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"I don't care what your surname is, even if it's Dog, it's none of my business. Try me if you dare."

Mr. Liu's face turned red with anger, his eyes narrowing slightly. "Kid, it seems you really don't know what the surname Liu represents."

After saying that, golden light began to emanate from Mr. Liu's body.

Seeing this, Kai couldn't help but sneer: "So you're a god-race cultivator. Even if you're a god, what's with your arrogance?"

This Mr. Liu was actually a god-race cultivator. No wonder he was treated as an honored guest by Shen Tianhai at the peak of the first rank of Golden Immortal, and had worked with Shen Tianhai for so many years.

"Kid, you're asking for death..." Mr. Liu roared, his body transforming into a stream of light as he charged towards Kai.

Slap!

A crisp sound rang out, and Mr. Liu, who had been charging forward, was forced back.

At this moment, there was a clear handprint on his face.

"You are a god, I should have killed you, but I'm sparing your life today so you can inform the god cultivators of the Twenty-First Heaven that I, Kai, have arrived. You'd better behave yourselves, or I'll kill you one by one,"

Kai said arrogantly.

Mr. Liu was furious but helpless; he was no match for Kai.

Shen Tianhai frowned slightly; he had never seen a cultivator dare to provoke the gods like this.

In the Twenty-First Heaven, the gods held absolute power.

The entire Tian Shu Continent of the Twenty-First Heaven, richest in resources, was controlled by the gods.

"Shen Tianhai, release Lan Xi, and I might spare your life," Kai said, looking at Shen Tianhai.

Shen Tianhai's expression finally lost all composure.

His lips tightened into a line, and his golden eyes churned with a storm of light—anger, resentment, horror, and a profound sense of powerlessness he had never experienced in tens of thousands of years.

He didn't speak, but slowly raised his hands, golden light surging around him like a volcano erupting.

His golden robe billowed and fluttered in the violent divine power, the hem rustling like a battle flag in the wind.

In that instant, his aura reached its peak—the full power of a peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal was released without reservation, enveloping the entire courtyard in a golden storm.

The bluestone slabs were crushed into powder, scattering like flour, and the spiritual trees on both sides were uprooted, tumbling through the air and crashing into the distant walls with deafening roars.

Even the distant buildings trembled slightly under that pressure, tiles falling and shattering into fragments.

The air within a hundred feet radius was compressed to a tangible state by that pressure, making even breathing difficult.

He moved.

His figure transformed into a golden streak of light, moving with incredible speed, like lightning tearing through the night sky, carrying an aura capable of crushing everything, as he struck Kai's head with a palm.

The palm print contained all the divine power he had painstakingly cultivated over tens of thousands of years. Golden light condensed into a dazzling sphere in his palm, constantly compressing, rotating, and contracting within, releasing a world-destroying pressure.

Wherever the palm wind passed, the air was torn apart with black cracks, emitting a sharp shriek, as if the heavens and earth were wailing over the power of this palm strike.

Kai did not retreat. Gray chaotic power erupted around him, spreading outwards like a tide, enveloping him in a gray-purple light.

He also raised his right palm, neither dodging nor blocking, directly meeting Chen Tianhai's golden palm print head-on.

The two palms collided.

At that moment, the world lost its color.

Golden and gray light exploded in the courtyard, forming a pillar of light reaching the heavens, tearing a gap in the clouds of the night sky, revealing the deep starry sky behind.

The shockwave of light spread outwards, blasting everything in the courtyard away. Stone lanterns, fountains, spirit trees, and bluestone slabs were all reduced to dust by the violent force.

The entire island lord's mansion shook violently, tiles rained down, and shocking cracks appeared on the walls.

Moonlight and starlight poured down, illuminating the motionless gray figure in the courtyard and the golden figure opposite him being pushed back inch by inch.

Shen Tianhai's face showed unprecedented horror.

He could feel his full-force palm strike was like a mud ox sinking into the sea, being swallowed, digested, and neutralized layer by layer by that gray force.

The primal devouring nature of the chaotic power was constantly eroding his divine power, while the resilience fused with the power of the aquatic race was constantly dissolving the power of law in his palm strike, transforming the violent power into docile energy that flowed into Kai's meridians.

The opponent's power was like a bottomless pit, surging in endlessly.

Ten breaths later, Shen Tianhai was thrown back dozens of steps, each step leaving a deep footprint in the ground, the edges of which were covered with golden cracks, like an iron plate struck by a heavy hammer.

He suddenly spat out a mouthful of golden blood, his face ashen, the light in his eyes flickering uncertainly, like a candle in the wind, and even his body became somewhat hunched.

The entire courtyard fell into dead silence.

The sentries hiding in the shadows, the guards who rushed over after hearing the commotion, and the servants huddled in the corners all held their breath, staring intently at the gray figure in the center of the courtyard.

Under the moonlight, Kai's gray robe fluttered gently in the night wind, his body without a single wound, his purple eyes calm as still water.

Kai slowly lowered his hand, his purple eyes reflecting Shen Tianhai's pale and horrified face. His voice was calm yet carried an undeniable weight: "I'll ask one last time. Release, or not?"

Shen Tianhai's hand trembled slightly, golden blood trickling down his chin, dripping onto the cracked bluestone slab with a barely audible patter.

He stared at Kai for a long time, his golden eyes swirling with a complex mix of anger, resentment, and fear. Finally, as if all his strength had been drained, he slowly spoke, his voice hoarse and weary: "Release..." At the window

of the inn in the distance, Jiang Xuelan stood, her icy blue eyes reflecting the towering pillar of light in the courtyard.

Her hands gripped the windowsill tightly, filled with worry.

When the pillar of light dissipated, and she saw Kai still standing in the center of the courtyard, her clenched fingers slowly loosened, and the breath she had been holding in her chest finally escaped.

"He won..." she whispered, her voice filled with the relief of surviving a close call and genuine pride.

Xuanzhenzi squatted beside her, a dry blade of grass between his teeth, watching the gray figure in the distance, muttering under his breath, "That kid... he's really fierce..."

In the courtyard, the stone door leading to the underground water dungeon slowly opened.

Two guards carried Lan Xi out.

Her figure was even thinner than before, her skin pale to the point of being translucent, her long, deep blue hair disheveled over her shoulders, and her lips devoid of color.

Her legs were unsteady, and she could only barely avoid falling with the support of a guard.

But when she looked up and saw the gray figure in the center of the courtyard, a glimmer of light suddenly appeared in her deep, ocean-like eyes—a faint but undeniably real light.

Kai turned around, glanced at her, and a gentle light flashed in his purple eyes: "Let's go. I'll take you home."

He reached out and took Lan Xi from the guard's arms.

Her body was as light as a falling leaf, as if a gust of wind would carry her away. Kai steadied her, then turned and walked towards the gate, his gray robe swaying gently in the night wind, his steps steady and resolute.

Behind him, Shen Tianhai slumped on the broken flagstones, watching the figure pass through... Night fell like a heavy, impenetrable silk cloth soaked in the ink of eternity, pressing down on Azure Wave Island.

The bright moon, which had once hung high in the sky, was completely obscured by layers of thick, dark clouds, not even a sliver of its silvery light could escape, plunging the entire world into a deep, oppressive darkness.

A biting sea wind swept across the island, carrying the salty, damp, and faintly acrid scent of spiritual energy unique to the deep sea, howling past the dilapidated courtyards, broken stone pillars, and overturned stone lanterns.

It swirled up the scattered wood chips, stone fragments, and withered spiritual leaves, swirling and turning wildly among the ruins, emitting a low, mournful howl, like the whispers of ancient ghosts, desolate and chilling.

The once majestic, magnificent, and orderly island lord's mansion had long since been reduced to a scene of utter devastation.

Shen Tianhai slumped limply onto the shattered flagstones, his once magnificent and solemn golden brocade robe now stained with thick dust, gravel, and bloodstains.

The robe was torn in several places, its edges fluttering and tattered, a far cry from the island lord's former grandeur; he looked like a destitute beggar on the street.

A thin strand of pale golden blood, still wet on his chin, the precious essence of a peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal,

dripped slowly down his jawline without dignity, finally landing on the cold, hard flagstones with a barely audible soft "plop."

His arms, weakly supporting him on the rough, cold ground behind him, trembled slightly, his fingers spasming, his palms raw and bleeding from the gravel, yet he felt no pain.

Those golden eyes, usually calm, sharp, all-encompassing, and overlooking the entire Void Sea, were now empty and blank, fixed on the open gates of the mansion, on the direction Kai had just vanished, unmoving for a long time.

His mind was like a recurring nightmare, constantly replaying the earth-shattering duel that had just occurred, a duel that had shattered his understanding of the world.

It was the culmination of tens of thousands of years of arduous cultivation in the Void Sea, the ultimate power of a peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal, a terrifying force capable of shattering mountains, overturning oceans, and crushing entire seas.

In his understanding, that single palm strike was enough to sweep away over 90% of the cultivators of the 21st Heaven; even those of the same level wouldn't dare to directly confront it.

At that time, he had held nothing back, unleashing all the golden divine power he had cultivated for tens of thousands of years.

Divine power surged forth like a volcanic eruption, a galaxy overflowing, transforming into a boundless golden torrent, carrying an overwhelming force capable of suppressing everything, crashing down upon the gray-robed youth.

But the outcome was absurd enough to chill him to the bone.

The seemingly low-level, young gray-robed youth neither dodged nor retreated, but simply raised his right hand, palm flat and level.

There were no complex hand seals, no earth-shattering supernatural powers, no fierce attacks; he simply and calmly met the deadly palm strike that represented his life's work head-on.

The moment their palms collided, there was no earth-shattering explosion, no tremor of the heavens and earth, no clash of equally matched spiritual forces, not even the slightest stalemate or pulling.

His powerful, boundless golden divine power, capable of shattering mountains and filling seas, flowed like a trickle into an endless abyss.

Like a clay ox sinking into the sea, he vanished instantly, enveloped, devoured, completely dissolved, and perfectly neutralized by layers of warm, gray power emanating from the opponent's palm.

That utter sense of powerlessness spread instantly through the meridians of his palm to his limbs, bones, and even his very soul, leaving him icy cold, his blood stagnant, and his spirit trembling.

He had traversed the Void Sea for millennia, flattening countless islands, suppressing countless rebellions, and confronting countless powerful enemies.

He had experienced countless life-or-death battles, witnessing all sorts of prodigies, overlords, and ancient powerhouses, yet he had never experienced such utter, absolute crushing.

His proud, dominant cultivation, which had allowed him to roam the seas, was, in the opponent's eyes, like a child throwing a punch, an ant trying to shake a tree—fragile and utterly vulnerable.

From beginning to end, the gray-robed youth stood tall and immovable, his simple gray robe remaining perfectly still amidst the raging storm of golden divine power.

His clothes were still, his hair perfectly combed, as calm as if he were standing on the shore of a still lake, without yielding a single step or trembling.

"Island Master..."

A weak, hoarse call pulled Shen Tianhai back to reality from his endless nightmare and daze.

Mr. Liu struggled to his feet from the ruins of broken pillars, his frail body swaying precariously.

Fresh blood clung to the corner of his mouth, his face was as pale as paper, his breath was weak and disordered, and the once composed and restrained aura of a peak first-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal was scattered and nearly exhausted.

He reached out to steady himself against a broken, sturdy doorpost beside him, raising his bloodshot eyes to look at the dejected Shen Tianhai, his eyes swirling with shock, fear, solemnity, and an incomparably complex mix of emotions.

"I just carefully reviewed the entire battle, and the more I think about it, the more alarmed I become."

Mr. Liu suppressed the turmoil within him, his voice low and weak, carrying an undisguised apprehension. "That young man's power is far too strange, far beyond ordinary chaotic power.

I clearly sensed that within that layer of gray chaotic aura, there was always a wisp of extremely deep, extremely thick, and extremely warm deep-sea aura, the most primal abyssal essence of the aquatic race, its purity far exceeding that of the elders of Deep Blue City.

Moreover... his realm is definitely not the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm that he outwardly displayed."

Mr. Liu's brows furrowed deeply. His voice tightened, growing increasingly grave: "A cultivator at the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, let alone directly withstanding the full force of your attack as a peak second-rank Great Luo Golden Immortal, Island Lord, could be crushed in a single move even if our three second-rank Great Luo Golden Immortal elders joined forces.

Yet, within three moves, he easily defeated the three elders, handling the entire situation with ease, and finally withstood your deadly strike head-on without a scratch.

From beginning to end, he deliberately concealed his true cultivation level and deliberately suppressed his aura. We completely misjudged him from the start."

Shen Tianhai remained silent for a long time, the air around him almost solidifying with oppressive tension.

After a long while, his golden eyes flickered in the deep night, like two clusters of cold, eerie flames repeatedly tossed about by a gale.

They were filled with resentment, anger, horror, humiliation, and a trace of utter powerlessness he had never tasted in his tens of thousands of years of life.

His voice was hoarse and dry, like coarse sandpaper repeatedly rubbing against the skin, each word carrying a heavy weight of weariness and regret: "I've lived for tens of thousands of years, seen countless people, schemed my whole life, plotted my way through everything, but in the end, I was wrong."

"I thought he was a rootless, helpless ant, a pawn I could manipulate at will to blackmail the aquatic tribes.

I thought he was alone, without background, power, or resources, easily toyed with."

Shen Tianhai slowly raised his eyes, gazing at the dark sky, his eyes filled with self-mockery. "How laughable that I schemed my whole life, thinking I controlled the whole situation, understood human nature, and saw through the circumstances.

But I didn't know that from the moment he stepped onto Bibo Island, I, the three elders, the entire Bibo Island, and all my schemes, from beginning to end, were all under his control."

"He dared to step into my Bibo Island alone?" He slowly pushed himself up from the ground, struggling to his feet. His legs were slightly weak and trembling, his meridians ached and throbbed, and most of his divine power was depleted, leaving him severely injured.

Yet, he gritted his teeth and straightened his back, maintaining the last shred

of dignity of an island lord. He raised his hand and mechanically brushed away the thick dust and small stone fragments from his golden robe, his movements stiff and rigid, like an instinct honed over many years. Even in his current disheveled and defeated state, he could not shake the noble self-restraint etched into his bones.

After doing all this, he slowly walked to the broken white jade fountain, slowly squatted down, and gently scooped up a handful of clear spring water gushing from the broken wound with his slightly trembling palm.

The cold spring water soaked into his palm, dispelling some of the heat and dizziness within him. Moonlight shone through the gaps in the dark clouds, refracting into tiny, silvery-white glimmers on the clear water's surface.

The water then slowly slipped through his fingers, falling to the ground and shattering into droplets, silently merging into the muddy ruins.

He stared silently at those fleeting droplets, lost in thought for a long time.

Having controlled the Void Sea for millennia, he had long been accustomed to strategizing and winning battles from afar, accustomed to having everything under his control, accustomed to everyone and every force following his every move.

But today, Kai's appearance completely shattered all his arrogance and sense of control.

The disparity between having the whole world in his hands and the fact that only one person, one force, was completely beyond his control, caused his Dao heart to tremble violently, almost collapsing.

Endless anger, resentment, humiliation, and lingering fear intertwined and surged within him, finally settling into a cold, resolute resolve.

He slowly rose, turned around, and his gaze fell on Mr. Liu beside him. His previously weary and exhausted voice gradually became calm and cold, devoid of any emotion: "Mr. Liu, you have been with me for over seven thousand years, and there is one thing I have never mentioned to you."

Mr. Liu was slightly startled, quickly composed himself, and barely straightened his unsteady figure. A hint of wariness and doubt flashed in his eyes as he bowed and said, "Please speak, Island Lord. I am all ears."

"When you were stranded in the Void Sea and I rescued you, you claimed to be a rogue cultivator without any sect or school, all alone, wandering the world, struggling to make a living in the Void Sea."

Shen Tianhai spoke slowly and clearly, each word carefully considered. "At that time, I knew that what you said was not true. You deliberately concealed your cultivation, disguised your techniques, and suppressed

your aura, disguising yourself as an ordinary rogue cultivator, but the foundation in your bones could not be hidden."

"The flow of your spiritual energy through your meridians, your subconscious retreat during battle, your instinctive reactions to high-level spell attacks, the rhythm hidden deep within your soul... all of these are the unique foundational qualities of the divine race cultivators of the Tian Shu Continent.

They are instincts etched into their bloodline and soul, passed down through generations. No matter how you disguise or suppress them, they cannot be completely erased."

Shen Tianhai's gaze was deep as he stared directly into the depths of Mr. Liu's eyes: "You are not a rogue cultivator at all. You are a member of the Silver Moon Family of the Tian Shu Continent. Am I right?"

Mr. Liu's body suddenly stiffened, his thin frame trembling slightly. In his sharp, hawk-like eyes, countless complex emotions flashed through his mind in an instant, including shock, panic, vigilance, and relief.

He remained silent for a long time, the evening breeze ruffling his gray robes and his hair flying wildly. Finally, he slowly lowered his head, nodded in a deep voice, and no longer pretended: "Island Lord, you have keen insight. I am indeed from a collateral branch of the Silver Moon Clan on the Tian Shu Continent.

Years ago, I unintentionally offended a direct elder of the clan, violating clan rules, and was completely expelled from the clan and banished from the Tian Shu Continent, drifting to the Void Sea, barely surviving.

If it weren't for the Island Lord's shelter and protection, giving me the opportunity to settle down and cultivate, I would have already perished in the chaos of the sea."

"I naturally know."

Shen Tianhai's face showed no surprise, no anger, no suspicion, only a sense of relief that the dust had settled. "I have kept you by my side for over seven thousand years, valuing and trusting you.

Firstly, because you are exceptionally intelligent, calm, and capable, truly worthy of great responsibility; secondly, because I foresaw today's situation."

"I have entrenched myself in the Void Sea for ten thousand years. The greater my power, the wider my territory, and the more prosperous my business, the more enemies I have made and the more forces I have offended.

The aquatic tribes, various independent cultivators and overlords, the surrounding island forces, and even the Seven Star Continent above my head are all potential threats.

I know that without foresight, there will be immediate troubles. In all things, one must leave a way out; one cannot exterminate or destroy everything."

"Keeping you alive, and keeping the Silver Moon Clan behind you, is to leave a way out for my Azure Wave Island to reach the Divine Race of the Heavenly Pivot Continent, a way to survive in dire straits."

After Shen Tianhai finished speaking, he looked up at the seven floating continents above the Void Sea.

These Seven Star Continents, like seven stars, hung above the Void Sea. Various races lived together on the Seven Star Continents, making it the most chaotic area in the Twenty-First Heaven.

Mr. Liu raised his eyes, his eyes filled with shock. He had never imagined that Shen Tianhai had laid out such a profound chess game seven thousand years ago. His meticulous thinking and far-reaching plans were astonishing.

"Now, this escape route, dormant for seven thousand years, has finally come to be used."

Shen Tianhai slightly raised his eyes, his golden pupils igniting a chilling flame in the deep night. His aura turned utterly cold, carrying a resolute determination to burn his bridges and risk everything.

"You will depart immediately and travel to the Tian Shu Continent to meet with the high-ranking members of the Silver Moon Family. Convey my message—Shen Tianhai of Bibo Island is willing to submit the entire island to the Divine Race, henceforth submitting to their commands, paying tribute annually, and paying homage every year."

Mr. Liu's heart trembled: "Island Lord! Please reconsider! Submitting the entire island and paying tribute annually means complete submission to the Divine Race. From now on, Bibo Island will have no autonomy and will become a vassal of the Divine Race!"

"I have already thought this through carefully, there is no need for further words."

Shen Tianhai's tone was firm, without the slightest wavering. "Tell the Silver Moon family that I am willing to pay 30% of the revenue from the Azure Wave Island's sea area every year, equivalent to several million high-grade spirit crystals, just to ask the Divine Race to intervene, cross over to the realm, and kill this brat Kai."

Mr. Liu's brows were tightly furrowed, his tone extremely solemn: "Island Lord, the price is too high! The annual tribute of several million high-grade spirit crystals is enough to support several peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal cultivators for years of cultivation.

Moreover, the Silver Moon family may not be willing to intervene! Although Kai's combat power is heaven-defying, he has no foundation, no sect, and is all alone in the Twenty-First Heaven." “They will definitely make a move.” Shen Tianhai’s voice was cold and resolute, his eyes hiding extreme ruthlessness and greed. “You don’t understand, what Kai has is ten thousand times more precious than millions of spirit crystals.”

"He possesses the Chaos Power, the source of all laws, the supreme primordial power that the gods have dreamed of and sought for eternity, an unparalleled opportunity to break through shackles and transcend the Heavenly Dao.

He also harbors pure aquatic primordial power within him, the key foundation for controlling the entire Void Sea.

Furthermore, he possesses a complete Sea Soul Pearl, containing boundless marine spiritual power and the profound mysteries of the Great Dao."

Shen Tianhai's words were resounding, his eyes filled with calculation: "Tell the Silver Moon Family that as long as they are willing to kill Kai, the Chaos Power, the aquatic bloodline, the Sea Soul Pearl—all the opportunities and resources within Kai—will belong entirely to the Silver Moon Family.

They only need to contribute the strength of a few powerful warriors, without expending a single resource or taking any risk, to seize this supreme opportunity that is rare throughout the ages. They will absolutely not refuse this sure-fire deal."

Mr. Liu was deeply shaken, instantly understanding the key points.

The Origin of Chaos, the Origin of the Aquatic Clan, and the Complete Sea Soul Pearl—any one of these would be enough to drive the top powers of the Tian Shu Continent to madness. Having all three in one person certainly warrants the Silver Moon Family's full effort.

He gave Shen Tianhai a deep look, seeing the resentment, madness, and determination deep within his eyes.

He also saw that this overlord who had dominated the Void Sea for tens of thousands of years had had his pride shattered by Kai, and was willing to gamble the future of the entire Azure Wave Island to seek revenge.

"Your subordinate... understands."

Mr. Liu nodded heavily, his tone solemn. "Your subordinate will depart immediately, traveling day and night to the Tian Shu Continent, and will definitely persuade the Silver Moon Family to take action and avenge the island lord."

"Go." Shen Tianhai waved slightly, his tone indifferent.

Mr. Liu said no more, bowed deeply, and his figure suddenly transformed into a fleeting gray shadow, merging into the deep night. His speed was extremely fast, disappearing in an instant at the end of the courtyard, leaving no trace.

The night wind whipped up fallen leaves and pebbles, swirling around the spot where he had disappeared before settling silently to the ground, plunging the courtyard into deathly silence once more.

Shen Tianhai stood alone beside the ruins of the broken fountain, gazing in the direction Mr. Liu had vanished, motionless for a long time.

The night wind howled, whipping his tattered robes, making them flutter loudly.

He slowly closed his eyes, his fingers clenching tightly at his sides, then slowly relaxing them.

His hoarse, deep voice, like ancient sandpaper scraping against solid rock, echoed slowly in the silent courtyard: " Kai... you think you've won? You think that flattening my Azure Wave Island and rescuing the aquatic people is the end?"

"Naive." "

This gamble, this life-or-death battle... has only just begun. I want to see if you can withstand the overwhelming wrath of the gods from the Heavenly Pivot Continent."

...

Deep in the Void Sea, in the Deep Blue City waters.

The entire deep sea was perpetually shrouded in a soft, warm blue-green halo—the primordial spiritual light emanating from the protective array of Deep Blue City, stretching for thousands of miles and eternally unyielding.

As Kai's figure slowly approached, accompanied by faint ripples in the water, the previously calm protective halo suddenly blazed brightly.

Layers of light overlapped, growing ever more dazzling, like a colossal deep-sea beast awakening after a millennium of slumber, enveloping the entire underwater ancient city in a warm, tranquil embrace, dispelling the ancient darkness and chill of the deep sea.

Patches of luminous seaweed swayed gently on both sides of the street, their clear blue-green glow scattering across the entire sea, carpeting the pristine white coral pavement.

Countless tiny silver specks of light floated and danced in the water, as if crushing the entire glittering starry sky and sinking it all into the deep blue seabed—a scene of ethereal beauty and serenity.

Kai steadily supported the frail Lan Xi with one hand, their bodies moving smoothly as they swam through the heavy, towering coral stone gate.

The gate was covered in ancient aquatic runes, which, despite the erosion of countless ages, still shone with spiritual light and remained incredibly resilient.

Since escaping the restrictions of Azure Wave Island and returning to the deep sea, bathed in the pure, warm spiritual energy of the aquatic race, Lan Xi's withered and damaged body began to repair itself rapidly.

The endless seawater around her transformed into the purest water-attribute spiritual energy, like countless invisible, gentle hands, softly

nourishing and soothing her damaged meridians, depleted dantian, and weakened soul. Her

originally pale, bloodless cheeks gradually regained a vibrant rosy hue, and her near-death breath slowly became steady, long, and powerful.

Having been imprisoned and tortured for several days, enduring the continuous erosion of the Heavenly Laws and the frantic draining of her essence by the restrictive chains, her injuries were deeply ingrained. She remained weak and listless, only able to move steadily with Kai's support.

Kai walked slowly forward, his grey robes floating gently in the clear seawater, untouched by any dust. A gentle, chaotic energy flowed around him, constantly isolating him from the remaining erosion of the laws, continuously stabilizing Lan Xi's injuries and nourishing her essence.

The news of Lan Xi's return was like a boulder thrown into a deep, still pool, instantly creating a huge ripple, spreading rapidly throughout the entire Deep Blue City.

The aquatic cultivators, busy with their duties on the streets, all stopped and turned in surprise, their gazes fixed on Kai and Lan Xi.

Some recognized this most dazzling young prodigy of the aquatic race, recognized Miss Lan Xi, who had been forcibly abducted, imprisoned, and tortured by Shen Tianhai, whom everyone thought would never return.

Whispers spread like ripples on water, from one street corner to the other, from the commoner's alleys to the central square, and from the square to every coral palace and every cultivation retreat.

In the short time it takes to drink a cup of tea, all tens of thousands of aquatic people in Deep Blue City knew—their prodigy, Lan Xi, had returned safely.

It was Kai who had single-handedly stormed Azure Wave Island, battling against the Sea of Devastation, and rescued her from the brink of death.

Inside the city gate, Lan Yuan had been waiting for a long time.

He wore a brand-new set of deep blue water scale armor, the plates fine, hard, and lustrous, gleaming with a cold, sharp light in the blue-green water.

However, his body was tense and stiff, his hands clenching and unclenching repeatedly at his sides, his fingertips trembling slightly, revealing the extreme anxiety, trepidation, and anticipation in his heart.

When his gaze pierced through the layers of shimmering water and landed on Lan Xi, who was weak yet unharmed,

his deep, abyss-like eyes instantly welled up with tears. A thousand emotions surged within him—worry, fear, joy, and a bittersweet feeling all rushed to his heart.

He could no longer restrain himself and swam quickly towards her, his steps hurried and frantic, almost stumbling and falling on the smooth coral path.

He rushed to Lan Xi's side, his trembling hands wanting to touch his sister, yet he hesitated, afraid of disturbing her frail body, and could only stare intently at her pale yet vibrant face

. The torment, worry, and despair of a day and a night erupted at this moment. The once-mighty and resilient aquatic prodigy's eyes reddened, and he almost lost control and wept.

Lan Xi slightly raised her eyes, looking at her brother's haggard, bloodshot eyes and his tense, trembling body. A faint, gentle smile slowly curved her pale lips.

Her voice, still weak and soft, was clear and firm, filled with the relief and gratitude of surviving a calamity: "Brother, I'm alright. I'm sorry to have worried you.

It was Mr. Chen who saved me. He single-handedly stormed Bibo Island, defeated Chen Tianhai head-on, broke through numerous restrictions and traps, and rescued me from the water prison.

Without him, I would surely be nothing but bones today."

Lan Yuan's gaze fell directly on Kai.

The next instant, his knees bent heavily, without hesitation or doubt, and he knelt on one knee before Kai.

"Thump!"

His knee slammed heavily onto the hard, flat coral stone ground, producing a dull, heavy thud that caused the surrounding water to tremble slightly.

His long, deep blue hair flowed freely in the sea, like a solemn and silent flag, obscuring most of his face, leaving only his eyes and brows full of piety and solemnity.

His back was straight, his posture extremely respectful, his voice trembling yet unwavering, each word carrying immense weight and resounding: "Mr. Chen! You have given me and my Water Clan a second life!

You rescued Lan Xi, protected the young prodigy of my Water Clan, and even broke the balance of power of Shen Tianhai, eliminating the threat of extinction for my Water Clan and ensuring the safety of tens of thousands of people in Deep Blue City!"

"I, Lan Yuan, hereby swear! From this day forward, this life belongs entirely to you, sir! If you command me to go east, I will never go west;

if you command me to face boiling water, I will never avoid fire;

if you command me to die, I will never hesitate!

I swear on the spirits of my Water Clan ancestors and on my own cultivation, that in this life, I will never betray, never disobey, and never fail to repay the kindness of today!

If I break this oath, may my soul and spirit perish, and my path to enlightenment be shattered!"

The solemn and dignified oath echoed across the city gate square, piercing through layers of water and reaching the ears of every member of the Water Clan.

All the surrounding aquatic cultivators fell silent, no one uttering a sound.

They all bowed their heads, their expressions solemn, offering their sincerest respect to this unfamiliar powerhouse who had saved their entire race, with the highest honors of the aquatic tribe.

A silent reverence permeated the entire city gate square, warm and profound.

Kai remained calm, slightly bending down to firmly support Lan Yuan's arm. Gentle chaotic energy flowed out, supporting him and preventing him from remaining kneeling.

"Get up. Since I promised you, I will bring Lan Xi back safely. It's a small favor, no need for such a grand gesture, much less risk your own Dao heart and life," Kai said.

Just then, a gentle yet majestic ripple of water approached slowly from afar.

Shui Wuhen walked slowly across the water, his white robes billowing gently in the clear seawater. His long, silvery hair floated in the wind, shimmering like shattered moonlight enveloping him.

As the leader of the aquatic race, he had overseen the rise and fall of the entire Void Sea aquatic race for millennia. He was a man of weathered storms and unwavering composure, yet at this moment, his eyes betrayed a deep emotion and relief.

His gaze immediately fell upon Lan Xi, carefully examining her aura and injuries. Confirming that although she was weak and her essence damaged, her life was not in danger, her soul was stable, and there were no fatal threats, his heart, which had been hanging in suspense, finally began to settle.

Then, he turned to Kai, his deep, ocean-like eyes surging with awe, solemnity, and complex emotions. He gazed at him for a long time before slowly speaking, his voice authoritative and profound: "Young friend Kai, you have succeeded."

"Shen Tianhai has occupied Bibo Island for tens of thousands of years, domineering and ruthless, with unparalleled scheming, controlling all the forces in the surrounding seas. Even I have to avoid him at every turn and dare not easily confront him,"

Shui Wuhen slowly recounted, his tone full of emotion. "You, all alone, without reinforcements, without resources, without any support, single-handedly stormed Bibo Island, defeated his elders, crushed Shen Tianhai head-on, thwarted his lifelong scheme, and successfully rescued Lan Xi.

Such combat power, such courage, such composure are rare in this world."

Kai nodded slightly, his tone calm and composed, neither arrogant nor impatient: "After this defeat, Shen Tianhai's cultivation is severely damaged, his resources are completely destroyed, his island is in ruins, and his morale is shattered.

In the short term, he will be unable to launch another attack on the Water Clan, and he will have no time to scheme against the various forces in the Void Sea. The Water Clan can be assured of long-term stability."

Shui Wuhen looked at him deeply, his eyes becoming increasingly solemn, filled with an unprecedented sincerity. With sincerity and courtesy, Shui Wuhen said, "Young friend Kai, you have done my aquatic race an immense favor.

From now on, Deep Blue City will be your second residence. You may reside here permanently, come and go as you please, and take all the resources of the aquatic race at will.

My aquatic race's treasure trove, secret realms, cultivation techniques, and spiritual materials will all be open to you. Whether you desire spirit crystals, supreme treasures, cultivation techniques, or places to cultivate, as long as my aquatic race possesses them, we will give them to you without reservation."

Faced with such lavish treatment, Kai still gently shook his head, his tone firm: "Thank you for your kindness, Chief, but I cannot stay long. I must return to the Netherworld Abyss immediately."

Shui Wuhen frowned slightly, a deep worry flashing in his eyes: "The Netherworld Abyss? That ancient and perilous place, filled with overwhelming yin energy, teeming with ghosts, and extremely dangerous.

You previously suppressed the yin energy of the rift, which was already a great achievement. Why do you have to return again? Has that hidden danger not been completely eradicated?"

“It has never been eradicated.” Kai raised his eyes, his purple eyes clear and resolute, concealing an unwavering determination. “What I suppressed before was merely the Yin energy tendrils extending from the demonic soul, its outward leakage of superficial power, not the root cause.

The true form of the demonic soul still resides within that spatial rift buried deep in the Netherworld Abyss."

"The endless corrosive Yin energy, the demonic aura polluting the seawater, and the mutated and ferocious sea beasts all originate from this demonic soul's true form.

It is like an ancient malignant tumor buried deep underground; as long as the true form exists, the rift will not completely close, and the Yin energy will continue to breed, spread, and return.

If I allow it to leave today, within three months, the Yin energy will overflow again, sweeping across the entire Netherworld Abyss, and then infecting the entire Void Sea. At that time, not only the aquatic seas, but the entire Void Sea will suffer annihilation."

Chen... Shui Wuhen remained silent for a long time, his deep, ocean-like eyes surging with admiration and emotion.

He knew the terror of the Netherworld Abyss Demon Soul; it was a peerless monster that had existed for countless ages and could not be completely eradicated.

Countless ancient powerful beings and overlords of the heavens were helpless, yet Kai was willing to risk his life to rid the world of this scourge. This vision and character far surpassed that of ordinary geniuses.

Finally, he nodded heavily and solemnly said, "My Water Clan's cultivation is shallow, and we cannot escape the Void Sea. We are powerless to help you eliminate the Demon Soul, which is truly regrettable.

But remember, no matter when or where, as long as you need it, Deep Blue City will always be your way out. The billions of members of the Water Clan will forever remember your kindness.

If you need anything, just send a message, and the Water Clan will do everything in its power to help."

"I remember," Kai nodded slightly and said no more.

Without any hesitation, he turned and swam straight towards the gates of Deep Blue City.

A simple grey robe floated silently in the clear seawater, the figure solitary and upright, like a banished immortal wandering the world alone. Passing through layers of watchful eyes, he moved step by step away from the peaceful and tranquil underwater ancient city.

Lan Yuan, supporting the gradually stabilizing Lan Xi, stood quietly in the city gate square, his gaze fixed on the receding grey figure, unwilling to look away for a long time.

Lan Xi gently leaned on her brother's shoulder, her deep sea-like eyes reflecting that solitary figure, and whispered, "Brother, will he come back?"

Lan Yuan gazed into the distance, his expression solemn and resolute: "He will. Such a person with a noble heart and a clear mind will not perish. The day he slays all demonic souls and eradicates all hidden dangers will be the day he returns."

...

On the outer edge of Azure Wave Island, the reefs were rugged and steep, constantly battered and eroded by the surging waves, the rock walls smooth and slippery, covered with watermarks and holes of varying depths.

Beneath the pitch-black night, the endless sea surged and roared, crashing against the rocky walls time and again with a dull thud. Waves sprayed and shattered into a mist that drifted in the night wind.

A grey figure suddenly emerged from the dark waters, tall and nimble—it was Kai, returning.

He landed steadily on a massive black reef, his grey, chaotic power quietly circulating around him.

A warm, primordial aura flowed around him, instantly evaporating the icy seawater that had soaked his robes, leaving them dry and clean, without a trace of moisture.

He raised his eyes and gazed into the distance, his gaze piercing the deep night, towards the broken and silent outline of Azure Wave Island.

The once brightly lit and majestic island was now sparsely lit and lifeless, desolate and devoid of its former glory after the great battle.

Kai didn't linger. His feet lightly touched the rocks, and his figure transformed into a fleeting, invisible gray streak of light.

He swept past jagged rocks, black sand beaches, and deserted coastlines, skimming low over the ground, silently speeding towards the island's inn.

The bluestone streets were deserted and desolate in the night, the cold moonlight casting a thin, frosty glow on the pavement, quiet and bleak.

Kai's figure flashed lightly, slipping silently through the open window into the inn's room, landing as smoothly as if on flat ground.

Inside the room, Jiang Xuelan and Xuan Zhenzi had been waiting for a long time. They both rose almost simultaneously, their gazes fixed on Kai.

Jiang Xuelan quickly stepped forward, her icy blue eyes carefully scanning Kai's entire body, from his shoulders to his back, from his meridians to his breath, meticulously examining every detail. Only after confirming that he was unharmed and his breathing was stable did her heart finally settle.

He then spoke softly, "Everything went smoothly? Was Miss Lan Xi rescued safely? Are there any lingering problems on Bibo Island?"

"Smoothly." Kai nodded gently. "Lan Xi has safely returned to Deep Blue City and is recovering from her injuries. Shen Tianhai is severely injured and lying dormant, unable to cause trouble in the short term. The crisis on Bibo Island has been completely resolved."

Xuan Zhenzi, squatting in a corner with a dried spiritual herb in his mouth, looked Kai up and down with his cloudy old eyes, his face full of amazement. He exclaimed repeatedly, "Good heavens! I have lived for tens of thousands of years, traveled through countless small worlds, and seen countless geniuses and prodigies. Today, I have truly opened my eyes!

A sixth-grade Golden Immortal, single-handedly taking down the entire Bibo Island, crushing several Grand Luo Golden Immortal experts, and forcefully subduing a regional sea overlord!

Your combat power is simply heaven-defying!" " This has completely shattered my understanding of cultivation realms!"

The little Daoist boy, lying on the table, munching on spiritual fruit, looked up in bewilderment: "Master, is Mr. Chen the most powerful person in the world?"

Xuanzhenzi raised his hand and tapped his head, laughing and scolding: "Such a young age, yet your insight is so sharp! Looking across the twenty-first heaven, among those of the same level, no one can surpass Mr. Chen!"

Kai didn't exchange many pleasantries and spoke directly, his tone firm: "Pack your belongings and return to the Netherworld Abyss immediately."

Jiang Xuelan was always calm and decisive, asking no questions or hesitating. She immediately nodded in agreement and quickly packed

her simple belongings, her movements crisp and orderly, and she was all ready in a moment.

Xuanzhenzi grabbed the young Daoist boy, who was still greedily munching on the spiritual fruit, and tucked him under his arm. He strode after Kai, muttering, "Let's go! Only a madman like you would dare to venture into such a dangerous place as the Netherworld Abyss. I'll accompany you on this one more time!"

The three of them and the boy moved in unison, leaping out of the window and speeding along the long coastline.

The biting night wind howled in their ears, and the endless sea shimmered with fragments of cold moonlight, casting their long, slender figures on the vast blue waves like solitary shadows silently migrating in the night, rushing towards the Netherworld Abyss.

They sped on without stopping for a moment.

Several hours later, they finally arrived at the entrance to the Netherworld Abyss.

Following the secret passage, Kai and the others returned to the Netherworld Abyss from the Void Sea.

A chilling wind blew, and black mist billowed. Just as everyone paused, a tall, ethereal figure in a black robe silently emerged from the void.

It was Gui Qi.

He still wore a wide hood, obscuring most of his face, revealing only a pair of deep, dark blue eyes that gazed silently at the returning Kai, his eyes brimming with undisguised shock and astonishment.

"Mr. Chen."

Gui Qi bowed slightly, his tone full of surprise and doubt. "Your aura... has changed too much. You've only been in the Void Sea for a few days,

yet your overall cultivation, fundamental strength, and the refinement of your chaotic power have increased several times over!

Compared to when you left, you're a whole level stronger!

I've never seen anyone undergo such a transformative change in such a short time."

Kai nodded slightly, his tone calm: "During my trip to the Void Sea, I experienced several great battles, gained many insights, and encountered many opportunities. I've fortunately made some progress. Where is the Netherworld Elder?"

"The Abyss Lord already foresaw your return and has been waiting in his cave for a long time."

Gui Qi stepped aside, gesturing to lead the way, his eyes filled with awe. "The Abyss Lord predicted long ago that your trip would result in a complete transformation and a significant increase in strength. Today..." Nine layers of Yin energy barriers, obscuring the sky and blocking out the sun, separated the inner and outer worlds. Ordinary cultivators who stepped even half a step inside would have their souls eroded, their meridians frozen, and their very essence corrupted by the Yin energy.

But now, this terrifying Yin energy, powerful enough to suppress even a Great Luo Golden Immortal, flowed gently before Kai like a stream, automatically parting and yielding to both sides, steadily clearing a clean, uncorrosive path, daring not to approach him even a fraction.

He passed through the nine layers of Yin energy barriers without hindrance, arriving at the hidden cave of the Netherworld Elder.

Inside the cave, it was dark, quiet, and filled with an ancient atmosphere.

The Netherworld Elder, still hunched over with age, sat quietly on a black stone bench, his withered, bony fingers holding a simple, slender black pipe. Within

the pipe, a ghostly blue flame burned quietly, wisps of smoke rising and emitting a unique, cool, refreshing, and calming fragrance that permeated the entire cave.

The moment Kai stepped into the cave, the old man's deep blue eyes, which had been silent and calm for millennia, suddenly lit up.

Like two ancient flames that had slumbered for countless years, they suddenly revived, burning fiercely and bursting forth with dazzling light.

He slowly raised his eyes, his gaze fixed on Kai, meticulously examining his aura, meridians, soul, and origin from head to toe. The shock and relief in his eyes grew stronger and stronger, lingering for a long time.

"You've returned."

The old man spoke slowly, his voice hoarse and deep, carrying the weight of countless ages. "Moreover, you've completely transformed."

He slowly set down his pipe, his fingertips gently tracing its grooves, and sighed, "In just a few days, the changes in you have exceeded my expectations.

The chaotic power within you has been refined to its ultimate form—pure, profound, and domineering, truly possessing the primordial aura of the source of all laws, no longer the shallow rudimentary form it once was. The

aquatic primordial power latent within you has taken root completely, pure and flawless, perfectly merging with the chaotic power, neither conflicting nor complementing it."

“Most importantly, your state of mind, your vision, your way of killing, and your power of control have all undergone a complete transformation and sublimation.

Now, you no longer need to rely on the power of chaos to forcibly suppress the Yin energy of the rift. Your primal pressure is now able to

completely intimidate and crush all the power leaking out of the demonic soul.”

Kai slowly walked to the stone bench opposite the old man and sat down. His purple eyes were clear and firm, without the slightest hesitation: “Senior, the demonic soul in the rift cannot be allowed to remain any longer.”

The Netherworld Elder was slightly silent, a trace of solemnity flashing in his eyes: “Do you know that the demonic soul has existed for countless ages, rooted in the origin of the spatial rift, fused and symbiotic with the dark laws of this world, deeply rooted and extremely difficult to eradicate.

All the powerful members of the Ghost Clan throughout history have tried to kill it, but all have returned empty-handed. Many powerful members have even been devoured by it, their souls and spirits destroyed, and their paths shattered.

Are you sure you want to enter the fray alone and completely eradicate it?”

"I'm certain." Kai's tone was firm, each word resounding without the slightest wavering. "What I suppressed before was merely its leaking Yin energy tendrils, the most superficial power. It seemed to suppress everything, but in reality, it only treated the symptoms, not the root cause.

Its true form has always been hidden deep within the rift, silently accumulating power, repairing damage, and lying dormant."

"If left to lie dormant, within half a year, it will be able to completely recover from its ancient damage, break through the rift seal, and at that time, endless demonic energy and overwhelming Yin energy will sweep across the world.

Not only will the Netherworld Abyss be completely transformed into a demonic realm, but the entire Void Sea, and even all territories of the

Twenty-One Heavens, will be polluted by demonic energy, causing widespread suffering and the collapse of order. If this ancient scourge is not eliminated, the world will never be at peace."

Kai raised his eyes, his eyes flashing with extreme confidence: "Now that my cultivation has improved, my origin has been refined, and my chaotic power has completely transformed, it is perfectly able to counter..." " The dark demonic energy that controls the demonic soul.

Having endured countless ages of depletion and suppression, it is now extremely weakened, making this the perfect time to eradicate it completely.

Today, I will enter the rift, slay the demonic soul, close the rift, and eliminate the scourge, forever ending the world's calamity."

The Old Man of the Netherworld gazed deeply at Kai, remaining silent for a long time before finally nodding slowly, his eyes filled with expectation and relief: "Good. You have ambition and a sense of responsibility.

Throughout the ages, countless people have feared and avoided the demonic soul, but only you, knowing the danger, still faced it head-on, with the world and all living beings in your heart—truly rare."

"The entire Ghost Clan will obey your commands," the old man commanded in a deep voice. "I will order Ghost Seven to lead all the Ghost Clan's strongest warriors to guard the rift's exit, setting up layers of sealing formations to isolate the internal and external energies, block all escape routes, prevent any accidents, and ensure that not a single trace of demonic energy leaks out, thus protecting your rear and stabilizing the battle."

"No need for many people to help," Kai shook his head slightly, his tone resolute. "The demonic soul's true form is extremely weak and completely countered by my chaotic power. More people would only create chaos, easily disrupting the energy field, causing variables, and breeding accidents. My entry alone is the most stable, fastest, and most thorough."

The Netherworld Elder pondered for a moment, then slowly nodded: "Very well. You are calm, possess extraordinary combat power, and have extremely strong control. Since you are confident, I will not interfere further.

Remember, act according to your abilities and prioritize your own safety. If you encounter danger, withdraw immediately; there is no need to fight head-on."

"This junior will remember," Kai stood up and bowed.

Without further ado, Kai turned and strode out of the cave, heading straight for the spatial rift between the seventh and eighth levels of the Netherworld Abyss.

As he progressed, the surrounding Yin energy grew increasingly dense and bone-chillingly cold, with layers of dark demonic energy surging, carrying a terrifying aura that corroded the soul. An ordinary person who stepped even half a step inside would instantly have their soul disintegrate and their body melt away

. However, the gray chaotic aura flowing around Kai acted like the most solid barrier, the most domineering furnace, instantly dissolving, purifying, and devouring all approaching Yin and demonic energy, preventing them from getting within three feet of him.

A moment later, the ancient, dark, and deep rift that traversed the rock wall appeared before him.

The dark rift was like an eternal, dark demonic eye, silently gazing upon all things in the world—deep, deathly, terrifying, and mysterious.

Within the rift, endless darkness surged ceaselessly,

wisps of dark purple demonic energy slowly drifting away, carrying an extreme aura of decay, annihilation, madness, and brutality, causing one's soul to tremble and filling one with fear. On the rock walls, densely packed dark purple demonic patterns crisscrossed, shimmering with

eerie demonic light, constantly drawing upon the dark power of heaven and earth to nourish the demonic soul within the rift.

Compared to before, after Kai's several suppressions, the demonic energy within the rift had thinned considerably, and the dark purple demonic soul's core had shrunk by half.

Its aura was weak and chaotic, teetering on the verge of collapse, no longer possessing its former overwhelming power; clearly, it was already exhausted and at its last gasp

. "Today, I will end your eternal rampage, and end the endless calamities that have befallen this world."

The moment his words fell, Kai took a deep breath, and the gray chaotic power around him suddenly erupted and surged forth.

A thick, warm, and vast chaotic halo completely enveloped his entire body, protecting his physical body, meridians, dantian, and soul, ensuring absolute safety.

He moved, stepping into the dark, deep rift.

The instant he stepped into the rift, the surrounding environment instantly changed.

All light, aura, and sound from the outside world were completely shut out, replaced by boundless darkness, deathly silence, coldness, and violence.

The entire space was completely filled with thick, inky dark demonic energy, an oppressive, suffocating, and annihilating atmosphere enveloping everything. Every inch of air was filled with terrifying demonic power capable of corroding the soul, obliterating cultivation, and distorting the mind.

A series of eerie, demonic sounds echoed in his ears, like the whispers of countless ghostly spirits, frantically bewitching him and relentlessly

assaulting Kai's consciousness and soul, attempting to disrupt his mind, distort his Dao heart, and shake his resolve.

Countless illusory images, scenes of slaughter, and obsessive desires flashed before his eyes—all the deepest desires and fears of the human heart, layer upon layer, rushing towards him, trying to seduce him into depravity, corruption, and demonic possession.

This was the demonic soul's most adept tactic—bewitching the mind, disturbing the spirit, and subduing the enemy without a fight.

Unfortunately, it was facing Kai, whose mind was clear, whose Dao heart was steadfast, and who had endured countless trials.

Kai's eyes were clear, his mind steadfast, and his Dao heart unmoved. His purple eyes were calm and undisturbed, completely unaffected by the illusions and demonic sounds.

The chaotic power around him flowed slowly, forming a stable barrier around his soul, completely isolating him from all the demonic interference, the bewitching sounds, and the illusions, leaving him completely unaffected.

He proceeded steadily, traversing layers of dark demonic energy, reaching the deepest part of the rift.

At the rift's core, a massive, dark purple ball of light floated silently in the void, its surface covered with countless cracks.

Its light was dim, its aura chaotic, and its spiritual power depleted. Countless fragments of purple demonic energy constantly drifted out from the cracks, only to be quickly drawn back into the ball of light.

This was the true form of the demonic soul that had ravaged the ages, wreaked havoc on heaven and earth, polluted the seas, and spawned mutated sea beasts.

Sensing the presence of a living being and the suppression of the primordial chaos, the weakened demonic soul suddenly agitated, its dim light trembling violently and churning wildly. The

dark demonic energy within the rift instantly surged and churned uncontrollably, a frenzied, tyrannical, and venomous will sweeping across the entire space.

A hoarse, aged, broken voice, filled with ancient resentment and endless unwillingness, slowly emanated from the ball of light, echoing in the dark and silent rift: "It's you again... outsider... it's you again who trespassed into my territory, suppressed my power, and damaged my origin..."

"You think you've won? You think you can completely eradicate me?"

The demonic soul's voice was hoarse and broken, filled with extreme resentment and madness, yet unable to conceal its deep weakness. "You don't understand! You don't understand my origin at all!

I am formed from the dark laws of heaven and earth, coexisting and sharing the same origin with this world! I am immortal and indestructible, existing eternally!"

"You have repeatedly suppressed me, devoured me, and plundered my power, taking my very essence into your own!

Do you know that the dark spiritual power and demonic foundation within you now all originate from me!

If you dare to completely slay me and crush my essence today, you will be destroying your own foundation and erasing a portion of your own power! Your cultivation will

plummet, your essence will be damaged, your Dao heart will be crippled, and you will never make progress!"

"Do you truly intend to ruin your future, sever your path, and abandon the eternal opportunities for the sake of so-called heaven and earth and all living beings?!"

The demonic soul's words were seductive and piercing, attempting to shake Kai's resolve with the promise of cultivation, the path of Dao, and the foundation of opportunities, trying to make him hesitate, waver, and show mercy.

Kai stood calmly in the dark void, facing the demonic soul's seduction and threats, his expression calm and unwavering, his eyes showing no wavering, only extreme coldness and determination.

"Of course I know,"

Kai said slowly, his voice clear and steady, echoing through the rift. "I know that your dark origin resides within me, that your power has long been integrated into my meridians and soul, and that killing you will deplete my current cultivation and strip away the power I have acquired."

The demonic soul paused slightly, seemingly surprised by Kai's insight, and immediately continued its seduction, its tone carrying a hint of enticement: "Since you know all this, why are you still so stubborn?!

Spare me, and I will coexist with you! If you spare my life, I will continuously provide you with dark origin and demonic power to help you break through realms, refine your cultivation, and transcend the Heavenly Dao!

You can use my power to roam the heavens, crush all heroes, and dominate the world—how exhilarating!"

"Why must you be so ruthless, severing your own opportunities and weakening your own strength?!"

Kai slightly raised his eyes, his purple eyes as cold as frost, his tone devoid of any emotion: "Your power is domineering and brutal,

corroding the mind and rife with slaughter. It originates from darkness and returns to annihilation. It seems like an eternal opportunity, but in reality, it is a bottomless abyss.

Using your power to cultivate may seem like rapid progress, but in reality, it means coexisting with demons and walking with evil. Over time, your demonic nature will corrupt my Dao heart, distort my nature, and cause me to sink into demonic ways, ultimately turning me into your puppet, your shell, and completely losing myself."

"Such a hidden danger, such an opportunity—I, Kai, disdain, dare not, and will never take it!"

The demonic soul erupted in utter fury, the ball of light churning and trembling violently, dark purple demonic energy surging wildly, and the eerie winds within the rift howling and raging, causing the entire space to shake violently and teeter on the verge of collapse. "Ignorant brat! Utterly foolish!

Refusing the path to heaven, you insist on seeking your own death! You insist on killing me today, but you will surely regret it tomorrow! I'll see if you have the ability!" In its

rage, the weakened demonic soul poured out its last remaining strength, unleashing countless sharp and fierce dark purple demonic blades from the ball of light, densely packed and overwhelming.

With terrifying power capable of destroying and corroding everything, they slashed fiercely at Kai.

The demonic blade pierced the air with a piercing whistling sound. Wherever it passed, space distorted, demonic energy surged, and yin energy swelled. Even a Great Luo Golden Immortal would instantly have their body shatter and soul dissolve upon being struck.

Yet Kai remained standing, neither dodging nor evading, his expression calm.

He gently raised his hand, palm facing... "Boom boom boom—!"

Countless demonic blades slammed into the chaotic barrier, a series of earth-shattering explosions resounding throughout the rift space. Violent waves of demonic energy surged and exploded, scattering the surrounding dark demonic energy.

But without exception, all the domineering and sharp demonic blades were instantly suppressed, dissolved, disintegrated, and devoured the moment they touched the chaotic barrier, without even a ripple, not even touching Kai's robes.

The power of chaos, the source of all laws, the beginning of all paths, and the nemesis of demonic paths.

All darkness, demonic energy, evil power, and malevolent influence in the world originate from chaos and ultimately return to chaos.

The domineering demonic arts that the demonic soul relied on to roam the world were utterly fragile and powerless before the absolutely pure source of chaos.

"Impossible... This is absolutely impossible!"

The demon soul was utterly terrified, its voice filled with extreme disbelief and deep fear. "How could your chaotic power be so pure!

You are clearly only at the Golden Immortal realm, how can you wield such primordial chaotic power! How can you completely suppress my Dark Dao!"

"Because your Dao is a crooked and demonic path, while my Dao is the primordial and righteous chaotic path."

Kai's tone was cold as he slowly raised his hand, the chaotic power in his palm rapidly condensing, compressing, and transforming. "The crooked cannot prevail over the righteous, evil cannot triumph over good; this is the destiny of Heaven, an eternal truth."

"You have entrenched yourself in the rift, wreaking havoc on heaven and earth, slaughtering living beings, polluting the seas, and breeding calamities, causing eternal harm and committing heinous sins.

Today, I will use the righteous path of chaos to slay demons, eradicate evil, quell calamities, and restore peace to heaven and earth!"

The moment his words fell, the gray chaotic power in Kai's palm suddenly condensed into a long, sharp, and lustrous gray sword containing the origin of all things.

The sword's blade flowed with an ancient and vast aura of the Great Dao, lacking any fierce killing intent, yet carrying a heavy pressure that suppressed all heavens, dissolved all evil, and returned to the origin.

Merely hovering in the void, it caused all the demonic energy in the entire rift to freeze and dare not stir.

"No! I am not reconciled! I am the origin of the Dark Dao, eternally indestructible! You cannot slay me!"

The demonic soul roared madly, its light trembling violently. It used its last strength to condense a thick, dark purple demonic shield, desperately protecting its body in a desperate attempt to resist.

"Ancient calamity, ended today."

Kai's eyes narrowed, and he lightly pointed his finger.

Buzz—!

The Chaos Sword hummed softly, slicing through the dark void with incredible speed, instantly piercing through layers of demonic energy, precisely striking the core, most vulnerable, primal crack at the center of the demonic soul's light.

This crack was a fatal old wound left by the demonic soul's countless suppressions throughout the ages, its weakest, most irreparable flaw, and the only key to completely slaying it.

Pfft!

Silent and still, yet piercing through to the very core.

The Chaos Sword passed through the thick demonic shield without resistance, precisely piercing the core crack of the demonic soul's body.

In the next instant, the domineering and unparalleled power of chaos erupted, sweeping across and crushing everything in its path.

"Ah—!!!"

The demonic soul let out the most shrill, desperate, and painful scream in all time. The scream shook the entire space violently, cracks spread, and countless dark demonic energies frantically dissipated and dissolved.

"I am not reconciled! I hate! I have reigned for eternity, wreaking havoc on the heavens, and no one has ever been able to completely slay me! You are just a junior, how dare you! How dare you!!"

"If I perish, the dark origin within you will completely dissipate! Your cultivation will surely plummet! You will regret it for the rest of your life!!"

The demonic soul's venomous roar echoed in the cracks, filled with endless resentment and madness, yet it could only watch helplessly as its origin was crushed and dissolved layer by layer by the power of chaos.

Kai remained indifferent, showing no emotion whatsoever, and spoke calmly: "Cultivation can be cultivated again, but the Dao heart cannot be defiled. Power can be gained again, but the common people cannot be betrayed.

Even if all external gains are stripped away and cultivation is completely lost, I will never allow you, this eternal demonic scourge, to poison the world and harm living beings." As

soon as he finished speaking, his hands quickly formed seals, and a vast and boundless chaotic power, like a raging ocean, swept out completely, firmly enveloping and imprisoning the entire dark purple demonic soul.

"Since you coexist with heaven and earth, then I will sever your ties with heaven and earth! Since your origin is indestructible, then I will crush all your origins!"

Rumble—!

The gray chaotic torrent frantically compressed, crushed, tempered, and dissolved.

The demonic soul struggled violently, rolled wildly, and roared continuously, unleashing its last eternal demonic power, attempting to break free of the imprisonment, desperately counterattacking, and turning against Kai.

Before the absolute power of chaos, all struggles were futile, all counterattacks were futile.

Its magical aura dissipated little by little, its primordial patterns crumbled little by little, its divine will dissipated little by little, and its ancient accumulation melted away little by little.

"I am not reconciled... I will return..."

The last venomous echo dissipated into the void, the ancient demonic voice completely annihilated and ceased to exist.

The enormous dark purple demonic soul light, under the extreme crushing and dissolving power of chaos, visibly shrank, faded, and dissipated.

Several hours later, the entire rift space trembled violently, and the last wisp of dark purple demonic energy completely dissipated and vanished without a trace.

The demonic soul that had entrenched itself in the Netherworld Abyss for eternity, wreaked havoc on the heavens, polluted the seas, and given rise to endless calamities, was completely annihilated, completely destroyed, and completely eradicated, leaving not a trace behind.

Just as the demonic soul was completely annihilated, a vast, pure, and ancient dark primordial power, like a torrent dormant for millennia, suddenly erupted, instantly filling the entire rift space and surging towards Kai's body.

This was the demonic soul's primordial foundation, accumulated over countless ages; it was the pure power it absorbed from endless darkness, devoured countless lives, and precipitated over countless ages—the purest dark primordial source of the entire world.

Previously, Kai had only absorbed its outward leakage of power, but what surged into his body now was its core primordial source accumulated over millennia—vast, powerful, domineering, and pure, enough to shatter the physical meridians of an ordinary cultivator and destroy their divine soul foundation.

The endless torrent of dark primordial source surged wildly into Kai's body through his pores, meridians, and dantian, instantly cleansing his limbs and bones, nourishing his internal organs, tempering his physical body and bones, and propelling him to the realm of divine soul.

A violent and boundless power surged and collided wildly within the meridians, like thousands of thunderbolts exploding inside the body, tearing apart the meridians and shaking the dantian. "Chaos transforms into myriad laws, the origin returns to one purity!"

A low shout rang out, and within Kai's dantian, gray chaotic fire raged, expanding wildly and transforming into a boundless sea of fire, enveloping all the dark origin that surged into his body.

The domineering, violent, and demonic dark origin, under the extreme tempering, stripping, purification, and reshaping of the chaotic fire, gradually shed its evil, violence, and demonic nature.

It was refined, purified, and condensed layer by layer, transforming into the purest, gentlest, and most righteous spiritual power of the origin of heaven and earth.

If an ordinary cultivator were to absorb such a vast amount of dark demonic origin, they would inevitably fall into demonic possession instantly, their mind twisted, their soul confused, and they would utterly sink into depravity.

However, Kai possessed the chaotic origin of the source of all laws, which inherently possessed the effects of purification, unification, suppression of evil, and protection of the heart. It was just right to perfectly refine and purify this ancient origin, turning all the accumulation of his demonic soul throughout his life into his own foundation.

The raging spiritual energy repeatedly washed over, widened, and tempered his meridians. The originally narrow meridians were constantly stretched, extended, and broadened, becoming increasingly expansive, resilient, clear, and long, with immense capacity.

All blocked spiritual energy nodes were cleared and unblocked, and all shackles of cultivation were broken and dissolved.

Nourished by the endless source, his physical bones creaked and transformed layer by layer, becoming increasingly resilient and impervious to all magic.

His physical structure was constantly reshaped and purified, his physical strength, constitution, and resilience increasing rapidly at a visible pace. Nourished

and tempered by the pure source, his soul became increasingly solid, clear, stable, and powerful. His sea of consciousness expanded several

times over, his spiritual pressure rose layer by layer, and his mental state and Dao heart became increasingly clear and perfect.

Boundless spiritual energy surged ceaselessly, accumulating layer by layer, constantly impacting the barriers of his cultivation realm.

The seemingly solid and insurmountable barrier of the sixth rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, like thin ice meeting a raging fire, shattered instantly and collapsed completely under the ultimate impact of this ancient primordial force! *

Crack!*

The sound of the invisible barrier breaking resounded throughout the body, crystal clear.

The shackles shattered, the path opened, and the realm ascended!

Vast and boundless spiritual power instantly filled the newly formed dantian, the spiritual power in the meridians surging ceaselessly, circulating endlessly, regenerating endlessly.

The gate to the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm swung open with a resounding boom!

A brand new realm, a brand new foundation, a stronger primordial force, and a more stable Dao heart all took shape!

Endless and pure primordial power continued to flow into the body, further tempering the physical body, stabilizing the realm, refining the foundation, and nourishing the soul.

The newly broken realm was thoroughly solidified, stabilized, and perfected, without the slightest superficiality; the foundation was solid and profound, far surpassing that of other cultivators of the same level.

After an unknown amount of time, the last trace of dark origin was completely refined and absorbed.

The entire rift space returned to its deathly stillness, clarity, and tranquility.

The dark purple demonic patterns that once covered the rock walls faded, dissipated, and transformed into ordinary grayish-white stone patterns, without a trace of demonic energy fluctuation.

The dark yin energy that had lingered for eternity and ravaged the world completely dissipated, and the oppressive atmosphere of the entire Netherworld Abyss instantly vanished, allowing the pure energy of heaven and earth to slowly return and permeate the surrounding areas.

The spatial rift that had occupied the world for eternity and wreaked havoc began to slowly shrink, heal, and close after the destruction of the demonic soul and the dissipation of its demonic energy, like an ancient wound that had finally scabbed over and perfectly healed.

Kai slowly opened his eyes, and two deep grayish-purple divine lights flashed from the depths of his eyes, clear, profound, majestic, and steady, full of inner strength.

He looked down quietly at his palm, feeling the surging, powerful, and pure new power within him, sensing the all-encompassing transformation of his meridians, dantian, physical body, and soul. A trace of relief and certainty flashed in his eyes.

Seventh Rank of Golden Immortal!

Perfect realm, solid foundation, pure origin, and stable Dao heart!

This battle not only completely eradicated the ancient demonic scourge, saved all living beings, and quelled the calamity of the Void Sea, but also, by borrowing the ancient origin of the demonic soul, completed the ultimate transformation and perfect breakthrough of his own realm.

The power of chaos became increasingly condensed and pure, the aquatic origin was completely rooted and stable, and both his physical body and

soul made great progress, resulting in an overall combat power increase of more than several times.

He slowly lifted his foot and walked steadily towards the exit of the rift.

The Yin energy of the Netherworld Abyss was dissipating.

That decaying aura that had lingered for countless ages, pressing down on every inch of space like a thick leaden cloud, was being replaced by a brand new pure energy.

The crimson glow of the ore grew brighter and warmer, and the ghostly fire on the cliffs flickered with eerie blue flames, illuminating the faces that shone with excitement.

Ghost cultivators emerged from their caves, standing on the suspension bridge, stone steps, and platforms, their densely packed figures silently bathed in the crimson light.

They felt the oppressive yin energy that had weighed on their chests for millennia gradually receding, as if a colossal boulder that had pressed down on them for countless years had finally been removed. Each of them involuntarily took a deep breath.

That breath no longer carried the chilling obstruction, but rather a sense of unprecedented clarity and freedom.

Kai stood before the entrance to the rift, his grey robes fluttering gently in the gradually clearing breeze.

He watched the slowly closing rift, as if watching an ancient wound finally scab over and heal. His purple eyes were devoid of any emotion, only a calm that came after the dust had settled.

The Netherworld Elder approached from afar, his hunched figure casting a long shadow in the crimson light.

His pace quickened, and his deep blue eyes shimmered with an unprecedented light, like a pebble finally being thrown into a deep pool that had been dormant for millennia.

He stopped before Kai, his aged hands trembling slightly, as if he wanted to say something but couldn't find the right words.

Gui Qi stood behind the old man of the Netherworld, his face still hidden by the hood beneath his black robe, but his deep blue eyes also shimmered with complex light.

He opened his mouth, his voice hoarse: "Mr. Chen, that rift... has it really completely disappeared? The demonic soul... has it really been completely eradicated?"

Kai turned around, his purple eyes falling on Gui Qi, and nodded slightly: "The demonic soul's true form has been completely crushed, and all its primordial power has been refined and absorbed by me.

The rift, without the demonic soul's support, is healing itself. From now on, the Netherworld Abyss will no longer be threatened by it."

Gui Qi's body trembled violently, as if a string stretched taut for millennia had finally been released. He lowered his head, remaining silent for a long time, his voice carrying a suppressed sense of relief: "Ten thousand years... Our ghost race has been oppressed by that rift for a full ten thousand years.

In every generation, members of our race were sent into the rift as sacrifices; in every generation, countless people disappeared, died, or had their souls annihilated.

We thought this was an unchangeable fate, that this abyss was destined to be swallowed by darkness... but we never imagined..."