the mans Decree: Kai Ping / Chen Ping

Chapter 6601 - 6610

Wu Yuan stopped ten feet away from Yan Huo, slowly raising the Dark Abyss Sword, its tip aimed at Yan Huo's throat.

"Vice Palace Master Yan, prepare to die."

Just as he was about to attack, he suddenly felt a bone-chilling coldness behind him.

That coldness didn't come from the northern ice plains, but from the gaze of a person.

Wu Yuan whirled around.

Kai stood less than three feet behind him, the Dragon-Slaying Sword already drawn, purple chaotic fire burning on its blade, slightly distorting the surrounding space.

His purple eyes stared at Wu Yuan, devoid of emotion, like an executioner looking at a prisoner about to be executed.

"Mr. Chen, you..." Wu Yuan's voice trembled slightly, "What are you doing?"

Kai didn't speak.

He simply raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Purple sword energy condensed on the blade, growing longer and brighter, finally solidifying into a purple blade of light over ten feet long.

The blade contained terrifying power, the destructive light released after the power of chaos was compressed to its limit.

“Mr. Chen! We’re friends!” Wu Yuan took a step back, his face deathly pale. “Listen to me…”

Kai didn’t listen.

The sword fell.

A purple blade of light sliced across Wu Yuan’s chest, from his right shoulder to his left abdomen, cutting diagonally.

His silver-white armor was like paper before the Chaos Fire, easily torn apart.

Dark red blood gushed from the wound, splattering onto the grayish-white sand with a hissing sound.

Wu Yuan’s body stiffened.

He looked down at the wound on his chest, his crimson-gold eyes filled with disbelief.

“You… how could you…” His voice was hoarse to the extreme, each word as if using the last of his strength.

Kai sheathed his sword, stood before Wu Yuan, his purple eyes looking down at him.

“I heard your conversation.”

His voice was calm, as if he were talking about something trivial. “From the beginning, you never intended to be my friend. You were just using me, but I’m not stupid.”

“Besides, I’m someone who likes to choose the side that benefits the most. Now it’s obvious that I can get more resources by getting rid of you, so why should I share them with you?”

Wu Yuan’s eyes were wide open.

A trickle of dark red blood spilled from the corner of Wu Yuan’s mouth, dripping down his chin.

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

His body slowly fell, crashing onto the grayish-white sand, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Dark red blood gushed from the wound, pooling into a small puddle beneath him.

His crimson-gold eyes remained open, frozen with regret and resentment.

He didn’t close his eyes until his death.

Wu Yuan was dead.

The cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild turned deathly pale upon seeing their guild leader killed.

Some turned and ran, some knelt and begged for mercy, and some stood frozen in place, at a loss.

Kai neither chased after those who fled nor killed those who begged for mercy.

He simply stood there, the Dragon-Slaying Sword held horizontally before him, his purple eyes fixed on the remaining people.

“Put down your magical artifacts, cripple your cultivation, and you may leave alive.” His voice was calm, yet exceptionally clear in the silent battlefield.

The cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild exchanged glances.

Then, one by one, they lowered their magical artifacts.

Golden, silver-white, and cyan artifacts clattered to the ground.

They circulated their spiritual power, shattering their meridians.

Silver-white spiritual power dissipated from their bodies, their cultivation rapidly declining from the Golden Immortal Realm to the True Immortal Realm.

They had once been elite cultivators of the Void Merchant Guild, powerful Golden Immortals.

Now, they were nothing.

But at least they were alive.

Kai did not pursue those who fled.

In the perilous ancient battlefield, those who fled would not survive a day.

They would either be killed by ancient remnant souls, swallowed by spatial rifts, or trapped in some trap, never to escape.

He didn’t need to lift a finger.

Kai sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword and turned to look at Yan Huo.

Yan Huo stood rooted to the spot, his hand gripping the golden spear trembling, his crimson-gold eyes filled with terror.

He had witnessed the entire process of Wu Yuan's death.

Kai had killed Wu Yuan, a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, with a single sword strike, leaving him no chance to resist.

And he, too, was a fourth-grade Golden Immortal.

Moreover, he was injured.

If Kai attacked him, his fate would be the same as Wu Yuan's.

"Chen… Kai…"

Yan Huo's voice trembled, "Our divine race…will no longer be your enemy…Let today's events…before they happened…Let us go…we'll keep to ourselves from now on…"

Kai looked at Yan Huo, his purple eyes devoid of emotion.

"Keep to ourselves from now on?"

His voice was soft, but exceptionally clear in the silent battlefield. "You divine race chased me all the way to the Eighteenth Heaven. You wanted my life, you wanted my Great Luo Golden Scripture, you wanted my Chaos Power. And now you're telling me to keep to ourselves from now on?"

Yan Huo's face was deathly pale.

"Then… then what do you want?"

Kai drew his Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple chaotic flames burning on its blade.

"Strike while the iron is hot. You gods should understand this principle better than I do."

His voice was calm, but a chilling coldness lurked within it. “You’re all injured now, the perfect time to kill you.

If I let you go now, you’ll come back to me once you’ve healed. Then another battle will begin.

Rather than waiting for you to recover, I’d rather kill you now, once and for all.”

Yan Huo’s body trembled violently.

He knew Kai was telling the truth.

The enmity between the gods and Kai was irreconcilable.

From the very beginning, in the Celestial Realm, Kai had harbored hatred for the gods.

Every step was initiated by the gods.

Every step deepened Kai’s hatred for them.

Now, how could Kai possibly believe the talk of “keeping to ourselves”?

“Everyone, listen to my command!” Yan Huo roared, “Fight! We’ll die if we don’t, but if we fight, there’s

a glimmer of hope!” Hearing Yan Huo’s words, a glint of madness flashed in the eyes of the divine race cultivators.

They gripped their magical weapons tightly, golden holy light burning upon them, dyeing the entire sky gold.

More than twenty people charged towards Kai simultaneously.

Kai looked at the charging divine race, his purple eyes showing no fear.

He did not retreat.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, purple sword energy condensing on its blade.

He swung the sword.

The purple sword energy struck the leading divine race cultivators, cleaving their bodies in two, golden blood and entrails splattering everywhere.

Another strike.

Several more divine race cultivators fell.

Another strike.

Another strike.

Kai swung his sword again and again, each strike taking the lives of one or more divine race cultivators.

His swordsmanship wasn't fast, in fact, it was quite slow. Each strike was precise and clear, devoid of any frills or unnecessary movements.

Yet, it was precisely this extreme simplicity of swordsmanship that left the divine cultivators with no chance to dodge, killing them instantly.

In less than half an incense stick's time, over twenty divine cultivators lay dead in pools of blood.

Golden blood flowed across the grayish-white sand, forming dark golden streams.

The air was thick with the pungent, nauseating stench of blood.

Only Yan Huo remained standing.

He gripped his golden spear, his body covered in blood, the wound on his left arm reopened, golden blood gushing from it and dripping down his arm.

His face was deathly pale, his crimson-gold eyes filled with fear and resentment. He

was the Vice Palace Master of the Flame God Palace, a fourth-grade Golden Immortal.

In the Eighteenth Heaven, apart from Yan Wuji, no one was his match.

But before Kai, he didn't even have a chance to fight back.

This ninth-grade True Immortal youth was too strong.

So strong that he filled him with despair. " Kai..."

Yan Huo's voice was hoarse to the extreme, "You killed me... Yan Shen Palace will not let you go... The Palace Master will avenge me..."

Kai walked up to him and stopped three steps away. His

purple eyes looked down at him, devoid of any emotion, like an executioner looking at a prisoner about to be executed.

"Yan Wuji?"

His voice was calm, "He will come for me. But not to avenge you, but for himself. Because I will go to him."

Yan Huo's pupils suddenly contracted.

"You... you're going to go to the Palace Master?"

Kai did not answer.

He simply raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Purple sword energy condensed on the blade, illuminating Yan Huo's pale face.

"Do you have any last words?" Kai's voice was calm.

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

He knew that in front of Kai, nothing he said would make a difference.

He closed his eyes.

The sword fell.

The purple sword energy sliced across Yan Huo's neck, and a head flew off, tumbling several times in the air before landing on the ground and rolling a long way.

The headless body stiffened for a moment, then slowly collapsed, crashing onto the grayish-white sand with a dull thud.

Golden blood gushed from its neck, staining the sand a dark gold.

Yan Huo, the Vice Palace Master of the Flame God Palace, a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, had fallen.

Silence returned to the battlefield.

Only the whistling of the wind through the sand and the distant, low howls of ancient remnants of souls could be heard.

More than thirty corpses lay on the ground, golden and dark red blood mingling, creating a bizarre and bloody scene on the grayish-white sand.

Kai sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, standing in the center of the battlefield. His purple eyes swept over the corpses, devoid of any emotion.

He was not a bloodthirsty man.

But some people deserved to die.

Killing members of the Divine Race was his due.

Wu Yuan had been using him from the very beginning.

In Wu Yuan's eyes, he was merely a pawn, a valuable pawn.

When the value of a pawn outweighs the risk, Wu Yuan will protect him;

when killing him brings greater benefits, Wu Yuan will act without hesitation.

His killing of Wu Yuan is perfectly justified.

Kai picked up the Dark Abyss Sword from the ground.

The dark golden light on the sword had dimmed considerably, but it still radiated an astonishing sword aura.

He could sense an extremely powerful force dormant within the sword, a force that belonged not to Wu Yuan, not to anyone else, but only to the sword itself.

The sword spirit of the Dark Abyss Sword.

Kai stored the Dark Abyss Sword in his storage ring.

This sword was too powerful, so powerful that even the white-robed man, a half-step saint, said, "The one who wields it will surely be devoured by its master."

He couldn't use it yet; he needed to wait until his cultivation was higher before slowly studying it.

He then took the storage ring from Wu Yuan's finger and probed it with his divine sense.

The resources in the storage ring were even richer than the treasure vault of the Bright Hall.

Crystals, pills, magic weapons, cultivation manuals, jade slips, spiritual materials—everything was there.

Wu Yuan had served as the president of the Void Merchant Guild for tens of thousands of years, accumulating wealth far exceeding the imagination of ordinary Golden Immortal cultivators.

Kai then ransacked the storage rings of the deceased cultivators of the Divine Race. Although the resources in these ordinary cultivators' storage rings were limited, every little bit counted.

These resources, combined with those given to him by the white-robed man, were enough for him to break through from the ninth rank of True Immortal to the Golden Immortal realm.

Kai put away the storage rings and turned to walk towards the Void Passage.

After taking a few steps, he suddenly stopped and looked back.

The gray-white earth was a scene of devastation, littered with traces of battle.

Black smoke billowed from the ruins of the stone tomb under the gray sky, and the corpses of Divine Race and Void Merchant Guild cultivators were scattered on the ground, golden and dark red blood intertwined, forming a bizarre and bloody scene on the sand.

In the distance, gray mist flowed slowly, like gray rivers flowing silently.

Further away, the slumbering ancient souls howled softly, like a mournful elegy for this battle.

Kai withdrew his gaze and continued walking towards the void passage.

His steps were steady, each one firm and solid, like a traveler who had traversed countless mountains and rivers and finally found his way home.

He didn't know if he would ever have the chance to return to this ancient battlefield.

But he would never forget this place.

Because here, he obtained the white-robed man's inheritance, the Chaos Pearl, and the resources sufficient for him to advance to the Golden Immortal realm.

And because here, he killed Wu Yuan, killed Yan Huo, and severed the two hands of the Void Merchant Guild and the Divine Race in the Eighteenth Heaven.

From this day forward, no one in the Eighteenth Heaven could threaten him.

But this time, there was another enemy: the Void Merchant Guild.

Both the Divine Race and the Void Merchant Guild still had influence outside the Heavenly Realm. Thinking of this, Kai felt a headache coming on.

But things had come to this, and he could only deal with whatever came his way.

The entrance to the void passage was three hundred miles to the north.

Kai walked for about two hours, traversing swamps, bypassing forests, and crossing scorched earth, finally seeing the silvery-white gate of light.

The gate floated in the air, ancient runes on its frame slowly flowing, as if breathing.

Behind the gate was a void passage leading to the outside world.

Kai stood before the gate, took a deep breath, and stepped inside.

Within the void passage, spatial turbulence still roared wildly.

But this time, Kai walked much more easily than before.

His cultivation had broken through from the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm to the ninth rank, and his chaotic power was more condensed than before. The Chaos Pearl slowly rotated within his body, releasing a continuous stream of chaotic power, making his protective shield thicker and more solid.

Spatial blades struck the shield, silently dissolving without even causing a ripple.

He walked for about fifteen minutes and saw the exit of the passage.

It was a golden portal, beyond which lay the eighteenth heaven.

Kai stepped out of the portal and landed on a snow-covered ice plain.

Three blazing suns hung high in the sky, their golden, silvery-white, and crimson rays intertwining, painting the entire ice plain a magnificent tricolor.

The ice plain was silent, save for the howling of the cold wind and the faint cracking of ice crystals.

In the distance, the floating islands of Tianlan City appeared and disappeared in the clouds, like celestial mountains floating in a dream.

Kai gazed in the direction of Tianlan City, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

He would not go to the Void Merchant Guild again.

Wu Yuan was dead, Su Jingqiu was dead, and the Void Merchant Guild's power in the eighteenth heaven was severely weakened.

They wouldn't bother him for a while.

But in the long run, the Void Merchant Guild wouldn't let it go.

Someone had to be held responsible for Wu Yuan's death.

And that person was him.

Kai wasn't afraid.

He killed Wu Yuan because Wu Yuan deserved to die.

If the upper echelons of the Void Merchant Guild came seeking revenge, he would face them.

Kai withdrew his gaze and turned to walk south.

That was the direction of Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Jiang Xuelan was still cultivating in the Demon Suppression Tower, unaware of everything that had happened outside.

She didn't know he had gone to the ancient battlefield, didn't know he had obtained the white-robed man's inheritance, didn't know he had killed Wu Yuan and Yan Huo.

She knew nothing, only that he was waiting for her.

Kai quickened his pace.

He needed to return to Qingyun Cave Heaven, needed to go into seclusion to refine the Chaos Pearl, needed to break through to the Golden Immortal Realm, and needed to go to the Twentieth Heaven to find the God King.

His journey was still long, but he was not afraid.The stone archway of Qingyun Cave Heaven gleamed faintly in the morning light, the four large characters “Qingyun Cave Heaven” on it standing out prominently in the golden sunlight.

Kai passed through the archway and stepped onto the stone avenue. The spiritual trees on both sides of the avenue were laden with colorful spiritual fruits, swaying gently in the morning breeze and releasing an alluring fragrance.

The temple gates were open, and two rows of Qingyun Cave Heaven disciples who remained on duty stood on either side of the gate, holding green lanterns in their hands, respectfully welcoming his return.

Their gazes were fixed on Kai, their eyes filled with awe.

The news of the destruction of the Bright Hall had spread throughout the entire Eighteen Heavens; everyone knew that it was this young man who had personally slain the fifth-rank Golden Immortal, the Holy Light Celestial Venerable.

Kai passed through the main hall, walked along the corridor, and arrived at the tea room.

Jade Void True Man was already waiting in the tea room.

He sat in the main seat, holding a teacup, his white hair and beard shimmering silver in the morning light streaming through the window.

His expression was calm, but Kai could see a trace of worry in his eyes.

Having lived for tens of thousands of years, Master Yuxu had witnessed countless people and events, and his intuition was always remarkably accurate.

He had been somewhat uneasy about Kai’s trip to the Void Merchant Guild, and now that Kai had returned, he was even more eager to know what had happened.

Kai sat down opposite Master Yuxu, picked up the teapot on the table, and poured himself a cup of tea.

The aroma of the tea filled the air, fresh and elegant—it was Qingyun Wucha tea.

He picked up the teacup, drank it all in one gulp, then set it down, his purple eyes fixed on Master Yuxu.

“Master, this junior has killed Wu Yuan,” Kai said calmly, as if he were discussing a trivial matter. Master Yuxu’s

hand trembled slightly, the teacup in his hand wobbling, a few drops of tea splashing onto the table.

His pupils contracted slightly, but quickly returned to their usual calm.

He looked into Kai’s eyes; those purple eyes held no ripples, no hesitation, only a matter-of-fact calm.

“Wu Yuan is dead?” Master Yu Xu’s voice was somewhat hoarse. “The president of the Void Merchant Guild?”

Kai nodded. “And Yan Huo, the vice palace master of the Flame God Palace, and the more than thirty Divine Race cultivators he led. They’re all dead.” Master

Yu Xu remained silent for a long time.

He put down his teacup, his fingers tapping lightly on the table, making a soft thumping sound.

It was a habitual gesture he made when thinking, one Kai had seen many times before.

“Mr. Chen, please recount the events in detail.” Master Yu Xu’s voice was calm, but Kai could hear the gravity in his tone.

Kai recounted the events of the ancient battlefield from beginning to end.

From entering the void passage, to encountering Daoist Tai Xu, to obtaining the Chaos Pearl and the storage ring, to Wu Yuan and Yan Huo negotiating to kill him, to him killing Wu Yuan and annihilating all the Divine Race.

He spoke concisely, without embellishment or exaggeration; every word was the truth.

He didn't need to hide anything from Master Yu Xu.

After listening, Master Yu Xu remained silent for a long time.

His brows furrowed into a deep frown, and his aged eyes flickered with a complex mix of emotions—shock, worry, and a hint of inexplicable relief.

"Mr. Chen, you killed Wu Yuan and offended the Void Merchant Guild. Things won't be easy for you now," said

Jade Void Master, his voice tinged with concern. "The Void Merchant Guild's influence spans countless realms, no less than that of the Gods. Their influence in the Eighteenth Heaven is just the tip of the iceberg; they have branches in the Nineteenth Heaven, the Twentieth Heaven, and even the Divine Realm.

Although Wu Yuan was only the guild leader in the Eighteenth Heaven, the Void Merchant Guild won't let his death go unpunished."

Kai picked up his teacup, took another sip, then set it down, his purple eyes fixed on Jade Void Master.

"Master, the Void Merchant Guild are all merchants; they're all about business. Merchants pursue profit; it's in their nature."

His voice was calm, but every word was like a nail driven into the table. "Wu Yuan wanted to kill me because he felt killing me would bring him greater profits.

I killed him because killing him was more beneficial to me. If the upper echelons of the Void Merchant Guild come to seek revenge, they will weigh what they can gain by killing me and what they can gain by not killing me."

Master Yu Xu looked into Kai's eyes. In those purple eyes, there was no fear, no hesitation, only an extremely calm calculation.

That look didn't seem like that of a young man; it was more like that of an old fox who had been navigating the business world for tens of thousands of years.

"Do you think they will choose not to kill you?" Master Yu Xu asked.

Kai shook his head. "I don't know. But I know one thing: as long as I have what they want, they won't kill me easily.

The Great Luo Golden Scripture, the Power of Chaos, the fragments of the key to the Chaos Dao Palace, the Chaos Pearl—these are all things they want. They won't kill me until they get these things."

He paused, a cold smile curving his lips. "Besides, Wu Yuan is dead. A dead guild leader versus a living collaborator who can bring enormous benefits—I don't need to say more about how the upper echelons of the Void Merchant Guild will choose."

Master Yu Xu remained silent for a long time.

He looked at Kai, a complex expression flashing in his aged eyes.

This young man was far smarter and calmer than he had imagined.

He could make the right judgment at the critical moment of life and death, maintain a clear head in the face of profit, and fight his way through an environment surrounded by powerful enemies.

This kind of person was the kind of leader the Daoist sect needed.

“Mr. Chen, what do you plan to do next?” Master Yu Xu asked.

Kai stood up, walked to the window, and looked out at the verdant bamboo forest and the distant, mist-shrouded mountain peaks.

Silvery moonlight spilled into the bamboo forest, bathing the entire grove in a silvery glow.

The bamboo leaves rustled gently in the night breeze, like an ancient melody.

“Seclude yourself,”

he said calmly. “Use the resources obtained from the ancient battlefield to break through to the Golden Immortal realm. Then go to the Flame God Palace, kill Yan Wuji, and destroy the Flame God Palace.”

Master Yuxu frowned slightly. “Yan Wuji is at the peak of the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, far stronger than the Holy Light Celestial Venerable. Although Mr. Chen can kill the Holy Light Celestial Venerable at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, Yan Wuji has been cultivating his power in the Eighteenth Heaven for tens of thousands of years. The Flame God Palace’s foundation is far deeper than that of the Bright Hall. If Mr. Chen goes alone, I’m afraid…”

“Therefore, this junior needs Master’s help.”

Kai turned around, his purple eyes looking at Master Yuxu. “During this junior’s seclusion, please guard the area outside. Do not let anyone disturb this junior. When this junior emerges from seclusion, we will storm the Flame God Palace together.”

Master Yuxu looked at Kai, a burning light flashing in his aged eyes.

“Good.”

His voice was soft but firm. “I have been waiting for this day for tens of thousands of years.” Kai nodded, turned, and walked out of the tea room.

He passed through the corridor, walked past the main hall, and arrived at the courtyard where Jiang Xuelan cultivated.

The courtyard was silent, save for the rustling of bamboo leaves in the night breeze.

The Demon-Suppressing Tower lay quietly on the stone table in the courtyard, its surface shimmering with a faint purple light, its surface reflecting a cold luster under the moonlight.

Kai walked to the stone table and placed his hand on the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Probing the tower with his divine sense, he sensed Jiang Xuelan's presence.

She had been cultivating in the tower for nearly a month, and almost ten years had passed within it.

Her cultivation had broken through to the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and the Heart of the Cold Abyss was slowly rotating within her body, its icy blue light illuminating the entire Demon-Suppressing Tower.

Her aura was several times stronger than before, and her Ice God Power was more condensed and purer.

He could feel that her Ice God Bloodline had been activated to its limit, and she was only one step away from achieving the Great Perfection of the Ice God Body.

Kai withdrew his divine sense, a satisfied smile curving his lips.

Jiang Xuelan did not disappoint him.

He turned and walked out of the courtyard to the Enlightenment Cliff.

The Enlightenment Cliff was the place with the densest spiritual energy in Qingyun Cave Heaven. Standing on the top of the cliff, one could overlook the entire valley and see the distant, continuous mountain peaks appearing and disappearing in the moonlight.

The night wind on the cliff top was strong, making Kai's robes flutter, but he was completely unaware.

He placed the tower in the center of the cliff top.

The Demon Suppression Tower stood quietly on the cliff top, its body flowing with a faint purple light, shimmering with a cold luster under the moonlight.

Inside the tower, Kai sat cross-legged on the stone platform, surrounded by dense chaotic energy, the gray-purple light illuminating the entire tower.

Before him, resources were piled up like mountains.

There were hundreds of millions of crystals, their multicolored lights intertwined, making the entire tower look like a dreamlike realm.

Hundreds of thousands of pills floated in the air, like a dazzling sea of stars.

Thousands of magical artifacts were piled up like small mountains, including swords, knives, spears, halberds, hammers, whips, ropes, and seals—everything imaginable.

Tens of thousands of jade slips containing cultivation techniques recorded various techniques, secret methods, formations, and pill formulas collected by the Daoist and Divine races over hundreds of thousands of years.

Spiritual materials were piled up like mountains, including all kinds of rare and precious herbs, demon beast cores, and spiritual medicines and fruits—a dazzling array.

These resources were what he had risked his life for in the ancient battlefield.

He had concentrated all the resources from Wu Yuan's storage ring and those of dozens of Divine race cultivators here.

Kai took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and fully activated the Mind Concentration Technique.

The chaotic fire in his dantian surged high, the purple flames burning fiercely, drawing in all the surrounding spiritual energy.

The chaotic power surged through his meridians, several times faster than before, widening, strengthening, and reshaping every meridian.

All the protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture lit up, and golden dragon patterns emerged from beneath his skin, slowly moving across his body.

The Chaos Pearl rotated slowly within him, gray light surging from it, merging with the Chaos Fire to release an even purer and more powerful chaotic force.

He began to absorb resources.

Crystals shattered one after another.

Thousands upon thousands of crystals were simultaneously drained of their spiritual power, turning into grayish-white powder that accumulated around him in a ring of white powder.

Spiritual liquid surged into his meridians like a burst dam, then was devoured, transformed, compressed, and devoured again by the chaotic force.

Pills exploded one after another.

The medicinal power converged into a torrent rushing into his body, its force so violent it almost tore his meridians apart, but the protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture instantly activated, locking the medicinal power firmly within his meridians.

Golden dragon patterns moved beneath his skin, pressing every strand of medicinal power into his dantian, allowing no waste whatsoever.

The Chaos Fire burned in his dantian, melting all the spiritual power, medicinal power, and fragments of laws into the purest Chaos Power.

The flames burned ever brighter, changing from purple to deep purple, then to grayish-purple, and finally to an almost transparent gray.

This was a sign that the Chaos Power was becoming more condensed, a sign of approaching the origin of chaos.

His cultivation was rapidly improving.

The time flow in the Demon Suppression Tower was a hundred times faster than outside.

A hundred days inside the tower were equivalent to only one day outside.

This time difference gave Kai ample time to cultivate.

Early stage of True Immortal Rank 9, mid-stage of True Immortal Rank 9, late stage of True Immortal Rank 9, peak of True Immortal Rank 9...

The Chaos Power in his dantian grew increasingly dense, and the spiritual power in his meridians became increasingly abundant.

He could feel that the invisible barrier was right in front of him, like a tightly closed stone door, blocking him from the Golden Immortal Realm.

The bottleneck began to loosen.

A faint cracking sound emanated from deep within his body, like ice melting under the first rays of spring sunlight, or dormant seeds sprouting in spring rain.

The sound was so faint it was almost inaudible, yet Kai heard it clearly.

It was a sign of a breakthrough.

He didn't rush to break through the bottleneck, but instead accumulated power bit by bit.

The Chaos Pearl slowly rotated within him, its gray light constantly surging forth, merging with the Chaos Fire to transform into a purer form of Chaos Power.

He pressed all this power into his dantian, compressing, condensing, and purifying it little by little.

Time passed within the tower.

One month, two months, three months...

Kai sat cross-legged on the stone platform, motionless, like a statue.

Only the aura emanating from him constantly changed, growing stronger, deeper, and more unpredictable.

Resources were rapidly depleting; the pile of crystals was shrinking, the pills were dwindling, and the spiritual materials were drying up.

In the tenth month of cultivation within the tower, the bottleneck finally loosened completely.

At that instant, a crisp cracking sound rang out from within Kai's body, as if something had been broken.

The chaotic fire in his dantian surged several meters high, its grayish-purple flames burning wildly, devouring, melting, and transforming all

the spiritual power, medicinal power, and fragments of laws that had flooded into his body.

The chaotic power in his meridians, like a flood bursting its banks, surged through the bottlenecks with unstoppable force, roaring and cheering within his meridians.

Golden Immortal Realm, First Rank.

Kai opened his eyes.

The chaotic energy in his purple eyes was so dense it almost overflowed their sockets.

Deep within his pupils, a grayish-purple flame slowly burned—a projection of the Chaos Fire within his eyes, an outward manifestation of the ultimate condensation of chaotic power.

In that instant, the entire Demon-Suppressing Tower trembled.

Not because of his oppressive aura, but because his very presence caused the tower's time laws to groan under unbearable strain.

The runes on the tower flickered wildly, as if enduring a force beyond its capacity. All the protective runes of the Great Luo Golden Scripture were activated.

Golden dragon patterns emerged from beneath his skin, covering his entire body, intertwining with the gray-purple chaotic power, making him appear like a god emerging from the primordial chaos.

These dragon patterns were no longer faintly visible, but had become clear, deep, like ancient marks etched into his skin.

Kai looked down at his hands, the gray-purple chaotic power flowing in his palms, more condensed and pure than before.

He clenched his fist, the space within his palm slightly distorted, emitting a faint cracking sound.

It wasn't the sound of air being compressed, but the groan of space itself bearing his power.

First Grade Golden Immortal.

It took him nearly a year, consuming most of the resources obtained from the ancient battlefield, to break through from the ninth grade of the True Immortal Realm to the first grade of the Golden Immortal Realm.

The resources required for chaotic power were enormous; each breakthrough required dozens, even hundreds, of times the spiritual energy of cultivators of the same level.

But correspondingly, his combat power far surpassed that of his peers.

When he reached the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm, he could kill the Holy Light Celestial Venerable, a fifth-rank Golden Immortal.

Now, at the first rank of the

Golden Immortal Realm, what level could he reach? The sixth

rank? The seventh rank?

Or even higher?

Kai didn't know, but he knew one thing: Yan Wuji was no longer his match.

He wasn't in a hurry to leave seclusion.

After breaking through to the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, he began to consolidate his foundation.

The Golden Immortal Realm was different from the True Immortal Realm. The True Immortal Realm focused on the accumulation and refinement of spiritual power, while the Golden Immortal Realm focused on the comprehension and application of laws.

The reason why Golden Immortal Realm cultivators were stronger than True Immortal Realm cultivators was not because they had more spiritual power, but because they had begun to come into contact with and apply the power of laws.

The Holy Light Law, the Fire Law, the Ice Law, the Space Law, the Time Law.

Each law contained the ultimate principles of the operation of heaven and earth. Mastering one law would give one an absolute advantage in battle.

Kai cultivated the power of chaos, which was the source of all elements and also the source of all laws.

This meant he didn't need to specifically comprehend one or more laws like other Golden Immortal cultivators.

The power of chaos itself contained the seeds of all laws; as long as his cultivation was sufficient, the power of chaos would automatically evolve the corresponding laws.

This was the most powerful aspect of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, and also the most heaven-defying aspect of the power of chaos.

Kai continued his seclusion, consolidating his cultivation, refining the remaining power within the Chaos Pearl, and comprehending the seeds of laws contained within the power of chaos.

Time continued to pass within the tower.

Kai's power of chaos became more condensed than before, and his comprehension of laws deepened.

He could feel that the seed of the spatial law had already sprouted within him.

Although he couldn't yet tear through space and traverse the void at will like a Tai Xu Realm cultivator, he could already utilize spatial power in battle, making his sword faster, more accurate, and more unpredictable.

While Kai was diligently cultivating within the Demon Suppression Tower, the outside world was in turmoil.

...

Tianlan City, Void Pavilion.

The headquarters of the Void Merchant Guild in the Eighteenth Heaven was currently in chaos.

Many days have passed since Wu Yuan took Kai to explore the ancient battlefield, and there

has been no news of them. Su Jingqiu is also unreachable.

Initially, the deacons of the Void Merchant Guild did

n't care. Wu Yuan was a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, Su Jingqiu a third-grade Golden Immortal, and along with a dozen or so elite Golden Immortals, they were virtually unmatched in the Eighteenth Heaven.

Even if they encountered danger, their strength would allow them to escape unscathed.

However, as time passed, unease began to spread in the void.

Wu Yuan's communication jade talisman was no longer working.

Su Jingqiu's communication jade talisman was also no longer working.

None of the elite cultivators they had brought could be contacted.

The Void Merchant Guild's inter-heaven communication array was an extremely precious ancient relic, consuming hundreds of top-grade spirit stones each time it was activated, and it was never used lightly unless absolutely necessary.

But this time, the deacons left behind couldn't afford to worry about that anymore.

A middle-aged man's face appeared in the communication array. He had a refined appearance, with the shrewdness characteristic of a businessman, but his eyes were deeper and more unfathomable than Wu Yuan's.

His robe was dark gold, embroidered with the Void Merchant Guild's emblem, but surrounded by a ring of silver patterns.

That was the emblem of the Nineteenth Heaven Void Merchant Guild.

Zhou Yuanqing, Vice President of the Nineteenth Heaven Void Merchant Guild.

Seventh Rank Golden Immortal.

"What is it?" Zhou Yuanqing's voice was calm, but it carried an air of authority that made people dare not be disrespectful.

The steward, whose forehead was pressed to the ground, trembled: "Vice President Zhou, Wu Yuan, the president of the Eighteenth Heaven branch, Vice President Su Jingqiu, and the dozen or so elite cultivators they brought with them have all lost contact. There is no news of them."

Zhou Yuanqing's brows furrowed slightly.

"Disappeared? What happened?"

The steward recounted the events:

Wu Yuan had taken Kai to explore the ancient battlefield, while Su Jingqiu had led a team to intercept and kill the divine cultivators who were tracking them. Then, everyone lost contact.

The entrance to the ancient battlefield was inaccessible, and there was no news from the divine race.

Zhou Yuanqing remained silent for a long time.

His fingers tapped lightly on the armrest of his chair, producing a dull thud.

It was a habitual gesture when he was thinking, exactly the same as Wu Yuan's.

"Send people to investigate," Zhou Yuanqing finally spoke, his voice as cold as ice. "Find out the whereabouts of Wu Yuan and Su Jingqiu. Live or dead, find them."

"Yes!"

The message ended.

Three days later, a massive silver flying boat descended from the nineteenth heaven and landed on the platform of Tianlan City.

More than thirty cultivators dressed in silver-white robes disembarked, each with a cultivation level above the Golden Immortal realm.

Leading them was a middle-aged man, burly and with a resolute face. A silver mark between his brows was a symbol only worn by high-ranking members of the Void Merchant Guild. He is

a sixth-rank Golden Immortal.

He is a special envoy sent by Zhou Yuanqing to investigate this matter. His name is Han Qianshan, and he serves as an inspector in the Void

Chamber of Commerce, specifically responsible for investigating major events in the various Heavenly Branches.

Han Qianshan entered the Void Pavilion and sat in the seat Wu Yuan had once occupied. His crimson-gold eyes swept over the kneeling deacons before him.

“Tell me the whole story, from beginning to end, without omitting a single word.”

The remaining deacon dared not conceal anything and recounted in detail how Wu Yuan met Kai, how he invited Kai to cooperate in exploring the ancient battlefield, how he led Su Jingqiu and the elite cultivators on their journey, and then how everyone lost contact.

Han Qianshan listened in silence for a moment.

“Where is the entrance to the ancient battlefield?”

“Deep within the icy plains of the far north,”

the remaining deacon replied. “But that entrance is surrounded by spatial turbulence. Cultivators below the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm would be torn apart upon entering, and even those above the third rank could only endure for a few dozen breaths. Only Kai, possessing the power of chaos, could pass through.”

Han Qianshan stood up. “Take me to see it.” The group traveled by airship to the depths of the icy plains of the far north.

The enormous void rift still hung in the air, black spatial turbulence surging wildly within it like angry black dragons.

The space around the rift was extremely unstable, and the airship stopped dozens of miles away.

Han Qianshan stood at the bow, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on the rift, probing it with his divine sense.

The moment his divine sense touched the rift, it was repelled by a powerful spatial force.

That force was extremely strong; even he, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, could not force his way through.

“We can’t get into the entrance,”

Han Qianshan withdrew his divine sense, his expression grave. “But I sensed the lingering aura of Wu Yuan at the edge of the rift. He went in, but didn’t come out.”

His brows furrowed even more.

There were two possibilities for Wu Yuan’s failure to emerge:

either he died inside, or he was trapped inside.

Either way, it would be a huge loss for the Void Merchant Guild.

“Find Su Jingqiu’s whereabouts.”

Han Qianshan turned and walked back to the cabin. “She was intercepting the Divine Race outside and didn’t enter the Ancient Battlefield. We should be able to find her.”

Over the next few days, Han Qianshan led his men to investigate.

They went to the outer edge of the Qingyun Mountains and found the valley where the Divine Race and Demon Race had fought.

Traces of the battle remained in the valley; dark red blood seeped into the sand and had solidified into a black film.

Scattered fragments of magical artifacts and broken armor shimmered dimly in the sunlight.

Han Qianshan carefully searched the valley with his divine sense and found several abandoned corpses.

They weren't Su Jingqiu's, but those of Divine Race cultivators.

He then went to the outer edge of the Northern Dark Abyss and found the place where the Bright Hall cultivators had been slaughtered.

Golden blood had solidified into a dark golden film, shimmering eerily in the sunlight.

The scattered fragments of magical artifacts and broken armor still retained the aura of chaotic power.

That was the aura left by Kai.

Han Qianshan crouched down, dipped his finger in the remaining aura of chaotic energy, and smelled it.

The aura contained extremely powerful law energy, causing even this sixth-grade Golden Immortal to feel a slight tremor in his heart.

"This is the power of chaos?" he muttered to himself, a complex emotion flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

The investigation lasted nearly ten days.

Finally, Han Qianshan drew some conclusions...

Su Jingqiu was dead.

Her aura disappeared in an area on the outskirts of the Qingyun Mountains, an area where the auras of numerous divine race cultivators remained.

Judging from the intensity and quantity of the auras, the divine race had mobilized at least fifty people, led by a fourth-grade Golden Immortal.

The dozen or so people Su Jingqiu brought couldn't possibly be a match for fifty divine race cultivators.

She was dead, and those she brought were also dead.

The cause of Wu Yuan's death was not determined. He entered the ancient battlefield and never came out.

What happened in the ancient battlefield, no one knew.

But Han Qianshan noticed one thing: Kai came out.

Kai came out of the ancient battlefield alive.

Moreover, Kai's cultivation had broken through.

He had advanced from the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm to an even higher realm.

Han Qianshan didn't know what Kai had experienced in the ancient battlefield, but he knew one thing: Wu Yuan's death was definitely related to Kai.

Either Kai killed Wu Yuan, or

Kai failed to save him. Either way, Kai was implicated.

" Kai..." Han Qianshan uttered the name, a hint of killing intent flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

But he didn't immediately go to find Kai.

Because Kai was in Qingyun Cave Heaven, where Jade Void True Person and three hundred disciples resided, along with the legendary Eight Trigrams Heavenly Evolution Array.

He wouldn't gain anything by going alone.

He needed help.

And the Flame God Palace was the best helper.

Han Qianshan led his men straight to the Flame God Palace.

...

The Flame God Palace.

Yan Wuji sat on the Flame God Throne, holding a newly delivered intelligence report, his crimson-gold eyes filled with shock.

Intelligence reports indicated that the Void Merchant Guild had dispatched a special envoy from the 19th Heaven, led by Han Qianshan, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, to investigate the deaths of Wu Yuan and Su Jingqiu.

They had already visited the outer reaches of the Azure Cloud Mountains and the Northern Netherworld Abyss, and were now en route to the Flame God Palace. Yan Wuji

was furious.

Kai was already a headache, and now a special envoy from the Void Merchant Guild had arrived.

Moreover, this envoy was a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, a minor realm higher than him, and far stronger.

“Palace Master, what should we do?” An elder knelt in the hall, his face deathly pale.

Yan Wuji remained silent for a long time.

“Let them come,” he finally spoke, his voice calm. “I want to see what the Void Merchant Guild is up to.”

Three days later, Han Qianshan arrived at the Flame God Palace with his entourage.

Yan Wuji personally came out of the palace to greet them, his face beaming with smiles, as warm as if he were seeing a long-lost brother.

“Special Envoy Han’s presence is an honor to the Flame God Palace!” Yan Wuji bowed respectfully, his posture extremely humble.

Han Qianshan looked at Yan Wuji, his crimson-gold eyes devoid of emotion.

“Palace Master Yan, I’ve come to investigate the deaths of President Wu and Vice President Su. Vice President Su died at the hands of your Flame God Palace’s people. How do you intend to explain this?”

Yan Wuji’s smile froze for a moment, but quickly returned to normal.

“Special Envoy Han, I only learned of this later.”

His voice carried a hint of helplessness. “Vice President Su was killed by my Deputy Palace Master Yan Huo and his men. But Yan Huo is already dead, dead in the ancient battlefield. I have no way to hand him over.”

“Dead?” Han Qianshan frowned. “How did he die?”

Yan Wuji shook his head. “I don’t know. Yan Huo led his men to hunt down Kai, entered the ancient battlefield, and then never came out. Like President Wu, he died inside.”

Han Qianshan was silent for a moment.

Yan Huo was also dead.

Kai emerged. Wu Yuan was dead, Yan Huo was dead, and dozens of elite cultivators from the Divine Race were all dead.

Only Kai survived.

Han Qianshan had a guess in his mind: the deaths of Wu Yuan and Yan Huo were likely the work of Kai.

Kai killed them, seized their resources, and then left the ancient battlefield alone.

If this guess was true, then Kai's methods were terrifying.

"Where is Kai now?" Han Qianshan asked.

"In Qingyun Cave Heaven,"

Yan Wuji said. "He led three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven, destroyed the Bright Hall, and killed the Holy Light Celestial Venerable. Now the entire Eighteen Heavens knows his name. He will come to the Flame God Palace sooner or later; I know that."

A cold glint flashed in Han Qianshan's eyes.

"Palace Master Yan, let's make a deal."

Yan Wuji's eyes narrowed slightly. "What deal?" "

The Void Merchant Guild and your Yan God Palace will join forces to kill Kai."

Han Qianshan's voice was calm, but beneath the calm lay a chilling killing intent. "The Great Luo Golden Scripture, the power of chaos, and the secrets of the Chaos Dao Palace on Kai's person will all belong to the Void Merchant Guild. We'll split the other treasures on Kai's person equally. The Void Merchant Guild will guarantee the safety of the Yan God Palace."

Yan Wuji fell silent.

He knew what Han Qianshan meant. The Void Merchant Guild wanted the Great Luo Golden Scripture and the secrets of the Chaos Dao Palace, while the Yan God Palace wanted peace.

If they could kill Kai, the Yan God Palace could rest easy.

But was Kai easy to kill?

An eighth-grade True Immortal could kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, the Holy Light Celestial Venerable. Now that Kai's cultivation had broken through, what level could he reach?

Yan Wuji dared not think about it. "Envoy Han, are you confident?" Yan Wuji asked.

Han Qianshan's lips curled into a cold smile. "I am a sixth-grade Golden Immortal. Even if Kai breaks through, he's only a first-grade Golden Immortal. I can crush a first-grade Golden Immortal with one hand."

A sixth-grade Golden Immortal against a first-grade Golden Immortal is indeed overwhelming.

But Kai is no ordinary first-grade Golden Immortal.

Yan Wuji opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but ultimately said nothing.

He needed the help of the Void Merchant Guild.

Without the Void Merchant Guild, he couldn't deal with Kai alone.

The three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven, plus Kai who could kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, were simply too much for the Flame God Palace to handle.

"Alright." Yan Wuji nodded. "I agree. The Void Merchant Guild and the Flame God Palace will join forces to kill Kai."

Han Qianshan nodded in satisfaction.

"Then we'll wait. We'll wait for Kai to come to us."

...

Meanwhile, at Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Inside the Demon-Suppressing Tower, Kai opened his eyes, a glint of light flashing in his purple pupils.

Nearly ten years had passed inside the tower, while almost forty days had passed outside.

His cultivation had broken through from the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm to the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. His chaotic power was several times more refined than before, and the seed of the spatial laws had already sprouted within his body.

It was time to emerge from seclusion.

Kai stood up, stretched his limbs, and his bones cracked slightly.

He put away the Demon-Suppressing Tower and stepped out.

On the Enlightenment Cliff, silvery moonlight spilled onto the cliff top, enveloping the entire cliff in a silvery glow.

A night wind blew from the north, carrying a chill—the cold air emanating from the Northern Abyss, which could still be felt even thousands of miles away.

Jade Void True Man sat cross-legged on the edge of the Enlightenment Cliff, his white hair and beard fluttering in the night wind, his blue Daoist robe gleaming faintly in the moonlight.

His eyes were closed, as if in deep meditation, but Kai knew that his divine sense covered the entire Enlightenment Cliff, and no movement could escape his perception.

Sensing Kai’s aura, True Man Yu Xu opened his eyes and turned his head.

His gaze fell on Kai, a hint of shock flashing in his aged eyes.

First Rank Golden Immortal.

Forty days ago, when Kai entered the Demon Suppression Tower, he was only at the Ninth Rank True Immortal.

Forty days later, when he came out, he was already at the First Rank Golden Immortal.

Forty days, he had crossed a major rank.

Such a cultivation speed had never appeared in the history of the Daoist sect.

Even the ancestors of the Daoist sect had not been this fast.

“Mr. Chen, you…” True Man Yu Xu’s voice was a little hoarse.

Kai nodded, “First Rank Golden Immortal. Thank you for guarding the pass, True Man.”

True Man Yu Xu stood up, walked to Kai, and looked him up and down.

He could sense that the chaotic power within Kai’s body was several times stronger than before. That power was as deep as an abyss and as heavy as a mountain; even he, a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, felt a sense of oppression.

“Mr. Chen, what level of combat strength do you possess now?” Jade Void Master asked.

Kai was silent for a moment, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

“Below the sixth grade of the Golden Immortal realm, one sword strike. Above the sixth grade of the Golden Immortal realm…” He paused, “I haven’t fought them, so I don’t know.”

Jade Void Master's lips twitched slightly.

Below the sixth grade of the Golden Immortal realm, one sword strike.

In the entire Eighteenth Heaven, only Kai dared to say such a thing.

"Where is Miss Jiang?" Kai asked, "Has she emerged from seclusion?"

Jade Void Master nodded, "Miss Jiang emerged from seclusion three days ago. She broke through to the third grade of the Golden Immortal realm. She is currently cultivating in the back mountain, saying she's waiting for you to emerge."

Third grade of the Golden Immortal realm.

A slight smile curved Kai's lips.

Jiang Xuelan had not disappointed him.

He turned and walked towards the back mountain.

Behind the mountain was a verdant bamboo forest, through which a clear stream flowed, its water splashing white droplets on the pebbles.

Deep within the bamboo forest stood a simple bamboo hut, in front of which was a clearing paved with moss-covered flagstones.

Jiang Xuelan stood in the clearing, her ice-white dress fluttering gently in the morning breeze, her long, ink-black hair tied up with an ice-blue hairpin.

She was surrounded by an ice-blue light, a chill emanating from her, freezing the surrounding air into tiny ice crystals.

Her eyes were closed, as if in meditation.

Sensing Kai's presence, she opened her eyes, a glint of light flashing in her ice-blue pupils.

“You’ve emerged from seclusion?” Her voice was soft, but carried an undisguised joy.

Kai walked up to her, scrutinizing her from head to toe.

Golden Immortal Realm, Third Rank.

Her aura was several times stronger than before; her Ice God Power was more refined and purer.

The Ice God bloodline within her had been activated to its peak, just one step away from achieving the perfect Ice God Body.

“Not bad,” Kai nodded. “Golden Immortal Realm, third rank. What level of combat power do you have now?”

Jiang Xuelan remained silent for a moment, a thoughtful glint in her icy blue eyes.

“Below the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, I should be able to win. Above the fourth rank…” she paused, “I might not be able to beat them, but I can run.”

A slight smile curved Kai’s lips.

Being able to run is also a skill.

Although you’re now at the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, your aura is still unstable. I’ll use bloodline fusion to help stabilize your aura.

Upon hearing this, Jiang Xuelan immediately smiled.

“You don’t need to go to such lengths. Just say you want to do it, why make excuses…”

Jiang Xuelan said, slowly removing her clothes.

Kai smiled and pounced on her.

Jiang Xuelan felt waves of heat surging through her, her body feeling extremely comfortable.

A day later, Kai got up.

“Let’s go. We’re going to the Flame God Palace.”

Jiang Xuelan followed behind him, her ice-white dress fluttering gently in the morning breeze, her long hair flying in the wind.

In the main hall of the Taoist temple, Master Yuxu had already gathered the three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Three hundred disciples stood in neat rows on the plaza in front of the main hall, their azure robes gleaming faintly in the morning light. Three hundred longswords were drawn simultaneously, their blades flashing in the sunlight like a verdant forest of swords.

Their faces bore solemn expressions, their eyes burning with fierce fighting spirit.

The Hall of Light had been destroyed; next was the Palace of Flame Gods.

If they could destroy the Palace of Flame Gods, Azure Cloud Cave Heaven would become the strongest force in the Eighteen Heavens.

The Daoist sect could then rise again, breaking the suppression of the gods for hundreds of thousands of years.

True Man Jade Void stood on the high platform, his white hair and beard fluttering in the morning breeze, his azure robe gleaming faintly in the sunlight.

His gaze swept over the three hundred disciples, a hint of satisfaction flashing in his aged eyes.

“Let’s go.” His voice wasn’t loud, but it clearly reached everyone’s ears.

The three hundred disciples turned simultaneously and walked towards the mountain gate.

Kai walked at the head of the group, his Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist, his purple eyes fixed on the southeast.

That was the direction of the Palace of Flame Gods.

And that was his target this time.

Unbeknownst to him, two groups were waiting for him within the Flame God Palace. One

was Han Qianshan of the Void Merchant Guild, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal. The other was Yan Wuji

of the Flame God Palace, a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal.

The two groups had joined forces, laying a trap, waiting for him to walk right into it.

But Kai didn’t care.

He possessed the power of chaos, the Great Luo Golden Scripture, the protection of a fully-formed Golden Body, and the seed of spatial laws.

A sixth-grade Golden Immortal, so what?

One sword wasn’t enough, then two.

Two swords weren’t enough, then three.

He refused to believe he couldn’t be killed. The gates of Qingyun Cave Heaven opened wide, with two rows of disciples standing guard on either side, each holding a green lantern, respectfully seeing off their sect leader as he embarked on his campaign.

The flames in the lanterns flickered in the morning breeze, tinging the golden morning light with a bluish glow, as if the entire mountain gate was praying for the departing warriors.

Kai passed through the gates and stepped onto the bluestone path, his steps steady and swift, each stride covering several meters, yet landing with an extremely soft sound, almost imperceptible.

Jade Void Master and Jiang Xuelan followed closely behind, followed by three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven.

The procession moved swiftly along the bluestone path, like a long, blue dragon winding through the mountains.

The morning breeze blew, causing their Daoist robes to flutter, and their longswords clinked lightly at their waists, producing a crisp, ringing sound that echoed through the silent forest.

The Flame God Palace was located in the Flame Mountain Range, southeast of the Eighteenth Heaven, a mountain range stretching for tens of thousands of miles, with towering peaks and treacherous terrain.

Beneath the Flaming Mountains, nine earth fire spiritual veins converge, their fire-attribute spiritual energy so dense it's almost tangible, making it an ideal place to cultivate fire-attribute techniques.

The Flame God Palace occupies the core area of the Flaming Mountains, where this spiritual energy is most abundant. Its palace grounds stretch for hundreds of miles, with pavilions and towers standing side by side. The magnificent palace, resplendent in gold, appears and disappears in the red spiritual mist, like a celestial palace burning in flames.

The entire Flame God Palace is shrouded by a massive protective array. The array's spiritual energy barrier shimmers with a crimson-gold light under the sunlight, like an inverted giant bowl, completely enveloping the entire palace grounds.

This array is called the Flame Heavenly Divine Fire Array, an ancient array set up by the ancestors of the Flame God Palace over tens of thousands of years, exhausting three of the nine earth fire spiritual veins.

Once activated, the array can unleash divine fire capable of scorching the heavens and boiling the seas; cultivators below the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm are instantly killed upon contact, and even powerful experts above the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm find it difficult to break the array in a short time.

At this moment, the Flame God's Divine Fire Array was fully activated. The crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier was several times thicker than usual, its light so dazzling that it was impossible to look directly at it.

In the plaza in front of the main hall of the Flame God Palace, thousands of disciples stood in neat formation. Their crimson armor gleamed with a blood-red light in the sunlight, and the spears, swords, and sabers in their hands gleamed coldly in the morning light.

Their faces were filled with a murderous expression, their eyes burning with fighting spirit, but deep within their eyes lay a trace of barely perceptible fear.

Kai's name had spread throughout the entire Eighteen Heavens.

An eighth-grade True Immortal had slain a fifth-grade Golden Immortal, the Holy Light Celestial Venerable, and led three hundred disciples of the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven to raze the Bright Hall, massacring the entire sect in blood.

Such achievements were enough to instill fear in anyone.

Yan Wuji stood on the high platform, his crimson-gold armor gleaming blindingly in the sunlight. The armor was covered with flame runes, each rune slowly rotating and releasing a scorching aura.

In his hand he gripped a crimson-gold longsword, its blade ablaze with flames—the Flame Emperor Sword, the treasure of the Flame God

Palace, said to be the personal sword of the ancient Flame Emperor, imbued with a wisp of his divine will, possessing boundless power.

Beside him stood a burly middle-aged man, his face resolute, a silver mark between his brows—the insignia of a high-ranking

member of the Void Merchant Guild. Han Qianshan, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal and Inspector of the Void Merchant Guild.

Behind Han Qianshan stood over thirty Void Merchant Guild cultivators in silver-white robes, each at least a third-grade Golden Immortal.

Their faces were expressionless, their eyes devoid of emotion, like a group of cold statues; only the oppressive aura emanating from them proved they were alive.

That oppressive aura coalesced into an invisible mountain pressing down on the plaza, making it almost impossible for the Flame God Palace disciples to breathe.

Yan Wuji wore a smug smile, his eyes gleaming with smugness.

Han Qianshan, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal from the Void Merchant Guild, along with over thirty elite Golden Immortals, thousands of disciples and dozens of elders from his Flame God Palace, and the Flame Heaven Divine Fire Array.

With such a lineup, he wouldn't fear even if the entire Azure Cloud Cave Heaven were to mobilize, let alone Kai.

"Palace Master, Kai has arrived."

A scout flew in from afar, landing before the high platform, kneeling on one knee, his voice trembling slightly.

Yan Wuji's eyes narrowed slightly, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold pupils.

“How many people have come?” “Over

three hundred. All the disciples of Azure Cloud Cave Heaven have been mobilized. Kai is leading the way.”

A cold smile curved Yan Wuji’s lips.

“Over three hundred? With just this many people, you think you can raze my Flame God Palace to the ground?” His voice was filled with disdain. “I’d like to see what Kai’s abilities are.”

Han Qianshan stood to the side, his crimson-gold eyes gazing into the distance, remaining silent.

His divine sense had already detected Kai’s aura, an aura as deep and unfathomable as a mountain, carrying a chilling sense of oppression.

First-grade Golden Immortal.

Forty days ago, Kai was merely an eighth-grade True Immortal.

Forty days later, he had broken through to the first grade of the Golden Immortal realm.

This speed of cultivation even made Han Qianshan, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, feel a chill.

But he quickly suppressed that chill.

Between the first and sixth grades of the Golden Immortal realm lay five minor realms, each a formidable chasm.

Even if Kai was incredibly powerful, he couldn’t possibly challenge across five minor realms.

He was a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, not a fifth-grade Golden Immortal like the Holy Light Celestial Venerable.

Thinking of this, Han Qianshan's heart calmed down.

…

Kai's group stopped at the outer edge of the Flame Mountain Range.

Three hundred disciples of the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven lined up at the foot of the mountain, their azure robes standing out against the red spiritual mist. Their longswords were drawn simultaneously, their light shimmering in the sunlight, like a forest of azure swords.

Kai stood at the forefront of the group, his purple eyes gazing at the Flame God Palace atop the distant mountain peak. His gaze pierced through the layers of spiritual mist, landing on the massive crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier.

The Flame Heavenly Divine Fire Array.

He had heard of this array before; an ancient relic, its power boundless. It was said that even a sixth-grade Golden Immortal would struggle to break it in a short time.

But Kai's lips merely curled into a cold smile.

A grand array?

Before him, no grand array was unbreakable with a single sword strike.

If one, then two strikes would suffice.

"Let's go."

Kai lifted his foot and began to walk up the mountain, his pace neither fast nor slow, each step firm and heavy.

Jade Void True Person and Jiang Xuelan followed behind him, one on each side. Three hundred disciples filed forward, a long, cyan dragon

winding its way along the red mountain path, their Daoist robes fluttering in the spiritual mist, their longswords jingling at their waists.

The spirit trees on both sides of the mountain path were covered with fiery red spirit fruits, which were faintly visible in the spirit mist and exuded a scorching aura. he branches and leaves of the spirit tree swayed gently in the morning breeze, rustling softly, like whispers or a prelude to the impending slaughter.

The procession moved smoothly without encountering any obstacles.

The Flame God Palace was clearly prepared; all its disciples had retreated into the palace grounds, waiting for Kai to walk right into their trap.

Moments later, Kai's group arrived at the Flame God Palace's mountain gate.

The gate stood dozens of feet tall, crafted entirely from crimson-gold flame crystal. Lifelike fire beasts were carved into the pillars, each beast's eyes made of genuine, top-grade fire spirit crystal, shimmering with intense heat in the sunlight.

Above the gate hung a massive plaque bearing three large characters—Flame God Palace.

The characters were carved with the power of the laws of fire, each one slowly burning, releasing a scorching aura.

The mountain gate was tightly shut, a crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier completely enveloping the entire palace. Countless fiery runes flowed across the barrier, each slowly rotating and releasing terrifying heat.

Kai stopped before the gate, his purple eyes fixed on the spiritual energy barrier, devoid of any emotion.

"Yan Wuji, come out."

His voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached the ears of everyone in the Flame God Palace, like an invisible sword piercing through the spiritual energy barrier of the Flame Heavenly God Fire Array, echoing across the plaza in front of the main hall.

A moment later, a crack slowly appeared in the spiritual energy barrier on the mountain gate, and Yan Wuji emerged, followed by Han Qianshan and a group of cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild, and behind them, dozens of elders and thousands of disciples of the Flame God Palace.

Yan Wuji stood before the gate, his crimson-gold armor gleaming blindingly in the sunlight. He gripped the Flame Emperor Sword, its blade ablaze with flames that distorted the surrounding air.

A smug smile played on his lips, his eyes gleaming with pride as he sized Kai up and down, a contemptuous curve forming at the corner of his mouth.

" Kai, you've finally arrived," Yan Wuji said, his voice thick with disdain. "I've been waiting for you for a long time."

Kai stared at Yan Wuji, his purple eyes utterly still, like a stagnant pool.

"Yan Wuji, I've come to kill you."

His voice was calm, so calm it didn't sound like a declaration of war, but rather a statement of fact.

Yan Wuji paused, then burst into laughter, the sound echoing before the mountain gate, causing the surrounding spiritual trees to tremble.

"Kill me?"

Yan Wuji laughed breathlessly. " Kai, what do you think you can use to kill me? Just these three hundred pieces of trash behind you?"

His gaze swept over the Qingyun Cave disciples behind Kai, his contempt deepening.

“Three hundred juniors below the third rank of Golden Immortal, plus you, a first-rank Golden Immortal, and Jade Void True Person, a fifth-rank Golden Immortal, and you think you can flatten my Flame God Palace?”

Yan Wuji’s voice was filled with sarcasm. ” Kai, aren’t you overestimating yourself?”

He raised the Flame Emperor Sword in his hand, the tip pointing at Kai. The flames on the sword suddenly shot up several feet, and the scorching heat swept in all directions, burning the surrounding spiritual wood branches and leaves until they were charred and curled.

“Look behind me!”

Yan Wuji’s voice was filled with an almost manic smugness. “Thousands of disciples of the Flame God Palace, dozens of elders, nearly a hundred experts above the third rank of Golden Immortal! Envoy Han, a sixth-rank Golden Immortal from the Void Merchant Guild, and more than thirty elites of the Golden Immortal realm! And the Flame Heaven Capital Divine Fire Array!”

His voice grew louder and more smug, and his crimson-gold eyes flashed with a mad light.

” Kai, do you think you still have a chance of winning? Do you think you can leave alive?”

Kai looked at Yan Wuji, his purple eyes remaining completely calm.

His gaze shifted from Yan Wuji to Han Qianshan.

Han Qianshan stood half a step behind Yan Wuji, his crimson-gold eyes also scrutinizing Kai. His eyes showed no emotion, but Kai could see a hint of apprehension hidden deep within them.

That apprehension wasn't due to Kai's cultivation level, but rather the unfathomable aura emanating from him.

A first-grade Golden Immortal cultivation level, yet it made Kai, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, feel uneasy.

This was abnormal.

"You're the special envoy of the Void Merchant Guild?" Kai looked at Han Qianshan, his voice calm.

Han Qianshan nodded slightly, "Inspector of the Void Merchant Guild, Han Qianshan."

Kai nodded, his purple eyes meeting Han Qianshan's directly, his gaze devoid of hostility, only a calmly scrutinizing gaze.

"Envoy Han, have you thought it through?"

Han Qianshan's brows furrowed slightly. "Thought it through what?"

"Thought it through cooperating with the Flame God Palace." Kai's voice remained calm. "Thought it through making me your enemy."

A cold glint flashed in Han Qianshan's eyes, but he remained silent.

Kai continued, his voice unhurried, as if chatting with an old friend.

"Envoy Han, I know your Void Merchant Guild is investigating Wu Yuan's death. I also know you suspect I killed Wu Yuan. That's right, I killed Wu Yuan."

Upon hearing this, the thirty-odd Void Merchant Guild cultivators behind Han Qianshan changed color simultaneously, their auras suddenly unleashed, like mountains pressing down on the plaza.

Han Qianshan's hands clenched slightly, a hint of killing intent flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

Kai looked into Han Qianshan's eyes, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"But Envoy Han, have you considered one thing?"

"What thing?" Han Qianshan's voice was cold.

"Why did Wu Yuan want to kill me?"

Kai's voice was soft, but every word was like a nail driven into Han Qianshan's heart. "He's the president of the Void Merchant Guild, and I'm just a rogue cultivator. We have no enmity, no grudge. Why did he want to kill me?"

Han Qianshan was silent for a moment. "Because he wanted what you had. The Great Luo Golden Scripture, the power of chaos, the secrets of the Chaos Dao Palace."

"That's right."

Kai nodded. "He wanted what I had, so he wanted to kill me. I killed him because I didn't want to die. That's perfectly normal; the strong prey on the weak, it's only natural."

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

"But now, Envoy Han, you want to avenge him. Have you considered what you'll gain by avenging him?"

Han Qianshan remained silent.

Kai continued, his voice carrying an irrefutable logic.

"You killed me, and what you obtained were the Great Luo Golden Scripture, the Power of Chaos, and the secrets of the Chaos Dao Palace. These things are indeed very precious, precious enough to tempt anyone. But Envoy Han, have you considered another possibility?"

"What's possible?" Han Qianshan's voice was somewhat hoarse.

“You won’t kill me,”

Kai’s voice was calm. “You’ll cooperate with me. I’ll give your Void Merchant Guild what you want, and your Void Merchant Guild will give me the protection I need. That way, you’ll gain more than you could from killing me.”

Han Qianshan’s pupils contracted slightly.

Kai looked into his eyes and continued,

“Killing me will only give you what I currently possess. But if you cooperate with me, what you can gain is limitless.

The Daoist sect has a total of one hundred and eight Daoist techniques, and the Great Luo Golden Scripture is just one of them. I’ve only unlocked a small part of the secrets of the Chaos Dao Palace. The value of these things will continuously increase as my cultivation level improves.”

A cold smile curled at the corner of his lips.

“Killing me will give you inanimate objects. Cooperating with me will give you living things. Killing me will only give you the present.

Cooperating with me will give you the future. Envoy Han, you’re a businessman; you should know better than me which choice is more worthwhile.”

Han Qianshan fell silent.

His brows furrowed into a deep frown, and his crimson-gold eyes gleamed with complex emotions—hesitation, wavering, and struggle.

Every word Kai said was true.

Wu Yuan was dead; a dead guild leader was of no value to the Void Merchant Guild.

Offending a young man with limitless potential for the sake of a dead man was a bad deal no matter how you looked at it.

But if they let Kai go, what would become of the Void Merchant Guild's reputation?

Han Qianshan was caught in a dilemma.

Yan Wuji, seeing the hesitation on Han Qianshan's face, felt a sudden pang of unease.

He knew that if Han Qianshan was swayed by Kai, his Flame God Palace was finished.

He had to stop it.

"Envoy Han, don't listen to him!"

Yan Wuji's voice was filled with anxiety. " Kai is lying to you! He's telling the truth! He's trying to sow discord between us!"

Yan Wuji turned to look at Han Qianshan, his crimson-gold eyes filled with urgency.

"Envoy Han, think about it. Kai killed Wu Yuan, that's an undeniable fact! If your Void Merchant Guild lets him go like this, how will you maintain your standing in the Heavenly Realm?

What will other forces think of you? They'll say the Void Merchant Guild is nothing special, their guild leader didn't even dare to seek revenge after being killed!"

Han Qianshan's brows furrowed

even more. Yan Wuji was right.

If Kai were let go like this, the Void Merchant Guild's reputation would suffer a severe blow.

“And Envoy Han, think about it,”

Yan Wuji continued, his voice growing increasingly urgent, ” Kai is fickle and ruthless. He even dared to kill Wu Yuan, what wouldn’t he dare to do? If you let him go today, he’ll turn his back on you tomorrow! You can’t trust this kind of person!”

Han Qianshan remained silent for a long time, his crimson-gold eyes scanning back and forth between Kai and Yan Wuji.

Kai looked at Han Qianshan, his purple eyes showing no urgency, no tension, only an extreme calmness.

He was waiting for Han Qianshan to make a choice.

No matter what Han Qianshan chose, he had a way to deal with it.

If Han Qianshan chose to cooperate, that would be best, saving them a bloodbath.

If Han Qianshan chose to be an enemy, it didn’t matter; killing one was killing, killing a group was killing too.

Silence lasted a long time.

The air in front of the mountain gate seemed to freeze; everyone held their breath, waiting for Han Qianshan’s decision.

Yan Wuji’s palms were already sweating, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on Han Qianshan, filled with anticipation and tension.

The thousands of disciples of the Flame God Palace behind him were also extremely nervous, their weapons gripping them so tightly they cracked.

The three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven behind Kai were quite calm; with their sect leader standing in front, they feared nothing.

Finally, Han Qianshan spoke.

” Kai, what you said makes a lot of sense.”

Yan Wuji’s expression suddenly changed.

“But,” Han Qianshan’s tone shifted, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold eyes, “Wu Yuan is a member of my Void Merchant Guild. He’s dead, we can’t just ignore it. Otherwise, where will the Void Merchant Guild’s reputation be?”

Yan Wuji’s face instantly lit up with wild joy, his eyes gleaming with the light of relief.

Kai looked at Han Qianshan, his purple eyes remaining completely calm.

“So, Envoy Han, you mean to avenge Wu Yuan?”

Han Qianshan nodded. “ Kai, I apologize.”

His voice carried a hint of apology, but it was so faint it was almost imperceptible.

Kai’s lips curled into a cold smile.

“Fine.”

His voice was calm, a calmness that sent chills down one’s spine.

“Envoy Han, I want you to wait a little longer.”

Han Qianshan’s brows furrowed. “Wait for what?”

Kai raised his right hand, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

“Wait and see what my strength is. If you make a move and fail to kill me, but instead get killed by me, wouldn’t that be a huge loss?”

Han Qianshan was genuinely stunned after Kai finished speaking.

He truly didn't know Kai's strength, but judging from Kai's calm and collected demeanor, Kai must have a killing move, otherwise he wouldn't be so composed.

Seeing that Han Qianshan was motionless, Kai slowly summoned the Dragon-Slaying Sword. A

purple sword light, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, flew from Kai's waist, slicing through the sky with a world-destroying aura, slashing towards the Flame God Palace's Flame Heavenly Divine Fire Array.

Wherever the sword light passed, space was torn open with black cracks, from which violent spatial turbulence surged, swallowing all the surrounding spiritual trees and rocks.

The purple sword light collided with the crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier.

Boom—

A deafening roar resounded, the entire Flame Mountain Range trembled violently, rocks tumbled from the mountaintop, trees were uprooted, and all the birds and beasts within a hundred miles scattered in terror.

On the crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier, countless fiery runes simultaneously lit up, releasing terrifyingly high temperatures in an attempt to withstand the attack of the purple sword light.

However, the chaotic power contained within that purple sword light was far too domineering.

Chaotic power is the source of all elements and the source of all laws.

The divine fire laws released by the Flame God's Fire Array were utterly powerless before the chaotic power, like a grandson before his grandfather, utterly unable to resist.

Crack—a

faint cracking sound emanated from the spiritual energy barrier, like the first crack appearing on ice.

Then, the cracks rapidly spread, from one to ten, from ten to a hundred, from a hundred to a thousand.

Dense cracks spread across the crimson-gold spiritual energy barrier, like a giant spider web, enveloping the entire array.

Boom—the

spiritual energy barrier shattered completely.

Crimson-gold fragments rained down from the sky like a storm, each fragment ablaze with flames, illuminating the entire Flame God Palace.

Chapter 6611 - 6620

The Fiery Heavenly God Fire Array shattered with a single sword strike.

A deathly silence fell before the mountain gate.

No one could believe their eyes.

The Fiery Heavenly God Fire Array, an ancient formation erected by the Flame God Palace over tens of thousands of years, exhausting three earth fire veins, was said to be able to withstand the full force of a sixth-grade Golden Immortal’s attack.

Before Kai, it couldn’t even withstand a single sword strike.

Han Qianshan’s pupils contracted sharply, his crimson-gold eyes filled with shock.

His lips trembled slightly, wanting to say something, but nothing came out.

A first-grade Golden Immortal, shattering an ancient formation with a single sword strike.

This power was beyond his comprehension.

Yan Wuji's smile froze completely, his crimson-gold eyes filled with terror, his body involuntarily taking a step back.

The thousands of Flame God Palace disciples behind him were also stunned, their weapons nearly falling to the ground, their faces filled with fear.

Kai sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, his purple eyes sweeping over the crowd before the mountain gate, his gaze finally settling on Han Qianshan.

"Envoy Han, do you still want to avenge Wu Yuan?"

His voice was calm, as calm as if he were asking Han Qianshan if he had eaten today.

Han Qianshan opened his mouth, but said nothing.

Countless thoughts surged in his mind, each telling him the same fact: this young man was not to be trifled with.

Breaking an ancient formation with a single sword strike—this kind of strength was not something a first-grade Golden Immortal should possess.

No, this was not strength a first-grade Golden Immortal should possess at all.

This was not even strength a sixth-grade Golden Immortal should possess.

Han Qianshan asked himself, even if he went all out, he couldn't possibly break the Flaming Heavenly God Fire Formation with a single sword strike.

But Kai did it.

This meant one thing: Kai's strength had surpassed his.

Han Qianshan's face turned extremely ugly, his crimson-gold eyes filled with complex emotions—shock, fear, and deep resentment.

He was a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, the vice president of the Nineteenth Heaven Void Chamber of Commerce, a prominent figure in the entire Nineteenth Heaven.

But now, facing a young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, he felt fear.

That fear wasn't due to cowardice, but because Kai's displayed strength was too terrifying, terrifying enough to crush him.

Yan Wuji, seeing the shocked expression on Han Qianshan's face, felt even more terrified.

He knew that if Han Qianshan was truly frightened, then his Flame God Palace was finished.

"Special Envoy Han! Special Envoy Han! Don't be frightened by him!"

Yan Wuji's voice was filled with an almost frantic urgency. "He only broke a formation with one sword! It's nothing! With so many of us, are we afraid of just one?"

Han Qianshan ignored him.

His eyes remained fixed on Kai, as if looking at a monster.

Kai also ignored Han Qianshan.

His gaze shifted from Han Qianshan to Yan Wuji.

“Yan Wuji, I told you, I’m here to kill you.”

His voice was calm, but beneath that calm lay a chilling killing intent.

Yan Wuji’s face was deathly pale, flames swirling on his crimson-gold armor, but those flames seemed so weak and powerless before Kai’s purple eyes.

“You…you stay away!”

Yan Wuji’s voice trembled slightly, but he quickly straightened his back, forcing a calm expression. ” Kai, don’t think you’re so great just because you broke the formation! My Flame God Palace has thousands of disciples, dozens of elders, and nearly a hundred experts at the third rank of Golden Immortal! How many can you kill by yourself?”

A cold smile curled at the corner of Kai’s lips.

“Try it.”

As soon as he finished speaking, his figure vanished from the spot.

The next instant, he appeared in the ranks of the Flame God Palace disciples.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, the purple sword light like the scythe of death, reaping lives among the crowd.

Wherever the sword light passed, the disciples of the Flame God Palace fell like wheat being harvested, their crimson-gold armor as flimsy as paper before the power of chaos, offering no resistance whatsoever.

Blood gushed out, and screams shook the heavens.

Crimson-gold blood shimmered eerily in the sunlight, dyeing the entire plaza golden.

Kai's movements were incredibly fast, each action concise and efficient, without the slightest waste.

He swung his sword, slashed, sheathed it, and swung again.

The cycle repeated endlessly, like a precision-engineered killing machine.

With each strike, dozens of Flame God Palace disciples fell.

In just a few breaths, hundreds of disciples had perished under Kai's sword.

The Flame God Palace disciples were utterly devastated.

They weren't unfamiliar with battlefields, they weren't unfamiliar with killing, but they had never witnessed such carnage.

One sword, hundreds; blood gushing forth, corpses strewn across the ground.

This wasn't a battle; this was a massacre.

"Run!"

someone shouted, and the Flame God Palace disciples scattered in all directions, wishing they had more legs. But

Kai gave them no chance.

His figure weaved through the crowd, so fast that his trajectory was impossible to discern; only a streak of purple light flashed through the throng, each flash bringing dozens to their deaths.

Master Yuxu also moved. His

Azure Cloud Sword was drawn, its azure light like a rainbow, flying from the mountain gate into the crowd, slaying the fleeing Flame God Palace disciples one by one.

His cultivation was at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, four minor realms higher than Kai, yet his killing speed was far slower.

Not because he was weak, but because Kai was too strong.

Jiang Xuelan also made her move.

The Heart of the Cold Abyss slowly rotated within her, icy blue light emanating from her body, freezing the surrounding air.

She raised her right hand, icy blue energy surging from her palm, transforming into countless ice needles, which rained down on the fleeing Flame God Palace disciples.

Wherever the ice needles passed, the Flame God Palace disciples were instantly frozen into ice sculptures, then shattered into countless ice crystals, scattering across the ground.

Three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave also rushed forward, their azure sword light forming a vast azure ocean that engulfed the disciples of Yanshen Palace.

A massacre ensued.

A one-sided massacre.

Although the Flame God Palace disciples were numerous, they were utterly powerless against Kai, Jade Void True Person, Jiang Xuelan, and three hundred disciples of the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven.

The battle lasted less than the time it takes for an incense stick to burn; more than half of the thousands of Flame God Palace disciples were dead or wounded, and the rest had lost their will to fight and fled in all directions.

Han Qianshan stood motionless before the mountain gate.

The thirty-odd Void Merchant Guild cultivators behind him also remained motionless.

Their faces were expressionless, but their eyes were filled with deep shock.

Kai's strength far exceeded their expectations.

A first-grade Golden Immortal killing cultivators below the fifth grade of the Golden Immortal realm like killing chickens was highly unusual. With a single sword strike, the Flame God Palace disciple at the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm was killed instantly, without any power to resist.

What did this mean?

It meant that Kai's combat strength far exceeded that of a third-rank Golden Immortal.

It even surpassed the fourth, fifth, and sixth ranks of the Golden Immortal realm.

A terrifying thought flashed through Han Qianshan's mind: Kai's current combat strength might have already reached the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, or even higher.

This thought sent a chill down his spine.

...

"Elders! Elders, attack!"

Yan Wuji stood on the high platform, shouting frantically, his crimson-gold eyes bloodshot, his voice filled with a near-desperate madness.

Dozens of Flame God Palace elders rushed out of the palace, each with a cultivation level above the Golden Immortal realm, the highest reaching the fourth rank.

They were engulfed in raging flames, their weapons gleaming with scorching light, charging towards Kai.

Kai raised his head, his purple eyes sweeping over the elders, his gaze devoid of any emotional fluctuation.

Fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm?

Before him, there was no difference between a fourth-grade Golden Immortal and a True Immortal; both could be dealt with with a single sword strike.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, its purple light slicing through the sky, slashing towards the elders.

Wherever the sword light passed, space was torn open with black rifts, from which surged violent spatial turbulence, devouring all the surrounding fragments of the fire laws.

The three third-grade Golden Immortal elders at the forefront didn't even have time to react before being cleaved in two by the sword light.

Crimson-gold blood sprayed into the air like exploding fireworks, dyeing the entire plaza gold.

The elders behind were terrified, but they had no way out.

Kai's figure appeared among them like a ghost, the Dragon-Slaying Sword twirling in his hand, its purple light flashing through the crowd, each flash resulting in the fall of an elder. A

third-grade Golden Immortal elder, one strike.

A fourth-grade Golden Immortal elder, one strike.

A peak fourth-grade Golden Immortal elder, one strike.

A fifth-grade Golden Immortal elder, two strikes.

Kai discovered that the elders at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm were significantly stronger than those at the fourth rank, requiring two sword strikes to kill them.

But it was only two strikes.

Two strikes and one strike made no difference to him.

Moments later, dozens of elders lay dead in pools of blood.

Crimson-gold blood pooled in the plaza, forming streams that flowed through the cracks in the bluestone slabs, dyeing the entire plaza golden.

Yan Wuji stood on the high platform, watching his elders fall one by one, his crimson-gold eyes filled with despair.

His body trembled, not from fear, but from rage.

Those elders were the foundation of his Flame God Palace, nurtured over tens of thousands of years.

Now, they were all gone.

All dead at Kai's hands.

" Kai!!!"

Yan Wuji roared in a heart-wrenching rage, his crimson-gold eyes bloodshot. The flames on the Yan Emperor Sword surged several meters high, and scorching waves of heat swept in all directions. "I'll kill you!!!"

His figure leaped from the high platform, charging towards Kai.

The Yan Emperor Sword swung in his hand, the crimson-gold sword light like a burning dragon, slashing towards Kai.

Wherever the sword light passed, the air was distorted by the heat, and a deep trench was burned into the ground. The rocks in the trench were scorched into magma, shimmering with a crimson light in the sunlight.

The full-force attack of a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal was indeed astonishing.

But Kai merely raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword and casually slashed out.

The purple sword light collided with the crimson-gold sword light.

Boom—

a deafening roar shook the entire plaza violently, shattering the bluestone slabs, and fragments flew in all directions like hidden weapons.

The crimson-gold sword light was like paper before the purple sword light, instantly shattered.

The purple sword light, undeterred, struck Yan Wuji.

Yan Wuji's body flew backward, crashing heavily into the high platform, shattering it.

A deep sword wound appeared on his crimson-gold armor, from which crimson-gold blood seeped.

Yan Wuji crawled from the rubble, his face deathly pale, his eyes filled with shock.

He looked down at the sword wound on his chest; it was deep enough to see bone, crimson-gold blood gushing from the wound, staining his armor gold.

One sword strike.

Kai had broken his full-force attack with just one sword strike, and even injured him.

He, a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal, couldn't even withstand a single sword strike from Kai, a first-grade Golden Immortal.

"How is this possible... how is this possible..." Yan Wuji muttered to himself, his crimson-gold eyes filled with disbelief.

Kai, carrying the Dragon-Slaying Sword, walked step by step towards Yan Wuji.

His pace was neither fast nor slow, each step steady and heavy, making Yan Wuji's heart tremble.

"Yan Wuji, I told you, I'm here to kill you."

Kai's voice was calm, a calmness that instilled a deep-seated fear in Yan Wuji.

Yan Wuji took a step back, then turned to look at Han Qianshan.

"Envoy Han! Envoy Han, save me!"

Yan Wuji's voice was filled with an almost frantic plea, "Didn't we agree? The Void Merchant Guild and the Flame God Palace would join forces to kill Kai! Please, make your move!"

Han Qianshan stood before the mountain gate, motionless.

His face was expressionless, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on Yan Wuji, devoid of any emotion.

"Envoy Han! You promised me!" Yan Wuji's voice grew increasingly desperate, "You said the Void Merchant Guild would guarantee the safety of my Flame God Palace! You said it!"

Han Qianshan remained silent, still motionless.

Kai's words echoed in his mind: the Void Merchant Guild were all merchants who valued profit above all else, caring little for sentiment or morality, and certainly not for verbal agreements.

Now, Kai's words had come true.

In the face of absolute profit, verbal agreements were worthless.

Han Qianshan didn't not want to save Yan Wuji; he simply dared not.

Kai's strength was terrifying, so terrifying that even he, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, felt fear.

He dared not gamble on whether he could defeat Kai.

If he couldn't, he would die here too.

To risk his life for a Flame God Palace already doomed to destruction was simply not worth it.

Yan Wuji, seeing Han Qianshan's indifference, felt utterly hopeless.

"Han Qianshan! You treacherous villain!"

Yan Wuji roared madly, his crimson-gold eyes bloodshot. "The Void Merchant Guild has no credibility! You're all a bunch of profit-driven scoundrels!"

Han Qianshan's brow furrowed slightly, but he remained silent.

Yan Wuji turned to Kai, his crimson-gold eyes filled with madness.

" Kai! Do you think you've won? Do you think you've won by killing me?"

His voice was filled with an almost manic hysteria. "My God Clan still has power in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Heavens! They will avenge me! They will kill you! They will kill everyone around you!" Kai looked at Yan Wuji, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Unfortunately, you won’t see it.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the Dragon-Slaying Sword was raised.

A purple sword light, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens, slashed towards Yan Wuji.

Yan Wuji raised the Flame Emperor Sword, attempting a final resistance.

Crimson-gold sword light surged from the Flame Emperor Sword, transforming into a fiery barrier in front of Yan Wuji.

But before the purple sword light, the fiery barrier was as fragile as paper.

The sword light tore through the fiery barrier, striking Yan Wuji.

Crack—

the crimson-gold armor shattered.

Blood gushed out.

Yan Wuji’s body slowly fell, his crimson-gold eyes still open, filled with despair, resentment, anger, and disbelief.

He died with his eyes wide open.

Yan Wuji, the Palace Master of the Flame God Palace, a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal, died by Kai’s sword.

A deathly silence fell before the mountain gate.

Everyone stared at Yan Wuji’s corpse, their eyes filled with complex emotions.

Thousands of Flame God Palace disciples were either dead or fled, leaving only a handful remaining.

Dozens of elders perished in battle.

Palace Master Yan Wuji was also killed.

In less than half an hour, the Flame God Palace was utterly destroyed by Kai alone.

Han Qianshan took a deep breath, suppressing the shock in his heart.

He turned around, looking at Kai, a complex expression flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

“Mr. Chen, let’s drop the matter of Wu Yuan.”

His voice was calm, as if he were discussing a trivial matter.

“A guild leader of the eighteenth level is of little value. If he’s dead, he’s dead. At worst, the Void Chamber of Commerce can send someone else to fill the position.”

Kai looked at Han Qianshan, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Envoy Han, you don’t intend to avenge Wu Yuan?”

Han Qianshan shook his head, a bitter smile curving his lips.

“Revenge? What revenge? Wu Yuan tried to kill Mr. Chen, but Mr. Chen killed him instead. That’s perfectly normal. The strong prey on the weak; it’s only natural. The Void Merchant Guild won’t offend a young man with unlimited potential for the sake of a dead man.”

His change in attitude was so swift that the thirty-odd Void Merchant Guild cultivators behind him were caught off guard.

But no one dared to say anything.

Because they all knew that Han Qianshan was right.

In the face of absolute power, hatred and face are all meaningless.

Only interests are eternal.

Kai nodded.

“Special Envoy Han is a wise man.”

Han Qianshan cupped his hands in greeting. “Mr. Chen, you flatter me. Although the Void Merchant Guild is powerful, it is not unreasonable. Wu Yuan’s actions were his own fault. From now on, the Void Merchant Guild will not cause trouble for Mr. Chen because of this matter.”

Kai was silent for a moment, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

“Special Envoy Han, I would like to ask you for a favor.”

Han Qianshan raised an eyebrow slightly. “Mr. Chen, please speak.”

“I need to find someone.”

Kai’s voice carried a hint of solemnity. “Her name is Su Yuqi. I don’t know if she is still in the Eighteenth Heaven.”

Han Qianshan was silent for a moment, then nodded.

“Alright. The Void Merchant Guild has branches in the Celestial Realm. Finding someone shouldn’t be difficult. Even if she’s no longer in the Eighteenth Heaven, we should be able to find information.”

Kai nodded and continued.

“In addition, I also need to find a force. The demonic cultivators of the Flame Demon lineage in the Eighteenth Heaven. Where is their lair?”

Han Qianshan frowned.

“The Flame Demon lineage? What does Mr. Chen want with them?”

“Yuqi might be among the demonic cultivators of the Flame Demon lineage.” Kai’s voice was calm.

Han Qianshan gave Kai a deep look.

“Alright. I’ll have my men investigate. Once they find out, they’ll send someone to inform Mr. Chen.”

Kai cupped his hands in thanks. “Thank you, Envoy Han.”

Han Qianshan waved his hand. “Mr. Chen, you’re too kind. Although we are merchants, we’re not entirely driven by profit. We’ll help when needed.”

He paused, then took out a silver jade talisman from his robes and handed it to Kai.

“This is a VIP token from the Void Merchant Guild. With this token, you can enjoy the highest level of treatment at any branch of the Void Merchant Guild in the Heavenly Realm. If Mr. Chen needs anything in the future, you can come directly to us with this token.”

Kai took the jade talisman, glanced at it, and stored it in his storage ring.

“Envoy Han, farewell.”

“Farewell.”

Han Qianshan turned around and left the Flame God Palace with more than thirty cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild.

Their silver-white robes shimmered faintly in the sunlight, and their figures quickly disappeared at the end of the mountain path.

Kai withdrew his gaze and looked at the Flame God Palace below.

The crimson-gold palace shimmered faintly in the sunlight, but the air was thick with the stench of blood. The ground was littered with crimson-gold blood and shattered armor.

Thousands of corpses lay scattered about, each with a different death, but every eye was wide open, filled with fear and resentment.

Master Yuxu walked to Kai's side, a complex emotion flashing in his aged eyes.

"Mr. Chen, the Flame God Palace is finished."

Kai nodded. "Clean up the battlefield, take all usable resources."

"Yes!" the three hundred disciples shouted in unison.

It took a full day to clean up everything in the Flame God Palace.

The three hundred disciples of Qingyun Cave Heaven sheathed their swords, lined up neatly, and followed Kai back to Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Their azure robes fluttered in the morning breeze, and their swords clinked gently at their waists.

Jiang Xuelan walked beside Kai, a few drops of crimson-gold blood stained her ice-white dress, shimmering eerily in the sunlight.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

Kai was silent for a moment, his purple eyes gazing into the distance.

"Thinking about Yuqi."

His voice was very soft, so soft that only Jiang Xuelan could hear it.

"I don't know if she's doing well, if her injuries have healed, or if she's still in danger."

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, then reached out and took Kai's hand.

"We'll find her, and she'll remember you," Jiang Xuelan said.

"Okay!"

Kai nodded and squeezed Jiang Xuelan's hand tighter. The gates of Qingyun Cave Heaven opened in the afterglow of the setting sun, golden light spilling onto the blue stone archway, making the four large characters "Qingyun Cave Heaven" shine brightly.

Two rows of disciples stood guard on either side of the gate, holding blue lanterns, respectfully welcoming the sect leader's triumphant return.

The flames in the lanterns flickered gently in the evening breeze, tinging the golden sunset with a blue glow, as if the entire mountain gate was lighting celebratory lanterns for the returning warriors.

Kai passed through the archway and stepped onto the blue stone avenue. On both sides of the avenue, spirit trees were laden with colorful spirit fruits, swaying gently in the evening breeze and emitting an alluring fragrance.

The colors of the spirit fruits were even more vibrant under the setting sun, red as fire, purple as gemstones, and gold as amber, adorning the entire avenue like a rainbow path leading to a fairyland.

Three hundred disciples filed in, their blue Taoist robes gleaming faintly in the sunset, their long swords clinking lightly at their waists.

Their faces bore the marks of exhaustion, but their eyes gleamed with excitement.

The Flame God Palace, the number one power in the Eighteen Heavens, had been utterly crushed.

Thousands of Flame God Palace disciples were slaughtered, dozens of elders perished in battle, and Palace Master Yan Wuji died by Kai's sword.

Such a feat was worthy of being recorded in the annals of the Daoist sect.

Jade Void True Person walked beside Kai, his white hair and beard fluttering in the evening breeze, his aged eyes filled with undisguised satisfaction.

"Mr. Chen, after the battle of the Flame God Palace, the reputation of Azure Cloud Cave Heaven has resounded throughout the Eighteen Heavens. From now on, no power will dare to underestimate us."

Kai nodded, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

"True Person, how is the resource inventory going?"

Jade Void True Person took out a jade slip from his sleeve and handed it to Kai.

"The accumulated wealth of the Flame God Palace over tens of thousands of years is all here. Hundreds of millions of crystals, millions of pills, thousands of magic artifacts, tens of thousands of cultivation technique jade slips, and spiritual materials piled up like mountains.

Adding the resources we obtained from the Bright Hall, our current wealth exceeds the total accumulated wealth of the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven over tens of thousands of years."

Kai took the jade slip, probed it with his divine sense, and quickly browsed through it.

A satisfied smile appeared on his lips.

"Not bad. These resources are enough for us to cultivate a group of experts at the fourth or even fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm."

Jade Void True Person's eyes lit up.

"Mr. Chen means..."

"Seclusion."

Kai's voice was calm. "Everyone go into seclusion. All disciples of the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven whose cultivation is at the ninth rank of the True Immortal Realm should take pills to break through to the Golden Immortal Realm. Those below the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm should all strive to reach the third rank or above. I want to give the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven a truly elite force in the shortest possible time."

Jade Void True Person took a deep breath, a burning light flashing in his aged eyes.

"Alright! I'll arrange it right away!"

Master Yuxu turned and left, his steps much faster than usual, like a young man rather than an old Taoist priest who had lived for tens of thousands of years.

Kai passed through the main hall, walked along the corridor, and arrived at the courtyard where Jiang Xuelan cultivated.

The courtyard was quiet, with only the rustling of bamboo leaves in the evening breeze.

The moonlight had just risen, its silvery-white rays spilling into the bamboo forest, enveloping the entire forest in a silvery halo.

Jiang Xuelan stood in front of the bamboo house, her ice-white dress fluttering gently in the evening breeze,

her long hair as black as ink, tied up with an ice-blue hairpin. A faint ice-blue light surrounded her, and a chill emanated from her, freezing the

surrounding air into tiny ice crystals that shimmered like diamonds in the moonlight.

She turned around, her ice-blue eyes looking at Kai.

“What are you thinking about?” she asked.

Kai walked up to her and gently brushed a bamboo leaf from her hair.

“I’m thinking about Yuqi. And also about what to do next.”

Jiang Xuelan paused for a moment, then reached out and grasped Kai’s hand.

“Han Qianshan of the Void Merchant Guild has agreed to help search. With the Void Merchant Guild’s intelligence network, we should have news soon.”

Kai nodded, his purple eyes gazing into the distance.

“I hope so.”

…

In the days that followed, Qingyun Cave Heaven entered an unprecedented state of activity.

All three hundred disciples were in seclusion, elixirs were being consumed like water, piles of crystals were disappearing one after another, and pools of spiritual liquid were being drained one after another.

True Immortal Yuxu personally oversaw the disciples’ cultivation, working tirelessly every day, but his smile grew ever wider.

The cultivation levels of the three hundred disciples were rapidly improving. Those at the ninth rank of True Immortal Realm, after consuming elixirs and benefiting from the time-law of the Demon

Suppression Tower, saw their cultivation levels soar like a rocket, breaking through to the Golden Immortal Realm in just a few days.

Disciples below the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm are also striving to break through to the third rank or higher. Although the bottleneck of the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm is not easy to overcome, with the support of massive resources, more than a dozen disciples have already successfully broken through to the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

Yun Yi has also broken through to the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. Relying on resources, the time law of the Demon Suppression Tower, and his extraordinary talent, he directly advanced two minor realms.

At this moment, if Yun Yi were asked to call Kai “father,” he wouldn’t hesitate, after all, all of this was given to him by Kai.

If Kai hadn’t come, his power wouldn’t have grown so quickly.

The strength of Qingyun Cave Heaven is increasing at a visible rate.

Kai is not idle either.

He sets aside some time every day to cultivate, consolidate his foundation at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and comprehend the law seeds contained in the power of chaos.

The seed of the spatial law is slowly growing in his body. Although there is still a long way to go before truly mastering the spatial law, he can already feel that his perception of space is much more acute than before.

He could sense all spatial fluctuations within a hundred miles, detect the location of spatial rifts, and even use spatial power during battle to make the trajectory of the Dragon Slayer Sword more unpredictable.

The seed of the Law of Time also began to sprout.

The Law of Time was far more profound and difficult to comprehend than the Law of Space. Kai could only barely perceive the existence of time; he was far from truly mastering it.

But he wasn't in a hurry.

He Meanwhile, in the Nineteenth

Heaven,

the high-ranking members of the divine race were gathered together.

The distribution of divine forces in the Nineteenth Heaven was extremely complex, unlike the Eighteenth Heaven, which only had a few major powers like the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace.

The Nineteenth Heaven was more than ten times the size of the Eighteenth Heaven, with divine forces scattered across this vast continent like stars, hundreds of forces large and small, each occupying their own territory.

But at this moment, these divine forces, usually fighting and scheming against each other, were unusually seated together.

Because a momentous event had occurred that would shake the entire Nineteenth Heaven.

The divine forces of the Eighteenth Heaven were being wiped out one after another.

The Hall of Light was destroyed. The

Flame God Palace was also destroyed.

The one who carried out the attack was the same person— Kai.

An unknown young man, a rogue cultivator from a Daoist sect, a monster who supposedly cultivated the power of chaos.

The council hall was located in the territory of the Golden Crow Clan. The entire hall was crafted from crimson-gold Golden Crow divine stone, and the walls were carved with lifelike Golden Crow totems. Each Golden Crow's eye was a genuine top-grade fire spirit crystal, shimmering with a scorching light under the lamplight.

At the very center of the hall stood a massive circular stone table, its surface covered with ancient runes that slowly rotated, releasing faint spatial fluctuations. This was a trans-celestial communication array, capable of converging projections of high-ranking figures from various divine races across the Nineteen Heavens.

At this moment, the stone table was surrounded by people.

No, to be precise, it was surrounded by projections.

Dozens of figures circled the stone table, each radiating a terrifying aura. The lowest was at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, the highest a few reaching the seventh rank, and one even reaching the eighth rank.

That was the Golden Crow Clan's patriarch, Wu Tianji.

Eighth rank Golden Immortal Realm.

In the entire Nineteen Heavens, the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm was the ceiling; very few could reach that level.

Wu Tianji was a middle-aged man with a resolute face and an air of authority.

He wore a crimson-gold robe embroidered with golden crow totems, each thread woven from golden crow feathers, shimmering golden in the lamplight.

His eyes were crimson-gold, with a golden flame slowly burning deep within his pupils—a projection of the Golden Crow Divine Fire, a symbol of the Golden Crow clan's bloodline.

“Is everyone here?”

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

His voice carried an innate authority that silenced all disrespect.

“Lei Wanjun of the Thunder God Clan hasn’t arrived yet,”

said an elder in a silver robe.

As soon as he finished speaking, the runes in the center of the hall suddenly lit up, and a silver figure slowly emerged.

It was a burly middle-aged man with a rugged face and a violent aura between his brows.

Thick bolts of lightning crackled around him, each one like a silver python, slithering across his body with a crackling sound.

He was Lei Wanjun, the eighth-rank Golden Immortal and patriarch of the Thunder God Clan.

“Sorry I’m late,”

Lei Wanjun’s voice echoed like muffled thunder in the council hall. His gaze swept over the crowd, finally settling on Wu Tianji. “Patriarch Wu, what’s the matter that’s so urgent?”

Wu Tianji’s fingers tapped lightly on the table, producing a dull thud.

“You’ve all heard about what happened in the Eighteenth Heaven, haven’t you?”

Lei Wanjun frowned. “The destruction of the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace?”

“That’s right.”

Wu Tianji nodded, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold eyes. “The Hall of Light was destroyed, and the Holy Light Celestial Venerable died. The Flame God Palace was destroyed, and Yan Wuji also died. The same person did it, a Daoist cultivator named Kai.”

Lei Wanjun’s frown deepened. “A Daoist cultivator could destroy two divine forces? Although the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace aren’t the strongest in the Eighteenth Heaven, they’re not easily destroyed by just anyone.”

“That’s why I called you here.” Wu Tianji’s voice carried a hint of solemnity. “This Kai is no simple man.”

He took out a jade slip from his sleeve, probed it with his divine sense, and the information within the jade slip formed a light screen, appearing in the center of the council hall.

An image of Kai appeared on the light screen: a young man with long black hair casually tied back with a gray ribbon, deep purple eyes, a cold and stern face, wearing a gray robe, and a purple longsword hanging at his waist.

” Kai, a Daoist cultivator, his cultivation method is unknown, but it is suspected to be the Great Luo Golden Scripture,”

Wu Tianji’s voice echoed in the council hall. “Cultivation: At the eighth rank of True Immortal Realm, he killed the fifth rank of Golden Immortal Realm Saint Light Heavenly Venerable. After forty days of seclusion, he broke through to the first rank of Golden Immortal Realm, shattering the Flaming Heavenly God Fire Array with a single sword strike, and killing Yan Wuji, a peak fifth-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator.”

The information on the light screen appeared one by one, each piece causing the assembled high-ranking members of the Divine Race to gasp in astonishment.

An eighth-rank True Immortal Realm cultivator killing a fifth-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator?

A first-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator breaking an ancient array with a single sword strike?

This combat power was beyond their comprehension.

“That’s impossible!”

Lei Wanjun was the first to speak, his voice filled with disbelief. “There are six minor realms between the eighth rank of the True Immortal Realm and the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, each a formidable chasm. Even the prodigies of ancient times couldn’t possibly cross six minor realms to kill their opponents!”

“The facts are clear,”

Wu Tianji said calmly. “The Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace have been destroyed; that’s an indisputable fact.”

Lei Wanjun opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but ultimately said nothing.

He truly couldn’t refute it.

The news of the destruction of the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace had spread throughout the entire Nineteenth Heaven. Countless divine cultivators had witnessed the horrific scene after the Flame God Palace’s annihilation; thousands of corpses lay scattered across the plaza, their crimson blood staining the entire area.

It wasn’t fake.

“What is the background of this Kai?”

asked an old man in a white robe.

He radiated a holy light; he was an elder of the Holy Light Hall, the upper sect of the Hall of Light, holding a pivotal position in the Nineteenth Heaven.

The Holy Light Celestial Venerable was sent to the Eighteenth Heaven by the Holy Light Palace.

Now that the Holy Light Celestial Venerable is dead, the Holy Light Palace has also lost face.

“It’s been investigated.”

Wu Tianji said, ” Kai was originally a cultivator from the lower realm, his specific identity unknown. He cultivates the power of chaos, and it’s said he received the inheritance of the Great Luo Golden Scripture, as well as a fragment of the key to the Chaos Dao Palace.”

“The power of chaos?” Lei Wanjun’s eyes widened suddenly. “The legendary power of chaos?”

“That’s right.”

Wu Tianji nodded. “The power of chaos is the source of all elements, and also the source of all laws. Those who cultivate the power of chaos possess combat power far exceeding their peers. This is why he was able to cross realms to kill his opponents.”

Silence fell over the council hall.

Everyone wore solemn expressions.

The power of chaos was legendary, said to be something only the ancient chaotic gods and demons could master.

Now, a Daoist cultivator had mastered the power of chaos; this was definitely not good news for the divine race.

“He also obtained a fragment of the key to the Chaos Dao Palace,”

Wu Tianji continued. The moment those words were uttered, the atmosphere in the council hall instantly became extremely tense. The Great Luo Golden Immortal

was the realm every Golden Immortal cultivator dreamed of.

Above the Golden Immortal realm was the Great Luo Golden Immortal, and above the Great Luo Golden Immortal was the Immortal King. Each major realm was an insurmountable chasm, one that countless cultivators could not cross in their entire lives.

If Kai had truly obtained the secret to breaking through to the Great Luo Golden Immortal from the Chaos Dao Palace, his future achievements would be limitless.

“We cannot let this Kai continue to grow,”

the elder of the Holy Light Hall spoke first, his voice filled with intense killing intent. “He is only at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm now, yet he can already kill Yan Wuji, a peak fifth-rank Golden Immortal. What will happen when he breaks through to the second, third, or even higher ranks of the Golden Immortal realm?”

“That’s right,”

Lei Wanjun nodded, a hint of solemnity on his rugged face. “We must kill him before he grows stronger. Otherwise, when he reaches the nineteenth heaven, we will all suffer.”

Wu Tianji remained silent for a moment, his crimson-gold eyes sweeping over the crowd.

“The problem is how to kill him. Kai is in the 18th Heaven, and we are in the 19th Heaven. There is a barrier between the 18th and 19th Heavens. Cultivators of the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm and above cannot descend to the lower realm, otherwise it will cause spatial collapse.”

This is the rule of the Heavenly Realm.

Spatial barriers exist between the various heavens of the Heavenly Realm, and the higher the cultivation level of a cultivator, the greater the restriction. If

a cultivator of the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm or above forcibly descends to the lower realm, it will cause the spatial barrier to break, leading to catastrophic consequences.

But if the people sent are of too low a cultivation level, they will only be sent to their deaths.

“Then let’s send people down to kill him,” Lei Wanjun said. “If we send down elites of the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, we should be able to kill him, right?”

“Are you sure?”

Wu Tianji looked at Lei Wanjun, a hint of mockery flashing in his crimson-gold eyes. “Holy Light Heavenly Venerable was a fifth-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator, and Yan Wuji was a peak fifth-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator. They are both dead. Moreover, they were crushed. What’s the difference between sending a sixth-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator down and sending them to their deaths?”

Lei Wanjun fell silent.

Wu Tianji was right.

A sixth-rank Golden Immortal Realm cultivator was simply no match for Kai.

“Then we’ll wait.” Wu Tianji’s voice was calm. “We’ll wait for him to come to the Nineteenth Heaven.”

“Wait for him to come?”

Lei Wanjun frowned. “Clan Chief Wu, are you kidding? Wait for him to come to us? What if he doesn’t come?”

“He will definitely come.” Wu Tianji’s voice was certain. “He can’t stay in the Eighteenth Heaven forever.”

The council hall fell silent again.

Everyone’s face showed complex expressions, some fearful, some murderous, and some an inexplicable expectation.

“Then we’ll wait.”

An elder from the Holy Light Hall spoke, his voice carrying a hint of coldness. “We’ll wait for him to come to the Nineteenth Heaven. We’ll lay a trap, and the moment he steps into the Nineteenth Heaven, we’ll make sure he dies without a burial place.”

“That’s right.”

Lei Wanjun nodded. “A junior at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, no matter how powerful, can’t possibly cause any trouble in the Nineteenth Heaven.

The Nineteenth Heaven is not the Eighteenth Heaven; there are countless powerful beings here. If he dares to come, we’ll make sure he doesn’t leave alive.”

Wu Tianji nodded, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

“Then it’s settled. From today onwards, all spies from each race will be dispatched to closely monitor the movements of the Eighteenth Heaven. Once Kai steps into the Nineteenth Heaven, everyone must be notified immediately.”

“There’s one more thing,” said an elder from the Holy Light Palace, “Should we inform the God-King of the Twentieth Heaven about this?”

The atmosphere in the council hall instantly became heavy.

The God-King of the Twentieth Heaven was the true high-ranking member of the God Race, standing at the very top of them all.

Their cultivation was unfathomable, reportedly reaching the peak of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, or even higher.

If the God-King knew that the God Race's forces in the Eighteenth Heaven had been wiped out by a Daoist cultivator, everyone present would be punished.

"We cannot inform them,"

Wu Tianji's voice was cold, "At least not before killing Kai. If the God-King knew that we had lost so much face in the Eighteenth Heaven, our lives would be miserable."

"That's right,"

Lei Wanjun nodded as well, "We'll kill Kai first, and then report to the God-King. By then, the dead are already dead, and the God-King won't pursue the matter too much."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Kill Kai, seal off the news, and prevent it from reaching the Twentieth Heaven.

This was their consensus.

...

Meanwhile, in the Eighteenth Heaven, Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Kai sat cross-legged on the Enlightenment Cliff, his purple eyes gazing at the distant horizon, a thoughtful look in his eyes.

He had been waiting for ten days.

Ten days later, there was still no news from Han Qianshan.

There was no news of Su Yuqi's whereabouts, nor of the Flame Demon Clan's lair.

Kai was not in a hurry, but he didn't like waiting either.

He stood up, stretched his limbs, and his bones cracked slightly.

The silvery moonlight shone on the cliff top, enveloping the entire cliff in a silvery glow.

The night wind blew from the north, carrying a chill, the cold air emanating from the Northern Dark Abyss, which could still be felt even thousands of miles away.

His divine sense detected an aura rapidly approaching.

It was a silvery-white light, flying from the southeast at an extreme speed, like a shooting star streaking across the sky.

A moment later, the silvery-white light landed on the Enlightenment Cliff.

The man was a young cultivator dressed in a silver-white robe. His face was ordinary, but his brows held a shrewdness characteristic of a businessman.

His cultivation was at the second rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and his aura was steady; he was clearly no ordinary person.

"Mr. Chen?" The young cultivator bowed respectfully.

Kai nodded. "From the Void Merchant Guild?"

"Yes."

The young cultivator took out a jade slip from his robes and handed it to Kai with both hands. “Envoy Han sent me with a message. The location of the Flame Demon lineage’s base in the Eighteenth Heaven, which Mr. Chen was looking for, has been found. However, Su Yuqi, whom Mr. Chen was looking for, has not been found.”

Kai took the jade slip and probed it with his divine sense.

Inside the jade slip was a map, marking the exact location of the Flame Demon lineage’s base in the Eighteenth Heaven.

It was a desolate mountain range hidden in the far west, sparsely populated and with little spiritual energy—an extremely secluded place.

But there was no information about Su Yuqi on the map.

Kai frowned slightly.

“Did Envoy Han say where Su Yuqi might be?”

The young cultivator shook his head. A cold glint flashed in Kai’s eyes.

Dead?

No, impossible.

He believed Su Yuqi was still alive, definitely still alive.

“Could it be that she went to the Nineteenth Heaven…” Kai murmured to himself, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

“Envoy Han said that if Mr. Chen decides to go to the Nineteenth Heaven, he can contact him; he has some renown there,” the young cultivator said.

Kai nodded.

“Thank Envoy Han for me

,” the young cultivator bowed, “I will certainly pass it on. Take care, Mr. Chen.”

With that, his figure transformed into a silver-white light and disappeared into the sky.

Kai’s purple eyes gazed westward.

That was the direction of the Flame Demon lineage’s base in the Eighteenth Heaven.

He had to go there.

Even if Su Yuqi wasn’t there, he still had to go.

He had to personally confirm whether Su Yuqi was there or not.

…

The next morning, Kai left Qingyun Cave Heaven with Jiang Xuelan.

Jade Void True Person wanted to go with them, but Kai refused.

“Master, Qingyun Cave Heaven needs your presence. Three hundred disciples are in seclusion, and they can’t be left unattended. Xue Lan and I will go; the Flame Demon Clan’s stronghold shouldn’t be in any danger.”

Master Yu Xu was silent for a moment, then nodded. “Mr. Chen, please be careful.”

Kai nodded and, with Jiang Xue Lan, embarked on their journey to the far west.

The far west was at the westernmost end of the Eighteenth Heaven, millions of miles from Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Kai and Jiang Xue Lan traveled at full speed, taking three full days to reach their destination.

It was a desolate mountain range, stretching for tens of thousands of miles, with peaks soaring into the clouds, but devoid of any vegetation, only bare rocks and gravel.

The sky was gray, the sun obscured by thick clouds, the entire mountain range shrouded in dim light.

A sulfurous smell permeated the air, and scorching heat waves rose from the ground, distorting distant scenery.

The Flame Demon Clan's stronghold was located at the deepest part of this mountain range.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan landed on a mountain peak, their purple eyes gazing down.

At the foot of the mountain lay a vast basin, in the center of which stood a black palace crafted from black demonic stone. The walls were carved with ferocious demonic totems, each demon's eye a genuine red demonic crystal, shimmering with a blood-red light in the dim light.

Surrounding the palace were clusters of low buildings, densely packed, resembling a giant village.

Paths connected the buildings, and along these paths walked demonic cultivators clad in long black robes embroidered with blood-red demonic patterns, each pattern slowly rotating and emanating an eerie aura. The

Flame Demon lineage possessed a considerable number of demonic cultivators; Kai's divine sense scanned them, estimating at least two to three thousand.

However, their cultivation levels were generally low, mostly at the True Immortal realm, with only a handful at the Golden Immortal realm, the highest being no more than the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

Such strength was utterly insignificant before Kai.

Kai glanced at Jiang Xuelan. “Let’s go.”

The two figures swooped down from the mountain peak, flying towards the palace in the basin.

A moment later, they landed on the plaza in front of the palace.

The plaza was large, paved with black stone slabs engraved with blood-red demonic runes, each rune slowly rotating and releasing an eerie aura.

Dozens of demonic cultivators were gathered together in the plaza, discussing something.

Seeing Kai and Jiang Xuelan suddenly appear, they were initially startled, then quickly drew their weapons and surrounded the two.

“Who goes there!”

the leading demonic cultivator shouted sharply. He was a first-grade Golden Immortal, burly, with a ferocious face covered in blood-red demonic runes, looking extremely terrifying.

Kai looked at the demonic cultivator, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

“I’m looking for your leader.”

The demonic cultivator leader sized Kai up and down, a contemptuous smile playing on his lips.

“First-grade Golden Immortal? You think you’re worthy to see our leader?”

The demonic cultivators behind him burst into laughter, their laughter filled with mockery and disdain.

“Where did this brat come from? Don’t you know where you are?”

“This is the stronghold of the Flame Demon Clan. Do you think you can just barge in like this?”

“Boy, if you know what’s good for you, get lost, or I’ll make sure you don’t leave alive!”

Kai didn’t speak.

He simply raised his right hand, and the Dragon Slayer Sword was drawn.

The purple sword light, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, flew out of the scabbard, slicing through the sky and striking the plaza.

Boom—

a deafening roar shook the entire plaza violently. The black stone slabs were shattered, and fragments flew in all directions like projectiles.

A deep trench was carved into the ground, bottomless, from which black demonic energy surged and permeated the air.

The dozens of demonic cultivators were all terrified.

They stared at the trench beneath their feet, their faces pale, their bodies trembling, and their weapons nearly falling to the ground.

The power of a single sword strike was terrifying.

For a cultivator at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm to unleash such power with a single sword strike was beyond their comprehension.

The leader of the demonic cultivators was so frightened his legs went weak. He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but couldn't utter a word.

Kai sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, his purple eyes sweeping over the demonic cultivators.

"Now, may I see your leader?"

His voice was calm, as calm as asking about the weather.

The demonic cultivator leader nodded repeatedly, his head bobbing like a chicken pecking at rice.

"Yes…yes…please…please come with me…"

He turned around and led Kai and Jiang Xuelan towards the palace, his steps faltering, almost falling.

The dozens of demonic cultivators behind him exchanged bewildered glances, their eyes filled with fear.

In the main hall of the palace, the leader of the Flame Demon lineage sat in the main seat, his face so gloomy it could drip water.

His name was Mo Lihong, a third-rank Golden Immortal, the highest commander of the Flame Demon lineage in the Eighteenth Heaven.

He was burly, with a ferocious face covered in blood-red demonic runes. He wore a long red robe embroidered with these runes, each slowly rotating and emanating an eerie aura.

Behind him stood a dozen or so demonic cultivators at the Golden Immortal realm, each with a solemn expression.

Just moments ago, they had sensed the commotion in the plaza.

The power of that single sword strike was terrifying.

That force had exceeded their limits.

Mo Li Hong's palms were sweaty, her black eyes fixed on the entrance to the hall, filled with tension and fear.

A moment later, Kai and Jiang Xuelan entered the hall.

Their steps were neither fast nor slow, each step extremely steady and heavy, causing the hearts of the demonic cultivators in the hall to tremble.

Mo Li Hong looked at Kai, a first-grade Golden Immortal…"You…you're Kai?" Mo Li Hong's voice trembled slightly.

He had certainly heard of Kai's name.

The destruction of the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace were both the work of this young man.

Mo Li Hong never dreamed that Kai would come after his Flame Demon lineage.

Kai looked at Mo Li Hong, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

"I'm looking for someone."

"Who…who?" Mo Li Hong's voice was hoarse.

"Su Yuqi."

Kai's voice was calm, but it carried a chilling undertone. "Some time ago, she led your Flame Demon lineage's demon cultivators near the territory of the God Clan. Where is she now?"

Mo Li Hong's expression changed drastically.

He certainly knew Su Yuqi.

The Holy Maiden of the Flame Demon lineage.

“She…she’s no longer in the Eighteenth Heaven.” Mo Li Hong’s voice trembled slightly.

A cold glint flashed in Kai’s eyes.

“Where?”

Mo Li Hong swallowed hard, a hint of hesitation flashing in his dark eyes.

He was wondering whether to tell the truth.

If he did, Kai might let him go.

But if he didn’t tell the truth…

He glanced at the deep trench in the square and shuddered.

“She…she’s in the Nineteenth Heaven.”

Kai’s brow furrowed slightly.

“The Nineteenth Heaven? Where exactly is it?”

Mo Li Hong shook her head. “I…I don’t know. Saintess Su also came here suddenly, but she didn’t stay long. She was injured recently, and after recovering, she said she was going to the Nineteenth Heaven. As for where she went in the Nineteenth Heaven, I really don’t know, and I have no right to ask.”

Kai was silent for a moment, his purple eyes fixed on Mo Li Hong’s, his gaze sharp as a knife.

Mo Li Hong felt uneasy under his gaze, large beads of sweat forming on her forehead, her body involuntarily shrinking back.

“You’re not lying to me?” Kai’s voice was cold.

“No! Absolutely not!”

Mo Li Hong waved her hands repeatedly, her voice filled with an almost frantic urgency. “I’m telling the truth! Saintess Su really went to the Nineteenth Heaven! If there’s a single lie, may I be struck by lightning and die a horrible death!”

Kai remained silent for a long time.

His face was expressionless, but Jiang Xuelan could see the complex emotions churning deep within his eyes.

There was disappointment, worry, and an inexplicable sense of relief.

Su Yuqi wasn’t dead.

She had gone to the Nineteenth Heaven.

As long as she was alive, they would definitely find her.

“Where is the upper sect of the Flame Demon lineage in the Nineteenth Heaven?” Kai asked.

Mo Lihong shook her head. “I…I really don’t know. The upper sect in the Nineteenth Heaven and the branch in the Eighteenth Heaven only have a one-way communication method. They can contact us, but we can’t contact them.”

Kai’s brows furrowed even more.

He didn’t know if Mo Lihong was telling the truth, but he could tell from Mo Lihong’s eyes that this person wasn’t lying.

He truly didn’t know.

Kai turned around, his purple eyes looking at Jiang Xuelan.

“Go to the Nineteenth Heaven.”

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, then nodded.

“Okay.”

Kai led Jiang Xuelan out of the main hall, his purple eyes gazing at the distant horizon.

That was the direction of the Nineteenth Heaven.

It was also the direction where Su Yuqi was.

He didn’t look back at Mo Li Hong even once.

Mo Li Hong slumped in the main seat, drenched in sweat, his black eyes filled with the relief of surviving a near-death experience.

He hadn’t died.

Kai hadn’t killed him.

This gave him an indescribable sense of luck.

…

Kai and Jiang Xuelan left the far west and returned to Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Along the way, Kai remained silent, his purple eyes fixed on the distance, his gaze filled with a determination Jiang Xuelan had never seen before.

Jiang Xuelan also didn’t speak, simply following silently beside him.

She knew that at this moment, Kai didn’t need comfort or guidance; he just needed a quiet space to think about what to do next.

Back at Qingyun Cave Heaven, Kai went directly to the Enlightenment Cliff.

He sat cross-legged atop the cliff, his purple eyes gazing at the sky, his gaze piercing through layers of clouds, as if he could see the direction of the Nineteenth Heaven.

The Nineteenth Heaven.

That was the nineteenth level of the Heavenly Realm, more vast, more mysterious, and more dangerous than the Eighteenth Heaven.

The cultivators of the 19th Heaven are generally a level higher than those of the 18th Heaven. Golden Immortals are as common as dogs, and only those at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm are truly top-tier experts.

With his first-rank Golden Immortal cultivation, he could roam freely in the 18th Heaven, but in the 19th Heaven, he would only be considered an ordinary cultivator.

But Kai didn't care.

He possessed the power of chaos, the Great Luo Golden Scripture, the protection of a fully-formed Golden Body, and the seed of spatial laws.

He could kill anyone below the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm with a single sword strike.

He hadn't fought anyone above the sixth rank, but he believed in himself.

Moreover, he had the Demon Suppression Tower.

The hundredfold increase in time flow within the tower, coupled with the massive resources he obtained from the Hall of Light and the Flame God Palace, allowed him to raise his cultivation to a higher level in a short time.

All he needed to do was prepare.

Prepare to face the challenge of the 19th Heaven.

…

Three days later, Kai stood before the mountain gate of Qingyun Cave Heaven.

Behind him stood Jiang Xuelan and Jade Void True Person.

Three hundred disciples stood neatly arranged in the square, their blue Daoist robes gleaming faintly in the morning light. Their longswords clinked gently at their waists.

A solemn expression graced their faces, their eyes gleaming with reluctance.

The sect leader was leaving.

To the Nineteenth Heaven.

“Mr. Chen, are you sure you want to go alone?”

Master Yuxu’s voice carried a hint of worry, “The Nineteenth Heaven is not like the Eighteenth Heaven; there are countless powerful figures there. It’s too dangerous for you to go alone.”

Kai nodded, “I’m sure. Master, I entrust the Azure Cloud Cave Heaven to you. Three hundred disciples are currently in seclusion, and they can’t be left unattended. If I have the opportunity, I will return.”

Master Yuxu was silent for a moment, a complex expression flashing in his aged eyes.

“Take care, Mr. Chen.”

Kai nodded, turned around, and gazed at the sky with his purple eyes.

“Let’s go.”

Jiang Xuelan walked to his side and took his hand.

The two of them took flight simultaneously, their figures transforming into two streaks of light that disappeared into the horizon.

Master Yuxu stood before the mountain gate, watching the two streaks of light disappear into the sky, a trace of melancholy flashing in his aged eyes.

Kai had gone to the Nineteenth Heaven.

He knew that once he left, Kai might never return, or he might forget them

. The entrance to the Nineteenth

Heaven is located in the far north of the Eighteenth Heaven, accessible only by passing through a massive spatial rift.

This rift is extremely unstable, surrounded by raging spatial turbulence. Cultivators below the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm cannot approach it, or they will be torn to shreds by the turbulence.

But Kai and Jiang Xuelan are unfazed.

Kai possesses the power of chaos, the source of all elements and all laws. The laws of space are subservient to the power of chaos.

Jiang Xuelan possesses the power of the Ice God, which, while not as domineering as the power of chaos, is still powerful enough to withstand the erosion of the spatial turbulence.

The two landed on the icy plains of the far north. Silvery moonlight bathed the plains in a silvery glow.

The massive spatial rift hung in the air like an open eye, surging with raging spatial turbulence and emitting deafening roars.

Kai stared at the rift, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Ready?” he asked.

Jiang Xuelan nodded, a resolute glint in her icy blue eyes.

“Ready?”

Kai gripped Jiang Xuelan’s hand, and the two soared into the air, heading towards the spatial rift.

A violent spatial current surged towards them, attempting to tear them apart, but Kai unleashed the chaotic power within him, enveloping them in a gray light. The spatial current, before the chaotic power, was like a docile lamb, daring not to approach.

The two passed through the spatial rift and entered the nineteenth heaven.

A dense spiritual energy rushed towards them, several times denser than in the eighteenth heaven.

The sky in the nineteenth heaven was deep blue, and the sun was larger and brighter than in the eighteenth heaven, golden sunlight bathing the earth, illuminating the entire land.

In the distance were continuous mountain ranges, their peaks soaring into the clouds, covered with spiritual trees laden with spiritual fruits that shimmered with multicolored light under the sun.

A great river flowed from the mountains, its waters crystal clear, teeming with various spiritual fish, each emanating a faint spiritual aura.

What a blessed land!

Kai took a deep breath, his purple eyes gazing into the distance.

The Nineteenth Heaven.

He had arrived.

Su Yuqi, wait for him.

...

Meanwhile, in the Golden Crow Clan's territory.

In the council hall, Wu Tianji suddenly opened his eyes, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold pupils.

His divine sense detected an unfamiliar aura appearing in the Nineteenth Heaven.

That aura contained a power he had never seen before, deep as an abyss, heavy as a mountain, carrying a chilling sense of oppression.

The power of chaos.

A cold smile curved Wu Tianji's lips.

" Kai, you've finally arrived."

He stood up, his crimson-gold robe shimmering golden under the lamplight, his aura suddenly released, like a volcano about to erupt.

"Pass down the order: Kai has entered the nineteenth heaven. All races must immediately send out scouts to find his whereabouts."

"Yes!" A Golden Crow Clan cultivator knelt on one knee, his voice carrying a chilling aura.

Wu Tianji walked to the window, gazing at the sky outside, a flash of killing intent in his crimson-gold eyes.

Kai, the nineteenth heaven is not the eighteenth heaven. This is not a place for you to run wild.

You've come, so don't even think about leaving alive.

...

The moment Kai stepped out of the spatial rift, a spiritual energy several times denser than that of the eighteenth heaven rushed towards him, surging into his limbs and bones as if it were tangible.

Under the deep blue sky, a huge sun hung high, its golden rays bathing the vast earth, coating everything in a golden glow.

In the distance, mountains stretched endlessly, their peaks soaring into the clouds, their slopes shrouded in mist, like a fairyland.

At the foot of the mountains lay an endless plain, covered with various spiritual plants, shimmering with iridescent colors under the sunlight.

A great river rushed out from the mountains, its waters crystal clear, revealing various spirit fish swimming within. Each fish emanated a faint spiritual energy, clearly indicating they were extremely precious spiritual creatures.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside Kai, her icy blue eyes scanning their surroundings with a hint of wariness.

"Is this the Nineteenth Heaven?" Her voice was soft, yet remarkably clear across the vast plains.

"Yes." Kai nodded, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion. "It's many times larger than the Eighteenth Heaven, and the concentration of spiritual energy is several times higher. Cultivating here is at least three times faster than in the Eighteenth Heaven."

"No wonder cultivators in the Nineteenth Heaven are generally more powerful than those in the Eighteenth Heaven," Jiang Xuelan remarked.

Kai didn't reply; his divine sense had already expanded, covering an area of several hundred miles.

The Nineteenth Heaven was an extremely vast region. Although his divine sense could cover several hundred miles, in this expansive land, several hundred miles was merely a small area.

Their divine sense swept across the landscape: mountains, rivers, plains, and hills, but no cities or villages.

"Let's find a city to settle down in first,"

Kai said. "We need to understand the basic situation of the Nineteenth Heaven, find out Yuqi's whereabouts, and also figure out the power distribution within the Nineteenth Heaven."

Jiang Xuelan nodded.

The two determined their direction and flew southeast.

Kai sensed a strong fluctuation of spiritual energy in the southeast, which usually meant the existence of a large city or sect.

After flying for about an hour, Kai's brow suddenly furrowed.

Someone was following them.

His divine sense detected an aura dozens of miles behind them. The aura was very weak; if he hadn't cultivated the power of chaos and possessed extremely keen perception of his surroundings, he would never have been able to detect it.

The aura maintained a fixed distance, neither approaching nor moving away, clearly tracking them.

Kai remained calm and continued flying, but slightly changed direction, heading towards a dense primeval forest.

Jiang Xuelan noticed Kai's change of direction and glanced at him with her icy blue eyes.

Kai shook his head slightly, signaling her not to speak and to continue flying with him.

The two flew into the primeval forest, weaving through the dense canopy.

Towering trees blocked out the sun, and sunlight filtered through the gaps in the leaves, creating dappled shadows on the ground.

The forest was filled with the scent of decaying leaves, mingled with the fragrance of various spirit trees, and occasionally the roars of demonic beasts could be heard from afar.

Kai's divine sense remained locked on the tracking aura.

The aura had also followed into the forest, its speed undiminished, clearly confident in its concealment.

"Follow me,"

Kai whispered, pulling Jiang Xuelan's hand, and suddenly accelerated, rapidly traversing the dense forest. His movements were incredibly agile, weaving and shifting among the trees as if walking on flat ground.

The pursuers behind him indeed sped up, closing in.

Kai's lips curled into a cold smile.

He led Jiang Xuelan through a dense canopy of trees, suddenly stopping behind a massive ancient tree.

He completely shielded their presence with his chaotic power, as if they had vanished into thin air.

A moment later, a figure emerged from the canopy, looking around the forest with a puzzled expression.

It was a young man in a gray robe, with an ordinary, unremarkable face—the kind of person who would be easily lost in a crowd.

His cultivation was at the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm, his aura steady, clearly indicating specialized training in tracking.

“Where is he?” the young man muttered to himself, his gray eyes scanning the forest, his divine sense fully activated, but he detected no presence.

“Looking for me?”

a calm voice came from behind him.

The young man’s body stiffened abruptly, every hair on his body standing on end.

He instinctively tried to turn around, but a cold sword was already pressed against his neck.

Purple light flowed across the blade, radiating a chilling pressure.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword.

“Don’t move,” Kai’s voice remained calm. “Move, and you die.”

The young man’s face turned deathly pale, large beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

He could feel the power contained within the sword was enough to kill him instantly.

A third-grade Golden Immortal, he couldn’t even muster the thought of resistance before Kai, a first-grade Golden Immortal.

“You…who are you?”

The young man's voice trembled. "I…I'm just an ordinary rogue cultivator, passing by, with no ill intentions."

Kai remained silent.

He raised his left hand, and a stream of gray chaotic power shot from his fingertips, entering the young man's body.

The young man's body stiffened abruptly, his face contorted in extreme pain.

The chaotic power coursed through his body like a venomous snake, burrowing through his meridians, bringing excruciating pain with every step.

"Ah…"

The young man screamed, his body trembling violently, veins bulging on his forehead, his eyes bloodshot, looking utterly terrifying.

"I'll ask you again," Kai's voice remained calm, "Who are you? Who sent you?"

The young man's lips trembled, a struggle flashing in his eyes.

Kai's left hand moved slightly, and the chaotic power suddenly contracted, exploding in the young man's dantian.

"Ah!!!"

The young man let out an even more shrill scream, collapsing to the ground, his body convulsing uncontrollably.

In his dantian, the chaotic power was like a burning flame, raging through his spiritual energy, each burn bringing unbearable pain.

This pain was more terrifying than any torture.

The chaotic power directly affected the cultivator's spiritual energy and meridians; it wasn't just physical pain, but a agony from the depths of the soul.

"I…I'll talk…" The young man's voice was as weak as a mosquito's buzz, his eyes filled with fear. "I…I'm a disciple of the Golden Crow Clan…the clan leader…the clan leader sent me to track you…"

Kai frowned slightly. "Golden Crow Clan? What's the clan leader's name?"

"Wu…Wu Tianji…" The young man's voice grew weaker and weaker. "The clan leader said…that Kai has come to the Nineteenth Heaven…and ordered all spies…to find his whereabouts…and then report…" "

Anything else?" Kai asked. "Besides tracking, what other orders were given?"

"No…nothing else…"

The young man shook his head. "I'm just…a low-level disciple…I don't know much…the clan leader only said…find Kai's whereabouts…don't alert him…and then report…"

Kai was silent for a moment.

Judging from the man's tone and expression, he wasn't lying.

Golden Crow Clan, Wu Tianji.

It seemed that the Divine Race's forces in the Nineteenth Heaven already knew of his arrival and had laid a trap.

"What other forces does your Divine Race have in the Nineteenth Heaven?" Kai asked.

"So many… many…"

the young man said with difficulty, “The Golden Crow Clan, the Thunder God Clan, the Holy Light Palace… and… and dozens of other forces, large and small… are all looking for you…”

A cold glint flashed in Kai’s eyes.

Dozens of forces were looking for him.

It seemed that news of his destruction of the Light Palace and the Flame God Palace in the Eighteenth Heaven had already reached the Nineteenth Heaven, causing panic among the gods.

“One last question,” Kai said, “Where is your Golden Crow Clan’s base?”

The young man gave a location, his voice growing weaker and weaker, his eyes beginning to glaze over.

After asking all his questions, Kai raised his hand and with a single stroke of his sword, ended the young man’s life.

Gray chaotic power surged from the Dragon Slayer Sword, completely incinerating the young man’s body, leaving no trace.

Jiang Xuelan stood to the side, a hint of solemnity in her icy blue eyes.

“The gods already know we’ve arrived,” she said.

“Hmm.” Kai nodded. “And they’re already looking for us. Dozens of divine forces have joined forces, laying a trap.”

“Then what do we do?”

Kai was silent for a moment, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

“First, change your appearance and aura,”

he said. “Chaotic power can simulate any aura. I can convert your Ice God power aura into ordinary spiritual energy fluctuations. Your

appearance can also be changed through subtle adjustments with spiritual power. Unless you look very closely, no one should be able to tell."

Jiang Xuelan nodded.

The two found a secluded cave and began to change their appearance and aura.

Kai circulated his chaotic power, and the aura within his body began to change.

Chaotic power is the source of all elements, making it easy to simulate the aura of other attributes.

The gray chaotic power flowed within his body, gradually transforming into the aura of an ordinary first-grade Golden Immortal cultivator—balanced and peaceful, without anything special.

His appearance also changed.

Her purple eyes turned into ordinary black, and her cold, handsome face softened, making her look like an ordinary young cultivator who would blend into a crowd and go unnoticed.

Jiang Xuelan was also changing her aura.

The power of the Ice God slowly receded within her, and the icy blue light gradually disappeared, replaced by the aura of an ordinary third-grade Golden Immortal cultivator.

Her appearance also changed from stunningly beautiful to ordinary, though still relatively ordinary, and quite pretty.

"This should be fine,"

Kai nodded, looking at Jiang Xuelan. “As long as we don’t encounter a Grand Luo Golden Immortal level expert, no one should be able to see through our disguise.”

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Jiang Xuelan looked at Kai’s current appearance, a slight smile curving her lips.

“You look much better this way,” she said.

Kai didn’t reply, turning and walking out of the cave.

The two continued flying southeast.

According to the Golden Crow Clan disciple, there was a large city called “Bemu City” in the southeast, a gathering place for human cultivators of the Nineteenth Heaven.

It didn’t belong to any divine race power; it was a gathering place for independent cultivators and merchants, and also the best place to gather information.

After flying for about two hours, Kai’s divine sense suddenly detected intense spiritual energy fluctuations coming from ahead.

Someone was fighting.

And it wasn’t an ordinary fight; it was a real life-or-death struggle.

The shockwaves generated by the collision of spiritual energy echoed in the air, and even the air was filled with a faint smell of blood.

Kai narrowed his eyes slightly, extending his divine sense forward.

About fifty miles ahead, on an open plain, ten human cultivators were besieging a gigantic demonic beast.

The demonic beast was entirely black, its body resembling a small mountain, its limbs as thick as pillars, and its back covered in sharp bone spurs, each gleaming with a cold, eerie light.

Its head resembled both a wolf and a dog, its gaping maw revealing two rows of sharp fangs, saliva dripping from its mouth, corroding the ground and creating steaming pits. It was a Demonic

Dog Monster.

A fifth-grade Golden Immortal level demonic beast.

Kai had seen records of this type of beast in Daoist texts.

The Demonic Dog Monster was an extremely ferocious beast, with thick hide and incredible defense; ordinary fifth-grade Golden Immortal cultivators were no match for it.

More importantly, Demonic Dog Monsters were social beasts, usually living in packs of three to five, or even dozens.

This particular Demonic Dog Monster was likely a sentinel for its pack, responsible for patrolling its territory. Although its size was enormous, it was only considered medium-sized within the Demonic Dog Monster pack.

The ten human cultivators were led by a middle-aged man, burly and with a resolute face, whose cultivation was at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

He wielded a crimson longsword, its blade ablaze with flames. Each strike carried a scorching shockwave, leaving charred wounds on the demonic hound.

However, the demonic hound’s defense was simply too strong. Although the wounds looked gruesome, they only scratched its surface, causing no real damage.

The other nine cultivators were all at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, wielding a variety of weapons—swords, sabers, spears, and hammers. Their attacks couldn't even pierce the demonic hound's skin, only leaving white marks on its fur.

The demonic hound let out low growls, spewing black poisonous mist from its gaping maw. Wherever the mist passed, vegetation withered, the earth corroded, and a pungent stench filled the air.

The ten human cultivators were clearly extremely wary of the poisonous fog, attacking while retreating, always maintaining a safe distance from the demonic hound.

However, their speed was clearly inferior to the demonic hound.

The demonic hound suddenly pounced, its massive body like a moving mountain, crushing towards the nine Golden Immortal fourth-grade cultivators.

The middle-aged man at the head of the group's expression changed drastically. He unleashed a massive blade of light from his crimson longsword, the light slicing through the air and striking the demonic hound fiercely.

Boom—

The demonic hound staggered from the impact of the blade, but quickly regained its balance. Its blood-red eyes fixed on the nine cultivators, and it let out an even more ferocious roar.

"Retreat!" the middle-aged man shouted, his voice filled with anxiety. "We can't handle this thing! Retreat!"

The nine cultivators had long wanted to run away. Upon hearing the order, they immediately turned and fled, running away into the distance without looking back.

The middle-aged man brought up the rear, his crimson longsword slashing repeatedly, each blade a beam of light aimed at the demonic hound, attempting to halt its pursuit.

But the demonic hound was too fast; its four thick legs raced across the ground, each stride covering dozens of feet, quickly catching up with the nine cultivators.

Just then, the middle-aged man saw Kai and Jiang Xuelan.

The two were standing on a small hill not far away, watching the battle.

Their auras were weak; a first-grade Golden Immortal and a third-grade Golden Immortal, utterly insignificant in the middle-aged man's eyes.

"Run!" the middle-aged man shouted urgently, "You two, run! This isn't something you can get involved in!"

Kai and Jiang Xuelan didn't move.

The middle-aged man's expression changed, veins bulging on his forehead with anxiety.

He gritted his teeth, abruptly turned, and charged towards Kai and Jiang Xuelan.

"Are you two deaf?!"

The middle-aged man rushed up to the two men, grabbed Kai's wrist, and pulled him away. "Are you out of your mind! A mere Golden Immortal, first rank, daring to come to the territory of the demon dog monster! Are you looking for death?!"

Kai opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but the middle-aged man was incredibly strong, pulling him along at breakneck speed, giving him no chance to speak.

Jiang Xuelan followed behind, a hint of helplessness flashing in her icy blue eyes.

The middle-aged man dragged Kai for over a hundred miles, only stopping when they were far away from the demon dog monster's territory.

He released Kai's hand, bent over, panting heavily, his forehead covered in sweat.

"You…you two…"

The middle-aged man looked up at Kai and Jiang Xuelan, his eyes full of reproach. "A Golden Immortal of the first and third ranks, you dare to come to the territory of the Demon Dog Monster? Are you out of your minds?

Do you even know what a Demon Dog Monster is? A peak Golden Immortal of the fifth rank, a demon beast that could swallow you whole!"

Kai looked at the middle-aged man, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

"We were just passing by," he said calmly.

"Passing by?"

The middle-aged man's voice rose several decibels. "You can't just walk into the Demon Dog Monster's territory! That road is their territory, spanning thousands of miles!

How did you get in? Didn't anyone tell you?"

Kai shook his head.

The middle-aged man took a deep breath, suppressing his anger, and looked Kai up and down.

"Are you two from out of town?" he asked.

“Yes,” Kai nodded. “We just arrived in the Nineteenth Heaven, and we’re unfamiliar with the place.”

The middle-aged man frowned, a hint of pity appearing in his eyes as he looked at Kai.

“No wonder.” He shook his head. “You’re lucky you ran into us. Otherwise, you two would be dead here today.”

He paused, then pointed in the direction they had come from.

“That road is impassable. The demon hounds’ territory is vast, spanning thousands of miles. If you take a detour, it will add several days to your journey.”

“Why did you enter the demon hounds’ territory?” Kai asked. A bitter expression crossed the middle-aged man’s face.

“We’re cultivators from Qingfeng Village nearby. Recently, the demonic hounds have been expanding their range, frequently attacking villagers near the village.

The village chief sent us to investigate their movements, to see if we can find their lair and find a way to drive them away or eliminate them.”

He glanced at the nine cultivators behind him, shaking his head with a wry smile.

“We didn’t expect to encounter one so soon after entering their territory. We fought for ages, but couldn’t even break its skin. With our strength, we’re no match for these demonic hounds.”

The nine cultivators also approached, each with a look of relief at surviving.

Many of them bore injuries; some had deep cuts on their arms from the demonic hounds’ claws, bleeding profusely, which they were trying to stop with their spiritual energy.

“Captain, that thing didn’t catch up, did it?” a young cultivator asked, his voice tinged with anxiety.

The middle-aged man shook his head. “Probably not. Demonic hounds generally don’t stray too far from their territory. We’ve already run over a hundred miles; we should be safe.”

Just as he finished speaking, a low growl came from not far away.

Everyone’s face instantly turned deathly pale.

That sound was the growl of a demonic hound.

And there was more than one.

The middle-aged man’s pupils contracted sharply, his body tensed abruptly, and he gripped his crimson longsword, flames leaping high from its blade.

“Form a formation!” he shouted. “Back to back, in a circle!”

The nine cultivators quickly moved closer, forming a circle back to back, their weapons pointing outwards, each with a resolute expression.

One low growl after another came from underground, the ground began to tremble, soil churned, and gravel flew everywhere.

The next moment, more than a dozen black figures burst from the ground, surrounding Kai and the others.

They were demonic hounds.

Thirteen in total.

Each one was about the same size as the previous one, their combined aura of a fifth-grade Golden Immortal pressing down on everyone’s hearts like an invisible mountain.

Their blood-red eyes stared intently at the group, drool dripping from their mouths, emitting low growls as if summoning more companions.

The middle-aged man's face changed drastically.

Thirteen demonic hounds.

Thirteen demonic beasts at the fifth grade of the Golden Immortal realm.

The ten of them, the highest being only at the fifth grade of the Golden Immortal realm, the rest at the fourth grade, plus two outsiders at the first and third grades of the Golden Immortal realm, were no match for the thirteen demonic hounds.

In fact, they didn't even have a chance to escape.

The middle-aged man's lips trembled, his eyes filled with despair.

"It's over..." he muttered to himself, his voice filled with a deep sense of powerlessness, "It's all over..."

The nine cultivators were also ashen-faced, their weapons trembling, their eyes filled with terror.

Some had already begun to weep, some had closed their eyes and awaited death, and others were whispering something, as if making a final prayer.

The middle-aged man took a deep breath, turned around, and looked at Kai and Jiang Xuelan.

"You two, listen up."

His voice suddenly became calm, calmer than someone about to die. "We'll hold off these demonic hounds. You two, find a chance to run. Run as far as you can, back to Qingfeng Village. Tell the village chief that there are far more demonic hounds than we expected, and have him take everyone away. Don't stay in the village anymore."

He paused, a bitter smile playing on his lips.

“We can’t go back. But you still have a chance.”

Kai looked at the middle-aged man, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Are you done?” he asked.

The middle-aged man was stunned, not understanding why Kai could say such a thing at a time like this.

“You…” He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but Kai had already walked past him.

Kai walked to the front of the group, facing the thirteen demonic hounds, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

“What are you doing!” the middle-aged man shouted. “Come back! You’re just a first-grade Golden Immortal, are you going to your death?!”

The nine cultivators were also stunned, staring at Kai’s back with disbelief in their eyes.

“Is this guy crazy?”

“A first-grade Golden Immortal challenging thirteen fifth-grade Golden Immortal demonic hounds?”

“Is he scared out of his wits?”

“Captain, pull him back!”

The middle-aged man gritted his teeth, about to step forward to pull Kai, but was stopped by Jiang Xuelan.

“Don’t move.” Jiang Xuelan’s voice was calm. “Just watch.”

The middle-aged man's eyes widened as he looked at Jiang Xuelan, then at Kai, completely bewildered by what the two were doing.

Kai stopped, standing before the thirteen demonic hounds, appearing ridiculously small.

A first-grade Golden Immortal facing thirteen fifth-grade Golden Immortal demonic beasts—the difference was like an ant facing an elephant.

The demonic hounds looked at Kai, a hint of doubt flashing in their blood-red eyes.

They couldn't understand why this human, whose aura was so weak, dared to stand alone before them.

The leading demonic hound let out a low growl, opened its blood-red maw, and pounced on Kai.

Its speed was incredible; its massive body drew a black arc through the air, its sharp fangs gleaming coldly in the sunlight.

The middle-aged man closed his eyes.

He didn't want to see the young man torn to pieces.

The nine cultivators also turned their heads away, unable to bear the sight.

However, the expected scream didn't come.

Instead, a piercing wail erupted.

The sound wasn't human, but that of a demonic beast.

The middle-aged man abruptly opened his eyes; the scene before him left his mind blank.

The leading demonic hound, the largest and strongest of them all, lay on the ground, its body cleaved in two, black blood gushing out, staining the earth black.

Its blood-red eyes were still open, filled with shock and disbelief, as if it didn't understand how it died until its last breath.

The young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, stood beside the demon dog's corpse, holding a purple longsword in his hand. A faint purple light flowed across the blade, and not a single drop of blood stained it.

"One sword..."

The middle-aged man's lips trembled, his voice so hoarse it was almost inaudible.

"One sword... to slay a fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon dog..."

He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was hallucinating.

But the demon dog's corpse lay there, black blood still flowing, the pungent smell of blood filling the air—it was all real.

The nine cultivators were also stunned, their mouths agape, their eyes wide with disbelief. "This...this is impossible..." "

A first-grade Golden Immortal killed a fifth-grade Golden Immortal with a single sword strike?"

"I must be dreaming..."

"No...it's not a dream...it's real..."

Kai ignored the gasps of surprise behind him, his gaze fixed on the remaining twelve demonic hounds.

The demonic hounds were also shocked.

Although their intelligence was low, their instincts told them that this seemingly weak human was extremely dangerous.

The leader was their strongest, a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal, yet he had been killed with a single sword strike.

What did this mean?

It meant that this human's strength far exceeded their imagination.

The demonic hounds let out uneasy growls and began to retreat.

Their blood-red eyes were filled with fear, their four legs trembling, wishing they could turn and run away immediately.

But Kai wouldn't give them the chance.

His figure vanished from the spot.

The next instant, he appeared in front of one of the demonic hounds. He

raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, the purple sword light like a bolt of lightning, slicing through the sky and striking the demonic hound's head.

Crack!

The seemingly indestructible skull of the demon hound was as fragile as paper before the power of chaos.

The sword light cleaved through its skull and exited from its tail, splitting the demon hound in two.

Black blood sprayed into the air like a blooming black lotus.

One sword strike after another.

Kai's figure weaved through the horde of demon hounds, so fast that his movements were impossible to discern. Only a purple light could be seen flashing among the beasts, and with each flash, a demon hound fell.

One sword strike, one kill.

No fancy moves, no superfluous actions.

Each strike was the simplest of slashes, yet each contained the destructive power of chaos.

The demon hounds finally collapsed.

They began to scatter and flee in all directions, wishing they had more legs.

But Kai was faster than them.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, the purple sword light like the scythe of death, reaping lives on the battlefield.

Twelve demon hounds, twelve sword strikes.

From the first sword strike to the last, less than ten breaths had passed.

On the battlefield, the corpses of thirteen demonic hounds lay scattered on the ground, their black blood forming a small stream that swelled into a pool of black blood in the low-lying area. The pungent stench of blood permeated the air, almost nauseating.

Kai sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, turned around, and looked at the ten people behind him.

Not a drop of blood stained his body; his gray robe fluttered gently in the wind, and his black eyes were as calm as a stagnant pool.

The ten people, including the middle-aged man, were all dumbfounded.

Their mouths were agape, their eyes wide, their bodies stiff as statues, completely unable to believe what they were seeing.

First-grade Golden Immortal.

Thirteen fifth-grade Golden Immortal demonic hounds.

Less than ten breaths.

All annihilated.

This feat was beyond their comprehension.

In their understanding, the difference between a first-grade and a fifth-grade Golden Immortal was like heaven and earth.

A cultivator at the first level of the Golden Immortal realm couldn't even withstand a single move from a fifth-level Golden Immortal.

But this young man not only withstood it but also turned the tables, killing them all.

And it was a crushing defeat.

One sword strike at a time, no demonic hound could withstand a second blow.

The middle-aged man's Adam's apple bobbed; he wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

His lips trembled, his eyes filled with complex emotions—shock, awe, and a hint of inexplicable shame.

Just moments ago, he had dragged this young man away, berating him for his "low cultivation level, how dare you come to the territory of demonic hounds."

Now, it all seemed like a joke. The young

man wasn't unaware of the danger; he simply didn't care.

Thirteen fifth-level Golden Immortal demonic hounds were nothing more than ants, each one a sword strike away.

"You…you…" the middle-aged man finally uttered a voice, hoarse as sandpaper, "How did you do that…"

Kai stared at the middle-aged man, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

"My cultivation method is rather special." His voice was calm, as calm as if he were commenting on the weather. "My combat strength is slightly stronger than others of the same level."

Slightly stronger?

The middle-aged man's lips twitched.

Slightly stronger?

This was simply defying the heavens!

A first-level Golden Immortal killing a fifth-level Golden Immortal, instantly killing across four minor realms—this

was considered slightly stronger? What about them, the fourth and fifth-level Golden Immortal cultivators? Was it all trash?

The middle-aged man took a deep breath, suppressing his shock and astonishment.

Regardless, this young man had saved their lives. Without him, all ten of them would have died here today, becoming food for the demonic hound.

"Thank you." The middle-aged man bowed deeply, his voice filled with sincere gratitude. "I am Zhao Tieshan, the captain of the guards of Qingfeng Village. Thank you for saving my life."

The nine cultivators also bowed in thanks, their eyes filled with awe and gratitude.

Kai waved his hand, “No need to be polite. You helped me too, getting me out of the demon dog’s territory.”

Zhao Tieshan’s face showed an embarrassed smile.

“I’m ashamed… I was just pulling you along and scolding you for your low cultivation level…”

He scratched his head and said apologetically, “I really didn’t recognize your greatness, please don’t take it to heart.”

Kai shook his head, “I can tell you meant no harm. You were worried about our safety, I appreciate that.”

A warm feeling welled up in Zhao Tieshan’s heart.

This young man was ridiculously strong, but he had no airs at all, and his words and actions were very easy to get along with.

“These demon dog corpses…” Kai looked at the thirteen demon dog corpses on the ground, “Will they be useful to you?”

Zhao Tieshan’s eyes lit up.

The corpses of the demonic hounds are treasures!

Their fur can be used to forge high-grade armor, their bone spurs to forge weapons, their flesh to refine pills, and their inner cores are extremely valuable cultivation resources.

A single fifth-grade Golden Immortal demonic hound is worth at least tens of thousands of high-grade crystals.

Thirteen of them would be worth hundreds of thousands of high-grade crystals, equivalent to several years' worth of income for Qingfeng Village.

"Useful, very useful!" Zhao Tieshan nodded repeatedly, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "So useful! Every part of the demonic hound is a treasure. These materials can be sold in Tianlan City for a lot of crystals!"

"Then you should pack them up," Kai said.

Zhao Tieshan was stunned. "You…you don't want them?"

"I have nothing I don't need," Kai's voice was calm. "Besides, you found these demonic hounds first; I just helped out."

Zhao Tieshan's eyes welled up with tears.

Hundreds of thousands of high-grade crystals in spoils of war—this young man just said he didn't want them.

What kind of magnanimity was this?

What kind of spirit was this?

He had lived for over a thousand years and had seen all sorts of people, but he had never seen anyone like this before. "This…this is too much…"

Zhao Tieshan's voice choked with emotion. "You saved our lives and then gave us these spoils of war. We…we are unworthy of it…"

"Didn't you say you wanted to help the village?"

Kai said. "These resources should be of some help to you."

Zhao Tieshan's tears finally flowed.

He bowed deeply and remained standing for a long time.

“I have no way to repay you. From now on, your affairs are my affairs, and the affairs of Qingfeng Village are my affairs. Just say the word, and I will go through fire and water for you without batting an eye!”

The nine cultivators also bowed, their eyes filled with gratitude and admiration.

Kai nodded without speaking.

Zhao Tieshan straightened up, wiped away his tears, and turned to the nine cultivators, saying, “What are you standing there for! Quickly pack up the spoils!”

The nine cultivators snapped out of their daze and immediately got to work. They skillfully dismembered the demon dog’s corpse, sorting and storing the fur, bones, flesh, and inner core. Each of them wore an excited smile.

Zhao Tieshan walked up to Kai, hesitated for a moment, and asked, “I still don’t know your name?”

” Kai.” Kai didn’t hide his name.

Although the Divine Race was looking for him, the Nineteenth Heaven was vast and boundless, and there were many people with the same name. Besides, he had changed his appearance and aura, so he shouldn’t be recognized.

” Kai…” Zhao Tieshan repeated the name, feeling he’d heard it somewhere before, but couldn’t quite place it. “Mr. Chen, are you new to the Nineteenth Heaven?”

“Yes.” Kai nodded. “My wife is in the Nineteenth Heaven; I’ve come to find her.”

Zhao Tieshan’s eyes lit up. “If you’re looking for someone, this is the best place. Bermuda City is one of the largest human settlements in the Nineteenth Heaven. There are various merchant guilds and intelligence

organizations in the city; with enough crystals, you can find out any information."

"Bermuda City?" Kai raised an eyebrow slightly.

"Yes, Bermuda City,"

Zhao Tieshan said. "It's about a two-day journey southeast from here. Bermuda City is very large, with all sorts of people—freelance cultivators, merchants, sect disciples. There are strict rules in the city, prohibiting fighting, so it's very safe."

Kai nodded. Bermuda City was exactly the place he was looking for.

"Captain Zhao, is your Qingfeng Village near Bermuda City?" Kai asked.

"Yes,"

Zhao Tieshan said. "Qingfeng Village is northeast of Bermuda City, about a half-day's journey. The village isn't big, only a few hundred households, all making a living by hunting and gathering.

Recently, the demonic hounds have been expanding their range, frequently attacking villagers near the village, causing us to lose many men."

He sighed, a hint of helplessness on his face.

"The village chief's idea is that if we can find the demonic hounds' lair and find a way to drive them away or eliminate them, the village will be safe. But as you saw in today's battle, our strength is no match for the demonic hounds."

He paused, looking at Kai, a glimmer of expectation in his eyes.

"Mr. Chen, your strength is so great, if it's convenient, could you..."

He stopped mid-sentence, then shook his head, “Never mind, this is our trouble, we shouldn’t trouble you.”

Kai was silent for a moment.

“I can take a look. But I can’t guarantee I can solve the problem.”

Zhao Tieshan’s eyes suddenly lit up, and his face showed an expression of ecstasy.

“Really? That’s great! Thank you so much! The village chief will be very happy if he knows!”

Kai waved his hand, “Take me to Qingfeng Village first. I need to find a place to stay and learn about the situation in the Nineteenth Heaven.”

“Alright, alright!” Zhao Tieshan nodded repeatedly, “Follow me, Qingfeng Village is just ahead, not far!”

The spoils were quickly collected.

The corpses of the thirteen demonic hounds were divided into storage bags, filling more than a dozen bags.

The nine cultivators all had smiles on their faces, and their eyes shone with excitement.

“Let’s go.” Zhao Tieshan said, leading the way.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan followed behind, heading towards Qingfeng Village.

Nine cultivators followed at the back, their eyes filled with awe and admiration as they watched Kai’s retreating figure.

“What do you think Mr. Chen’s cultivation level is?” a young cultivator asked in a low voice.

“He’s definitely hiding his cultivation!” another cultivator said confidently. “How could a first-grade Golden Immortal kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon dog with a single sword strike? He must be at least a sixth-grade Golden Immortal!”

“Yes, I also think he’s hiding his cultivation. He’s deliberately pretending to be a first-grade Golden Immortal, probably just to show off.”

“You’re overthinking it.”

An older cultivator shook his head. “Mr. Chen only has the aura of a first-grade Golden Immortal; I can sense it. He was able to kill the fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon dog not because of his higher realm, but because of his special cultivation technique.”

“Special cultivation technique? What kind of technique allows a first-grade Golden Immortal to kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal?”

“I don’t know. In any case, Mr. Chen’s strength is too great. Did you see his sword strike just now? It was so fast you couldn’t even see it! With one strike, the demon dog didn’t even have a chance to react before being cleaved in two!”

“Yes, I’ve cultivated for hundreds of years and have never seen such terrifying swordsmanship.”

“Tell me, between Mr. Chen and the city lord of Baimu City, who is stronger?”

“It’s hard to say. The city lord of Baimu City is a seventh-grade Golden Immortal. Although Mr. Chen can instantly kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon dog, there’s still a gap between him and a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, right?”

“It’s hard to say, really hard to say…”

The discussion grew quieter, but the awe in their eyes deepened.

...

Qingfeng Village is located in a hilly area northeast of Baimu City. The village is small, with only a few hundred households. The houses are built of bluestone and spirit wood, simple yet sturdy.

A low wall surrounds the village, with simple defensive formations carved on it, capable of resisting attacks from some low-level demon beasts. In

the center of the village is a wide square, with a huge ancient tree on it. Its trunk requires more than a dozen people to encircle it, and its canopy blocks out the sun, covering the entire square in shade.

Under the ancient tree is an ancient well, its water crystal clear and emitting a faint spiritual energy.

When the villagers saw Zhao Tieshan returning with a group of people, they all gathered around.

“Captain Zhao is back!”

“Are you all alright? Are you injured?”

“How is the demon dog?”

Zhao Tieshan waved his hand, signaling everyone to be quiet.

“I’m fine, everyone’s fine. This is Mr. Chen, he saved us.” He pointed to Kai and said.

The villagers looked at Kai, their eyes full of curiosity.

“Mr. Chen? He doesn’t look very old.”

“Golden Immortal Realm, First Rank? He can save you?”

“Captain Zhao, you’re not joking, are you?” Zhao Tieshan’s face darkened. “When have I, Zhao Tieshan, ever joked? Although Mr. Chen is only at the first level of the Golden Immortal Realm, his combat power far surpasses that of others at the same level. Thirteen fifth-level Golden Immortal Realm demonic hounds—Mr. Chen alone, one sword at a time, killed them all in less than ten breaths!”

A commotion erupted in the square.

Everyone’s eyes widened, their mouths agape.

“One sword at a time, one fifth-level Golden Immortal Realm demonic hound?”

“Killed thirteen in less than ten breaths?”

“This…how is this possible?”

“Captain Zhao, are you sure you’re not bragging?”

Zhao Tieshan sneered, taking out a demonic hound’s inner core from his storage bag and holding it high.

“Look at this! The inner core of a fifth-level Golden Immortal Realm demonic hound! We have thirteen here! Every single one was killed by Mr. Chen! Anyone who thinks I’m bragging, come and see for yourselves!”

The villagers crowded around, their eyes filled with shock as they looked at the inner core in Zhao Tieshan’s hand.

The inner cores of the fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon hounds were genuine; there was no faking it.

Thirteen cores.

A full thirteen.

This meant that thirteen fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon hounds had truly been slain.

And the one who killed them was this young man who appeared to be only a first-grade Golden Immortal.

The villagers' gazes towards Kai changed.

From curiosity to awe.

From suspicion to worship.

"Mr. Chen..." An elderly man with white hair stepped out from the crowd, his steps faltering, but his spirit vigorous.

His cultivation was at the sixth grade of the Golden Immortal realm; he was the village chief of Qingfeng Village.

Kai looked at the old man and nodded slightly.

The old man walked up to Kai and bowed deeply.

"I am Zhao Yuanshan, the village chief of Qingfeng Village. Thank you, Mr. Chen, for saving my life."

His voice was old but strong. "Although Qingfeng Village is poor, we will always remember Mr. Chen's great kindness."

Kai helped the old man up. "Village chief, there's no need for such formalities. It was nothing, nothing to mention."

Zhao Yuanshan straightened up, looking at Kai, a complex look flashing in his old eyes.

"Mr. Chen, what brings you to Qingfeng Village?"

“I would like to stay in Qingfeng Village for a few days to learn about the situation in the Nineteenth Heaven,” Kai said. “And I’d also like to help you with the problem of the demon dog monster.”

Zhao Yuanshan’s eyes lit up, and a look of ecstatic joy appeared on his face.

“Really? That’s wonderful! Thank you so much, Mr. Chen!”

He bowed repeatedly, his voice filled with barely concealed excitement. “The demon dog problem has plagued us for years, killing many people. We’re at our wits’ end. We’re incredibly grateful that Mr. Chen is willing to help!”

Kai nodded. “Village Chief, you’re too kind. Please take me to my lodgings first.”

“Alright, alright! Mr. Chen, please follow me!” Zhao Yuanshan turned and led Kai and Jiang Xuelan into the village.

Zhao Tieshan followed behind, a smile on his face.

The villagers murmured amongst themselves, their eyes filled with awe and anticipation as they watched Kai’s retreating figure.

Could this young man really solve their demon dog problem?

They didn’t know.

But they were willing to believe.

Because Zhao Tieshan had said that this young man could kill a fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon dog with a single sword strike.

Such strength was unmatched in the entire Qingfeng Village.

Perhaps, he really could.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan rested in Qingfeng Village for a day.

Though it was called rest, Kai didn't really get any real rest.

The bamboo house was simply furnished: a bamboo couch, a wooden table, and an oil lamp. Outside the window stretched rolling green hills, occasionally punctuated by birdsong.

He sat cross-legged on the couch, eyes closed, cultivating, the power of chaos flowing slowly within

his body. Grayish-purple light, like tiny dragons, silently traversed his meridians, each ray carrying an indescribable rhythm, as if the primordial chaos of the beginning of time was being re-evolved within him.

His cultivation was still at the first level of the Golden Immortal realm.

However, he could feel that the condensation of his chaotic power was much higher than before.

Each strand of spiritual energy was like divine iron forged through countless hammer blows; although the quantity hadn't increased, the quality was completely different.

Deep within his dantian, the seed of spatial laws slowly rotated, like a tiny star, emitting a faint silver light.

The light was very weak, almost invisible, but each flicker created an extremely subtle ripple in the surrounding space.

The seed of the Law of Time was also sprouting, though still very weak, like a tender sprout just breaking through the soil, but its presence could already be felt—an extremely mysterious feeling, as if the passage of time within him had slowed down.

The laws of heaven and earth in the nineteenth heaven were more than ten times more complete than those in the eighteenth heaven.

Here, fragments of laws were no longer scarce, but were as ubiquitous as air.

Golden Immortal cultivators could cultivate here at a speed several times faster than in the lower realms.

But similarly, there were also more and stronger experts here.

In the eighteenth heaven, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal was already the highest combat power; but in the nineteenth heaven, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal was only considered average.

Jiang Xuelan sat on the other side of the bamboo house, icy blue light swirling around her.

Her cultivation method was completely different from Kai's— Kai's chaotic power devoured and melted everything, while she drew the ice-type laws of heaven and earth into her body bit by bit, fusing them with her own Ice God bloodline.

The chill lowered the temperature of the bamboo house considerably, and a thin layer of frost condensed on the bamboo walls, shimmering in the morning light.

Her cultivation was at the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

After the Ice God Bloodline fully awakened, her cultivation speed increased by leaps and bounds, and the power of the Ice God far surpassed that

of her peers. In the successive battles at the seventeenth and eighteenth heavens, she had proven that cultivators below the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm were no match for her.

But this was the nineteenth heaven, and the third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm was merely the starting point.

She needed to become stronger.

The night passed without incident.

The next morning, the first rays of sunlight streamed through the bamboo forest into the bamboo house, illuminating it warmly and brightly.

Golden light fell on the bamboo walls, turning the frost into a pale gold, like tiny gems embedded in the bamboo.

Birdsong drifted in from outside the window, crisp and melodious, carrying the fresh scent of the mountains.

Distant mountains appeared and disappeared in the morning mist, like a traditional Chinese ink painting.

Kai opened his eyes, a glint of light flashing in his dark pupils.

The light was faint, yet like the sharp edge of a drawn sword, fleeting and ephemeral.

His aura was more restrained than yesterday, and the power of chaos flowed more smoothly and freely within him.

“Time to get up,” he said calmly.

Jiang Xuelan also opened her eyes, a hint of languor in her icy blue pupils.

She stretched, her long, icy-white dress shimmering faintly in the morning light, like a thin layer of frost covering silk. Her

long, ink-black hair was casually draped over her shoulders, the ends still bearing tiny ice crystals that had condensed during her cultivation the previous night, sparkling in the sunlight. “Going to Bermuda today?” she asked, her voice still slightly hoarse from just waking up.

“Yes.”

Kai nodded, stood up from the bamboo couch, walked to the window, and gazed at the distant mountains. “Let’s inquire about the situation in the Nineteenth Heaven and see if there’s any news about Yuqi.”

The two walked out of the bamboo house, where Zhao Tieshan was already waiting in the courtyard.

He had changed into clean clothes, a crimson longsword hanging at his waist, the copper rings on the scabbard clinking softly in the morning breeze.

He wore a spirited smile, looking much more energetic than when he had just escaped from the demon dog’s jaws yesterday.

Seeing Kai and Jiang Xuelan come out, his smile was genuine, without any pretense.

“Mr. Chen, Miss Jiang, good morning.”

He clasped his hands in a respectful greeting, his movements even more deferential than before. “The village chief asked me to take you to Bermuda City. I know Bermuda City very well. I used to make several trips every month to sell monster materials, buy pills and crystals. I know every street and alley in the city.”

Behind Zhao Tieshan were nine cultivators, the same nine who had hunted the demonic hounds with him yesterday.

Their faces were filled with excitement, their eyes gleaming with anticipation.

In yesterday’s battle, although they had suffered some injuries, not a single one of them had died, which was extremely rare in the hunting of demonic hounds.

They all knew that this was because of Kai.

Without Kai, ten of them would have faced thirteen demonic hounds, and none of them would have survived.

The beast cores, pelts, bone spurs, and flesh of the thirteen demonic hounds added up to a huge fortune.

For a small border village like Qingfeng Village, this fortune was enough to support the entire village's cultivation expenses for several years.

More importantly, this harvest gave them hope. With Mr. Chen around, they could do things they never dared to dream of before.

"Let's go," Kai said.

The group left Qingfeng Village and headed southeast.

The morning light grew brighter, and the golden sun slowly rose in the sky, dyeing the entire land a warm gold.

The birds in the forest began to stir, various kinds of spirit birds hopping on the branches, emitting clear and melodious calls.

Occasionally, one or two low-level spirit beasts could be seen darting through the forest, their fur still glistening with dew, startled by the footprints on the road and scattering in all directions.

Qingfeng Village was about half a day's journey from Bermuda City.

The entire route was hilly terrain with little elevation change, but the vegetation was lush, with spirit trees and spirit herbs everywhere.

Sometimes, a strong medicinal fragrance could be smelled along the way—it was the wild spirit herbs in the mountains releasing their medicinal power.

Zhao Tieshan pointed to a low-lying area by the roadside and told Kai that although the spirit herbs there were not of high quality, the villagers of Qingfeng Village used to come here to collect and trade herbs.

Since news of the expanded range of the demon hounds spread, no one had dared to travel such a long distance to gather herbs for a long time.

As they passed, they could still vaguely see several gathering traces overgrown with weeds along the path.

After walking for about two hours, a massive city appeared in the distance.

The outline of the city walls was faintly visible in the morning mist, like a lurking behemoth.

As they approached, the mist gradually dissipated, and the true face of the city became clearer.

Bermuda City.

The city walls soared into the clouds, estimated to be at least a hundred feet high, entirely constructed of bluish-white giant stones, each stone several feet square, its surface covered with densely packed runes.

These runes were so complex that they were dazzling, each one slowly rotating and emitting a faint light.

It was a defensive formation, said to have been set up by a Grand Luo Golden Immortal-level formation master invited by the first city lord of Bermuda City, capable of withstanding attacks from a Grand Luo Golden Immortal.

The runes' glow wasn't dazzling in the sunlight, but no one doubted the destructive power they contained.

Outside the city gates was a wide moat, its waters crystal clear, revealing stone slabs similarly inscribed with runes along the bottom.

A massive stone bridge spanned the moat, wide enough to accommodate dozens of carriages side-by-side.

Two rows of guards in black armor stood at the bridgehead, each a fourth-grade Golden Immortal, some captains even reaching the fifth grade.

The breastplates and shoulder armor of their black armor bore the emblem of Bermuda City—a city surrounded by nine walls, its lines ancient yet imposing.

The guards' gazes were sharp as knives, sweeping over everyone entering or leaving the city gates.

Their eyes held a professional indifference and vigilance; no one could slip past their scrutiny.

Some lower-level cultivators unconsciously lowered their heads and quickened their pace as they passed the guards.

The city gates, towering dozens of feet high, were forged entirely from black iron, their surfaces covered in defensive runes, each slowly shimmering with a dark golden light.

The weight of just these two gates alone would likely have required millions of pounds of black iron to forge.

Thousands of fist-sized spirit crystals were also embedded in the gates, serving as the energy core for maintaining the city's defensive array.

At this moment, the city gates were wide open, with a constant stream of people entering and exiting.

Above the gates hung a massive plaque bearing three large characters—"Bemu City."

The characters were carved using the power of laws possessed by a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, each radiating a chilling pressure.

Simply staring at them for too long would cause a subtle stinging sensation in one's divine sense. The characters were vigorous and

powerful, with strokes as sharp as knives, clearly the work of a highly skilled calligrapher.

The border of the plaque was engraved with intricate patterns, not merely decoration, but concealing the patterns of small protective arrays.

Faint scratches and charred marks were visible on the outer walls of the city, evidence of past attacks on Bermuda City.

However, the marks were shallow, indicating that the defensive formations on the walls were sufficient to withstand most attacks.

Zhao Tieshan pointed to several obvious battle remnants on the walls and told Kai that they were left by a Golden Immortal Rank 8 demon beast that attacked the city many years ago. In that battle, Bermuda City lost several Golden Immortal Rank 7 experts before finally repelling the beast. Since then, the runes on the walls had been reinforced several times.

Entering the city required paying a fee of ten high-grade crystals per person.

Ten high-grade crystals weren't much for a Golden Immortal cultivator, but for a True Immortal cultivator, it was a considerable expense.

Zhao Tieshan took out one hundred high-grade crystals from his storage bag and handed them to the guard.

The guard took the crystals, scanned them with his divine sense, nodded, and made way. The moment I stepped through the city gates, a cacophony of noise assaulted my senses.

Bermuda's main street was wide and smooth, lined with all sorts of shops: elixir shops, magical artifact shops, spiritual material shops, and shops selling materials for demonic beasts—you name it, they had it.

The shops were all exquisitely decorated. Elixir shops displayed advertisements for elixirs of various grades, magical artifact shops

displayed sample magical artifacts, and spiritual material shops had rows upon rows of ores and herbs of all colors laid out.

There were also restaurants, teahouses, weapon shops, talisman shops, and array plate shops—a dazzling array, countless in number.

The streets were bustling with people, shoulder to shoulder.

Sect disciples in magnificent robes strolled in small groups, chatting and laughing;

weary cultivators hurried by, carrying large and small bags of materials;

mercenaries, exuding murderous intent, strutted arrogantly through the crowd, blood dripping from their waists;

and elegant cultivators from the Void Merchant Guild, clad in silver robes, carried exquisite storage boxes with unhurried steps.

All sorts of people mingled together, creating a bustling scene of everyday life.

The sounds of hawking, haggling, arguments, the clash of weapons, and laughter from the taverns

mingled and echoed endlessly through the streets.

The air was filled with the aroma of medicinal pills, the pungent smell of demonic beast materials, the smoky aroma of street food stalls, and a faint but omnipresent scent of spirit crystals.

“Mr. Chen, let’s go to the monster material shop first,”

Zhao Tieshan said, leading the way while turning back. “There’s a shop called ‘Wanbaoge’ in the east of the city. It’s the largest monster material buyer in Baimu City. Their prices are fair, and they never cheat anyone.

I've done business with them several times before and have never been ripped off."

He lowered his voice, a shrewd look on his face that only someone who's done business often possesses. "But please don't leave me to negotiate prices with the shopkeeper alone later. I'm not good with words. Last time, someone haggled me down to half the price and I still thought I got a good deal."

Kai nodded without saying anything.

The group walked through several streets, turning from the main street into a narrower but still bustling alley, and arrived at Wanbaoge in the east of the city.

Wanbaoge was a three-story pavilion, entirely constructed of spirit wood, with carved beams and painted rafters, and upturned eaves, looking both ancient and elegant.

Several anti-peeping runes were engraved on the outer walls of the pavilion to protect the privacy of its customers.

Above the main gate hung a plaque bearing the three large characters "Wanbaoge" (Ten Thousand Treasures Pavilion), carved with the power of laws of a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, emitting a faint glow.

Two jade-carved Pixiu (mythical creatures) crouched at the entrance, symbolizing wealth flowing in without ever leaving.

The pavilion's interior was spacious. The first-floor hall displayed dozens of transparent crystal display cases, showcasing various rare demonic beast materials.

These included the tail feathers of a sixth-grade Golden Immortal Thunder Eagle, scales of a seventh-grade Golden Immortal Ice Dragon, the venom sac of the ancient ferocious beast "Swallowing Python," and a nine-tailed spirit fox's inner core sealed in a semi-transparent crystal ball—all priced at astonishingly high prices.

The display cases were protected by layers upon layers of restrictions, each powerful enough to repel an ordinary Golden Immortal cultivator.

At each of the four corners of the hall stood a sixth-grade Golden Immortal guard, motionless and expressionless, like four statues.

As Zhao Tieshan led his group into Wanbaoge, a young shop assistant in a blue robe immediately greeted them.

The assistant smiled, his attitude attentive yet measured, clearly showing he had undergone rigorous training.

“Gentlemen, what would you like? Wanbaoge has everything: pills, magical artifacts, spiritual materials, and monster materials—all at fair prices,”

the assistant said, his voice clear and measured. “Are you here to sell or buy? If you’re selling, Wanbaoge’s purchase prices are among the best in Bermuda City.

If you’re buying, you’ve come to the right place; a batch of East Sea Spirit Pearls arrived yesterday, in excellent condition.”

Zhao Tieshan cleared his throat, took out a demon dog’s core from his storage bag, and placed it on the counter.

The core was the size of a fist, entirely black, with faint blood-red patterns visible on its surface—the mark of a fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon dog.

“We want to sell materials from demonic beasts. Do you buy the cores, pelts, bone spurs, and flesh of thirteen Rank 5 Golden Immortal demonic hounds?”

The shopkeeper’s eyes widened in surprise.

Thirteen? Rank 5

Golden Immortal demonic hounds?

He'd been a shopkeeper at Wanbao Pavilion for three years and had seen many big deals, but he'd never seen a rogue cultivator bring materials from thirteen demonic hounds at once.

Demonic hounds were known for their pack nature; thirteen meant at least a team of cultivators of equal level would be needed to hunt them down, and there would likely be casualties.

The group before him was at most Rank 5 Golden Immortal, and all eleven of them bore old wounds; they certainly didn't seem like a team capable of taking down thirteen demonic hounds.

"Yes, yes, yes! Of course!"

The shopkeeper nodded repeatedly, his smile widening, but more than anything, he was filled with barely suppressed astonishment. "Please wait a moment, gentlemen, I'll go fetch the manager. This is a large order; I can't make decisions on my own."

He turned and jogged towards the back room, his pace more than twice as fast as before.

A moment later, a plump middle-aged man emerged from the back hall.

He wore a brocade robe embroidered with gold and copper coins, and his flesh jiggled with every step.

His face was plastered with smiles, his eyes narrowed to slits, clearly that of a shrewd businessman.

His cultivation was at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, his aura steady, clearly indicating he was no ordinary person.

He held a jade abacus in his hand, his fingers lightly moving the beads, obviously having been doing calculations.

“I am Qian Wanguan, manager of Wanbao Pavilion. Greetings, esteemed guests,”

the middle-aged man said, bowing and smiling as he approached Kai and his group. His gaze swept over Zhao Tieshan and the others, finally settling on Kai.

A hint of doubt flashed in his eyes.

Kai stood at the very front of the group, everyone intentionally or unintentionally trailing behind him by half a step; he was clearly the core figure of the group.

Yet, the aura emanating from this young man was only at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

A first-rank Golden Immortal, the core figure in this kind of group?

Qian Wanguan had been in business for most of his life and had seen all sorts of people, but this was the first time he had seen such a combination of personnel.

His gaze lingered on Kai for a moment longer before moving away.

“Manager Qian, how much are these materials worth?”

Zhao Tieshan took out all the beast cores, fur, bone spurs, and flesh from the thirteen demonic hounds and piled them on the counter.

The materials were piled up into a small mountain. The black beast cores emitted a faint spiritual light, the dark purple fur was as smooth as satin, the sharp bone spurs gleamed with a chilling light, and the flesh was still steaming. Qian Wanguan’s eyes lit up.

He walked to the counter, first picking up a beast core and examining it closely against the light, then tapping the shell with his finger to listen to the sound, followed by checking the integrity and luster of the fur, lightly

running his fingertip along the sharp edge of the bone spike, and finally carefully sniffing the scent of flesh and blood.

“Good stuff,” he said with genuine admiration.

“Peak Golden Immortal fifth-grade demon hound beast cores, top quality. Thirteen cores, each one in perfect condition, no broken pieces, no impurities. The fur is all intact, which is not easy. Demon hound hides are most vulnerable to scorching marks from magical artifacts; once scorched, the quality is greatly reduced. None of yours are damaged.”

He even picked up a beast core and placed it on a fist-sized spiritual energy testing plate, the scale on which instantly jumped to the “peak fifth-grade” range.

After confirming its authenticity, he pondered for a moment, then extended a hand.

“The materials for the thirteen demonic hounds will cost a total of 150,000 high-grade crystals. What do you gentlemen think of this price?”

Zhao Tieshan’s eyes lit up.

150,000 high-grade crystals—he had initially expected around 130,000, so this was a bit more than he had anticipated.

He was about to nod when Kai spoke up.

“300,000.”

His voice was calm, as calm as if he were commenting on the weather.

But those three calm words echoed in the Wanbaoge hall, causing even the shop assistant wiping the display case to stop wiping.

Qian Wanguan frowned slightly, turned to look at Kai, and a hint of surprise flashed in his eyes.

This young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, not only stood at the core of the group but also knew how to raise the price during negotiations?

Moreover, the number he quoted was subtle; it wasn't an exorbitant price, but rather a price just above 150,000 without causing the other party to change their expression.

"Young man, 150,000 is already a fair price."

Qian Wanguan shook his head, his voice still amiable. "The beast core of a fifth-grade Golden Immortal level demon hound is worth 12,000 to 15,000 per core. I'm giving you 10,000 per core because of the large quantity.

The fur, bone spurs, and flesh together are worth 30,000. 150,000 is not low. Go ask around in Bermuda, you won't find another shop that will give you this price."

Kai looked at Qian Wanguan, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

His gaze lingered on the beast cores on the counter for a moment, then returned to Qian Wanguan, his voice calm yet precise like an accounting machine.

"A peak-level fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon hound's core is worth 15,000 to 18,000 on the market. You're offering 10,000, which is haggling.

The pelts are intact and undamaged, worth at least 2,000 each, so thirteen pelts would be 26,000.

Each bone spur costs at least 500, and each demon hound has 30 bone spurs, so thirteen would be 195,000.

Each pound of flesh costs 50, and each demon hound has at least 2,000 pounds, so thirteen would be 1,300,000 pounds, worth 65,000.

All in all, the total value is at least 300,000. You're offering 150,000? Are you taking advantage of our ignorance?"

Kai's voice wasn't loud, but every word was clearly heard by everyone present.

He didn't use any force to intimidate anyone; he simply broke down the numbers, like doing a primary school math problem.

Zhao Tieshan looked at Kai in surprise, and even Jiang Xuelan looked at him incredulously, wondering how Kai knew the prices of these things, but this wasn't the time to ask him.

Qian Wanguan's smile vanished.

It wasn't that Kai was wrong, but rather that he was absolutely right.

The market price of a peak-level fifth-grade Golden Immortal demon hound's core, the premium for a complete pelt, the market price per bone spur, and the regular price for flesh—every figure was precise.

Even seasoned veterans in the demon beast material business might not be able to explain these figures so clearly.

This young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, either had an extremely powerful background or had personally dismantled dozens of demon hounds, accumulating a wealth of firsthand experience in material processing.

Zhao Tieshan had no idea that demon hound materials were so valuable.

He had sold demon hound materials with the villagers three or four times before, each time the other party would quote a price, he would symbolically add a little, the other party would symbolically lower the price, and finally the deal would be done.

He had never even considered pricing the core and pelt separately, thinking that selling the entire monster at once was the easiest way.

Now that Kai had broken it down for him, he realized for the first time how much he had been cheated before.

Qian Wanguan was silent for a moment, his smile fading slightly.

For the first time, he seriously examined this young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. His gaze was no longer the casual one that would be swept over before, but rather carried the weight of a reassessment.

“Young man, you have a good eye.”

He nodded, his tone becoming more serious. “Since you’re knowledgeable, I won’t hold back. 300,000 is the theoretical price, but that’s the retail price, not the purchase price.

When we at Wanbaoge purchase materials, we need to deduct costs such as labor, transportation, storage, and taxes, and we also have to bear the risk of market fluctuations.

200,000 is the highest price I can offer.”

He paused, then added sincerely, “To be honest, in Bermuda, no other company would be more generous than me at this price. If you don’t believe me, you can take my quote and ask around before coming back.”
”

250,000,”

Kai said, his voice still calm. “If you resell it, you can get at least 350,000. A net profit of 100,000, this deal is profitable.”

Qian Wanguan’s eyes narrowed slightly as he looked at Kai, a complex look flashing in his eyes.

This young man not only knew the market price but also their profit margin.

He even estimated that this batch of goods could be resold for 350,000, a figure only 3,000 different from Qian Wanguan's initial estimate.

"Two hundred and thirty thousand," Qian Wanguan said. "That's the most I can offer."

"Two hundred and forty thousand,"

Kai said. "Deal. We'll have more materials to sell you later. If not, we'll go to another shop."

There was no threat in his tone; he was simply stating a fact.

Qian Wanguan was silent for a moment, then finally nodded.

He suddenly smiled, a genuine smile, not the professional one given to customers, but the kind of smile one gives when they've discovered an interesting person.

"Alright. Two hundred and forty thousand. Young man, you're quite a character."

He took out twenty-four fist-sized crystals from his storage ring, each radiating rich spiritual energy, with fine, flowing patterns of light on their surfaces.

Those were top-grade crystals, each worth ten thousand high-grade crystals.

Twenty-four top-grade crystals would be worth two hundred and forty thousand.

Kai took the crystals, scanned each one with his divine sense to confirm the quantity, and then stored them in his storage ring.

His actions were as natural as if he were receiving twenty-four ordinary stones. As the group left Wanbaoge, Qian Wanguan personally saw them off at the door.

Before leaving, he glanced at Kai's retreating figure a few more times and whispered to the shop assistant beside him, "Remember this person. First-grade Golden Immortal, wearing a blue robe, accompanied by a white-clad woman using ice-elemental techniques. Next time you come, please bring him directly to my shop."

"Understood!" the shop assistant nodded.

Kai, having left, took out some crystals from his storage ring and gave them to Zhao Tieshan. Kai had said these things were for them and wouldn't take them back.

Zhao Tieshan accepted the crystals, his face filled with gratitude and shock.

The other nine cultivators watched this scene, their mouths agape.

Two hundred and forty thousand!

That was almost double what they had expected!

And all of this was because Kai had calmly and unhurriedly quoted a price, and then calmly and unhurriedly negotiated the price again.

From beginning to end, he hadn't even raised his voice.

"Mr. Chen, you…you're amazing!" Zhao Tieshan's eyes were filled with admiration, his voice trembling slightly. "I never used to haggle; I'd only ask for 20,000 or 30,000 more at most. I never expected you to ask for so much more!"

Kai waved his hand. "Market prices are transparent. As long as you know more, you won't be cheated."

He spoke calmly, but his words were an undeniable fact.

Zhao Tieshan nodded repeatedly, his admiration for Kai deepening.

He secretly resolved that next time he came to sell materials, he would spend several days in the city, researching the market price of each material.

” Kai, how did you know the prices of these demon beast materials? We’re only at the nineteenth level!” Jiang Xuelan asked.

Kai smiled faintly. “When we entered the city, you were all busy looking around. I overheard two demon dog monsters trading with my divine sense, so I knew.”

Kai led the group on another tour of Baimu City, learning about the city’s power structure and daily operations.

As Zhao Tieshan walked, he introduced the city lord of Baimu City, Murong Bai, a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, and the strongest cultivator in Baimu City.

Besides the Wanbao Pavilion, the city also had branches of the Void Merchant Guild, intelligence stations of the Tianji Pavilion, mercenary guilds of the Fengyun Tower, and other forces of varying sizes.

Golden Immortal cultivators were not uncommon in the city; fourth and fifth-grade Golden Immortals frequently walked the streets, and occasionally a sixth-grade Golden Immortal could be seen strolling leisurely along the main street, with pedestrians instinctively stepping back to make way.

“Where is the Void Merchant Guild?” Kai asked.

Zhao Tieshan pointed towards the city center, “Over there, that tallest silver-white tower is it. However, the Void Merchant Guild is only open to members; ordinary cultivators can’t even get in.

Mr. Chen, if you want to inquire about information, you can go to the intelligence trading market in the western district first. They have all kinds of information there. Like I just said, the prices aren’t cheap, but the reliability is guaranteed.”

Kai nodded, memorizing the direction of the Void Merchant Guild.

Just as they were walking on the central street, intending to buy some of the latest intelligence, a commotion suddenly arose ahead.

The commotion was several notes louder than the surrounding streets, mixed with exclamations, speculations, and excitement.

A group of people were gathered around a notice board near the city gate, their heads thronging, discussing animatedly. Those on the outer perimeter were desperately craning their necks to see inside, and some were squeezing through the crowd with excitement written all over their faces.

Zhao Tieshan's curiosity was piqued. Taking advantage of his mercenary physique, he squeezed into the crowd and watched for a while. A moment later, he emerged from the crowd, his face completely changed, and a thin layer of sweat even appeared on his forehead.

"Mr. Chen, something terrible has happened. A seventh-grade Golden Immortal level demon dog king has appeared near Bermuda City. The City Lord's Mansion has issued a bounty: 500,000 high-grade crystals will be awarded to anyone who can slay the demon dog king!"

500,000 high-grade crystals.

This number made Kai raise an eyebrow slightly.

500,000 was more than double the 240,000 they had just received from selling thirteen demon dogs, plus haggling.

"A seventh-grade Golden Immortal level demon dog king, that's very valuable," Kai said.

"It's valuable, but you need to be alive to get it!"

Zhao Tieshan shook his head, his excitement replaced by solemnity. "A seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King is comparable in

strength to a peak seventh-grade Golden Immortal human cultivator. Our village chief is only a sixth-grade Golden Immortal. The entire Qingfeng Village combined might not be a match for it.

Moreover, the Demon Dog King must have a large number of guards. Demon Dogs are social beasts, and the king is surrounded by at least dozens of fifth-grade Golden Immortal guards. According to other cultivators' hunting intelligence, a seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King typically has more than fifty guards plus more than five elite sixth-grade Golden Immortal guards."

His expression grew increasingly grim as he spoke, continuing, "There have been several records of Demon Dog Kings appearing in Baimu City before. Each time, at least twenty or thirty skilled fighters were lost in the raids. With our small group, going there would be suicide. No, we'd probably be torn to pieces by the guards before we even see the Demon Dog King."

Kai remained silent, a thoughtful glint in his dark eyes.

The Demon Dog King, a seventh-rank Golden Immortal, was indeed not someone an ordinary person could handle.

But he was no ordinary person. He possessed the power of chaos, the Dragon-Slaying Sword, and the seed of spatial laws.

He could kill anyone below the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm with a single sword strike.

He had never fought a seventh-rank Golden Immortal.

But precisely because he had never fought one, he was even more eager to try.

"Let's go back to the village first,"

Kai said. “We can discuss it when we get back. There are some things we need to find out beforehand, such as the Demon Dog King’s territory, activity patterns, and the distribution of its guards.”

Zhao Tieshan nodded and led everyone back to Qingfeng Village along the same route.

Upon returning to the village, Zhao Tieshan immediately found the village chief, Zhao Yuanshan, and told him about the bounty in Baimu City.

Zhao Yuanshan was drinking tea under the spirit tree at the village entrance. After hearing Zhao Tieshan’s words, his hand holding the teacup remained suspended in mid-air for a long time.

“A seventh-grade Golden Immortal level demon dog king…”

Zhao Yuanshan put down his teacup, a bitter smile appearing on his aged face. “Our Qingfeng Village doesn’t have that kind of strength.”

He spoke calmly, but the helplessness in his tone was particularly unpleasant to hear.

“Even if we sent the whole village out, we might not be able to kill it. And the losses would be huge. A demon beast of this level could easily take several lives with a single counterattack. It’s not worth it.”

“The village chief is right.”

Zhao Tieshan nodded, his voice tinged with bitterness. “A seventh-grade Golden Immortal level demon dog king is not something we can handle. I’ve inquired; although the City Lord’s bounty is high, it’s reserved for the major powers in Baimu City.”

” The Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group and the Flying Cloud Pavilion both have experts at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, plus their elite members; they should be able to put up a fight. Our Qingfeng Village…”

He paused, then chuckled self-deprecatingly, “We don’t even have a single peak sixth-rank Golden Immortal expert. What right do we have to join this fray?” Zhao Yuanshan sighed, about to say something, when Kai spoke up.

“I’ll go try.”

His voice was soft, his tone as calm as if he were saying, “I’m going to buy something.”

Zhao Yuanshan was stunned. Zhao Tieshan was also stunned.

The courtyard fell silent for a moment, save for the rustling of the spirit tree leaves in the wind.

“Mr. Chen, what did you say?”

Zhao Yuanshan’s eyes widened, and he sprang up from his rattan chair. “You’re going to hunt down a seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King?”

“Yes.” Kai nodded. “I want to try.”

“No, no, no!”

Zhao Yuanshan waved his hands repeatedly, his voice urgent, even bordering on agitated. “Mr. Chen, although you are very strong, Tieshan told me that you killed thirteen Demon Dogs by yourself, and even killed a peak fifth-grade Golden Immortal elite Demon Dog King with a single sword strike.

But the difference between the seventh and fifth grades of the Golden Immortal realm is like heaven and earth!

The gap between each grade is insurmountable; it’s a qualitative difference in the understanding of laws and the capacity of spiritual power, which cannot be bridged by mere swordsmanship.

Hunting down a Demon Dog King is too dangerous for you!”

“I know.” Kai’s voice was calm. “But I need resources. A seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King is worth at least a million high-grade crystals. These resources can help me quickly improve my cultivation.”

He didn’t elaborate further.

From Qingfeng Village to Bermuda City, he had a general understanding of the resource and price levels in the Nineteenth Heaven.

Here, the resources needed for a Golden Immortal cultivator to break through quickly were several times greater than in the Eighteenth Heaven.

Accumulating wealth solely by hunting Golden Immortal Rank 5 demonic beasts was too slow.

Zhao Yuanshan’s expression changed repeatedly, his brows furrowing and relaxing as if he were weighing the pros and cons in his mind.

Finally, he sighed, his shoulder muscles relaxing. ”

Mr. Chen, if you insist on going, I cannot stop you. But please be careful. If things become impossible, do not force yourself. As long as you’re alive, you can always make a comeback.”

Kai nodded.

“Captain Zhao, I need a few people who know the way.” He turned to Zhao Tieshan, “You’re familiar with the demonic hound’s territory, come with me.”

Zhao Tieshan gritted his teeth and nodded forcefully, his cheeks bulging as he clenched his teeth.

“Alright! I’ll go with you!” He selected nine more cultivators, the same nine who had gone hunting the demonic dog monster with him yesterday.

The nine looked at each other for a moment, but none of them refused.

Ten people, plus Kai and Jiang Xuelan, made a total of twelve.

Zhao Yuanshan escorted everyone to the village entrance, his aged eyes filled with worry, standing by the crooked wooden fence, repeatedly giving instructions.

The wind blew from the mountains, passing through the unripe medicinal herbs in the spirit fields, ruffling his gray hair.

The group went to Bermuda City, stayed overnight, and the next morning, Kai led Zhao Tieshan and the others to the information trading market in Bermuda City.

To hunt a seventh-grade Golden Immortal demonic dog monster, accurate intelligence was essential; otherwise, without knowing its location, it would be impossible to find the monster.

Bermuda City was surrounded by tens of thousands of miles; finding a demonic dog monster was like finding a needle in a haystack. Accurate location was crucial.

The layout of the western district was completely different from the main street.

There were no brightly lit display cases or towering gates here, but rather a large cluster of low-rise buildings, quite inconspicuous, with narrow, crisscrossing alleys and walls plastered with fragments of outdated intelligence.

Yet, many people were coming and going, hurrying along, each with their hats pulled low and their voices hushed.

Those who frequented this place likely had something they didn't want others to know.

"Mr. Chen, this is the information trading market in Bermuda. You can buy any kind of information here, but it's expensive,"

Zhao Tieshan said in a low voice, pointing out different alleyways to Kai as they walked, explaining which window specialized in monster intelligence, which in factional intelligence, and which were actually unreliable.

He had been here many times and knew the rules well. "The exact location of the Demon Dog King and the distribution of its guards will cost at least five thousand high-grade crystals. That's the most basic version, updated every three days. If you want a real-time updated version, you'll have to pay more."

Five thousand high-grade crystals was a huge sum for Zhao Tieshan.

Yesterday's 240,000 crystals from the materials sale were mostly allocated to the village for overall budgeting. His personal share was only a few thousand, just enough to buy a basic intelligence report.

"I know an intelligence broker, the one at the east alley entrance of the west district called Sun Guaizi. His prices are fair; you should be able to get it for around 5,000.

However, his intelligence isn't always accurate. Last time, the intelligence we bought lacked the latest changes in the satellite constellation, almost causing us to be ambushed in the forest,"

Kai shook his head.

"Go to the Void Merchant Guild."

Zhao Tieshan's eyes widened. "The Void Merchant Guild? Mr. Chen, the Void Merchant Guild's information is much more expensive! A real-time

updated hunter-level intelligence report costs at least tens of thousands, and they might not even sell it to us!

The Void Merchant Guild only sells intelligence to high-level members; ordinary cultivators can't even get in. I've seen those two guards at their gate; they're fifth-grade Golden Immortals. Even I wasn't qualified to ask them a question."

Kai didn't speak, walking straight towards the Void Merchant Guild.

Zhao Tieshan followed behind, his mind full of questions, but he dared not ask any.

He recalled the opinions he had exchanged with the nine cultivators in private the previous night.

What exactly was Mr. Chen's background?

Many possibilities were speculated upon: he might be a disciple descended from a major sect, a personal disciple of a reclusive master, or even a rogue immortal banished from the Upper Realm to the Nineteenth Heaven as punishment.

Regardless of which guess was correct, one thing was certain: this young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm was definitely not a blank slate in the Nineteenth Heaven.

In the central area of Bermuda City, the Void Merchant Guild stood as a silver-white tower, constructed entirely of spirit crystal and spatial jade, shimmering brilliantly in the sunlight.

The tower had nine floors, each with its outer walls inscribed with spatial runes. These runes were not defensive formations, but rather interdimensional communication arrays and spatial channel stabilization arrays.

This meant that the tower itself was a small spatial hub.

A Void Pearl, over ten feet in diameter, floated atop the tower; it was the symbol of the Void Merchant Guild and one of the key nodes maintaining the stability of the spatial laws of Bermuda City.

Zhao Tieshan stood at the foot of the tower's steps, his legs beginning to tremble.

He looked up at the tower, feeling like an ant standing at the entrance to a dragon's lair.

Two guards in silver-white robes stood at the tower's entrance, both at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

Their gazes were sharp as knives, their aura both steady and fierce, far surpassing that of the guards at the city gates of Bermuda.

Everyone who approached the tower was scanned by their divine sense; some rogue cultivators who tried to sneak in were repelled by an invisible barrier as soon as they stepped onto the steps, falling awkwardly onto the street and drawing laughter from passersby.

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Kai walked up the steps without pausing.

The gazes of both guards simultaneously fell on him, or more precisely, on the silver jade talisman that had appeared in his hand.

The talisman was entirely silver-white, with a treasure ship traversing the void engraved on the front, the waves beneath it lifelike. The back bore the Void Merchant Guild's mark and the exclusive markings of the Transcendent VIP Token.

The guard took the talisman, glanced at it, and then placed his palm on its edge, using his mind to read the stored access information.

His expression changed drastically in an instant, his professional indifference turning into utter astonishment.

“VIP Token! You are a VIP of the Void Merchant Guild!”

The guard’s attitude immediately became respectful, returning the talisman with both hands and bowing deeply. “Please come in! Please come in! The third floor is the VIP reception room; a steward will personally receive you there.”

He even subconsciously took a half-step back, making way for him.

Zhao Tieshan and the other nine cultivators were stunned.

The Void Merchant Guild’s VIP Token, just presented so casually?

That was a VIP token from the Void Merchant Guild, and it was said that fewer than ten people in the entire Bermuda City possessed such a token.

The holder could mobilize most of the resources of the Void Merchant Guild’s Bermuda City branch, including cross-heaven communication, emergency resource allocation, high-level intelligence inquiries, and even request military protection from the Void Merchant Guild in times of trouble. What

they didn’t know was that this VIP token was personally issued by Han Qianshan, marked as a cross-heaven VIP token, valid in Void Merchant Guild branches from the 19th to the 20th Heaven.

However, in the higher Heaven Void Merchant Guild branches, the jade talisman issued by Han Qianshan was useless, since Han Qianshan was only a member of the 19th Heaven Void Merchant Guild and didn’t hold a very high position within the entire guild.

Kai led the group into the Void Merchant Guild. A female steward in a silver-white robe descended the spiral staircase with elegant and composed steps.

Her cultivation was at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and she wore a Void Merchant Guild badge in her hair, at least two ranks higher than the guards at the entrance.

Her gaze lingered on Kai for a moment, showing no disrespect despite his mere Golden Immortal Realm Level 1.

A person who could serve as a receptionist on the third floor of the Void Merchant Guild had seen far too many distinguished guests—those with strange cultivation levels, those whose cultivation didn't match their combat power, and young masters of prestigious sects traveling incognito. What hadn't she witnessed?

"Respected guest, welcome to the Void Merchant Guild's Bermuda City branch. How can I help you?" The receptionist bowed slightly, a perfectly measured smile on her face.

"I want to buy a piece of intelligence," Kai said, "real-time hunting-level intelligence on a Golden Immortal Realm Level 7 Demon Dog King, including its exact location, territory, guard distribution, activity patterns, and optimal hunting route."

The receptionist's brow twitched slightly.

Real-time hunting-level intelligence was a high-end item in the Void Merchant Guild's intelligence system, containing results cross-verified from multiple sources, updated every half day, and could be pushed out in real-time when necessary. Naturally, its price was more than ten times that of ordinary intelligence.

"VIP, the real-time hunting-level version of this intelligence is priced at 20,000 high-grade crystals. Since you are a VIP, you can enjoy a 20% discount, making it 16,000 high-grade crystals." The steward spoke at a measured pace, each word clear and distinct.

16,000 high-grade crystals.

Zhao Tieshan's legs went weak.

16,000, just casually announced, even after the discount.

He couldn't earn that much even after a year of risking his life hunting demonic hounds.

Kai frowned slightly upon hearing this. He had thought that with the jade talisman given by Han Qianshan, he could get it for free. It seemed Han Qianshan wasn't so great after all.

So damn stingy.

Kai took out 16,000 high-grade crystals from his storage ring and stacked them neatly on the table, each crystal radiating pure spiritual light.

He lacked many things, but not money.

The steward noticed as he collected the crystals that Kai hadn't even blinked; this young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm hadn't even blinked twice when paying.

The steward accepted the crystal, checked it, and then took out a crystal bead the size of a thumb from his robes, handing it to Kai with both hands.

This crystal bead was far superior to ordinary intelligence jade slips, its surface engraved with densely packed microscopic runes, and inside was sealed a swirling silver light.

"Honorable guest, real-time hunting intelligence on the Demon Dog King is stored in this intelligence crystal. You can view it by probing the crystal with your divine sense. The update cycle is once every half day, and you can refresh it three times for free on your next visit to the guild.

Please note that the Demon Dog King is accompanied by at least fifty demon dog guards of the fifth rank or higher at the Golden Immortal realm, and at least five elite guards of the sixth rank at the Golden Immortal realm. One of them is marked as the 'Guard Leader,' with a

combat strength assessed as peak sixth rank at the Golden Immortal realm.

If you intend to hunt it, please be extremely careful. It is recommended that you bring at least twenty combatants of the fifth rank or higher at the Golden Immortal realm, or have a seventh-rank Golden Immortal expert to provide backup."

Kai accepted the intelligence crystal and probed it with his divine sense.

A complete 3D map unfolded in his mind's eye, meticulously marked down to every undulation of the terrain and the density of every grove of trees.

The Demon Dog King's lair was located deep within the Black Wasteland, about 500 miles northwest of Bermuda City, its territory oval-shaped, covering an area of approximately 200 miles in radius.

The distribution of over fifty guards was precisely marked with red dots, and the activity range of each guard was circled.

The guard leader was also specially marked: twice the size of an ordinary Demon Dog, and its beast core was assessed as "approaching the peak of the sixth rank."

He withdrew his divine sense and carefully stored the intelligence crystal. "Let's go."

He turned and walked out of the Void Merchant Guild.

Zhao Tieshan followed behind, watching Kai's back, his mind filled with too many questions he wanted to ask, but he didn't know where to begin.

A first-rank Golden Immortal, yet able to kill a fifth-rank Golden Immortal demon beast with a single sword strike.

Knowing the price of demon beast materials like the back of his hand, easily selling them for a high price of 240,000.

He possessed a VIP pass to the Void Merchant Guild, granting him free access.

He paid the 16,000 high-grade crystals for information without batting an eye.

He exchanged a glance with the other nine cultivators, seeing the same thing in each other's eyes—awe.

The group left Bermuda City, traveling along the ancient post road to the northwest.

The roadside gradually became desolate; spirit trees and herbs were replaced by sparse shrubs, and then even the shrubs disappeared, leaving only cracked soil and scattered bones.

A faint stench of decay permeated the air, the smell of countless demonic beast droppings and game scraps seeping into the soil over time.

According to the information crystal, the Demon Dog King's lair was located deep within the Black Wasteland, about 500 miles northwest of Bermuda City.

That wasteland was called the "Black Bone Wasteland," named for the numerous black bone fossils scattered throughout it.

The wasteland was part of an ancient battlefield tens of thousands of years ago, later becoming the breeding ground for the demonic hound race.

About two hours later, a black wasteland appeared ahead.

The land was black, barren, and scattered with numerous black bone fragments, some as thin as a finger joint, others as thick as a roof beam.

The stench of decay in the air was even stronger, so strong that the difference between the smell of fresh blood and the stench of rotting bones could be clearly distinguished.

This indicated that a large number of demonic beasts had been hunted here in the past two days.

In the distance, the skeletons of some demonic beasts could be seen…
“Mr. Chen, this is the territory of the Demon Dog King,” Zhao Tieshan said in a low voice, a hint of tension in his tone.

His fingers unconsciously tightened their grip on the hilt of his sword.

Kai’s divine sense spread out, covering an area of several hundred miles.

The power of chaos transformed into invisible ripples, passing through the surface of the wasteland and probing into the caves and fissures underground.

He sensed the auras of a large number of Demon Dogs.

The number of Demon Dogs at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm was far more than the previously estimated fifty—he counted at least eighty, distributed from the edge to the middle layer of the territory, forming a loose defensive zone.

The number of elite Demon Dogs at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm was also greater than the intelligence indicated, at least twenty, three of whom possessed particularly strong auras, judged to be at the peak of the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

And in the deepest part of the wasteland, there was an extremely powerful aura, more ferocious than all the elite guards combined, like a burning black flame in the darkness.

The peak of the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, the Demon Dog King.

The intelligence crystal said there were over fifty guards and five elites.

Now it seems that between yesterday and today, another group of guards originally scattered around the territory's perimeter have been summoned back by the king.

Zhao Tieshan also sensed those auras, his face turning deathly pale. "Mr. Chen, this…this is more than the Void Merchant Guild said…at least eighty or ninety demon hounds…our numbers are simply not enough…"

Kai didn't speak, his black eyes gazing further into the wasteland.

His divine sense detected something else: from the west, southwest, and south sides of the wasteland, dozens of auras of human cultivators were rapidly approaching, moving at an extremely fast pace. They were clearly experienced mercenaries or sect elites.

Several of these auras had already broken through to the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

"They're from Baimu City."

Zhao Tieshan followed Kai's gaze. Although he couldn't see that far with the naked eye, he could already sense the fluctuations of spiritual energy in the air currents. "They've arrived too; they must have seen the city lord's bounty."

He counted; a total of five groups were approaching the center of the wasteland from different directions.

Each team consisted of fifteen to twenty people, with most possessing cultivation levels above the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and some leaders even reaching the sixth or seventh rank.

The five teams totaled at least a hundred people, led by several powerful individuals at the sixth and seventh ranks of the Golden Immortal Realm.

“The Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group, Flying Cloud Pavilion, Azure Wolf Gang, Blazing Fire Sect from Baimu City, and another team that seems to be a temporary group of rogue cultivators,”

Zhao Tieshan introduced, a hint of schadenfreude in his voice. “They’re all well-known forces in Baimu City, and their strength is indeed formidable. But that’s perfect; with them holding off the guards, we don’t need to worry about getting past those dozens of guards.”

Kai remained silent, watching as the teams reached the outer perimeter of the wasteland’s core, each taking up advantageous positions and beginning a standoff.

Clearly, no one wanted to let the other enter the Demon Dog King’s lair first.

The five teams each occupied advantageous terrain on the wasteland, forming a loose circle about a hundred feet apart.

No one dared to step into the core area first.

The Demon Dog King’s lair was just three miles away, a massive cave entrance over ten zhang in diameter, its dark opening emanating a dense demonic aura.

Huo Tie, the leader of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group, was a burly man, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, wielding a giant axe whose blood-red runes flickered on the blade.

He stood at the head of the group, slamming the axe into the ground; the clanging sound of metal echoed far across the silent wasteland. “Gentlemen,” he said, “there’s only one Demon Dog King, a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, and only one beast core. With so many of us here, how will we divide it?”

Bai Feiyun, the head of the Flying Cloud Pavilion, a middle-aged scholar in white robes, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, held a folding fan and possessed an elegant demeanor.

He unfolded his fan and gently shook it, a hint of calculating cunning in his smile. “Of course, it’s based on skill. Whoever slays the Demon Dog King gets the beast core, plus the City Lord’s bounty of 500,000.”

“Well said!”

Black Wolf, the leader of the Canglang Gang, was a burly man with a face full of scars, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, with a necklace of demonic beast fangs around his neck. His smile revealed two rows of yellowed wolf teeth. “Our Canglang Gang never argues with anyone. Whoever has the sharpest blade will get the piece of this fat meat!”

Fire Chicken, the leader of the Liehuo Sect, was a red-haired woman, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, with faint, flickering red flames around her. Her voice was as crisp as a tempered blade: “Then let’s stop talking nonsense and push to the cave entrance first. Each group will choose a direction to clear out. Whoever breaks through the guards and reaches the cave entrance first will fight the Demon Dog King first.”

The rogue cultivator team had the fewest members, only fourteen. Their leader, Song He, was also a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, but most of the team could only barely maintain the early fifth-grade Golden Immortal level.

Song He hesitated for a moment, but ultimately nodded.

Each of the five groups, with their own agendas, began advancing towards the core of the wasteland.

The Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group chose the fastest and shortest route, hoping to reach the cave entrance before everyone else.

The Flying Cloud Pavilion’s chosen route was only slightly slower than the Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group’s, but safer.

The Azure Wolf Gang’s aggressive approach had an element of gambling, hoping to use speed to reach the lair faster than the Flying Cloud Pavilion. The Blazing

Fire Sect advanced steadily, not competing for speed but not falling behind either.

The rogue cultivators were the most restrained, staying dozens of feet behind, preferring not to be the first to grab a bite rather than be among the first to be bitten to death by the Demon Dog King.

Kai, along with Zhao Tieshan and others, followed five miles away, maintaining a safe distance.

His divine sense constantly covered the entire battlefield; the position of every person, the distribution of every Demon Dog Guard, and the progress of every wave of combat all formed a dynamic, real-time map in his mind.

“Mr. Chen, are we really going to fight them for it?”

Zhao Tieshan lowered his voice, his gaze never leaving the shimmering spiritual light ahead. “The Iron Blood Mercenary Group and the Flying Cloud Pavilion both have peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal experts. Black Wolf may be arrogant, but he does have some real skills, and Turkey isn’t weak either.

The only weaker one is the rogue cultivator team, but they also have a mid-stage sixth-grade Golden Immortal in their ranks. Our team…”

He glanced at the nine cultivators behind him and swallowed hard. “The strongest in our team is me, a mid-stage fifth-grade Golden Immortal.”

“Don’t rush,” Kai’s voice was calm, his gaze fixed on the distant battlefield. “Let them fight first. We’ll make our move after they’ve fought enough.”

Zhao Tieshan hesitated for a moment, then his eyes lit up.

Watching the tigers fight from the mountain, the fisherman benefits from the snipe and the clam’s struggle. Mr. Chen is quite shrewd.

He didn't ask any more questions, quietly crouching in his hidden spot, watching the wasteland ahead illuminated by the multicolored spiritual light.

The five teams advanced less than thirty miles before encountering the first wave of demonic hounds guarding their respective directions.

These guardians were entrenched among the rocks and piles of bones on the wasteland, some hiding beneath the shallow sand.

When human cultivators stepped into their territory, the ground suddenly…

The battle erupted instantly.

Five teams simultaneously engaged in a fierce struggle from different directions, their various colored spiritual energies weaving a chaotic curtain of light across the wasteland.

The Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group advanced the most aggressively, directly confronting over a dozen demonic hounds. Huo Tie's giant axe transformed into a golden wheel of light, swirling twice within the horde of monsters, splattering demonic blood onto the black earth and sending up plumes of steaming mist.

The Flying Cloud Pavilion opted for a more flexible approach, engaging the enemy while simultaneously utilizing the uneven terrain and rocky outcrops of the wasteland to maneuver around the monsters, keeping casualties to a minimum.

The Red-Haired Sect Leader of the Blazing Fire Sect, Fire Chicken, decisively led the attack, his crimson fire magic burning several fiery corridors through the monster horde.

The rogue cultivator teams faced the most difficult situation.

Their coordination was less seamless than the other four teams, and their spiritual energy exchange was intermittent. They lost two members in the first wave of attacks from over a dozen demonic hounds.

One was dragged into a pile of rocks by a demonic hound biting his shoulder while covering the retreat; the other had his left arm torn open by claws and, due to excessive blood loss, couldn't receive timely medical treatment.

In less than half an hour, the first wave of guards was completely wiped out.

After a brief rest, the five teams continued their advance. After advancing about twenty miles, they encountered a second, even larger group of guards.

This time, there were no longer only fifth-rank Golden Immortals, but at least ten elite sixth-rank Golden Immortal demonic hounds.

These elite monsters were significantly larger than ordinary demonic hounds, their bone spurs were dark gold rather than black, their attack angles were more cunning, their speed was faster, and their bite force was more than doubled.

The battle on the wasteland became even more brutal.

The Iron Blood Mercenary Group's shield formation cracked after being attacked three times by the elite monsters, and two vanguard members had their calves bitten off by demonic hounds that pounced through the cracks, forcing them to retreat to the rear for emergency hemostasis.

The Flying Cloud Pavilion also suffered heavy casualties. A veteran member at the late stage of the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm was surrounded by three elite monsters and couldn't hold out until his teammates returned to help. His folding fan broke in two, and he fell to the claws of the elite monsters.

The Azure Wolf Gang and the Blazing Fire Sect both suffered casualties, but they managed to stabilize their positions thanks to the individual strength of their core experts.

The rogue cultivator teams were hit even worse, suffering continuous losses, with only seven or eight people still struggling to hold on, two of whom were wounded.

However, they were, after all, an old and established force in Baimu City with deep foundations.

Relying on their numerical advantage and years of experience in hunting beasts, they finally managed to kill the second batch of guards.

The five teams finally met at the entrance of the Demon Dog King's lair.

The five teams stood at the edge of the cave entrance, looking at each other.

The cave entrance was more than ten zhang in diameter and bottomless, and the dark cave exuded a dense, almost impenetrable demonic aura.

From the depths of the cave came a series of low roars, filled with majesty and oppression, causing the legs of some of the lower-level team members standing at the cave entrance to tremble slightly.

A seventh-grade Golden Immortal, the Demon Dog King.

It was below.

And it already knew the intruders had reached the entrance.

No one dared to be the first to jump down.

Being the first meant being the first to face the Demon Dog King's direct attack.

Being the first to face the Demon Dog King meant bearing the greatest risk.

Despite the great risk, the chance of obtaining the beast core was also the highest—whoever landed the final blow got the beast core; this was an unspoken rule in the hunting world.

“What, none of you dare go in?”

Huo Tie slung his battle axe over his shoulder, coldly sweeping his gaze over everyone present. “Then don’t come to hunt the Demon Dog King! You’ve come all this way from your respective camps just to stand at the cave entrance and feel the demonic wind?”

With that, he jumped in first.

His massive body plunged into the darkness like a meteorite, and a moment later, a dull thud echoed from the depths of the cave, followed by the crisp sound of the metal axe blade colliding with the demon beast’s bone spikes.

Bai Feiyun of Feiyun Pavilion closed his folding fan, gave a wink to his team members behind him, and was the second to follow.

The Canglang Gang and Liehuo Sect followed closely behind. Song He, the leader of the rogue cultivator team, gritted his teeth and reluctantly led the remaining members down as well.

Only after everyone had disappeared into the darkness of the cave entrance did Kai lead Zhao Tieshan and the others to slowly approach.

They reached the edge of the cave entrance and peered down, only to see bottomless darkness and faintly flickering ripples of spiritual light.

The battle underground had fully erupted; the booming of punches and kicks, the roars of demonic beasts, and the sharp clang of metal clashing rolled out from the depths of the cave, shaking the pebbles at their feet.

“Mr. Chen, shall we go in?”

Zhao Tieshan asked. His voice was low, and his fingers gripping the long sword were slightly white from the force.

Whether it was the hot air rising from the depths of the cave or tension, beads of sweat had already appeared on his forehead.

“Wait a minute,”

Kai said. “Let them deplete the Demon Dog King’s stamina and spiritual energy first. A seventh-grade Golden Immortal beast in its lair possesses far greater defensive power than the barren ground. Rushing in recklessly is just like drawing monsters for someone else.”

He closed his eyes for a few breaths, simultaneously using his divine sense to lock onto the battlefield below, precisely listening to the rise and fall of every sound.

After about half an hour

, the sounds below the cave gradually subsided. The shouts of battle and the roars of the demon beasts weakened considerably, leaving only sporadic aftershocks of the clashes.

The Demon Dog King’s roar, which had been continuous at the beginning, now only rang out once every long interval, and its aura was noticeably weaker than before.

Kai opened his eyes, a cold glint flashing in his dark pupils.

“Let’s go.” He led the group into the cave.

The cave was extremely deep, a vertical drop of hundreds of feet before reaching the bottom.

The space at the bottom was much larger than what the entrance indicated. It was a natural lair transformed from an underground cavern, tens of feet high, roughly the size of a martial arts arena.

The cave walls were jagged and covered with centuries of accumulated demonic slime and dried blood. The ground was littered with broken bones and remnants of old weapons.

The five groups of people, suffering heavy casualties, leaned against the relatively clean sections of the cave walls, panting, their bodies covered in wounds.

Blood and limbs were everywhere, and the thick, pungent smell of blood almost solidified into a mist.

Half of the torches and spirit lamps were extinguished, and the remaining half flickered with an eerie light.

The Demon Dog King stood in the center of the cave, covered in blood, many wounds deep enough to expose bone, yet its massive body remained imposing.

A tattered piece of a human cultivator's robe clung to its bone spikes, and scraps of cloth from some unfortunate soul dangled from its mouth.

Although its aura as a peak seventh-grade Golden Immortal had weakened considerably since the battle, it was still enough to chill every survivor present.

The leaders of the five groups were in even worse shape than the Demon Dog King.

Huo Tie had a laceration over a foot long on his left arm, the edges of which had been torn open by the Demon Dog King's bone spurs, revealing festering poison; the bleeding hadn't completely stopped.

Bai Feiyun's folding fan was shattered in two, blood trickled from the corner of his mouth, and his white robe had several tears pierced by the Demon Dog King's claws.

Black Wolf's chest armor had been ripped open, exposing raw, blackish-purple flesh.

Turkey's hair was disheveled, the flames on his body fading into a faint red glow, and his aura was less than half its usual strength. This was the result of the attrition battle fought by the guards and the subsequent combined attack on the Demon Dog King.

More than half of the hundred or so people were injured, half of whom were too badly wounded to continue fighting; of the five leaders, four were injured, and one was critically wounded.

At this moment, Kai emerged from the shadows of the cave.

His footsteps were light, but on the cave floor, strewn with rubble and bloodstains, each step was clearly audible.

The Demon Dog King's deep breathing echoed in the cave, its blood-red eyes turning to the new intruder, a first-grade Golden Immortal.

The massive beast's instinctive assessment of its enemy quickly reached a conclusion; it soon stopped looking at Kai, continuing to suppress its aura from its wounds, focusing its attention on the five heavily injured leaders.

Huo Tie, clutching his bleeding left arm, looked at Kai, sizing him up, his brows furrowing into a deep knot.

"Golden Immortal Realm, First Grade? You're courting death here! Get out of here while that beast isn't paying attention to you!" Before

he could finish the word "get out," the young man at the Golden Immortal Realm, First Grade, had already walked past him. His pace was unhurried, his steps deliberate, his target clear: the Demon Dog King.

Kai raised his right hand, drawing his Dragon Slayer Sword.

A purple sword light, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, suddenly erupted in the darkness of the cave.

It was the power of chaos, the primal power that restrained all other forces.

The Demon Dog King's blood-red eyes narrowed sharply. The power contained in this sword strike was completely different from that of all the human cultivators combined; it was a primal destructive force that would make any demon beast instinctively tremble.

Relying on tens of thousands of years of survival instinct, the Demon Dog King dodged in a flash. The sword light sliced a deep wound on its shoulder blade, revealing the periosteum. Black blood spurted onto the cave wall, corroding the hard limestone into countless tiny pits.

The Demon Dog King let out a shrill roar, its blood-red eyes revealing fear for the first time. A

seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King had its defensive barrier cleaved by a single sword strike from a first-grade Golden Immortal human. If this news reached the edge of the Demon Dog Clan's territory, none of the smaller beast packs entrenched on the outskirts of the wasteland would believe it.

Blood gushed from the Demon Dog King's wound, but the higher the grade of the demon beast, the more its ferocity after injury overwhelmed its fear.

It raised its massive head, its blood-red beastly eyes flashing with two violent flames in the dark cave.

Its spiritual power surged, all the bone spurs on its body stood erect, their tips wreathed in black, malevolent energy.

No longer conserving its spiritual power, it pushed its body's defenses to the limit while concentrating all its remaining strength into a destructive energy ball in its mouth.

The next instant, a black-red shockwave, mixed with malevolent energy and corrosive demonic power, erupted from the Demon Dog King's mouth, instantly vaporizing the stalagmites in its path.

Kai didn't take the attack head-on.

At the same moment the shockwave erupted, he used the Seed of Spatial Law to teleport himself to the side of the Demon Dog King.

The destructive black-red torrent grazed his clothes and slammed into the cave wall, melting a bottomless hole in the several-meter-thick rock.

The other demon beast needed some space to move around.

"Wangcai, come out and play too," Kai said softly.

A red light flew from his storage ring, landing on a rock flattened by the shockwave, transforming into a small demon beast.

It was a young fire qilin, entirely fiery red, with flowing flames burning from head to tail. Its

golden eyes shone brightly in the dark cave, reflecting the Demon Dog King's enormous projection.

The little guy had been cooped up in the storage ring for too long; the first thing it did upon landing was to tilt its head back and spew out a huge pillar of fire.

A crimson-orange Qilin True Fire surged from the depths of its throat, a pillar of fire rising several meters high, scorching the cave's ceiling red-hot and simultaneously burning away the dense demonic energy that permeated the cave's bottom, creating a clean, empty space.

The flames were extremely pure, showing no trace of any acquired cultivation techniques, but rather the most primal, deeply imprinted blood fire within its very being.

Looking at the little fire Qilin, Kai smiled. He hadn't let it out for a while, especially after the little Devouring Beast left with the Crimson Cloud Demon Lord; the little fire Qilin had no playmates and was quite bored all day.

This time, Kai released it to play, and also to see just how much its strength had increased while it spent all its time eating and drinking in its storage ring.

Seeing the little fire Qilin emerge, everyone stared in shock, their faces filled with disbelief. The

fire Qilin was a divine beast, far superior to these demonic beasts.

No one could have imagined that Kai, a mere Golden Immortal of the first rank, would have a divine beast as a pet.

Especially Zhao Tieshan and the others, were even more convinced that Kai was either a young master from a powerful force or a highly skilled individual who had come from a higher world to gain experience.

Otherwise, he couldn't possibly possess a divine beast like the Fire Qilin.

The Demon Dog King's blood-red pupils suddenly contracted, instinctively sensing that this seemingly small cub contained something even it feared.

It was a suppression of rank—the Qilin bloodline, the supreme among all beasts.

Normally, it might be able to forcefully suppress the bloodline suppression of a young Qilin using its superior cultivation level.

But now, it had exhausted more than 60% of its physical and spiritual energy from the five teams, and more than ten wounds of varying sizes were still bleeding. Facing the rank-based pressure of the Qilin True Fire, it felt a faint sense of suffocation, as if it were on the verge of death.

This seemingly small demon beast contained fire power within it sufficient to threaten a seventh-grade Golden Immortal demon beast.

“Give it your full strength,”

Kai said to the little Fire Qilin.

The little creature let out an excited growl, its four hooves pounding through the gravel and bloodstains as it pounced towards the Demon Dog King.

Its body left a trail of red light as it charged, moving so fast that only the trail of flames remaining in the air could be seen.

Kai moved as well.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword twirled in his hand, and purple sword light poured down on the Demon Dog King like a torrential rain.

The coordination between man and beast was so perfect that even a seasoned hunting team could not match it.

Kai’s sword held the Demon Dog King at the front, each strike aimed at its vital points, forcing the beast to concentrate on dealing with the purple longsword that could decapitate it at any moment;

the little fire qilin attacked from the sides, behind, and even from below the Demon Dog King’s abdomen, the qilin true fire burning through the outer scales of its body with astonishing speed.

The Demon Dog King’s massive body was like a trapped beast before them.

It dodged to the left, and a purple sword light awaited it in the trajectory of its leftward movement;

it lunged to the right, and a ball of qilin true fire met it at the point of its rightward lunge.

Ten sword strikes, twenty sword strikes, fifty sword strikes—the long-suppressed penetrating power of chaos tore dozens of large and small wounds into the Demon Dog King's body.

The flames of the Little Fire Qilin were equally terrifying.

The Qilin True Fire followed Kai's sword strikes, attacking the breaches in the body wall and scorching the meridians and blood vessels from the inside.

The Demon Dog King's armor was cleaved open from the outside and burned away from the inside;

the injuries worsened simultaneously from both directions.

The Demon Dog King let out a hysterical roar, gathering its last strength in its claws and clawing at Kai's head.

The claws sliced through the air with such speed that they made a sharp whistling sound.

This claw strike was at its peak speed.

But Kai's figure vanished the instant before the claws struck.

The Demon Dog King could only scan its new location with its divine sense: the young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm was already standing directly behind its back.

He appeared precisely at the junction of its neck and spine, where the bone armor, weakened by the previous barrage of sword fire, had become only half its original tightness.

Kai thrust the Dragon-Slaying Sword into the back of the Demon Dog King's head.

The sword, imbued with chaotic power, pierced through the skull, passed through the intracranial cavity, and went straight to the jaw.

The Demon Dog King's blood-red eyes widened to their limit, its body stiffening in place. Its massive form slowly tilted, crashing onto the cave floor, stirring up a cloud of bone fragments and blood.

A seventh-rank Golden Immortal, the Demon Dog King, dead.

As the final sword strike that killed the Demon Dog King emerged from its skull, the residual power of chaos slowly dissipated in the cave.

The Demon Dog King's massive body fell to the ground, the resulting shockwaves whipping up bone fragments and droplets of blood, which clattered against the nearest rubble.

The beast core of a peak seventh-rank Golden Immortal beast still emitted the last vestiges of black malevolent energy within its head.

The cave fell into a deathly silence.

Huo Tie clutched his bleeding left arm, his eyes wide like saucers.

Bai Feiyun still clutched half a broken folding fan, his wrist motionless for a long time.

The thick wolf tooth necklace around Black Wolf's neck was stained with blood splattered on it by the Demon Dog King; usually a man of hidden malice behind a smile, he was now speechless. The

flames around Turkey slowly died down, their last red glow fading as she stared blankly.

Song He, the leader of the rogue cultivators lying on the ground with a broken leg, moved his lips a few times, the sounds like a leaky bellows.

That young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, with a fire unicorn that looked like a cub, had killed a seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King.

Kai walked to the Demon Dog King's corpse, slightly raising the tip of his sword to retrieve the fist-sized black beast core.

The beast core was as black as night, its surface covered with layers of dense golden patterns—a hallmark of a seventh-grade Golden Immortal core, indicating superior quality.

He stored the beast core in his storage ring.

"A good thing," he said.

Zhao Tieshan and nine cultivators emerged from behind a stone pillar in the corner, their legs trembling.

They had already prepared for the worst when Huo Tie told them to get lost.

And now, the young man who had been called "looking for death" had just overturned the strongest demonic beast in the entire lair right before their eyes.

Zhao Tieshan's tongue stammered, finally managing to squeeze out, "Mr. Chen, the Demon Dog King's corpse is very valuable. Its fur, bone spurs, and flesh are all top-quality materials. I'll have my men dismantle it now."

Kai nodded, and the nine cultivators surrounded it, skillfully skinning, deboning, and removing the spurs.

Huo Tie stood up, clutching his injured arm, and took two steps towards Kai.

"Young brother,"

he forced a smile, his face contorted with wrinkles, but greed outweighed friendliness, “could you sell the beast core you have to our Iron Blood Mercenary Group? We’ll offer 300,000 high-grade spirit stones.”

Kai glanced at him but remained silent.

Bai Feiyun threw away his broken folding fan and stepped forward as well. “Young brother, my Flying Cloud Pavilion is willing to offer 400,000.”

“My Azure Wolf Gang offers 450,000!” Black Wolf stood up from beside the stone wall, his voice booming, but the aggravation of his torn chest wound caused him to grit his teeth in pain.

“Blazing Fire Sect offers 500,000!” Turkey’s voice sounded less like a bid and more like an ultimatum.

Kai remained silent.

Zhao Tieshan stopped skinning the beast, sweat beading on his forehead again.

These people weren’t genuinely interested in buying the beast core.

They wanted to rob it. They

only resorted to verbal bargaining because they had been beaten so badly earlier.

Huo Tie’s face darkened, his smile vanishing completely. “Young brother, if you know what’s good for you, hand over that beast core. A seventh-grade Golden Immortal level Demon Dog King’s beast core isn’t something one person can swallow.”

His voice left no room for negotiation, only the threat forced out by stiff muscles. “Our Iron Blood Mercenary Group has some influence in Bermuda City. If you offend us, you’ll find it hard to move an inch here in the future. Let’s each give way a little today and consider it a friendship.”

Bai Feiyun of Flying Cloud Pavilion spoke up immediately, his voice soft, but even more sinister than Huo Tie's threat. "Young brother, although you were able to kill the Demon Dog King, it was only after we depleted more than 60% of its power. Can you handle so many of us by yourself?"

Black Wolf of the Azure Wolf Gang approached from the side, and Fire Chicken of the Blazing Fire Sect rekindled its flames.

The surviving cultivators rose one after another from the piles of stones where they had been resting, slowly surrounding Kai and the others.

Most of them were wounded, but there were still twenty or thirty of them. Four of them were leaders at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm. Even wounded, this was still a force capable of overwhelming a single first-rank Golden Immortal cultivator.

"You shameless!"

Zhao Tieshan stood up, holding his blood-stained skinning knife horizontally in front of him. "Mr. Chen personally killed the Demon Dog King! The beast core naturally belongs to him!

You refused to go in when you were besieging the Demon Dog King, but now that the king is dead, you have the nerve to come and surround him? Even the hemostatic medicine in the pharmacy can't grow skin like yours!"

"Why?"

Huo Tie sneered, raising his battle axe. Golden axe light re-condensed on the blade, though its brilliance was much weaker than before, it was still sharp and intimidating. "Because we have bigger fists. The strong prey on the weak." Before he

finished speaking, his giant axe cleaved down towards Kai.

The axe light tore through the dark air of the cave, the sharp, piercing sound of the golden light cutting through the air.

Kai looked at the golden axe light cleaving towards his forehead, his black eyes remaining completely unmoved.

He simply turned his sword to the side and casually slashed out.

The purple sword light, like a straight bolt of lightning, collided with the golden axe light in mid-air.

The axe blade dissolved the instant it touched the purple light; it wasn't repelled or shattered, but rather absorbed by the power of chaos. A purple sword light pierced through the dissipating axe blade. Before Huo Tie's cold smile could turn to fear, the sword light had already cleaved from his head to his chest.

The Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group leader's body was split in two, blood splattering everywhere.

Huo Tie, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, couldn't even withstand a single sword strike from Kai and was dead.

Even though Huo Tie had been weakened considerably, it was still shocking that Kai killed him so easily.

Bai Feiyun was the first to react.

He threw away his broken folding fan, turned, and ran, simultaneously urging his remaining spiritual energy to accelerate towards the cave entrance. His reaction was extremely fast.

But Kai's sword was faster. The purple sword light caught up with his back, cleaving him and his robes to the ground.

The corpse rolled to the side of the rubble at the corner of the cave entrance.

Black Wolf and Turkey tried to escape in different directions.

Kai kicked away a piece of rubble with his right foot, using the momentum to leap across the entire cave, his purple sword light slashing out from the left and right simultaneously.

With one strike, Black Wolf fell to the ground.

Another sword strike, and Turkey fell to the ground.

Four sword strikes, four heads.

The entire exchange took only two breaths.

The surviving cultivators who had followed were terrified. Some threw down their weapons, knelt, and kowtowed repeatedly; others scrambled towards the cave entrance; still others collapsed against the stone wall, their cries and pleas for mercy mingling together.

Kai looked at those kneeling on the ground, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Get out,” he said calmly.

The survivors, as if granted a pardon, scrambled towards the cave entrance, using both hands and feet.

In less than a quarter of an hour, only Kai, Jiang Xuelan, Zhao Tieshan, and nine other cultivators remained in the cave, along with corpses and blood strewn across the ground.

Zhao Tieshan looked at the corpses, recalling the fierce and greedy faces of Huo Tie, Bai Feiyun, Black Wolf, and Turkey when they had surrounded them.

These men usually held sway in Bermuda City, their words carrying weight, but now their blood was flowing along the cracks in the cave floor into the low-lying pit of animal bones.

“Mr. Chen…”

His voice still trembled slightly, but the reason for the trembling had changed from fear to awe. “These people all have storage rings and storage bags on them. The Iron Blood Mercenary Group, Flying Cloud Pavilion, Azure Wolf Gang, Blazing Fire Sect… their leaders, their elites, their entire fortunes are on them. This batch of resources is worth at least a million high-grade crystals.”

Kai wiped the remaining black blood from the Dragon Slayer Sword, his expression calm. “Take them all away. These people brought their own wealth, saving us a trip.”

“Alright!” Zhao Tieshan nodded.

Zhao Tieshan and nine cultivators busied themselves, completely dismembering the Demon Dog King’s corpse.

The Demon Dog King was a full size larger than an ordinary Demon Dog, and it took nearly half an hour just to skin it.

The pelt, completely peeled off, was as large as a room spread on the ground, its black fur smooth as satin, gleaming with a cold luster in the dark cave.

They also collected the storage bags from those people.

“Mr. Chen, the Demon Dog King’s pelt is intact!”

Zhao Tieshan’s voice was filled with barely concealed excitement. “The pelt of a seventh-grade Golden Immortal realm demon beast is worth at least 200,000 high-grade spirit stones in Bermuda! If we find a discerning buyer, it could even fetch 300,000!”

Kai nodded without speaking.

The bone spurs were also removed one by one. The bone spurs on the Demon Dog King’s back were almost twice as long as those of an ordinary demon dog, each one taller than a person, with black baleful energy still lingering at their tips.

A total of thirty-six bone spurs were neatly stacked together, gleaming with a chilling light in the dark cave.

The flesh and blood were cut into pieces and put into storage bags. The flesh

and blood of a seventh-grade Golden Immortal realm demon beast contained rich spiritual energy, making it an excellent material for refining pills and a valuable resource for cultivators.

The Demon Dog King's flesh and blood weighed at least three thousand jin, and at a market price of fifty high-grade spirit stones per jin, the flesh and blood alone were worth 150,000.

Bone spurs, inner core, beast soul—the demon dog king's beast soul hadn't completely dissipated, sealed away by Zhao Tieshan in a special beast soul bottle.

The beast soul of a seventh-grade Golden Immortal realm demon beast was an excellent material for refining high-level magic weapons, incredibly valuable.

"Mr. Chen, you've already kept the demon dog king's beast core. The fur, bone spurs, flesh, and beast soul—together, they're worth at least 500,000 high-grade spirit stones."

Zhao Tieshan roughly estimated, his smile barely concealed. "Adding the storage rings and bags on those four faction leaders and elite cultivators, this batch of resources is worth at least two million high-grade spirit stones!"

Two million.

This number made Zhao Tieshan's legs go weak.

Several hundred households in Qingfeng Village, after a year of hard work, only earned tens of thousands of high-grade spirit stones.

Two million—enough for Qingfeng Village to save for decades without eating or drinking.

The nine cultivators were trembling with excitement. They had never seen so many resources in their lives.

“Let’s leave once we’re done packing,” Kai said. “The stench of blood here is too strong; it’ll attract other demonic beasts if we stay too long.”

Zhao Tieshan nodded, leading the nine cultivators to pack up all the spoils, and followed Kai towards the cave entrance.

Outside the cave, it was almost dark. The afterglow of the setting sun cast a dark red glow on the wasteland, as if it had been soaked in blood.

The group traveled through the twilight, heading towards Qingfeng Village.

After walking for about half an hour, Zhao Tieshan couldn’t help but speak.

“Mr. Chen, there’s something… I’m a little worried.” His voice carried a hint of concern.

“Speak,” Kai’s voice was calm.

“You killed Huo Tie, Bai Feiyun, Black Wolf, and Turkey today. They are the leaders of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group, Flying Cloud Pavilion, Azure Wolf Gang, and Blazing Fire Sect. These forces have been operating in Bermuda City for hundreds of years, deeply entrenched, with many subordinates. Although their leaders are dead, their followers are still there. What if these forces unite to retaliate…”

Zhao Tieshan didn’t finish his sentence, but his meaning was clear.

He wasn’t worried about himself, but about Qingfeng Village.

Qingfeng Village only had a few hundred households, and the strongest village chief was only a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, no match for those forces.

Kai stopped and turned to look at Zhao Tieshan.

His dark eyes appeared particularly deep in the twilight.

“Do you think they will unite?”

Zhao Tieshan was taken aback. “Don’t they?”

“What was the relationship between the Iron Blood Mercenary Group, Flying Cloud Pavilion, Azure Wolf Gang, and Blazing Fire Sect before?” Kai asked.

Zhao Tieshan thought for a moment, “They… don’t get along very well. In Bermuda, they often clashed over business and territory. The Iron Blood Mercenary Group and the Azure Wolf Gang have fought several times, resulting in many deaths.”

“That’s it,”

Kai said calmly. “Four forces that normally hate each other, would they unite just because their leader is dead? When their leader dies, their subordinates’ first reaction isn’t revenge, but…” Zhao Tieshan nodded thoughtfully.

“Even if they really did unite,” Kai’s eyes flashed with a cold light, “I’m not afraid.”

His voice was soft, but every word was like a nail, driven into the hearts of everyone present.

“The seventh-rank Golden Immortal Demon Dog King, I killed. Huo Tie, a peak sixth-rank Golden Immortal, I killed with a single sword strike. Even if they unite, the strongest they can send is only a sixth-rank Golden Immortal. No matter how many come, I’ll kill them all.”

Zhao Tieshan fell silent.

He recalled the scene of Kai slaying the Demon Dog King—the purple sword light, the speed too fast for the naked eye to perceive, the chaotic power that even a seventh-rank Golden Immortal demon beast couldn't withstand.

Those below the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm are truly no match for Mr. Chen.

"As for the eighth-rank Golden Immortal..."

Kai's lips curled into a cold smile, "I haven't fought one yet, but I want to try."

The little fire qilin poked its head out from Kai's shoulder, its golden eyes gleaming with excitement, letting out a low growl as if to say, "I want to fight too."

Zhao Tieshan looked at the little fire qilin on Kai's shoulder, and most of his worries dissipated.

Yes, Mr. Chen also had a fire qilin.

A divine beast fire qilin.

Although it looked like a cub, everyone had just witnessed its strength.

The Qilin True Fire couldn't even withstand the seventh-rank Golden Immortal demon dog king.

One man and one beast, an eighth-rank Golden Immortal, might not necessarily be able to defeat them.

"Let's go." Kai turned around and continued walking towards Qingfeng Village.

...

Just as Kai and his group returned to Qingfeng Village, Baimu City was in an uproar.

The cultivators who escaped from the cave stumbled and crawled back to Bermuda City, their faces deathly pale and covered in blood, looking like demons crawling out of hell.

When they entered the city gates, the guards almost didn't recognize them.

"What happened? What happened to you all?" a guard asked.

One cultivator slumped to the ground, gasping for breath, his voice filled with terror.

"Dead…dead…all dead…Commander Huo is dead…Pavilion Master Bai is dead…Gang Leader Black is dead…Gang Leader Fire is dead too…all dead…one sword…that young man killed them all with one sword strike…all dead…"

The guard's expression changed drastically.

Huo Tie, the leader of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal; Bai Feiyun, the Pavilion Master of the Flying Cloud Pavilion, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal; Black Wolf, the leader of the Azure Wolf Gang, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal; and Fire Chicken, the leader of the Blazing Fire Sect, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal.

These four powerful figures who wielded immense influence in Bermuda City were all dead?

"Who did it?" the guard asked.

"A young man… a first-grade Golden Immortal… with a fire qilin…"

The cultivator's voice grew weaker and weaker, his eyes filled with fear, "He killed Commander Huo with a single sword strike… a single sword strike… Commander Huo didn't even have time to react…"

The news spread like wildfire throughout Bermuda City.

In less than an hour, the entire city knew one thing.

The seventh-grade Golden Immortal demon dog king had been killed, and the killer was a young man at the first-grade Golden Immortal level, accompanied by a fire qilin.

The leaders of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group, Flying Cloud Pavilion, Azure Wolf Gang, and Blazing Fire Sect were all killed by that young man with a single sword strike.

And that young man had come with the people of Qingfeng Village.

In an instant, the name “Qingfeng Village” became the talk of the town in Bermuda City.

“Qingfeng Village? That small village with only a few hundred households?”

“Never heard of it, never heard of it before.”

“Qingfeng Village must be extraordinary to produce someone like that.”

“What’s the background of that young man? He can kill a seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King with just one sword strike, and he can even kill Huo Tie, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal?”

“I heard he has a Fire Qilin with him, a divine beast Fire Qilin!”

“A Fire Qilin? That’s an ancient divine beast! How could an ordinary person have a Fire Qilin as a pet? That young man must be a young master from some powerful force, or a master who came down from the twentieth heaven!”

Discussions, speculations, and exclamations rose and fell throughout the streets and alleys of Bermuda City.

But not everyone was exclaiming in amazement.

At the Iron Blood Mercenary Group's base, chaos reigned.

Huo Tie was dead.

Their leader, Huo Tie, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

Vice-leader Ma Kui sat in Huo Tie's seat, his face so gloomy it could drip water.

His cultivation was at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, slightly lower than Huo Tie's, but still a top expert in the Iron Blood Mercenary Group.

"Is the news confirmed?" Ma Kui's voice was cold.

"Confirmed."

A mercenary knelt on the ground, his voice trembling slightly. "Commander Huo... is really dead. He was killed by a young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm, who came with the people from Qingfeng Village."

"First rank of the Golden Immortal realm?" Ma Kui's eyes narrowed. "A first-rank Golden Immortal can kill Commander Huo?"

"That young man... he wasn't an ordinary person... he had a Fire Qilin with him... he also killed the Demon Dog King at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm..."

Ma Kui fell silent.

Fire Qilin.

The Demon Dog King at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

This information filled him with unease.

But he couldn't back down.

Huo Tie was dead; he was now the new commander of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group.

If he didn't even have the courage to avenge Huo Tie, what would his subordinates think of him?

"Gather the men." Ma Kui stood up. "To Qingfeng Village."

"Vice-Captain…no, Captain, are we really going?" The mercenary's voice was filled with fear. "That young man is too strong…"

"Strong?"

Ma Kui sneered. "No matter how strong he is, he's still just one person. Our Iron Blood Mercenary Group has over three hundred people, including dozens of experts at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm or higher. How many can he kill by himself?"

He paused, a greedy glint in his eyes.

"Moreover, he has the beast core of a seventh-rank Golden Immortal Realm Demon Dog King. Do you know how much that beast core is worth?"

The mercenary's eyes lit up.

A seventh-rank Golden Immortal Realm Demon Dog King's beast core is worth at least 500,000 high-grade crystals. Adding other materials, it's worth over a million.

This is a…

Flying Cloud Pavilion.

Bai Feiyun is dead.

Vice Pavilion Master Liu Feng sat in Bai Feiyun's seat, holding a jade slip in her hand, her divine sense probing the transmitted information.

Her face was expressionless, but her fingers holding the jade slip were turning slightly white.

A first-grade Golden Immortal, killed a seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King, and killed Huo Tie, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, with a

single sword strike. He was accompanied by a fire Qilin.

Liu Feng put down the jade slip, closed her eyes, and remained silent for a long time.

"Pavilion Master, what do we do?" a disciple asked.

Liu Feng opened her eyes, a complex expression flashing within them.

"Go to Qingfeng Village."

"Pavilion Master, that young man is too strong, we..."

"Not to seek revenge," Liu Feng interrupted him, "but to negotiate. That young man can kill Huo Tie, can kill the Demon Dog King; we are no match for him. But we can negotiate with him. We can buy the beast cores he possesses. We can acquire the materials he has."

She paused, a shrewd glint in her eyes.

"If he's willing to cooperate with our Flying Cloud Pavilion, it's not a bad thing for us, it's a good thing."

The disciple's eyes lit up.

"The Pavilion Master is wise!"

...

The Azure Wolf Gang.

Black Wolf is dead.

Several elders in the gang were arguing fiercely over who should be the new gang leader, almost coming to blows.

“What’s all the arguing about!”

A burly man with a face full of scars slammed his fist on the table, his voice like muffled thunder, “Black Wolf is dead, and you’re not in a hurry to take revenge, but fighting over a position? What kind of talk is this!”

“Revenge?” Another elder sneered, “How can we take revenge? That young man could kill Black Wolf, could kill Huo Tie, could kill a seventh-grade Golden Immortal demon dog king. If you went up there, could you withstand one of his sword strikes?”

The burly man with a face full of scars fell silent.

He really couldn’t withstand it.

The young man’s strength was beyond their capabilities.

“So we’re just going to let it go like this? Black Wolf died for nothing?”

“Of course he can’t die for nothing. But we can’t force it. First, send someone to Qingfeng Village to investigate the situation, find out the young man’s background, and then make a plan.”

Everyone nodded.

…

The Blazing Fire Sect.

Turkey is dead.

The atmosphere within the sect is even more chaotic than that of the Azure Wolf Gang.

Turkey was the sect leader and the one who founded the Blazing Fire Sect.

Her death has left the sect without its backbone.

Several deputy sect leaders, each with their own agendas—some seeking revenge, some vying for power, and some considering defecting to other forces—are arguing fiercely.

“Shut up, all of you!”

An elderly woman with white hair stood up, leaning on her cane.

She was the Supreme Elder of the Blazing Fire Sect, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, usually indifferent to worldly affairs, but now she had to step forward.

“Supreme Elder, Sect Leader Turkey…”

“I know.”

The old woman’s voice was calm, but it carried an unyielding authority. “I am also saddened by Turkey’s death. But now is not the time for revenge. That young man’s strength is beyond our capabilities. Let’s go to Qingfeng Village first and assess the situation. If we can negotiate, then we will. If we cannot…”

She didn’t finish her sentence, but everyone understood her meaning.

If they couldn’t negotiate, they would have to accept defeat.

Meanwhile, the reactions of other forces varied.

Some forces sent scouts to Qingfeng Village to gather intelligence.

Others remained inactive, observing the situation.

Still others were already plotting how to profit from Qingfeng Village.

In their eyes, Qingfeng Village was just an obscure little village with a few hundred households, the strongest being only at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

The young man was powerful, but he was alone.

How many people could one person withstand?

Greed is in the nature of cultivators.

Faced with enormous profits, reason is often thrown to the winds.

...

Ma Kui of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group led over three hundred mercenaries, arriving at Qingfeng Village overnight.

They rode various spirit beasts, carrying torches that illuminated half the sky.

The sounds of hooves, footsteps, and clashing swords mingled together, echoing in the silent night like a death knell.

The villagers of Qingfeng Village were awakened.

Old people, women, and children ran out of their houses, standing at the village entrance, their faces filled with fear as they looked at the dark mass of people in the distance.

Village Chief Zhao Yuanshan, leaning on his cane, stood under a large tree at the village entrance. His aged body trembled slightly in the night wind, but his back remained ramrod straight.

“Gentlemen, what brings you to Qingfeng Village so late at night?”

Zhao Yuanshan's voice was loud, trying to maintain composure, but the tremor in his voice betrayed his inner fear.

Ma Kui rode his spirit beast to the front of the group, looking down at Zhao Yuanshan with a cold smile.

"You are the village chief of Qingfeng Village?"

"I am Zhao Yuanshan, indeed the village chief of Qingfeng Village. I wonder if this sir..."

"Don't try to get close to me."

Ma Kui interrupted Zhao Yuanshan, his voice as cold as ice. "I heard that the people of Qingfeng Village killed Huo Tie, the leader of our Iron Blood Mercenary Group, and also stole the beast core of the seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King. I've come today to demand an explanation."

Zhao Yuanshan's expression changed.

He knew that Kai had killed Huo Tie; the news had already spread far and wide.

But he hadn't expected the Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group to arrive so quickly.

"Sir, Mr. Chen... he hasn't returned yet. The beast core you mentioned isn't in Qingfeng Village either. Could you wait until Mr. Chen returns?"

"Wait?"

Ma Kui sneered. "I can't wait. Who knows if that Mr. Chen you mentioned will even come back? What if he runs away? Who am I supposed to get the beast core from?"

He waved his hand, and the mercenaries behind him immediately surged forward, shoving Zhao Yuanshan aside and rushing into the village.

“What are you doing!”

Zhao Yuanshan shouted, trying to stop them, but how could an old man at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm stop over three hundred ferocious mercenaries?

The mercenaries rampaged through the village, kicking open every door, ransacking the place, and looting the villagers’ possessions.

Pots and pans were smashed to pieces, bedding and clothing were scattered everywhere, and grain and spiritual materials were stuffed into the mercenaries’ storage bags.

The villagers cried and pleaded, but no one paid them any attention.

A young mother knelt on the ground, holding her child, begging a mercenary not to take her last few crystals.

The mercenary kicked her away and stuffed the crystals into his pocket.

The child tumbled from his mother’s arms, fell to the ground, and wailed.

An elderly man with white hair stood in front of his house, preventing the mercenaries from entering.

A mercenary punched him in the face, knocking out several of his teeth, and blood flowed from the corner of his mouth, staining his beard white.

A boy of about ten years old was dragged out of a house by mercenaries because he tried to stop them from stealing a magical artifact left by his father.

The mercenaries threw him to the ground and stomped on his chest; the sound of the boy’s ribs breaking was clearly heard in the night wind.

Zhao Yuanshan watched all this, his eyes turning red.

“Stop! Stop it all!”

he shouted, rushing towards a mercenary who was smashing things, grabbing his arm. “Do you have no law?!”

The mercenary violently shook off Zhao Yuanshan’s hand and punched him in the chest.

Zhao Yuanshan staggered backward.Just then, the Canglang Gang arrived.

Over two hundred members of the Canglang Gang, riding black spirit wolves, surged into the village from another direction.

Their faces wore sinister smiles, their eyes gleaming with greed.

Next, the Liehuo Sect arrived.

Over a hundred Liehuo Sect disciples, their bodies ablaze with flames, illuminated the village in a crimson glow.

Each held a flaming longsword, its flames crackling in the night wind.

Finally, the Feiyun Pavilion arrived.

Liu Feng led over a hundred Feiyun Pavilion disciples into the village from the south.

Her face was expressionless, but a hint of reluctance flashed in her eyes.

But she did not stop them.

She dared not.

The three forces, plus the Feiyun Pavilion, totaling nearly seven hundred people, completely surrounded the small Qingfeng Village.

The villagers of Qingfeng Village were driven to the village square; the elderly, women, and children huddled together, trembling.

The men were held separately to one side, each face filled with anger and fear.

Zhao Yuanshan stood at the forefront of the villagers, his aged body trembling slightly in the night wind, but his eyes were fixed on Ma Kui, filled with rage.

“Ma Kui, what exactly do you want?”

Zhao Yuanshan’s voice was hoarse. “Our Qingfeng Village has lived here for generations, and we’ve never offended you. Why are you treating us like this?”

“I said, I want that beast core.”

Ma Kui’s voice was calm, as if he were discussing a trivial matter. “Hand over the beast core, hand over that Kai, and I’ll let you go.”

“Mr. Chen hasn’t returned yet! The beast core isn’t in the village either!” Zhao Yuanshan shouted. “You can turn the whole village upside down, you won’t find it!”

Ma Kui sneered. “Then I’ll wait. Until he returns.”

He waved his hand, and several mercenaries stepped out from the crowd and began searching the village again.

This time, they didn’t just ransack the place; they started attacking the villagers.

One mercenary took a liking to a young woman in the village. He walked up to her, grabbed her chin, and leered at her.

“Not bad looking,” the mercenary said, his fingers tracing the woman’s face.

The woman trembled with fear, tears welling in her eyes.

She desperately shook her head, trying to escape, but the mercenary's hand was like an iron clamp, gripping her chin tightly.

"Let her go!" The woman's husband rushed out from the crowd, punching the mercenary in the face.

Blood trickled from the mercenary's mouth. He paused for a moment, then flew into a rage.

"You're asking for it!" He drew his long knife and plunged it into the man's stomach.

The man's eyes widened, blood gushing from the wound, staining his clothes.

His body slowly collapsed, his eyes still open, filled with resentment and anger.

"My wife!" the woman cried out in a heart-wrenching sob, throwing herself onto the man's body, embracing his corpse, trembling with sobs.

The mercenary wiped the blood from his mouth, looking at the woman, his lust deepening.

"Now no one's stopping me," he grinned cruelly, reaching to tear at the woman's clothes.

The woman struggled desperately, crying and begging for mercy, but the mercenary's hands were like iron clamps, holding her body down firmly.

The surrounding mercenaries, watching this scene, not only didn't stop it, but instead let out lewd laughter.

"Old Liu, you're lucky, kid!"

"Hurry up, hurry up, take turns!"

“This little wench is really pretty!”

Zhao Yuanshan couldn’t hold back any longer.

He rushed forward, shoved the mercenary aside, and shielded the woman behind him.

“Beasts! You bunch of beasts!”

Zhao Yuanshan’s voice was filled with anger and despair, “She’s just a child! How could you do this!”

Ma Kui’s face darkened.

“Old man, I advise you to mind your own business.”

“This is Qingfeng Village! I am the village chief of Qingfeng Village! Every one of them is my child! If you want to harm them, you’ll have to step over my dead body!”

Zhao Yuanshan’s voice was hoarse, but his back was ramrod straight, his eyes filled with fearlessness.

Ma Kui’s eyes narrowed, a murderous glint flashing within them.

“Since you’re courting death, then I’ll grant your wish.”

He waved his hand, and several mercenaries rushed forward, their long swords slashing at Zhao Yuanshan.

Although Zhao Yuanshan was old, he was still a sixth-grade Golden Immortal cultivator.

He swung his cane sharply, and a beam of azure spiritual energy surged from it, blasting the mercenaries away.

The mercenaries fell to the ground, spitting blood, unable to get up.

Ma Kui's face changed drastically.

"Old man, you still dare to resist?"

"I, Zhao Yuanshan, have lived for tens of thousands of years and have never done anything wrong. Today you want to kill my villagers, and I will fight you to the death, even if it costs me my old life!"

Zhao Yuanshan's voice echoed in the night sky, each word like a heavy hammer, striking the villagers' hearts. The villagers

wept.

They looked at Zhao Yuanshan's hunched back, at the old man who had lived for tens of thousands of years, willing to fight to the death for them.

"Village Chief!" a young man shouted, "We'll fight you to the death!"

"Yes! Fight them!"

"We're going to die anyway, might as well fight!"

The men stood up, their eyes blazing with rage. They picked up stones and sticks from the ground, standing in front of the old man and the children.

Ma Kui looked at the villagers, a contemptuous smile playing on his lips.

"A bunch of ants, daring to contend with the sun and moon?"

He raised his hand and swung it sharply.

The mercenaries charged forward.

Swords flashed, blood splattered.

The villagers fought desperately, but they were just ordinary villagers; how could they be a match for these mercenaries who had lived a life of violence?

One villager after another fell.

Their blood stained the village square, shimmering a dark red in the moonlight.

The cries of children, the wails of women, and the roars of men mingled together, echoing in the night sky like a symphony of hell.

Zhao Yuanshan was bloodthirsty.

His cane was broken; he used his hands to cast spells, streams of azure spiritual energy surging from his palms, sending mercenaries flying one by one.

But he was old, and his strength was failing.

Moreover, Ma Kui and several elders of the Canglang Gang were watching closely, waiting for an opportunity to strike.

Finally, Ma Kui made his move.

He leaped down from his spirit beast and struck Zhao Yuanshan in the chest with a palm.

Zhao Yuanshan's body flew backward, crashing heavily into an ancient tree, spitting out… Zhao Yuanshan struggled to his feet, blood streaming from his mouth, his aged eyes filled with despair and resentment.

He looked at the corpses strewn across the ground, at the women being dragged away by the mercenaries, at the children crying in pools of blood, tears streaming from his clouded eyes.

"Heavens…"

Zhao Yuanshan roared to the sky, his voice filled with grief and indignation, “I, Zhao Yuanshan, have lived a life of good deeds, never done anything wrong. Why? Why did this happen to me? Why did this happen to my villagers?”

No one answered him.

Only the mercenaries’ sinister laughter and the villagers’ cries echoed in the night sky.

Zhao Yuanshan closed his eyes.

His body began to glow.

Azure spiritual energy surged from his body, growing brighter and hotter.

His body swelled, cracks appearing on his skin, emanating blinding light.

He was about to self-destruct.

The self-destruction of a sixth-grade Golden Immortal was enough to raze the entire village to the ground.

Ma Kui’s expression changed.

“Stop him!” he shouted. “He’s going to self-destruct!”

Several mercenaries rushed forward, but Zhao Yuanshan’s spiritual energy was too strong; they couldn’t get close at all.

Ma Kui took action himself.

He channeled all his spiritual energy and struck Zhao Yuanshan’s dantian with a palm.

A palm strike from a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal landed solidly on Zhao Yuanshan’s dantian.

Zhao Yuanshan's body jolted violently, and his spiritual energy instantly dissipated. His body deflated like a punctured balloon, collapsing to the ground, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

His dantian was shattered.

Ma Kui looked at Zhao Yuanshan on the ground, a cold smile curving his lips.

"Self-destruct? You dare to challenge me?"

Zhao Yuanshan lay in a pool of blood, his eyes still open, filled with resentment and despair.

His lips moved, as if he wanted to say something, but no sound came out.

Ma Kui raised his foot and stomped on Zhao Yuanshan's chest.

Crack

—Zhao Yuanshan's chest collapsed, blood gushing from his mouth, staining the ground red.

His eyes were still open, but no longer shining.

Zhao Yuanshan, the village chief of Qingfeng Village, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

Dead in his own village, dead in front of his own villagers.

"Village Chief!" The villagers cried out in heart-wrenching grief.

Women collapsed to the ground in tears, children trembled with fear, and men clenched their fists, their eyes filled with rage, but they were powerless to do anything.

Ma Kui looked at the corpses scattered on the ground, at the women being dragged away by the mercenaries, his face expressionless.

“Keep searching,” he said, “We must find that beast core.”

The mercenaries turned the village upside down, but found nothing.

The beast core wasn’t in Qingfeng Village.

The young man named Kai wasn’t in Qingfeng Village either.

Ma Kui’s face was terribly grim.

“When will Kai return?”

“I don’t know…” a mercenary said cautiously, “Maybe…maybe he won’t come back…”

Ma Kui remained silent for a long time.

“Then wait,” he said. “Send men to guard all the village entrances. If Kai is spotted, report immediately. The rest of you, continue searching the village. And…”

His gaze fell on the villagers being held captive, a cold glint flashing in his eyes.

“Deal with all of them.”

“Deal with them all?” The mercenary was stunned. “Captain, there are hundreds of them…”

“So what if there are hundreds?” Ma Kui sneered. “Keep them alive, waiting for Kai to return and inform them? Kill them. Leave no one alive.”

A cruel glint flashed in the mercenary’s eyes.

“Yes!”

The massacre began.

The men were dragged out one by one, made to kneel in the village square, and their heads were chopped off one by one.

Blood gushed from their necks, staining the ground red.

The heads rolled on the ground, their eyes still open, filled with resentment and anger.

The women were dragged into the house, their cries, pleas for mercy, and heart-wrenching screams echoing through the night.

But soon, these sounds vanished.

The children were gathered together, and a mercenary raised his long sword, slashing down several children's heads.

The other children screamed in terror and scattered, but the mercenaries quickly caught up, killing them all with a single blow.

The elderly knelt on the ground, hands clasped together, chanting Buddhist prayers, begging for divine protection.

But heaven did not protect them.

The mercenaries' swords fell, and the elderly lay in pools of blood.

The entire Qingfeng Village had become a living hell.

Corpses lay scattered across the square, in the streets, and inside the houses.

Blood formed streams, flowing out of the village and turning the river outside red.

Flames soared into the sky, illuminating half the heavens.

Those once warm and welcoming houses were now a sea of fire.

Those villagers who once laughed and chatted were now cold corpses.

No one survived.

Men, women, the elderly, children—hundreds of people—were all killed.

Not a single one was spared.

As dawn approached, the mercenaries finally stopped.

The village was now a ruin, littered with corpses and blood. The air was thick with the stench of blood and burning flesh, almost nauseating.

Ma Kui stood at the village entrance, staring at the ruins, his face expressionless.

“Did you find the beast core?” he asked.

“No,” a mercenary shook his head. “We’ve searched the entire village, but found nothing.”

Ma Kui frowned.

“Where did Kai hide the beast core?”

“Captain, perhaps…perhaps the beast core isn’t even in the village. Perhaps Kai took it and ran away.”

Ma Kui remained silent for a long time.

“Withdraw,” he said. “Back to Bermuda.”

The mercenaries mounted their spirit beasts and left Qingfeng Village.

The sound of hooves faded into the morning light.

Qingfeng Village had become a dead village.

Hundreds of corpses lay scattered among the ruins, uncollected and unburied.

The blood had congealed, forming a black film that covered the ground.

Ashes drifted in the morning breeze like black snowflakes.

The ancient tree at the village entrance was charred, its thick trunk lying on the ground, crushing several corpses.

The ancient well beneath the tree was stained red with blood, the water turning a dark red and emitting a pungent, bloody stench.

The stone platform at the village entrance was soaked in blood, turning a dark red as well.

The sun rose.

Golden sunlight bathed the earth, illuminating the entire land.

But Qingfeng Village would never see the sunlight again.

Because it had become a dead land.

Chapter 6641 - 6650

When Kai and his group returned to Qingfeng Village, it was already dawn.

Golden sunlight bathed the earth, illuminating the distant mountains and the nearby wasteland; everything seemed so quiet and peaceful.

But Kai suddenly stopped.

His nose twitched slightly; a strange smell filled the air.

It was the smell of blood, a heavy, congealed smell of blood, mixed with the stench of burnt flesh and ashes, drifting in the morning breeze.

Zhao Tieshan also stopped, his face turning deathly pale.

“Mr. Chen…this smell…”

Kai didn’t speak; his figure suddenly accelerated, rushing towards Qingfeng Village.

Zhao Tieshan and the nine cultivators followed closely behind, each of them feeling a sense of foreboding.

When they saw Qingfeng Village, they were all stunned.

The village had become ruins.

The ancient tree at the village entrance was burned to charcoal, its thick trunk lying on the ground, pressing down on several charred corpses.

Smoke still rose from the ruins of the houses, ashes drifting in the morning breeze like black snowflakes.

Dark red bloodstains, congealed into a black film, covered every inch of the land.

Corpses lay scattered across the square, streets, and ruins; some charred, some decapitated, some disemboweled—their deaths gruesome.

The air was thick with the stench of blood and acrid burning, almost nauseating.

Zhao Tieshan’s body jolted violently, then he let out a heart-wrenching roar.

“No!!!”

He rushed into the village, frantically searching among the corpses. His wife, his children, his parents, his fellow villagers—all lay on the ground, cold corpses.

He picked up a woman's body; it was his wife. Her clothes were torn, her body covered in wounds, her eyes still open, filled with fear and resentment.

"Xiao Cui! Xiao Cui! Wake up! Open your eyes and look at me!"

Zhao Tieshan cried his heart out, clutching his wife's body, tears streaming down his face and falling onto her pale cheeks.

The nine cultivators had also gone mad. They scattered and fled, searching for their loved ones in the ruins.

Some found their parents' bodies, some their siblings', some their children's.

Cries, shouts, and screams echoed through the ruins like a mournful elegy.

Kai stood at the village entrance, watching everything before him, his dark eyes devoid of emotion.

But his fingers trembled slightly.

The faces of the villagers flashed through his mind: the white-haired old village chief, Zhao Tieshan who had led them to hunt the demon dog monster, the villagers who had looked at him with awe and worship.

They had seen him as their savior, as their hero, as their hope.

But now, they were all dead.

Dead by greed, dead by cruelty.

“Mr. Chen…” Zhao Tieshan knelt on the ground, holding his wife’s body, and looked up at Kai, his eyes bloodshot. “Who…who did this…”

Kai didn’t speak.

His divine sense had spread out, covering the entire village.

He could sense the residual aura on the corpses—the aura of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group, the aura of the Azure Wolf Gang, the aura of the Blazing Fire Sect, and the aura of the Flying Cloud Pavilion.

“Iron Blood Mercenary Group, Azure Wolf Gang, Blazing Fire Sect, Flying Cloud Pavilion.”

Kai’s voice was calm, a calmness that sent chills down one’s spine. “All four forces have come.”

Zhao Tieshan’s fists clenched tightly, his nails digging deep into his palms, blood seeping from between his fingers.

“I’m going to kill them! I’m going to tear them to pieces!” He stood up, about to rush out.

Kai reached out and stopped him.

“If you go, you’ll be sending yourself to your death.” Kai’s voice remained calm, but it carried an undeniable authority.

Zhao Tieshan froze, tears welling in his eyes and streaming down his face, dripping onto the blood-stained ground.

“Mr. Chen… I… I can’t do it… My wife… My children… They’re all dead… I can’t just let this go…”

“I’ll go in your place.”

Kai's voice was soft, but every word was like a nail driven into Zhao Tieshan's heart. "You stay here and bury the villagers. Take care of the survivors."

Zhao Tieshan looked up at Kai, his eyes filled with shock and gratitude.

"Mr. Chen, you..."

"I said I'll go in your place." Kai patted Zhao Tieshan's shoulder. "You wait here and bury the villagers properly. I'm going to Bermuda."

He turned and walked out of the village.

Jiang Xuelan followed, a hint of worry in her icy blue eyes.

"I'll go with you," she said.

Kai stopped and turned to look at her.

"You stay here."

His voice was calm, but with an unyielding firmness. "Zhao Tieshan and the others are emotionally unstable right now. You stay here and watch over them to prevent them from acting impulsively."

Jiang Xuelan bit her lip and finally nodded.

"Be careful."

"I know."

Kai turned around, his gray robe fluttering in the morning breeze, his long black hair flowing in the wind.

His figure walked further and further away in the morning light, gradually disappearing on the horizon.

Zhao Tieshan knelt in the ruins, holding his wife's body, tears streaming down his face.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her icy blue eyes fixed on the direction Kai had disappeared, filled with worry.

But she didn't chase after him.

She knew Kai was right.

Zhao Tieshan and the others were emotionally unstable and needed someone to watch over them.

If no one stopped them, they might act impulsively and die needlessly.

"Captain Zhao,"

Jiang Xuelan's voice was soft but firm, "bury all the villagers. Let them rest in peace."

Zhao Tieshan looked up at Jiang Xuelan, his eyes filled with tears.

"Okay..."

He stood up, wiped away his tears, and began, with the nine cultivators, to collect the villagers' corpses.

One, two, three...

each body broke their hearts, each face brought tears to their eyes.

But what about them?

Bermuda City.

The Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group's headquarters was abuzz with jubilation.

Ma Kui sat in the main seat, a cup of spirit wine in his hand, a smug smile on his face.

Before him were several plates of exquisite spirit fruits and spirit beast meat, their aroma filling the air.

“Captain, this haul has been quite impressive!”

a mercenary said with a fawning smile. “Although we didn’t find any beast cores, those poor folks in Qingfeng Village actually hid quite a few good things. Crystals, spirit materials, magic artifacts—they’re worth at least tens of thousands of high-grade crystals!”

Ma Kui took a sip of his spirit wine, a satisfied smile curving his lips.

“Tens of thousands? That’s too little. The villagers of Qingfeng Village, though poor, still have some value from their family heirlooms. Add in the women’s jewelry and magical artifacts, and it’s worth at least two hundred thousand.” ”

The commander is brilliant!”

“However…”

Ma Kui put down his wine cup, a cold glint in his eyes, “We haven’t found Kai yet. His beast cores are the real prize.”

“Don’t worry, commander, we’ve already sent people to guard all the intersections. As soon as Kai appears, we’ll catch him immediately.”

“Hmm.” Ma Kui nodded, “And what about Feiyun Pavilion…” ”

The people from Feiyun Pavilion didn’t take anything. That woman, Liu Feng, is a coward. She’s afraid of Kai’s revenge, so she doesn’t dare to act, only sending people to watch from the sidelines.”

Ma Kui sneered, “That woman is a useless piece of trash. Bai Feiyun died, and she became the pavilion master, but she has no guts whatsoever. A woman like that can’t achieve anything great.”

Just then, a mercenary rushed in in a panic.

“Commander! Commander!

Something terrible has happened!” Ma Kui’s face darkened. “What’s the panic? Has the sky fallen?”

“The sky hasn’t fallen… but… but…”

The mercenary’s lips trembled, his face was deathly pale, and his eyes were filled with fear. “That Kai… he… he’s here!”

Ma Kui’s expression changed drastically.

“What? He’s here?”

“Yes… yes… he’s alone… standing outside the camp… saying… saying he’s going to slaughter our Iron Blood Mercenary Group…”

Ma Kui suddenly stood up, the wine glass in his hand falling to the ground and shattering.

“Gather everyone! Everyone!” he shouted. “Form ranks! Prepare to meet the enemy!”

The mercenaries inside the camp were alarmed and rushed out of the houses, weapons in hand, their faces filled with tension and fear.

They had heard of Kai.

That young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm killed Huo Tie with one sword, Bai Feiyun with one sword, Black Wolf with one sword, and Turkey with one sword.

That young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, with a fire unicorn, killed the Demon Dog King at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

That young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, declared he would slaughter their Iron Blood Mercenary Group.

Over three hundred mercenaries formed ranks within the encampment, completely blocking the entrance.

They gripped longswords, spears, and swords, their faces etched with tension and fear.

Ma Kui stood at the head of the group, a massive battle axe gleaming with golden light.

But his hand trembled slightly.

The encampment gates were wide open.

A grey figure entered.

Kai.

His pace was neither fast nor slow, each step firm and heavy. His

grey robes fluttered gently in the wind, his Dragon-Slaying Sword hung at his waist, its scabbard shimmering with a faint purple light.

His face was expressionless, his black eyes as calm as still water.

Yet, he emanated a chilling killing intent.

That killing intent was intensely strong, icy cold, devoid of emotion, devoid of pity, only pure, naked killing intent.

Over three hundred mercenaries involuntarily took a step back the moment they saw him.

It was an instinctive fear.

Ma Kui swallowed hard, trying to keep his voice calm.

” Kai, you… what do you want to do?”

Kai looked at him without speaking.

Cold sweat beaded on Ma Kui’s forehead.

” Kai, I advise you not to act rashly. This is Bermuda City. If you make a move here, the city lord won’t let you off!”

Kai still didn’t speak.

He simply raised his right hand and gripped the hilt of the Dragon Slayer Sword.

Purple sword light surged from the scabbard, slicing through the air like lightning, illuminating the entire encampment.

Ma Kui’s face changed drastically.

“Stop him! Stop him!” he shouted.

Several mercenaries rushed forward, their longswords slashing at Kai.

Kai raised the Dragon Slayer Sword and casually slashed out.

The purple sword light, like a long dragon, sliced through the air, cleaving the mercenaries and their swords in two.

Blood gushed out, and their bodies fell to the ground.

The mercenaries’ eyes were still open, filled with disbelief, as if they didn’t understand how they died.

Kai didn’t stop.

He continued forward.

Every step he took treaded on the blood, splattering it everywhere.

The mercenaries were terrified.

They looked at Kai, at the young man exuding murderous intent, and fear surged through their hearts like a flood.

“Charge! All of you, charge!” Ma Kui shouted, “He’s only one person! We have over three hundred, what are we afraid of!”

The mercenaries gritted their teeth and charged forward.

But they were wrong.

Numbers meant nothing to Kai.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, the purple sword light weaving through the crowd, each flash taking down a dozen men.

One sword, and a dozen mercenaries fell in a pool of blood.

Two swords, and another dozen mercenaries fell.

Three swords, four swords, five swords…

The mercenaries fell like wheat being harvested, their blood forming streams that stained the entire encampment red.

Kai’s figure weaved through the crowd, so fast that his movements were impossible to discern.

Only a purple light flashed through the crowd, each flash claiming a dozen lives.

The mercenaries finally collapsed.

They scattered and fled in all directions, wishing they had more legs.

But Kai gave them no chance.

With the Dragon-Slaying Sword in hand, the purple sword light was like the scythe of death, reaping lives on the battlefield.

In less than half an hour, over three hundred mercenaries lay dead in pools of blood.

Not a single one was spared.

Ma Kui stood at the very back, watching his men fall one by one, his face pale, his body trembling.

He wanted to run, but his legs were weak; he couldn't move.

Kai walked up to him, his dark eyes fixed on him.

"The people of Qingfeng Village, did you kill them?" His voice was calm.

Ma Kui's lips trembled; he wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

"I'm asking you, did you kill them?" Kai's voice remained calm, but a chilling coldness emanated from it.

"Yes…yes…"

Ma Kui finally managed to squeeze out a single word, "It was me…it was me who gave the order…"

Kai nodded.

"Good."

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, and a purple sword light slashed down.

Ma Kui's body was cleaved in two, blood gushing out, his internal organs spilling onto the ground.

Ma Kui, the new leader of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

Kai looked at the corpses scattered on the ground, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

He turned and walked out of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group's encampment.

Outside the encampment, a large crowd had already gathered.

The cultivators of Baimu City were alarmed and rushed over, their faces filled with shock and fear as they looked at the horrific scene within the encampment.

More than three hundred mercenaries, all dead.

Not a single survivor.

And the one who killed them was just a young man at the first grade of the Golden Immortal realm.

"He…he killed more than three hundred mercenaries all by himself?"

"Too terrifying…"

"Who exactly is he?"

"Run!"

The Canglang Gang's stronghold was now in complete chaos.

News spread faster than the wind: Kai had

single-handedly wiped out the Iron Blood Mercenary Group, over three hundred mercenaries, leaving not a single one alive. The Canglang Gang members were terrified, frantically packing their belongings to escape.

But Kai gave them no chance.

He stood before the gates of the Canglang Gang's stronghold, his purple eyes fixed on the plaque above the gate tower, the Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand.

"Those inside, come out."

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

No one answered.

Kai didn't care.

He raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashed out.

The purple sword light struck the gate tower, splitting it in two.

The gate tower collapsed, crashing to the ground, kicking up a cloud of dust.

The Canglang Gang members rushed out of the buildings, seeing Kai, terrified out of their wits, and turned to run.

But they couldn't escape.

Kai's figure vanished from his spot, appearing in the crowd in the next instant.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, its purple light weaving through the crowd.

One strike, one kill; one strike, one kill.

No one could withstand a second blow.

The members of the Azure Wolf Gang fell like wheat being harvested, their blood forming streams that stained the entire stronghold red.

In less than half an hour, all two hundred-plus members of the Azure Wolf Gang's stronghold were killed.

Not a single one was spared.

Kai stood amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood, his gray robe soaked through, turning a dark red. His face was expressionless, his black eyes as calm as a stagnant pool.

He turned and walked towards the Blazing Fire Sect.

...

The Blazing Fire Sect's stronghold was located on a volcanic crater west of Baimu City, where a fiery spiritual vein lay beneath, its spiritual energy abundant.

Kai stood on the crater, looking down at the Blazing Fire Sect's stronghold, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

The disciples of the Blazing Fire Sect already knew about the annihilation of the Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group and the Azure Wolf Gang, and were in complete chaos. Some were packing their belongings to escape, some were kneeling and begging for mercy, and some were closing their eyes and waiting for death.

Kai didn't waste any words.

He leaped down from the volcano crater, landing in the center of the Blazing Fire Sect's stronghold.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn, and purple sword light poured down like a torrential rain.

The disciples of the Blazing Fire Sect tried to resist, but their flames were as fragile as paper before the power of chaos.

One sword, one kill; one sword, one kill.

The Supreme Elder of the Blazing Fire Sect rushed out from the inner hall, and when she saw Kai, her face turned deathly pale.

“Chen… Kai… you… you can’t kill me…”

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

“You sent people to Qingfeng Village.” His voice was calm.

“I…I…I didn’t kill anyone…”

The old woman’s voice trembled. “I just…I just went to take a look…I didn’t kill anyone…”

“You stood there watching, watching them kill,” Kai’s voice remained calm. “Not stopping them makes you an accomplice.”

The old woman’s lips trembled; she wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

Kai raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword and slashed down.

The old woman’s body fell to the ground, blood gushing from her wounds, staining the ground red.

The Supreme Elder of the Blazing Fire Sect, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

The disciples of the Blazing Fire Sect cried and wailed, kneeling on the ground, kowtowing and begging for mercy.

But Kai showed no mercy.

He thought of the villagers of Qingfeng Village, the old people, the women, the children. When they knelt on the ground begging for mercy, did these disciples of the Blazing Fire Sect show any mercy?

No.

They killed everyone, leaving no one alive.

Now, it was their turn.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword twirled in his hand, purple sword light weaving through the crowd.

One sword, one person; one sword, one person.

In less than half an hour, all two hundred-plus disciples at the Blazing Fire Sect's stronghold were killed.

Not a single one was spared.

Kai stood in the sea of fire, his gray robes fluttering in the heat, his long black hair billowing in the wind.

He turned and walked towards the Flying Cloud Pavilion.

...

Flying Cloud Pavilion.

Liu Feng sat in the pavilion master's seat, her face deathly pale, her whole body trembling.

The news had already reached them: the Iron Blood Mercenary Group had been wiped out, the Azure Wolf Gang had been wiped out, and the Blazing Fire Sect had been wiped out.

Three forces, thousands of people, all killed.

Not a single one was spared.

Next would be the Flying Cloud Pavilion.

“Pavilion Master, what do we do?”

A disciple knelt on the ground, his voice filled with fear, “That Kai… he… will he also come and destroy our Flying Cloud Pavilion?”

Liu Feng closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

“Send someone to find Kai.”

“Find him? What for?”

“To beg him.”

Liu Feng opened her eyes, a resolute glint in them. “Beg him to spare Feiyun Pavilion. Whatever he wants, we’ll give him. Crystals, resources, magic weapons—give it all to him. As long as he doesn’t destroy Feiyun Pavilion, anything is fine.”

The disciple nodded, turned, and ran out.

Liu Feng sat in her seat, looking at the sky outside the window, her eyes filled with bitterness.

She regretted it.

She regretted going to Qingfeng Village.

If she hadn’t gone, perhaps Feiyun Pavilion wouldn’t be where it is today.

But now it was too late.

She could only pray, pray that the young man would spare Feiyun Pavilion.

…

The disciples of Feiyun Pavilion found Kai on the streets of Baimu City.

Kai was walking towards Feiyun Pavilion, his gray robe stained with blood, the Dragon-Slaying Sword hanging at his waist, blood still dripping from its blade.

The disciple saw Kai, his legs went weak with fear, but he still forced himself to run towards him.

“Mr. Chen…”

Kai stopped and looked at him.

“Master Liu…Master Liu invites you to Feiyun Pavilion for a talk…”

Kai remained silent.

“Mr. Chen, Master Liu said…Master Liu said that whatever you want, Feiyun Pavilion will give you…Crystals, resources, magic weapons…anything is fine…just please don’t destroy Feiyun Pavilion…”

Kai looked at the disciple, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Did the people of Feiyun Pavilion kill anyone from Qingfeng Village?” His voice was calm.

“No…no!”

The disciple waved his hands repeatedly, “Master Liu ordered us not to act! We people from Feiyun Pavilion just watched…just watched…we didn’t touch a single villager!”

Kai was silent for a moment.

“Go back and tell Liu Feng.”

His voice was calm, “I saw that the people of Feiyun Pavilion didn’t act. I won’t kill you. But Liu Feng, she must die.”

The disciple’s face changed drastically.

“Why…why?”

“Because she is the Pavilion Master.”

Kai’s voice remained calm, “She went to Qingfeng Village, and she didn’t stop her. That’s the reason.”

The disciple opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but seeing Kai’s cold eyes,…

Flying Cloud Pavilion.

Liu Feng sat in the pavilion master’s seat, a long sword gripping her hand, its blade gleaming with a cold light.

She already knew Kai’s demands.

He wanted her dead.

Liu Feng gave a bitter smile.

She had lived for thousands of years, finally becoming the pavilion master of Flying Cloud Pavilion, only to lose her life because of one wrong decision.

But she didn’t regret it.

At least, Flying Cloud Pavilion was saved.

Her disciples were saved.

“Pavilion Master, run!”

a disciple knelt on the ground, crying and shouting, “We’ll hold off Kai, you run!”

Liu Feng shook her head.

“I can’t escape. He can even kill a seventh-grade Golden Immortal demon dog king, how can I escape?”

She stood up, gripping her long sword, walked to the window, and looked at the sky outside.

“Tell him I’m ready.”

The disciples cried and shouted, but Liu Feng didn’t turn back.

She stood by the window, waiting for death to come.

Kai arrived.

He entered the main hall of Feiyun Pavilion and saw Liu Feng standing by the window, a long sword in her hand, her back to him.

“You’ve come,” Liu Feng said calmly.

“Yes,” Kai replied calmly.

“The people of Feiyun Pavilion really didn’t kill anyone from Qingfeng Village. I ordered them not to act, and they all obeyed.”

“I know,” Kai said, “That’s why I won’t destroy Feiyun Pavilion.”

Liu Feng turned around, looked at Kai, and a bitter smile appeared on her lips.

“But I must die.”

“Yes,” Kai nodded. “You went to Qingfeng Village. You didn’t stop them. That’s the reason.”

Liu Feng closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

“Alright. Do it.”

Kai raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword, and a purple sword light slashed down.

Liu Feng’s body slowly fell, blood gushing from her wounds, staining the ground red.

The disciples of Feiyun Pavilion knelt on the ground, weeping.

Kai looked at Liu Feng’s corpse, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

He turned and walked out of Feiyun Pavilion.

As

the sun set, golden sunlight bathed the streets of Bermuda, turning the entire city golden.

Kai walked along the street, his gray robe now a dark red, the color of blood.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword hung at his waist, its scabbard still stained with blood.

The cultivators lining the streets stared at Kai, their eyes filled with fear and awe.

One man.

In one day.

He had wiped out four forces.

The Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group, the Azure Wolf Gang, the Blazing Fire Sect, and the Flying Cloud Pavilion—four forces that had operated in Bermuda for centuries—were all destroyed by one man in a single day.

This news was enough to shake the entire city of Bermuda,

and even the entire Nineteenth Heaven.

Kai ignored their gazes.

He walked towards the city gate.

He was going back to Qingfeng Village.

The dead villagers were still waiting for him.

The wronged souls were still waiting for him.

He would tell them the news.

The revenge had been taken.

The blood debt had been repaid.

...

When Kai returned to Qingfeng Village, it was already dark.

Silvery moonlight spilled over the ruins, bathing the entire area in a silvery glow.

The ancient tree at the village entrance was charred, but Zhao Tieshan and his men didn't move it. They cleared away the tree's remains and erected a massive stone tablet beside it.

The tablet was engraved with the names of every deceased person:

Zhao Tieshan's wife, children, parents, the relatives of the nine cultivators, and the white-haired old village chief—Zhao Yuanshan.

His name was first.

"Tomb of Zhao Yuanshan, Village Chief of Qingfeng Village."

Kai stood before the tablet, gazing at the names, silent for a long time.

Zhao Tieshan approached, his eyes red and swollen, tears still streaming down his face.

"Mr. Chen, you're back."

"Yes." Kai nodded. "The revenge has been taken."

Zhao Tieshan's body jolted, tears welling in his eyes again.

"The Iron-Blooded Mercenary Group, the Azure Wolf Gang, the Blazing Fire Sect, and the Flying Cloud Pavilion—all wiped out." Kai's voice was calm. "Not a single one survived."

Zhao Tieshan knelt on the ground, kowtowing three times to the stone tablet, his voice choked with sobs.

"Village Chief, did you hear that? Mr. Chen avenged us! Those beasts are all dead! Not a single one escaped!"

The nine cultivators also knelt down, kowtowing to the stone tablet, weeping uncontrollably.

Kai stood behind them, looking at the stone tablet, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

But his hands trembled slightly.

He remembered the white-haired old village chief, the old village chief who said, "Everyone is my child."

He remembered the villagers who looked at him with awe and worship.

They saw him as a hero, as their hope.

But he had failed to protect them.

“I’m sorry.” Kai’s voice was soft, so soft that only he could hear it.

Jiang Xuelan walked to his side and took his hand.

“It’s not your fault.” Her voice was soft, but firm.

Kai remained silent for a long time before finally nodding.

“Let’s go,” he said. “Let’s bury them properly. Then, we’ll go to Bermuda.”

“What for?” Zhao Tieshan looked up, his eyes full of confusion.

“To buy resources and rebuild Qingfeng Village,” Kai said calmly. “Qingfeng Village can’t just disappear like this. As long as one person is alive, Qingfeng Village will still exist.”

Zhao Tieshan’s eyes lit up.

“Yes! As long as one person is alive, Qingfeng Village will still exist!”

He stood up, wiped away his tears, and a smile appeared on his face.

That smile contained sorrow, resilience, and hope.

Kai looked at his smile, and a slight curve appeared at the corner of his lips. Bermuda was in an uproar.

News spread like wildfire through every street and alley of the city. Teahouses, restaurants, and markets were all buzzing with the same story:

The Iron Blood Mercenary Group had been wiped out. Over three hundred mercenaries, not a single one spared.

The Azure Wolf Gang had been destroyed.

Over two hundred members had all been killed.

The Blazing Fire Sect had been destroyed.

Its entire stronghold was burned to the ground.

The Flying Cloud Pavilion's leader, Liu Feng, was dead, but his disciples survived.

Four forces that had operated in Bermuda for centuries had been uprooted in a single day by one man.

And that man was merely a young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

"Have you heard? That young man is called Kai. He's said to be from the lower realm, carrying the ancient divine beast, the Fire Qilin!"

"A mere first-grade Golden Immortal can destroy four forces? How is that possible? Ma Kui of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group is a sixth-grade Golden Immortal!"

"What sixth-grade Golden Immortal? Kai only needed one sword strike to cleave Ma Kui in two!"

"The Supreme Elder of the Blazing Fire Sect, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, was also killed with a single sword strike!"

"Liu Feng of the Flying Cloud Pavilion didn't resist. She ordered her disciples to surrender, willingly facing death herself. Kai said that since the Flying Cloud Pavilion didn't attack, he would only kill the Pavilion Master, not destroy the entire Flying Cloud Pavilion."

“Just who is Kai? With such strength, he couldn’t possibly be unknown.”

“I heard he’s looking for his wife, a woman named Su Yuqi. He came to the Nineteenth Heaven to find her.”

“Su Yuqi? Never heard of her. But with his strength, finding someone shouldn’t be difficult, right?”

“Hard to say. The Nineteenth Heaven is so vast, finding someone is like finding a needle in a haystack.”

Discussions rose and fell, the entire city of Bermuda immersed in shock and curiosity.

But what truly shook the major powers wasn’t Kai’s strength, but his style of doing things. He was

ruthless

, leaving no one alive. The Iron Blood Mercenary Group, the Azure Wolf Gang, and the Blazing Fire Sect were completely wiped out, not a single survivor.

Although the Flying Cloud Pavilion was preserved, its leader, Liu Feng, was dead, its strength severely damaged, and it would take decades to recover.

His methods were ruthless to the extreme.

Those forces that had previously coveted Qingfeng Village were all terrified, immediately recalling all their spies, fearing Kai’s attention.

Even those forces with no connection to Qingfeng Village began to re-evaluate this suddenly appearing young man.

One person, a first-grade Golden Immortal, leading a fire unicorn, had destroyed four forces.

This kind of person was either befriended or kept at a distance; he absolutely could not be offended.

…

In the heart of Bermuda City, at the City Lord's Mansion.

City Lord Murong Bai sat in his study, a jade slip in his hand, his divine sense probing the recently transmitted intelligence.

His face was refined, making him appear more like a scholar than a city lord.

His cultivation was at the peak of the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, making him the undisputed strongest person in Bermuda City.

"The Iron Blood Mercenary Group was wiped out, the Azure Wolf Gang was wiped out, the Blazing Fire Sect was wiped out, and Liu Feng, the Pavilion Master of the Flying Cloud Pavilion, was killed…"

Murong Bai put down the jade slip, a meaningful smile curving his lips. "Interesting."

Standing in the study was a middle-aged man dressed in black, the City Lord's Mansion's chief guard, named Zhou Han, a sixth-rank Golden Immortal.

"City Lord, who is this Kai?"

Zhou Han asked. "He single-handedly wiped out four forces. This kind of strength doesn't seem like that of a first-grade Golden Immortal."

"He's no ordinary person."

Murong Bai stood up, walked to the window, and looked at the sky outside. "His cultivation method is very special. It's not an ordinary Five

Elements technique, nor is it a technique of the Divine Race. It's said to be the power of chaos, the long-lost power of chaos in the Daoist sects."

"The power of chaos?" Zhou Han's expression changed. "The legendary primordial power?"

"That's right."

Murong Bai nodded. "The power of chaos is the source of all elements and the source of all laws. Those who cultivate the power of chaos possess combat power far exceeding their peers. It's not surprising that he, a first-grade Golden Immortal, could kill a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal."

Zhou Han was silent for a moment. "City Lord, what do we do? He killed so many people, should we..."

"Should we arrest him?"

Murong Bai shook his head. "Why arrest him? The Iron Blood Mercenary Group, the Azure Wolf Gang, and the Blazing Fire Sect—these forces run rampant in Baimu City, oppressing the people. I've wanted to deal with them for a long time.

I just haven't had a suitable reason, and I've been too lazy to bother. Now that someone has taken care of it for me, I'm overjoyed."

He turned to Zhou Han.

"Send someone to find Kai. Invite him to the City Lord's Mansion for a chat."

"The City Lord wants to win him over? "

"Win him over?" Murong Bai smiled. "It's not really winning him over. Just making friends. A person who cultivates the power of chaos has limitless potential. It's much better to befriend him now than to offend him later."

Zhou Han nodded. “I’ll take care of it right away.”

…

When Kai led Zhao Tieshan and the others back into Baimu City, it was three days later.

For three days, Zhao Tieshan and nine cultivators worked day and night to clear the ruins, bury the corpses, and sort through the belongings, finally burying all the villagers’ remains.

Hundreds of new graves stood neatly arranged on the hillside behind the village, facing east and bathed in the rising sun.

Zhao Tieshan’s eyes were still red, but his back was much straighter.

The sorrow remained, but he had learned to hide it deep within.

“Mr. Chen, we need to buy a lot of things,”

Zhao Tieshan said. “Rebuilding the village requires timber, stone, spiritual materials, and materials for defensive formations. It will cost at least tens of thousands of high-grade crystals.”

Kai nodded. “Money is not a problem. The crystals we obtained from the Demon Dog King and those faction leaders are enough to rebuild the village.”

The group entered Bermuda City and went directly to Wanbao Pavilion.

Qian Wanguan’s legs went weak when he saw Kai.

He had, of course, heard of Kai’s exploits—one man wiped out four factions, killing thousands of people.

And this seemingly ordinary young man was the legendary god of death.

“Mr…Mr. Chen…” Qian Wanguan’s voice trembled. “What…what are your orders?”

Kai looked at Qian Wanguan, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

“I need to purchase a batch of materials. Timber, stone, spiritual materials, and materials for defensive formations—the list is here.”

He took a list from Zhao Tieshan and handed it to Qian Wanguan.

Qian Wanguan’s hands trembled as he took the list. He quickly glanced through it, nodding repeatedly.

“Good, good! All these materials are available! All of them! Mr. Chen, you…” “Mr. Chen, these materials total 156,000 high-grade crystals. Since you are a distinguished guest of our Wanbao Pavilion, we’ll round it down to 156,000.” Qian Wanguan’s face was plastered with a fawning smile.

Kai took out fifteen top-grade crystals from his storage ring and placed them on the counter.

“Here’s 150,000. Count them.”

“No need to count, no need to count!” Qian Wanguan waved his hands repeatedly, “What Mr. Chen gives you is absolutely genuine!”

Kai nodded and turned to leave.

Just then, a middle-aged man dressed in black walked in from outside. His steps were steady, his aura restrained, and his cultivation was at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

“Excuse me, which one of you is Mr. Kai?”

Zhao Tieshan’s expression changed, and he instinctively stepped in front of Kai. “Who are you?”

The man in black cupped his hands respectfully, “I am Zhou Han, the head guard of the City Lord’s Mansion. I am here on the orders of the City Lord to invite Mr. Chen to the City Lord’s Mansion for a chat.”

Zhao Tieshan’s face grew even uglier.

Someone from the City Lord’s Mansion?

Could they be here to avenge those forces?

After all, those forces had been operating in Bermuda for centuries and must have some connection to the City Lord’s Mansion.

Kai had wiped them out; the City Lord’s Mansion couldn’t possibly remain indifferent.

Kai patted Zhao Tieshan on the shoulder, signaling him to step aside.

“I am Kai,” he said calmly. “What business does the City Lord have with me?”

Zhou Han’s attitude remained respectful. “The City Lord merely admires Mr. Chen’s strength and wishes to make friends with him. Please rest assured, Mr. Chen, the City Lord has no ill intentions.”

Kai was silent for a moment.

He didn’t quite believe that the people from the City Lord’s Mansion would be without malice.

But this was Bermuda, the City Lord’s territory.

If the City Lord truly wanted to deal with him, he couldn’t escape.

Moreover, he wanted to see what the City Lord was really up to.

“Alright. I’ll go with you.”

Zhou Han smiled. “Mr. Chen, please.”

Zhao Tieshan was anxious. “Mr. Chen, you can’t go! What if it’s a trap…”

Kai shook his head. “It’s alright. You wait here, I’ll be right back.”

He turned and followed Zhou Han out of Wanbaoge.

Jiang Xuelan silently followed.

“It’s good that you’re here.” Kai didn’t refuse.

Zhou Han led Kai and Jiang Xuelan through several streets to the City Lord’s Mansion in the city center.

The City Lord’s Mansion was vast, with numerous pavilions and a magnificent presence.

Two rows of guards in black armor stood before the gate, each with a cultivation level of at least the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, their eyes piercing and their aura imposing.

Zhou Han led Kai and Jiang Xuelan into the City Lord’s Mansion, through several courtyards, and to an elegant tea room.

The tea room was small, but exquisitely decorated.

Several landscape paintings hung on the walls, their brushwork delicate and their artistic conception profound. A pot of orchids sat on the table by the window, emitting a faint fragrance.

Murong Bai was already waiting in the tea room.

He sat in the main seat, holding a cup of tea, a gentle smile on his face.

His refined demeanor made him seem less like a city lord and more like a well-read scholar.

“Mr. Chen, please sit.” Murong Bai’s voice was gentle, like a spring breeze.

Kai sat down opposite Murong Bai, with Jiang Xuelan standing behind him.

“I wonder what brings the city lord here?” Kai’s voice was calm, but with a hint of wariness.

Murong Bai looked at Kai and shook his head with a smile.

“Mr. Chen, there’s no need to be nervous. I have no ill intentions in summoning you.”

He poured Kai a cup of tea, its delicate aroma filling the air.

“This tea is called ‘Cloud Mist Green,’ which I brought back from out of town. It tastes quite good. Mr. Chen, please try it.”

Kai looked at the teacup in front of him but didn’t touch it.

Murong Bai didn’t mind, took a sip of tea, then put down the cup and looked at Kai.

“I’ve heard about what Mr. Chen did in Bermuda.”

Kai’s brow furrowed slightly. “Is the City Lord seeking revenge for those forces?”

“Revenge?”

Murong Bai laughed, a hint of disdain in his voice. “Why would I seek revenge for them? The Iron Blood Mercenary Group, the Azure Wolf Gang, and the Blazing Fire Sect—these three forces have been running rampant in Bermuda, oppressing the people. I’ve wanted to deal with them for a long time.

I just didn't have a suitable reason, and I was too lazy to bother. Mr. Chen cleaned up these scum for me; I'm grateful to you, why would I seek revenge?"

Kai looked at Murong Bai, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

But his guard had relaxed slightly.

"Then why did the city lord summon me?"

"To make friends."

Murong Bai's voice was sincere. "I've heard about Mr. Chen's strength and methods. A first-grade Golden Immortal can kill a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, and he can even kill a seventh-grade Golden Immortal demon dog king with a fire unicorn. Such strength is rare even in the Nineteenth Heaven."

He paused, then continued, "I know Mr. Chen is looking for your wife, a female cultivator named Su Yuqi. I can help you."

A flicker of emotion flashed in Kai's eyes, and his brows furrowed.

He had never mentioned this to anyone, so how did Murong Bai know?

Kai carefully recalled every detail since arriving in the Nineteenth Heaven.

He had only discussed this matter when he was in Qingfeng Village with Zhao Tieshan and his group.

Since they were all familiar with each other, Kai hadn't hidden anything.

But now, Murong Bai actually knew. Could it be that one of Zhao Tieshan's men told Murong Bai?

Kai felt a chill run down his spine. It seemed that Murong Bai, the city lord, definitely had spies everywhere.

Murong Bai smiled at Kai's expression but didn't say anything more.

Some things couldn't be said too explicitly; he needed Kai to fill in the blanks himself.

"Can you help me find her?" Kai asked.

"I can't guarantee I'll find her,"

Murong Bai shook his head, "but I've been operating in Baimu City for thousands of years, and my connections and intelligence network span the Nineteen Heavens. As long as there's a clue, I can help you find her."

Kai was silent for a moment.

Murong Bai's suggestion was very appealing to him.

His purpose in coming to the Nineteenth Heaven was to find Su Yuqi.

If Murong Bai could help him, that would be the best outcome.

"What do you want?" Kai asked.

Murong Bai smiled, "As I said, I just want to make friends. If I had to say what my purpose is, it's that I think Mr. Chen's future achievements are limitless. Establishing a good relationship now might come in handy in the future."

Kai looked at Murong Bai, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

He didn't completely believe Murong Bai's words.

Could a city lord who had managed things in the Nineteenth Heaven for thousands of years really be so generous just to establish a good relationship? "Alright." Kai nodded. "I accept your offer."

Murong Bai smiled.

“Excellent! Mr. Chen, I have a piece of land near Bermuda City, in a very good location with abundant spiritual energy. If you are willing, I can allocate that land to you for the reconstruction of Qingfeng Village.”

Kai raised an eyebrow slightly.

“Why would the City Lord do this?”

“The villagers of Qingfeng Village are innocent.”

Murong Bai’s voice carried a hint of emotion. “They have lived near Bermuda City for generations and have never offended anyone. Yet, because of the greed of others, their village was wiped out. As the City Lord of Bermuda City, I have a responsibility to compensate them.” Chen

Ping remained silent for a long time.

He didn’t know if Murong Bai was speaking sincerely or had ulterior motives.

But in any case, Murong Bai’s proposal was a good thing for the survivors of Qingfeng Village.

“On behalf of the villagers of Qingfeng Village, I thank the City Lord.”

Murong Bai waved his hand. “Mr. Chen, you’re too kind. From today onwards, Mr. Chen and your friends are honored guests of our City Lord’s Mansion. Please feel free to ask if you need anything.”

…

For the next few days, Kai and Jiang Xuelan stayed temporarily at the City Lord’s Mansion.

Murong Bai truly kept his word. He had a piece of land, spanning dozens of miles in circumference, allocated in the northeast of Baimu City. The land was rich in spiritual energy, flat, and perfect for rebuilding the village.

Zhao Tieshan, along with nine cultivators, collected the remaining belongings from the ruins and then brought the villagers' relics to the new land.

The new village was located on a gentle slope, backed by green mountains and facing a plain. A clear stream flowed past the village, its waters shimmering in the sunlight.

"This place is wonderful!"

Zhao Tieshan stood at the top of the slope, looking at the land before him, his eyes filled with hope. "It's even better than the original Qingfeng Village! The spiritual energy concentration is more than double! Cultivation here will be much faster!"

Kai nodded.

"First, set up temporary shelters, then begin constructing houses and defensive formations. I've already prepared the materials; you can use them for now, and if you need more, you can buy more in Bermuda."

Zhao Tieshan's eyes lit up. "Mr. Chen, are you still going to Bermuda?"

"Not for now," Kai said. "I need to go into seclusion for a few days to further solidify my foundation as a first-grade Golden Immortal. You all go ahead with your work; if you need anything, contact Xue Lan." Zhao

Tieshan nodded. "Don't worry, Mr. Chen, we'll build the village properly!"

Kai turned and returned to the quiet room prepared for him in the city lord's mansion.

The quiet room wasn't large, but it was very quiet.

Soundproof formations were engraved on the walls, isolating all outside sounds.

Kai sat cross-legged on a futon, closed his eyes, and circulated his chaotic power.

The gray chaotic power flowed within his body, repeatedly refining, compressing, and purifying the spiritual energy in his meridians.

He could feel his cultivation slowly increasing; although he was still some distance from the second-grade Golden Immortal, his foundation was becoming increasingly solid.

The seed of the Law of Space slowly rotated in his dantian, emitting a faint silver light.

The seed of the Law of Time was also sprouting, though still very weak, its presence could already be felt.

The little fire qilin crawled out of his storage ring, squatted at his feet, its golden eyes looking at him, letting out a satisfied growl.

Kai opened his eyes and reached out to stroke the little fire qilin's head.

"Wangcai, tell me, what exactly is Murong Bai's purpose?"

The little fire qilin tilted its head, not understanding what he was talking about.

"Never mind, whatever his purpose is," Kai's voice was soft, "As long as he helps me find Yuqi, we can talk about other things later."

...

Meanwhile, the turmoil in Baimu City continued to escalate.

News spread faster than the wind: a young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm had appeared near Baimu City, accompanied by a fire qilin, and single-handedly wiped out four forces.

This news quickly reached the territory of the Golden Crow Clan.

Wu Tianji sat in the main seat of the council hall, holding a newly delivered intelligence report in his hand, a sharp glint flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

“A first-grade Golden Immortal, accompanied by a fire unicorn, single-handedly annihilated four forces…”

He muttered to himself, his fingers tapping lightly on the armrest of his chair, producing a dull thud.

“Clan leader, could this person be Kai?”

an elder of the Golden Crow Clan asked. “Our spies have been unable to find any trace of him. Baimu City isn’t far from us, and he just happens to be a first-grade Golden Immortal—it’s too much of a coincidence.”

Wu Tianji was silent for a moment.

“That’s right, it’s him.”

His voice was calm, but it carried a chilling undertone. ” Kai, he has finally appeared.”

“Clan leader, should we send someone to Baimu City to capture him?”

Wu Tianji shook his head.

“We can’t alert him. Kai is not weak; a first-grade Golden Immortal can kill a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, and he can even kill a seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King. Ordinary people are no match for him.”

He paused, a cold glint flashing in his crimson-gold eyes.

“Send Black Crow.”

The elder’s expression changed.

“Black Crow? Clan Chief, Black Crow is a powerful expert at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, one of the strongest assassins in our Golden Crow Clan. Sending him to deal with a junior at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, isn’t that giving him too much credit?”

“We can’t be careless when dealing with Kai.”

Wu Tianji’s voice was cold. “His ability to break through to the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm in such a short time and even kill opponents across realms shows that his potential far exceeds our imagination.

If we can’t kill him before he grows stronger, once he breaks through to the second or third rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, or even higher, we won’t be able to kill him even if we want to.”

The elder fell silent.

Wu Tianji was right .

A first-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert could kill a monster at the peak of the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. If he continues to grow, how strong will he become in the future?

It’s unthinkable.

“Send Black Crow to Baimu City, find Kai, and confirm his identity.”

Wu Tianji said. “If it’s confirmed to be him, don’t alert him. Follow him first, find out his whereabouts and weaknesses. Await my orders.”

“Yes!” The elder bowed and turned to leave the council hall.

Wu Tianji stood up, walked to the window, and gazed at the sky outside, his crimson-gold eyes flashing… Bermuda!

Kai and Jiang Xuelan strolled through the streets of Bermuda.

Shops lined both sides of the street, their cries of vendors rising and falling.

Some sold pills, some magical artifacts, some spiritual materials, and others all sorts of rare treasures.

Cultivators came and went; some wore magnificent sect robes, while others looked like wandering cultivators from afar.

There were also Void Merchant Guild cultivators in silver robes setting up stalls on street corners, their fronts piled high with all sorts of strange and unusual items.

Jiang Xuelan wore an elegant white dress, her long hair casually tied up with an ice-blue hairpin. Although her face had been disguised to make it somewhat ordinary, her ice-blue eyes remained clear and captivating.

Many male cultivators stared intently at Jiang Xuelan, as if they wanted to devour her whole. “These men are so annoying, always staring at me like that,” Jiang Xuelan said,

somewhat annoyed.

“You’re still pretending. If you weren’t, these men would probably be drooling. Who told you to be so beautiful?”

Kai said.

Jiang Xuelan laughed immediately. “You think I’m beautiful too?”

“Of course. If I weren’t beautiful, I wouldn’t be sleeping with you.” Kai nodded honestly.

“Hey, how can you speak so crudely on the street…”

“Crude? I haven’t even said ‘f**k’ yet, and you’re already being rude?” Kai chuckled.

Jiang Xuelan blushed and stopped talking to Kai, quickening her pace.

The two strolled around for a while longer.

“Baimu City is much bigger than Qingyun Cave Heaven.” Jiang Xuelan said softly.

“Hmm.”

Kai nodded. “A city at the nineteenth level of heaven is indeed incomparable to the eighteenth level. The density of cultivators here is higher, and the trade is more prosperous.”

His gaze swept over the stalls on both sides of the street, observing the cultivation levels of the cultivators in the city while secretly paying attention to the fluctuations of the surrounding aura.

Since annihilating the four forces, he knew that he had become the focus of Baimu City.

Countless eyes were watching him from the shadows, some with curiosity, some with awe, some with greed, and some with hostility.

He could feel a gaze following him from behind, one that had been with them ever since they left the City Lord’s Mansion.

The aura was very well concealed; if he hadn’t cultivated the power of chaos, making his perception of everything around him extremely acute, he would have been completely unaware.

The owner of that aura was extremely powerful, at least an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, his aura perfectly concealed, like a venomous snake lurking in the shadows, silently following them.

A barely perceptible smile curved Kai’s lips.

An eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

Stronger than any opponent he had encountered before.

But he didn't turn around, nor did he quicken his pace.

He simply continued strolling with Jiang Xuelan, as if he hadn't noticed anything.

Jiang Xuelan also noticed the gaze. Just as she was about to turn around, Kai gently grasped her hand and shook his head slightly.

"Don't turn around."

His voice was very soft, so soft that only Jiang Xuelan could hear it. "Someone is following us. An eighth-grade Golden Immortal."

Jiang Xuelan's pupils contracted slightly, but quickly returned to normal.

She didn't turn back, but simply tightened her grip on Kai's hand and continued walking.

The tracking aura maintained a fixed distance, about a hundred feet, neither approaching nor moving away.

The tracker's methods were extremely professional; every time Kai and Jiang Xuelan turned a corner, he would use passersby as cover to change positions, never exposing himself to view.

Kai secretly assessed the owner of this aura.

An eighth-grade Golden Immortal, with an extremely strong ability to conceal his aura; if he hadn't cultivated the power of chaos and hadn't developed such keen perception of his surroundings, he would have been completely undetectable.

Such strength and stealth were definitely not those of an ordinary cultivator, but rather those of a specially trained assassin or killer.

A member of the Divine Race?

Or a remnant of the Iron Blood Mercenary Group?

Kai didn't rush to attack.

He wanted to see what this tracker was up to.

Just as he was considering whether to find a secluded place to lure the tracker out, a sudden change occurred.

Three figures simultaneously swooped down from the eaves of houses on both sides of the street, moving with lightning speed.

They were dressed in uniform black armor, with Bermuda City defense team tokens hanging from their waists. Each of them possessed a cultivation level of at least the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

The leader was a burly man with a scar running from his brow bone to his chin, giving him an extremely fierce appearance.

His cultivation level was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm; his aura was as steady as a mountain, and the long sword in his hand gleamed coldly in the sunlight.

The three figures landed almost simultaneously, completely blocking the pursuer's position.

The pursuer reacted extremely quickly, his body swaying as he tried to retreat, but the scarred man had already blocked his path.

"Black Crow, long time no see,"

the scarred man's voice echoed like thunder through the street. "Since you've come to Bermuda City, why didn't you say goodbye before leaving? You're really not taking me, Cheng Tieshan, seriously!"

The pursuer's figure finally appeared.

He was a thin, middle-aged man, wearing a tight-fitting black outfit, with an ordinary face, devoid of any distinguishing features—the kind of person who would be easily lost in a crowd.

But his eyes were extremely sharp, as fierce as a hawk's, with a golden light flashing deep within his pupils.

The Golden Crow Clan.

Kai recognized the golden light immediately.

It was a characteristic of the Golden Crow Clan's bloodline.

A Golden Immortal Realm Eighth Rank assassin, Black Crow of the Golden Crow Clan.

Black Crow looked at the scarred giant, his expression unchanged, but a hint of seriousness flashed in his eyes.

"Cheng Tieshan, when did you become the city defense captain?"

Black Crow's voice was cold, like ice. "I remember you used to be a rogue cultivator in Baimu City, never meddling in other people's business."

"The past is the past, the present is the present."

The scarred giant, Cheng Tieshan, grinned, revealing a set of white teeth. "The city lord has ordered that from today onwards, the Baimu City defense team is responsible for protecting Mr. Chen's safety. Anyone who dares to harm Mr. Chen within Baimu City is an enemy of our city defense team."

His gaze fell on Black Crow, the coldness in his eyes undisguised.

"Black Crow, as an assassin of the Golden Crow Clan, what are you trying to do by infiltrating Bermuda City and tracking Mr. Chen? Assassinate him? Or gather intelligence?"

Black Crow's lips curled into a cold smile.

"Cheng Tieshan, are you sure you want to meddle in this? You should know the weight of my Golden Crow Clan in the Nineteenth Heaven. If you offend the Golden Crow Clan, do you think you can hold onto your position as the city defense captain?"

Cheng Tieshan laughed heartily, his laughter full of arrogance.

"Whether I can hold onto my position or not is not up to you. But you, Black Crow, are now suspected of plotting something sinister. Come with me."

As soon as he finished speaking, the other two city defense... Black Crow's figure blurred, moving as fast as a black afterimage, attempting to escape the encirclement of the two.

But while he was fast, Cheng Tieshan was even faster.

Cheng Tieshan's longsword was drawn, its blade flashing a blinding white light in the sunlight, blocking Black Crow's retreat.

"Don't move," Cheng Tieshan's voice was cold. "Move again, and my blade won't have eyes."

Black Crow's pupils contracted slightly, and he stopped.

He could feel that Cheng Tieshan's blade had locked onto his aura; if he moved again, the blade would strike without mercy.

Although he was an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, a minor realm higher than Cheng Tieshan, he dared not truly fight the city guards in Baimu City.

Once a fight broke out, the situation would be completely different.

"Cheng Tieshan, remember what happened today," Black Crow's voice was as cold as ice. "The Golden Crow Clan will not forget."

“Enough nonsense!” Cheng Tieshan waved his hand. “Take him away!”

Two city guards stepped forward and placed chains around Black Crow’s wrists and neck.

The chains were engraved with a spirit-suppressing array. Once locked, the person trapped would be unable to circulate spiritual energy, becoming an ordinary person.

Black Crow didn’t resist; he knew Bermuda City wouldn’t dare to truly harm him.

He was being escorted by two city guards. As he passed Kai, he turned and glanced at him.

That glance held no emotion, only a chilling calm.

Like a wild beast temporarily caged, observing its prey, waiting for its next opportunity to strike.

Kai looked into Black Crow’s eyes; his black eyes were equally devoid of emotion.

“You’re Kai?” Black Crow’s voice was very soft, so soft that only Kai could hear it.

“Yes.” Kai nodded.

“You’re lucky,” Black Crow said. “Bermuda City saved your life. But you won’t stay in Bermuda City forever.”

Kai smiled, a faint smile.

“I’ll wait.”

Black Crow didn’t speak again, being escorted away by the city guards.

Cheng Tieshan sheathed his long sword, walked to Kai, and bowed respectfully.

“Mr. Chen, I am Cheng Tieshan, the city defense captain of Baimu City. The city lord has ordered that from today onwards, anyone in Baimu City who poses a threat to Mr. Chen is an enemy of the city defense team.

The man just now was called Black Crow, an assassin from the Golden Crow Clan, an eighth-grade Golden Immortal. He was following you, probably trying to find out your whereabouts and background.”

Kai looked at Cheng Tieshan, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Please thank City Lord Murong for me.”

Cheng Tieshan grinned. “Mr. Chen, you’re too kind. The city lord said that Mr. Chen is a distinguished guest of the City Lord’s Mansion, and the City Lord’s Mansion will be fully responsible for your safety in Baimu City.

Mr. Chen, please feel free to enjoy your trip. With us here, no one will dare to lay a finger on you in Baimu City.”

Kai nodded.

Cheng Tieshan cupped his hands again, turned, and left with the city defense team.

Jiang Xuelan walked to Kai’s side, her icy blue eyes filled with a hint of solemnity.

“The Golden Crow Clan has found us.”

“Hmm.” Kai nodded. “An assassin at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. It seems Wu Tianji really wants my life.”

“What do we do?”

Kai was silent for a moment, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

“No rush. They won’t dare to make a move in Baimu City. We’ll settle accounts with them after Qingfeng Village is rebuilt. The Divine Clan’s forces in the Nineteenth Heaven will be wiped out sooner or later.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded and said nothing more.

Kai continued to stroll around the streets with Jiang Xuelan, but his vigilance was higher than before.

Since the Golden Crow Clan had sent Black Crow to follow him, it meant that Wu Tianji had confirmed his identity.

Next, the other forces of the Divine Clan in the Nineteenth Heaven would also receive the news one after another, and the encirclement and suppression of him would soon be in full swing.

He needed to improve his strength as soon as possible.

Although a first-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert could kill a peak sixth-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert, there was still a certain risk in facing seventh- and eighth-rank Golden Immortal Realm experts.

If he could break through to the second-rank Golden Immortal Realm, his strength would make a qualitative leap.

As Kai walked, he pondered his next move.

Just then, a commotion suddenly arose from ahead.

A group of people surged towards the city gate, their faces filled with excitement and anticipation.

Some carried packs, some rode spirit beasts, and some discussed something in small groups, their voices brimming with excitement.

“Hurry, hurry! I heard there really are treasures in that tower!”

“That’s right! Someone came out of the tower yesterday and brought out a magic artifact! They sold it for hundreds of thousands of crystals!”

“I heard that too! Someone even found an ancient pill formula inside, said to be able to refine pills that can break through the Golden Immortal realm barrier!”

“Then what are we waiting for! Let’s go! If we’re late, we won’t even get a taste!”

Kai frowned slightly.

A tower?

Treasures?

An ancient pill formula?

He walked to the roadside and stopped a cultivator who was hurrying along.

“Excuse me, where are you going?” Kai’s voice was calm.

The cultivator was a middle-aged man with a cultivation level of the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. He wore a gray robe and appeared to be a rogue cultivator.

He was initially impatient to be stopped, but when he saw that Kai’s aura, although only at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, was extremely extraordinary, and that he was accompanied by a woman with a cool and aloof demeanor, unlike ordinary people, his tone became more polite.

“You’re from out of town, aren’t you? A pagoda has recently appeared about a hundred miles outside Bermuda, and it’s said to contain countless treasures. Pay the entrance fee and you can go in to search for treasure; if you’re lucky, becoming rich overnight isn’t a problem!”

“A pagoda?” Kai frowned even more. “What kind of pagoda?”

“It’s just a pagoda, hazy and indistinct.”

The cultivator thought for a moment. “It’s probably several dozen stories high, shrouded in mist, like it drifted from another world. Everyone’s saying that an ancient relic has appeared!”

Kai nodded. “How much is the entrance fee?”

“One hundred top-grade crystals! Not expensive, right? If you find just one treasure, you’ll break even with a hundred top-grade crystals!” After saying that, the cultivator hurriedly headed towards the city gate.

Kai stood there, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

A hazy pagoda, an entrance fee of one hundred top-grade crystals, treasures inside…

He felt this description sounded familiar, but couldn’t quite place it.

“Shall we go take a look?” Jiang Xuelan asked.

“Yeah.” Kai nodded. “We’ve got nothing better to do anyway.”

The two followed the crowd out of Baimu City, heading towards a place a hundred miles outside the city.

Once outside the city gates, the crowd grew even denser Kai and Jiang Xuelan followed the crowd at a leisurely pace. After walking for about a hundred miles, a massive tower appeared ahead.

The tower was extremely tall, hidden in the clouds, its number of stories unclear. The entire tower was shrouded in a hazy halo, like a mirage, appearing and disappearing indistinctly.

The tower was surrounded by cultivators, at least a thousand in total, densely packed in a circle, each face filled with anticipation and excitement.

Kai looked at the tower, a hint of doubt flashing in his purple eyes.

He felt he had seen the tower's outline somewhere before. That hazy feeling, that elusive aura, carried a sense of déjà vu.

He took a few steps closer, wanting a clearer view.

Just then, he saw a young Taoist boy standing at the tower's entrance.

The boy looked only thirteen or fourteen years old, wearing a faded gray Taoist robe, his hair casually tied up with a wooden hairpin, his round face appearing harmless.

Before him sat a dilapidated table with a wooden box on it, bearing the three large characters "Entrance Fee."

The young Daoist sat behind the table, smiling broadly at the queuing cultivators, his face a picture of shrewd businessman.

"One hundred top-grade crystals per person! Pay to enter! First come, first served! If you're late, the treasure will be snatched away!"

Kai looked at the young Daoist, a smile unconsciously playing on his lips.

He recognized him.

The young Daoist from the Heavenly Ladder.

Kai hadn't expected to see him in the Nineteenth Heaven.

Standing in the crowd, watching the smiling young Daoist collecting money, Kai couldn't help but shake his head.

Jiang Xuelan followed Kai's gaze, seeing the young Daoist, a flicker of curiosity crossing her icy blue eyes.

"You know him?" she asked.

"Yes." Kai nodded, his smile deepening. "An old friend."

He led Jiang Xuelan forward, joining the end of the queue.

After about half an hour, it was finally Kai's turn.

The young Taoist boy sat behind the table, smiling as he looked at Kai, stretching out his small hand.

"The entrance fee is one hundred top-grade crystals per person. Two people, two hundred."

Kai took out two hundred top-grade crystals from his storage ring and placed them on the table.

The young Taoist boy's eyes lit up, and he quickly put the crystals into a box. Then he took out two jade tokens from the box and handed them to Kai.

"These are entrance tokens. Just take them and go in. Remember, there are treasures on every floor, but if you want good stuff, you have to go higher. The higher the floor, the better the treasures. As for how to go up... you'll find out when you get in."

Kai took the jade tokens and glanced at the young Taoist boy.

The young Taoist boy felt a little uncomfortable under his gaze, sensing something strange in this seemingly ordinary young man's eyes, as if he were looking at an acquaintance.

"You... what are you looking at?" The young Taoist boy looked at Kai warily.

Because Kai had concealed his aura and changed his appearance, the young Taoist boy didn't recognize him.

Even if he did recognize him, he couldn't believe it; after all, how could Kai have arrived at the nineteenth heaven so quickly?

Back then, he personally led Kai through the Heavenly Ladder to the Celestial Realm.

Kai shook his head, remained silent, and led Jiang Xuelan through the tower gate.

Behind the gate was a vast space, like another world.

Underfoot was a floor paved with bluestone slabs, above was a hazy gray sky, and in the distance were low hills covered with various spiritual plants, emitting a faint spiritual aura.

A fresh, grassy scent filled the air, invigorating the spirit.

"First level, Spirit Herb Garden,"

an aged voice echoed in the space. "This level contains various spiritual herbs, ranging in age from a hundred to a thousand years. How many you find depends on your own abilities. To enter the second level, you need to find the teleportation array leading to the next level."

Kai looked at the scene before him, his lips twitching slightly.

Spirit Herb Garden?

Wasn't this the place where he met Nan Batian?

When he entered the Heavenly Ladder, the first level was a desolate wasteland, with only that big oaf Nan Batian there.

How did it become a Spirit Herb Garden now?

However, upon further reflection, Kai understood. He had essentially destroyed the Heavenly Ladder.

Nan Batian, Li Chunfeng, and others had been rescued, but many others had escaped. Without the protection of each level, the Heavenly Ladder was unusable. It

seemed the Heavenly Ladder had been redesigned into something else entirely.

Kai looked around. The cultivators who had entered with him were already dispersing, searching through the spirit herb garden.

Some bent down to part the grass, some scanned the ground with their divine sense, and some even used special magical artifacts to detect the distribution of spirit herbs.

Everyone wore an expectant expression, hoping to find a rare and ancient spirit herb.

“Found a three-hundred-year-old Silver Leaf Grass!”

a cultivator shouted excitedly, carefully digging out a silvery-white spirit herb from the soil, holding it in his hands as if it were a priceless treasure.

“I also found a five-hundred-year-old Crimson Ganoderma!”

another cultivator exclaimed excitedly, the Ganoderma in his hand completely crimson, radiating a rich spiritual energy.

Many others, however, searched for a long time and only found ordinary spiritual herbs that were only a few decades old. Some didn’t even find any spiritual herbs, only some weed roots and stems.

“What is this garbage? What’s the use of spiritual herbs that are only a few decades old? They’re not even potent enough for alchemy!”

A burly man with a full beard angrily threw the weeds in his hand on the ground and stomped them to pieces.

“That’s right! What happened to the ancient ruins? What happened to the treasures? This little bit of broken grass is worth a hundred top-grade crystals?”

A tall, thin cultivator next to him also complained, his face full of dissatisfaction.

Kai didn’t rush to look for spiritual herbs. Instead, he pulled Jiang Xuelan aside and quietly watched the cultivators busy themselves.

He could sense that although there were quite a few spiritual herbs in this herb garden, most of them were between a hundred and three hundred years old. Those over five hundred years old were extremely rare, and there wasn’t even a trace of a thousand-year-old one. These things might be valuable in the eyes of ordinary cultivators, but for those cultivators at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal realm or above, they were simply not worth mentioning.

They came in with a hundred top-grade crystals, only to find a two- or three-hundred-year-old spiritual herb. In the end, they lost money.

“This is outrageous!”

“Outrageous? Then don’t come in!”

“How was I supposed to know it was like this? They said it was an ancient ruin, I thought it was full of treasures!”

“You’re right! I was also fooled by those people who said…”