the mans Decree: Kai Ping/Chen Ping

Chapter 6841 - 6850

Every counterattack he launched was easily crushed and ruthlessly blocked by the combined power of the three major families.

Every struggle he made resulted in an even fiercer, more ruthless, and more deadly crushing and injury.

The battle had reversed, the outcome was decided, and a desperate situation had formed!

The commander-in-chief was trapped, the commander-in-chief was seriously injured, and the commander-in-chief was defeated!

The morale of the tens of thousands of demon army below plummeted instantly, their fighting spirit collapsed, their hearts were in chaos, and their offensive came to an abrupt halt.

Without Ning Zhi's strong suppression and leadership, the demon army's frenzied offensive instantly crumbled and collapsed into disarray.

The allied forces of the three major families seized the opportunity, launched a full-scale counterattack, and crushed the enemy with overwhelming force!

"Press forward on all fronts! Annihilate the demons! Leave no one alive!"

The divine general shouted sharply, and the military order fell.

Tens of thousands of divine cultivators advanced in unison, launching a full-scale counterattack, unleashing their supernatural powers, and filling the sky with spells.

Golden flames raged, moonlight froze, and starlight filled the sky—the tri-colored divine radiance once again spread out, crushing down relentlessly on the panicked and routed demon army, slaughtering and reaping them with abandon!

The demon cultivators, originally fearless and powerful, were now helpless against the divine race's full-scale counterattack, their commander trapped, their forces decimated, and their morale broken.

Vast swathes of demon cultivators were crushed by the divine radiance, instantly falling, their blood staining the battlefield. The demon formation completely collapsed, scattering in all directions, suffering heavy casualties, and leaving corpses strewn across the land.

Seeing this, Su Yuqi's eyes instantly filled with extreme anxiety and utter panic.

No longer caring about her own safety, she unleashed a burst of dark red flames around her, leaping forward at lightning speed to reach Ning Zhi in an instant.

"Blazing Flames!"

She poured out all her spiritual power, burning her primordial flames, and a sky full of dark red flames soared into the heavens, transforming into an endless curtain of fire, desperately resisting the overwhelming offensive of the three major clans, attempting to tear apart the giant star net and rescue Ning Zhi from his predicament.

However, her cultivation was far too low compared to the three clan leaders, and her combat power was vastly inferior.

The raging flames had barely spread when they were instantly crushed, torn apart, and annihilated by the three-colored divine radiance, leaving her with no power to resist.

The remaining force of the divine radiance slammed heavily into Su Yuqi.

*Pfft!

* Her body trembled violently, she staggered backward, spitting out a mouthful of bright red blood, her face instantly turning ashen, her breath rapidly weakening, and her spiritual power nearly exhausted.

Yet she still gritted her teeth and endured, not retreating a single step, standing firmly in front of Ning Zhi, her eyes filled with determination and resolve, even if it meant her own death, she would protect Ning Zhi.

"Senior Sister! Don't worry about me! Go!"

Ning Zhi roared, his eyes bloodshot with guilt.

Before, Ning Zhi had used Su Yuqi as a bargaining chip to blackmail Kai, but after spending so much time with her, he now truly considered her his senior sister.

He didn't want her to be harmed because of him.

"I won't leave."

Su Yuqi's voice was soft yet incredibly firm. Her dark red eyes were fixed on the three approaching powerful figures. Her body trembled slightly, her spiritual energy nearly exhausted, yet she stood firm, vowing to protect them to the death. "I can't watch you die."

These simple words spoke volumes, revealing an unwavering resolve and steadfast commitment.

Jin Wuyai coldly surveyed the two, his eyes devoid of emotion, his killing intent chilling and ruthless: "Ignorant and stubborn. Since you refuse to retreat, then we shall all perish here!"

With that, the three clan leaders ceased their probing, unleashing their full power in a deadly attack!

The Golden Crow's Heaven-Burning Divine Fire, the Silver Moon's Desolate Cold Radiance, and the Star's Heaven-Suppressing Star Power—the three ultimate primal forces—completely merged and unified, transforming into a colossal, three-colored, all-encompassing, devastating seal that stretched across heaven and earth, covering tens of thousands of miles, capable of destroying everything!

The seal hovered in the air, its might overwhelming the heavens, its power capable of shattering mountains and overturning seas, carrying the supreme might to end, crush, and annihilate everything, as it fiercely pressed down upon Ning Zhi and Su Yuqi!

At this moment, heaven and earth stood still, the wind ceased, and all sound was utterly silent.

Ning Zhi's eyes were filled with despair, his face utterly powerless. He used his last ounce of spiritual power to protect Su Yuqi before him, prepared for death and utter annihilation.

Su Yuqi gently closed her eyes, a trace of regret flashing in them. A gray figure silently appeared in her heart, murmuring: Kai...

Facing certain death, on the verge of annihilation!

Just as the three-colored, all-encompassing seal was about to crush the two and end their lives—*

Buzz!*

A thick, vast, and impenetrable gray chaotic light suddenly pierced through the heavens and descended in an instant!

This light, seemingly gentle and silent, carried the weight of the entire world, the majesty to crush eternity, and the ultimate power to transcend all heavens!

The gray light landed precisely in front of Ning Zhi and Su Yuqi, instantly creating an immeasurable, thick, and immortal chaotic barrier!

Boom!!!

The three-colored killing seal crashed into the chaotic barrier! A

deafening roar that shook the ages and overturned the heavens and earth exploded, and an endless storm of spiritual energy raged through the heavens and swept across the eight wastelands!

The indestructible and all-crushing three-colored seal, before the gray chaotic barrier, was like an ant trying to shake a tree, or a thin piece of paper hitting a mountain, instantly halting, instantly shattering, and instantly annihilating!

The tricolored divine radiance that filled the sky completely melted away, losing all its power. All the ferocious attacks and deadly forces were blocked, neutralized, and devoured!

The entire battlefield instantly fell silent, utterly still!

Everyone's gaze was frozen, shocked, and stunned as they stared at the suddenly descending gray figure!

Above the sky, Kai stood alone, facing the wind, his gray robes fluttering, his posture upright.

His purple eyes were icy cold, indifferent as frost, overlooking the entire battlefield. There was no joy or anger in his eyes, no ripples or waves, only the extreme coldness and killing intent of an age-old ice.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword hovered before him, its blade trembling, its clear dragon roar resounding throughout the heavens and shaking the ages. Gray-purple sword light flowed around him, fierce and domineering, suppressing the eight wastelands.

He stood quietly in the center of the raging battle, alone, with only his sword in hand, yet he suppressed the entire Tian Shu battlefield into deathly silence, all spirits bowing their heads, and the gods holding their breath!

After a moment of silence, Kai's voice, clear, cold, and resolute, though not loud, resounded throughout the heavens and earth, shaking the very souls of everyone present:

"Now, it's my turn."

Kai's calm and decisive words, though lacking the force of thunder, possessed an unparalleled weight capable of overturning the battle and suppressing the heavens.

Like an eternal, unchanging maxim of the Heavenly Dao, it crashed down upon the entire battlefield of Tian Shu, ablaze with war.

In an instant, heaven and earth froze, and all sound ceased.

The intertwined divine and demonic spiritual energy in the sky froze abruptly, the aftershocks of the battle that stretched for thousands of miles instantly subsided, and the earth-shattering roars of battle, the clashing of weapons, and the explosions of divine powers all came to an abrupt halt.

The entire battlefield of the heavens seemed to be paused by an invisible hand, transforming into a deathly, desolate, blood-red scroll.

Only the divine blood and demonic liquid flowing across the ground continued to slowly writhe, and the lingering heat of the battle still burned silently, making the deathly silence all the more oppressive and chilling. Ning Zhi knelt beside the broken stone pillar, his meridians throbbing with pain, his demonic blood still flowing, his injuries deep and severe. His once arrogant, bloodthirsty eyes, which had looked down upon the heavens, were

now wide open, pupils trembling violently, a tsunami raging

within him, unable to subside for a long time. In that instant of facing certain death, he clearly felt the deathly confinement enveloping his entire body, the crushing force of his very essence.

The combined killing power of the three clan leaders had sealed off all his paths to survival, shattered all his resistance; he had even resigned himself to the final fate of his Dao foundation collapsing, his soul and spirit annihilated, his body and Dao vanishing.

But in that instant, a vast, ancient, and overwhelming gray power suddenly descended, and the insurmountable three-colored divine seal, like bubbles and glass, instantly shattered, annihilated, and vanished without a trace.

It wasn't a simple clash of spiritual energy, a contest of techniques, but an absolute crushing on a dimensional level, a complete dimensional reduction at the source.

Ning Zhi's chest heaved violently, black-gold demonic blood spilling from the corners of his mouth. His meridians ached terribly, yet he felt no physical pain. His entire mind and will were completely captivated by Kai above the heavens.

He witnessed firsthand how the combined power of the three races—which he had barely managed to contend with by exhausting his ancient demonic arts, overdrawing the

essence of the ruins, and fighting with everything he had—was utterly insignificant and utterly useless before Kai.

His previous arrogance, pride, ambition, and resentment were all crushed to dust and vanished without a trace.

He believed that with his divinely bestowed fortune, inheriting the essence of the ruins, and ascending to the heavens in one step, he was on par with the top powers of the heavens, enough to overthrow the eternal hegemony of the gods and reshape the Seven Star Order.

But only now did he fully awaken to the fact that his so-called heaven-defying rise and supreme combat power were nothing but the vain arrogance of a frog in a well and the laughable bravado of a firefly in the face of a true top-tier expert.

Su Yuqi stood quietly beside Ning Zhi, her dark red eyes fixed unblinkingly on the gray figure.

Her mind was blank, her past utterly lost, not a single fragment of her memories of Kai remaining. Yet, deep within her heart, waves of bittersweet emotion, palpitations, and dependence surged uncontrollably.

It was a bond that transcended time, surpassed memory, and was rooted in her very soul—vague yet real, distant yet burning hot—giving her a strange sense of peace and certainty amidst her bewildered state.

Above, the three-colored divine light flickered and trembled, its previous domineering brilliance completely gone.

Jin Wuyai stood high in the sky, his body tense, his blood surging, his mind reeling.

His once proud and domineering golden eyes, which had looked down upon the heavens, were now fixed on Kai, their depths filled with extreme apprehension, astonishment, and disbelief.

This wasn't the first time he had seen Kai.

He knew this alien cultivator who had killed his own son, conquered the four continents, and repeatedly thwarted the grand plans of the divine race.

Back then, Kai, though possessing extraordinary combat power and heaven-defying talent, was still only capable of being resisted, controlled, and besieged.

But the Kai standing before him now was a completely different person, transformed beyond recognition.

There was no earth-shattering surge of spiritual power around him, no overwhelming domineering pressure; he stood calmly and quietly, like the wind, yet possessed an unparalleled aura of an ancient abyss.

His surface was calm and undisturbed, but within lay a boundless undercurrent capable of devouring all heavens, crushing all laws, and overturning the universe. It was an absolute level of pressure, far surpassing the dimension of a Great Luo Golden Immortal, after the primordial chaos had been perfectly unified and the Dao foundation and divine soul had undergone a complete transformation.

Beside him, Yue Wuhen's silver-white pupils suddenly contracted and trembled slightly.

He had ruled the Silver Moon Clan for tens of thousands of years, witnessing countless powerful figures and understanding the ebb and flow of the Great Dao. His mind had long since become as detached and undisturbed as still water. Even when facing Jin Wuyai and Xing Wuji, who were at the peak of the same level, he remained calm and composed, knowing when to advance and retreat.

But today, for the first time, he felt an extreme suppression and instinctive fear emanating from the depths of his soul from a Golden Immortal cultivator.

This oppression was not a difference in spiritual power level, but a comprehensive crushing of the Great Dao's origin, life level, and the overall structure of the heavens.

Like an ant gazing at the vast sky, or a mortal body observing gods and demons, it instilled endless powerlessness and humility in him, making even the thought of resistance impossible to arise.

Xing Wuji was always calm and patient, never showing his emotions. He had long been hidden in the Starry Sky, quietly observing the changes in the heavens and concealing his own sharpness.

But at this moment, his body, shrouded in dark blue starlight, was slightly tense, the starry patterns that concealed his eyes trembled violently, and his eyes were filled with unprecedented solemnity, vigilance, and panic.

The three top patriarchs of the three divine races and three ancient powerhouses at the peak of the third rank of the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm, who had traversed the Seven Star Heavens for tens of thousands of years, could suppress a region and overturn a territory when they joined forces.

Yet today, they were all silenced and dared not move, their minds shaken, by a single Golden Immortal cultivator standing alone.

On the deathly silent battlefield, Jin Wuyai was the first to suppress the overwhelming tremor in his heart, forcibly stabilizing his chaotic qi and blood, his hoarse and cold voice breaking the silence.

Every word seemed to be squeezed out from his taut throat and suppressed heart, carrying extreme resentment and rage.

" Kai! You alone, with only the cultivation of a Golden Immortal, dare to try and stop our three great families' tens of thousands of elite Divine Race warriors and three peak experts?"

"Do you really think you can shake our Divine Race's ancient foundation and boundless resources with your own strength?"

Facing Jin Wuyai's stern questioning and forceful pressure, Kai's expression remained unchanged, his gaze unwavering. His purple eyes were indifferent as frost and cold as the moon, without the slightest ripple or fluctuation.

He was too lazy to even utter a word in rebuttal or argue.

Before the absolute difference in power, all questions, threats, confidence, and resources were vain, futile, and laughable.

Kai stood tall, his gray robes hanging silently, the air around him stagnant, all laws yielding to him.

He slowly raised his foot and took a step forward into the void.

This step was silent, without the sound of air being torn apart, without the vibration of spiritual energy, without any unusual phenomena in the heavens and earth. It was gentle and calm, without a sound, yet it contained the supreme Daoist rhyme of the return of chaos to oneness, the submission of all Dao, and

the succumbing of all heavens. With each step, the remaining flames of war, the aftershocks of spiritual energy, and the chaotic currents of laws in the entire vast sky were all crushed into ashes and completely dissolved by the invisible power of chaos.

The crisscrossing auras of gods and demons, the shattered spatial cracks, and the raging residual power of slaughter, like morning mist meeting the blazing sun or snow meeting a raging fire, instantly dissipated and vanished without a trace.

The vast void instantly became clear and pure, without a speck of dust.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword hovered half a foot in front of Kai, its blade trembling slightly. The clear and distant dragon's roar echoed softly, and the gray-purple primordial sword light flowed slowly along the blade like mercury, permeating his entire body.

Every wisp of sword light was condensed to the extreme, pure to the extreme, and domineering to the extreme, without the slightest redundancy. Kai finally spoke, his voice calm and clear, neither loud nor soft, yet it pierced through the vast void, resounding in everyone's ears, carrying an absolute majesty as unquestionable and inviolable as the judgment of Heaven: "I give you one last chance." "

Abandon the Heavenly Pivot, retreat as a whole. I may spare your lives."

These simple seventeen words, devoid of arrogant boasting or domineering declarations, were imbued with profound wisdom and authority, carrying an absolute posture of overlooking all living beings and judging the heavens.

This moment was not a contest between cultivators, but a gesture of charity from a superior to an inferior, a forgiveness of an ant by a powerful being, and a mercy from Heaven to mortals.

Upon hearing this, Jin Wuyai's blood surged instantly, his anger soaring, his facial muscles twitching violently, veins bulging. His pride, dignity, and dominance were utterly crushed and trampled upon.

He had ruled the Golden Crow Clan for tens of thousands of years, sitting at the core of the Heavenly Pivot, dominating the Seven Star Heavens. He had always been the one overlooking all living beings, judging other races, and taking whatever he pleased.

Never before had he been so scorned, so merciful, so looked down upon by a cultivator of a far lower realm than himself.

The extreme humiliation, rage, and resentment intertwined and shattered his last shred of reason and composure.

"You're courting death! Utterly arrogant!"

Jin Wuyai roared, his eyes bloodshot, his voice shaking the heavens and earth.

Golden divine fire erupted from his body, spreading across thousands of miles, unleashing his previously restrained primordial power, his ancient cultivation, and his family's lineage—all without reservation.

The raging golden divine fire tore through the sky, piercing the heavens and earth, countless flame patterns intertwining and coalescing, forming a colossal ancient divine fire dragon, tens of thousands of feet long, coiled in the sky.

Its body was majestic, its scales and claws ferocious, its dragon might overwhelming, its flames scorching the heavens.

The dragon's eyes were bloodshot, its roar echoing through the ages, shaking the very heavens.

The golden divine flames burning around him scorched the void and crushed spiritual energy. Wherever he passed, the laws of heaven and earth retreated, spatial barriers crumbled layer by layer, and dark spatial rifts stretched for thousands of miles.

Even the heavens themselves trembled slightly under this extreme power.

This was the ultimate strike of Jin Wuyai's life's cultivation, the pinnacle form of the Golden Crow Clan's supreme inherited technique, the [Golden Crow Burning Heaven Technique].

Previously, when fighting Ning Zhi, he had still held back and concealed his trump cards, but now, facing Kai, he dared not hold back in the slightest, dared not be the slightest bit careless. He

poured out tens of thousands of years of cultivation, burning his very essence, seeking only to kill with one strike, wash away the humiliation, and defend the dignity of the divine race.

The terrifying fire dragon, carrying the supreme power to destroy the world and annihilate all directions, tore through layers of void, carrying the domineering power to burn the prairie sky and crush all things, directly crushing and bombarding Kai!

Beneath the heavens, all cultivators held their breath, their minds tense.

Hope ignited in the eyes of the divine cultivators, certain their patriarch's attack would slay their formidable enemy and reverse the tide of battle;

the demon cultivators were filled with worry and unease, their eyes fixed on the gray figure locked onto by the golden fire dragon.

Only Ning Zhi stared blankly, his mind reeling.

He had personally experienced the terror and dominance of this attack, knowing it was enough to crush him, shatter the demon formation, and annihilate countless demon cultivators.

Yet now, looking at the motionless, composed gray figure, he felt no worry whatsoever, only an extreme absurdity and certainty.

This earth-shattering, deadly strike was meaningless before Kai.

In the center of the heavens, Kai stood calmly, his expression serene, his purple eyes watching the roaring, billion-foot-long fire dragon approach, as if observing children playing and dust swirling, his eyes devoid of any ripples or emotion.

He didn't even need to raise his sword, form hand seals, or activate any techniques.

He simply raised his right hand slowly, his fingers slightly bent, and flicked it lightly.

Whoosh—

a wisp of slender, hair-thin, grayish-purple sword light silently burst forth from his fingertip, piercing the air.

This wisp of sword light seemed weak and insignificant, lacking any earth-shattering power or wildfire-like phenomena. Compared to the towering, domineering golden fire dragon, it was like a firefly compared to the moon, or a speck of dust compared to a mountain—utterly insignificant and negligible.

Yet, this tiny wisp of sword light carried the supreme laws of the primordial chaos, the ultimate Dao of the unity of all things.

The two collided instantly.

There was no earth-shattering explosion, no violent storm of spiritual energy, only a soft, muffled hiss, quietly echoing through the void.

The indestructible, heaven-destroying golden divine fire dragon, from head to tail, from back to chest and abdomen... The dragon's massive body, spanning tens of thousands of feet, was

cleanly and smoothly severed in two by a single, delicate sword beam, from top to bottom and from the center outwards. It offered no resistance, no chance to recover, tearing apart like a thin sheet of paper, melting like ice and snow in a raging fire. The split golden fire dragon, deprived of its source support, instantly dissipated, scattering golden divine fire into countless tiny specks of light, falling like rain. Its once terrifying and domineering power vanished completely in an instant. A terrifying backlash surged back along the chains of law, slamming into Jin Wuyai's fundamental Dao foundation. *Poof! * Jin Wuyai's body trembled violently, and he stumbled backward, his feet repeatedly missing the ground in the void. Each step shattered space, golden cracks spreading in all directions. He retreated hundreds of feet before barely managing to steady himself. A stream of dazzling golden divine blood uncontrollably gushed from the corner of his mouth, dripping slowly down his chin and staining his robes crimson. His once ruddy and majestic face instantly turned deathly pale, devoid of any color. The once blazing and domineering golden divine fire around him completely withered and dimmed, teetering on the verge of collapse. The Golden Crow Origin and Flame Dao Laws that he had painstakingly cultivated for tens of thousands of years were now crumbling inch by inch,

disintegrating layer by layer, and spiraling out of control. His meridians were torn, his Dao foundation was damaged, and his soul trembled. He looked down blankly at his slightly trembling hands, his spiritual energy disordered, feeling the broken and collapsing foundation of his origin within him. He froze completely in the void, his mind and spirit shaken, his eyes filled with deathly silence. "How is this possible..." A hoarse, broken voice struggled to escape his throat, filled with utter bewilderment, horror, and disbelief. A devastating blow, fueled by his life's cultivation and burning his very essence, powerful enough to crush the heavens and incinerate mountains and rivers, was utterly shattered and instantly destroyed by a casual flick of the wrist. The difference in their combat power was no longer a mere chasm, but a world of difference, a dimensional gap. The entire arena fell silent; all spirits were speechless. Ning Zhi stared blankly at this scene, his heart feeling as if it were being squeezed and crushed by an invisible hand. A sense of suffocation, powerlessness, and utter defeat overwhelmed him, leaving him cold and unable to move. Jin Wuyai , whom he had fought so hard, exhausting his very essence to barely contend with, was so utterly vulnerable and easily broken in Kai's hands. His pride and joy...

Yue Wuhen's eyes narrowed sharply, his mind reeling. He could no longer maintain his usual cold indifference and composure.

He knew the terrifying power of Jin Wuyai's attack, knew it was the Golden Crow Clan Chief's ultimate trump card, but witnessing it being easily broken, the shock and fear in his heart instantly surged to their peak.

Without daring to hesitate or hold back any longer, Yue Wuhen's hands rapidly formed hand seals, the seals intricate and ever-changing. The silvery-white moonlight around him instantly surged to its maximum, spreading for thousands of miles.

The cold, pure, and icy power of the moonlight rapidly gathered and condensed, forming an ancient, eternally frozen moon suspended in the sky.

The moon hovered high in the sky, covering the surrounding land. The extreme icy chill and annihilating Daoist aura instantly covered the void for thousands of miles, freezing the spiritual energy of heaven and earth, sealing spatial barriers, and imprisoning the vitality of all things.

The air in the entire sky solidified and froze completely, even the flow of time and the laws of nature seemed to be frozen and stagnant.

"Silver Moon Annihilation Seal!"

Yue Wuhen coldly uttered, unleashing the full power of his moon essence and millennia of cultivation, activating the Silver Moon family's supreme killing technique.

The eternal ice moon, carrying the unparalleled might to freeze the heavens, annihilate all laws, and suppress gods and demons, crashed down with a deafening roar.

It precisely locked onto all the space around Kai, sealing off all possibilities of evasion, escape, or counterattack.

This strike could freeze mountains and rivers, annihilate the soul, and freeze the Great Dao. An ordinary Grand Luo Golden Immortal, struck head-on, would instantly have their soul frozen, their foundation shattered, and would perish completely.

Frozen for thousands of miles, utterly silent, only the cold and domineering eternal ice moon remained in the world, slowly crushing and approaching.

Kai remained standing still, unmoved as a mountain, his expression indifferent.

His eyes were lowered, calm and undisturbed. He slowly raised his left hand, palm facing outward, and gently pushed.

There was no violent burst of spiritual power, no earth-shattering phenomenon, only a hazy, thick, and boundless chaotic aura.

Silently, it spread from his palm, like ripples on a lake, spreading outwards in all directions.

The power of chaos is impervious to all laws, annihilates all evil, unifies the origin, and encompasses all heavens.

The eternal ice moon, extremely cold and annihilating all things, instantly stopped its crushing momentum and froze completely in the void the moment it came into contact with the gray chaotic aura.

Then, at a speed visible to the naked eye, it melted layer by layer, crumbled inch by inch, and disintegrated piece by piece.

The ice moon barrier, as hard as eternal divine iron and freezing the heavens, melted like snow in spring or ice breaking in a furnace.

From the outside to the inside, from the surface to the core, it gradually turned into countless fine silver-white mists, evaporating and dissipating, disappearing without a trace.

The extreme chill, powerful enough to freeze the soul and annihilate the Great Dao, couldn't even exert the slightest corrosive force before the Chaos Origin; it was completely melted, purified, and devoured. His divine powers

were shattered, and his very essence backfired.

Yue Wuhen's body trembled violently, his blood surging, and he was forced back by the invisible backlash.

His long, silvery-white hair scattered wildly, fluttering in the wind, and his once fair and delicate face instantly lost all color, becoming pale and translucent.

A wisp of translucent, moonlit blood slowly seeped from the corner of his mouth, dripping into the sky.

For the first time, his usually cold, indifferent, and untainted moonlight eyes completely lost their composure, filled with genuine, extreme fear.

The Moonlit Origin and the Frozen Great Dao, cultivated through tens of thousands of years of arduous practice, were as fragile as paper, utterly vulnerable before Kai's chaotic power.

Both were at the peak of the third rank of the Great Luo Golden Immortal realm, yet the difference between them had become so vast and despairing.

Two moves later, both clan leaders were severely injured.

The entire divine race cultivators were utterly demoralized, their fighting spirit collapsed, and panic spread.

Their once unwavering belief in victory, their family faith, and their divine race hegemony were completely shattered and vanished under Kai's repeated, effortless crushing blows.

At the rear, Xing Wuji stood silently, observing with forbearance.

He was not good with words and disliked showing off, but he was the most decisive and ruthless, capable of killing with a single blow.

Seeing his two comrades suffer a crushing defeat and retreat with severe injuries, he no longer watched or stayed behind. He suddenly attacked with all his might, unleashing a deadly strike in an instant.

The dark blue starlight in the sky suddenly surged, soaring into the heavens and spreading for thousands of miles.

Hundreds of millions of fine, sharp, and extremely condensed star blades fell from the nine heavens and sea of stars, sweeping across the void like a torrential rain or a rain of arrows piercing the air. They were dense, layered, all-pervasive, and unavoidable.

Each star blade condensed the essence of stars and the laws of space, possessing both the extreme sharpness to tear through the void and the extreme weight to crush mountains.

A single strike could severely injure a Grand Luo Golden Immortal, and a multitude of blades unleashed simultaneously were enough to annihilate thousands of armies and shatter vast territories.

The rain of star blades sealed off the entire sky, above, below, in all directions, front, back, left, and right, leaving no blind spots, no glimmer of hope, completely blocking all of Kai's escape routes, forming an unsolvable, deadly star net.

Faced with this terrifying onslaught of deadly attacks, with no way to avoid it, Kai remained standing still in the void, unmoved.

He didn't even raise his eyes, didn't move a step, didn't raise a hand.

A thin, invisible layer of chaotic protective light quietly spread out around him, enveloping his entire body. It seemed light and powerless, but in reality, it was eternally indestructible and unbreakable by any law.

Countless, incomparably sharp star blades bombarded the chaotic light barrier, unleashing a continuous, crisp, and ear-piercing clang of metal against metal. The star blades

, powerful

enough to tear through space and crush Golden Immortals, shattered upon contact with the chaotic light barrier like sand hitting steel, or ants shaking mountains—instantly turning to stardust and ashes.

A rain of billions of star blades failed to penetrate the defense, to get close, or to achieve any damage. The

overwhelming, deadly attack was instantly wiped out.

Xing Wuji shuddered, his pupils contracted sharply, and a chill ran through him. For the first time since he began his attack, he felt utterly powerless and desperate.

Thus, the three clan leaders' all-out, unreserved peak attacks had been completely crushed by Kai, who calmly and effortlessly met them head-on.

Beneath the heavens, the silence deepened, and panic spread.

Kai's gaze was indifferent, surveying all directions. His clear, cold voice once again resounded throughout the heavens and earth, carrying an absolute chill and absolute authority that transcended all heavens and overlooked all races: "The three great clan leaders, when they join forces, is this all they've got?"

A rhetorical question, casual and unassuming, shattered the supreme dominance of the three clans that had existed for tens of thousands of years. The combined forces of the three races, which he had fought tooth and nail, exhausted his life force, and nearly perished to barely hold off, were nothing more than a trivial farce in Kai's eyes.

His proud ancient demonic arts, the origin of the ruins, and his heaven-defying cultivation were utterly insignificant before Kai.

All his previous resentment, defiance, rivalry, and competition now seemed utterly absurd and laughable.

He wanted to overthrow the gods, rule the heavens, and reach the pinnacle, but the ceiling he had desperately tried to touch was merely the starting point Kai could casually stand on.

This absolute gap, transcending dimensions and insurmountable, filled him with unprecedented desolation, powerlessness, and inferiority.

Above the heavens, the gray chaotic power surrounding Kai suddenly surged and spread out with a roar.

The previously restrained and dormant chaotic origin instantly transformed into a gray sun that stretched across the sky, covering tens of thousands of miles, hanging high in the heavens and illuminating all directions.

A deep, vast gray halo permeated the entire sky, completely obscuring and replacing the eternal golden divine radiance of Tian Shu.

An immeasurable, heavy, and overwhelming chaotic pressure swept across the eight wastelands, suppressing all directions, as if the weight of the entire heavens were crushing down, enveloping every corner of the battlefield.

All the divine cultivators shrouded in the gray halo instantly felt their bodies become heavy, their spiritual energy stagnate, their Dao foundations suppressed, their souls tremble, and their legs involuntarily bent slightly.

An extreme submission and fear, originating from their bloodline and rooted in their very being, arose in their hearts, and they even lost the courage to look directly at the sky.

The outcome was decided, the victory or defeat was decided, and the crushing was inevitable.

Kai finally moved.

His figure blurred, and a gray stream of light shot through the air, its speed reaching its limit, transcending space and breaking through dimensions. In the instant before the

divine senses of countless cultivators could react, he had already traveled a thousand miles in a flash, appearing out of thin air before Jin Wuyai.

Silent and invisible, without a trace, only a refined, domineering, and unparalleled gray-purple sword light gently traced a perfect, simple arc in the void.

No fancy moves, no unnecessary charging, no earth-shattering phenomena.

This sword strike, simplifying complexity and unifying all methods, was the ultimate of the Chaos Sword Dao, the pinnacle of all-encompassing slaughter, the pure manifestation of absolute power.

Simple, decisive, precise, deadly, and unsolvable!

Jin Wuyai's pupils contracted violently, his mind shattered, and extreme panic instantly engulfed his entire body.

He used his last ounce of spiritual power to forcibly stabilize his chaotic foundation, crossing his arms in a hasty block.

The remaining golden divine fire around him erupted, layer upon layer, condensing into an incomparably thick and solid golden divine barrier, attempting to withstand this fatal sword strike.

"Block it!!"

Jin Wuyai roared through gritted teeth, fighting desperately, his eyes filled with final struggle and unwillingness.

Clang!!

A sharp, piercing clang, echoing through the heavens, suddenly resounded. The

indestructible, all-powerful golden divine barrier, before the gray-purple sword light, was like fragile glass, thin as paper, instantly cracking open from its very center with a fine sword mark.

The sword mark spread rapidly, expanding at breakneck speed, layer by layer crumbling, until the thick divine barrier shattered into countless golden fragments, scattering in all directions.

The sword light, its momentum undiminished, still condensed and domineering, carried an unstoppable, irresistible absolute power, precisely slicing across Jin Wuyai's neck.

A single sword strike to the throat, clean and swift, without any hesitation.

All of Jin Wuyai's movements instantly froze, completely frozen.

His eyes widened, pupils dilated, his spirit utterly gone, his throat moved slightly, his lips parted as if to speak, but no sound came out, not a single word uttered.

Brilliant, dazzling golden divine blood gushed forth like a fountain, scattering across the sky and staining the sea of clouds crimson.

The head that had ruled the Golden Crow Clan for tens of thousands of years, overlooking the heavens and dominating the region, slowly detached from its neck, soaring into the air and tumbling twice.

It finally froze on a face contorted with utter horror, utter resentment, and utter disbelief, before plummeting into the void and sinking into the sea of clouds.

Jin Wuyai, a peak third-grade Grand Luo Golden Immortal, patriarch of the Golden Crow Clan, and a top overlord of the Heavenly Pivot Divine Clan, was killed instantly by a single sword strike.

The entire arena fell silent; a pin drop could be heard.

All the divine cultivators utterly collapsed, panic raging, despair engulfing every heart like a tidal wave.

A ten-thousand-year overlord, a top powerhouse, a supreme patriarch, had been so cleanly and effortlessly slain by a single sword strike, his head severed from his body!

Ning Zhi stared blankly at the fallen head and the scattered golden divine blood, his heart clenching painfully, a complex mix of emotions swirling within him.

Not long ago, this Golden Crow Clan Chief had single-handedly forced him into a crushing defeat, leaving him severely wounded and on the verge of death.

Yet, in the blink of an eye, Kai had effortlessly slain him with a single sword stroke, bringing his story to a complete end.

The gap between him and Kai was no longer something that could be bridged by effort or time; it was an insurmountable chasm, a world apart, an absolute level that even a lifetime, countless ages, could not bridge.

Defeat, powerlessness, desolation, resentment, inferiority, and awe—countless emotions intertwined and surged, completely filling his chest, suffocating him, leaving his body stiff.

Above the heavens, the slaughter continued, the crushing crushing continued.

The instant Kai slew Jin Wuyai, his figure blurred and teleported, transcending spatial limits and ignoring distance, appearing before Yue Wuhen like a silent ghost or an invisible demon.

Yue Wuhen trembled violently, his soul nearly leaving his body, overwhelmed by extreme fear.

He was utterly panicked, utterly terrified, utterly subdued.

All his previous arrogance, composure, indifference, and calmness vanished completely.

The shadow of death loomed over him, shattering his spirit and causing him to tremble uncontrollably.

He knew he was utterly powerless against Kai; even if he gave his all and burned his very essence, it would only be a futile death.

Desperate for a chance to survive, he completely abandoned his patriarchal dignity, his divine pride, and his eternal arrogance. In a frantic, rapid-fire plea for mercy, he blurted out, "Mr. Chen! Spare me! I have a crucial secret to tell you!"

"The ancient passage to the Twenty-Second Heaven can only be opened by the Eye of the Void!

Only I know the exact location and method to open the Eye of the Void!

If you spare my life, I will tell you everything without reservation!

You can't stay in the Twenty-First Heaven forever. To tear through the void and reach the Twenty-Second Heaven, your current strength is insufficient.

Through the Eye of the Void, you can easily reach the Twenty-Second Heaven.

Furthermore, if you kill us all, freeing the Twenty-First Heaven from divine control, divine punishment will inevitably descend.

You won't be able to withstand it. It's better if you let me go; I will obey your will from now on." Faced with his pleas for mercy and betrayal, Kai remained indifferent, his eyes icy, showing no emotion or hesitation.

He spoke calmly, his voice as cold as frost, devoid of any emotion: "I don't need it."

The mere passage to the Twenty-Second Heaven and the secrets of the Eye of the Void were no longer considered supreme opportunities or unparalleled trump cards to him at this moment.

As for divine punishment, Kai cared even less for it. If the gods dared to use any divine punishment on him, he would fight his way to the God Realm and wipe out the entire god race.

Kai now felt incredibly powerful. He

had refined all the ruins in the four directions, perfected the transformation of the Chaos Origin, and quietly awakened the nuclear imprint. His path ahead was already wide open and limitless, his future already limitless. Why should he rely on the charity of others or the betrayal of ants? As

his words fell, sword light appeared.

With a gentle swing of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, a gray-purple sword light swept across the sky and fell cleanly.

It lacked earth-shattering power, yet possessed an absolute domineering force capable of severing and ending everything.

*Pfft!

* Silvery-white moonlight blood erupted into the sky, scattering across the sea of clouds. The purest moonlight essence instantly dissipated and vanished.

Yue Wuhen's body split cleanly in two from the center of his chest and abdomen, falling slowly into the void on either side, filled with endless fear, regret, and resentment.

Yue Wuhen, the patriarch of the Silver Moon Clan and a peak third-grade Great Luo Golden Immortal, had fallen.

Xing Wuji, the last remaining member, was completely consumed by boundless terror.

Two close friends and top-tier experts who had stood shoulder to shoulder for tens of thousands of years had fallen one after another in an instant, all within a few breaths.

He could no longer maintain his composure and calmness; his mental defenses completely collapsed, and his fighting spirit vanished.

Escape!

At this moment, he had only one thought in his mind.

At all costs, regardless of the consequences, he would escape this battlefield of death, escape this invincible god-demon!

Xing Wuji's dark blue starlight erupted to its extreme, exploding into a streak of starlight that pierced the sky at incredible speed. He turned and fled at full speed.

He burned half of his source energy and overdrawn his life's cultivation, pushing his escape speed to its limit, surpassing the extreme level of ordinary Grand Luo Golden Immortals, attempting to break free from his inevitable demise.

But in the face of absolute power disparity, all struggles, escapes, and overdrawing were futile.

Kai's gaze was indifferent; he glanced at him indifferently and raised his hand to slash through the air.

A highly refined, narrow, and sharp gray-purple sword light instantly traversed a hundred feet of void, piercing through layers of star barriers.

Like a celestial being descending from the heavens, a fatal blow, it pierced Xing Wuji's chest from behind with perfect precision.

Swoosh!

The sword light pierced through his body, his source energy shattered, and his soul was severely injured.

Xing Wuji's fleeing figure instantly froze in the void, unable to move.

He slowly lowered his head, staring blankly at the purple sword tip piercing through his chest, at the stellar essence within his body dissipating and shattering completely.

The starlight in his eyes dimmed rapidly, quickly extinguishing, the last vestige of life vanishing completely.

Xing Wuji, the patriarch of the Chenxing Clan, a peak third-grade Grand Luo Golden Immortal, had fallen.

From the moment Kai made his move to the deaths of all three clan patriarchs, only ten breaths had passed.

Ten breaths—slaying three peak Grand Luo Golden Immortals, annihilating the three eternal overlords of the Divine Race, and setting the stage for the eternal battle of Tian Shu!

Beneath the heavens, tens of thousands of Divine Race cultivators were plunged into utter chaos, collapse, and madness.

Some were shattered, their will to fight utterly broken. They threw away their divine weapons and armor, their knees buckling as they knelt, trembling and begging for mercy.

Others were terrified and panicked, fleeing in all directions, desperately trying to escape this hellish battlefield. Still

others were completely numb, standing frozen in place, their eyes vacant, their minds lifeless, unable to accept the earth-shattering reality of the divine race's eternal dominance being shattered in a single day, and the three races' leaders perishing in ten breaths. The

once all-powerful Celestial Divine Race, who looked down upon the heavens, dominated the Seven Stars, and commanded the submission of all races, were now utterly reduced to stray dogs and defeated ants.

Kai held the Dragon-Slaying Sword, its blade hanging diagonally at his side. The gray-purple sword light flickered, its sharpness concealed, and the chaotic aura around him was calm as still water, its power overwhelming for eternity.

His indifferent gaze slowly swept across the entire arena, passing over the panicked, fleeing, and kneeling Divine Clan cultivators, over the cheering, roaring, and tearful Demon Clan army, and over the shattered battlefield, its sky stained with blood.

His clear, majestic voice once again resounded throughout heaven and earth, proclaiming to all directions, like a divine pronouncement, an eternal judgment: "The eternal rule of the three great Divine Clan families is hereby ended."

"From this day forward, the Tian Shu Continent belongs to the Demon Clan. In the Seven Star Heavens, the Divine Clan abdicates, and the Demon Clan reigns supreme."

As his voice fell, Kai raised his Dragon-Slaying Sword high, then slashed fiercely through the air!

A colossal, gray-purple sword beam, piercing the heavens and earth, spanning tens of thousands of miles, descended from the nine heavens with a deafening crash!

Wherever the sword beam passed, the void split open into a chasm, all the spiritual energy of heaven and earth was annihilated, and the remaining divine runes shattered completely.

The eternal core of power on the Tian Shu Continent, the symbol of the three races' shared rule, and the Divine Council that had floated in the sky for billions of years, was neatly and cleanly cleaved in two by this single sword strike! The magnificent

, ancient, sacred, and solemn Divine Palace collapsed completely, countless fragments of divine metal, glazed tiles, and rune debris falling into the deep void, utterly annihilated and never to be seen again.

The eternal hegemony of the Divine Race and the millennia-long rule of the Divine Court were destroyed in a single day, their reign over!

...

Three hours later, the flames of war completely subsided, and the smoke of battle dissipated.

The demon army, having endured a bloody battle, completely took over the entire Tian Shu Continent, controlled the celestial territories, and took control of the Seven Star Order.

The once magnificent, radiant, and worshipped Divine Palace of the Divine Race had all its decorations changed and its flags replaced.

Demonic battle banners, interwoven with black and gold and shimmering with dark gold demonic patterns, fluttered and swayed in the fierce wind, standing proudly atop Tian Shu, proclaiming the arrival of a new era and the birth of a new order.

Countless defeated and surrendered divine cultivators had their divine weapons confiscated, their divine armor stripped, their cultivation sealed, and their Dao foundations imprisoned. They were escorted and paraded across the continent like ordinary prisoners.

The once high and mighty divine prodigies, who looked down upon all races, had been utterly reduced to prisoners, mere ants at the bottom of the hierarchy.

On the entire Tian Shu continent, the old order had completely collapsed, and a new hegemony had been established.

Beside the ruins, beneath a broken ancient stone pillar,

Ning Zhi leaned against the cold, broken pillar, his body wrapped in layers of thick healing bandages. Dried black-gold demonic blood soaked through the bandages, staining his clothes, while fresh blood still seeped out, faintly tinged with red.

His injuries were still severe, his blood and energy had not recovered, his face was as pale as paper, and his body was weak and powerless, but he completely ignored the excruciating pain in his body and the injuries that plagued him.

His eyes remained fixed on the solitary gray figure in the distance, a turbulent mix of emotions swirling within them—

gratitude, resentment, loneliness, awe, inferiority, and utter helplessness.

He felt a deep sense of gratitude towards Kai.

If Kai hadn't descended from the sky, single-handedly suppressing the three races with his sword, and crushing them all, he, Su Yuqi, and the entire demon army would have been annihilated, their lives extinguished, their souls lost to eternity.

But beneath this profound gratitude lay a deeper, heavier, and more piercing resentment and powerlessness.

He believed himself to have received divine favor, inherited ancient relics, ascended to the heavens in one step, and experienced a surge in combat power. He thought he possessed the strength to overturn the established order, rule the heavens, and rival the top powers.

He mustered his courage, poured out the power of the demon race, and resolutely launched the Heavenly Pivot War, wanting to personally overthrow the ancient dominance of the gods, create a golden age for the demon race, and take control of his own destiny.

But reality dealt him a fatal blow.

He fought with all his might, bled profusely, exhausted his life force, and nearly perished, barely managing to hold his ground and struggle against the onslaught before ultimately suffering a crushing defeat and awaiting his death.

Kai, alone and with only his sword, slew three clan leaders in ten breaths, annihilated the divine race's hegemony with a flick of his finger, and easily quelled the ancient war.

The difference between them was like heaven and earth, a world apart, leaving one in despair and suffocating.

All his pride, all his arrogance, all his ambition shattered and vanished before Kai's absolute strength.

The destination he had desperately strived for was merely the starting point Kai had casually set out from;

his peak combat power, exhausted to the utmost, was no match for a single, casual move by Kai;

his proud, heaven-defying rise was nothing more than the struggle of an insignificant ant in Kai's eyes.

This profound, deep-seated sense of powerlessness completely shattered his inherently unruly, arrogant, and stubborn nature.

He looked up at the silent gray figure in the distance, and a silent vow was made in his heart:

In this life, he would cultivate with extreme arduousness, defy the heavens, break through the shackles, and reach the pinnacle.

He no longer wanted to be a weakling sheltered and saved by others. He wanted to stand truly at the pinnacle of the heavens, to truly possess the qualifications to stand shoulder to shoulder with Kai, or even contend with him.

He hadn't forgotten the hatred for his father's murder, but Ning Zhi had shed his youthful recklessness. He didn't intend to seek revenge until he could completely defeat Kai .

Each attempt at revenge, each failure, taught Ning Zhi that the best approach now was to endure and improve his strength.

Su Yuqi stood quietly beside him, her figure slender, her dress tinged with red. Her dark red eyes were always fixed on Kai's direction, her gaze hazy, her emotions complex, her thoughts unreadable.

She still suffered from amnesia, her mind still blank, without a single fragment of memory of the past. Yet, the throbbing deep within her soul, the deep-seated attachment in her heart, was incredibly real and intensely burning.

She didn't understand where these emotions came from, why they arose, or why every time she saw this gray figure, her heart would ache with a strange sense of peace and unease.

As if traversing countless ages and countless cycles of reincarnation, her bond with this man was already deeply rooted in her soul and etched into her very being, unrelated to memory, time, or cause and effect.

At the distant edge of the battlefield, Kai strode slowly towards her.

His grey robes were spotless, serene and composed. The few drops of golden divine blood that stained his garments had dried and darkened, turning into faint, mottled dark marks, yet they did not diminish his aloof, transcendent, and supremely superior demeanor.

He walked steadily to Ning Zhi, his purple eyes sweeping lightly over the other's pale, weak, and wounded face. His voice was calm, detached, and indifferent: "How badly are you injured?"

Ning Zhi looked up, his voice hoarse and low, carrying an undisguised weariness and desolation: "I won't die."

After a brief silence, he suppressed all the complex emotions in his heart, restrained all his resentment and despondency, and solemnly spoke, each word sincere: " Kai, thank you for today's events."

But Kai simply lowered his eyes and spoke calmly, without the slightest ripple or claim of credit: "I didn't act for you."

Direct, cold, frank, and ruthless.

A single sentence revealed the whole truth, shattering Ning Zhi's last bit of self-comfort.

He didn't save Ning Zhi, nor the demon army on the verge of annihilation.

He only saved Su Yuqi.

Nothing more.

Ning Zhi's lips twitched slightly, his heart aching with unspeakable bitterness, a hundred emotions churning within him.

He already knew the answer, but hearing it from the other person's own mouth still filled him with a sense of desolation and powerlessness.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something more—a statement, a vow, a thank you—but ultimately remained silent, speechless.

All words, all statements, all vows, seemed pale, powerless, and laughable in the face of the absolute difference in strength.

Only by becoming stronger, only by rising to the pinnacle, could he break the deadlock, reverse the situation, and take control of his own destiny.

Kai didn't look at him again, ignoring the clamor of the surrounding demon army, and turned to walk steadily towards the deepest part of the Tian Shu Continent.

There, hidden, lay the last and most core ancient secret realm of the Seven Star Heavens—the Tian Shu Ruins. It

was also the ultimate ruin in the entire Seven Star Heavens, with the deepest creation, the most magnificent origin, the oldest laws, and the most extreme danger.

The three great families had occupied Tian Shu for eternity, dominating the Seven Star Heavens, possessing endless resources and boundless foundations.

Yet they remained unable to break through this barrier, unable to shake its seal, and unable to steal its essence, demonstrating the mystery and terror of the Tian Shu Ruins.

Just as Kai was about to examine the Tian Shu Continent Ruins, the heavens and earth suddenly trembled violently.

A terrifying aura, even more powerful, vast, and irresistible than when the three clan leaders unleashed their full power, spread down from beyond the nine heavens, permeating the void, penetrating the earth, and enveloping all things.

The entire sky trembled.

The entire continent groaned.

Countless demon cultivators' faces changed drastically, their minds trembling violently. The fervent emotions ignited by their victory were instantly crushed into dust by this majesty originating from a higher dimension.

Some collapsed to their knees, their legs giving way; some suffered

excruciating pain in their souls, clutching their heads and curling up in fear;

some experienced disordered Dao foundations, their spiritual power surging, and blood trickling from their mouths.

Su Yuqi suddenly raised her hand to her temple, her brow throbbing with pain, her blood boiling, and a fleeting golden light flashing in her dark red eyes.

Ning Zhiqiang, supporting his broken body, stood up, staring intently at the dazzling divine light that tore through the heavens and pierced through all realms. It

was dazzlingly bright, supremely sacred, and overwhelmingly powerful.

The divine light descended from the endless sky, tearing through the void, piercing the laws, ignoring all obstacles, and locking onto the solitary gray figure in the center of the battlefield.

Wherever the beam of light passed, the void cracked into dark abyssal rifts, and the laws of heaven and earth twisted, shattered, and collapsed.

It was power from a higher dimension, a direct manifestation of the divine race's primordial will.

Kai stood steadily in place, his purple eyes slightly raised, his gaze indifferent, his face expressionless, his posture motionless.

Facing?

The pillar of divine punishment crashed down, piercing the heavens and earth, engulfing everything.

The dazzling golden divine light collided violently with the deep and heavy gray chaotic power, erupting with a deafening roar. A divine light of ten thousand feet shot into the sky, sweeping across the eight wastelands and covering tens of thousands of miles.

The terrifying shockwave instantly blew away, crushed, and annihilated all the ruins and debris within a radius of a thousand miles, turning them into dust that scattered into the void.

The earth cracked, mountains collapsed, and the void shattered. The entire Tian Shu Continent trembled violently and groaned in agony.

Ning Zhi's expression changed drastically. He forcibly erected a layer of black-gold demonic energy barrier to protect Su Yuqi behind him, but he himself was blasted back hundreds of feet by the shockwave, spitting out a mouthful of black-gold demonic blood, his injuries becoming even more severe.

But he couldn't care less about himself, his eyes fixed on the center of the divine punishment, the core area where chaos erupted.

Within the boundless golden divine light, a highly condensed, pure, and heavy gray pillar of light stood proudly, like a stabilizing needle, unmoving and indestructible.

Kai's figure appeared and disappeared amidst the torrent of divine punishment.

His gray robes fluttered wildly, his long hair danced freely, and the gray chaotic power around him formed its own domain, solidified as a tangible substance, peeling away, annihilating, and completely devouring the descending divine punishment power layer by layer.

The golden divine light poured down like a torrent, endless and inexhaustible, each strand containing terrifying power capable of shattering stars and tearing apart laws.

But when it collided with the calm and heavy gray chaotic domain, it was like waves crashing against rocks, splashing and shattering into pieces.

Kai's eyes remained indifferent, his mind remained calm.

He didn't even unleash his full power, relying solely on his perfectly transformed chaotic origin, using the most primal and pure physical strength to withstand this divine punishment will capable of destroying the entire Tian Shu Continent.

"Mere divine punishment,"

he spoke softly, his voice cold and unwavering, tinged with a hint of disdain. "It doesn't even qualify to make me take it seriously."

His right hand clenched suddenly.

Gray chaotic power surged and then contracted abruptly, like an invisible maw, devouring, annihilating, and refining all the golden divine light pouring down from the sky.

The dazzling light of divine punishment rapidly dimmed, dissipated, and shattered completely within moments.

The abyssal cracks in the sky slowly closed and healed, the torn void laws returning to stability.

The terrifying aura gradually dissipated, and the heavy pressure enveloping the entire Tian Shu Continent gradually vanished.

In its place appeared a majestic and imposing illusory figure descending from the heavens.

The figure was as vast as a mountain, spanning the sky, its body shimmering with golden divine light and interwoven with patterns of laws, its face indistinct and its exact shape unrecognizable.

But those golden eyes were cold and piercing, overlooking all living beings and surveying eternity, revealing a condescending judgment.

A vast and majestic voice crashed down from the heavens, resounding throughout the entire Tian Shu Continent and shaking every inch of the void.

"You ant from the lower realm, daring to slaughter the Tian Shu God Clan, subvert the God Clan's order, and challenge the God Clan's majesty, you have committed the crime of rebellion against the gods."

"Considering the difficulty of your cultivation and the rarity of your opportunities, I will show leniency and spare your remaining life.

You will return the governance of this realm to the God Clan, cripple half of your cultivation, and be expelled from the Twenty-First Heaven, never to set foot here again."

"If you dare to take a single step into the Twenty-Second Heaven, I will personally take action and ensure that you are reduced to ashes, your soul and spirit annihilated, and never to be reincarnated!"

The majestic voice was like the law itself proclaiming, every word carrying an unquestionable and unyielding supreme will.

Tens of thousands of demon cultivators below trembled violently, gripped by fear, their courage to even look directly at the illusory figure vanishing. Their

newly established dominance and pride crumbled instantly before this supreme will from the Twenty-Second Heaven.

Ning Zhi gritted his teeth, clenching his fists until his knuckles turned white, veins bulged, his eyes bloodshot, filled with boundless hatred.

This was a direct threat from a higher level of the divine race, a naked suppression, crushing, and strangulation.

If Kai retreated, the demon race's ancient foundation and newly established hegemony would collapse; if Kai advanced, he would face the all-out annihilation of the divine race of the Twenty-Second Heaven.

That solitary gray figure now bore the weight of the entire Tian Shu Continent and the future of the entire demon race.

All eyes were on him; heaven and earth were silent.

Kai slowly raised his eyes, his purple pupils deep and unfathomable, indifferent as frost, gazing at the massive, majestic golden illusory figure above the nine heavens. He

remained silent for three breaths.

Then, he moved.

He raised his arm, reached out, and lightly grasped.

Without gathering power, without warning, without any unusual phenomena, he simply and casually clenched his fist in mid-air towards the illusory figure in the heavens.

Gray chaotic power instantly condensed into a colossal hand that blotted out the sky, soaring upwards, ignoring distance, laws, and all obstacles, precisely seizing the golden illusory figure's body.

He squeezed hard.

Crack.

A crisp sound of shattering echoed through the heavens.

The massive body of the golden illusory figure instantly cracked, rapidly disintegrating, shattering inch by inch like a broken glass sculpture, peeling away piece by piece, collapsing with a deafening roar.

Countless golden fragments scattered and fell, gradually fading, and completely annihilating.

An expression of utter shock, rage, and disbelief appeared on the illusory figure's majestic face.

Its golden eyes stared intently at the gray figure below, seemingly unable to believe that the other dared to attack it so decisively, so resolutely, so disdainfully.

He opened his mouth to speak, but before he could finish, the entire phantom shattered completely, vanishing into nothingness.

Kai lowered his arm, his purple eyes calm, his tone indifferent: "I will definitely go to the Twenty-Second Heaven."

"The Divine Race?"

A faint, cold, and disdainful smile appeared on his lips.

"I will go, and destroy them with my own hands."

Short, decisive, domineering, and leaving no room for negotiation.

The moment his words fell, the last golden fragment in the sky completely dissipated, returning to nothingness.

The heavens returned to calm, the sky cloudless and clear, as if the judgmental will from the Twenty-Second Heaven had never appeared.

But everyone knew that the owner of that phantom, in a higher realm, in the Twenty-Second Heaven, had already received Kai's response.

A fight to the death, an irreconcilable enmity.

Ning Zhi stared blankly at that tall, imposing gray figure, his heart pounding and his blood boiling.

The obsession, vow, resentment, and struggle he had just made in his heart became clearer, more intense, and more unbreakable at this moment.

Kai could disregard divine punishment, shatter the illusion, and even vow to annihilate the gods.

He couldn't yet.

But one day, he would.

Su Yuqi raised her hand and lightly pressed her chest. The unusual sensation of her blood boiling and her soul aching when that golden divine light descended had left a vague sense of unease and tremor in her heart.

But she couldn't grasp anything, couldn't remember anything, and could only stare blankly at that gray figure, her gaze growing increasingly hazy and complex.

Kai turned around, no longer glancing at the sky, no longer paying attention to the chaotic and noisy demon cultivators and countless complex gazes behind him.

He steadily moved forward, heading towards the deepest part of the Tian Shu Continent, towards the ultimate ruins that no one had been able to decipher since the beginning of time.

The last secret realm of the Seven Star Continent, the Tian Shu Ruins.

He wanted to see what was hidden inside.

Kai's divine sense spread out, penetrating the layers of the earth, tracing the source downwards.

He clearly sensed the vast dark gold source deep underground, far exceeding the sum of the four ruins, ancient, heavy, boundless, and domineering.

The entire underground space was completely shrouded by a thick seal interwoven with gold, silver, and blue.

The three-colored divine runes flowed endlessly, cycling and endlessly, eternally regenerating, fusing the origins of the three races and gathering the ancient Daoist essence. The seal was incomparably strong and unbreakable, suppressing the supreme creation and terrifying power deep within the ruins.

Kai raised his hand slightly, and a wisp of gentle and mellow chaotic essence slowly emerged, silently seeping into the three-colored seal.

The Great Dao of the same origin, the unity of origins, the submission of all laws.

The indestructible, eternally unbreakable three-colored seal, like ice and snow meeting the blazing sun, like lingering mist meeting a gentle breeze, faded layer by layer, melted inch by inch, and rapidly disintegrated. Countless

complex and ancient Daoist runes of the three races dimmed, dissipated, and vanished, no longer existing.

A dark and profound stone staircase leading directly to the core of the ruins slowly revealed itself, extending deep underground.

Kai stepped down, steadily venturing deeper.

The deeper he ventured underground, the denser, heavier, and more overwhelming the surrounding dark golden primordial aura became.

A sense of oppression and vastness layered upon layer, overwhelming him, far exceeding the combined power of the previous four ruins: Tianquan, Yuheng, Kaiyang, and Tianji.

The moment his feet firmly touched the core of the ruins, the entire underground space trembled violently, the Great Dao roared, and Dao patterns rose and fell.

A torrent of dark golden primordial energy, dormant for millennia and sealed for billions of years, surged forth like an ancient tsunami awakening from its slumber, sweeping and crushing in from all directions.

This power was far more violent, more ancient, more complex, and more profound than that of the four ruins.

It contained countless attempts by the three races throughout the ages to break the seal and steal the primordial energy.

Instead, the shattered divine laws, incomplete divine runes, and disordered Dao rhythms remaining from the seal backlash were extremely complex, chaotic, and filled with malevolent energy, making them incredibly difficult to purify and refine.

If an ordinary powerful being were to step into this place, their meridians would instantly be invaded by the mixed origins, their Dao foundation disrupted, their divine soul shattered, and they would perish.

Kai remained calm and undisturbed, sitting cross-legged in the void, fully circulating the Mind Concentration Technique throughout his body.

Within his dantian, the Chaos Fire surged and burned fiercely, reaching its peak, transforming into an eternal, indestructible, and all-powerful furnace capable of refining the heavens and transforming all phenomena.

A massive torrent of dark golden origin energy poured into the furnace, undergoing the ultimate tempering, purification, and refinement of the Chaos Fire.

All the intricate divine runes, chaotic fragments of the Great Dao, violent primal energy, and incomplete imprints of the laws were burned away, stripped clean, and dissolved into nothingness.

Day after day, night after night, time flowed silently, and day and night alternated without a sound.

On the first day, the primal energy was stripped away, and the violent energy vanished;

on the third day, the laws were purified, and the Dao's essence returned to its source;

on the fifth day, the primal energy was integrated, and the foundation was reshaped;

on the seventh day, the barrier loosened, and the realm was broken through.

Until the morning of the eighth day, the barrier that had imprisoned Kai for so long, the incredibly stable barrier of the seventh rank of the Golden Immortal realm, under the endless erosion, tempering, and crushing of the primal energy, collapsed and shattered completely, like thin ice breaking and glass shattering!

The gate to the eighth realm of the Golden Immortal realm opened wide and was completely pierced!

The vast, boundless, and profound primordial chaos, like a bursting dam or a surging torrent, instantly filled the meridians, filled the dantian, permeated the limbs and bones, and nourished the soul and foundation of the Dao.

The physical body, meridians, bones, soul, Dao heart, and primordial origin underwent a comprehensive and thorough transformation and sublimation!

The primordial chaos became increasingly condensed and profound, encompassing all phenomena and suppressing all laws;

the Daoist primordial origin became increasingly pure and righteous, illuminating all directions and combining strength and gentleness;

the aquatic primordial origin became increasingly long and profound, encompassing all rivers and lakes, gentle and immortal;

the ancient primordial origins of the four relic sites completely merged and unified, forming a seamless whole, circulating endlessly.

The four primordial origins, like four ancient rivers, all flowed into a vast and boundless ocean of chaos, completely unified, perfectly aligned, circulating endlessly, and regenerating without ceasing.

Cultivation surged, combat power soared, the Dao foundation was perfected, and the soul became immortal.

At the very moment when all origins were completely integrated and the realm was completely broken through, the nuclear power imprint, hidden deep within the origins and dormant for so long, suddenly emerged clearly and awakened completely.

Compared to its previous hazy, weak, and indistinct state, the nuclear power imprint at this moment was incredibly real, incredibly clear, and incredibly condensed.

It was the ultimate destructive power belonging to the technological civilization of mortals, an alternative origin that had broken away from the Great Dao of Spiritual Qi and transcended the laws of the heavens, a mysterious power that transcended time and space and spanned countless ages.

Kai clearly sensed that this wisp of nuclear power origin was traversing distant time and space, transcending the barriers of the heavens, and sending out a faint yet firm resonance and call towards some unknown and profound direction.

That direction was not in the Twenty-First Heaven, or even in the Celestial Realm, but in a more distant, more profound, and more mysterious extraterrestrial void.

It was as if something of the same origin, the root of origin, the ultimate mystery, was quietly waiting on the other side of eternity, waiting for him to break through the heavens, transcend levels, and go to uncover the final secret.

Kai's eyes deepened, his mind reeling. A thousand doubts and countless speculations surfaced within him.

Worldly technology, the origin of nuclear power, ancient ruins, the levels of the heavens, interdimensional resonance... all these seemingly unrelated and contradictory things were

now intertwined and tightly connected, pointing to an ultimate mystery spanning countless ages, connecting mortals and immortals, and encompassing all the heavens.

As Kai's strength grew, so did the secrets he could glimpse.

He had originally thought the Celestial Realm was the final destination of all races, but now, there were unknown regions beyond it.

However, for now, he could only climb to the highest point of the Celestial Realm and confront the Celestial Saints.

Perhaps only then would he know the truth behind the so-called war between gods and demons, and learn his father's true identity.

He forcibly suppressed the shock and doubt in his heart, and was about to delve deeper to investigate and trace the origins when the entire Tian Shu Continent suddenly trembled violently and shook wildly.

Rumble!!!

A deafening roar swept out from the depths of the earth, piercing through heaven and earth, shaking the very heavens.

This was no ordinary earthquake; it was an extreme phenomenon of the entire continent's foundation collapsing and its ancient territory disintegrating.

Kai's divine sense instantly expanded to its maximum extent, radiating across tens of thousands of miles and probing in all directions. The next moment, his pupils suddenly contracted, his eyes filled with shock!

The entire Seven Star Continent, the seven ancient floating continents, was simultaneously collapsing, shattering piece by piece, and falling layer by layer!

The remnants of the outermost Yao Guang Continent were the first to crack, shattering into countless fragments and falling into the void;

following closely behind, the four continents of Kaiyang, Yuheng, Tianquan, and Tianji simultaneously collapsed, crumbling and disintegrating;

finally, the two core continents of Tianxuan and Tianshu also began to shatter layer by layer from their edges and foundations, continuing to disintegrate.

The Seven Star Continent, stretching for billions of miles and suspended for countless ages, crumbled layer by layer, like a sandcastle washed away by the sea and stripped of its time, falling piece by piece.

The massive continental plates continuously fractured, overturned, sank, and disintegrated, transforming into countless fragments of land of varying sizes and shapes, slowly falling from the heavens into the vast, boundless void below.

Larger plates continued to split and disintegrate, becoming small and medium-sized islands; smaller fragments continued to crumble, turning into stardust-like pieces of land.

In less than half an hour, the Seven Star Continent, which had dominated the twenty-first heaven and existed for countless ages, completely collapsed and ceased to exist.

In its place were tens of thousands of floating islands of varying sizes, scattered across the void sea. These newly appeared islands were formed from the collapse of the Seven Star Continent and its fall into the void sea.

These islands, like a fragmented and scattered sea of stars, lay silently across the vast and boundless void sea.

The Seven Stars Old World was utterly destroyed, its eternity ended.

The Archipelago New World, reborn from the ashes, quietly descended.

All living beings across the entire Seven Star Continent—divine captives, demonic cultivators, monsters, beastmen, and remnants of the Daoist sects—scattered and fled through the air amidst the earth-shattering cataclysm.

The cultivators suffered heavy casualties; those who survived landed on the newly formed Void Archipelago, bewildered and gazing at the cataclysmic changes.

Deep within the underground ruins, Kai moved, soaring into the sky and standing firmly above the sea of clouds.

His purple eyes silently surveyed the world below. Above the heavens, Kai's aura completely shed its restraint, like a primordial beast awakening from an ancient slumber.

The primordial chaos within his body surged forth like an ocean overflowing and a galaxy pouring down.

The immense pressure, naturally acquired after his transformation into the eighth realm of the Golden Immortal, spread unreservedly across the entire newly formed void archipelago, causing every inch of air to tremble slightly under its weight.

Waves of greyish-purple chaotic energy rippled slowly from his body, without a deafening roar, yet possessing a silent yet irresistible dominance.

With each wave of energy that spread, the void trembled slightly, the laws of heaven and earth yielded an inch, and the space within a ten-thousand-mile radius rippled with fine wrinkles, as if the entire world bowed to this figure.

All living beings on the floating islands, regardless of their status or cultivation level, were enveloped by this oppressive force originating from the depths of their very being, even their breathing becoming labored.

Some people's knees buckled, and they collapsed to their knees, their foreheads pressed tightly against the cold rock, not daring to even raise their heads;

others trembled violently, their teeth chattering, prostrating themselves in endless worship, as if paying homage to the gods;

still others were overwhelmed with emotion, tears streaming down their faces, yet they didn't know why they were crying, only feeling an endless awe and insignificance rising from the depths of their hearts.

This aura was too vast, too profound, too unfathomable, as if the weight of the entire new world was concentrated on that gray figure, overlooking all living beings, suppressing all laws, and holding the destiny of the heavens in his hands.

On Azure Wave Island, Shen Tianhai was huddled behind a broken stone pillar, trembling as he peeked at the sky.

Sensing Kai's aura, Shen Tianhai shuddered, his legs feeling as heavy as lead, and finally, unable to support himself, he collapsed to his knees on the cold ground with a thud.

A wet patch quickly seeped into his crotch, a pungent, fishy odor filling the air, but he was oblivious, feeling only a chill run through his body, his fingertips trembling wildly.

"My lord, spare me! My lord, spare me!"

Shen Tianhai kowtowed incoherently, his forehead slamming heavily against the gravel, quickly drawing blood, yet he dared not stop. "I was blind and ignorant, I didn't know my place, I beg your forgiveness for my previous offenses..."

His voice was thick with sobs, his body curled up in a ball, trembling like a leaf, lying prostrate on the ground, not daring to lift his head, only hoping that the gray figure wouldn't notice this insignificant ant.

But that figure, from beginning to end, didn't even glance at him for a moment.

To Kai, a nobody like Shen Tianhai was as insignificant as dust, not worth his time.

Kai stood calmly atop the heavens, his purple eyes slowly surveying the newly formed void archipelago. His gaze swept over the scattered floating islands and the vast sea of void clouds,

finally settling on the distant, boundless, unfathomably deep black void sea.

The Eye of the Void.

The name Yue Wuhen uttered before his death, the ancient passage to the Twenty-Second Heaven, the only entrance.

Before the phantom from the Twenty-Second Heaven was shattered, it had also warned him with absolute certainty not to take a single step, further confirming the existence of the passage and strengthening Kai's resolve to go.

He could clearly sense that beneath that black sea lay spatial fluctuations that transcended levels, containing the mysteries of the heavens he had long sought.

Kai's figure shifted slightly, a gray stream of light descending from the heavens at incredible speed, transforming into an inconspicuous gray shadow that swept across the archipelago, plunging straight towards the void sea.

The chaotic void currents along the way collided with the chaotic energy waves surrounding him, instantly crushing and dissolving without even forming the slightest obstacle.

The deep, dark void sea surged and rolled around him, carrying a bone-chilling cold and fragments of space. Kai's divine sense spread out like a tide, radiating for thousands of miles, penetrating layers of void currents, meticulously probing every corner.

His perception was sharper than ever before; no abnormal spatial fluctuation or energy aura escaped his detection.

Soon, he sensed a familiar aura.

Deep blue, vast and boundless, carrying the unique yin-yang softness and boundless inclusiveness of the aquatic race—it was the aura of Shui Wuhen.

This aquatic leader was entrenched in a hidden reef canyon deep within the void sea, his body swirling with blue light, his expression solemn, his brow furrowed.

The collapse of the Seven Star Continent and the annihilation of the three races had drastically changed the world's格局 (geju, a concept encompassing the overall situation, the overall structure, and the world order). He, the lord of the aquatic race, was now filled with worry, unsure of the future, the fate of his destiny, or how to establish himself in this newly born world.

The next moment, however, his whole body stiffened, cold sweat instantly seeped down his back, and even his breathing became labored.

An aura that he could not resist, could not fight back against, and dared not even look directly at suddenly descended, precisely locking onto his location, suppressing the entire void's dark currents into a stagnant pool, even stopping the surrounding water flow.

Shui Wuhen looked up sharply and saw the gray figure strolling leisurely from the depths of the void sea.

The gray robes were calm and composed, the hem fluttering, the face indifferent and unwavering, the depths of the purple eyes surging with the endless vastness of the primordial chaos, every gesture carrying the weight and composure to suppress all things, as if this deep void sea was entirely under his control.

"Mr. Chen... Mr. Chen!"

Shui Wuhen hurriedly stood up, bowing respectfully. His speech was rapid and his attitude extremely humble, not daring to even raise his head. "Shui Wuhen greets Mr. Chen! I was unaware of your presence and have failed to greet you properly. Please forgive me!"

He knew Kai's strength well; this young cultivator had already surpassed the level of the Twenty-First Heaven, someone he absolutely dared not offend.

Kai didn't engage in pleasantries or formalities, going straight to the point. His tone was calm yet carried an undeniable authority: "Where is the Eye of the Void?"

Shui Wuhen's heart skipped a beat, and fine beads of sweat instantly appeared on his forehead.

The Eye of the Void was one of the greatest secrets of the Twenty-First Heaven. Throughout history, very few had known of its existence, and even fewer knew its location.

"Mr. Chen, the Eye of the Void is rumored to be a passage to the Twenty-Second Heaven. I've only heard of it, never seen it, and have no idea where it is."

"But rest assured, Mr. Chen, the aquatic race has operated in the Void Sea for millennia, knowing every inch of it intimately. I'll immediately order a full -scale search

. If the Eye of the Void is within the Void Sea, we'll definitely find its trace!" With that, Shui Wuhen immediately ordered all aquatic cultivators within the Void Sea to begin a thorough search.

Countless blue streams of light converged from all directions, then rapidly dispersed in all directions, like a blue star net blooming in the deep sea, covering the entire Void Sea.

Some aquatic cultivators lurked in the unfathomable void currents, while others clung to the sea...