Chapter 6801 - 6810

The Old Man of the Netherworld raised his hand and gently patted Gui Qi's shoulder. His withered hand rested on Gui Qi's black robe, the touch light yet carrying an unprecedented sense of peace.

His gaze fell on Kai, his voice hoarse and solemn: "Young friend Chen, the calamity that the Ghost Clan has suffered for ten thousand years has been eradicated by you in one fell swoop. The entire Ghost Clan will never forget this kindness."

Kai shook his head: "Senior, you flatter me. The demonic soul in that rift was the root of chaos in the world, not only in the Netherworld Abyss, but the entire Void Sea and even the Twenty-First Heaven suffered greatly. By eliminating it, I was also helping myself."

The Old Man of the Netherworld looked at him, his deep blue eyes surging with complex light, like the silent ebb and flow of the tide.

He said nothing more, only bowing deeply to Kai. Behind him, Gui Qi also bowed. The Ghost Clan cultivators standing in the distance saw this scene and fell silent, then bowed one after another.

A silent movement spread across the cliff face, like a silent wave, expressing gratitude never before felt in millennia.

Kai watched the figures bending down, saying nothing.

He turned and walked towards the exit of the Netherworld Abyss, his gray robes swaying gently in the clear breeze.

Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi were already waiting at the entrance to the Netherworld Abyss.

As Kai's figure rose from the abyss, Jiang Xuelan quickly went to greet him, her icy blue eyes scanning him up and down, her gaze lingering on his brows for a moment before a slight smile curved her lips: "You've broken through?"

Kai nodded: "Seventh Rank of Golden Immortal."

Xuan Zhenzi squatted on a nearby rock, a withered blade of grass dangling from his mouth, his turbid eyes staring at Kai as if he were witnessing some inconceivable wonder of the heavens: "Seventh Rank of Golden Immortal? Only a few days? You brat, did you eat something good again? Can't you share some with me?"

Kai didn't answer him, but instead looked into the distance, his gaze piercing through the dark clouds above the Netherworld Abyss, landing on the depths of the sky: "Old Xuan, you take the little Daoist boy and stay in the Netherworld Abyss for a while. Xuelan and I are going to the Tian Shu Continent."

Xuan Zhenzi's brows furrowed sharply, the withered grass twitching at the corner of his mouth: "Tian Shu Continent? That's the territory of the God Clan, the lair of the three major families of the God Clan in the Twenty-One Heavens. You going alone, you probably won't even be enough to fill their teeth."

"That's not necessarily true. They might not even be enough to fill their teeth then." Kai's eyes flashed with killing intent.

Now that he had broken through to the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal Realm, even if Jin Wuyai came, Kai could still beat him up.

Xuan Zhenzi was silent for a moment, then nodded, stood up, and dusted himself off. "Alright, this old man won't cause any more trouble. The little Daoist boy is safe with me in the Netherworld Abyss. You... be careful."

"Mr. Chen, you're going to the Tian Shu Continent. That's the territory of the God Clan, it's too dangerous. If Mr. Chen needs anything, I can ask the Ghost Clan for help," said the Netherworld Elder.

"Besides causing trouble for the God Clan, I also want to find someone," Kai said.

Kai wanted to know if Su Yuqi was in the Twenty-First Heaven.

If she was, she was very likely also on the Tian Shu Continent. After all, Ning Zhi didn't like the God Clan either, and he would probably cause trouble for them too.

"Mr. Chen, the Tian Shu Continent is the territory of the God Clan. There are no cultivators from other races there. If you're looking for someone, you shouldn't go to the Tian Shu Continent. The God Clan will know as soon as you set foot there."

"If the friend you're looking for is from another race, you can go to the Seven Star Continent. Various races live there, and it's the most prosperous place in the Twenty-First Heaven."

"Of course, there are also many cultivators from various races on the thousands of islands in the Void Sea, but after all, island resources and area are limited, so there aren't many cultivators there."

The Netherworld Elder said to Kai.

Kai pondered for a moment and felt that what the Netherworld Elder said made sense, so he decided to go to the Seven Star Continent first to see if he could find any information about Su Yuqi.

"Mr. Chen, since you're not going to the Tian Shu Continent, then we'll go with you. Various races live on the Seven Star Continent. Although it's chaotic, it's far less dangerous than the Tian Shu Continent."

Xuan Zhenzi wanted to go with Kai.

Kai nodded, "Let's go."

The figures of the group simultaneously took off, transforming into two streams of light, flying towards the depths of the sky.

The Netherworld Abyss receded further and further beneath their feet, the dark red light gradually replaced by the deep blue sky. Clouds churned around them, carrying the unique chill and vastness of the high heavens.

...

Meanwhile, on the Tian Shu Continent.

The Tian Shu Continent floated at the highest point of the Twenty-One Heavens, like a golden sun frozen in the void.

The entire continent was shrouded in an extremely dense layer of golden divine light, which surged from the surface, dyeing the sky a dazzling gold.

Golden waterfalls flowed along the edges of the continent, these waterfalls like liquid golden light cascading down from the edge of the continent, falling into the churning sea of clouds below, stirring up a sky full of golden mist.

The territory of the Silver Moon Clan was located on the western side of the Tian Shu Continent.

Unlike the Golden Crow Clan's blazing and dazzling light, which was like the sun, the Silver Moon Clan's territory was shrouded in a cool and quiet silver-white light.

That light was as soft as moonlight, yet it carried a chill that could freeze the soul.

The building was constructed of a silvery jade, its surface gleaming like millennia-old ice in the moonlight.

Mr. Liu stood before the gates of the Silver Moon Clan's territory, his grey robes appearing exceptionally pristine in the silvery light.

His face remained gaunt and pale, but his hawk-like eyes churned with an extremely complex emotion.

He knew he had reached a point of no return.

Two guards in silver armor blocked his path, their gazes cold and scrutinizing: "Who goes there?" "

Liu Feng, a collateral disciple of the Silver Moon Clan, requests an audience with the clan's head."

Mr. Liu's voice was calm and deep. He took out a silver-white token from his robes, engraved with a crescent moon.

The token was somewhat worn, the edges blurred, but the unique spiritual energy fluctuations belonging to the Silver Moon Clan were still clearly discernible.

The guards took the token, examined it, and then stepped aside: "Go in. The head is in the Moonlit Hall."

Mr. Liu passed through the gates and walked along a path paved with silver pebbles.

A peculiar silver spiritual plant grew on both sides of the road, its leaves shimmering like fragments of moonlight, emitting a cool and invigorating fragrance.

His steps were swift, yet each one was firmly planted, his hawk-like eyes rapidly scanning his surroundings in the silvery light After passing through several courtyards, the view suddenly opened up.

A massive silver palace appeared before him, its walls carved from a single piece of Moon Jade, gleaming with a translucent luster like millennia-old ice in the silvery light.

The palace doors were open, the light emanating from within even more intense than from outside, as if stepping into a space formed from condensed moonlight.

The moment Mr. Liu stepped into the Moon Jade Palace, two sharp gazes simultaneously fell upon him.

The Moon Jade Palace was spacious and solemn, its walls covered with silver runes that slowly flowed, radiating a cool and profound spiritual energy like moonlight.

In the very center of the hall sat a middle-aged man in a silver robe, his face refined yet stern, his brows carrying an extremely restrained yet undeniable pressure.

It was the aura of a peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal, unfathomable.

His eyes were silvery-white, his pupils seemingly reflecting the complete phases of the moon, changing slowly with his breath. This was

Yue Wuchen, one of the leaders of the Silver Moon Clan.

In the divine system of the Twenty-First Heaven, the leader of the Silver Moon Clan usually uses the character "Moon" as their title. Yue Wuchen is responsible for overseeing all liaison affairs between the Silver Moon Clan and external forces, and is the first person any cultivator from other races encounters when dealing with the Silver Moon Clan.

Mr. Liu stopped in the hall and bowed to Yue Wuchen: "Liu Feng, a collateral disciple, greets Lord Yue Wuchen."

Yue Wuchen looked at him, his silver-white eyes devoid of any emotion, like ice under moonlight, unfathomable: "Liu Feng? I remember you. Back then, you offended a direct descendant of the clan and were expelled from the Heavenly Pivot Continent, ending up in the Void Sea to make a living.

These past years, you've been working for Shen Tianhai on Azure Wave Island, doing quite well. Why have you suddenly returned?"

Mr. Liu straightened up, his voice calm yet carrying a deliberate weight: "My lord, I've returned this time to deliver a message from Shen Tianhai."

Yue Wuchen raised an eyebrow slightly: "Shen Tianhai? The island lord of Azure Wave Island? What could he possibly have that would require the Silver Moon Clan's attention?"

“He was beaten,”

Mr. Liu’s voice remained calm. “And the person who beat him had something the Silver Moon Clan needed.”

A flicker of emotion finally crossed Yue Wuchen’s eyes. He sat up slightly, his voice carrying a hint of scrutiny: “Go on.”

Mr. Liu took a deep breath and then recounted everything that had happened on Bibo Island. He described

how Kai had repeatedly thwarted Shen Tianhai’s plans, how he had calmly dealt with the attacks of three Grand Luo Golden Immortals of the second rank, and how he had withstood a full-force attack from Shen Tianhai, a Grand Luo Golden Immortal of the second rank, and repelled him.

He deliberately emphasized the characteristics of Kai’s power: the gray chaotic power, the primal aura completely different from the divine race’s techniques, and the extremely ancient and pure aquatic aura that emanated from him during the battle.

When he mentioned that Kai had consumed the Sea Soul Pearl and fused with the primal power of the aquatic race, Yue Wuchen’s fingers tapped lightly on the armrest of his chair, producing an extremely subtle sound.

"The power of chaos, the origin of the aquatic race, the Sea Soul Pearl..."

Yue Wuchen repeated these three words in a low voice, his silver-white eyes swirling with light that shifted like the phases of the moon. "These are all legendary things.

The power of chaos is the source of all laws, the origin of the aquatic race has been lost for many years, and the Sea Soul Pearl is the lifeblood of the aquatic race, only one can be formed every ten thousand years.

How could all these things be concentrated in one person?"

Mr. Liu shook his head: "This subordinate does not know either. But this subordinate saw it with his own eyes, and it is absolutely true.

That young man single-handedly broke into the island lord's mansion and defeated three elders, Mr. Liu, and Shen Tianhai himself.

A peak second-grade Grand Luo Golden Immortal was like a child throwing a punch in front of him."

Yue Wuchen remained silent for a long time.

His fingers tapped repeatedly on the armrest of his chair, making a dull thud.

He stood up, walked to the window on the side of the hall, and gazed at the silvery moonlight outside. His voice was calm and deep: "What's that young man's name?"

" Kai."

Yue Wuchen turned around, his silvery eyes swirling with a cold and profound light like moonlight: "What does Shen Tianhai want? The Silver Moon Clan will kill that Kai for him?"

"Yes. Shen Tianhai is willing to pay 30% of the Void Sea's annual revenue as payment.

In addition, everything on Kai—the power of chaos, the aquatic origin, the Sea Soul Pearl—will belong to the Silver Moon Clan."

Mr. Liu's voice carried a confident composure, like a messenger who had completed his mission and was calmly awaiting a reply.

Yue Wuchen did not answer immediately.

He stood by the window, the moonlight flowing like water onto his silvery-white robe, casting a long shadow.

His fingers lightly traced the windowsill, as if touching some invisible vein.

Then he spoke: "The Silver Moon Clan will consider this matter. You should stay in the clan and await my news."

Mr. Liu bowed: "Thank you, sir."

He turned and walked out of the Moonflower Palace. Silvery moonlight poured in through the palace doors, casting his silhouette as a long, thin line.

Yue Wuchen stood alone by the window, his silvery eyes swirling with a light as deep as the moonlit sea.

His fingers tapped slowly on the windowsill, producing a rhythmic sound that was both gentle and calculating.

"The power of chaos... the origin of the aquatic race... the Sea Soul Pearl..."

he murmured, as if chewing on a familiar yet distant memory, "They're all good things... good things."

However, such a significant matter was beyond his control; he was merely the clan head and had no say in the matter.

Even a second-level Great Luo Golden Immortal... Yue Wuchen stood before the window of the Moonflower Palace, the silvery moonlight streaming down his shoulders like flowing water, illuminating his refined yet aloof face like a thousand-year-old ice sculpture.

His fingers lightly traced the windowsill, his fingertips caressing the smooth jade surface, but his gaze passed beyond the silvery-white courtyard outside the window, settling on the surging golden sea of clouds in the distance.

The words Liu Feng had brought echoed repeatedly in his mind.

The power of chaos, the origin of the aquatic race, the Sea Soul Pearl—any one of these three things would be enough to drive any power in the Twenty-First Heaven mad.

And these three things were concentrated in one person.

That young man named Kai.

Yue Wuchen's knuckles tapped lightly on the windowsill a few times, producing an extremely faint thud.

He knew that this matter had exceeded the scope of his decision as the person in charge.

The power of chaos and the origin of the aquatic race were too intertwined; if the Silver Moon Clan acted rashly and failed, they would not only lose their elite forces but also become a laughingstock within the entire divine race system of the Twenty-First Heaven.

More importantly, Liu Feng said that Kai had withstood Shen Tianhai's full-force attack without flinching—a peak second-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal was like a child before him.

He needed to find the family head.

Yue Wuchen turned around, his silver-white robe billowing in the moonlight.

He walked out of the Moonflower Palace, through several paths surrounded by silver spiritual plants, and arrived at a palace even more secluded and reserved than the Moonflower Palace.

This palace had no ornate plaques, no dazzling silver light; the jade on its walls possessed a serene, water-like texture, gleaming with a dark, deep-pool-like luster under the moonlight.

Two guards stood before the palace door, bowing slightly and stepping aside to let Yue Wuchen pass.

Yue Wuchen pushed open the door and went inside.

The interior was even darker than the exterior, with only a silver-white moonstone inlaid in the dome emitting a soft, cool light, enveloping the entire palace in a moonlit glow.

The hall was empty and silent, except for a figure sitting on a white jade chair at the deepest part of the hall. It

was Yue Wuhen, the patriarch of the Silver Moon Clan.

He appeared younger than Yue Wuchen, with a handsome yet indifferent face, and a calmness beyond his years.

His eyes were almost transparent silver-white, and deep within his pupils seemed to be an eternally unchanging full moon, silently rotating.

He didn't exude any excessive pressure, but that extremely restrained aura was more unsettling than any overt oppressive force. A

third-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal.

One of the most powerful beings in the Twenty-First Heaven.

"Brother,"

Yue Wuchen stopped in the hall and bowed slightly, "I have something that requires your decision."

Yue Wuhen raised his eyelids, his silver-white gaze as cold as moonlight falling on Yue Wuchen: "Speak."

Yue Wuchen recounted the news Liu Feng had brought in detail.

He deliberately didn't embellish it, simply stating the facts—Azure Wave Island had been single-handedly crushed by a young man named Kai.

The combined attack of three Grand Luo Golden Immortals of the second rank was easily neutralized. Shen Tianhai's full-force attack was met head-on and he was forced back. Liu Feng mentioned the power of chaos, the origin of the aquatic race, and the Sea Soul Pearl.

When he mentioned the name " Kai," a very faint ripple finally appeared in Yue Wuhen's deep, calm, silver-white eyes.

The ripple was like a pebble thrown into a calm lake; though it quickly subsided, it was real.

"What did you say his name was?" Yue Wuhen's voice remained calm, but there was a hint of solemnity that Yue Wuchen had never heard before.

" Kai."

Yue Wuhen remained silent for a long time.

His fingers gently caressed the armrest of the white jade chair, and his silver-white eyes surged with an extremely complex emotion, like an undercurrent stirred in the depths of the moon's sea.

Then he slowly spoke: "In the twentieth heaven, the eldest son of the Golden Crow family is dead. A personal disciple of the Time God, leading

seven Grand Luo Golden Immortal elders, descended to the mortal realm to hunt him down, but they all perished. The one who killed him was named Kai."

Yue Wuchen's pupils suddenly contracted: "Could it be this Kai?"

"There was a middle-aged man beside him, whose cultivation level is unknown,"

Yue Wuhen's voice remained calm. "With a single glance, he killed the Time God's personal disciple. With a cold snort, the seven Grand Luo Golden Immortal elders exploded and died.

The Golden Crow family still hasn't figured out the origins of that middle-aged man."

A fine layer of cold sweat seeped from Yue Wuchen's back.

He had been weighing whether the Silver Moon family should intervene to seize the Chaos Power and the Sea Soul Pearl, but those thoughts vanished instantly, like embers doused with ice water.

If such a figure stood beside Kai, no matter how many people the Silver Moon family sent, they would only be sending themselves to their deaths.

“Brother, then what about us…” Yue Wuchen’s voice was a little hoarse, “What about Liu Feng? Shen Tianhai is still waiting for a reply.”

Yue Wuhen’s fingers tapped lightly on the armrest, making a crisp sound: “Liu Feng… cannot be kept alive.”

Yue Wuchen’s pupils contracted slightly: “To silence him?”

“He knows too much.”

Yue Wuhen’s voice was as calm as a deep pool under the moonlight, “He knows that Kai possesses the power of chaos, the origin of the aquatic

race, and the Sea Soul Pearl, and he knows that the Silver Moon Clan has already received the news.

If he falls into the hands of the Golden Crow Clan or the Chenxing Clan, this news will no longer be a secret.”

Yue Wuchen was silent for a moment, then slowly nodded: “I understand.”

He turned and walked towards the palace gate.

Silvery moonlight poured in from outside the door, casting a long shadow of him.

As he reached the door, Yue Wuhen's voice came from behind him, still calm and profound: "Leak the information to the Golden Crow family, let them cause trouble for Kai. Our Silver Moon family will do nothing, and we mustn't let the Golden Crow family know that we leaked the information."

Yue Wuchen paused, then nodded: "I understand!"

He continued walking forward, the palace doors slowly closing behind him.

...

In a side hall of the Moonflower Palace, Liu Feng sat on a silver-white stone bench, holding a cup of tea, but not drinking it.

His gaze was lowered, watching the tea leaves floating in the cup, a deep light surging in his hawk-like eyes. He was waiting.

Waiting for Yue Wuchen's reply, waiting for the Silver Moon family's decision.

As long as the Silver Moon family was willing to act, Kai wouldn't live much longer.

Footsteps came from the end of the corridor.

Liu Feng looked up and saw Yue Wuchen's figure appear at the entrance of the side hall, his silver-white robe gleaming coldly in the moonlight.

Liu Feng stood up and bowed slightly, "My lord."

Yue Wuchen walked to the opposite side and sat down on another stone bench.

His gaze lingered on Liu Feng for a moment, then he slowly spoke, "Liu Feng, you've had a hard time all these years away."

Liu Feng's brow twitched slightly; he sensed something was amiss.

Yue Wuchen's tone was too calm, so calm that it didn't sound like he was discussing something to celebrate, but rather like he was taking one last look before something was about to be sealed away. Yue Wuchen nodded, then raised his right hand and gently patted Liu Feng's shoulder.

The gesture seemed intimate, but the instant it touched Liu Feng's shoulder, an extremely fine silver light seeped into Liu Feng's body from his palm.

Liu Feng's body stiffened abruptly.

He tried to circulate his spiritual energy to resist, but found his meridians were freezing at an alarming rate.

The silver light, like water formed from millennia-old ice, spread along his meridians, sealing off all his spiritual energy nodes.

"My lord..." Liu Feng's voice was hoarse and strained, "You..." "

You don't need to know the Silver Moon Clan's decision."

Yue Wuchen's voice remained calm, as if stating something perfectly ordinary. "The family has received the message you brought back. You've done what you needed to do."

Liu Feng's pupils contracted sharply.

He wanted to say something, but his throat was completely frozen, unable to utter a sound.

His body began to stiffen, a layer of silvery-white frost spreading across his skin, starting from his fingertips and slowly ascending.

The last thing he saw was Yue Wuchen's silvery-white eyes.

Those eyes held no emotion, like the surface of ice under moonlight—clean, flat, and undisturbed.

A moment later, Liu Feng's body fell onto the stone bench, covered in silvery frost, like a statue frozen for a thousand years.

There was no blood, no struggle, no extra sound, like a drop of ink falling into deep water, vanishing silently.

Yue Wuchen stood up and walked out of the side hall without looking back.

...

In the distant void, the boundless sea of stars. Above the

void sea, the sky stretched for thousands of miles, clear and blue, vast and boundless, like an endless deep sea suspended in the heavens, vast and tranquil.

Layers of pure white clouds slowly surged and flowed in the high sky, carrying the chilling winds of the heavens, permeating the vastness of the universe.

Tens of thousands of feet below, the entire void sea stretched out flat, boundless, its clear waters deep blue, shimmering with light.

Bathed in the soft glow of the moon and the starlight of the high heavens, the sky shimmered with countless tiny, sparkling points of light, stretching for thousands of miles, like scattered diamonds covering the entire ocean—a scene of breathtaking beauty, vastness, tranquility, and peace.

The sky was boundless, the sea endless, heaven and earth serene, time passed peacefully—a scene of peace and prosperity, a

harmonious coexistence of mountains and sea. Kai, Jiang Xuelan, and Xuan Zhenzi were flying side by side, traversing the sky at an incredible speed.

Kai, his grey robe billowing in the wind, his figure upright and aloof, stood at the center. His chaotic power was restrained and flowing gently, his aura steady and his mind serene.

To his left, Jiang Xuelan, clad in flowing ice-blue robes, her long hair dancing in the wind, her clear, cold, and sharp eyes constantly scanning the surrounding void, always on guard against any unknown dangers lurking nearby.

On the right, Xuanzhenzi drifted aimlessly, a withered spiritual herb dangling from his mouth, swaying in the wind, his expression serene.

He occasionally muttered a few words to himself, while the young Daoist beside him clung tightly to his sleeve, his innocent, curious eyes gazing at the vast expanse of heaven and earth.

The three moved with incredible speed and agility, cutting through the high-altitude gale, leaving faint trails of spiritual energy in the boundless sky before vanishing in an instant.

The world was vast, the mountains and seas tranquil, the wind clear and the clouds light; everything was peaceful and orderly, safe and sound, as if this world were eternally serene and free from calamity.

Until—

BOOM!!!

A deep, heavy, vast, and domineeringly powerful roar exploded without warning from the far horizon, piercing through endless void and traversing countless miles of starry sea, its echoes reverberating and rolling back.

The sound was unlike any ordinary thunderclap, howling gale, or roaring tsunami. There was no sharp, piercing explosion, only a muffled, suffocating, ancient thunderclap that shook heaven and earth.

It was as if the very foundation of the world had been forcibly shaken, the veins of the ancient earth forcibly torn apart, and a terrifying force buried deep underground for billions of years suddenly breaking free of its restraints and bursting forth.

The deafening roar swept across the vast void, carrying a terrifying rhythm that shook the very soul and trembled the very Dao, spreading layer upon layer.

The biting gale in the entire sky instantly froze, completely still, and the churning clouds abruptly stopped in the void, no longer flowing or stretching.

All sounds of wind, water, and the flow of spiritual energy ceased; all things were silent, and time itself seemed to stand still.

Only that terrifying tremor, originating from the collapse of heaven and earth, continued relentlessly, spreading layer upon layer, shaking every inch of the void, every inch of mountains and seas, and every breath of life.

Kai's forward momentum abruptly halted, suspended in mid-air, stopping instantly.

His clear, deep purple eyes narrowed slightly, his gaze sharpening, his extremely keen divine sense instantly spreading out, piercing through thousands of miles of void, crossing layers of clouds, locking onto the direction of the Seven Star Continent in the distant sky.

At the edge of the Seven Star Continent's seven continents, a terrifying rift stretching for thousands of miles suddenly erupted from the deepest part of the continent's core, spreading rapidly without warning.

Crack!!

A crisp, piercing, yet heavy and muffled sound of the earth cracking resounded across thousands of miles of void, echoing throughout heaven and earth, shaking the four seas.

The rift was dark, deep, and boundless, like a giant hand of heaven and earth wielding an unparalleled celestial blade, forcefully cleaving the entire continent in two, cutting it in two.

The cracks extended rapidly and infinitely outwards from the very center of Yao Guang Continent, traversing plains, tearing apart mountains, severing rivers, and cleaving secret realms. Wherever they passed, everything crumbled, leaving nothing but desolation.

The once flat, vast, stable, and solid continental plate was like a thin sheet of paper being violently torn, twisted, and crumpled by immense force, violently wrinkled, trembling wildly, and constantly cracking.

Countless fine cracks crisscrossed and overlapped, densely covering the entire land, then continued to expand, widen, and deepen, transforming into abysses and chasms.

The earth violently trembled and shook violently; mountains shuddered, valleys overturned, the earth collapsed, and rock layers churned.

The next instant, endless, dazzling, and intensely bright pure white light erupted wildly from the depths of the cracks beneath the continent, soaring into the sky and sweeping across all directions.

That white light was no ordinary spiritual light, divine fire, or sunlight; it originated from the primordial light of the Great Dao, born from the shattering of ancient seals and the collapse of eternal constraints.

Pure, domineering, violent, and destructive, it contained a terrifying power capable of tearing apart heaven and earth, shattering mountains and rivers, and annihilating all things.

The white light grew ever stronger, burning ever more fiercely, becoming increasingly brilliant and violent, rapidly transforming from a faint glimmer into a towering pillar of light, a ten-thousand-foot-high tide of light, completely breaking through the earth's constraints, tearing through the clouds, piercing the sky, and reaching the heavens.

Under the impact of this supremely violent primordial power, the entire continent's foundation, its geological structure, and its tectonic plates utterly collapsed, shattered, and annihilated.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The earth-shattering, continuous explosions echoed...

The left half of the continent was violently lifted up by the raging power of the earth, rising abruptly into the air, defying the force of the current, with mountains collapsing, rock layers peeling away, and dust filling the sky;

the right half of the continent rapidly sank, crashing and plunging into the endless void and deep sea, with rock layers overturning, the earth collapsing, and secret realms sinking.

Heaven and earth were overturned, rivers and mountains reversed, tectonic plates crumbled, and the sun and moon lost their color.

The central area of the entire continent was completely transformed into the core of a purgatory of destruction.

Countless thick and hard rock layers, mountains, cities, secret realms, and valleys were all shattered into countless fragments of boulders and rock layers of varying sizes and shapes.

Large fragments, comparable in size to entire cities and mountain ranges, weighing billions of tons, crashed down with a terrifying, world-destroying force, accompanied by blazing white light, billowing smoke, and violent spiritual power, crushing everything in their path.

Smaller fragments, like houses, boulders, and pebbles, densely packed, covered the sky, and scattered indiscriminately in all directions.

Countless shattered continental debris, rock fragments, architectural ruins, vegetation, and soil broke free from the earth's constraints.

Struggling against gravity, like crushed remnants of heaven and earth, they plummeted and crashed into the void sea tens of thousands of feet below.

High above, an endless, boundless torrent of falling ruins instantly formed.

Densely packed, layered, and limitless, it covered the entire sky, a terrifying, apocalyptic spectacle that shook the heavens.

Countless cultivators, ordinary beings, and ascetic practitioners who once lived peacefully and multiplied on the continent were all swept up and devoured by this sudden cataclysm.

Countless figures, like startled birds, stray ants, or broken raindrops, plummeted madly from the crumbling, collapsing continent.

Dense, countless figures filled the entire sky, tracing mournful, helpless, and despairing arcs of descent beneath the clear blue heavens.

Small, fragile, powerless, and hopeless, they were utterly vulnerable before the cataclysmic disaster.

Some reacted with lightning speed, instantly waking up, desperately circulating their spiritual energy, activating their primal cultivation, deploying protective shields, and leaping into the air, attempting to stabilize themselves, escape the catastrophe, and break free from the downward momentum;

others reacted slightly slower, instantly swallowed by the sudden cracks in the earth, plunging into the abyss, leaving no trace of their bodies;

some, barely airborne, were struck by the massive, powerful fragments of rock flying everywhere, their protective shields shattering instantly, their bodies exploding on the spot, their souls dissipating in an instant;

others panicked, weeping uncontrollably, screaming shrilly, frantically calling for help, calling for companions, calling for relatives, their voices piercing with despair, dissipating into the deafening roar of the heavens. Cries,

screams, wails, desperate howls, the sounds of exploding spiritual energy, the sound of crumbling rock, the sound of the earth collapsing, the roar of heaven and earth.

Smoke and dust filled the sky, white light blazed fiercely, ruins littered the landscape, mountains and rivers collapsed, and lives were lost.

At this moment, the entire continent was utterly transformed into a living hell, a desolate wasteland, a post-apocalyptic ruin. Eternal peace was shattered, countless lives perished, and the former prosperity was completely destroyed.

Kai's gaze pierced through the endless ruins, the boundless dust, and the vast void, quickly sweeping over countless falling figures, shattered mountains and rivers, and overturned earth. His heart tightened suddenly, and his pupils contracted sharply.

Among the countless chaotic, falling, tiny, and desperate black shadows, a slender, tall, striking, and unique purple figure flashed by.

That figure was solitary and frail, swaying precariously. A purple robe billowed wildly in the raging high-altitude winds, like a withered butterfly struggling to survive in a storm, tragically beautiful yet filled with despair.

Across tens of thousands of feet of distance, across the swirling ruins and debris, across layers of raging void air currents, the face was blurred, and the figure appeared somewhat ethereal.

But that extremely familiar, unforgettable aura, that unique silhouette, made Kai's heart clench, pound violently, and his mind thrown into chaos.

It was A Zi!

It was the youngest of the Seven Fairies, the A Zi with purple clothes and purple eyes, aloof and ethereal!

How could she be here?

And how could she be in the core area of the collapsed continent, falling into the void along with the ruins?!

Countless questions instantly flooded Kai's mind, but he had no time to think, no time to hesitate, no time to delve deeper.

Almost without the slightest hesitation, without the slightest delay, his figure moved suddenly, instantly accelerating.

Transforming into an extremely condensed, rapidly breaking through the air, he recklessly swooped down towards the direction where the purple figure had fallen, rushing towards it at top speed.

The gray chaotic power around his body instantly surged and exploded, transforming into an extremely condensed, thick and powerful layer of chaotic light wings, enveloping his entire body.

He forcefully broke through the fierce winds and tore through the air currents, pushing his speed to its absolute limit. So fast, covering a thousand miles in an instant, his afterimage remained in place while his true form had already vanished into the distance.

" Kai!"

Behind him, Jiang Xuelan noticed his sudden loss of control and reckless, extreme dive. Sensing the strange and perilous situation, she immediately called out.

Her tone was full of urgency and worry, fearing he had recklessly plunged into danger.

"You guys stay back and catch up slowly!"

Kai's voice pierced through the howling winds and crossed layers of void, reaching their ears clearly, firm and urgent. "I saw someone I know! I have to go there immediately!"

Before his words even finished, his figure accelerated again, transforming into a blurry gray lightning bolt, tearing through the azure sky and piercing through the ruins, relentlessly closing in on the falling purple figure.

The distance was rapidly closing, constantly shrinking.

Three thousand zhang, two thousand zhang, one thousand zhang, five hundred zhang...

He gradually made out the clear outline of the purple figure, her long, flowing, and disheveled purple hair.

He saw her thin robes being torn apart by the fierce wind, and her falling posture without struggle or movement.

But the closer he got, the colder, heavier, and more panicked Kai felt.

He clearly sensed that A Zi was falling at an extremely fast speed, far exceeding the speed of an ordinary cultivator falling weightlessly, even carrying a sense of being suppressed by force and pulled by the void as she plummeted.

Most fatally, there was not a trace of spiritual energy fluctuation around her, no flow of origin energy, and no protective aura.

She did not circulate her spiritual energy to resist the falling force, did not activate her origin energy to stabilize her body, and made no attempt to save herself.

She had completely lost consciousness.

Her whole being was like a withered, weightless, and helpless thin leaf, silently falling in the raging void, at the mercy of fate. Kai gritted his teeth, his mind pounding, pushing his speed to the limit. All the power of chaos flowed into his legs, his body's power to tear through the air surged to its limit, his eyes filled with lingering fear and urgency.

Closer! Closer still!

Three hundred zhang, two hundred zhang, one hundred zhang, fifty zhang, ten zhang!

He stretched out his right hand with all his might, his fingertips extended, spiritual energy gathered, and he stretched forward with all his might, only a hair's breadth away from the hem of that purple robe, just inches away.

Just a moment faster, an inch closer, and he could firmly grasp her, protect her, and save her from this desperate situation!

But in that crucial instant!

Splash!

That thin, helpless purple figure had already fallen first, plunging heavily into the void sea tens of thousands of zhang below.

A deafening roar exploded, instantly creating a huge white spray on the sea surface, giant waves soaring into the air, seawater churning, and eddies forming.

In a mere instant, the surging waves quickly receded and subsided.

The striking purple figure, like a star or a fallen petal plunged into the deep sea, was instantly swallowed up by the vast, icy waters, silently disappearing without a trace.

The sea returned to calm, the ripples subsided, and not a trace of the purple figure could be seen, nor any lingering aura could be detected.

"Not good!"

Kai's heart trembled violently, his face darkening. Without the slightest hesitation, he followed closely behind, plunging headfirst into the endless depths of the sea.

The icy, bone-chilling water instantly enveloped his entire body, assaulting his limbs and bones. The boundless water pressure pressed in from all directions, heavy and immense, enough to crush the flesh and bones of an ordinary cultivator.

The gray chaotic power around Kai instantly flowed and spread, transforming into a stable and warm protective shield.

It forcefully isolated all the icy water, resisted the immense pressure of the boundless deep sea, and protected his meridians and body from any attack or damage.

He plunged into the deep sea, rapidly descending, his extremely keen divine sense instantly spreading out in all directions.

Like a fine net, it scanned the surrounding sea layer by layer, probing every inch of water, searching for every trace of aura.

But the result was nothing.

The entire surrounding sea was clear and turbulent, with intersecting currents and mixed spiritual energy, yet there was not a trace of A Zi's familiar aura, not a trace of spiritual power, not a trace of divine soul fluctuation.

She had simply vanished into thin air, completely hidden, without a trace, as if she had completely merged into this endless deep sea, never having appeared, leaving not a trace.

Kai continued to dive, repeatedly probing, sweeping his divine sense, searching layer by layer, from the surface to the shallow depths, and even to the confluence of currents, but still found nothing.

Helpless, he had no choice but to turn around, break through the water, and return to the surface.

Splash—

waves surged, seawater splashed, and Kai's tall figure stood quietly on the surging waves.

He hovered steadily, motionless, as if lightly touched the surface of the sea by the chaotic power beneath his feet.

His grey robe, completely soaked by the deep-sea water, clung to his body, and his wet hair cascaded over his shoulders.

Crystalline water droplets dripped from his hair and chin, falling into the sea and creating tiny ripples.

He looked up, his deep purple eyes dark and heavy, fixed on the seemingly calm yet treacherous vast sea before him, his gaze unwavering for a long time.

A mix of anxiety, fear, worry, and unease surged within him, intertwining and swirling.

He was absolutely certain that what he had just witnessed was not an illusion, not a delusion.

That purple figure, that familiar aura, that helpless posture—it was unmistakably A-Zi.

But why, after falling into the deep sea, had she vanished without a trace?

Was he swept away by the deep-sea currents and hidden in the bottomless ravine, or was his injury too severe, his soul sealed, and his aura completely concealed?

Endless worries swirled in his heart, making him restless and his mind in turmoil.

Looking into the distance, the entire Void Sea had been completely reduced to apocalyptic ruins, a living hell.

High above, endless continental debris, giant rock formations, fragments of cities, and mountain fragments continued to fall

relentlessly, crashing into the vast sea. Countless and boundless, they crashed into the expansive sea.

Each falling giant rock created towering waves tens or even hundreds of feet high, exploding into a spray of water and creating a deafening roar, the waves surging and crashing.

The entire sea was raging and turbulent, devoid of any semblance of its former tranquility.

Floating everywhere on the sea were shattered spirit boat wrecks, broken spirit trees, fragments of magical treasures, and the remnants of fallen cultivators' clothing and artifacts.

Countless smaller creatures, unable to escape, lay mangled remains, their blood staining the sea and turning the waters crimson—a horrifying and gruesome sight.

In the distance, islands and reefs that had once stood peacefully in the void sea were subjected to indiscriminate bombardment and frenzied destruction.

Large islands with deep foundations and stable formations blazed with spiritual light, their formations fully activated, layers of defensive light screens enveloping the entire island.

They desperately resisted the continuous falling boulder debris, their light screens trembling violently, flickering, and teetering on the brink of collapse, barely holding on.

Meanwhile, smaller islands and reefs with weak foundations, rudimentary formations, and no one to guard them were utterly powerless against this apocalyptic catastrophe.

Countless gigantic boulders crashed down, instantly piercing the fragile defensive formations, shattering the island's rock layers, and cracking the very foundations of the earth.

The entire island instantly shattered, slowly sinking into the deep sea. Countless cultivators and creatures who couldn't evacuate in time perished in the catastrophe, falling silently and unnoticed. The heavens and earth

collapsed, mountains and rivers crumbled, the island sank, life was ravaged, and the sea was in ruins.

Looking across the entire void sea, ruins, wreckage, blood, and despair were everywhere, a scene of utter devastation, a grand yet tragic, vast yet hopeless spectacle.

Kai hovered above the raging sea, his body surrounded by a solid, thick gray shield of chaotic power, deflecting all the flying debris, seawater, and slag, protecting him.

His gaze swept heavily over the devastated, ravaged sea, his purple eyes churning with a complex mix of emotions: gravity, urgency, worry, and profound complexity.

Azi had fallen into the Void Sea; without spiritual energy to protect her, she certainly wouldn't survive.

Kai continuously activated his divine sense, searching with all his might, but the Void Sea was too vast and boundless, its depths crisscrossed with ravines, crisscrossing currents, dotted with secret realms, and riddled with restrictions.

Layers of seawater blocked his divine sense's probe and shielded it from fluctuations in energy; his divine sense simply couldn't penetrate the ten-thousand-foot-deep sea or cover the entire area, making his search extremely limited.

Azi was severely injured, unconscious, and unable to save herself, alone in the treacherous, turbulent, and beast-infested endless depths of the sea. Every moment of delay increased the danger to her life. What

if she were to be engulfed by a raging storm? " Kai!"

Three figures swiftly flew through the air and landed steadily on the sea.

Jiang Xuelan stepped forward first, her icy blue eyes filled with concern and doubt as she carefully examined Kai's expression. She asked softly, "Who was that falling figure just now? Who made you rush in so recklessly?"

A layer of chilling protective aura surrounded her, keeping out the splashing seawater, rocks, and debris. Her posture was calm and composed, with a hint of barely perceptible worry in her eyes.

"It's Miss Azi."

Kai's voice was filled with barely concealed urgency and melancholy, his speech slightly rapid, his heart pounding with turmoil. "It's the youngest of the Seven Fairies of Heaven, Azi, with her purple robes and purple eyes, aloof and ethereal.

I never imagined she would appear here, much less encounter such an apocalyptic catastrophe as the collapse of the continent."

"She was clearly severely injured just now, completely unconscious, without any struggle or ability to save herself, falling directly into the Void Sea."

Kai's brows were tightly furrowed, his eyes filled with solemnity. "Such a terrifying collapse of heaven and earth is definitely not a natural disaster or an ordinary geological change.

That destructive force that surged from the earth and shattered the entire continent was too domineering and strange, too vast and ancient. It was definitely an ancient forbidden force that was deliberately triggered and detonated."

Beside him, Xuan Zhenzi, protecting the bewildered little Daoist boy, landed steadily on the sea surface. Looking at the devastated and ravaged Void Sea, and the ruins and debris falling from the sky, his face was also filled with shock and solemnity.

Then, unable to resist, he pressed on, "Miss Azi? That aloof, stunningly beautiful fairy in purple?

How did she end up here, and just happen to be caught in the continent's collapse, trapped in this desperate situation? This is too strange, too bizarre."

Kai remained silent, his mind a jumble of thoughts and doubts.

"There's no time to delve into the reasons or hesitate."

Kai took a deep breath, suppressing the turmoil in his mind. "The most urgent thing is to find Azi immediately and rescue her. She's severely injured and unconscious, completely defenseless, stranded in the treacherous deep sea. The longer we delay, the slimmer her chances of survival become."

“But the Void Sea is vast and boundless, unfathomable in its depths, teeming with countless undercurrents.”

Xuanzhenzi gazed at the boundless, turbulent sea, his face full of difficulty. “The surface is littered with debris, turbulent currents, and perilous dangers. Beneath the surface lies an even more intricate web of secret realms and crisscrossing ravines.

With just a few of us, it would be like searching for a needle in a haystack—utterly futile, inefficient, and time-consuming. We simply won’t have enough time.”

Jiang Xuelan nodded slightly and said in a deep voice, “Xuanzhenzi is right. The Void Sea is too vast, and the deep-sea environment is incredibly complex. We know nothing about the distribution of undercurrents, the direction of ravines, or the locations of secret realms in this area.

Blindly searching will only be futile and a waste of time. It will be difficult to find anyone in a short time.”

Kai’s eyes narrowed, and he instantly made up his mind, his tone resolute and unquestionable: “Go to Deep Blue City.”

"Throughout the entire Void Sea, only the aquatic race has lived in the deep sea for generations, controlling the waters, understanding hydrology, and familiar with the undercurrents, trenches, secret realms, and dangerous places of every sea area.

Only by relying on the power of the aquatic race and mobilizing the exploration and search capabilities of the entire sea area can we search the sea area in the shortest time and over the largest area to find Azi, who has fallen into the deep sea and disappeared without a trace."

With that, he no longer hesitated, and in a flash, he took the lead, flying rapidly towards the depths of the Void Sea, towards the location of Deep Blue City.

His gray figure traversed the waves, speeding through the air, pushing his speed to the limit, with only one thought in his mind: to reach Deep Blue City as quickly as possible, mobilize the power of the aquatic race, search with all his might, and rescue Azi.

Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi exchanged a glance, and immediately followed closely behind with the little Daoist boy. The three figures sped side by side, traversing the waves and breaking through the air, leaving three afterimages of rapid movement on the turbulent sea.

Behind them, the cataclysmic event continued unabated, the roar of destruction echoing through the heavens. Continental debris continued to fall, giant waves surged relentlessly, and the seas churned incessantly. The apocalyptic scene remained tragic, devastating, and awe-inspiring.

The four traveled at full speed, never daring to stop, traversing thousands of miles of raging seas, dodging countless pieces of debris, and braving numerous turbulent currents.

After more than half an hour, the ancient underwater city hidden in the deep sea, perpetually shrouded in blue-green spiritual light—Deep Blue City—finally appeared on the horizon.

But the moment Kai's gaze fell upon Deep Blue City, his brow furrowed tightly, and his heart sank.

Deep Blue City, too, had been mercilessly affected by this cataclysmic event, severely damaged.

The once clear, tranquil, and radiantly lit sea outside Deep Blue City was now a scene of devastation and ruin.

The once orderly, majestic, and solemn coral stone city gate was now broken and incomplete, no longer recognizable.

The right corner of the city gate was smashed and completely collapsed by a giant boulder, the broken stone sharp and jagged, riddled with cracks. The two ancient jade pillars supporting the gate were covered with a dense network of terrifying cracks of varying depths.

The cracks stretched straight from the top of the pillars to their bases, piercing the entire structure. The ancient runes that had once shone brightly, protecting the city, were now dim, broken, and extinguished, their spiritual light dissipating and never flowing again.

The mere aftershocks of the fall from the sky had severely damaged the deeply rooted Deep Blue City, shattering its formations and causing the city gate to collapse, demonstrating the terrifying scale of this cataclysmic event.

Kai didn't hesitate; with a flash, he passed directly through the damaged gate and quickly swam into the city.

The scene inside the city was even more desolate, more tragic, and more heartbreaking than the scene outside.

Several coral stone palaces and residences, built against the mountainside and scattered about, were smashed through by massive boulders falling from the sky, their roofs shattered, beams collapsed, and ruins littered the ground.

The once neat, smooth, and jade-like coral stone streets were now covered in countless fragments and debris, a scene of utter chaos.

Countless aquatic cultivators and clansmen emerged from their homes, palaces, and secret realms, all busily engaged in their duties, working tirelessly to alleviate the disaster.

The entire city was a scene of bustling activity and profound sorrow, solemn and grief-stricken. Everywhere was a spectacle of post-disaster devastation, everywhere bustling with activity. The weight and desolation of survival after such an catastrophe enveloped the entire Deep Blue City.

In the center of the street, Lan Yuan, his water-scale armor covered in thick dust and gravel, his plates torn in many places, looked disheveled and exhausted.

Sensing a familiar presence approaching, Lan Yuan paused, abruptly looking up to see Kai and his group rushing towards him. A look of deep surprise and astonishment flashed in his eyes. He quickly put down the boulder he was carrying and hurried forward to meet them.

"Mr. Chen?!"

Lan Yuan's voice was filled with shock and urgency. "Why are you back? Just now, the giant...?" "I saw it with my own eyes."

Kai skipped the pleasantries and sentimentalities, getting straight to the point. "Lan Yuan, where is Clan Chief Shui Wuhen? I have an extremely urgent matter to attend to! It concerns a life, and there's no time to waste!"

Seeing his grave expression, Lan Yuan quickly replied, "The Clan Chief is currently overseeing disaster relief and treating the wounded in the central council hall!

All the seriously injured clansmen and those injured in the disaster are being treated in a side hall of the council hall, with all the clan elders assisting!"

"Thank you."

Before Kai finished speaking, his figure had already instantly darted out, transforming into a streak of gray light. He sped along the ruined streets

towards the central council hall at incredible speed, covering a thousand miles in an instant.

Jiang Xuelan, Xuan Zhenzi, and the young Daoist followed closely behind.

They raced through streets and alleys, passing countless Shui clansmen busy with disaster relief and ruins scattered everywhere. In a short while, they arrived at the core council hall of Deep Blue City.

The main hall's doors were wide open, spiritual energy flowing freely within. The hall was brightly lit, its interior radiant with a clear, spiritual light.

Shui Wuhen stood silently in the center, his pristine white robes immaculate and elegant, his long, silvery hair cascading over his shoulders, shimmering gently in the soft glow of the luminous pearls. His

usually serene and gentle face was now etched with a deep gravity and weariness, his eyes filled with the somber weight of surviving a catastrophe. His aura was

calm and solemn as he methodically coordinated and arranged the disaster relief efforts. On the hall floor lay several severely injured, weak, and unconscious members of the Water Clan.

Several Water Clan elders and healers surrounded them, diligently channeling their water-based spiritual energy to heal the wounded, stabilize their lives, and repair their injuries, their expressions focused and their movements cautious.

Hearing the approaching footsteps, Shui Wuhen looked up, a clear look of surprise and astonishment flashing across her deep, clear eyes. She spoke softly, "Mr. Chen? Why have you suddenly returned? Weren't you supposed to have returned to the Netherworld Abyss to completely eradicate the threat of the Demon Soul?"

"Clan leader, the situation is urgent, and there's no time to explain in detail,"

Kai said quickly, stepping forward and getting straight to the point. "Just now, a section of the Seven Star Continent suddenly collapsed entirely, a cataclysmic event occurred, mountains and rivers were overturned, and the continent shattered.

While traveling through the sky, I witnessed a friend being injured by the shockwave of the collapse. He was seriously injured, unconscious, and fell into the Void Sea, about 30,000 miles north of Deep Blue City."

“She is currently alone in the sea, unconscious, and completely defenseless. The deep sea is turbulent, teeming with sea monsters, and fraught with unpredictable dangers. Every moment she remains increases the peril.”

Kai’s eyes were earnest, and his tone was solemn. “I implore the clan leader to take action, to mobilize the elite of the aquatic tribe and those familiar with the seas, to search the northern sea area with all their might for my friend. We must find her and rescue her as soon as possible!”

Shui Wuhen’s expression sharpened, instantly realizing the urgency of the situation. Without the slightest hesitation, he asked in a deep voice, “Your friend? What are her appearance, clothing, cultivation level, and other characteristics? Tell me precisely the exact location and approximate area where she fell.”

"Her most distinctive features are her long purple robe, aloof and ethereal temperament, peerless beauty, and deep purple eyes,"

Kai described quickly and accurately. "Her cultivation is profound; in her normal state, a faint purple immortal light surrounds her, belonging to the orthodox spiritual power of the Daoist sect, completely different from the aura of ordinary rogue cultivators.

The core location of the crash is in the sea area 30,000 miles north of Deep Blue City. When the cataclysm broke out, she was shaken down by the shockwave from the high altitude and was most likely swept away by the deep-sea currents, drifting into the surrounding ravines, canals, and secret realms."

Shui Wuhen nodded slightly, his eyes becoming even more solemn. After a moment of silence, he turned to the outside of the hall and ordered in a deep voice, "Immediately issue my order to summon Lan Yuan to the hall!"

The aquatic cultivators on duty outside the hall heard the order and turned to rush away at top speed.

A moment later, Lan Yuan strode into the hall, still covered in dust and breathless, utterly exhausted. He bowed respectfully: "Clan Chief, what are your orders?" "

Mr. Chen's friend is seriously injured, unconscious, and has fallen into the sea, landing three thousand miles to the north,"

Shui Wuhen said calmly and decisively. "You will immediately lead a team of twenty elite aquatic warriors, well-versed in the sea's hydrology, currents, and trenches, and dispatch them all to the northern sea for a comprehensive, carpet-like search."

"Focus your search on all current confluences, deep-sea trenches, seabed reef crevices, and entrances to dark, hidden realms.

The injured man is unconscious and unable to swim, most likely swept away by currents and trapped in reef crevices or deep trenches.

Search at all costs, regardless of the area, and do everything in your power to find him as quickly as possible!"

"Your subordinate obeys!"

Lan Yuan solemnly accepted the order, then turned to Kai, quickly confirming the details. "Mr. Chen, please describe your friend's characteristics again in detail. I will immediately order all clansmen to accurately identify and thoroughly investigate, leaving no detail or corner unchecked!"

Kai once again accurately described A Zi's appearance, robes, eyes, and spiritual power characteristics, meticulously and without omission.

Lan Yuan memorized it, said no more, turned and strode out of the hall, immediately gathering elites, arranging manpower, dividing areas, and assigning tasks, his actions swift, methodical, and highly efficient.

"I will go with you," Kai volunteered, ready to depart.

"Mr. Chen, you mustn't!"

Lan Yuan quickly turned around to stop him. "You are completely unfamiliar with the currents, trenches, and treacherous areas of the northern sea. Now that the entire Void Sea has been severely damaged, the terrain has likely changed, and you'll easily get lost.

You should wait patiently in the city. We are all native aquatic people, knowledgeable about the sea's hydrology and seabed topography for generations. Our search efficiency far surpasses that of outsiders.

If we receive even the slightest news, I will send someone back to the city to report immediately, without delay!"

Kai remained silent for a moment, knowing that Lan Yuan's words were true and reasonable.

His hasty departure would indeed be of no use, only adding trouble and disrupting the search.

All his anxiety and worry were suppressed in his heart.

He slowly nodded and said in a deep voice, "We must do our best. I entrust this to you all."

"Rest assured, Mr. Chen! We will do our utmost, exhausting all means, and never give up on any corner or any chance of survival!"

Lan Yuan solemnly clasped his hands in a fist salute. After speaking, he turned and led a group of elite aquatic warriors, transforming into dozens of blue water arrows, rushing out of the city gate at lightning speed, heading towards the vast, dark sea to the north, instantly disappearing into the expansive, dark ocean.

Before the council hall, Kai stood quietly, his gaze fixed on the direction of the northern sea, his purple eyes filled with anxiety and worry.

His fists clenched slightly, and he prayed repeatedly in his heart, only hoping that A Zi would be safe and sound, and that good news would arrive.

Shui Wuhen slowly walked to his side, looking at his solemn and anxious expression, and spoke softly... Facing Shui Wuhen's soft inquiry, Kai stood calmly on the white jade steps of the Deep Blue City council hall.

Gazing at the vast, dark, and churning deep sea to the north, he remained silent for a long time.

The evening breeze, carrying the cool moisture of the deep sea, ruffled the slightly damp gray robes on his shoulders, and also stirred up the layers of anxiety and heaviness deep within his heart.

The apocalyptic catastrophe that had just occurred—the collapse of the entire continent, the upheaval of heaven and earth—was too terrifying, too horrifying. The images of the shattered earth, the collapsing mountains, and the fall of all living beings still echoed repeatedly in his mind, refusing to fade away.

He slowly shook his head, a faint darkness and helplessness lingering in the depths of his purple eyes. His voice was low and somber: "I didn't see anything."

"It all happened too suddenly. I was tens of thousands of feet in the air at the time, too far from the core of Yao Guang Continent."

Kai slowly began, meticulously recounting the limitations and regrets he had just experienced. "The white sealing light gushing from the ground was too intense, too dazzling, like two blazing suns rising simultaneously.

The light spanned the heavens and the earth, obscuring the four seas, and the domineering light curtain directly sealed off the void of the entire continent, isolating all divine sense probes."

"My divine sense was forced back halfway by that violent and dazzling white light, completely blocked, unable to penetrate even a fraction.

I couldn't see any anomalies or any source underground. The only thing I could clearly witness was the entire vast continent being torn apart, fractured, and collapsed from its very center, before the entire plate completely shattered and scattered."

"As for the true cause of the collapse, the true appearance of the underground seal, and the origin of the surging power... I have no way of investigating or knowing any of it."

He raised his hand, gazing at the dark, deep sea to the north, his eyes filled with solemnity. "Now, all the mysteries and the truth can only be fully clarified when A-Zi wakes up and tells

the story herself. She is the only one who personally experienced the catastrophe and the only one who knows the truth." Shui Wuhen nodded slightly upon hearing

this, a hint of understanding and composure flashing in his gentle eyes. He did not ask any further questions. He knew the terror of the

catastrophe and understood that the primal power of the broken ancient seal could not be perceived by ordinary divine sense. It was only natural that Kai's investigation had yielded no results.

At this moment, any further questions or speculations would be futile.

Only waiting, waiting for the search results, waiting for A-Zi to return safely and awaken to answer the questions

, was the most agonizing and unbearable thing in the world.

Time flowed silently through Deep Blue City, amidst the post-disaster hustle and bustle and the quiet anticipation.

The entire city remained immersed in the busy reconstruction efforts, with the aquatic tribesmen tirelessly performing their duties.

The sounds of clearing rubble, repairing formations, and treating the wounded rose and fell, weaving together a low, noisy cacophony, yet doing nothing to soothe the anxiety and unease in Kai's heart.

He remained standing motionless on the white jade steps before the council hall, never leaving for a long time.

From the setting sun at dusk until nightfall swept across the deep sea and enveloped the entire city.

The city's original clear and warm blue-green spiritual light gradually faded, replaced by dark red mineral nightlights.

Specks of light were scattered throughout the city, their cool, faint glow spreading across the smooth stone surface, sometimes elongating his tall, solitary figure, sometimes shortening it considerably.

The flickering light and shadow, constantly shifting and changing, were like the quietly passing time, silent and without a trace, yet slowly squeezing out one's patience and wearing down one's spirit.

The deep sea grew increasingly cold in the dead of night, the biting sea currents constantly sweeping in, causing his clothes to flutter and his hair to toss.

Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi repeatedly came forward to comfort him, urging him to enter the palace to rest and recuperate, and simply wait for news, but Kai gently declined each time.

He knew in his heart that Azi was seriously injured and unconscious, alone and trapped in the treacherous deep-sea trench, every second a race against death and against life.

He had no desire to rest, dared not relax; only by standing quietly and waiting anxiously could he find some solace from the guilt and anxiety in his heart.

The long night quietly drew to a close, and a faint glimmer of dawn appeared on the eastern horizon. The morning light pierced through the layers of water in the deep sea, gently illuminating the deep blue city and dispelling the darkness and chill of the night.

For an entire night, Kai hadn't closed his eyes, hadn't regulated his breathing, and hadn't moved an inch. His entire being remained tense, his mind completely focused on the search progress in the northern sea.

A faint layer of tired bloodshot veins appeared in his eyes, yet his gaze remained fixed on the dark northern sea, never wavering for a moment.

Just as dawn broke and the morning light bathed the entire city, a swift and agile blue figure finally emerged from the far reaches of the northern deep sea, rapidly breaking through the layers of water and riding the waves.

It was Lan Yuan.

His close-fitting, tough water scale armor was no longer as smooth and neat as before; the seams of the armor plates, the shoulders and cuffs,

and the hem of his skirt were all covered with slippery, sticky, dark green deep-sea seaweed.

Covered in fine, grayish-white seabed sand and reef powder, layers of grime blanketed his body,

leaving him disheveled and exhausted. A night of rapid searching, traversing vast areas, diving into the deep sea, and probing against the current had severely depleted his physical strength and spiritual energy.

His face was haggard and pale, his brows furrowed with an undisguised weariness, his aura unstable and erratic, even his breathing rapid and hoarse.

Yet, deep within his usually calm and composed eyes, a sudden, intensely bright and passionate light of excitement erupted, completely overshadowing the fatigue of the night's journey with overwhelming joy and relief.

He sped towards Kai in front of the council hall, his hoarse voice filled with relief and joy: "Mr. Chen! We found her! We really found her!"

"She's ten thousand miles to the north, on the edge of a giant undercurrent whirlpool!

Your friend was swept away by the turbulent current and is stuck deep in the crevices of the densely interwoven coral reefs. Above her, several massive boulders weighing millions of pounds blocked and shielded her from the impact of the water, also concealing any signs of her presence!

If we hadn't searched the entire sea area, inch by inch, and ventured deep into the trenches, we would never have found her!"

"She was just a step away from being swept into the core of the raging deep-sea whirlpool. If she had fallen in, she would have been doomed, her body never to be found again. Thank goodness, thank goodness!"

Boom!

These few words were like a thunderclap, a spring breeze breaking through the ice, instantly dispelling the anxiety, worry, and gloom that had been building up in Kai's heart all night.

Kai's tense body suddenly shuddered, his stiff limbs instantly warming up, and the heart that had been in his throat finally settled.

His long-strained spirit relaxed abruptly, the dullness and weariness in his eyes vanishing, replaced by... With a whoosh,

gray chaotic power surged forth from his meridians and dantian, spreading wildly and transforming into a layer of condensed, thick, and rapidly flowing gray light wings. These wings enveloped his body, instantly soaring through the air and traversing the water.

The extreme speed tore through the sea's surface air currents and pierced through layers of water curtains, a perfectly condensed gray water arrow instantly traveling a thousand miles.

Without leaving a trace or showing any hesitation, it raced towards the search and rescue point in the deep sea to the north.

At this moment, Kai completely disregarded his exhaustion from a sleepless night, his unhealed internal injuries, and the spiritual energy depletion caused by rapidly activating his source energy. He pushed his speed and the power to break through the air to their absolute peak. He had

only one obsession in his heart—to see A Zi as soon as possible, to protect her as soon as possible, and to rescue her from this desperate situation as soon as possible.

In just a few breaths, he traversed thousands of miles of sea, precisely arriving at the swirling currents and eddies that Lan Yuan had described.

This sea area is extremely treacherous, with turbulent currents and crisscrossing rapids. Countless deep-sea trenches of varying depths

crisscross and stretch endlessly, while massive deep-sea whirlpools slowly rotate,

pulling at everything in their path with terrifying force and incredible suction.

The surrounding area is densely covered with intertwined, hard, and sharp coral reefs, their layers of rocks forming dark and deep crevices—the most hidden and dangerous place in the deep sea.

Through the clear, dark water, Kai immediately spotted the purple figure huddled in a crevice among the rocks.

The sight caused his heart to tighten, a surge of sorrow and unbearable pain welling up within him.

Azi's magnificent purple robes were already torn to shreds by the violent deep-sea currents and the sharp, hard edges of the rocks.

Her robes were torn in several long rips at the hem, cuffs, waist, and skirt, the edges fluttering haphazardly, tattered and broken, all traces of her former ethereal grace and noble elegance gone.

Beneath the tattered robes, her once jade-like, delicate and smooth skin was now pale, almost transparent, devoid of color.

Her body was covered with fine abrasions, bruises from bumps and scrapes of varying depths, and faint traces of seawater salt and reef debris clung to her skin, making her look disheveled, fragile, and pitiful.

Her signature deep purple hair was no longer smooth, flowing, and shimmering; it was completely soaked in the icy seawater, disheveled and messy.

She huddled in the narrow, dark crevice of the coral reef, her body slightly curled up, her limbs hanging limply, utterly without any support.

Several massive boulders weighing millions of pounds blocked the flow of water above, but also completely cut off sunlight and spiritual energy, trapping her in this dark and desolate place, isolated and helpless, on the verge of death.

Her chest heaved so weakly it was almost imperceptible, her faint life force like a candle flickering in the wind, its oil nearly exhausted, as if it would be extinguished and vanish without a trace at any moment.

Only a wisp of extremely faint, intermittent immortal energy stubbornly lingered around her, proving that she still had a breath left and had not yet perished.

Seeing her dying, pitiful, fragile, and helpless state, Kai's heart was instantly overwhelmed by fear and heartache.

He slowed his pace, gently landing on the sea surface, concealing all his sharp aura and withdrawing all his power.

He was afraid that even the slightest fluctuation of spiritual energy or ripple of air current would disturb the extremely fragile A Zi, causing her already dying life force to dissipate completely.

He bent down slightly, his movements incredibly gentle and slow.

Carefully reaching out, he avoided all the sharp edges of the reefs and the wounds all over her body, gently supporting her thin back and slender knees.

Her touch was icy cold.

Her body was frighteningly light, like a leaf battered by wind and rain, about to wither, devoid of any vitality.

Cold, stiff, and fragile, it seemed as if the slightest force would shatter and dissipate her.

Kai held his breath, focused his mind, and carefully lifted her slowly from the narrow, sharp crevices of the coral reef, moving her gently and carefully.

Throughout, his movements were gentle and precise, not daring to deviate even slightly, not daring to exert any force, for fear of touching her injuries, aggravating her condition, or crushing her remaining life force.

Once he had completely lifted her from the crevice of the reef and out of the dark abyss, he swiftly moved to a large, flat, clean, and smooth seabed rock, landing steadily and firmly.

He gently bent down and laid A'Zi softly on the warm, smooth rock surface.

Without hesitation, Kai slowly raised his right hand, his palm flat and relaxed, his spiritual energy condensed, and placed it steadily on A'Zi's cold and weak chest.

The next instant, Kai's eyes slightly closed, his mind extremely focused, and the "Concentration Technique" within his body circulated at full speed, exploding to its ultimate limit.

Buzz!

A deep and powerful hum of spiritual energy quietly exploded from within him.

Pure, primordial, and transcendent gray chaotic power, like a torrent that had slumbered for eternity, suddenly awakened, surging wildly from his dantian and the meridians throughout his body, pouring out in its entirety.

Ordinary cultivators heal by mobilizing their meager spiritual energy, slowly nourishing, gradually strengthening their foundation, a method that is safe but slow.

But at this moment, A'Zi's injuries are critical, her life hanging by a thread, and she

cannot withstand any slow, gradual healing. Saving her is like putting out a fire; there is no time to lose.

Kai knew perfectly well that to pull A'Zi back from the brink of death, he had to exhaust his own essence and overdraw his cultivation.

He would use the most powerful, purest, and most domineering chaotic power to forcefully cleanse, repair, nourish, and strengthen her foundation, sacrificing himself for a sliver of life. A

continuous stream of gray chaotic power surged from his palm,

transforming into a warm, gentle, and finely continuous gray light, seeping into A'Zi's flesh, meridians, dantian, and soul.

The power of chaos is the source of all laws, the foundation of all heavens, and the origin of the Great Dao. It encompasses, nourishes, purifies, and repairs all things.

All injuries, hidden wounds, evil influences, and violent forces in the world can be dissolved, dissolved, soothed, and repaired by the power of chaos.

However, the more Kai investigated, the heavier and more alarmed

he felt. A Zi's injuries were far more severe than he could see with his own eyes, far exceeding his expectations by a hundred times.

Large areas of her meridians were broken, shattered, and collapsed, and countless tiny meridians were completely exhausted, withered, and lifeless.

Like a stream frozen solid in the dead of winter, there was no sign of flow or life.

Her spiritual energy channels were riddled with holes, broken and fragmented, no longer whole.

Within her dantian, the immortal source power she had cultivated for ten thousand years was almost completely exhausted and depleted .