

Among his personal guards were two crucial "spoils of war," heavily guarded and escorted with absolute precision, not daring to let anything slip.

One was Jiang Xuelan, on the verge of death.

A specially forged, enclosed cage made of extraterrestrial cold iron floated in the middle of the formation, its four corners engraved with triple-layered god-locking runes. The runes shimmered with golden light, tightly sealing off the surrounding spiritual energy.

Inside the cage, Jiang Xuelan's limbs were pierced by god-locking chains forged from millennia-old black iron, penetrating her shoulder bones, ankles, and wrists. The cold chains were deeply embedded in her flesh and muscle, sealing off all her meridians and acupoints.

Her top-tier ice-type spiritual power was completely sealed, unable to be mobilized in the slightest.

Her usually pure and elegant, pristine white ice silk dress had long been shattered by the holy fire of the final battle in Freedom Valley.

The hem of the dress was charred and curled, large sections of the fabric melted and torn, revealing large areas of red, swollen, ulcerated, and carbonized skin underneath.

Her close-fitting ice god armor was crumbling inch by inch, sharp fragments of armor deeply embedded in her flesh.

The edges of the wound were already inflamed and blackened, with dark red blood seeping out along the lines of her skin, forming a shallow pool of blood at the bottom of the cage—a horrifying sight.

The Golden Immortal's attack was executed with extreme precision; the flames engulfed her body without damaging her vital essence, and the severed soul did not sever her life force, keeping her alive with her last breath.

Jiang Xuelan's eyes were tightly closed, the icy primordial light between her brows completely dimmed, and the rise and fall of her chest was so weak as to be almost imperceptible.

Her breathing was as thin as a whisper, like a candle flickering in a gale in the dead of winter, on the verge of being extinguished at any moment.

Before the battle, the Crimson Flame Venerable had specifically instructed in a deep voice, each word firm and brooking no argument: "Leave this woman alive, leave her with a last breath; she will be of great

use in the future. Anyone who dares to harm her vital essence will be killed without exception."

Wei Pengkun understood perfectly, strictly controlling his subordinates throughout the entire process, not daring to be negligent in the slightest.

Their only wish was to bring this legitimate heir of the Ice God lineage back to the temple unharmed, to serve as leverage against the alien races of the heavens and to control the remaining rebellious forces.

It was precisely these words from the Crimson Flame Venerable that allowed Jiang Xuelan to maintain her purity; otherwise, with her beauty, countless divine cultivators would have been eager to take advantage of her.

At that time, the entire divine alliance army would be lining up for dual cultivation, and no matter how powerful Jiang Xuelan was, she wouldn't have been able to withstand it.

Secondly, there was a palm-sized, pitch-black Soul-Suppressing Pearl, enveloped in a chilling aura.

The pearl was only the size of a thumb, thick and warm in texture, with intricate and ancient dark golden holy fire patterns circulating on its surface. The pressure of divine fire subtly leaked out, isolating it from all divine soul probing.

Concentrating and looking through the dense pearl's walls, one could see a faint, swaying ball of purple light, rising and falling within the sealed darkness of the pearl's core, its light dim and unpredictable.

That was Kai's entire divine soul essence.

His physical body had long since crumbled and annihilated under the combined attack of the Golden Immortals, his soul and spirit on the verge of extinction. Only this wisp of divine soul remained, forcibly sealed and suppressed.

The Soul-Suppressing Pearl contained its own soul-locking restriction, suppressing the origin of the divine soul layer by layer, gradually eroding the vitality of consciousness. That ball of purple light withered to its extreme, like a firefly in the wind, ready to completely dissipate and vanish into the world at any moment.

Wei Pengkun walked while glancing back, his gaze sweeping over the cage and the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, a surge of pleasure welling up within him, difficult to calm.

Freedom Valley was completely destroyed, reduced to scorched earth and ruins;

Kai's physical body was destroyed, his divine soul sealed tightly, with no possibility of recovery;

the inheritor of the Ice God was reduced to a prisoner, powerless to resist;

the resistance army of the heavens was leaderless, its remnants scattered and fleeing, countless killed, exiled, or hidden, no longer able to coalesce into a force to contend with the gods.

Having entrenched itself in the Sixteenth Heaven for many years, repeatedly challenging the authority of the Divine Race and hindering their unification and hegemony, this long-standing threat has been completely eradicated today, leaving no hidden danger.

From this day forward, within the Sixteenth Heaven, the Divine Race Alliance will reign supreme, and no other force will dare to provoke them.

In the latter half of the procession, two figures walked heavily, closely following the army. Their aura was low, devoid of any fighting spirit, a stark contrast to the jubilant Divine Race elites around them.

These were the Mighty Warrior and the Wise Warrior.

Their injuries had not yet healed, making even movement difficult.

The Mighty Warrior bore a deep, bone-revealing burn across his chest, his skin charred and necrotic. Thick layers of healing bandages wrapped around him, yet they could not stop the stinging pain from the overflowing spiritual energy.

Every step aggravated his wounds, causing him to sway slightly. The very essence of his once invincible Pure Yang Body, which had dominated the battlefield, was severely damaged, his combat power plummeting by more than half, no longer possessing its peak divine might.

Zhi Zhan's right arm was broken and dislocated, hanging limply. It could only be secured to his neck with a specially made spiritual cotton rope. His natal whisk, which he relied on to break formations and defend against enemies, had already been broken into pieces and turned to ashes during the fierce attack.

Now he could only temporarily wear an ordinary fine iron longsword to serve as a soldier, and his top-notch array formation skills could not be fully utilized.

The two men's faces were gloomy and solemn, without any joy of victory, their eyes filled with heavy gloom.

It was not that they were dissatisfied with the great victory, but the tragic scene of the bloody battle in the Northern Underworld Prison kept replaying in their minds, lingering there.

That young cultivator, despite the huge difference in cultivation level, had always been fearless of death, fighting with his life against technique and his soul against the gods. Even when his body was shattered and his soul was injured, he never bowed his head to beg for mercy, never retreated even half a step.

Such resolute spirit and such indomitable will, even as enemy soldiers, instilled awe in the two veteran generals, making it difficult for them to let go.

Having won the great battle and quelled the chaos, I felt no joy, only a deep sense of regret and heavy oppression. High in the sky, two figures hovered, their robes fluttering slightly in the wind, unhurriedly following the army, always looking down upon the myriad lives below.

The Crimson Flame Venerable, clad in fiery red robes, had golden-red holy flames subtly flowing around him, radiating a scorching pressure;

the Cold Abyss Venerable, in silver robes like frost, had icy, indifferent eyes, his body exuding a chilling aura that froze the

surrounding void. These two Golden Immortal powerhouses possessed calm and vast auras, their realm's pressure sweeping across all directions, every gesture accompanied by the grand scheme of heaven and earth.

In their eyes, the battles and clashes of the Sixteenth Heaven, the desperate resistance of True Immortal cultivators, were nothing more than ants fighting each other, dust rising and falling, utterly insignificant.

The Golden Immortal realm had long transcended the shackles of the mortal realm, looking down upon countless beings, crushing ordinary cultivators as easily as crushing ants, without a ripple.

The army sped along unimpeded, quickly entering the heavily fortified and imposing heart of the Divine Alliance's temple complex, reaching its deepest forbidden area.

This place was off-limits to ordinary divine cultivators, heavily guarded year-round, with layers upon layers of restrictions preventing any spying or investigation.

A thousand feet beneath the temple, a top-secret chamber lay hidden, isolated from the world, utterly silent.

The chamber's walls were forged from a mixture of extraterrestrial meteorite iron and divine metal, three feet thick and incredibly hard, impervious to ordinary immortal weapons and divine artifacts.

The walls were densely engraved with ancient, blood-red sealing runes passed down through the divine race, interwoven to form a vast, inescapable net.

This net could both imprison the soul and prevent the leakage of spiritual energy, as well as shield the secrets of heaven and conceal all auras and movements. Even top-tier experts passing through would find it impossible to detect anything unusual about the chamber.

In the very center of the secret chamber, a simple and heavy black stone platform stood firmly. Its surface

, weathered and marked by time, clearly bore the marks of countless ages. Engraved upon the platform was an ancient, intricately complex soul-refining array, its patterns deeply embedded in the stone, connecting with the Yin energy of heaven and earth. This array

was specifically designed to refine the souls of powerful cultivators, stripping away impurities and obsessions, purifying their primordial soul power, and ultimately condensing it into a pure soul bead. This bead was then absorbed by top-tier experts to rapidly break through cultivation barriers and comprehend the fundamental laws.

The Crimson Flame Venerable slowly landed before the platform, gently lifting the jet-black soul-suppressing bead in his palm. His fingertips caressed the cool surface of the bead, his gaze fixed intently on the swaying purple divine soul light within its core.

A long silence followed, and the secret chamber fell into a deathly stillness, broken only by the faint sound of flowing spiritual energy.

After a moment, he slowly spoke, his voice low and thoughtful, breaking the silence: "Han Yuan, do we truly intend to refine this child's soul? Once this is done, there will be no turning back."

Venerable Han Yuan stood with his hands behind his back, his silver eyes empty and devoid of emotion, his tone cold and flat, utterly unwavering.

“This child possesses the power of innate primordial chaos, a supreme source preserved from the beginning of heaven and earth, a rare find, occurring only once every ten thousand years, extremely rare throughout the myriad realms.

If we can purify and refine it using the Soul Refining Array, condensing a Chaos Soul Pearl, and then we both consume it, we can break through our current Golden Immortal barriers, deeply comprehend the fundamental laws of heaven and earth, and take a crucial step towards a higher realm.

Such a tremendous opportunity, such an unparalleled temptation, are we willing to give it up and let it slip away?” Venerable Han Yuan’s eyes were filled with greed.

Venerable Chi Yan did not immediately respond, but he already understood.

He naturally could not bear to part with it.

The power of chaos, surpassing ordinary immortal and divine power, is the foundation of all things and the basis of the Great Dao.

In ancient times, the gods had encountered peerless geniuses with chaotic physiques, but unfortunately, their luck was too shallow. Before they could capture them, their souls dissipated and their origins vanished, leaving them with nothing but regret.

Now, Kai’s soul has fallen completely intact into their palm, and his chaotic origins are perfectly sealed without any loss. Such a heaven-sent opportunity is extremely rare, and if missed, there will be no second chance in this life.

“There is no time to lose, activate the formation immediately.”

Venerable Crimson Flame no longer hesitated, raising his hand to precisely place the Soul-Suppressing Pearl on the core of the Soul-Refining Formation on the stone platform, the position was perfect.

Venerable Cold Abyss immediately moved to the other side of the stone platform, his palms flying rapidly, forming ancient and profound divine hand seals, and pure and fierce Golden Immortal icy spiritual power continuously poured into the formation's patterns.

In an instant, golden array patterns lit up one by one along the veins of the stone surface, the light gradually intensifying, spreading out layer upon layer, illuminating the entire dark chamber as bright as day. Simultaneously,

Venerable Crimson Flame raised his hand to cast a spell, a torrent of golden-red inextinguishable holy fire surging from his palm. The holy fire was scorching and domineering, carrying the pressure of a Golden Immortal's essence, precisely injecting into the four corners of the array's base, enhancing its power.

The next instant, the entire ancient Soul Refining Array roared into full operation, an invisible and intangible vast power of soul locking instantly enveloping the entire area, firmly binding the central Soul-Suppressing Pearl.

Under the array's pressure, the hard, dense pearl wall softened, melted, and disintegrated little by little, like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun, quickly dissipating without a trace.

The Soul-Suppressing Pearl completely dissolved, Kai's weak, flickering purple divine soul light ball was exposed without cover in the center of the array, isolated and helpless, at the mercy of others.

A raging fire of soul-refining energy rose from the depths of the great formation, pure golden flames, burning the soul and refining the will, without a trace of warmth or warmth.

Only excruciating, soul-burning pain remained, firmly enveloping and binding the purple divine soul orb, scorching and tempering it from top to bottom.

The pain of refining the divine soul was far beyond physical injury; it was the ultimate torture of the heavens.

The flames not only burned the very fabric of the divine soul but also followed its meridians, directly attacking the memories, obsessions, emotions, desires, and entanglements deep within the soul.

Layer by layer, it peeled away fragments of the past, inch by inch burning away emotional imprints, gradually smoothing out obsessions and temperament, forcibly purifying the most primal and coldest essence of the divine soul, obliterating all vibrant consciousness.

Kai's dormant consciousness was instantly awakened by the excruciating pain. A tearing, extreme pain came from the depths of his divine soul, piercing to the bone and stabbing to the core, a thousand times more terrible than the shattering of the body and the breaking of bones. Boundless darkness, accompanied by the agony, completely enveloped him.

Scenes etched into his very being flashed uncontrollably through his soul, crystal clear and undiminished.

Su Yuqi's lonely figure as she turned away, her gentle eyes filled with longing;

Yunxi's bright smile amidst the mountains, lively and warm;

Jiang Xuelan's desperate moment as she withstood a Golden Immortal's attack to protect her companions, collapsing with a devastating crash;

the horrific scene of the Free Valley's gates shattered, flames soaring into the sky, innocent cultivators bleeding profusely, corpses strewn across the ground...

All the cherished attachments, obsessions, tenderness, and hatred were brutally torn from his heart by the Soul-Refining Fire, burned in public, inch by inch, obliterated.

Each piece of memory stripped away felt like a sharp knife stabbing into his heart, piercing his very soul, causing unbearable agony.Kai's soul trembled violently, the purple light flickering wildly. He instinctively wanted to roar and howl, to break free of his confinement.

But the Soul Refining Array locked away all sounds from his soul, sealing off all channels for his consciousness to leak out. He could

only grit his teeth and endure the boundless pain, refusing to show the slightest weakness or utter a single plea for mercy. With an indomitable spirit,

he stubbornly persevered. Inside the secret chamber, the fire blazed, and the array roared. No one knew the extreme torment his soul was enduring.

Half an hour passed in the blink of an eye.

Under such intense Soul Refining Fire, the souls of ordinary True Immortal cultivators would have long since disintegrated, turning into pure primordial soul liquid, about to condense into beads.

But Kai's purple soul remained firmly condensed into a human form. Although the purple light gradually dimmed and weakened, it remained as steadfast as ever, showing no signs of disintegration or collapse. Its resilience was beyond comprehension.

Crimson Flame Venerable's brows furrowed sharply, his eyes filled with astonishment and doubt. He murmured, "Strange. This boy's soul is unusually peculiar, its resilience far exceeding that of other cultivators of the same level. It's completely illogical."

Cold Abyss Venerable's gaze grew even colder, his tone devoid of any emotion. He coldly ordered, "No hesitation! Go all out! Increase the intensity! Force the tempering!"

The two Golden Immortals no longer held back, simultaneously channeling their primordial spiritual power into the Soul Refining Array without reservation.

The array's light surged, its color rapidly transforming from pure gold to a more domineering and scorching white-gold. Terrifying heat instantly engulfed the entire secret chamber.

The hard black stone platform was scorched red by the intense heat, its surface slightly warm and soft. The

meteorite iron walls surrounding the chamber churned with heat waves, the sealing runes flashing rapidly, desperately resisting the leaking heat.

The free spiritual energy in the chamber's air was instantly ignited, crackling and exploding, sparks flying everywhere. The entire chamber resembled a scorching furnace, its oppressive power terrifying beyond measure.

Another full hour of extreme burning and tempering followed.

The smoke and dust dissipated, and the flames subsided slightly.

Kai's divine soul remained stable and condensed, its humanoid outline clearly visible, only the purple light was weaker, showing no sign of collapse or dissipation.

The Crimson Flame Venerable's expression darkened completely, his brows furrowed with solemn apprehension.

He had lived for tens of thousands of years, holding the high position of a Golden Immortal, refining countless powerful enemy souls, and witnessing countless geniuses, yet he had never seen such a resilient and

powerful True Immortal realm divine soul, completely defying the common sense of cultivation throughout the heavens.

How could a mere True Immortal realm third-grade cultivator, without roots or support, without the blessing of a top-tier bloodline, possess a divine soul strong enough to withstand a Golden Immortal's Soul Refining Array?

This matter was strange in every way, far from an ordinary phenomenon.

"Something's not right, something's very suspicious."

The Crimson Flame Venerable slowly withdrew most of his spiritual power, walked slowly to the edge of the stone platform, focused his mind, and leaned down to carefully examine the swaying purple divine soul, his eyes sharp as knives, trying to see through its hidden secrets.

Through layers of flowing purple light, he vaguely glimpsed a strange object silently floating at the very core of his divine soul.

It was a book entirely gilded, its pages ancient and thick, surrounded by a warm yet powerful golden light. The light was restrained and unassuming, yet it possessed an unyielding, majestic, and supreme aura.

The raging white-gold soul-refining fire, once it approached within half an inch of the gilded book, was blocked by an invisible and intangible golden barrier, unable to get any closer, much less damage the book or the core of his divine soul.

"What is that?"

Venerable Hanyuan also moved closer, and after seeing the strange phenomenon, his silver pupils suddenly contracted, his eyes filled with shock, and his tone carried a hint of emotion for the first time. Venerable Chiyan

, with a tentative heart, activated his peak Golden Immortal divine sense, cautiously extending a wisp of divine thought, wanting to penetrate the

purple divine soul aura and investigate the true origin and details of the golden book.

The instant his divine sense touched the purple soul barrier, a terrifying, boundless backlash originating from the very source of the Great Dao suddenly erupted, crashing down upon him. Its

power was incomparably formidable, far exceeding the limits of a Golden Immortal's endurance, instantly repelling his divine sense and numbing his soul, causing his blood to surge.

The Crimson Flame Venerable's body trembled violently, a sweet taste rising in his throat, and a wisp of pure golden divine blood uncontrollably spilled from the corner of his mouth, slowly dripping down his chin and landing on the stone platform, a strikingly conspicuous sight.

"A soul defense barrier at the Golden Immortal level?"

Venerable Hanyuan's expression changed drastically, his face becoming completely solemn. "How could a True Immortal cultivator from the lower realm possess such a heaven-defying treasure within his soul? This is entirely against the rules of Heaven."

Venerable Chiyan wiped the golden blood from the corner of his mouth, his face as gloomy as a deep, cold pool. His tone was extremely grave: "It wasn't his own cultivation that propelled the power; it was this golden book that possessed its own primordial divine might, protecting the foundation of his soul.

This object's aura is ancient and vast, its age far exceeding our cultivation years, its power surpassing that of a Golden Immortal, even... transcending the realm of Golden Immortal cultivation."

The two locked eyes, silently staring at each other for a moment. No words were needed; both saw deep, heartfelt apprehension in each other's eyes.

Unbeknownst to anyone, deep within Kai's dormant sea of consciousness, a strange change had already quietly occurred.

Since the beginning of his cultivation, the Great Luo Golden Scripture, which had been silently protecting him, finally awakened completely under the stimulation of the ultimate Soul Refining Fire, no longer lying dormant.

Without any dazzling fluctuations or violent roars, his entire sea of consciousness trembled violently, the power of the laws of heaven and earth surging wildly.

The next second, a vast and gentle golden primordial light surged forth from the pages of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, like a surging tide, instantly sweeping across every corner of his sea of consciousness, leaving no blind spots.

The golden light was gentle and soft, possessing no aggression whatsoever, yet it carried the supreme primordial power of the beginning of heaven and earth, impervious to all laws, and inherently possessed an absolute protective law. The

Soul Refining Fire that surged in from the outside, once it touched the golden barrier of his sea of consciousness, was like the sun melting ice and snow, silently and rapidly annihilated, unable to penetrate his sea of consciousness in the slightest, let alone harm Kai's soul.

Meanwhile, the nearly shattered, teetering ice-blue sphere of light in the corner of his consciousness was also steadily enveloped and properly protected by the golden light emanating from the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

That was the remnant soul of the ancient Ice God, Bei Mingyuan, which had previously been scorched by the Soul Refining Fire, its essence damaged, its consciousness blurred, and it on the verge of dissipation.

Now, under the nourishment and repair of the golden light, the remnant soul's essence rapidly stabilized, its dim luster gradually warmed and

revived, and the fragmented structure of its divine soul was pieced back together.

Bei Mingyuan's dormant consciousness slowly awakened, his divine soul's perception gradually returned, and he clearly felt the warm, profound, stable, and reliable supreme power surrounding him. A monstrous wave surged within him, filled with utter shock.

As the ancestor of the ancient Ice God lineage, he had traversed countless ages, witnessing countless rare treasures and supreme divine abilities, yet he had never seen such a pure and fundamental protective power.

Without attack or destruction, without war or killing, solely for protecting the divine soul and nourishing its essence, it was the most supreme power of the Great Dao's essence. The Great Luo Golden Scripture not only forcibly protected Kai's soul, but also repaired and nourished the damaged soul's structure in real time.

The fragments of his soul, previously torn apart and scattered by the Soul Refining Fire, were precisely gathered, pieced together, adhered, and reshaped by the golden light, returning steadily to their rightful place.

Those memories, obsessions, tender past experiences, and deep-seated hatreds that had been forcibly stripped away and were on the verge of being erased were all completely retrieved, firmly engraved deep within his soul, never to be erased.

The boundless pain quickly subsided, and his chaotic consciousness gradually cleared. Kai slowly regained his soul's perception and clearly "saw" the entire scene within his sea of consciousness.

In the center floated the ancient, gilded Great Luo Golden Scripture, surrounded by golden light; in the corner, an ice-blue orb of light lay dormant, its aura incredibly familiar.

He immediately summoned his remaining, faint divine sense and whispered, "Bei Mingyuan, is that you?"

Bei Mingyuan's weak but thankful voice responded instantly, filled with the relief of surviving a calamity: "It's me, Kai. Your soul is still intact, you're extremely fortunate."

"What exactly is the situation outside? My soul is in excruciating pain, almost collapsing." Kai suppressed his doubts and asked in a deep voice.

"It was this golden tome deep within your soul that saved our lives."

Bei Mingyuan quickly explained through telepathy, his tone full of awe, "The Golden Immortal Soul Refining Array and the Soul Burning Sacred Fire couldn't break through the tome's defenses, nor could they harm your soul in the slightest.

This thing has an unfathomable origin and boundless power; it is your supreme life-saving opportunity."

Kai silently focused his mind, carefully summoning his divine sense and gently touching the Great Luo Golden Tome floating in the center.

The tome remained stable and silent, neither agitated nor still, only quietly emitting golden light, protecting his soul, silently guarding it, steady and reliable.

Inside the secret chamber, the two Golden Immortals remained relentless, launching wave after wave of attacks.

They pushed the Soul Refining Array to its limits, squeezing out every last drop of its primal power;

they personally unleashed their Golden Immortal primal sacred fire, directly scorching the soul barrier at close range;

they even sacrificed their own cultivation foundation, forcibly mobilizing their divine sense to violently tear apart the golden light and destroy the core scripture...

They exhausted every means,

yet the outcome remained the same. All their attacks and all their power were firmly blocked by the golden protective barrier derived from the Great Luo Golden Scripture, unable to penetrate it even slightly, achieving absolutely no result.

The two Golden Immortal powerhouses, standing at the pinnacle of the sixteenth heaven, joined forces and exhausted all their methods, yet they could not overcome a silent, ancient scripture. They lost face, their hearts filled with resentment and helplessness.

Crimson Flame Venerable's face was extremely grim. He spoke in a low voice, full of apprehension: "This is no ordinary object. Its level far surpasses our cultivation realm.

It is definitely not an ordinary divine weapon or sacred artifact, and may even transcend the category of Xuanxian spiritual treasures... This object is suspected of carrying the primordial Dao of Heaven and Earth; it is a vessel of the Dao."

Cold Abyss Venerable's eyes flickered slightly, and he repeated in a low voice: "A vessel of the Dao?" "

The power of chaos is a wisp of the primordial Dao's manifestation, and this book is the true vessel of the primordial Dao."

Crimson Flame Venerable's voice was extremely low, full of awe. "It has already autonomously recognized Kai as its master, and the Dao has blessed it. We mortal Golden Immortals are powerless to shake it in the slightest."

"Then what should we do with this person's soul now?" Cold Abyss Venerable asked, looking up, his tone tinged with helplessness.

Crimson Flame Venerable remained silent for a long time, filled with resentment and unwillingness, yet helpless. He could only slowly withdraw all his spiritual power, and the light of the Soul Refining Array gradually dimmed, and the raging Soul Refining Fire was completely extinguished.

Kai's purple divine soul re-levitated in mid-air above the stone platform, its purple light even brighter than before the refinement. The golden luster of the Great Luo Golden Scripture shone faintly through the texture of his divine soul, mysterious and unfathomable.

"Refining it is hopeless, destroying it is powerless."

Venerable Crimson Flame's tone was somber, filled with resentment. "Leaving it here will only create constant fear, and it will become a major threat sooner or later; forcibly suppressing it will inevitably lead to unforeseen changes and endless troubles. Both are potential dangers, and it's a difficult choice."

Venerable Cold Abyss pondered for a moment, his gaze firm, and suggested in a deep voice, "Send it to the Seventeenth Heaven."

Venerable Crimson Flame looked up at him, waiting for him to continue.

"Both of us have reached the pinnacle of cultivation, breaking through the shackles of the Golden Immortal realm. According to regulations, we should be heading to the central hub of the Seventeenth Heaven soon to report for duty,"

Venerable Hanyuan explained clearly and calmly. "The Seventeenth Heaven is teeming with powerful figures, countless veteran Golden Immortals, and many more hidden talents and extraordinary individuals cultivating in seclusion.

There must be powerful beings there who can discern the secrets of heaven and identify supreme treasures. They can either decipher the hidden secrets of the Golden Scriptures or forcibly refine Kai's chaotic soul.

If we remain in the Sixteenth Heaven, we will be helpless; sending him to the Seventeenth Heaven, with the help of high-level powerful beings, will surely lead to a solution and eliminate future troubles."

Venerable Chiyan pondered for a moment, weighing the pros and cons, and slowly nodded in agreement: “This makes sense. We will proceed as you say and depart for the Seventeenth Heaven immediately.”

He raised his hand and condensed a thick, pure shell of Golden Immortal primordial spiritual power, carefully sealing Kai’s soul back into the Soul-Suppressing Pearl.

No more soul-refining restrictions were added; only basic sealing was performed to avoid needlessly stimulating the Great Dao scriptures and inviting unknown disasters.

“First, imprison that Ice God Jiang Xuelan strictly, lock her in the Heavenly Prison Secret Realm, and seal her layer by layer. After you and I return from reporting to the Seventeenth Heaven, we will deal with her carefully and extract all her value.”

Venerable Crimson Flame put away the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, turned around, and strode towards the door of the secret chamber.

Venerable Cold Abyss followed closely behind and left together.

The heavy meteorite iron secret chamber door slowly closed, the mechanism locked, and darkness once again swallowed the entire secret chamber.

The residual heat on the stone platform had not dissipated, and the air was filled with a faint acrid smell of burnt souls, silent and concealing secrets.

Inside the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, Kai’s soul was extremely exhausted and slowly fell into a deep sleep to recuperate and deplete his source.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture withdrew most of its outward golden light, leaving only a thin layer of source barrier, firmly protecting the core of his soul, safe and sound.

The remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan, nourished by the warmth, lay dormant, resting peacefully and awaiting its opportune moment.

The road ahead was long and arduous, the void a barrier, the Seventeenth Heaven unpredictable, countless unknown dangers and supreme experts waiting silently in the distance.

Meanwhile, throughout the Sixteenth Heaven, killing intent surged, and war reignited.

Wei Pengkun dared not delay. Taking advantage of the momentum of his great victory, the imprisonment of Kai, the destruction of Freedom Valley, and the leaderless state of the Heavenly Resistance Army, he swiftly mobilized the elite forces of the entire Divine Clan Alliance, preparing for battle, sharpening their swords.

Tens of thousands of elite Divine Clan cultivators, clad in armor and wielding weapons, their spiritual power surging, their killing intent soaring, gathered at the reviewing stand outside the Divine Temple, their ranks impregnable, their fighting spirit fierce.

Clad in full battle armor, bathed in divine light, Wei Pengkun stood atop the high platform, his sharp gaze sweeping over the army below. His voice boomed, echoing across the land, each word ringing with conviction: “The Spirit Race is obstinate and unrepentant, disregarding the divine might of the God Race, openly colluding with the traitor Kai.

They have allied with the Valley of Freedom to oppose the orthodox God Race, disrupting the order of the Sixteen Heavens. This is a heinous crime punishable by extermination, unforgivable!”

“Today, I will personally lead the army, divided into three routes, straight to the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits! We will raze the Spirit Race’s ancestral land to the ground, annihilate their core members, slaughter the old, weak, women, and children, eradicating them completely, ensuring no future threat!”

“Let all the alien races of the heavens witness that those who oppose the gods and defy their authority will only face death, with no chance of survival!”

Tens of thousands of divine cultivators roared in unison, their voices shaking the heavens and the earth, their murderous aura soaring into the sky, causing the earth to tremble slightly, their power terrifying beyond measure. Despite their injuries, the powerful warriors and the strategist generals accompanied the army on the expedition, daring not to disobey orders.

The powerful warrior, whose Pure Yang Undying Body was severely damaged, had only 30% of his peak combat power remaining, yet he still wielded his divine weapon, charging ahead to intimidate the enemy. The strategist general,

whose whisk was broken, had his formation strength greatly reduced, but he remained clear-headed, responsible for the overall command of the army, marching and deploying troops, breaking through formations and attacking strongholds, and controlling the overall battle situation.

Three thousand elite vanguard cavalry launched a frontal assault on the Misty Forest, tearing apart the outer defenses;

two thousand left-wing cultivators quietly bypassed the northern mountains and forests, flanking and cutting off the retreat route;

two thousand right-wing cultivators rushed to the southern pass to prevent escape and encircle and intercept them;

the remaining three thousand elite central troops, personally led by Wei Pengkun, advanced to the rear, heading straight for the core of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Forest, determined to annihilate the entire clan in one fell swoop.

Beyond the Misty Forest, the ancient spirit race’s protective barrier, which had operated for millennia, shone with boundless spiritual light and possessed an impenetrable fortress. However, under the relentless

onslaught of the divine army, the overwhelming holy light and relentless bombardment of the array rapidly eroded the barrier, leaving it cracked and on the verge of collapse.

Zhi Zhan, shrewd and strategic, surveyed the area from a high vantage point, instantly discerning the flaws in the barrier's formation. He pinpointed the weakest point and loudly ordered the cultivators to concentrate their firepower for a targeted assault.

Golden light surged continuously, relentlessly bombarding the single point. In less than half a day, the millennia-old protective barrier shattered, dust billowing, and the defensive line completely breached.

Elder Qingxuan personally led three hundred elite spirit race warriors, holding the frontline pass to the death, refusing to retreat an inch.

Three hundred against ten thousand—a vast disparity in strength, a difference as vast as heaven and earth. Even with the exceptional talent and formidable physiques of each spirit race cultivator, they could not withstand the overwhelming onslaught of the divine army.

Even more deadly was the fact that the pure holy light spiritual power of the gods naturally countered the wood-based spiritual power of the spirit race.

The spirit race's defensive techniques—vine bindings, piercing spikes, poisonous spores, and plant mazes—were greatly weakened under the overwhelming holy light, rapidly dissolving and becoming utterly vulnerable.

"Hold the pass to the death! Protect the ancient forest clan! Don't retreat a single step!"

Elder Qingxuan roared, his hair and beard bristling. His azure spiritual light surged, and thousands of thick vines burst from the earth, coiling and binding a group of charging gods, attempting to annihilate them.

But the next second, scorching holy light swept in, instantly burning the vines to ashes, reducing them to nothingness.

Bing Xue'er stood atop a thousand-year-old tree, her white robes fluttering, her ice whip lashing wildly, a chilling mist spreading. Each strike could freeze several gods into solid ice sculptures, demonstrating her formidable combat prowess.

The divine cultivators poured in relentlessly, wave after wave, while her spiritual energy was rapidly depleted. In moments, her face paled, her breath became weak, and she was utterly exhausted.

Bing Fenghan stood guard beside her, wielding an ice spear, fighting fiercely, the spear tip stained with divine blood as he slashed down enemies. His shoulders and back were repeatedly scorched by holy light, the wounds gaping open, blood soaking through his heavy robes, his injuries worsening.

These members of the Ice God lineage had followed the Spirit Clan to safety, but now they faced death once more.

In just one hour of bloody battle, the outer defenses collapsed completely. More than half of the three hundred elite Spirit Clan soldiers were killed or wounded; corpses littered the battlefield, blood flowed like rivers, and the pass was a scene of utter devastation.

Elder Qingxuan's eyes were red-rimmed as he watched his kinsmen and descendants, who had been with him day and night, fall one after another, dying on the battlefield. His heart was torn apart, filled with unbearable pain.

These elites were the future hope of the Spirit Clan, the backbone protecting their ancestral land, yet now they were all bleeding on the battlefield, powerless to reverse the tide.

"Retreat across the board! Retreat to the heart of the ancient forest and hold out to the death, relying on the terrain!" With no

other choice, Elder Qingxuan gritted his teeth and ordered the retreat, tears streaming down his face.

The remaining Spirit Clan cultivators fought and retreated, suffering defeat after defeat, finally reaching the depths of the Myriad Spirits Ancient Forest.

Wei Pengkun's army followed closely behind, relentlessly pursuing them. Their iron cavalry trampled through vegetation, their holy light scorching the forest. They burned

, killed, and looted along the way, committing countless atrocities. The flames of war quickly spread throughout the entire ancient forest. Deep within the forest, ancient trees, some ten thousand years old, burned fiercely in the holy light and flames, billowing thick smoke. Their

trunks charred and broken, collapsing with a deafening roar. Newly awakened spiritual plants were uprooted and trampled, their life force extinguished.

Spirit Clan villages were forcibly breached; the elderly, women, and children had nowhere to escape and were all surrounded. Despair enveloped the entire ancient forest.

Chief Qingmu stood atop the high platform before the Qingmu Palace, gazing at the raging flames and billowing smoke, listening to the cries of his people and the battle cries of their own. His face was ashen and his heart ached.

His natal spirit wood staff trembled slightly, and his azure primordial light flowed ceaselessly around him.

He had reached the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm, making him the strongest among the Spirit Race. Yet, facing tens of thousands of elite Divine Race soldiers, and two wounded but still formidable Divine Race generals, he knew in his heart that the odds of victory were slim, and the situation was hopeless.

Several elderly elders rushed forward, knelt, and kowtowed, tears streaming down their faces, their voices hoarse with despair: “Clan Chief, the tide has turned, there’s no turning back!

Immediately surrender the city to the Divine Race, hand over all spiritual vein resources and inherited cultivation techniques, and perhaps we can preserve the remaining bloodline of the Spirit Race, leaving a glimmer of hope. Do not resist to the end, lest you destroy the entire clan!”

Another elder, filled with regret, sobbed softly, “We shouldn’t have been soft-hearted and formed an alliance, we shouldn’t have helped Kai, we shouldn’t have gotten involved in the mess of Freedom Valley! If we had

just lived peacefully in the Ancient Forest, why would we have brought about this catastrophe? Kai is now barely able to protect himself, his soul sealed, why should our Spirit Race be buried with him?”

More and more clansmen knelt and begged, their cries, regrets, and complaints mingling together, filling the valley, the atmosphere of despair growing ever heavier.

Panic gripped the hearts of the people, the morale of the army crumbled, and the shadow of annihilation loomed over every member of the Spirit Race.

Clan Chief Qingmu slowly closed his eyes, took a deep breath of the air thick with the smell of gunpowder and blood, and countless memories flashed through his mind.

For a thousand years, the Ancient Forest of Myriad Spirits had been peaceful, its inhabitants living in harmony and contentment, undisturbed by worldly strife.

Then, Kai ventured alone into the forest, exhausting his cultivation to repair the depleted spiritual veins and save the entire clan.

Elder Qingxuan led his elite troops into battle, his resolute figure, full of vigor and determined to protect his clan to the death... Scene after scene vividly flashed before his eyes, unforgettable.

He slowly opened his eyes, his gaze resolute, without the slightest hesitation. His wooden staff slammed heavily onto the bluestone ground, a dull thud echoing throughout the valley, drowning out all cries of sorrow and complaint.

“Fellow clansmen, rise!”

His voice was not loud, yet it was authoritative and profound, striking straight to the heart: “Our Spirit Clan has dwelled in the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits for generations, guarding the mountains and protecting the spiritual veins, living in peace with the world, owing nothing to anyone in the heavens.

In the past, when the spiritual veins were depleted and the entire clan was on the verge of extinction, it was Kai who devoted himself to helping, repairing the spiritual veins, continuing the foundation of our Spirit Clan for ten thousand years, and saving the lives of all the young and old.

This life-saving grace will be remembered by the Spirit Clan for generations to come, and will never be forgotten. How can we betray this righteousness and forget our gratitude in times of crisis?”

“The Divine Race’s massive invasion today is not because we aided Kai.”

The Greenwood Clan Chief’s tone grew increasingly resolute, his gaze sweeping over all the clansmen present, each word powerful. “The Divine Race is ambitious, desiring to unify the Sixteen Heavens, enslave all other races, and claim supremacy solely for our Divine Race!

Today they destroy the Valley of Freedom, tomorrow they slaughter our Spirit Race, and the day after they will conquer the rest of the weaker races! Even if we shut ourselves in, bow our heads in submission, and sue for peace, we will still not escape the calamity of annihilation and enslavement in the future!”

“Today’s battle is not for Kai, nor for outside aid, but for the survival of the Spirit Clan’s bloodline! It’s so that our descendants will not be slaves to the God Clan! It’s to defend our ancestral homeland, to uphold the dignity of our race!”

“Rather than kneeling and groveling, living a life of humiliation, we would rather stand tall, fight to the death, and die standing!” As

the words fell, their spirits soared.

The kneeling clansmen rose, wiping away tears, gripping their weapons and staffs tightly. The fear in their eyes faded, replaced by a burning fighting spirit, their bloodlust fully rekindled.

“We are willing to follow our chieftain and defend the ancient forest to the death!”

“We would rather die standing than live kneeling!”

“We will fight to the bitter end, we will never surrender!”

Hundreds of remaining soldiers roared in unison, their voices powerful and resounding, facing the tens of thousands of God Clan soldiers without fear.

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Chief Qingmu, leading the charge, wielded his spiritwood staff and charged into the battlefield. Thousands of vines burst forth from the earth, relentlessly entangled and killed the onrushing divine cultivators, and the bloody battle officially began.

Seeing this, the Mighty Warrior sneered, his face full of disdain, and unleashed a powerful punch.

The Pure Yang Undying Fist Qi transformed into a dark golden pillar, ruthlessly crushing down, instantly tearing apart the countless vines. Its remaining force slammed into Chief Qingmu's chest.

Chief Qingmu was sent flying back several steps, his chest wracked with pain, his blood churning, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. Cracks spread across his spiritwood staff, and its spiritual light dimmed considerably.

Wood-type spiritual power was inherently countered by the Pure Yang Holy Light; although his cultivation was high, he was utterly powerless against a peak Mighty Warrior.

Yet, he gritted his teeth and held on, refusing to retreat an inch, turning back to fight again, vowing to protect his clan to the death.

The strategist, Zhi Zhan, flanked the enemy, deploying multiple layers of cleaving formations to precisely divide and kill the remaining Spirit Clan soldiers one by one.

The Spirit Clan's formation masters fought desperately, but were utterly helpless against the master formation expert Zhi Zhan. Their formations shattered instantly, offering no resistance.

The bloody battle raged from noon until sunset, a full day of carnage, leaving corpses strewn across the land and rivers stained with blood. By evening

, the Ancient Forest of Ten Thousand Spirits was completely reduced to scorched earth and ruins. Towering ancient trees were burned to ashes, clear streams were stained red with blood, vegetation was withered,

spiritual energy was depleted, and the landscape was utterly devastated, devoid of any former vitality. The Green Wood Clan Chief, covered in blood and riddled with wounds, his spirit wood staff broken and unusable, knelt on the ground, his breath weak, his spiritual energy exhausted.

Only a hundred or so soldiers remained beside him, each wounded, missing limbs, blind, and swaying precariously, yet they still stood firm, refusing to surrender.

The mighty warrior slowly stepped forward, looking down at his superior position. His fists were stained with the blood of the Spirit Clan, and his tone was icy: “Lay down your weapons, surrender, and the remaining members of your clan may live. Resist to the bitter end, and today will be the day the Spirit Clan is annihilated, leaving no one alive.”

The Azure Wood Clan Chief slowly raised his head, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth, yet he smiled arrogantly, his spirit unyielding: “Our ancient ancestors surrendered, and were enslaved by the human race for thousands of years, suffering endless humiliation and torment.

Today, Azure Wood is here, and will never repeat that mistake, never allow the descendants of the Spirit Clan to be slaves again! If you want the Spirit Clan to be destroyed, then step over my dead body!”

The mighty warrior frowned, said no more, raised his hand to gather strength, and was about to deliver a fatal punch to end the clan chief’s life.

“Stop.”

Wei Pengkun stepped forward slowly, raising his hand to stop him. His gaze swept contemptuously over the heavily injured Qingmu Clan Chief, feigning to offer him a chance: “I’ll give you one last chance.

If the entire Spirit Clan submits to the God Clan, offering up all their spiritual veins, cultivation techniques, and resources, becoming vassals and servants of the God Clan for generations, I will spare your entire clan’s lives. How about it?”

“Vassals? Servants? It’s just another way to enslave my clan!” The Qingmu Clan Chief’s voice was hoarse, yet every word was resounding. “My Spirit Clan sons and daughters would rather die a bloody death than kneel as slaves!”

He suddenly stood up, squeezing out the last of his primordial spiritual power to condense a green wooden sword. With his last ounce of strength, he thrust the sword straight at Wei Pengkun's heart, determined to die.

Wei Pengkun's expression was disdainful, and he didn't move an inch.

In mid-air, a cold silver light flashed by. Venerable Hanyuan attacked from afar, his icy aura piercing through the body, instantly penetrating the Qingmu Clan Chief's chest.

Blood gushed forth, and a chilling aura enveloped him. The Green Wood Clan Chief's body rapidly solidified into an ice sculpture, standing firm and unyielding.

The next second, the ice sculpture shattered with a deafening crash. The Spirit Clan Chief had died a heroic death.

"Clan Chief—!"

The surviving Spirit Clan soldiers cried out in anguish, charging frantically towards the Divine Clan army in a desperate attempt to avenge their fallen comrades, only to be surrounded and slaughtered, their blood staining the scorched earth.

Bing Xue'er's spiritual power was sealed, and she was forcibly restrained by two Divine Clan cultivators, unable to move. She could only watch helplessly as the Spirit Clan perished, tears streaming down her face, powerless to reverse the tide.

Bing Fenghan lay in a pool of blood, his eyes wide open, filled with resentment, vowing to die with his eyes open.

Bing Wuhen was also dead. These three members of the Ice God lineage could not escape their fate of being killed.

Bing Fenghan and Bing Wuhen were alright, since both of them were dead.

But Bing Xue'er had been captured alive, and what awaited her was something far more terrifying than death.

Countless divine cultivators rode upon her from afar.

Elder Qingxuan, severely injured and unconscious, was forcibly dragged away by the divine race, his fate unknown.

Wei Pengkun surveyed the scorched earth and corpses, nodded in satisfaction, and coldly declared: "From this day forward, within the Sixteen Heavens, there will be no more Myriad Spirit Ancient Forest, no more Spirit Race lineage, completely wiped out."

The divine army, having finished its plunder, turned and withdrew, leaving behind only desolate ruins and a scene of utter desolation.

Night deepened, and the wind howled.

Deep underground, within decaying tree hollows, and in the crevices of spiritual veins, a few elderly and weak survivors of the Spirit Race seldom hid, having narrowly escaped the slaughter.

Only after the divine race's aura had completely dissipated did they dare to cautiously crawl out of their hiding places, gazing at their shattered homes, weeping silently.

A young female Spirit Race cultivator, covered in dust, cradling a crying infant in her arms, stood amidst the sea of corpses, her tears dried up.

Her loved ones were all brutally murdered, her home reduced to ashes, and the peaceful days of the past were utterly gone.

She looked around blankly, her heart filled with confusion and regret, murmuring softly, "We were content with our lot, we only wanted to live peacefully, why did we suffer this calamity of annihilation? If we hadn't helped Kai, would none of this have happened...?"

In the tree hollow, the surviving elders sighed softly. Some blamed Kai for implicating their race, others were grateful for his saving grace. They argued and whispered, but ultimately only endless silence remained, filled with sorrow.

The war in the Sixteen Heavens had ended, leaving behind two tragic scenes and two unresolved entanglements.

Late at night, outside the secret chamber beneath the divine temple, Venerable Crimson Flame and Venerable Cold Abyss no longer lingered, silently arriving at the ancient inter-heaven teleportation array of the divine race, carrying the Soul-Suppressing Pearl.

The array's spiritual light surged, isolating the heavenly secrets, without disturbing anyone inside the temple.

The moment they stepped into the teleportation array, the power of the void enveloped them, plunging them into boundless darkness. Spatial storms howled and roared outside, but were completely blocked by the array's barrier, ensuring their safety.

Venerable Crimson Flame carefully put away the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, pondering the terrifying origin of the golden tome. He spoke in a deep voice, "Han Yuan, do you think that protective treasure might be a top-tier Dao artifact from the heavens?"

Venerable Han Yuan shook his head and pondered, "Dao artifacts are rare and precious, with only a handful in the Thirty-Six Heavens. What kind of opportunity would allow someone to possess one? How could a True Immortal cultivator from the lower realm be worthy of possessing one? It doesn't make sense, and it's hard to believe."

"We'll reach the Seventeenth Heaven and seek out a high-level expert to investigate its secrets."

Venerable Crimson Flame's eyes burned with greed. "If we can decipher the secrets of the tome and seize the opportunity of the Great Dao, we

can transcend the Golden Immortal realm, ascend to a higher realm, and dominate the heavens.”

The teleportation array’s light grew even brighter, and at the end of the void passage, the outline of a completely new world slowly emerged. With a whoosh,

a profound teleportation pattern spanning a hundred feet suddenly receded, the blinding spatial light fading layer by layer, collapsing and converging towards the center of the array like a tide.

In an instant, the teleportation power that had been roaring, trembling, and tearing through the void completely subsided, and the light and shadow on the spot dissipated.

Two tall and solitary figures stood steadily on the unfamiliar land, none other than the Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable, who had crossed

realms to reach this point. The moment their feet touched the ground, the two Golden Immortal powerhouses almost simultaneously and subconsciously focused their attention on guard, their spiritual energy quietly flowing around them to protect their meridians and souls, instinctively probing for any unusual activity in their surroundings.

Their instincts, honed by years of wandering through countless realms and conquering countless battles, meant they would never let their guard down in unfamiliar territory.

Especially when crossing realms to enter the higher-level Heavenly Realm, unknown risks were omnipresent.

Looking up, the layout of the Seventeenth Heaven was vastly different from the Sixteenth Heaven they had just left, like two completely different cultivation dimensions. The dual impact of sight and touch was overwhelming, making their hearts tremble.

Above, the vast dome of the sky was devoid of the usual blue sky and white clouds, replaced by an extremely deep, heavy, and boundless dark purple-blue canopy.

Layer upon layer of celestial patterns intertwined and spread, concealing high-level spatial laws, exuding an ancient and primordial pressure in its stillness, heavily covering the entire earth.

Above the canopy, three blazing suns of vastly different sizes and colors hung eternally high, never setting, arranged in an orderly fashion across the sky.

One sun was entirely golden, its radiance warm and heavy, scattering the orthodox golden light of the Heavenly Dao;

another was as cold as silver, its chilling light piercing to the bone, carrying an aura of extreme cold and killing intent;

the third was as red as blood, its flames surging endlessly, possessing the power to burn the heavens and scorch the earth.

The rays of the three blazing suns, uninterrupted yet intertwined and merging, poured down, bathing the boundless earth beneath their feet in a thick, dark, ancient-looking golden hue.

As far as the eye could see, mountains, rivers, and wilderness were all bathed in flowing light, the majestic aura of the celestial realm overwhelming, a hundred times more magnificent and awe-inspiring than the Sixteenth Heaven. With each

breath, an intensely dense spiritual energy of heaven and earth rushed in, flowing through the mouth, nose, and meridians into every limb and bone.

The concentration of spiritual energy here was far beyond that of the Sixteenth Heaven, exceeding that of the lower realms by dozens of times. A deep breath sent a surge of spiritual power washing over the body’s meridians, nourishing the foundation of cultivation.

But this dense spiritual energy was not a gentle, nourishing substance; its texture was extremely sharp and domineering. Each wisp of spiritual energy contained tiny, sharp fragments of the Golden Immortal's primordial laws, invisible to the naked eye, formless and colorless, yet containing the primordial pressure of the high-level cultivation world.

These fragments of laws, drifting between heaven and earth, are a unique gift from the Seventeenth Heaven, yet also invisible blades concealing deadly intent.

If an ordinary True Immortal cultivator rashly steps into this place, even without a powerful enemy, merely standing here for half an hour will result in their meridians being forcibly torn apart by the violent and fierce fragments of laws.

Their spiritual power will become uncontrollable and run rampant, ultimately leading to their physical body shattering, their soul dissipating, and their instant death, leaving no room for even a cry for help or struggle.

Even ordinary first- or second-grade Golden Immortals, if they stay here for a long time, must constantly circulate their primordial spiritual power to protect their bodies, carefully guiding the laws into their bodies, daring not to be the slightest bit negligent. Venerable

Crimson Flame slowly stretched the tense muscles and bones around his body, slightly tilted his head back, closed his eyes, and took a deep breath of the rich spiritual energy containing the laws of Golden Immortals, allowing the fierce spiritual power to wash over his Golden Immortal foundation.

Feeling the complete primordial laws flowing freely between heaven and earth, a trace of ultimate comfort and intense satisfaction flashed deep in his eyes.

He had cultivated diligently for ten thousand years, breaking through the shackles of the Golden Immortal realm. What he sought was never the barren and cramped cultivation ground of the Sixteenth Heaven, but rather the orthodox celestial realm of the

Seventeenth Heaven, with its complete laws, abundant spiritual energy, and suitability for Golden Immortal cultivation. The Sixteenth Heaven, in essence, was merely a peripheral, subordinate realm of the lower realms, lacking in spiritual energy, with incomplete laws of heaven and earth, hindering the path of cultivation, and slowing down progress. It simply could not accommodate a dignified Golden Immortal cultivating there for long; it was purely a waste of cultivation and time.

Only the Seventeenth Heaven was the proper place for a Golden Immortal to establish themselves, the orthodox realm that could help steadily advance their cultivation.

“Finally, I’ve stepped into the orthodox realm. All the previous struggles and battles have not been in vain,”

the Crimson Flame Venerable murmured to himself, his crimson flames subtly flowing around him, naturally resonating and merging with the surrounding spiritual energy, his mind becoming increasingly calm and resolute.

Beside him, the Cold Abyss Venerable remained indifferent, showing no emotion whatsoever.

His silver robes fluttered slightly in the wind, his silver pupils as cold and still as a deep pool, undisturbed by any ripples.

His gaze, sharp as a drawn divine weapon, swiftly scanned the surrounding landscape, the aura of heaven and earth, precisely checking for any lurking powerful enemies, restrictions, or traps.

For a Golden Immortal crossing realms, safety was always paramount; there was no room for carelessness.

After a brief investigation, confirming that there were no unusual movements, no ambushes, and no dangerous restrictions, Venerable Hanyuan withdrew his external divine sense.

Turning his face, his tone was icy and direct, devoid of any superfluous emotion, he cut to the chase: “No need for further reflection; resting is pointless.

The Heavenly Pole Palace is located in the heart of the Northern Region of the Seventeenth Heaven, a considerable distance away. We should set off immediately to report for duty and settle down before discussing further important matters.”

The Heavenly Pole Palace was the Divine Race’s power in the Seventeenth Heaven.

Venerable Chiyan suppressed his emotions and nodded in agreement.

Without further ado, the two leaped into the air side by side, their figures soaring through the air without the slightest hesitation.

In an instant, a crimson flame and a silver-white gleam, two streaks of extreme light, pierced the dark golden sky.

Tearing through layers of air currents, they sped towards the distant northern horizon, their speed reaching its limit, instantly traversing thousands of miles of mountains and rivers before disappearing into the horizon.

Outside, the world changed, and the mountains and rivers receded, but inside the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, a serene and tranquil peace prevailed, isolating most of the clamor and carnage of the outside world.

Within the sealed, lightless space of the pearl, a condensed and stable ball of purple divine soul light floated silently.

Surrounding the ball of light was a thick, pure, and eternally indestructible layer of golden light from the Great Luo Golden Scripture, firmly protecting the divine soul and isolating it from all external forces, the erosion of laws, and the probing of divine sense.

After an unknown amount of time, Kai, who had been lying dormant, stirred slightly in his divine soul, slowly awakening from his deep seclusion.

The moment his consciousness returned, Kai didn't act rashly, nor did he immediately probe the outside world. Instead, he instinctively tightened his spiritual power, stabilized his mind, and remained extremely vigilant throughout.

Having experienced several life-or-death crises, being captured and imprisoned by powerful enemies, having his physical body destroyed, and being left with only a wisp of his soul adrift in a foreign land, he had long since developed a calm and composed temperament, capable of remaining calm and patient, and observing the situation carefully.

He could clearly sense that the atmosphere around him was completely different from before.

Although the internal space of the Soul-Suppressing Pearl was still sealed, the spiritual energy of heaven and earth that penetrated through the pearl's barrier and seeped in through the gaps in the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture had increased dozens of times in intensity, overwhelming him with a heavy and powerful force. At the same time, the oppressive force within the spiritual energy grew increasingly powerful and fierce. It was no longer the gentle and weak spiritual energy of the sixteenth level of cultivation, but a top-tier energy carrying the high-level order of heaven and earth and the domineering rhythm of the origin, which invisibly made the soul feel slightly heavy.

More importantly, deep within the spiritual energy, there was a primordial power that transcended ordinary spiritual energy and mortal cultivation, flowing and spreading wantonly. It was ancient and majestic, with the binding force of high-level rules of heaven and earth.

Kai instantly understood and locked onto the source of the power. A solemn look flashed in his eyes: the Golden Immortal Law.

Although he had cultivated to the point of becoming a True Immortal but had not yet stepped into the threshold of the Golden Immortal realm,

and had no chance to personally comprehend and cultivate the Great Dao of the Golden Immortal, he had gained extensive knowledge along the way, and with the old powerhouse Bei Mingyuan guarding his sea of consciousness, he already had a thorough understanding of the Golden Immortal Law and could accurately identify it at a glance.

At this moment, Kai had already made a precise judgment: he had long since left the Sixteenth Heaven and had been forcibly brought into the higher-level Heavenly Realm by the Golden Immortals Chi Yan and Han Yuan.

The situation was becoming increasingly perilous, and his predicament increasingly passive, but Kai remained calm and composed.

He knew that he was now only a wisp of divine soul, without a physical body to rely on, without external assistance, and unable to move. Rashly becoming anxious would only disrupt his mind, throw him into disarray, and increase the risk.

Only by calmly dealing with the situation could he find a glimmer of hope.

Without showing any emotion, with an extremely steady mind, he activated his weak divine sense, quietly transmitting a voice into the depths of his sea of consciousness, silently calling out: “Bei Mingyuan.”

A moment after the words fell, from the depths of his sea of consciousness, a slightly illusory, weak yet still steadily condensed remnant soul consciousness slowly responded.

“I am here.”

Bei Mingyuan’s voice carried an undisguised weariness. Although protected by the Great Luo Golden Scripture, Bei Mingyuan’s remnant soul was too weak, and the soul refining process had left him exhausted.

He paused briefly, his tone grave. “I’ve already surveyed the surrounding 天地气场 (heaven and earth energy field). The spiritual energy

concentration has surged, and the level of the laws has increased dramatically.

The fragments of free-floating Golden Immortal laws are dense and abundant. Based on this comprehensive assessment, the place we are currently in is at least the seventeenth level of the Heaven and Earth Realm, without a doubt."

Seventeenth level.

Kai silently repeated this in his mind.

The Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable had previously joined forces to launch a powerful attack, using every means at their disposal, but they still couldn't break through the absolute defense of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, nor could they refine his divine soul and seize the treasure.

They were unwilling to give up and miss out on a heaven-defying treasure, yet they were also unwilling to kill themselves directly and extinguish their hope, and even less willing to expend their own essence for a prolonged and exhausting attack.

After much thought, their only plan was to cross over to the higher level of the seventeenth level, to seek refuge with the stronger Golden Immortal experts there, and use their help to break through the defense, refine his divine soul, and seize the Great Luo Golden Scripture.

Their calculations were meticulous, and their intentions extremely malicious.

"The situation is perilous, surrounded by powerful enemies. There are countless experts here, far exceeding the sixteenth heaven."

Kai whispered, his tone calm, yet concealing a hint of worry.

"Don't panic, don't worry too much."

Bei Mingyuan immediately reassured him, his voice steady and powerful, giving Kai confidence. “Remember, our greatest reliance has never been external forces or aid, nor is it luck or chance, but rather this supreme treasure deep within our souls, the Great Luo Golden Scripture.”

“Its defensive barrier is indestructible, possessing the power to withstand all magic and overcome all difficulties. Ordinary Golden Immortals can hardly harm it in the slightest. Even high-level Golden Immortals of the Seventeenth Heaven, joining forces to launch a powerful attack, might not be able to shake it in the slightest, let alone completely break through it.”

He paused, then solemnly instructed, “The only thing you need to do right now is to gather all your divine sense, suppress all your emotions, and peacefully lie low to nourish your spirit and the origin of your divine soul.

Do not actively expose any unusual movements, and do not attract the attention of powerful figures outside. Calm your mind, patiently lie low, and wait for the best opportunity to escape and counterattack. When the time comes, we will have a way to break the deadlock.”

Kai nodded silently, without saying anything more, completely suppressing all distracting thoughts in his mind, gathering his weak outward divine sense, and stabilizing his divine soul form. He quietly

lay low within the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, isolating himself from all external prying eyes, silently sensing the movements of the outside world, observing the changes, and waiting for the right opportunity to break the deadlock.

Outside the pearl, a storm raged, powerful enemies gathered, but inside, the world remained steadfast, their resolve unwavering.

The Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable raced at full speed, refusing to pause or admire the scenery, their sole focus on reaching the Northern Region.

After two full hours of flight, traversing tens of thousands of miles of vast mountains and rivers, passing through desolate plains, treacherous peaks, misty valleys, and spiritual realms, a magnificent silhouette finally appeared on the horizon, piercing the clouds.

It was a supreme divine palace perched atop a solitary peak, its summit piercing the azure sky. The peak itself was steep and precipitous, its cliffs shrouded in spiritual light, naturally exuding an aura of overwhelming power, isolating itself from mortal air, its aura supremely majestic.

Atop the peak, the palace stretched out in a grand and imposing manner, overlooking the vast land, awe-inspiring to all cultivators of the Northern Region—the core of the Northern Region of the Seventeenth Heaven

, the Heavenly Palace, the pinnacle of the divine race's power in the Seventeenth Heaven.

The entire Heavenly Palace is crafted from millennia-old warm jade and innate spiritual jade. The jade is warm and lustrous, constantly absorbing the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, and having undergone countless ages of refinement, it possesses its own spiritual radiance.

The palace's beams and pillars, eaves and brackets, and the dome of the roof are all gilded. Sunlight streams down, shimmering and reflecting the golden light, creating a magnificent and awe-inspiring spectacle, embodying both the grandeur of heaven and earth and the supreme authority of the divine race.

A single glance inspires awe and prevents direct eye contact.

Around the palace, nine layers of massive holy light barriers are intricately linked, stretching across the entire mountain peak.

Each layer of barriers is deeply engraved with Golden Immortal runes, infused with the pure power of Golden Immortal laws, offering both offense and defense, making it unparalleled in its destructive power.

Ordinary True Immortal cultivators, daring to approach within a hundred feet of the palace, would be instantly annihilated by the holy light erupting from the restrictions, their souls and bodies destroyed, leaving no trace

, without even the need for the guards to intervene. Even low-level Golden Immortals, if they rashly forced their way in, would be trapped and severely injured by layers of restrictions, unable to escape.

Above the Heavenly Palace, in the void, a perfectly round, dazzling golden sphere of light floated eternally, slowly rotating and flowing, its spiritual light illuminating all directions.

This was the Heavenly Palace's most precious treasure—the Heavenly Sacred Pearl, inherited from an ancient Xuanxian master, its power unfathomable after countless ages.

It could protect the palace, defend against enemies, amplify formations, and stabilize fortune; it was the core reliance that maintained the Heavenly Palace's millennia-long stability and its position as a top power in the Northern Region.

The two slowly withdrew their momentum, landing steadily on the ten-thousand-meter-long white jade plaza directly in front of the Heavenly Palace.The plaza's surface was paved with ancient spiritual jade, smooth and polished, subtly imbued with spirit-gathering runes, constantly accumulating the spiritual energy of heaven and earth to nourish the palace's fortune.

On either side of the plaza stood two rows of elite divine cultivators, their postures upright, their armor gleaming, their auras calm and refined, their gazes sharp as eagles, scanning all directions with impeccable vigilance.

These guards were all firmly established at the peak of the ninth rank of True Immortal, only a step away from the threshold of Golden Immortal.

Their combat power far surpassed that of cultivators of the same rank in the sixteenth heaven, all carefully cultivated and battle-hardened elites of the Heavenly Palace.

Sensing the approaching two powerful Golden Immortal auras, they looked up to recognize the newcomers and, without the slightest hesitation, immediately bowed in unison, their movements perfectly synchronized, their voices loud and solemn.

“Welcome Venerable Crimson Flame and Venerable Cold Abyss! The Palace Master foresaw your arrival and has been waiting for you in the main hall for some time. Please follow me into the hall.”

Venerable Crimson Flame nodded slightly, his expression composed and neither humble nor arrogant, exuding the majesty of a Golden Immortal. Without needing to say more, he strode towards the hall’s entrance. Venerable

Cold Abyss followed closely behind, his silver robe clinging to his body, his aura icy. He remained silent throughout, his gaze constantly scanning the surrounding layout of the hall, the nodes of the restrictions, and the movements of the guards, wary of any potential risks.

Stepping inside the hall, the interior layout and atmosphere were even more magnificent and awe-inspiring than what was seen from the outside. Immortal energy swirled

around, exuding an imposing aura. The hall’s dome reached a height of hundreds of feet, stretching as far as the eye could see. Inlaid on the dome were billions of innate luminous spirit crystals, arranged in a staggered pattern, interwoven with light and shadow.

Like an inverted, dazzling starry sky, the soft, non-glaring spiritual light illuminated the entire hall, creating a truly immersive atmosphere.

The ground is paved with top-grade golden divine jade, each piece meticulously engraved with the supreme runes of the divine race. These runes constantly shimmer with a faint light, gathering immense fortune

to enhance the palace master's majesty and suppress evil spirits from all directions.

On either side of the main hall stand dozens of colossal stone pillars, each hundreds of feet in circumference. These pillars are incredibly sturdy

, resisting pressure and maintaining order. Ancient divine patterns are carved on their surfaces, depicting the eternal achievements of the divine ancestors in conquering countless realms, sweeping across the land, quelling chaos, and expanding territories. The scenes are lifelike and awe-inspiring, silently showcasing the profound heritage, noble bloodline, and overwhelming power of the divine race.

Standing amidst them, one cannot help but feel a sense of insignificance and awe.

Deep within the main hall, atop a high platform, stands a supreme throne, entirely gilded, its intricate patterns and inlaid with spiritual treasures exuding majesty.

Seated atop the throne was a middle-aged man, his aura dominating the entire area, none daring to look him directly in the eye.

His face was resolute and cold, with sword-like eyebrows reaching his temples, and piercing, star-like eyes. He exuded an imposing presence without anger, his long, flowing golden hair cascading over his shoulders, surrounded by a faint golden halo of primordial light, radiating an ethereal, noble aura.

He was none other than the Lord of the Heavenly Palace, a renowned top expert in the Northern Region of the Seventeenth Heaven—the Heavenly Venerable.

The Heavenly Venerable's cultivation was unfathomable; he had already firmly established himself at the third rank of Golden Immortal, possessing a solid foundation, abundant primordial energy, and profound Daoist techniques.

Compared to the newly ascended Golden Immortals, the Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable, he was a full three minor realms higher, a vast difference in power, his oppressive aura overwhelming his peers.

His golden pupils were as deep as abysses, their depths concealing the shimmering light of stars.

His gaze swept over us casually, yet it was as sharp as a divine weapon, with extremely strong penetrating power. Just one glance was enough to make people tense up and feel cold in their souls, making them dare not meet his eyes. The atmosphere in the entire room instantly became solemn and heavy.

The Celestial Venerable spoke slowly, his voice deep and resonant, his pace deliberate and unhurried, exuding the composed and authoritative air of a superior: “Chiyan and Hanyuan, I have already received reports from my subordinates that you have successfully broken through the shackles of the Golden Immortal realm, solidified your Dao foundations, and crossed over to reside in the Seventeenth Heaven.”

“According to the rules of the Celestial Realm of the Divine Race, newly promoted Golden Immortals must come to my palace to report their duties, have their Dao foundations verified, and be registered. Afterwards, I will uniformly allocate the territories to be guarded in the Celestial Realm and assign them duties.

However, you two previously sent a message to the palace stating that there was a matter of utmost importance concerning your cultivation breakthrough, requiring my personal assistance?”

The Crimson Flame Venerable immediately stepped forward, bowing respectfully, his manners impeccable, daring not to lose his composure before a high-ranking Venerable.

He raised his hand and took out an ancient, dark, and subdued round bead from his bosom—the Soul-Suppressing Bead that sealed Kai’s soul. He held it steadily in his palm and presented it with both hands.

“Reporting to the Palace Master, this matter indeed concerns a heaven-defying opportunity. When the opportunity is ripe, it can be enough to help a powerful person break through their realm and ascend to a higher path.”

Venerable Crimson Flame spoke sincerely, deliberately exaggerating the value of the treasure to suit Venerable Heavenly Extreme’s request.

“Within this Soul-Suppressing Pearl, a wisp of a True Immortal Realm cultivator’s soul is sealed. This person’s cultivation is low and not to be feared. He was born a leader of the resistance army of the Sixteenth Heaven, without any sect, backing, or support. He is all alone and has no background whatsoever.”

“However, deep within this person’s soul lies a heaven-defying treasure passed down from ancient times. The treasure’s power is vast and boundless, its grade is extremely high, and its explosive force far surpasses that of ordinary Golden Immortal spiritual treasures. It is definitely

not comparable to ordinary treasures of the Seventeenth Heaven.” “My subordinates and Han Yuan joined forces, fully activating the high-level ancient Soul Refining Array, exhausting our primordial spiritual power, and launching repeated attacks, but we still could not break through the protective barrier of that treasure, nor could we refine the soul and seize the treasure.”

“Out of sheer desperation, I have specially crossed realms to come here, earnestly requesting the Palace Master’s assistance.

If we can work together to refine this divine soul and retrieve its hidden treasure, the Palace Master, with its blessing, will surely see your cultivation steadily rise, breaking through your current limitations, reaching new heights in cultivation, and becoming an invincible figure in the Northern Region.”

These words were earnest, perfectly aligned with the Heavenly Extreme Venerable’s ambition, highlighting the preciousness of the opportunity while allaying the other party’s concerns, perfectly capturing their heart.

The Heavenly Extreme Venerable's eyes flickered slightly, his golden eyes narrowing as his gaze instantly locked onto the Soul-Suppressing Pearl in Crimson Flame's palm, a hint of inquiry and excitement flashing in his eyes.

He casually raised his hand, and a gentle yet powerful golden primal force emerged from the air, formless and intangible, steadily drawing the Soul-Suppressing Pearl from afar, suspending it in mid-air in front of him, slowly rotating.

Immediately, he focused his mind and concentrated his power, circulating his powerful fifth-grade Golden Immortal divine sense, carefully penetrating the barrier of the Soul-Suppressing Pearl to probe its interior.

Soon, he could clearly see through the pearl the stable, suspended purple divine soul light within, and even detect a faint, warm, profound, and eternally undying golden light emanating from the depths of the divine soul's core.

With just one glance, the Heavenly Venerable's pupils contracted slightly, and his heart trembled violently.

That golden light was ancient, majestic, and imposing, far beyond the aura emanating from ordinary spiritual treasures or Golden Immortal artifacts.

Within the golden light, there was a faint trace of ancient primordial law, transcending the Golden Immortal dimension and surpassing the rules of the Heavenly Realm—an aura of ancient grandeur and unparalleled nobility, far exceeding any treasure he had ever seen in his life.

An opportunity, an unparalleled opportunity!A surge of intense greed welled up within Venerable Tianji, but he remained outwardly calm, forcibly suppressing his agitated emotions. A meaningful smile slowly curved his lips.

He then asked in a flat tone, “Interesting, truly interesting. A mere lowly True Immortal, a minor cultivator from the borderlands of the lower realm, could actually possess such a heaven-defying treasure within his soul. Inconceivable.”

“I ask you, have you thoroughly investigated this person’s background? Is there truly no powerful hidden figure backing him, no top-tier sect affiliation?”

“Palace Master, rest assured, his background has been thoroughly investigated, and there are absolutely no hidden dangers!” Venerable Chiyan quickly bowed and replied, his tone utterly certain, immediately allaying any concerns the other party might have.

“This person is merely a leader of a resistance force in a corner of the Sixteenth Heaven, fighting alone, without the protection of a master, the support of an elder, or the backing of a sect—a complete rogue cultivator.

My subordinates have already taken action, forcefully destroying his physical body, severing his foundation, and eliminating his followers. Now, only this wisp of his lonely soul remains trapped within the pearl.

He has nowhere to escape, nowhere to hide, and cannot cause any trouble. He will absolutely not provoke any top-tier powerhouses to pursue him. Just focus on refining him.”

The Heavenly Venerable remained silent for a moment, lightly tapping the armrest of his throne. His gaze was deep as he quickly weighed the pros and cons, considering the gains and losses.

After a moment, he slowly stood up, the golden aura around him suddenly intensifying, and the pressure within the hall abruptly increased.

“Since their background is clear and the opportunity is before them, there’s no need for further hesitation,”

Venerable Tianji commanded in a deep voice, his tone leaving no room for doubt. “Take the Soul-Suppressing Pearl to the core Soul Refining Hall at the rear of the palace.

Immediately issue the order to summon all active Golden Immortal experts in the palace to assemble at the Soul Refining Hall and jointly activate the ultimate complete version of the ancient Soul Refining Array.”

“Today, I will personally oversee and lead the operation. I want to see with my own eyes what kind of heaven-defying treasure is hidden deep within the soul of this lowly cultivator from the lower realm, and what kind of impenetrable barrier it possesses.”

Deep within the heart of the Tianji Palace, the barriers were formidable, with numerous restrictions, isolating the inside from the outside. Ordinary cultivators could never approach it in their lifetime.

Here stood a special palace, ancient and solemn, exuding a chilling aura—the exclusive stronghold of the Tianji Palace—the Soul Refining Hall.

This place was vast and magnificent, its space far exceeding the previous secret chamber of the Divine Clan Alliance. The walls of the hall were cast from Soul-Suppressing Divine Stone.

Soundproof and soul-locking, light-proof and energy-sealing, this hall is specifically designed for interrogating prisoners, refining souls, and suppressing evil spirits. The atmosphere is sinister and oppressive, filled with malevolent energy that sends chills down one’s spine.

At the center of the hall stands a ten-zhang square natural black stone platform. The platform is incredibly hard, resistant to pressure, fire, and the erosion of laws.

Its surface is densely engraved with layers upon layers of ancient, top-tier soul-refining array patterns. The patterns are obscure and difficult to understand, forming closed loops that generate each other, their power

far exceeding the low-level version of the sixteenth heaven, doubling its killing force.

Along the four edges of the platform stand eight tall, thick, jet-black soul-suppressing stone pillars.

These pillars are rooted in the earth, connected to the spiritual energy of the earth's veins. Beneath each pillar, a direct descendant of the Heavenly Palace, a Golden Immortal, already seated cross-legged, sits solemnly.

The eight Golden Immortals possess calm auras, solemn expressions, and their spiritual energy is poised to be unleashed, their cultivation levels arranged in a staggered manner.

From Golden Immortal Rank 1 to Rank 2, they were all core members of the Heavenly Pole Palace, stationed there year-round, skilled in joint formations and refining divine souls.

The Heavenly Pole Venerable strode to the core position directly in front of the stone platform, his posture upright, his aura dominating the entire area. The Soul-Suppressing Pearl floated steadily in the center of the platform, its spiritual light restrained, remaining still.

Crimson Flame Venerable and Cold Abyss Venerable stood on either side, holding their breath, waiting silently, their eyes fixed on the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, hoping to break through the barrier together and seize the treasure.

"Fellow Daoists, there's no need to hold back your power. Go all out, activate the great formation, and refine your

divine souls!" the Heavenly Pole Venerable commanded in a deep voice, his tone authoritative. As soon as he finished speaking, the eight Golden Immortals simultaneously opened their eyes, their gazes sharp, and in unison raised their hands to form hand seals, drawing upon their own spiritual power and pouring it all into the Soul-Suppressing Stone Pillar beneath them.

Buzz—! In an

instant, the eight stone pillars simultaneously emitted a thick golden spiritual light. The light rapidly spread and flowed along the array patterns on the platform, like a golden river, instantly covering the entire platform and forming a closed loop, activating the grand array instantly.

The next instant, a raging flame rose from the platform, its intensity overwhelming, yet without a trace of smoke.

This fire was no ordinary fire, nor was it common spiritual fire; it was a high-level, colorless soul-refining fire, refined to the extreme and imbued with the fundamental laws of a Golden Immortal.

The flame was almost transparent, formless and intangible, yet its temperature was terrifying, enough to distort the surrounding void, scorch the soul of a Golden Immortal, and melt high-level spiritual treasures.

Ordinary souls, once touched, would instantly dissolve and dissipate, without even a chance to struggle.

The Celestial Venerable raised his hand and pointed, a sharp golden finger gust of wind piercing through the air, accurately striking the outer shell of the Soul-Suppressing Pearl.

With a soft sound, the hard and durable outer shell of the Soul-Suppressing Pearl instantly melted and dissipated, the confinement completely released.

Kai’s purple divine soul orb was completely exposed to the boundless, colorless sea of soul-refining fire, facing the excruciating pain of extreme burning.

The sea of fire surged and enveloped him layer by layer, with extreme heat and sharp laws simultaneously assaulting him.

Kai's purple divine soul instantly trembled violently and swayed precariously, its purple light flickering, as if it would be melted and torn apart by the sea of fire at any moment, looking extremely precarious and heartbreaking.

At this critical moment, a warm, unchanging golden light suddenly shone from the depths of his divine soul.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture responded and autonomously protected its master, its thick golden light instantly spreading out, firmly enveloping the entire purple divine soul, forming an indestructible golden barrier that completely isolated all the colorless soul-refining fire.

The surging and violent waves of soul-refining fire repeatedly crashed against the golden barrier, like towering waves crashing against ancient reefs, with terrifying force, yet they could not shake the barrier in the slightest.

The flames shattered, annihilated, and vanished the instant they collided with the golden light, leaving not a trace, let alone harming the soul within.

With one Golden Immortal presiding, eight Golden Immortals providing full support, and nine Golden Immortal powerhouses jointly activating the complete ancient Soul Refining Array, such terrifying power was enough to easily refine the soul of a peak Golden Immortal and sweep away all forces in the Sixteen Heavens.

Yet now, facing a mere wisp of a True Immortal's soul, and a single layer of golden shield, they were utterly helpless and their efforts were in vain.Time ticked by, second by second.

An hour passed, the grand formation operated at full power, flames raging, yet to no avail.

Two hours later, spiritual energy continued to deplete, the auras of the eight immortals weakened slightly, but the golden light remained as steadfast as a mountain.

The atmosphere within the Soul Refining Hall grew increasingly heavy, deathly silent, save for the low rumble of flames scorching the void.

The composure on the face of the Heavenly Venerable gradually faded, first transforming into solemn reverence, then into utter astonishment, and finally into utter shock, his eyes filled with disbelief.

“Impossible, absolutely impossible!” the Heavenly Venerable murmured to himself, utterly shaken and unable to accept the reality before him.

“Nine Golden Immortals joined forces to form an array, fully unleashing the top-tier Soul Refining Fire. Even a late-stage Golden Immortal’s soul could be forcibly melted away. How could they possibly fail to break through the soul protection of a lower-realm True Immortal? This defies the norms of cultivation and is utterly inconceivable!”

Filled with bewilderment, he couldn’t suppress his curiosity and restlessness. He personally stepped forward and walked to the edge of the stone platform.

Suppressing his inner apprehension, he carefully probed the outer edge of the purple soul with his powerful and refined Golden Immortal divine sense, attempting to penetrate the golden barrier, see the true form of the treasure deep within the soul, ascertain its details, and find a way to break through the impasse.

His divine sense slowly approached, piercing through layers of fire, and approaching the golden barrier.

The next instant, he clearly saw it.

Deep within the soul, quietly floating, was an ancient book, entirely gilded, with a simple and heavy cover and mysteriously flowing patterns.

The ancient text was enveloped in an endless, warm golden light, neither ostentatious nor dazzling, yet possessing an unparalleled aura of ancient majesty, impervious to all laws and repelling all evil. It stood firm as a

mountain, serene and unmoving, as if it had existed there since the beginning of time, unshaken through countless ages.

Just as the Celestial Venerable's divine sense touched the edge of the text's golden light, a terrifying backlash originating from the ancient Dao, transcending all realms, suddenly erupted. Without warning, swift and fierce, it instantly and violently struck his sea of consciousness.

Bang!

The Celestial Venerable shuddered violently, his soul wracked with excruciating pain. He couldn't help but groan, staggering back two steps, a trickle of golden primordial blood spilling from the corner of his mouth. His aura instantly became disordered, suffering a significant internal injury to his soul.

"Palace Master!" The Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable on either side were startled upon seeing this and quickly stepped forward, exclaiming in alarm, fearing that the Palace Master's serious injury would be a consequence of his actions.

The Celestial Venerable raised his hand, coldly stopping the two from approaching. He wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, enduring the excruciating pain in his soul. The shock in his eyes was intense, quickly replaced by a deep sense of dread and intense greed, his emotions a complex and unsettling mix.

"This is no ordinary Golden Immortal treasure,"

the Celestial Venerable said in a deep voice, his tone heavy and each word weighty. "Its level far exceeds my expectations, its power surpasses the understanding of a Golden Immortal, and even... has completely surpassed the level of a Great Luo Golden Immortal. It is a supreme opportunity among the heavens."

His words fell, and the Soul Refining Hall instantly fell silent; a pin drop could be heard.

The eight Golden Immortals trembled, their faces filled with horror and disbelief.

The Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable exchanged a glance, both seeing deep dread and lingering fear in each other's eyes.

A treasure surpassing a Great Luo Golden Immortal—what kind of concept was that?

It must be understood that even at the Divine Clan's main altar, powerful beings at the Great Luo Golden Immortal level are extremely rare, top-tier experts who govern a region, and ordinary cultivators rarely see them in their entire lives. Treasures surpassing the Great Luo Golden Immortal level are practically legendary artifacts of heaven and earth, extremely rare and unattainable.

The Celestial Venerable remained silent for a long time, suppressing his inner turmoil. After weighing the pros and cons, he slowly spoke, his tone forceful and resolute: "This item is far too heaven-defying. Forcibly refining it will only bring humiliation. It

might even trigger a backlash from the treasure, damaging one's own essence, resulting in a net loss. But with such an opportunity before us, we must not easily let go and miss it."

"The Soul-Suppressing Pearl remains in my possession, placed in a secret chamber within the Celestial Venerable's Palace. I will study it day and night, slowly exploring ways to break its defenses.

Given time, one day I will be able to understand the treasure's patterns, break through its protective barriers, and seize the opportunity."

As soon as he finished speaking, the Crimson Flame Venerable's expression changed slightly, a surge of dissatisfaction and wariness welling up within him.

He had gone through countless hardships, risking his life and staking favors, to finally bring the divine soul to the Heavenly Palace. His

intention was to use the Palace Master's power to break the deadlock together and share the treasure, not to hand it over to the Heavenly Venerable for himself.

If the treasure were to be monopolized, the two of them would end up with nothing, having worked for nothing and suffering a loss.

"Palace Master, this item was escorted here by Han Yuan and me all the way. We have gone through a lot of trouble and effort. We should discuss how to handle it together and share the opportunity equally..."

The Crimson Flame Venerable stepped forward, trying to argue for his rights.

"I know perfectly well what's going on." The Heavenly Venerable interrupted him coldly, his tone domineering and authoritative, brooking no argument and exuding immense pressure.

"It is precisely because you two went to the trouble of delivering this that I will not treat you

unfairly. When I unravel the secrets of this treasure and comprehend the opportunities of the Great Dao, I will naturally share a generous reward with you, and I will never treat you unfairly.

If you are not satisfied and do not wish to comply, you may take the Soul-Suppressing Pearl with you and leave the Heavenly Extreme Palace to find your own way to refine it. I will not stop you."

The Heavenly Extreme Venerable was extremely domineering. Crimson Flame Venerable was instantly speechless, his heart filled with resentment yet unable to refute.

He knew perfectly well that with his and Han Yuan's combined strength, they were originally unable to break through the defenses. After leaving the Heavenly Extreme Palace, they would have nowhere to seek help or receive assistance, and in the end, they would only completely miss the opportunity.

Staying in the Heavenly Extreme Palace now, although there was a high probability that the Palace Master would take full advantage of them and monopolize the treasure, at least there was still a sliver of hope for sharing the opportunity. He had no other choice. With no other

option, Crimson Flame Venerable could only grit his teeth and endure, replying in a deep voice, "...As the Palace Master says."

Seeing this, a look of satisfaction flashed in the eyes of the Heavenly Extreme Venerable. He waved his hand, resealing Kai's soul within the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, and casually stored it in his personal storage treasure, firmly controlling it to prevent others from coveting it.

"You two have traveled a long and arduous journey. Please step back and rest in the guest rooms within the hall. The matter of the newly promoted Golden Immortals reporting for duty can be handled in a few days."

Venerable Tianji waved his hand dismissively, his tone distant, no longer caring about their feelings.

Venerable Chiyan and Venerable Hanyuan suppressed their dissatisfaction, bowed respectfully, and silently withdrew from the Soul Refining Hall.

The moment their figures completely disappeared and the hall doors closed, Venerable Tianji looked down at the Soul-Suppressing Pearl in his palm. All the gentleness in his eyes vanished, leaving only a cold glint and intense greed.

"Crimson Flame, Cold Abyss, you dare to flaunt your petty schemes before me? You think you can use me to break this deadlock, then sit back and divide the treasure, sharing the opportunity equally? Utterly delusional!"

"This supreme treasure, from this day forward, is mine alone. No one else can even touch a fraction of it."

The Celestial Venerable had already instructed his subordinates to properly house the Crimson Flame Venerable and the Cold Abyss Venerable in their exclusive guest room area inside the Celestial Palace.

The two stone chambers were closely adjacent, their walls constructed of thick, soundproof divine stones, extremely airtight, impossible for ordinary cultivators to penetrate.

But for the two Venerables, who had already reached the Golden Immortal realm and whose spiritual perception far surpassed that of ordinary people, these walls were utterly useless, completely ineffective. They could hear each other's every move and word.

The Crimson Flame Venerable sat alone on the cold stone bed, his aura gloomy and oppressive, his face ashen and ugly, his anger suppressed deep within, refusing to subside.

The thought of the Heavenly Extreme Venerable's domineering and arrogant face, his desire to monopolize the treasure, filled him with surging anger, which he could hardly contain.

"What a Heavenly Extreme old man, what a Palace Master!"

The Crimson Flame Venerable lowered his voice, his tone icy and piercing, each word dripping with rage. "He's clearly using his superior cultivation to bully us, trying to monopolize this heaven-defying treasure. He's crossing the river and then discarding the bridge, using the millstone and then killing the donkey—his intentions are utterly vicious!"

In the adjacent stone chamber, the Cold Abyss Venerable leaned quietly against the cold stone wall, his silver robes flowing freely. His expression remained aloof and indifferent, his silver eyes showing no ripples, as if he were unconcerned with everything, revealing no emotional fluctuations.

He was calm and composed, always seeing through the wickedness of human nature and the entanglements of power in officialdom.

“As expected, no need to be angry.”

Venerable Hanyuan spoke calmly, “Venerable Tianji is greedy, selfish, domineering, and narrow-minded. We’ve heard of him before and know his true nature well.

He only cares about his own interests and never considers the feelings of others. If there’s a heaven-defying opportunity, he’ll definitely try to monopolize it and never share it with others. His actions today were entirely predictable.”

“Then what should we do now? Just watch him monopolize the opportunity, work hard for nothing, and gain nothing?” Venerable Chiyan asked in a deep voice, full of resentment.

“There’s only one word: wait.” Venerable Hanyuan’s tone

was firm and calm. Venerable Chiyan frowned, full of confusion: “Wait? Wait for what? Wait until he completely deciphers the treasure and his cultivation greatly increases, then we’ll have even less say and will be completely out of luck!”

“No need to worry.” Venerable Hanyuan explained slowly, his gaze far-sighted, seeing through the situation.

“That treasure’s defenses are indestructible; even nine Golden Immortals working together couldn’t break through it

. Even with Heavenly Venerable’s power alone, and his secluded research, it’s absolutely impossible for him to crack it in the short term.” “His current forceful monopoly on the Soul-Suppressing Pearl is merely wishful thinking, an attempt to find a shortcut on his own.

Once he’s exhausted his efforts, used all his secret techniques, origins, and cultivation methods, and still gained nothing, and his patience is completely worn out, he’ll proactively turn to us to discuss cooperation.”

“At that time, the initiative will be back in our hands, and we can then raise our demands, reasonably share the opportunities, and secure a place for ourselves.”

Upon hearing this, Crimson Flame Venerable calmed his emotions slightly, pondered for a moment, and found this to be reasonable. He slowly nodded: “We can only endure and bide our time for now, patiently waiting for the right opportunity.”

The two said no more, each closing their eyes to regulate their breathing, solidifying their Golden Immortal foundations, and resting the origin spiritual power depleted during their journey. On the surface, everything was calm, awaiting the changing situation.

But only they themselves knew that after today’s events, a rift and distrust had already grown between them.

Originally allies under the same divine race, fighting side-by-side and bound by shared interests, they had become estranged because of a heaven-defying treasure, and their trust had completely vanished.

In the future, when their interests clashed, they would turn against each other; their alliance was now merely a name. As night deepened, darkness enveloped the seventeenth heaven, the blazing sun’s light waned, and the world fell into a dark and tranquil silence.

The rest of the Heavenly Palace was silent, cultivators resting and recuperating, except for the Soul Refining Hall in the heart of the palace

, where the lights remained burning brightly, its spiritual light ever-present, the atmosphere solemn and oppressive. The Heavenly Venerable dismissed all his Golden Immortals and guards, remaining alone in the Soul Refining Hall to study the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, preventing any disturbance, single-mindedly determined to be the first to decipher the secret of this supreme treasure and seize the unparalleled opportunity.

He placed the Soul-Suppressing Pearl steadily in the center of the Soul Refining Stone Platform, his expression grave, his gaze focused, relentlessly circulating his powerful divine sense, repeatedly probing and testing from different angles, trying to find the slightest flaw in the golden light barrier.

To break through, he didn't hesitate to use his own Golden Immortal's primordial fire to continuously burn the pearl, mobilizing the divine soul techniques he had painstakingly cultivated throughout his life to forcibly erode the protective shield, and urging the power of the ancient divine clan's secret scriptures to crush and test it layer by layer, using every trick in the book, leaving no stone unturned.

No matter how ruthless, numerous, or powerful his methods were, the soul barrier remained as solid as a mountain, the golden light unwavering and unyielding, without a single crack. All his attacks were futile, sinking without a trace.

Time slowly passed, and night approached. The Heavenly Venerable's patience was gradually exhausted, his anxiety growing stronger, and his face becoming increasingly gloomy and unsightly.

He, the dignified Lord of the Heavenly Palace, a top-tier Golden Immortal of the fifth rank, who held sway over the Northern Region, had never suffered such a defeat.

He couldn't even break through the protective barrier of a wisp of a lower realm True Immortal's soul. If word got out, he would only become a laughingstock throughout the heavens, losing all face.

"Damn it! A mere lower realm cultivator's protective treasure dares to resist me so stubbornly!"

The Heavenly Venerable cursed in a low voice, unable to suppress his anger. He raised his hand and slammed his fist hard onto the hard Soul Refining Stone Platform, venting his anxiety and resentment.

The stone platform remained unmoved, as hard as ever, yet the force of the impact surged upwards along his arm, numbing his fist, aching his arm, and intensifying his agitation.

At that moment, a sudden change occurred.

Inside the Soul-Suppressing Pearl on the stone platform, the previously tranquil and dormant purple divine soul suddenly began to glow faintly on its own.

It wasn't a weak flicker caused by external force or forced trembling, but a glimmer of light, quietly yet strikingly clear, bursting forth with a distinct consciousness.

The Celestial Venerable's gaze sharpened, his heart leaping in surprise as he instantly detected the anomaly, his eyes filled with astonishment: the consciousness within his divine soul had actually awakened on its own?

Inside the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, Kai slowly opened his divine soul eyes, and with the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture protecting him, he saw everything clearly in the Soul Refining Hall outside, and all of the Celestial Venerable's expressions and emotions, without missing a single detail.

He clearly saw the greed, anxiety, and resentment in the high-level Golden Immortal's eyes, and saw through the other party's vicious intention to seize the treasure and refine him.

But Kai felt no fear, remaining as steady as a mountain.

With the Great Luo Golden Scripture protecting him, he was impervious to all magic and invincible. No matter how powerful or greedy this third-grade Golden Immortal was, he couldn't do anything to him.

Kai smiled coldly to himself, remaining calm and collected. He then suppressed his emotions, hibernating his soul as if he hadn't awakened, continuing to observe the situation and not actively provoke any trouble.

He didn't take the initiative to attack, nor did he deliberately provoke anyone, but the Great Luo Golden Scripture deep within his soul had already accurately sensed all the malice, greed, and scheming and killing intent directed at Kai. Treasures

possess spirits and are inherently protective of their masters. Sensing that its master was being coveted and schemed against, and that the high-level Golden Immortal had repeatedly and forcefully offended it, it naturally reacted accordingly.

A soft hum resonated—

the Great Luo Golden Scripture trembled slightly, almost imperceptibly, before slowly releasing an extremely subtle and faint ancient primordial aura.

This aura was so faint, like a gentle breeze, that ordinary cultivators would be completely unaware of it, even if they approached to investigate.

However, the Heavenly Extreme Venerable was a top-tier Golden Immortal of the fifth rank, his divine sense far surpassing that of ordinary people. He was extremely sensitive to high-level primordial auras, and the moment the aura appeared, he accurately detected it.

The next second, the Heavenly Extreme Venerable's expression of inquiry, anxiety, and greed vanished, replaced by an extreme fear originating from the depths of his soul, his entire divine soul trembling involuntarily.

The primordial law power contained within this aura was vast, boundless, ancient, and supreme, completely transcending the Golden Immortal level and the Xuan Immortal dimension.

It was the most fundamental and ancient power of the Great Dao in all the heavens and myriad realms, far exceeding his entire life's understanding and surpassing the scope of all cultivation systems in the Seventeen Heavens.

This wasn't fear, but rather the innate, instinctive submission and soul-trembling of lower-level beings facing the supreme origin of the Great Dao, utterly powerless to resist.

Before the Celestial Venerable could even react, that faint wisp of supreme aura, like an invisible divine needle of the Great Dao, suddenly pierced through the air, directly penetrating the core of his sea of consciousness.

"Ah—!"

A shrill, agonizing scream suddenly echoed throughout the entire Soul Refining Hall, the reverberation reverberating through the walls.

The Celestial Venerable's body convulsed violently, flying backward and slamming heavily against the thick, hard stone walls of the Soul Refining Hall.

The high-level sealing runes engraved on the walls instantly flashed brightly, passively triggering protection and violently rebounding his heavily injured body.

The Celestial Venerable crashed heavily onto the cold ground, his entire body wracked with excruciating pain, his soul on the verge of collapse, golden primordial blood flowing from all seven orifices simultaneously, his aura instantly weakening to its extreme, his face as pale as paper, his body utterly powerless, lacking even the strength to lift a hand.

A mere wisp of the defensive aura emanating from this supreme treasure was enough to severely injure a top-tier Golden Immortal of the fifth rank—its power was terrifying.

The Soul-Suppressing Pearl, uncontrolled, rolled off the stone platform, spun a few times, and finally came to rest quietly in a dark corner of the Soul Refining Hall.

The massive commotion, the piercing screams, and the chaotic aura of the Golden Immortals within the Soul Refining Hall instantly alerted all the guards and Golden Immortals of the Heavenly Extreme Hall.

Crimson Flame Venerable and Cold Abyss Venerable were the first to break through the air and arrive, followed closely by eight other Golden Immortals from the hall. They rushed into the Soul Refining Hall at full speed, and the moment they saw the scene inside, they froze in place, their faces filled with horror and disbelief.

The renowned and powerful Heavenly Extreme Venerable lay collapsed on the ground, bleeding from all seven orifices, his aura weak and feeble, severely injured, utterly devoid of the dignity of a top-tier expert.

“Hall Master!” Several Golden Immortals rushed forward, bowing to support him, their expressions panicked.

Crimson Flame Venerable’s sharp gaze locked onto the Soul-Suppressing Pearl rolling down the corner of the wall. His pupils contracted sharply, instantly understanding the source of the anomaly.

Cold Abyss Venerable reacted even faster, flashing to the corner first, steadily picking up the Soul-Suppressing Pearl and instantly storing it in his sleeve, firmly controlling it to prevent others from snatching it.

Crimson Flame Venerable immediately flashed in front of Cold Abyss Venerable, crimson flames subtly flowing around him, his Golden Immortal aura spreading out, warily confronting the Golden Immortals of the Heavenly Extreme Palace, preventing them from forcibly seizing it.

“What do you two intend to do? How dare you act so presumptuously in the Soul Refining Palace, coveting a supreme treasure!” A Golden Immortal from the Heavenly Extreme Palace shouted angrily, his face showing rage, wanting to step forward to stop him.

“The Palace Master is seriously injured, his soul damaged, and urgently needs to go into seclusion to recuperate and heal. He should not be

disturbed by external things.” Crimson Flame Venerable’s tone was cold and forceful, unyielding.

“This Soul-Suppressing Pearl was brought by the two of us, and it should be kept safe by us for the time being. No one else has the right to interfere or obstruct it.”

The two sides were on the verge of a confrontation. Just then, the heavily injured and weakened Celestial Venerable slowly raised his hand and whispered to stop them: “Stop… Let the two of them leave with the Soul-Suppressing Pearl.”

The Golden Immortals were filled with resentment, but dared not disobey the Palace Master’s order, and could only reluctantly back down, feeling utterly frustrated.

Celestial Venerable Crimson Flame and Celestial Venerable Cold Abyss said no more, took the opportunity to turn around, quickly left the Soul Refining Hall, and evacuated the heart of the Celestial Venerable Hall overnight, decisively escaping.

After the two had gone some distance, a Golden Immortal, filled with confusion, asked in a low voice, “Palace Master, why didn’t you order us to join forces to stop them and forcibly retrieve the Soul-Suppressing Pearl? That treasure is priceless;

we absolutely cannot let it go!” The Heavenly Supreme Venerable suppressed the excruciating pain in his soul, slowly shaking his head, his eyes filled with lingering fear and apprehension: “That treasure is far too terrifying, its level supreme, far beyond our reach.

Forcibly detaining them would only trigger the treasure’s backlash again, leading to the destruction of the entire Heavenly Supreme Palace. It would be a losing proposition, only inviting disaster.”

He paused briefly, a sudden glint in his eyes… A sinister glint flashed in his eyes, and he ordered in a deep voice, “Immediately dispatch trusted elite spies to secretly follow their movements from a distance,

monitoring their every move. They are not to approach, not to alert them, and not to make a sound.

I want to see where they can go next, and what escape route they have, now that they've lost the support of the Heavenly Pole Palace and hold this hot potato in their hands."

Venerable Crimson Flame and Venerable Cold Abyss dared not linger for a moment. They sped through the night at full speed, fleeing far from the Heavenly Pole Palace's territory, avoiding all guarded barriers and patrolling cultivators, shaking off their spies and eagles, fleeing day and night without rest. They

flew for an entire night, until three blazing suns rose simultaneously on the horizon, bathing the earth in morning light, before finally leaving the Heavenly Pole Palace's sphere of influence.

Confirming that no pursuers were closing in or any powerful figures were intercepting them, they slowly descended, stopping on a vast, desolate wasteland.

This place is surrounded by rolling, barren mountains and steep hills, withered vegetation, swirling sandstorms, sparse spiritual energy, and no sign of human habitation. No sects or powerful figures are stationed here; it's remote and desolate, making it difficult to detect and track—an ideal temporary refuge.

Crimson Flame Venerable stopped, slowly turned around, his face ashen, his tone filled with malice: "That old man Tianji is a wolf in sheep's clothing, selfish and cold-blooded, ruthless and heartless. He only wants to monopolize the treasure, showing no regard for our arduous journey. I will remember this grudge."

Cold Abyss Venerable remained aloof, slightly nodding, and took out the Soul-Suppressing Pearl from his sleeve, examining it closely in his palm.

Within the pearl, the purple divine soul was calm and still, the golden light of the Great Luo Golden Scripture flickering faintly, serene and without any unusual movement.

“The path of the Heavenly Palace is completely blocked.”

Venerable Hanyuan calmly analyzed the situation, his reasoning clear and logical. “The Seventeenth Heaven is a vast territory with intertwined forces, and the Heavenly Palace is not the only Golden Immortal power in power. We should find other allies and use their strength to break this deadlock.”

“Allies? Where can we find allies?” Venerable Chiyan was filled with anxiety, and he sneered, feeling utterly helpless.

“Among all the direct forces of the Divine Race in the Seventeenth Heaven, the Heavenly Palace is the largest, strongest, and most well-connected. The other smaller forces of the Divine Race are weak in cultivation and lack sufficient combat power, making them completely powerless to jointly activate a high-level Soul Refining Array and unable to offer any assistance.” ”

The various factions of the Human Race, Demon Race, and Primordial Remnant Race are opposed to each other and have been fighting each other for years. They have always been at odds with our Divine Race and will only take the opportunity to seize treasures, never offering genuine help. Right now, we are at our wits’ end.”

Venerable Hanyuan was silent for a moment, looked around at the vast wilderness, and gazed at the distant horizon before slowly speaking: “If there is no way out, let’s settle down here, stabilize our minds, recuperate our origins, and then plan a way out slowly. There is no need to rush.”

Venerable Chiyan lowered his head and stared intently at the Soul-Suppressing Pearl in his palm, his eyes filled with resentment, anger, and frustration, his emotions difficult to calm.

He traversed countless realms, expended immense effort, staked favors, and risked everything, only to end up in this predicament. His chance for advancement seemed impossibly distant, his situation increasingly passive, filled with resentment yet utterly powerless to change anything.

“I refuse to believe there’s truly no way to break through your shell!”

he muttered through gritted teeth, his tone fierce. He secretly vowed to the Soul-Suppressing Pearl that one day he would forcefully breach its defenses and seize the treasure.

Inside the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, Kai lay quietly protected by golden light, his soul at peace. The whispers, hostility, and schemes of the outside world were completely shut out; he heard nothing.

Sometimes he was fully conscious, analyzing the situation and devising a plan for escape; other times he was in a daze, resting his soul’s essence and accumulating power.

But regardless of his state of mind, one thing remained steadfast: he was still alive. As long as he was alive, there was hope; and lying low meant opportunity.

The remnant soul of Bei Mingyuan lay dormant deep within the golden light, recuperating and accumulating power, working hand in hand with Kai to await the best opportunity to escape and counterattack.

A cold wind howled across the wasteland, swirling up withered yellow grass with a continuous rustling sound, desolate and lonely.

Three blazing suns hung high in the sky, their golden, silver, and crimson rays intertwining and scattering, dyeing the entire wasteland an eerie, dark hue, creating a somber and oppressive atmosphere.

On the distant horizon, a vaguely outlined but vast city faintly appeared, standing at the boundary of heaven and earth.

That was the renowned gathering place of rogue cultivators in the Seventeenth Heaven—the City of Rogue Cultivators.

The city was a melting pot of all sorts of people, from all walks of life, without top-tier power to control it or high-ranking experts to oversee it. Its rules were loose, and people acted freely, making it an ideal refuge for desperate cultivators, fallen powerhouses, and solitary practitioners.

Venerable Hanyuan pointed to the distant city and said in a deep voice, “The City of Loose Cultivators is not controlled by any top-tier power, nor is it under the pressure of any Golden Immortal. It is extremely well-hidden and not easily tracked down by the Heavenly Pole Palace. Our safest course of action is to enter the city, conceal our whereabouts, secretly devise countermeasures, and proceed slowly.”

Venerable Chiyan looked up, pondered for a moment, and reluctantly nodded in agreement, “For now, this is the only option.”

The two put away the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, suppressed all their emotions, and leaped into the air, flying rapidly towards the distant City of Loose Cultivators. Their figures quickly blended into the vast sky.

Behind them, several hidden black shadows followed low in the air, their auras concealed, their movements stealthy, keeping a close but firm distance. These were spies sent by the Heavenly Pole Palace, monitoring them throughout, ensuring they wouldn’t lose them.

Inside the Soul-Suppressing Pearl, golden light shone eternally, protecting a wisp of divine soul.

With the road ahead unknown and the storms still raging, Kai lies low, waiting for the day he awakens to break the deadlock and for the day he can turn the tide against all odds. The outline of the Loose Cultivator City gradually became clear on the horizon.

Three blazing suns hung high in the sky, their golden, silver, and crimson rays weaving and scattering, dyeing the massive city standing on the wasteland a strange dark gold.

The city walls, built of rough gray stone, stood about ten zhang high, covered with densely packed defensive runes.

The runes' light was chaotic and disorderly, some bright, some dim, clearly the work of different cultivators, each with its own style and no unified pattern.

This was unimaginable in the orderly and strictly governed cities of the Divine Race, but this was the Loose Cultivator City—no rules, no order, everyone had their own runes, everyone had their own formations, and no one could control anyone else.

The city gates were wide open, without guards, without checks, anyone could freely enter and exit at any time.

Venerable Crimson Flame and Venerable Cold Abyss landed before the city gates, concealing their Golden Immortal aura and suppressing their cultivation to around the ninth rank of True Immortal.

The two stepped through the city gate one after the other. The stone pavement beneath their feet was uneven, stained with rainwater and unknown dirt, exuding a damp, musty smell.

Shops lined both sides of the street, selling everything from elixirs and magical artifacts to intelligence and talismans.

The signs were a motley collection: some carved from spirit wood, some painted on animal hide, and some simply a few words written on a tattered cloth.

The street was crowded with people—humans, demons, monsters, even ghosts, and other races Kai couldn't name.

They wore all sorts of clothes, some luxurious, some tattered, some in gleaming armor, some ragged.

As they passed each other, they would even sized each other up with their storage rings and magical artifacts, their eyes filled with undisguised greed and wariness.

This was a place where the strong preyed on the weak; there were no rules, no laws, only might.

Crimson Flame Venerable remained expressionless, his gaze sweeping across the city, taking in the layout, the distribution of cultivators, and the strength of their auras.

Cold Abyss Venerable followed behind, his silver eyes unwavering, seemingly indifferent to everything.

The two walked through several streets and stopped in front of an inconspicuous inn.

The inn's facade was small, the paint on the doors peeling away to reveal the grayish-black wood beneath.

A wooden sign hung at the entrance, bearing four crookedly carved characters—Anlai Inn.

"This is it," Cold Abyss Venerable said softly.

Crimson Flame Venerable nodded and pushed open the door, entering.

The inn's lobby was small, containing only a few tables and a counter.

Behind the counter stood an old man with gray hair, a True Immortal Realm Ninth Grade cultivation, squinting as he sized up the newcomers.

His gaze lingered on the two for a moment, asking nothing, but simply holding up two fingers.

"Two superior rooms, ten mid-grade spirit stones per night."

Venerable Hanyuan took out twenty mid-grade spirit stones from his sleeve and placed them on the counter.

The old man put away the spirit stones, took two keys from the wall, and threw them on the counter.

“Upstairs, on the left, the third and fourth rooms.”

The two took the keys and went upstairs.

The guest rooms were small, but fairly clean.

There was a wooden bed, a wooden table, a wooden chair, and a futon in the corner.

The window faced south, and through the window paper, one could see the hazy sky and the blurry outlines of three blazing suns outside.

Venerable Chiyan sat on the bed, took the Soul-Suppressing Pearl from his sleeve, and held it in his palm.

The purple divine soul within the pearl remained still, its golden light flickering.

“What do we do next?” His voice was somewhat hoarse, carrying the fatigue of days of travel.

Venerable Hanyuan leaned against the window, gazing at the sky outside. “Let’s settle down in the Loose Cultivator City first, rest for a few days, and stabilize our cultivation. Then we’ll gather information and see which forces in the Seventeenth Heaven are worth our allegiance.”

“Allegiance?” Venerable Chiyan sneered. “We, dignified Golden Immortals, have fallen so low as to rely on others?”

Venerable Hanyuan shook his head. “It’s not allegiance, it’s cooperation. We need high-level Golden Immortals to work together to activate the Soul Refining Array; the two of us alone are not enough.

There must be other powerful figures like Venerable Tianji in the Seventeenth Heaven, we just don't know them. We need to find them."

Venerable Chiyan was silent for a moment, then put the Soul-Suppressing Pearl into his sleeve and closed his eyes. "Then let's rest for a few days."

The two stopped talking and closed their eyes to meditate.

Outside the inn, the street was bustling with people, noisy and chaotic.

Some were arguing, some were trading, and some were fighting. Spiritual light flashed, magical artifacts clashed, and sounds rose and fell, reaching the inn, penetrating the walls, and entering the ears of the two.

But the Golden Immortals possessed a composure far exceeding that of ordinary people; the noise did not affect them in the slightest.

Meanwhile, in the Heavenly Pole Palace

, the Heavenly Pole Venerable sat on his throne, his face still pale and his aura somewhat weak.

The wisp of energy from the Great Luo Golden Scripture had severely damaged his soul. Although he had recovered after a night of healing, some discomfort remained within him.

His fingers tapped lightly on the armrest, the rhythm slow and carrying a suppressed anger.

Kneeling below him was a black-clad cultivator, his aura restrained, a first-grade Golden Immortal, the head of the Heavenly Pole Palace's secret agents.

His forehead was pressed to the ground, not daring to raise his head.

"Report," the Heavenly Pole Venerable's voice was calm. "

Palace Master, Venerable Crimson Flame and Venerable Cold Abyss have left the Heavenly Pole Palace's territory and entered the City of Loose Cultivators."

The black-clad cultivator's voice was deep and clear. "As instructed by the Palace Master, I followed them all the way, daring not to approach or disturb them."

The Heavenly Pole Venerable's fingers paused for a moment.

"The City of Loose Cultivators? They do have some sense, knowing to sneak into places like that."

A slight sneer curled his lips. "The City of Loose Cultivators is a mixed bag, without any major power controlling it; it's indeed a good hiding place. Too bad, they think they're safe just because they're in the City of Loose Cultivators?"

He paused for a moment, then his fingers began to tap lightly on the armrest again.

"Send word to Elder Zhao, Elder Qian, Elder Sun, and Elder Li to come see me."

"Yes."

The black-clad cultivator rose, bowed, and left the hall.

A moment later, four Golden Immortal elders filed in, standing in the center of the hall, bowing in unison.

"Palace Master."

The Heavenly Extreme Venerable looked at them, his gaze sweeping over each of their faces.

The four elders' cultivation levels ranged from Golden Immortal First Rank to Golden Immortal Second Rank; they were all core combat forces

of the Heavenly Extreme Palace, having followed him for many years, utterly loyal.

“Elder Zhao, Elder Qian, go to the Loose Cultivator City, find Chi Yan and Han Yuan, kill them, and retrieve the Soul-Suppressing Pearl.” The Heavenly Venerable’s tone was calm, as if he were instructing someone on a trivial matter.

Elder Zhao’s brow furrowed slightly.

He was tall, with an ancient face and gray hair, and cultivated metal-based techniques, specializing in direct attacks.

He stepped forward and said in a deep voice, “Palace Master, I have a question.”