

Prodigies 2531

Chapter 2531 Come Up and Die

This sentence resounded throughout the venue, startling everyone. Then, as if a hornet's nest had been poked, a burst of angry curses directed at Lin Xun came from all directions.

"You are really tired of living!"

"You all heard it, this guy is looking for death!"

"If the heavens want to kill someone, it will make him crazy first. Lin Xun, I will gladly watch with my own eyes on how you are slaughtered!"

The various threats and curses were overwhelming. However, Lin Xun didn't care. His expression was calm as he glanced at the owners of those voices one by one. Some were familiar enemies, and some were completely unfamiliar faces.

Hmm?

Suddenly, he noticed that the cultivators near to where he was standing were subtly avoiding him, as if they were afraid of being implicated by him. It was human nature to seek benefits and avoid harm.

Lin Xun didn't take it to heart. However, after the battle, Defending the Ring, began, if he encountered these people, he would definitely not be polite.

As time went by, more and more cultivators came out of the white mist and arrived at the forty-nine arenas. Lin Xun noticed that someone had tried to change the arena they were at, but was blocked by an invisible force, forcing him to stop.

From this it was obvious that the forty-nine arenas were isolated from each other. This meant that if the battle for Defending the Ring began, the enemies he was going to face were the cultivators in the arena where he was assigned.

Ding!

Suddenly, a bell crisply echoed, sounding crystal clear. On the stone pillar on one side of the Central Immortal Court, where the words 'a golden bell was struck to gather immortals together' were engraved, a phantom of a golden bell emerged, shining brightly.

Instantly, in front of the forty-nine arenas, the Battlefield of the Gods seemed to have awakened from the silence of eternity, emitting a vast and rich fighting spirit that filled the space. The cultivators standing in the arenas all felt a magical power being sent into their consciousness at this moment.

The battle for Defending the Ring.

Life or death competition.

Total of seven days.

No other participants after the deadline ends.

All of a sudden, the whole place was in an uproar, and everyone realized that the rumors were indeed true! The mystical transmission had presented the rules of the battle for Defending the Ring to the cultivators, making them understand instantly.

"In the Battlefield of the Gods, you cannot use any power other than your own and your own life-bound treasures..." Lin Xun raised his eyebrows.

Obviously, this meant that some trump cards could not be used. To successfully participate, you could only fight with your own combat power!

"Hahaha, Lin Xun, without your trump cards, what else can you use to threaten Ancestors of a Path?" Nan Yongqiang was the first to laugh out loud as he was extremely happy by this revelation.

The other people present also subtly glanced at Lin Xun. In the past, he had killed many Ancestors of a Path, but almost all of the people here believed that this was done through some forbidden trump cards. Otherwise, with his own strength at the eighth realm Supreme Emperor Stage, he would not be an opponent for an Ancestor of a Path.

Now, in this trial, the fact that he couldn't use those trump cards was undoubtedly the equivalent to weakening him by a large factor!

Lin Xun did not say anything in response. Instead, he sneered inwardly. Eighteen years ago, it was indeed difficult for him to kill an Emperor Ancestor in a head-on confrontation using his own strength.

However, things were different now. Even if he did not use the extinguishing law fire, killing an Emperor Ancestor on his own was as easy as pie!

"Why don't you talk? Hahaha, there is no way out now, you deserve to be in trouble today, Lin Xun!" Nan Yongqiang laughed very happily. His mood soared, and he was full of confidence.

Lin Xun couldn't help chuckling and then he sighed, "Old man, if these are your last words, then they are destined to become a joke that will be passed down through the ages. In the future, when the descendants of your Nan Clan see this sentence engraved on your tombstone, they will die of shame and anger."

Everyone became speechless.

Nan Yongqiang almost couldn't believe his ears and laughed angrily for a long time. Finally he pointed at Lin Xun and snarled, "Little bastard, you..."

Lin Xun interrupted him, "The more nonsense you talk, the faster you'll die. Since you really don't want to live anymore, I will see you on the Battlefield of the Gods later."

Nan Yongqiang's eyes widened, and he felt a vein throbbing on his forehead as if he was about to explode.

"Elder, why bother getting angry over a dead man? I will kill him first later!" Nan Tianzheng looked grim.

Ding!

Another bell sound echoed between heaven and earth. In front of the forty-nine arenas, a magnificent golden immortal light emerged, paving a road leading directly to the Battlefields of the Gods.

At the same time, seven stars appeared above the sky, shining brightly, representing the seven-day deadline. Every day, a star would go out.

The people in the forty-nine arenas all became restless, and some cultivators who had been waiting for a long time rushed to the golden path immediately. Sure enough, in just a moment, their figures appeared in their respective Battlefield of the Gods!

However, before Defending the Ring began, each arena was surrounded by white mist, as if it had turned into forty-nine completely isolated small worlds. The scenes in other arenas could no longer be seen.

No one paid any attention to this, and all looked at the Battlefield of the Gods that was connected to their own arena! Everyone knew that only those who could win ten consecutive victories could enter the second level, Big Hunt.

The huge Battlefield of the Gods was engraved with the traces of time, but it was giving off a feeling of eternity as it stood in the void. This was a stage to determine the strongest!

"Lin Xun, get your ass up here!"

A figure arrived on the stage first. Unexpectedly, it was neither Nan Yongqiang nor Nan Tianzheng, but instead a man in a silver robe. He had a majestic figure, a cold expression, and did not bother to conceal his hatred.

He also came from the Nan Clan and was named Nan Tianba. He was at the eighth realm Emperor Stage and was not much weaker than Nan Tianzheng.

"Tianba, you are too impatient." Nan Tianzheng felt a little helpless for not being able to be the first to go on stage.

Nan Tianba said, "Brother, why use a battleaxe to kill a chicken? I can deal with Lin Xun myself."

His voice was full of arrogance and pride.

"Alright. Tianzheng, you have already become famous so it's time to give Tianba a chance to make a name for himself. Lin Xun is notorious and has a long history of bad deeds. Killing him can barely be regarded as a stepping stone for Tianba," Nan Yongqiang said as he twirled his beard.

The other cultivators in the arena fell silent and had consciously stepped back. Everyone could see that the Nan Clan was determined to eliminate Lin Xun as soon as possible.

"Then you have to be careful. Although this person cannot use some killer moves that can threaten Emperor Ancestors, his own combat power should not be underestimated. Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to leave his name on the Mythic Ranking. To deal with him..."

Nan Tianzheng began to give out advice. Although he wanted to kill Lin Xun, he obviously did not underestimate him and seemed very calm. However, before he could finish, Nan Tianba interrupted him with a smile, "Okay, I already know all this, Brother, I have been on the Mythic Ranking for thousands of years!"

He looked at Lin Xun suddenly, "Why are you still standing there? Come up and die!"

The sound of his voice was like thunder, resounding through the universe.

Clang!

A purple spear appeared in his palm, releasing a sharp and unparalleled light. This made him resemble a peerless war god, domineering and as high as the sky.

Many people's expressions changed. This Nan Tianba seemed a little arrogant, but he was also obviously a ruthless person with unparalleled power and terrifying depths.

At this moment, Lin Xun walked onto the golden path, and his tall figure instantly appeared on the Battlefield of the Gods. The law power that had suppressed him disappeared, and his cultivation awakened like a silent ancient beast, roaring and galloping all over his body. Feeling this familiar power, he couldn't help but let out a satisfied sigh.

Boom!

Nan Tianba waved the purple spear and rushed to kill immediately. He was obviously impatient and did not intend to waste any time. He wanted to kill Lin Xun and become famous!

The void exploded, and the purple spear waved, rolling up a dazzling and violent thunder waterfall. Faintly, countless stars collapsed in it, transforming into a scene of doomsday.

Boom!

This attack was indeed too fierce and domineering, and the cultivators in the arena in the distance could not help but reveal their surprise. Nan Yongqiang smiled and twisted his beard, and his eyes gleamed with approval.

Nan Tianzheng also nodded secretly. It could be seen from just one attack that Nan Tianba did not take his opponent lightly. He had directly used his real strength to release his own cultivation to the extreme.

Boom~

On the Battlefield of the Gods, thunder roared, and purple light and purple war spears pierced out. At this moment, Nan Tianba was like a god, giving people a strong sense of oppression.

Lin Xun stood still. His aura was steady, and he didn't move, as if he was shocked by this sudden attack. It looked as if he would be completely smashed in the next moment! The contrast in power was too great.

Seeing that the unparalleled and domineering attack was imminent, he still didn't move. In the splashing rain of light, the purple war spear suddenly stopped in midair and couldn't move forward.

Furthermore, Nan Tianba, who was rushing over, also stopped suddenly, as if he had hit an indestructible barrier. His figure almost couldn't stand it. His eyes immediately widened.

In the arena, everyone was stunned. At some point, Lin Xun's hand had firmly grasped Nan Tianba's spear. His slender fingers were like the shackles of heaven, preventing the purple spear from advancing a single inch!

"This..."

Everyone's faces changed. That terrifying attack was caught by a bare hand? This was completely beyond their expectations!

"Break!"

Nan Tianba shouted, and his power was being pushed to the extreme, making his figure steam with endless purple dao light. He was surrounded by countless purple laws, and his entire body seemed to be burning. However, the purple spear still did not move!

Damnit!

Nan Tianba's expression completely changed. Just when he was about to abandon the spear and use another fighting method, he watched in horror as Lin Xun exerted even more force. The weapon was twisted and pulled on violently. His purple spear flew out of his hand, and he was being uncontrollably dragged towards Lin Xun!

At the same time, Lin Xun slapped out his palm. A loud thwap resounded. Nan Tianba had been turned into a spinning top. He rolled more than ten times in the air and fell hard hundreds of feet away. His whole body twitched violently, blood spurted from his mouth and nose, and his cheek bones had been broken and collapsed.

The entire Battlefield of the Gods trembled violently. This slap was so earth-shaking that it shook the universe!

Chapter 2532 Too Arrogant

Nan Tianba was stunned.

That slap shattered his self-esteem, his dignity, and his pride. It was a humiliation unlike anything he had ever experienced in his entire cultivation journey.

Worse, it happened the moment the battle began! With a single slap, he was sent flying.

On the battlefield, hundreds of cultivators felt their hearts clench and their bodies tremble. They couldn't believe what they had just witnessed.

Both Lin Xun and Nan Tianba were renowned figures listed on the Mythic Rankings and both were eighth realm supreme Emperors, but Nan Tianba...seemed a little pathetic?!

Nan Yongxi's expression turned dark, his face a mix of shock and disbelief.

Nan Tianzheng clenched his fists, his eyes flashing with a fierce, icy glare.

This slap didn't just disgrace him; it brought shame to their entire clan and filled them with an indescribable bone-chilling coldness.

Lin Xun...

...how could he be this powerful?!

It was true that he was ranked first on the wanted list, but in the eyes of the Immortal Imperial Clans of the Seventh Heaven Domain, that so-called wanted list only applied to the cultivators of the Great Thousand Worlds.

Since ancient times, when had experts from the Immortal Imperial Clans even been ‘wanted’?

Indeed, Lin Xun had killed more than one Emperor Ancestor, but it was widely believed that he had relied on powerful trump cards to do so.

However, on the Battlefield of the Gods, the power of order strictly forbade the use of trump cards or any form of ‘external power’!

In other words, every battle on the Battlefield of the Gods was the fairest kind of duel, testing only one’s cultivation and combat prowess.

However, just that one slap from Lin Xun clearly showed he already possessed the power to utterly crush Nan Tianba!

This completely overturned the expectations of Nan Yongqiang and the others.

“I’ll kill you!” Nan Tianba roared, his long hair flying wildly as he charged forward like a madman.

Boom!

His body erupted in purple thunderbolts, forming into a strange talisman. The lightning laws intertwined, giving rise to illusory scenes of the sun, moon, mountains, and rivers. The air was instantly filled with the oppressive aura of eternal destruction.

Sun and Moon Thunder Talisman!

This was condensed from the power of Nan Tianba's innate talent. In the Seventh Heaven Domain of the Eternal True Realm, this talent had been ranked as an upper eighth star grade, an extremely terrifying level.

Once unleashed, it was akin to wielding the lightning of heavenly punishment, capable of suppressing all evil!

The void trembled violently as blazing lightning surged forth and engulfed the skies. The Sun and Moon Thunder Talisman descended upon Lin Xun like a tribulation from the heavens.

However, Lin Xun simply grasped a purple battle spear and thrust it forward casually

Boom!

The talisman exploded in mid-air above his head. Thunder and lightning scattered and swept in all directions. The talisman had failed to withstand even a single strike.

"Tianba, retreat quickly!" Nan Yongqiang shouted, his aged face twisting in alarm. How could he not see that Nan Tianba was no match for Lin Xun?

Unfortunately, the warning came too late.

Lin Xun's figure flickered and lunged forward. The purple spear in his hand slashed through the sky like a streak of razor-sharp divine light, unleashing a deafening explosion.

The bone-piercing danger in the air made Nan Tianba stiffen. His expression changed drastically as he snapped out of his fury, but it was already too late to retreat.

"Condense!" he roared, his eyes bloodshot. A torrent of endless light burst forth before him, rapidly forming into a shield of light. Within it the faint shadow of a black tortoise loomed, emanating an indestructible aura.

The Black Tortoise Overlord Shield!

A supreme defensive art handed down through the Nan Clan, known for its unparalleled might. It was said that once the Black Tortoise appeared, even gods and ghosts could do nothing to break it.

Boom!

The purple spear struck with overwhelming force. Before everyone's eyes, the Black Tortoise Shield trembled violently and countless cracks spread across its surface, until it exploded with a thunderous boom.

That matchless, razor-sharp force tore through Nan Tianba's layers of defense like a blade through rotting bamboo. Brilliant rain of light burst forth like a cascading waterfall.

And then—

With a pff, the spear pierced through Nan Tianba, sending a jet of boiling scarlet blood spraying into the sky.

The force behind that strike shattered the Black Tortoise Overlord Shield and skewered Nan Tianba in a single blow!

The domineering and brutal scene left everyone on the battlefield stunned, their scalps tingling, their breathing caught in their throats.

"How is that possible?"

"Damn it!"

Nan Yongqiang and the other experts of the Nan Clan were livid. Their eyes widened in disbelief, veins bulging at the corners, and their voices trembled with fury.

On the Battlefield of the Gods Nan Tianba stood frozen, his face stiff and his eyes wide with shock as he looked down at the purple spear impaled through his chest. A deep sense of irony gripped him.

That spear had once been his life-bound Emperor weapon, but now, it had become the very weapon that defeated him...

“You weren’t the first to die...why were you in such a rush?” Lin Xun sighed lightly.

Before the words even faded, he lifted the purple spear, and with it, Nan Tianba’s body was hoisted into the air.

Bang!

Nan Tianba’s body exploded and blood rained down like a waterfall.

An eighth realm supreme Emperor of the Nan Clan from the Seventh Heaven Domain was slain by his own spear and his blood scattered across the sky!

At that moment, Lin Xun’s tall and imposing figure stood like a demon god. The entire area fell utterly silent. All the cultivators stood frozen, their eyes glazed, their minds reeling.

So powerful!

From the very start of the battle, Lin Xun had displayed overwhelming power. Whether it was the slap that sent Nan Tianba flying or the final spear that ended his life, each move was clean, swift and devastating like crushing dry weeds. Nan Tianba had no chance to struggle at all, let alone resist.

No, resistance was out of the question. Even if he had fought with everything he had, it would’ve been useless!

Only then did everyone truly understand the meaning of the saying ‘Under great fame, there are no false heroes.’ There was a reason why Lin Xun’s name could shake the entire Great Thousand Battle

Domain. There was a reason he could march unchallenged all the way to Chaotian City, doing as he pleased. It had nothing to do with secret trump cards!

Shua!

On the Battlefield of Gods, a beam of radiant golden immortal light suddenly descended, sweeping into Lin Xun.

This was a mysterious token of victory. Each win earned a strand of immortal light.

Once a cultivator won nine consecutive battles, the strands of immortal light would condense into a single token, serving as the proof required to enter the second level Big Hunt.

Lin Xun completely ignored the murderous glares directed at him from the Nan Clan and calmly began gathering his spoils.

He collected Nan Tianba's storage ring, along with the Emperor-grade weapons stored within his True Self Emperor World.

"A mighty eighth realm supreme Emperor...a noble of the Nan Clan...and this is all he has? Isn't that a bit too shabby?"

Lin Xun frowned as he sorted through the loot.

The atmosphere was silent and still. Countless experts looked on with odd expressions. Nan Tianba had not only been slain and stripped of all he owned, but now, even his possessions were also being mocked. It was beyond humiliating.

Nan Yongqiang and other Nan Clan members were so furious that they felt their lungs might explode. They all flew into a rage.

"You little bastard! I'm going to kill you now!"

Nan Tianzheng's hair bristled with fury, and he was about to storm onto the Battlefield of the Gods when Nan Yongqiang stopped him.

"Let me."

Each word was squeezed through gritted teeth, carrying a bone-chilling murderous intent. Yet Nan Tianzheng's expression was even colder, like a frozen blade.

"Tianzheng, Tianba is already dead. You can't afford another mistake. Let me go," said Nan Yongqiang.

Although he looked furious, he was well aware that ordinary opponents stood no chance against Lin Xun.

"No, I'll do it!"

Nan Tianzheng's eyes were as cold and sharp as knives. "I have been cultivating for 10,300 years. I am only one step away from the ninth supreme Emperor Ancestor Realm. If I retreat now, my dao heart will suffer a crack. Without an invincible will, how can I ever ascend to the path of the supreme Emperor Ancestor?"

Nan Yongqiang's expression darkened, hesitating between reason and worry.

Meanwhile, on the Battlefield of the Gods, Lin Xun laughed and shouted, "So much nonsense. Weren't you the loudest one just now? Don't waste my time. Get up here and die." His voice dripped with ridicule.

The Nan Clan members were so enraged they looked as though smoke might burst from their seven orifices. That damn Lin Xun was too arrogant!

"You all saw how arrogant and domineering he is. If I don't kill him today, he'll become a demon in my heart!" Nan Tianzheng roared.

With that, he strode straight onto the golden pathway and instantly appeared on the Battlefield of the Gods.

“Tianzheng, be careful!” Nan Yongqiang called out after him, unable to hide his concern.

Boom!

Nan Tianzheng’s gray robe billowed around his thin figure as he radiated a majestic and overwhelming presence. Endless strands of mysterious azure laws surged forth, weaving together above his head into a colossal azure sun that illuminated the nine heavens.

Upon closer inspection, the azure sun radiated an aura of perfection, brilliance and vastness. It was the mark of a cultivator who had fully perfected their dao within their realm.

Just as he had said, he was only one opportunity away from stepping into the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage!

Lin Xun raised an eyebrow. “I hope you last a bit longer. Otherwise, this will get boring fast.”

Nan Tianzheng’s gaze was ice-cold. “Don't worry. You’re destined to be a stepping stone on my path to the pinnacle.”

Clang!

A thunderous, high-pitched killing cry rang out from the azure sun above his head, making the entire void quake violently. Next, a terrifying battle spear slowly emerged from the heart of the azure sun, radiating blinding dao light. With every inch it revealed, the dao light burned fiercer.

When the spear was fully revealed, everyone on the battlefield winced as searing light stabbed at their eyes. Their minds trembled, and a wave of inexplicable dread washed over them.

“Spear of Many Changes?” someone gasped in shock.[1]

Upon a closer look, the battle spear stretched eight feet long and was wreathed in surging dao light. It looked like the spine holding up the heavens. Its spearhead shone like a blade forged by the great dao. It was as brilliant and bright as snow, piercingly cold and incomparably sharp.

Vaguely, a faint primordial dao rune appeared on the spear, drifting and flickering amidst the dao light, exuding a terrifying, boundless aura.

“No, that isn’t the true Spear of Many Changes, but it already faintly possesses some of its divine essence,” someone murmured.

The Spear of Many Changes was an ultimate treasure of the Nan Clan of the Seventh Heaven Domain. It was said to be born from the origin power of the Heaven Rank laws. Its might was unfathomable, and only those who had set foot upon the immortal path could hope to wield such a treasure.

“Good, Tianzheng hasn’t let anger cloud his judgment!” Nan Yongqiang murmured in relief.

“Clan Brother, Kill him! Avenge Tianba”

The Nan Clan members shouted even more fiercely, their killing intent surging as they cheered for Nan Tianzheng

“Not bad. That spear could probably fetch a few cosmic origin crystals.”

Meanwhile, on the Battlefield of Gods, Lin Xun simply eyed Nan Tianzheng’s spear with a casual smile. “I’ll be extra careful when I strike. I don’t want to damage such a fine treasure. Wouldn’t fetch a good price otherwise.”

Everyone stared in stunned confusion.

The Nan Clan members’ faces all darkened at once. This damn Lin Xun...is far too arrogant!

Only Nan Tianzheng remained calm and indifferent. “You want my spear? Then I want your life!”

Chapter 2533 A Single Step Decides Life and Death

Clang!

The battle spear let out a long and resounding cry.

Before his voice had even faded, Nan Tianzheng had already launched his attack. His figure blazed across the air like a streak of lightning, emanating a terrifying killing intent as he charged forward like a massive, burning azure sun. The sheer might he exuded was far greater than Nan Tianba.

Lin Xun remained composed and unmoved. This Nan Tianzheng is indeed formidable, a peerless figure among his generation.

However, Lin Xun’s sights had long since surpassed such a level. He had even suppressed Emperor Ancestor-level figures. What was Nan Tianzheng in comparison?

The only thing that gave Lin Xun pause was the spear in Nan Tianzheng’s hand. It was undoubtedly a rare life-bound Emperor weapon, brimming with unmatched killing intent and immense power.

Boom!

Dao light soared into the sky, piercing the clouds.

On the Battlefield of the Gods, layer upon layer of great dao ripples appeared, crisscrossing and interweaving in the void to form a formless yet solid defensive force.

These restrictions, set up during the previous epoch, were what kept the aftermath of the battle contained. Without them, the resulting destruction would have been beyond imagination.

From the very first exchange, Lin Xun and Nan Tianzheng’s clash erupted with dazzling brilliance. It was splendid, radiant, and awe-inspiring.

The exchange of blows between the two was too fast to follow. Lin Xun's fists and palms clashed repeatedly with Nan Tianzheng's spear, each strike tearing through the void, as if laws of the great dao were colliding. It evoked scenes of the heavens splitting and creation beginning.

Then, the two figures separated and flew to opposite ends of the sky. They turned to face each other, eyes locked, their gazes sharp, cold, and deadly.

The standoff was tense and chilling.

Many spectators felt their hearts pounding wildly. This was truly an unprecedented duel. Two eighth realm supreme Emperors were facing off in a battle destined to shake the world.

In the next instant, they collided again, faster than two bolts of lightning. Nan Tianzheng suddenly opened his mouth and spat out a radiant seal. It was a manifestation of intertwined dao laws, beautiful and dazzling.

The sky quaked and the earth trembled. It was as though the entire universe was on the brink of collapse. The four directions shuddered, while earth, fire, wind, and water surged forth together, and chaotic smoke and clouds billowed and danced.

However, no matter how powerful Nan Tianzheng's arts were, Lin Xun neutralized them with ease.

Gasps filled the air. The power Lin Xun displayed was utterly beyond comprehension. With bare hands and only mid eighth realm Emperor Stage cultivation, he was able to contend head-on with Nan Tianzheng, who had reached the pinnacle stage in the same realm. It was nothing short of incredible.

"Die!"

Nan Tianzheng's expression was cold and stern. His aura flared like a luminous azure sun, radiating blinding brilliance and blazing heat. With every step he took, his aura surged, growing several times stronger than before.

Everyone watching felt a chill in their hearts. It was clear that Nan Tianzheng had activated some terrifying secret art that could greatly amplify combat power!

It was nothing short of terrifying.

Nan Yongqiang's expression was complex. He recognized the technique and knew that it could indeed double one's power, but at a steep price. It would severely damage the user's dao foundation.

However, it was clear that Nan Tianzheng no longer cared. In order to kill Lin Xun, he had cast aside all concerns without hesitation.

Rumble!

Nan Tianzheng stepped forward again, his figure shattering space itself. He looked like a blazing war god, burning his own essence to destroy everything before him.

His body transformed into a colossal sun, sweeping across the nine heavens as he struck again and again with his spear, generating earth-shattering killing force.

At this moment, Lin Xun furrowed his brows slightly. He could feel the pressure mounting. Nan Tianzheng's strength had indeed undergone a dramatic transformation. Lin Xun realized that the secret art was similar in nature to Yazi's Rage or the Sacred Combat Art; both were capable of doubling one's strength for a short time

Nan Tianzheng grew increasingly composed, his presence overpowering. He charged freely across the battlefield, striking without hesitation, giving off the feeling that he had seized the upper hand.

By contrast, Lin Xun had begun to fall into a disadvantage.

"Lin Xun, you truly are a formidable foe. Even in the Eternal True Realm, you would be considered a rare and extraordinary genius. But you're far too arrogant. You still don't understand that there's always someone stronger than you!" Nan Tianzheng said coldly, his eyes indifferent.

In the Seventh Heaven Domain, beings like him had carved a path through thousands of foes and endured countless bloody battles just to achieve what they had today.

“Clan Brother, finish him off! Keep his primordial spirit and refine it into a treasure! Let him suffer for eternity, unable to live or die!”

On the battlefield, some Nan Clan members shouted with excitement, their voices filled with bone-deep hatred.

“If those are your final words, then they’re quite fitting. Now, allow me to show you what it truly means when you say ‘there’s always someone stronger’!”

Lin Xun, who seemed passive all this time, suddenly let out a light chuckle. His tall, commanding figure straightened, and in that instant, he launched a sudden, sweeping counterattack.

His might erupted like a volcano dormant for countless years.

This counterattack came so suddenly that no one saw it coming. Just as Lin Xun seemed on the verge of being suppressed, he erupted with force, and his momentum became several times stronger!

Boom!

He charged at Nan Tianzheng with bare fists, still unarmed, but his every strike now carried an overwhelming, majestic power. Furthermore, each blow exuded an unstoppable momentum.

Under the relentless assault, Nan Tianzheng was driven back. Pain surged through his body, and before long, streaks of blood appeared where Lin Xun’s fists struck, splitting his skin open.

Nan Tianzheng’s expression drastically changed. Lin Xun seemed to have become a different person. Could this be his true power?

Lin Xun swung his fist with a force that seemed capable of striking the heavens. As his arm moved, space collapsed around him and even the defensive forces of the Battlefield of the Gods trembled violently.

The sudden reversal left not only Nan Tianzheng stunned, but also all the onlookers. It had happened too fast, too abruptly, too unbelievably, catching them all off guard.

“Kill!” Nan Tianzheng roared, unleashing his full might in a desperate attempt to subdue Lin Xun once again.

“Is that all?” Lin Xun said with a sigh.

Immediately, countless strands of mysterious sword qi burst from Lin Xun, like streaks of cosmic light, shooting across the battlefield.

Amid the deafening crash, Nan Tianzheng’s spear vibrated violently, emitting a mournful hum. He tried to dodge again and again. but it was no use. He was battered by the sword qi and injuries began to spread across his body

First, there was a ‘pop’, and his left shoulder burst open in a spray of blood, and one arm was almost torn from him. Then came a sharp ‘crack’ as the feather crown atop his head shattered, sending his hair flying loose and a trail of blood slid down his forehead.

Cries of shock erupted across the battlefield. The Nan Clan members’ faces turned pale with disbelief. Just moments ago, they had thought Nan Tianzheng was going to crush Lin Xun.

Unfortunately, in just a blink, the tide had turned and Nan Tianzheng was now the one in grave danger!

“You’ve been hiding your strength!”

Nan Tianzheng’s face was dark and twisted with anger. He thought Lin Xun had been deliberately holding back, waiting for this moment to land a killing blow. It felt like treachery.

"I was just afraid your spear might break, and I wouldn't be able to sell it for a good price," Lin Xun said seriously.

The crowd nearly spat blood in rage. In a life-and-death duel, he was still thinking about money? It was clearly a deliberate insult to Nan Tianzheng, a mocking provocation.

At the same time, they were chilled to the core. Lin Xun's transformation was too drastic. Everyone had seen just how powerful Nan Tianzheng was. Even so, Lin Xun still completely overpowered him!

At that moment, on the Battlefield of the Gods, Nan Tianzheng stood in a miserable state with his hair disheveled, his body covered in wounds, and his face ashen.

"Tianzheng retreat!" Nan Yongqiang shouted anxiously. A deep sense of unease gripped his heart. Time and time again, Lin Xun's strength had far surpassed his expectations.

"I haven't lost yet." Nan Tianzheng replied, ignoring the warning.

His entire body brimmed with azure law power as he lunged at Lin Xun once more. At that moment, his forehead glowed, and a tiny crimson figure emerged, standing at the center of his brow. It brandished a spear that looked almost transparent, pressing forward with an oppressive might.

The dao light around Lin Xun blazed, transforming into a dazzling radiance like an abyss capable of devouring the heavens. With that, he met Nan Tianzheng head-on.

What followed was a fierce and violent clash. The two exchanged countless blows, each unleashing one secret art after another. It was as though two skies were colliding, and from time to time, shattered fragments of dao laws rained down like cosmic debris.

However, before long, Nan Tianzheng's right arm, the one wielding the spear, was completely shattered. Bone shards and blood sprayed through the air as he let out a stifled groan of agony.

"Tianzheng!"

Nan Yongqiang shouted frantically, his face turning white. “Retreat, retreat at once—!”

Bitterness and unwillingness flickered in Nan Tianzheng’s eyes. He knew that continuing the battle would be futile, and it would only end in disaster.

However, Lin Xun gave him no chance to escape. The moment his right arm broke, Lin Xun struck again with a killing blow.

On the Battlefield of the Gods, dao sounds thundered as countless restrictions roared into motion. One could imagine how fierce and intense the battle was.

Shua!

Suddenly, a streak of light flashed across the air, followed by a downpour of blood. Lin Xun severed one of Nan Tianzheng’s legs, drenching the battlefield in fresh blood.

Gasps erupted from the crowd as their scalps tingled with numbness, as if they were about to burst.

With one arm and one leg broken, Nan Tianzheng was now a mangled, barely recognizable figure. Of course, he didn’t fight to the death. Instead, he turned and fled with all his might, desperately trying to escape the Battlefield of the Gods and reach the golden passageway.

Stepping onto there would mean conceding defeat, but the battlefield’s protective restrictions would then preserve his life.

Clang!

At that moment, Lin Xun activated the Limitless Abyss Dao Sword. It came slashing from afar. Its peerless sword intent descended like a heavenly chasm, suppressing everything in its path

“Open!” Nan Tianzheng roared. His spear shot into the air, unleashing endless radiance.

Crack!

Under the might of the Limitless Abyss Dao Sword, the spear was like paper. It was sliced in two without resistance. The remaining sword light surged forward without losing momentum, engulfing Nan Tianzheng.

Boom!

Sword qi thundered, stirring up an earth-shaking storm.

Nan Tianzheng, an eighth realm supreme Emperor, was annihilated. Both his body and soul were utterly destroyed!

In the battlefield, all cultivators stood dumbfounded, their eyes wide in disbelief.

“Tianzheng—!” Nan Yongqiang’s eyes turned bloodshot. He roared in rage, his entire body trembling with fury.

Just one more step and Nan Tianzheng would have reached the golden corridor and survived.

Unfortunately, it was that single step’s difference that led to Nan Tianzheng’s demise!

The Nan Clan members stood dazed, as if the pride in their hearts had been shattered to pieces.

Nan Tianba’s death had already dealt them a heavy blow. Now, the fall of Nan Tianzheng, whom they had placed all their hopes on, left them in utter disbelief, unable to accept the reality!

Thud! Thud!

The shattered spear crashed to the battlefield with a jarring clang.

Lin Xun couldn't help but let out a sigh, "In the end, I couldn't save this spear. What a pity...scrap metal like this won't fetch many cosmic origin crystals..."

"You...you...you..." Nan Yongqiang was so furious that he nearly coughed up blood. He trembled with rage, his words stuck in his throat.

Chapter 2534 One Slash Strikes the Gate of Life and Death

Regardless of how furious the Nan Clan members were, they could do nothing to change the truth.

A ray of divine light surged forth and swept into Lin Xun, serving as undeniable proof of his second consecutive victory.

Hundreds of cultivators were present, with over half from the Eternal True Realm, yet even they couldn't suppress the shock and dread they felt at the sight. Only now did they finally understand why the Fu Clan, an immortal giant of the Eighth Heaven Domain, had taken the initiative to recruit Lin Xun.

To leave one's name among the top hundred of the Mythic Ranking...this was not something ordinary peerless figures could ever hope to match!

"Who else wants to come up and die?" Lin Xun asked calmly on the Battlefield of Gods, sweeping his gaze across the remaining Nan Clan members.

It was as if he were selecting prey. That look alone made the Nan Clan members feel suffocated with rage and humiliation.

"You've gone too far! I'll kill you myself!"

"Let me do it!"

One by one, the Nan Clan members charged toward the golden corridor like enraged beasts with bloodshot eyes.

However, Nan Yongqiang blocked them all. His face had turned ashen, and he growled in a low voice, "Can't you see? That little bastard is provoking you into rushing to your deaths!"

"Better to die than suffer such humiliation!" The Nan Clan members spat, their expression dark and twisted with fury.

"Now that's some backbone!"

On the Battlefield of the Gods, Lin Xun gave them a thumbs up and said, "Don't just talk big. Come on, today, I'll send each of you on your way."

The Nan Clan members seethed with fury, but Nan Yongqiang stood firm and stopped them. With both Nan Tianba and Nan Tianzheng already dead, he couldn't allow any more clan members to die before him.

"Old bastard, you're an Ancestor of a Path, but after suffering such a blow, all you do is stand there and watch your clan get slaughtered. Are you just going to cower like a turtle?"

Lin Xun's gaze locked onto Nan Yongqiang with undisguised provocation.

It wasn't that he was being merciless in victory. The truth was that back in Chaotian City, the Donghuang's Four Clans, the Nan Clan included, had already banded together and declared that they would kill him here on the Battlefield of the Gods.

Under such circumstances, how could Lin Xun possibly hold back?

"That guy actually dares to provoke an Ancestor?!" The entire battlefield erupted in an uproar as cultivators stirred restlessly.

An Ancestor of a Path was like a heavenly chasm looming over the Emperor Stage. Even supreme Emperors found it almost impossible to overcome. Across the ages, countless dazzling prodigies had tried to break through that heavenly barrier, but almost all had failed.

Despite that, what did they see now?

Lin Xun had brazenly provoked an Emperor Ancestor!

If it weren't for the terrifying might that Lin Xun had displayed earlier, they would've denounced him as arrogant, and even mad.

"Good, good, good!"

Nan Yongqiang's hair and beard bristled with fury. He repeated the word 'good' three times and his face contorted like an ancient, furious beast. "I was going to kill you. But now, killing you would be far too merciful. I'll refine your primordial spirit and make you suffer a fate worse than death!"

With those words, he stepped onto the golden corridor.

"Elder, you must avenge our fallen clan brothers!"

The Nan Clan members cried out in fury and grief.

Shua!

With a flash, Nan Yongqiang descended onto the Battlefield of the Gods. In an instant, a boundless and terrifying Ancestor aura surged from him, stirring the wind and clouds and causing heaven and earth to quake.

His hair billowed, sleeves fluttered, and his thin figure radiated divine majesty, pressing down upon the surrounding void until it began to fracture.

Everyone present was shaken.

Even in the Eternal True Realm, an Ancestor of a Path was a being who could summon wind and rain at will. They stood high above the Emperor Stage, ruled all living beings, and gazed down upon the mountains and rivers like divine beings.

Aside from the Immortal figures in existence, Ancestors reigned supreme!

Moreover, Nan Yongqiang was no ordinary Ancestor of a Path. He hailed from the Seventh Heaven Domain, possessing not only a noble status, but also a cultivation so profound that it could plunge any Emperor into despair. At least here on the Battlefield of the Gods, few would dare to face Nan Yongqiang head-on.

Despite that, Lin Xun's expression remained unchanged at Nan Yongqiang's arrival. Most believed that the Ancestors of a Path slain by him in recent years had fallen to some mysterious trump cards he possessed.

However, what people believed was not always the truth! Today, he would prove to the world that the so-called heavenly chasm that was seen as impassable through the ages could be broken!

Clang!

A sword hum echoed from Nan Yongqiang. In the next instant, an ancient sword flew from the center of his brow, transforming into a dazzling streak of sword light that split the skies and scattered the sea of clouds like a swimming dragon!

Nan Yongqiang's gaze was icy and piercing, like a divine blade streaking through the heavens. Without a word, he grasped the ancient sword and unleashed a vicious slash.

Crack!

Thousands of feet of void split apart before the sword, revealing a massive rift. The sword light soared to the heavens like a celestial blade tearing through the firmament, as though both heaven and earth were being cleaved by this single strike.

The instant the sword appeared—

The spectators turned to one another in shock, their faces blanching with fear.

Strictly speaking, Nan Yongqiang could be called a Sword Ancestor! An Ancestor of the Sword!

So how terrifying was such a realm?

Only now, upon witnessing that sky-cleaving strike, did the onlookers truly comprehend the terrifying might of a Sword Ancestor.

Compared to him, Nan Tianba and Nan Tianzheng were like fireflies before the sun—dim and insignificant. That very first sword strike alone was enough to suppress and obliterate them all!

It was like the Milky Way falling from the heavens, vast, boundless, and with no end in sight. Its sheer power was overwhelming.

“Excellent.” Lin Xun’s eyes lit up with a strange light.

Above his head, the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron quietly emerged, radiating billions of rays of light. This was the first time he had summoned his life-bound Emperor weapon since setting foot on the Battlefield of the Gods.

Within his body, his cultivation surged like a molten furnace in chaotic times, roaring with power. His strength soared to an unprecedented level.

“Open!” Lin Xun let out a thunderous roar, his black hair whipping wildly in the air.

A vast abyss suddenly appeared before him, and within it floated the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron, shielding him completely. As the ten-thousand-foot sword qi came hurtling forth, the abyss roared like a monstrous maw, devouring the torrent of sword qi.

Then, within the abyss, countless powers formed from the laws of the great dao condensed into indestructible hammers, smashing the sword qi to pieces.

Meanwhile, the roar of the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron unleashed a power that utterly annihilated the sky-cleaving sword qi, reducing it to nothingness.

“He...”

Many spectators widened their eyes in shock. That was the wrath of an Ancestor of a Path. It was powerful enough to slay any Emperor.

Now, in a direct confrontation, it had been obliterated by Lin Xun, an eighth realm supreme Emperor! This was simply unbelievable. The event overturned everything they thought they knew!

“Hmph!” Nan Yongqiang snorted coldly. He bent his fingers and lightly flicked the ancient sword in his hand, as if plucking the strings of a pipa.

With each flick of his finger, a small sword materialized. After nine flicks, nine flying swords had formed, drawing long, dazzling arcs through the void, like heavenly rivers crossing the sky, as they slashed down at Lin Xun with murderous intent.

Shua!

Before those nine swords, space and distance seemed meaningless. In the blink of an eye, they were already upon Lin Xun.

Boom!

The heavens and the earth overturned, and the sun and the moon inverted.

Nine streams of sword light struck in succession, causing the abyss before Lin Xun to tremble violently. In the end, it began to show faint signs of collapse. That abyss was the embodiment of Lin Xun's cultivation. One could imagine the terrifying power behind those nine swords.

"Destroy them!" Without hesitation, Lin Xun urged the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron to strike.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A barrage of explosive collisions rang out like crashing thunder. Sword qi intertwined and cold light pierced the nine heavens. Even the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron buzzed ceaselessly under the relentless impact.

Within moments, both sides exchanged hundreds and even thousands of blows. Then, amid a series of deafening explosions, the nine sword qi were shattered one after another by Lin Xun's cauldron, disintegrating into nothingness in mid-air.

In the audience, no one could remain calm. Despite being a whole cultivation level lower, Lin Xun was actually fighting an Ancestor of a Path head-on! It was nothing short of a miracle. If word of this got out, it would shake the world to its core.

After all, in this duel, Lin Xun hadn't used a single trump card. He relied solely on his own strength and his life-bound Emperor weapon to contend with Nan Yongqiang!

"The sword sweeps across the nine heavens, shattering the cosmos. One slash strikes the gates of life and death!"

Nan Yongqiang stepped forward, his voice cold as ice. The ancient sword in his hand blazed with a brilliance more vast than ever before, forming a dazzling ray of sword light that soared into the sky like a dragon taking flight.

Crack!

The sword cleaved the void in half. Terrifying rifts split space apart, unleashing violent spatial storms. Chaos engulfed the heavens and earth. Aeth qi surged wildly, as though the world had erupted in fury.

Clang!

Lin Xun countered with the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron. Power surged violently around him, but in the end, he seemed unable to withstand the terrifying strike and was blasted backward.

That sword blow forced Lin Xun back!

“Kill him! Kill him!” Cries of excitement erupted from the Nan Clan members.

Meanwhile, many others inwardly sighed. To stand against an Ancestor of a Path in direct combat was already an unbelievable feat. However, for Lin Xun to break through this heavenly barrier...there seemed to be little hope. After all, he was just an eighth realm supreme Emperor. How could he possibly contend with an Ancestor of a Path?

But then—

What no one could have expected—

Although blasted back, Lin Xun was not truly suppressed. On the contrary, the more he fought, the fiercer he became!

By contrast, Nan Yongqiang’s expression turned darker and more grim. The fact that he failed to kill Lin Xun immediately left him agitated and embarrassed.

“Myriad Extinctions.”

“Northern Hell.”

“Nine Tribulations.”

“Silent Nether.”

In an instant, Nan Yongqiang unleashed four ultimate killing sword arts. Their brilliance dazzled the heavens and left everyone present reeling in shock and awe.

The Battlefield of the Gods was shredded by torrents of sword qi, turning into a churning sea of chaos. The sword power was terrifying beyond compare, like an enraged divine storm rampaging through the skies. Towering columns of sword qi roared and spun, shaking heaven and earth as if to tear apart the world!

“Break!”

Engulfed by countless threads of sword qi, Lin Xun fought with his all. Dao light roared and surged from him as he pushed his power to the absolute limit.

In that moment, he was like a furnace yet not a furnace, like an abyss yet not an abyss. He radiated an infinite, boundless might. Dao laws surged and evolved into wondrous visions that flooded the world like a tidal wave.

Most striking of all was the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron. It hummed like crashing waves, as if becoming one with Lin Xun’s body, accompanying him as he wielded divine power and battled across heaven and earth.

From afar, he could be seen crushing and shattering wave after wave of sword qi, advancing through the raging torrent of power and closing in on Nan Yongqiang!

Chapter 2535 Heavenly Chasms Mean Nothing to Me

On the Battlefield of the Gods, it was as if chaos had been reborn. The entire void was torn open, collapsing into the eye of a storm as countless fragments of space swept into the air.

Lin Xun tore through the void, braving wave after wave of sword qi, and charged straight toward Nan Yongqiang. His godlike bravery and unstoppable force stunned countless spectators, their eyes nearly popping out of their sockets.

Nan Yongqiang's eyes narrowed slightly, but he remained composed. With a horizontal sweep, he raised his sword to block.

Clang!

The Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron came crashing down.

The ancient sword in Nan Yongqiang's hand that exuded a faint aura of immortality from its hilt couldn't withstand the blow. It trembled violently as sword qi burst forth like a torrential rain.

The impact forced Nan Yongqiang's figure to sway mid-air, and he staggered back several steps. His aged face paled, and a solemn, heavy look flickered between his brows.

This boy's cultivation is monstrous!

Everyone on the battlefield was stunned. No one could believe what they were seeing.

A revered Sword Ancestor was shaken?!

Some even wondered if they were dreaming.

"Is that all...?" Nan Yongqiang murmured.

Shaking his head slightly, his eyes gleamed with sharp light as he said with a touch of pity, "I forgot to mention...what you saw was only the ordinary power of an Emperor Ancestor. Now, I'll show you the true strength of a Sword Ancestor!"

As he spoke, a terrifying aura many times stronger than before erupted from his body. Hovering in mid-air, he was like a divine pillar supporting the heavens.

The space around him crumbled, collapsing into a swirling vortex of sword qi. At its center, Nan Yongqiang stood like a divine god! But he wasn't done yet.

He slowly extended his hand, and the violently humming ancient sword abruptly fell silent. In that stillness, mysterious images began to emerge from the blade.

One showed a domineering strike that slew gods and demons. Another flashed like lightning, piercing through the sun, moon, and stars. A third displayed a river-like torrent of sword qi annihilating an entire world...

"I have stood at the Ancestor Realm for 36,000 years. My cultivation is steeped in the path of slaughter. In the past, I used immortal matters as whetstones to temper this sword. After thousands of years of refinement, its edge now lies hidden, sharp beyond compare. Today, I shall show you the true power of a Sword Ancestor."

Buzz!

He snapped his fingers.

The blade that was only one foot long instantly extended to three feet. The dao images along the sword body fused into a complete sword diagram.

Nine streams of world-shaking sword qi burst forth, transforming into nine radiant sword rainbows that shimmered and weaved through the sword diagram.

Metal, wood, water, fire, earth, wind, thunder, yin, and yang!

Nine distinct kinds of Ancestor-level great dao sword intent swirled around the sword diagram, resonating with the long, thunderous hum of the ancient sword!

At last, the ancient sword and the sword diagram fused into a colossal, illusory thousand-foot manifestation of sword intent. Nan Yongqiang grasped it in one hand, and that terrifying sword intent soared into the sky.

Before the sword qi even arrived, the sword intent had already surged forth. The void was suddenly torn apart, and a thousand-foot-long rift in space rapidly unfurled before Nan Yongqiang.

It was a spectacle beyond comprehension.

A massive chasm split heaven and earth, and countless streaks of sword qi poured forth. Nan Yongqiang had yet to swing his sword, but the void had already shattered!

The defensive restriction arrays protecting the Battlefield of the Gods roared and trembled, reacting violently to the sword power.

In that moment, Nan Yongqiang resembled a mythical sword god, radiating a peerlessly majestic sword aura. The ancient sword clanged. Sword qi pierced through the nine heavens!

When Nan Yongqiang finally unleashed his sword strike, everyone finally grasped the true terror of a Sword Ancestor. With that single swing, the Battlefield of the Gods became like a cage sealed shut. Lin Xun along with the thousand-foot radius of space around him was frozen in an instant.

Mastery over space!

That sword of Nan Yongqiang was the ultimate embodiment of the profound mysteries of space!

“Back then, Nan Yongqiang ascended to the Ancestor realm through the spatial dao, causing a great stir across the Seventh Heaven Domain. It was precisely this spatial sword intent that allowed him to defeat countless peers and each one was utterly convinced of their inferiority.” An old man on the battlefield couldn’t help but sigh with emotion.

In the Seventh Heaven Domain, Nan Yongqiang’s Spatial Sword had astounded the entire region. Even many immortal figures came to see him in a new light, recognizing him as a once-in-a-generation genius.

If he were to one day tread the path of immortality, his achievements would no doubt shine even brighter!

Even those who knew nothing of Nan Yongqiang's past found themselves shaken to the core by what they saw. How could Lin Xun possibly block that sword?

Under the countless gazes, the abyss in front of Lin Xun was torn apart layer by layer by the incoming strike, disintegrating like a fragile clay statue.

The illusory spatial sword qi had not yet arrived, but the terrifying sword intent was already upon him.

Lin Xun suddenly chuckled. Everyone was taken aback.

"So you've been hiding your strength all along. Good...because I have too," Lin Xun said calmly.

In the next instant, the aura around him surged and boiled at an astonishing rate. A power far more terrifying than before erupted from him.

If the previous Lin Xun was already considered an invincible overlord of the eighth realm supreme Emperor Stage and with the strength to rival Emperor Ancestors...

Then, the power he unleashed in this moment completely surpassed the limits of his realm reaching a level beyond comprehension. It was as if a vast furnace abyss had awakened. His cultivation resonated with it perfectly, causing the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron to tremble and roar in unison with his presence.

This was his ultimate strength, and only now did he truly and fully unleash the entirety of his cultivation!

Rumble!

The void suddenly shattered, and the space that had confined him like a cage exploded, breaking apart into countless streams of spatial fragments.

Then—

The moment the terrifying spatial sword intent collided with him, it was like crashing into an immovable wall of iron. A piercing, metallic explosion rang out. Lin Xun's figure was like a black hole suspended in the universe, transforming into a glowing halo that crushed and devoured each and every impact into nothingness.

Finally, under the countless astonished gazes, Lin Xun counterattacked. Wielding the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron, he struck and effortlessly shattered the illusory spatial sword light into fragments. The exploding rain of light splattered across the nine heavens.

"How is that possible?"

Not only the spectators, but even Nan Yongqiang was also aghast, his expression contorting with disbelief. That sword strike was the perfect embodiment of his attainment of the dao at the Ancestor Stage, but it hadn't even touched a single hair on Lin Xun's body. It was utterly unbelievable.

The terrifying power that Lin Xun now wielded simply couldn't belong to an eighth realm supreme Emperor. Even in the Eternal True Realm, such power was unheard of!

"So what if I can't use my trump cards? Over the years, I've slain more than one Emperor Ancestor with my own hands. Do you really think I made it this far by relying on external power? Let me say this frankly...in the Eternal True Realm, the Ancestor Stage may be regarded as an unbreakable heavenly chasm..."

"But if I choose to, I'll shatter it beneath my feet!"

Lin Xun strode through the void, his entire figure enveloped in a chilling abyss. Step by step, he advanced toward Nan Yongqiang.

No matter how madly Nan Yongqiang attacked, no matter how spatial sword intents slashed forth one after another, and tides of sword qi surged across the sky and sealed off all space...

Every one shattered like flimsy chains and crumbling cages with Lin Xun's advancing steps. Even when they struck his body, they were all effortlessly blocked by the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron.

All spectators were aghast, their faces pale. What kind of power was this? How could such terrifying might exist in an eighth realm supreme Emperor?

In that moment, they felt their long-held beliefs and understanding had been overturned. After all, it was simply unimaginable that the Ancestor Stage that was regarded as a heavenly chasm could be overcome, let alone shattered!

Even Nan Yongqiang was losing his composure. His expression turned unprecedentedly grim, tinged with an ashen hue. He pushed his cultivation to its limits, intertwining sword intents and unleashing a stunning display of extraordinary spatial swordsmanship.

The layered spaces bloomed like flower petals, then came crashing down like wave after wave of sword qi worlds. Each strike was powerful enough to annihilate even peerless Emperors. It was terrifying beyond imagination.

Despite that, Lin Xun crushed them all one after another!

"If I weren't curious to see what a so-called Sword Ancestor of the Seventh Heaven Domain is capable of...you would already be dead." Lin Xun's expression was ice-cold and his tone calm.

Back when he was at the seventh realm Supreme Emperor Stage, he was already able to battle against Heng Tianshuo. At that time, it was only a confrontation. He had no way to truly kill him.

However, over the past eighteen years, his cultivation had undergone a complete transformation. He had not only just reached the eighth realm Supreme Emperor Stage, but he also now possessed the foundation to confront Emperor Ancestors head-on and suppress or even slay them.

Whether it was heavenly chasms or barriers, they were no longer obstacles in his path!

“Impossible. Even the ten strongest supreme Emperor Ancestors in the Seventh Heaven Domain didn’t possess such heaven-defying power when they were at the eighth realm Emperor Stage. You...” Panic flickered in Nan Yongqiang’s eyes. His face turned deathly pale and disbelief gripped him so tightly that he couldn’t even finish his sentence.

Shua!

To everyone’s astonishment, Nan Yongqiang actually turned to flee.

Lin Xun smiled faintly, and in the next instant, the five dao bodies rushed forth, surrounding Nan Yongqiang from all directions and cutting off all escape.

Rumble—

They struck together like a raging sea. Dao arts and divine brilliance crashed down in waves, completely submerging Nan Yongqiang. The sudden onslaught shocked the crowd again, drawing gasps of alarm.

Nan Yongqiang roared like an ancient ferocious beast fighting madly for his life. When he finally broke free of the encirclement, he was soaked in blood, his body battered and broken. He was miserable beyond words.

At that moment, Lin Xun’s true body appeared out of thin air. The Limitless Abyss Dao Sword, which had been ready to strike, shot forth at an unimaginable speed.

Pu!

This sword transcended space and pierced Nan Yongqiang’s forehead the very instant he broke free from the encirclement.

Nan Yongqiang froze in shock as the sword pierced his forehead. In the next moment, his head exploded, followed by his body, spirit, and the terrifying power within him. All of him was obliterated by that single strike, turning into a cloud of blood mist that dispersed between heaven and earth.

With one step, one sword, an Emperor Ancestor was slain!

It was effortless, calm and devoid of any dramatic flourish, as simple as reaching into a bag and taking something out.

Nan Yongqiang didn't even have time to let out a scream before he was reduced to ashes, completely erased from existence by the boundless sword intent.

So fast!

This bloody spectacle was like a thunderclap from the ninth heaven, erupting suddenly and violently across the world, shaking everyone to their core. At that moment, the world fell into utter silence. All who witnessed it stood stunned and dazed.

Chapter 2536 Defending the Ring Ends

Nan Yongqiang, a Sword Ancestor, was dead?

All the spectators were struck with disbelief. Whether they were nobles of the Eternal True Realm or peerless figures from the Great Thousand Worlds, every one of them wore a look of shock.

The swordsmanship Nan Yongqiang displayed was so fierce and terrifying that it could plunge any cultivator below the Ancestor Stage into despair.

Even so, Lin Xun had killed him with a single sword strike!

Did this not mean that his strength had reached a level capable of suppressing even Ancestors?

The same thought surfaced in everyone's mind. Many were startled by their own thoughts.

An Ancestor of a Path was like a heavenly chasm, unshakable since ancient times. To transcend that realm and slay one was nearly unthinkable. Even in the Eternal True Realm, the supreme Emperors hailed as peerless monsters might not be capable of such a feat.

Despite that, Lin Xun had done it!

He had shattered a heavenly chasm that had stood since ancient times, accomplishing a feat destined to become legend!

Even if he were to fall now, this feat alone would be enough to immortalize his name through the ages and make him a legend revered for generations to come.

At this moment, the Nan Clan members looked grief-stricken, as if they had lost their entire lineage, unable to accept the truth.

Nan Tianba was dead. Nan Tianzheng was also gone. Now, even Nan Yongqiang, the mightiest Ancestor in their ranks, had also fallen. What strength did they have left to fight Lin Xun?

An indescribable sense of grief and despair spread among them. Their faces turned deathly pale and their bodies trembled uncontrollably.

The crowd fell utterly silent.

Meanwhile, Lin Xun gathered the spoils of battle. He picked up the ancient sword left by Nan Yongqiang, inspecting it briefly before sighing with regret,

“This sword isn’t bad, but it perished with its master. What a pity...”

Then, with a casual flick of his wrist, he tossed it into the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron. The sword might have been destroyed, but it still retained a trace of immortal matter, which was enough to nourish his life-bound weapon further...

Everyone’s expressions flickered. Their gazes were filled with awe, fear and confusion when they turned toward Lin Xun.

When he first appeared in the Ruins of the Gods, many found it hard to believe, thinking he was mad, so reckless that he would risk his life for a chance at fortune. It was no different from throwing his life away.

Now, they finally understood that everyone was wrong. Lin Xun wasn't recklessly bold or suicidal. Instead, he was fearless because he had the strength to be!

With a cultivation strong enough to suppress even Emperor Ancestors, what did he have to fear?

Here, before the Central Immortal Court, with all the rules and restrictions in place, there was no need to fear being besieged, at least not in the Defending the Ring round.

Nor was there any fear that the enemy would resort to hidden trump cards. Because none of that could possibly happen!

Furthermore, in a one-on-one battle...who would still dare to claim they could defeat Lin Xun?

The more they thought about it, the heavier their hearts became.

To them, Lin Xun, who had already secured three consecutive victories, now stood like a heavenly chasm blocking their path.

The atmosphere was deathly still, terrifyingly silent. As time passed, not a single person stepped forward to challenge him.

It was clear that they had been completely intimidated by the strength he had just displayed.

"If no one challenges me within a quarter of an hour, it will be considered a successful defense and I shall proceed to the second level."

On the Battlefield of the Gods, Lin Xun stood with his hands behind his back and spoke calmly, his eyes sweeping over the Nan Clan members.

Although the faces of the Nan Clan members were filled with resentment and hatred, no one dared to meet his gaze.

The other cultivators exchanged glances, each wearing a different expression, but none stepped forward to challenge him at this moment. Even Emperor Ancestors chose to wait and observe for the time being.

Just as a quarter of an hour was about to pass, Lin Xun suddenly strode toward the golden corridor.

In that instant, the three streams of immortal qi proof he had earned from his three consecutive victories left his body and dissipated into the Battlefield of the Gods.

“Did he just admit defeat willingly?”

Eyes widened in disbelief, many almost thought they were seeing things.

However, Lin Xun chuckled, “There are still seven days left. Anyone who wishes to defend the ring is free to do so. As for me, I’ll just wait.”

Wait?

Realization dawned on them. Sharp gasps echoed through the crowd, and many glanced at the Nan Clan members with pity in their eyes.

Lin Xun didn’t plan to let a single Nan Clan member go!

It was true that none of them dared to challenge Lin Xun. However, now that he had abandoned the position of defender, he could freely challenge them any time they stepped onto the battlefield.

Defending the Ring lasted only seven days. If the Nan Clan members didn’t act before the time ran out, they would lose their chance to reach the second level.

Furthermore, that meant they'd be cut off from the opportunity to obtain the fortune of the Central Immortal Court. This was Lin Xun's true intention for stepping down!

"Lin Xun, this is too much"

The Nan Clan members finally reacted, their faces flushed with rage. Their eyes burned with hatred, as if they wished to skin Lin Xun alive on the spot.

He simply smiled. "Apologies, I just want to bully you...make your life worse than death or see you eliminated. If I can kill every last one of you, that would be ideal."

A chill swept across the crowd.

No matter how humiliating the Nan Clan's current predicament was, they were still one of the Donghuang's Four Clans in the Seventh Heaven Domain. Yet Lin Xun's actions made it clear that he didn't regard them as a threat at all!

"Fellow Daoist Lin, then shall we take the stage now?" someone couldn't help but ask, probing carefully.

"Feel free. I won't make things difficult for those who bear me no grudge." Lin Xun waved his hand casually.

A wave of relief washed over many.

A few faces turned grim. After all, they had previously mocked Lin Xun's situation and had even looked forward to watching him make a fool of himself. They weren't sure if he now saw them as enemies.

Regardless, after receiving his assurance, those cultivators who had never been hostile toward him rushed forward to begin their matches of Defending the Ring. The fighting was brutal. Blood was spilled, and casualties soon followed.

Lin Xun paid it no mind. He simply stood silently, watching with an indifferent gaze. As time passed, the expressions on the Nan Clan members grew uglier by the minute. It was clear that he was determined to destroy them!

One day passed. Then another...

In that time, some cultivators achieved nine consecutive victories and secured a token. Wrapped in the forbidden power of the Battlefield of the Gods, they vanished into the void and entered the second round.

However, many more suffered crushing defeats, and some even lost their lives on the battlefield.

Witnessing it all, Lin Xun couldn't help but sigh inwardly. There may be no deadly traps or terrifying dangers in the Ruins of the Gods, but this Defending the Ring round alone is already claiming countless lives!

Furthermore, this was only one battlefield, and similar scenes were surely unfolding across the other forty-eight.

In fact, Lin Xun also noticed that although there were many cultivators taking part, Ancestors of a Path were still extremely rare. Even eighth realm supreme Emperors were considered mid-tier powerhouses and there weren't many of them either.

The majority were seventh realm supreme Emperors, along with a handful of veteran Ninth Realm Ancestors.

If it weren't for the Nan Clan's targeting, it wouldn't have been difficult for Lin Xun to defend the ring successfully with his strength. Of course, for the others, this round was already unimaginably brutal and merciless.

Six days later.

Under Lin Xun's watchful gaze, more than fifty cultivators among the nearly seven hundred cultivators finally achieved nine consecutive victories. One by one, they left the Battlefield of the Gods and advanced to the second level.

This elimination rate was shockingly high.

Lin Xun did a quick calculation: if around seventy people were successful in each battlefield during the seven-day competition, then the number of eliminated cultivators would be nearly ten times that number!

On the seventh day, only one of the seven stars hanging above the Battlefield of the Gods remained shining. The other six had already dimmed.

Still, Lin Xun made no move. He simply waited.

He had already observed that each star took twenty four hours to fade from brilliance to darkness, exactly one full day. If the Nan Clan still didn't act, he would make his move in the final hour.

That way, as long as he held on for a quarter of an hour on the Battlefield of the Gods, he could advance to the next level.

By then, even if the Nan Clan did decide to enter the battlefield, they would likely have little time left to do anything... After all, once the seven days were up, the Defending the Ring battle would come to an end.

Time passed slowly. For the Nan Clan, these seven days were pure torment, subjecting them to unbearable psychological strain. Several times, they were tempted to storm onto the Battlefield of the Gods and fight Lin Xun to the death.

In the end, they didn't dare take that step. Because doing so would be no different from marching to their deaths...

As the seventh day approached, despair and suffocating pressure gripped the Nan Clan. They felt like they were about to collapse.

It was at this moment that Lin Xun finally acted. After the last cultivator with nine consecutive victories exited, he stepped onto the Battlefield of the Gods.

Instantly, silence fell. The crowd of cultivators let out helpless sighs and gave up any thoughts of a last-minute attempt.

There was no other choice. With Lin Xun standing there, they knew charging forward would be suicide!

“Lin Xun, outside the Ruins of the Gods, there are immortal experts from our Nan Clan waiting. Even if you survive this place, you won’t leave alive!” One of the Nan Clan members could no longer suppress his fury and roared, his voice filled with hatred and frustration.

Many cultivators glanced over with complex expressions. To Lin Xun, this was unquestionably a serious and deadly threat!

Despite that, he merely laughed, “Since I walked in alive, I’ll leave the same way...haha, as for you lot...you’ve brought utter disgrace upon the Nan Clan.”

This incident could never be covered up. Before long, the entire Eternal True Realm would know just how pathetic and humiliated the Nan Clan had been!

Buzz—

Soon, a quarter of an hour passed. No one dared step forward to challenge Lin Xun. He successfully claimed a token, and the forbidden power of the Battlefield of the Gods enveloped him. He vanished without a trace.

As he disappeared, the cultivators let out a long sigh. The last shining star in the sky faded into darkness... The first level, Defending the Ring, had come to an end.

Chapter 2537 Into the Embrace

Lin Xun's figure appeared atop an immortal platform. Endless mist as pale as smoke and cloud veiled the boundless surroundings.

Before long, a wisp of immortal sound echoed across the void, and from within the haze, a magnificent scroll gradually unfurled, radiating countless obscure and mysterious auras of inheritance.

"The Origin Dao Canon!"

Lin Xun's heart trembled. The rumor is true?

Before entering the Ruins of the Gods, he had heard that in the Heaven's Chosen Battle of the last epoch, cultivators who achieved nine consecutive victories in Defending the Ring would be granted a rare reward.

Furthermore, that reward was said to come from the Origin Dao Canon of the Central Immortal Court.

It was said to be the master canon of all inheritances of the immortal path, compiling the three thousand most supreme dao art inheritances throughout history. It was revered as the very source of all arts and techniques in the Immortal World!

In the previous epoch, the Central Immortal Court had ruled as the supreme sovereign of the myriad worlds, and the Origin Dao Canon it compiled was regarded as the number one scripture in the Immortal World!

Of course, this was just a rumor after all. Lin Xun never imagined that this Origin Dao Canon would still exist, even after countless years since the fall of the last epoch...

Drawing a deep breath, he calmly attuned his senses.

"The Nine Origin Immortal Protection Art can open up the nine great sources of immortality, allowing one's dao to harmonize with the Nine Palaces, and manifest the profound mysteries of yin and yang, clarity and turbidity. When cultivated to the limit, it can bind the nine immortal roots, granting the cultivators nine times the cultivation power..."

“The Grand Celestial Derivation Codex can command the power of the stars across the heavens, refining starlight into the book’s essence. Also known as the Star Codex, it is said to be capable of subduing an entire region of the cosmos...”

“Chaos Immortal-Demon Scripture, neither truly immortal nor truly demonic, blends immortal essence with the body of a demon. Once activated, it grants mastery over chaotic forces, allowing one to tread upon heaven and earth, defying all law and order...”

“Myriad World Imperial Dao...”

One after another, the supreme inheritance auras of the Immortal Path surged into Lin Xun’s consciousness like an unstoppable tide. Hundreds and thousands of them flickered in and out of his awareness.

At that moment, he experienced a moment of profound clarity: once he chose an inheritance and imprinted it with his spirit sense, the reward session would end.

But...

It was such a difficult choice.

Not because the inheritances from the last epoch weren’t powerful, but on the contrary, each was extremely unique. It was precisely this that made the decision so hard.

After a moment of silent contemplation, his eyes gradually became calm and resolute. “My current cultivation lacks no inheritance. Even if I gain nothing from this round, it would have no impact on my cultivation...”

“Then what is it that I truly need most?”

His heart became still as snow, no longer swayed by the temptation of power. Instead, he began to reflect on his own path.

After a while, he reached a decision.

It was as if he had broken through a karmic obstacle, his mind and spirit transcending all shackles. With a flash, his divine sense calmly touched the scroll formed by the Origin Dao Canon.

His heart held no desires. He simply let fate decide...

In that moment, a strange hum echoed through the void. A jade disk, lustrous and white as snow, spun into view with a flicker, appearing before Lin Xun.

Then, the myriad unfathomable laws of the immortal dao spread forth, swirling into a splendid rain of divine light.

It was like a fatal temptation. There was no need for Lin Xun to choose, nor for the Jade Disk of Fortune to act. The scroll-like Origin Dao Canon seemed to sense some kind of calling and began to tremble.

The next moment, countless inheritance powers within the Origin Dao Canon turned into streams of light, breaking away of their own accord from the scroll and flying into the embrace of the Jade Disk of Fortune...

Lin Xun was stunned, his face filled with disbelief.

After a long while, understanding began to dawn on him. The Jade Disk of Fortune was said to contain supreme law power of the immortal path, maintaining the order of all 4,900 continents across Immortal World...

The Origin Dao Canon was regarded as the highest and foremost canon of the Immortal World, encompassing all the inheritances of the immortal path.

If the dao arts and inheritances lacked the great dao as their source, they were ultimately like rootless trees or duckweed on the water. They could be comprehended and controlled, but they were no longer the true and orthodox origin.

For instance, if Lin Xun had chosen to cultivate one of the inheritances, he would only have gained its surface-level mysteries and integrated them into the daos he already controlled. However, the corresponding immortal laws tied to that inheritance would have remained beyond his grasp.

However, the existence of the Jade Disk of Fortune could undoubtedly resolve the issue of the Origin Dao Canon's core, because it contained the complete great dao law power of the immortal path.

Any inheritance within the Origin Dao Canon could draw upon the corresponding great dao mysteries from the Jade Disk of Fortune!

Simply speaking, the Jade Disk of Fortune was the great dao source of the Origin Dao Canon!

Realizing this, Lin Xun finally understood why the Origin Dao Canon would readily throw itself into the embrace of the Jade Disk of Fortune.

"Doesn't this mean that the reward for Defending the Ring is the complete Origin Dao Canon..." Lin Xun's expression turned strange.

This was truly an unexpected result.

Not long after that, the Jade Disk of Fortune transformed into a ray of white light and flew into Lin Xun.

Fortunately, this happened at the very end of the Defending the Ring. By now, the cultivators who had succeeded in these seven days had already received their rewards and advanced to the second round, the Big Hunt.

Otherwise, if someone else succeeded in Defending the Ring after Lin Xun, they would have missed the Origin Dao Canon's reward entirely...

Shua!

Just then, a divine rainbow descended from the heavens and enveloped Lin Xun where he stood on the platform. In the next instant, he vanished.

.....

Outside the Ruins of the Gods.

A number of terrifying figures had been waiting here for seven days, each one possessing cultivation beyond the Ancestor realm.

As the Defending the Ring level came to an end, waves of eliminated cultivators were ejected from the spatial crack leading back to the outside world.

“How were so many people eliminated?” someone exclaimed in astonishment.

Roughly thirty thousand cultivators had entered the Ruins of the Gods this time.

Now, over half had been eliminated!

“Only one in ten survived. The rumors weren’t exaggerated. This Defending the Ring round from the last epoch is truly merciless....” Someone murmured with a sigh.

“And these are just the ones who were forced out. Who knows how many actually died in the Defending the Ring round. Compared to his, the second round, the Big Hunt, is said to be even bloodier...” someone else said with a furrowed brow.

The Ruins of the Gods were connected to the Heaven’s Chosen Battle held every hundred thousand years by the Central Immortal Court in the previous epoch. According to legend, it was the most brutal selection trial of that epoch!

“What?!” Suddenly, an enraged voice boomed out from a majestic figure bathed in layers upon layers of radiant dao light.

It was a middle-aged man with a dignified presence, flowing beard, and a god-like demeanor. Threads of immortal laws wove around him, and his aura was as mighty as the heavens.

Nan Feidu!

An immortal cultivator from the Nan Clan.

At that moment, all the Nan Clan members lowered their heads, their expressions bitter and heavy, as quiet as cicadas in winter. Before this, they had explained what transpired during the Defending the Ring, not daring to hide a thing.

When Nan Feidu received the news, it struck him like a bolt from the blue. The deaths of Nan Yongqiang, Nan Tianzheng, and Nan Tianba pained him deeply, but what enraged him the most was the utter defeat of the Nan Clan in this round.

Lin Xun had destroyed the Nan Clan's pursuit of the supreme secret treasure! Most humiliating of all, the Nan Clan had completely lost face in the Defending the Ring battle, and this disgrace could never be covered up.

Sure enough, murmurs were already spreading through the nearby crowd, all discussing how Lin Xun had single-handedly eliminated the Nan Clan's experts. Nan Feidu's old face could no longer maintain its composure, turning an unsightly shade.

"Brother Feidu, there's no need to be upset. No matter how arrogant Lin Xun may be, he's doomed this time."

A calm voice came from the distance. It belonged to a tall and slender woman in golden robes. A snow-white flying dagger gleamed between her fingers. Her jet-black hair was tied in a bun, revealing a face of stunning beauty. Pale golden threads of immortal laws coiled around her, making her look like a legendary, breathtakingly beautiful sword goddess.

She was Gu Lingzhen, an immortal cultivator of the Gu Clan. In the Seventh Heaven Domain she was a fearsome figure with a reputation that echoed far and wide.

“Hmph!”

Nan Feidu’s expression was dark and gloomy. Easy for you to say that, it wasn’t your Gu Clan that lost all its face!

Still, he understood what had happened could not be undone. All he could do now was wait. Once all this was over, he would have the chance to personally kill Lin Xun. Of course, that was if he managed to survive the Heaven’s Chosen Battle.

“The second round will take place in the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm. Those who successfully passed the Defending the Ring will take part in a new kind of hunt, where everyone is both hunter and prey.”

An old man in a gray robe slowly approached, riding a green buffalo. “The Big Hunt will last for three days. Only those who survive will earn the right to enter the third round, Challenge the Throne. In a bloodbath like that, it’s not certain that Lin Xun will survive.”

The old man had an air of sagely composure, and a pale violet jade ruler was resting in his hand. The green buffalo beneath him swayed its head gently, looking calm and docile.

Li Shangjun!

An immortal figure from the Li Clan.

“That boy’s cultivation is only at the eighth realm Supreme Emperor Stage, yet he was able to slay Emperor Ancestor-level figures relying solely on his own strength. That was a crushing defeat. Do you really believe someone like him could be killed so easily?”

Nan Feidu’s expression was dark and cold as water. “There’s no need to console me. It’s undeniable that this little bastard is monstrous and terrifying. But I’ll say this...you’d better be prepared. My Nan Clan was crushed. If your clans underestimate him, what will you do if your people face the same danger....”

Before he finished speaking, the breathtakingly beautiful Gu Lingzhen and the sage-like Li Shangjun both frowned. This old man, whose own clan had suffered such devastating losses, actually still had the audacity to hurl such sharp words at them.

“Everyone, let’s not make ourselves a laughingstock. Don’t forget that the purpose of our trip isn’t just the fortune here. In my opinion, no matter how many setbacks we face, as long as we capture Lin Xun, every loss and every effort will be worth it.”

Suddenly, a lean figure with graying hair and a youthful appearance strode over, standing atop a bloodstained sword sheath. A fierce and terrifying aura radiated from him.

Yun Jiuwei!

An immortal figure of the Yun Clan.

He was a terrifying powerhouse whose cultivation and prestige surpassed even Nan Feidu, Gu Lingzhen, and Li Shangjun!

Chapter 2538 The Big Hunt Begins

Yun Jiuwei’s words brought the crowd to silence.

The supreme secret treasure within the Ruins of the Gods was undoubtedly tempting, but the reason these immortal figures had gathered was not for that reason.

Ultimately, they had only one goal—Lin Xun!

He was the successor of Fangchun Mountain, and the one who obtained the fortune of the Nirvana of Transcendence! If they could capture him, then everything else would pale in comparison.

.....

Great Emptiness Immortal Realm.

Deep within a mountain range that wound like a dragon, celestial mist lingered in the air. The surroundings were deathly still, deserted of life.

Although immortal energy permeated the land, not a single living being or divine herb could be found. It was like the ruins of a once-living world.

Clang!

An earth-shattering collision suddenly tore through the silence. Blinding divine light burst forth, soaring into the heavens. Mountains nearby collapsed into dust, and the void was shredded like paper beneath the storm of battle.

A spray of blood rained down, a sight that chilled the heart.

Lin Xun raised his sword and brought it down, cleaving a burly man in black armor in two. The domineering torrent of sword qi engulfed the opponent's escaping primordial spirit, annihilating it in an instant.

Exhaling a breath of turbid air, he swept his sleeve, collecting the spoils from the corpse before vanishing into the vast mountain range like a streak of light.

"That's the third."

Lin Xun flipped his hand, revealing a token made of immortal light. Upon its surface, three blood-red marks glowed like burning flames. It meant that the burly man he had just slain was his third recorded battle merit.

At this point, six hours had passed since Lin Xun had entered the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm and began the Big Hunt. He was growing increasingly familiar with the brutal rules.

Here, everyone was both a hunter and the hunted. In the end, it all came down to who survived, and who became someone else's prey.

This was the Big Hunt.

It would last for three days, and the more prey one killed, the greater the battle merit earned. When the second round ended, the accumulated merit would determine the rewards.

From what Lin Xun understood, in the Heaven's Chosen Battle of the previous epoch, the Big Hunt round was the bloodiest and most savage of all.

Those qualified to enter the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm were all ruthless elites who had survived Defending the Ring and won nine consecutive victories. Each of them possessed formidable cultivation, sharp instincts, and a wealth of ruthless experience. In terms of temperament, willpower, combat prowess, and real-world experience, they stood far above their peers. They were truly terrifying figures.

For instance, among the three opponents Lin Xun had slain, two were ruthless powerhouses at the eighth realm Supreme Emperor Stage and one was an Ancestor of a Path. All of them were exceptionally formidable, peerless figures in the Great Thousand Battle Domain.

However, the most terrifying aspect of the Big Hunt was that external powers were allowed in the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm!

This meant that the more trump cards and killing techniques one possessed, the more dangerous and deadly they became.

When Lin Xun slew his second opponent, he was caught off guard by the opponent's hidden killing move, leaving him with significant injuries.

Had he not immediately activated his divine ability, Time Stopping, to avoid the force of that killing move, he might have been severely injured or even slain!

"The Big Hunt lasts for three full days. Even a minor injury can be fatal if you can't recover in time..."

Lin Xun knew full well that even Ancestors of a Path would find their combat strength greatly diminished once injured. If they were targeted in such a weakened state, there would be no escape from a doomed fate.

“Avoiding direct confrontations whenever possible is the safest strategy...”

Lin Xun understood that to survive these three days, he had to keep a low profile. He wasn't afraid of battle, but instead he had to stay on guard against the deadly trump cards hidden up his opponents' sleeves.

In truth, he had no doubt that anyone qualified to enter the Big Hunt possessed terrifying trump cards and life-saving killing moves hidden up their sleeves.

Back during the Defending the Ring battles, Lin Xun had already collected six such trump cards imbued with forbidden power from Nan Yongqiang, Nan Tianzheng, and Nan Tianba.

Among them, three were secret treasures imbued with the power of immortal will. Once activated, although it couldn't rival the true might of an immortal, their destructive potential was enough to pose a lethal threat even to Ancestors of a Path!

Naturally, that meant even Lin Xun himself would be in danger if struck by one of them.

Unfortunately, the power of immortal will contained in those three treasures was left by immortals of the Nan Clan. Therefore they required the bloodline of the Nan Clan to activate. Outsiders could not use them at all.

However, the other three items did pique Lin Xun's interest.

The first was the Heaven-Shifting Talisman, a powerful escape artifact. Once activated, it could teleport its wielder thousands of miles away in an instant, even from within a deadly encirclement.

Upon closer inspection, Lin Xun sensed faint threads of spatial law within the talisman's aura. It was subtle and profoundly mysterious.

The other two items were a jade talisman and a corroded fragment of a blade.

The jade talisman bore the totem of the Spear of Many Changes. Its aura was obscure and terrifying. If crushed, it would unleash a deadly strike belonging to the Spear of Many Changes.

Though it couldn't rival the true Spear of Many Changes, it still posed a fatal threat to even Ancestors of a Path.

As for the rust-covered blade fragment, it radiated a faint trace of immortal aura. It was clearly a shard of an immortal-grade weapon. Lin Xun reckoned that if he were to unleash this treasure with full force, its power would be no weaker than the jade talisman etched with the totem of the Spear of Many Changes!

It wasn't hard to imagine that had the use of killing trump cards been permitted in the Defending the Ring, even Lin Xun would likely have paid a steep price to kill Nan Yongqiang and the others.

However, he also understood that during the Big Hunt, no one would use these trump cards lightly, unless it was a matter of life and death. After all, these items could typically only be used once, and everyone had only a limited number in their possession. Using one meant losing a potential lifeline.

Once depleted, they would have nothing left to rely on.

Lin Xun, of course, was not lacking in such trump cards. He still possessed three wisps of the extinguishing law flame. In addition, he had the divine ability Time Stopping, his five dao bodies, and several other trump cards he had yet to reveal.

Huh?

While flying through the void, Lin Xun suddenly detected several obscure and well-hidden auras rippling in the distance.

If not for his All-Seeing Eye, even his spirit sense would have missed them entirely. There were enemies lying in ambush ahead! And not just one!

Lin Xun narrowed his eyes and changed direction without hesitation. Since entering the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm, only six hours had passed, yet he had already encountered numerous enemies along the way.

Nearly all of them had acted in groups, clearly coming from the same faction. In such cases, his usual response was to avoid confrontation altogether.

It wasn't that he feared being surrounded, but once a battle broke out, if he failed to end it quickly, the shockwaves of combat would inevitably attract even more enemies. That was what worried him the most.

The group of hidden cultivators he had just detected clearly belonged to the same faction.

"It seems Lin Xun has noticed us."

A black-robed man concealed in the shadows frowned. "Elder, do we go after him?"

Seated beside him was a stunning woman draped in a sheer veil, graceful and brimming with charm. Her features were as tender and luminous as a young girl's, her skin creamy and soft and her eyes clear as autumn waters. Her every movement radiated a natural allure.

Most striking was her voluptuous figure, especially the ample, half-concealed swell of her snow-white chest, trembling ever so slightly and glistening with a seductive sheen.

Her beauty wasn't just skin-deep; it was bone-deep!

She was none other than Gu Banzhuang, an Emperor Ancestor-level figure of the Gu Clan.

"I've already locked onto his aura. No matter where he runs to, I can locate him right away."

Gu Banzhuang said lightly, brushing a strand of black hair behind her ear. The casual gesture radiated irresistible charm, causing the nearby Gu Clan experts to flush with heat. They hurriedly averted their gazes, struggling to steady their breath as their hearts pounded.

Gu Banzhuang cultivated a path rooted in the dao of seduction, and the higher her cultivation, the more terrifying and potent her charm.

In the Seventh Heaven Domain, a certain Buddhist Emperor Ancestor-level cultivator was renowned for his iron will and rock-like composure, but even he was bewitched by Gu Banzhuang and almost lost control of his dao heart.

One could imagine how terrifying her seductive power was.

“You little brats! I’ve already suppressed my cultivation, but you’re still so easily swayed. You clearly need more tempering.” She shot a sideways glance at the Gu Clan experts.

Immediately after, her expression turned serious and she said, “A few days ago, some cultivators who fought Lin Xun during the Defending the Ring spread word of his unparalleled strength. In the Battlefield of the Gods, he single-handedly slaughtered the old man Nan Yongqiang.

“Though I have my own methods to deal with him, we mustn’t underestimate our opponent. Relying solely on our Gu Clan’s power might not be enough.”

She lightly bit her luscious red lips, her starry eyes glimmering. “So I’ve decided...we’ll invite the Yun and Li Clans to join our operation. What do you think?”

One cultivator hesitated. “Isn’t that a bit excessive? Even if Lin Xun’s strength is heaven-defying, we have plenty of trump cards, enough to eliminate even Emperor Ancestors. Why should we fear him?”

Gu Banzhuang let out a sneering laugh, and the motion caused her ample snow-white chest to ripple slightly, nearly sending the hearts of the surrounding Gu Clan cultivators racing out of their chests. They quickly looked away again.

“We have our trump card, but so does Lin Xun. Don’t forget, he’s a successor of Fangchun Mountain, and he fought his way through all forty-nine Immortal Heavenly Passes. Do you think someone like him is easy to deal with? The Nan Clan has already fallen. I won’t let the Gu Clan repeat their mistake.”

By the end, a trace of solemnity surfaced between Gu Banzhuang’s brow. All the information and facts had made one thing clear: when dealing with Lin Xun, they could not afford the slightest carelessness, nor could they underestimate the power he wielded.

The tragedy of the Nan Clan served as a grim warning! At that point, none of the Gu Clan members dared voice another objection.

Without delay, Gu Banzhuang took action. Her slender, jade-like fingers closed gently around a communication token and crushed it.

Shua!

A dazzling streak of dao light shot into the sky like a rainbow, then burst like fireworks, scattering into radiant streams that disappeared in all directions.

Chapter 2539 Warning and Pursuit

The Great Emptiness Immortal Realm was vast, comparable to a large-scale world.

After the first round, Defending the Ring, only one in ten cultivators from the forty-nine Battlefields of the Gods survived and entered the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm, which was around two thousand in total.

The number might not seem particularly impressive at first glance, but it must be understood that every one of these survivors had achieved nine consecutive victories on the Battlefield of the Gods. Each was a true giant, a dominant figure on the path of the Emperor Stage. Some Emperor Ancestor-level beings among them were even as transcendent as gods!

It could be said that among these two thousand cultivators, the weakest was at the seventh realm supreme Emperor Stage. Of course, anyone at the seventh realm Supreme Emperor Stage who managed to secure nine consecutive victories had to be abnormally powerful!

Because of this, during this Big Hunt, not only did Lin Xun remain vigilant and cautious, but even the most arrogant and domineering figures who acted without fear in the outside world also chose to keep a low profile and restrain themselves.

This unquestionably made the atmosphere of the entire Great Emptiness Immortal Realm even more tense and perilous.

At that moment, after Gu Banzhuang activated the communication talisman, less than a quarter of an hour later, rays of fierce and brilliant light appeared in the distant sky. These lights tore through the void at incredible speed. In the blink of an eye, arrived at the mountain ridge where she and her group lay in wait.

Two factions had arrived: cultivators from the Li Clan and the Yun Clan. They gathered together, and there were over thirty cultivators in total. Combined with Gu Banzhuang's group, there were nearly fifty cultivators!

In a perilous place like the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm, such a formation was enough to send most cultivators fleeing in fear.

"Just to deal with Lin Xun, do we need three imperial clans to join force?" asked a man in black, who was the leader of the Li Clan group. He stood tall and straight as a spear, his face as flawless as sculpted jade. When his eyes opened and closed, it was as if the chaos of creation surged within them. Wisps of clear and turbid qi spiraled around him, adding to his terrifying presence.

Strapped to his back was a massive black axe nearly two meters long, its blade gleaming with deadly sharpness.

Li Henshui!

He was an Emperor Ancestor-level powerhouse of the Li Clan. In terms of strength, he surpassed even Nan Yongqiang and Gu Banzhuang.

Gu Banzhuang curled her lips into a soft smile. Her phoenix eyes shimmered with allure and her snow-white figure radiated a subtle yet lethal charm as she responded in a gentle tone,

“Brother Henshui, Nan Yongqiang and the others have already fallen. You may be powerful and unafraid of Lin Xun, but I’m terrified. I had no choice but to ask you and Brother Luohong for help.”

Her siren-like voice drifted through the air, brushing the heartstrings like an enchanting spell. Those who had just arrived felt their blood churn, their qi stir, and their mouths go dry with thirst.

This woman was a living calamity! Only one person remained completely unmoved.

It was Yun Luohong, the ‘Brother Luohong’ Gu Banzhuang referred to. He led the Yun Clan’s group and was also an Emperor Ancestor-level cultivator.

Dressed in robes whiter than snow, with a tall, commanding presence and eyes as cold as ice, he emanated a terrifyingly sharp aura. He stood like a divine sword piercing the sky and gazing down on all beneath the nine heavens.

“Where is the boy?”

Yun Luohong didn’t waste words. His voice was as sharp and resonant as a sword strike, as though it could pierce eardrums and rattle the soul.

“Want to discuss strategy?” Gu Banzhuang blinked, her eyes clear and limpid.

Li Henshui, dressed in black and carrying a massive axe, chuckled, “With the power of our three Immortal Imperial Clans, we could sweep the entire Great Emptiness Immortal Realm. What strategy is needed? We can just crush him.” His words brimmed with confidence and a sense of absolute superiority.

Yun Luohong remained silent, his expression cold and detached, showing no objection to Li Henshui’s proposal.

Gu Banzhuang thought for a moment, then flashed a smile so captivating it could topple kingdoms.
“Then...as you say. Follow me.”

With that, she turned and took the lead. As her graceful, enchanting figure glided away, many of those present felt their throats go dry and couldn't help but swallow quietly. Even the view of her back carried seductive allure, stirring endless imagination.

The combined force of Gu Banzhuang, Li Henshui, Yun Luohong and their followers was so vast and mighty that it was impossible to conceal. They had barely begun to act when cultivators along the way were alarmed and turned their attention toward them.

“The forces of three of the Donghuang's Four Clans have gathered together. Are they really going after Lin Xun?”

Some cultivators kept their distance, hearts trembling with shock.

“It must be. Only someone as fearsome as Lin Xun would force three Immortal Imperial Clans to mobilize so many troops. No ordinary opponent would warrant this kind of force.”

“It seems like the Nan Clan's crushing defeat has been a wake-up call. Those three Immortal Imperial Clans are not taking any more chances...”

“Lin Xun is truly terrifying. He singlehandedly wiped out the Nan Clan forces in the Battlefield of the Gods and forced them to bow their heads!”

Discussions erupted everywhere, but no one dared to linger. The moment they realized what was happening, all cultivators scattered far away, terrified of being caught in the crossfire.

After all, this was the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm. Here, everyone was prey! If they died at the hands of those Immortal Imperial Clans, it would be a death in vain.

As the crowd dispersed, the news swept across the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm like a storm!

Lin Xun's terrifying reputation had already taken root in everyone's hearts after the Nan Clan's defeat. Everyone knew that he was a peerless monster who could not be judged by conventional standards.

The Immortal Imperial Clans, Li, Yun, and Gu, were no less terrifying. Their combined power could sweep through the entire Great Emptiness Immortal Realm, leaving others trembling and fleeing at the mention of their name.

Now, a bloody catastrophe was about to erupt between Lin Xun and the three Immortal Imperial Clans. How could the world not take notice?

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In the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm, no cultivator ever stayed in one place for long. To survive here, one had to keep moving.

After all, no matter how formidable one's concealment techniques were, there were always opponents who wielded mysterious detection techniques. Once discovered, it would be far too late to flee.

Lin Xun was no exception. Earlier, the moment he sensed Gu Banzhuang's group hiding nearby, he left without hesitation. With a flash, he concealed his aura and slipped away into the vast landscape of mountains and rivers.

Not only to avoid potential ambushes, but also to hunt for prey of his own.

"Hm?" He suddenly halted in midair, his gaze fixed on the mountainside of a steep peak thousands of feet away.

Waterfalls thundered down, clear springs trickled, and ancient pine trees spread their roots. Not a single soul could be seen.

However, in Lin Xun's eyes, atop one of the pines stood a solitary figure.

The moment Lin Xun looked over, the figure also raised his head, meeting his gaze across the distance, and smiled faintly.

“Brother Lin, we meet again.”

Dressed in flowing white robes, with flowing black hair and an untamed aura, the man stood beneath a floating, seven-inch golden coffin hovering above his head. It was none other than Cang Fusheng!

He was a peerless and ruthless figure who had held the top spot on the wanted list for eight thousand years before Lin Xun set foot into the Great Thousand Battle Domain.

With his hands clasped behind his back, he stood beneath the ancient pine, exuding a proud, unapproachable aura and a domineering confidence as if he saw himself above all others.

“You want a fight?” Lin Xun asked.

Cang Fusheng shook his head. “If I wanted to fight, I wouldn’t waste words. I only came to warn Brother Lin there’s a murderous calamity heading your way. It’s said that experts of the Li, Yun, and Gu Clans have joined forces and are scouring the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm in search of you...”

Lin Xun raised his brows, slightly puzzled by Cang Fusheng’s intentions.

Cang Fusheng let out a soft sigh, “I simply can’t bear to see someone like you fall in the Ruins of the Gods. All I hope...is that you survive this calamity. Take care.”

With that, he turned to leave. It seemed that he indeed came only to deliver this warning to Lin Xun.

“Thank you,” Lin Xun called out after a pause.

Cang Fusheng waved a hand without looking back. “In the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm, there are foes far more terrifying than the Donghuang’s Four Clans. Brother Lin, be careful.”

With that, his figure disappeared into the distance.

“Existences more terrifying than cultivators from the Donghuang’s Four Clans...” Lin Xun narrowed his dark eyes.

A vast number of cultivators had entered the Ruins of the Gods this time. Although Lin Xun had remembered the hostile forces, he hadn’t looked into how many ruthless figures had taken part or what terrifying backgrounds they came from.

Now, Cang Fusheng’s warning forced him to finally confront this question.

It should be noted that Cang Fusheng had once held the top spot on the wanted list. After arriving in Chaotian City, he even left his name on the Mythic Rankings of the Battle Stele of the Domains.

A warning from such a peerless figure could only mean that in the Great Emptiness Immortal Realm were terrifying enemies he had completely overlooked!

Despite that, Lin Xun wasn’t in the mood to think deeply about all this right now. His attention was on the murderous calamity that Cang Fusheng had mentioned.

The Li, Gu, and Yun Clans actually joined forces? It seemed that the Nan Clan’s crushing defeat had put them on high alert. Now, they saw him as their greatest threat...

“Then let’s see who lives and who dies!”

A chilling light flashed through Lin Xun’s dark eyes. In the next instant, two of his dao bodies, Green Wood and Red Flame, sped off in the same direction.

His true body flew in another direction.

Moments later—

A group of figures streaked across the sky like divine rainbows and descended upon the location where Lin Xun had just stood. Leading them was none other than Gu Banzhuang.

Her beautiful eyes swept over the surroundings. She immediately frowned. "Something's not right. The kid's aura is spreading in two directions!"

"Looks like he sensed something. He must have used a clone. Can you tell which direction his true body went?" Li Henshui asked with a sharp gleam in his eye.

"If he used a clone, then both auras originate from the same source. There's no way to distinguish them."

Gu Banzhuang was very confident in her tracking abilities, but even she had to admit that this was a tough situation.

"Then let's split up." Yun Luohong said aloud, breaking his usual silence.

"Perhaps that's exactly what he wants. By splitting up, we're playing into his hands. Even if one of us catches his true body, the threat to him will already be halved."

A trace of gloom clouded Gu Banzhuang's face.

She had known from the start that Lin Xun wouldn't be easy to deal with, but she hadn't expected that even tracking him would turn out to be this troublesome!

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Gu Banzhuang's words made the atmosphere grow noticeably heavier. No one had expected Lin Xun to be this cunning.

"But mobilizing a clone would also weaken his true body, making him easier to kill." Li Henshui said after a thought, "Here's what we'll do. I'll lead a group together with Banzhuang and the others. Brother Luohong, you'll take the rest and head in another direction."

Yun Luohong said nothing, but Gu Banzhuang immediately objected. "It's better if I move with Brother Luohong and his group."

Li Henshui's expression darkened. "You don't trust me?"

Gu Banzhuang smiled sweetly and replied in a gentle voice, "Brother Henshui's strength alone is more than enough to handle anything. On the other hand, if Brother Luohong and I work together, we can ensure nothing goes wrong."

As she spoke, she tossed a piece of a pitch-black beast horn. "This is the life bone of a single-horned beast. With this treasure, you'll be able to track Lin Xun's aura."

Li Henshui caught it, turned it over in his hand for a moment, then snorted coldly. "Very well. Let's see who manages to hunt down that little bastard's true body!"

With that, he turned and led his men away.

"Brother Luohong, shall we get moving too?" Gu Banzhuang asked coyly.

Yun Luohong glanced sideways at her. "You really can't tell which direction Lin Xun's true body went?"

Gu Banzhuang gave a faint smile, "It's true I can't tell for certain, but I can still make a reasonable guess. With Brother Henshui's strength, they should have no trouble killing one of Lin Xun's clones. Meanwhile, you and I can work together to slay his true body. That way, all of his fortune will fall into the hands of our two clans."

Yun Luohong's expression didn't change, "If you dare to scheme against me..."

Gu Banzhuang quickly cut in, "I swear, I wouldn't dare harbor such thoughts."

Yun Luohong nodded silently, and without another word, led the Yun Clan's cultivators forward.

Gu Banzhuang followed close behind with her group, but a faint smile tugged at her lips.

She had not told Yun Luohong that the direction Li Henshui was heading toward was the one most likely to hold Lin Xun's true body!

Her reason for doing this was simple.

She was deeply wary. She had learned a great deal about Lin Xun's feats and had long recognized him as an extremely dangerous foe.

At first, she had indeed planned to combine everyone's strength to deal with Lin Xun.

However, when she noticed his aura fleeing in two separate directions, she realized that he most likely had detected their pursuit.

In this situation, the safest strategy was to have Li Henshui and the others test Lin Xun's strength first. In other words, she planned to kill with a borrowed knife.

As for the so-called fortune on Lin Xun...she didn't care at all.

Even if they managed to seize such a fortune, it would ultimately be handed over to the Donghuang Clan. The Donghuang's Four Clans would never even have the chance to lay a finger on it!

As for whether Li Henshui might blame her later, she wasn't particularly concerned. She had already made it clear that there was no way to tell which direction Lin Xun's true body had gone.

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During the pursuit, a member of the Li Clan couldn't help but speak up, "Elder, don't you think Gu Banzhuang might have another agenda?"

However, Li Henshui just chuckled, his eyes glinting. “That sly woman may have plenty of tricks, but she wouldn’t dare betray us over something like this. If my guess is correct, the one we’re chasing is most likely just one of Lin Xun’s clones.”

“Elder, if that’s the case, then even if we kill Lin Xun’s clone, we gain nothing. Isn’t this all just a waste of time?”

The Li Clan members all showed looks of frustration and indignation.

“Don’t worry, Lin Xun is no easy opponent. In my view, there’s no way Gu Banzhuang and the others will be able to kill him anytime soon.”

A flicker of pride crossed Li Henshui’s face. “But we’re different. Once we’ve dealt with his clone, we can regroup with Gu Banzhuang and the others. And if she really dares to claim all the credit...well, we’ll see whether our Li Clan is willing to accept that.”

His words instantly put everyone at ease.

Buzz—

An hour passed.

The black beast horn in Li Henshui’s grip suddenly began to buzz with a strange vibration. His eyes flashed sharply as he raised a hand.

“Prepare for battle!”

The group immediately halted in midair.

This was a vast, undulating mountain range, shrouded in drifting celestial mist that floated like clouds between heaven and earth. At a glance, it seemed boundless and desolate.

Guided by the horn's sensing, Li Henshui immediately cast his gaze toward the depths of the mountains, where a low, barren peak stood. It was bare and unremarkable. However, as an Emperor Ancestor-level cultivator, he sensed a faint, nearly undetectable fluctuation of restriction power!

It was extremely subtle, almost formless. Without the beast horn's guidance, even Li Henshui would've doubted whether he could detect the faintest ripple of restriction power.

"Everyone, stay alert. Even if this is only a clone, we absolutely can't take it lightly. We mustn't let the boat capsize in the gutter." Li Henshui warned via voice transmission.

As he spoke, he quietly unstrapped the massive two-meter-long axe from his back, gripping it with both hands as he began to circulate his qi to its peak.

Nineteen Li Clan cultivators stood around him. Each was a battle-hardened veteran, steeped in blood and war. Without needing any orders, they had already begun circulating their cultivation silently.

"Move out!"

With that command, Li Henshui shot toward the depths of the mountain range. The others followed close behind, moving swiftly and soundlessly through the void like a pack of shadows.

Unfortunately for them, all this was being watched by a pair of eyes.

Thousands of miles away, deep beneath a river, Lin Xun sat in silence. An array plate hovered in his hand, casting a curtain of light that clearly displayed the figures of Li Henshui and his men.

"It's time for the first harvest." Lin Xun quietly rose from the bottom of the river, his eyes deep and unfathomable.

At first, after receiving Cang Fusheng's warning and becoming aware of the looming murderous calamity, he had opted for a strategy of misdirection.

He first had his true body and clone act separately to create confusion for the enemy and divide their forces. By doing so, he could significantly weaken their overall threat.

What he set up now was a trap.

On a quiet peak deep within the mountains, he laid down a restriction array and left behind a wisp of will to act as bait. Meanwhile, he hid at the bottom of a river thousands of miles away, using the array plate to communicate with the formation and monitor every move of the enemy.

If the enemy's numbers were overwhelming, he would retreat without hesitation. However, if their strength posed no great threat, then this trap would become the true murderous calamity, delivering a fatal blow!

Clearly, in Lin Xun's eyes, Li Henshui's group posed no serious threat. Therefore, he decided to close the net!

Thousands of feet from the foot of the low peak, Li Henshui and his group silently came to a stop and spread out in a wide arc, sealing off all escape routes.

"When I give the order, strike the mountain with full force. Understood?" Li Henshui sent a voice transmission, his eyes flashing with killing intent.

At this moment, he felt a mix of nervousness, excitement and anticipation. Even if the target was most likely a clone, it was still Lin Xun, the ruthless figure who had once made the Nan Clan suffer a crushing defeat.

The surrounding Li Clan experts all nodded solemnly, ready to strike.

"Attack!"

Taking a deep breath, Li Henshui suddenly swung the two-meter-long axe in his grasp.

Boom!

A blinding arc of axe light surged upward. It stretched for thousands of feet, tearing through the sky with a roar. Wrapped in a tide of green lightning, vast and majestic, it came crashing down upon the low peak.

Even before the attack landed, strange and eerie visions erupted into existence. The chanting of divine scriptures and the wails of ghosts echoed throughout the void. One could imagine how terrifying this strike was.

At the same moment, more than a dozen Li Clan experts leapt into action.

Boom!

The world descended into chaos, engulfed in a torrent of destruction. Blazing dao arts erupted in every direction, intertwined with the overwhelming might of Emperor-grade weapons, surging like a heavenly river breaking its banks and flooding from all sides.

From a distance, it seemed as though the sky and earth had been set ablaze!

There was no way to describe the devastating might of this all-out attack. The mountain disintegrated in an instant, reduced to endless ashes. The surrounding world collapsed into ruin, as if erased by the hand of heaven.

Boom!

A thunderous roar shook the nine heavens, echoing across all directions. A raging torrent of power surged like a landslide and tsunami, threatening to wipe out the boundless mountains and rivers.

After a long while, the billowing clouds of dust and smoke began to dissipate.

“With an attack like that, forget a clone, even Ancestors would be obliterated instantly. No one could possibly survive it...” Li Henshui said, the corners of his lips curling faintly.

Then, in the very next instant, that smile froze on his face. His spirit sense swept across the area. The low peak that was once shrouded in restriction power had indeed been annihilated, and even the earth beneath had been blasted into a vast, bottomless abyss.

Despite that, there wasn't a single trace of Lin Xun.

Even if he had died, some remnants of him should have remained

Now, the ruined land was nothing but emptiness!

“Elder, it doesn't seem like Lin Xun's clone was ever there.” One of the members of the Li Clan finally muttered, unease thick in his voice as all of them began to realize the same thing.

“But this black beast horn clearly pointed to this location...”

Li Henshui frowned and flipped his palm to reveal the black horn gifted by Gu Banzhuang.

It was at that moment—Buzz!

The black horn suddenly let out a violent buzz, as if it had been triggered by some unknown force.

Then came a shrill scream that pierced through the air.

A Li Clan cultivator standing nearby abruptly exploded without warning, flesh and blood splattering in all directions, and body and spirit utterly obliterated!

This was a seasoned Ninth Realm Ancestor who had won nine consecutive victories in Defending the Ring. His cultivation was deep and profound, far beyond the reach of most ordinary supreme Emperors.

Yet even someone like him was caught off guard and died instantly!

The suddenness of it sent chills down the spines of Li Henshui and the others. Their scalps tingled as a wave of dread swept over them. They realized something was very wrong.

Before they could even react, another terrifying change erupted on the scene.