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Just then, the aged voice rang out again.

“Fellow cultivators, there’s no need to rush.”

The voice carried a confident composure, as if everything was within his expectations. “The first level is just an appetizer; the real treasures are all up there. The higher you go, the more precious the treasures become. But…”

The voice paused, as if keeping him in suspense.

“To reach a higher level, you need to find the teleportation array leading to the next level. The teleportation array is somewhere in this level; please find it yourselves. Once you find it, you can enter the second level for free.” Upon hearing

this, the resentment in the crowd subsided slightly.

“So there are even better things up there!” “Then

what are we waiting for? Let’s find the teleportation array!”

“Yes, yes, yes! If we find it, we can go up for free, no need to spend any more money!”

The cultivators’ enthusiasm was reignited, and they began searching the spirit herb garden for the teleportation array.

Some climbed to the mountaintop to survey the entire area, some ventured into the forest to search carefully, and some even used their divine sense to scan the ground inch by inch.

Kai watched this scene and couldn't help but shake his head.

The old man was still the same as always, only speaking halfway, leading people into a trap without them even realizing it.

" Kai, shouldn't we keep looking?" Jiang Xuelan asked.

"No rush," Kai smiled. "Let them search first. When they get tired, someone will naturally figure something out."

Jiang Xuelan looked at Kai's smile, sensing a hidden meaning in his words.

"You mean..."

"Just watch."

Sure enough, after about half an hour, the cultivators in the spirit herb garden were exhausted and still hadn't found any trace of the teleportation array.

Some searched every stone, nothing.

Some climbed every hill, nothing.

Some even dug three feet into the ground, still nothing.

"What the hell! Where is the teleportation array?!"

"I've searched for ages and haven't even seen a shadow!"

"Is there no teleportation array at all? Is that old man playing us?!"

"I suspect this tower is a complete scam! Everyone who came in has been tricked!"

The resentment in the crowd erupted again, even more intensely than before. Some were cursing, some were stomping their feet, and some

even started using magical artifacts to bombard the surrounding spiritual plants in anger.

Just then, the aged voice rang out again, this time with a hint of barely perceptible laughter.

“Fellow cultivators, please don’t be angry. The teleportation array does exist, it’s just hidden quite well. However…”

The voice paused, as if deliberately whetting their appetites.

“If you really can’t find it, I can provide a convenient way. For just fifty high-grade crystals, I can teleport you directly to the second level. Fifty high-grade crystals, and you can go to the second level and obtain even higher-level magical treasures and pills. It’s a win-win situation, isn’t it?”

As soon as these words were spoken, the crowd erupted in an uproar.

“What the hell? You want more money?”

“I’ve already paid a hundred top-grade crystals! Now you want another fifty high-grade crystals? This is robbery!”

“A black market! A blatant black market!”

“Give me my money back! Give me my money back! I’m not playing anymore!”

A cacophony of curses erupted. Some were red-faced with rage, some wanted to tear the tower down, and others simply sat on the ground, refusing to leave.

But just as the cursing reached its peak, a few people silently walked to the entrance and pulled out fifty high-grade crystals.

“I’ll go up,”

said a middle-aged cultivator in a cyan robe, his face expressionless, but a glint of anticipation in his eyes. “I’ve already spent a hundred top-grade crystals, so fifty high-grade crystals won’t hurt. If I can find something good up there, it won’t be a loss.”

He placed the crystals on the table, a flash of light, and his figure vanished.

With the first one, there was a second.

“I’m going up too.” A young cultivator gritted his teeth. “We’ve come all this way, we can’t leave empty-handed, can we?”

Then came the third, the fourth, the fifth…

Those who had been cursing the loudest watched their companions disappear into the light, their expressions growing increasingly complex.

“Damn it! Let’s go for it!” The burly man with the thick beard got up from the ground, pulled out a handful of crystals, and slammed them on the table. “I’ll see what good stuff is up there!”

His figure also vanished into the light.

With him leading the way, more people started pulling out their money.

Fifty high-grade crystals weren’t a lot, but they weren’t a small amount either.

But for these cultivators who had already spent a hundred top-grade crystals to get in, fifty high-grade crystals were nothing.

They’d already spent so much, what did it matter if they spent a little more?

What if there really was treasure up there?

What if they could really become rich overnight?

Human greed was laid bare at this moment.

Kai stood there, watching this scene unfold, a smile involuntarily curving his lips.

This old man was truly a genius at business.

First, they lure people in with the gimmick of “ancient ruins,” charging an entrance fee of one hundred top-grade crystals.

Then, they offer a small reward with the first level’s spirit herb garden, deliberately setting up an inaccessible teleportation array to sow resentment.

Finally, they offer the option of “fifty high-grade crystals to the second level,” making those unwilling to leave empty-handed obediently pay up.

This combination of tactics ensures that each person is reaped at least one hundred top-grade crystals plus fifty high-grade crystals.

In a single day, with thousands entering, they can earn millions just from entrance and teleportation fees.

Kai now recalls the Heavenly Ladder; most of the cultivators who entered eventually died inside, and some even left behind all their resources before departing.

While the Heavenly Ladder appears to be a shortcut for cultivators to ascend to the Heavenly Realm, it’s actually just this old Golden Immortal secretly plundering.

If Kai hadn’t rescued the cultivators trapped inside the Heavenly Ladder, and without the protection of each level, this old Golden Immortal would probably still be operating it.

Now, however, the model has changed.

Kai knew that this old guy definitely had the most enticing part saved for last, waiting until everyone felt they'd been tricked and wanted to quit before bringing it out.

He was using people's greed to set a trap.

It's no different from a pig-butchering scam in the secular world.

Sometimes, even knowing they've been cheated, many people still cling to a last glimmer of hope, thinking they can turn the tables.

" Kai, aren't we going up?" Jiang Xuelan asked.

"Of course we're going," Kai smiled. "But we won't pay."

He took Jiang Xuelan's hand and led her towards the northwest of the spirit herb garden.

"Do you know where the teleportation array is?"

"Of course, there isn't one here," Kai said.

"No? Isn't that a scam?" Jiang Xuelan looked puzzled.

"It is a scam, this old guy is just lying," Kai smiled.

"Then what's the point of us going up? Besides, without a teleportation array, we can't get up," Jiang Xuelan asked. Standing in the Spirit Herb Garden, Kai watched the cultivators anxiously searching for teleportation arrays, his smile growing wider.

He took Jiang Xuelan's hand and led her towards an open area in the northwest of the garden.

It looked ordinary, just a patch of grass, nothing special.

But Kai could sense that the spatial fluctuations here were more active than elsewhere.

These were traces left by the Elder of the Heavenly Ladder when he set up the teleportation channel. Although he hadn't actually placed a teleportation array, he must have left a spatial imprint here when constructing the "Fifty High-Grade Crystal Teleportation" function.

Kai crouched down, placed his palms on the ground, and closed his eyes.

Chaotic power circulated within his body, and gray light surged from his palms, seeping into the ground.

The seed of spatial law slowly rotated in his dantian, emitting a faint silver light.

Although his control over spatial laws wasn't yet fully refined, opening a temporary passage to the second level wasn't difficult for him.

Gray chaotic power spread across the ground like countless tiny roots, seeping into the cracks of space.

A moment later, a silvery-white light appeared on the ground, growing brighter and brighter until it formed a large circular gate. Soft light emanated from within, like a mirror.

The passage to the second level had opened.

Kai stood up, dusted his hands, turned around, and looked at the cultivators still searching for the teleportation array. He announced loudly,

"Everyone! The passage to the second level is here! It only costs thirty high-grade crystals to go up! First come, first served!"

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

The cultivators were initially stunned, then turned to look at Kai and the silvery-white gate on the ground, their eyes filled with shock and confusion.

“What? A passage?”

“Who is this person? How did he find the teleportation array?”

“Wait a minute, didn’t that old man say the teleportation array was free?”

“I don’t care if it’s free or not, thirty high-grade crystals to go up? That old man wanted fifty!”

The crowd stirred; some hesitated, some watched, and some began to walk towards Kai.

A young cultivator walked up to Kai, looking at the portal on the ground, then at Kai with a hint of wariness in his eyes.

“Is this portal reliable? Won’t it teleport me to some dangerous place?”

Kai smiled. “If you trust it, come on up. If not, keep looking for the teleportation array. Anyway, that old man said it’s somewhere on this floor; you can find it slowly.”

The young cultivator gritted his teeth, glanced at his companions still searching, then at the silvery-white portal on the ground, and finally made up his mind.

“I’ll go!”

He took out thirty high-grade crystals and handed them to Kai.

Kai accepted the crystals and stepped aside to let them through. “Go in.”

The young cultivator took a deep breath and stepped into the portal.

A flash of silvery-white light, and his figure disappeared.

A moment later, his voice came from within the light: “We’re really on the second floor! Haha! Thirty crystals and I’m up! Twenty cheaper than that old man!”

This sentence completely dispelled the others’ concerns.

“Me too!”

“Me too! Thirty crystals, right?”

“Hurry, hurry, don’t let the passage disappear!”

The cultivators surged forward, surrounding Kai and scrambling to pull out their crystals.

Thirty high-grade crystals wasn’t a small amount, but it was much cheaper than the fifty the old man was asking for.

And the person in front had already successfully gone up, proving the passage was real.

“Line up! One at a time!” Kai said, “The passage won’t disappear, everyone gets a share!”

The cultivators formed a long queue, paying one after another, entering the passage, and disappearing into the light.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside Kai, a hint of suppressed amusement in her icy blue eyes.

“Aren’t you stealing that old man’s business?”

“How can you call it stealing?”

Kai said while collecting money, “This is fair competition. He sells for fifty, I sell for thirty, cheaper prices and better service, so cultivators naturally prefer me. This is called market regulation.”

Jiang Xuelan smiled and shook her head, saying nothing more.

In less than half an hour, the remaining two hundred-odd cultivators in the Spirit Herb Garden had all ascended to the second level through Kai's passage.

Those who were still unwillingly searching for the teleportation array also rushed over upon hearing the news, obediently paying up and leaving.

Kai collected a large pile of crystals, roughly counting at least six thousand high-grade crystals.

"Let's go, let's go up too." Kai took Jiang Xuelan's hand and stepped into the portal of light.

A flash of light, and they appeared in the Spirit Stone Cave on the second level.

The scenery on the second level was even more magnificent than the first.

The underground cavern was spacious and open, with various colored spirit stones embedded in the walls, shimmering with iridescent light in the darkness.

There were countless branching paths in the cavern, as intricate as a maze.

The cultivators who had come up through Kai's passage were now gathered together, waiting for Kai's appearance.

Seeing Kai and Jiang Xuelan's figures emerge from the light, the cultivators all crowded around them.

"Brother, can you open the passage to the third level too?"

“Yeah! That old man’s definitely going to charge again. Can you open another passage? Thirty crystals again?”

“If you can, we’ll all go with you!”

Kai smiled and nodded at the expectant looks on everyone’s faces.

“Sure. But we’ll have to wait a bit. Let me check the situation first.”

He didn’t rush to open the passage but instead led Jiang Xuelan around the spirit stone cave.

Sure enough, not long after, the aged voice rang out again.

“Fellow cultivators, the spirit stone cave on the second level contains various spirit stone veins, ranging in age from hundreds to tens of thousands of years.

To enter the third level, you need to find the teleportation array leading to the next level. Of course, if you can’t find it, you can also choose to pay one hundred high-grade crystals to be directly teleported to the third level.”

A burst of laughter erupted from the crowd.

“One hundred crystals? That’s too expensive!”

“We have someone who can open a passage for only thirty crystals!”

“That old man is really greedy!”

The aged voice paused for a moment, then rang out with a hint of doubt: “Someone can open a passage? Who?”

The cultivators all looked at Kai.

Kai smiled, said nothing, but walked to a corner of the cave, squatted down again, and placed his palm on the ground.

Chaotic power surged into the spatial cracks in the ground, and a silvery-white light reappeared, forming a portal.

“The passage to the third level, still thirty high-grade crystals.” Kai’s voice was calm.

The cultivators cheered and lined up again.

This time, even those who had originally planned to spend a hundred crystals to find the old man to go to the third level came to Kai’s side.

After all, thirty and a hundred, even a fool would know the difference. In less than half an hour, all the cultivators on the second floor had ascended to the third floor through Kai’s passage.

The third, fourth, fifth…

Kai repeated the process on each floor.

The old man’s teleportation fee doubled with each floor, from fifty to one hundred, from one hundred to two hundred, from two hundred to four hundred…

but Kai consistently charged only thirty crystal stones.

The price was cheap, the service stable, and the passage safe and reliable.

The news spread among the cultivators, and by the fifth floor, no one was willing to pay the old man anymore.

No matter how the aged voice tempted, promised, or painted a rosy picture, the cultivators simply waited with smiles for Kai to open the passage, then obediently paid him thirty crystal stones.

“Fellow Daoists! There are ancient magic artifacts on the fifth floor! Only two hundred high-grade crystal stones are needed to ascend!”

No one paid him any attention.

“There are seventh-grade Golden Immortal pills on the sixth floor! Taking them can break through bottlenecks! Only four hundred high-grade crystal stones are needed!”

Still, no one paid him any attention.

“The seventh level has a Golden Immortal Realm Eighth Grade cultivation technique! I’ve kept it for so many years and never given it away! It only costs eight hundred high-grade crystals!”

Someone couldn’t help but laugh. “Eight hundred? Why don’t you just rob us?”

“Exactly! Some of us only charge thirty! Eight hundred is enough for us to go up to the twenty-oddth level!”

The old voice fell silent.

…

The seventh level was a vast grassland.

The grassland was covered with various rare spiritual plants, and the air was filled with a rich medicinal fragrance. You could feel the spiritual energy flowing through your body with just a breath.

But no one went to collect herbs.

Everyone was gathered around Kai, waiting for him to open the passage to the eighth level.

Just then, a flash of light appeared, and an old man with white hair appeared before everyone.

He wore a faded gray Taoist robe, his back was hunched, and his face was full of helplessness and exhaustion.

His cloudy eyes held a trace of grief and indignation as he looked at Kai. His lips trembled several times before he managed to squeeze out a sentence.

“You…you’ve had enough?”

Kai looked at the old man and smiled. “Senior, what’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong?”

The old man’s voice rose several decibels. “I painstakingly built this tower and charged such a small entrance fee, and you, on the other hand, have been stealing my business floor by floor!

Now, everyone is waiting for you to open the passage, and no one is paying me! How am I supposed to do business?”

Kai’s smile deepened. “Senior, I’m doing this for everyone’s benefit. You charge so much, and I charge so little, so naturally cultivators will want to come to me. That’s called market competition.”

“Market competition my ass!”

The old man stomped his feet angrily. “This is malicious competition! Disrupting market order!”

The surrounding cultivators were stunned for a moment, then burst into laughter.

So this old man was the owner of the tower! So that young man had been going against him all along!

“Hahaha! This old man is furious!”

“Serves him right! Who told him to charge so much!”

“Thirty crystals to get to the seventh floor, it’s a great deal!”

The old man's face darkened even more as he listened to the surrounding laughter.

He took a deep breath, raised his hand, and suddenly waved it.

An invisible barrier appeared out of thin air, separating Kai and Jiang Xuelan from the others and their surroundings.

The barrier was transparent, but while the cultivators could see Kai inside, they couldn't hear anything or touch it.

Everyone was stunned.

"What's going on?"

"That old man has locked Brother Chen inside!"

"Quick! Break the barrier!"

Several cultivators rushed forward, bombarding the barrier with their magical artifacts, but it didn't budge.

A barrier of the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm was not something these cultivators, whose highest rank was only sixth rank, could break.

Kai looked at the old man through the barrier, his smile unchanged.

"Senior, do you want to talk to me alone?"

The old man didn't answer, but squinted, scrutinizing Kai from head to toe.

A sharp glint flashed in his cloudy eyes, a stark contrast to his previous frail and aged appearance.

He slowly walked to Kai's side, stopping three steps away, his voice turning somber.

“Boy, I don’t care who you are. This matter ends here. Leave immediately with your people, and I can let bygones be bygones. Otherwise…”

He paused, and his aura suddenly erupted.

Eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

The overwhelming pressure, like an invisible mountain, pressed down on Kai and Jiang Xuelan.

That pressure carried an irresistible majesty, as if saying—I can crush you at any time.

Kai looked at the old man, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Otherwise what?”

The old man sneered, “Otherwise, don’t blame me for being impolite. You, a mere first-grade Golden Immortal, think you’re something special just because you can open a few passages?

Let me tell you, in the Nineteenth Heaven, an eighth-grade Golden Immortal is invincible. Killing you is easier than crushing an ant.”

A slight smile appeared on Kai’s lips.

“Senior, are you sure you want to make a move?”

“You think I wouldn’t dare?” The old man’s voice grew even colder, “I’m giving you one last chance. Take your people and get out of here immediately.”

Kai shook his head and sighed.

“Senior, you should first see who I really am.”

He raised his hand, the power of chaos circulating within him. Gray light surged from his body, peeling away the layer of disguise covering his appearance inch by inch.

His black eyes gradually turned a deep purple in the light, and the disguise on his face faded like ripples, revealing a cold and youthful face.

The aura of a first-grade Golden Immortal remained unchanged, but the temperament emanating from his very bones, the oppressive feeling that made one's heart tremble, was completely different from before.

The old man's eyes widened suddenly.

His body stiffened, his cloudy eyes fixed on Kai's face, his lips trembling, wanting to say something, but unable to utter a single word.

He recognized him.

That face, those purple eyes, that aura he would never forget...

that young man who had turned him upside down on the Heavenly Ladder.

"You...you..." The old man's voice was hoarse, like sandpaper scraping, "How...how..."

Kai smiled at the old man's shocked expression.

"Senior, long time no see. I told you, I was just passing by. Just passing by."

The old man swayed, almost losing his balance.

He never dreamed that the little cultivator who had just ascended from the lower realm would appear in the nineteenth heaven in such a short time, and reach the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

You must know that ascending from the lower realm to the heavenly realm starts with the first heaven, and then you ascend layer by layer.

Each barrier between heavens requires sufficient strength to break through.

To be able to reach the nineteenth heaven from the first heaven meant that Kai's cultivation speed was unimaginably fast.

For ordinary people, it would take at least ten thousand years, sometimes hundreds of thousands, or even forever, to reach the nineteenth heaven.

And…? "Senior, shall we still make a move?" Kai's voice was calm.

The old man's body trembled, and he immediately withdrew all his oppressive aura.

His face was plastered with a smile, but it looked forced no matter how you looked at it.

"No… I won't move… I won't move… It's a misunderstanding… It's all a misunderstanding…"

Kai looked at the old man's cowardly appearance and couldn't help but shake his head.

"Senior, you changed your mind too quickly, didn't you just say you were going to kill me?"

The old man waved his hands repeatedly, "I wouldn't dare! I was blind just now, I didn't know it was you… You are a magnanimous person, please don't hold it against me…"

As he spoke, he cursed himself in his heart for being blind.

If he had known it was this evil star, he would never have come out to threaten him.

The old man was still in a state of lingering fear towards Mr. Shi.

Kai sighed, “Senior, you don’t need to be so tense. I told you, I meant no harm. It’s just that this tower of yours… is really not fair.

Deceiving people is one thing, but adding more money layer by layer, emptying people’s pockets of crystals, that’s too much.”

A bitter expression appeared on the old man’s face. “I… I had no choice… After you destroyed the Heavenly Ladder, I and my young disciple were left destitute on the streets, without even a place to stay.

I finally came up with this way to make a living… I have no other skills, so this is the only way to survive…”

Kai looked at him, his heart filled with complex emotions.

He didn’t actually have any ill will towards this old man.

Back on the Heavenly Ladder, although the old man had set up many obstacles, he had ultimately let him off easy and hadn’t truly stopped him.

And after the Heavenly Ladder was destroyed, the old man hadn’t sought revenge, but had simply left silently with his young disciple.

In the end, although the old man loved money, he wasn’t a bad person.

At least he wasn’t bad to him.

“Senior, stop lying to me,” Kai said. “Come with me.”

The old man was stunned. “Come with you?”

“Yes.” Kai nodded. “If you want crystals, I have plenty here. Look…”

He took out a bag of top-grade crystals from his storage ring and casually poured them on the ground. The

top-grade crystals, shimmering with purple light, piled up on the ground into a small mountain, roughly at least a thousand pieces.

“This is 100,000 top-grade crystals, which is ten million high-grade crystals.”

Kai’s voice was calm. “If you’re willing, this is only a part.”

The old man’s eyes widened like copper bells, and his mouth opened wide enough to fit an egg.

Ten million high-grade crystals!

He worked hard building the tower, deceiving people, collecting money layer by layer, and even working himself to the bone all day, he could only earn a few hundred thousand high-grade crystals.

And Kai casually produced ten million!

“This…this…” The old man’s tongue tied several knots. “How…how do you have so many crystals?”

Kai smiled. “I wiped out a few forces and confiscated their assets. It’s nothing. There will be more in the future.”

The old man’s body trembled.

He wiped out several forces… seized their entire fortunes… this young man,

he thinks he can do whatever he wants in the Nineteenth Heaven? His last shred of hope vanished.

This young man was not to be trifled with.

“I… I’ll follow you.”

The old man's voice was hoarse, but carried a relieved ease. "However, I have a condition."

"What condition?"

"You have to provide meals. The little Daoist is still out collecting money; he's suffered a lot following me all these years."

Kai smiled. "Don't worry, with me, you'll have meat to eat."

The old man breathed a sigh of relief, a genuine smile finally appearing on his face.

"My name is Xuanzhenzi. Just call me Old Xuan from now on."

Kai looked at Xuanzhenzi. "By the way, senior, what is your cultivation level? Eighth Rank Golden Immortal?"

Xuanzhenzi nodded, a hint of pride on his face. "That's right. I'm at the peak of the eighth rank Golden Immortal, one of the top tiers in the Nineteenth Heaven. To be honest, if I hadn't met you, I could walk around the Nineteenth Heaven without anyone daring to stop me. Otherwise, I wouldn't dare to lie so blatantly, I'm just not afraid of trouble."

Kai nodded.

The peak of the eighth rank Golden Immortal was indeed among the top in the Nineteenth Heaven. There were only a handful of cultivators in the entire Nineteenth Heaven who could reach this level.

No wonder Xuanzhenzi dared to build a tower and collect money so openly, without being exposed. With his strength, even if someone came knocking, he wouldn't be afraid.

"Alright, senior, you can put the tower away now," Kai said. "Let the cultivators inside come out. Those who want to leave can leave, and those who want to come can come."

Xuan Zhenzi hesitated for a moment, “The treasures inside the tower…”

“Keep them for yourself,” Kai waved his hand, “I don’t need those things.”

Xuan Zhenzi’s eyes lit up, and he nodded vigorously, “Good, good, good! I’ll take care of it right away!”

He turned around, waved his hand, and the isolation barrier disappeared instantly.

The cultivators outside saw the barrier disappear and rushed over.

“Brother Chen! Are you alright?”

“Did that old man do anything to you?”

“We couldn’t break through that barrier no matter what we did, we were so anxious!”

Kai looked at the concerned eyes of the crowd and his heart stirred slightly.

Although these cultivators had all come for the treasures, their first reaction when they saw him trapped was to rush to his rescue, which surprised him.

“I’m fine,” Kai smiled, “I’ve reached an agreement with this senior. Everyone can take the treasures inside the tower without paying any more money.”

The cultivators were stunned at first, then burst into cheers.

“Really?”

“That’s wonderful!”

“Long live Brother Chen!”

Xuanzhenzi stood to the side, watching the cheering crowd, a hint of heartache on his face.

But thinking of the millions of crystals Kai had given him, that heartache vanished.

He raised his hand and cast a spell, causing the entire pagoda to tremble.

Amidst flashing light, the pagoda gradually became illusory, like a reflection in water, growing increasingly blurry, until finally transforming into a stream of light that disappeared into Xuanzhenzi's palm.

The cultivators inside the tower were brought out, standing on the grassland, their faces blank.

"What happened? Where's the tower?"

"How did I get out?"

"I haven't found my treasures yet!"

But soon, they saw Kai and Xuan Zhenzi, and heard the surrounding cultivators' chattering explanations, gradually understanding what had happened.

Some were regretful, some relieved, some happy, some dissatisfied.

But regardless, the tower was gone.

Xuan Zhenzi walked to Kai's side and whispered, "The tower has been taken back. The treasures inside are all still there." "No problem, with me as your bodyguard, you can walk sideways in the Nineteenth Heaven," Xuan Zhenzi said, patting his chest.

Kai couldn't help but laugh at Xuan Zhenzi's confident demeanor.

“Bodyguard? Senior, with your peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal cultivation, isn’t it a waste of your talent to be our bodyguard?” Jiang Xuelan felt a little embarrassed.

After all, he was a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, a force that was practically invincible in the Nineteenth Heaven.

Kai actually dared to ask him to be his bodyguard; he was too audacious.

Xuan Zhenzi waved his hand dismissively and said, “Wasted of your talent? Not at all! Give me ten million crystal stones, and I’ll take a knife for you; it’s only right and proper. Besides…”

He glanced at the cultivators around him who were still gossiping and lowered his voice, “Girl, don’t you know who’s behind your man?”

“Who’s behind him?” Jiang Xuelan was taken aback. She really didn’t know who was behind Kai, nor had she ever seen Mr. Shi.

Since arriving in the Heavenly Realm, Mr. Shi had rarely shown his face, so it was normal for Jiang Xuelan not to know.

“There’s some amazing person here, amazing enough to kill you with a slap…”

“Can a slap kill you?” Jiang Xuelan asked curiously before Xuan Zhenzi could finish speaking.

“Not kill me, but destroy this nineteenth heaven…” Xuan Zhenzi said mysteriously.

Jiang Xuelan was shocked.

Destroyed the nineteenth heaven with a slap?

What kind of power is that?

If Kai really has such an amazing person behind him, why hasn't he told her?

"What are you saying, senior?" Kai asked.

"Nothing, just saying I'm amazing." Xuan Zhenzi smiled.

"Alright, then I'll rely on senior from now on." Kai said.

"Just call me Old Xuan." Xuan Zhenzi grinned, "Calling me senior makes me sound old."

Jiang Xuelan stood aside, looking at Xuan Zhenzi's playful appearance, and smiled along with him.

"Senior, can you defeat Wu Tianji of the Golden Crow Clan?"

"Of course!"

Xuan Zhenzi patted his chest and said, "I've been in the Nineteenth Heaven for so many years and have never met a worthy opponent! Don't let my old bones fool you; when it comes to a fight, those so-called geniuses and experts won't last three moves against me!"

"Wu Tianji would kneel down and call me 'Grandpa' if he saw me. If you don't believe me, let's go into the Golden Crow Clan and try."

"No need, no need..." Jiang Xuelan waved her hand.

Kai smiled and shook his head, not exposing his boasting.

However, he knew that Xuan Zhenzi's strength was indeed genuine.

A peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal was indeed a top-tier existence in the Nineteenth Heaven.

With him by his side, at least enemies below the eighth grade of the Golden Immortal realm wouldn't require his own effort.

However, Wu Tianji was also a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, so it was impossible for him to kneel down and call Xuan Zhenzi ‘Grandpa’.

“Alright, let’s go back to Baimu City first,” Kai said. “I still have business to discuss with City Lord Murong.”

He led Xuanzhenzi, the young Daoist boy, and Jiang Xuelan towards Baimu City.

Some of the cultivators who emerged from the tower bid farewell to Kai gratefully, while others lamented not finding the treasure. But regardless, the farce surrounding the tower was over.

…

Back in Baimu City, Kai went directly to the City Lord’s Mansion.

Murong Bai was handling official business in his study when he saw Kai enter with an unfamiliar white-haired old man and a Daoist boy. A hint of doubt flashed in his eyes.

“Mr. Chen, who is this…?”

“A friend,” Kai said. “Xuanzhenzi, peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal.”

Murong Bai’s pupils contracted slightly.

Peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal?

In the entire Baimu City, besides himself, who was at the peak seventh-grade Golden Immortal, there was no other expert at the eighth grade.

This seemingly disheveled old man was actually at the peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal?

He looked Xuanzhenzi up and down, and Xuanzhenzi was also looking him up and down.

The two stared at each other for a moment, then Xuanzhenzi grinned, revealing a mouthful of yellow teeth.

“City Lord Murong, it’s an honor to meet you! I am Xuanzhenzi, and from now on I will follow Mr. Chen.”

Murong Bai’s expression was somewhat complicated, but he quickly regained his composure.

He cupped his hands in greeting, “Senior Xuanzhenzi, you are too kind. Since you are a friend of Mr. Chen, you are naturally a distinguished guest of the City Lord’s Mansion.”

He invited everyone to sit down and had spirit tea served.

Kai picked up his teacup, took a sip, and went straight to the point: “City Lord Murong, I’ve come to inquire about something.”

“Please speak, Mr. Chen.”

“Where do the demonic cultivators of the Nineteenth Heaven mainly gather?”

Murong Bai’s brow furrowed slightly.

“Demon cultivators? Mr. Chen, you’re looking for demon cultivators?”

“Yes.” Kai nodded. “I’m looking for people from the Flame Demon lineage. My wife, Su Yuqi, is very likely with a demon cultivator from the Flame Demon lineage. Relying on you to inquire is too slow. I want to find them myself.”

Murong Bai was silent for a moment, then walked to his desk, took out a map from a drawer, and spread it on the table.

The map marked the terrain of the Nineteen Heavens, including mountains, rivers, cities, villages, and sects.

Murong Bai pointed to the southeast of the map, where a black area was marked with the words “Southern Wilderness Demon Domain.”

“The demon cultivators of the Nineteen Heavens mainly gather in the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain,”

Murong Bai said. “The Southern Wilderness Demon Domain is about 100,000 li southeast of Baimu City. It’s the territory of demon cultivators, where various demonic forces are deeply intertwined, and the Flame Demon lineage is also there.”

He then pointed to an area in the central part of the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain, marked with the words “Flame Demon Ridge.”

“The demonic cultivators of the Flame Demon lineage reside in Flame Demon Ridge. They occupy a fire vein and their power is considerable in the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain. If Mr. Chen wants to find the Flame Demon lineage, going to Flame Demon Ridge is the most direct route.”

Kai looked at Flame Demon Ridge on the map, a glint of light flashing in his purple eyes.

“What places do we pass through to get to Flame Demon Ridge?”

“Starting from Baimu City, head southeast, passing through several cities and several wilderness areas.

The most dangerous part is passing through Burial Soul Valley, a chaotic place where demonic cultivators and various outlaws gather. Cultivators below the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm who enter have virtually no chance of coming out alive.”

Murong Bai paused, then continued, “However, Mr. Chen has Senior Xuanzhenzi accompanying him. With his cultivation level, there shouldn’t be any problems.”

Kai nodded, about to speak, when Murong Bai spoke again.

“By the way, Mr. Chen, there’s something else I need to tell you. That Golden Crow Clan assassin, Black Crow, has been released.”

Kai raised an eyebrow slightly.

“Released?”

“Yes.”

Murong Bai’s expression was somewhat helpless. “Although Black Crow followed you, he didn’t attack or cause you any real harm.

Although I am the city lord of Baimu City, I have no right to detain a Golden Immortal Realm Eighth Grade expert for an extended period.

Moreover, the Golden Crow Clan sent people to negotiate, saying that Black Crow was just passing through Baimu City and had no malicious intent. I detained him for a day, and there was really no reason to continue detaining him, so I had to release him.”

He sighed, his eyes filled with apology as he looked at Kai.

“Mr. Chen, if you’re going to leave the city, you must be careful. I know a bit about Black Crow; he’s one of the Golden Crow Clan’s top assassins. He’s a vengeful person, and since we humiliated him in Baimu City, he definitely won’t let it go. He’ll likely make his move as soon as you leave.”

Kai was silent for a moment, then nodded.

“I understand. Thank you for the reminder, City Lord Murong.”

“If Mr. Chen wants to stay in Baimu City for a while longer, I can continue to protect your safety,” Murong Bai said, “but if you want to leave the city…”

“I still want to leave the city.”

Kai's voice was calm. "Waiting here doesn't know how long I'll have to wait. Yuqi is in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm; I must go find her."

Murong Bai looked at Kai's determined eyes and stopped trying to persuade him.

"Then please be careful, Mr. Chen. If you encounter any trouble, you can send me a message. Although I don't have a major influence in Baimu City, I do know a few people in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm."

"Thank you, City Lord Murong." Kai stood up and cupped his hands in greeting.

Murong Bai also stood up... ...

After leaving the city lord's mansion, Xuanzhenzi approached Kai and asked in a low voice, "That black crow, is that the Golden Crow Clan assassin you mentioned? Eighth-rank Golden Immortal?"

"Yes."

Kai nodded. "He was following me, got caught by the city guards, and has been released now."

Xuanzhenzi grinned, revealing a set of yellow teeth. "That's perfect! Let me test my skills. Eighth-rank Golden Immortal, the same level as me. I want to see just how much this Golden Crow Clan assassin really weighs."

Kai glanced at him. "Aren't you afraid?"

"Afraid?"

Xuanzhenzi puffed out his chest. "I've been roaming freely in the Nineteenth Heaven for so many years, and I've never been afraid of anyone! Besides, although the Golden Crow Clan is powerful, their

territory isn't near Baimu City. As long as I don't make a move in their lair, I'm really not afraid of them!"

Kai smiled and said nothing.

The group left the city gates of Baimu City and headed southeast.

After leaving the city gates of Bermuda, Kai and Jiang Xuelan walked ahead at a leisurely pace, as if on a picnic.

Sunlight streamed onto the wide official road, casting long shadows of the two.

Rolling hills stretched on either side of the road, covered with low spiritual trees and shrubs. Occasionally, a few spirit rabbits could be seen darting through the grass, creating a rustling sound.

Xuan Zhenzi, with his young disciple, followed at a distance of about a hundred li.

The old man, hunched over, walked slowly, looking like an unremarkable old rogue cultivator on his journey. The

young disciple walked beside him, carrying a small bundle, chewing on a spiritual fruit he had pulled from somewhere, his cheeks bulging.

"Master, why are we so far apart?" the young disciple asked, his words muffled.

"Nonsense, this is called tactics."

Xuanzhenzi stroked his beard, looking unfathomable. "It's no fun when we're in the open and the enemy is in the open. It's much more interesting when we're in the shadows and the enemy is in the open.

When that black crow jumps out to cause trouble for Mr. Chen, I'll descend from the sky and kill him with overwhelming force. That's what's cool."

The little Taoist rolled his eyes. “Master, you just want to watch the show, don’t you?”

“What’s wrong with watching the show? I love a good show!”

Xuanzhenzi said confidently. “Besides, Mr. Chen gave me ten million crystals to be his bodyguard, so of course I have to be a great bodyguard.

My entrance must be stylish, my lines must be domineering, and my actions must be swift! I’ll only appear when Mr. Chen is in danger, that’s how I show my worth!”

The little Taoist sighed and continued munching on his spiritual fruit.

Ahead, Kai and Jiang Xuelan had already traveled about five hundred miles.

The official road grew increasingly desolate, the spiritual trees lining the roadside thinning out, replaced by exposed rocks and gravel.

A dry air permeated the space, and the wind felt rough against their faces.

Jiang Xuelan walked beside Kai, her icy blue eyes warily scanning their surroundings.

“Will Black Crow really come?” she asked in a low voice.

“Definitely.”

Kai’s voice was calm. “He was arrested in public by the city defense team, losing all face. The Golden Crow Clan values face the most. As one of the strongest assassins in the Golden Crow Clan, Black Crow was humiliated like this. If he doesn’t get his revenge, he’ll never be able to hold his head high in the Golden Crow Clan again.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded. “Then where do you think he’ll make his move?”

“That rocky slope ahead is a good place.”

Kai pointed to a rocky slope about two miles ahead. “The terrain there is complex, suitable for an ambush. And it’s far from the main road, so even if a fight breaks out, it won’t attract too much attention.”

Jiang Xuelan looked in the direction Kai pointed. That rocky slope was indeed a good place for an ambush.

Large and small rocks were scattered on the hillside, some several meters high, others more than a meter tall, forming natural cover.

If someone was hiding behind the rocks, it would be difficult to spot them in advance.

“Then we…”

“Just keep going.” Kai smiled. “Just pretend we don’t know anything.”

Looking at the smile on Kai’s face, Jiang Xuelan’s tension dissipated a little.

With Xuanzhenzi following behind and a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal expert guarding them, there was indeed nothing to fear.

The two continued forward, and sure enough, when they reached the middle of the rocky slope, a black figure slowly emerged from behind a boulder.

Black Crow.

He was still wearing that tight-fitting black outfit, his face ordinary, but his sharp eyes gleamed with golden light in the sunlight, like a raptor eyeing its prey.

He stood about ten feet away from Kai, arms crossed, a cold smile on his lips.

” Kai, we meet again.”

Kai stopped, looking at Black Crow, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

He even stretched, loosened his neck, and made a soft snorting sound.

“Oh, it’s you.” Kai’s voice was casual, as casual as greeting a roadside vendor, “What, not enough time in Baimu City, want to stay a few more days?”

Black Crow’s expression changed slightly, but quickly returned to normal.

” Kai, do you think you’re safe forever just because someone’s protecting you in Bermuda City?”

Black Crow’s voice was cold. “Now that you’re out of the city, let’s see who can save you.”

“Who said I need anyone to save me?”

Kai shrugged. “Can’t I just fight you myself?”

Black Crow paused, then sneered.

“You? A first-grade Golden Immortal, you want to fight me?”

“What, a first-grade Golden Immortal can’t fight you?”

Kai tilted his head, looking at Black Crow. “Don’t you know how many sixth- and seventh-grade Golden Immortals I killed when I was a first-grade Golden Immortal? Why don’t you guess if you can outlive them?”

Black Crow’s smile froze.

He had indeed heard of Kai’s achievements: a first-grade Golden Immortal killing Huo Tie, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal,

with a single sword strike; a first-grade Golden Immortal killing the seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King, killing him with the help of the Fire Qilin.

But these achievements were nothing compared to a true eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

The difference between the eighth and seventh ranks of the Golden Immortal Realm is greater than the difference between the seventh and first ranks of the Golden Immortal Realm. ” Kai, you think too highly of yourself.”

Black Crow’s voice carried a hint of sarcasm. “You think killing a few sixth and seventh-grade Golden Immortals gives you the right to swagger in front of an eighth-grade Golden Immortal?”

“Trash?”

Kai raised an eyebrow. “I remember that seventh-grade Golden Immortal Demon Dog King. Your Golden Crow Clan sent people to hunt him down, and several died without killing him.

If a seventh-grade Golden Immortal is trash, then what about those of your Golden Crow Clan who died at the hands of the Demon Dog King? Worse than trash?”

Black Crow’s face darkened completely.

“You’re courting death!”

“Whether I’m courting death or not is not for you to decide.”

Kai waved his hand. “But why are you so irritable? Always talking about courting death, you have no manners at all. Don’t the people of your Golden Crow Clan know anything? Can’t you even speak a decent sentence?”

Black Crow clenched his fists, his teeth grinding together.

“ Kai, I originally intended to give you a quick death. But now, I’ve changed my mind.”

“Oh?” Kai looked at him with interest. “What do you want?”

“I’m going to slice your flesh piece by piece, letting you bleed slowly and die slowly.”

Black Crow’s voice was chillingly cold. “I’m going to let you know what happens when you offend the Golden Crow Clan.”

Kai chuckled.

“Slice your flesh piece by piece? Do you think you’re a butcher?”

Kai looked Black Crow up and down. “But your appearance does resemble a butcher. You’re all dark and grimy; if you stood in a pigsty, you wouldn’t be able to tell if you were human or pig.”

“You—!”

Black Crow’s face flushed red, his eyes almost overflowing with murderous intent.

Jiang Xuelan stood to the side, her icy blue eyes filled with barely suppressed laughter.

She had known Kai for so long, and this was the first time she had seen him use such nasty words to banter with someone.

This Black Crow was unlucky to have run into Kai’s mouth.

“What do you

mean, ‘what about me’?” Kai continued. “You, an assassin, instead of practicing your assassination skills, come out and talk back to me?

Do you think you can beat me in a verbal battle? I've been arguing with those old Taoist priests in Qingyun Cave for decades, who do you think you are?"

"I'm going to kill you!" Black Crow finally couldn't hold back anymore. His figure blurred, turning into a black afterimage as he pounced on Kai.

His speed was extreme, leaving only a blurry trail in the air, carrying a sharp killing intent.

Kai was prepared. He dodged Black Crow's first claw by sidestepping.

The claw grazed his clothes, tearing a gash, but it didn't hurt his flesh.

"Oh, pretty fast," Kai said as he retreated. "It's just that your aim is a bit off. I aimed for a long time but couldn't hit you."

Black Crow didn't speak, and his second claw followed closely.

This time he increased his speed, the claw like black lightning, aiming straight for Kai's throat.

Kai dodged again, but this time he didn't completely avoid it.

A sharp claw grazed his shoulder, leaving a shallow gash. Blood seeped from the wound, staining his clothes red.

Jiang Xuelan's expression changed, and she was about to help when Kai raised his hand to stop her.

"It's nothing, just a minor injury."

He took a few steps back, distancing himself from Black Crow, and stretched his shoulder.

"Eighth-rank Golden Immortal, you're quite skilled. Much stronger than those sixth and seventh-rank Golden Immortal trash."

Black Crow's lips curled into a smug smile.

"Good to know. I won't hold back next time."

"You weren't holding back either,"

Kai said. "I saw it all; you went all out. And all you got was this small cut? Your eighth-rank Golden Immortal is probably a bit of a rip-off, isn't it? Did you get promoted through connections?"

Black Crow's smile froze again.

"You're asking for death!"

"Not again." Kai sighed. "Can't you come up with something new? Why don't you learn from me and say something more sophisticated?"

"Still being stubborn even when death is imminent!"

Black Crow suddenly exerted its strength, golden light surging around its body. Its speed was even faster than before, each claw carrying a sharp, tearing sound as if it wanted to rip Kai to shreds.

This time, Kai didn't take the hit head-on. He dodged and weaved through the rocky slope, using the rocks as cover to avoid Black Crow's attacks.

His movements were extremely agile, weaving between the rocks like a fish in water. Although his cultivation level was not as high as Black Crow's, he could still hold on for the time being thanks to the seed of spatial laws and his keen perception of the surrounding environment.

"Run? Do you think you can escape?" Black Crow sneered, its figure flashing three times in the air, each time blocking Kai's retreat.

Kai dodged left and right, getting another cut on his shoulder and a claw wound on his arm. But these were all superficial injuries and didn't matter.

He continued to talk as he dodged.

“Black Crow, your technique is terrible. Assassins are all about a single, fatal blow. You’ve already exchanged over a dozen blows, and I’m still standing here.

Did your Golden Crow clan cut corners in their assassin training? Why don’t you go back and talk to your clan leader? I’ll replace you with an instructor, and I guarantee the assassins I train will be a hundred times stronger than you.”

“Shut up!” Black Crow roared, his claws flashing out, golden light transforming into two enormous claw shadows that enveloped Kai.

This time, Kai didn’t dodge.

He stood still, watching the two golden claw shadows approach, a slight smile playing on his lips.

Then he spoke.

“Old Xuan, it’s time to make your appearance!”

As soon as he finished speaking, a gray figure descended from the sky, landing between Kai and Black Crow like a shooting star.

Bang—

the moment the figure landed, the ground trembled violently, dust billowed, and rubble flew everywhere.

The golden claw shadows collided with the azure light surrounding the gray figure, vanishing silently like mud sinking into the sea.

As the smoke cleared, Xuanzhenzi’s hunched and aged figure was revealed.

He wore a faded gray Taoist robe, his white hair and beard fluttering in the wind, and a hint of mockery in his cloudy eyes.

His entrance was extremely flamboyant—he crashed down from the sky, striking a pose of kneeling on one knee and supporting himself with one hand on the ground, like some kind of superhero descending upon the world.

The young Taoist boy came running breathlessly from afar, shouting, “Master! Wait for me! You jumped too fast! I can’t catch up!”

Xuanzhenzi stood up, dusted off his Taoist robe, turned to look at Kai, and grinned.

“Mr. Chen, was that entrance cool enough?”

Kai couldn’t help but laugh at his comical appearance. “Cool enough. It would be even better if your posture was a little more perfect, senior.”

“Absolutely! I’ve been practicing all the way here!” Xuanzhenzi chuckled, then turned to look at Black Crow.

Black? “You…” Black Crow’s voice trembled slightly, “How did you get here?”

“Why can’t I be here?”

Xuan Zhenzi puffed out his chest, hands on his hips, chin held high. “I’m Mr. Chen’s bodyguard! My sole responsibility is protecting Mr. Chen’s safety! If you want to kill Mr. Chen, you’ll have to get past me first!”

After saying this, he glanced back at Kai and whispered, “Mr. Chen, wasn’t my line powerful enough?”

“Powerful, powerful.” Kai nodded, suppressing a laugh.

Black Crow’s expression changed several times, finally settling into a cold laugh.

“Old man, I advise you to mind your own business. You can’t afford to offend the power of my Golden Crow Clan.”

“Golden Crow Clan?” Xuanzhenzi laughed loudly, his laughter full of contempt. “The Golden Crow Clan is nothing! Back when I was in the twentieth heaven, even your Golden Crow Clan would avoid me! Now, a mere assassin from the Golden Crow Clan dares to challenge me?”

“You’re bragging!” Black Crow’s voice carried a hint of anger. “If you were truly that powerful, why would you still be in the nineteenth heaven?”

“You don’t understand.” Xuanzhenzi stroked his beard, his face enigmatic. “I call this keeping a low profile. True masters hide in plain sight. Those who jump around so much usually don’t live long.”

Black Crow’s lips twitched, and he didn’t waste any more words. His figure suddenly blurred, and he pounced on Xuanzhenzi.

Since this old man insisted on meddling, he’d kill him too!

Golden claw shadows swirled in the air, each claw carrying a terrifying power capable of tearing through space, aiming for Xuan Zhenzi’s vitals.

Xuan Zhenzi stood motionless.

Just as the black crow’s claws were about to touch his face, he raised his right hand, his withered palm gently swiping.

A seemingly casual swipe.

But with that swipe, the black crow’s all-out attack seemed to hit cotton, all its power neutralized.

His body lost its balance, involuntarily staggering forward a few steps.

“That’s it?”

Xuan Zhenzi shook his head, his face full of disappointment. “I thought the Golden Crow Clan’s assassins were so powerful. With this level of skill, you dare to come out and kill?”

The black crow’s face flushed red, and he turned sharply, pouncing again.

This time, he unleashed his full power, golden light surging around him, transforming into a gigantic golden crow phantom, charging towards Xuan Zhenzi.

The golden crow phantom radiated a scorching aura, distorting the surrounding air.

“Golden Crow Burns the Heavens!”

Xuan Zhenzi’s eyes lit up.

“Oh, this move is somewhat interesting.”

But he still didn’t move.

Just as the golden crow phantom was about to collide with him, he raised his right hand, palm open, a ball of azure light surging from his palm.

The azure light collided with the golden crow phantom.

Boom—

a deafening roar shook the entire rocky slope, shattering rocks flying in all directions like projectiles.

Smoke and dust filled the air, obscuring the sky.

When the smoke and dust cleared, Black Crow knelt on the ground, panting heavily, a trickle of blood seeping from the corner of his mouth.

There was a clear palm print on his chest, his clothes were torn, and his skin was charred black, clearly indicating a serious injury.

Xuan Zhenzi, however, remained standing in place, not even a wrinkle on his clothes.

“Little brat, still want to fight?” Xuan Zhenzi’s voice carried a hint of mockery.

Black Crow gritted his teeth, struggling to stand up, but his legs were weak, and he failed several times.

For the first time, fear appeared in his eyes.

This old man was too strong.

Both were at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but this old man’s foundation was terrifyingly deep. Every move he made contained boundless power, something Black Crow simply couldn’t withstand.

“You…who exactly are you?” Black Crow’s voice was hoarse.

“I am Xuanzhenzi.” Xuanzhenzi grinned. “Remember, when you’re reincarnated in your next life, stay far away from this name.”

He raised his palm, and azure light condensed in it.

Black Crow’s pupils contracted sharply. He wanted to escape, but his body wouldn’t obey him.

“Stop! If you kill me, the Golden Crow Clan will not let you go!”

“The Golden Crow Clan?” Xuanzhenzi scoffed. “Let them come. I’ll kill one if they come, and two if they come.”

His palm fell.

Azure light enveloped Black Crow.

Black Crow's body shuddered violently, then slowly collapsed, the light in his eyes gradually fading, finally turning into a deathly silence.

Black Crow, the Golden Crow Clan assassin at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, was dead.

Xuanzhenzi withdrew his hand, shook off the blood, turned around, looked at Kai, and grinned.

"Done!"

Kai stepped forward, glanced at the corpse on the ground, then at Xuanzhenzi, a satisfied smile playing on his lips.

"Senior, impressive."

"Of course!" Xuanzhenzi puffed out his chest. "I told you, in the Nineteenth Heaven, I'm invincible! Three of those Black Crows could be taken care of at once!"

The little Daoist boy ran over from a distance, shouting, "Master! Strike a pose, I'll film it with the recording crystal!"

"Film what!" Xuanzhenzi glared at him. "This is real combat! Do you think this is a movie?"

The little Daoist boy shrank back, remaining silent.

Jiang Xuelan stood to the side, watching Xuanzhenzi's smug expression, a hint of amusement flashing in her icy blue eyes.

Kai was speechless; it seemed these two had spent a lot of time in the lower realms, even knowing about filming.

"Senior is indeed formidable."

"Absolutely!" Xuanzhenzi stroked his beard, a smug look on his face. "My skills aren't acquired for nothing. Back in the twentieth heaven..."

“Alright, alright,” Kai interrupted him. “Senior, collect the spoils first. Black Crow’s storage ring should contain quite a few good things.”

Xuanzhenzi’s eyes immediately lit up. He rushed to Black Crow’s corpse, skillfully removed the storage ring, and probed it with his divine sense.

“Ha! This guy is quite rich! Crystals, spiritual materials, pills, magic weapons… and quite a few secret jade slips of the Golden Crow Clan! I’m rich, I’m rich!”

He happily put away the storage ring, his wrinkles spreading into a wide grin.

Kai looked at his greedy appearance and shook his head with a smile.

“Let’s go, keep going. Let’s try to reach the next city before dark.”

The group continued on their way, heading southeast.

The setting sun cast long shadows across the wasteland.

Golden sunlight shone on Xuanzhenzi’s smug old face, making his wrinkles clearly visible.

“Mr. Chen,” Xuanzhenzi leaned closer to Kai and asked in a low voice, “Was my entrance just now really flashy enough?”

Kai looked at him, his smile widening.

“Flashy enough.” Kai and his group continued southeast.

The scenery along the official road gradually changed from hills to plains, covered with low shrubs and wild grasses. Occasionally, a few crooked old trees could be seen standing alone in the wilderness, with a few black crows perched on their crowns, cawing hoarsely. On

the distant horizon, the outline of a continuous mountain range could be vaguely seen, appearing as a dark red silhouette in the setting sun.

Xuan Zhenzi walked beside Kai, his face full of pride, still immersed in his impressive entrance.

“Mr. Chen,” Xuan Zhenzi said, stroking his beard, “if my ‘descending from the sky’ move had been accompanied by a line, wouldn’t it have been even more perfect?”

“For example?” Kai asked.

“For example…” Xuanzhenzi thought for a

moment, then suddenly puffed out his chest, put his hands on his hips, and imitated the posture from before, “‘Who dares to touch my men!’ How about that? Isn’t it particularly domineering?” Kai glanced at him, barely suppressing a laugh, “Domineering, yes, but a bit old-fashioned.”

“Old-fashioned? How can it be old-fashioned?” Xuanzhenzi was anxious, “I’ve been thinking about this for a long time! If you think it’s old-fashioned, then say one for me?”

Kai thought for a moment, “How about you say ‘Hey! You black bastard, take this!’?”

Xuanzhenzi was stunned for a moment, then his eyes lit up, “Hey! You black bastard! Take this! Good! That’s good! It’s powerful enough! It’s down-to-earth enough! Use that next time!”

The little Taoist boy rolled his eyes behind him and muttered, “Master, you’re a bodyguard, not a theatrical performer…”

“What do you know!” Xuanzhenzi turned around and glared at him. “This is called presence! Don’t you understand? If a bodyguard doesn’t even have presence, how can he command respect? How can he live up to those ten million crystals?”

The little Taoist boy pouted and remained silent.

Jiang Xuelan walked beside Kai, listening to the conversation between Xuanzhenzi and the little Taoist boy, a smile always on her lips.

She found that since Xuanzhenzi joined the team, the entire journey had become much more interesting.

Although this old man loved to boast and show off, he was indeed quite capable, and he had a cheerful personality, able to chat with anyone.

“ Kai,” Jiang Xuelan asked in a low voice, “Do you think the Golden Crow Clan will send anyone else?”

Kai shook his head. “Probably not in the short term. Black Crow was an eighth-grade Golden Immortal assassin, considered top-tier in the Golden Crow Clan.

Now that he’s dead, the Golden Crow Clan can’t send any stronger assassins in a short time. Besides, they don’t know our strengths and weaknesses, so they won’t dare to act rashly.”

“Then we should be safe before we reach the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm?”

“It’s hard to say.”

Kai’s voice was calm. “Although the Golden Crow Clan won’t send anyone for the time being, Wu Tianji won’t let this go easily. He will definitely find a way to deal with us, it just takes time.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded and didn’t say anything more.

Xuan Zhenzi came over and interjected, “What are you afraid of! With me here, I’ll kill one if one comes, and two if two come! If the Golden Crow Clan dares to send out their entire force, I’ll wipe them all out!”

Kai smiled. “Then I’ll have to trouble you, Senior.”

“Of course, of course!” Xuan Zhenzi waved his hand, full of heroic spirit.

The group continued their journey, the setting sun gradually painting the sky a brilliant golden-red.

…

While Kai and his group were leisurely traveling, tens of thousands of miles away in the Golden Crow Clan's territory, a dark cloud hung heavy.

In the council hall, Wu Tianji sat in the main seat, his face so grim it seemed to drip water.

Before him lay a shattered jade tablet—Black Crow's life soul tablet. The shattered life soul tablet meant Black Crow was dead.

Black Crow, an eighth-rank Golden Immortal, one of the Golden Crow Clan's strongest assassins, was dead.

Wu Tianji's fingers tapped lightly on the armrest of his chair, producing a dull thud. His crimson-gold eyes surged with killing intent and shock, and he remained silent for a long time.

Several Golden Crow Clan elders stood in the hall, each with a solemn and fearful expression on their face.

"Clan leader, Black Crow, he…" one elder began cautiously.

"Dead." Wu Tianji's voice was cold. "His life soul tablet is shattered; his soul and spirit are annihilated."

The atmosphere in the hall became even more oppressive.

"Black Crow was tracking Kai…"

another elder said. "His death means Kai has a powerful figure on his side. Could it be that Kai has someone stronger than Black Crow by his side?"

"Impossible."

Wu Tianji shook his head. “ Kai is a Daoist cultivator, and the Daoist sect has almost no influence in the Nineteenth Heaven. How could he have a cultivator stronger than an eighth-grade Golden Immortal by his side?”

“Then how did Black Crow die? It couldn’t be that Kai killed him himself, could it? He’s only a first-grade Golden Immortal!”

Wu Tianji remained silent for a long time.

“What if… he did kill him?”

The hall was deathly silent.

“Clan leader, you mean…”

an elder’s voice trembled slightly, “ Kai, a first-grade Golden Immortal, could kill Black Crow, an eighth-grade Golden Immortal?”

“When he was a first-grade Golden Immortal, he could kill Huo Tie, a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal, and the Demon Dog King, a seventh-grade Golden Immortal.”

Wu Tianji’s voice was cold. “Who can guarantee that he can’t kill an eighth-grade Golden Immortal? We don’t understand his Chaos Power at all.”

The elders looked at each other, fear in their eyes.

If Kai could truly kill an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, then his growth rate would be terrifying.

Just a few months ago he was a first-grade Golden Immortal, and now he can kill an eighth-grade.

In a few more months, will even a ninth-grade Golden Immortal be no match for him?

In a few more years, perhaps no one in the twentieth heaven will be able to subdue him?

“Clan leader, we must think of a way,”

an elder said. “If this continues, Kai will come knocking sooner or later. Then, our Golden Crow Clan…”

He didn’t finish, but everyone understood his meaning.

Wu Tianji stood up, walked to the window, and gazed at the sky outside, his crimson-gold eyes flashing with complex light.

“Send someone to invite the leaders of the Thunder God Clan, the Holy Light Temple, and other divine forces.”

His voice was cold. “Tell them that the Golden Crow Clan has important matters to discuss and requests their presence.”

“Clan leader, you intend to…”

“Unite.”

Wu Tianji’s voice carried a hint of decisiveness. “If we can’t defeat Kai one-on-one, then we’ll unite. There are so many divine forces in the Nineteenth Heaven; surely we can kill Kai together?”

The elders exchanged glances and nodded in unison.

“Yes!”

Soon, in the Golden Crow Clan’s council hall,

a dozen figures sat around the massive round stone table.

Some were their true forms, others projections, but each exuded a terrifying aura.

Lei Wanjun, the patriarch of the Thunder God Clan, sat to Wu Tianji's right, his body... "Chief Wu, what brings you here in such a hurry?" Lei Wanjun's voice echoed through the hall like muffled thunder. The Temple

Master of the Holy Light Palace sat to the left, a kind-faced, white-haired elder, but his eyes were sharp as knives.

He radiated a holy light, but within that light lay a barely perceptible chill.

"Chief Wu, speak,"

the Temple Master of the Holy Light Palace said calmly. "The Nineteenth Heaven has been quite turbulent lately. For you to personally summon everyone, it must be something significant."

Wu Tianji glanced at everyone present and slowly began to speak.

"Black Crow is dead."

Silence fell over the hall.

Lei Wanjun's brows furrowed sharply. "Black Crow? Your most powerful assassin?"

"Yes." Wu Tianji nodded. "He was killed by Kai."

" Kai?"

Lei Wanjun's expression changed. "That Golden Immortal Realm First Grade cultivator?"

"It's him."

"How is this possible?!"

Lei Wanjun stood up abruptly, lightning crackling around him. “Black Crow was a Golden Immortal Realm Eighth Grade! Kai was only a Golden Immortal Realm First Grade! How could he possibly kill Black Crow?”

“That’s the truth.”

Wu Tianji’s voice was cold. “Black Crow’s life-soul tablet shattered, his soul and spirit perished. And Kai is still alive, heading towards the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm.”

A brief silence fell over the hall.

Every member of the Divine Clan present wore a solemn expression.

They all knew Black Crow’s strength; an assassin at the Golden Immortal Realm Eighth Grade was one of the top experts in the Golden Crow Clan. Such a powerful figure had actually died at the hands of Kai, a Golden Immortal Realm First Grade cultivator

.

This was terrifying.

“I told you this kid couldn’t be allowed to live!”

Lei Wanjun paced back and forth irritably. “I said at the meeting that we had to kill him before he grew stronger!

You all insisted on waiting for him to come to us! Now look what’s happened, even an eighth-grade Golden Immortal isn’t a match for him!

In a few months, will he be unable to defeat even a ninth-grade Golden Immortal?”

“Clan Chief Lei, please calm down.” The voice of the Holy Light Palace Master remained calm. “Now is not the time to assign blame. We are here to discuss countermeasures.”

Lei Wanjun took a deep breath and sat down again.

“Countermeasures? What countermeasures can we possibly have?” he said. “Even an eighth-grade Golden Immortal can’t kill him, what else can we do?”

“Unite.”

Wu Tianji finally spoke, his voice carrying an undeniable authority. “Let’s unite and join forces to kill Kai. No matter how strong he is, he’s only one person. With so many forces united, can’t we kill him alone?”

The council hall fell silent again.

Unite?

The relationships between the divine forces of the Nineteenth Heaven were not harmonious.

The Golden Crow Clan, the Thunder God Clan, the Holy Light Palace… these forces frequently clash over territory, resources, and interests, and their grudges have been brewing for a long time.

Getting them to unite against a Daoist cultivator is easier said than done.

“Clan Chief Wu,” an elder in a blue robe spoke, “an alliance isn’t impossible, but who will lead? How will the spoils be divided? If Kai is killed, what will happen to the Great Luo Golden Scripture and the Chaos Power on him? If these issues aren’t resolved, an alliance is just empty talk.”

Wu Tianji glanced at him, his gaze calm. “These issues can be discussed. We can share the Great Luo Golden Scripture and the Chaos Power. All spoils after killing Kai will be distributed according to merit. As for leadership… I’ll temporarily assume it, how about that?”

“Why you?” Lei Wanjun was the first to object. “My Thunder God Clan is also at the peak of the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, why should you be in charge?”

“Because Kai killed someone from my Golden Crow Clan.”

Wu Tianji’s voice turned cold. “My Golden Crow Clan attacked first and suffered the greatest losses. Besides, do you have any better suggestions?”

Lei Wanjun opened his mouth, but ultimately said nothing.

He truly had no better suggestions.

The Temple Master of the Holy Light Palace spoke up, “I agree in principle to Chief Wu’s proposal. But there’s one condition: if we discover that Kai has stronger allies, we must retreat immediately and not engage in a direct confrontation.”

Wu Tianji nodded, “Of course. I won’t let the elites of each race die in vain.”

“Where is Kai now?” Lei Wanjun asked.

“I’ve already sent people to monitor his movements,”

Wu Tianji said. “He should be near the Burial Valley of Souls. The terrain there is complex and suitable for an ambush. We can set up an ambush there and wait for him to walk into our trap.”

“Burial Valley of Souls?” Lei Wanjun frowned. “That’s the territory of the demonic cultivators. If our divine race enters in large numbers, won’t it provoke a backlash from the demonic cultivators?”

“So we need to be quick,” Wu Tianji said. “A swift victory, killing Kai before the demonic cultivators can react, and then leaving.”

Everyone nodded in agreement.

“Very well,” Wu Tianji stood up, a hint of killing intent flashing in his crimson-gold eyes. “Each clan must immediately dispatch its elite forces and assemble outside the Burial Soul Valley in three days. This time, we must ensure Kai never returns!”

“Yes!”

The figures in the council hall dispersed, leaving only Wu Tianji standing by the window.

He looked at the sky outside, his crimson-gold eyes gleaming with complex light.

Kai, you killed the Black Crow of my Golden Crow clan. I must avenge this.

Even if you possess immense power, you cannot single-handedly confront the entire divine race of the Nineteenth Heaven.

This time, I will ensure your utter annihilation.

…

Meanwhile, a thousand miles away in a desolate wilderness.

Kai suddenly sneezed.

“Achoo—”

Jiang Xuelan turned to look at him. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, probably someone’s talking about me.”

Kai rubbed his nose, a slight smile playing on his lips. “It’s probably Wu Tianji. He knows Black Crow is dead, and he’s probably jumping up and down in anger.”

Xuanzhenzi laughed loudly, “Let him jump! The higher he jumps, the harder he falls! When I meet him, I’ll slap him into the ground and let him jump all he wants!”

Kai shook his head with a smile.

What he didn’t know was that this time Wu Tianji wasn’t just “jumping up,” but was actually gathering the entire divine forces of the Nineteenth Heaven, laying a net that would trap him.

But he didn’t care.

He just wanted to keep walking, straight ahead, until he reached the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, until he reached the Flame Demon Ridge.

Anyone who stood in his way was merely a stumbling block.

Kai and his group walked for another day, the scenery along the way gradually becoming desolate and eerie.

The sky changed from deep blue to a hazy leaden gray, as if shrouded in a thick layer of dark clouds. The sunlight pierced through the clouds, turning into a dim, yellowish light, illuminating the earth as if veiled by an old gauze.

The vegetation on both sides of the official road became increasingly scarce, replaced by...

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Xuanzhenzi frowned, stroking his beard, and said, “This smell... I don’t like it. It’s like we’ve entered some kind of evil place.”

Kai nodded, “We should be almost there. Ahead is the edge of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, the gathering place of demonic cultivators.”

Sure enough, after walking for about two more hours, a small city appeared ahead.

The city was not large, its walls built of black boulders, covered with various demonic patterns and runes, exuding a chilling aura.

There were no guards at the city gate; those entering and leaving were all cultivators dressed in robes of various colors. Some were shrouded in black malevolent energy, some had eyes that glowed with an eerie red light, and some had faces covered in demonic patterns, looking extremely terrifying.

This was the gathering place of demonic cultivators. As

soon as Kai and his group appeared at the city gate, they immediately attracted everyone's attention.

The demonic cultivators' gazes swept over them in unison, filled with vigilance, hostility, and scrutiny.

A demonic cultivator in a long black robe approached, sizing up Kai and his companions. His voice was hoarse as he asked, "Human cultivators? What brings you here?"

Kai cupped his hands in greeting. "Passing through, we'd like to rest for a day and replenish our supplies."

The demonic cultivator's gaze lingered on Xuan Zhenzi for a moment, then glanced at Jiang Xuelan and the young Daoist boy, finally nodding. "You may enter the city, but don't cause trouble. The Southern Wilderness Demon Realm doesn't welcome human cultivators. If you dare cause trouble here, you'll bear the consequences."

"We're just passing through; we won't cause trouble," Kai said calmly.

The demonic cultivator said nothing more and turned to leave.

Kai led the group through the city gate. The small city was not large; the streets were narrow and winding. The buildings on both sides were constructed of black stone, their style ancient and rugged. Dark red crystals were inlaid in the windows, emitting a cold, eerie light.

The cultivators on the street gathered in small groups, some talking in hushed tones, some selling goods at stalls, and some sparring in the depths of the alleys. The air was thick with a mixture of malevolent and demonic energy.

Kai's gaze swept over the demonic cultivators, and his brows furrowed slightly.

He sensed a familiar aura on these cultivators:

Dao-patterned malevolent energy.

It was the unique aura of the Yin Demon lineage's cultivation technique.

Dao-patterned malevolent energy was a secret technique taught to him by the Yin Demon, which he also knew and used with great skill.

Although the Dao-patterned malevolent energy on these demonic cultivators was faint, it was unmistakable.

"What's wrong?" Jiang Xuelan asked softly, noticing Kai's expression.

"These demonic cultivators might be disciples of the Yin Demon lineage,"

Kai said softly. "Their cultivation techniques share the same origin as the Daoist runes and demonic energy I know."

Jiang Xuelan's pupils contracted slightly. "You mean... the Yin Demons are also in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm?"

"Possibly," Kai said. "Both the Yin Demon lineage and the Flame Demon lineage are ancient demonic traditions. It's normal for them to have connections." Xuan Zhenzi

leaned closer and asked in a low voice, “Yin Demons? Mr. Chen, are you familiar with the Yin Demons?”

“We have some history.” Kai didn’t elaborate. “Let’s find a place to stay and rest for a day.”

They found an inn in the city. The inn wasn’t large, but it was clean enough.

The innkeeper was a thin, middle-aged demonic cultivator with a cultivation level of the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. When he saw Kai and the others enter, he first looked them over warily. Only after confirming that they meant no harm did he arrange a few rooms.

Kai put down his luggage in the room, washed up briefly, and then took Jiang Xuelan downstairs.

“Let’s go explore and familiarize ourselves with the city.”

The two left the inn and strolled around the city. The city streets, though narrow, were bustling with activity, filled with all sorts of strange and wonderful things.

There were pills emanating black mist, magical artifacts engraved with demonic runes, bones and cores of various demonic beasts, and other rare treasures whose names she couldn’t recall.

The demonic cultivators were mostly rough and boorish, speaking loudly, and their arguments over bargaining could be heard frequently.

Jiang Xuelan, arm in arm with Kai, curiously surveyed their surroundings with her icy blue eyes.

“This place is completely different from the cities of human cultivators,” she said softly. “It feels… more chaotic, but also more vibrant.”

“Demonic cultivators don’t care about rules,”

Kai said. “They believe in the supremacy of strength; whoever has the bigger fist is right. Although barbaric, sometimes they are more genuine than those human cultivators who spout benevolence and morality.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded, about to speak, when a commotion suddenly arose ahead.

“Quick, look! The demonic bow has been drawn!”

“What? A demonic bow? Really?”

“Someone has drawn the demonic bow! Right here in the city center square!”

“Hurry, hurry! You’ll miss the excitement if you’re late!”

The crowd surged towards the city center as if ignited by a fire.

The demonic cultivators wore expressions of excitement and elation, their steps quick, afraid of missing any exciting scene.

Kai raised an eyebrow slightly.

A demonic bow?

He grabbed a demonic cultivator who was hurrying along and asked, “Excuse me, what is a demonic bow?”

The demonic cultivator glanced at him impatiently, but when he saw the aloof Jiang Xuelan beside Kai, his attitude softened slightly: “You’re from out of town, aren’t you? We have an ancient demonic bow in our city, said to be a relic left by the ancestor of the demonic path. For thousands of years, no one has been able to draw it.

Just now, someone drew it! This is a big deal! Even the city lord has been alerted!”

After saying that, he didn't bother to explain further and turned to continue running towards the city center.

Kai and Jiang Xuelan exchanged a glance.

"Shall we go take a look?" Jiang Xuelan asked.

"Yes." Kai nodded. "I also want to see what this demonic bow is all about."

The two followed the crowd to the central square of the city.

The square was large, filled with people all around. At least a thousand demonic cultivators could be seen, completely surrounding the square.

In the center of the square was a high platform made of black stone, about three zhang high, with a flat surface. Two people stood on it.

One was a young man, who looked to be in his twenties, wearing a black close-fitting outfit. He had a handsome face and an arrogant air about him.

In his hand, he held a black longbow. The bow was entirely black, covered with dense, dark red demonic patterns, radiating a strong aura of Daoist energy.

The bowstring was dark red, as if it were made from the sinew of some kind of demonic beast, and gleamed with a cold luster in the dim light.

The young demonic cultivator was excited, holding the longbow high in his hand, as if displaying a rare treasure.

Beside him sat a middle-aged man, dressed in an elegant black robe with gold embroidery on the cuffs and collar. The middle-aged man looked at the young demonic cultivator with a satisfied smile, stood up, and announced loudly, "Everyone! This young man is named Han Lei. Today, he successfully drew this demonic bow that has been dormant for thousands of years on the Demonic Bow Platform!

He is the first young genius since ancient times to be able to draw the demonic bow! As the city lord, I have decided to appoint Han Lei as a guest elder of the city lord's mansion, granting him the same treatment as the city lord, and bestowing upon him a million crystals, ten magical artifacts, and a hundred pills!"

A cheer and applause erupted from the crowd.

"Han Lei! Han Lei! Han Lei!"

"Incredible! Incredible! A demonic bow that no one has been able to draw for thousands of years has actually been drawn by a young man!"

"This kid has a bright future ahead of him!"

"The city lord has personally bestowed this title upon him; he can walk around the city with impunity from now on!"

Hearing the cheers around him, Han Lei's arrogance grew even stronger.

He straightened his back, raised the demonic bow high, as if accepting the spotlight of the masses.

"Young Master Han! Draw it again! Let us see!" someone in the crowd shouted.

"That's right! Pull it again! We didn't see it clearly just now!"

"Pull it again! Let us witness the power of the Demon Bow!"

Han Lei's smile widened, and he nodded. "Alright! Since you all want to see, I'll pull it again!"

He took a deep breath, gripped the bow with his left hand, and placed his right hand on the bowstring, beginning to circulate the Daoist energy within his body.

Black energy surged from his palms, like thin black snakes, coiling around the bow and bowstring.

The dark red demonic patterns on the bow began to glow, emitting a cold, eerie light, and an ancient and powerful aura filled the air.

Han Lei's expression turned serious; sweat beaded on his forehead, the muscles in his arms tensed, and veins bulged.

As he pulled, the bowstring moved backward little by little. With each inch it moved, his face flushed redder, and his body trembled slightly.

Finally, he pulled the bowstring about three inches, and then he abruptly released his grip.

Whoosh—

A black streak of light shot from the bowstring, like an arrow released from a bow, slicing through the air and striking a boulder below the platform. *

Bang—

* A fist-sized hole was pierced through the boulder, its edges smooth as a mirror, emanating a faint black aura.

A cheer and gasp erupted from the crowd once more.

"Amazing! Absolutely amazing!"

"The power of a single arrow is terrifying!"

"This demonic bow truly is an ancient relic, its power boundless!"

Han Lei put down the demonic bow, panting heavily, his face full of pride.

He turned and bowed to the city lord, “City Lord, this junior has not failed in my mission.”

The city lord smiled broadly, about to offer praise, when a soft hum came from the crowd.

The sound was faint, but exceptionally clear in the brief pause of the cheers.

“Hmph.”

Everyone froze.

The cheers ceased, and all eyes turned to the source of the sound.

At the edge of the plaza, a young man in a gray robe stood with a faint smile on his lips.

It was Kai.

Han Lei’s face darkened instantly, his gaze fixed on Kai, his voice laced with anger: “What did you just hum about?”

Kai looked at Han Lei, his dark eyes expressionless. “Nothing, I just thought this bow… was just so-so.”

These words immediately caused an uproar in the plaza.

“What? Just so-so? Has he gone mad?”

“A first-grade Golden Immortal? A junior dares to criticize the demonic bow?”

“Does he not know the meaning of death?”

“Judging from his aura, he’s not a demonic cultivator! He’s a human cultivator! A human cultivator comes to our Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to cause trouble?”

The demonic cultivators' gazes turned extremely hostile, their eyes filled with malice and anger.

If the city lord hadn't been present, some of them would probably have already rushed forward to attack Kai.

Han Lei's face turned ashen, his voice icy cold: "What did you say? Say it again?"

Kai looked at Han Lei, still maintaining a nonchalant demeanor. "I said, this bow is nothing special. What kind of demonic bow is this? Even a child could draw it. Is it

really necessary to make such a fuss?" These words ignited a powder keg, and the demonic cultivators in the square were completely enraged.

"This kid is courting death!"

"City Lord, let us teach him a lesson!"

"A mere first-grade Golden Immortal human cultivator dares to run wild in our Southern Wilderness Demon Realm?"

The City Lord sat on the high platform, narrowing his eyes as he sized up Kai.

His expression remained calm, but a hint of amusement flashed in his sharp eyes.

He raised his hand, signaling for everyone to be quiet.

The commotion in the square gradually subsided.

The city lord looked at Kai, his voice tinged with interest: "Young man, you say this bow is nothing special? Then you can surely draw it, can you?"

Kai looked at the city lord, his smile widening. “Draw it? I don’t think so.”

“Not quite enough?” The city lord raised an eyebrow slightly. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” Kai’s voice was calm, “this bow is too brittle, I’m afraid I’ll break it.”

Upon hearing this, the square fell silent for a moment, then erupted into deafening laughter.

“Hahaha! He said he’d break the demonic bow?”

“That’s hilarious! A mere first-grade Golden Immortal, claiming he can break an ancient demonic bow!”

“Has this kid gone mad?”

“I think he’s tired of living, deliberately courting death!”

Han Lei trembled with rage, his face filled with mockery and fury. “Break it? What do you think you are? I’ve cultivated Daoist runes and demonic energy for hundreds of years, and I’ve only managed to pull it three inches!

You, a first-grade Golden Immortal human cultivator, don’t even have Daoist runes and demonic energy, yet you dare to boast about breaking the demonic bow?”

Kai stared at Han Lei, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

“How do you know I don’t have Daoist runes and demonic energy?”

Han Lei was stunned. “You…you’re a demonic cultivator?”

“I’m not a demonic cultivator.” Kai shook his head. “But I know a little bit of Daoist runes and demonic energy.”

Silence fell once more.

Daoist runes and malevolent energy were a closely guarded secret of the Yin Demon lineage, cultivated only by its core disciples.

How could this seemingly young human cultivator possibly understand Daoist runes and malevolent energy?

The city lord slowly rose, looking down at Kai, his voice tinged with solemnity: “You say you know Daoist runes and malevolent energy? Very well, come up to the platform. If you can truly draw the demonic bow, I can decide to give you this demonic bow…” Jiang Xuelan’s expression changed, and she was about to speak to stop him when Kai grasped her hand.

“It’s alright,” he said softly. “I’m confident.”

He released Jiang Xuelan’s hand and walked towards the high platform.

The demonic cultivators quickly made way for him, their eyes filled with mockery and indifference as they looked at Kai.

No one believed he could draw the demonic bow, let alone break it.

“This kid is dead.”

“A first-grade Golden Immortal, he doesn’t even know what Daoist runes or demonic energy are, does he?”

“Just wait and see, once he gets up there, he definitely won’t even be able to touch the bowstring before the city lord slaps him to death.”

Kai ignored the discussions and walked step by step onto the high platform.

Han Lei stood on the platform, watching Kai approach, his mockery deepening. “Are you really sure? It’s not too late to back out now.”

Kai glanced at him, said nothing, and directly took the demonic bow from Han Lei's hand.

The moment the demonic bow touched his hand, a barely perceptible glint flashed in Kai's eyes.

This bow was indeed quite something.

The dark red demonic runes engraved on the bow were relics of ancient demonic cultivation, imbued with dense Daoist baleful energy.

An ordinary cultivator holding this bow wouldn't even be able to hold it steady, let alone draw it; the baleful energy would corrode their meridians.

But for him, this was nothing.

The Daoist baleful energy within his body circulated, resonating with the baleful energy on the demonic bow.

The feeling was like greeting a long-lost friend—utterly natural and smooth.

Kai gripped the bow with his left hand, placed his right on the bowstring, and took a deep breath.

Then, he gently pulled.

Whoosh

—the bowstring in his hand, like a tamed snake, was smoothly drawn to its full length without any struggle or resistance.

The entire arena fell silent.

Everyone's eyes widened like saucers, their mouths agape.

The demonic cultivators who had just been mocking Kai froze, their expressions frozen in time, like portraits frozen in the moment of their mockery.

Han Lei's face was deathly pale, his body trembling.

He strained with all his might to draw the three-inch-long demonic bow, while this first-grade Golden Immortal human cultivator could easily draw it to its full extent.

The city lord also stood up, his dignified face showing shock for the first time.

His eyes were fixed on the demonic bow in Kai's hand, his pupils contracting violently.

Kai looked at the fully drawn demonic bow in his hand, a smile curving his lips.

"This bow is indeed interesting. However..."

He narrowed his eyes slightly, his chaotic power circulating within him, flowing into the bow through his palm.

"It's not sturdy enough."

Crack.

A crisp cracking sound rang out.

A crack appeared on the bow, quickly spreading from one end to the other, like a spider web spreading across the bow.

Crack crack crack—

a series of cracking sounds rang out, the dark red demonic patterns began to dim, the black bow resembling cracked porcelain, crisscrossed by cracks, each crack causing everyone present to grit their teeth.

Finally…

Bang!

With a deafening crash, the demonic bow shattered into dozens of pieces in Kai's hands, scattering across the high platform with a clanging sound.

A deathly silence fell over the entire arena.

No one spoke, no one breathed, not even blinked.

All eyes were fixed on Kai, on the shattered fragments of the demonic bow at his feet.

An ancient demonic bow, untouched for millennia, had been casually drawn and snapped in two by a human cultivator.

Han Lei's legs went weak, and he collapsed onto the platform, his face deathly pale with disbelief.

The city lord stood there, frozen as if struck by lightning.

His lips twitched several times before he managed to utter a single, strained sentence: "You… who exactly are you?"

Kai dusted off his hands, looking at the city lord, a faint smile playing on his lips.

"Just a passerby,"

he said. "This bow is indeed quite good, but the material is too brittle. If you want to forge a truly good bow, I suggest the city lord use a different kind of demonic beast sinew, not such a fragile material."

He turned and walked down from the platform.

As he passed Han Lei, he stopped, looked down at Han Lei slumped on the ground, and a slight smile appeared on his lips.

“You’ve cultivated your Daoist runes and demonic energy for hundreds of years, and you’ve only managed to draw it a little bit. Want me to teach you a few moves?”

Han Lei’s face turned bright red, wishing he could disappear into the ground.

Kai didn’t say anything more and walked down from the platform.

He walked to Jiang Xuelan’s side, reached out and took her hand, “Let’s go back.”

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, her icy blue eyes full of laughter, “Do you think you did it on purpose?”

“On purpose?” Kai thought for a moment, “I guess so. Who told them to be so arrogant?”

He led Jiang Xuelan through the crowd and headed towards the inn.

The demonic cultivators looked at his back, each one as if they had seen a ghost, no one dared to block their way, no one dared to speak.

Only after he had walked a distance did a deafening murmur of discussion erupt in the square.

“He…he really broke the demonic bow?”

“What kind of power is that? A first-grade Golden Immortal? How is that possible?”

“The aura on his body…it’s not that of a demonic cultivator, but it’s even more sinister than a demonic cultivator!”

“He just said he knows Daoist runes and malevolent energy, that’s the ultimate technique of the Yin Demon lineage! What is his background?”

“Never mind his background, he’s someone we can’t afford to offend!”

The city lord stood on the high platform, watching Kai's departing figure, remaining silent for a long time.

His eyes flickered with complex emotions—shock, apprehension, and a hint of inexplicable interest.

He beckoned to the guard beside him and whispered, "Go investigate that person's background. Someone who can draw the demonic bow and break it is definitely not simple. And he knows Daoist runes and malevolent energy…he must be related to the Yin Demon lineage."

"Yes!"

The guard's figure disappeared into the crowd.

The city lord sat back down in his chair, looking at the scattered fragments of the demonic bow on the high platform. The clamor in the square gradually faded away. Kai and Jiang Xuelan had already left the crowd and were heading towards the inn.

Behind them, the discussions of the demonic cultivators surged like a tide. Some were amazed, some questioned, some were fearful, some were curious, but no one dared to speak disrespectfully to Kai again.

A person who could casually draw a demonic bow that had been immobilized for thousands of years and then break it—regardless of his origins—was not someone ordinary demonic cultivators could afford to offend. As

Kai and Jiang Xuelan walked along the streets of the small town, the demonic cultivators on both sides of the road made way for them, their gazes filled with complex emotions.

Some were awe, some were wary, some were curious, but no one dared to approach.

"Do you think the city lord will send someone to investigate you?" Jiang Xuelan asked softly.

“Definitely.”

Kai’s voice was calm. “A human cultivator at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm, capable of drawing the demonic bow of the Yin Demon lineage, and also wielding Daoist runes and baleful energy—any city lord would want to find out my background.”

“Then what do we do?”

“Just wait.”

Kai smiled. “If he sends people to investigate, I’ll show them. Besides, I need his help to find out Yuqi’s whereabouts.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded and didn’t ask any further questions.

The two returned to the inn. Xuan Zhenzi was sitting in the lobby drinking tea. Seeing Kai return, he grinned.

“Mr. Chen, I heard you caused quite a commotion in the square? You broke someone’s thousand-year-old demonic bow?”

“The news spread so quickly?” Kai was somewhat surprised.

“Of course!”

Xuanzhenzi stroked his beard smugly. “My ears are sharp enough; all the demonic cultivators in the city are talking about you! They’re saying things like ‘a human cultivator broke a demonic bow,’ ‘a hidden master of the first rank of Golden Immortal,’ ‘connected to the Yin Demon lineage’… Tsk tsk, Mr. Chen, you’ve really shaken up the whole town!”

Kai smiled but didn’t reply.

He walked to the table, sat down, poured himself a cup of tea, and slowly took a sip.

“Senior, there might be some commotion tonight. People from the City Lord’s Mansion will probably come looking for me.”

Xuanzhenzi’s eyes lit up. “What? A fight?”

“Not necessarily. Maybe they’re just gathering information.”

“That’s so boring.” Xuanzhenzi curled his lip. “I was thinking of showing off my skills again.”

Kai was about to speak when his brows suddenly furrowed slightly.

Someone was using divine sense to probe the room.

That divine sense was very well concealed; if he hadn’t cultivated the power of chaos and had such keen perception of everything around him, he wouldn’t have been able to detect it at all.

The owner of the divine sense was around the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and his technique was extremely skillful, clearly indicating he had received specialized training.

Kai remained silent, continuing to drink his tea, but a slight smile played on his lips.

“It’s here.”

He put down his teacup, stood up, and walked towards the corner of the room. That direction was the source of the divine sense’s intrusion.

Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi exchanged a glance, but neither spoke.

Kai reached the corner, raised his hand, and chaotic power surged from his palm. The gray light, like an invisible hand, grabbed the divine sense and yanked it sharply.

“Get down!”

A muffled groan came from outside the window, followed by a figure tumbling down from the eaves, landing heavily on the stone floor in front of the inn with a dull thud.

Kai walked out of the inn and saw a demonic cultivator dressed in black lying on the ground, his cultivation at the fifth rank of the Golden Immortal realm. He was currently writhing on the ground, clutching his head, his face contorted in pain.

The chaotic power had rebounded through his divine sense; although it hadn't killed him, it was enough to make him suffer for a while.

"Who sent you?" Kai looked down at him, his voice calm.

The black-clad demonic cultivator gritted his teeth, managing to squeeze out a sentence: "I…I'm from the City Lord's Mansion…The City Lord wishes to invite you to his residence…No ill intentions…"

Kai looked at him, "Since you're here to invite someone, why are you secretly using your divine sense to investigate?"

"It…it was my own initiative…I wanted to see your background first…before reporting back…"

Kai was silent for a moment, "Get up. Take me to see the City Lord."

The black-clad demonic cultivator struggled to his feet, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and led the way with his head down.

Kai turned to look at Xuan Zhenzi, "Senior, wait for me at the inn."

"Should I come along?" Xuan Zhenzi asked, "What if the City Lord has ill intentions…"

"No." Kai shook his head, "If he wanted to make a move, he would have done it in the square earlier. He wouldn't have waited until now."

He followed the black-clad demonic cultivator through several streets to a mansion in the city center.

The City Lord's Mansion.

The mansion was simpler than Kai had imagined. There were no opulent decorations, no grand gatehouse, just a large courtyard built of black stones, with ancient demonic runes carved on the lintel, emanating a faint aura of malevolence.

The black-clad demonic cultivator led Kai through the gate, past several courtyards, to a study.

The city lord was already waiting in the study.

He had changed into casual clothes and sat in the main seat, holding a cup of dark red tea. Seeing Kai enter, he put down the teacup and smiled.

"Young friend, please sit."

Kai sat down opposite the city lord, sizing him up.

Upon closer inspection, the city lord's cultivation was indeed unfathomable; his aura as an eighth-grade Golden Immortal was restrained yet profound, far stronger than the Black Crow he had encountered before.

"I wonder what brings the city lord here?" Kai asked directly.

The city lord smiled and cut to the chase, "I witnessed your performance in the plaza, young friend.

You were able to draw and break the demonic bow, and you even possess Daoist runes and malevolent energy... I'm very curious about your background.

Daoist runes and malevolent energy are a closely guarded secret of the Yin Demon lineage. How could a non-demonic human cultivator like you know such a technique?”

Kai looked at the city lord, his black eyes devoid of any emotion. “I’m friends with the Yin Demon. He personally taught me Daoist runes and malevolent energy.”

The city lord’s brow furrowed slightly, a hint of suspicion flashing in his eyes. “Friends? Senior Yin Demon vanished tens of thousands of years ago. How could someone so young be his friend?”

“The city lord doesn’t believe me?” Kai’s lips curled into a slight smile.

“It’s not that I don’t believe you, it’s just…” The city lord was about to continue when Kai raised his hand.

A wisp of black malevolent energy surged from his palm, hovering in the air.

The malevolent energy was extremely pure, so solid it was almost tangible, slowly circulating in the air and exuding an ancient and profound aura. It was

Dao-patterned malevolent energy.

And the purest, highest-level Dao-patterned malevolent energy at that.

The city lord’s pupils contracted sharply, and his body involuntarily straightened.

He had cultivated the demonic path for thousands of years and was extremely familiar with Dao-patterned malevolent energy.

This level of malevolent energy was definitely not something an ordinary Yin Demon disciple could condense.”You…you really saw Senior Yinmo?” The city lord’s voice turned solemn. “Where is he now?”

“I don’t know exactly where he is either.”

Kai withdrew his demonic energy. “I met him in the lower realm. At that time, he was trapped in a secret realm, and I helped him. To repay me, he passed on his Daoist demonic energy to me and also told me some secrets about the demonic path.”

The city lord’s face showed a shocked expression. He remained silent for a long time before slowly saying, “Young friend…no, sir. I was blind and negligent.”

He stood up and bowed deeply to Kai, his attitude countless times more respectful than before.

“I am Mo Yuan, the city lord of Yinshan City. I greet you, sir. Since you have befriended Senior Yinmo and received his personal instruction in Daoist runes and demonic energy, you are a close friend of the Yinmo lineage. I apologize for any offense I may have caused you before.”

Kai was somewhat surprised by the city lord’s strong reaction. “City lord, there’s no need for such formality. I was merely passing through and had no intention of offending you.”

Mo Yuan straightened up, his expression now extremely eager. “Since you are a friend of Senior Yinmo, then you are a friend of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. Please do not hesitate to ask for my assistance, and I will do my utmost to help.”

Kai looked at Mo Yuan, pondering for a moment.

Although the city lord had tested him somewhat before, his attitude had changed, and he was now very sincere.

Moreover, he had cultivated extensive connections in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm over many years; if he could obtain his help, finding Su Yuqi should be much easier.

“Since the City Lord has said so, then I do indeed have a request.”

Kai's voice became solemn. "I came to the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to find someone. Her name is Su Yuqi, and she is my wife.

She is currently with the Flame Demon Clan, and I would like to ask the City Lord to help me inquire whether she is at the Flame Demon Clan's base."

"The Flame Demon Clan?"

Mo Yuan's brows furrowed slightly. "Flame Demon Ridge is indeed in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, and it is the Flame Demon Clan's stronghold. However, the Flame Demon Clan has always been closed off and does not associate with other forces, so it is very difficult to obtain information about them.

Rest assured, sir, I will send people to inquire near Flame Demon Ridge. If there is any news about Su Yuqi, I will inform you immediately."

Kai nodded. "Thank you, City Lord."

Mo Yuan waved his hand. "Sir, you are too kind. It is my honor to be able to help Senior Yin Demon's friend."

He paused, as if remembering something. "By the way, sir, are you going to continue your journey?"

"Yes. I plan to go to Flame Demon Ridge to take a look."

"Then you must be careful, sir."

Mo Yuan's expression turned serious. "From Yinshan City to Yanmo Ridge, one must pass through Burial Soul Valley. That place is one of the most chaotic areas in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, where various outlaws, rogue cultivators, and demonic cultivators are deeply entrenched, and murder and robbery are commonplace. Moreover..."

He was about to continue when a series of hurried footsteps suddenly came from outside the door.

A guard dressed in black rushed in, knelt on one knee, and said urgently,

“Lord! I have important news to report!”

Mo Yuan frowned. “What is it? Can’t you see I’m receiving distinguished guests?”

“It’s of great importance, and I dare not delay!”

The guard’s voice was tense. “While patrolling outside the city, I discovered a group of Divine Clan cultivators. There were quite a few of them, about thirty or forty, all of whom were at least at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, with the leaders being at the eighth rank.

They are heading towards Burial Soul Valley, and their movements are extremely stealthy, as if they are planning an ambush.”

Mo Yuan’s expression changed drastically.

“The God Race? On the territory of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm?”

“Yes! I saw it with my own eyes, I can’t be mistaken!”

Mo Yuan stood up, walked to the window, his eyes flashing with a complex light.

He pondered for a moment, then turned to Kai, “Sir, you said you have a grudge against the Divine Race?”

Kai nodded, “I destroyed the Hall of Light and the Palace of Flame in the Eighteenth Heaven, killing their Golden Immortal cultivators. In the Nineteenth Heaven, I killed Black Crow, the assassin of the Golden Crow Clan. The Divine Race does indeed want my life.”

A glint flashed in Mo Yuan’s eyes, “Then the person they’re going to ambush in the Burial Valley is very likely you, sir.” A

slight smile curved Kai's lips, "It seems Wu Tianji already knows I'm in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. He's joined forces with other Divine Race forces to ambush me in the Burial Valley."

"What does sir intend to do?" Mo Yuan asked, "Since you know there's an ambush ahead, you could easily take a detour."

Kai shook his head, "A detour? Since they've come all this way, wouldn't it be a betrayal of their sincerity to leave without even seeing them?" Mo

Yuan looked at the smile on Kai's face, a hint of appreciation flashing in his eyes, "Sir, you mean..."

"Let's play along."

Kai's voice was calm. "They want to ambush me in Burial Valley, so I'll leave through Burial Valley. I just need the city lord to do me a favor."

"Please speak, sir."

"I need the city lord to unite with other demonic forces in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to set up an ambush around Burial Valley. Once the gods show themselves, they'll find themselves the ones being surrounded."

Mo Yuan's eyes lit up. "Good! That's a good idea! The gods' large-scale entry into our Southern Wilderness Demon Realm is a provocation against us demonic cultivators.

If we can seize this opportunity to wipe them out in Burial Valley, it will also let those gods know that the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm is not a place they can come and go as they please!"

He immediately went to his desk, picked up a communication jade talisman, and infused it with demonic energy. "I will contact the city lords and leaders of the other cities. Although there are many forces in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, they are still willing to join forces in the face of the gods' invasion."

A moment later, the jade talisman lit up, and a deep voice came from it: “Mo Yuan, what is it?”

“Old Demon, the Divine Race has launched a large-scale invasion of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, setting up an ambush at the Burial Soul Valley to kill my friends. I need your help.”

“The Divine Race? Coming to my Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to cause trouble? Fine! I’ll take my men there right away!”

The jade talisman flashed a few more times, and Mo Yuan contacted several factions in succession.

Unexpectedly, each faction readily agreed.

The Divine Race and the Demon Cultivators were sworn enemies, with frequent small-scale conflicts, but the Divine Race’s large-scale invasion of Demon Cultivator territory was a blatant provocation, which no Demon Cultivator would tolerate.

In less than half an hour, all the factions replied, indicating they would immediately dispatch their elite forces to assemble near the Burial Soul Valley.

Mo Yuan put down the jade talisman and turned to Kai, “Sir, it’s all arranged. The five factions in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, totaling over three hundred people, include three eighth-grade Golden Immortals, and countless seventh and sixth-grade Golden Immortals.”

“As soon as you pass through the Valley of Burial Souls, and the Divine Race appears, we’ll immediately surround them from the outside, making it impossible for them to escape.”

Kai nodded. “Thank you, City Lord.”

“You’re too kind, sir,” Mo Yuan said.

…

Nothing happened that night.

The next morning, just as dawn broke, Kai, accompanied by Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi, left Yinshan City with Mo Yuan.

Mo Yuan led a team of elite demonic cultivators, following at a distance.

Their auras were extremely well concealed, like venomous snakes lurking in the shadows, silently following Kai and his companions.

They were ready to strike at any moment should there be any unusual activity ahead.

Burial Soul Valley was about five hundred li from Yinshan City. It was a long, narrow valley with towering black cliffs on both sides, barren except for exposed rocks and dark red moss.

A winding path ran through the valley floor, its surface covered with gravel and pebbles. Scattered along the sides were the skeletons of various demonic beasts and fragments of broken magical artifacts, and the air was thick with the stench of decay and death.

Indeed, a perfect place for an ambush.

Kai walked at the front, his steps calm and composed, as if he knew nothing.

Jiang Xuelan followed beside him, her icy blue eyes warily scanning their surroundings. Xuan Zhenzi brought up the rear, his back hunched, seemingly inconspicuous, but a sharp glint flashed in his cloudy eyes.

When they had walked about ten miles into the Burial Soul Valley, dozens of figures slowly emerged from behind a giant rock ahead.

Leading them was Wu Tianji.

He wore a crimson-gold robe, radiating a scorching aura, his crimson-gold eyes like two burning flames, fixed intently on Kai.

Behind him followed Lei Wanjun of the Thunder God Clan, the Lord of the Holy Light Palace, and the leaders of more than a dozen other divine race forces, each exuding a terrifying aura. There were

twenty or thirty cultivators at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm or higher, including three at the eighth rank and seven or eight at the seventh rank.

Such a lineup was enough to sweep aside most forces in the Nineteenth Heaven.

” Kai, we meet again.”

Wu Tianji’s voice was cold, as cold as a icy wind blowing from an ice cellar. “You didn’t expect this, did you? I’ll be waiting for you here.”

Kai looked at Wu Tianji, his black eyes devoid of any emotion. He even stretched, cracked his neck, and made a soft snorting sound.

“Clan Chief Wu, you brought so many people to wait for me in Burial Soul Valley, are you here to die?”

Wu Tianji’s expression changed slightly. “Die? Kai, you overestimate yourself. You think you can be arrogant in front of us just because you killed Black Crow? Let me tell you, today, this is your burial ground!”

Lei Wanjun stood behind Wu Tianji, his body crackling with thick lightning.

He sized Kai up and down, a cold smile on his lips. “Golden Immortal Realm, First Grade? Is this kind of trash worth my personal attention?”

The Palace Master of the Holy Light Palace didn’t speak, but simply watched Kai quietly, his eyes flickering.

Kai looked at the Divine Race members in front of him, a slight smile curving his lips.

“Clan Chief Wu, you brought so many people to ambush me, have you considered one thing?”

“What thing?” Wu Tianji’s voice was cold.

“Have you considered… that your ambush might actually lead to your own ambush?”

Wu Tianji’s brows furrowed sharply. “What do you mean?”

Kai didn’t answer, but simply raised his head and looked towards the distant cliffs.

“Come out.”

As soon as the words fell, countless figures suddenly appeared on the distant cliffs.

Black robes, swirling with murderous aura, flashing demonic patterns—one after another, demonic cultivators emerged from the crevices of the cliffs, from behind boulders, and from the shadows on both sides of the valley. They held magical weapons, their eyes flashing with icy light, completely surrounding Burial Soul Valley.

Mo Yuan walked at the forefront, releasing his aura of an eighth-grade Golden Immortal without reservation, like an invisible mountain pressing down on the hearts of the Divine Clan members.

Behind him followed three eighth-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivators, a dozen seventh-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivators, and hundreds of elite sixth and fifth-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivators.

The total number exceeded three hundred.

The members of the Divine Clan were stunned by this sudden turn of events.

Looking at the densely packed demonic cultivators around them, their faces turned deathly pale, their eyes filled with shock and fear.

Wu Tianji's pupils contracted sharply, and his body tensed abruptly.

"You...you knew we would come?"

Kai looked at Wu Tianji, his smile deepening.

"Clan Chief Wu, when you sent Black Crow to track me, you should have known that my whereabouts wouldn't be so easily tracked. Your Divine Clan gathered so ostentatiously in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, did you really think the demonic cultivators here were blind?"

Wu Tianji's lips trembled; he wanted to say something, but couldn't utter a single word.

He had indeed underestimated Kai.

He thought Kai was just one person, at most with an old bodyguard.

He hadn't expected Kai to be able to unite the entire demonic cultivator force of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm in such a short time, turning the tables and surrounding them.

Lei Wanjun's face was even more ashen; lightning crackled around him, but he hesitated to make a move.

Over three hundred demonic cultivators surrounded them. Even with their strength, it was impossible for them to escape unscathed from such a large attack.

" Kai,"

the Holy Light Palace Master finally spoke, his voice heavy with apprehension, "We were reckless today. Let us go, and we promise we won't bother you again."

Kai looked at the Holy Light Palace Master, his dark eyes devoid of emotion.

“Let you go?”

He smiled, a cold smile.

“You came with such fanfare to kill me, and now that you can’t, you think you can just leave? It’s not that easy!”

Wu Tianji’s face turned ashen. ” Kai, do you intend to kill us all? With so many of us, if we really fought to the death, you would pay a heavy price!”

Kai looked at Wu Tianji, remaining silent for a moment.

“Clan Chief Wu, I don’t want to kill you all.”

His voice was calm, “But you must stay.”

Wu Tianji’s pupils contracted sharply. “You…”

“You sent people to follow me, sent assassins to kill me, and now you’ve joined forces …” .

A deathly silence fell over the valley.

The members of the Divine Race exchanged bewildered glances, each face etched with fear and unease.

The Demonic Cultivators, on the other hand, were menacing, their magical artifacts gleaming coldly, ready to strike at any moment.

Wu Tianji stood at the forefront, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on Kai, a complex light swirling within them.

He knew that this battle was unavoidable.

The Divine Race and the Demonic Cultivators stood facing each other, the air thick with tension.

The wind howled through the black cliffs on either side of the Burial Valley, whipping up pebbles and sand that stung their faces, yet no one moved.

Kai's words were like a boulder thrown into a calm lake, stirring ripples in the hearts of the Divine Race members.

He had made it clear, "Wu Tianji, you must stay."

In other words, the others could leave.

Lei Wanjun was the first to react.

The lightning crackling around him subsided slightly, a complex expression appearing on his rugged face.

He glanced at Wu Tianji, then at Kai, and took a step forward.

" Kai, do you keep your word?"

Lei Wanjun's voice was still like muffled thunder, but his tone held less hostility and more probing. "You'll let us go as long as we don't interfere in Wu Tianji's affairs?"

Kai looked at Lei Wanjun, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion. "I only kill those who deserve to die. Although you followed Wu Tianji to ambush me, he's the mastermind. If you leave now, I won't stop you."

Lei Wanjun was silent for a moment, then turned and cupped his hands in a respectful gesture towards Wu Tianji.

"Clan Chief Wu, I'm sorry. Today's matter is a personal grudge between your Golden Crow Clan and Kai. My Thunder God Clan isn't going to sacrifice its entire elite force for your sake."

Wu Tianji's expression suddenly changed, a glint of disbelief flashing in his crimson-gold eyes. "Lei Wanjun, what did you say?!"

"I've made myself very clear."

Lei Wanjun's voice hardened. "When you joined us to kill Kai, you didn't mention that Kai had such a strong presence in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. With

over three hundred demon cultivators surrounding us, you want my men to die with you? Wu Tianji, your life is precious, but so are the lives of my Thunder God Clan members!"

He stopped looking at Wu Tianji, turned, and waved to his men. "Thunder God Clan members, follow me!"

The dozen or so elite cultivators of the Thunder God Clan exchanged glances and followed Lei Wanjun out of the valley.

The demon cultivators parted to make way, and no one stopped them.

Wu Tianji's fists clenched so tightly they cracked, his crimson-gold eyes blazing with fury. "Lei Wanjun! You treacherous villain! You promised so readily, and now you're deserting your post! What kind of patriarch are you, the Thunder God Clan's leader?!"

Lei Wanjun didn't turn back, his voice carrying far away: "Patriarch Wu, take care!"

Wu Tianji trembled with rage, but before he could retaliate, the Palace Master of the Holy Light Palace spoke up.

"Patriarch Wu, Patriarch Lei is right. Today's situation has exceeded our expectations."

The Palace Master of the Holy Light Palace's voice remained calm, but carried an undeniable resolve. "My disciples of the Holy Light Palace cannot die in vain for the personal grudges of your Golden Crow Clan."

He turned and nodded slightly to Kai. “Mr. Chen, today’s events were our recklessness. Farewell.”

The Palace Master of the Holy Light Palace, along with his disciples, followed the Thunder God Clan, quickly leaving the Burial Soul Valley.

With the Thunder God Clan and the Holy Light Palace taking the lead, the leaders of the remaining divine forces also made their choices.

Some bowed to Wu Tianji and said “sorry,” some turned and left without even saying goodbye, and some didn’t even dare to look back, leading their people to slink away from Burial Soul Valley.

A moment later, only Wu Tianji and his Golden Crow Clan elders remained in Burial Soul Valley.

Twelve people.

Wu Tianji stood at the forefront, his crimson-gold robe fluttering in the wind, his face filled with anger, humiliation, and disbelief.

He watched as the divine forces who had once sworn to join forces against Kai left one by one, the rage in his heart almost burning his reason to ashes.

“You…you bunch of trash!”

Wu Tianji’s voice was hoarse, each word seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth, “Cowards! Traitors! My Golden Crow Clan is ashamed to be associated with you!”

No one answered him.

Only the sound of the wind and the cold gazes of the demonic cultivators filled the valley.

Kai looked at Wu Tianji, a slight smile playing on his lips. “Clan Chief Wu, it seems your allies are even less reliable than I imagined.”

Wu Tianji abruptly turned his head, his crimson-gold eyes fixed on Kai, filled with murderous intent. ” Kai! Don’t be so smug! Even if only my Golden Crow Clan remains, we will kill you today!”

“Kill me?” Kai smiled. “Clan Chief Wu, do you think you still have a chance?”

Wu Tianji’s gaze swept over the surrounding demonic cultivators, his expression growing even more grim.

Over three hundred demonic cultivators surrounded them, including four at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and countless others at the seventh and sixth ranks.

Even with his arrogance, he knew he couldn’t survive such a massive attack.

But he had no way out.

He was the clan chief of the Golden Crow Clan, a top expert among the Nineteenth Heaven God Clan.

If he retreated here today, the Golden Crow Clan’s millennia-old reputation would be ruined.

” Kai, if you’ve got the guts, fight me one-on-one!”

Wu Tianji’s voice carried a hint of provocation. “What kind of skill is it to rely on numbers? If you’re so capable, come and kill me yourself!”

Kai looked at Wu Tianji and remained silent for a moment.

Then he smiled.

“One-on-one? Fine.”

These words caused an uproar throughout the hall.

Mo Yuan's expression changed drastically. "Sir, you mustn't! Wu Tianji is at the peak of the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, while you are only at the first rank. The difference is too great!"

Xuan Zhenzi's brows also furrowed. "Mr. Chen, this kid is trying to provoke you. Don't fall for it!"

Jiang Xuelan even went directly to Kai's side and grabbed his arm. " Kai, don't be impulsive!"

Kai looked at the worried expressions on everyone's faces and shook his head with a smile. "Don't worry, I know what I'm doing. I don't want to kill him; I just want to exchange a few moves with him and practice."

"Practice?" Mo Yuan's lips twitched. "Sir, this is a life-or-death battle, not practice!"

"I know," Kai's voice was calm, "but opportunities to fight a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal are rare. I want to test my limits."

He released Jiang Xuelan's hand and walked towards Wu Tianji.

"Clan Chief Wu, didn't you want a one-on-one fight? Fine, I'll go with you. As long as you can defeat me, I'll let you go."

A glint of light flashed in Wu Tianji's eyes.A cold smile curled at the corner of Wu Tianji's lips. " Kai, you're too arrogant. You think you can compare to me, a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, just because you killed Black Crow? Today I'll show you what true difference is!"

His words had barely faded when his aura exploded.

Crimson-gold light surged from his body, exploding around him like a blazing sun.

Scorching waves of heat swept in all directions, scattering pebbles and sand everywhere.

The air around him distorted and hummed.

Peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

The oppressive aura was several times stronger than Black Crow's.

Kai stood still, feeling the onslaught of heat, his black eyes devoid of any emotion.

He slowly raised his right hand, drawing his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

A purple sword light shone in the dim valley, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, a stark contrast to the crimson-gold light surrounding Wu Tianji.

"Come!" Kai's voice was calm.

Wu Tianji moved.

His speed was extreme; his crimson-gold figure streaked across the valley like a meteor, carrying scorching heat and destructive power, striking Kai's chest with a palm.

Golden Crow Burning Heaven Palm.

This palm strike was enough to pulverize a small mountain.

Kai didn't take it head-on.

He shifted to the side, the seed of spatial laws rapidly spinning within his body. At the last second, his body moved several feet to the side, barely dodging Wu Tianji's palm strike.

Wu Tianji's palm struck the boulder behind Kai, instantly shattering the several-meter-high boulder into dozens of pieces. The fragments flew in all directions like projectiles, striking the cliffs on either side with muffled thuds.

“Dodge? You think you can dodge?” Wu Tianji sneered, turning his body, his second palm strike following closely.

This palm strike was faster and more ruthless than the first; wherever the palm wind passed, the air was compressed, producing a sharp, explosive sound.

The crimson-gold palm print magnified in the air, like a giant golden crow spreading its wings and swooping down, blocking all of Kai’s escape routes.

This time, Kai didn’t dodge.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword twirled in his hand, its purple sword light like a straight bolt of lightning, meeting the crimson-gold palm print head-on.

Sword and palm collided.

Boom—

a deafening roar exploded in the valley, causing rubble to fall from the cliffs on both sides.

The purple sword light and the crimson-gold light intertwined, devouring and tearing each other apart, bursting forth with blinding light.

Kai’s body was blasted back several steps, his footsteps leaving deep imprints on the ground.

His tiger’s mouth was slightly numb, and the Dragon-Slaying Sword hummed in his hand, as if bearing immense pressure.

But that sword strike had blocked it.

A flicker of shock flashed in Wu Tianji’s eyes. “You…you actually managed to withstand one of my palm strikes?”

Kai shook his numb wrist, a smile playing on his lips. “Peak of the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, you’re certainly not bad. However, not as strong as I imagined.”

Wu Tianji’s face darkened. “You’re courting death!”

His figure shot up again, this time even faster. Crimson-gold light left afterimages in the air, each afterimage unleashing a palm print that enveloped Kai from different directions.

Golden crows filled the sky!

Dozens of crimson-gold palm prints rained down on Kai like a storm, sealing off all his escape routes.

Kai took a deep breath, his chaotic power surging wildly within him.

Gray light surged from his body, merging with the purple sword light. The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, the sword light weaving into a purple sword net in the air, shattering the crimson-gold palm prints one by one.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang !

—the deafening sounds of sword light colliding with palm prints echoed through the valley like dense thunder.

Debris was hurled by the shockwaves, scattering in all directions like projectiles.

Kai’s figure weaved through the sword light, sometimes dodging left, sometimes darting right, sometimes leaping into the air, sometimes landing—every movement was incredibly fast and precise.

His sword grew faster and faster, the purple sword light leaving afterimages in the air, like a purple dragon churning within the crimson-gold palm print.

Wu Tianji grew increasingly alarmed as the fight progressed.

He had initially thought Kai was merely a junior at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm, someone he could easily crush.

But after exchanging blows, he realized this young man's strength far exceeded his expectations.

Although Kai's realm was indeed only at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm, his chaotic power was extremely pure, each sword strike containing world-destroying power, and his movement techniques were incredibly unpredictable.

The seed of spatial laws allowed him to perform actions unimaginable to ordinary people during battle, sometimes appearing on the left, sometimes on the right, sometimes behind him, and sometimes falling from above his head.

For a first-grade Golden Immortal to achieve this was simply inconceivable.

Wu Tianji gritted his teeth and intensified his attack. Crimson-gold light surged, his speed increased even further, each palm strike carrying earth-shattering power, aiming to completely crush Kai.

The pressure on Kai increased dramatically.

Wounds began to appear on his body. A scorched mark remained on his shoulder from a palm strike;

his left arm was grazed by a palm print, the skin burning red; his robes were torn in several places, revealing the burned flesh beneath.

But his eyes remained calm, without fear, without retreat.

He continued to fight.

Thirty moves, forty moves, fifty moves…

Kai endured a full fifty moves under Wu Tianji's storm-like onslaught.

Although he was clearly at a disadvantage, covered in wounds, he never fell, never admitted defeat.

The surrounding demonic cultivators stared in disbelief.

"This…this is a first-grade Golden Immortal?"

Mo Yuan's lips twitched several times. "He fought fifty moves against Wu Tianji, a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal? How is that possible?"

"This kid is too monstrous…"

Xuan Zhenzi's hand, stroking his beard, froze in mid-air, his cloudy eyes filled with shock. "Even I, a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, couldn't fight so easily against an opponent of Wu Tianji's caliber. He's just a first-grade Golden Immortal…"

The young Daoist boy looked up at Kai, his eyes wide like copper bells. "Master, didn't you say a first-grade Golden Immortal is an ant?"

Xuan Zhenzi coughed twice. "Ahem…a first-grade Golden Immortal from an ordinary family is an ant, but your Mr. Chen's…is a monster."

Jiang Xuelan stood at the front of the crowd, her icy blue eyes filled with worry.

Her hands gripped the hem of her clothes tightly, but she remained silent, offering no assistance.

She knew Kai had his own plans.

Finally, on the sixty-second move, Wu Tianji struck Kai in the chest with a palm strike.

Kai's body flew backward, tumbling several times in the air before landing, staggering a few steps, kneeling on one knee, and spitting out a mouthful of blood.

A clear…Wu Tianji stood there, panting heavily.

Although he had won, it hadn't been an easy victory. Sixty-two moves—a young man at the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm had forced him to use sixty-two moves, consuming nearly thirty percent of his spiritual power.

The price was far greater than he had anticipated.

" Kai," Wu Tianji's voice was hoarse, "you lost. As agreed, let me go."

Kai knelt on one knee, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, and looked up at Wu Tianji, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"I lost?"

He smiled, a faint smile.

"Clan Chief Wu, have you forgotten something?"

Wu Tianji's brows furrowed sharply. "Forgot what?"

Kai didn't answer; he simply looked up and glanced at Xuan Zhenzi.

There were no words in that glance, but Xuan Zhenzi understood instantly.

"Hey! You golden-haired bird, take this!"

Xuan Zhenzi's figure blurred, transforming into a gray afterimage, shooting out from the crowd at incredible speed.

A cyan light gathered in his palm, like a bolt of cyan lightning, aimed straight for Wu Tianji's back.

Wu Tianji's expression changed drastically. He whirled around, trying to block, but Xuan Zhenzi was too fast.

Moreover, he had just exchanged sixty-two blows with Kai, consuming nearly thirty percent of his spiritual energy, greatly reducing his reaction speed and defensive capabilities.

The cyan palm print slammed solidly into Wu Tianji's chest.

Bang—

Wu Tianji's body flew backward, crashing heavily into the cliff behind him, cracking the black rock and sending debris raining down.

A trickle of golden blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, and his robe tore at his chest, revealing the flesh burned by the cyan light.

"You..." Wu Tianji's voice was filled with rage, "Despicable! Didn't you say it was a one-on-one fight?"

Kai stood up from the ground, dusted himself off, and looked at Wu Tianji, his smile widening.

"Chief Wu, I said, 'If you can defeat me, I'll let you go.' But the prerequisite is that you must defeat me first. Now, have you defeated me?"

Wu Tianji's face was ashen. "You've clearly lost!"

"I lost?"

Kai shook his head. "I only said 'lost,' but I didn't say I surrendered. Did I surrender?"

Wu Tianji's lips trembled, wanting to say something, but in the end, he couldn't utter a single word.

Kai hadn't surrendered.

He simply knelt on one knee and said, “I lost,” but that sentence sounded more like an exclamation than an admission of defeat.

“You…you tricked me!” Wu Tianji’s voice was filled with overwhelming rage.

Kai shrugged. “So what if I tricked you? When you brought people to ambush me, didn’t you feel like you were tricking me?”

Wu Tianji’s eyes were full of killing intent, but he no longer had the strength to attack Kai.

Xuan Zhenzi’s palm strike had seriously injured him, and combined with the previous exertion, he could only exert about 60% of his peak strength now.

Xuanzhenzi was at his peak, a Golden Immortal at the eighth rank.

“Boy, fight me!” Xuanzhenzi roared, his figure leaping forward again, charging towards Wu Tianji.

Wu Tianji gritted his teeth, forced to meet the attack.

Golden and azure light collided in the valley, creating a deafening roar.

The clash between two peak eighth-rank Golden Immortals was even more terrifying than the previous battle between Kai and Wu Tianji.

Shockwaves swept in all directions, blasting away rubble and even cracking rocks on the cliffs, sending large chunks crashing down.

Wu Tianji was no longer at his best; facing Xuanzhenzi’s relentless attacks, he could only barely hold on, retreating steadily.

“Follow me!” Wu Tianji shouted to the Golden Crow Clan elders behind him, “Kill them!” The

Golden Crow Clan elders exchanged glances, gritted their teeth, and charged forward.

But as soon as they moved, Mo Yuan led the demonic cultivators to meet them.

“Want to help? Get past us first!”

Mo Yuan’s voice was icy. He raised his black longsword and slashed at the Golden Crow Clan elder at the forefront.

The other Golden Crow Clan elders were also entangled by the demonic cultivators.

More than three hundred demonic cultivators swarmed forward, surrounding the eleven Golden Crow Clan elders. Swords flashed, and murderous aura surged; the battle instantly reached a fever pitch.

Although the Golden Crow Clan elders were not weak, facing an enemy several times their size, they quickly fell into a disadvantageous position.

One after another, they fell, their blood staining the ground of Burial Soul Valley.

Wu Tianji watched his elders fall one by one, his heart aching.

His eyes turned bloodshot, as if they were about to bleed.

” Kai! You will regret this! The Golden Crow Clan will not let you go!”

“The Golden Crow Clan?” Kai’s voice came from afar, carrying a cold smile. “Clan Chief Wu, do you think the Golden Crow Clan will still exist after today?”

Wu Tianji’s body trembled violently.

He understood Kai’s meaning. The elders he brought today were the Golden Crow Clan’s elite warriors.

If they all died here, the Golden Crow Clan would be left with only the old, weak, and disabled, unable even to protect themselves, let alone seek revenge.

Kai's words shattered his last hope.

"Ah!!!" Wu Tianji let out a hysterical roar, his crimson-gold light surging violently as he attempted a final desperate fight.

But Xuan Zhenzi wouldn't give him the chance.

A cyan light pressed down like a mountain, completely crushing the crimson-gold light around Wu Tianji. The palm print slammed solidly onto Wu Tianji's head, producing a dull thud.

Wu Tianji's body stiffened abruptly, the light in his eyes quickly dimming.

A trickle of golden blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, and his body slowly collapsed to the ground, kicking up a cloud of dust. The

Golden Crow Clan Chief, Wu Tianji, a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

A brief silence fell over the valley.

The last few Golden Crow Clan elders who were still struggling lost all will to fight when they saw their patriarch fall.

They tried to escape, but the demonic cultivators wouldn't give them the chance. Black baleful energy surged in like a tide, completely engulfing their figures.

After a moment, the Valley of Burial Souls returned to calm.

The entire Golden Crow Clan was dead.

Twelve corpses lay scattered on the ground, golden blood staining the black rocks, shimmering eerily in the dim sunlight.

Kai stood at a distance, gazing at Wu Tianji's body, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion.

Mo Yuan sheathed his sword, walked to Kai's side, a hint of respect on his face.

Kai nodded. "Many thanks to the City Lord and all my fellow demonic cultivators. Without your help, I couldn't have defeated Wu Tianji so easily."

Mo Yuan waved his hand. "You're too kind, sir. It's an honor for our Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to be able to help you. Moreover, eliminating Wu Tianji, a top-tier fighter of the divine race, is also a good thing for us demonic cultivators."

Xuan Zhenzi shook the blood off his hands, walked over, and grinned. "Mr. Chen, was my entrance today impressive enough?"

Kai looked at him, a slight smile playing on his lips. "Pretty impressive. Senior's 'Hey! You golden-haired bird, take this!' was even more imposing than last time."

"Absolutely!" Xuan Zhenzi stroked his beard proudly. "I practiced it several times when I got back!"

Jiang Xuelan walked to Kai's side and took his hand. His icy blue eyes were filled with concern. "You're injured."

Kai looked down at his wounds: burns on his shoulder, charred arms, a handprint on his chest, and bloodstains at the corner of his mouth.

Although he looked disheveled, they were all superficial injuries and nothing serious.

“It’s nothing, just minor injuries,” he said calmly. “I’ll be fine after a day’s rest.”

Mo Yuan stepped forward. “Sir, it’s not advisable to stay in Burial Soul Valley for long. The stench of blood here is too strong; it will soon attract all sorts of demonic beasts and desperados. Let’s return to Yinshan City first so you can rest properly.”

Kai nodded. “Okay.”

Mo Yuan turned and waved to the demonic cultivators. “Collect all the storage rings and magical artifacts from the Golden Crow Clan members, then leave!”

The demonic cultivators acted swiftly, skillfully looting the valuables from the Golden Crow Clan corpses.

Kai stood still, looking at the distant horizon, a deep light flashing in his purple eyes.

Wu Tianji was dead.

The Golden Crow Clan was finished.

The power of the Divine Race in the Nineteenth Heaven was no longer a threat.

Next, it’s the Flame Demon Ridge.

Su Yuqi, wait for me.

…

The twentieth Heaven, the Divine Clan’s Main Hall.

This enormous palace, suspended above the clouds, is entirely forged from golden divine stone, radiating a dazzling light under the sun, like an ever-burning sun.

Clouds swirl around the palace, and streaks of golden lightning can be faintly seen flashing through the clouds, emitting a low rumble.

That's the Divine Clan's main hall's protective array, powerful enough to withstand the full force of an Immortal Lord realm expert.

At the core of the Divine Clan's main hall is a golden hall hundreds of feet high, spacious and solemn.

The walls are engraved with ancient divine totems and inscriptions, each line slowly flowing with golden light, exuding an ancient and sacred aura.

In the center of the hall is a divine throne supported by nine golden steps.

The throne is carved from a single piece of chaotic divine stone, inlaid with nine fist-sized divine crystals, each radiating terrifying spiritual energy fluctuations.

A figure sits on the throne.

He was a middle-aged man, his face dignified and cold, his brows exuding an innate air of authority.

He wore a golden divine robe, embroidered with dense divine patterns, each pattern slowly flowing, radiating a chilling pressure.

His eyes were golden, and deep within his pupils seemed to burn two eternal flames, making it impossible to look directly at him. This was

Jin Wuhao, the Divine Emperor of the Twentieth Heaven Divine Clan's Main Hall.

A peak ninth-grade Golden Immortal, a peerless powerhouse just one step away from stepping into the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm, he was the supreme ruler of the entire Twentieth Heaven Divine Clan's power.

At this moment, Jin Wuhao held a shattered jade tablet in his hand, his golden eyes surging with a cold and furious light.

Wu Tianji's Life Soul Tablet.

Shattered.

Jin Wuhao's fingers tightened slightly, the shattered jade tablet turning to dust in his palm, golden powder scattering from between his fingers, shimmering faintly in the air.

"Wu Tianji...is dead."

His voice was calm, but a chilling coldness emanated from it.

That coldness, like the icy air rising from the depths of a millennium-old glacier, made the kneeling elders of the divine race shiver involuntarily.

"Your Majesty,"

a white-haired elder cautiously began, "Wu Tianji was a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, practically invincible in the Nineteenth Heaven. How could he suddenly..."

"How he died, I don't know."

Jin Wuhao's voice remained calm, "But whoever killed him must pay the price.

The divine race's power in the Nineteenth Heaven is a crucial foundation for our divine race in the Heavenly Realm. If even the patriarch of the Nineteenth Heaven can be killed so easily, where is the dignity of our divine race?"

His gaze fell on the white-haired elder. "Elder Shenmu, you personally descend to the mortal realm and investigate this matter in the Nineteenth Heaven."

The white-haired elder, Elder Shenmu, bowed deeply. “Yes, Your Majesty.”

“Remember,”

Jin Wuhao’s voice carried a hint of coldness, “thoroughly investigate the Thunder God Clan, the Holy Light Palace, and all other divine forces in the Nineteen Heavens.

Wu Tianji’s death could not have been the work of an outsider. No one in the Nineteen Heavens could have killed him. The only one capable of killing a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal in the Nineteen Heavens is another peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal from the divine race. I need to know which branch is behind this.”

A solemn light flashed in Elder Shenmu’s eyes. “Does His Majesty the Divine Emperor mean… internal strife within the divine race?”

“What else?”

Jin Wuhao sneered. “Lei Wanjun has coveted the Golden Crow Clan’s position in the Nineteen Heavens for a long time. That old man in the Holy Light Palace is no pushover either.

And those small forces secretly stirring up trouble, which one doesn’t want to seize the opportunity to rise to power?

With Wu Tianji dead, their chance has arrived. I cannot allow the divine forces in the Nineteen Heavens to be torn apart by internal strife.”

Elder Shenmu nodded. “Understood. I will immediately lead men down to the mortal realm and will certainly get to the bottom of this matter.”

“Go,” Jin Wuhao waved his hand.

Elder Shenmu stood up, turned, and walked out of the hall.

Jin Wuhao sat on his throne, his golden eyes gazing at the surging sea of clouds outside the hall, his eyes filled with...

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Meanwhile

, in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, outside the Burial Soul Valley,

Kai and his group had left the valley and were returning to Yinshan City accompanied by Mo Yuan.

The demon cultivators were in high spirits along the way; they had not only killed a group of elite gods but also seized a large amount of spoils, and smiles adorned their faces.

Kai walked at the head of the group; his wounds had been treated, and although he looked somewhat disheveled, he was in good spirits.

“Sir,” Mo Yuan approached Kai and said, “You should rest in Yinshan City for a few more days until your injuries are fully healed before setting off.”

Kai shook his head. “No need. It’s just a superficial injury, nothing serious. I want to head to Yanmo Ridge tomorrow.”

Mo Yuan frowned slightly. “Sir, Yanmo Ridge is not like Yinshan City. Although the Yinmo lineage is also an ancient demonic tradition, the Yinmo ancestors have long since disappeared, and the Yinmo lineage’s power in the Nineteenth Heaven is not what it used to be.

But the Yanmo lineage is different. Yanmo Ridge is their stronghold, where they have cultivated their power for tens of thousands of years. Their influence is deeply entrenched, and they are full of powerful figures. Moreover, the Yanmo lineage has always been xenophobic and extremely wary of outsiders. If you go there rashly, I’m afraid...”

“I know,” Kai’s voice was calm, “but I can’t wait any longer.”

Looking at Kai’s resolute eyes, Mo Yuan stopped trying to persuade him. “Then, sir, when you reach Yanmo Ridge, please be careful. If you encounter any trouble, you can send me a message.

I know a few people near Yanmo Ridge; although they can’t be of great help, they can at least provide some information.”

Kai nodded. “Thank you, City Lord.”

The next morning, Kai, along with Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, and the young Daoist boy, bid farewell to Mo Yuan and left Yinshan City.

Mo Yuan saw them off outside the city gate until their figures disappeared on the horizon before turning back into the city.

The journey from Yinshan City to Yanmo Ridge was about three thousand li.

The scenery along the way became increasingly desolate, with black rocks and dark red soil becoming more and more common.

Occasionally, strange demonic plants could be seen growing from the cracks in the rocks; some were blood red, some deep purple, and some dark green, exuding an eerie aura.

Xuanzhenzi walked at the back of the group, looking around as he went, muttering, “This place is really eerie; even the trees look like ghosts.”

Kai smiled, “Senior, are you scared?”

“Scared?” Xuanzhenzi puffed out his chest, “What haven’t I seen? This little thing is nothing to me! But speaking of which, Mr. Chen, is your wife, Su Yuqi, really in Yanmo Ridge?”

“Not necessarily.” Kai’s voice was calm, “But since the clues point to Yanmo Ridge, I have to go and see.”

Xuanzhenzi nodded, “That’s true. What if she really is there?”

The three of them and the child traveled for three days, and finally, as dusk approached, they saw a continuous mountain range ahead.

Yanmo Ridge.

The mountain range stretched for thousands of miles, its peaks soaring into the clouds, the mountains a dark red color, as if scorched by subterranean fire for countless years.

There were many fissures in the mountains, from which billowing heat waves and thick black smoke surged, and the air was filled with a strong smell of sulfur.

At the foot of the mountain stood a massive stone gate, flanked by two rows of demonic cultivators clad in black armor, each with a wary and indifferent expression on their face.

Kai walked to the stone gate, cupped his hands in greeting, and said, “I am Kai, and I have business with the person in charge of your esteemed lineage.”

The head guard was a burly demonic cultivator with a cultivation level of the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm. He sized Kai up and down, his gaze filled with scrutiny and wariness. “A human cultivator? What are you doing in my Flame Demon Ridge?”

Kai was about to speak when Jiang Xuelan stepped forward and said, “We are here to find someone. Her name is Su Yuqi.”

The guard’s expression changed slightly, but quickly returned to its coldness. “What Su Yuqi? Never heard of her. There is no one you are looking for in Flame Demon Ridge. If you know what’s good for you, get out of here and don’t get in the way.”

Jiang Xuelan frowned. “You haven’t even gone in to ask yet, how do you know there isn’t anyone?”

“I said there isn’t anyone, so there isn’t!”

The guard’s voice became gruff. “This is Flame Demon Ridge, not a place for human cultivators like you. If you don’t leave, don’t blame me for being impolite!”

Jiang Xuelan’s face darkened, and she was about to lash out when Kai reached out and stopped her.

“Don’t rush,” Kai’s voice was calm. “They won’t let us in easily.”

He raised his head, looking at the massive stone gate, a cold glint flashing in his dark eyes.

“Since they won’t let us in, then we’ll fight our way in.”

…

The defenses of Flame Demon Ridge were far more formidable than Kai had anticipated.

Behind the stone gate was a narrow mountain path, flanked by steep cliffs covered in dark red demonic runes, each slowly rotating and radiating a scorching aura.

Numerous guards patrolled the path, with a patrol of demonic cultivators every few dozen steps, making the entire path as impenetrable as an iron barrel.

Kai showed no mercy.

His figure moved like a gray lightning bolt, swiftly traversing the mountain path.

With the Dragon-Slaying Sword in hand, purple sword light flashed through the path, each flash bringing down a guard.

He was too fast; before the guards could react, they were struck by the sword light, collapsing to the ground, incapacitated.

Xuanzhenzi followed behind, and seeing Kai make his move, he grinned, “Oh ho, Mr. Chen, are you giving me a chance to warm up? No way, I have to show off my skills too!”

He also made his move. Azure light surged from his palm, blasting away the guards who tried to attack from the side.

Jiang Xuelan stood behind Kai, icy blue energy emanating from her fingertips, freezing the demonic cultivators who tried to block their retreat into ice sculptures.

The three cooperated perfectly, advancing swiftly and decisively, crossing the mountain path in less than half an hour, and arriving at the main hall of Yanmo Ridge.

The main hall was a huge black palace, entirely constructed of dark red rock, its walls engraved with flame-like demonic patterns, radiating a scorching aura.

A dozen or so demonic cultivators of the fifth rank or higher at the Golden Immortal realm stood guard at the palace gate. Seeing Kai and his group arrive, they all drew their weapons and stood in front of the gate.

“Who goes there! How dare you trespass into Flame Demon Ridge!”

“Summon your leader.” Kai’s voice was calm. “I don’t want to kill any more people.”

The guards exchanged glances, and one of them turned and rushed into the palace.

A moment later, a middle-aged man in a dark red robe emerged from the palace.

His face was sinister, his body thin, and his eyes were dark red, with two flames seemingly burning deep within his pupils.

His cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, his aura deep and scorching, clearly indicating he was a core figure of the Flame Demon lineage.

“I am Yan Ming, the guardian elder of Flame Demon Ridge,”

the middle-aged man’s voice was hoarse and cold. “Who are you? Why are you trespassing on Flame Demon Ridge?”

Kai looked at Yan Ming, his black eyes devoid of any emotion. “I’m here to find someone. Her name is Su Yuqi.”

Yan Ming’s brows furrowed sharply, a hint of wariness flashing in his dark red eyes. “Su Yuqi? Never heard of her. There’s no such person in Flame Demon Ridge. You’ve come to the wrong place.”

“You haven’t heard of her? ” Yan Ming’s expression changed slightly, but he quickly returned to normal. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Kai looked at him for a moment, then slowly said, “It seems you really don’t know. Then call someone who does know. Call the person in charge of your Yanmo Ridge to see me.”

Yan Ming’s face darkened. “You, a mere junior at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, dare to see our Ridge Lord?”

A slight smile appeared on Kai’s lips.

“Then I’ll put it another way.” His voice remained calm. “I’ll let you see whether I’m worthy or not.”

He turned his head and glanced at Xuan Zhenzi.

Xuan Zhenzi immediately understood Kai’s meaning, grinned, and took a step forward.

Then, his aura was suddenly released.

Peak eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

The dense pressure was like an invisible mountain, instantly pressing down on Yan Ming and the guards.

Yan Ming's body trembled violently, his knees buckled, and he almost knelt on the ground. His face changed from gloomy to deathly pale, and his dark red eyes were filled with horror and fear.

"Golden Immortal Realm... Peak Eighth Grade..."

He tried to steady himself, but Xuan Zhenzi's oppressive aura pressed down on him like a tangible force, making even breathing difficult.

"Now, am I worthy to see your Ridge Lord?" Kai's voice was calm.

Yan Ming gritted his teeth, managing to squeeze out a sentence:
"You...you wait..."

He turned and stumbled into the palace.

A moment later, a figure even older than Yan Ming, with a more profound aura, emerged from the palace.

It was an old man with white hair, wearing a black robe embroidered with dark gold flame demonic patterns.

His face was aged, but his eyes were like lightning, his aura as deep as an abyss, and his cultivation was also at the Eighth Grade of the Golden Immortal Realm, on par with Xuan Zhenzi.

"I am Yan Lie, the Lord of Yanmo Ridge." The

old man's voice was aged and dignified. His gaze swept over Kai, then landed on Xuan Zhenzi, a hint of seriousness flashing in his eyes. "Are you Xuan Zhenzi?"

Xuan Zhenzi was taken aback. “You know me?”

“I have naturally heard of Senior Xuan Zhenzi’s reputation in the Nineteenth Heaven.” Yan Lie’s voice was neither humble nor arrogant. “I just didn’t expect you to come to my Yanmo Ridge.”

Xuan Zhenzi puffed out his chest. “That’s right! Who in the entire Nineteenth Heaven doesn’t know my name! But I’m not here to reminisce with you today. Mr. Chen has something to discuss with you.”

Yan Lie’s gaze turned to Kai. He looked the young man, a first-grade Golden Immortal, up and down, a hint of doubt in his eyes. “Young friend, is this the person you were looking for?”

“It’s me.” Kai’s voice was calm. “I’m here to see Su Yuqi. I need to see her.”

Yan Lie’s brows furrowed slightly, a complex light flashing in his eyes.

“You’re looking for Su Yuqi?”

“You know her?” Kai’s voice carried a hint of urgency.

Yan Lie was silent for a moment, then slowly said, “Su Yuqi is the Holy Maiden of our Flame Demon lineage, and she did indeed stay in Flame Demon Ridge for a period of time. But she has already left.”

Kai’s pupils contracted slightly. “Left? Where did she go?”

“The Land of Fallen Emperors.”

Kai frowned. “The Land of Fallen Emperors? What kind of place is that?”

Yan Lie looked at Kai, a meaningful glint in his eyes. “The Land of Fallen Emperors, as the name suggests, is where Immortal Emperors fell.

Legend has it that in ancient times, an Immortal Emperor-level expert died in battle in the void between the 19th and 20th Heavens. His Daoist

aura and remnant soul scattered in that void, forming an extremely dangerous forbidden zone.

There are remnants of the Immortal Emperor's Dao patterns and fragments of laws, as well as countless treasures and opportunities. Top cultivators from the 19th Heaven all want to try their luck at the Land of Fallen Emperors."

Kai was silent for a moment. "What did she go there for?"

"Then I don't know."

Yan Lie shook his head. "Since arriving at Yanmo Ridge, Saintess Su has kept a low profile and rarely interacts with others. A couple of days ago, someone discovered the Emperor's Fall Land, and Saintess Su suddenly proposed leaving Yanmo Ridge to go to the Emperor's Fall Land. No one could stop her, and she never explained why."

A complex light flashed in Kai's eyes.

Why did Su Yuqi want to go to the Emperor's Fall Land?

What was she looking for?

"How do I get to the Emperor's Fall Land?" Kai asked.

Yan Lie was silent for a moment. "The entrance to the Emperor's Fall Land is in a void rift in the far north of the Nineteenth Heaven. The space there is extremely unstable. Cultivators below the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm who enter will be instantly torn apart by the spatial turbulence."

"I want to go in too."

A hint of surprise flashed in Yan Lie's eyes. "You? First rank of the Golden Immortal Realm? Going in is suicide."

“I will be fine.” Kai’s voice was calm. “You just need to tell me the specific location and how to enter.”

Yan Lie looked at Kai’s determined eyes, remained silent for a long time, and finally sighed.

“Very well. I can tell you the location of the Land of Fallen Emperors, or I can send someone to take you there. But I must warn you, it’s easy to enter the Land of Fallen Emperors but difficult to leave.

Inside, there are not only Dao patterns and fragments of laws left by Immortal Emperors, but also various strange creatures and spatial traps formed by the fall of Immortal Emperors.

Of the cultivators at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm or above who enter, less than 30% can come out alive. You are only at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm…”

“I know,” Kai interrupted him, “but I must go.”

Yan Lie looked at him, his expression complex and unreadable.

“Since that’s the case, I won’t try to persuade you any further.”

He beckoned, and a young demonic cultivator stepped forward. “This is Yan Feng, my disciple. He knows the way to the Land of Fallen Emperors. Let him take you there.”

Kai cupped his hands to Yan Lie. “Thank you, Lord of the Ridge.”

Yan Lie waved his hand. “No need to thank me. I just… don’t want to see a courageous person die in vain.”

He turned and walked towards the palace, his figure quickly disappearing into the darkness.

Kai looked in that direction, a deep light flashing in his purple eyes.

? …

In the void passage between the twentieth and nineteenth heavens, a golden light was rapidly traversing.

The light moved at incredible speed, like a shooting star streaking across the dark night sky, leaving a golden trail in its wake. Enveloped

in the light was a figure—an elderly man with white hair, dressed in a dark green robe embroidered with ancient divine runes. Each rune flowed slowly, radiating a deep and weighty aura. This was

Elder Shenmu.

He had been ordered to descend to the mortal realm to investigate the cause of Wu Tianji's death.

Behind him followed six guards clad in golden armor, each possessing a cultivation level of the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm. Their auras were steady and sharp, clearly elites from the Divine Clan's main hall.

At the end of the void passage, a light shone, and Elder Shenmu, accompanied by his six guards, emerged from the passage, appearing in the sky above the nineteenth heaven.

The sky above the nineteenth heaven was deep blue, sunlight filtering through the clouds, illuminating the earth.

In the distance stretched endless mountain ranges and vast plains, with rivers meandering across the land like silver ribbons inlaid on green silk.

But Elder Shenmu had no time to appreciate the scenery.

His divine sense had spread out, covering an area of thousands of miles.

He could sense the auras emanating from all corners of the Nineteenth Heaven—the auras of human cultivators, demonic cultivators, monsters, and even gods.

His brow furrowed slightly.

The divine auras of the Nineteenth Heaven were far fewer than he had anticipated.

Especially from the direction of the Golden Crow Clan, the powerful and majestic aura that should have been there had vanished without a trace.

Wu Tianji's aura was indeed gone.

"Go to the Thunder God Clan," Elder Shenmu's voice was cold.

The six guards responded in unison, "Yes!"

Golden light shone again, and the group transformed into seven streams of light, flying towards the Thunder God Clan's territory.

The Thunder God Clan's territory is located in a region of dense lightning in the central part of the Nineteenth Heaven, where purple lightning constantly streaks across the sky, emitting a deep rumble.

This area is known as "Thunder Abyss," the Thunder God Clan's lair, which they have cultivated for tens of thousands of years.

Elder Shenmu, accompanied by his guards, landed before the Thunder God Clan's main hall. Upon seeing the golden divine markings on the newcomer's body, representing the Twentieth Heaven's main hall, the Thunder God Clan's guards' expressions changed drastically, and they immediately knelt down to pay their respects.

"Welcome, Elder of the Main Hall!"

Elder Shenmu said without speaking, striding into the main hall.

Lei Wanjun had already received the news and was standing in the main hall to greet him.

He wore a silver robe, his body wreathed in fine lightning. Seeing Elder Shenmu enter, he forced a smile, but the smile betrayed his undisguised nervousness and unease.

“Elder Shenmu, why have you come in person? You could have just sent a message, why bother…”

“Wu Tianji is dead.” Elder Shenmu interrupted him, his voice cold. “Do you know what happened?”

Lei Wanjun’s smile froze.

Of course he knew what had happened.

That day in Burial Soul Valley, he had led the Thunder God Clan in a desertion, abandoning Wu Tianji to Kai and those demonic cultivators.

Although he hadn’t directly killed Wu Tianji, he couldn’t escape responsibility for this.

“Elder Shenmu, this matter…” Sweat beaded on Lei Wanjun’s forehead, “Wu Tianji’s death has nothing to do with our Thunder God Clan.”

“Nothing to do with him?” Elder Shenmu’s gaze pierced Lei Wanjun’s face like a sharp sword. “Then tell me, how did he die?”

Lei Wanjun’s lips trembled a few times, and finally he gritted his teeth, “It was…it was Kai who killed him.”

Elder Shenmu’s brows furrowed sharply. “ Kai? Who is he?”

“A cultivator from the Daoist sect,”

Lei Wanjun said. “He ascended from the lower realm, cultivated the power of chaos, and his strength far surpasses that of his peers. A first-grade Golden Immortal can kill a peak sixth-grade Golden Immortal.

Moreover, he colluded with the demonic cultivators of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, set up an ambush in the Burial Soul Valley, and killed Wu Tianji and more than a dozen elders of the Golden Crow Clan.”

Elder Shenmu’s expression changed.

“Demon cultivators? You mean, Wu Tianji died at the hands of demon cultivators?”

“Yes…yes.”

Lei Wanjun nodded. “We went there that day too, intending to help Wu Tianji, but Kai united with over three hundred demon cultivators and surrounded Burial Soul Valley. We…we were outnumbered and had to retreat temporarily…”

“Retreat?” Elder Shenmu’s voice was as cold as ice. “You just watched Wu Tianji die at the hands of demon cultivators and then retreated?”

A mixture of shame and fear appeared on Lei Wanjun’s face. “Elder Shenmu, we really had no choice. Among the three hundred-plus demon cultivators, several were at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. If we fought them head-on, we would only be throwing our lives away…”

Elder Shenmu remained silent for a long time, his aura growing colder and colder.

“What about the people from the Holy Light Palace?”

“They…they also retreated…” Lei Wanjun’s voice trailed off. “The situation that day was just too dangerous…”

Elder Shenmu closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

“A Daoist cultivator, in league with demonic cultivators, killed my divine race’s patriarch in the nineteenth heaven?”

His voice carried an intense, suppressed rage. “Good, very good. It seems these demonic cultivators have forgotten how they dealt with us in the twentieth heaven.”

He opened his eyes, a cold killing intent flashing in his golden pupils.

“Where is that Kai now?”

Lei Wanjun shook his head. “I don’t know. After killing Wu Tianji, he disappeared into the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. We sent people to look for him, but the demonic cultivators’ territory is too vast, and they are extremely wary of our divine race; we can’t infiltrate them at all.”

“Then investigate.” Elder Shenmu’s voice carried an unquestionable authority. “Mobilize all divine race forces in the nineteenth heaven to track down Kai’s whereabouts. I don’t care what methods you use, you must find him.”

“Yes!” Lei Wanjun bowed.

Elder Shenmu turned around, walked to the main hall entrance, and gazed at the distant sky, his golden eyes flashing with a cold light.

“There’s one more thing.”

“Elder Shenmu, please speak.”

“The demonic cultivators dared to attack the divine race; this matter cannot be left unresolved.” Elder Shenmu’s voice was icy cold. “Immediately issue a bounty in the name of the Nineteenth Heaven Divine Race.”

“A bounty?”

“Yes.” Elder Shenmu turned to look at Lei Wanjun. “The bounty is simple—exchange a demon’s head for a divine golden core. The higher the demon’s cultivation level, the higher the grade of the golden core.”

Lei Wanjun’s pupils contracted sharply.

A divine golden core is the core of a divine cultivator’s cultivation.

A single divine golden core can greatly increase a cultivator’s cultivation level.

However, refining a divine golden core requires a large amount of resources and profound alchemy techniques; only the main hall of the divine race in the twentieth heaven has the capacity to refine them on a large scale.

Exchanging demon heads for divine golden cores—this is tantamount to wiping out all the demon cultivators of the nineteenth heaven!

“Elder Shenmu, isn’t this…isn’t this too ruthless?”

Lei Wanjun’s voice hesitated. “The demonic cultivators of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm are powerful. If they join forces to resist, our divine race’s power in the Nineteenth Heaven…”

“Resist?” Elder Shenmu sneered. “If they dare to resist, we can wipe them all out in one fell swoop. If they don’t dare to resist, they’ll be killed one by one. No matter the outcome, the demonic cultivators of the Nineteenth Heaven will be completely wiped out. This is called killing two birds with one stone.”

“Besides, can they resist all the cultivators of the Nineteenth Heaven? When those humans and beastmen see the bounty, will they just stand by and watch the demonic cultivators go unpunished?”

Cold sweat beaded on Lei Wanjun’s forehead.

Although he was Lei… Soon, everyone in the Nineteenth Heaven received the same order:

a bounty.

The content was simple, yet bloody: exchange the heads of demons for divine golden cores.

The higher the demon's cultivation level, the higher the grade of the golden core.

This bounty was like a boulder thrown into a calm lake, instantly creating a massive upheaval in the Nineteenth Heaven.

All the divine cultivators were in an uproar.

Divine golden cores were something every divine cultivator dreamed of.

They were the most valuable resource for cultivation.

And now, all it took was killing a demon cultivator to obtain a divine golden core.

It was like a windfall!

"Kill demon cultivators for golden cores! Quick! To the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm!"

"A demon cultivator at the third rank of the Golden Immortal realm, exchanged for a third-rank golden core! I've wanted a third-rank golden core for ages!"

"What are we waiting for! Form teams! To the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm!"

The divine cultivators, like madmen, surged towards the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm in droves.

Some rogue human cultivators also joined the hunt. The gods made no restriction that only divine cultivators could exchange for Golden Cores; anyone could trade the heads of demonic cultivators for divine Golden Cores.

In an instant, the entire Nineteenth Heaven descended into madness.

The border of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, originally a desolate frontier, had become a battlefield.

Hunting parties composed of divine cultivators and rogue human cultivators swarmed into the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm like locusts, searching everywhere for the whereabouts of demonic cultivators.

Upon encountering a demonic cultivator, they were killed on the spot without hesitation, their heads severed and stuffed into storage bags before excitedly running to the divine strongholds to exchange for Golden Cores.

The demonic cultivators were caught completely off guard.

Although they knew the gods would retaliate, they hadn't expected the retaliation to come so quickly and so ruthlessly.

On the first day the bounty was issued, hundreds of demonic cultivators were killed on the outskirts of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, their heads severed and exchanged for Golden Cores in the hands of the gods.

In the city lord's mansion of Yinshan City, Mo Yuan sat in his study, his face so grim it seemed to drip water.

Before him lay a newly arrived intelligence report, filled with shocking figures: nearly two thousand demonic cultivators had been killed in a single day on the outskirts of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, including over three hundred at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

These were the backbone of the demonic cultivators…

“A bounty…” Mo Yuan’s voice was hoarse. “What a bounty! The Divine Race is trying to exterminate us demonic cultivators.”

An elder stood beside him, his face full of worry. “City Lord, what do we do? There are too many Divine Race cultivators and human rogues; we can’t defend against them at all. And their targets aren’t just the border; several teams have already penetrated deep into the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm…”

Mo Yuan remained silent for a long time.

“Pass down the order: all demonic cultivators must consolidate their defenses and concentrate in their respective cities. Do not venture out alone. Strengthen city defenses, set up defensive formations, and kill any hunting teams attempting to approach the cities.”

“Yes!”

The elder turned and ran out.

Mo Yuan stood up, walked to the window, and gazed at the gray sky outside, his eyes flashing with complex emotions.

The Divine Race was determined to annihilate the demonic cultivators of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. With the bounty order issued, all the cultivators of the Nineteenth Heaven had become their tools; the Divine Race didn’t need to lift a finger, someone would kill for them.

This method was too ruthless.

“Mr. Chen…” Mo Yuan murmured softly, “Where are you now?”

…

Meanwhile, at Flame Demon Ridge.

Yan Lie also received news of the bounty order.

He sat in his seat in the main hall, looking at the intelligence report in his hand. His aged face was expressionless, but the knuckles of his hand holding the report were slightly white.

“Wanted… a demon’s head for a god’s golden core…” Yan Lie put down the intelligence report and slowly spoke, “The gods have gone mad.”

Yan Ming stood below, his face filled with resentment, “Lord of the Ridge, the gods have gone too far! Yesterday, more than a dozen of our Flame Demon Ridge disciples who went out on patrol were killed! Their heads were cut off and replaced with a god’s golden core!”

Yan Lie was silent for a moment, “Tell all disciples that no one is allowed to leave Flame Demon Ridge without my order. The mountain gates are tightly closed, the formations are fully activated, and no one is allowed to enter or leave.”

“Yes!”

Yan Ming turned and ran out.

Yan Lie sat in his seat, looking at the flickering flames in the hall, a complex light flashing in his aged eyes.

Kai, what exactly did you do?

You killed Wu Tianji, but the gods’ revenge fell on the entire Southern Wilderness Demon Domain.

He didn’t know whether to hate Kai or pity him.

But in any case, this storm could not be easily quelled.

…

At the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors, the huge void rift hung silently beneath the deep purple sky like an ancient, sleepless eye.

A violent spatial current surged within the crack, emitting a low, rumbling sound like the breath of an ancient behemoth, each surge carrying a chilling sense of oppression.

Kai stood on the icy plain, his gray robes fluttering in the cold wind, his long black hair billowing in the breeze.

He looked up at the crack, his purple eyes flashing with unwavering determination.

Su Yuqi was inside.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her icy blue eyes filled with worry, but she did not stop him.

She knew that Kai and others had waited far too long for this day.

He would not stop anyone who stood in his way.

Xuan Zhenzi stood behind, his back hunched, a withered blade of grass dangling from his mouth, appearing leisurely, but his eyes remained fixed on the crack, a hint of solemnity in them.

Although he loved to boast, what danger hadn't he seen in all his years of life?

Even he felt a chill run down his spine from the aura emanating from the crack.

The young Taoist boy squatted on the ice stone, his hands supporting his chin, curiously examining the crack.

Yan Feng stood at the very back; he was Yan Lie's disciple, and his mission to lead the way had been completed.

He was preparing to bid farewell to Kai and return to Yanmo Ridge to report back.

But at that moment, his expression suddenly changed.

A communication jade talisman in his robes suddenly lit up.

It was an emergency communication jade talisman used within Yanmo Ridge, activated only in the event of a major upheaval.

Yan Feng quickly took out the jade talisman and probed it with his divine sense. Then, his body suddenly stiffened, and his face instantly turned deathly pale.

“What’s wrong?” Jiang Xuelan noticed Yan Feng’s abnormality and asked.

Yan Feng’s lips trembled, and the fingers holding the jade talisman shook slightly.

His eyes were wide open, his pupils churning with a complex mix of shock, anger, and grief.

“The bounty…”

Yan Feng’s voice was hoarse, each word seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth, “The Divine Race has issued a bounty… exchanging the heads of demons for the golden cores of the Divine Race… cultivators throughout the Nineteenth Heaven are killing demon cultivators… nearly two thousand people have already been slaughtered on the outskirts of the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain… more than a dozen of my Yanmo Ridge disciples have also been killed…”

Jiang Xuelan’s expression changed.

Xuan Zhenzi also dropped his playful expression, his brows furrowing.

Kai stopped in his tracks. He turned around, looking at Yan Feng, a solemn light flashing in his dark eyes.

“When did this happen?”

“Just these past few days…”

Yan Feng’s voice was filled with suppressed grief and indignation. “The Divine Race sent an elder down from the twentieth heaven to investigate Wu Tianji’s death and then issued a bounty.

Now all the cultivators in the nineteenth heaven have gone mad, hunting down demonic cultivators… The City Lord of Yinshan City, Mo Yuan, issued an emergency notice, ordering all demonic cultivators to withdraw their defenses… but the demonic cultivators on the outer perimeter didn’t have time to retreat, and more than two thousand have already been killed…”

He gripped the jade talisman tightly, his fingers turning white from the force, his knuckles cracking.

“My disciples from Yanmo Ridge, the dozen or so who went out on patrol yesterday, are all dead… their heads have been cut off…”

Kai fell silent.

A strong sense of self-reproach welled up in his heart.

He killed Wu Tianji, he planned the ambush at Burial Soul Valley, and he let those Divine Race cultivators go.

If it weren’t for him, the Divine Race wouldn’t have sent an elder down to the mortal realm, wouldn’t have issued a bounty, the more than two thousand demonic cultivators on the outer perimeter of the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain wouldn’t have died, and the dozen or so disciples of Yanmo Ridge wouldn’t have died.

Those demonic cultivators, were … “Go back.”

Kai's voice was calm, but carried an undeniable firmness. "We're going to save them."

Yan Feng was stunned. "Go…go back? Mr. Chen, the journey back to the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm from here is hundreds of thousands of miles. Even traveling at full speed, it will take several days. By the time we get back, the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm will probably have been completely slaughtered…"

"No need to rush." Kai raised his hand, and with a flash of light, a small black pagoda appeared in his palm.

The Demon-Suppressing Pagoda.

The pagoda was entirely black, covered with densely packed ancient runes, each rune slowly shimmering with silver light.

The pagoda was small, only the size of a palm, but the aura it emitted was extremely profound, as if containing endless power of space and time.

Xuanzhenzi's eyes widened in shock. "This…this is the Demon-Suppressing Tower? Mr. Chen, you actually possess such a thing?"

Kai nodded. "The Demon-Suppressing Tower can traverse space; all you need is the coordinates."

"Although I haven't fully mastered this ability, I can still traverse within the same world. I've been to the Flame Demon Ridge; the spatial imprint is already left in the Demon-Suppressing Tower. We can teleport directly back."

Yan Feng's pupils contracted sharply, a look of disbelief flashing in his eyes.

Space-time travel?

This was beyond the comprehension of a Golden Immortal cultivator.

Only those at the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm or higher were qualified to touch the laws of space-time.

And Kai, a mere first-grade Golden Immortal cultivator, could actually achieve space-time travel with a magic weapon?

But at this moment, he had no time to question, no time to be shocked.

“Mr. Chen, you mean…you can take us directly back to the Flame Demon Ridge?” Yan Feng’s voice was tinged with excitement.

“Yes.” Kai nodded. “And we can bring all the people from Yanmo Ridge here.”

He turned around, looking at the huge void rift. “The space around the entrance to the Emperor’s Fall Land is relatively stable. If we bring the people from Yanmo Ridge here, those who hunt demonic cultivators won’t dare to chase us in.

Cultivators below the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm are just going to their deaths if they enter the Emperor’s Fall Land, and most of the hunters are below the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. Once they’re inside the Emperor’s Fall Land, they’ll be safe.”

“What about City Lord Mo Yuan and the other demonic cultivators?” Jiang Xuelan asked. “Yinshan City is also besieged, as are the demonic cultivators from other cities in the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain…”

“One at a time.”

Kai’s voice was calm. “Although the Demon Suppression Tower has strong traversal capabilities, it can only transport a limited number of people at a time. I’ll go back to Yanmo Ridge first, bring City Lord Yan Lie and all his disciples here, and then go to Yinshan City to find Mo Yuan and pick them up from the other demonic cultivators.”

He took a deep breath, and chaotic power surged from his body, flowing into the Demon Suppression Tower in his palm.

The black tower began to glow, silver runes rapidly flowing across its surface, releasing intense spatial fluctuations.

The surrounding space began to distort, the air rippling like water, emitting a buzzing sound.

“Stand by my side, all of you,” Kai said.

Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, the little Daoist boy, and Yan Feng immediately moved to Kai’s side, forming a circle. Chen

Ping closed his eyes, his divine sense probing into the Demon-Suppressing Tower, sensing the spatial imprint he had left behind.

The aura of the Flame Demon Ridge lingered within the tower.

“Go!”

The gray chaotic power merged with the silver light of the tower, a pillar of light shooting upwards from the tower’s tip, enveloping Kai and the others.

The surrounding space violently distorted, like a shattered mirror, light and shadow intertwining, the scene blurring.

The next moment, the light vanished, and Kai and the others disappeared from their spot.

The icy plain was empty, only the enormous void rift still hung silently in the sky, emitting a low rumble.

…

Flame Demon Ridge, the plaza in front of the main hall.

At this moment, a tense and deadly atmosphere pervaded Flame Demon Ridge.

The mountain gates were tightly shut, and the protective array was fully activated. A dark red spiritual energy barrier, like an inverted giant bowl, completely enveloped the entire mountain range.

Countless fiery runes flowed across the barrier, releasing a scorching aura.

Even so, hunters still lingered outside the mountain gates.

Dozens of cultivators dressed in robes of various colors gathered outside the Flame Demon Ridge gates. Some were enveloped in golden divine light, some were rogue human cultivators, and some wore animal skins and rode demonic beasts.

Their eyes gleamed with greed as they stared intently at the Flame Demon Ridge gates, as if waiting for an opportunity.

“Flame Demon Ridge’s demon bastards, come out if you dare!”

“What kind of skill is it to hide inside like a coward?”

“Sooner or later, we’ll break your turtle shells and cut your heads off one by one!”

Various shouts and curses echoed from outside the mountain gates, reverberating throughout the Flame Demon Ridge.

In the main hall, Yan Lie sat in the main seat, his aged face filled with weariness and solemnity.

The table before him was piled high with various intelligence reports—some from other cities pleading for help, some from scouts at the front, and some from casualty reports from various departments.

Each number represented a life lost.

“Lord, the number of hunters gathering outside the mountain gate is increasing,”

Yan Ming said, his face ashen. “And even more hunters are on their way. Our protective array, though sturdy, cannot hold indefinitely. If the main hall of the Divine Race in the twentieth heaven sends even stronger experts…”

“I know,” Yan Lie’s voice was hoarse, “but we have no other choice now. Issue the order to tighten the defenses; no one is allowed to leave. Activate the full array; hold out for as long as possible.”

“Yes!”

Just as Yan Ming was about to turn around, a loud bang suddenly echoed across the plaza.

Bang—

a flash of light, and a gray pillar of light descended from the sky, landing on the plaza in front of the main hall, stirring up dust and rubble.

The light faded, revealing several figures.

It was Kai, Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, the young Daoist boy, and Yan Feng.

Yan Lie suddenly stood up, his aged eyes filled with shock and confusion.

“Mr. Chen? Why are you back? Didn’t you go to the Land of Fallen Emperors?”

Kai strode into the main hall, his dark eyes filled with urgency. “Lord of the Ridge, things have changed. The Divine Race has issued a bounty to slaughter all the demonic cultivators in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. This matter started because of me, and I must save you all.”

Yan Lie's expression changed. "Save us? How? Mr. Chen, how many people do you have? Even with Senior Xuanzhenzi, you only have a few. There are at least dozens of hunters outside, and their numbers are constantly increasing..."

"No need to fight them." Kai raised his hand, and the Demon-Suppressing Tower appeared in his palm. "I'll use the Demon-Suppressing Tower to take you away. To the Land of Fallen Emperors, to temporarily escape the pursuit."

Yan Lie's pupils contracted sharply. "The Demon-Suppressing Tower? The legendary spacetime magic treasure?"

"Time is of the essence, I don't have time to explain too much." Kai's voice was calm. "Lord of the Ridge, immediately summon all the disciples and clansmen of the Flame Demon Ridge to the plaza. I'll take you away from here."

Yan Lie looked at the Demon-Suppressing Tower in Kai's hand, feeling the profound spacetime power emanating from it. He gritted his teeth and finally made up his mind.

"Good! I believe you!"

He turned and shouted towards the outside of the main hall, "Yan Ming! Pass down the order! All disciples and clansmen, assemble immediately in the main hall square! No mistakes allowed! Those who disobey will be expelled from Yanmo Ridge!"

Although Yan Ming didn't understand what was happening, seeing his lord's decisiveness, he immediately bowed and replied, "Yes!"

In less than half an hour, all the disciples and clansmen of Yanmo Ridge had assembled in the main hall square.

A dense crowd, men and women, young and old, numbered at least several thousand.

Their faces showed tension and confusion, not knowing what had happened. Kai stood at the front of the crowd, raising the Demon –

Suppressing Tower, and chaotic power surged into its body.

The black tower began to glow, and silver runes moved across its surface like living things, releasing increasingly intense spatial fluctuations. “Everyone, enter the gate of light one by one!” Kai’s voice clearly reached everyone’s ears. “Don’t crowd, don’t panic, one at a time!”

Yan Lie stood at the front of the crowd and shouted to the disciples behind him, “Listen to Mr. Chen! Enter the gate of light! Quickly!”

Although the disciples were filled with doubts, seeing their leader personally leading the way, they mustered their courage and walked towards the gate of light one by one.

The gate of light was like a giant maw that devoured everything, swallowing up those who entered.

In a flash of light, their figures disappeared from their original spots and were teleported to the icy plains near the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors.

Xuanzhenzi stood beside Kai, watching the demonic cultivators walk through the portal one by one, and couldn’t help but click his tongue. “Mr. Chen, your magic weapon is too powerful. In all my years, this is the first time I’ve seen a spacetime magic weapon that can teleport thousands of people at the same time.”

“The spacetime power of the Demon Suppression Tower is very strong, but each teleportation requires a large amount of chaotic power to maintain,”

Kai’s voice carried a hint of fatigue. “I can’t sustain it too many times on my own. When we go to Yinshan City to pick up Mo Yuan and the others, we might need your help to inject spiritual power.”

“No problem! Leave it to me!” Xuanzhenzi patted his chest. “I may not have much else, but I have enough spiritual power!”

After the last batch of Yanmo Ridge disciples walked through the portal, Kai put away the Demon Suppression Tower and turned to look at the hunters gathering in the distance.

The hunters saw that the protective array of Yanmo Ridge had suddenly disappeared, and then saw a huge portal open in the square. They looked at each other in confusion, not knowing what had happened.

“They’re trying to escape!”

“Quick! Stop them!”

“Don’t let them get away!”

The hunters charged forward frantically, but Kai, along with Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, and the little Daoist boy, had already activated the Demon Suppression Tower’s teleportation ability again.

A gray pillar of light shot into the sky, enveloping the figures within. After a flash of light, they disappeared from their spot, leaving a group of hunters who had come up empty-handed, standing in the empty square, their faces blank.

…

Yinshan City.

At this moment, Yinshan City was also completely surrounded.

Hundreds of hunters surrounded the city, some shouting curses, some attacking the city walls, and some setting up siege weapons.

The city walls were covered with cracks and scorch marks, clearly indicating that they had undergone many fierce battles.

In the city, Mo Yuan stood on the city wall, his face pale, with blood-stained bandages wrapped around his chest.

Beside him stood a group of demonic cultivators, each with weariness and despair on their faces.

“Lord, the city walls are about to collapse!” a demonic cultivator shouted. “The western formation has been breached, and the hunters are gathering, preparing for a final assault!”

Mo Yuan gritted his teeth. “Pass down the order: everyone who can still fight, assemble at the western city wall. Hold it no matter what!”

“Yes!”

Just then, a gray beam of light descended from the sky and landed on the city wall.

As the light faded, Kai, Jiang Xuelan, Xuanzhenzi, and the young Daoist appeared before them.

Mo Yuan was taken aback at first, then a hint of surprise flashed in his eyes. “Mr. Chen? Why are you back?”

Kai looked at the wounds on Mo Yuan’s body, then at the dense swarm of hunters below the city, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

“I’ve come to take you away. Lord Mo Yuan, gather all the demonic cultivators who can move. I’ll take you away from here.”

“Leave? Where to?”

“The Land of Fallen Emperors,” Kai said. “It’s safe there; the hunters won’t dare to pursue us there.”

A complex light flashed in Mo Yuan’s eyes, but he did not hesitate.

“Alright! I trust you!”

He turned around and shouted to the demonic cultivators in the city, “Everyone! Retreat to the city center square! Quickly!”

Although the demonic cultivators didn’t know what was happening, seeing their city lord’s decisiveness, they all sprang into action.

In less than a quarter of an hour, all the demonic cultivators who could still move had gathered in the square.

Kai once again summoned the Demon-Suppressing Tower, and chaotic power surged into its body, opening the gray light gate again.

“Go in! Quickly!”

Mo Yuan led the demonic cultivators into the light gate one by one, their figures disappearing into the light.

After the last person entered the light gate, Kai put away the Demon-Suppressing Tower, looking at the hunters who had already broken through the city walls and swarmed in, a cold smile curving his lips.

“We can’t catch up.”

The gray light pillar lit up again, and Kai and the others disappeared from the city walls, leaving behind a group of hunters who had come up empty-handed, standing in the empty city, their faces full of astonishment and anger.

Over the next two days, Kai, relying on the space-time travel ability of the Demon Suppression Tower, traveled to various cities and settlements

in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm, teleporting the scattered demon cultivators one by one to the icy plains near the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors. The remaining disciples of the Yin Demon lineage, lone demon cultivators scattered in the wilderness, and demonic forces trapped in various cities... tens of thousands of demon cultivators were continuously sent to the icy plains through the light gates of the Demon Suppression Tower.

Near the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors, the once empty icy plains were now densely packed with demon cultivators.

They wore robes of various colors, varied in age and cultivation level, but each face bore the relief of surviving a calamity and a complex expression.

Some knelt on the ground, thanking the heavens; some hugged each other, weeping bitterly; some gazed at the huge void rift in the sky, their eyes filled with confusion and unease.

Yan Lie stood at the forefront of the crowd, looking at the densely packed demon cultivators before him, his aged eyes flashing with complex light.

He had lived for tens of thousands of years and had never seen so many demonic cultivators gathered together, nor had he ever imagined that they would one day come together in this way.

Mo Yuan stood beside him, his chest bandaged, his face still pale, but his spirits were much better than before.

He looked at Kai, his eyes filled with gratitude and admiration.

“Mr. Chen, if it weren’t for you this time… we demonic cultivators would probably have been wiped out.”

Kai shook his head. “I’ve implicated you. If I hadn’t killed Wu Tianji, the Divine Race wouldn’t have sent an elder to the mortal realm, and wouldn’t have issued a bounty. The root of this calamity you suffered is me.”

Mo Yuan was silent for a moment. “Mr. Chen, you don’t need to blame yourself. Wu Tianji wanted to kill you, and it was only right for you to kill him.

The Divine Race’s revenge wasn’t because of you alone, but because they couldn’t tolerate us demonic cultivators in the first place. Even without you, the Divine Race would have attacked us sooner or later. It’s just…”

He sighed, “I just didn’t expect it to come so quickly.”

Kai looked at the densely packed demonic cultivators before him, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes.

“While the Land of Fallen Emperors is safe, it’s not a long-term solution. You can’t stay here forever. I’ll think of a way to help you rebuild your homes once we resolve the bounty on the gods’ heads.”

Yan Lie stepped forward. “Mr. Chen, you’ve already helped us so much. We’ll figure things out ourselves from now on. Aren’t you going to find your wife?”

Kai nodded. “Once you’re settled, I’ll go to the Land of Fallen Emperors.”

He turned around, looking at the massive void rift in the sky, his purple eyes… The biting winds across the icy plains never ceased, carrying the chilling intensity unique to the far north, like an invisible blade cutting into everyone’s faces.

Kai stood before the demonic cultivators, his grey robes fluttering in the wind, his long black hair flying wildly.

His gaze swept over the densely packed figures before him, a deep contemplation in his purple eyes.

He had brought here every demonic cultivator he could find in the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm.

Thousands from Flame Demon Ridge, hundreds of elites from Yin Mountain City, lone demonic cultivators scattered throughout the wilderness, the remaining disciples of the Yin Demon lineage… nearly ten thousand in total, standing a dark mass on the icy plains, like a silent forest, casting long shadows in the moonlight.

But they were only temporarily safe.

Kai knew this better than anyone. Those hunters would not give up.

The bounty was still on, the allure of the Divine Race's Golden Core remained, and those cultivators blinded by greed, like sharks smelling blood, would eventually follow the scent to this place.

Although the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors is dangerous, there are always those who are fearless enough to venture in.

Moreover, since the main hall of the Divine Race in the twentieth heaven has sent an elder down to the mortal realm, it's impossible that they would stop after issuing only a bounty.

They must have other plans, and they must be brewing even more ruthless methods.

"Mr. Chen," Mo Yuan walked to his side, the bandage on his chest had been replaced with a new one, but his face was still as pale as paper, and his voice was weak, "When do you plan to enter the Land of Fallen Emperors?"

Kai was silent for a moment, his purple eyes staring at the huge void rift in the sky, as if trying to see something deeper through the surging spatial turbulence.

Then he spoke, his voice soft yet unwavering: "Now."

Mo Yuan's brow furrowed sharply. "Now? We've just settled in, everything's not even settled yet. You're leaving now…"

"Precisely because you've just settled in, I need to get in as soon as possible."

Kai turned to look at him, his voice calm yet carrying undeniable weight. "The Land of Fallen Emperors might contain resources, cultivation techniques or pills that can rapidly increase a demonic cultivator's strength. If I can find some, it will be good for you. And…"

He raised his head, looking again at the void rift, a complex light flashing in his purple eyes, "Yuqi might be inside, we can't wait any longer."

Mo Yuan looked into his eyes, opened his mouth as if to say something, but ultimately only sighed and nodded. “Then Mr. Chen, be careful. If needed, we can help at any time.”

“You all stay outside and keep watch,” Kai said. “Don’t let anyone approach the entrance to the rift. If you find a large gathering of hunters, lead everyone to retreat to a safe distance. Wait for me to come out.”

Mo Yuan nodded heavily. “Okay.”

Kai turned around and looked at Jiang Xuelan.

She had been standing behind him without saying a word, but her icy blue eyes were filled with worry.

She walked over and took his hand. Her palm was slightly cool, yet it carried a reassuring power.

“Be careful.” Her voice was very soft, as if afraid that a loud voice would shatter something.

“I know.” Kai squeezed her hand, feeling the warmth of her palm. “Wait for me to come back.”

He released her hand and turned to walk towards the void rift.

His gray robe fluttered in the wind, his steps firm and unwavering, each step extremely steady and heavy, as if he were trampling all his worries and anxieties underfoot.

Chaotic power surged from within him, and gray light enveloped his entire body, like an invisible armor.

Spatial turbulence surged towards him, like countless sharp blades trying to tear him apart.

But the power of chaos is the source of all laws; before it, the raging spatial turbulence was like a docile sheep, giving way and daring not to touch him in the slightest.

Kai passed through the crack and disappeared into the surging light.

The crack slowly closed behind him, completely swallowing his figure.

On the icy plain, Jiang Xuelan stared at the direction he had disappeared,

her gaze lingering for a long time. Moonlight shone on her, casting a long shadow.

Xuan Zhenzi walked over, patted her shoulder, a withered blade of grass dangling from his mouth, his voice as carefree as ever, “Don’t worry, Mr. Chen is a tough guy.

I’ve lived for so many years and seen countless people, but he’s the first one with such a tough life.

Although this Land of Fallen Emperors is dangerous, judging from his appearance, he’s not destined for a short life.”

Jiang Xuelan didn’t turn around, but simply said softly, “I know. But I’m still worried.”

Xuan Zhenzi sighed and said nothing more.

…

The Land of Fallen Emperors.

Kai appeared in that gray void.

The surrounding scenery was exactly the same as before.

There was no ground beneath his feet, no sky above his head, only endless nothingness stretching in all directions, seemingly without end.

Various strange substances floated in the void.

Fragments of shattered stars shimmered with dim light, solidified light was like threads frozen in amber, and torn fragments of laws emitted a colorful halo, standing out against the gray background.

The air was filled with an ancient and profound aura, the Daoist essence left behind after the fall of the Immortal Emperor, carrying a contradictory sense of extreme destruction and extreme creation intertwined. With

each breath, he could feel the pressure from ancient times, as if an invisible being was watching every intruder in the void.

Kai took a deep breath, his purple eyes scanning his surroundings.

This time, he had a clear goal:

to delve deeper into the Land of Fallen Emperors, to find Su Yuqi, and at the same time, to find resources that could enhance his strength.

He had to become stronger in the shortest amount of time, because the demonic cultivators outside were still waiting for him, and those hunters wouldn’t give him much time.

His divine sense spread out, like countless invisible tentacles, covering an area of hundreds of miles.

He could sense that many life forms were flowing in this void.

Some were cultivators, searching everywhere with greed and vigilance;

some were strange creatures formed from the fall of the Immortal Emperor, exuding an ancient and dangerous aura;

and there were some indescribable beings, like lingering obsessions in the void, without physical form, yet chilling to the bone.

He chose the direction with the densest aura, his figure transforming into a gray stream of light, rapidly traversing the void.

After flying for about half an hour, a gray landmass appeared ahead.

It was a massive floating island, hundreds of miles in circumference, its surface covered with dark gray rocks and gravel.

Occasionally, strange plants could be seen growing from the cracks in the rocks; these plants were transparent, emitting a pale blue fluorescence, like relics left by some ancient creature.

A thin mist shrouded the floating island, within which some runes could be faintly seen flashing—traces of the Immortal Emperor's Daoist aura.

Kai landed on the edge of the floating island, his footsteps making a soft rustling sound on the gray rocks.

His gaze swept around, seeing several tattered tents, fragments of magical artifacts and remnants of pills discarded on the sand, and arrays and defensive fortifications carved into the ground.

Someone had established a temporary camp on the edge of the Fallen Emperor's Land, and judging from the traces, they had been there for some time.

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

It seemed that someone had already gotten there first.

Before he could observe closely, several figures rushed out of the tent with lightning speed, clearly well-trained

. There were seven people in total, all with cultivation levels above the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, with the two leaders reaching the seventh rank.

They wore robes of various colors; some wore black robes embroidered with dark red patterns, some wore white robes stained with dust and blood, and some were wrapped in animal hides like wilderness hunters.

Each of them carried a magical weapon that exuded a dangerous aura—longswords, long knives, long banners, copper hammers, and iron whips, all readily available.

“Who goes there! How dare you trespass on our territory!”

the leader, a seventh-rank Golden Immortal cultivator, shouted sharply.

He was a burly middle-aged man with a scar running from his brow bone to his chin, making him look particularly fierce.

He held a blood-red longsword in his hand, the blade swirling with dark red light. These lights seemed to move like living things across the surface of the blade, emanating a chilling, bloody stench.

Kai stared at them, his dark eyes devoid of any emotion. “Your territory? When did the Land of Fallen Emperors become your territory?”

“Enough nonsense!”

another Golden Immortal Rank 7 cultivator chimed in.

He was a tall, thin man with a sinister face, wearing a black robe and holding a long black banner.

The banner was covered with countless strange runes, which blinked slowly in the dim light like numerous tiny eyes.

“We arrived at the Land of Fallen Emperors first, and all the resources here belong to us. You, a mere Golden Immortal Rank 1 junior, are lucky

to have made it this far. If you know what's good for you, get lost, or don't blame us for being impolite!"

As he finished speaking, the other five simultaneously stepped forward, their magical weapons all pointing at Kai, their killing intent pressing down like a tangible force.

The combined aura of the seven men was like an invisible mountain, attempting to crush the young man who appeared to be only a Golden Immortal Rank 1.

But Kai remained unmoved.

A cold, almost imperceptible smile curved his lips. "First-grade Golden Immortal?" he repeated the phrase, then chuckled softly, a hint of disdain in his voice. "Looks like you haven't heard of me."

"Your name?"

The burly man sneered, twirling his blood-red longsword, the red light on its blade intensifying. "What are you? You think you're worthy of our attention?"

Kai looked him in the eye and said, word by word, "My name is Kai. You can go ask Wu Tianji; he knows me."

These words were like a pebble thrown into a calm lake, instantly creating a raging storm.

The cultivators' faces paled; all their arrogance and haughtiness froze on their faces in an instant.

Wu Tianji.

The Golden Crow Clan Chief, Wu Tianji, a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

This news spread throughout the entire Nineteenth Heaven in just a few days, like wildfire, known to all.

It's said that the person who killed him was a Daoist cultivator at the first level of the Golden Immortal realm, named Kai.

It's said that this person cultivated the legendary power of chaos, and single-handedly killed Wu Tianji, a peak eighth-level Golden Immortal

, with just a sword. He also joined forces with demonic cultivators from the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm to set up a trap in the Burial Soul Valley, wiping out the elite of the Golden Crow Clan. Although many people didn't believe that a first-level Golden Immortal could kill a peak eighth-level Golden Immortal, the news was so vivid and detailed that it was hard to disbelieve.

And now, this legendary name stood before them, a first-level Golden Immortal, facing the encirclement of seven people, calm and composed, his expression unchanged.

"You…you're Kai?" The burly man's face darkened, his grip on his knife tightening slightly. "The Kai who killed Wu Tianji?"

"That's right." Kai remained calm, his posture unchanged. "Now, are you still going to stop me?"

The burly man and the tall, thin man exchanged a glance, a hint of hesitation and struggle flashing in their eyes.

They had certainly heard of Kai's fearsome reputation and knew how much blood this seemingly ordinary young man had on his hands.

But soon, greed and wishful thinking regained their advantage.

"So what if you killed Wu Tianji?"

the tall, thin man sneered. “Wu Tianji was the patriarch of the Golden Crow Clan. He died under the siege of demonic cultivators, not by you alone.

You’re just a junior at the first rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. Don’t think you can swagger in front of us just because you borrowed someone else’s reputation!”

“That’s right!” the burly man gritted his teeth and gripped his blood-red longsword tightly again. “There are seven of us, five at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm and two at the seventh rank. Are we afraid of a mere first-rank Golden Immortal brat like you? Even if you really have some skill, can you kill all seven of us by yourself?”

Kai looked at them, the smile on his face slowly fading.

A chilling coldness surged in those purple eyes, like the glaciers of the far north, devoid of any warmth. “So, you still intend to stop me?”

“Nonsense!”

The burly man abruptly raised his blood-red longsword, the dark red light on its blade suddenly surging, like a blood moon exploding on the edge.

He transformed into a blood-red afterimage, shooting towards Kai, the blade light tearing through the void with a sharp whistling sound, carrying a fierce killing intent aimed straight for Kai’s head.

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

Wherever the blood-red blade light passed, fragments of the laws in the void shattered, leaving a dark red trail in the air that lingered for a long time.

But Kai merely turned his sword to the side, drawing his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

The purple sword light, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, suddenly erupted, colliding head-on with the blood-red blade light.

At that moment, time seemed to freeze, the two lights intersecting in the void, emitting blinding light.

Boom—

A deafening roar exploded in the void, the shockwave sweeping in all directions, blasting away all the sand and rubble on the floating island.

The crimson blade light was like paper before the purple sword light, instantly disintegrating into countless tiny specks of light.

The purple sword light continued its momentum, like a sword of divine punishment, slashing down on the burly man.

Thud—The

burly man's body was cleaved in two, blood gushing out like a fountain, his internal organs spilling onto the ground, steaming on the gray rocks.

His eyes were still open, filled with shock and disbelief, as if he didn't understand how he died.

The burly man, a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, was killed with a single sword strike.

The remaining six were all dumbfounded.

They looked at their fallen companion, at the body cleaved in two, and at the still calm young man; their expressions changed from shock to fear, and then from fear to utter horror.

"One sword...one sword killed a seventh-grade Golden Immortal..."

"Run! Run!"

The remaining six people, like a flock of startled birds, turned and ran, frantically fleeing in different directions, wishing they had more legs.

But Kai wouldn't give them a chance.

His figure vanished from the spot, the seed of spatial law rapidly spinning within his body, silver and gray light intertwining into an ancient pattern beneath his feet.

His body flashed continuously in the void, each flash covering several miles, appearing like a ghost behind each deserter.

The first deserter, a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, Kai appeared behind him, the Dragon-Slaying Sword sweeping across, the sword light slicing through his neck, his head flying off, blood spurting into the sky. The second deserter,

a sixth-grade Golden Immortal, Kai appeared in front of him, the sword light piercing straight through his chest, penetrating his heart, his body crashing heavily onto the rocks.

The third, the fourth, the fifth…one sword, one kill. He was the fastest runner, already hundreds of miles away.

But Kai's figure flickered three times in succession, like a ghost traversing space, appearing before him.

The tall, thin man frantically raised his black banner, attempting to defend himself. The strange runes on the banner flickered wildly, releasing a dark barrier.

But the power of chaos was beyond his ability to withstand. The purple sword light tore through the dark barrier, striking him and cleaving his body in two.

In less than ten breaths, all six men lay in pools of blood.

Silence returned to the floating island, broken only by the howling wind through the rocks and the pervasive stench of blood.

Kai stood amidst the corpses, a few drops of blood staining his gray robe, but they were quickly evaporated by the power of chaos.

He sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, his black eyes devoid of any emotion, as if everything that had just happened was nothing more than casually brushing away a fallen leaf.

He began to loot the storage bags and rings of the cultivators.

The seven people, all at least at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, possessed resources that, while not abundant, were better than nothing.

They carried tens of thousands of high-grade crystals, some ordinary pills and magical artifacts, several jade slips containing miscellaneous cultivation techniques... and a jade slip depicting a partial map of the Fallen Emperor's Land, marking several potential locations where resources might be hidden.

Kai carefully collected all the spoils, memorized the information from the map jade slip, and continued flying deeper into the Fallen Emperor's Land.

The deeper they ventured, the more bizarre the environment became, and the more concentrated the dangers grew.

Various strange phenomena began to appear in the gray void.

In some places, enormous vortexes slowly rotated, surging with terrifying spatial power, seemingly capable of sucking everything in and crushing it to pieces;

in others, there were frozen fragments of time, where still images could be seen frozen in the air, like photographs frozen in glass, recording a moment of light and shadow from ancient times;

in still others, enormous Dao patterns appeared out of thin air, each radiating a chilling pressure.

The oppressive aura surpassed anything a Golden Immortal cultivator could comprehend; it was the residual Daoist essence of an Immortal Emperor. Even a mere trace of this essence was enough to shatter the mind and spirit of an eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

Kai traversed these dangers, carefully avoiding every deadly trap thanks to the unique attribute of the Chaos Power's "Return to the Origin of All Laws."

His divine sense continuously searched for Su Yuqi's aura, but found nothing.

It was as if an invisible barrier in the void shielded his perception of Su Yuqi.

However, he found something else.

In a void surrounded by several Immortal Emperor Daoist runes, he saw a floating boulder.

The boulder was entirely dark gold, its surface covered with densely packed ancient runes. These runes flowed slowly across the surface like living beings, emitting a pale golden light.

The spiritual energy in the void surrounding the boulder was so dense it was almost tangible; with each breath, he could feel spiritual power flowing into his body like a clear spring.

Kai flew closer to the boulder, probing it with his divine sense, and discovered that the boulder contained a large number of fragments of laws.

That was the scattered essence of Dao after the Immortal Emperor's fall, one of the most precious cultivation resources in this void.

This essence contained the Immortal Emperor's insights into the laws of heaven and earth; any cultivator who could absorb a portion would experience a tremendous boost.

Without hesitation, he sat cross-legged on the boulder, channeling his chaotic power within his body, frantically absorbing the Dao essence.

Pale golden light surged from the boulder, like golden streams, or awakened sunlight, continuously flowing into Kai's body.

His chaotic power greedily devoured this Dao essence, transforming it into nourishment, strengthening his meridians, tempering his dantian, and expanding his divine sense.

He could feel his cultivation level increasing at an astonishing speed.

The bottleneck of the first rank of the Golden Immortal realm trembled violently, like solid ice being struck by a giant hammer, developing countless cracks.

The chaotic fire in his dantian burned wildly, gray flames interspersed with pale golden spots—traces left after the Dao essence was refined.

Gray, chaotic energy surged through his meridians like roaring dragons, each flow widening and strengthening them.

Time flowed silently through the void.

The laws of spacetime in the Immortal Emperor's Land were inherently chaotic; a day here might be a year outside, or it might just be a breath.

Kai was completely immersed in cultivation, forgetting time and everything outside.

He didn't know how much time had passed—perhaps a day, perhaps ten—before he finally opened his eyes.

A dazzling light flashed in his purple eyes, like two stars that had been lit.

His aura was deeper and heavier than before, the oppressive feeling like a turbulent sea, calm on the surface but containing boundless power deep within.

Golden Immortal Realm, Second Rank.

He had broken through.

Kai slowly stood up, stretching his muscles and bones, which crackled slightly, like firecrackers exploding within him.

He clenched his fist, feeling the surging power within him, a satisfied smile curving his lips.

He could feel that his strength was at least twice as strong as before.

The power of chaos was more condensed, flowing through his meridians like liquid mercury;

the seed of the spatial law had also grown larger, its silver light shining even brighter in his dantian;

the seed of the time law had finally begun to sprout, though still very weak, but its profound fluctuations were already palpable.

“Second-grade Golden Immortal…”

Kai murmured to himself, a thoughtful glint in his purple eyes, “Now, if I encounter an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, I shouldn’t need Old Xuan’s help.”

He collected the remaining Dao essence from the boulder; the golden light transformed into a fist-sized crystal, which he stored in his storage ring.

Then he continued flying deeper into the Land of Fallen Emperors.

Deeper into the Land of Fallen Emperors, the void was even more chaotic, and the dangers were greater, but Kai still couldn't find any trace of Su Yuqi.

A sense of unease began to rise in his heart.

Had she already left?

Or had she encountered some unforeseen danger?

Just as he was about to continue deeper, a violent fluctuation of spiritual energy suddenly came from afar.

Someone was fighting.

The fluctuations were extremely intense, like two stars colliding in the sky. Each clash unleashed a terrifying shockwave, which could be clearly felt even from a great distance.

Kai suddenly accelerated, rushing towards the direction of the battle at full speed.

The closer he got, the more intense the fluctuations of spiritual energy became. The air was filled with chaotic waves of energy, a mixture of scorching flames and chilling divine pressure.

He could sense that both sides in the battle were incredibly powerful.

There were two Golden Immortals at the eighth rank, their auras thick and sharp, like two unsheathed divine swords;

and another Golden Immortal at the seventh rank, but this aura was extremely unique, filled with scorching and violent power, like a volcano about to erupt, struggling to hold on against two opponents.

That Golden Immortal aura gave Kai a strange sense of familiarity.

That feeling surged through his body like an electric current, making the hairs on his body stand on end.

His heart pounded faster.

That aura... although it had become countless times stronger, although it possessed a strange sharpness...He quickened his pace, his gray figure flashing through the void like lightning tearing through the darkness. He activated the laws of space at full power, each blink covering dozens of miles as he raced madly towards the battle.

When he finally saw the battlefield, the sight before him caused his pupils to contract sharply, his heart gripped as if by an invisible hand.

In the void ahead, three figures were locked in fierce combat.

The aftershocks of the battle shattered all the surrounding fragments of law, filling the void with countless spatial cracks, like a shattered mirror.

Two of the figures wore golden robes, emanating a rich divine aura—the sacred pressure unique to divine bloodlines.

Both were at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm. One wielded a golden longsword, its blade crackling with dazzling divine light;

the other a golden halberd, its tip crackled with golden lightning.

Their attacks were fierce and ruthless, their coordination perfect, like the left and right hands of a single person, relentlessly suppressing the third figure.

And that third figure was a woman.

She wore a fiery red dress, the hem billowing in the battle like flames dancing in the wind.

Her long hair flew through the air, each strand glowing with a scorching light, like burning threads of fire.

She was surrounded by intense flames, a dark red light enveloping her like armor, radiating a chilling aura of heat. Her cultivation was

at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but the power of her flames was extremely special, containing some ancient and powerful bloodline force.

It was the state of her Fire Spirit Body after it was fully activated, a return to its original state, pure and domineering.

Su Yuqi.

Kai recognized her at a glance.

Her face had become more mature and aloof, her brows displaying an unprecedented determination and resolve, completely different from the gentle, smiling woman he remembered.

But those eyes, those dark red eyes, still held the familiar stubbornness and unyielding spirit.

But at this moment, her situation was extremely dangerous.

She bore numerous wounds; her fiery red dress was torn in several places, revealing burned and cut skin beneath, blood sizzling as it seeped from the wounds.

A trace of blood clung to the corner of her mouth, her face was ashen, her breathing rapid and heavy, her chest heaving violently, clearly indicating she had been enduring for a long time.

The two eighth-grade Golden Immortal cultivators, however, seemed to be handling the situation with ease, their attacks relentless like a tidal wave, giving Su Yuqi no chance to catch her breath.

They attacked while laughing and joking, their tone mocking like a cat playing with a mouse.

“Little wench, just surrender obediently! You’re only a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, and you’ve fought us for so long, that’s impressive enough, but it ends here.”

The cultivator wielding the golden longsword spoke with a frivolous laugh, the sword flashing in his hand, each strike forcing Su Yuqi to retreat.

“Your fire spirit body is indeed quite impressive, haha. Once I capture you, I’ll extract your soul to refine a top-quality pill.”

The cultivator wielding the golden halberd gleamed with greed in his eyes. “A fire spirit’s soul is an excellent material for alchemy. I’ve been searching for so many years, and I’ve finally found one!”

“As for your physical body…”

Another cultivator licked his lips, a lewd glint in his eyes. “Since we’ve already taken your soul, your body is wasted. Let’s have a good time first. A seventh-grade Golden Immortal with a fire spirit body—I’ve never tasted anything like that in my life!”

“Don’t rush, don’t rush. Let’s wait until she’s exhausted. This little wench is fierce; don’t let her bite you in her dying moments.”

Su Yuqi gritted her teeth, her dark red eyes surging with anger and killing intent.

The flames around her surged again, and a dark red light suddenly shone brightly as she attempted a final, desperate fight.

But her spiritual power was almost depleted, and the flames were noticeably dimmer than before, like a candle flickering in the wind, ready to be extinguished at any moment.

Seeing this, Kai felt a surge of killing intent erupt from his dantian, rushing to the top of his head like an uncontrollable volcanic eruption.

His eyes turned icy cold, his purple pupils churning with overwhelming killing intent, condensing into an invisible layer of chilling aura around him. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword emitted a low hum in its sheath, its blade trembling violently, as if echoing the surging killing intent in its master's heart, yearning to drink blood.

Those two divine cultivators must die.

He was about to rush out, but in the instant he moved, another figure was faster than him.

A dark blue-green light shot out from the other side of the void, like a lightning bolt tearing through the heavens and earth, its speed reaching its limit, even leaving a lingering afterimage in the void.

That figure instantly landed in front of Su Yuqi, the dark blue-green light unfolding like a barrier, blocking all attacks.

It was a young man, dressed in a dark blue robe embroidered with ancient demonic totems, each pattern slowly shimmering with a dark light.

His face was cold and resolute, his brows displaying a composure and majesty beyond his years, his eyes like unfathomable abysses.

His cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but he was surrounded by an extremely peculiar aura.

It was the aura of the Demonic Fire, profound and domineering, seemingly capable of incinerating everything in the world, carrying a destructive power from the ancient primordial era.

He stood before Su Yuqi, his arms outstretched, the dark blue flames around him forming an invisible barrier, protecting Su Yuqi completely behind him.

The flames were extremely deep in color, like blue flames burning within black magma, radiating a suffocating heat that even slightly distorted the void itself.

Upon seeing the newcomer, Su Yuqi's dark red eyes flashed with surprise, her voice trembling slightly: "Junior Brother!"

Kai's steps halted abruptly, as if nailed to the spot by an invisible sword.

Junior Brother?

He recognized the person.

Ning Zhi.

Kai was slightly taken aback, not expecting Ning Zhi to appear.

Wasn't Ning Zhi in seclusion?

Could he be in seclusion in this Land of Fallen Emperors?

Moreover, he was already at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm; this guy's talent was indeed remarkable.

Ning Zhi glanced at Kai, his gaze calm, devoid of hostility or indifference, surprise or doubt, only an extreme tranquility.

Yet, this calm gaze sent chills down Kai's spine.

Ning Zhi's composure was becoming increasingly stable.

He wasn't as irritable, easily angered, or impulsive as before.

Kai wasn't afraid of Ning Zhi in the past; Ning Zhi had always been his defeated opponent.

But now, Ning Zhi's calmness made Kai somewhat afraid. The more intelligent an enemy was, the more troublesome they were.

Brainless villains were the easiest to deal with.

Ning Zhi withdrew his gaze from Kai and turned to the two eighth-grade Golden Immortal cultivators of the Divine Race.

His voice was very calm, as if he were discussing something insignificant...

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The two divine cultivators were stunned for a moment, then burst into wild laughter.

The laughter echoed in the void, filled with disdain and mockery.

“Hahaha! Did you hear that? This brat told us to commit suicide!”

The cultivator wielding the golden longsword laughed so hard he almost fell over. “A mere seventh-grade Golden Immortal dares to put on airs in front of us? You’re tired of living!”

“You even brought reinforcements?” The other cultivator pointed his halberd at Kai in the distance. “A second-grade Golden Immortal trash, plus you, a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, think you can challenge two eighth-grade Golden Immortals? Don’t you know the meaning of death?”

“Little wench, is this the reinforcements you called? They’re too pathetic!”

Ning Zhi watched them laugh wildly, his expression unchanged, as if wearing a mask without emotion.

“Are you done laughing?” His voice remained calm, but a chilling undertone had crept in. “Since you don’t want to commit suicide, then I’ll send you on your way.”

He raised his right hand, a ball of dark blue flame surging from his palm.

The flames were an incredibly deep color, like karmic fire drawn from the depths of hell, radiating a suffocating aura of destruction.

The moment the flames appeared, the surrounding space began to distort violently. Even the fragments of laws in the void were scorched by the flames, sizzling and dissipating into wisps of smoke.

The smiles of the two divine cultivators froze on their faces.

They sensed an unprecedented threat from that flame, a threat that transcended the difference in realms, a primal fear from the depths of their bloodlines.

The power contained within the flames exceeded the scope expected of a seventh-grade Golden Immortal, even causing them, both eighth-grade Golden Immortals, to feel a slight tremor in their hearts.

“Playing tricks!” The divine cultivator wielding the golden longsword gritted his teeth and unleashed a fierce slash, “Die!”

The golden sword light, like a roaring golden dragon, tore through the void with destructive power, slashing towards Ning Zhi.

Where the sword light passed, deep cracks were left in space, the golden divine light intertwining with the darkness in the void, bursting forth with blinding light.

Ning Zhi stood rooted to the spot, motionless.

He simply raised his hand and gently pushed the ball of bluish-black flame forward.

The flame collided with the golden sword light.

Boom—!

A deafening roar exploded in the void, the shockwave sweeping in all directions, scattering all the floating rubble and fragments of laws.

The golden sword light was like paper before the bluish-black flame, instantly swallowed, burned, and evaporated, leaving not a trace. The

bluish-black flame continued its momentum, like a primordial beast breaking free of its shackles, opening its blood-red maw and lunging at the divine cultivator wielding the golden longsword.

“What?”

The divine cultivator’s face turned deathly pale instantly. He tried to retreat, to dodge, but the bluish-black flame was too fast, giving him no chance whatsoever.

The flame coiled around his body like a living thing, instantly enveloping him completely, the bluish-black flames leaping, burning, and spreading on his skin.

“Ahhh—!”

A scream echoed through the void, the sound extremely shrill, as if he had endured the most excruciating torture in the world.

His body twisted, withered, and dried up in the flames. His golden robes were burned to ashes, and his golden skin was charred and cracked, revealing the burning flesh and bones beneath.

His screams grew weaker and weaker until they disappeared completely, and his body turned into a cloud of ashes, slowly dissipating in the void.

In one move, a powerful eighth-grade Golden Immortal was reduced to ashes.

The remaining divine cultivator wielding the golden halberd was terrified, his face ashen, and he turned to flee.

He desperately channeled his spiritual power, golden light exploding beneath his feet, his figure transforming into a streak of light as he fled into the distance.

But Ning Zhi wouldn't give him a chance. His figure blurred, a dark blue-green light leaving an afterimage in the void, his speed reaching its peak, appearing almost simultaneously behind the cultivator.

Dark blue-green flames surged from his palms, like a burning blade, piercing through the cultivator's back and emerging from his chest.

The cultivator's body stiffened abruptly. He looked down at the bluish-black flames erupting from his chest, his eyes filled with disbelief and utter terror.

His lips moved as if he wanted to say something, but ultimately no words came out. His body turned to ashes in the flames and vanished into the void.

Two eighth-grade Golden Immortal cultivators of the Divine Race were both dead in less than three breaths.

The void returned to calm, leaving only the bluish-black flames burning slowly before gradually extinguishing, as if they had never existed.

Ning Zhi withdrew his hand, turned around, and looked at Su Yuqi. A rare hint of concern appeared on his usually cold face: "Senior Sister, are you alright?"

Su Yuqi shook her head, her expression relaxing slightly. Although her face was still pale, the light in her eyes brightened again: "I'm fine, just a minor injury, nothing serious."

Ning Zhi nodded, then turned to look at Kai.

The two stared at each other across the void.

The distance was only a few dozen feet, yet it seemed as if an invisible barrier separated them.

Kai stood at a distance, his purple eyes devoid of emotion, yet his heart churned with a complex mix of feelings.

Ning Zhi had changed.

He had become powerful, composed, and decisive, exuding the air of a superior in every gesture.

Dark blue flames swirled around him, like his most loyal protectors.

Ning Zhi was also watching Kai.

His gaze was calm, revealing no emotion.

No one knew what he was thinking.

He only looked at Kai for a moment before turning to Su Yuqi: “Senior Sister, let’s go.”

Su Yuqi nodded and walked to Ning Zhi’s side.

Su Yuqi glanced at Kai, her lips moving slightly as if she wanted to say something, but nothing came out.

In the Eighteenth Heaven, Kai had saved her, but Su Yuqi couldn’t find a way to thank him.

Ning Zhi raised his hand, dark blue flames gathering in his palm, then tearing a rift in the Fallen Emperor’s Land. The two figures gradually blurred within the rift, finally disappearing completely into the void.

They were gone, leaving the Fallen Emperor’s Land.

Kai stood there, watching the direction they had disappeared in, motionless for a long time.

His outstretched hand froze in mid-air, then slowly retracted.

His fingers trembled slightly, but quickly clenched into a fist, his nails digging deeply into his palm.

He was surprised that Ning Zhi hadn't attacked him.

However, he didn't chase after him.

Not because he didn't want to, but because he couldn't.

Su Yuqi had amnesia; she didn't remember him at all.

If he rushed up now and forced a recognition, it would only confuse and alienate her further.

Moreover, Ning Zhi was present; if Ning Zhi didn't want him near Su Yuqi, with Ning Zhi's current strength, he couldn't stop him.

Besides, there were nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators waiting for his protection outside; he couldn't linger here too long.

"Ning Zhi..." Kai murmured softly, so softly that only he could hear it, "You're becoming more and more interesting."

He took a deep breath, suppressing all the complex emotions surging within him, as if forcibly sealing a volcano.When Kai emerged from the rift in the Land of Fallen Emperors, darkness had already fallen over the icy plains.

Beneath the deep purple sky, silver stars scattered like shattered diamonds, and the cool moonlight bathed the plains in a silvery glow. Nearly ten

thousand demonic cultivators remained gathered on the plains, campfires flickering in the night wind, illuminating their weary yet resolute faces.

Jiang Xuelan stood at the edge of the plains, gazing towards the rift in the void.

The moment Kai's figure emerged from the light, her icy blue eyes lit up instantly, like stars ignited.

She rushed forward, her steps filled with barely suppressed eagerness and joy.

” Kai! You’re out!”

Looking into her concerned eyes and noticing the slight moisture welling in them, Kai felt a surge of warmth in his heart.

He reached out and grasped her hand, their palms sharing warmth. His voice carried a hint of weariness, but mostly relief: “I’m back.”

Jiang Xuelan held his hand tightly, as if afraid he would disappear again. Her icy blue eyes scanned him up and down, only relaxing when she confirmed his injuries were healed: “Did you find Yuqi?”

Kai was silent for a moment, a complex light flashing in his purple eyes: “I found her, but she’s gone…”

Jiang Xuelan tightened her grip on his hand: “It’s alright, knowing she’s safe is enough.”

Xuan Zhenzi, carrying a dry blade of grass, strolled over from afar, scrutinizing Kai. A glint of shrewdness flashed in his eyes, and he grinned: “Yo ho! Second-grade Golden Immortal! Quite a haul this time! I told you you’re lucky, kid. This Land of Fallen Emperors not only didn’t harm you, but it even helped you level up!”

Kai nodded, about to speak, when Mo Yuan strode over.

His injuries had improved considerably; the bandages on his chest had been changed. Although his face was still somewhat pale, his eyes had regained their light.

When he sensed the significantly stronger aura emanating from Kai, a hint of surprise flashed in his eyes: “Mr. Chen, you’ve broken through to the second rank of the Golden Immortal Realm?”

“Yes.” Kai nodded. “I found some remnants of the Dao essence of an Immortal Emperor inside. Good luck.”

Mo Yuan’s face broke into a genuine smile: “That’s wonderful! The stronger Mr. Chen is, the safer we are.”

Just as Kai was about to respond, his brows suddenly furrowed slightly.

His divine sense had detected something.

On the distant horizon, a large number of auras were rapidly approaching. These auras were densely packed, surging like a tide, their sheer number surprising even to him.

“Someone’s coming.” Kai’s voice was calm, but tinged with a hint of gravity. “Many people.”

Mo Yuan’s expression changed drastically.

He immediately released his divine sense, sensing for a moment, his face turning extremely grim: “At least tens of thousands… the auras of human and beast cultivators… they’re heading this way!”

These words were like a boulder thrown into a calm lake, instantly creating huge ripples among the demonic cultivators.

Nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators stood up, some gripping their magical weapons, some adopting defensive stances, and others displaying expressions of terror and despair.

“They’re coming!”

“So many people… how can we hold them off?”

“The bounty on us from the gods is still up! They’re here to kill us!”

Fear spread like a plague through the crowd.

Although the demonic cultivators had fought their way here, facing an enemy several times their number, a deep despair welled up in everyone's hearts.

Kai stood at the forefront of the crowd, his gray robes fluttering in the night wind.

He turned around, his purple eyes sweeping over the demonic cultivators behind him. His voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached everyone's ears: "Don't panic. I'll handle it."

His voice was calm and steady, as firm as a rock, slightly calming the fear in the demonic cultivators' hearts.

Jiang Xuelan walked to Kai's side, her icy blue eyes filled with determination: "I'll go with you."

Xuan Zhenzi also walked to Kai's other side, still chewing on the withered grass, but the laziness in his eyes had vanished, replaced by a sharp glint: "It's time for this old man to stretch his muscles."

The young Taoist boy hid behind Xuan Zhenzi, peeking out half his head, his face full of tension, but he stubbornly refused to back down.

Mo Yuan stood behind Kai, holding the black longsword in his hand, his gaze cold and resolute: "Mr. Chen, we stand with you."

Nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators saw Kai standing at the forefront, saw his composed demeanor, and the fear in their hearts was gradually replaced by a powerful force.

They stepped forward one after another, forming a formation behind Kai, their magical weapons gleaming coldly in the moonlight.

A moment later, a dense mass of figures appeared on the distant horizon.

The dark tide of people surged in like a locust plague, blotting out the sky.

They wore robes of various colors and wielded various magical artifacts. Some were human cultivators, some were beastmen, some rode enormous demonic beasts, and some flew on swords.

Their eyes gleamed with greed, like a pack of wolves smelling blood.

Tens of thousands.

A force of tens of thousands completely surrounded the demonic cultivators on the icy plains.

The tide of people pressed in from all directions like an iron barrel, forcing the demonic cultivators into a narrow area before the entrance to the rift in the Land of Fallen Emperors.

The demonic cultivators' faces changed.

Although they had fought desperately, although they had fought their way out bloody battles, facing an enemy several times their number, facing such a vast difference in strength, a deep sense of powerlessness welled up in everyone's hearts.

Jiang Xuelan's hand tightened slightly, her expression tense.

Xuan Zhenzi spat out the dry grass in his mouth, his expression more solemn than ever before.

Mo Yuan's hand holding his sword trembled slightly, but he gritted his teeth and persevered.

Only Kai remained at the forefront, his purple eyes calm as a deep pool, watching the approaching cultivators as if they were an oncoming tide, his face expressionless.

Tens of thousands of cultivators stopped about a hundred feet away from the demonic cultivators, forming a massive encirclement.

Under the moonlight, the cold light emanating from the magical artifacts was dense, like a forest of steel, exuding a suffocating sense of oppression.

A human cultivator at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm stepped out from the crowd.

He was a middle-aged man in a blue robe, with a square face and an air of righteous indignation, but his eyes gleamed with greed.

In his hand he held a blue longsword, its blade radiating a chilling sword intent, clearly indicating a high level of cultivation.

He stood about ten feet away from Kai, sizing him up and down, his voice carrying a condescending reprimand: “You’re a human cultivator? How dare you associate with demonic cultivators, colluding with them? Do you know that the divine race has issued a bounty? Anyone…” Kai looked at him, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion: “Finished?”

The cultivator frowned: “What kind of attitude is this? As a second-grade Golden Immortal human cultivator, facing tens of thousands of your own kind, don’t you feel even a shred of shame? Helping demonic cultivators makes you a traitor to humanity!”

Kai chuckled, a hint of disdain in his laughter: “Traitor? It’s my freedom to help whomever I want. But you, for a few Golden Cores of the Divine Race, are willing to be cannon fodder for the Divine Race, used as pawns, and you still have the nerve to call others traitors?”

The cultivator’s expression changed, his voice filled with anger: “You! Stubborn to the end! Since that’s the case, then don’t blame us for being impolite!”

“Impolite?” A slight smile curved Kai’s lips. “Do you think you have the ability?”

He raised his hand, a wisp of black malevolent energy surging from his palm, like a black serpent, slowly flowing in the air.

The malevolent energy was extremely pure, solidified as if it were a tangible substance, radiating an ancient and profound aura that resonated strongly with the demonic energy emanating from the surrounding demonic cultivators.

Dao-patterned malevolent energy.

A secret technique of the Yin Demon lineage.

The demonic cultivators present were all stunned.

They stared at the black malevolent energy in Kai's hand, their eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

"That's… Dao-patterned malevolent energy?"

"The Yin Demon lineage's closely guarded secret! How could he know it?"

"Could he be a successor of the Yin Demon lineage?"

Kai didn't speak. He raised his other hand, and a ball of dark red flame surged from his palm.

The flame's color was like molten lava, radiating a scorching heat. Unlike the demonic supreme fire he had previously comprehended, this flame was wilder, more violent, carrying the destructive aura unique to the Flame Demon lineage.

The Flame Demon's supreme demonic fire.

Immediately afterward, his body trembled slightly, and a ball of golden light surged from his fist, like compressed sunlight, carrying a holy yet domineering power.

The light was completely different from the divine light of the gods, carrying a wild and unrestrained aura—the Holy Light Fist of the Wind Demon.

Three completely different demonic arts were displayed simultaneously in his hands, yet they remained distinct and without any conflict.

At this moment, all the demonic cultivators fell silent.

Their faces changed from shock to awe, from awe to fervor.

They looked at Kai, their eyes no longer filled with doubt or hesitation.

What did it mean for a human cultivator to simultaneously master the arts of the Yin Demon, the Flame Demon, and the Wind Demon?

It meant that this human cultivator had a deep connection with the three major lineages of the demon race, that he was a close friend of the demons, that he was someone they could entrust their lives to.

The faces of the surrounding human cultivators turned extremely grim.

They had originally thought Kai was merely a traitor to the human race, but they hadn't expected him to possess so many demonic arts.

What made them even more wary was that the three arts Kai displayed were extremely profound and refined, far from being rudimentary skills.

Kai withdrew his hand, his purple eyes sweeping over the surrounding human cultivators. His voice was calm yet carried undeniable weight: "I don't want to start a massacre. You've been blinded by the bounty on your heads by the gods, being used as pawns without realizing it. Now, take your people and get out of here."

The human cultivator at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm turned ashen-faced. His lips trembled as if he wanted to say something, but facing Kai's calm gaze, he felt a strange chill rise from the bottom of his heart.

Just then, a beastman cultivator leaped out from the crowd.

He was a burly tiger-like man, over ten feet tall, covered in golden fur, his tiger eyes flashing with ferocity.

His cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and he wielded a massive battle axe, the blade still stained with dark red blood.

“Boy! Who do you think you are? Daring to spout nonsense here!”

The tiger-clan man’s voice echoed like thunder across the icy plains. “There are tens of thousands of cultivators among us. How many can you kill by yourself? If you know what’s good for you, get out of here, or I’ll chop you up too!”

His words had barely faded when the beast-clan cultivators joined in the clamor, their rough roars rising and falling, filled with provocation and mockery.

Kai’s gaze fell on the tiger-clan man, a cold glint flashing in his purple eyes.

“You, say it again,”

the tiger-clan man sneered. “I said—if you know what’s good for you, get out of here, or I’ll chop you up too! Listen carefully…”

He didn’t finish his sentence.

Suddenly, a golden light shone in Kai’s eyes, dazzling to the extreme, like the sun exploding deep within his pupils.

Then, a gigantic golden dragon shadow emerged from behind him, like a primordial beast awakening from ancient times, exuding an aura of supreme majesty and oppression.

The golden dragon phantom.

The golden dragon's phantom stretched for tens of feet, its entire body covered in golden scales, each scale shimmering brilliantly in the moonlight.

Its head was held high, its golden eyes like two blazing suns, radiating a chilling majesty.

Golden lightning crackled around it, ancient runes flowed across its scales, and each breath stirred a gust of wind, scattering ice shards and gravel in all directions.

The golden dragon's appearance commanded the submission of all beasts.

This was the most primal suppression of bloodlines, an insurmountable chasm in terms of rank.

Even though the beast race had achieved considerable cultivation, at the very core of their bloodline, they could not escape the awe they held for the golden dragon.

The tiger-man's body stiffened abruptly; his battle axe clattered to the ground, and he trembled violently as if struck by lightning.

The ferocity in his tiger eyes transformed into utter terror, and his knees buckled involuntarily.

"Golden…Golden Dragon Bloodline…King of Beasts…"

He wanted to retreat, to escape, but his legs felt like lead, completely immobile.

In his bloodline perception, the person standing before him wasn't a human cultivator at the second rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but an ancient Dragon Emperor reigning supreme above all beasts, a supreme being whose command could subjugate countless beast races.

Kai looked at the tiger-man, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion, only extreme coldness: “I told you to get lost, didn’t you hear me?”

The tiger-man opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but couldn’t utter a single word.

Fear had completely consumed his consciousness, robbing him of even the ability to think.

The golden dragon phantom behind Kai emitted a low roar, echoing across the icy plains like the fury of heaven and earth.

That tiger-man… “No—! Spare me—!”

His screams abruptly ceased.

The golden dragon phantom swallowed the tiger-clan giant whole, the golden light flashing for a moment before returning to stillness.

The tiger-clan giant’s body transformed into golden specks of light, slowly dissipating in the air without leaving a trace.

The beast-clan powerhouse at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm didn’t even have a chance to resist before being swallowed whole by the golden dragon phantom.

The icy plain was deathly silent.

All the beast-clan cultivators knelt down.

Those beast-clan cultivators from the tiger, wolf, lion, bear, and leopard clans, regardless of their cultivation level or race,

were now as if their spines were bent by an invisible force, kneeling one after another, heads bowed, bodies trembling, not even having the courage to look up at Kai.

The golden dragon appeared, and all beasts bowed their heads. This wasn't a matter of reason; it was an instinct etched into their bloodlines, a primal memory passed down for billions of years.

Before the golden dragon, no beast-clan could muster the thought of resistance.

"Get out."

Kai's voice was soft, yet it exploded like thunder in the ears of every beastman cultivator. "Don't become cannon fodder for the gods again. If I see you hunting demonic cultivators for Golden Cores again, it won't just be one you devour."

The beastman cultivators felt as if they had been granted a pardon, scrambling to their feet and fleeing frantically in the distance, not daring to look back.

The encirclement of tens of thousands of people instantly emptied, leaving only messy footprints and lingering fear on the icy plain.

The remaining human cultivators looked at each other, their eyes filled with horror and hesitation.

They looked at the slowly dissipating golden dragon phantom behind Kai, then at the still-stunned demonic cultivators in the distance, and most of their greed and wishful thinking had vanished.

The human Golden Immortal eighth-grade cultivator's face was ashen. His lips moved a few times, as if he wanted to say something, but looking into Kai's calm purple eyes, he felt a chill that penetrated to the bone.

He gritted his teeth, about to speak, when at that moment, a large amount of energy fluctuations came from afar again.

Golden light surged forth like a tide, illuminating half the sky.

Dozens of figures broke through the air from afar, each radiating a dense divine pressure.

Leading them was Elder Shenmu, a powerful cultivator at the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

Behind him followed several eighth-rank Golden Immortal realm experts—Lei Wanjun, the Palace Master of the Holy Light Hall, and others.

Behind them were thousands of elite Golden Immortal realm cultivators at the sixth and seventh ranks, each exuding a cold yet powerful aura.

They hovered in mid-air, looking down upon the people on the icy plain. The golden divine light shone like miniature suns under the moonlight, illuminating the entire icy plain.

Elder Shenmu's gaze swept over the still hesitant human cultivators, his voice carrying an undeniable authority: "The bounty remains in effect. Kill a demonic cultivator, and you'll receive a Golden Core of the same realm from a divine race. The more you do, the more you gain, with no upper limit."

His gaze settled on the demonic cultivators on the icy plain, a cold smile curving his lips: "These demonic cultivators before you are all excellent cultivation resources. Kill a first-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivator, and you'll receive a first-grade Golden Immortal Golden Core from a divine race;

kill a seventh-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivator, and you'll receive a seventh-grade Golden Core from a divine race. I don't need to calculate this for you, do I?"

Elder Shenmu's words seeped into the hearts of the human cultivators like poison.

The hesitation and fear in the eyes of the human cultivators, who had initially been intimidated by Kai, were gradually replaced by a rekindled greed.

They looked at the demonic cultivators, at the figures trembling in the moonlight, their hearts churning with a struggle between greed and fear.

The allure of the Golden Core was too great, so great that it could drive people to take desperate risks.

“Killing a demonic cultivator can earn you a Golden Core…”

“We have so many of us now, and the powerful members of the Divine Race are here too, what are we afraid of?”

“No matter how powerful Kai is, he’s just one person! Can he stop all of us?”

Whispers spread among the human cultivators, their gazes burning with renewed fervor, their grips on their magical weapons tightening once more.

Fear receded, but greed surged, overwhelming their reason like a tidal wave.

The demonic cultivators’ faces turned deathly pale .

They had thought that Kai’s defeat of the beastmen and intimidation of the human

cultivators meant the crisis was over. Unexpectedly, the appearance of the Divine Race, with just a single sentence, had turned those wavering human cultivators back into predatory wolves.

They knew that look all too well.

It was the look of a predator towards its prey, the look of greed triumphing over fear.

In their eyes, there was no hesitation or awe, only naked, undisguised killing intent.

“They’re going to attack again…”

“It’s over…this time it’s really over…”

“The powerful members of the Divine Race are here too. No matter how powerful Mr. Chen is, he can’t stop so many people…”

Despair overwhelmed the demonic cultivators like a black tide.

They looked at the human cultivators whose fighting spirit had been rekindled, and at the powerful Divine Race members radiating golden divine light in the sky. The last glimmer of hope in their hearts was rapidly dissipating.

Jiang Xuelan gripped Kai’s hand tightly, her icy blue eyes filled with solemnity. Xuan Zhenzi

picked up a withered blade of grass again, but

his expression was more serious than ever before. Mo Yuan’s hand holding the sword trembled slightly, but he gritted his teeth and held on, not retreating a single step.

Kai stood at the forefront, his gray robe fluttering in the night wind. His purple eyes gazed at the golden figure in the sky, then at the human cultivators who had become greedy again, and a cold smile curled at the corner of his mouth.

Elder Shenmu hovered in mid-air, golden divine light enveloping his entire body, like a blazing sun descending on an icy plain.

Golden light converged from all directions, forming concentric halos around him that expanded outwards. Each halo contained the terrifying pressure of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, distorting the air below.

His gaze swept over the trembling demonic cultivators below, like a god looking down upon ants, a hint of undisguised contempt and mockery playing on his lips.

“A bunch of ants, daring to compete with the sun and moon?”

Elder Shenmu’s voice echoed across the icy plain, each word carrying a chilling coldness, piercing the hearts of the demonic cultivators like ice spikes. “You demonic cultivators, hiding in this godforsaken far north, thinking you can survive? How laughable!”

He raised his hand, and golden light condensed into a pillar of light in his palm, shooting straight into the sky, illuminating the entire icy plain as if it were daytime.

The pressure contained within that light caused the demonic cultivators to involuntarily retreat; some even collapsed to their knees on the ice.

“Look at yourselves now!”

Elder Shenmu’s voice grew louder, filled with undisguised contempt. “What do you look like?” The demonic cultivators’ faces turned deathly pale. Some clenched their fists, their nails digging deep into their palms;

some lowered their heads, unable to look directly at the blinding golden light;

some had their initial fear replaced by rage, their chests heaving violently, their breathing becoming heavy and rapid.

“Enough!”

A sharp shout interrupted Elder Shenmu’s taunts, booming like thunder across the icy plains.

Kai stood at the forefront, his purple eyes as cold as knives, his gray robe fluttering in the biting wind, the hem billowing like a battle flag.

His voice wasn't loud, but it clearly pierced through the cold wind of the icy plains and the golden pressure, reaching everyone's ears: "If you want to fight, then fight! Why all the nonsense?"

Elder Shenmu's gaze fell on Kai, a cold glint flashing in his eyes: "You're that Kai? A mere second-grade Golden Immortal dares to talk back to me? Do you know I can crush you with one hand?"

"Then come and crush me then."

Kai's voice was as calm as if he were commenting on the weather, even with a faint smile on his lips. "Standing in the sky and spouting nonsense, you think you can kill us all? Why don't you come down first, and we'll have a spar?"

Elder Shenmu's face darkened completely.

He had lived for tens of thousands of years, holding the position of Elder of the Divine Clan's main hall, his power shaking the twentieth heaven, and never before had a second-grade Golden Immortal dared to speak to him like that.

That nonchalant tone, that attitude of not taking him seriously, made the anger in his heart erupt like a volcano.

"Fine! Since you're so eager to die, I'll grant your wish!"

He suddenly raised his right hand, golden light frantically condensing in his palm, transforming into a golden command arrow that shot straight into the sky.

The command arrow exploded in the sky, turning into countless golden points of light, falling like a meteor shower, each point of light tracing a golden trajectory in the air.

"Kill! Leave no one alive!"

The moment the order was given, the world changed color.

Tens of thousands of divine and human cultivators moved simultaneously.

The tremor was like an earthquake, emanating from the ground. The ice field rumbled with a dull thud under the trampling of tens of thousands of feet, and dense cracks began to appear on the ice surface, spreading outwards like a spider web.

Golden light surged in like a tide, the cold light on the magical artifacts intertwining in the moonlight to form a deathly net, enveloping the entire ice field.

The shouts of battle shook the heavens and the earth, sweeping in like a tsunami, completely tearing apart the original tranquility of the ice field.

“Kill!”

“Kill demonic cultivators for Golden Cores!”

“Don’t let a single one escape! A demon’s head is a Golden Core, and one Golden Core is enough to break through a realm!”

The divine cultivators charged at the forefront, golden divine light burning on their bodies, like golden arrows released from a bow, tracing brilliant paths in the moonlight.

Their eyes gleamed with fanaticism, a fanaticism driven by both faith and greed. There was no hesitation, no pity, only naked killing intent.

The human cultivators followed closely behind. Although their eyes weren’t as fanatical as the divine cultivators’, greed had completely devoured their reason.

The allure of the Golden Core was like an invisible whip, constantly lashing their nerves, driving them to charge towards the seemingly terrified demonic cultivators ahead. Their

hands, gripping their magical weapons, trembled slightly, but not from fear, but from the excitement of soon obtaining the Golden Core.

The demonic cultivators' bodies trembled.

They watched the enemy surge towards them like a tidal wave, the sky filled with golden light and the dense glint of magical artifacts, and despair seeped into their hearts like ice water.

Some instinctively took a step back, some gripped their weapons but didn't know where to thrust, and some closed their eyes, awaiting death.

They numbered only about ten thousand, facing an enemy several times their size;

the highest cultivation among them was only at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, while their opponents had a ninth-rank Golden Immortal elder from the Divine Race.

This disparity was like a mantis trying to stop a chariot, like an egg striking a rock.

"It's over...it's really over this time..."

"We fled so far, but we still couldn't escape..."

"If we hadn't resisted, would we have lived a few more days..."

Despairing whispers spread among the demonic cultivators, like heavy stones pressing down on everyone's hearts.

Some even began to doubt whether choosing to follow Kai to escape the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm was the right thing to do.

But at that very moment, a purple sword light tore through the night sky.

The sword light was dazzlingly brilliant, like a bolt of lightning tearing through the heavens and earth, suddenly erupting in the darkness and suppressing all the golden light.

Wherever the sword light passed, space was torn open with black cracks, emitting a sharp whistling sound, like the sound of cloth being torn a thousand times amplified.

Kai's figure appeared at the forefront of the battlefield like a ghost, the Dragon-Slaying Sword twirling in his hand, the purple sword light like a deadly arc, slashing towards the few divine race cultivators charging at the front.

Those divine race cultivators didn't even have time to react before the sword light had already swept past their bodies.

Splat—splat—splat—

blood gushed out, golden blood spraying in the air like blooming golden fireworks, shimmering with an eerie and cruel light under the moonlight.

The bodies of those divine race cultivators froze on the spot, then split open in the middle, like firewood cleaved by an invisible giant axe, crashing heavily onto the ice.

"Want to kill them? Get past me first!"

Kai's voice boomed like thunder across the battlefield. His figure darted through the crowd, as fast as a gray lightning bolt.

Purple sword light swirled, slashed, swept, and thrust in his hands, each movement fluid and precise, like a dance honed to perfection.

Wherever the sword light passed, golden blood splattered, limbs flew, and screams echoed.

He alone, like an iron torrent, forcefully blocked the onslaught of the leading wave of divine cultivators.

His eyes were cold and focused; all distractions were cast aside, leaving only one thought—to hold them off, to protect those behind him.

“Mr. Chen has charged forward!”

“Mr. Chen has held them off alone!”

“We…we can’t back down!”

The demonic cultivators’ almost extinguished fighting spirit was rekindled.

They watched Kai’s figure weaving through the crowd, watched the constantly flashing purple sword light, watched the falling gods… “Fight him to the death!”

“We’re going to die anyway, might as well take a few down with us!”

“Demonic cultivators will never surrender!”

Nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators roared, their cries like the howls of wolves, filled with determination and madness.

They charged towards the surging divine and human cultivators, their magical weapons gleaming coldly in the moonlight, every pair of eyes burning with a death-defying flame.

The battle instantly intensified.

Swords flashed and blood flew across the icy plain. Screams, battle cries, and the clanging of magical weapons mingled together, like a cruel and fierce battlefield symphony, every note a price paid for life.

Golden and dark red blood mixed together, flowing on the ice, forming eerie patterns that shimmered with a sinister light in the moonlight.

Under the moonlight, every face was etched with madness and killing intent. The fanaticism of the divine cultivators, the greed of the human

cultivators, and the ruthlessness of the demonic cultivators—three completely different emotions intertwined, collided, and tore each other apart on the same battlefield.

Every figure fought desperately for their beliefs; no one retreated, no one hesitated.

Xuanzhenzi also made his move.

His hunched figure suddenly sprang up under the moonlight, and azure light surged from his withered palms, transforming into enormous azure palm prints that slammed towards the human cultivators who attempted to ambush him from the side.

His movements appeared casual, even somewhat lazy, but each palm strike contained the terrifying power of a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal.

Those struck either coughed up blood and flew backward or died instantly, without even having time to scream.

“Hahaha! My old bones can finally stretch their muscles today!”

Xuanzhenzi laughed loudly, his laughter carrying a long-lost sense of joy and pride. “Come on! You bunch of scum, let me see what you’re capable of!

You crooked lads dare to plot against me? I’ve lived for tens of thousands of years, and I’ve killed more people than you’ve eaten meals!”

His figure weaved through the crowd like an enraged tiger, his blue palm prints striking out repeatedly, each landing taking several lives.

Although he wore a smile, his cloudy eyes gleamed with unprecedented seriousness. He knew that today’s battle would be more dangerous than ever before.

Jiang Xuelan stood at the front of the demonic cultivators, her long, ice-blue hair gleaming coldly in the moonlight. Her face was as pale as snow, but her ice-blue eyes were as cold as ice.

She knew Kai was fighting a bloody battle ahead, and she couldn't hold him back.

A chilling blue aura surged from her fingertips, transforming into countless fine, hair-like ice needles that rained down upon the enemy.

These needles pierced the air with a sharp, whistling sound, densely embedding themselves in the bodies of human and divine cultivators.

Those struck by the needles instantly slowed, their skin frosted over, and they were frozen solid into crystalline ice sculptures.

Moonlight shone on these sculptures, reflecting a dazzling, diamond-like brilliance.

Then, Jiang Xuelan flicked her finger, a crisp sound echoing across the battlefield. The ice sculptures shattered instantly into countless tiny ice crystals, scattering across the ground like a shower of shimmering ice.

"Xuelan, cover everyone!" Kai's voice came from the front, urgent with the urgency of battle.

"Alright!" Jiang Xuelan's voice was resolute and determined. Her hands moved swiftly, forming complex hand seals that traced icy blue paths in the moonlight.

A chilling blue aura gathered wildly before her, thickening and thickening until it formed a massive ice wall ten zhang high and twenty zhang wide, like a Great Wall stretching across the icy plains.

The charging divine and human cultivators slammed into the ice wall, bounced back, some bleeding from the impact, others suffering frostbite from the wall's chill.

Their advance was temporarily halted by this ice wall, like a tide crashing against a dam, creating chaos.

Mo Yuan stood amidst the demonic cultivators, his face pale, dark red blood seeping from the bandages on his chest, clearly from wounds reopened during the fierce battle.

Yet his hands remained steadfast, the black longsword in his grasp gleaming with a dark red demonic light, the ancient runes on its blade slowly circulating, releasing a scorching aura.

He gritted his teeth and thrust the sword forward with a mighty thrust, a black sword beam surging forward like a tide, slicing through the human cultivators who attempted to bypass the ice wall.

Where the sword's edge passed, corpses littered the ground, and dark red blood spread across the ice.

"Don't be afraid! Fight them!"

Yan Lie roared, each word filled with a desperate resolve. "We demonic cultivators are not lambs

to the slaughter! If they want to destroy us, they'll have to step over my dead body first!" His gaze swept over the still hesitant demonic cultivators, his eyes burning with rage: "Your families, your compatriots, your people, all died at the hands of these people! Are you still going to back down?" "

Fight!"

"Fight these bastards!"

"Avenge our fallen brothers and sisters!"

Yan Lie's words were like a fire, igniting the last vestige of fighting spirit in the demonic cultivators.

Those trembling bodies straightened again, those hesitant hands gripped their weapons tightly, and those fearful eyes regained their light.

They let out a deafening roar, a roar that coalesced like a pack of wolves cornered, charging towards the divine and human cultivators.

The battle grew even more brutal.

The demonic cultivators surged like a tidal wave against the defenses of the gods and humans. They retreated, they feared no more; their eyes burned with a death-defying gleam.

Some, their arms severed, gripped their weapons with their other hands and continued to fight;

some, pierced through the chest, clung to their enemies, biting through their throats with their last strength;

some, surrounded by several, activated their demonic cores, sacrificing themselves to take their enemies with them.

On the icy plains, swords clashed, flesh flew, and golden and dark red blood mingled, flowing across the ice and forming crisscrossing streams.

The ice was shattered by the attacks, shards of ice scattering like a hailstorm.

Yet, the demonic cultivators remained in grave danger.

Encouraged by Kai, they unleashed unprecedented fighting power.

Although each fought desperately, facing an enemy several times their number and the overwhelming force of the gods' elite, their defenses continued to retreat.

Every moment, demonic cultivators fell, their corpses piling up on the ice, forming trails... "Hold on!"

Kai's voice echoed across the battlefield. His throat was hoarse, but every word was still clearly audible to everyone. "Don't let them break through the lines! Just hold on a little longer, and they won't be able to hold on!"

His figure moved swiftly across the battlefield, like a tireless ghost.

Every time a gap appeared in the demonic cultivators' lines, he would appear at that gap, his Dragon-Slaying Sword sweeping across, the purple sword light slicing back the divine cultivators who tried to break through.

He already had several wounds on his body, his gray robe torn in several places, revealing the flesh scorched by divine light, but he seemed completely oblivious to the pain, his eyes only on the enemies in front of him and his comrades behind him.

But at this moment, a golden figure descended from the sky like a meteor, crashing down on Kai.

Elder Shenmu.

He had been observing Kai's fighting style from above, searching for the best opportunity to strike.

He saw Kai repeatedly expose weaknesses in order to rescue the demonic cultivators, saw Kai's stamina rapidly depleting, and saw the wounds on Kai's body constantly increasing.

He had finally gotten his chance. Kai had just forced back a wave of divine cultivators and hadn't had time to adjust his aura when his back to him revealed a momentary opening.

Now!

"Junior, prepare to die!"

A golden palm print descended from the sky like a mountain, carrying the full force of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, slamming down towards Kai's head.

The palm print contained terrifying divine power; wherever it passed, space shattered, and the compressed air emitted a sharp, explosive sound, like the simultaneous roars of hundreds of giant beasts.

The ice within a radius of several hundred feet shattered inch by inch under the pressure of the palm print, cracking and spreading in all directions like a spider web.

Kai's pupils contracted sharply.

He felt the power contained in that palm strike.

The full force of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal—that was a destructive force far exceeding what he could currently withstand.

The palm strike hadn't even landed yet, but the mere force of the wind from it made him gasp for breath, his bones creaking as if he were about to be crushed by the oppressive force.

But he didn't retreat.

Behind him were the demonic cultivators struggling to hold on.

If he dodged, the palm would strike them, killing at least a hundred.

"Mr. Chen! Dodge!" Mo Yuan's voice was filled with anxiety and fear.

" Kai!" Jiang Xuelan's voice was a heart-wrenching cry.

Kai gritted his teeth, his chaotic power surging wildly within him.

He held nothing back, pouring all his strength into the Dragon-Slaying Sword. Gray and purple light intertwined, erupting around him with a blinding radiance.

The light grew brighter and more intense, like a small star coalescing in his hand.

“Block it!”

The gray sword light met the golden palm strike head-on.

“Boom—!”

A deafening roar exploded across the icy plain, the entire plain trembling violently.

The shockwave swept in all directions, blasting everyone within hundreds of feet away. Whether divine cultivators or demonic cultivators, they were scattered like fallen leaves.

The ice shattered; the massive ice layer collapsed like a broken mirror, revealing a bottomless abyss beneath.

Shards of rock and ice rained down, stinging faces, and some were even pierced through by the flying ice fragments.

Kai was thrown back dozens of feet, his feet carving deep furrows in the ice, the ice shards piling up at his feet like small mountains.

A trickle of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, dripping down his chin onto the ice, forming a dark red ice flower.

His right hand, gripping the sword, trembled violently; a deep gash had split his hand, blood dripping from the hilt onto the ice, sizzling as the residual spiritual energy in his blood burned the surface.

A ninth-grade Golden Immortal—too powerful.

Although he had broken through to the second rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, although his chaotic power was stronger than before, and although he had exerted all his strength, the gap in realm between

him and a ninth-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert was still as insurmountable as an insurmountable chasm.

It was a difference of seven ranks, an insurmountable chasm between the ninth and second ranks of the Golden Immortal Realm.

“Is that all you’ve got?”

Elder Shenmu hovered in mid-air, looking down at Kai as if he were a dying ant, a smirk and undisguised smugness playing on his lips. “A second-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert thinks he can contend with me? You overestimate yourself! I could crush you with a single finger!”

He raised his hand again, golden light condensing in his palm, and another palm print slammed down towards Kai.

This palm print was larger, brighter, and faster than before, carrying the power to destroy everything, like a golden meteorite falling from the sky. Chen

Ping could only defend once more.

The purple sword light clashed repeatedly with the golden palm print, each collision forcing him back several steps, each impact worsening his injuries.

Blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, his grey robe torn in several places, revealing burned and bruised skin covered in charred wounds and dark purple bruises.

Yet he did not retreat an inch.

His legs were as if nailed to ice; with each step back, he mustered all his strength to regain his footing before facing the next blow.

His eyes remained sharp, his sword steady, his breathing rapid yet rhythmic.

He knew that if he fell, the demonic cultivators behind him would lose all hope.

“Mr. Chen!” Mo Yuan’s voice was filled with a heart-wrenching cry, “You can’t hold on! Retreat! Don’t push yourself!”

“I can’t retreat…”

Kai gritted his teeth, each word squeezed out from between his teeth, tinged with the metallic taste of blood, “If I retreat… it’s all over… We… we have no way out…”

His body trembled, his consciousness blurred, his spiritual power was depleting, but his steps did not falter even a step.

Behind him, the demonic cultivators looked at his back, at that figure that, though scarred, still stood tall, and all their eyes reddened.

“Mr. Chen…”

“He’s fighting for us… he’s risking his life…”

“We… what reason do we have to retreat!”

The demonic cultivators’ eyes were bloodshot, their blood was boiling, their fighting spirit was ignited to its extreme by Kai’s figure.

They would no longer retreat, no longer… “Hahaha!”

Elder Shenmu’s laughter echoed across the battlefield, filled with smugness and mockery. ” Kai, you do have some backbone! I’ve lived for tens of thousands of years and seen countless opponents, but few are as stubborn as you!

But can backbone feed you? Today, you are destined to die here! And none of those ants behind you will escape either!”

Golden light condensed once more, this time more dazzling and deadly than before.

A golden pillar of light condensed in Elder Shenmu's palm, containing the power of a peak ninth-grade Golden Immortal, roaring towards Kai like a golden dragon.

Kai closed his eyes.

He was exhausted, utterly exhausted.

He could no longer lift his arms, his spiritual energy was depleted, and his consciousness was beginning to blur.

But a smile still lingered on his lips; he had done his best, he hadn't retreated a single step.

Just then, a clear, cold voice, as pure as an icy spring, resounded across the battlefield.

"Who said he'd die today?"

The voice was soft, yet it boomed across the battlefield like thunder, startling everyone.

Kai abruptly opened his eyes, a flicker of disbelief in his purple pupils.

Two figures emerged from the void.

One was a young man, dressed in a dark blue robe embroidered with ancient demonic totems, each pattern slowly shimmering with a dark light.

His face was cold and resolute, his brows carrying a composure and majesty beyond his years, his eyes like unfathomable pools.

His cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, yet his aura sent a chill down everyone's spine.

It was the aura of the demonic fire, profound and domineering, seemingly capable of incinerating everything in the world.

Ning Zhi.

Beside him stood a woman, wearing a fiery red dress, its hem billowing in the cold wind like a burning flame dancing in the breeze.

Her long hair flew in the wind, each strand radiating a scorching light, like burning threads of fire.

She was surrounded by intense flames, a dark red light enveloping her, emanating a chillingly hot aura. Her

cultivation was at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but the bloodline power contained within those flames was extremely special... a Fire Spirit Body, a fully activated Fire Spirit Body.

Su Yuqi.

The two walked side by side, the bluish-black and dark red flames intertwining, casting a long shadow in the moonlight, like messengers descended from another world.

All the demonic cultivators were stunned.

They looked at Su Yuqi, at that fiery red figure, their eyes filled with surprise and excitement.

Especially the disciples of the Flame Demon lineage, who were moved to tears, recognizing their Holy Maiden.

“Holy Maiden!”

“The Holy Maiden is back!”

“The Holy Maiden has come to save us!”

Su Yuqi looked at the excitedly shouting demonic cultivators, a complex light flashing in her dark red eyes.

Looking at the injured Kai, a strange sense of familiarity welled up within her.

Elder Shenmu frowned.

He looked at Ning Zhi and Su Yuqi, then at Kai, a cold smile curving his lips: “Two more suicide attempts? Two seventh-grade Golden Immortals, plus one second-grade Golden Immortal, think they can contend with me?

Do you think numbers matter? Before absolute power, numbers are just numbers!”

Ning Zhi remained silent.

He simply walked forward step by step, dark blue flames burning around him. Each step left a charred footprint on the ice, its edges still emitting wisps of smoke.

The ice sizzled beneath his feet, the sound of the ice being scorched and evaporated by the flames.

His gaze fell upon Elder Shenmu, and the utterly calm look in his eyes made Elder Shenmu feel a strange unease.

There was no fear, no anger in those eyes, only a chilling calm, as if the person standing before him wasn’t a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, but prey destined for destruction.

He stopped beside Kai, glanced at him sideways, and spoke softly, only Kai could hear: ” Kai, helping you now doesn’t mean I won’t kill you later. Those are two separate things.”

Kai looked at Ning Zhi, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and a slight smile curved his lips.

His voice was hoarse, yet tinged with amusement: “Alright. Let’s join forces to kill this old bastard today, and we’ll talk about the rest later.”

Ning Zhi nodded, withdrew his gaze, and looked at Elder Shenmu.

“You insulted demonic cultivators?”

His voice remained calm, but beneath that calm lay a chilling undercurrent, like an undercurrent beneath a millennium-old glacier. “I’m a demonic cultivator too. You insulted demonic cultivators, so I’ll deal with you.”

Elder Shenmu’s face darkened. “Ignorant brats! Since you both want to die, I’ll grant your wish!”

He abruptly unleashed his spiritual power, golden light surging around him, transforming into a massive golden pillar of light that simultaneously hurtled towards Ning Zhi and Kai.

The pillar of light resembled a roaring golden dragon, carrying the power to destroy everything in its path. Wherever it passed, ice melted, space distorted, and air exploded; its power far surpassed any previous attack.

Ning Zhi moved.

He raised his right hand, a dark blue flame condensing in his palm, transforming into a dark blue pillar of fire, directly meeting the golden pillar of light.

The flame’s color was incredibly deep, like dark lava burning with azure light, radiating a suffocating aura of destruction.

The moment the flames appeared, the surrounding space began to distort violently. Even the moisture on the ice surface evaporated into white mist, churning in the night sky.

At the same time, Kai moved.

He took a deep breath, forcing his last bit of strength from his dantian. The Dragon-Slaying Sword swirled in his hand, its purple light like a lightning bolt tearing through the heavens, slashing at the weakest point of the golden pillar of light from the side.

His eyes flashed with resolute determination; this sword strike carried all his conviction and will.

The two attacks simultaneously struck the golden pillar of light.

“Boom—!”

A deafening roar erupted as the golden pillar shattered under the combined assault of the two attacks, dissipating into countless golden specks in the air.

The shockwave swept in all directions, blasting a massive crater into the surrounding ice surface. The crater’s edges were riddled with dense cracks, spreading outwards like a spiderweb.

Shards of ice and stone rained down like a storm, striking the surrounding cultivators and forcing them to retreat.

Elder Shenmu stumbled back several steps, his footsteps creating deep craters in the ice beneath his feet.

His expression shifted slightly, and his gaze towards Ning Zhi became more serious.

He could sense an extremely domineering power contained within Ning Zhi’s bluish-black flames.

Although that power was only at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, its destructive force was in no way inferior to that of a ninth-rank Golden Immortal.

The flames seemed to originate from the depths of hell, carrying a primal destructive power capable of burning everything in their path.

Kai's Chaos Power, on the other hand, was the source of all laws; although its realm was low, it always seemed to find its way to him at the most crucial moments. "Interesting."

Elder Shenmu sneered, his contempt lessening slightly. "But that's all!"

Golden light surged again, his figure transforming into a golden streak as he charged towards Ning Zhi.

He decided to deal with this seemingly more dangerous seventh-grade Golden Immortal first.

The threat posed by those bluish-black flames was more direct and ferocious than Kai's chaotic power.

Ning Zhi didn't back down.

Bluish-black flames burned around him, transforming him into a bluish-black fireball, directly confronting the golden streak.

The two collided in the void like two high-speed stars.

Golden divine light and bluish-black flames intertwined, each collision unleashing a deafening roar, like two mountains colliding in mid-air.

Shockwaves swept in all directions, forcibly interrupting the surrounding battle for a moment; cultivators too close were even directly thrown away by the shockwaves.

The light flickered, gold and bluish-black intertwining, entwining, devouring, and tearing apart, making it impossible to see what was happening inside.

Kai wasn't idle either.

Taking advantage of Elder Shenmu's entanglement with Ning Zhi, he forcefully suppressed the surging blood and qi within his body. With a

flash, the seed of spatial law rapidly spun within him, and his body appeared out of thin air beside Elder Shenmu. The

Dragon-Slaying Sword, like a lurking venomous snake, silently pierced out, aiming directly for Elder Shenmu's ribs.

That was the weakest point of his protective divine light, the spot previously burned by Ning Zhi's bluish-black flames.

Elder Shenmu was forced to divert his attention. Golden light condensed into a shield under his ribs, blocking Kai's sword thrust.

But in this moment of distraction, Ning Zhi's bluish-black flames had already reached his chest like a persistent, insidious affliction.

"Pfft—!"

A charred wound appeared on Elder Shenmu's chest from the bluish-black flames, the edges of the wound curled and blackened, revealing the scorched flesh beneath.

Golden blood seeped from the wound, dripping onto the ice surface, corroding it into tiny pits.

His face turned extremely ugly, the contempt in his eyes finally vanishing, replaced by genuine solemnity and anger.

"You… do indeed have some skill."

Elder Shenmu's voice turned cold, each word carrying suppressed rage, "But I've lived for tens of thousands of years, what kind of opponent haven't I seen? Do you think you can kill me like this?"

He suddenly activated all his spiritual power, golden light exploding around him, transforming into a golden shockwave that burst out in all directions.

The shockwave contained the terrifying power of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, blasting Ning Zhi and Kai away simultaneously.

Ning Zhi's figure tumbled several times in mid-air before landing on the ice, his feet carving a long furrow in the ice, scattering ice fragments everywhere.

A trace of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, but his eyes remained calm as ever, as if he hadn't just been blasted away.

He raised his hand to wipe the blood from his mouth, glanced at it, and then raised his head again, his gaze still locked on Elder Shenmu.

Kai was also knocked back dozens of feet, his injuries worsening.

His chest heaved violently as he gasped for breath, each breath carrying the metallic taste of blood in his throat.

He knelt on one knee, using the Dragon-Slaying Sword for support, his purple eyes still burning with an indomitable fighting spirit.

" Kai!" Jiang Xuelan's voice was filled with urgent worry. She wanted to rush over, but was blocked by several divine cultivators.

"It's alright..." Kai gritted his teeth, stood up from the ground, his steps slightly unsteady, but still standing firmly. "I can still fight."

Ning Zhi glanced at Kai, his voice still calm: "Attack together."

Kai nodded: "Okay."

The two moved simultaneously.

Kai's figure transformed into a gray streak of light, charging towards Elder Shenmu head-on. The Dragon-Slaying Sword drew a dazzling purple arc in the air, aiming straight for Elder Shenmu's throat.

His movements were faster and more ferocious than before, as if he had burned all his life into this one sword strike.

Ning Zhi's figure transformed into a bluish-black afterimage, appearing like a ghost behind Elder Shenmu. Bluish-black flames condensed in his palm, transforming into a burning blade, aimed directly at Elder Shenmu's back.

Caught in a pincer attack,

Elder Shenmu had no choice but to fight back with all his might.

Golden light formed a golden barrier around him, like a giant golden egg, completely enveloping him and blocking both Kai's sword and Ning Zhi's fire.

But at that moment, Su Yuqi also moved.

She didn't rush towards Elder Shenmu, but instead charged towards Lei Wanjun and the Holy Light Palace Master.

Dark red flames burned around her, transforming into a long, fiery whip, like a burning python, lashing fiercely at Lei Wanjun.

"Your opponent is me!" Su Yuqi's voice was cold and firm, her dark red eyes surging with burning fighting spirit.

Lei Wanjun was stunned for a moment, then sneered, "A mere seventh-grade Golden Immortal dares to stop us?"

"Why don't you try and see?"

The dark red flame whip drew a scorching trajectory in the air, carrying a terrifying heat capable of incinerating everything, and slammed down towards Lei Wanjun's head.

Lei Wanjun had no choice but to raise the magic weapon in his hand to defend. Golden lightning collided with the dark red flames, producing a

sizzling sound, like water being poured into a pot of oil, stirring up a cloud of white smoke.

“I’ll hold her off, you go kill those demonic cultivators!”

Lei Wanjun shouted to the elite of the Divine Race behind him. He didn’t want to be entangled by this girl; he wanted to go and support Elder Shenmu.

“Trying to leave?”

Su Yuqi sneered, the flames on her body surging again, the dark red light enveloping an area of dozens of feet in it, like a giant cage of fire. “Get past me first!”

Her figure weaved through the flames, like a burning fire phoenix, each flap of her wings carrying a scorching wave of fire.

Her moves were sharp and ruthless, without a single superfluous movement; each strike carried a resolute, all-or-nothing determination.

She didn’t know why she was fighting so desperately; she only felt an uncontrollable rage and grief welling up within her when she saw those demonic cultivators being slaughtered.

Although Lei Wanjun was a rank higher in cultivation than her, he was forced to retreat repeatedly under her relentless fighting style, without even a chance to catch his breath.

Meanwhile, Kai and Ning Zhi’s attacks on Elder Shenmu were also growing increasingly fierce.

Kai’s sword moved faster and faster, the purple sword light weaving into an impenetrable net in the void, like a giant spider web, sealing off Elder Shenmu’s escape routes.

Each strike carried the destructive aura of chaotic power, relentlessly tearing at the weak points of the golden barrier.

Ning Zhi's flames grew increasingly intense, the bluish-black light spreading in the void like burning venomous snakes, tearing at Elder Shenmu's golden barrier from every angle, constantly eroding, burning, and penetrating.

Elder Shenmu's pressure grew heavier and heavier.

Although his cultivation level was as high as the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, he felt an unprecedented strain facing the combined attack of these two.

Kai's chaotic power always found the weak points in his defense, like an experienced thief specifically targeting keyholes.

Ning Zhi's bluish-black flames possessed an almost unreasonable ability to penetrate defenses, like a heavy hammer smashing into thin ice, each impact leaving deep cracks in the golden barrier. "Damn it!" Elder Shenmu gritted his teeth, golden light exploding around him in an attempt to repel the two.

But he had barely managed to push back Kai and Ning Zhi, and before he could even catch his breath, Kai charged forward again.

The gray figure was like an unkillable cockroach, getting up again and again, charging forward once more, as if fighting was the only belief in his life.

"Old bastard, weren't you very arrogant just now?"

Kai's voice carried a hint of mockery and provocation, his purple eyes burning with an almost insane flame. "Why aren't you arrogant now? Didn't you say you could crush me with one hand? Come on! Crush me!"

Elder Shenmu's face turned ashen: "You're courting death!"

The golden palm print struck out again, slamming down towards Kai's head.

That palm print carried the destructive power of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, enough to turn a small mountain into dust.

This time, Kai didn't take the blow head-on. He flashed, using the seed of spatial law to teleport dozens of feet away, causing the palm strike to miss, leaving a huge palm-shaped crater on the ice.

Meanwhile, Ning Zhi's attack came from the side.

A bluish-black flame, like a burning blade, pierced through Elder Shenmu's protective divine light, which had weakened momentarily due to the exertion of force.

The flame, like a venomous snake, burrowed into Elder Shenmu's shoulder, burning, spreading, and diffusing within his flesh, leaving a charred wound, the edges of which even revealed charred bone.

"Ah—!"

Elder Shenmu cried out in excruciating pain, golden blood gushing from the wound, splashing onto the ice like blooming golden flowers.

His body stiffened abruptly, the golden barrier momentarily pausing.

"Got it."

Ning Zhi's voice remained calm, but a glint of light finally flashed in his eyes.

A slight smile curved his lips, the first smile he had shown since the start of the battle—a cold and deadly smile.

Kai charged forward again.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword struck like a torrential downpour, each strike carrying the destructive pressure of chaotic power, aiming for Elder Shenmu's wounds and vital points.

His swordplay was like a storm, relentless and unwavering, each strike

delivered with full force. Ning Zhi's flames followed closely, blocking Elder Shenmu's escape routes from all angles, like fiery serpents coiling around their prey.

Elder Shenmu finally could not withstand the onslaught.

His golden barrier shattered under the combined attack of the two, like broken glass, golden fragments scattering and dissipating into specks of golden light in the air.

Ning Zhi's bluish-black flames surged into his body like a torrent, scorching his meridians, burning his dantian, and evaporating his spiritual energy.

Kai's Dragon-Slaying Sword followed closely behind, its purple light piercing through his chest, pulverizing his heart and meridians.

Elder Shenmu's body stiffened abruptly, the light in his eyes dimming rapidly like a candle flickering in the wind.

His lips moved slightly, golden blood gushing from the corners of his mouth, as if he wanted to say something, but ultimately uttered no words.

His body plummeted from mid-air, crashing heavily onto the ice, kicking up a cloud of ice shards and dust.

His eyes remained open, filled with disbelief and resentment. Even

in death, he couldn't believe that he had been killed by a junior at the second rank of the Golden Immortal Realm and a junior at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm working together.

Silence fell over the icy plain.

Everyone stared at Elder Shenmu's corpse, at the once high and mighty, invincible ninth-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert.

Now, he lay on the ice like a dead dog, golden blood gushing from his wounds, staining the surrounding ice a dazzling gold.

Then, the demonic cultivators erupted in a deafening cheer.

"Elder Shenmu is dead!"

"A ninth-grade Golden Immortal elder of the Divine Race has been killed by Mr. Chen and Lord Ning Zhi!"

"Hahaha! You Divine Race scum, your backer is dead!"

"Kill! Slaughter all these Divine Race scum!"

The demonic cultivators' morale erupted like a volcanic eruption, and their previously crumbling defenses became impregnable once more.

They roared, howled, and screamed, their eyes burning with the flames of revenge, their hearts filled with unprecedented power.

They charged towards the still-stunned Divine Race and Human Race cultivators.

The Divine Race cultivators, however, were as if their backbone had been ripped out; their faces were ashen, their eyes filled with terror and disbelief.

Their strongest reliance, the ninth-grade Golden Immortal Elder Shenmu, was dead! Their last hope, that arrogant elder of the Divine Race's main hall, had been killed by two juniors working together!

"Elder Shenmu…is dead?"

"A ninth-grade Golden Immortal elder is dead…what…what do we do?"

“Run! We can’t stay on this battlefield any longer!”

Some began to retreat, some threw down their magical artifacts, and some turned and ran.

The golden light was no longer dazzling, but became chaotic and panicked, like a flock of startled birds scattering in all directions.

But Kai and Ning Zhi would not give them a chance to escape.

“Ning Zhi, Flame Seal!” Kai’s voice echoed across the battlefield, carrying an unquestionable authority.

Ning Zhi nodded.

He raised his hands, and dark blue flames surged from his palms, transforming into a huge wall of fire that spread in all directions.

The wall of fire grew higher and thicker, eventually enveloping the ice plains for hundreds of miles around, forming a huge cage of fire.

The flames burned in the night sky, dyeing the moonlight dark blue, like the gates of hell opening on the ice plains.

“Trying to run? All of you stay here!”

Ning Zhi’s voice, as cold as ice, echoed within the fiery cage. “Today, none of you will escape!”

The powerful members of the Divine Race, including Lei Wanjun and the Palace Master of the Holy Light Hall, were gripped by unprecedented panic.

Lei Wanjun was still engaged with Su Yuqi when he heard Elder Shenmu’s screams of agony. His heart sank, as if he had fallen into an abyss.

He knew that if Elder Shenmu died, none of them could survive. If

even a ninth-grade Golden Immortal couldn't save his own life, how long could they, eighth-grade Golden Immortals, hold out?

He suddenly unleashed a move, temporarily forcing Su Yuqi back, then turned to flee.

Golden lightning exploded beneath his feet, and his figure transformed into a golden bolt of lightning, frantically fleeing towards the fiery cage.

But how could Su Yuqi let him escape?

"Trying to leave?"

Su Yuqi sneered, a resolute glint flashing in her dark red eyes.

Flames erupted from her body, the dark red light exploding like a volcanic eruption, transforming into a long chain of fire that wrapped around Lei Wanjun's ankle like a burning chain.

"Get out of my way!" Lei Wanjun roared, his magical weapon slashing fiercely at Su Yuqi, golden lightning falling like divine punishment.

But Su Yuqi neither dodged nor evaded.

Gritting her teeth, she yanked the chain of fire, using all her strength to forcibly pull Lei Wanjun's body away.

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At the same time, Kai arrived.

"Lei Wanjun!"

The Dragon-Slaying Sword, carrying the destructive pressure of chaotic power, descended like a divine punishment from the heavens, fiercely slashing towards Lei Wanjun's head.

Lei Wanjun frantically raised his magical artifact to defend, golden lightning condensing into a lightning shield before him. However, the artifact was as fragile as paper before the chaotic power, cleaved in two by a single sword strike, fragments scattering everywhere.

A purple sword light cleaved from Lei Wanjun's head to his chest, splitting his body in two.

Golden blood gushed out like a fountain, splashing onto the ice and onto Su Yuqi's fiery red skirt. Lei

Wanjun, the patriarch of the Thunder God Clan, an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

The Palace Master of the Holy Light Palace, seeing Lei Wanjun killed, was terrified.

He turned and ran, recklessly channeling his spiritual power, rushing towards the fiery cage. His speed was incredible; golden light exploded beneath his feet, his figure like a golden meteor.

But he had only taken a few steps when a bluish-black flame blocked his path.

Ning Zhi emerged from the flames, the bluish-black firelight burning behind him, making him appear like an emissary from hell.

His eyes were calm and cold as he looked at the Lord of the Holy Light Palace as if he were a man already destined to die.

"Since you've come, don't leave."

The bluish-black flames surged forth like a torrent, engulfing the Lord of the Holy Light Palace.

A scream rang out from within the flames, shrill and brief, before quickly disappearing.

Golden light struggled for a few moments in the bluish-black flames before extinguishing completely.

The Lord of the Holy Light Palace, an eighth-grade Golden Immortal, was dead.

With the fall of one powerful divine being after another, the situation on the battlefield completely reversed.

The demonic cultivators' morale soared, like dry tinder being ignited, their flames burning fiercely.

They roared as they charged towards the divine and human cultivators who had lost their will to fight, their magical weapons burning with vengeful fury, each strike carrying a determination to kill.

The divine cultivators were like spineless mollusks; some knelt and begged for mercy, some scattered and fled, and some even gave up resistance, being slaughtered by the demonic cultivators like chopping vegetables.

As for the human cultivators, they were completely thrown into chaos.

They had joined the battle because of the allure of the divine golden cores.

But now all the powerful members of the divine race were dead; not only could they not obtain the golden cores, but they also faced the retaliation of the crazed demonic cultivators.

Fear and regret gnawed at their hearts like venomous snakes, making them tremble and their legs go weak.

"We were wrong! We surrender!"

"Spare us! We were bewitched by the divine race!"

"We will never dare again!"

Some of the human cultivators threw down their magical artifacts, knelt on the ground and begged, their foreheads slamming heavily against the ice, leaving them bloodied and mangled.

Some wept bitterly, some curled up in a ball trembling, and some tried to escape but were blocked by the demonic cultivators.

But how could the demonic cultivators let them go?

“Now you know you’re wrong? Too late!”

“When you slaughtered our compatriots, did you ever think of sparing them?”

“Kill them! Leave no one alive! Blood debts must be repaid in blood!”

Mo Yuan stood in the crowd, his black longsword, stained with golden blood, pointing at the human cultivators, his voice hoarse and cold: “When they killed us, they didn’t think of showing any mercy. Now that they’re begging for mercy, we should forgive them? On what grounds?”

“Kill!”

The roars of the demonic cultivators swept across the battlefield like a tsunami.

Kai stood not far away, watching the fleeing soldiers being chased by the demonic cultivators, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

His body was covered in wounds, his gray robe soaked in blood, turning dark red, but he still stood straight, like an unbreakable spear.

A human cultivator at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm stumbled to him and knelt down with a thud; it was the same human powerhouse who had spoken to Kai earlier.

His face was filled with fear and remorse, his clothes were tattered, and blood and tears mingled on his forehead. His voice trembled: “Mr.

Chen… Mr. Chen, please… spare us… We were forced by the gods… We will never dare again… never again…”

Kai looked down at him, his purple eyes as cold as ancient glaciers, devoid of any warmth: “When you were serving as cannon fodder for the gods, did you ever think of sparing these demonic cultivators? When you slaughtered them, did you feel even a shred of pity?”

The human cultivator opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but looking into Kai’s icy eyes, he couldn’t utter a single word.

His lips moved a few times, and finally he lowered his head.

Kai raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword, and a purple light flashed.

The human cultivator’s body fell to the ground, golden blood gushing from his neck, staining the ice red.

His eyes were still open, filled with remorse and resentment.

“Kill.” Kai’s voice was soft.

The demonic cultivators roared and charged forward, utterly crushing the last resistance of the human cultivators.

Swords clashed, screams filled the air, and blood splattered everywhere.

It was a massacre.

A one-sided massacre.

From midnight to dawn, from dawn to noon, from noon to dusk, the battle raged for a full day and night.

The icy plains were littered with corpses; golden and dark red blood mingled, forming crisscrossing streams that flowed slowly across the ice, gurgling softly.

Fragments of magical artifacts lay scattered everywhere, and tattered armor and broken weapons covered the battlefield like discarded iron.

Under the moonlight, the corpses stood like silent sculptures, silently recounting the brutality of the battle.

Kai stood amidst the mountain of corpses and sea of blood, his gray robes soaked to a dark red, blood still dripping from his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

His face was expressionless, his purple eyes holding only an unfathomable calm. His body was covered in wounds, yet he stood ramrod straight.

Ning Zhi stood not far away, dark blue flames slowly burning around him, incinerating all the remaining soldiers who tried to approach.

A trace of blood still clung to the corner of his mouth, but his eyes remained calm.

Su Yuqi stood beside him, her fiery red dress fluttering in the cold wind, her dark red eyes flashing with complex light.

She looked at the slaughtered human cultivators, a hint of pity flashing in her eyes, but when she saw the jubilant demonic cultivators, that pity vanished.

Jiang Xuelan stepped out from the crowd, walked to Kai's side, and took his blood-stained hand in hers.

Her palm was cold, yet it carried a reassuring strength.

"Is it over?" Her voice was soft, as if afraid of shattering something.

Kai looked at the distant horizon, the moonlight casting a long shadow of him. His voice was hoarse, yet tinged with relief: "It's over."

Su Yuqi watched Kai and Jiang Xuelan holding hands, and her heart suddenly ached for no apparent reason. She didn't know why.

Seeing Kai so intimate with a strange woman made her uncomfortable.

Could it be that she really knew this Kai before?

Was she really his woman before?

Su Yuqi's mind raced with these wild thoughts.

Meanwhile, Ning Zhi hovered in mid-air, quietly watching Kai.

" Kai, I'll be waiting for you in the Twentieth Heaven. After I've wiped out those pretentious bastards of the Twentieth Heaven's Divine Clan, I'll wipe you out,"

Ning Zhi said calmly.

"Alright, I'm always ready, but you've always been a defeated opponent. You think you can wipe me out so easily?"

Kai smiled.

"We'll see then." Ning Zhi finished speaking and looked at Su Yuqi, "Senior Sister, let's go."

Su Yuqi nodded and followed Ning Zhi into the void. However, Su Yuqi glanced back at Kai; at this moment, she seemed to value Kai more.

Mo Yuan, Yan Lie, and the others were all dumbfounded upon hearing the conversation between Kai and Ning Zhi.

Just moments ago, the two were fighting side by side, like close friends.

How could they turn around and start killing each other?

"Mr. Chen, who is that person?" Mo Yuan asked疑惑地.

“Someone who’s been chasing me. He’s chased me from the mortal realm to the celestial realm, and then to the celestial realm. He’s always wanted to kill me,” Kai said. “Why? ”

Yan Lie also stepped forward. “Kid, you killed his father, and he’s still helping you. This guy’s not bad,” Xuanzhenzi said with a smile.

“If you think he’s good, you can become sworn brothers with him,” Kai said.

“Forget it, I’m your bodyguard. If I become sworn brothers with him, and he wants to kill you, who am I supposed to help?”

Xuanzhenzi waved his hand.

Kai glanced at the bewildered group and said in a deep voice, “Do

n’t just stand there. Have everyone quickly clean up the battlefield and collect the spoils. We’ve killed so many people, there must be a lot of resources.” Mo Yuan was the first to come to his senses. He wiped the blood off his face and shouted loudly to the demonic cultivators behind him, “Did you hear me! Get moving! Take everything you can! Pills, magic weapons, storage rings, spirit stones, don’t leave anything behind!”

“Quick! Before the smell of blood attracts too many demonic beasts, take everything you can!” Yan Lie also directed the disciples of Yanmo Ridge to move.

Although the demonic cultivators had just endured a fierce battle, some exhausted, others wounded, their eyes lit up at the mention of “spoils of war.”

They began moving swiftly and methodically across the battlefield, looting everything of value from the divine and human cultivators—storage rings, storage bags, magical artifacts, pills, spirit stones, and more.

Some searched corpses, others pieced together broken magical artifacts, and still others collected scattered pill bottles; the entire battlefield resembled a bustling market.

Golden and dark red blood flowed beneath their feet, but they paid no heed. These were cultivation resources, things that could make them stronger.

“Haha! This guy has over twenty seventh-grade Golden Immortal pills!”

“I found quite a few here too! His storage ring is full of top-grade crystals!”

“This divine cultivator’s magical artifact is still usable; with some repair, it’ll be a superb weapon!”

The demonic cultivators’ excited voices rose and fell, the fatigue and fear of the battle seemingly washed away by the spoils.

Nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators toiled on the icy plains for two full hours, gathering all valuable resources from the battlefield at several makeshift supply points.

Kai stood beside the supply points, gazing at the mountains of spoils.

Crystals, pills, magical artifacts, cultivation manuals, jade slips, spiritual materials… a dazzling array, radiating multicolored light, shimmering alluringly in the moonlight.

Mo Yuan and Yan Lie stepped forward, both their faces beaming with joy.

Mo Yuan roughly estimated, his voice brimming with barely suppressed excitement: “Mr. Chen, this harvest is enormous! There are millions of top-grade crystals alone, and countless high-grade crystals.

There are at least tens of thousands of pills, thousands of magical artifacts, and some jade slips containing cultivation techniques and

secret arts unique to the divine race... These resources are enough for our nearly ten thousand people to cultivate for decades!"

Kai nodded, a hint of satisfaction flashing in his purple eyes.

Mo Yuan paused, hesitated for a moment, and then asked, "Mr. Chen, how should these spoils be distributed? You've put in a lot of effort; how much do you think is appropriate?"

Kai looked at Mo Yuan, then at Yan Lie, a slight smile

playing on his lips. He held up five fingers: "Fifty percent."

Mo Yuan and Yan Lie's faces stiffened instantly.

Fifty percent?

Spoils fought to the death by nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators, and Kai alone wanted to take fifty percent?

That was too...ruthless.

The two looked troubled. Mo Yuan opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but looking into Kai's calm purple eyes, he felt a chill rise from the bottom of his heart.

Kai looked at their expressions, his smile not disappearing, but his voice carrying a chilling coldness: "What? You don't want to give fifty percent? Fine, I'll just kill you all and take all the resources, saving you the trouble of dividing them." Upon

hearing this, Mo Yuan and Yan Lie's faces instantly turned deathly pale.

They had no doubt that Kai was capable of what he said.

They had clearly witnessed the fierce fighting spirit of this young man on the battlefield.

He had single-handedly withstood dozens of blows from Elder Shenmu, a ninth-grade Golden Immortal, without retreating an inch, and finally joined forces with Ning Zhi to kill him. Such strength and killing intent were no joke.

“Here you go! Fifty percent! Fifty percent!”

Mo Yuan waved his hands repeatedly, cold sweat beading on his forehead. “Mr. Chen should take fifty percent! Without Mr. Chen, we would have died at the hands of those hunters long ago! These resources were earned by Mr. Chen with his life!”

“Yes, yes, yes!”

Yan Lie also nodded hurriedly. “Fifty percent isn’t much! Not at all! Mr. Chen, please take it!”

Kai looked at the two men’s tense expressions and couldn’t help but laugh, waving his hand: “Just kidding. I’ll take thirty percent. You can divide the rest; after all, these demonic cultivators fought to the death with you, it wasn’t easy.”

Mo Yuan and Yan Lie were stunned at first, then realized that Kai was deliberately trying to scare them.

Both men wore expressions of amusement and relief, but more so, a sense of relief that seemed to weigh heavily on their faces.

“Mr. Chen, your joke…it almost gave me a heart attack…” Mo Yuan wiped the cold sweat from his brow.

Kai didn’t reply. He took about thirty percent of the resources from the piles of spoils and stored them in his storage ring.

While this was only thirty percent for nearly ten thousand demonic cultivators, it was an astronomical sum for him alone.

Millions of top-grade crystals, thousands of high-grade pills, dozens of decent-quality magic artifacts, and a large quantity of spiritual materials and cultivation technique jade slips.

“This is enough,” Kai muttered to himself.

He turned to look at Jiang Xuelan.

She had been standing not far away, not participating in cleaning up the battlefield, but simply watching him quietly, her icy blue eyes filled with concern and a complex light.

Kai walked up to her, his voice softening slightly: “Next, we’ll go to the twentieth heaven.”

Jiang Xuelan’s pupils contracted slightly. After a moment of silence, she slowly spoke: ” Kai… I’ll go to the twentieth heaven with you?”

“Of course.” Kai nodded.

Jiang Xuelan lowered her head, a hint of hesitation and struggle flashing in her icy blue eyes: “But… my cultivation level is too low. I’m only at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm now.

The twentieth heaven is the territory of the Divine Clan’s main hall. The experts there are at least at the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and there are even ninth-rank Golden Immortal Realm beings… If I go with you, I’ll only be a burden, unable to help you…”

Her voice grew softer and softer, the last few words almost… Kai looked at her dejected appearance, and a slight thought stirred within him.

He reached out and lifted her chin, making her meet his gaze with her icy blue eyes. A gentle smile curved his lips: “Who said you’re a burden? Have you forgotten what I have?”

He raised his other hand, and with a flash of light, a small black pagoda appeared in his palm.

The pagoda was entirely black, covered with densely packed ancient runes, each rune slowly shimmering with silver light, radiating a profound power of time and space.

The Demon-Suppressing Pagoda.

Jiang Xuelan looked at the Demon Suppression Tower, a hint of realization flashing in her icy blue eyes: “You mean…”

“Yes.”

Kai nodded, his voice filled with confidence, “The Demon Suppression Tower has a time acceleration function; one hundred days inside the tower is equivalent to one day outside. Moreover, I obtained a large amount of resources this time, enough for our cultivation needs. Plus, with bloodline fusion…”

He paused, his smile deepening, “Do you remember the effects of our bloodline fusion before? If we cultivate together in the Demon Suppression Tower, your cultivation speed will be more than a hundred times faster than usual.

A few years is equivalent to only ten days outside, enough to push you to the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal realm or even higher.”

Jiang Xuelan’s cheeks flushed slightly; of course, she remembered the effects of bloodline fusion.

That profound feeling of merging power and sharing aura not only rapidly improved cultivation but also made their cooperation more seamless.

More importantly, after bloodline fusion, Jiang Xuelan experienced the pleasures of womanhood, a feeling even more exhilarating than ascension.

But she still hesitated: “But… even if I reach the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, the Twentieth Heaven is, after all, the main hall

of the Divine Race, where a Divine Emperor at the peak of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm is stationed…"

"So we need more people."

Kai's voice carried a hint of deeper meaning. "Although the main hall of the Divine Race is powerful, it is not monolithic. Besides, don't you want to go to the Twentieth Heaven, find that Divine Emperor, and seek justice for the oppression suffered by the Ice God lineage over the years?"

Jiang Xuelan's body trembled violently.

"I…" Jiang Xuelan's lips trembled a few times, her icy blue eyes surging with complex light, finally turning into a firm resolve, "I'll go."

Kai looked at her eyes, which had rekindled their fighting spirit, and the corners of his mouth slightly curved up: "This is the Jiang Xuelan I know."

He turned and walked towards the direction of the rift in the Land of the Fallen Emperor: "Let's go. Time is of the essence, we need to improve our strength as soon as possible."

Jiang Xuelan quickly followed.

Mo Yuan and Yan Lie were both stunned when they saw Kai and Jiang Xuelan walking towards the Land of the Fallen Emperor.

Mo Yuan quickly caught up and asked, "Mr. Chen, what's going on here…?"

"Xue Lan and I are going into seclusion in the Land of Fallen Emperors for a while."

Kai glanced back at him. "You can go home now. The Divine Race has been wiped out, and no one will harm you anymore."

Mo Yuan and Yan Lie exchanged a glance and nodded. “Thank you, Mr. Chen. If there’s anything we can do for you in the future, we’ll do our utmost.”

After saying that, Mo Yuan and Yan Lie led their men away and returned to their home.

Kai looked at Xuan Zhenzi and said, “Old Xuan, you take your disciple and guard outside. When I come out of seclusion, we’ll go to the Twentieth Heaven.”

“No problem, but you have to leave me some of those resources. I’ve put in a lot of effort too.”

Xuan Zhenzi’s eyes turned red when he saw that Kai had taken thirty percent of the resources.

“If you’re working with me, you’ll definitely benefit from it.” After saying that, Kai casually gave Xuan Zhenzi 500,000 high-grade crystals.

Xuanzhenzi grinned, “You two go ahead. Be careful while you’re in seclusion, don’t bring the baby out, I’ll have to watch the child for you.”

Jiang Xuelan blushed and glanced at Kai.

They were definitely going to cultivate together when they went into seclusion.

Kai glared at Xuanzhenzi and led Jiang Xuelan into the enormous void rift.

Gray light enveloped their figures, and spatial turbulence surged around them, but automatically avoided them like docile sheep.

The rift slowly closed behind them, completely swallowing their figures.

...

The Land of Fallen Emperors.

In the gray void, Kai and Jiang Xuelan reappeared.

All around was endless nothingness and floating strange matter. Fragments of shattered stars, solidified light, and torn fragments of laws floated slowly in the void, emitting various colors of light.

Kai looked around, chose a relatively stable area of the void, and summoned the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The black tower floated in the void, silver runes flowing rapidly across its surface like living things, releasing increasingly intense spatial fluctuations.

The tower began to grow, gradually increasing in size from the size of a palm to several meters, then tens of meters high, finally transforming into a towering, entirely black structure standing in the gray void.

The tower doors slowly opened, releasing a rich spiritual energy and profound temporal power.

“Let’s go in,” Kai said, taking Jiang Xuelan’s hand as they entered the Demon-Suppressing Tower.

The interior was much larger than it appeared from the outside; it was a spacious hall, its walls covered with ancient runes that emitted a soft glow.

In the center of the hall was an open space paved with soft bluestone, its surface engraved with a spirit-gathering array that continuously drew in the surrounding spiritual energy.

Kai sat cross-legged on the bluestone, Jiang Xuelan sitting opposite him.

After a moment of eye contact, Kai retrieved a large amount of cultivation resources from his storage ring.

Top-grade crystals were piled up like small mountains around them, various pills floated in the air emitting a rich medicinal fragrance, and several golden crystals containing the essence of Dao emitted a soft light.

“Let’s begin,” Kai’s voice was calm. “First cultivate, then fuse your bloodlines.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded, closed her eyes, and began to circulate the power of the Ice God.

Icy blue cold air flowed around her, mingling with the surrounding spiritual energy and emitting a faint hum.

Kai also closed his eyes, his chaotic power slowly circulating within his body, absorbing the surrounding spiritual energy and the energy from the crystals.

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. He had plenty of time.

The cultivation process was long and tedious, but for cultivators, it felt like being immersed in a warm ocean, with each breath bringing an increase in strength.

Kai’s cultivation steadily improved from the second rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, his chaotic power surging through his meridians like giant gray dragons, tempering every inch of his meridians and dantian.

The seed of spatial laws slowly rotated in the dantian, emitting a silvery glow. Jiang Xuelan’s cultivation speed was even more astonishing.

Her Ice God Power received a wealth of resources, like a dried-up riverbed encountering a torrent, frantically devouring the surrounding spiritual energy.

Her meridians were widening, her dantian was expanding, and her Ice God Bloodline was activating, making her stronger every moment.

Golden Immortal Level 5, Golden Immortal Level 6…

her cultivation level soared like a rocket at an incredible speed.

But cultivation was only the beginning.

The real improvement came from bloodline fusion.

After both of their cultivation levels stabilized, Kai opened his eyes, looked at Jiang Xuelan opposite him, and said with a hint of gentleness in his voice, “Are you ready?”

Jiang Xuelan opened her eyes, a slight red flash in her icy blue eyes, and nodded gently.

Kai reached out and grasped her hand.

The power of chaos and the power of the Ice God flowed between the two of them, like two rivers converging, merging, intertwining, and tempering each other.

Kai slowly removed Jiang Xuelan’s clothes and then gently pressed down on her.

The moment their bloodlines fused, both of their bodies trembled simultaneously.

The exhilarating sensation of merging powers coursed through her body like an electric current, every pore opening up, each breath carrying power into her limbs and bones.

Jiang Xuelan’s cheeks flushed; she could feel her power increasing at an incredible speed.

Sixth Rank of Golden Immortal Realm, Seventh Rank of Golden Immortal Realm…

The icy blue light surged around her, the chill growing increasingly dense and pure, as if to freeze the entire Demon Suppression Tower into an ice cellar.

Kai could sense that the Ice God Bloodline within Jiang Xuelan was being fully activated; that ancient bloodline power was awakening like a sleeping dragon, radiating an ever-growing pressure.

Peak Seventh Rank of Golden Immortal Realm, Eighth Rank of Golden Immortal Realm…

The moment that barrier was broken, Jiang Xuelan's body shuddered violently, the icy blue light exploding around her like a blooming ice flower.

The chill swept in all directions, freezing the surrounding space into fine ice crystals, shimmering with diamond-like brilliance within the light.

Eighth Rank of Golden Immortal Realm.

She had broken through. Several years passed inside the

Demon

Suppression Tower, while only a dozen days had passed outside.

When Kai and Jiang Xuelan emerged from the tower, their auras had undergone a dramatic transformation.

Kai's cultivation had risen from the second rank of the Golden Immortal Realm to its peak.

He had given most of the resources to Jiang Xuelan; although his own improvement wasn't as dramatic as hers, his foundation was extremely solid. His

chaotic power was more condensed than before, and the seeds of the spatial and temporal laws had fully sprouted, radiating a silvery light.

His strength was now incomparable to what it had been before.

Jiang Xuelan's transformation was even more astonishing.

She wore an ice-white long dress, her long hair as black as ink, and her ice-blue eyes shone like two dazzling cold stars. A dense chill surrounded her, freezing the surrounding air into tiny ice crystals.

Her cultivation had stabilized at the eighth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and the Ice God Bloodline within her was fully activated. The ancient pressure emanating from her caused the surrounding fragments of laws to give way.

"Eighth-grade Golden Immortal..."

Jiang Xuelan raised her hand, looking at the icy blue light flowing in her palm, her eyes filled with emotion. "I've been in the Demon Suppression Tower for several years, while only a dozen days have passed in the outside world... This feeling is so unreal."

"You'll get used to it." Kai smiled. "With the Demon Suppression Tower, it will be much faster to improve your cultivation level in the future."

Jiang Xuelan nodded, looking at Kai with a hint of curiosity in her icy blue eyes: "What cultivation level are you in now?"

"Peak of the second grade Golden Immortal," Kai said. "However, my combat strength should be enough to deal with a peak eighth-grade Golden Immortal, and encountering a ninth-grade Golden Immortal shouldn't be a big problem either."

"So fast?" Jiang Xuelan was somewhat surprised.

"The growth rate of chaotic power is inherently faster than that of ordinary cultivation techniques,"

Kai said calmly. “Moreover, I haven’t fully refined the Dao essence I obtained in the Land of Fallen Emperors. Once I’ve fully refined it, I should be able to advance another grade or two.”

Jiang Xuelan looked at him, a gentle smile curving her lips. “Then let’s go, to the twentieth heaven.”

Kai nodded, turned around, and looked towards the exit of the Land of Fallen Emperors, a deep light flashing in his purple eyes.

…

On the icy plain at the entrance to the Land of Fallen Emperors, the cold wind was still biting.

When Kai and Jiang Xuelan emerged from the void rift, Xuan Zhenzi was sitting on an ice rock, a withered blade of grass dangling from his mouth, legs crossed, looking quite leisurely.

A young Daoist boy squatted beside him, holding a spiritual fruit, his mouth full of juice.

Seeing the two of them come out, Xuan Zhenzi threw away the withered grass, stood up, and looked Kai and Jiang Xuelan up and down.

When his gaze swept over Jiang Xuelan, his cloudy eyes widened suddenly, and his mouth gaped open wide enough to fit an egg.

“Holy crap! Eighth-grade Golden Immortal?!”

Xuanzhenzi’s voice changed completely. “It’s only been a dozen days, right? What have you two been doing in there? I cultivated for tens of thousands of years to reach the peak of the eighth-grade Golden Immortal, and you, a mere fourth-grade Golden Immortal girl, caught up in just a dozen days?”

Jiang Xuelan was amused by his exaggerated expression, a mischievous glint in her icy blue eyes: “Senior, why don’t you try entering the Demon

Suppression Tower? A few years inside is only a dozen days outside. Senior might even be able to break through to the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm."

"Ahem..."

Xuanzhenzi coughed twice and waved his hand. "My body can't withstand such exertion. Besides, if I go in, who will guard the gate for you outside?"

"Besides, I don't have that many resources either. If I were a pretty girl, it wouldn't matter. I could find a capable cultivation partner, do nothing, just take off my clothes and lie down, and the resources would come."

The little Daoist boy raised his head, his mouth full of spiritual fruit, and mumbled, "Master, why do you get resources just by taking off your clothes and lying down?"

"Shut up!" Xuan Zhenzi glared at him. "Eat your fruit!"

Jiang Xuelan blushed, looking extremely embarrassed.

Kai looked at Xuan Zhenzi and couldn't help but shake his head. This guy was really cheeky, almost as bad as Hu Mazi. He just wondered how Hu Mazi was doing now. Kai

walked up to Xuan Zhenzi, took out a bag of crystals from his storage ring, and casually tossed it over.

"Senior, I still have some resources left. Adding the 500,000 high-grade crystals I gave you, some pills and magic tools, that should be enough for you for a while."

Xuanzhenzi took the storage bag, probed it with his divine sense, and his expression instantly became fascinating.

His eyes shone like two lanterns, and the wrinkles on his face smoothed out.

“Hehe, following you was definitely the right decision!”

Xuanzhenzi chuckled as he carefully put the storage bag away. “Alright, stop joking.” Kai waved his hand. “Let’s go to the twentieth heaven.”

Xuan Zhenzi’s playful expression vanished, a glint of shrewdness flashing in his eyes. “The twentieth heaven? Are we going with just a few people? The main hall of the Divine Race there isn’t to be trifled with.”

“More people might not be useful.”

Kai’s voice was calm. “Let’s go and see what’s going on. Besides, the twentieth heaven isn’t just for the Divine Race. We can use the conflicts between other people and the Divine Race.”

Xuan Zhenzi thought for a moment and nodded. “That makes sense. Let’s go then.”

He turned and kicked the little Daoist boy’s bottom. “Stop eating! Let’s go!”

The little Daoist boy quickly stuffed the last bite of spiritual fruit into his mouth, his cheeks puffed out like a squirrel, mumbled a reply, and followed along.

The four of them— Kai, Jiang Xuelan, Xuan Zhenzi, and the little Daoist boy—stood together.

Kai summoned the Demon-Suppressing Tower, and chaotic power surged into the tower, enveloping the four of them in silver light.

Space distorted, the scene blurred, and the next moment, they disappeared from the icy plain.

The Demon-Suppressing Tower possesses spatial teleportation capabilities. Kai intends to use it to traverse the void and reach the twentieth heaven, minimizing damage to them.

…

The twentieth heaven.

When Kai and his companions emerged from the spatial passage, they found themselves on a hillside.

Beneath their feet lay verdant grass, glistening with dewdrops that shimmered like diamonds in the pale golden sunlight.

In the distance stretched a range of mountains, their peaks soaring into the clouds, their summits capped with perpetual snow that reflected a dazzling white light in the sun.

The air was fresh and moist, carrying the scent of grass and earth; with each breath, they felt a rich spiritual energy flow into their bodies.

“This is the twentieth level of heaven?”

The young Daoist boy took a deep breath, a hint of amazement flashing in his cloudy eyes. “Such rich spiritual energy! It’s more than one level stronger than the nineteenth level! Cultivating in a place like this would be at least three times faster!”

“Indeed.”

Kai nodded, his purple eyes scanning the surroundings. “Moreover, the laws of heaven and earth here are more complete, which is very helpful for comprehending the power of the laws.”

The young Daoist boy squatted down, reached out and touched the grass under his feet, then looked up at the distant mountains, his little face full of curiosity: “Master, this place is more beautiful than where we used to live.”

Xuan Zhenzi nodded, unusually not refuting, but sighed, “The twentieth level of heaven… I came here once a long time ago, but later, because of

playing the Heavenly Ladder, I could only wander around in the lower realm and haven't been back for a long time."

Kai didn't reply; his divine sense had already spread out, covering an area of hundreds of miles.

He could sense the aura of several cities in the distance, some filled with the pressure of the divine race, and others with the chaotic aura of humans and other races living together.

Nearby lay a tranquil mountain wilderness, with only a few low-level demonic beasts roaming the forest, posing no threat.

"Let's find a city where human cultivators gather and settle down first,"

Kai said.

The four of them flew towards a city.

...

Meanwhile, in the central region of the twentieth heaven, the Divine Emperor Palace.

The Divine Emperor Palace floated above the clouds, its entire structure forged from golden divine stone, radiating a dazzling light under the pale golden sunlight, like an ever-burning sun.

Clouds swirled around the palace, and golden lightning could be faintly seen flashing through the clouds, emitting a low rumble—the protective array of the Divine Race's main hall.

The entire palace covered a vast area, with numerous pavilions and towers, exuding a magnificent aura. Countless Divine Race cultivators clad in golden armor patrolled inside and outside the palace, each possessing a cultivation level of at least the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm. At

the core of the Divine Emperor Palace stood a golden hall hundreds of feet tall, its interior spacious and solemn, its walls engraved with ancient divine race totems and inscriptions.

In the center of the main hall, upon a throne supported by nine golden steps, sat a majestic figure:

the Divine Emperor Jinwu Hao.

He wore a golden robe embroidered with countless divine runes, each one slowly flowing and radiating a chilling pressure.

His face was stern and cold, his brows carrying an innate air of superiority. His golden eyes were like two eternally burning flames, making it impossible to look directly at him. His

cultivation was at the peak of the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and his pressure was as tangible as a solid aura surrounding him, seemingly capable of crushing everything at any moment.

At this moment, he held a jade slip in his hand, his golden eyes surging with a cold and furious light.

The news within the jade slip ignited his rage like a volcano.

Elder Shenmu was dead.

Elder Shenmu, a ninth-rank Golden Immortal Realm expert, the trusted confidant he had personally sent to investigate Wu Tianji's death, was dead.

And that wasn't all. All the divine forces in the Nineteenth Heaven—the Golden Crow Clan, the Thunder God Clan, the Holy Light Palace... all the forces affiliated with the Divine Clan's main hall—were utterly annihilated.

Not a single one survived.

Several divine elders knelt in the hall, each with a face filled with terror and unease.

What were they feeling? “Speak.” Jin Wuhao’s voice was cold, as cold as the chilling air from the depths of a ten-thousand-year-old glacier. “What exactly happened?”

An elder in a golden robe knelt on the ground, his forehead pressed against the cold earth, his voice trembling. “Reporting to Your Majesty the Divine Emperor… Elder Shenmu was ordered to descend to the

mortal realm to investigate and issued a bounty to hunt down the demonic cultivators of the Southern Wilderness Demon Realm. But Kai used a spacetime magic artifact to teleport all those demonic cultivators to the entrance of the Emperor’s Fall Land. Elder Shenmu led his men to the icy plains and fought fiercely with Kai and his accomplices… and the result…”

He dared not continue.

“The result what?”

Jin Wuhao’s voice remained calm, but a chilling coldness emanated from it.

“The result… Elder Shenmu died in battle.”

The elder’s voice grew softer and softer. “The thousands of elite divine race warriors who went with him, as well as the human cultivators who accepted the bounty, were all killed in action. The divine race forces of the Nineteenth Heaven… no longer exist.”

The hall fell silent.

Jin Wuhao closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

When he opened his eyes again, those golden eyes were devoid of any emotion, only an extreme coldness and killing intent remained.

” Kai… a Daoist cultivator… a demonic cultivator…”

he slowly uttered these words, each syllable seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth. “A mere second-grade Golden Immortal ant, actually managed to kill an elder of my Divine Clan’s main hall? Actually managed to annihilate all of my Divine Clan’s forces in the Nineteenth Heaven?”

“Reporting to the Divine Emperor…”

the elder hesitated for a moment, then continued, “According to the news that Elder Shenmu did not die at the hands of Kai alone.

A young demonic cultivator who had cultivated the Demonic Clan’s supreme fire intervened, joining forces with Kai to kill Elder Shenmu. That young demonic cultivator… seems to be from the Flame Demon lineage.”

“The Demonic Clan’s supreme fire?”

Jin Wuhao’s brows furrowed sharply. “The Flame Demon lineage?”

“Yes…and according to the surviving human cultivators, that young demonic cultivator called himself Ning Zhi, and seemed to be a direct disciple of the Flame Demon lineage. The flames he cultivated were extremely domineering, even able to burn through the protective divine light of a ninth-grade Golden Immortal.”

Jin Wuhao’s lips twitched, his golden eyes churning with complex emotions.

The Demonic Supreme Flame was the highest inheritance of the Flame Demon lineage, said to be cultivated only by the purest bloodline of the Flame Demon direct descendants.

Although the Flame Demon lineage had declined in the Southern Wilderness Demon Domain, their foundation was still not to be underestimated.

“A Daoist cultivator, in league with demonic cultivators, killed an elder of my Divine Clan’s main hall and annihilated all of my Divine Clan’s forces in the Nineteenth Heaven.”

Jin Wuhao’s voice grew colder, each word carrying suppressed rage. “Good, very good. It seems these demonic cultivators have forgotten how the Divine Clan dealt with them back then.”

He slowly stood up, his golden divine robes fluttering in the air currents within the hall.

The oppressive aura emanating from him spread out as if it were a tangible force, causing the elders kneeling on the ground to tremble all over, not even daring to look up at him.

“Pass down the order.”

Jin Wuhao’s voice echoed in the hall, carrying an unquestionable majesty. “All divine forces in the Twentieth Heaven are hereby declared war on demonic cultivators, effective immediately.”

“Any demonic cultivator seen is to be killed on the spot. The beheader can claim a reward at the Divine Palace. The head of a first-grade Golden Immortal demonic cultivator will be rewarded with 10,000 top-grade crystals; a second-grade Golden Immortal, 30,000; a third-grade Golden Immortal, 50,000; and so on, with no upper limit.”

“At the same time, a reward is offered for Kai’s head. Anyone who brings Kai’s head will be rewarded with 10 million top-grade crystals, appointed as a guest elder of the divine race, and granted a scroll of Great Luo Golden Immortal cultivation methods.”

“Furthermore, pursue the whereabouts of that demonic cultivator named Ning Zhi with all your might. Once you find him, do not alert him; simply report back. I, the Emperor, wish to personally meet this direct disciple of the Flame Demon lineage.”

Jin Wuhao’s voice resounded in the hall, each word like a thunderclap.

The kneeling elders repeatedly replied, “Yes! Your subordinate obeys!”

Jin Wuhao waved his hand, “Go.”

The elders, as if granted a pardon, scrambled out of the hall.

Only Jin Wuhao remained in the hall. He stood before the throne, his golden eyes gazing at the sea of clouds outside, a complex and cold light flashing within them.

Kai… Ning Zhi… the demonic cultivator…

He had lived for tens of thousands of years, and had never been so provoked.

A Daoist cultivator who had ascended from the lower realm, a remnant of the Flame Demon lineage, had actually joined forces to kill an elder of his Divine Clan’s main hall and annihilate all of his Divine Clan’s forces in the Nineteenth Heaven.

This humiliation must be washed away with blood.

“Tell the Void Merchant Guild.”

Jin Wuhao’s voice echoed in the empty hall, audible only to himself. “Tell them that the Divine Clan’s main hall is willing to pay a high price for all intelligence on Kai and Ning Zhi.

Their whereabouts, strength, weaknesses, and the composition of their entourage—every detail is required.”

A respectful reply came from outside the hall: “Yes!”

Jin Wuhao walked to the hall’s window, gazing at the surging sea of clouds below, a cold glint flashing in his golden eyes.

Kai, you think killing a Divine Tree Elder makes you arrogant before the Divine Clan?

You underestimate the Divine Clan's main hall? After flying for about two hours, Kai and his group of four came upon a small city ahead:

Falling Star City. The city was small, its walls constructed of massive, bluish-gray stones, several meters high.

The surface of the walls was covered with fine cracks and signs of weathering, clearly indicating its age.

Simple defensive formations were carved into the walls, the runes long since faded, only occasionally flashing faintly at certain points, like the barely open eyelids of an old man.

Above the city gate hung a weathered plaque bearing the three characters "Falling Star City," the characters blurred and filled with dust and moss.

There were no guards at the city gate, nor any inspection formations.

People entered and exited in twos and threes, their steps leisurely, appearing quite relaxed.

But it was precisely this relaxation that revealed a delicate balance.

The various forces within this small city seemed to have reached a tacit understanding, each content in its place, without interfering with the others.

Kai led the three through the city gate, his gaze sweeping discreetly across both sides of the street.

His eyes were sharp as a hawk's, capturing every detail in the seemingly calm surface.

Human cultivators comprised the majority of the city, about 70%, dressed in various colors of coarse cloth robes. Some carried magical artifacts at their waists, others carried medicine baskets, and still others haggled at stalls—not much different from other human cities.

Divine cultivators made up about 20%, wearing gold or silver-white robes with divine patterns embroidered on the cuffs. They walked with ramrod straight backs, their eyes carrying a subtle arrogance.

The remainder were beastmen and some scattered demonic cultivators. The beastmen were robust, some sporting animal ears or trailing tails, making them particularly conspicuous in the crowd;

while the demonic cultivators mostly kept their heads down, walking hurriedly, trying to avoid attracting attention.

Most of these cultivators were between the sixth and seventh ranks of the Golden Immortal realm. Occasionally, a few eighth-rank Golden Immortals could be seen passing by, but their numbers were extremely small, and each appearance drew the attention of the surrounding cultivators.

“A quiet little town,”

Kai said softly, his voice so low that only the three people beside him could hear it. “Suitable for staying.”

Xuan Zhenzi nodded, his gaze also sweeping over the surroundings. His eyes weren’t as sharp as Kai’s, but they held a cunning, old fox-like quality: “It’s indeed a bit too quiet. Look at those people; their eyes are all a little off when they see us come in.”

Kai had naturally noticed this as well.

The cultivators in the town looked at the four of them with scrutiny and wariness.

Especially when their gazes swept over Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi, the simultaneous appearance of two eighth-rank Golden Immortals in this small town was enough to attract everyone’s attention.

Some whispered among themselves, some quietly retreated into the alleys, and some had shifty eyes, seemingly plotting something.

Kai paid no attention to these gazes.

He led the three of them through the city for a while, until they found an inn on a relatively quiet street.

The inn was small, with only two floors. The ground floor was the lobby, furnished with several rough wooden tables, on which sat bamboo chopstick holders and coarse porcelain teapots.

Several cultivators were sitting in a corner drinking tea. When they saw Kai and his companions enter, their gazes swept over them with a hint of wariness.

The innkeeper was an elderly human man with gray hair and deep wrinkles on his face, as if etched by a knife.

His cultivation was at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, but his aura was turbid, clearly indicating his advanced age and the difficulty of further breakthroughs.

Seeing guests enter, he put on a smile, but the smile froze slightly when his gaze swept over Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi, a barely perceptible hint of tension flashing in his eyes: “Gentlemen, looking for lodging?”

“Two superior rooms,” Kai said, “for three days.”

The innkeeper deftly collected the crystals and handed them two copper keys: “Second floor, top-tier rooms, two on the left. Please let us know if you need anything.”

Kai took the keys and led the three upstairs.

The room wasn’t large, but it was fairly clean. On the windowsill sat a nearly withered spiritual plant, its leaves yellowing but still emitting a faint fragrance.

Outside the window, one could see the city streets and the distant, hazy outline of the mountains.

Kai closed the door, set up a simple isolation array to ensure that no divine sense could penetrate, and then sat down at the table.

“This city may be small, but it’s home to various factions,”

Kai said calmly, tapping his fingers lightly on the table. “Humans, beastmen, gods, and demons all coexist here. On the surface, it’s peaceful, but there must be many underlying conflicts.”

Jiang Xuelan sat down by the window, her icy blue eyes gazing at the demonic cultivators hurrying past on the street outside, heads bowed. She whispered, “I noticed earlier that the demonic cultivators in the city seem very cautious, walking with their heads down and not interacting much with others.”

“Because they’re in the most dangerous situation,”

Kai said, his gaze also fixed on the window. “While gods and humans also have conflicts, they’re at least somewhat restrained. But demonic cultivators… neither gods nor humans will easily let them go.

In this city, demons are like walking on thin ice, every step fraught with danger.”

Xuan Zhenzi sat in his chair, pulling out a handful of melon seeds from somewhere, crossing his legs and cracking them as he spoke, “Won’t we get into trouble if we stay here?”

“Trouble is inevitable,”

Kai said calmly, but his eyes gradually darkened. “But we need a place to gather intelligence. Although Falling Star City is small, it has forces from all sides, so our information network is definitely more efficient than in the wilderness.”

Just then, a commotion suddenly erupted outside.

The sound grew louder and louder as it approached, like a pot of boiling water, bubbling and gurgling.

Interspersed were shouts, exclamations, and the clanging of magical artifacts—short, muffled clanging sounds, like a dull knife striking wood.

Kai frowned slightly, stood up, and walked to the window. He didn't open it, but instead pulled the shutters open a narrow crack, scanning the area outside. The

previously peaceful atmosphere on the street had been completely shattered.

Several groups of divine cultivators clad in golden armor rushed out from alleyways in different directions. Their steps were synchronized, and the divine runes on their armor reflected a dazzling golden light in the sunlight.

They held gleaming magical artifacts in their hands; some carried swords, some halberds, and some formed hand seals, preparing to cast spells.

Golden light shimmered in the sunlight, like countless open eyes, carrying a cold scrutiny and merciless judgment.

Their target was clear: the demonic cultivators in the city.

"Gods! Slaughter all these demonic cultivators!"

"Don't let a single one escape! A reward awaits for each demonic cultivator killed!"

"The Divine Emperor has decreed war on the demonic cultivators! Kill any demonic cultivator on sight!"

Gods? The demonic cultivators were caught completely off guard. Some were still selecting spiritual materials in shops, clutching half a piece of ore;

others had just emerged from their homes, an unfinished robe draped over their shoulders;

still others were buying candy with their children on the street, the children holding half-eaten candy, their eyes wide as they stared at the charging divine cultivators.

“Run!”

“The gods have gone mad!”

“Why are they killing us!”

The demonic cultivators scattered and fled like a flock of startled birds.

Some rushed into narrow alleys, trying to use the terrain to shake off their pursuers;

some channeled their demonic energy, attempting to take to the air, only to be repelled by the golden net of light hanging in the sky;

some hid in houses, desperately pounding on tightly closed doors, but no one dared to open them.

But the divine cultivators were prepared. Squads of cultivators clad in golden armor had already dispersed throughout the city, like a giant, tightening net, blocking every possible escape route.

Soon, the sounds of fighting echoed throughout the city, like countless lit fuses burning simultaneously.

Golden divine light clashed with black demonic energy, producing muffled explosions like heavy hammers striking soaked cloth.

Screams rose and fell, from men and women, young and old.

Cries for help, wails, the sounds of magical artifacts breaking, and the thuds of bodies collapsing mingled together, like a murky and cruel

symphony, shattering the peace that had lasted for years in Falling Star City.

Kai slowly closed the window, turned around, his expression turning solemn, a complex emotion surging deep within his purple eyes.

“The Divine Race has declared war on the Demonic Cultivators.”

Jiang Xuelan’s pupils contracted slightly, a hint of shock flashing in her icy blue eyes: “Declared war? Why?”

“It must be because of what we did in the Nineteenth Heaven.”

Kai’s voice was calm, but that calmness was like a thin layer of ice, with undercurrents pressing beneath. “Elder Shenmu is dead, and the Divine Race’s power in the Nineteenth Heaven has been destroyed. Emperor Jinwuhao will not let this go; he will definitely retaliate.

And the target of his retaliatory attack will be all the Demonic Cultivators. He wants everyone to see what the consequences of offending the Divine Race are.”

Xuanzhenzi put down the melon seeds in his hand, his playful smile completely vanishing, and a rare seriousness appeared in his turbid eyes: “He’s going to wipe out the Demonic Race.”

“That’s right.”

Kai nodded. “Jinwuhao wants to use this method to let all the Demonic Race know what the consequences of offending the Divine Race are.

He’s making an example of them, but he’s not killing just one chicken; he’s killing an entire race.”

Just then, a series of hurried footsteps came from downstairs at the inn.

The footsteps were hurried and heavy, as if someone had stumbled and fallen down the stairs. A moment later, someone was knocking on their door, the knocking urgent and heavy, as if trying to shatter the door.

Kai went to open the door and saw the innkeeper standing there, his wrinkled face pale and uneasy.

Fine beads of cold sweat appeared on his forehead, his hands trembled slightly, and his gaze swept over Kai and the other three, then he subconsciously glanced at the end of the corridor. His voice was very low: “Gentlemen, something terrible has happened outside! The Divine Race has suddenly attacked the Demonic Cultivators, killing anyone they see! You… you’d better stay in your rooms and not go out.”

“Thank you for the reminder, innkeeper.” Kai cupped his hands in greeting. “May I ask, why is the Divine Race attacking the Demonic Cultivators?”

The innkeeper sighed, a sigh that seemed to be squeezed from the depths of his chest, carrying the helplessness of someone who had lived most of their life regarding the changing world: “It is said that the Divine Emperor of the Twentieth Heaven has issued an order to declare war on the Demonic Cultivators.

He has also issued a bounty, offering crystals for killing Demonic Cultivators. It had been peaceful for over a thousand years, why has war suddenly broken out again… Alas, this world is about to descend into chaos again.”

He shook his head, turned to leave, but glanced back at Kai, his gaze carrying the advice of someone with experience: “Gentlemen, if you don’t have anything urgent, you should leave as soon as possible.

This city is likely to become unsettled. Once this chaos erupts, no one can remain calm inside.”

With that, he quickly went downstairs.

Kai closed the door, turned around, and looked at Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi: “You wait here, I’ll go out and take a look.”

“I’ll go with you.” Jiang Xuelan stood up.

Kai shook his head: “A Golden Immortal of the eighth rank like you is too conspicuous walking around outside.

Your chilling aura is too strong; even if you conceal your cultivation, the aura of the Ice God bloodline will still attract attention like a lantern in the dark. You and Lao Xuan stay here; I’ll go alone, and we’ll be less of a target.”

Jiang Xuelan hesitated, her icy blue eyes filled with worry. She looked at Kai for a moment, then finally nodded: “Then be careful.”

Kai nodded, and without further delay, quickly changed into an inconspicuous gray robe. The robe was faded from washing, with some wear on the edges, making it inconspicuous in the crowd.

He concealed his aura, using chaotic power to create a faint aura barrier around his body, making it difficult for others to see through his strength.

Then he pushed open the back window, jumped down, and slipped out of the inn through the back door.

The streets were already in complete chaos.

The air was thick with the pungent stench of blood and burnt flesh, mingled with the scorching heat left by divine light.

The ground was a scene of utter devastation; overturned stalls scattered, spiritual fruits and herbs strewn about, trampled to a pulp.

Broken fragments of magical artifacts lay scattered among the stones, reflecting the pale sunlight.

Divine cultivators swarmed the city, hunting down demonic cultivators. Golden light flashed across the streets like streaks of rapidly moving flames of death.

Each flash was often accompanied by a short, agonizing scream.

The demonic cultivators scattered and fled. Some were killed on the spot, their bodies lying in pools of blood, their eyes still fixed on the sky;

others were cornered, their backs against walls facing the closing divine cultivators, their eyes filled with despair yet unyielding stubbornness;

still others fought desperately, wounded and bleeding, their blood dripping onto the bluestone pavement.

Bloodstains and broken fragments of magical artifacts littered the ground, dark red bloodstains trampled into a chaotic graffiti pattern by hurried footsteps.

Kai walked briskly along the edge of the street, his steps swift yet steady, each step treading between shadows like a shadow weaving through cracks.

His gaze swept across the surroundings, taking in the chaotic battlefield.

Several traces of battle came into his view in the distance.

Some demonic cultivators lay lifeless in pools of blood;

others were still fighting desperately, their magical artifacts long since broken, yet still grappling with their enemies with fists and teeth.

But facing numbers?

Kai’s fist clenched slightly, a cold glint flashing deep within his purple eyes.

But he didn’t act immediately, because there were too many demonic cultivators here; he couldn’t save them all alone.

He needed to find a breakthrough, to find those who needed rescue the most.

Just then, a scream came from an alley ahead.

It was a girl’s voice, filled with fear and despair, as if she had been cornered by something.

The voice was sharp and weak, like the last cry of a fledgling bird caught in the talons of a falcon.

Kai’s figure flashed, like a gray gust of wind, quickly approaching the entrance of the alley.

He pressed himself against the wall, his gaze sweeping into the alley, while his right hand silently gripped the hilt of the Dragon-Slaying Sword.

Deep within the alley, four demonic cultivators were blocked by a group of divine cultivators.

Among the four demonic cultivators, two middle-aged men were at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, a young woman was at the fifth rank, and a girl who looked only thirteen or fourteen years old was only at the fourth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm.

The girl huddled behind the young woman, her thin shoulders trembling uncontrollably, her eyes brimming with tears, yet she bit her lip tightly to stifle her sobs.

The young woman, however, spread her arms wide in front of the girl, her eyes filled with terror, yet she didn’t budge an inch.

At this moment, the two middle-aged men were already severely wounded, covered in blood.

One’s left arm hung limply at his side, clearly broken;

the other had a deep wound in his abdomen, blood soaking his robes and dripping onto the ground.

But they still stood before the young woman and girl, using their mutilated bodies and broken magical artifacts to form a final line of defense.

“Hold them off! Take Xiaodie and get out of here!”

the wounded man in the abdomen hissed, blood gushing from his mouth, staining his chin and collar.

The magical artifact in his hand was reduced to half a sword, its blade riddled with cracks, like a spiderweb about to shatter.

His eyes were already glazed over; he clearly wouldn’t last much longer.

The young woman gritted her teeth, her teeth chattering, and tried to break through from the side, pulling the girl’s hand.

But the divine cultivators were prepared; a group of about ten divine cultivators had already blocked both ends of the alley.

They wore golden armor, held gleaming longswords, and each of them was at least at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, with the leader reaching the seventh rank.

Their faces wore cold smiles, and they looked at the four demonic cultivators as if they were prey with nooses around their necks.

“Run? Where do you think you’re going?”

The leader of the divine cultivators sneered, his laughter echoing in the narrow alley like a dull knife scraping against a stone slab.

He slowly raised his golden longsword, the divine runes on the blade lighting up, the golden light shimmering with a cold, piercing light in the sunlight. “Today, none of you four will leave alive.” He

raised his longsword, the golden sword light drawing a deadly arc in the air, accompanied by a sharp whistling sound, aiming straight for the head of the middle-aged man blocking the way.

Where the sword light passed, the air was torn apart, emitting a buzzing sound.

The middle-aged man resignedly closed his eyes, holding the broken half of the sword horizontally in front of his chest, preparing to take the final blow with his body.

But at that moment, a gray figure appeared before him like a ghost.

Kai.

He made no sound, not even stirring up a gust of wind.

He simply stood there, blocking the sword light and the middle-aged man, like a wall suddenly growing from the ground.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn, and the purple sword light, like a lightning bolt tearing through the sky, suddenly erupted in the narrow space of the alley, colliding head-on with the golden sword light.

Boom—!

A muffled explosion rang out, and the golden sword light, like paper before the purple sword light, instantly shattered into countless golden fragments, like broken glass.

The shockwave spread to both sides, shaking the ash from the alley walls to the ground.

The leader of the divine race was forced back several steps, his footsteps leaving spiderweb-like cracks in the bluestone ground. His expression changed drastically, his previous playfulness and arrogance vanishing instantly.

“Who goes there?!”

he shouted sharply, his golden longsword held horizontally in front of him, his gaze fixed on Kai, his eyes filled with vigilance and anger.

Kai did not answer him.

He simply turned to the side, shielding the four demonic cultivators behind him, his gray robes fluttering gently in the alleyway breeze.

His gaze swept over the ten divine race cultivators, his purple eyes as calm as the water at the bottom of a deep pool, without a ripple—a calmness that was even more chilling than anger.

“I’ll protect these people.”

The leader’s face darkened completely, his grip on his sword tightening. “Why would a human cultivator help a demonic cultivator?

Don’t you know the God Emperor has already declared war on the demonic cultivators? Helping the demonic cultivators is tantamount to making an enemy of the God Race, a death sentence!”

“I know.” Kai’s voice remained calm, as if he hadn’t taken the threat to heart at all. “So what?”

“You’re courting death!”

the leader roared, his voice filled with the fury of being underestimated. He suddenly raised his golden longsword. “Since you’re looking for death, then I’ll kill you too!”

He swung his hand sharply, and ten God Race cultivators moved simultaneously.

Golden light suddenly erupted in the alley, like a net of death, enveloping Kai from all directions.

The golden sword lights were dense as rain, illuminating the narrow alley, even casting clear shadows on the pebbles on the ground.

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

The Dragon-Slaying Sword whirled in his hand, unleashing a torrent of purple sword light.

His figure darted through the narrow alleyways like a grey phantom, each step treading through gaps in the golden light net, so fast that his trajectory was impossible to discern.

His sword was more than three times faster than those of the divine cultivators, each strike precisely hitting its opponent's weak point, without a single wasted movement, as concise as a meticulously honed mathematical formula.

One strike, and a divine cultivator's throat was slit open, golden blood spurting out and splashing onto the alley wall.

Two strikes, and another divine cultivator's chest was pierced, the sword tip protruding from his back, trailing a thin line of blood.

Three strikes, four strikes, five strikes... the golden light fell like harvested wheat, wave after wave, the golden armor as flimsy as paper before the power of chaos. Their eyes were still open, some filled with disbelief, others unable to even process what had happened.

The leader stood at the back, watching his men fall one by one, his face shifting from anger to fear, then to utter horror.

His hand gripping the sword trembled, the golden blade flashing erratically, mirroring his crumbling courage.

He turned to run, nearly stumbling, but Kai's sword had already caught up with him, moving with the speed of a weightless shadow. A

purple sword light pierced through his back, emerging from his chest, a single drop of golden blood clinging to the tip, slowly falling.

His body stiffened abruptly, his head bowed at the purple sword tip protruding from his chest, his eyes filled with unbelievable terror.

Then he collapsed heavily to the ground, the golden armor hitting the floor with a dull thud, like a wall being toppled.

Silence returned to the alley, leaving only the stench of blood in the air, mingled with the faint, burnt smell of divine light.

A gust of wind swept through the alleyway, swirling a few fallen leaves that landed beside the pool of blood.

Kai sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, turned, and looked at the four demonic cultivators.

Two middle-aged men sat slumped on the ground, covered in blood, their eyes filled with relief and shock at surviving such a catastrophe.

They looked at Kai, then at the corpses strewn across the alley, their lips moving, but no words came out.

The young woman tightly protected the girl named Xiao Die, her arms wrapped around her shoulders, her fingers trembling slightly.

Her eyes were wary as she looked at Kai, like a startled wildcat cowering in a corner.

"You…why did you save us?"

The young woman's voice was hoarse and wary, like a taut string. "Are you here to steal the credit too?"

Kai looked into her guarded eyes, a sudden thought stirring within him.

He knew that in this world, the kindness of a stranger was often harder to believe than swords.

These demonic cultivators had been hunted their entire lives, and their trust had long since been worn thinner than paper.

"I'm not here to kill you,"

Kai said calmly, trying to make his tone as gentle as possible. "I am a human cultivator, but I don't agree with the actions of the gods. Come with me, I'll take you away from here."

The young woman was about to say something when the girl named Xiao Die tugged at her sleeve, looked up, and timidly gazed at Kai.

There was no fear in those clear black eyes, only the innocent simplicity of a young animal: "Sister... he saved us... he's not a bad person..."

The young woman looked at Xiao Die's clear eyes, then at Kai's calm purple eyes.

She bit her lip, her lips turning white from the force, and finally nodded: "Okay. We'll go with you."

Kai didn't delay and stepped forward to help the two injured middle-aged men up.

Their injuries were serious; one had a broken arm, and the other's abdominal wound was still bleeding, requiring immediate treatment.

Kai took out two clean strips of cloth from his storage ring, quickly bandaged their wounds to stop the bleeding, and then led the four through alleys and around several streets.

Along the way, they avoided several patrols of divine cultivators, climbing into a room through the back window of the inn.

The moment the door closed, Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi both looked over.

Jiang Xuelan's gaze fell on the four demonic cultivators; a hint of surprise flashed in her icy blue eyes, then turned to understanding. She didn't ask any further questions, but simply stood up and offered chairs to the two injured middle-aged men.

"We met them on the way,"

Kai explained briefly. "The divine race was hunting demonic cultivators, so I brought them back."

He had the four demonic cultivators sit down, took out several bottles of healing pills from his storage ring, and handed them to the two injured middle-aged men: "Heal your wounds first; we'll talk about the rest later."

The two middle-aged men hesitated for a moment, their gazes lingering on Kai's face, before finally accepting the pills.

They truly had no other choice.

If Kai wanted to kill them, he could have done so in the alley earlier; there was no need to bring them here.

The young woman remained vigilant, pulling Xiao Die to sit in the corner, her eyes fixed on Kai like a deer ready to flee at any moment.

Xiao Die, on the other hand, relaxed a bit. She leaned against her sister, secretly observing Kai, her clear eyes filled with curiosity.

After a while, she whispered, "Thank you, big brother."

Kai looked at her innocent face, a complex emotion welling up inside him.

This little girl, who looked no more than thirteen or fourteen years old, had already experienced a life-or-death chase, witnessing her loved ones bleed and fall before her eyes.

In this dog-eat-dog world, the weak are always the first to be sacrificed.

He bent down, his voice softening slightly: “You’re welcome. You’re safe for now.”

But just then, hurried footsteps came from downstairs, followed by the trembling voice of the innkeeper, who squeezed through the crack in the door: “Gentlemen! You…you didn’t bring back any demonic cultivators?”

Kai walked to the door and opened it.

The innkeeper stood outside the door, his face ashen, sweat pouring down his forehead, the wrinkles on his old face contorted with tension.

His gaze swept past Kai’s shoulder and landed on the four demonic cultivators in the room, especially the young woman and Xiao Die. His body trembled violently, as if whipped.

“Sir…you…how could you bring demonic cultivators back!”

The innkeeper’s voice trembled with tears, like a person pushed to the edge of a cliff making a final struggle. “They’re hunting demonic cultivators everywhere. If people find out I’m hiding them in my inn, my inn is finished!

My old bones will be ruined! Please, take them with you…my little shop can’t withstand any more trouble…”

Kai looked at him, feeling no resentment.

This old man was just an ordinary businessman; having lived so many years, all he wanted was a shop and a stable meal.

In such chaotic times, his desire for self-preservation was understandable.

“I understand.”

Kai nodded. “We’ll leave now.”

He returned to the room, his gaze sweeping over Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi. “We can’t stay here any longer. We need to leave immediately.”

Xuan Zhenzi stood up, spitting out the dry grass he was chewing. “We should have left a long time ago.”

Kai didn’t waste any words, quickly packed his things, and then said to the young woman, “I need to conceal your and Xiaodie’s demonic aura. I will cover you with chaotic power so that others cannot sense it.”