the mans Decree: Kai Ping / Chen Ping

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Knowing the critical situation and the importance of division of labor, she spoke no more, hesitated no more, and nodded through gritted teeth.

Turning around, she led her five younger sisters to quickly retreat to the front of the stone tablet. The six-colored immortal light instantly condensed and converged again, fiercely protecting the core of the ruins' entrance, building the last solid line of defense.

Kai slowly turned, alone, facing the torrent of spiritual energy sweeping across the heavens and earth, destroying everything, facing the menacing gazes and overwhelming killing intent of the hundreds of cultivators.

Boom!

The chaotic power that had been dormant for a moment suddenly surged around him again, spreading out to its extreme. Gray light shot into the sky, traversing all directions.

Instantly, it condensed into a massive, thick, and boundless gray light wall spanning the entire valley, standing firmly in the center of the battlefield, forcefully blocking the raging onslaught.

The next second, countless violent spiritual energies bombarded the chaotic light wall!

A deafening roar echoed continuously, layer upon layer, reverberating for miles around. Terrifying shockwaves rolled and swept across the land, causing the earth to tremble violently, rocks to crumble, and dust to billow everywhere.

The thick gray light barrier trembled violently, its light shifting and its spiritual glow fluctuating. Countless fine cracks spread rapidly like a spiderweb, covering the barrier.

Tiny specks of light constantly crumbled, scattered, and dissolved at the edges of the barrier, seemingly on the verge of complete collapse.

Yet Kai remained upright, standing firm, gritting his teeth and holding on, never retreating a single step, never wavering in the slightest. With his own strength and his very essence, he withstood the combined, ferocious attack of dozens of Grand Luo Golden Immortals.

All the attackers outside the valley had their pupils shrink in shock, their faces filled with horror, their minds reeling.

Everyone was incredulous and utterly astonished.

A mere seventh-grade Golden Immortal cultivator, whose cultivation level was far inferior to the others, was able to single-handedly withstand the combined onslaught of dozens of Grand Luo Golden Immortals.

He had forcefully blocked this terrifying attack capable of destroying mountains. This strength, this foundation, this combat power was too bizarre, too heaven-defying, too terrifying!

"This kid is definitely not simple, he's very strange! He's no ordinary cultivator!"

"Don't give him a chance to breathe, a chance to recover! Everyone, go all out, attack with all your might! Break through the light barrier, kill this brat, break through the defenses!"

From within the crowd, someone roared fiercely, urging them on. The killing intent intensified, and the attacks became even more ferocious.

Countless spiritual energy attacks gathered again, blasting out wildly, layer upon layer, continuously applying pressure, determined to break through the barrier, kill, and seize the opportunity.

Kai knew perfectly well that a prolonged battle would be disadvantageous, and delay would inevitably lead to defeat.

He didn't linger in battle, didn't engage in a direct confrontation, and didn't show off. With a swift movement, he retreated, his grey robe billowing wildly in the wind like a banner. His figure transformed into a condensed stream of light, rapidly retreating towards the stone tablet.

Just as he completely disappeared within the tablet's protective range, the woman in the red dress acted decisively.

The six-colored immortal light suddenly converged rapidly, tightening and solidifying layer by layer. The previously expansive immortal light barrier instantly contracted and became extremely concentrated.

It transformed into a dense, unbreakable, and impenetrable immortal barrier, completely sealing the entrance to the ruins and isolating all attacks.

The raging spiritual energy and dense attacks that followed relentlessly crashed against the contracted immortal light barrier.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A series of deafening explosions shook the heavens and earth, the surface of the barrier flickering with intense spiritual light, its brightness fluctuating wildly, cracks appearing

everywhere, yet it remained resilient and unyielding. It blocked and neutralized all the deadly attacks, remaining as steadfast and impregnable as ever, no matter how fierce the external onslaught.

The instant the battle was completely stabilized and the attacks were contained, Kai's body went limp, he staggered slightly, his back gently leaning against the cold, ancient stone tablet. His

tense body suddenly relaxed, exhaustion and weakness instantly engulfing him, permeating every limb.

He gasped for breath, his chest heaving, his breathing erratic and unsteady.

His once clear and gentle face was now ashen, bloodless, and glaringly pale, his forehead covered in a fine layer of hot sweat that trickled down his sharply defined jawline.

The chaotic essence that had once been abundant within his body was now like a riverbed completely drained, empty and powerless.

Only a thin layer of spiritual light remained, barely sustaining his body and keeping his soul conscious.

The extreme operation he had just performed, withstanding the combined attack of dozens of Grand Luo Golden Immortals, had completely drained and exhausted all the remaining essence power he had used up.

"Chen Ping! How are you?!"

Jiang Xuelan's heart tightened, her face filled with worry. She rushed to his side, her icy blue eyes filled with anxiety and heartache.

Looking closely at his pale and weak appearance, she asked anxiously, "Has your injury worsened? Is your source energy completely depleted?"

"It's alright."

Kai's voice was hoarse and dry, weak and powerless, carrying the exhaustion of extreme overexertion. He gently shook his head, "It's just that my spiritual energy is depleted and my source energy is overdrawn, but my foundation hasn't been damaged. Give me some time, and I can recover quickly and return to my peak."

After speaking, he stopped talking and stopped wasting his energy. He bent his knees, sat cross-legged, and firmly planted himself on the ground in front of the stone tablet.

With a flick of his finger, the storage ring flashed with spiritual light, and countless high-grade spirit crystals and peerless pills, piled up like a mountain, poured out and fell to the ground in front of him, piling up into a small mountain of various colors and dazzling spiritual light.

These were all his wealth and lifelong treasures accumulated from traversing the Void Sea, exploring the Twenty Heavens, and experiencing countless battles and opportunities.

Each spirit crystal was incredibly pure and rich in essence, and each pill was a rare treasure for healing, strengthening the body, and rapid recovery.

Kai closed his eyes tightly, focused his mind, and activated the "Mind Concentration Technique" at full speed, pushing it to its limit. He completely refined his mind, eliminating all distracting thoughts and isolating himself from the external battle.

A

low, continuous hum of spiritual energy emanated from his body.

A massive amount of high-grade spirit crystals melted, liquefied, and vaporized rapidly, like ice meeting fire or the sun melting ice.

They transformed into strands of pure, mellow, and unadulterated spiritual energy, flowing continuously into his meridians and dantian.

One rare pill after another exploded, releasing their full medicinal power, their rich and pure properties transforming into a surging torrent of spiritual energy.

It cleansed and nourished his damaged meridians, weakened dantian, and trembling soul, gradually replenishing his depleted essence, repairing his overdrawn internal injuries, and restoring his peak combat power. His

depleted and empty dantian was slowly replenished and filled again; The parched, lifeless riverbed, like spring rain nourishing all things, slowly seeped forth spiritual springs, gathered into streams, and surged forth in renewed life.

Gray, chaotic power flowed slowly around him, gradually growing stronger and rising, slowly regaining its former weight and domineering presence.

Before the stone tablet, Azi stood side-by-side with her six sisters, vigilant and prepared, the six-colored immortal light continuously flowing, stabilizing the barrier.

Seven pairs of eyes were fixed on the frenzied attackers outside the valley, their expressions grave and their hearts filled with vigilance, daring not to relax for a moment.

The attacks from the outside were like a surging tide, relentless, tireless, and never-ending.

One wave of violent attack fell, its aftershocks barely dissipating before the next, even stronger, assault followed, crushing everything in its path.

Each strike of spiritual power, each collision of forces, caused the six-colored immortal light barrier to tremble violently, its light fluctuating, and cracks spreading.

Countless fine lines continuously sprouted, spread, and intertwined on the surface of the barrier, seemingly on the verge of complete collapse.

Yet, the seven women remained united, their essences intertwined, their spiritual power mutually supportive, continuously overdrawing their own immortal foundations and outputting pure immortal energy.

Time and again, they rapidly repaired the barrier's cracks, replenished their spiritual energy depletion, and solidified the defensive barrier, stubbornly guarding the entrance to the ruins, never allowing the enemy to cross the threshold even slightly.

"Eldest sister, can he...can he really recover quickly?"

Azi looked at Kai, who was sitting cross-legged behind her, meditating with all his might, and then at the relentless, ferocious attacks outside and the increasingly fragile immortal light barrier. Her heart was filled with undisguised worry and unease as she softly asked.

The eldest woman in the red dress gazed intently at the slowly recovering and increasingly condensed gray chaotic spiritual light surrounding Kai. The worry in her eyes gradually faded, replaced by certainty and trust. Her voice was calm yet powerful.

“Since he made the promise, he can certainly keep it. We just need to stabilize the battle, hold the line, and wait for his return to turn the tide,” said the eldest woman in the red dress.

On the battlefield of Tianxuan Continent, the fighting remained fierce, the battle raging on relentlessly, and the situation extremely dangerous. The stalemate was like a tightly strung bowstring, ready to snap at any moment and collapse completely.

Meanwhile, on the distant Tian Shu Continent, a storm of top-tier power, sweeping across the entire divine territory, overturning the balance of power among the three races, and far more vast and devastating, had already begun, spreading wildly and engulfing the entire region.

On the Tian Shu Continent, the core temple of the Golden Crow family stood majestic and imposing, its golden roof gleaming, surrounded by divine light, standing for eternity, its majesty unparalleled.

On the main throne of the hall, Jin Wuyai sat upright, his face cold and stern.

His incomparably noble golden divine robe was neat and solemn, shimmering with divine light, and he exuded an overwhelming divine pressure, his aura powerful and commanding, overlooking all directions.

At this moment, deep within his once proud and majestic golden eyes, which looked down upon all living beings, surged an extreme rage and overwhelming ferocity, like a volcano dormant for millennia, about to erupt.

The surrounding air was icy cold and suffocating, the temperature of the entire hall suddenly dropping to freezing point, the oppressive aura terrifying and chilling.

In the very center of the hall, a high-ranking messenger from the Golden Crow family, dressed in a gray steward's robe, knelt on the ground, his body tense, trembling, and afraid to raise his head.

His aura was chaotic, his heart filled with fear, and he trembled uncontrollably, his forehead pressed tightly against the cold ground, not daring to breathe loudly, extreme panic enveloping his entire being.

"Patriarch... the three cities of the Northern Region... have completely fallen, all occupied by the Silver Moon Clan's army!"

The steward's voice trembled, broken and intermittent. "The main force of the clan was dispatched to the Seven Star Continent to guard the Void Battlefield. The clan's internal forces were weak and lacked combat power. The Silver Moon Clan had been planning this for a long time and launched a sudden and massive sneak attack.

The guards who remained fought desperately, but they were powerless to resist and retreated step by step. In the end, they were all defeated and suffered heavy casualties. The three cities of the Northern Region have completely fallen, and the entire territory has changed hands!"

Boom!

These few words were like a thunderbolt, striking Jin Wuyai's heart.

Jin Wuyai's long, strong fingers suddenly gripped the armrest of the jade throne beneath him tightly, veins bulging, his strength at its peak.

The exquisite jade armrest, hard and smooth, unblemished for millennia, instantly cracked under his extreme divine power and furious force, its surface cracking and spreading with fine, interwoven fissures. The

golden divine light surrounding him suddenly surged violently, its intensity shifting wildly. His previously calm and restrained aura instantly became violent and overwhelming, his killing intent boiling. The air in the entire hall froze, becoming suffocatingly oppressive.

His voice was low, cold, hoarse, and piercing, each word chilling, like a blade frozen for millennia bursting forth, carrying a world-destroying rage and killing intent: "Silver Moon Clan... Yue Wuhen..."

These simple words, imbued with boundless ferocity, overwhelming killing intent, and bone-chilling cold, caused the kneeling deacon to tremble violently, nearly collapsing.

Before Jin Wuyai's anger could subside, the steward's trembling, terrified voice rang out again, filled with even deeper despair and fear: "And...and the Southern Region! The Tianxing Mine...was also secretly attacked and completely seized by the Chenxing Family!"

"The Chenxing Family dispatched elite assassins and hidden experts, taking advantage of the family's weakened rear defenses, to launch a surprise attack on the mine's stronghold in the dead of night.

Caught off guard, all the mine's guards were captured and killed or wounded. The entire Tianxing Mine, all its resources, and stored spirit stones all fell into the hands of the Chenxing Family!"

One wave subsides, another rises.

The three cities of the Northern Region have fallen, and the Southern Region's mine has been lost. Two core territories and two major resource-rich areas have been simultaneously lost and changed hands!

For the Jinwu Family, already embroiled in controversy and in a precarious situation due to the Yaoguang Continent incident, this was

undoubtedly a devastating blow, a fatal blow that struck at the very bottom!

Jin Wuyai slowly rose to his feet, his tall and imposing figure standing in the center of the hall. His golden robes billowed wildly without wind, creating a fierce rustling sound. The

dormant and suppressed golden divine fire surrounding him suddenly surged forth, soaring into the sky and spreading like wildfire, like a raging inferno, violent and overwhelming.

Extreme rage, extreme humiliation, extreme killing intent, and extreme resentment completely engulfed his mind and permeated his very being.

"Good... truly good!"

he slowly spoke, his voice low, suppressed, and icy cold, each word seemingly forced out from between his teeth, carrying with it a raging fire on the verge of exploding.

"Silver Moon lay low, launching a sneak attack; Starry Sky took advantage of the chaos, stabbing us in the back... These two powerful families joined forces to take advantage of my Golden Crow family's main force being deployed elsewhere, leaving our rear vulnerable! They've played their cards right, harboring cunning schemes!"

"Do you really think my Golden Crow family is without capable members, that we can bully and manipulate us at will? Really?" Jin Wuyai suddenly raised his hand, divine power erupting from his fingertips, and a magic incantation instantly formed!

A condensed, dazzling golden command arrow, its entire body gilded and its patterns ancient, shot into the sky from his palm, piercing through the air, piercing the palace roof, and soaring straight into the clouds.

Boom!

The command arrow suddenly exploded ten thousand meters in the sky above the Tian Shu Continent, scattering into an endless, fine, and dazzling golden rain of light, spreading and covering the entire sky.

The gilded light illuminated the heavens and earth, dyeing the entire sky of the Tian Shu Continent a dazzling, scorching golden yellow, like an ancient, blazing sun hanging high in the sky, its power overwhelming, a warning to the entire realm!

This was the highest-level rallying order, a wartime order, from the Jinwu Clan!

All the elite troops, reclusive elders, and hidden forces remaining in the family must immediately set aside all trivial matters, assemble, and prepare for battle with all their might!

"All elite troops, reclusive forces, and clan guards of the Golden Crow family, assemble across the entire region and set off immediately!"

Jin Wuyai's voice boomed, thunderous and resounding throughout the heavens and earth, shaking the entire Tian Shu Continent. "Follow me into battle! Reclaim our territory, reclaim our mines, and wash away our shame!"

Golden divine light surged and converged, flowing and swirling across the sky!

Countless elite cultivators of the Golden Crow family swiftly emerged from their various encampments and secret strongholds, assembling in mid-air.

Their golden armor gleamed, golden divine light soared into the sky, and their figures coalesced into a boundless golden torrent, its imposing momentum and overwhelming pressure sweeping and surging towards the northern region!

Jin Wuyai, clad in a golden robe, walked alone at the forefront of the torrent, his posture upright, his aura imposing, and his killing intent boiling.

His gaze, like two blazing suns, pierced through the clouds and stared into the distance, his eyes burning with an intense rage and murderous intent.

The balance of the three races that had maintained the Tian Shu Continent for millennia, the century-long peace, was utterly shattered and vanished in this moment!

War raged, strife erupted, the divine race fractured, and the great order collapsed!

...

In the northern region of the Tian Shu Continent, at the former border of the Golden Crow Clan's territory.

In the vast expanse of heaven and earth, two torrents of power of extreme colors confronted each other fiercely, clashing violently, neither yielding.

On one side was the Golden Crow Clan's domineering, fiery, and noble golden divine light, like a golden sea of fire, spreading across the plains and crushing everything in its path;

on the other side was the Silver Moon Clan's cold, clear, and ethereal moonlight, like an ice river hanging in the sky, silent and chilling, sealing off the land.

The buffer zone between the Golden Crow and Silver Moon divine races was no longer peaceful and tranquil; it had been transformed into a brutal, top-tier battlefield, a killing inferno.

Golden light and silvery moonlight constantly intertwined, clashed violently, crushed each other, and annihilated one another.

Each large-scale clash of power unleashed a terrifying spiritual energy storm sweeping across thousands of miles, shaking the heavens and earth, distorting the void, shattering mountains, and filling the sky with dust.

The once flat and fertile land had been completely flattened, shattered, and torn apart by countless battles between powerful beings and the bombardment of spiritual energy.

The land was crisscrossed with ravines, piled with rubble, scorched earth, and scarred beyond recognition—everywhere bore the horrific marks of the great battle.

Jin Wuyai's figure, like a golden meteor falling to earth, scorching the heavens and destroying the world, streaked through the flames of war, crashing down onto the empty battlefield directly in front of the gates of the three northern cities.

Golden divine flames erupted and surged around him, raging and scorching the surroundings. The terrifyingly high temperature distorted the air and vaporized the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, causing the void within his sight to tremble and warp slightly.

He raised his eyes, his gaze piercing through the smoke and flames of war, fixing on the tall, aloof figure in white robes atop the city gate. His eyes blazed with fury and boiling with killing intent.

On the city gate tower, Yue Wuhen stood calmly against the wind, composed and serene.

His elegant, pristine silver-white robe fluttered in the wind, flowing gracefully, like an ancient glacier frozen solid, pure and untouched by dust.

His almost transparent silver-white eyes were clear and ethereal, calm and unwavering, like a still, unfathomable lake under the winter moon, revealing no emotion, no joy or anger.

Behind him stood thirty elite Silver Moon Guards of the Silver Moon Clan, each clad in close-fitting, gleaming silver armor. Their armor was impeccable, their spiritual light restrained, their auras deep and focused, and their posture upright.

Each of them possessed a cultivation level firmly established at least at the first rank of the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm. Their combat prowess was refined, their foundation profound, and their teamwork impeccable. They resembled a silent, chilling, and poised silver forest, exuding a formidable and oppressive aura.

"Yue Wuhen!"

Jin Wuyai's fury was boundless, his voice booming like thunder, shaking the entire battlefield. Every word was filled with rage and killing intent, echoing across the battlefield for miles. "How dare you!"

"Taking advantage of the fact that the main force of my Jinwu clan was all dispatched to the Seven Star Continent, leaving our rear vulnerable, you secretly mobilized troops, launched a rash attack, invaded my Jinwu territory, and plundered my clan's cities!

This is a complete betrayal of faith, a tearing up of the alliance, and a provocation of a full-scale war between our two clans!"

A torrent of anger poured out, killing intent was chilling, and overwhelming pressure rolled in, attempting to intimidate the opponent and suppress the battle with the prestige of a clan leader and the aura of a powerful being.

But Yue Wuhen, standing atop the city gate, remained calm, unmoved, and with unwavering eyes. Facing Jin Wuyai's overwhelming rage and terrifying pressure, he showed no panic or fear whatsoever.

He lowered his eyes slightly, his cool gaze sweeping over the enraged and out-of-control Jin Wuyai below. His voice was calm, distant, and gentle yet cold: "Jin Wuyai, even now, you remain unrepentant and continue to distort the truth."

"The three races govern together, maintaining an eternal balance. This balance requires each to fulfill their duties, not overstep their boundaries, jointly uphold order, and protect the Heavenly Pivot. It was your Jinwu family that first broke the rules, shattered the balance, and acted recklessly!"

"You bypassed the Three Races Council, concealed the actions of the two major families, and secretly dispatched elite experts to infiltrate the Yao Guang Continent.

You trespassed into the ancient forbidden land, touched the World-Suppressing Seal, and activated the Relic Hub, ultimately triggering a cataclysmic disaster that collapsed the entire continent and claimed countless lives!"

"You personally destroyed the eternal peace of the Seven Star Continent, shook the foundations of the Heavenly Pivot Continent's rule, and shattered the ironclad rule of the three races' checks and balances!

Now that order has collapsed, calamity has descended, and people's hearts are in turmoil, instead of reflecting on your mistakes and showing remorse, you turn around and accuse me of betrayal and instigating war?"

These words were clear, each one piercing, each sentence logical.

Beneath the calm and composed tone lay extreme sarcasm and crushing power, instantly refuting and utterly shattering Jin Wuyai's furious questions.

Jin Wuyai's face suddenly turned pale, his expression shifting wildly, extremely ugly. His chest heaved violently, his anger surging, and he was filled with unbearable frustration.

He was filled with rage and murderous intent, originally intending to confront the culprit and occupy the moral high ground.

But with just a few words from Yue Wuhen, he easily dismantled the argument, calmly countered with questions, and instantly found himself at a disadvantage, speechless, and utterly humiliated.

The collapse of Yaoguang Road, unauthorized trespassing on the ruins, and disruption of the balance of power are undeniable facts. "Stop giving me that nonsense!"

Jin Wuyai's voice was filled with rage. "My Jinwu family will naturally explain the matter of Yaoguang Continent to the Three Clans Council.

But you've taken advantage of my family's weakness to launch a sneak attack on three cities in the Northern Region. What kind of behavior is this? Is this the style of the Yinyue family?"

"My style?"

Yue Wuhen's voice remained calm, but a chilling undercurrent, like a lunar eclipse, slowly approached. "The Yinyue family's style has always been 'I will not attack unless attacked.'

Your Jinwu family acted without authorization, violating the consensus of the Three Clans, destroying the entire continent, and causing the deaths of countless lives. You have already shaken the foundation of the Tian Shu Continent.

If you don't punish them, will you destroy the entire Tian Shu Continent next time?"

Jin Wuyai's lips twitched slightly. His fists clenched and unclenched, golden divine flames leaping around him, mirroring his surging anger.

He wanted to refute, but found that he couldn't deny the matter of Yaoguang Continent.

That ancient ruin, that seal, that collapse—all of this was caused by the Golden Crow family; that's an undeniable fact.

"Fine..."

Jin Wuyai's voice was low and cold, each word seemingly squeezed out from between his teeth, "I'll remember this. Yue Wuhen, you wait. When my men return, I'll settle this score with you slowly!"

He turned, his golden robe swirling in the air.

The instant he turned, Yue Wuhen's voice came from above the city gate, still calm, yet carrying a weight as cold and profound as moonlight: "Jin Wuyai, by the time your men return, the three cities of the Northern Region will already belong to the Yue family."

Jin Wuyai's steps abruptly halted, his fists clenched so tightly his knuckles turned white, but he didn't turn back.

Golden light exploded beneath his feet, his figure transforming into a golden streak of light, hurtling towards the Southern Region.

Yue Wuhen stood atop the city gate, watching the departing golden light, his silver-white eyes swirling with light that shifted like the phases of the moon.

A barely perceptible smile curved his lips as he turned and walked down the city gate.

...

Southern Region.

The Tianxing Mine, like a silver scar across the land, gleamed with a chilling light under the deep blue sky.

At the mine's entrance, the banners of the Jinwu Clan had been replaced by the Star and Moon Banners of the Chenxing Clan. The dark blue banners fluttered in the wind like twinkling stars in the night sky.

Jin Wuyai's figure descended from the sky, his golden light like a falling sun, crashing heavily onto the open ground at the mine's entrance.

His face was even more somber than before, his golden eyes blazing with a volcanic fury.

He had just suffered a setback in the Northern Region; Yue Wuhen's arrogant demeanor had nearly consumed his reason with rage.

When his gaze swept over the Chenxing Clan cultivators clad in dark blue armor at the mine's entrance, his pupils contracted sharply.

Xing Wuji stood in the very center of the mine entrance, his figure like a shadow shrouded in starlight, his face almost invisible.

A faint silver starlight surrounded him, flowing around him like fine mercury, emanating a cool and profound aura.

Behind him stood twenty Star Guardians, each with a cultivation level above the first rank of the Great Luo Golden Immortal, their auras restrained and deep, like a silent sea of stars.

"Xing Wuji!"

Jin Wuyai's voice boomed like thunder, golden divine fire surging around him. "You dare to take advantage of our misfortune?

This Heavenly Star Mine has been the territory of my Golden Crow Clan for five thousand years! Does your Star Clan intend to break the three-clan agreement?"

Xing Wuji slightly raised his eyelids, his eyes, as if enveloped in a galaxy, surging with a cool and distant light.

His voice was deep and calm, like an echo from the distant starry sky: "Jin Wuyai, five thousand years ago, this mine originally belonged to my Chenxing family.

Back then, your Jinwu family, relying on its strength, forcibly occupied it, and the Chenxing family, for the sake of the balance of the three clans, did not pursue the matter.

Now, it is simply returning it to its rightful owner."

"Returning the property to its rightful owner?" Jin Wuyai's voice was filled with extreme sarcasm. "You're quite the talker! Why don't you take back everything we stole five thousand years ago?

Xing Wuji, are you determined to oppose my Golden Crow Clan today?"

Xing Wuji's voice remained calm, yet carried a cold and distant sharpness like starlight: "Jin Wuyai, do you think you still have the right to say such things?

Your Golden Crow Clan went too far in the matter of Yaoguang Continent. The joint discussion among the three clans is the foundation for maintaining order on the Tian Shu Continent. You bypassed the joint discussion and acted arbitrarily, violating the seal and causing the continent to collapse, shaking the very foundation of the Seven Star Continent.

Even if I don't take back the Tianxing Mine today, the Silver Moon Clan will take back something else. You sowed the seeds, and now you should reap the consequences."

Jin Wuyai's anger finally erupted completely.

His voice carried a suppressed roar: "Fine! Very well! You all take advantage of my misfortune, thinking my Golden Crow family is easy to bully, right?

Today I'll show you that even if my Golden Crow family's main force is deployed elsewhere, it's not something your Chenxing family can mess with!"

He suddenly raised his hands, and golden divine fire condensed in his palms into two enormous golden pillars of light, like two roaring golden dragons, crashing down towards Xing Wuji.

Each pillar of light contained the full power of a third-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal, enough to flatten a mountain, tearing fine black cracks through the space it passed through.

Xing Wuji stood still, not dodging.

He simply slowly raised his right hand, his five fingers spread.

A silver starlight, like mercury stripped from the void, condensed in his palm, transforming into a silver light shield with a flowing star map.

The golden pillar of light crashed into the silver light shield, producing a deafening roar. The shockwave spread outwards, blasting rocks from the ground and sending dust billowing into the air.

But the silver light shield remained completely still. The golden beam of light, upon contact with the silver light, was as if drawn into an endless sea of stars.

All its power was broken down, dispersed, and dissolved layer by layer, ultimately dissipating into countless tiny specks of light that vanished into the air.

Jin Wuyai's pupils contracted sharply. He could sense that the power Xing Wuji used to block his attack was far greater than he had anticipated. "You..."

Jin Wuyai's voice held a hint of surprise, "Your strength...when did it..."

"I've always had this strength, but you've never truly seen it."

Xing Wuji's voice remained calm, yet carried a distant and chilling coldness, like starlight. "Jin Wuyai, you think the Golden Crow Clan is

the strongest force on the Tian Shu Continent, you think the Golden Crow Clan has always held the dominant position among the three clans.

But have you ever considered why the Chenxing Clan has been able to stand firm between you and the Yinyue Clan?"

Before he finished speaking, he had already moved.

His speed was extreme, even twice as fast as Jin Wuyai had anticipated.

His figure appeared before Jin Wuyai in an instant, like a silent streak of starlight, his right hand striking out like a star blade piercing through the void, his palm gathering stellar power capable of crushing space.

Jin Wuyai hastily raised his arms to block.

The palm print landed on his crossed arms, bringing a terrifying force like a falling star.

Jin Wuyai was forced back dozens of steps, each step leaving deep footprints in the ground, the edges of which were covered with fine cracks.

His arms trembled slightly, a gash in his thumb, golden blood dripping from between his fingers onto the ground.

He suddenly raised his head, his golden eyes surging with disbelief: "You...you were hiding your strength?"

"I wasn't hiding my strength,"

Xing Wuji's voice remained calm, "It's just that you've never truly seen the Chenxing family's true strength.

Jin Wuyai, five thousand years ago you were able to seize the Tianxing mine from the Chenxing family, not because I couldn't stop you, but because I chose not to intervene.

Because at that time, the Tian Shu Continent needed balance, and I couldn't let the three races fall into chaos because of your greed."

His voice paused, carrying a weight as precise and cold as a star's orbit: "But now, you've broken the balance of the three races with your own hands. So, I no longer need to tolerate it."

Jin Wuyai's lips trembled, his face as pale as paper.

He could sense that Xing Wuji's strength was far more than just a third-grade Grand Luo Golden Immortal. The power enveloped in starlight contained a deeper, more ancient foundation.

It was as if a long-dormant star had finally awakened from darkness, radiating a cold yet intense light.

He wanted to retaliate, but Xing Wuji's next attack was already upon him.

Starlight condensed into countless tiny star blades around him, raining down on Jin Wuyai like a storm, each blade sharp enough to cut through space.

Jin Wuyai hastily dodged, golden divine light forming a shield around him, but the star blades pierced through it as easily as paper.

Several fine wounds were left on his arms and shoulders, golden blood seeping from them and dripping down his robes.

"Enough!"

Jin Wuyai's voice was filled with extreme humiliation and resentment. He retreated sharply, creating distance.

A mixture of anger and fear surged in his golden eyes. "Xing Wuji...you wait! Once I bring back my main force from the other continents, I'll settle this score with you!"

Xing Wuji didn't pursue, but stood still, like an unchanging star in the night sky.

His voice came from the starlight, calm and distant: "Jin Wuyai, I'm waiting for you."

Jin Wuyai's teeth gritted, but he didn't attack again.

He knew he had completely lost the upper hand today.

Yue Wuhen had occupied three cities in the Northern Region, Xing Wuji had seized a mine in the Southern Region, and the main force of his Jinwu family was far away on the Seven Star Continent. The forces left behind were simply no match for the elites of the two families.

If he continued to entangle himself, it would only worsen the situation.

He turned around, golden light exploding beneath his feet, his figure transforming into a golden streak of light, rushing towards the Jinwu family's territory.

Behind him, he left behind a patch of ground torn apart by the battle, and the Chenxing family cultivators who had silently watched everything.

Xing Wuji stood before the mine entrance, watching the golden streak of light disappear into the distant horizon. His eyes, enveloped in a galaxy of stars, churned with an unfathomable light as deep as the starry sea.

His voice was soft, so soft that only he could hear it: "The fall of the Golden Crow Clan begins today."

...

Meanwhile, on the battlefield of Tianxuan Continent, the stalemate continued.

The attackers surged like a tireless tide, wave after wave crashing against the six-colored immortal light barrier.

Azi and her six sisters struggled to hold on, each exhausting their own immortal essence.

Behind the stone tablet, Kai sat cross-legged, gray chaotic energy slowly circulating around him. The mountain of spirit crystals and pills was visibly being consumed.

His recovery would take time.

And on the battlefield of Tianxuan Continent, the cracks in the six-colored immortal light barrier were multiplying and deepening.

The cracks on the six-colored celestial light barrier grew more numerous and denser, like glass being repeatedly struck, each impact leaving new fissures on its surface.

These fine cracks crisscrossed, like a spiderweb covering the entire barrier, spreading from bottom to top, shimmering with chilling white light within the dark cyan glow.

A trace of blood seeped from the corner of A Zi's mouth, and the second girl in orange was ashen-faced.

The fingers of the third girl in yellow trembled slightly, the fourth girl in green could barely stand, and the fifth girl in cyan and the sixth girl in blue were noticeably weaker than before.

Although the six celestial lights continued to circulate, they lacked their previous intensity and brightness, flickering like a candle in the wind, threatening to extinguish completely at any moment.

"Eldest sister..."

A Zi's voice was hoarse and urgent, "I can't hold on much longer..."

The eldest girl in red gritted her teeth, her crimson eyes surging with a resolute light: "Even if you can't hold on, you have to! Hold on a little longer, he'll recover soon!"

She glanced back.

The gray chaotic power flowing around Kai was much denser than before. He had already consumed most of the mountain of spirit crystals and pills, and his complexion was gradually regaining its rosy hue, his aura steadily rising.

However, the gray light remained somewhat unstable, like a flame repeatedly battered by a strong wind, not yet fully stabilized.

"I didn't..." Boom!

A deafening roar exploded on the surface of the barrier.

A golden pillar of light, condensed by the combined efforts of seven Grand Luo Golden Immortals at the second rank, crashed heavily into the weakest point of the six-colored immortal light barrier like a roaring golden dragon.

That pillar of light contained the full power of seven Grand Luo Golden Immortals at the second rank, enough to level a mountain.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

A dense series of cracking sounds, like ice breaking, echoed throughout the valley.

The already cracked six-colored immortal light barrier finally succumbed to this final blow.

Cracks spread wildly in all directions from the point of impact, like a chain reaction, and the entire barrier groaned under the immense pressure as it trembled violently.

Then—it shattered!

The six-colored immortal light scattered like broken glass, turning into countless tiny, colorful specks of light that drifted, fell, and disappeared above the valley.

The eldest woman in the red dress was thrown back several steps by the recoil, spitting out a mouthful of blood that stained her crimson dress.

Azi, the second woman in orange, the third woman in yellow, the fourth woman in green, the fifth woman in blue, and the sixth woman in blue—seven figures were almost simultaneously thrown back, each coughing up blood, their auras instantly weakening to the extreme.

"Eldest sister!"

Azi's voice was filled with despair. She tried to re-condense her immortal light, but her immortal essence was exhausted.

Her arms trembled violently, unable to even form the most basic hand seals.

In the valley, the attackers surged in like a flood bursting its banks.

Their eyes gleamed with greed and madness, their mouths emitting excited roars as they charged madly towards the stone tablet.

Hundreds of figures simultaneously poured into the narrow valley, golden divine light, crimson flames, and deep blue water intertwining, illuminating the entire valley as if it were daytime.

"The ruins! The ruins are just ahead!"

"Whoever gets them keeps them!"

"Kill!"

Jiang Xuelan stood before the stone tablet, her icy blue eyes gleaming with a chilling light.

A thin layer of ice armor condensed around her, her hands forming hand seals, and icy blue energy formed an ice wall before her, blocking the first few cultivators charging forward.

But her spiritual energy was rapidly depleting, and new cracks kept appearing on the ice wall, which she quickly repaired.

Xuan Zhenzi protected the little Daoist boy behind him, his cyan palm strikes relentlessly repelling the cultivators who tried to attack from the side.

But blood was seeping from the corner of his mouth, and his aura was noticeably weaker than before.

"Hold on!"

Xuan Zhenzi's voice was hoarse and urgent, "Hold on a little longer! Mr. Chen is almost ready!"

But the number of attackers was too great.

Hundreds of people surged forward like a tide, including many powerful cultivators at the second level of the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm.

The Seven Fairies had exhausted their spiritual energy and were almost unable to fight.

Despite their desperate resistance, Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi's defenses were crumbling under the overwhelming numerical superiority of the attackers.

If these people hadn't been hesitant to use their full strength for fear of damaging the ruins, Jiang Xuelan and Xuanzhenzi would have already succumbed.

A burly beastman broke through Jiang Xuelan's ice wall, his massive battle axe slashing down towards her head.

Jiang Xuelan dodged to the side; the axe grazed her shoulder, leaving a tear in her ice-blue robe, from which a trickle of blood seeped.

She was thrown back several steps, her back slamming heavily against the stone tablet, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

"Xuelan!"

Azi's voice was urgent; she struggled to her feet, but her legs gave way, and she collapsed to her knees again.

As the attackers' gazes fell upon the Seven Fairies and Jiang Xuelan, the greed in their eyes gradually shifted from the treasures to something else.

A cultivator in a dark gold robe licked his lips, his gaze sweeping over the cold, beautiful face of the woman in the red dress. His voice was laced with lewd laughter: "Tsk tsk, the Seven Fairies... I'd only ever heard their names before, never imagined I'd see them in person.

Each one is so stunningly beautiful, it's making my heart itch."

Another powerful demon laughed, his gaze lingering on Jiang Xuelan. His voice was rough and lewd: "That little ice-blue wench is not bad either, cold and aloof, even more alluring.

I'm going to pin her down today and see what expression that cold face can conjure!"

"Don't rush, don't rush, one at a time!"

a third cultivator laughed loudly. "The Seven Fairies plus that ice beauty, that'll be enough for us to enjoy!"

Jiang Xuelan's face instantly turned deathly pale.

Her hands trembled slightly, icy blue energy condensing at her fingertips, but it was so thin it could barely form an attack.

Looking at the approaching faces, their eyes gleaming with lewd light, an unprecedented despair welled up within her.

She glanced back instinctively. Kai was still sitting cross-legged behind the stone tablet, gray chaotic energy flowing around him, but he hadn't fully recovered.

His eyes were still closed, his brows slightly furrowed, clearly still fully engaged in his cultivation technique.

Jiang Xuelan's heart sank.

She knew she wouldn't live to see him recover.

If those cultivators dared to attack her, she would rather die than let them succeed.

She absolutely could not betray Kai, not even in death.

She took a deep breath, her icy blue eyes surging with resolute light.

She stopped resisting, instead gathering the last wisp of Ice God power in her palm, aiming it at her chest.

If anyone dared to touch her, she would immediately shatter her heart meridian and end her life.

The eldest woman in the red dress also sensed Jiang Xuelan's intention. Her pupils contracted sharply, and her voice was hoarse and urgent: "No! Don't do anything foolish! He's almost healed! Hold on a little longer!" "

It's too late..."

Jiang Xuelan's voice was very soft, so soft that only she could hear it. Her gaze finally fell on Kai, and complex emotions surged in her icy blue eyes. "Chen Ping... I'm sorry..."

A cultivator grinned and reached out to grab Jiang Xuelan's arm: "Don't be afraid, little beauty, I'll take good care of you..."

Just as his fingertips were about to touch the hem of Jiang Xuelan's clothes—

a gray light suddenly exploded from behind the stone tablet.

The light was more intense than ever before, like a gray sun suddenly rising from the ground, illuminating the entire valley as if it were daytime.

Within the gray light lay an extreme power of chaos, a domineering and profound force, like the source of all laws reforming itself, carrying a terrifying pressure that suppressed the heavens.

The attackers froze instantly.

Everyone felt a... Kai opened his eyes.

His purple eyes, illuminated by the gray light, blazed like two burning flames, surging with an extreme, chilling killing intent.

His gaze swept over the lewd smiles on the faces in the valley.

Over the filthy hands reaching out towards the Seven Fairies and Jiang Xuelan.

Over the greedy, crazed expressions—then he slowly stood up.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword automatically unsheathed itself in his hand, emitting a clear and domineering dragon's roar. The sword's cry reverberated through the void, stirring up visible ripples in the air.

The purple sword light intertwined with the gray chaotic power, transforming into a long, gray-purple rainbow that stretched across the entire valley, enveloping all the attackers.

"You... deserve to die."

His voice was calm, as calm as a deep pool beneath a thousand-year-old iceberg, without a ripple, without a trace of warmth.

That calmness was more chilling than any roar, as if he had compressed all his anger to its absolute limit, transforming it into a pure, unexpressed killing intent.

The divine cultivator who reached for Jiang Xuelan didn't even have time to react before a gray-purple sword light swept past his body.

His movements froze, the savage grin still on his face, but his body had already split in two, falling silently to the ground, blood spurting out and splashing onto Jiang Xuelan's clothes.

"Attack together! He's alone!" someone shouted.

Dozens of attacks simultaneously slammed into Kai.

Golden divine light, crimson flames, deep blue water light, dark green wood-elemental spiritual power.

The various colors of light intertwined, like a destructive torrent.

Kai didn't dodge. He simply slowly raised the Dragon-Slaying Sword and swung it downwards.

A gray-purple sword light surged from the tip of the sword, like a gray river stretching across the heavens and earth, sweeping towards the destructive torrent.

Wherever the sword light passed, space was torn open with black cracks, emitting a sharp shriek. The various colors of light were like paper before the power of chaos, instantly swallowed, dissolved, and annihilated.

The gray-purple sword light didn't pause for a moment, continuing forward, piercing through the destructive torrent, and precisely striking the leading Grand Luo Golden Immortals of the second rank.

Their protective divine light shattered like paper, their bodies cleaved in two by the sword light, golden and dark red blood intertwining in the air to form a blinding blood mist.

One sword strike, seven Grand Luo Golden Immortals of the second rank, all dead.

The valley fell into a deathly silence.

The attackers froze in place as if frozen, their pupils contracting violently, their breaths stopping abruptly, their souls screaming madly.

A Golden Immortal of the seventh rank, killing seven Grand Luo Golden Immortals of the second rank with a single sword strike—this power was beyond their comprehension.

"Run...run!"

Someone finally reacted, turning to flee.

But his foot had barely taken a step when a gray-purple sword light pierced through his body from behind.

His body fell forward like a kite with a broken string, already lifeless upon landing.

Kai didn't stop.

His figure transformed into a streak of gray light, rapidly traversing the valley. The Dragon-Slaying Sword in his hand was like a flowing purple lightning bolt, each flash claiming several lives.

The attackers fell in rows like harvested wheat, their screams, pleas for mercy, and cries mingling and quickly dissipating in the gray sword light.

"Spare us! Spare us! We'll never dare again!"

"We were forced! The Golden Crow Clan forced us here!"

"Please, spare us..."

No one paid any attention. Kai's sword showed no pause, no mercy, only the purest killing intent.

His gaze remained icy cold, his mind replaying the image of those filthy hands reaching for Jiang Xuelan and the Seven Fairies, the lewd smiles on their faces, the resolute despair in Jiang Xuelan's eyes.

He answered everything with his sword.

A stick of incense later, not a single attacker remained standing in the valley.

Hundreds of corpses lay scattered across the valley floor, golden, dark red, and deep blue blood mingling and forming crisscrossing streams in the dim blue light.

The air was thick with the stench of blood and burnt flesh, a gruesome sight reminiscent of a slaughterhouse.

Kai stood in the center of this mountain of corpses and sea of blood, his grey robes soaked through to a dark red, blood still dripping from his Dragon-Slaying Sword.

His face was expressionless, his purple eyes a deep, unfathomable calm, like the surface of the sea after a storm, churning before settling into stillness.

He turned and strode quickly to Jiang Xuelan.

Jiang Xuelan leaned against the stone tablet, her icy blue eyes gleaming with the light of relief after the ordeal. Her arms still trembled slightly, but she no longer mustered the strength to commit suicide.

She looked at Kai, her lips moving slightly, her voice hoarse and weak: "You...you're finally awake..."

Kai knelt down and took her hand.

Her palms were cold and damp, her fingertips trembling slightly.

He gripped her tightly, saying nothing.

"I..." Jiang Xuelan's voice choked with emotion, "I thought I'd never see you again..."

"No one will dare touch you again."

Kai's voice was soft, yet carried a certainty akin to a vow, "Whoever touches you, I will kill."

He released her hand, stood up, and walked to the Seven Fairies.

Seven figures lay scattered before the stone tablet, each bearing severe injuries, their breaths barely perceptible, flickering like candles in the wind.

The eldest woman in the red dress leaned against the stone tablet, her crimson eyes half-closed, a trace of blood still clinging to her lips.

Azi huddled beside her eldest sister, her purple dress stained with dust and blood, her breathing rapid and weak.

Kai knelt down, placing his palm on the eldest woman's chest, the power of chaos slowly seeping into her body.

He examined her injuries—multiple meridians were shattered, her immortal essence was severely depleted, and her soul was still reeling from the shock; each injury was potentially fatal.

The other six were in similar condition; without immediate treatment, they wouldn't survive the night.

Kai was silent for a moment, then spoke: "I need to cultivate with you. Dual cultivation can repair your meridians and restore your immortal essence at the fastest speed.

If you don't recover quickly, your injuries will leave permanent damage."

The eldest woman in the red dress opened her eyes, a complex light swirling within them.

She stared at Kai for a long time before slowly speaking, her voice hoarse yet clear: "Are you... sure this is the only way?"

"This is the fastest way,"

Kai said calmly. "Your injuries are too severe." The eldest sister in the red dress remained silent for a moment, then looked at her six younger sisters.

They were all still virgins, never having practiced dual cultivation with a man. Now that Kai wanted to cultivate with all seven of them, even as the eldest sister, she dared not make the decision on her own.

"Eldest sister, I'm willing to cultivate with Mr. Chen..." Azi spoke first.

Azi was very grateful to Kai, so she was willing to agree to whatever he asked.

Even if it wasn't for healing, if Kai just wanted some pleasure, Azi would agree.

"And you?" the eldest sister in the red dress asked her other sisters.

The second sister in orange nodded slightly, the third sister in yellow lowered her eyes slightly, the fourth sister in green bit her lip, and the fifth sister in cyan and the sixth sister in blue exchanged glances, all seeing the same determination in each other's eyes.

"Alright." The eldest sister's voice was slightly hoarse, but still firm, "We agree."

Kai nodded, then waved his hand, creating a private space, and led the seven fairies inside.

Inside, Kai personally helped them undress.

Outside, Xuanzhenzi licked his lips enviously and looked at Jiang Xuelan, asking, "Miss Jiang, aren't you jealous?"

"Not jealous at all. What's there to be jealous of? Kai told me long ago that he's cultivated with at least eight hundred, if not a thousand, women."

"He even cultivated with a sect full of women. That sect wanted to improve their strength and fuse their bloodlines with Kai, so hundreds of disciples took turns."

"So I don't mind these seven more. Kai was only doing it to heal them; there were no feelings involved."

Jiang Xuelan said nonchalantly.

Xuanzhenzi listened, almost crying with envy. Hundreds of women?

"Sigh!" Xuanzhenzi sighed, then looked at the little Daoist boy beside him and slapped him: "Why can't you be a woman?"

"Master, if I were a woman, my master's wife wouldn't let me be with you!"

the little Daoist boy said, his face full of grievance.

"Don't mention your master's wife!" Xuanzhenzi said, covering his ears and leaving.

Although Kai had isolated a space and couldn't see anything, he could still hear the sounds.

Whether Kai did it intentionally or not, he made Xuan Zhenzi feel very uncomfortable, so he could only cover his ears and leave.

...

Seven hours later, seven figures slowly stood up from behind the stone tablet.

Their faces still showed a trace of weakness, but they were much better than before when they were on the verge of collapse. The rosy complexion had returned to their cheeks, and the flowing immortal light was more concentrated than before.

Each of them looked at Kai with a complex emotion, but there was no regret in that emotion, only a tacit understanding like that of those who had fought side by side.

Seven women for seven hours, Kai did not show favoritism, giving each one an hour.

"Are you tired?" Jiang Xuelan asked with concern as she looked at Kai who had come out.

Kai shook his head, then looked at the distant sky and muttered softly, "Mr. Shi, I did this to save people, it wasn't just randomly picking women, I hope you can understand."

Jiang Xuelan laughed when she heard Kai's muttering.

Kai's purple eyes swept over the valley littered with corpses, then turned to the raging war in the distance of Tianxuan Continent.

"Let's go. Things aren't over here yet; there are still battles elsewhere," Kai said.

"The fighting elsewhere is likely the Daoist forces resisting. We should hurry, otherwise these remaining Daoist forces will be in danger," the

red-skirted elder woman said.

Kai nodded. "Alright, let's prepare to depart..."

Seven figures simultaneously stood behind him.

Jiang Xuelan stood beside him, her icy blue eyes filled with a hint of relief and determination.

Xuan Zhenzi, leading the young Daoist boy who had recovered somewhat, glanced enviously at Kai: "Let's go. This old man can still hold on for a while. If someone could cultivate with me, I'd probably have broken through to the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm long ago."

Kai glanced at Xuan Zhenzi without speaking, then leaped into the air.

The others also soared up, transforming into streams of light of various colors, flying towards the raging battle deep within Tianxuan Continent.

In the heart of Tianxuan Continent, flames of war raged, and the air was thick with the deafening roar of battle.

Compared to the chaotic battle before the valley ruins, the fighting in this area was far more brutal and tragic.

A coalition of demon cultivators, rogue cultivators, and vassal cultivators swarmed the mountains, relentlessly attacking the last remaining Daoist cultivators' stronghold.

Flames raged, spiritual energy shattered the sky, and countless powerful and domineering spells, supernatural abilities, and techniques rained down like a storm, shattering the Daoist's protective array and leaving it cracked and on the verge of collapse.

The array's light dimmed, its patterns crumbled, and with each violent strike of spiritual energy, countless array patterns were annihilated, and its light dissipated.

This place was the last remaining foundation of the Daoist lineage on Tianxuan Continent, and the only remaining spark of righteousness on the entire continent.

Those stationed here were the remnants of the Daoist sect: elderly elders with white hair and an air of otherworldly grace, middle-aged Daoist masters devoted to cultivation and concerned for all living beings, and young Daoist novices, their hearts still youthful, yet steadfast in their Daoist convictions.

Their cultivation levels varied greatly, with most only at the ninth rank of the Golden Immortal realm, and a very few elders barely touching the threshold of the second rank of the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm. Their combat strength was weak, and their foundation shallow.

Facing the encirclement and suppression of hundreds of all-Great Luo Golden Immortal level allies, they had no chance of winning. Relying only on their Daoist heart, their pride, and their unwavering determination to protect all living beings, they struggled on, fighting to the death.

The mountain-protecting array's spiritual light dimmed, its patterns crumbled, and it teetered on the brink of collapse. The array walls were crisscrossed with countless cracks. With each violent spiritual energy strike, countless array patterns were annihilated, and the spiritual light dissipated.

Within the array, the Daoist cultivators suffered heavy casualties, their corpses littering the ground, and their blood staining the green mountains.

The surviving cultivators were all wounded, their auras weak, and their spiritual energy exhausted, yet they still held their longswords, their Daoist hearts unyielding, fighting to the death without retreat.

"We can't hold on any longer... the great formation is about to break!"

A young Daoist disciple, covered in blood and staggering, his longsword trembling slightly, his eyes filled with despair, still stood firmly in front of his fellow disciples.

"Fellow disciples, today our Daoist sect is on the verge of destruction, but alas, the heavens are unjust, and the world is in chaos!"

The leading Daoist elder, his hair and beard streaked with blood, his body hunched, his breath weak, yet his gaze remained burning, his pride unyielding. "We are indifferent to our own death and the dissipation of our Daoist lineage, we only ask to protect the flame of our Daoist tradition and await the return of the righteous path!"

The allied forces were filled with murderous intent and greed, their mocking, sarcastic, and ferocious laughter echoing through the mountains: "A mere declining Daoist sect dares to seize a spiritual vein and attempt to protect the opportunities of the ruins? Today we will slaughter the entire Daoist sect, flatten the Daoist clans, and seize all the treasures of the Heavenly Jade!"

"Break the formation! Slaughter the clans! Seize the treasures!"

Countless violent spiritual energies... Just as the grand formation was about to completely collapse and the entire Daoist lineage was about to be annihilated—

in the distant sky, several beams of celestial light of various colors, carrying a thick, vast, and incomparably domineering gray stream of

light, pierced through the air, instantly traversing thousands of miles, and suddenly descended upon this war-torn mountain range.

The air currents abruptly solidified, the flames of war instantly ceased, and all the spiritual energy of heaven and earth fell silent.

An unparalleled pressure, surpassing all heavens, suppressing all laws, and overlooking all living beings, like an ancient divine mountain descending from the nine heavens, roared and enveloped the entire battlefield, crushing the surrounding world.

Gray chaotic power spread across the sky, sweeping across the land, and all the rampant, violent spiritual energy and all the howling killing divine abilities,

before this extremely thick and impenetrable chaotic aura, were like ice and snow meeting boiling oil, or ants trying to shake the heavens, instantly annihilated, completely melted away, and vanished without a trace.

The raging war and the widespread slaughter were reduced to nothing in an instant.

Kai, clad in a grey robe, stood against the wind, his figure solitary and upright, untouched by worldly dust. His surroundings emanated a restrained and profound chaotic spiritual light, unassuming yet possessing an unparalleled aura that suppressed the eight wastelands and intimidated the heavens.

His purple eyes surveyed the carnage and horrific battlefield below with indifferent gaze, their depths undisturbed, revealing only an ageless, icy indifference.

Jiang Xuelan stood silently beside him, her icy aura receding, her cool solitude a quiet companion.

Behind them stood the Seven Fairies, their six-colored immortal light flowing and condensing. Having undergone dual cultivation to heal their

wounds, their essence fully restored, their injuries healed, their immortal charm transcendent, their aura imposing, layers of immortal pressure spreading around them, carrying the transcendent foundation of an ancient immortal sect.

Xuan Zhenzi, leading a young Daoist boy, stood to the side, his languid expression now devoid of playfulness, his gaze focused, observing the situation intently.

The entire scene was deathly silent.

All the besieging allied cultivators froze, their bodies tense, their breaths stopped, their spiritual energy completely locked, and even their heartbeats nearly stopped.

They stiffly looked up at the gray-robed figure in the sky, a profound fear and awe welling up from the depths of their souls.

"A mere rabble, daring to slaughter the righteous path and wreak havoc on Tianxuan?"

Kai's voice was calm and cold, neither loud nor soft, yet it pierced through layers of clouds, resounded across thousands of miles of mountains, and shook the very souls of every person.

There was no roar, no rage, only an indifference and coldness as if looking down upon ants, yet it was more chilling than any murderous roar.

Before his words had even finished, he slightly raised his fingertip, casually, without a ripple.

A wisp of gray chaotic spiritual light pierced through the air, seemingly gentle and weak, without any power, yet carrying the primal force to crush everything, instantly sweeping across the entire allied battlefield.

Silent and still, without a ripple.

Below, hundreds of Grand Luo Golden Immortal cultivators besieging the Daoist sect instantly froze, their souls extinguished

in a flash. Their protective divine light, innate spiritual power, and physical bones were all dissolved, crushed, and annihilated by the power of chaos. In the blink of an eye, the entire allied force was wiped out, leaving not a blade of grass or a trace of corpses.

The entire noisy and tragic battlefield fell into utter silence, with only the lingering warmth of spiritual energy and a faint stench of blood remaining on the ground, proving that the battle had just taken place.

Within the great formation, all the surviving Daoist cultivators' pupils shrank, their minds trembled, and they stood frozen in place.

They clearly sensed that the gray-robed figure in the sky above possessed the purest, most orthodox, and most vast ancient Daoist primordial aura.

It was a pure Daoist charm that far surpassed all other Daoist traditions in the heavens, traced back to the ages, and reached the very origin of the Dao Ancestor—pure, righteous, all-encompassing, suppressing evil spirits, and illuminating all living beings.

This Daoist essence, cleansing away mortal dust and transcending all heavens, is the ultimate Dao that all Daoist cultivators pursue their entire lives but can never reach.

"Pure... the purest Daoist essence! It is the supreme Heavenly Dao Body of our Daoist sect!"

The leading Daoist elder trembled violently, his eyes brimming with extreme awe and ecstasy. Ignoring his severe injuries and exhaustion, he knelt heavily, bowing his head in worship.

His voice choked and trembled, utterly devout: "This junior, a remnant cultivator of the Daoist sect, pays respects to the Daoist Venerable!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the hundreds of surviving Daoist cultivators all bowed and knelt in unison, without exception, without daring to stand.

"Paying respects to the Daoist Venerable!"

The orderly, solemn, and resounding kneeling echoed through the mountains and heavens, shaking the entire Tianxuan Continent.

Kai stood calmly in the sky, looking down upon the crowd. His posture was upright, and his aura was transcendent. Facing the kneeling and reverent worship of the entire Daoist sect, his expression remained calm and composed, without a trace of pride or arrogance.

It was as if this was his innate supreme authority and the law of the heavens.

"Rise."

The single word fell like a decree from the heavens, its sound majestic and resounding.

An invisible Daoist aura spread out, gently yet forcefully lifting all the kneeling cultivators, causing them to rise slowly and involuntarily.

Kai's gaze swept calmly over the crowd, his voice steady and authoritative: "On the Tianxuan Continent, how many forces remain? How many still covet the ancient ruins?"

The Grand Elder immediately bowed and answered respectfully, not daring to conceal anything or omit anything: "Reporting to the Daoist Master, apart from the remnants of our Daoist sect, the remaining forces on the Tianxuan Continent are mostly demon races, beast races, and scattered cultivators, totaling over seventy sects and tribes of varying sizes.

Those who previously besieged the ruins and slaughtered the Daoist sect were only a portion of them. The remaining forces are all observing the

situation, lying in wait, all coveting the treasures of the ancient ruins, all hoping to seize opportunities amidst the chaos." "A meteoric rise."

The eldest woman in the red dress spoke up at the opportune moment, her voice clear, calm, and articulate, providing Kai with a complete picture of the situation: "Young Master, Tianxuan Continent has always been a subordinate continent of the ruins of the heavens, a place of mixed forces, lacking unified order and top-level checks and balances.

There are no top-tier gods or demons here to govern; it's filled with small and medium-sized forces and scattered cultivator tribes from the twenty-first heaven, with shallow foundations, narrow vision, and insatiable greed.

They know that the Tianxuan ruins hold unparalleled fortune, and they've also witnessed the collapse of Yaoguang Continent, the internal strife among various races, and the turmoil of the heavens. Therefore, they've become restless and wantonly caused chaos, attempting to profit from the chaos and seize opportunities."

"Previously, my seven sisters and I held fast to the ruins, suppressing various forces, and managed to maintain a semblance of stability.

Now, with the chaos of the world and the turmoil in people's hearts, all hidden greed and ambition have erupted. Without absolute power to suppress them, the entire Tianxuan Continent will inevitably descend into complete chaos and endless war."

Kai's gaze narrowed slightly, a cold

, indifferent glint flashing in his purple eyes. He never actively provoked conflict, but he would never tolerate those who acted recklessly, wreaked havoc on the world, or coveted the forbidden realms of Heaven.

The ancient world-suppressing ruins were crucial to the safety and eternal existence of the Twenty-One Heavens, and were by no means playthings for various forces to plunder and fight for profit.

Since the world's greed knows no death and knows no bounds, then he would use absolute power to establish rules, stabilize the universe, and suppress all heavens.

Kai raised his hand, and chaotic power erupted from his fingertips, a beam of energy traversing thousands of miles, penetrating... A supreme Daoist voice, cold and majestic, resounded throughout the entire realm, shaking all spirits:

"I, Kai, hereby establish the rules of Tianxuan."

"The ancient ruins, which suppress the world and seal demons, and maintain the balance of the heavens, are not for you to glimpse, touch, or contend for."

"From this moment forward, anyone who dares to spy on the ruins, trespass into forbidden zones, attempt to seize treasures, or stir up war—will be killed without mercy."

"Anyone who dares to wantonly kill, wreak havoc on the Tianxuan Continent, or provoke conflict—will be killed without mercy."

"War is forbidden throughout the entire realm. Those who violate these rules, regardless of their identity, cultivation level, or reason, will have their entire clan and sect exterminated without exception."

The Daoist voice rolled on, the Heavenly Dao roared, every word a law, every sentence a rule.

This was not advice, not a warning, not a discussion.

This was an ironclad law, the Heavenly Dao, an unquestionable, inviolable, and unchallengeable supreme judgment.

The entire Tianxuan Continent fell into a deathly silence, all spirits lay dormant, and all races fell silent.

All the hidden forces and cultivators who had been lying in wait were terrified, trembling with fear, suppressing all greed and ambition, and no one dared to make the slightest move.

The Heavenly Dao establishes its rules, and all laws submit.

But in the chaotic world of the Twenty-First Heaven, there is never a shortage of those who harbor illusions, are arrogant, and dare to test the law.

Beyond the Tianxuan Continent, golden divine light suddenly shot into the sky, spreading wildly and tearing through the clouds.

A well-dressed, imposing, and elite army of golden cultivators, their power unmatched, hurtled through the air, crushing the void, and marched towards the heart of the Tianxuan Continent.

The leader, clad in golden robes, radiated divine brilliance, his face arrogant, his eyes haughty, and the overwhelming pressure of a peak second-grade Grand Luo Golden Immortal emanating from him swept across the land, his aura domineering and arrogant.

It was Jin Xuanye, a core member of the Jinwu family.

Jin Xuanye had been assigned by Jin Wuyai, the patriarch of the Jinwu family, to explore the ruins of various continents within the Seven Star Continent.

The Jinwu family was a divine race, with immense resources and a history of arrogance. They were known for their disdain for others and their dominance over the heavens, never taking any continental cultivator seriously.

On continents outside the Tian Shu Continent, they were invincible.

Now, with news of Kai's awe-inspiring presence throughout the Tianxuan region, Jin Xuanye showed no fear or respect whatsoever. Instead, he

scoffed and scorned, dismissing it as mere showboating and bluffing by a lowly rogue cultivator.

In his eyes, a mere unknown junior cultivator, even with some strange strength, was utterly unqualified to stop the Jinwu family from seizing ancient ruins and controlling the creation of the heavens.

A massive golden army pressed in, its divine might overwhelming, obscuring the sky. Countless Jinwu cultivators shone with divine light, their fighting spirit soaring, their killing intent chilling.

Jin Xuanye strode through the air, looking down arrogantly with a cold laugh. His voice boomed, scorning the entire scene: "Who was it that just now spouted such nonsense, established rules to prohibit conflict, and presumptuously judged the heavens?" "

A mere nobody dares to set up rules in the realm of the heavens and obstruct my Golden Crow family from exploring ancient ruins? He is utterly ignorant of the immensity of heaven and earth, and extremely arrogant!"

His gaze was fixed on Kai in the sky, his eyes filled with contempt, arrogance, and disdain, without the slightest reverence. He shouted sharply: "I'm telling you this today!"

"The Heavenly Xuan Ruins are something my Golden Crow family is determined to obtain! Such a creation of the heavens and an ancient treasure is not for a wild cultivator like you to covet and obstruct!"

"Today, my Golden Crow family's army is here, determined to open the ruins and seize the opportunity! Anyone who dares to obstruct my Golden Crow's great cause—will be killed without mercy!" He

was arrogant, domineering, and reckless, going against the tide and testing the law.

The entire world fell silent instantly. All the Daoist cultivators and the remaining forces of Tianxuan held their breath, their hearts pounding.

Everyone was watching, watching how this mysterious Daoist Master, who had established the rules of the Heavenly Dao, would deal with the blatant provocation and declaration of war by the old, top-tier divine race, the Golden Crow Clan.

Kai stood motionless in the sky, his posture still calm and aloof.

He didn't even bother to spare a glance; his purple eyes were as indifferent as ice, his tone flat and undisturbed, devoid of any emotion, only extreme indifference and coldness: "You don't listen to the rules I set?"

These seven simple words, devoid of anger, resentment, ferocity, or malice, carried an unparalleled pressure that crushed all heavens, causing the entire void to tremble slightly.

Upon hearing this, Jin Xuanye grew even more arrogant and boastful, laughing loudly with mockery and arrogance: "Rules? Hahaha! In this chaotic world, the strong rule!

My Golden Crow Clan is the rule! Your words, spoken by an unknown junior, dare to be called rules? Do you even deserve to restrain the people of my Golden Crow Clan?"

"Stubborn and rebellious, you're courting death."

Kai's tone remained calm, without the slightest emotional fluctuation.

For those who lack reverence, do not understand the Way of Heaven, test the law, and are greedy and bring disaster to the world, he never needs any further words or advice.

If one can establish rules, one can enforce them; if one can define the Way of Heaven, one can eliminate those who defy them.

Clang!

The Dragon-Slaying Sword was drawn on its own, trembling in mid-air, its clear sound resounding through the heavens, its dragon roar shaking the universe.

Kai didn't need to raise his hand, didn't need to gather his strength, didn't need any additional techniques.

A streak of grayish-purple, extreme sword light suddenly erupted, traversing the sky and tearing apart the heavens. It was incredibly fast, instantly annihilating space and time, surpassing all speed and prediction.

Jin Xuanye's arrogant smile was still frozen, his mocking words still unfinished.

His dazzling, domineering golden protective divine light was like thin paper against a window, an ant trying to stop a chariot, instantly torn apart, utterly shattered, and vanished without a trace before this chaotic sword light.

Pfft—a

soft sound, silent and clean.

Jin Xuanye's head flew into the air, blood spurting into the sky. His body still stood in mid-air, his life force completely extinguished, his soul instantly reduced to ashes.

A peak second-grade Grand Luo Golden Immortal, a core member of the Golden Crow family, perished in a breath, killed by a single sword strike.

The entire process took only a moment, without the slightest stalemate, the slightest twist, or the slightest suspense.

Beneath the heavens, the elite cultivators of the Golden Crow Clan who had followed Jin Xuan Ye all suffered shattered pupils, broken minds, and stiffened bodies, utterly horrified.

Their own elders had been instantly killed by a casual sword strike, utterly powerless to resist!

"Those who resist are equally guilty,"

Kai said calmly. As his words fell, a vast expanse of gray-purple sword light erupted,

sweeping across all directions. Thousands of sword lights rained down, dense and powerful, their killing intent unparalleled, covering the entire area.

Hundreds of the Golden Crow Clan's remaining elite forces, without exception, without exception, were annihilated by the chaotic sword light, their bodies shattered, their souls destroyed—a complete wipeout.

Blood flowed through the heavens, staining the sky, and corpses littered the mountains.

The renowned Golden Crow Clan's elite main force, the last fighting force heading towards Tian Xuan, was utterly destroyed in a single day, leaving not a trace.

Kai's gaze swept indifferently over the corpses scattered on the ground and the blood mist filling the sky, without the slightest ripple or emotion.

Ants presumptuously challenge the heavens, mortals provoke the Dao Venerable—they are doomed to destruction, they deserve their fate, they are utterly guilty and deserving of death.

He lingered no longer, turning and soaring through the air, his grey robes fluttering, his aura overwhelming, stepping upwards to the highest peak of the heavens.

Jiang Xuelan, the Seven Immortals...