

## Prodigies 1051

### [The Prodigies War](#)

#### Chapter 1051: Killing a Dog

Clang!

The translucent white Broken Blade sang as it returned to Lin Xun's hand.

The woman had died on the spot.

Ironically, her sneers were still echoing in the area.

The rest of the geniuses were enraged. Refusing to sit back and wait for death, they began attacking without a word.

The battle erupted and became even more tragic.

However, it was different this time as many of them were supreme geniuses and were a challenge to deal with.

A burly man from Azure Sea Sect blasted skills left and right with a pair of bronze whips, smashing the surroundings to smithereens.

A yellow-clad woman from Longevity Land was eye-catching as her golden lantern emitted a brilliant light with extreme purifying power.

On another side, a black-robed man from the Black Nightmare Sky Dog Clan slashed out his blood-colored spike, drawing a sharp red light that distorted the air.

There were also top geniuses from the other clans like Spirit Treasure Holy Land and Omega Sword Sect, all of them wielding superb fighting abilities.

The small dao altar was covered in glints and flashes. The thunderous sounds of treasures colliding made the mountain peak tremble.

Only now did Lin Xun finally feel a heavy pressure.

But it did not scare him. On the contrary, his fighting spirit was ignited, and his momentum started to climb!

Facing stronger opponents, Lin Xun's tactics changed accordingly as he started deploying the Heavenly Yuan Six Slashes.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The Broken Blade's chant surged and resonated through the clouds, like a cry of desire for blood.

As white as snow and as light as an illusion, it was a spirit weapon that was unrestricted by the rules of Immortal Sacred Mountain.

Obscure and mysterious runes flickered along its body, adding sharpness to its overwhelming might.

Being sharpened along with the Broken Blade was Lin Xun's aura.

With his current strength, he could fight off these people without the Broken Blade.

But he did not want to be delayed. He needed to kill as many as possible in the shortest time in order to completely vent the fury in his heart!

Rumble!

The burly man's bronze whips rapidly approached. It was an earth-shattering strike accompanied by stirring air currents and thunderous noises.

Seeing this, Lin Xun's eyes flashed with an icy glint.

Star-Gather Slash!

What ensued was like the descension of an eternal night with thousands of stars within, where the slash of the Broken Blade illuminated the darkness and harvested the stars on its path.

The pair of bronze whips snapped with crunching sounds. This Supreme King-tier Weapon, an ancient inheritance of the Azure Sea Sect, was chopped to pieces by the Broken Blade!

The burly man was furious. He felt his heart bleeding at the loss of his weapon. Lost lives could be restored on Immortal Sacred Mountain, but it was not the case for treasures.

And in the end, a Supreme King-tier Weapon was only a treasure. It had no life to be restored.

The burly man then saw Lin Xun shooting toward him. He could only suppress his hatred and dodge.

Boom!

A radiance suddenly enveloped the area, dispelling the darkness with its holy and purifying power.

It was the yellow-clad woman.

Lin Xun threw out the Broken Blade to parry the radiance as he continued attacking the burly man.

This caught the burly man off-guard. His expression changed drastically as he mobilized all of his strength to fight back. The result was him being sent flying off the dao altar by Lin Xun's punch. He hit the ground with a heavy thud and spat out blood.

Falling out of the dao altar meant that he had failed!

The burly man was unable to accept this. He roared in rage and charged toward the altar again. However, he was only halfway through when invisible Law Power enveloped him, and he vanished on the spot.

Clearly, he had been eliminated!

The battle on the dao altar didn't stop. Its intensity had reached an unprecedented point.

If this kind of fight were to take place in the outside world, it would undoubtedly cause an uproar and result in an unpredictable disaster.

Any similar fight between supreme geniuses would be bound to attract the attention of countless cultivators and create a sensation.

After all, this kind of fight was rare, and one where a single person fought against a group of supreme geniuses was even rarer.

Swish!

Before long, the yellow-clad woman from Longevity Land let out a miserable scream; one of her snow-white arms had been chopped off by the Broken Blade. It hurt so much that her face was as pale as a ghost, and she almost lost control of the golden lantern.

The scene caused the geniuses' pupils to dilate in terror. Lin Xun had shown no sign of exhaustion at all. Instead, he became more excited and powerful as the fight dragged out, his demonic aura reaching the sky.

Some of the cultivators suffered a shock to their mental states and became hesitant.

While they knew that they wouldn't truly die, the thought of fighting with their lives on the line without ever seeing a glimmer of hope gave them nothing but despair and suffocation.

Poof!

The yellow-clad woman couldn't hold on for long before she was suppressed by Lin Xun. The Broken Blade swept out and severed her at the waist. Blood gushed out like a waterfall.

Watching from the foot of the mountain, the ancient lineages' big names and retainers all clenched their fists, their breathing laborious and their faces blue. As the geniuses who were eliminated were their dao descendants, they felt stifled and exasperated.

Some experts of the older generation were so angry that their expressions were as dark as a crow, and their killing intent permeated the air around them. It was hard for them to accept that their supreme heirs were defeated in such a way.

On the other hand, the majority of the spectators were discussing the battle heatedly. Since it didn't concern them, they were simply thrilled to watch the bustle.

This was something that hadn't been seen for ages. Their hearts surged with emotions to see an unsupported young man crushing and killing a group of ancient lineages' descendants.

"I underestimated him." Yan Zhanqiu frowned. Lin Xun's performance went beyond his expectation and caught him off-guard. "However, he still lacks experience. The Supreme Path is not so simple."

As someone who ranked third in the top ten absolute apex giants of the East Victory World, Yan Zhanqiu had been immersed in the Supreme Path for many years.

Even though Lin Xun's performance repeatedly startled him, it wasn't much of a shock and couldn't even make him serious.

If one divided the Supreme Path into three levels: entry, and pinnacle, then in Yan Zhanqiu's judgment, Lin Xun belonged to the proficient level and still had a long way to go before reaching the peak.

It was a consensus amongst the Ancient Wasteland Domain's dao systems that supreme geniuses at the baby steps level could compete for the Little Giants Ranking.

Those at the proficient level, without incident, would already have a firm spot in the ranking.

As for those who had reached the peak, they were the top of their generation and could contend for the top ten absolute apex giants.

"If you had reached the peak, perhaps you could make me take you seriously. It's a pity..." Yan Zhanqiu sighed. However, he shook his head when he thought it through. There was nothing to be sorry about this!

Meanwhile, the situations on the other mountain peaks had started to clear up.

Supreme geniuses like Xiao Cangtian, Ye Chen, Jin Muyun, Li Qingping, Yu Lingkong, Ji Xingyao had all confirmed their supremacy as soon as they ascended a dao altar.

Moreover, although there were many elites who challenged them, no one dared to do that in a big group.

This was the advantage of being the heirs of an ancient lineage. Whoever dared to treat them unfairly would have to wait for revenge from their clans!

Therefore, the threat they faced while guarding their peak was a world apart from Lin Xun's situation.

However, there was an exception. A'lu was not ganged up on, but the attitudes he received from the others were similar to Lin Xun.

Because no one knew who this barbarian fellow was, they naturally wouldn't be as scrupulous when dealing with him as with the clan descendants.

Oddly enough, A'lu had been spewing provocations since the moment he had stepped onto his dao altar, fully displaying his innate talent.

"Garbage! Too trashy! This is a so-called heaven pride? Even a pig from my village is better than you! Peh, I finally understand now; the so-called heaven pride title is just to deceive the world. In reality, none of them can put up a fight! You don't agree? Then come! Whoever chickens out first is a weakling!"

Just by hearing those arrogant words, one could imagine the ugly expressions of A'lu's opponents.

However, no one could deny that A'lu was very powerful. His sturdy and tall body was like an unshakeable mountain. Anyone who dueled him could only be passively beaten. Such an eye-catching performance naturally drew countless gazes.

Likewise, Zhao Jingxuan and Xiao Qinghe each claimed an altar and started fierce duels with their opponents. However, their performances were mediocre, making the outcome hard to predict.

Fortunately, so far, they both had not been eliminated.

By this point, over half of the time it took for an incense stick to burn had passed. The situation on every mountain peak was getting more and more gruesome.

In order to get on the Little Giants List, everyone gave their all into the fight lest they would be eliminated from the game.

Only the ninth mountain peak was an exception.

Most of the heaven prides who climbed this peak had the goal of defeating Lin Xun.

Moreover, Lin Xun had dominated the altar from the very beginning of the battle, so whatever goals the others had in mind, they had to defeat him first before they had a chance to achieve them.

Clink!

The glistening Broken Blade collided with the blood-red spike, producing a deafening sound.

The following moment, the spike exploded into pieces which turned into a rain of light.

At the same time, Lin Xun had gone for its wielder. Taking one step forward, he unleashed three punches in one breath. Like overlapping thunderstorms, each punch was stronger and faster than the last.

Boom!

The first punch struck like lightning. The black-robed man sank, his right shoulder collapsed, and his tendons burst into pieces.

Pang!

The second punch brought him to his knees. His spine shattered, and blood flowed out from his seven orifices as he let out a gut-wrenching scream.

Poof!

The third punch smashed his head to bits. The headless body returned to its original form of a black dog lying in its own pool of blood.

Smooth and lightning-fast, the three punches drew the curtain to the fight.

In a domineering manner, Lin Xun blasted the elite from Black Nightmare Sky Dog Clan to his immediate death!

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#### **Chapter 1052: Understanding of Supreme**

One day, I'll slaughter all the Black Nightmare Dogs in the world!

Lin Xun did not forget what he had declared that year in the West Infinity World.

He hated and loathed them to the extreme. Atrocious would not be enough to describe their crimes. It was not an exaggeration to say they were devoid of conscience.

Therefore, the way Lin Xun killed the black-robed man had been exceedingly brutal and gory.

There was a clamor in the area as many heaven prides revealed horrified expressions.

"This is insane. Even a supreme genius cannot be that strong, right?"

By this point, several heaven prides had died at Lin Xun's hands, and seven or eight of them were supreme geniuses.

Meanwhile, Lin Xun had not suffered a single injury!

Standing on the dao altar, he had no intention of stopping as he charged at an opponent.

"How dare you?!" an elaborately dressed young man shrieked in fear when he saw Lin Xun fast approaching.

"Idiot!" Lin Xun spat out coldly. His clothes fluttered, his hair flew, and his eyes were deep and dark like a terrifying abyss.

Boom!

The moment he spoke, he also deployed a punch.

The elaborately dressed man was heavily knocked back. He quickly moved away while angrily lashing out, "You're inviting disaster for yourself. You may be invincible here, but when you return to the outside world, you will be hunted down!"

As soon as the man finished, a poof sound echoed. His neck was sliced open by the Broken Blade, and the bloody head was thrown up in the air.

"Bastard!"

The other elites were livid, their eyes filled with shock and hatred. They should have been the ones to surround and kill the opponent, not being beaten to death one after another.

This unexpected reality dealt a heavy blow to them.

They started threatening Lin Xun, "Demon God Lin, do you realize what you are doing right now? Instead of bowing down like you should, you're rampaging. This will only make your death look worse when you return to the outside world!"

"Do you clan descendants no longer worry about losing faces? You couldn't even take me down when you attacked together, and now that you've been utterly crushed by me, you still show no respect. You even dared to threaten me. Just how are you lot worthy of the title 'heaven pride?'"

Guarding the dao altar all by himself, Lin Xun was like a demonic god that suppressed them to the point of suffocation.

Whether it was the experts watching nearby, or the big names and their retainers at the foot of the mountain, their faces were unusually ugly. Being criticized like this by an unsupported young man was something they had never experienced before. It filled them with fury and discomfort.

"As long as I, Lin Xun, am standing right here, none of you sneaky rats will ever dream of taking over this place!" Lin Xun declared callously.

"That's some big talk! Kill him!" someone roared as they started rushing toward Lin Xun alongside the rest.

They already had no way back. Even though Lin Xun was terrifyingly powerful, their only choice was to stake everything on one throw and risk their lives with him!

After all, they would not truly die.

If they could wear Lin Xun out to exhaustion, it would already count as a victory.

Unfortunately, they were not Lin Xun's match as he killed them one by one. Heads rolled, and blood flowed like a river.

This group of over a hundred heaven prides was already the last force to ascend the peak. Its scale was also the largest, having the highest number with the strongest elites.

But this did not affect the outcome. Under the Broken Blade's killing spree, blood sprayed everywhere, and miserable screams echoed.

On the Coiling Dragon Tablet, an increasing number of light wisps were quickly converging. The grayish dragon scales started emitting the unique luster of great dao luck.

After a while, the dragon's tail suddenly shone with a golden holy luster, illusory yet full of liveliness.

Such was a sight produced by a certain accumulation of great dao luck, and it was extremely astonishing.

"This is a miracle! He causes the dragon's tail to shine by just guarding the peak! This has never happened before!" exclaimed an emotional ancient sect elder at the foot of the mountain.

The nearby crowd also started clamoring as many dropped their jaws in disbelief.

The shape of the Coiling Dragon Tablet was what its name suggested and was divided into seven parts: the tail, the claws, the body, the head, the whiskers, the horns, and the eyes of the dragon.

When great dao of luck was accumulated to a certain extent, one part of the coiling dragon would emit a divine glow!

This would determine the rankings in the competition for luck!

The more luck there was, the more parts of the dragon would produce the divine glow, and the higher the ranking would be, and vice versa.

In the previous years, there had never been a person like Lin Xun, who had caused a part of the Coiling Dragon Tablet to shine from just 'guarding the mountain' alone!

This was already a historical precedent, an unrivaled feat!

"This is not surprising. Any other supreme genius at the 'proficient' level would be able to achieve this if they were to be in the same situation," someone calmly analyzed. "I can only say that Demon God Lin's 'one against all' situation is too unique, and that's why he has the opportunity to create this miracle."

Yan Zhanqiu inwardly nodded in approval.

He could see that the amount of great dao luck Lin Xun had collected could be ranked first amongst the 36 peaks.

However, it had only accumulated during the 'guarding the mountain' phase.

When it was time for the Battle of Luck, the more luck Lin Xun had, the more he had to lose if he lost the battle!

In the end, he might end up being a luck reserve, a stepping stone for someone else.

Hmmm?

Yan Zhanqiu was stunned by his own thoughts. By making all those assumptions and speculations, he had already believed that Lin Xun would successfully guard the mountain...

This realization put a frown on his face.

This, again, was something he hadn't expected!

.....

"Don't...don't come here!"

The conquest on the ninth peak came to an end with a heaven pride being scared out of his wits. Before Lin Xun even approached him, he had lost his fighting spirit and was shrieking like crazy.

Whoosh!

Another opponent was even more straightforward as he fled the dao altar, terrified by Lin Xun's crushing demonic aura.

The scene shocked the audience and made their hearts quiver.

The remaining geniuses also lost all their will to fight and started fleeing recklessly. Even if they knew it was impossible to really die, they still didn't want to face Demon God Lin anymore.

He was like a godly mountain that stretched across the dao altar, impossible to be shaken. The only outcome was to be subdued by him!

"Disgraceful!"

"Embarrassing!"

Some elders at the foot of the mountain roared angrily.

They found it unacceptable that the heirs of the famous and prestigious lineages were beaten to the point that they lost all fighting spirit and fled without dignity. If this news spread out, it would be a stain on the history of the ancient clans, and they would be the butt of all jokes.

Lin Xun became the only remaining person on the dao altar. He looked down at the distant crowd with an aloof expression.

"That was all you've got?" he said.

The crowd lost their composure. All the heaven prides turned blue in the face, their chests heaving heavily as their hearts were filled with shame and grievances.



However, when they met Lin Xun's deep, indifferent gaze, none of them dared to step forward and fight him again. They were utterly intimidated.

"You are strong. But do you think you will still be alive after you leave this place?" Someone gritted their teeth.

Poof!

Without a warning, the Broken Blade made a slashing motion. Red qi flew out and sliced the person in half. Blood poured out like a waterfall.

"Singing the same old song again, nothing more than some intimidation. I've lost count of how many idiots like you I've killed ever since I set foot in the Ancient Wasteland Domain. When have I ever paid attention to your dog-shit threats?"

Accompanying Lin Xun's indifferent words was a disdainful expression that belonged to a character who was confident in his invincibility.

Everyone in the area was pale in the face.

Clink!

Lin Xun stood still as the Broken Blade flew around the altar, shooting skills at the distant heaven prides.

Since he had already offended them, he might as well show no mercy. While they wouldn't really die, Lin Xun just wanted to kill them for joy!

Blood-red lights swept out, catching several heaven prides off-guard and killing them on the spot.

"Run!" The remaining people scattered and fled down the mountain in fright.

Some even threw themselves at the area outside the golden light path, effectively getting themselves eliminated by Law Power.

Watching this scene, the faces of the older generations couldn't be more livid. Today's defeat was unheroic, to say the least. To be exact, it was a huge, disgraceful stain that would be hard to wash away!

In fact, they could all see that Lin Xun's momentum had been established, and it made him extremely difficult to defeat, but it was just too humiliating to see their proud heirs fleeing like headless flies.

Lin Xun would have wiped out all of the heaven prides if it was possible. Unfortunately, he had to 'guard the mountain' at the moment and could not leave the dao altar, or else all of his previous efforts would be futile.

Taking a deep breath, he decided not to think about it. He glanced at the nearby Coiling Dragon Tablet and estimated the time before sitting down on the ground to meditate.

This battle did not last long, but it was absolutely grueling – for Lin Xun's opponents, of course.

There had been speculations that he wouldn't last long, and it turned out to be just the opposite.

However, he had indeed consumed quite a lot of energy. At least seventy percent of his aeth power was gone after all that killing.

This was not a problem, though. Before the ultimate battle for luck began, a Sacred Recovery Rain would bless those who successfully guarded the mountain and fully recover their energy.

"Reminds me of what Xing Zhenzi from Hidden Holy Lands said at the Dao Lantern Festival. He was right. Not everyone deserves the title of 'heaven pride.'"

Lin Xun's eyes gleamed with contemplation.

He agreed more and more with Xing Zhenzi's point of view after the battle to guard the peak. As intense as it might have seemed, Lin Xun had never once used Yazi's Rage and the Sacred Combat Art!

The same went for the Silent Emptiness Slash, the Birth Destruction Slash, and his other killing moves!

He had kept a considerable portion of his fighting ability in reserve, yet those clan geniuses still failed to survive his attacks. Were they still worthy of the title 'heaven pride' then?

What a joke!

At the same time, Lin Xun had gained a new understanding of the Supreme Path.

In the past, he had always viewed it as the strongest path that was a rare occurrence even in the ancient era.

But now, it turned out that there was some misunderstanding on his part.

Times had changed. With the flow of time, the world's definition of 'heaven pride' had also changed!

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#### **Chapter 1053: Unforgivable**

The Supreme Path was regarded as the strongest path.

When Lin Xun had first come into contact with it, all he had learned was how rare, unattainable, and desirable it was. In the ancient era, the Supreme Path had been so hazy that it seemed to only exist in legend, making many geniuses feel helpless.

There were even people who doubted whether it really existed.

But as Lin Xun went through various experiences while growing his cultivation, he gradually realized that, with the change of times, the cultivators' definition of the Supreme Path had long changed.

From what Lin Xun knew, this path was the absolute strongest that ever existed, and once one reached its peak, they would reign over everything and sweep away all opponents.

But in the understanding of other cultivators, core disciples of ancient lineages like Kong Ling, Su Xingfeng, and Xue Qianhen were already supreme characters.

Therefore, there were bound to be misconceptions!

Over a dozen of the heaven prides Lin Xun had killed were so-called supreme characters, but in his judgment, their power had at most reached the door to the Supreme Path and not yet stepped into it!

In fact, some of them had not even seen that door yet and still claimed to be supreme heavenly prides. Lin Xun found this absurd and laughable.

Was his own understanding too harsh, or had the world's definition of supreme become too tolerant?

Lin Xun did not have the answer.

But one thing he knew for sure was that compared to those supreme characters, people like Sword Demon Ye Chen and Mad Blade Xiao Cangtian were much more in line with the definition of supreme.

"Even if I take a step back and divide the Supreme Path into three levels, those heaven prides just now are at best at the lowest level, having just a glimpse of the door. The likes of Ye Chen and Xiao Cangtian are definitely paving their paths forward, but it's hard to gauge how strong they are exactly. On the other hand, those absolute apex giants like Yun Qingbai, Yan Zhanqiu, Wang Xuanyu, Mi Hengzhen, and Ye Mohe should already have great attainments on the Supreme Path. Even if they can't claim to be the strongest, they shouldn't be that far off..." Lin Xun mused.

The coming of the great age meant that countless monstrous characters would emerge, rising like stars as they competed and garnered fame.

Before that, it would be beneficial to have a deep and precise knowledge of the supreme characters of one's generation.

"No matter what, I will walk my path, a never-before-seen path!"

Lin Xun finally dispelled all of his doubts. His dao heart became clearer and more resolute.

While he sat on his dao altar and pondered over the mysteries of 'supreme,' the battles on the other peaks had not concluded.

The spectators from various clans at the foot of the mountain were keeping a close eye on the situation.

Lin Xun had already established his spot on the Little Giants List. The remaining thirty-five spots would be decided from the battles on the other peaks.

Each duel was brutal as it was between the top elites of a generation. In the outside world, it would be more than enough to cause a sensation.

But on Immortal Sacred Mountain, it was a common occurrence.

The Windspeaker experts were swamped as there were too many commendable duels. The number of dazzling heaven prides was hard to count, and each had their unique characteristics, making it difficult to choose who to record.

Lin Xun also looked towards the other peaks and watched the duels through his vast spirit sense.

Every strike from Mad Blade Xiao Cangtian was fast as lightning, having the power to shock the heavens and destroy the earth. From the moment the man stepped onto his dao altar, no opponent had been able to last more than ten moves from him.

Sword Demon Ye Chen was just as outstanding. His violet ancient sword surged with a boundless qi of both righteousness and destruction, making him invincible and unstoppable.

As another top-class sword cultivator, Jin Muyun, on the other hand, possessed a sword qi as violent as a thunderstorm. Its sharpness was unyielding and murderous as it pierced the sky.

Li Qingping's tactics were cunning and unpredictable with a green jade flute as his weapon. Its melody was like the whimpers of demons, eating away at the opponents' souls.

As for Yu Lingkong, Ji Xingyao, Gou Yanzhen, and the like, these supreme figures had long established their fame. Without incident, their spots in the Little Giants List were a foregone conclusion.

What particularly caught Lin Xun's attention was Gou Yanzhen, whose fighting style was brutally twisted.

He tore anyone who challenged him apart with his own hands, resulting in scattered limbs and waterfalls of blood.

Before his opponents were eliminated, they suffered unimaginable torture.

This kind of brutal method earned the furious roars of many older ancient clan experts, who wished that they could go up there and personally kill the black dog bastard.

However, Gou Yanzhen style was as deterrent as it was cruel. Many heaven prides were scared witless by this kind of bloody scene and didn't dare to challenge him lest they would also suffer the same fate.

When Lin Xun looked over, Gou Yanzhen was clutching a delicate woman. Then, with a jerk of his hands, the woman's arms were torn off like paper, creating a rain of bright-red blood all over the dao altar.

Gou Yanzhen revealed a feverish, bloodthirsty smile. His scarlet tongue licked the blood that was raining down, and he took in a deep breath before letting out a satisfied moan. His face became extremely intoxicated.

Swish!

Gou Yanzhen looked over when he noticed Lin Xun's gaze. He then grinned, revealing his sharp gleaming teeth as he silently mouthed these words, "Demon God Lin, I will also tear you apart like this and see if your blood has the wonderful taste of a demonic god."

His throat moved up and down as if he were staring at a tantalizing prey, and he laughed without scruple.

Lin Xun quietly looked at him, his expression remaining unchanged, before withdrawing his gaze. If he ran into Gou Yanzhen in the Battle of Luck, he wouldn't mind torturing this black dog bit by bit to a miserable death!

The next person Lin Xun set his sight on was Xiao Qinghe, whose ability to continue fighting on the dao altar until this moment surprised him.

From what Lin Xun knew about him, Xiao Qinghe was still quite a distance away from the strongest supreme characters.

The fact that Xiao Qinghe was able to 'guard the mountain' until now proved that his potential was deep and far exceeding his true strength.

However, Lin Xun frowned when he realized that Xiao Qinghe was in a bad situation.

His opponent was a feather-clothed youth with a cold and dark aura. The youth had a fair complexion and a beautiful feminine face, carrying a unique and exotic charm.

If Lin Xun's memory hadn't failed him, this feather-clothed youth was Qing Wenjun, the Saint of the Blue Luan Clan.

The girl called Qing Lian'er who had died at Lin Xun's hands was his cousin.

At this moment, Qing Wenjun's figure was as vague as the void, making it impossible to follow. Not only was he fast, but he was also extremely ingenious!

Xiao Qinghe could not even touch his robe no matter how he attacked!

Without a doubt, Qing Wenjun held an absolute advantage in terms of movement arts.

In this circumstance, Xiao Qinghe already had no hope of winning, but Qing Wenjun was not in a hurry to defeat him. Instead, he toyed with Xiao Qinghe like a cat playing with a mouse in the palm of his hand.

The devilish Qing Wenjun had a sharp golden needle between his slender white fingers.

It was as if he was embroidering and Xiao Qinghe was the canvas cloth, each strike left an array of fine holes on the latter.

Xiao Qinghe was clearly suffering great pain, his face pale blue and filled with rage. However, he failed to follow his opponent's movement so his injuries only kept increasing.

Everyone could clearly see that the fine, bleeding holes on Xiao Qinghe were forming a baby rose[1].

Qing Wenjun was really embroidering!

His movements even carried a kind of unconstrained and silky-smooth charm, like an artist who had reached the pinnacle waving a brush and splashing ink.

Nevertheless, this approach of using the opponent as the canvas, their blood as the ink, and a needle as the brush made it impossible for the onlookers to feel a trace of charm. Instead, the sight was bone-chilling!

Anyone who saw it would only feel their scalp tingling with fear.

Xiao Qinghe was in unspeakable pain. Every inch of skin was quivering, and his eyes wanted to burst out of their sockets as he fought for his life, using all his strength to pounce on Qing Wenjun.

But it all seemed futile.

Qing Wenjun looked leisurely and calm. The golden needle flew out from his hands and back, turning a blind eye to Xiao Qinghe's fury.

This was humiliation!

If anything, Xiao Qinghe was one of the sixteen Scorching Suns of Moon Sun Sacred Palace. His identity, status, and battle prowess were all considered top-class amongst the current generation of young heaven-prides.

But at the moment, he was treated as a canvas. This was undoubtedly a serious insult that trampled on his dignity and dao heart!

Even Lin Xun could not suppress the icy gleam in his eyes as an uncontrollable killing intent rose in his heart. Qing Wenjun's methods were not as brutal as Gou Yanzhen's, but his mind was much more twisted!

Hm?

Lin Xun's expression suddenly changed at what he saw and his fists clenched. The surging killing intent in his eyes was so terrifying that it seemed to materialize.

On the mountain peak in the distance, Xiao Qinghe's figure had suddenly frozen in mid-air as if in stasis.

Qing Wenjun casually walked toward him and stabbed the golden needle into his heart before retreating back to his previous position in a flash.

Meanwhile, Xiao Qinghe looked as if he had been cut by countless steel threads across the body, and he exploded.

The splashing blood created a mist that gradually densified into a devilish-looking baby rose. Its bright red color was eye-piercing.

All the experts watching this scene felt their blood run cold with fear. Such fighting style was simply twisted to the extreme!

Oblivious to everyone's reaction, Qing Wenjun stroked his chin as he gazed intently at the red baby rose, his beautiful face revealing a look of adoration.

While Lin Xun knew that Xiao Qinghe had not truly died, it could not put a stop to the chilling cold in his eyes and the endless fury in his heart.

Killing could be an easy act, but Qing Wenjun went above and beyond with such a perverted and bloody method to humiliate and torture Xiao Qinghe. It was absolutely unforgivable!

1. Also known by other names such as: multiflora rose. See this for more info:

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rosa\\_multiflora](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rosa_multiflora) 📄

### **[The Prodigies War](#)**

#### **Chapter 1054: The Battle of Luck Begins**

Xiao Qinghe was eliminated in the most humiliating and cruel way.

Lin Xun struggled to contain his anger when he saw that.

Being defeated was nothing, but Lin Xun couldn't accept that he was tortured before being defeated!

"Lin Xun, are you angry? That's right, I was also very angry when you killed my cousin Lian'er."

A feminine and hoarse voice tinkled in his ear like the hiss of a venomous snake.

Lin Xun saw that Qing Wenjun had shifted his gaze onto the mountain where he stood.

He was dressed in a feathery robe that complemented his fair skin and pretty, bewitching face. His thin lips looked like a fiery red blade.

"You can get back on me, but why did you attack Xiao Qinghe?!" Lin Xun's expression was ice-cold.

"Because I also want you to experience the feeling of anger." Qing Wenjun laughed wildly. "Speaking of which, you have no one in the Ancient Wasteland Domain, not even a family member. I had great trouble thinking of someone to vent my anger. Fortunately, I found Xiao Qinghe."

It seemed that before this, Qing Wenjun had secretly inquired about Lin Xun, intending to strike a vicious blow on people who were close to Lin Xun!

"Are you not afraid of the Moon Sun Sacred Palace?" Lin Xun wrinkled his brows. This guy looks gentle and easygoing, but he is actually a crazy sicko.

"If I was afraid, would I have done it?" Qing Wenjun said nonchalantly. "You saw what happened to Xiao Qinghe. Let me tell you this now...unless you obediently kneel down and beg right now, I will kill everyone related to you one by one and make them into paintings of blood." A sinister smile spread across his face as he looked at Lin Xun with a crazed look.

Lin Xun was silent for a moment, and then he smiled, "Then let's see if your Blue Luan Clan can bear my wrath again. If you dare to harm people related to me, then I will wipe out your entire clan. If you don't believe me, then you can try it. Let's see who will have the last laugh.

"Oh, by the way, you'd better hope that you don't face off against me later." His voice was calm but determined.

Once he finished his sentence, he retracted his gaze and no longer took another glance at him.

Qing Wenjun had touched Lin Xun's reverse scale and sparked his killing intent.

Qing Wenjun looked taken aback before he burst out laughing like a lunatic. His feminine eyes shone with madness. "Then give it a try!"

.....

Thud!

Meanwhile, on another mountain peak, A'lu fought like an indefatigable ferocious beast. With just his bare hands, he blasted away his opponent's treasure and sent him flying out of the altar with a kick to the chest.

His fighting spirit soared, and he assumed an air of superiority. Pointing at the peerless geniuses who were too frightened to come forward, he snorted, "What? Are you scared? Weren't you very dissatisfied earlier? Why are you all huddled together? How can you call yourself a genius?"

His provocative voice infuriated the group of geniuses even more, to the point that their lungs almost ruptured. They hated the fact that they couldn't tear off the barbarian's mouth.

Still, no one dared to step forward.

It was understandable. The barbarian's strength was as ridiculously terrifying as his mouth. He had surpassed even top figures, so who would dare to step forward after witnessing that?

Lin Xun looked away and checked on Zhao Jingxuan who was on another mountain peak.

He noticed that she had improved by leaps and bounds compared to when they last saw each other several years ago. She had grown so strong that even he couldn't help feeling amazed.

Wearing a purple dress, she resembled a graceful dragon wandering the sky or a fairy strolling in the garden whilst she fought on the altar.

She activated the Nine Dragons Cauldron, casting the images of nine life-like dragons. They held their heads high as they whizzed across the air like divine beings descending upon earth.

She was also dueling against a top supreme character, but in less than dozens of moves, she suppressed the opponent in a head-on clash!

"She has the imperial dragon qi on her, and she has extensively studied the secret inheritance arts of the Spirit Treasure Holy Land. It is only right that she's so magnificent." Lin Xun felt a weight lifting off him.

From the looks of it, if everything went well, Zhao Jingxuan would easily advance onto the Little Giants List.

"That's right, Junior Sister Jingxuan has already entered the inner chamber of the Supreme Path and is not far from reaching the peak of perfection." Yan Zhanqiu, who had been closely watching Zhao Jingxuan from afar, nodded to himself, his eyes sparkling with admiration.

Buzz!

Suddenly, the entire Immortal Sacred Mountain buzzed ceaselessly, producing eternal and supreme great dao power. The summit of the thirty-six mountain peaks all shone brilliantly.

The battle on every altar suddenly suspended.

At the same time, an invisible force expelled the failed cultivators from the altar, leaving only thirty-six figures standing atop the altars.

One hour had passed!

Instantly, everyone waiting at the mountain foot looked at each figure remaining on the mountain peaks.

Xiao Cangtian, Ye Chen, Jin Muyun, Chu Beihai, Li Qingping, Yu Lingkong, Ji Xingyao, Gou Yanzhen, Zhao Jingxuan...

Of course, there was also Lin Xun.

A total of thirty-six peerless geniuses successfully defended the mountain!

Those who never made it onto the dao altar despite ascending the mountain lowered their heads in disappointment and frustration.



There might only seem to be one step between ascending the mountain and defending the mountain, but there was a world of difference!

Those who successfully defended the mountain would make it onto the Little Giants List and become a Little Giant figure of the younger generation.

This was not only a great honor, but also the greatest acknowledgement of one's strength!

As for the others, they were just the backdrop this time. After being eliminated, they likely would receive much less attention in the future.

This was a battle for the great dao. One wrong step could make a world of difference!

.....

"Next, it's time for the final ranking battle. Among the thirty-six Little Giants, I wonder who will win the top spot in the end."

At the foot of the mountain, the cultivators from the major sects all discussed spiritedly.

"Compared to the past, this year's mountain defending battle is completely different. Some peerless geniuses would have definitely made it onto the Little Giants List if they participated in previous Little Giants List Competitions. It's a shame that they failed this time."

"That's right. It's not that they are not strong, but that the participants this time included the most dazzling peerless figures from all four worlds of the ancient wasteland. Their defeat is understandable!"

"Whenever the great age comes, countless monsters and geniuses will rise up to compete for the great dao. Although the great age has yet to come, we all know that the great age will be like never before!" The older generations of cultivators sighed.

"The only exception might be Demon God Lin!"

"Many ancient sect geniuses had joined forces to target and attack him, yet he managed to survive until the end. If it were someone else, they likely would have been killed already. I have to say that he is indeed marvelous."

"Haha, just wait, the more showy he is, the worse he will die when he leaves the Immortal Forbidden Land!"

Quite a few people were paying close attention to Lin Xun.

No one believed that he could make it onto the Little Giants List. They all thought that he would be eliminated under the bombardment of so many ancient sect geniuses.

The result was completely unexpected.

Lin Xun won!

He single handedly defeated all the genius figures on the ninth mountain peak!

He also caught the attention of the others on the other mountain peaks.

“This is what makes it interesting.” Xiao Cangtian’s blade-like eyes glowed.

“Impressive, Demon God Lin! I look forward to having a drink with you!” Sword Demon Ye Chen smiled happily as his robe fluttered around him.

“He is indeed a demon god!” A’lu grinned.

Jin Muyun, Chu Beihai, Yu Lingkong, Li Qingping, Gou Yanzhen and the others all looked as glum as another.

They had all sent forces to suppress Lin Xun, but they never thought that he would still win under such circumstances. They all looked as bad as if they had eaten a fly.

Zhao Jingxuan blinked and teased mischievously, “Amazing, little brother Demon God.”

“So what if he won? Let’s see how long that shameless fellow can last!” Ji Xingyao grumbled.

As for the other geniuses who had no grudge against Lin Xun nor knew him, they still couldn’t help but pay more attention to Lin Xun.

Some people were surprised, some were impressed and some were wary and vigilant of him.

The ranking battle would take place next. The presence of Lin Xun was undoubtedly an unpredictable variable that they had to pay attention to.

Lin Xun was unbothered by the attention. At his level, even though he dared not boast that he had absolute confidence in winning against all his peers, he was proud to say that he was not afraid of any opponent!

“I wonder what the next battle would be like...”

Lin Xun looked at the dao altars on the different peaks. There were no referees on the Immortal Sacred Mountain. He also knew that he should act according to the rules.

Rumble!

While Lin Xun was in deep thought, the altar on every peak quaked and sent up a pillar of golden light. The light beam converged together in the center of the mountain peaks before erupting with earthshaking sacred brilliance.

Afterwards, the sacred light intertwined, gradually taking the shape of an incomparably huge battlefield!

The battlefield was black and white, and tremendous, hovering in the void. It emitted a wondrous indestructible light that drew the attention of everyone.

The thirty-six golden beams led to the central battlefield from the summit of the different mountains.

This was the Luck Battlefield!

The ranking battle of the Little Giants would kick off on it.

When that happens, the prohibition, restriction and rule power of Immortal Sacred Mountain would operate independently, teleporting different participants onto the battlefield for battle in turn.

The winner would not only rank higher on the list, but also receive great dao luck!

“It’s starting now!”

At the foot of the mountain, all eyes were fixed on the Luck Battlefield in the sky.

The Windspeaker Clan experts had already prepared a thick stack of golden news tree leaves in advance, intending to record the earth shaking battles that would soon break out on the Luck Battlefield!

“Exciting...” As Lin Xun gazed into the distance, his dark eyes shone brightly and battle spirit surged uncontrollably in his heart.

### [The Prodigies War](#)

#### **Chapter 1055: Finally It Is My Turn To Play**

Meanwhile, the other Little Giants on other mountain peaks also stared at the Luck Battlefield in the center with blazing eyes.

Only young people under thirty years old were eligible to be ranked on the Little Giants List regardless of how talented or strong they were.

Who would be able to remain nonchalant at such a time?

All the peerless geniuses who had set foot onto the Supreme Path and surpassed their peers were extremely prideful. There was no doubt that they would go all out in the fight for great dao luck

No one would willingly allow someone else to take a more important role.

If they had to fight, it had to be an earthshaking battle!

.....

Buzz!

Suddenly, a bizarre buzz stirred the universe.

Amidst countless excited gazes, two of the thirty-six golden beams rippled like a tide.

The next moment, the two cultivators standing in front of the two beams of golden light were teleported onto the battlefield in the center.

It was a man and a woman.

The man was tall and slender and emitted a chilling frost-like aura.

He was called Lie Wenliang, and he was from the Origin God Sect in the East Victory World.

The woman was as slim and graceful as a lotus flower floating on a pond. Wisps of lavender dao light circulated her body, adding an ethereal beauty to her.

She was called Gu Liangping and was from the Great One Sect.

Lin Xun was not familiar with them both, but he knew that they had to be extraordinary since they both occupied a mountain peak and became one of the thirty-six Little Giants.

Very quickly, a battle broke out without any suspense. Divine lights beamed across the battlefield and treasures repeatedly clashed. The battle turned fierce and intense as soon as it started.

At the foot of the mountain, uproar and commotion constantly broke out.

On the mountain summit, Lin Xun and the others were also watching the battle closely.

Before long, the battle ended and the winner was decided.

Gu Liangping had a slight upper hand over Lie Wenliang and eventually wounded and defeated him.

At the same time, Lie Wenliang's Coiling Dragon Tablet released a gush of illusory great dao luck power and it rushed into Gu Liangping's tablet.

Moreover, the Immortal Sacred Mountain also rewarded Gu Liangping, the winner, with great dao luck.

This was the fight for great dao luck after all!

Not only did she seize her opponent's great dao luck, but she also received a reward from the Immortal Sacred Mountain.

"Without using any Saint treasure or taboo power as trump cards, they competed with only their true combat power and skill. Lie Wenliang is strong, but he is still inferior to Gu Liangping in terms of great dao power," Lin Xun remarked thoughtfully.

Others also quietly assessed Gu Liangping's strength, formulating a plan in case they had to face her on the battlefield.

Soon, the second duel started. Gou Yanzhen was chosen.

His opponent was a man called Gao Shanhai, who came from the Sky Cloud Sect in the West Infinity Sect and was known for his combat strength.

Boom!

As soon as the battle started, Gao Shanhai brought out a treasure and fought all out. It was obvious that he knew very well that Gou Yanzhen was terrifyingly strong.

Grinning, Gou Yanzhen took out a long, blood-colored whip that was divided into seventy-two distinct sections like a blood-red spine. With a crack of his whip, an ear-splitting boom shook the battlefield.

He stood plainly while the blood whip lashed the air, producing waves of spine-chilling great dao power and suppressing Gao Shanhai in fewer than ten moves.

After around forty moves, Gao Shanhai was already riddled with scars and bruises, and many of his bones were broken.

After sixty moves, Gao Shanhai's head was crushed, and his body was torn apart by the blood whip.

A rain of blood splattered down on Gou Yanzhen, making him look like a bloodthirsty devil.

"So strong!"

“That black dog has actually comprehended the Black Nightmare Asura Grand Dao—a rare grand dao power listed on the Reaching Heaven Grand Dao List due to its tremendous power and ruthlessness.”

“Although the Black Nightmare Sky Dog Clan is loathsome, we have to admit that the clan has a solid foundation. Gou Yanzhen is definitely a core character of the Ten Thousand Killer level in the Clan.”

At the foot of the mountain was a long clamor of discussions. Everyone was aghast by Gou Yanzhen’s brutal means.

It was not easy to defeat an opponent who was also a Little Giant like themselves.

And it was more difficult to kill the opponent.

The fact that Gou Yanzhen achieved this was enough to prove that he was qualified to be ranked at the top of the battle of luck!

“No wonder he dared to act so arrogant and ruthless. It turns out that he has some abilities.” Lin Xun’s dark eyes gleamed.

He had taken in the details of the entire battle and formed a rough idea of Gou Yanzhen’s true strength.

“Lin Xun! You should know that you are the one I want to kill the most. Clean your neck and wait for me to take off your head!” Gou Yanzhen thundered, his scarlet eyes flashing a bloodthirsty glint.

Then, he was teleported back to the altar on the mountain peak and saw the great dao luck deposited on his Coiling Dragon Tablet.

“Look, what did I just say, even if Demon God Lin made it onto the Little Giants List, he will be targeted by many people!”

At the foot of the mountain, many experts gloated.

Lin Xun’s expression remained unchanged, as though he was unbothered.

In this battle of luck, there were two people he wanted to kill the most. The first was Qing Wenjun and the second was Gou Yanzhen!

It was time for the third round of matches. Yu Lingkong appeared on the battlefield and defeated his opponent after dozens of moves.

Compared to when Lin Xun last saw him at the Dao Lantern Festival, he had undoubtedly grown much stronger.

However, Lin Xun was not surprised. In his opinion, Yu Lingkong’s talent and foundation were indeed superb. Not only was he born in a family of Saints, but he also trained in the Longevity Land. With his background, it would be very difficult to not be extremely strong.

In the fourth match, Xiao Cangtian won.

In the fifth match, Li Qingping won.

The sixth match...

The matches continued one after another.

Some were between fierce characters that no one could ignore, and some were between unfamiliar characters such as Zhan Feng, a successor from the Nine Wonders Sword Pavilion in the South Wonder World.

In truth, anyone able to be ranked on the Little Giants List had to be terrifying.

In the fourteenth match, Zhao Jingxuan faced off against Tuoba Ze, a descendant of the Tuoba Clan, a Saint family in the East Victory World.

Tuoba Ze was one of the more dazzling figures among the thirty-six participants. His fighting style could be described as ghost-like and as fierce and swift as lightning. The spectators had long been watching him closely.

However...

When he met Zhao Jingxuan, he was utterly crushed!

Within moments, he surrendered helplessly and in frustration. The reason was very simple. Zhao Jingxuan used the Myriad Apparition Art, a unique skill of the Spirit Treasure Holy Land.

As soon as she activated this art, she transformed into thousands of apparitions and her figures were everywhere across the Luck Battlefield, each one extremely real.

Tuoba Ze's greatest skill was his extraordinary speed, but the scene caught him unprepared. Regardless of how he attacked, he couldn't lock onto Zhao Jingxuan's real body.

In the end, he surrendered.

Seeing this, Lin Xun thought back to when he killed Gong Yangyu, who also practiced the Myriad Apparition Art, but compared with Zhao Jingxuan, Gong Yangyu was much inferior.

In the fifteenth match, it was Chu Beihai's turn.

But it seemed that the god of fate liked to tease people, because his opponent was Sword Demon Ye Chen.

This battle attracted the most attention so far. Moreover, it was unprecedentedly fierce. Both Chu Beihai and Ye Chen were the most dazzling figures among the participants so the battle between them was regarded as a fight between the dragon and tiger.

However, after exchanging hundreds of moves, Chu Beihai finally fell into a disadvantageous position and enabled Ye Chen to puncture his chest with a sword. In the end, he had to admit defeat.

"In my opinion, even if you have the chance to face Lin Xun, you are no match for him."

After the outcome of the battle was decided, Ye Chen uttered a sentence that pierced Chu Beihai's heart like a thorn. His face instantly reddened with uncontrollable anger.

Ye Chen smiled slightly and ignored him. He turned around and left.

Chu Beihai snorted coldly and left with pent-up fury and bitterness.

Let's see what Lin Xun's ranking would be!

In the sixteenth match, Jin Muyun's opponent surrendered.

The seventeenth match.

The beam of golden light in front of Lin Xun roiled.

It's finally my turn...

He felt his body shaking when a gush of invisible force swept him onto the battlefield in the center.

When he raised his eyes, he was taken aback for a moment.

The figure that was teleported onto the battlefield together with Lin Xun was also startled, and then a burst of feminine laughter pulsated in the air, "The heavens are so kind to me. How lucky am I to be able to face off against you in the first round of matches?" The laughter was filled with mad delight.

This person was dressed in a feather robe and had a bewitchingly pretty face, prettier than a woman. His thin lips were like red-hot blades, striking and charming.

It was Qing Wenjun from the Blue Luan Clan!

"Hahaha, there's going to be a good show."

"Qing Wenjun is known for his sick fighting means, and his combat strength is outstanding. Many people are afraid of him, but Lin Xun unluckily has to face him."

"Qing Wenjun is a sicko, but Lin Xun is a demon god. The sicko will face the demon god. This is going to be an exciting match!"

"I'm really looking forward to it. If Qing Wenjun can also paint Demon God Lin into a blood-colored rose flower, it will definitely shock the world."

At the foot of the mountain, the spectators were all buzzing. They had already noticed that Qing Wenjun was abnormal, but Lin Xun's strength also surprised them.

Now, the two were matched together. Many experts from ancient sects who were hostile to Lin Xun couldn't help but laugh gloatingly.

It was a battle that they looked forward to the most!

Meanwhile, the other Little Giants wore different expressions, some pensive, some gloating, some mocking, and some filled with anticipation.

"He is going to face Qing Wenjun in the first round. That guy is unlucky..." Zhao Jingxuan sighed. She wasn't worried about Lin Xun, or perhaps, she had never been worried about Lin Xun, even when she was in the Ziyao Empire.

This was not absolute confidence, but she firmly believed that any opponent who underestimated Lin Xun would pay a heavy price!

Moreover, Lin Xun was always able to pull through no matter what unfavorable situation was thrown at him.

Her only worry was that, in this battle, Lin Xun might be forced to reveal all the trump cards up his sleeve.

Trump cards could be the key to a surprise victory. If they were revealed then it would inevitably alert the other experts to be vigilant of him.

“Lin Xun, what I said before still counts. If you kneel down and beg for mercy, I might forget about harming your families and friends again.” Qing Wenjun licked his scarlet lips and laughed like a lunatic on the battlefield. There was a crazed look in his pretty eyes.

### [The Prodigies War](#)

#### **Chapter 1056: Sky Splitting Art and Sky Repairing Needle**

As Qing Wenjun’s voice rang out, Lin Xun thought of Xiao Qinghe who was treated like a canvas and defeated in a torturous way. The murderous intent he had tried to suppress uncontrollably surged to his chest.

“I don’t know if the heavens are kind to you or not. I only know that if I am not satisfied, I won’t let you leave the battlefield!” Lin Xun’s dark eyes were chilling as he said each word loud and clear. His bearing also changed. The killing intent rushing out from his body spread through the area like a tide.

Qing Wenjun smiled with a crazed look on his feminine and bewitching face. “Demon God Lin, I will draw a mandala flower for you! I guarantee you’ll like it!”

Boom!

The two moved as they spoke. They transformed into two lightning bolts and struck like two comets, causing a blinding explosion and a loud sonic boom.

A great battle broke out right away.

It looked as though two furnaces were colliding on the battlefield, especially with the searing heat from the vast explosion.

The Luck Battlefield had been drowned in billowing haze and surging dao light. The clash between such tremendous supreme powers was enough to make the world pale.

“So strong!

“Comparatively speaking, this battle is the most intense so far. The power and fierceness are as great as a battle between the sun and the moon!”

At the foot of the mountain, the spectators were all aghast.

The Little Giants atop the mountain were also paying close attention to the battle. They all knew that Demon God Lin was powerful, but no one could accurately describe how powerful he was.

Now, they might be able to have a glimpse of it in battle!



Boom!

On the Luck Battlefield, the two participants suddenly separated and after a while, the tranquility was restored and all kinds of divine lights faded.

The two stood facing each other from a distance.

“As expected of Demon God Lin. I heard that you broke some records that Yun Qingbai set ten years ago. If I kill you today, does that mean that I am better than Yun Qingbai ten years ago?” Qing Wenjun’s eyes shone brightly.

All the Omega Sword Sect cultivators’ faces darkened. He is so arrogant to think that he can compare himself to our idol Yun Qingbai!

Jin Muyun coldly snorted, but his eyes flashed a chilling fierceness.

“You think too much.” Lin Xun’s expression was ice-cold.

Many people could tell that, although the two were talking, their aura was rapidly soaring in power, becoming more and more terrifying.

Lin Xun’s clothes and hair billowed around him as though a demon god was awakening within his body!

Meanwhile, the pores all over Qing Wenjun’s body opened up and rays of divine light gushed out from them. From afar, it looked as though flames were swirling all over his body, distorting and incinerating the surrounding space.

The atmosphere turned suffocating. Even if the audience at the foot of the mountain was a good distance they still felt a sense of oppression.

Boom!

Qing Wenjun was the first to strike again. His footsteps were calm and relaxed as he tread across the sky like a dancing blue luan. A dao rune emerged in the palm of his hand, spewing out a red sunset glow red rays of light as he swung it forward.

He resembled a divine being descending upon the earth with his aura raging around him and the monstrous power of his palm strike.

The audience was struck with awe.

Someone from the older generation murmured, “The Splitting Sky Art! A secret art of the Blue Luan Clan!”

Almost at the same time, azure brilliance erupted from Lin Xun’s side. His figure seemed to have become illusory and ethereal with waves of unparalleled spirit power gushing forth.

Boom!

He balled his hands into fists and displayed the profound meaning of the Nine Heavenshaking Destructions Art. Instantly, the space crumbled, and the fist smashed into the battlefield as if piercing through time and space.

The deafening crash sounded like a volcano erupting!

The two fiercely clashed, both as swift and fierce like lightning and as powerful as a mountain. They both demonstrated superb cultivation arts, accuracy and speed, proving their worth as a true cultivator of the Supreme Path.

The mountain foot was utterly silent and still as the spectators watched with bated breath and thumping hearts.

Even the Little Giants standing on different mountain peaks donned solemn expressions. Everyone avoided blinking their eyes, lest they miss any important details.

Boom!

Qing Wenjun's palms and fingers were akin to a pair of sharp blades, entwined with divine scarlet flames, as they split the void. As far as the eye could see, raging fire was sweeping through the battlefield as if it had turned into a sea of flames.

He moved nimbly and elegantly like a blue luan hovering across the sky, yet he was advancing at an extremely dazzling speed, radiating an aura as terrifying as a divine being bathed in fire.

Lin Xun activated the Hornless Ice Dragon Step, also moving with incredible speed. The power of his punches was simple and natural, without any showy fireworks or display, but every punch contained the power enough to shake the heavens and the earth. He did not hold back his strength at all.

Rumbles of dao sound filled the world like the furious howl of a blue luan and the cries of demons and gods.

The two clashed once again, sending columns of red divine flames and azure brilliance into the air that exploded with endless light upon contact and drowned out the battlefield.

"Not bad! Not bad!" Qing Wenjun cried out in excitement before his handsome and bewitching face flushed abnormally. As he burst out laughing, his aura continued to intensify.

Images of blue lanterns emerged all around him, spewing out divine flames. This astonishing vision was a sign of a powerful secret dao art!

It was the magnificent power of the Blue Luan Clan's most powerful inheritance art—the Sky Splitting Art. The flames flowing out from the blue lantern were capable of splitting the sky!

However, it might be incredibly strong, but Lin Xun was in no way inferior. With his every movement, tremendous power rushed out from his fist and smashed the void.

The duel between the two was truly astonishing. It had only just started, but they had already demonstrated powers far beyond the average Supreme Path cultivator with their mighty dao arts.

Everyone was dazzled by the beams of light shooting across the sky and constantly gasped out loud.

In comparison, the supreme figures who failed to make it onto Little Giants List undoubtedly looked much dimmer!

This proved that, at least on the Supreme Path, both Lin Xun and Qing Wenjun had reached astonishing heights.

This was indeed true. Given Qing Wenjun's combat strength, he would definitely be ranked at the top among the thirty-six Little Giants.

Even the Little Giants who had won in the previous battle were aghast and flabbergasted at their strength.

Many people felt they were very lucky to avoid being allocated to face the two in the first round of battles. Otherwise...there could be unpredictable consequences!

Boom!

Another collision resounded. At this point, the two had already fought for hundreds of rounds. Even so, the battle remained as fierce and strong as when it began. It was completely a head-on-head battle! Their movements were so swift that many cultivators failed to clearly capture the details of the battle.

Clang!

Suddenly, Qing Wenjun brought out a shining golden needle and aimed it at Lin Xun in a stabbing motion at an unbelievable speed.

He possessed the Sky-Splitting Art as well as the Sky Repairing Needle!

The golden needle was his strongest killing move.

Chi!

In the void, the sharpness of the needle was akin to lightning, and its golden rays resembled a rain of light. In the blink of an eye, the golden needle had shuttled through the air countless times, leaving long trails of thousands of golden light behind it like a giant net trying to imprison and cut up Lin Xun.

Even top Supreme Path cultivators such as Xiao Cangtian, Ye Chen and Jin Muyun showed a change of expression, realizing the terror of the Sky Repairing Needle.

"Qing Wenjun from the Blue Luan Clan in the West Infinity World turns out to be so strong. It seems that there are many other people worthy of attention in this world besides those in our East Victory World..."

Even Yan Zhanqiu was a little surprised. Although Qing Wenjun had performed splendidly so far, he was from the West Infinity World, and his reputation in the East Victory World was not as great.

But now, it seemed that he was also a supreme character that should not be underestimated!

"Lin Xun's luck is pretty bad," Yan Zhanqiu murmured. It was only the first round of the luck battle, but he had to face Qing Wenjun. It was very unfortunate for him.

But soon, Yan Zhanqiu couldn't think about it anymore and refocused his mind on the battlefield.

Chi!

The Sky Repair Needle flared up with golden light as it fluttered across and swirled in the air, sending countless golden threads slashing through the void. Each one seemed so strong and fierce that nothing could stop it.

Contrary to everyone's expectations, Lin Xun still faced the frightening killing move with bare hands. However, his fist power had turned majestic and endless, like raging waves reared up from the boundless sea.

The force of one punch was enough to crush the countless golden threads and dissipate them.

It was a way of using force to overpower skill!

Astonishingly, Lin Xun successfully suppressed the attack of the Sky Repairing Needle!

Many spectators widened their eyes with amazement. Qing Wenjun demonstrated extremely abnormal combat power, but Demon God Lin outshone him!

After attacking for such a long time without success, Qing Wenjun seemed unable to withstand anymore and let out a low grunt, flinging his hand fiercely.

Clang!

The golden needle flashed out of his hand, shooting through the power of Lin Xun's fist with astonishing speed and piercing his fist with a spurt of blood.

At the same time, a wisp of bone-chilling power spread from the wound, stabbing Lin Xun's mind like a bolt of lightning.

This was the terrifying power of the Sky Repairing Needle. It targeted a cultivator's mind and spirit. Cultivators who did not understand that would pay a bitter price if caught unguarded.

Clearly, Lin Xun was one of them.

"What? Demon God Lin is injured?" Everyone cried out in shock.

Everyone, especially those who had fought against Lin Xun, knew how terrifying he was.

But now, he was wounded by Qing Wenjun!

How could the Sky Repairing Needle of the Blue Luan Clan be so frighteningly powerful?

Wasn't it said that the true mystery of this secret art had been lost in ancient times and only fragments of it were left now?

The older generation of experts struggled to maintain calm.

As for the Little Giants atop the mountains, most of them assumed a serious and solemn expression, while some, especially those who had enmity with Lin Xun, looked bewildered.

Qing Wenjun's strength also exceeded their expectations.

An excited and morbid smile spread across Qing Wenjun's face as he manipulated the needle to move closer, taking the opportunity to start painting!

He wanted to use Lin Xun's body as a canvas and his blood as ink to draw a blood-colored mandala!

The thought of the bloody scene brought a rush of indescribable excitement to Qing Wenjun.

In his view, Lin Xun's spirit would suffer deadly damage under the power of the Sky Repairing Needle, and he would soon be turned into one of his treasured paintings just like Xiao Qinghe!

However, just as he inched closer to Lin Xun and aimed the Sky Repairing Needle at him, his body went stiff with an unbearable feeling of uneasiness and fear.

At the same time, he met Lin Xun's unfathomable and cold gaze. It was as though he was looking at a dead person!

### [The Prodigies War](#)

#### **Chapter 1057: I Like Barbecued Wings**

Did the power of the Sky Repair Needle not wound him?

How is that possible?

The Sky Repair Needle was an ancient treasure of the Blue Luan Clan. It was almost lost and failed to be passed down to the next generation. It was a mysterious and unusual treasure with the power to obliterate the spirit.

If it struck anyone, even if they had the protection of a powerful spirit treasure, they would suffer unimaginable injuries!

This was the reason that Qing Wenjun dared to approach Lin Xun with such confidence.

But...

When he met Lin Xun's gaze, he realized there was an unexpected accident!

He rapidly drew back. His quick thinking and reaction speed was astonishing.

But how would Lin Xun, who had been waiting for a long time, let his prey escape from his hand? The moment Qing Wenjun retreated, he had already made a move.

Boom!

A punch that gathered all of Lin Xun's strength slammed down from above, erupting with endless azure light. It wasn't only fast, but also incomparably terrifying in power.

With a boom, Qing Wenjun was smashed to the ground, his shoulder blade broken and his flesh and blood splattered everywhere. The ground also quaked from the impact.

The spectators were all aghast.

Everyone thought that Lin Xun was wounded and had fallen into a disadvantageous situation, but in the blink of an eye, he counterattacked with tremendous power!

Many people couldn't help but grimace from just watching Qing Wenjun blast into the ground. That blow was too fierce.

However, Qing Wenjun's reaction speed had to be said to be extraordinary. After hitting the ground, he sprang up and frantically retreated despite his injuries.

At the same time, he spewed out a crimson flame to obstruct Lin Xun's killing move.

Rumble!

However, Lin Xun seized the opportunity right away. He charged forward in an unstoppable manner and followed up with the most domineering punch.

Pu!

Qing Wenjun was struck once again and spewed out a mouthful of blood.

Furious and shocked, he hissed loudly and activated the Sky Splitting Art and the Sky Repairing Needle with all his might.

It was a pity that once an opportunity was lost, every step after that would only lead closer to a disadvantaged position. For someone like Lin Xun, he would never miss out on the opportunity to suppress his opponent.

All of a sudden, Qing Wenjun kept stumbling back and dodging side to side on the Luck Battlefield, looking extremely distressed.

On the other hand, Lin Xun was closing in on him, relentlessly pursuing and attacking Qing Wenjun again and again.

The audience watched with dumbfounded looks.

Everything had reversed too quickly!

Before this, the two were evenly matched.

But now, Qing Wenjun, who had just gained the upper hand, was being chased and beaten by Demon God Lin. Many people found it hard to believe he would be in such dire straits.

"After one wrong step, every subsequent step would be wrong!" Ye Chen's eyes sparkled as bright as stars and a smile lifted a corner of his lips. He seemed to have discovered something.

"I wonder how he dispelled the power of the Sky Repairing Needle..."

Many people were curious to know how Lin Xun turned the situation around.

The reason was very simple. Although Little Silver could not appear to help Lin Xun due to the power of the Immortal Forbidden Land, it was completely unaffected in the mind-sea.

The power of the Sky-Repairing Needle was unparalleled, but that power paled in comparison to the power of Little Silver, who came from the bloodline of the God Devourer Insect. Little Silver was able to dispel the power without any effort.

So, Lin Xun was also unaffected by the power in any way.

It was a pity that Qing Wenjun was unaware of this. It was also because of his carelessness, or rather his overconfidence in the Sky Repairing Needle, that he allowed Lin Xun to seize the opportunity.

Qing Wenjun's bewitchingly handsome face was livid. He was mad with anger and hatred.

A little mistake turned the situation around! He wanted to slap himself in the face. Why was he so careless?

Bang!

Lin Xun charged forward, aiming his fist at his opponent's face.

"Demon God Lin, do you think you have beaten me? You are too naive!" Qing Wenjun roared, his body fiery red and his aura raging terrifyingly around him.

His body seemed to have turned into a volcano, spewing out splendid divine flames.

As he rushed forward to meet the punch head-on, he moved his palms through the air like wings, manipulating the sky full of flames. It looked as though he wanted to tear down the sky.

Bang!

He managed to block the punch that Lin Xun was absolutely confident would succeed.

Lin Xun narrowed his black eyes, realizing that his opponent was going to fight to the death.

Rumble!

At the same time, Qing Wenjun suddenly transformed, turning into a majestic blue luan with a pair of beautiful blue wings and claws as sharp as gold. Thousands of flames constantly circulated him.

He was like a true divine bird as he hovered in the high altitude.

"I thought I did not need to use my trump cards to deal with you, but now, let me show you the real skills unique to the Blue Luan Clan!" Qing Wenjun let out a clear cry and extended his wings that looked like a pair of red flame fans.

Shua!

As he dove down, his wings crushed the air, and his speed rose to a terrifying level.

Lin Xun quickly evaded him, but he was aghast to see a terrible explosion happen where he stood. The destructive power was as tremendous as a meteorite had struck.

Some Little Giants' eyelids twitched. Qing Wenjun was obviously much stronger than before, and he had activated some kind of secret unfathomable cultivation arts.

An elder exclaimed in disbelief, "That's the Blue Luan Eight Ultimate Strikes, the supreme ancestral art of the Blue Luan Clan!"

Everyone felt they had rediscovered Qing Wenjun after seeing his power.

"Are you hiding? Haha, Demon God Lin will hide too? Weren't you having a lot of fun chasing and attacking me earlier?" Qing Wenjun cackled.

He retaliated with a flurry of violent swings, each one swifter and fiercer than the previous and containing terrifying destructive power. Divine flames rained down, incinerating the air as it enveloped the entire battlefield.

Seeing this, Lin Xun realized that it was impossible to hold back anymore. A top figure like Qing Wenjun wouldn't be suppressed so easily.

Boom!

Without any hesitation, Lin Xun displayed the profound secrets of Yazi's Rage unreservedly, and his aura also sharply rose.

Huh?

Many experts' expressions subtly changed. Has Demon God Lin been holding back his strength?

Moreover, to this point, he hasn't touched the miraculous Broken Blade!

Why is that?

Is it because he thinks it is above us or could there be some cunning plan?

While everyone was wondering, Lin Xun rushed upwards, activating the Hornless Ice Dragon Step. In the blink of an eye, he and Qing Wenjun clashed once again.

Boom!

Amidst an earth-shattering collision, Qing Wenjun screamed in shock and anger, "How did you become so powerful?"

It was then that everyone saw clearly through the divine brilliance that the blue luan transformed by Qing Wenjun was blasting backwards through the air, his wings crooked and flapping non-stop.

Then it fell utterly silent.

Whether it was the spectators at the mountain foot or the Little Giants atop the mountain, they were all staring at him like they were looking at a monster. They realized that Lin Xun had been holding back his strength!

The aura he displayed just now was more than twice as strong as it was before!

It was no wonder that Qing Wenjun looked so terrified and angry. Anyone faced with this scene would also likely jump up in fright.

"You have trump cards, but do you think I don't have any? I already said that if I am not satisfied today, don't even think about leaving this battlefield!"

Lin Xun charged forward, his black hair fluttering in the air.

He exuded the bearing of a true demon god, and he was enveloped in striking azure dao light.

If he had brought out the Broken Blade, he could have easily taken down his opponent, but he didn't want to let the brutal and cold-hearted sicko off so easily.



Boom!

The battle became more and more intense, but the battle situation reversed once again.

Lin Xun regained the upper hand, relentlessly pursuing Qing Wenjun with fierce blows that sent his feathers flying off him.

"It's really... surprising." Xiao Cangtian was also a little speechless after witnessing Lin Xun's power.

Everyone else wore a similar, very complex expression. Demon God Lin always did the unexpected, and this time it was no exception.

Qing Wenjun was already very abnormally strong, but who would have thought that he still managed to overpoweringly suppress him?

"What trash!"

Jin Muyun, Li Qingping, Gou Yanzhen and others frowned. The stronger Lin Xun was, the more vigilant they became.

They thought that it would be good if they could borrow Qing Wenjun's hand to defeat Lin Xun, but who would have thought that Qing Wenjun failed to do so?

"I knew that it would be like this." Zhao Jingxuan shrugged, her clear eyes glistening and without a hint of surprise.

Perhaps, she was the only one who understood Lin Xun's combat style.

If he said that he wouldn't use any trump cards, then he would never use them. He perfectly played the role of a pig to eat the tiger.

But that wasn't intentional. It was a clever tactical strategy. It would be bad if someone saw through it though.

Thud!

On the battlefield, under Lin Xun's domineering onslaught, the blue luan collapsed to the ground, wings stained with blood, lips cracked, and body convulsing.

He fought to get up, but Lin Xun descended from the sky and stomped on his back, pressing his face against the ground and not letting him lift one bit.

"It's over for Qing Wenjun..." many people sighed.

They had to admit that Qing Wenjun was not weak. He was even more amazing than some Little Giants who had just won.

But he unluckily ran into the unpredictable Demon God Lin and suffered a tragic defeat.

Besides being astonished, the spectators at the foot of the mountain felt a little bad for Qing Wenjun. He would be ranked at the bottom of the Little Giants List after being suppressed in the first round.

However, the Blue Luan Clan experts all were livid, flames shooting out from their eyes. They had hoped that Qing Wenjun would be ranked in the top ten of the Little Giants Lists!

But now...

Now, it was impossible for Qing Wenjun to even lift his head. He was unable to budge at all under Lin Xun's foot.

"You like painting, and I like to barbecue wings," Lin Xun stated aloud.

His sentence left everyone baffled. Why did he say such nonsense at this time?

But soon, they understood. They saw Lin Xun hold the blue luan down with his feet and plucked all his feathers with neat and quick movements.

During this, Qing Wenjun was so furious that he cursed and almost coughed up blood, but it was all futile.

In just a few breaths, all feathers were plucked, exposing the smooth and bare skin of his dozen-foot-long wings.

"What wonderful ingredients." Lin Xun's dark eyes lit up.

### [The Prodigies War](#)

#### **Chapter 1058: Divine Aeth Rain Falls**

Qing Wenjun was so ashamed and angry that his face turned purple.

He was a current saint of the Blue Luan Clan, and he enjoyed a respected status wherever he went. Moreover, he had set foot on the Supreme Path and was cultivated as a future hero. When had he ever suffered such humiliation?

Under the gazes of everyone, in front of countless peerless geniuses of his generation, he was trampled on the ground and had his feathers plucked until he was naked. He would rather choose to suicide than suffer that kind of treatment.

Correct, suicide!

Since real death did not happen on the Immortal Sacred Mountain. Rather than be humiliated and tortured, it was better to leave the scene in advance by 'death.'

As for the rankings and fighting for luck, Qing Wenjun no longer cared.

If he let the humiliation continue it would become a stain in his life. He would always be ridiculed by others and never be able to hold his head up again.

However, just as Qing Wenjun made the decision and prepared himself, he was shocked to discover that his body was restrained by an obscure force. Let alone take his own life, he couldn't even lift a finger.

It was the power of Baxia Imprisonment!

Xiao Qinghe was tortured, humiliated and defeated. How would Lin Xun let Qing Wenjun get away so easily?

He would not let him take his own life!

“Demon God Lin, do you really want to go so far and become my enemy? You should know that real deaths do not happen on the Immortal Sacred Mountain. If you act so ruthlessly, are you not worried about me retaliating tenfold in the future?”

Qing Wenjun’s handsome face contorted with a sinister expression as he threatened.

Bang!

A hard slap to the back of his head made him see stars and sent a rush of pain through his head.

Then he heard Lin Xun’s calm voice——

“I have never eaten barbecued blue luan wings before, I must try them today.”

Qing Wenjun froze, breathless with anger. Although he was a sicko in torturing his opponent, Demon God Lin...

He wants to eat me!

Lin Xun did not hesitate at all. He did what he said. He swung up the Broken Blade and with a slashing stroke, took off the two huge ten-foot-long blue luan wings.

The pair of wings was bare and smooth, and the flesh was very succulent.

Lin Xun first activated the power of the water dao to create a stream of water and cleaned the blood stains on the pair of wings. Then, he brought out a bronze spear from the storage ring and skewered the wings.

During this process, Qing Wenjun almost passed out from the pain, but that only deepened the shame and resentment in his heart even more!

The audience looked at him with perplexed expressions. What is Demon God Lin doing? Does he really plan to barbecue the blue luan wings?

They couldn’t believe it.

Boom!

Under the astonished gazes, flames shot out from the palm of Lin Xun and enveloped the skewered blue luan wings. He skillfully roasted them, rotating the bronze spear from time to time to avoid burning them...

“Heavens! A saint of our Blue Luan Clan is being treated like food? How humiliating!”

At the foot of the mountain, members of the Blue Luan Clan were boiling with anger, smoke rising from the top of their heads. They hated the fact they couldn’t rush up to fight Lin Xun.

Everyone else was struck dumb. The Blue Luan Clan was an ancient and terrifying clan, and Qing Wenjun was a current saint of the younger generation of the clan. He had a respected Identity and status, yet he was treated like food.

Lin Xun's movements were very swift. Moreover, he barbecued the meat with the superb dao art Combustion Star River.

In just a few moments, the pair of blue luan wings were a delicious golden brown and glistened in the light. A mouthwatering aroma filled the battlefield as the oil dripped onto the flames and sizzled.

"The quality of this meat is extraordinary!" Lin Xun took a whiff of the air.

The meaty aroma of the blue luan wings was unexpectedly delicious.

To ordinary people, one bite could extend the life span like an amazing tonic.

To cultivators, one mouthful of a piece of pure-blood blue luan meat was no different from eating an elixir.

At the beginning of a cultivator's practice, they would often use the blood and flesh of various divine birds and beasts to temper their bodies and foundations!

The strong aroma spread while the barbecued wings glowed brilliantly like sunset clouds. Many cultivators couldn't help but secretly salivate.

It was definitely a great treasure-level tonic!

Qing Wenjun was coughing up blood, berserk with rage. He roared and screamed again and again, almost breaking down

But Lin Xun paid no attention to him and just continued to barbecue the meat.

As soon as he finished barbecuing the wings, he swiftly slashed off the pair of claws, washed them clean, and started barbecuing again.

"Demon God Lin, you're going to die!"

At the foot of the mountain, the experts of the Blue Luan Clan thundered.

The spectators from the other ancient sects were speechless. An earthshaking battle had turned into a barbecue feast.

And it happened on the Luck Battlefield! Anyone who saw it would be dumbfounded.

"He is indeed a demon god!"

The cultivators who hated Lin Xun shuddered. He treated a peerless genius who had set foot onto the Supreme Path like food, so was he not afraid of that bringing about his own death?

As for the other Little Giants, they all donned different expressions but all were shocked by the scene.

It was no doubt unfortunate for Qing Wenjun. He thought that Demon God Lin was very unlucky to encounter him, but who would have thought that the real victim was him?!

If this matter spread to the outside world, even if Qing Wenjun managed to survive, would he be able to lift his head again? Whoever saw him would think of when he became food for Demon God Lin. Was that not humiliating to death?

Pu!

Qing Wenjun felt rage beating in his heart. After suffering such humiliation and torture, he couldn't help but spit out a mouthful of blood, and his eyes rolled back to his skull. He directly lost consciousness.

He was a high and mighty genius with a strong state of mind, but he was so angry that he passed out. No one would believe this unless they witnessed it with their own eyes.

Once Qing Wenjun fainted, a gush of power of law and order emerged, transporting him out of the Luck Battlefield.

Even the blue luan wings and claws that Lin Xun cooked up were taken away. Lin Xun, who was excited to enjoy the meal, was taken aback for a moment, and then he sighed softly, "Why did you take away my food? I haven't even had a bite..."

Everyone was at a loss for words. Is Demon God Lin a foodaholic?

In truth, Lin Xun had no intention of eating Qing Wenjun. He only wanted to avenge Xiao Qinghe.

Shua!

Lin Xun returned to the dao altar on the mountain peak to find another two great dao luck powers on his Coiling Dragon Tablet.

One came from Qing Wenjun's Coiling Dragon Tablet.

The other was a prize from the Immortal Forbidden Land.

He noticed that the four dragon claws on the tablet were glowing a golden hue, complementing the dragon's tail.

The Little Giants atop the other mountains tried to conceal the hint of fear in their eyes when they looked at Lin Xun.

Before this, Qing Wenjun's tyrannical strength had instilled fear in many people, and many were glad to have avoided facing him in the first round of battles.

Some were certain that even if they were to face off against Qing Wenjun, it would be extremely difficult for them to win.

Fortunately, Demon God Lin suppressed Qing Wenjun!

However, Qing Wenjun was eliminated now, leaving behind the more terrifying Demon God Lin!

"We must never face Lin Xun head-on. We should use our strengths to target his weaknesses."

"Demon God Lin has demonstrated two great dao powers—water and fire. His punches, body arts and palm techniques are all amazing. Also, his strength is extraordinary. If we want to defeat him, we must..."

"The scariest thing is that he hasn't used that broken blade yet. Will he have more tricks up his sleeve?"

The Little Giants all tried to recall the details of the battle just now to compare their strengths to Lin Xun's.

As they say, know yourself and know your enemy, and you will never be defeated.

Although Lin Xun was powerful, they had their own means and trump cards. The most useful thing for them to do now was to formulate a plan on how effectively to suppress Lin Xun if they faced him!

"In this battle, the most unusual thing has to be when Demon God Lin countered the power of the Sky Repairing Needle. He seemed to be injured, but in truth, he was completely unaffected."

Xiao Cangtian, Ye Chen, Jin Muyun and Yu Lingkong thought more about it.

If two people were evenly matched in strength, there had to be other factors that affected the outcome of the battle.

However, they were still puzzled as to why Lin Xun managed to counterattack when Qing Wenjun should have had the upper hand when he activated the Blue Luan Eight Ultimate Strikes.

At that time, Lin Xun's strength instantly soared to an unprecedented level. Did he deliberately hold back his strength, or did he use some kind of secret art to bring out his potential?

"That guy definitely has more tricks up his sleeve!" In the end, they came to a conclusion, which changed the way that they looked at Lin Xun.

It was not scary to have a strong opponent, but it was frightening to not be able to see through the depths of your opponent!

Undoubtedly, the strength that Lin Xun showed had sparked vigilance and apprehension in them.

Of course, this was not fear. They each had incredible powers and trump cards so they believed that they would be able to suppress him in battle!

.....

The eighteenth duel began, and it was A'lu who stepped onto the battlefield.

In the time to make a cup of tea, his opponent was defeated and left with broken bones.

Many people's jaws dropped at the sight of A'lu's fierce and barbaric fighting methods.

No one thought that a barbarian who appeared out of nowhere would be so tough and ruthless.

This was the final match of the first round of battle.

The thirty-six top figures on the Little Giants List finished the first round of duels. In the end, eighteen people remained and eighteen people were eliminated.

The ranking of the eliminated cultivators would be determined according to the amount of great dao luck on their Coiling Dragon Tablet and based on their performance on the Luck Battlefield.

The winners would progress into the second round.

However, before the second set of matches started, Lin Xun and the other seventeen Little Giants saw a shower of colorful rain bathe their bodies.

It was the Sacred Recovery Rain that was unique to Immortal Sacred Mountain!

### [The Prodigies War](#)

#### **Chapter 1059: Minds Connected**

The Sacred Recovery Rain could instantly heal cultivators' injuries and restore them to their peak state!

Before the start of the first round of duels, the Sacred Recovery Rain had befallen them once. Otherwise, even the most outstanding peerless genius would not have been able to withstand this long, their energy would have been depleted.

Feeling his cultivation being restored, Lin Xun couldn't help but marvel at the miraculous and unimaginable power of the Immortal Sacred Mountain.

Lin Xun drew a deep breath and started to think about the following matches.

After the first round of duels, the eighteen supreme geniuses were guaranteed to be in the top eighteen of the Little Giants List.

In other words, the next set of duels would be a battle to decide the ranking of the top eighteen positions.

This meant that it would be more dangerous and difficult.

After all, it was already extremely grueling to make it onto the Little Giants List, and those able to rise above the others in the first round had to be absolute top cultivators!

Of course, there were exceptions, such as Chu Beihai, who unluckily had to face off against Sword Demon Ye Chen, and Qing Wenjun, who also unluckily encountered Lin Xun.

If they had another opponent in the first round then based on their strengths, they would have had no problem being ranked in the top eighteen of the Little Giants List.

However, this was a fight for supremacy, and luck was a factor, which was also a kind of strength!

Otherwise, the group of genius cultivators wouldn't have gathered on the Immortal Sacred Mountain and fought to the death for great dao luck.

Moreover, without luck, how could one become a king?

"In the second round of duels, every participant has to fight three battles."

"Those who win all three battles will advance and enter the final showdown."

"Those with two wins and one loss could possibly pass the second round of duels, but their ranking is unlikely to be too high."

"Those with one win and two losses have a high chance of being eliminated."

“Those who lose all three battles will definitely be eliminated.” Lin Xun analyzed the rules of the second round.

He didn’t need anyone to tell him the rules because they were all imprinted on the Coiling Dragon Tablet by the power of rules and orders of the Immortal Sacred Mountain. Anyone would know about them if they checked out the tablet.

“If those are the rules then everyone will want to find an opponent who they can win against.”

“However, each person only has three chances to fight, and they have only one chance to choose an opponent. In the remaining two battles, they will have to accept the challenge of other participants. This means that there will be a lot of variables...” Lin Xun murmured.

The variables were indeed a lot. For example, when it was Lin Xun’s turn, he could freely choose an opponent to fight against. But in the same way, other people could also choose him as their opponent!

It was hard to know which opponent he would face.

Of course, participants could also decline a challenge.

But they had to pay a price to do so. Every time a participant declined a challenge, the challenger would obtain a part of the great dao luck on their Coiling Dragon Tablet!

Therefore, unless absolutely necessary, no one would choose to refuse a battle, right? After all, great dao luck was hard to come by. Who would willingly give it up?

While Lin Xun was pondering, the others were also analyzing the next match.

In the second round, there were too many uncertainties and variables. No one dared to let down their guard or be careless.

“Lin Xun!”

“Lin Xun!”

“Lin Xun!”

....

As for Jin Muyun, Li Qingping, Yu Lingkong and Gou Yanzhen, when they understood the rules, the first name that came to their mind was of course Lin Xun!

However, their choice was all based on different reasons. But ultimately they all regarded Lin Xun as the greatest enemy and couldn’t wait to get rid of him.

But after calming down, they all hesitated.

They had witnessed Lin Xun’s performance in how he defended the mountain and also witnessed his battle with Qing Wenjun. Lin Xun’s current strength had surprised them a little.

In the second round, they had only one chance to challenge someone, while the other two duels were unpredictable.



To prevent the worst outcome, the most sensible plan would be to choose a target whom they believed they would definitely win against.

“What to do?”

“The rules of the second round are annoying.”

“It doesn’t matter. I should just adapt to the situation when it comes.”

“But if there is a chance to challenge Demon God Lin, then...I must fight!”

Jin Muyun and the others all had different thoughts and different decisions. They each carefully assessed and analyzed the situation. Anyone who could make it this far wouldn’t be an idiot.

But in the end, no one made a perfect plan.

Including Lin Xun.

This was because there were far too many variables in the second round, and no one knew who would be the first to come onto the battlefield or who would be challenged.

In that case, they could only adapt quickly to the changing situations.

For example, Jin Muyun and the others all wanted to take the opportunity to crush Lin Xun, but there were only three chances of facing off against him in the second round, and one of them was decided by Lin Xun himself.

This meant that, among the four of them, at least one would not have the chance to go up against Lin Xun.

In the worst case, not one of them would have a chance to face Lin Xun on the battlefield.

At the foot of the mountain, the spectators were also analyzing, but in the end, their heads started to throb.

It was understandable, there were far too many variables!

.....

Huh?

Suddenly, Lin Xun, who was in deep thought, tensed up, and in the next moment, he was moved onto the central battlefield by an invisible force.

The second round of duels had kicked off, and he was the first to appear.

The expressions of Jin Muyun and the others changed slightly. Demon God Lin was the first to appear, and he no doubt would choose one of them to battle. There was no need to think about it!

At the foot of the mountain, the spectators gasped in surprise. Demon God Lin appeared first? Who will he challenge?

“Gou Yanzhen!” Zhao Jingxuan thought to herself.

On the Luck Battlefield, Lin Xun ran his dark eyes across everyone, and every person's expression changed strangely as they met his gaze—some filled with eagerness, some apprehensive and some serious.

Some people even avoided eye contact as if afraid of being chosen by Lin Xun.

As Lin Xun's eyes swept past Jin Muyun, the latter scoffed and a fierce light shot from his eyes.

When his gaze shifted to Yu Lingkong, he saw an iciness and intense hatred flash in his eyes.

When he looked at Li Qingping, he noticed his face was indifferent with a provocative smile tugging the corner of his lips.

Lin Xun paused for a moment and finally moved his eyes away. His gaze landed on Gou Yanzhen.

"Son of a bitch, quickly come out." He beckoned with a warm smile on his face, as though he was calling his pet.

Indeed!

Zhao Jingxuan smiled knowingly, her beautiful face as pure and refreshing as a lotus flower after a shower.

Her guess stemmed from her understanding of Lin Xun, but it was also a kind of connection of the minds. She had never been wrong so far.

Many others breathed a sigh of relief.

No one wanted to battle against Demon God Lin in the first match. If they did, even if they might win, it would be extremely tough.

Of course, people like Ye Chen and Xiao Cangtian remained calm and unbothered.

This was a sign of absolute confidence in their own strength. They had nothing to be afraid of whether they were challenged or they challenged someone else!

"Lin Xun, do you know that you are just looking for death?!" Gou Yanzhen's face was dark.

He felt extremely uncomfortable being selected by Lin Xun. Does he think that I am a pushover who he can crush as he wants?

"Son of a bitch, stop barking and get out here if you have guts," Lin Xun said casually.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, Lin Xun called Gou Yanzhen a son of a bitch, which immediately set off his murderous intent.

He threw his head back and roared, and then, with a flash, he stormed onto the Luck Battlefield.

"Since you can't wait to die, I will fulfill your wish!"

Gou Yanzhen's face was baleful, and the violent intent and blood-colored light surging around his back robe made him resemble a demon from hell.

Instantly, he drew all attention.

Gou Yanzhen's battle methods might not be as sick as Qing Wenjun's, but when it comes to ruthlessness, he couldn't compete!

In the previous mountain defending battles, he had torn apart many peerless geniuses while they were still alive. His brutal and bloodthirsty fighting means had long left a deep impression on the audience.

Boom!

As soon as he stepped onto the battlefield, he launched an attack, unable to hold back his killing intent anymore. With one step forward, the air tumbled chaotically.

He was like an asura. His long hair turned blood-red in an instant, his eyes glowed scarlet-red like flames, and his aura soared in power at an astonishing speed.

"Kill!"

A long and narrow blood-colored blade had somehow appeared in his grip, sweeping across the void like a blood river of the underworld.

Rumble—

The blood colored light blazed and roared incessantly, while overbearing murderous intent filled and stirred all directions.

"So strong!"

"Is this the power of the Black Nightmare Asura Grand Dao? It is indeed terrifying!"

Everyone held their breath in deep concentration, eyes wide with surprise. Gou Yanzheng used his strongest move as his first. Clearly, he understood Lin Xun's strength and knew that he should not hold back at all.

"It's time to use some other means."

In truth, Lin Xun still had absolute confidence in killing Gou Yanzhen without resorting to the Broken Blade.

But that might mean he had to activate Yazi's Rage and the Nine Heavenshaking Destructions Art to its peak, which might be too earthshaking.

One should always be cautious in not letting people see everything about their trump cards!

Clang!

The Broken Blade glistened like snow as it flashed out of thin air, obscure dao runes flowing around its surface. A piercing blade cry resounded through the nine heavens like a tide.

Star Gather!

Lin Xun charged forward and the Broken Blade slashed down under the control of his unparalleled spirit power.

Boom!

With a fierce collision, the battlefield was plunged into complete chaos. It was as though the sun and the moon had struck. A vast explosion of light rapidly swept across the world and the ground shook endlessly.

“Die!”

That clash was not enough to decide the winner so without any wavering, they launched into another attack, each displaying their true martial arts power to its fullest.

On that battlefield, it was as though a blood-colored asura and a demon god were fighting for supremacy. The sky dimmed, and screams and cries of ghosts echoed unceasingly as if they had come to the asura hell.

“So terrifying! Even a half-step king likely would be wiped out in an instant if they got near them! Is this the power of the pinnacle of the Supreme Path?”

The spectators trembled inwardly. Many people did not imagine that the battle between supreme powers would be so heaven-defyingly strong, far beyond their understanding.

In comparison, the duel between Lin Xun and Qing Wenjun seemed much inferior!

### [The Prodigies War](#)

#### **Chapter 1060: The Power of the Birth Destruction Slash**

Gou Yanzhen truly resembled the incarnation of an asura of hell. His blood-red hair began pulsating and amplifying the blood-colored aura he was surrounded with.

As he sped forward, many blurred asura and demon shadows emerged in the air one after another, unleashing blood-curdling roars.

All of a sudden, the world seemed to have been turned into a purgatory, where Gou Yanzhen was the ruler. Many spectators were chilled to the bone at the sight.

On the other hand, Lin Xun had an ethereal glow around him, and his Broken Blade was like a heaven-defying weapon, emitting a starlike brilliance that looked like waterfalls of stars rushing down the sky. Not only did he look fierce and domineering, but also invincible.

The two stood facing each other on the center battlefield, dazzling and striking terror into everyone’s heart.

“Say, if they continue to fight like this, who would win in the end?”

“Gou Yanzhen controls the power of the Black Nightmare Asura Grand Dao, which has frightening destructive power. His chances of winning are definitely greater.”

“The Broken Blade in Demon God Lin’s hand is a divine weapon. It is not only powerful but also unfathomable. Moreover, his mastery of the water dao has reached the Dao Truth level. Every blow of it is majestic and indestructible. In my opinion, he would be the one having the last laugh.”

“Actually, wouldn’t it be great if they were both severely wounded? Gou Yanzhen is loathsome, and isn’t it the same with Demon God Lin?”

The spectators broke into discussions, each sharing their opinion.

Boom!

Meanwhile, on the battlefield, Gou Yanzhen's eyes were scarlet red. After exchanging another earth shaking blow with Lin Xun, he couldn't help smiling coldly. "Lin Xun, at this point, do you still plan to hide your trump cards? Bring out everything you have, don't let me look down on you!"

As he was speaking, a long, blood-colored whip appeared in the grip of his left hand. It was distinctly divided into seventy-two sections like a spine, and with a light flick, shadows of the whip rippled into the sky, forming several phantoms of asura and demons to kill Lin Xun.

Asura Whip!

Suddenly, Gou Yanzhen's combat power skyrocketed again. Wielding a blade in one hand and a whip in the other, his flurry of attacks was as violent as a storm, coming at Lin Xun from every direction. Many Little Giants' expressions changed slightly as they watched on.

Lin Xun also felt the pressure.

Compared to Qing Wenjun, Gou Yanzhen was much more tyrannical.

This was not because his combat strength was greater than Gou Yanzhen, but because the Black Nightmare Asura Grand Dao that he had mastered was a special grand dao, one of the ninety-nine grand daos on the Reaching Heaven Dao List.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The Broken Blade flashed across the air like light, rapidly dispelling the opponent's attack, but Lin Xun was blasted more than ten feet away.

The spectators all gasped out loud, surprised to see that Gou Yanzhen was so ferocious. Even Demon God Lin seemed to be suppressed under his bombardment.

However, Lin Xun's expression was calm as always, with an inexplicable coldness flickering across his black eyes as he snorted, "To deal with a son of a bitch like you, the Broken Blade is more than enough!"

Boom!

The two clashed once again on the battlefield. The sky dimmed, and the surroundings were obscured by blood-coloured mist with all sorts of phantoms looming within it.

At this point in the battle, they were competing with their foundation of the Supreme Path!

Such foundation had little to do with one's cultivation, but more about one's mastery of grand dao powers, the dao arts they had grasped and their combat experience and knowledge.

In terms of the great dao foundation, Gou Yanzhen was undoubtedly more dazzling than Lin Xun. Armed with a blade and whip, he was like an asura of hell conquering the nine heavens and land, possessing unimaginable destructive power.

On the other hand, Lin Xun only fought with the Broken Blade from the beginning to the end. He might appear fierce and domineering, but his fighting means seemed too unvaried.

Of course, this was only based on appearance. No one would foolishly believe that was all that Lin Xun had.

Clang!

Following another collision, an ancient blood-colored rune emerged from Gou Yanzhen, exuding a terrifying divine power, and fused with the blood-colored blade in his hand.

Within seconds, dozens of asura battle spirits rushed out of the blade, all well-armed with weapons and armor. Their fiendish qi instantly flooded the sky and earth.

It was a type of killing move, a secret taboo power of the Asura Transformation Blood Scripture. It was said that in the hands of a true asura, it had the power to make all ghosts and demons despair!

“Lin Xun, let’s see if you can block this blow!” Gou Yanzhen laughed, his blood-colored hair whipping around his face. His bearing was like that of a great asura darting through purgatory.

“Didn’t you want to see my trump cards? Let me fulfill your wish!”

A cold light flashed in Lin Xun’s black eyes and Broken Blade charged into the sky with a buzz, obscure dao runes flickering around its surface.

Instantly, everyone felt a stinging pain in their eyes as if a bolt of lightning was tearing apart the void and blinding everyone with its magnificent light. No one dared to look at it directly.

Chi!

It tore open a rift above the battlefield and then the world fell into silence. All sounds, all things, all movements...everything seemed to have stilled.

Only a flash of blade light interrupted the silence.

Silent Emptiness Slash!

Now that the battle had reached this point, Lin Xun finally activated the fourth slash of the Heavenly Yuan Six Slashes!

Pu! Pu! Pu! Pu! Pu!

The dozens of asura-like warriors rushing over were severed in the blink of an eye, their bodies exploding in a shower of light with an ear-splitting boom.

“What a powerful blade slash!” Many people were astounded by the power of that blow.

Huh?

Gou Yanzhen narrowed his scarlet eyes and burst into laughter. “Is that your strongest move? It’s nothing special!”

He walked with the firm strides of a dragon and tiger as he darted forward without any wavering. He glowed a blood-like hue and then with a long howl, he launched into another fierce attack.

Before this, he was slightly apprehensive of Lin Xun because he couldn't figure out the depths of his trump cards.

But now, he had a good idea about Lin Xun's foundation, which more or less dispelled the trace of fear within his heart. He integrated the power of the Black Nightmare Asura Grand Dao with the profound secrets of the Asura Transformation Blood Scripture and activated the combined power to its fullest.

His aura grew stronger and stronger!

They had already exchanged over five hundred moves, and it was time to decide the winner!

Gou Yanzhen's scarlet eyes swirled with infinite murderous intent. He had long been waiting for this moment.

Lin Xun stood motionless, his eyes dark and unfathomable, only the rushing figure of Gou Yanzhen was reflected within them.

He drew his hand across the air.

Shua!

Instantly, a gush of bright light rushed out from the Broken Blade.

This slash, which represented life and death, was illusory as nothing, as fast as lightning, and full of unimaginable destructive power.

So fast!

It seemed to be breaking the shackles of time and space, piercing the fetters of heaven and earth.

When the slash appeared, the majority of people outside the battlefield failed to react.

Even Gou Yanzhen only noticed it when the blade slash was nearing him. His hair stood on end, and his scalp almost exploded in shock.

Almost instinctively, he defended.

Unfortunately, it was still a step too late. With a pff, he flew upside down into the air, his left arm severed from his body.

A perfectly straight wound was left in his chest, his bones were exposed, and scarlet blood was trickling out from the gaping wound.

With a thud, he slammed to the ground, and he screamed in agony.

The audience fell utterly silent and still. Everyone's eyes were almost bulging out of their skulls with an expression of shock beyond belief.

So fast!

Seconds before this, Gou Yanzhen had already gained the upper hand and was launching attacks as fierce and violent as a raging inferno. He looked like an asura patrolling the world, attracting the attention of everyone.

But in the blink of an eye, he had been seriously wounded instead!

Many people couldn't believe it and rubbed their eyes repeatedly.

But more people were stricken to the heart. If they failed to capture the movements of that slash just now then it proved that the attack had happened at an unimaginably fast speed!

Additionally, Gou Yanzhen was seriously wounded under that blow, which meant that it was not only fast, but also had terrifying destructive power!

It was the Birth Destruction Slash.

One snap of the fingers was sixty moments, and one moment was nine hundred births and deaths.

Birth Destruction Slash was derived from the wonderful truth of momentary birth and death. Birth and death could be decided in an instant.

Its speed, fierceness, and destructive power were unmatched. It was undoubtedly the strongest attack of the Heavenly Yuan Six Slashes that Lin Xun had mastered so far.

Lin Xun had not truly used this move ever since he grasped it. Now, he tested it for the first time on Gou Yanzhen.

Of course, Lin Xun still reserved some strength.

Otherwise, if he had combined the power of Yazi's Rage, Sacred Combat Art and Star Annihilation Heaven Devourer into that slash, the power would be far more astonishing than what the audience saw!

Even so, Gou Yanzhen was badly wounded.

"How is it possible!?" Gou Yanzhen was as frightened as he was angry. His face was deathly pale, his breathing was labored, and he was on his hands and knees on the ground, struggling to get up.

He might not look terribly wounded on the outside, but the power of that slash was so fierce that it penetrated his body and caused havoc, causing a far more serious injury than it appeared on the surface.

This was what he was truly frightened about.

This slash—what sort of power is that?

How could it be so terrifying?

How would Lin Xun give Gou Yanzhen a chance to breathe? He charged towards him and followed up with another attack.

However, as Gou Yanzhen unleashed a sinister and malicious roar of laughter, blood-colored light frantically circulated around and an extremely dangerous aura surrounded him.



Huh?

Lin Xun's pupils shrank, and his figure froze for a moment before he crazily sped backwards, activating the Broken Blade with all his strength to defend.

"Even if I lose, I will bring you down with me!" Gou Yanzhen roared in fury, and he exploded under horrified gazes like a volcano erupting after countless years of dormant activity.

Blood-colored lights uncontrollably beamed across the battlefield, causing the world to rumble and quake.

So terrifying! Gou Yanzhen activated some kind of taboo technique to self-explode!

Who would have thought that?

However, it was a ruthless move because due to the prohibition of the Immortal Sacred Mountain, even if he self-destructed, he wouldn't lose his life.

Yet, it was enough to strike a fatal blow at Lin Xun!

Whether it was the spectators at the foot of the mountain or the Little Giants atop the mountain, they all lost their composure. This battle had been so dangerous and tense that even people watching from afar felt their spirits shaking restlessly.

In particular, when Gou Yanzhen activated his final self-destruction, the Little Giants were all terror-stricken and gasped out loud.

Many people secretly rejoiced at the fact that they did not have to face Gou Yanzhen. Otherwise, there could be unimaginable consequences for them!

"Is Demon God Lin still alive?"

Amidst the shocking atmosphere, many people fixed their gaze on the Luck Battlefield, where blood-colored light was still shooting outwards, filled with a destructive aura.

"It's likely over for him..."

Jin Muyun, Li Qingping and Yu Lingkong gloated.

Gou Yanzhen was a top figure among the supreme cultivators, so how would the power of his self-destruction be deflected so easily?