the mans Decree: Kai Ping/Chen Ping

Chapter 6831 - 6840

"The Heavenly Xuan has been settled, and the remaining continents are all at peace."

Kai's voice was indifferent, resounding throughout the heavens and proclaiming to all directions: "Of the seven continents, Yao Guang has collapsed, the Tian Shu Divine Clan has divided the land, the Youming Demon Clan occupies the territory, and the remaining four continents—anyone who disobeys, dares to defy the Heavenly Dao, covets the relics, or wreaks havoc—will be annihilated."

From this moment on, the supreme conquest to sweep across the heavens, quell the chaos, and unify the seven continents officially began.

The first stop: Tianquan Continent.

Tianquan Continent is filled with numerous sects and complex power dynamics. Hearing of the Heavenly Xuan relics' potential and the impending chaos, many sects had already secretly stirred and were eager to act, gathering their forces and preparing to rush to the Heavenly Xuan to seize the opportunity.

The sect leaders and elders of the continent's top sects gathered at the Holy Temple, discussing cross-realm treasure hunting and dividing the relics' potential, full of vigor and ambition.

Before they could finish their discussions or even set off, a gray-purple sword light from the heavens pierced the sky, crushing the continental barriers. With a single strike, mountain gates shattered, formations crumbled, and sects collapsed.

Kai stood atop the sky of Tianquan Continent, his words decisive: "Those who dare covet the ruins shall die."

Across the entire Tianquan Continent, all restless forces and ambitious sects dared not fight, dared not resist, dared not argue.

Those who had previously boasted of interdimensional treasure hunting and harbored greed were instantly annihilated by the chaotic sword light, their sects uprooted, their forces utterly destroyed.

In a single day, the entire Tianquan region was completely subjugated, all sects bowed their heads, and there was no more discord.

The second stop: Yuheng Continent.

Here, cultivators were a mixed bag, their forces deeply intertwined. Many independent cultivator alliances, confident in their deep foundations and arrogant, disregarded Kai's supreme prestige and the ironclad laws of the Heavenly Realm, openly clamoring to interdimensional confrontation and seize the ruins.

Kai arrived at Yuheng without uttering a single word.

The power of chaos pressed down on the heavens, sealed the four seas, and crushed all living beings. All the clamorous, defiant, and unruly rogue cultivators and powerful figures from all sides were crushed, suppressed, and sunk into the abyss, their souls and spirits annihilated.

The vast Yuheng, the ten thousand miles of mountains and rivers, and the thousands of cultivators all bowed their heads in a single day, submitting to the will of the people and daring not to act rashly.

The third and fourth stops—Kaiyang Continent and Tianji Continent—were also completely flattened within a single day.

All those who turned against each other with weapons were annihilated;

all those who harbored delusions were suppressed and killed;

all those who defied the rules and rebelled were uprooted, their entire sects wiped out, and their entire clans exterminated.

Kai's conquests were never stagnant, never protracted, never compromised, and never showed leniency.

Disobedience was met with death, rebellion with destruction, and delusions with execution.

Unrivaled power, absolute dominance, a single thought deciding life and death, a single sword suppressing all heavens.

In just three days, aside from the collapsed and destroyed Yao Guang Continent, the Tian Shu Continent divided by the gods, and the Tian Ming Continent dominated by the demons,

the remaining four great continents of the heavens—Tian Quan Continent, Yu Heng Continent, Kai Yang Continent, and Tian Ji Continent—were all flattened and suppressed by Kai, his territory unified, and all regions submitted. The

four great continents, hundreds of sects and thousands of races, and millions of cultivators all bowed down and prostrated themselves, venerating Kai as the Dao Venerable of the Heavens and obeying the Iron Law of Tian Xuan as the Heavenly Dao.

The smoke of chaos in the entire Seven Star Heavens dissipated, and the flames of war were completely quelled.

The greedy flames that once raged across every continent were completely suppressed by a sword, a man, and an iron law.

Those forces that once clamored to divide the ruins, those sects that once coveted the ancient opportunities, now either submitted or were destroyed; there was no third possibility.

Only two territories remain, still divided and not yet subjugated.

First, the Tian Shu Continent, where the three divine races are entrenched, their internal strife unabated, their ambitions undiminished, still vying for control of the ruins and domination of the heavens.

Although the Golden Crow family's main force has been wiped out and Jin Xuan Ye has perished, Jin Wu Ya still reigns supreme in Tian Shu. The Silver Moon and Morning Star families, after dividing the Golden Crow territory, have become increasingly ambitious. The three forces are engaged in open and covert struggles, yet all have their eyes set on the ruins.

Second, the Tian Ming Continent, entirely dominated by the Eternal Demon Clan, is shrouded in demonic energy, teeming with evil spirits and filled with malevolent aura.

Hundreds of thousands of demon cultivators are bloodthirsty, unruly, disdainful of the Heavenly Dao, and fearless of the heavens—the most ferocious, domineering, and unruly terrifying force in the Seven Star Heavens.

Above the heavens, Kai stands atop the peak of the heavens, overlooking the vast, subjugated territory below, his purple eyes indifferent and profound, utterly calm.

Behind him, seven celestial maidens shimmered with awe, while Jiang Xuelan stood aloof and silently by his side. Xuanzhenzi's eyes trembled with utter submission.

All the spirits of the heavens bowed their heads, all the forces of the eight directions submitted, and the four seas and the world submitted to his will.

Yet he remained calm, composed, and serene.

Sweeping across the five continents, subduing countless sects, annihilating numerous powerful beings, and establishing the ironclad laws of the heavens—to him, these were merely matters of raising a hand, casual actions, and protecting the Dao.

"The Celestial Pivot Divine Clan, the Celestial Nether Demon Clan,"

Kai murmured softly, his voice calm yet carrying an unparalleled majesty that suppressed the heavens, resounding throughout the seven continents and shaking the ages.

"The heavens are in chaos, and the remnants have not yet been eliminated."

"They do not submit to the Heavenly Dao, do not abide by the rules, do not extinguish greed and delusion, and do not quell the flames of war."

"Then—I will utterly crush them all and unify the twenty-one heavens."

His gray robes fluttered, chaos surged into the sky, and sword light rose once more.

Above the heavens, Kai, having just pacified the four continents and established order in the heavens, was preparing to head towards the Tian Shu Continent.

The instant he turned, an extremely terrifying aura suddenly erupted from the distance.

Like a star suppressed for millennia exploding in the void, it carried a violent and ancient destructive power, instantly sweeping across the entire void of the Seven Star Continent.

That aura was all too familiar.

It was identical to the power that surged from the earth when the Yao Guang Continent collapsed—the same dark gold color, the same violence, the same eerie fluctuations not belonging to this world.

Light shot into the sky, dyeing the entire sky above the Tian Ming Continent a dark golden chaos, like blood gushing from a torn wound.

Kai's brows furrowed sharply.

"That power again,"

Jiang Xuelan's voice carried a hint of solemnity. Her icy blue eyes gazed towards the Tian Ming Continent, where the dark golden light surged and spread like a living thing, dyeing half the sky a strange color.

“When Yao Guang Continent collapsed, this was the kind of power that surged from the ground,” Jiang Xuelan said.

The red-skirted elder woman's expression also changed. “Someone is disturbing the ruins of Tianming Continent. And... unlike the time with Yao Guang Continent, this time the power isn't out of control. It's being absorbed.”

Kai's pupils contracted slightly.

He could feel that the dark golden power was being drawn out, guided, and refined at an extremely stable rhythm. That wasn't a collapse; someone was... "Let's go."

Kai said nothing more, his figure suddenly accelerating, gray chaotic power exploding beneath his feet as he sped towards the Tianming Continent.

The Seven Fairies and Jiang Xuelan followed closely behind, eight streams of light piercing the air, instantly traversing tens of thousands of miles of void.

The closer they got to the Tianming Continent, the denser the dark golden aura became.

The outline of the Tianming Continent gradually emerged in the dark golden light, the entire continent shrouded in a layer of liquid-like flowing light.

That light surged from the core of the continent, spreading along the veins of the earth to the edges, like a dried-up riverbed being infused with living water.

When they passed through the protective barrier of the Tianming Continent, an extremely dense demonic energy rushed towards them.

The environment of the Tianming Continent was completely different from other continents.

The sky was dark red, like solidified blood-red clouds hanging low in the sky, the ground was covered with black rocks and dark red soil, and the air was filled with the smell of sulfur and decay.

Occasionally, strangely shaped demonic plants could be seen growing from the cracks in the rocks; some were blood-red, some deep purple, and some swayed in the still air like burning black flames.

This was Tianming Continent, the gathering place of the demon race in the twenty-first heaven.

The moment Kai and his group descended, the demonic cultivators below had already sensed their arrival.

Countless gazes converged from all directions, filled with vigilance, hostility, scrutiny, and apprehension.

Countless demonic cultivators poured out from caves, mountains, and shadows.

They stood densely packed on the black rocks, holding various magical artifacts in their hands, their bodies shrouded in dense black demonic energy, like a silent black forest.

They had heard of Kai's name.

He had established rules for Tianxuan Continent, pacified the four continents, and annihilated the elite of the Golden Crow Clan.

This name had spread throughout the entire Seven Star Continent in just a few days.

A burly demonic cultivator stepped out; his face was rugged, covered with dark red demonic patterns, and his cultivation was around the first rank of the Great Luo Golden Immortal.

His voice was rough, like sandpaper scraping: "Human cultivators? What are you doing here on Tianming Continent? Outsiders are not welcome here!"

Kai's gaze swept over the demon cultivators, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion.

He could sense that although these demon cultivators were wary, they didn't intend to attack immediately.

They were merely watching cautiously, waiting.

"I'm here to investigate the ruins,"

Kai said calmly. "The ruins on Tianming Continent have been disturbed. I'm not here to cause trouble. As long as you don't make a move, I won't either."

The demon cultivators exchanged glances. Some relaxed their wariness slightly, but most still gripped their magical artifacts tightly, their eyes devoid of any trust.

Just then, a group of demon cultivators emerged from the crowd.

Leading them was a middle-aged man with a sinister face, his body wreathed in black wind patterns. These wind patterns flowed around him like living things, radiating a sharp and violent aura.

His cultivation level was around the second rank of the Great Luo Golden Immortal. Behind him followed a dozen or so demonic cultivators, their bodies also wreathed in wind patterns. Their eyes held a arrogance and untamed spirit unique to the demon race.

"Who do you think you are? How dare you issue orders in the Heavenly Nether Continent?"

The wind-patterned demonic cultivator's voice was hoarse and cold. "This is demon territory, not a place for an outsider like you. If you know what's good for you, get out of the Heavenly Nether Continent before we change our minds."

As soon as he finished speaking, the wind-patterned demonic cultivators behind him took a step forward simultaneously. Black wind blades condensed in their palms, emitting sharp hissing sounds, like a group of enraged beasts growling.

The surrounding demonic cultivators all took a few steps back, clearly quite wary of this group of wind-patterned demonic cultivators, but no one stepped forward to stop them.

Kai looked at him, his purple eyes devoid of any emotion, and simply asked, "Are you from the Wind Demon lineage?"

The wind-patterned demonic cultivator's brows furrowed sharply: "So what if I am?"

Kai remained silent. He simply raised his right hand slowly, his five fingers spread, and a ball of golden light condensed in his palm.

That light was pure and domineering, like sunlight compressed to its extreme, yet carrying a wild and untamed ancient power—the Holy Light Fist of the Wind Demon.

The golden light danced in his palm, radiating a rich aura of the Wind Demon lineage, an aura so pure it was almost supernatural, even purer and more ancient than the demonic energy emanating from the group of Wind Pattern Demon cultivators before him.

The expressions of those Wind Pattern Demon cultivators instantly changed.

Their pupils contracted violently, the wind blades in their hands disintegrated uncontrollably, and their bodies froze on the spot as if struck by lightning.

They were direct descendants of the Wind Demon lineage, intimately familiar with the aura of the Holy Light Fist.

It was the supreme secret technique of the Wind Demon lineage, only to be practiced by the Wind Demon himself or his personally taught core disciples.

And the Holy Light Fist aura contained in the ball of golden light in Kai's hand was purer than any Wind Demon successor they had ever seen.

"You...how do you know the Holy Light Fist?"

The wind-patterned demon cultivator's voice was filled with unprecedented shock and disbelief. "This is the secret technique passed down only by the Wind Demon Ancestor! You, a human cultivator..."

"When the Wind Demon passed the Holy Light Fist to me, he said something,"

Kai's voice remained calm. "He said that if I ever encountered a descendant of the Wind Demon lineage, I should repay a favor on his behalf."

The wind-patterned demon cultivator's body trembled violently.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but couldn't utter a single word.

The wind-patterned demon cultivators behind him also put down their magical weapons, their faces filled with a mixture of awe and doubt.

As descendants of the Wind Demon lineage, they knew the significance of the Holy Light Fist better than anyone else—it wasn't just a technique, it was the token of the Wind Demon Ancestor.

The wind-patterned demon cultivator's knees slowly bent.

He knelt on one knee, bowed his head, and spoke in a hoarse but sincere voice of reverence: "Feng Li, the last disciple of the Wind

Demon lineage, pays respects to the inheritor of the Holy Light. I have been very rude just now; please forgive me, sir." The Wind Demon cultivators behind him also knelt down, perfectly aligned, like a field of wheat bent by the wind.

The surrounding demon cultivators watched this scene with shock and bewilderment.

They couldn't understand why the usually arrogant Wind Demon lineage would kneel before a human cultivator.

Just then, another group of demon cultivators emerged from the crowd.

Black Daoist aura swirled around them, flowing across their skin like living things, emanating an ancient and profound aura.

Leading them was an old woman with a hunched back, leaning on a black cane, her cultivation level at the second rank of the Great Luo Golden Immortal Kai glanced at her but remained silent.

He slowly raised his other hand, a wisp of black malevolent energy surging from his palm.

This malevolent energy was extremely pure, solidified as if it were a tangible substance, slowly flowing in the air, emanating an ancient and profound aura, resonating strongly with the Dao-patterned malevolent energy flowing around the old woman.

Dao-patterned malevolent energy.

The supreme technique of the Yin Demon lineage.

The old woman's pupils contracted sharply, and she nearly dropped her cane.

She could sense that the purity of the Dao-patterned malevolent energy emanating from Kai far surpassed that of any Yin Demon successor she had ever seen, even exceeding the purity personally imparted by the Yin Demon Ancestor.

That aura contained the oldest and most core primordial power of the Yin Demon lineage, like the source of a thousand-year-old deep current silently surging in the water.

"This...this is the original Dao pattern of the Yin Demon Ancestor!"

The old woman's voice was hoarse and trembling. "You've met the Yin Demon Ancestor?"

"Yes."

Kai's voice remained calm. "When he passed on the Dao pattern of the Yin Demon Ancestor to me, he also said something: if I encounter any descendants of the Yin Demon lineage, please ask me to look after them."

The old woman remained silent for a long time.

Then she slowly bent down, her cane tapping the ground with a dull thud.

The Yin Demon lineage disciples behind her also bowed respectfully, none daring to raise their heads.

"Grandma Yin, the last descendant of the Yin Demon lineage, pays respects to the inheritor of the Dao pattern."

The old woman's voice carried a sense of relief, as if a heavy burden had been lifted. "The Ancestor passed down the Sacred Flame, and we have waited for thousands of years. Finally, we have received it."

The change in attitude between the Wind Demon lineage and the Yin Demon lineage was like a stone thrown into a calm lake, stirring up ripples.

The demon cultivators who had been observing exchanged glances. Some frowned, some put down their magical artifacts, and some whispered among themselves.

Kai didn't say much. He simply withdrew the Holy Light Fist and Dao Pattern Bane Qi that had gathered in his palm, and stepped towards the direction where the dark golden light was most concentrated deep within the Heavenly Nether Continent.

No one stopped him.

The demonic cultivators all parted to make way, like a receding tide.

The deeper he went, the more concentrated the dark golden power became.

Kai could feel that the power was weakening at a visible speed—not dissipating, but being absorbed, refined, and guided in a certain direction.

The entrance to the ruins appeared in a huge black canyon ahead. The rock walls on both sides of the canyon were covered with dense demonic runes, which were slowly dimming, like lamps whose energy had been drained.

The moment Kai stepped into the canyon, his steps suddenly stopped.

The entrance to the ruins had been opened.

The heavy stone door had been shattered from the inside, and broken stones were scattered all over the ground.

The core hub inside the ruins, the ancient formation that sealed the dark golden power, had been completely destroyed.

The array patterns shattered, the runes dimmed, and the once radiant lines broke, charred, and fell silent like a burnt-out circuit.

But the land of Tianming Continent did not collapse, nor did it shatter completely like Yaoguang Continent.

The power was mostly drained the moment the array was broken; the remaining shockwaves were insufficient to destroy the continent's foundation.

"Someone arrived first,"

Kai said, his voice tinged with seriousness. "He absorbed that power."

The woman in the red dress stepped forward, her crimson eyes sweeping over the shattered array patterns. Her voice held a hint of surprise: "The technique is very precise. It

wasn't forced open; it was dismantled section by section along the array's lines. Someone capable of this must be extremely familiar with ancient arrays."

Just as Kai was about to speak, footsteps echoed from the depths of the canyon.

Two figures emerged from the shadows of the ruins.

A young man, dressed in a dark blue robe, possessed a cold and resolute face. A dense, dark golden light surrounded him, flowing across his skin like a living entity, radiating an ancient and domineering aura.

His cultivation had been elevated to a new, unfathomable level by that power.

This was Ning Zhi.

Behind him followed a woman in a fiery red dress, her long hair as black as ink, her dark red eyes reflecting the dark golden light emanating from Ning Zhi.

Her cultivation was more refined than before, and her aura carried an inexplicable change.

This was Su Yuqi.

The two stood at the entrance of the ruins, separated by shattered array patterns and dim runes, facing Kai.

Ning Zhi looked at Kai, his cold eyes swirling with complex emotions.

A moment later, a slight smile curved his lips: " Kai, you're too late."

Kai looked at the dark golden light flowing around him, his purple eyes showing no surprise, only a calm acceptance: "You absorbed the power from the ruins."

"That's right."

Ning Zhi's voice carried an unprecedented certainty, "When Yao Guang Continent collapsed, I knew the ruins of Tian Ming Continent couldn't be saved either.

Rather than let that power get out of control, let this continent collapse, and let the demons be displaced, it's better for me to take it over.

Only by possessing enough power can I control the situation."

"Aren't you afraid of being devoured by that power?" Kai asked.

Ning Zhi smiled, a composure completely different from before: "My cultivation technique happens to share the same origin as this power.

Absorbing it is not difficult for me. But you, I heard you've conquered four continents, established rules, and become a Dao Venerable. What, are you now meddling in my affairs?"

Kai looked at him, remained silent for a moment, then slowly spoke: "The ruins of Tianming Continent have been destroyed, and you've absorbed its power. What do you plan to do next?"

Ning Zhi's gaze passed through Kai, landing on the demon cultivators behind him.

His voice was calm and clear: "I will lead the demons of Tianming Continent away. This place is no longer safe; the gods will eventually extend their reach to Tianming Continent. Rather than waiting to be killed, it's better to take the initiative.

" "You dare to go to the Tian Shu Continent by yourself?" Kai was somewhat shocked.

"What? Why can't I?"

Ning Zhi's lips curled into a smile.

"You can go by yourself, but don't take Yu Qi with you. With your strength, you're probably no match for the three major families of the Divine Race."

Kai was worried about Su Yu Qi's safety.

"Hmph, you underestimate me too much. I'll prove to you that I'm no worse than you. Besides, I'll avenge my grudge against you."

"As for Senior Sister, if you have the ability, you can make her stay." Ning Zhi smiled coldly.

Kai looked at Su Yu Qi, about to speak, but Su Yu Qi said, "I want to protect Junior Brother. I won't let him take the risk directly."

Hearing Su Yu Qi's words, Kai froze on the spot.

"Hahaha, Senior Sister, let's go..." Ning Zhi laughed loudly.

Looking at Su Yu Qi's figure, it was like a cold, thin needle, deeply embedded in Kai's heart, impossible to shake off.

When Su Yu Qi slowly walked past Kai, her light footsteps clearly paused slightly, without making a sound, yet it was clearly perceived by Kai.

Those usually aloof and indifferent dark red eyes now rippled with subtle emotions, their gaze lingering on Kai's face for a fleeting moment.

That look was incredibly complex.

There was a strange distance, a vague flutter of emotion, a struggle she herself couldn't decipher, and a faint familiarity buried deep within her heart, sealed away by memory.

Her cherry lips parted slightly, as if a thousand words wanted to escape, but ultimately she suppressed them all, not uttering a single syllable.

After a brief pause, she forcibly averted her gaze, suppressing all the inexplicable emotions within her, and silently followed behind Ning Zhi, taking flight and soaring towards the distant heavens.

Her fiery red dress billowed and danced wildly in the high-altitude winds, like the crimson wings of a butterfly burning with its last embers, flying further and further away above the dark golden sky.

From a clear, slender figure, it slowly shrank into a tiny red dot, finally disappearing completely at the edge of the sky, leaving no trace.

Kai stood still, his gray robe gently fluttering in the evening mountain breeze.

His usually cold and deep purple eyes remained fixed on the direction where the red figure had disappeared, not moving an inch for a long time.

His hand at his side quietly tightened, the force heavy and concentrated, suppressing all the bitterness, helplessness, and forbearance surging in his heart.

After a moment, he slowly released his hand, all outward emotions concealed, returning to a state of calm.

Jiang Xuelan walked slowly to his side, offering no further words of comfort, no further questions, simply standing quietly, silently keeping him company.

She also gazed at the horizon where Su Yuqi had disappeared, a slight emotion flickering in her clear, icy blue eyes. After a moment, she spoke softly, her voice gentle yet direct: "Why didn't you keep her? With your strength, no one could stop you from forcibly keeping her."

Kai's voice was calm, but beneath that calmness lay a hint of suppressed hoarseness and helplessness: "She has amnesia. The current Su Yuqi no longer recognizes me."

"If I force her to stay, it will only plunge her into endless confusion and struggle, completely shattering her peaceful state of mind and adding to her suffering."

He lowered his eyes slightly, a deep consideration flashing in the depths of his purple eyes: "Moreover, Ning Zhi is right. The tens of thousands of demons remaining on Tianming Continent have long been abandoned in the cracks of the heavens.

The three great families of the God Clan dominate Tian Shu, looking down on the heavens. They are narrow-minded and ruthless. Once the situation in the heavens stabilizes, their first act will inevitably be to purge the remnants of the demons. At that time, the entire demon race will be completely wiped out, with no one surviving. Ning Zhi's actions are to fight for a glimmer of hope for the demon race."

Jiang Xuelan remained silent for a long time, her cold gaze falling on his profile. She asked softly, "So you just let them go to Tian Shu Continent and face the top combat power of the three great families of the God Clan?

You know that Ning Zhi has just broken through and his foundation is not yet stable, and Su Yuqi's spiritual power is still insufficient. This journey is extremely dangerous."

"I will not stand idly by."

Kai suddenly raised his eyes, all gentleness vanishing from his purple pupils, replaced by a deep, sharp light and a resolute killing intent. "But if I rashly rush to Tian Shu now, not only will I not be able to help, but I will also disrupt the situation.

Ning Zhi has fortunately absorbed the unknown power of the ruins, his strength has increased several times over. He dares to take the initiative to provoke a war among the gods, he must have his own confidence and backup plan."

"Now, the only thing I need to do is to accelerate to the extreme and become stronger like crazy. Only by completely breaking through the shackles and reaching a higher realm can I control the outcome and reverse the situation in the final battle of the Tian Shu war."

He raised his eyes and looked at the four directions of the heavens, his gaze piercing through layers of clouds and landing on four distant continents, his tone becoming more and more firm: "Tian Quan, Yu Heng, Kai Yang, Tian Ji, the ancient ruins of the four continents, I must take full control of them."

"Ning Zhi's ability to break through using the power of the ruins proves that the ancient power sealed within the Four Directions Ruins is a supreme creation that can be refined and helped to defy the heavens and advance."

"If I hesitate even slightly, and the Golden Crow, Silver Moon, and Morning Star families find the entrance to the ruins first, seize the sealed power, and release the hidden laws of destruction, the entire Seven Star Heavens will face an irreversible catastrophe. I will absolutely not allow such a thing to happen."

As soon as she finished speaking, the eldest woman in the red dress stepped forward, her expression solemn, and she reported clearly and logically, every word a precise piece of information obtained from her investigation, without the slightest oversight: "Young Master, the dangers of the Four Directions Ruins far exceed those of the Tianxuan Ruins, and are definitely not places that ordinary cultivators can set foot in."

"The Tianquan Continent Ruins are located in the deepest part of the Tianquan Mountains. The entire mountain range is wrapped in layers of ancient Dao restrictions, and the entrance barrier is covered with primordial Dao patterns that can devour divine souls, confuse perception, and trap and kill Great Luo Golden Immortals. No one has been able to break through it since the beginning of time."

"The Yuheng Continent ruins are hidden deep within a seabed abyss, perpetually surrounded by void vortexes. The immense pressure of the water can crush even a Golden Immortal's body. Within the rifts, laws are chaotic and space is shattered; a moment's carelessness can lead to being swept into the void's turbulent currents and perishing."

"The Kaiyang Continent ruins are buried a thousand feet underground in the desert, their surface covered by nine layers of ancient illusion arrays. These arrays can manifest the deepest obsessions and inner demons of the human heart. Those who have ventured into these ruins throughout history have all been trapped within the illusions, their spiritual energy exhausted, and they have never survived."

"The Tianji Continent ruins stand atop a star-studded peak. Their entrance is perpetually shrouded in a storm of nine stars. The power of stardust can tear apart protective divine light, freeze a cultivator's soul, and sever the body's meridians—it is extremely dangerous."

"These four ruins each possess deadly restrictions and unparalleled dangers, far surpassing the Tianxuan Ruins we previously guarded. I urge you, young master, to reconsider and proceed with caution."

Upon hearing this, Kai showed no hesitation or fear. Instead, his eyes gleamed even brighter, and his tone was resolute and resounding: "The greater the danger, the deeper the fortune. The harder it is to obtain, the purer its essence. Only such supreme opportunities are worth my personal exploration."

Before his words had even finished, he moved abruptly, without the slightest... Jiang Xuelan said nothing, following closely behind. Enveloped in icy blue spiritual light, she moved swiftly and gracefully.

Seven-colored immortal light swirled and flickered as the seven fairies soared side-by-side, their auras refined, ready for battle.

Xuanzhenzi, leading the bewildered young Daoist boy, lagged behind, a withered blade of grass dangling from his mouth. His cloudy old eyes watched Kai's resolute departing figure, filled with sighs and lamentations.

He murmured to himself, "This kid, he never takes the easy path, always choosing the most difficult, the most dangerous, the most heaven-defying road. But in this chaotic world, victory is always found in peril, and kingship in desperate situations..."

His sigh subsided, and he lightly stepped forward, leading the young Daoist boy to follow the main group towards the Four Directions Ruins.

...

Tianquan Continent, Tianquan Mountain Range.

This ancient mountain range, stretching across the entire continent from north to south, is like a towering spine rooted in the earth, majestic and boundless, extending for thousands of miles.

The mountains are perpetually shrouded in mist, a timeless and unchanging mist. While ordinary mist is merely water vapor, this mist is formed from the remnants of ancient formations and the restrictive laws of the Great Dao. Each wisp of mist contains chaotic power of laws and deadly illusions of the soul.

Any outsider who dares to approach rashly will have their soul invaded by these illusions, instantly losing their mind and senses, trapped in an endless illusion, ultimately exhausting their spiritual energy and burying their bones in the mountains—a fate that has occurred without exception throughout the ages.

Kai's gray light traveled a thousand miles in an instant, landing steadily on the deepest cliff of the mountain range.

His gray chaotic power instantly spread out, forming a dense and thick protective shield, firmly isolating him from the raging restrictive mist.

Strands of illusory power frantically assaulted the chaotic light barrier, conjuring extreme demonic illusions of separation from loved ones, the collapse of the Great Dao, and the destruction of all heavens. These illusions layered upon each other, endlessly attempting to invade Kai's consciousness and disrupt his Dao heart.

However, Kai's Dao heart was as steadfast as an ancient divine mountain, having endured countless battles and seen through the coldness and warmth of human relationships; it was already impenetrable.

The power of chaos was impervious to all laws and repelled all evil. Every illusion that approached was instantly crushed and dissolved, not even causing a ripple in his consciousness.

"Indeed, it's an ancient Dao pattern restriction, tracing back to chaos, of the same origin."

Kai lowered his gaze to the bottom of the cliff, a knowing glint in his eyes.

The entrance to the ruins was hidden at the bottom of the cliff, completely sealed by a thick, vast, gray primordial barrier.

The surface of the barrier was covered with dense, crisscrossing primordial Dao patterns, ancient, powerful, and obscure.

Every line of the barrier flowed with the eternal aura of the Great Dao, like a giant dragon slumbering for billions of years, slowly exhaling ancient and profound primordial energy, suppressing the supreme power sealed within.

This was not a formation crafted by cultivators of later generations, but the primordial Dao principles arising from the chaos at the beginning of heaven and earth, the most fundamental restrictive power of all heavens.

Kai slowly raised his right hand, palm facing upward, and a warm and profound chaotic power slowly surged forth, without any violent or murderous intent, gently yet domineeringly seeping into every line of the barrier.

Power of the same origin, no need to forcibly break the formation, only resonance to awaken it.

The moment the first wisp of chaotic origin touched the ancient Dao lines, the entire barrier, silent for millennia, suddenly lit up.

The originally dark and ancient gray Dao lines all burst forth with dazzling golden light, one after another, layer upon layer, rapidly spreading across the entire barrier like a wildfire.

The obscure Dao principles began to flow in an orderly fashion, slowly reviving. The previously rigid and solidified restrictions instantly became vibrant and alive, as if the Great Dao, dormant for millennia, had finally awakened. A deep

,

resonant Dao sound emanated from within the barrier, causing the entire cliff to tremble slightly and rocks to fall gently.

Countless Dao patterns separated, receded, and opened and closed in an orderly fashion. In the very center of the barrier, a quiet crack, only the width of a single person, slowly opened, leading directly to the depths of the ruins—dark, profound, and concealing the creation of countless ages.

Kai did not hesitate for a moment. He stepped to the side and directly entered the ruins.

The instant he stepped into the ruins, a heavy, sealed aura of antiquity rushed towards him, followed by a raging, boundless, and violent torrent of dark golden primordial energy.

This power, sealed and imprisoned for billions of years, had accumulated immense might. After countless years of silence, it finally sensed the presence of a living being and the shared Dao, instantly surging forth from all directions, sweeping and engulfing everything in its path.

Like an ancient behemoth breaking free of its cage, this force, imbued with an extreme will to destroy and a devouring obsession, surged madly towards Kai's body.

This power was extremely spiritual and ferocious, unlike the gentle and mellow spiritual energy of ordinary beings; instead, it was violent, bloodthirsty, and highly corrosive.

It frantically attacked Kai's protective chaotic light shield, attempting to tear apart his physical meridians, invade his consciousness and soul, devour his Dao origin, and completely possess his body.

If an ordinary Grand Luo Golden Immortal were to step into this place, they would instantly be corrupted by this violent origin, their minds eroded, their bodies torn apart, and their souls annihilated, without even a chance to struggle.

But Kai's foundation was the most primordial chaotic Dao body of all heavens.

He gently closed his eyes, concentrated his mind and calmed his breath, and fully circulated the Mind Concentration Technique throughout his body. Within his dantian, the chaotic fire suddenly surged and burned fiercely.

The extremely pure chaotic flames instantly enveloped his entire body, transforming into an indestructible and impervious furnace.

A raging torrent of dark golden primordial energy surged forth relentlessly, crashing into the Chaos Furnace.

The ear-piercing sounds of melting echoed throughout the ruins. Countless violent, mixed, and bloodthirsty negative wills were instantly incinerated and completely purified under the tempering of the Chaos True Fire.

The originally chaotic and destructive dark golden power was refined layer by layer, repeatedly tempered, shedding all impurities and stripping away all malevolence, transforming into the purest and most ancient primordial source of the Great Dao.

This pure primordial energy flowed rapidly through Kai's meridians, repeatedly washing, widening, and tempering his body.

His meridians, already resilient and broad, now expanded several times over under the repeated nourishment of this ancient primordial energy, becoming even more resilient, indestructible, and flawless. Every inch of his muscles and bones underwent an extreme transformation, sublimation, and reshaping.

Within his dantian, the three ultimate forces—the primordial chaos, the orthodox Daoist origin, and the aquatic ocean origin—began to merge and harmonize more closely and harmoniously under the coordination of the ancient dark gold origin.

Barriers continuously dissolved, and barriers faded, steadily progressing towards the supreme realm of unified origin and the fusion of the three forces.

One day outside was equivalent to three years within the ruins.

No one knew how long Kai had been lying in wait and tempering himself within the ruins.

Outside, the light of day flowed and the sun and moon alternated, but within the ruins, there was only eternal darkness and silence, with only the ever-burning chaotic fire, continuously devouring and refining the dark gold origin. The ancient Dao patterns, once brilliant and eternally indestructible, lost their source of nourishment, gradually dimmed, extinguished, and fell silent, returning to the dust of time, never to be seen again.

Kai slowly opened his eyes, two deep gray lights flashing from the depths of his purple pupils before disappearing in an instant.

His aura appeared calm and composed, deep and restrained, without any earth-shattering phenomena or overwhelming pressure, yet the power within him had undergone a radical transformation.

The power of chaos grew increasingly thick, condensed, and vast, like the true beginning of the heavens, encompassing all things and suppressing all laws.

The origin of the Daoist sect became increasingly pure and righteous, illuminating all directions, while the origin of the aquatic race became increasingly gentle and enduring, continuous and inexhaustible. The three powers blended seamlessly, forming a unified whole, causing his combat strength to surge several times over.

He slowly rose, his steps light, and walked straight out of the Tianquan Ruins. His gaze swept towards the vast ocean in the distance. With a flick of his wrist, a gray light rose again, and he headed towards the next realm of creation.

...

Jade Balance Continent, the endless deep sea, the abyssal rift.

This is the most terrifyingly high-pressured, the most chaotic in terms of laws, and the most fragmented in terms of space in the entire realm of the heavens—without exception.

Ordinary seas are clear and transparent, flowing with life, but the waters of this abyss are as thick as ink, as black as night, never seeing the sun, never seeing light.

Ten thousand miles of deep sea are crisscrossed with raging, violent currents, and endless void vortexes layer upon layer, swirling and devouring, each vortex possessing the terrifying power to tear apart the flesh of a Golden Immortal and devour their divine soul and spiritual power.

Even top-tier aquatic beings who are proficient in the Great Dao of Water and have cultivated the seas for millennia dare only to operate in the shallow waters, never easily venturing into this abyssal rift; once they do, they are doomed.

Kai's gray figure pierced the sea surface and plunged into the deep ocean, like a condensed water arrow, piercing through layers of raging undercurrents and dodging countless swallowing vortexes, rapidly diving towards the deepest part of the abyss.

Chaotic power spread out around him, transforming into a tight, solid, perfectly round light shield, firmly isolating him from the terrifying water pressure of billions of tons, enough to crush and shatter the physical body of a Grand Luo Golden Immortal.

All the raging deep-sea undercurrents, the vortex power tearing through space, and the chaotic impact of laws were all blocked, dissolved, and dissolved by the chaotic light shield, unable to shake Kai in the slightest.

The deeper he sank, the more terrifying the water pressure, the more chaotic the laws, and the more shattered space became.

Countless tiny spatial cracks flickered and opened around him, and the dark void currents slashed wildly, yet they could not penetrate the chaotic protective light shield even slightly.

After sinking an unknown number of miles, the surrounding raging seawater suddenly stopped.

The entire sea instantly fell into absolute stillness. The wind ceased, the waves stopped, and the flow was utterly silent. The vast expanse of sea was like crystal, frozen solid for millennia, without the slightest ripple or undulation, a deathly stillness that chilled the heart.

And at the very center of this desolate sea lay the true entrance to the Jade Balance Ruins.

Kai took a step forward, piercing through the still, water-like barrier of the sea, and successfully entered the ruins.

Compared to the profound and vastness of the Tianquan Ruins, the dark gold essence sealed within the Jade Balance Ruins was even more ancient, more violent, and more despairing.

The moment he stepped into the ruins, a torrent of dark gold, several times stronger than before, surged forth like a colossal abyss beast that had slumbered for billions of years, suddenly awakening, carrying a despairing will to destroy everything and devour all things, crashing down from all directions.

This force, carrying the chilling stillness of the ancient deep sea, the violent fury of shattered void, and the madness of the Great Dao's seal, layered upon layer, boundless and limitless, attempted to erode, crush, and destroy everything about Kai—his physical body, meridians, soul, and Dao heart.

Kai remained unmoved, his mind undisturbed, sitting cross-legged in the void, once again activating the Chaos Furnace, focusing his mind on refining the ancient origin.

This tempering was far more dangerous and difficult than that of the Tianquan Ruins .

The dark gold origin of the Yuheng Ruins contained countless broken spatial laws, chaotic water-based Dao principles, and the despairing will of millennia, far exceeding the former in its complexity.

Countless negative emotions, fragments of destruction, and shattered Dao patterns frantically assaulted Kai's Dao heart, attempting to disrupt his mind and shatter his Dao foundation.

Yet Kai's Dao heart remained as firm as a rock, as stable as the eternal blue sky, unmoved by the myriad demonic disturbances and endless attacks from the outside world.

The Chaos True Fire burned intensely, refining and tempering the source, gradually stripping away all impurities, malevolence, fragments, and negative will.

It purified all the violent and disordered power into the purest and most ancient power of the Great Dao.

A continuous stream of pure source energy flowed into his dantian, circulating through his meridians and nourishing his body.

His aquatic origin, nurtured by this ancient water-based source, underwent a profound transformation. The

originally fluid and continuous water-based power became profound and vast, encompassing all things, capable of both strength and gentleness, suppression and conquest, truly possessing the supreme depth of the ocean embracing all rivers and the abyss concealing countless ages.

The Daoist source deeply merged with it, complementing each other. The pure and righteous Daoist rhythm neutralized the yin of the water system, while the continuous nourishment of the water system compensated for the fierceness of the Daoist power. The two complemented each other, becoming increasingly perfect.

The primordial chaos, like a maternal core, steadily bore, fused, and governed the two great Dao forces, allowing his overall combat strength, physical foundation, and spiritual power to achieve another leap forward.

During the long refining process, the ruins space trembled continuously, its spiritual light flickered, and Dao patterns rose and fell. Countless fragments of the Great Dao, sealed for millennia, constantly emerged and dissipated, all absorbed and fused by Kai, becoming his own.

Until the last trace of violent primordial energy was completely purified and absorbed, the entire Jade Balance Ruins fell into complete silence, with no trace of primordial energy flowing through it anymore.

Kai slowly rose, his aura becoming increasingly profound, restrained, and boundless, his every move carrying an unparalleled aura of surging oceans and innate Daoist wisdom.

He stepped out, standing on the vast expanse of blue waves; the surging waves and howling sea winds could not stir his robes in the slightest.

Looking up at the scorching, desolate desert in the distance, his gaze was resolute. He rose again, breaking through the air and speeding towards the Kaiyang Ruins.

...

Kaiyang Continent, a vast sea of sand, an endless desert.

The blazing sun hangs in the sky, yellow sand swirls, and golden sand dunes stretch for billions of miles, rising and falling endlessly.

The surface heat rises and swells, distorting the void and blurring vision; sandstorms rage year-round, bringing no peace.

This desert, seemingly barren and ordinary, actually conceals nine layers of ancient illusion arrays, layer upon layer, interlocking, and unbreakable.

These arrays arise from the obsessions of the human heart and the flaws in one's Dao heart, capable of manifesting all worldly desires, anger, ignorance, love, hate, separation, and inner demons.

Throughout the ages, countless supreme beings have come seeking them, only to fall into the illusion, lose themselves, and exhaust their spiritual power in endless cycles of obsession, their bones buried in the sand, ultimately becoming a mound of yellow earth in the desert. No one has ever been able to decipher them. Nine layers of ancient illusion arrays and countless inner demon illusions, seemingly insurmountable dead ends and dead ends for others, were nothing more than illusions to him, easily shattered with a flick of the finger.

Having spent half his life in battle, experiencing life and death, tasting countless partings, seeing through the hearts of men, and dispelling obsessions, his Dao heart was already perfectly complete and flawless. No inner demons could disturb him, no obsessions could trap him, and no illusions could deceive him.

With a thought, the power of chaos flowed throughout his body, spreading outwards, transforming into a supreme Dao shield that isolated him from all illusions and dispelled all delusions. With

a light touch of the void beneath his feet, his figure descended, directly piercing through layers of illusory sand curtains, steadily stepping towards the core of the ruins a thousand feet below.

Along the way, countless illusions proliferated wildly, layer upon layer, blocking his path.

There were warm illusions of reuniting with loved ones, supreme illusions of reaching the pinnacle of the Dao, illusions of unwavering devotion to Su Yuqi, and peak illusions of submission to all heavens and eternal supremacy.

Countless illusions, one after another, attempted to stir the last vestiges of his obsession and pry open his perfected Dao heart.

Yet Kai's gaze was clear, his mind lucid. Despite the myriad illusions and endless temptations, he remained unmoved, undisturbed.

The moment any illusion approached the chaotic light barrier, it shattered and vanished into nothingness, leaving not even a ripple.

Unimpeded and crushing his way through, Kai pierced straight through layers of sand and thick rock, stopping steadily before an ancient, imposing stone gate, sealed for millennia.

The stone gate was engraved with ancient star patterns and illusionary Dao principles, its sealing power boundless and eternally silent.

Kai raised his hand and gently pushed, the primordial chaos slowly flowing into the sealing Dao patterns.

Silently, the ancient seal crumbled, the stone gate slowly opened, and the true core of the Kaiyang Ruins was revealed before him.

The dark gold essence sealed here is far more ancient, profound, and imposing than the previous two ruins, carrying the vicissitudes of time, as if stars have crushed countless ages and the sedimentation of the heavens.

Within its power lies the sedimentation of endless years, the rise and fall of countless stars, and the transformations of the ancient Dao, making it immensely powerful and boundless.

Kai remained seated cross-legged, concentrating on refining it.

This time, he spent two full days and two nights, refining it relentlessly, meticulously peeling away the impurities of time, star fragments, and lingering illusions from the essence, absorbing, purifying, and fusing this boundless ancient power.

The moment he completed the refinement, his Dao heart reached a state of perfect perfection, his divine soul became increasingly refined, transparent, and eternally indestructible, and his understanding of the four great Daos of time, space, illusion, and stars instantly surged several times over, elevating his foundation to a new level.

When he stepped out of the ruins once more, standing amidst the swirling sandstorm, his figure remained as steady as a rock, unmoved, like a sacred mountain rooted for eternity, impervious to illusion and unshakable by eons.

His gaze rose, pointing directly to the last place of creation—Tianji Star Peak.

...

Tianji Continent, Tianji Star Peak.

This peak soared billions of feet high, piercing the clouds and sky, connecting all the star realms, the highest point in the Seven Star Heavens closest to the origin of the star field.

At its summit, there were no clouds, no fog, no rain, no wind, only the perpetual, eternally unyielding Nine Star Storm.

Endless stardust descended from the Nine Heavens, transforming into a vast, sharp star storm that swept across the entire peak.

Each wisp of stardust contained the ultimate sharpness to tear through space, the ultimate chill to freeze the soul, and the ultimate weight to crush the body.

Countless star blades raged ceaselessly, capable of easily tearing apart the protective divine light of a Grand Luo Golden Immortal, severing physical meridians, and freezing the very essence of their soul.

Ordinary cultivators, even if they approached within ten thousand miles of the star peak, would be ripped into blood mist by the star storm, their souls frozen and dissipated, unable to take even a single step closer.

Kai stood alone at the heart of the storm, his gray robe billowing slightly in the fierce star winds, his chaotic light shield as stable as a mountain, unmoving since time immemorial.

Countless star blades bombarded the light shield relentlessly, emitting a dense, piercing, and sharp explosion. The void constantly shattered, reformed, and trembled, yet it could not leave the slightest mark on the chaotic light shield.

He closed his eyes and concentrated, his divine sense spreading out to its limit, precisely capturing, amidst the chaotic star storm and intricate ancient star patterns, that faint, elusive, ancient, silent aura of the relic's origin.

Following the aura upstream, he took a step forward, precisely entering the entrance to the Tianji Ruins, hidden deep within the stellar storm.

Among the four ruins, the Tianji Ruins were the oldest, the most profound, and the most dangerous, with the sealed origin being the most bizarre and mysterious.

The dark golden origin here was no longer a simple torrent of the Great Dao, but rather mixed with countless broken stellar laws, chaotic Great Dao patterns, and annihilated fragments of spacetime.

Billions of tiny threads of Dao principles intertwined and nested layer upon layer, intricate and inseparable. Each thread needed to be individually peeled, purified, tempered, and fused; the slightest carelessness would result in a backlash of Dao principles and damage to the soul.

Kai calmed his mind, with extreme patience and meticulous attention to detail, day after day, night after night, peeling away the complex Dao patterns, purifying the impurities of the origin, absorbing ancient power, and fusing with the laws of the heavens.

For three whole days and nights, without sleep or rest, he refined to the utmost.

Three days later, the last wisp of dark gold Dao patterns was completely dissolved and absorbed.

The ancient origins of the four ruins, like four vast rivers flowing through eternity, all converged into Kai's dantian. They

completely merged and perfectly matched with the three origins of Chaos, Daoism, and the Water Clan, converging into a boundless and vast ocean of power.

His aura underwent its ultimate transformation, becoming restrained, profound, and boundless. Seemingly calm, it actually contained supreme power capable of crushing the heavens, collapsing mountains and rivers, and overturning the universe.

But at the very moment the power completely merged and the origins were unified, Kai's pupils suddenly contracted sharply, a monstrous wave surged in his heart, and his blood and qi instantly froze.

In the deepest part of the fusion of the origins of the four ruins, within the core of the ancient power sealed for eternity, he clearly sensed a strange aura that was extremely familiar, extremely eerie, and extremely unbelievable.

That aura lay dormant in the deepest recesses of the ancient origin, like fragments of memory buried deep in the ocean, or unparalleled gold refined from the sands of time. Silent for billions of years, it had finally revealed itself, bursting forth from the earth.

"Nuclear power..."

Kai murmured to himself, his voice filled with utter shock and disbelief, his purple eyes swirling with endless confusion and horror.

This was the ultimate destructive power belonging to mortals!

It was the power to deplete spiritual energy and sever the path to immortality . In the mortal realm, devoid of spiritual energy, immortality, and cultivation, nuclear power is the strongest combat force and the pinnacle of destruction achievable by mortals, capable of shattering mountains and seas, overturning the earth, and annihilating all life.

Yet, in the twenty-first heaven, a realm abundant with spiritual energy, flourishing with immortality, and crisscrossing the myriad realms, how could the nuclear power of the mortal world be sealed within the very core of this ancient ruin?

This is utterly contrary to the laws of heaven, defies common sense, and violates the laws of the heavens!

Kai's mind trembled, his thoughts churning, countless doubts swirling in his mind, refusing to dissipate.

Could it be that billions of years ago, in the ancient heavens, a powerful being stepped into the mortal realm, mastered the origin of nuclear power, and sealed it here?

Or is it that this ancient ruin of the myriad realms and the twenty-first heaven itself originated from the remnants of civilization in the mortal realm?

Countless conjectures swirled in his mind, but not a single clue could confirm them.

This secret was too ancient, too profound, spanning the mortal realm and the myriad heavens, far exceeding his current understanding.

He forcibly suppressed the overwhelming shock within him, gathering all his thoughts and ceasing to delve deeper.

The current situation—chaotic strife, widespread war, and the outbreak of a major battle on the Tian Shu Continent—was the most crucial and urgent matter.

The instant his thought settled, a terrifying surge of spiritual energy, far exceeding that of ordinary battles, suddenly swept in from the distant Tian Shu Continent, piercing through layers of void, traversing countless miles of heavens, and clearly reaching his senses.

Endless, violent collisions of spiritual energy, the crushing force of ultimate laws, and the destructive impact of countless powerful beings intertwined into a torrent of war capable of annihilating the heavens.

Golden divine light, silvery moonlight, dark blue starlight, and pitch-black demonic energy—four extreme colors of power—exploded wildly in the sky, colliding fiercely, annihilating each other, and crushing each other layer by layer.

The great war had erupted!

Ning Zhi had already initiated the attack!

Kai didn't linger. His figure soared through the air at incredible speed, transforming into a gray rainbow piercing the heavens. Ignoring spatial barriers, he traversed tens of thousands of miles of void, rushing at full speed to the main battlefield of the Tian Shu Continent!

...

The Tian Shu Continent, the core territory of the Twenty-One Heavens Divine Race, a land of eternal prosperity, had now completely become a battlefield of doomsday, a killing hell.

The entire continent's sky was shattered, the clouds dispersed, and there was no longer a trace of peace between heaven and earth, only endless war, overwhelming slaughter, and rampant spiritual power.

The three great divine races—Golden Crow, Silver Moon, and Morning Star—which had previously balanced each other and secretly competed, had now completely allied and joined forces against their enemy.

The barriers between the three families' territories had all been removed, and their lands were completely connected. The three family flags stood side by side, fluttering in the wind. The golden divine flag, the silver-white moon flag, and the dark blue star flag flew wildly in the war-torn winds, their power overwhelming.

This demonstrated the supreme dominance of the three great families joining forces to jointly attack the demon race.

The elite forces of the three families were fully assembled and ready for battle. Tens of thousands of divine cultivators lined the heavens, their military might magnificent, their fighting spirit soaring, and their

killing intent overwhelming. Jin Wuyai stood at the very center of the allied forces, his posture upright, his golden robes

fluttering, his face cold and stern, his killing intent chilling. A dazzling, domineering golden divine light radiated from his body, spreading out in layers. The terrifying pressure of a peak third-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal swept across the land, suppressing all directions. His eyes surged with extreme rage and icy killing intent from being ambushed and provoked.

To his left, Yue Wuhen, dressed in snow-white robes, stood silently in the wind, his expression indifferent and undisturbed.

A clear, pure silver-white moonlight flowed around him, serene and cold, seemingly gentle and ethereal, but in reality concealing an unparalleled killing power capable of freezing the heavens and crushing all things. His gaze was cold and unfathomable as he silently surveyed the demon army before him.

To his right, Xing Wuji stood calmly, his aura deep and profound.

Dark blue starlight swirled and shimmered around him, fine and condensed, like an ancient sea of stars lurking beneath his skin.

Seemingly calm and silent, he concealed a terrifying power capable of shattering stars and overturning the universe; his aura was unfathomable and intimidating.

The three top-tier powerhouses of the three divine races stood side by side, their auras unified, their power overwhelming the heavens. The primal power of the divine races intertwined and merged, forming a three-colored barrier that stretched across the heavens and earth, covering a battlefield of ten thousand miles—domineering, incomparable, and impenetrable.

Tens of thousands of elite divine cultivators arrayed themselves behind them, layer upon layer, advancing and retreating in an orderly fashion, combining offense and defense.

Each wore standard divine armor, wielded divine weapons, their auras refined, their fighting spirit boiling. Every one of them possessed a cultivation level firmly established as a Great Luo Golden Immortal; their military might was impeccable, their killing intent fierce—the pinnacle of divine power that had dominated the twenty-first heaven for ten thousand years.

On the opposite side of the battlefield, the demon army's ranks stretched endlessly, their black and menacing aura overwhelming.

Ning Zhi stood alone at the forefront of the demon army, his dark blue robes billowing wildly in the raging winds of war.

His body swirled with a dark golden, unrefined primal power, recently refined and not yet fully stabilized.

Mixed with an extremely domineering, arrogant, and bloodthirsty black demonic flame, these two extreme powers intertwined and fused, surrounding him, creating a violent, domineering, and supremely arrogant aura.

He stood tall and proud, his eyes arrogant and fierce, exuding an air of absolute self-importance, contempt for the gods, and a desire to crush the heavens.

Having undergone the tempering of the ruins' primal essence, his cultivation had skyrocketed overnight, transforming him completely, his combat power soaring. He had firmly established himself at the peak of the third rank of the Great Luo Golden Immortal, possessing profound foundations and ferocious combat power, comparable to the patriarchs of the three major families.

At this moment, his confidence swelled to its peak, his ambition reached its zenith. He believed that by possessing the origin of the ancient ruins and wielding unparalleled new power, he could crush the three great families, sweep across the Heavenly Pivot, overturn the hegemony of the gods, and reshape the order of the heavens.

Tens of thousands of demon cultivators lined up behind him,

their murderous aura soaring to the sky, their fighting spirit boiling. Each demon cultivator was an elite warrior who had fought his way out of the corpse mountains and seas of blood on the Heavenly Netherworld Continent. They were bloodthirsty, fearless, and incredibly powerful.

Black demonic flames surged and raged around them, their murderous aura permeating the air, their ferocious power overwhelming. Their eyes were bloodshot and filled with

killing intent, fixed on the allied forces of the gods ahead. They awaited their commander's order to charge into battle and fight to the death.

Su Yuqi stood quietly beside Ning Zhi, her fiery red dress billowing in the wind, bright and dazzling, creating a stark contrast with the black demonic flames filling the sky.

Her body was enveloped in a quiet, restrained, dark red flame, devoid of any violent pressure, yet concealing an extreme firepower capable of incinerating everything. Her

dark red eyes were cold and indifferent, devoid of joy or sorrow, their gaze calmly fixed on the divine army before her. Her spiritual energy was accumulating, ready to be unleashed at any moment to protect Ning Zhi and fight to the death to defeat the enemy.

The two armies faced each other, the world was heavy with killing intent, the flames of war were stilled, and a great battle was imminent.

An extreme sense of oppression and killing intent permeated the air, and an endless killing aura soared into the sky, shaking the heavens.

Jin Wuyai's eyes were cold, his killing intent boiling. He spoke first, his voice like thunder from the heavens, shaking the battlefield for thousands of miles and echoing throughout the four directions.

Every word was chilling, every sentence contained killing intent: "Boy! You mere remnants of the demon race, a band of outcasts, dare to trespass into the sacred land of the Heavenly Pivot Divine Clan, provoke the hegemony of the three great families, and stir up the flames of war in the heavens?"

"You really think?" Facing Jin Wuyai's fierce rebuke and intimidating aura, Ning Zhi remained arrogant and unconcerned, a chilling smile playing on his lips.

He slowly raised his right hand, and a dark, heavy, and murderous broadsword emerged from the void, humming and vibrating, its dragon roar shaking the heavens. The blade was adorned with dark golden ancient primordial patterns and jet-black demonic runes, exuding unparalleled dominance and overwhelming power.

"Ancient foundation? Divine hegemony?"

Ning Zhi sneered, his laughter chilling and echoing across the land, filled with disdain and contempt. "It's nothing but a corrupt, outdated, self-sufficient, and bullying old order!"

"The three great families have dominated Tian Shu for millennia, monopolizing the resources of the heavens and oppressing other races. They are rotten beyond repair and despised by the heavens!"

"Today, I, Ning Zhi, with tens of thousands of demon clansmen, inheriting the ancient creation of the ruins and wielding the power of the ancient origin, will break the old and establish the new, overturn the existing order, crush the divine race, and seize control of Tian Shu!"

"Enough nonsense! Today, this Tian Shu continent belongs to my demon clan! Those who stand in my way—die!"

With the last word, his killing intent was unleashed!

Ning Zhi's figure suddenly surged, breaking through the air at lightning speed, transforming into a streak of black-gold light. He charged out first, facing the allied forces of the three divine races alone, fearless and domineering in his charge!

"Charge! Crush the gods! Wash away the heavens!"

With Ning Zhi's earth-shattering command, tens of thousands of elite demons behind him roared in unison, their battle intent soaring, their murderous aura exploding!

Endless black demonic flames soared into the sky, sweeping across the land. Tens of thousands of demonic cultivators, like a black torrent bursting its banks, a doomsday tidal wave, swept across the land, crushing everything in their path, charging madly towards the three-colored barrier of the god- alliance army!

The earth-shattering sounds of battle, roars, and furious cries instantly resounded throughout the heavens and earth, shaking the very heavens!

Above the sky, black-gold demonic flames collided violently with the golden, silver, and blue divine radiance, fiercely battling, annihilating each other, and crushing one another layer upon layer.

Countless powerful divine abilities, top-tier spells, and primal attacks exploded wildly in the high sky, rising and falling endlessly.

The demonic cultivators fought with ferocious ferocity, fearless of death, risking their lives, displaying extreme ruthlessness.

Every demonic cultivator fought with a desperate, all-or-nothing style, seeking neither self-preservation nor the destruction of their enemy. Demonic blades slashed relentlessly, demonic flames scorched the heavens, and malevolent energy corroded bones; every move was ruthless and deadly.

The front-line demonic cultivators simultaneously unleashed their innate demonic arts, unleashing a deluge of black demonic blades, fire, lightning, and malevolent energy that rained down relentlessly upon the three-colored defensive barrier formed by the combined forces of the three great families.

Bang! Bang! Bang—!

A continuous, deafening explosion echoed for miles, the entire world trembled violently, the void shattered and reformed repeatedly, mountains and rivers crumbled and collapsed, and dust billowed everywhere.

The divine cultivators, well-trained, coordinated, and methodical in their offense and defense, advanced and retreated with precision.

Golden divine light crushed the enemy head-on, while silver moonlight blocked and froze their attacks from the sides, and dark blue starlight suppressed and penetrated their defenses from the sky.

The three colors of divine light intertwined and flowed, complementing and reinforcing each other, forming an impeccable top-tier battle formation that steadily withstood the demon race's frenzied charge.

"Golden Crow Divine Flame, Scorch the Plains and Subdue the Demons!"

The Golden Crow cultivators in the front row simultaneously formed hand seals and shouted in unison. Golden divine flames soared into the sky, transforming into an endless sea of fire, burning fiercely and spreading across the land, scorching, purifying, and devouring the approaching black demonic flames.

Countless low-level demon cultivators were instantly incinerated into ashes as the divine flames approached, their souls annihilated.

"Silver Moon Cold Radiance, Freeze Eternity!"

The Silver Moon cultivator raised his hand to condense the moon, and its light descended, spreading a clear, cold, and pure silver-white radiance in all directions. Extreme cold instantly froze the entire void.

The demon cultivators charging at the front were all frozen and immobilized, then crushed by the moonlight, their bodies shattered, their blood staining the sky.

"The Stars Fall, Shattering Demons and Annihilating Evil!"

The Star Cultivator summoned the starlight of the nine heavens, and countless tiny, sharp, dark blue star blades rained down from the sky, piercing through demonic flames, slicing through demonic bodies, and shattering demonic evil, precisely reaping the lives of countless demonic cultivators with terrifying destructive power.

The war between gods and demons was extremely fierce, with corpses strewn across the battlefield and blood flowing through the sky.

Every moment, countless demonic cultivators were crushed by divine light, their bodies and souls extinguished;

every moment, underestimating divine cultivators were devoured by demonic flames, slain by demonic blades, and plummeting from the sky.

Demonic energy and divine blood splattered across the sky, intertwining and staining the entire heavens and permeating the vast land.

At the forefront of the battlefield, Ning Zhi charged alone, invincible and unparalleled in his dominance.

The dark gold ancient primordial power he had just refined, combined with his ten thousand years of demonic cultivation, was unleashed to its fullest extent, with extreme dominance.

He wildly swung his greatsword, its movements sweeping and crisscrossing, its power overwhelming.

Each slash was imbued with a dark golden ancient sword aura and pitch-black demonic flames. The sword aura pierced the sky, tore through the void, and crushed all things, its power boundless and its killing intent endless.

With a single slash, dozens of elite divine beings at the Great Luo Golden Immortal level were instantly cleaved in half at the waist by the sword

aura, their bodies shattered, divine blood gushing out, and they perished on the spot. With a single horizontal slash, all the divine abilities, divine techniques, and divine light

of the divine race were torn apart, crushed, and annihilated, leaving no room for resistance. His figure moved swiftly through the ranks of the divine race, galloping freely, unstoppable and invincible.

Any divine cultivator who came close to him was instantly killed and annihilated without a single blow.

In an instant, the front ranks of the divine race were scattered and routed by his single charge, their formation in disarray, and their casualties heavy.

"So powerful! Lord Ning Zhi's strength is truly formidable!"

"No wonder he controls the origin of the ruins! He single-handedly crushed the elite of the gods, he's simply invincible!"

"Kill! Follow Lord Ning Zhi and crush the gods! Today, our demon race will surely turn the tide!"

The demon army's morale soared, their fighting spirit soaring. Under Ning Zhi's powerful leadership, their offensive became increasingly ferocious, ruthless, and sharp, relentlessly suppressing the front ranks of the god-alliance army, forcing the god cultivators to retreat step by step, exhausted and unable to resist.

Ning Zhi fought with increasing courage, his momentum unstoppable, his arrogance and self-confidence growing ever stronger.

He had initially been wary of the combined strength of the three great families, but after a series of battles, he discovered that ordinary god cultivators were utterly vulnerable and powerless to resist. His initial fear vanished completely, leaving only extreme arrogance and confidence.

He even believed that even if the three great family patriarchs joined forces, they might not be able to withstand the power of his ruins' origin!

"The three great families are nothing but ants!"

Ning Zhi roared to the sky, his sword aura surging, his dark gold essence and demonic flames erupting and expanding to their fullest extent. His sword swept across ten thousand miles of sky, cleaving directly at the three great clan leaders, his arrogance domineering and his gaze sweeping across the world.

"Ning Zhi! Cease your arrogance!"

Jin Wuyai's eyes were bloodshot, his killing intent boundless. Seeing his elite troops suffering heavy casualties and their formation collapsing, he could no longer restrain himself and launched a fierce counterattack.

He raised his hand, forming hand seals and channeling his power, his golden divine fire surging to its peak, soaring into the sky and igniting the surrounding wilderness.

Transformed into...? "Golden Crow Burning Heaven Technique!"

The golden dragon roared and tore through the sky, burning the void, incinerating spiritual energy, and dissolving demonic energy wherever it passed. Its domineering power and divine might were unparalleled; it was the supreme innate divine ability of the Golden Crow family.

Facing this extremely domineering attack, Ning Zhi showed no fear, only a cold smile, and once again unleashed his full power with his greatsword.

A dark golden, eternal blade light erupted, traversing heaven and earth, colliding violently with the golden fire dragon in a fierce battle!

Boom—!

A deafening roar shattered the heavens and reverberated through the ages. A terrifying storm of spiritual energy swept across thousands of miles, crushing everything in its path. Countless cultivators, near and far, were shaken by the shockwave, their blood churning, their bodies flying backward, and coughing up blood.

The firelight and the blade light collided to their extremes, annihilating each other, layer by layer canceling each other out.

Finally, the golden fire dragon shattered, its divine fire dissipating. Jin Wuyai was forced to retreat repeatedly, his blood surging, his expression drastically changing.

Ning Zhi merely paused slightly, his breath slightly disordered, completely unharmed and still exuding dominance!

"What?!"

Jin Wuyai's pupils shrank, his face filled with disbelief, a tidal wave of shock surging within him.

His family's supreme divine power, activated with all his might, had been so easily defeated and crushed head-on by the opponent!

Yue Wuhen's gaze narrowed slightly, his expression finally shifting, no longer standing idly by.

"Indeed, you have some skill. No wonder you dared to risk everything alone and provoke the three great families."

As his words fell, Yue Wuhen raised his hand, conjuring the moon and drawing upon its light.

The clear, silvery-white moonlight suddenly gathered and solidified, transforming into an ancient, cold, and pure ice moon, suspended in the sky.

Hanging high in the heavens, it enveloped the surrounding land, its extreme freezing and annihilating power spreading out layer upon layer, suppressing everything below.

"Silver Moon Annihilation Seal!"

The Eternal Ice Moon crashed down, crushing everything in its path with unparalleled power—freezing the heavens, annihilating all laws, and suppressing gods and demons. It enveloped Ning Zhi from all sides, sealing off all his escape routes, retreats, and counterattacks.

The chill was bone-chilling, the laws were sealed, spiritual energy solidified, and the void froze.

The entire battlefield was instantly frozen solid. The void around Ning Zhi solidified, restricting his movement, stagnating his spiritual energy, and hindering his attacks.

"Break!"

Ning Zhi roared, gritting his teeth and unleashing his full power. His dark gold essence erupted, demonic flames surged, and his greatsword slashed out again, the violent blade light tearing through the frozen void, directly clashing with the Eternal Ice Moon.

Another earth-shattering explosion ripped through the sky!

The ice moon shattered, its moonlight dissipated, and the chill vanished.

Ning Zhi forcefully broke through Yue Wuhen's deadly divine power, but his body was shaken back dozens of steps, his tiger's mouth split open, black gold demonic blood seeping out, his arm numb, and his breath disordered.

Before he could stabilize himself, regulate his breathing, and attack again, Xing Wuji had already silently made his move, instantly unleashing a deadly attack.

Xing Wuji was always calm and patient, his attacks silent, concealed, and sure to kill with a single blow.

He formed hand seals, drawing upon the power of the star sea, and dark blue starlight instantly spread out and converged around him, condensing the power of billions of stars.

It transformed into a massive, thick, star net covering tens of thousands of miles, silently and rapidly enveloping Ning Zhi, instantly sealing off all his escape routes and completely imprisoning him.

"Chenxing Zhentian Net!"

The star net suddenly tightened, rapidly crushing and binding, layer upon layer, imprisoning him tightly.

Countless tiny, sharp star blades frantically cut, pierced, and crushed within the net, the extremely heavy star power suppressing, imprisoning, and locking down Ning Zhi's primordial spiritual power and demonic arts.

At this moment, Jin Wuyai launched a frontal assault, Yue Wuhen provided flank sealing, and Xing Wuji locked him down from the rear.

The three top-tier powerhouses of the three divine races and the three peak-level Grand Luo Golden Immortals of the third rank finally completed their perfect encirclement, a trinity, a joint killing blow!

The three ultimate primordial powers intertwined and merged, complementing and reinforcing each other, forming an unsolvable killing trap, completely confining Ning Zhi!

Ning Zhi's expression finally changed drastically, his face becoming solemn, and his heart filled with shock.

Only now did he fully understand that he had underestimated the ancient foundation and ultimate combat power of the three families joining forces!

Although he had refined the dark gold primordial power of the ruins, his cultivation had skyrocketed, and his combat power had soared, this newfound power was ultimately too immature, not yet completely stable, and not yet fully integrated.

In a one-on-one fight, he could easily overpower any clan leader and gain the absolute upper hand.

But when the three great families joined forces, forming a trinity, complementing each other's essence, combining offense and defense, and cooperating with millennia of tacit understanding and an unparalleled battle formation,

their combat power was not simply an additive increase, but rather a surge several times over, completely surpassing his own limits!

"Get out of my way!"

Ning Zhi roared through gritted teeth, unleashing his full power and struggling desperately.

His dark gold essence and pitch-black demonic flames burned to their extremes, pushing him to his limits.

Each strike of his greatsword was more ferocious and brutal than the last, slashing wildly at the star net and trying to break free from the essence's restraints.

But the suppressive power of the three great families' combined forces was too heavy, too domineering, and too unsolvable.

The more he struggled and the more he unleashed his power, the tighter the star net contracted, the more severe the moonlight seal became, and the heavier the divine fire crushed him.

Endless star blades relentlessly sliced through his flesh, tore his demonic robes, and ripped apart his meridians. The extreme power of ice froze his spiritual energy, while domineering divine fire relentlessly scorched his demonic body, melting his very essence.

*Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

* Countless fine wounds instantly covered Ning Zhi's entire body, black-gold demonic blood seeping out continuously, flowing freely, staining his robes red, and dripping into the sky.

His aura began to rapidly become chaotic, drastically weakening, and steadily declining. His recently surged combat power plummeted, his essence was rapidly depleted, and his foundation was continuously damaged.

"Hahaha! Ning Zhi! You think you can defy fate and contend with the ancient foundations of the three great families with just a sliver of the legacy of this relic?"

Jin Wuyai sneered, his mockery evident, his eyes icy and filled with murderous intent. "Naive and laughable, courting death!

Your newly refined foundation is still unstable. Forcibly overdrawing it and struggling desperately will only destroy your own foundation and lead to your complete demise!"

Yue Wuhen's gaze was cold as he spoke calmly, his tone carrying absolute control and crushing power: "Speculation in chaotic times, relying on luck for sudden gains, arrogant and impetuous, with a fragile foundation.

Today is your day of burial, and also the day the Demon Clan is completely annihilated."

Xing Wuji remained silent, his hands forming a seal, the giant star net tightening continuously, suppressing Ning Zhi to the extreme, giving him no chance to breathe or turn the tables.

The three powerful figures took turns attacking, their offensives relentless, layer upon layer, relentlessly crushing him.

The Golden Crow Divine Fire scorched him head-on, constantly breaching his defenses; the Silver Moon's chilling power continuously froze and locked his spiritual energy; and the Starry Sky's power suppressed and tore at his flesh layer by layer.

Ning Zhi's wounds multiplied and deepened, demonic blood flowed more and more, soaking his entire body, and his aura grew increasingly weak, disordered, and decaying. (

Original source:...)