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He exuded a warm yet powerful aura, an aura shared with the surrounding aquatic cultivators, yet purer and more ancient, like the silent flow of a thousand-year-old deep current.

Beneath his skin, faint blue light patterns swirled, quickly fading, but their fleeting appearance was enough for everyone to see clearly.

It was the primordial power left in the Sea Soul Pearl by the aquatic ancestors, merging with his body.

If he didn't deliberately reveal his human nature, no one could discern any difference between him and the aquatic.

He stood there like a born aquatic cultivator, even purer and closer to the origin than most.

The white-haired elder was the first to rise. He walked to Kai, circled him, his cloudy eyes filled with surprise and disbelief.

He reached out, hesitated, and gently touched the slowly dissipating blue aura on Kai's arm.

The aura flickered at his fingertips as if alive, then gently returned to stillness.

"This power..."

The white-haired elder's voice was hoarse and trembling, "This is the primordial power of the aquatic ancestors... It actually... fused with a cultivator from another race?"

The white-haired elder took a step back, staring intently at Kai, remaining silent for a long time: "Young man, the aquatic aura on your body is purer than mine.

I have lived for tens of thousands of years and have never seen any aquatic cultivator possess such a pure primordial aura."

He turned to Shui Wuhen, "Chief, this... does this mean..."

Shui Wuhen nodded: "The Sea Soul Pearl chose to fuse with him. This is the guidance of the aquatic ancestors; we only need to accept it."

Lan Yuan strode forward, looking at Kai with surprise and admiration in his eyes: "You really don't look like a human anymore; you're completely indistinguishable from the aquatic race."

He paused, "No, even more so than us. The aquatic aura within you is purer than anyone I've ever seen. Now, if you blend in with the aquatic race, no one will recognize you as an outsider."

Kai looked down at his hands, feeling the warm and powerful energy flowing through his meridians.

He could feel an unprecedented resonance between himself and the surrounding seawater.

The currents seemed to become an extension of his body; he could clearly feel the temperature and direction of each stream, and sense every subtle ripple in this deep sea.

The feeling was strange, yet incredibly natural, as if some ability that originally belonged to him had finally been awakened, as if a memory that had been dormant for many years had finally surfaced.

He raised his head, about to speak, when suddenly, a series of hurried footsteps came from outside the hall.

The footsteps were frantic and rapid, carrying an uncontrollable panic, stirring up subtle ripples in the water. Everyone inside the hall fell silent at the same time, turning towards the entrance.

A young aquatic cultivator rushed in from outside, wearing ordinary blue water scale armor, his face full of anxiety and panic, his breathing rapid, his body soaked in sweat, and the spiritual energy fluctuations around him scattered.

His voice trembled: "Chief! Something terrible has happened! More than a dozen clansmen have been sent from the northern outpost, and they... they've all been poisoned! They're unconscious and on the verge of death! Several have already stopped breathing!"

Shui Wuhen's brows furrowed sharply, and he strode towards the young cultivator: "What happened? When did this happen?"

"Just now!"

The young cultivator's voice was urgent, "The patrol team from the northern outpost discovered a group of floating sea beast carcasses while patrolling the sea. The carcasses emitted a black aura, as if they had been contaminated by something.

They tried to deal with the sea beasts, but as soon as they got close, some people started to feel dizzy, vomit, and their spiritual energy dissipated, and then they fainted!

Seventeen clansmen have already been brought back, and three others are... they're already dying!"

Shui Wuhen's face instantly turned extremely grim. He didn't ask any more questions and strode towards the hall: "Lead the way!"

Kai followed behind, quickly walking out of the hall. Lan Yuan and Qian Hai Shen Liu also followed, and the elders all stood up and followed behind.

The group traversed several streets and arrived at a building on the north side of the city—the infirmary of Deep Blue City, dedicated to treating the injured and sick members of their tribe, staffed by several aquatic elders skilled in healing magic on a rotating basis.

A blue water curtain had been drawn back at the infirmary's entrance, revealing rows of unconscious aquatic cultivators lying inside, about seventeen or eighteen in number, men, women, and children.

Each had bluish-green lips, their skin a sickly grayish-white, and their auras extremely weak, flickering like candles in the wind.

Some were still trembling slightly, while others had completely lost consciousness, their breaths barely perceptible, their chests rising and falling with barely a sound.

A faint, decaying odor permeated the air, like rotten wood soaked in seawater for too long.

Shui Wuhen strode into the infirmary, approaching a young aquatic cultivator closest to the entrance and crouching down.

He placed his fingers on the cultivator's neck, feeling the faint pulse, his brow furrowing deeper and deeper.

He raised his hand, a wisp of pale blue light condensing at his fingertips and seeping into the cultivator's body—after a moment, he withdrew his hand, his expression growing even more grim.

"It's Yin energy,"

Shui Wuhen's voice was low and grave. "There's an extremely dense Yin energy within them, eroding their meridians. That Yin energy is devouring their aquatic spiritual power, gradually depleting their dantian.

If it's not cleared away quickly, they will be completely corrupted by the Yin energy, their souls dissipating."

Kai quickly stepped forward, coming to Shui Wuhen's side.

He crouched down and gently touched the young cultivator's wrist, the power of chaos seeping into the other's meridians along his fingertips—sure enough, he felt an extremely dense Yin energy.

That aura was exactly the same as the Yin energy he had absorbed in the Netherworld Abyss rift, carrying the same decaying and devouring power, like a venomous snake that had slumbered for ten thousand years finally awakening within its prey.

Only this Yin energy was thinner than what he had absorbed before, but it was still enough to be fatal to ordinary aquatic cultivators.

"It's the same kind of Yin energy I encountered in the Netherworld Abyss Rift,"

Kai said with a hint of gravity. "This Yin energy is devouring their spiritual power. If it's not cleared away soon, they..." Shui Wuhen’s brows were tightly furrowed. He looked toward Kai, his gaze carrying a hint of complexity: "Can you handle this?"

Kai did not answer; he simply reached out and placed his palm against the young cultivator’s chest.

A gray, primordial force—the power of Chaos—surged from his palm, seeping into the cultivator’s meridians. It moved silently yet resolutely, much like a gentle stream flowing into a parched riverbed.

As the source of all phenomena, the power of Chaos possesses the capacity to consume and purify any foreign energy—the malevolent *yin* energy stood no chance against it.

Like snow and ice cast into a blazing fire, the *yin* energy rapidly melted, disintegrated, and dissipated. It was entirely consumed by the power of Chaos, transformed into the purest form of energy, and channeled back into the cultivator’s *dantian*.

Moments later, the young cultivator's ashen complexion began to regain a healthy flush, and his shallow, faint breathing grew stronger. His eyelashes fluttered, and he slowly opened his eyes, gazing around in a daze—his expression a mixture of profound weakness and bewilderment.

Without pausing, Kai stood up and moved toward the next unconscious cultivator, repeating the same process.

A grey light gathered in his palm, seeping into the patients and purifying them. One by one, the cultivators—previously ravaged by the sinister, shadowy energy—began to regain consciousness.

The oppressive atmosphere within the infirmary gradually lifted, and a glimmer of hope appeared on the faces of the anxious family members waiting nearby.

Within the span of a single incense stick's burning time, all seventeen afflicted cultivators had awakened.

Though their faces remained pale, the sinister energy within them had been completely purged; the shadow of death that had loomed over them was dispelled, inch by inch, by Kai's hands.

Standing to the side, Shui Wuhen watched as Kai revived his clansmen, one after another. A complex, shifting light stirred within his deep, ocean-like eyes.

As Kai finished treating the final patient and rose to his feet, Shui Wuhen stepped forward. After a long, heavy silence, he finally spoke: "You mentioned earlier—is this the same type of sinister energy found within the rifts of the Nether Abyss?"

Kai nodded. "That's right. I once absorbed a vast amount of *yin* energy from a fissure in the Nether Abyss—I could never mistake that signature.

It carries an ancient, decaying power, as if it were emanating from some primordial entity that has lain dormant for countless ages.

It is a form of archaic *yin* essence—a force that stands in direct opposition to the *yang* essence of the Aquatic Clan."

"Is this the same *yin* energy that's been corrupting the sea beasts?" Shui Wuhen asked.

"It must be."

Kai's tone was firm. "Sea beasts living in waters tainted by this *yin* energy accumulate large quantities of it within their bodies.

When members of the Aquatic Clan hunt and consume these beasts, the *yin* energy enters their own bodies, eroding their meridians and *dantian*.

The closer a sea beast is to the source of the corruption, the more concentrated the *yin* energy within it becomes—and the more severe the poisoning for anyone who consumes it."

Shui Wuhen remained silent for a long time. He gazed out from the infirmary toward the sea—where the waters churned, bathed in an eerie, blue-green glow—and said, his voice hoarse and heavy, "You're right. Over the past few months, the waters surrounding Deep Blue City have indeed suffered from widespread *yin* energy contamination."

"The number of contaminated sea beasts is growing, and our food supply is dwindling rapidly.

Driven by scarcity, some of our kin have been forced to take the risk of hunting these tainted creatures—only to end up like those we see today: poisoned, unconscious, or even dead."

"Thirty percent of our traditional hunting grounds have already been contaminated."

An elderly man with white hair stepped forward, his voice heavy with profound exhaustion. "If this continues, the entire Deep Blue City will face a dire crisis.

Yet, we are at our wits' end. This 'yin' energy is incredibly stubborn; we've tried purifying it with our sacred waters, but to little avail.

It's like a poisonous vine that has taken root—spreading and expanding, devouring the last of the space we have left to survive."

Kai gazed at the young aquatic cultivators—who had just regained consciousness, their faces still deathly pale—a flicker of deep contemplation stirring within his violet eyes.

He could sense that this 'yin' energy shared an unbreakable, underlying connection to the demonic souls lurking deep within the Void Sea—specifically those near the rifts of the Nether Abyss.

That rift, the lingering yin energy, the corrupted sea creatures, the plight of the aquatic folk—everything pointed toward a single source.

If left unchecked, the contamination would only continue to spread. The living space of the aquatic folk would shrink further and further, until they had nowhere left to go—until Deep Blue City became a ghost town.

"I will help you."

Kai's voice was calm yet resolute. "I can absorb that yin energy. My Chaos power is capable of purifying any form of aberrant energy; whether it is the power of the aquatic folk or the yin energy itself, everything can be returned to its primal origin.

Leave the contaminated waters surrounding Deep Blue City to me. Give me some time, and I will clear away every trace of that yin energy."

Shui Wuhen gazed at Kai, a complex light swirling within his deep-sea-like eyes.

He did not answer immediately, but instead gazed deeply at Kai for a long moment. "Are you certain? Even the sacred water of the Aquatic Clan cannot purify this *yin* energy—won't absorbing so much of it cause you harm?

After all, you are not a cultivator of the Aquatic Clan; even with the Sea Soul Pearl integrated into your being, your fundamental essence remains the power of chaos."

Kai smiled, a hint of confidence in his expression. "The *yin* energy I absorbed within the fissures of the Nether Abyss was a hundred times more potent than this.

The violence and decay contained within that energy were far more intense and corrosive—yet I was able to digest it all. This amount of *yin* energy poses no threat to me.

Furthermore, the power of chaos within me has just merged with the energy of the Sea Soul Pearl; it could use some external energy to help refine and stabilize the integration."

Shui Wuhen fell silent for a moment, then finally gave a slow nod. "Very well. I will have someone take you to the contaminated sea regions. But remember—if you feel you can no longer hold on, stop immediately.

The Aquatic Clan already owes you too much; I cannot allow you to risk your life for our sake. If anything were to happen to you, I would have no way to answer to the rest of my kin."

Kai nodded, offering no further words. He turned and headed out of the medical facility, his grey robes swaying gently in the water like a silent shadow. Moving past the aquatic cultivators who had survived the ordeal, he swam onward—toward the world beyond the Deep Blue City.

Behind him, Shui Wuhen watched his receding figure, her gaze lingering for a long, unbroken moment.

Within her deep-sea-like eyes, a light stirred and surged, rising and falling rhythmically, much like the tides.

? The moment Kai swam out of Deep Blue City, the surrounding seawater noticeably darkened.

The city's blue-green glow faded behind him, replaced by a murky, dark hue, like a thin layer of ink spreading in the water.

The current carried an aura completely different from that of Deep Blue City—a dull, lifeless stillness, as if suppressed by something, lacking vitality and life, and filled with decay and stagnation.

Lan Yuan followed beside him, with Shallow Sea and Deep Current close behind.

The three had changed into new water scale armor, its color even deeper than before, the plates shimmering with a pale blue light, like flowing shadows in the water.

Lan Yuan's gaze swept over the gradually darkening sea ahead, his voice tinged with solemnity: "That area ahead is the polluted region.

We call it 'Sinking Abyss Current.' It used to be one of Deep Blue City's most important hunting grounds, teeming with sea beasts and rich in spiritual materials, one of the lifelines that Deep Blue City had relied on for survival for tens of thousands of years. But now..."

He didn't finish his sentence, but Kai had already seen it.

In the sea ahead, the once vibrant seabed was covered with a layer of grayish-black substance, like a thin layer of silt deposited on the corals and reefs.

The corals had lost their original vibrant colors, turning grayish-white and fragile, as if they would crumble into powder at the slightest touch.

The seaweed was no longer a healthy blue-green, but a sickly dark yellow.

In some places, it had even withered completely, leaving only thin, dry stems swaying weakly in the water, like the feeble fingers of a dying person.

A faint smell of decay permeated the air—or rather, the water.

It was like rotten wood soaked in seawater for too long, mixed with an indescribable, oppressive feeling that made one's chest feel heavy.

The feeling wasn't just olfactory; it was as if one's entire soul was shrouded in an invisible mist, each breath carrying a viscous, sluggish sensation.

Lan Yuan crouched down, his fingertips gently touching a withered seaweed leaf.

The leaf shattered silently at his touch, turning into tiny gray-black fragments that scattered in the seawater like crushed bones.

He withdrew his hand, his voice tinged with suppressed bitterness: "Three months ago, this was a lush seaweed forest.

When Qianhai and I first came here to hunt, the seaweed forest was a full three zhang tall, teeming with countless sea beasts and spirit fish, like an underwater forest.

Now... only these remain. All life has vanished."

Qianhai stood behind him, her blue eyes churning with complex emotions: "When we retreated, we passed through here, and the corpses of those sea beasts filled the entire sea.

Some were already rotting, some were still struggling, emanating a black aura, their eyes unfocused, as if something had hollowed them out from within.

We wanted to save them, but we couldn't get close at all; the yin energy was too dense, even our aquatic spiritual power was being eroded."

Shenliu didn't speak, only silently gazing at the gray-black seabed plain, his deep blue eyes churning with silent grief and indignation.

His lips were tightly pressed together, his fists clenching and unclenching repeatedly.

Kai didn't reply.

He swam forward a short distance and landed on a grayish-white coral reef.

The surface of the reef was covered with a layer of grayish-black substance, rough and sticky to the touch, like some kind of decaying secretion clinging to the rocks.

He crouched down, his fingertips gently touching the grayish-black sediment, the chaotic power seeping into it.

He could feel an extremely dense Yin energy permeating this sea area, like an invisible poisonous fog, covering every inch of rock, every piece of seaweed, and every wisp of water.

It was slowly eroding the life force of this sea area, like silent cancer cells constantly spreading, proliferating, and devouring.

That Yin energy was exactly the same as the one he had felt in the Netherworld Abyss rift, carrying the same decaying and devouring power.

Only it was thinner than the one in the rift, yet more stubborn, deeply rooted in every corner of this sea area like vines.

He raised his right hand, and chaotic power surged from his palm, a gray light spreading outwards like ripples.

The moment the light touched the grayish-black matter, it emitted an extremely subtle hissing sound, like ice meeting fire.

Under the shroud of chaotic power, the yin energy, like ice crystals thrown into a furnace, began to slowly melt, dissipate, and vanish.

But the yin energy covered a vast area; the area he could purify with his power alone was ultimately limited, like trying to scoop up an entire ocean with a small spoon.

Kai withdrew his hand, looking at the coral reef once again covered in yin energy, his purple eyes gleaming with contemplation.

His brow furrowed slightly; after the chaotic power within him came into contact with the yin energy, he felt an extremely faint resistance.

The yin energy didn't seem to be inanimate; it seemed to possess some kind of rudimentary instinct, actively contracting, avoiding, and then reforming when touched by chaotic power.

"Blue Abyss, how many areas of the sea you usually hunt in have been polluted?" Kai turned and asked.

Lan Yuan pondered for a moment, his voice carrying a calculated precision: "The 'Abyss Current' in the north is the most severely affected, covering an area of approximately three hundred li. The

'Azure Wave Shoal' in the east is also partially polluted, though smaller, about one hundred li.

The 'Azure Coral Ridge' in the west is currently unpolluted, but the northern ocean currents will carry the Yin energy there. If it's not dealt with, it probably won't survive for another half month.

That Yin energy travels south with the ocean currents, like an ever-expanding net."

Kai nodded: "Let's start here. I need you to do something for me."

"Go ahead," Lan Yuan said without hesitation, his deep-sea eyes shining with a firm and steady light, like the tide itself.

“The reason the Yin energy in this sea area can persist is because it has a fixed source,”

Kai said with a confident tone. “Those polluted sea beast carcasses and the grayish-black substances deposited on the seabed continuously release Yin energy, like an inextinguishable poisonous fire.

If the sources aren't dealt with, simply purifying the seawater is only a temporary solution; the Yin energy will keep regenerating like weeds.”

Lan Yuan’s eyes brightened slightly: “You mean… find those pollution sources and completely eliminate them?”

“Yes.”

Kai nodded. “I need you to collect all the polluted sea beast carcasses and those grayish-black sediments in this sea area and bring them to one place.

I’ll handle it.” Lan Yuan nodded, then turned to Shallow Sea and Deep Current: "Did you hear that? Split up. Shallow Sea, you're in charge of the northern reef area; the currents there are complex, so be careful.

Deep Current, you're in charge of the eastern seaweed forest ruins; the sediment is thickest there.

I'll take care of the central plain. Meet here in an hour."

Shallow Sea and Deep Current nodded simultaneously, their figures blurring into two streaks of blue light as they swam swiftly in their respective directions.

Their silhouettes quickly blurred in the dark seawater, like two drops of ink merging into the water.

Just as Lan Yuan was about to set off, Kai called out to him, "Wait a moment."

Lan Yuan turned around, "What is it?"

"You've only recently recovered, don't push yourself too hard."

Kai's voice carried a hint of admonition, Lan Yuan's figure reflected in his purple eyes. "If you feel your spiritual energy is insufficient, stop and rest. We have plenty of time, there's no rush.

Chen Tianhai won't chase us here, and that polluted sea won't disappear overnight."

Lan Yuan paused for a moment, then smiled, "Don't worry, I'm not that fragile. Besides, restoring this sea to its original state is worth it, even if it's tiring.

The first time I came here to hunt as a child, the azure waters and vibrant life were unforgettable. Seeing it like this now is more painful than my own injury."

His figure quickly disappeared into the dark seawater ahead.

Kai watched the direction Lan Yuan had left in, saying nothing more.

He turned around and swam forward along the seabed plain, gray chaotic energy slowly flowing around him, like a quiet undercurrent.

He could feel the concentration of Yin energy in the sea beneath his feet resonating silently with the aquatic power within him.

The resonance was faint, yet undeniably real, like two strings of the same instrument gently vibrating in the water.

He stopped, looking down at the grayish-black sediment beneath his feet.

The sediment churned silently in the water, like some living thing breathing, slowly and continuously releasing Yin energy.

About an hour later, the three returned to their agreed meeting point.

Lan Yuan and Qian Hai Shen Liu both wore expressions of exhaustion, their breathing heavier than before, their water scales stained with

grayish-black grime. Yet, their expressions held a radiance they had never shown before.

That radiance was like the first glimmer of light breaking through the darkness—faint, yet undeniably real.

Lan Yuan raised his hand, pointing to a mountain of dark shadows not far away: "All the sources of pollution are there. Sea beast carcasses, grayish-black sediment, thoroughly infected seaweed roots... they're all there.

The three of us made over a dozen trips back and forth, piling up almost all the pollution sources we could find in this area over there."

Kai followed his gaze. It was a small mountain formed by a large amount of pollutants, gleaming with a grayish-black luster in the dark seawater, like a silent tomb.

The yin energy emanating from the pollutants was so dense it was almost tangible, like an invisible black mist hovering above the small mountain, constantly churning and swirling, releasing a nauseating stench of decay.

Even the surrounding seawater was stained a dark gray, and the spiritual plants within a radius of several dozen feet had completely withered and died.

Kai nodded, then walked step by step towards the pile of pollutants.

Gray chaotic power surged around him, enveloping him in a soft yet resilient light.

With each step he took, the gray-black sediment beneath his feet trembled slightly, as if fearing some impending force.

As he approached the mountain of pollution, the yin energy, as if sensing the arrival of a natural enemy, began to surge and churn violently, emitting a low hum, like the warning growl of a startled beast.

Lan Yuan stood at a distance, watching Kai approach the pollution, his voice tinged with worry: "Can he handle it? That yin energy... the concentration is too high."

Qian Hai stood beside him, his gaze also fixed on Kai's figure: "Since he can absorb the yin energy from the Netherworld Abyss rift, this shouldn't be a problem for him either. But... it is indeed very concentrated."

Kai didn't pause.

He took a deep breath, raised his hands, and chaotic power surged from his palms like a burst dam, transforming into a gray pillar of light that enveloped all the pollutants.

The gray light pierced through the layers of yin energy, like sunlight piercing through thick clouds, completely enveloping the mountain of pollutants.

In that instant, the Yin energy, like dry tinder being ignited, began to surge, burn, and dissipate violently.

A hissing sound echoed across the seabed, like the simultaneous hissing of thousands of venomous snakes.

The grayish-black sediment visibly lightened, faded, and whitened, like silt dried by the sun.

The Yin energy of the sea beast's corpse was peeled away layer by layer by the chaotic power, like peeling away layers of a cocoon, each layer collapsing, shattering, and dissipating in the gray light.

The Yin energy, as if finding an outlet, surged into Kai's body, flowing through his meridians into his dantian.

That power was more intense than ever before, like a flood bursting its banks into a narrow river, carrying an all-consuming force.

His meridians were stretched painfully in that instant, as if overwhelmed by excessive water; every blood vessel throbbed slightly. His face paled slightly, and fine beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

Lan Yuan's expression changed drastically: "He...he's absorbing that Yin energy? Absorbing so much at once?"

Shen Liu's pupils also contracted slightly: "The concentration of that Yin energy...is higher than ever before I've seen it. Can he hold on?"

Qian Hai's voice carried a hint of urgency: "Should we go up and help?"

"We can't go up."

Lan Yuan's voice was low and restrained. "If we go up now, it will only disrupt his rhythm. Besides...that Yin energy is too dangerous for us; we'll be corroded before we even touch it."

Kai closed his eyes, channeling the Mind Concentration Technique into his body at full power.

The Chaos Fire burned fiercely in his dantian, peeling away and purifying the violence and decay in the Yin energy surging into his body, transforming it into the purest energy that merged into his meridians and dantian.

He could feel that his foundation as a sixth-grade Golden Immortal was becoming more and more solid and profound, like a sapling being repeatedly watered and nurtured, its roots extending deeper and deeper.

But that Yin energy ... His body trembled slightly, beads of sweat on his forehead grew denser, sliding down his cheeks and merging into the seawater.

He suddenly sensed something amiss—at the core of the Yin energy, an extremely pure Yin-attribute primordial power was attempting to attach itself to his dantian.

This power was unlike ordinary Yin energy; it carried an ancient will, like the first whisper of a consciousness awakened after ten thousand years of slumber.

Kai's heart sank.

He could feel that power attempting to merge with his dantian, not being assimilated, but rather taking over.

If he allowed it to continue, that power might take root and sprout in his dantian, becoming an ineradicable tumor.

He abruptly increased the output of his chaotic power, and the gray light suddenly surged, enveloping the Yin-attribute primordial power along with the surrounding Yin energy.

The chaotic fire rose again, this time more intense and domineering than before, like a raging fire ignited with accelerant.

The Yin-attribute primordial power emitted a sharp hiss within the chaotic fire, like the scream of a living creature being roasted.

Lan Yuan watched as the gray light surrounding Kai suddenly brightened and dimmed, flickering uncertainly, his fists clenching involuntarily: "His aura... is fluctuating violently."

Shen Liu's voice was also tense: "What is he resisting? Is there something else in that Yin energy?"

The three could only stand there, staring intently in Kai's direction, even their breathing becoming cautious.

After about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, the sharp hiss finally disappeared.

The gray light surrounding Kai returned to stability. Although his face was still somewhat pale, the light in his eyes was brighter than before.

He could feel that the Yin-attribute primordial power had been completely refined by the chaotic fire, transforming into the purest energy and merging into his meridians.

His dantian was more stable than before, and his sixth-grade Golden Immortal realm was more solid.

Kai slowly finished his practice, the gray light receding like a tide, revealing his slightly pale but still resolute face.

He opened his eyes and saw Lan Yuan and the other two standing in the distance, their faces full of worry.

"It's alright now,"

Kai's voice was a little hoarse, but carried a relieved calm. "The Yin energy has been completely cleared away."

Lan Yuan quickly swam over, looking at the seabed plain that had returned to its original color—the gray-black sediment had all disappeared, revealing the white coral and brown rocks beneath.

Although the withered seaweed hadn't fully recovered, tender green shoots had begun to sprout from the bottom, like a thin carpet being spread out.

A small group of spirit fish were swimming in the distance, tentatively approaching this newly restored sea area, as if confirming its safety.

Lan Yuan's voice carried an barely suppressed excitement: "Those grayish-black things... really disappeared? This sea area... really recovered? Those seaweed... are regrowing?"

Kai nodded, his voice weary yet still clear: "The source of pollution has been completely eliminated, but the yin energy will linger in the seawater for a while, like the moisture left after the tide recedes.

I need to absorb it a few more times for this sea area to fully recover. However, the seaweed and coral have already begun to regrow, which means the foundation is still there."

Lan Yuan remained silent for a long time, then bowed deeply to Kai: "Thank you. This sea area... I've been hunting here since I was a child, watching it go from thriving to desolate, and there was nothing I could do.

I thought it would stay like this forever."

Kai looked into his moist eyes, a gentle light flashing in his purple eyes: "Let's go. Next area."

Over the next two days, led by Lan Yuan and the other two, Kai successively purified the outer sea areas of "Azure Wave Shoal" in the east and "Azure Coral Ridge" in the west.

The concentration and level of pollution of Yin energy varied in each area, but Kai cleaned them all up.

During the purification process, he gradually grasped the characteristics of that Yin energy.

It was indeed like some kind of living thing, actively avoiding, gathering, and retaliating, but as long as it was completely enveloped with sufficient chaotic power, it could be uprooted.

While purifying the third sea area, Kai encountered that Yin-attribute primordial power again.

This time, he was prepared, completely refining it in the chaotic fire, transforming it into his own power.

He could feel his sixth-grade Golden Immortal realm being repeatedly tempered, becoming increasingly stable and profound, like a sword forged through countless hammer blows, its sharpness restrained yet incredibly resilient.

When the last polluted sea area returned to clarity, Kai stood in the center of the azure shallows.

Looking at the seaweed that had regained its vitality and begun to unfurl its emerald green leaves, and at the spirit fish that were once again darting among the corals, a slight smile curved his lips.

Lan Yuan swam to his side, his voice carrying a sense of relief after all the trials and tribulations: "All three sea areas have been restored."

Kai nodded: "Let's go. Back to Deep Blue City

." He turned and swam towards Deep Blue City.

The seawater behind him was a clear, deep blue, sunlight filtering through the surface and illuminating the revitalized corals and seaweed.

Kai's silhouette cast a long shadow in the water, his grey robe swaying gently in the current, carrying a sense of calm and profound depth, like the tide itself.

The blue-green light of Deep Blue City brightened again as Kai approached.

The soft halo, like a sleeping beast opening its eyes, enveloped the entire underwater city in a warm and tranquil glow.

The glowing seaweed on the streets swayed gently in the water, casting its light onto the white coral pavement, refracting countless tiny silver specks.

Lan Yuan walked beside Kai, his steps much lighter than when he left, the heaviness that had weighed on his brow since the beginning of the journey largely gone.

The shallow sea and deep currents behind him also seemed to smile. The gray-black stains that had covered the three men had been washed away

by the currents, replaced by new water scale armor that shimmered with a pale blue luster in the blue-green light.

"The guard captain probably won't stop you now that he sees you're back,"

Lan Yuan said with a hint of amusement. "The aura you exude now is even more aquatic than that of the aquatic race."

Kai didn't reply, only slightly curving his lips.

Sure enough, as they approached the entrance to Deep Blue City, the four guards' gazes fell upon them again.

But this time, their expressions were completely different—the previous wariness and coldness had largely disappeared, replaced by an undisguised curiosity and...

Next chapter "The leader is waiting for you in the council hall."

The captain's voice remained steady, but the wariness in his tone was noticeably less. "He said you should go there directly after you return."

Lan Yuan nodded, saying nothing more.

The group passed through the coral stone gate and walked along the street towards the white hall in the city center.

The aquatic cultivators along the way cast their gazes, but this time, the scrutiny and vigilance in their eyes had lessened considerably, replaced by curiosity and friendliness.

Some even nodded to Lan Yuan, their gazes lingering on Kai for a moment before they didn't look away, instead revealing a friendly smile.

Kai knew that the news had spread.

The seventeen poisoned cultivators he had saved, the purified sea area, the seaweed and coral that had begun to grow again.

Although the aquatic race was isolated from the world, news traveled quickly.

In this underwater city of only a few thousand people, any change would be rapidly spread to every corner.

The doors of the council hall were open, and the bright light from the luminous pearls poured out from inside, illuminating the waters near the entrance as if it were daytime.

The moment Kai stepped into the main hall, he noticed there were many more people inside than when he left.

Besides the twelve elders, dozens of aquatic cultivators stood on either side, men and women, young and old, all their gazes fixed on the entrance.

Shui Wuhen stood before the main seat, his long, silvery-white hair gleaming softly in the light of the luminous pearl, Kai's image reflected in his deep, ocean-like eyes.

He gazed at Kai for a long time before slowly speaking, "The Abyss Undercurrents, the Azure Shallows, and the Green Coral Ridge—all three sea areas have been restored."

His words weren't a question, but a statement, as if confirming something already known.

Kai nodded, "All restored. The source of pollution has been completely eliminated, and the Yin energy is slowly dissipating.

I absorbed and purified a portion; the rest will be naturally diluted by the ocean currents, and it will be fully restored in about half a month."

The hall fell silent for a moment, then rippled like a boulder thrown into a calm lake.

The cultivators standing on both sides began to whisper among themselves. Some shook their heads in surprise, some clenched their fists in excitement, and some looked at each other with disbelief in their eyes.

"Three sea areas... all restored?"

"That's a sea area spanning seven or eight hundred miles! He alone... purified it all in two days?"

"Even the sacred water of the aquatic tribes couldn't purify that yin energy, how did he do it?"

The discussions grew more intense, and their gazes fell on Kai, filled with unprecedented awe and gratitude.

The white-haired old man stepped out from the crowd, walked to Kai, and bowed deeply, his hunched back bent to its limit.

His voice was hoarse, carrying a solemnity honed by the passage of time: "Young friend Chen, I had doubts about you in the main hall before, I questioned you, and I opposed the chief's use of the Sea Soul Pearl.

Now, I apologize to you in front of everyone. You saved the future of the Water Clan, and I was blind to your worth."

Kai reached out and helped the old man up: "Senior, you flatter me. I understand you did it to protect the Water Clan."

The white-haired old man straightened up, looking into Kai's calm purple eyes, a complex light flashing in his cloudy eyes: "The Water Clan owes you, and can never repay it."

Shui Wuhen raised his hand, signaling everyone to be quiet.

The discussions in the hall gradually subsided. His gaze swept over everyone, finally landing on Kai, his voice calm yet carrying a solemnity like the undercurrents of the deep sea: "Tonight, Deep Blue City will host a banquet. The whole city will celebrate."

Upon hearing this, a suppressed cheer erupted in the hall.

The victory banquet was held in the central square of Deep Blue City.

The glowing seaweed above the plaza was turned up to its brightest setting, illuminating the entire area as if it were daytime.

Blue glass shards shimmered like starlight on the white coral stone floor.

Dozens of long tables carved from coral stone lined both sides of the plaza, laden with various delicacies from the aquatic creatures:

translucent sea spirit fruits, deep-sea spirit fish radiating a pale blue glow, and seaweed cakes as green as jade.

The air was filled with the aroma of food and the freshness of the sea, creating a unique atmosphere befitting a deep-sea feast.

Aquatic cultivators gathered in small groups, some discussing the purified sea, others speculating about Kai's origins, and still others already holding blue spirit wine brewed from deep-sea spirit fruits.

Even the elders who had previously been wary of Kai now surrounded him, constantly toasting and thanking him, their smiles sincere and fervent.

"Mr. Chen, that Abyss Current was a hunting ground I frequented in my youth. It was polluted afterward, and I never went back. I never imagined I'd see it restored..." "

Those spirit fish in the shallows of Azure Waves, I thought I'd never see them again. Hearing today that they've returned, I almost couldn't hold back my tears..."

"Mr. Chen, if you ever need any help from the aquatic tribe, just ask! Although we aquatic tribe are not powerful, we are grateful!"

Kai took a cup of spirit wine, took a small sip, and his purple eyes reflected the sincere and eager faces around him.

He could sense that although these aquatic cultivators were isolated from the world and seemed cold and aloof, once they opened their hearts, their sincerity and straightforwardness were stronger than many outsiders.

But he noticed that Lan Yuan sat in a corner at the edge of the square, a cup of spirit wine in front of him, but he hadn't touched it.

His gaze was lowered, fixed on the tiny specks of light on the table, not blending into the celebratory atmosphere around him.

A smile played on his lips, but it was faint, a mere upturn at the corners of his mouth, devoid of any genuine joy, like a thin veil clinging to his face, fragile and easily shattered.

Kai put down his wine cup, walked through the crowd, and sat down opposite Lan Yuan.

"Thinking of Lan Xi?" Kai's voice was soft, so soft that only Lan Yuan could hear it.

Lan Yuan's body trembled slightly.

He didn't look up, but remained silent for a moment before speaking in a low voice, "Someone just informed me that Shen Tianhai has moved her to the water dungeon beneath the island lord's mansion.

The water there is cold, and it's pitch black. We can hear footsteps coming from above, but we can't see any light."

His voice was steady, but the fingers gripping the rim of his cup tightened unconsciously.

Kai was silent for a moment, then said, "I will go and rescue her."

Lan Yuan abruptly looked up, his deep, ocean-like eyes churning with complex emotions.

He looked at Kai for a long time, then shook his head: "No. You've already helped the aquatic tribe too much; we can't let you take any more risks.

Shen Tianhai is a peak second-grade Grand Luo Golden Immortal, and there are three other second-grade Grand Luo Golden Immortal elders on the island.

Although you've broken through to the sixth grade of the Golden Immortal realm, the gap between you and a Grand Luo Golden Immortal... is too great."

"I know," Kai's voice remained calm, "but I can win."

Lan Yuan looked at him, his deep-sea-like eyes surging with an even more complex light.

He could see an unprecedented certainty in Kai's eyes, a certainty that wasn't blind confidence, but rather a composure born from deep thought.

Just then, Shui Wuhen's voice came from the main seat, deep and clear: " Kai, do you plan to go back and save Lan Xi?"

Kai looked up and saw Shui Wuhen sitting in the main seat, looking at him through the crowd, his deep-sea-like eyes carrying a light that rippled like the tides.

"Yes," Kai didn't deny it.

Shui Wuhen remained silent for a moment, his voice tinged with solemnity: "Lan Xi is a member of the Water Clan. If possible, I would like to send someone to rescue her.

But with your current strength, facing Shen Tianhai is far too difficult. The difference between a peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal and a sixth-grade Golden Immortal is immense, even if you possess the Chaos Realm..." Kai stood up, his purple eyes gleaming with a deep light under the glow of the night-shining pearl: "Chief, what if I told you I have absolute confidence in defeating him?"

Shui Wuhen frowned slightly: "What makes you so sure?"

Kai was silent for a moment, then slowly spoke: "Chief, you fight me."

The plaza fell silent instantly.

All eyes were on Kai; some gaped, some gasped, and some wore expressions of disbelief.

Shui Wuhen was the strongest cultivator among the Water Clan, a peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal.

Although Kai had broken through to the sixth grade of the Golden Immortal realm, the gap between them remained insurmountable.

"Are you sure?" Shui Wuhen's voice carried an unfathomable calm.

"Sure."

Kai's voice was unwavering. "If you can defeat me, I won't go to Bibo Island. If you can't, then let me go."

Shui Wuhen remained silent for a long time, his deep-sea-like eyes lingering on Kai for an extended period.

Finally, he slowly stood up, his long, silvery-white hair flowing like mercury under the light of the luminous pearl: "Alright. Three moves to the center of the plaza. If you can withstand three of my moves, you win."

The crowd retreated, clearing a wide open space in the center of the plaza.

Blue light surged from the seaweed, illuminating the entire area.

Shui Wuhen stood in the center of the open space, his long, silvery-white hair flowing silently in the water, a faint blue light swirling around him.

His aura was steady and profound, as if the entire deep sea had been compressed within him.

He raised his right hand, his voice calm: "First move."

His figure blurred, like a silvery-white water arrow, instantly appearing before Kai.

He struck out with his right palm, the palm wind carrying the immense power of a peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal, pressing down on Kai like an invisible mountain.

Wherever the palm wind passed, the water was compressed into a white line, emitting a sharp whistling sound.

Lan Yuan's expression changed drastically.

The force of this palm strike was enough to shatter a small island.

Kai did not retreat.

He raised his right hand, and gray chaotic power surged from his palm, condensing into a gray-purple light shield in front of him.

The light shield was only a finger's width thick, but its surface was covered with fine gray patterns. These patterns were like a constantly weaving net, continuously absorbing, digesting, and transforming the immense power.

Shui Wuhen's palm print landed on the light shield, producing a muffled thud.

Golden shockwaves spread outwards, causing the surrounding aquatic cultivators to retreat repeatedly.

But Kai stood still, unmoved.

The light shield shimmered with a stable gray light in front of him, as if it had not borne any force.

Shui Wuhen's pupils contracted slightly: "The absorption and transformation ability of chaotic power... is indeed astonishing."

He withdrew his palm, took a step back, and said with a hint of seriousness in his voice: "Second move. I won't hold back this time."

He raised both hands simultaneously, and blue light condensed, compressed, and spun in his palms, transforming into two orbs of light like small vortexes.

The spheres of light contained extremely dense power of laws, causing the surrounding seawater to swirl rapidly, forming turbulent undercurrents.

Two spheres of light were launched simultaneously, one from the left and one from the right, attacking Kai in a pincer movement, swift as lightning and precise as a needle's point.

Kai did not dodge.

He stood still, gray chaotic power flowing around his body, condensing into a protective light membrane like flowing water.

This membrane flowed slowly across his body, like a layer of mercury, enveloping his entire being.

The two blue spheres of light collided with the protective light membrane, producing a series of muffled explosions.

The power of the spheres tore and collided continuously, blasting golden cracks into the surface of the light membrane.

The gray light membrane was like a wound that had been torn countless times and kept healing, each tear instantly reforming as if without end.

Shui Wuhen's brows furrowed deeper and deeper.

He could feel that although the protective light membrane did not directly absorb his power, it had blocked it entirely.

“The third move,”

Shui Wuhen’s voice carried an unprecedented solemnity, “I’m using my full strength.”

The blue light around him suddenly surged, like a blue sun rising from the deep sea.

His hands formed an ancient hand seal in front of him, the patterns of which resonated with the Dao Origin within him, triggering the supreme secret technique of the aquatic race that he had cultivated for tens of thousands of years.

A beam of blue light surged from his palms, like a giant dragon rising from the abyss, carrying the full power of a peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal, crashing down towards Kai.

He held nothing back with this move.

Kai remained standing, his hands hanging naturally at his sides, without any defensive posture.

But just as the blue light was about to strike him, his body shuddered violently, and an extremely powerful aura erupted from him.

That aura spread outwards like a tsunami, shaking away all the water around him and creating a vacuum area several meters wide around him.

The blue light, upon contact with the energy, struck an invisible wall with a dull thud before slowly shattering and dissipating.

Kai stood in the center of the vacuum zone, his gray robe swaying gently in the water, not a single scratch left on his body.

Shui Wuhen's hands were slightly numb from the recoil, and his body involuntarily took several steps back.

His pupils contracted sharply, his deep-sea eyes churning with an uncontrollable shock and disbelief like a tsunami.

The entire plaza fell into a deathly silence.

Shui Wuhen slowly lowered his hands, his voice hoarse, carrying a sense of powerlessness he hadn't felt in millennia: "You... are not a sixth-grade Golden Immortal. You've been hiding your strength."

Kai withdrew his aura, his voice calm: "I am a sixth-grade Golden Immortal. But after the fusion of Chaos Power and the Water Clan's Power, my true combat strength far exceeds what a sixth-grade Golden Immortal should possess.

Now, I can deal with all cultivators below the third grade of the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm."

Shui Wuhen remained silent for a long time, looking at Kai, his deep-sea-like eyes swirling with complex light, before finally speaking slowly: "Go. Go save Lan Xi. If... you need the Water Clan's help, just ask."

Kai nodded, a glint of light flashing in his purple eyes: "I will bring her back."

He turned and swam towards the city gate.

His grey robe swayed gently in the water, like a silent shadow, passing through the still-shocked crowd.

He passed through the aquatic cultivators, their eyes still wide with disbelief.

He passed through the deep blue city, beautiful as a dream under the light of the luminous pearl, swimming further and further away from the city gate. Shui

Wuhen stood there, watching Kai's figure disappear into the shadows of the city gate, his deep-sea eyes surging with light like the ebb and flow of the tide.

"Is he really only a sixth-grade Golden Immortal?"

Lan Yuan's voice came from beside him, filled with the same incredulous shock.

Shui Wuhen remained silent for a long time, then slowly... The night sky over the Void Sea was like a deep blue silk ribbon, spread across the boundless ocean.

Silvery moonlight pierced through the clouds, scattering across the gently rippling waves, breaking into countless tiny specks of light that flickered and shimmered with the movement of the water, as if the entire sea were breathing silently.

On the distant horizon, the outline of Azure Wave Island resembled a sleeping behemoth, quietly lying prone on the sea. The island's lights flickered sporadically in the night, like the occasional opening of the beast's eyes.

Kai's figure rose from the depths of the sea, his gray robes soaked through and clinging tightly to his body.

He stepped onto a reef, circulating chaotic energy within his body to evaporate the moisture from his robes.

His gaze swept across the island ahead, a calm yet resolute light surging within his purple eyes.

He stood on the reef for a moment, feeling the cool night breeze on his face, then his figure flickered, transforming into a gray streak of light, silently skimming across the sea and landing on an uninhabited reef at the edge of the island.

He didn't rush into the city, but first sat cross-legged on the reef, closing his eyes and meditating for about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn.

He circulated the chaotic power and aquatic power within his body several times, confirming that his condition had returned to its peak, before rising and heading towards the inn.

The inn still stood quietly deep in that secluded alley.

When Kai climbed into the room through the back window, his movements were as light as a leaf falling on the water.

There were no lights in the room, only the moonlight filtering in from the window casting a thin, silvery-white trail on the floor.

Jiang Xuelan was sitting cross-legged on the edge of the bed, her icy blue eyes like two cold lamps in the darkness, opening the moment Kai climbed in through the window.

Her gaze swept quickly over Kai, and only after confirming he was unharmed did she breathe a slight sigh of relief.

But when her divine sense detected an aura on Kai that was several times stronger than when she left, her icy blue eyes suddenly lit up.

"Your aura... has changed."

Jiang Xuelan stood up, walked quickly to him, and looked him up and down, her voice filled with disbelief, "That wisp of aquatic power within you... has disappeared? You've broken through to the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm?"

"It disappeared, but it didn't disappear."

Kai walked to the table, sat down, poured himself a cup of cold tea, and took a sip. "It fused with it, it merged with the power of chaos. Now that wisp of aquatic power has completely become a part of my power."

Xuan Zhenzi peeked out from the corner, a withered blade of grass he had found somewhere dangling from his mouth, his cloudy eyes wide open, looking Kai up and down with surprise and curiosity.

"Good heavens, only a few days and you've reached the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm? Have you encountered some extraordinary adventure yet?

I cultivated for ten thousand years to reach the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, and your speed is faster than flying! What exactly did you do in Deep Blue City?" Xuan Zhenzi asked. Chen

Ping briefly recounted his experiences over the past few days—the power of the aquatic race in the Netherworld Abyss Rift, Deep Blue City in the Void Sea

, the aquatic race's predicament, the fusion of the Sea Soul Pearl, the purification of the three polluted sea areas, and the three-move agreement with Shui Wuhen.

His tone was calm and unembellished, but Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi both held their breath.

"The Sea Soul Pearl?"

Xuanzhenzi clicked his tongue, withered grass swaying at the corner of his mouth. "I've seen that thing in ancient books. It's said to be the lifeblood of the aquatic race, only one can condense every ten thousand years. They actually let you swallow it?" "

Shui Wuhen said that it was originally the power left behind by the ancestors of the aquatic race. Its appearance in my body is not a coincidence."

Kai put down his teacup, a thoughtful look flashing in his purple eyes. "Moreover, the Sea Soul Pearl chose me, not Shui Wuhen."

Jiang Xuelan was silent for a moment, then spoke: "You said you're going to save that aquatic girl?"

"Yes."

Kai nodded, his voice calm and firm, without any hesitation. "She has already been transferred by Shen Tianhai to the water dungeon under the island lord's mansion.

That kind of water dungeon is specially used to imprison aquatic cultivators. There are restrictions in the water that imprison spiritual power. Every day she stays in there, her meridians will be eroded a little more."

Jiang Xuelan's brows furrowed sharply.

She strode to Kai, her icy blue eyes swirling with worry and gravity, her voice tinged with urgency: "Shen Tianhai is a peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal, and there are three other second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal elders on the island. It's too dangerous for you to go alone."

"I can win,"

Kai's voice remained calm, but his purple eyes held a certain certainty and composure Jiang Xuelan had never seen before. "I fought Shui Wuhen in Deep Blue City. Three moves, and he couldn't touch me.

Shui Wuhen is a peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal, the same realm as Shen Tianhai. I could even withstand his full-force attack without flinching; Shen Tianhai can't stop me."

Jiang Xuelan stared at him for a long time.

She could sense the mountain-like steadfastness emanating from Kai, completely different from when he left.

It was a composure like the deep sea, calm on the surface, yet containing undercurrents powerful enough to stir the heavens and earth.

She slowly loosened her clenched fingers: "I'll go with you."

"Wait for me at the inn."

Kai stood up, a gentle light flashing in his purple eyes. "Your presence will only distract me. Those three elders from Shen Tianhai are all at the second level of the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm; if a fight breaks out, I won't be able to look after you."

Jiang Xuelan bit her lip, finally nodding: "Promise me you'll come back unharmed."

"I promise you," Kai said.

He didn't delay any longer, turning and leaping out of the window, his figure like a gray streak of light, silently landing on the rooftop across the alley.

Then, with several leaps, he traversed dozens of streets and alleys, heading towards the brightly lit island lord's mansion in the center of Bibo Island.

The night wind whistled in his ears, the tiles beneath his feet gleaming coldly silver in the moonlight. His speed increased, like a silent arrow weaving through the night.

When he stood before the gates of the island lord's mansion, the night was deep.

Moonlight spilled onto the bluestone steps before the mansion gate, illuminating the two vermilion wooden doors as if coated with a thin layer of silver powder.

The gilded plaque above the gate gleamed with a cold, eerie light, while golden flames burned in the stone lanterns on either side, illuminating the open space in front of the gate.

Two guards stood before the gate, clad in golden armor, long swords hanging at their waists, their cultivation at the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm. Kai didn't stop.

His figure floated forward like a ghost, his gray robe swaying slightly in the night wind.

He simply raised his right hand and gently waved it.

A gray palm wind swept past silently, as fast as thunder and as powerful as a galloping horse. The two guards didn't even have time to react before their golden swords were shattered into countless fragments, which tumbled in the air like broken golden glass.

Their bodies were also blasted away by the palm wind, crashing into the stone pillars on either side of the mansion gate, groaning and falling unconscious.

Kai pushed open the heavy vermilion mansion gate and walked in.

The gate slowly closed behind him with a dull thud.

The courtyard inside was even more spacious than the outside, covering an area of several dozen feet square.

The bluestone paving was flat and smooth, gleaming with a cold light under the moonlight. Neatly trimmed spirit trees grew on both sides, their canopies swaying gently in the night wind, making a rustling sound, like countless people whispering.

In the center of the courtyard stood a stone fountain, water gushing from the mouth of a stone beast, shimmering with tiny silver sparkles in the moonlight.

The main hall was brightly lit, golden light filtering through the cracks in the doors and windows, bathing half the courtyard in a warm golden hue.

Kai stood in the center, his purple eyes sweeping across the surroundings. His voice, though not loud, carried clearly to every corner of the main hall and the side rooms: "Shen Tianhai, come out and see me."

As soon as he finished speaking, three golden figures simultaneously emerged from different directions.

The three figures moved with lightning speed, tracing three golden arcs through the night sky, landing precisely before Kai, forming a triangular formation around him.

They landed almost silently; the bluestone slabs beneath their feet didn't even tremble, clearly the work of seasoned veterans.

Three elders.

Their faces were different, but all were surrounded by a dense golden divine light. The aura of a second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal pressed down like three invisible mountains, distorting and warping the air in the courtyard.

The leading elder's icy gaze fell upon Kai, his voice low and authoritative, like a dull knife scraping against iron: "It's you again?

You escaped last time, and you dare to come knocking again? What do you think Bibo Island is, a place you can come and go as you please?"

"Send Shen Tianhai out to see me."

Kai's voice was as calm as a deep pool. His gaze didn't even linger on the three elders, but instead passed over their shoulders, landing on the tightly closed doors of the main hall.

"Insolence!"

The elder on the left roared, gripping his warhammers tightly. Golden divine light surged in his palms, pouring into the hammers. The divine runes on the hammers lit up simultaneously, radiating a dazzling golden light. "You, a mere sixth-grade Golden Immortal, dare to address the Island Lord by his name? Do you know where you are?"

Kai didn't answer. He simply raised his hand and flicked his finger.

A gray-purple sword beam shot from his fingertip, its speed reaching its limit, like a silent lightning bolt, instantly piercing through the layer of divine power condensed on the surface of the golden warhammers.

The grayish-purple sword light struck precisely the connection between the handle and the head of the left warhammer—the most vulnerable part of the entire magical artifact.

The golden warhammer trembled violently under the impact of the sword light, the divine runes on its surface flickering wildly like a candle in the wind, before a thin crack appeared at the connection.

The crack spread rapidly, and finally the entire warhammer broke in two, shattering into two metal fragments that clattered twice onto the bluestone ground.

The elder's body was thrown several steps by the recoil, leaving two deep grooves in the bluestone beneath his feet, scattering debris everywhere.

He looked down at the broken warhammer in his hand, then looked up at Kai, his eyes filled with disbelief and horror.

Those warhammers were his natal magical artifacts, forged over thousands of years, incredibly hard, having withstood a full-force attack

from a powerhouse of the same level without a scratch, yet now they were shattered with a single finger from a junior at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm.

"Attack together!"

A ruthless glint flashed in the leading elder's eyes as he shouted, and the three attacked simultaneously.

The elder on the left discarded the broken warhammer, clasped his hands together, and golden divine light condensed into a massive pillar of light in his palms. Like a roaring golden dragon, it carried the power to shatter mountains and blasted towards Kai's chest.

Wherever the pillar of light passed, the air was compressed, producing a sharp, explosive sound. A deep trench was carved into the bluestone slabs, and dust and debris flew everywhere.

The elder on the right swayed, his golden longsword thrusting out like a venomous snake emerging from its hole. The blade shimmered with a cold, moonlight-like light, tracing a thin, golden trajectory in the air.

The trajectory seemed weak, yet it possessed a sharpness capable of cutting through space, even tearing a black crack in the air beneath its edge.

The elder in the middle pushed his palms forward, golden arcs of electricity weaving into a massive electric net in his palms. This net contained the divine power and laws of a second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal, covering all of Kai's escape routes like a falling galaxy.

Arcs of electricity crackled and exploded in the air, ionizing the surrounding air into a blue mist.

Three attacks struck simultaneously from three directions, their coordination so perfect it was almost instantaneous, arriving before Kai almost at the same moment.

This coordination was the result of thousands of rehearsals, enough to render any cultivator below the second rank of the Great Luo Golden Immortal incapable of resistance in an instant.

Kai stood still, not dodging.

He simply raised his right hand slowly, his fingers spread, and gray chaotic power surged from his palm, condensing into a circular shield around him, shimmering with gray-purple light.

The shield wasn't large, just covering an area three feet around him, but its surface was covered with extremely fine gray patterns. These patterns, like living things, constantly moved, wove, and recombine on the shield's surface, breaking down, absorbing, and dissipating the incoming power layer by layer.

The three attacks simultaneously struck the gray-purple shield.

Golden pillars of light exploded, turning into countless golden fragments.

Golden sword light shattered, countless tiny golden specks of light scattering in the air. The golden electric grid collapsed, arcs of electricity scattering and blasting countless tiny craters into the surrounding ground.

The shockwave spread outwards, shattering all the stone lanterns in the courtyard, sending rubble and dust flying everywhere. The spirit trees on both sides were uprooted and tumbled through the air before crashing into the distant walls.

Three breaths later, all the attacks dissipated.

The three elders were pushed back by the recoil, their feet leaving deep footprints on the bluestone slabs, blood seeping from the corners of their mouths.

Their faces were ashen, their eyes filled with horror and disbelief, as if they had seen a ghost, staring intently at the tattoo in the center of the

courtyard. A moment of silence fell over the courtyard, then the main hall doors slowly opened, and a golden figure emerged.

Shen Tianhai wore a magnificent golden robe, embroidered with intricate wave patterns that shimmered like flowing water in the moonlight.

His face was stern, his chin slightly raised, and his golden eyes, like two burning flames, fixed on Kai with a mixture of scrutiny and amusement.

He held a steaming cup of spiritual tea in his hand, his demeanor composed, as if the battle before him was merely a harmless interlude.

“Young man,”

Shen Tianhai’s voice was calm and leisurely, carrying the composure and disdain typical of a superior, as if looking at a wildcat that had strayed into a cage, “you have ruined my plans time and time again, and now you dare to cause trouble at my residence? Are you really tired of living?

You escaped last time, you were lucky. This time you’ve delivered yourself to my doorstep, saving me the trouble of searching for you.”

Kai looked at Shen Tianhai, his gray robe swaying gently in the night wind, his voice as calm as a deep pool, yet carrying an unprecedented sharpness: “Release Lan Xi. Otherwise, I will raze Bibo Island to the ground.”

Shen Tianhai was stunned for a moment, then burst into laughter.

The laughter echoed in the courtyard, carrying the absurdity of a superior being provoked by an ant, shaking the surrounding leaves to rustle down, like countless withered yellow butterflies dancing in the night wind.

"Crush Bibo Island? With the strength of a mere sixth-grade Golden Immortal? Do you even know what realm I am? Peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal! You haven't even touched the threshold of Great

Luo Golden Immortal, yet you dare to speak so arrogantly before me?" Shen Tianhai's face was full of disdain.

Kai didn't speak.

He simply took a step forward.

The instant that step was taken, an extremely powerful pressure erupted from his body, gray light flowing around him like a layer of flowing mercury, enveloping his entire being.

That pressure didn't seem like something a sixth-grade Golden Immortal should have, or even something a first-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal should have.

It carried the primal devouring power of chaotic energy, yet it also incorporated the warmth and weight of aquatic power. The two merged together, forming an extremely unique and powerful oppressive force.

The gray palm print appeared before Shen Tianhai without any warning, as fast as thunder, as powerful as a galloping horse, carrying the unique devouring power of chaotic energy.

Like an invisible giant hand descending from the sky, the air around him was compressed, emitting a sharp, explosive sound.

Shen Tianhai's smile froze instantly. He abruptly threw his teacup, golden divine light condensing into a shield before him, barely blocking the gray palm print.

Boom—!

A muffled, deafening roar exploded in the courtyard.

Shen Tianhai was thrown back several steps, spiderweb-like cracks spreading across the bluestone slabs beneath his feet, like ice struck by a giant hammer, the cracks extending several meters in all directions.

The teacup in his hand shattered into dust, tea splashing everywhere, wetting his magnificent golden robe and leaving a dark water stain on the hem.

Shen Tianhai's expression completely changed.

His pupils contracted slightly, as if pricked by a needle, and for the first time, a hint of surprise appeared in his voice: "You...you're not a sixth-grade Golden Immortal? You're hiding your strength? What is your actual realm?"

Kai didn't answer his question, his voice remaining calm, like a still lake: "Release Lan Xi."

Shen Tianhai's expression shifted in the moonlight, his golden eyes swirling with a mixture of anger and calculation, like a silent undercurrent in the deep sea.

He was silent for a moment, then slowly spoke, his voice low and cold, carrying a ruthless edge born of being cornered: "Mr. Liu."

A gray figure silently emerged from the shadows of the main hall.

Mr. Liu was still wearing that faded gray robe, his gaunt face as pale as a skeleton in the moonlight, his hawk-like eyes gleaming with a calm yet sharp light, like two invisible blades.

His fingers trembled slightly at his sides, imperceptible to the untrained eye, but every subtle movement was gathering some kind of power.

He silently walked into the courtyard, stood behind the three elders, and then raised his hands. His

ten fingers danced like butterflies, golden divine light weaving at his fingertips into a massive golden net, like an overwhelming canopy descending upon Kai.

The net contained the full power of a peak first-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal; each thread was like a living venomous snake, writhing, extending, and contracting in the air, carrying an aura of devouring everything.

But Kai's gaze sharpened slightly.

In the instant the golden net lit up, he caught a faint discord.

Three inches to the right of the center of the net, there was a very subtle crack in the texture, like a small section deliberately torn from a spiderweb, almost unnoticed unless one looked closely.

That was a hidden door deliberately left by Mr. Liu; within the seemingly seamless net lay a passage leading to the flank.

Kai ignored the hidden door.

His body shifted slightly to the side, and with a flick of his left hand, a gray-purple sword light exploded in the air, transforming into countless tiny blades of light that sliced through the giant golden net like a rainstorm.

The blades collided with the net, producing a dense, crisp sound like raindrops, as if a thousand drums were being struck simultaneously, causing the surrounding air to vibrate violently.

Under the erosion of the chaotic power, the golden net began to crumble, disintegrate, and evaporate. One by one, the golden threads broke, turning into golden specks of light that dissipated in the air like dandelion seeds scattered by the wind.

Mr. Liu's expression changed drastically. He tried to retreat, but it was too late.

Kai's figure had appeared before him without his noticing, his gray hand gently pressing against Mr. Liu's chest.

A warm yet irresistible force surged from his palm, sending Mr. Liu staggering back dozens of steps, crashing into a pillar of the main hall, shattering it into pieces, sending shards of stone flying and dust billowing everywhere.

A trickle of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth as he tried to steady himself, only to find his spiritual energy being eroded inch by inch by that gray power.

A series of excruciating pains, as if being torn apart, surged through his meridians, as if countless invisible hands were ripping them apart.

"Hmph, three Golden Immortals at the second rank are no match for me, and you, a mere Golden Immortal at the peak of the first rank, are still courting death?"

Kai sneered, looking at Liu Xian.