Prodigies 2671

Chapter 2671 Giant Black Axe

“Martial Uncle Mo, did you notice something?” Ling’er, dressed in a light blue long robe, couldn’t help but ask. Her beautiful eyes shimmered with curiosity.

“Perhaps his identity,” Mo Lanshan replied with a nod. “If it’s really him, then Chunjun may have met his match.”

Ling’er and the others were visibly startled.

The jade-robed man said, “Martial Uncle, Senior Brother Chunjun is a leading figure of our Ninth Peak. He was born with the Fire Virtue Dao Body and was brought into the sect by Master when he was just nine. In only five hundred years of cultivation, he’s already reached the Supreme Ancestor Stage. Currently, within our Ninth Peak, his strength ranks in the top three, and across all nine peaks, he’s among the top twenty.

“How could anyone in this Sixth Heaven Domain possibly rival him?”

The jade-robed man was Huang Muji, also a disciple of the Ninth Peak of the Origin Sect Ancestral Court. Of all his fellow disciples, the one he admired most was Senior Brother Chunjun.

“That’s right, Master once said that if Senior Brother Chunjun hadn’t set his sights on walking the most perfect immortal path, he could’ve ascended to immortality a hundred years ago with his foundation alone!” The man in scholarly robes with a wide belt and stern expression spoke. “So how could that person possibly compare to Senior Brother Chunjun?”

His name was Meng Haochen.

“There’s always someone stronger, and always a higher sky above. Who can say for sure? Still, Martial Uncle Mo, what makes you think that friend could stand toe to toe with Senior Brother Chunjun?” asked a carefree young man with a lazy posture and a grin.

His name was Zhuo Lin. Meng Haochen, Zhuo Lin and Huang Muji were all disciples of the Ninth Peak.

“Yes, Martial Uncle Mo, please tell us.” Ling’er asked in a soft, inquisitive voice.

Her full name was Qin Ruoling. She was the youngest member of the Ninth Peak, but also the most favored because her father was the peak master of the Ninth Peak.

Mo Lanshan smiled faintly, “When Chunjun returns, ask him yourself...you’ll understand then.”

Everyone fell silent. Martial Uncle Mo is seriously...frustrating. Even now, he has refused to spill anything.

However, this only made them all the more curious. Just who exactly was that young man earlier? Why would someone like Martial Uncle Mo treat him with such regard?

.....

Rumble!

The surging restriction laws churned like a vast ocean. Heaven and earth were thrown into chaos as countless restriction dao runes flowed in the air, giving rise to endless tribulations of slaughter.

This Mystic Forbidden Realm turned out to be far more terrifying than Lin Xun had anticipated. Various types of restriction laws intertwined with one another, forming this perilous and boundless realm.

Along the way, he identified six entirely distinct kinds of restriction laws, including the aura of the Sealing Execution law! That discovery made his eyes brighten. It proved that the Sealing Execution law spirit had yet to be subdued by that Senior Brother Chunjun of the Origin Sect Ancestral Court!

Lin Xun had entered this realm for one purpose only: the Sealing Execution law spirit. According to Mister Lu, this law spirit had long integrated with the very fabric of the Mystic Forbidden Realm. It was said to be incredible and among the nine types of restriction laws found here, it was the most unique.

Sensing the vast restriction power blanketing heaven and earth, he continued forward. The Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron floated by his side, rising and falling with thunderous rumblings, helping to neutralize the devastating impacts along the way. Without it, his current cultivation would not have been enough. He would have died countless times already!

“Huh?”

After half an hour, Lin Xun suddenly noticed a region far off to his left, where a vast and terrifying aura pervaded the air. It was an unmistakable source of law power. There was no doubt that the source of a restriction law power was buried in that location!

He hesitated briefly, but ultimately decided to keep moving forward. He couldn’t afford to waste time...not with the possibility that Senior Brother Chunjun might seize the Sealing Execution law spirit before he did.

Therefore, he journeyed onward for another two hours. Along the way, he came across three distinct types of restriction law source auras, each brimming with its own unique wonders. Unfortunately, none of them was the source of the Sealing Execution law.

“These restriction law powers haven’t been subdued yet. Does that mean that Senior Brother Chunjun’s goal is the same as mine?” Lin Xun frowned slightly and quickened his pace.

Half an hour later, the scenery before him suddenly shifted. He stepped into a vast, boundless world that had been completely transformed by restriction law power. Despite that, it felt indistinguishable from the real world.

Towering mountains stretched into the distance, the skies were boundless, and the void itself was suffused with a primordial aura. It was only upon entering this restriction world that Lin Xun felt the aura of the Sealing Execution law grow overwhelmingly strong.

“The Sealing Execution law spirit must be here!”

Lin Xun took a deep breath and was just about to begin his search when a violent clash rang out in the distance. Startled, he looked up. Then he couldn't help but twitch the corner of his mouth. Sure enough, the last thing he wanted to happen had happened...

With a shake of his head, he moved toward the sound. Before long, beneath the skies, a tall, slender figure like a solitary pine was locked in fierce battle with a massive, pitch-black axe.

The black axe radiated astonishing might. With each swing, it unleashed billions of Sealing Execution laws, which transformed into layer upon layer of restriction arrays that shredded the void to pieces.

The force radiating from the black axe crushed mountains into rubble and sent clouds of dust billowing across the sky. It was terrifying beyond words.

"Is that the Sealing Execution law spirit?" Lin Xun gasped in surprise. He had never imagined that the law spirit would take the form of a giant axe. It was utterly different from Wushuang, who resembled a pure and innocent maiden.

In addition, Mister Lu had never told him the Sealing Execution law spirit would be an axe...

At once, Lin Xun's gaze was drawn to the tall and elegant figure. He wore plain robes and had a lean, elegant figure. His features were only slightly handsome, and his long black hair was tied into a simple bun.

In contrast to his appearance, his presence was remarkably unique. His demeanor was as calm and steady as a mountain, yet his combat style was wild and explosive like fire, creating a powerful contrast that left a lasting impression.

Lin Xun could tell at a glance that this man was also a supreme Emperor Ancestor. However, he was unlike any other supreme Emperor Ancestor he had seen before. The power he commanded was terrifying, and his presence even more awe-inspiring. Every movement radiated the majesty of a sovereign marching to war, exuding a proud disdain for all beneath him!

It was the bearing of invincibility, an unshakable confidence that one could walk proudly on the Emperor's path and sweep aside all opposition!

“The disciples of the Origin Sect Ancestral Court truly live up to their reputation. I’ve never witnessed such a presence in my entire life...” Lin Xun murmured, visibly moved.

He had cultivated for countless years and fought his way from the Great Thousand Battle Domain to the Sixth Heaven Domain. Long ago, he had stopped paying attention to cultivators at the same cultivation stage as him. Even supreme Emperor Ancestors like Qi Lingyun and Zhongli Xiao from the Eighth Heaven Domain were no match for him.

Now, he unexpectedly sensed a kind of kinship from this successor of the Origin Sect Ancestral Court. It was like a strange feeling that ‘his dao had finally met its match’. Without a doubt, this was the Senior Brother Chunjun mentioned earlier by those Origin Sect Ancestral Court disciples!

However, Lin Xun also noticed that in this battle, Chunjun was not relying on his own cultivation. Instead, he was using a powerful treasure to contend with the black axe. It was a short bronze spear. With each swing, it surged with crystal-clear flames of law, glowing with a vivid crimson light.

Each time it clashed with the axe, the spear exploded in blazing showers of flame that seemed to burn the heavens, producing a sharp metallic sound that shook the soul.

Lin Xun instantly recognized that the bronze spear was a mystic artifact capable of borrowing law power and that law power was not ordinary at all. It was likely a ninth grade Heaven Rank law connected to fire!

“He’s far from ordinary...” Lin Xun murmured, inwardly impressed. For the first time in many years, he felt pressure from someone in the same cultivation stage.

However, instead of fear or wariness, he felt exhilaration. After years of standing invincible, it had been lonely!

What did it feel like to be lonely at the top? Lin Xun didn’t understand it before, but ever since reaching the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage, he had begun to taste that bitter loneliness.

Now, he finally realized he wasn't alone. He wouldn't face the same dull solitude as before anymore. He couldn't help but wonder if members of the Origin Sect were already this powerful, then the Spirit Sect, Zen Sect and the Shaman Sect must also have quite a few 'peers' for him.

Suddenly, a change occurred in the distant battlefield. The black axe locked in fierce combat with Chunjun abruptly turned into a beam of light and tore through the void, vanishing without a trace.

"It escaped again? Hmph, let's see how many times you can run."

Chunjun, dressed in a plain robe, didn't seem surprised. He casually put away the bronze spear and was about to pursue when his gaze shifted. He looked toward the distance and saw Lin Xun.

When their eyes met across the void, all of heaven and earth seemed to fall silent. A formless pressure rippled outward like a deep undercurrent.

"Fellow Daoist," Chunjun spoke first, his voice clear and resonant, echoing across the land, "Are you also here to subdue the Sealing Execution law?" A strange look crossed his face as he studied Lin Xun.

In his eyes, Lin Xun stood calmly in the distance, his expression composed and his gaze indifferent. His pupils were still and undisturbed like a tranquil ancient well. Chunjun even found himself unable to see through him.

"That's right." Lin Xun replied bluntly. "On my way here, I ran into some of your fellow sect members. If I'm not mistaken you must be Chunjun?"

Chunjun nodded, realization dawning on his face. "So you've already met Martial Uncle Mo and the others. My surname is Ye...Ye Chunjun. May I ask your name, Fellow Daoist?"

"Lin Daoyuan." Lin Xun answered.

The name was completely unfamiliar to Ye Chunjun, and he couldn't help but feel a hint of surprise.

A supreme Emperor Ancestor from the Sixth Heaven Domain?

Why haven't I heard of him before?

After a moment of thought, Ye Chunjun said calmly, "Fellow Daoist Lin, since we're both after the Sealing Execution law spirit, I suppose that makes us rivals."

"It would seem so." Lin Xun said with a faint sigh, "It's clear Brother Ye won't give up, and I have no intention of backing down either. That leaves only one path before us."

"Brother Lin, your candidness speaks to my heart," Ye Chunjun chuckled, his eyes bright with excitement. His voice rang clear as a bell, echoing across the area. "In that case, I look forward to exchanging pointers with you."

There was a trace of deeply restrained pride in his expression, a look of suppressed yet unmistakable superiority and unshakable confidence!

Chapter 2672 Three Fate Blades

Lin Xun stepped into the void and ascended. Standing tall amidst the billowing sea of clouds, he looked toward Ye Chunjun from afar and said calmly, "How shall we decide the victor?"

Ye Chunjun thought for a moment before replying, "Since we're only contending for a fortune, there's no need to fight to the death. Whoever loses gives it up, how about that?"

"Agreed." Lin Xun nodded.

Ye Chunjun seemed slightly surprised by how readily Lin Xun agreed. Smiling, he said, "Brother Lin, why do I get the feeling you can't wait to begin?"

Lin Xun blinked in surprise, "Am I? When one finally meets a worthy opponent, their heart itches to fight."

Ye Chunjun let out a hearty laugh. “It seems Brother Lin has been without a worthy rival at this stage of cultivation for quite some time. In that case, how about we compare our respective cultivation?”

Lin Xun replied offhandedly, “Naturally.”

Ye Chunjun raised an eyebrow, chewing over the word ‘Naturally’ in his mind.

How confident must one be of their own cultivation to utter that so casually?

Even knowing that I come from the Origin Sect Ancestral Court, he remains so calm and composed. This Lin Daoyuan...is certainly no ordinary supreme Emperor Ancestor.

In that moment, he too felt the same sense of kinship Lin Xun had felt upon seeing him earlier.

It was at this moment that he understood the other man’s earlier words, ‘When one finally meets a worthy opponent, their heart itches to fight’. It was not an overbearing arrogance, but instead a will born from the depths of the heart!

Such a mindset was undoubtedly an invincible will tempered through countless life and death battles that had long fused into his bones. It was also why he could remain so calm and composed.

“Very well. Today I shall face Brother Lin with everything I have on the Supreme Path!”

Ye Chunjun’s eyes shone like stars, and the mind that had been tranquil as an ancient well suddenly roiled with surging battle intent. His entire presence transformed. His robe whipped in the wind as blazing stars began to gather around him, making him seem like the sovereign of a realm of burning stars!

Boom!

The world seemed to turn on its head. With a single step Ye Chunjun tore through the sky and appeared before Lin Xun, striking out with a palm.That fair, slender hand suddenly expanded into a vast cosmos. Countless stars blazed and exploded within it, unleashing waves of terrifying destructive force.

The might of that palm was truly devastating! A flicker of interest lit Lin Xun's eyes. Just as he had sensed, his opponent possessed astonishing mastery at the Supreme Ancestor Stage. This was evident in that single palm strike.

With that thought, Lin Xun too struck out with a palm. That palm was like a surging abyss, obscure and unfathomable. In an instant, it collided with the opponent's strike and an earthshaking torrent of power erupted between them.

The surrounding void burst apart again and again, sending shockwaves spreading in all directions. The terrifying aura of ancestor laws surged fourth, shaking the nine heavens.

Boom!

The two figures crossed paths in midair, then halted, standing tall in the void, facing one another. Their invisible fighting spirits clashed, flooding heaven and earth with a bone-piercing murderous aura.

"Brother Lin is indeed extraordinary."

Ye Chunjun's heart trembled. With his current cultivation, he ranked among the very best of the Origin Sect's successors in the same cultivation stage, even if he could not truly be called invincible.

According to the sect elders, aside from the Origin Sect, only the Spirit Sect, Zen Sect, and Shaman Sect within the entire Eternal True Realm had figures capable of rivaling him.

Now, in the Rowdy Demon Sea of the Sixth Heaven Domain, he had unexpectedly encountered an extremely formidable opponent who was clearly not from the Four Great Ancestral Courts, yet his strength was in no way inferior to some of their top successors.

“Brother Ye, you and I have roamed this cultivation stage for many years. Since we seek to decide the victor then there’s no need to probe further. Let’s fight with all our strength.” Lin Xun said calmly.

That earlier exchange had already made him realize that defeating Ye Chunjun would be no simple matter, but that only made him all the more excited. As he had said, he had been invincible for too long. Finally, he had met a worthy opponent.

What fortune!

“Agreed.” Ye Chunjun smiled faintly. A blazing divine flame lit his eyes, and his aura surged higher and higher until his entire figure was wreathed in fire and his presence turned fierce and unrestrained.

“Brother Lin, I walk the path of the blade. Watch closely!”

Boom!

As Ye Chunjun strode through the air, heaven and earth quaked and the void beneath his feet caved in and shattered. In his hand, a gleam of blade light emerged, condensing into a dazzling, razor-sharp blade.

It was like a Buddhist monk’s blade, like the blade of authority in a sovereign’s hand, and like a sacrificial blade. It was a fusion of the essence of all blades beneath the heavens.

The blade is the dao!

Dense Ancestor-level laws condensed into a crystal-clear, snow-white divine flame that wreathed the weapon, emanating a domineering, earth-shattering power.

Shua!

When Ye Chunjun swung the blade, it was like splitting bamboo. In an instant, it descended toward Lin Xun’s head in a single, cleaving stroke.

A terrifying scene unfolded. As the blade came slashing down, the sun and moon lost their light, the stars grew dim, and all the brilliance in the world seemed to be gathering onto the descending blade.

“The blade is the dao!”

All of a sudden, a sound like myriad gods chanting scripture erupted between heaven and earth, as if declaring that this blade carried the will of the dao itself, and that no force under heaven could stop it at all!

It was terrifying beyond doubt. As the blade light descended upon him, Lin Xun’s eyes lit up and his fighting spirit surged to its peak.

Buzz!

At that critical moment, the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron appeared before him, intercepting the strike.

The blade let out a clear, resonant hum as white flames burst forth, shaking the cauldron violently. That power was so terrifying that it sent Lin Xun’s blood and qi roiling violently. However, his excitement only grew. This Ye Chunjun is indeed a worthy opponent!

Even with his strike blocked, Ye Chunjun remained unruffled. His movements grew more deliberate, and the blade in his hand let out a heaven-shaking roar before cleaving out again.

Though his appearance was unremarkable, in battle, he radiated a proud, unyielding might. His presence was peerless, and every move was bold and unrestrained, like a blaze sweeping across the world.

At this moment, with the blade in hand, he seemed about to slaughter and annihilate all heavens! In moments, the blazing fire-like blade light had nearly engulfed the spot where Lin Xun stood. Blade light blazed across all directions; the dao surged through all realms!

Blade is the dao!

Lin Xun no longer held back. His tall figure radiated an unfathomable dao light, deep as abyss, vast as hell. His cold eyes flashed like lightning, and his black hair danced wildly in the air.

Boom!

The sword cauldron soared into the sky, heralding the start of a fierce battle. Its advance was unstoppable, brimming with the might of a divine being.

As the battle raged on, Lin Xun grew more and more composed and calm, like an ancient well untouched by ripples, with a bright moon overhead and silver water cascading down, each drop of water perfectly round. The fighting intent around him burned fiercer and more condensed. Every strike he unleashed carried the might to sweep across the heavens and crush all before it.

He had stood proudly at the pinnacle of the Ancestor Stage for far too long, waging countless battles in this cultivation stage without ever tasting defeat! The appearance of Ye Chunjun had without question ignited his battle spirit.

“Brother Lin, I created the Emperor Scripture, the Fire Virtue Fate Dao. Within it lies the Three Fate Blades, forged by fusing my innate talent with every drop of my blood and sweat. Do you dare face them?” Ye Chunjun called out mid-battle, his voice loud and clear. The longer they fought, the more exhilarated he became. His every movement was unrestrained and blazing with confidence.

At this moment, Lin Xun gave him the unmistakable feeling of having met a lifelong rival, stirring his heart and setting his fighting will ablaze.

“Why wouldn’t I?” Lin Xun chuckled, his voice echoing across the battlefield.

“Good!”

In Ye Chunjun’s hand, the blade transformed once again, concentrating all light into its tip. The single point shone like the first ray of dawn at the birth of the world, a brilliance that illuminated all creation. The killing intent it radiated was so fierce that the surrounding mountains and rivers crumbled like brittle paper.

Lin Xun's eyes narrowed. The aura of fate? No!

This is different from the fate shackles within Xia Zhi's body. Could this be the secret of his Fire Virtue Fate talent?

Interesting!

With that thought, Lin Xun drew a deep breath, and his entire aura suddenly transformed, condensing into a deep abyss like primordial chaos.

Vast, boundless, and unfathomable.

Immeasurable! Indescribable!

At that moment, Ye Chunjun's blade swept down through the air.

"The past cannot be pursued!"

The condensed light on the blade seemed to defy the barriers of space, shooting straight for Lin Xun as if to pierce his body and sever all of his past cultivation. It was an unfathomable strike, touching upon the mysteries of fate. It was beyond terrifying.

Even Lin Xun was momentarily shaken.

With a single thought, the sword cauldron soared into the air, scattering billions of rays of light, reflecting the myriad daos of the heavens and unfolding the countless laws of the world. It radiated an aura that seemed ancient, eternal, and utterly unshakable. This was the ultimate manifestation of the Great Dao Furnace Art, which Lin Xun had poured his essence, blood and soul into!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

As the tip of the blade slashed down, the sword cauldron erupted with a torrent of divine flames, causing explosions so deafening they seemed to shatter the mind and soul. Their echoes resounded across the nine heavens.

However, no matter how domineering or fierce this strike was, it was stopped cold before the cauldron, unable to advance even an inch.

“The present cannot be held!”

Ye Chunjun’s aura shifted again. The aura of annihilation, slaughter, and utter destruction gathered upon his blade. The once white divine flames turned pitch-black like ink.

It was a darkness as deep as eternal night, threatening to drag the entire world into darkness and silence, and bury it in everlasting ruin. This blade strike was even more terrifying than the last.

Rumble!

The world formed by restriction power plunged into chaos. Ink-like darkness engulfed everything, swallowing light, shadows, and even the sight of Ye Chunjun’s blade itself. The darkness was silent, yet it burrowed into the heart.

At that moment, Lin Xun and the sword cauldron transformed once more, becoming a true abyss swirling in the void, releasing a terrifying aura of annihilation and devouring power. When the darkness descended, it was like plummeting into an abyss, being consumed and ground away piece by piece!

Darkness was like night, able to engulf all things under heaven and bring all phenomena of the world to a silent end. Now, the darkness sank into the abyss for eternity!

Boom!

In an instant, the boundless darkness shattered, and light returned to heaven and earth. Suspended in the void, the abyss remained, the one and only constant.

In the far distance, Ye Chunjun's expression had grown solemn, his eyes blazing as bright as the sun. The second blade was neutralized just like that. The sight struck him to the core.

"The great dao is as deep and profound as the abyss, integrating and refining the myriad daos. Brother Lin, your methods are as if you've seized all the fortunes of the cosmos!" he exclaimed, awe in his voice and not a hint of restraint in his praise.

The means that Lin Xun had displayed were indeed too remarkable and unbelievable!

However, almost immediately, his aura shifted once more. He tapped the blade in his hand with a finger, and a clear, resonant hum rang out. "Next is my third blade, my proudest strike in this lifetime. Please enlighten me, Brother Lin!"

Chapter 2673 The Future Cannot Be Hoped For

Ye Chunjun's voice faded into silence. From his body, vast, surging, divine flames erupted, swirling upward like a blazing sea before condensing into an ancient and mysterious totem. It blazed like the sun, radiating a supreme aura, as though it was the very source of all fires.

Boom!

As he lifted the blade in his hand, that ancient totem descended and merged with it. In an instant, the sharp edge seemed to come alive, exuding an awe-inspiring divine might.

The qi of fire virtue!

In the eyes of cultivators, fire virtue was a heaven-bestowed gift as it was a strand of innate fate and luck granted at birth. Among millions, those born with the Fire Virtue Dao Body were rarer than phoenix feathers.

Ye Chunjun was one such anomaly. Born with the power of fire virtue, he had ascended to the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage. Through extraordinary comprehension and unwavering perseverance, he created the Emperor Scripture, Fire Virtue Fate Dao.

It was an Emperor scripture born from the flawless fusion of his innate talent and cultivation. It could even be said to be unrivalled throughout the ages! At this moment, he was pouring every drop of that innate fire virtue power into his blade.

One could well imagine the boundless might that would erupt when his third strike was unleashed!

Boom!

The heavens and earth seemed to be overturned, the sun and moon losing all brilliance. In that moment, Ye Chunjun blazed like the sole source of light in existence. His radiance was so fierce it could strike terror into gods and demons!

In the distance, Lin Xun's eyes shone with a deep, piercing light. Feeling the crushing pressure sweep toward him, an irrepressible surge of anticipation rose in his heart. The blade had yet to descend, but it was already clear that this was the ultimate embodiment of Ye Chunjun's cultivation, a peerless strike tempered by his blood, sweat and tears!

Perhaps, as he had said, this was indeed the proudest strike of his life!

Clang!

A long, melodious hum rang out, as though echoing from the ancient times, carrying a power that struck straight into the soul.

"The future cannot be hoped for!"

Robes billowing in the wind, Ye Chunjun stepped into the air like a blade immortal, his bearing both ethereal and unshakable. He brought the blade down lightly. The strike was casual, simple, and without any flourish.

However, when it descended, it felt as if the soul was torn apart, the mind split open and the body destroyed. This was no ordinary strike but a divine judgment from the heavens. It was as though the great dao itself was wielding a peerless blade!

This was no longer a dao art in the ordinary sense. It was a strike that condensed his talent, essence, spirit, will and courage into one, merging his entire cultivation and wisdom into a single slash!

Under heaven, all creation faded into insignificance. Only this blade, divine as an immortal and transcendent as a god, descended upon the world.

The next moment, the blade strike that could shake heaven and earth and make even ghosts weep was blocked by Lin Xun.

Clang!

A deafening crash, sharp enough to burst eardrums, resounded through the nine heavens. Twin waves of blade qi erupted outward, shattering the sky and splitting the earth.

Despite that, even such a blow could not break the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron's defense. However, that terrifying force did jolt Lin Xun's rock-steady figure. His blood and qi churned violently as he staggered back one step.

The void beneath his feet collapsed with a thunderous boom, a shockwave rippling outward. Lin Xun could not help but exclaim inwardly. What a powerful blade!

In the distance, the torn void revealed Ye Chunjun's tall and elegant figure. Now, his expression was one of stunned disbelief.

The future cannot be hoped for!

This was the ultimate embodiment of his cultivation. When unleashed with his full strength, even his senior brothers and sisters who ranked above him in the Origin Sect had no choice but to avoid its edge. Even if they could endure it, they would pay a heavy price!

At the Supreme Ancestor Stage, the differences in cultivation between opponents were extremely subtle, and combat strength was often difficult to gauge. However, Ye Chunjun had never imagined that

Lin Xun, who was at the same cultivation stage as him, would block his strike without dodging or retreating.

From start to finish, he stood his ground, immovable as a mountain, and forcefully neutralized the strike.Furthermore, he had emerged without the slightest injury!

A faint ripple passed through Ye Chunjun's unshakable dao heart. After a long, strange silence, he couldn't help but sigh softly and said with a wry smile, "Brother Lin's mastery at this realm is truly remarkable."

Lin Xun's gaze was deep and bright. "Do you have more?"

Ye Chunjun's third strike had made him feel a pressure that he had not experienced in years from a peer of the same cultivation stage.

Ye Chunjun blinked in surprise, the corner of his lips twitching before he answered, "No more."

Then, he noticed a faint frown creasing Lin Xun's brow, followed by a fleeting trace of disappointment in his expression. That look made someone as proud and conceited as Ye Chunjun feel both amused and helpless.

Immediately, his expression turned solemn. "Brother Lin, you have witnessed my Three Fate Blades, but this battle is not yet over. I wish to see your most powerful strike."

At that moment, a shadow of hesitation passed over Lin Xun's face before he finally nodded. "Alright."

Ye Chunjun couldn't fathom the reason for that hesitation. Lin Xun would never tell him that whether he used the Time Stopping or the Gate of Exile, this fight could have been decided instantly.

He had no desire to suppress such a worthy opponent with a single move. After all, such a rival in the great dao was incredibly rare!

The next moment, Lin Xun's bearing shifted dramatically. He stepped into the air, striding toward Ye Chunjun. With every step, the oppressive force grew stronger. At first, Ye Chunjun thought little of it, but before long, his expression gradually turned grave as he realized that Lin Xun's aura was climbing at a terrifying rate.

By the end, his body stiffened, and his mind was subjected to an invisible pressure. He drew a deep breath, his robes snapping in the wind, and he unleashed his own cultivation to its fullest. His gaze became firm, and his bearing calm and resolute.

Lin Xun had blocked his Three Fate Blades. He refused to believe that he could not withstand his opponent's strongest attack!

When the distance between them closed to a hundred feet, Lin Xun suddenly stopped, curled his fingers into a fist, and without a sound, unleashed a punch.

Boom!

The world seemed unable to bear the force of this punch. Space collapsed, chaos surged, and a devastating aura rushed forth as if to devour all creation. From afar, it was like watching the sovereign of the divine realm strike, wielding the power to erase the world!

A sharp sense of danger flooded Ye Chunjun's heart. Without hesitation, he unleashed the full might of his blade. A resonant hum tore through the nine heavens. However, even with his power pushed to the limit, the suffocating pressure did not ease.

His expression shifted. Without hesitation, he activated an extremely profound defensive secret art.

Then, something unexpected happened. A figure appeared on the battlefield without warning, and with simply a flick of his sleeve, an immortal-like brilliance bloomed and instantly neutralized Lin Xun's strike.

Rumble!

Divine light erupted and the fist force dissipated. However, the figure could not help but let out a soft cry of surprise. This punch's power had far exceeded his expectations, leaving him faintly astonished.

Lin Xun frowned, withdrawing his hand.

In the distance, Ye Chunjun called out in shock, "Martial Uncle Mo, what..."

The figure who suddenly intervened was none other than Mo Lanshan, the white-haired elder in yellow robes with a feather fan.

He smiled. "Forgive the interruption, but time is short. We should leave at once."

Ye Chunjun felt a pang of confusion. Even if they were pressed for time, was there a need to cut things short now?

Mo Lanshan had already turned to Lin Xun and asked, "Little friend, what do you think?"

Lin Xun replied indifferently, "Since Elder has stepped in, you must have your reasons. What I think hardly matters."

Mo Lanshan caught the wariness and faint displeasure in Lin Xun's tone, but he showed no irritation. Instead, he smiled slightly and said, "Then what if I told you to give up the law spirit here and leave?"

Lin Xun furrowed his brow. After a brief silence, he answered, "Elder, you've already shown mercy by not making a move against me. How could I fail to recognize such kindness? Farewell."

With that, he turned to leave.

"Brother Lin, wait!" Ye Chunjun called after him.

Lin Xun stopped. "What is it?"

Ye Chunjun's expression flickered, then he let out a soft sigh, "I lost this battle. By our agreement, I should forfeit the law spirit."

Lin Xun looked surprised, turning to face him. "If you do that, Elder will be put in an awkward position."

The words carried a faint edge.

However, Mo Lanshan smiled and said, "Chunjun's mind is open and upright and he acts with integrity. I'm more than pleased, how could I possibly be in an awkward position."

Pausing, he gave Lin Xun a meaningful look. "It's you, little friend, who seems to have quite a bit of anger pent up in your heart."

Lin Xun replied calmly, "It's only natural to feel anger. After all, I came here to subdue the law spirit. But with you here, I know this fortune has nothing to do with me anymore. Since you haven't killed me, no matter how unwilling I am, I can only accept it with thanks."

Mo Lanshan's eyes lit up with admiration as he said, "You know when to advance and when to yield. With such a mindset, you are indeed worthy of being a successor of Fangchun Mountain."

Lin Xun narrowed his eyes slightly, then quickly composed himself. It was not surprising that someone like Mo Lanshan, an ancient monster with unfathomable power, could see through his identity.

He just couldn't discern this man's stance toward Fangchun Mountain successors. After all, in the Eternal True Realm today, the Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain had vowed to wipe out all successors of Fangchun Mountain one by one.

Mo Lanshan said, "Little friend, if I told you that the law spirit here was left behind by an old fellow from our Origin Sect Ancestral Court, what would you think?"

Lin Xun raised an eyebrow. In this situation, what could I possibly think?

Of course, he dared not even think too much about it, and dare not even ask. What else could he do?

Mo Lanshan seemed to read Lin Xun's mind at a glance and said, "This Mystic Forbidden Realm is a land of innate primal chaos. Long ago, that old fellow from our Origin Sect ventured here, leaving behind the Sealing Execution law spirit under his control. His purpose was to allow it to refine and absorb the innate primal chaos energy of this realm, so as to achieve its own primal chaos transformation.

"And now, I've brought Chunjun and the others here, partly to temper their cultivation, and partly to retrieve the law spirit for that old fellow."

Hearing this, Lin Xun found himself somewhat convinced. With Mo Lanshan's identity and ability, if he really wanted to claim the law spirit, there would be no need for so many explanations. Even so, disappointment was inevitable.

"If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave." Lin Xun bowed and turned to leave.

However, Mo Lanshan called out to stop him.

Chapter 2674 Mysterious Visitor

"Little friend, in three years' time, the Origin Sect Ancestral Court will openly recruit disciples," Mo Lanshan said with a smile, "If you wish, I can recommend you."

Ye Chunjun's eyes lit up. "Brother Lin, I look forward to meeting you again at the sect. It would be even better if you joined the Ninth Peak!"

Lin Xun was taken aback for a moment before replying, "I'll give it some thought."

Mo Lanshan nodded, sending a jade pendant floating toward him. "If you're interested, present this when the time comes."

Lin Xun glanced at the jade pendant engraved with the words: Mo Lanshan, Ninth Peak Training Elder.

“Thank you.” He cupped his fists in salute, then turned to leave.

Ye Chunjun opened his mouth to speak again, but Mo Lanshan stopped him. “Let him go. You’ll meet again sooner or later.”

Ye Chunjun said, “If someone like him joined the Origin Sect Ancestral Court, he would surely shine with unmatched brilliance.”

Mo Lanshan chuckled, his voice tinged with emotion, “None of the Fangchun Mountain successors are ordinary. You’ll understand in time.”

As he spoke, he drew out a sealed beast skin scroll and unfurled it in mid-air.

Boom!

In an instant, a towering, godlike figure stepped forth from the scroll. Draped in a black robe and with long flowing violet hair, he was shrouded in surging immortal laws. His presence was utterly terrifying.

“Old Monster Yan, you should come collect your things yourself,” Mo Lanshan said.

The majestic figure nodded, lifting a hand in a casual wave. Far away beneath the sky, a colossal black axe came roaring toward him. Ye Chunjun instantly recognized it was the law spirit he had coveted earlier.

Now, the massive black axe landed docilely into the man’s grasp, like a tamed beast.

“Thank you, Old Mo.”

As his voice faded, his body dissolved into a stream of dao light and vanished back into the beast-skin scroll.

Mo Lanshan put away the scroll and muttered, “That Old Monster Yan...utterly perfunctory. Doesn’t even put a shred of sincerity into his thanks. He’s completely cold-hearted.”

Ye Chunjun couldn’t help but ask, “Martial Uncle, was that...the pavilion master of the Origin Sky Pavilion, one of the three great pavilions?”

Mo Lanshan nodded. “Who else but that old lunatic could cultivate to the point where only a wisp of his primordial spirit remains?”

Ye Chunjun inhaled sharply.

The Origin Sect Ancestral Court was divided into Nine Great Peaks, each led by its own peak master and successors, representing the sect’s nine branches. And above these nine peaks stood the three great pavilions: the Origin Sky Pavilion, the Origin Emptiness Pavilion, and the Origin Clarity Pavilion.

These three were the oldest divisions of the Origin Sect Ancestral Court and regarded as the three pillars of its foundation. Only those who had attained immortality were qualified to join their ranks!

Furthermore, this Old Monster Yan was none other than the master of the Origin Sky Pavilion!

He was called Yan Ji, an almighty figure within the Origin Sect Ancestral Court. He was like a dragon whose head may be glimpsed but whose tail is never seen, a being rarely seen and shrouded in unfathomable mystery.

Ye Chunjun had heard that Pavilion Master Yan Ji had stepped into the Transcendence Immortal Stage long ago, wielding powers beyond imagination! Never in his wildest dreams did he expect that the Sealing Execution law spirit hidden within the Mystic Forbidden Realm had been left here by Pavilion Master Yan Ji himself ages ago.

Thinking of this, he couldn't help but sigh, “Even if Brother Lin had obtained the Sealing Execution law spirit, I fear he wouldn’t have been able to keep it.”

Mo Lanshan said, “Losing it wouldn’t be the real problem. However, if he took something that belonged to Old Monster Yan and ended up drawing that man’s attention...that would be truly disastrous.”

Ye Chunjun said, “Still, I could tell he was rather displeased when he left.”

Mo Lanshan replied casually, “When he understands the truth, he’ll realize I silently saved him from a calamity.”

As he spoke, he flicked his sleeve, and the figures of Huang Muji, Meng Haochen, Zhuo Lin, and Qin Ruoling appeared out of thin air.

“Senior Brother Chunjun, you won?”

The moment her gaze fell on Ye Chunjun, Qin Ruoling asked quickly, her voice soft and pleasant to the ear. Huang Muji and the others also looked on curiously.

“I lost,” Ye Chunjun replied, calm and forthright.

“You...”

Qin Ruoling and the others froze, eyes widening in disbelief. Ye Chunjun gave a bitter smile. “Why look at me like that? A loss is a loss. There’s nothing to be surprised about.”

“That guy is that strong?”

“Impossible. When did such a monster appear in the Sixth Heaven Domain?”

“Could he be from one of the other three Ancestral Courts?”

Ye Chunjun remained composed, but Qin Ruoling and the others could not. They were all shocked and agitated. Their senior brother was ranked among the top three of the Ninth Peak. How could he lose to someone of the same cultivation stage who had appeared out of nowhere?

It was a truth they found hard to accept.

“Martial Uncle Mo, you already knew, didn’t you?” Qin Ruoling asked.

The others turned their eyes toward him as well. From the moment he first met Lin Xun, Mo Lanshan had remarked that Ye Chunjun had met his match this time.

Now, that prediction proved true. Mo Lanshan smiled. “If you knew his name, perhaps you wouldn’t be so surprised.”

“What’s his name?” Qin Ruoling’s curiosity deepened.

“Lin Xun.”

“Lin Xun?!”

Qin Ruoling, Huang Muji, and the others were stunned before realization struck. They recalled all the sensational events that had shaken the Eternal True Realm in recent years and the wanted Fangchun Mountain successor who was hunted by many Immortal Imperial Clans.

“Him?”

It seemed almost unreal. The legendary Lin Xun was ferocious, cold-blooded, and ruthless. He had carved a bloody path from the Great Thousand Battle Domain to the Eternal True Realm, from the First Heaven Domain all the way to the Sixth Heaven Realm. His hands were stained with blood.

Who could have imagined that this peerless murderer would turn out to be the calm, composed, and striking young man they had met earlier? Realization also dawned on Ye Chunjun. “Lin Xun...Lin Daoyuan...so it was him.”

At once, he asked, “Martial Uncle, I still don’t understand why you stopped the spar between us?”

Mo Lanshan patted Ye Chunjun’s shoulder. “You’ve suppressed your cultivation for many years, waiting for the right moment to make a steady breakthrough into the Immortal Stage. At a time like this, your state of mind must not be disturbed.”

Ye Chunjun’s expression grew complicated. “Martial Uncle...were you worried that losing to Lin Xun’s strongest attack would leave a shadow in my heart?”

Mo Lanshan did not deny it. Qin Ruoling and the others exchanged glances.

After a long silence, Ye Chunjun finally said in a low voice, “I’m not afraid of losing. But it’s clear that, in Martial Uncle’s eyes, I was certain to lose that battle...”

Seeing this, Mo Lanshan realized things were taking a bad turn and quickly explained, “I was just being cautious. I never actually thought you would lose.”

Ye Chunjun let out a sigh, “Martial Uncle, I know you meant well, but this only makes me feel worse. Losing is one thing, but knowing I was destined to lose is another.”

Mo Lanshan slapped his own forehead and said with a wry smile, “Blame me for overstepping. If I knew this would trouble your heart so much, I never would’ve intervened.”

Ye Chunjun shook his head, his eyes resolute. “Martial Uncle, don’t blame yourself. If the opportunity arises, I’ll challenge him again to another duel. Even if I lose, I’ll lose without regrets!”

Qin Ruoling blurted out, “Then Martial Uncle, hurry and go catch that guy and make him fight Senior Brother Chunjun again.”

Mo Lanshan was indeed tempted, and he secretly began pondering how to invite Lin Xun back. Ye Chunjun was speechless, then said with a helpless smile, “Junior Sister, don’t be ridiculous. If Lin Xun doesn’t come to the Origin Sect in three years, I’ll go find him myself.”

After this incident, Qin Ruoling, Huang Muji, Meng Haochen, and Zhuo Lin all etched Lin Xun’s name firmly into their memories.

At that moment, something seemed to occur to Mo Lanshan. With a confident smile, he said, “Don’t worry, I can guarantee that kid Lin Xun will most likely become a member of our sect. Just wait and see.”

.....

Shortly after Lin Xun left, the vast Mystic Forbidden Realm that loomed over the Rowdy Demon Sea faded.

Watching from afar, he could only smile wryly. Despite all his planning, he never expected the Origin Sect Ancestral Court would beat him to it.

With someone like Mo Lanshan overseeing the situation, even Immortals from the Sixth Heaven Domain would be powerless, let alone him, a mere supreme Emperor Ancestor.

“Nine kinds of restriction law power...” Lin Xun thought bitterly, but there was nothing he could do. After all, they were from the Origin Sect Ancestral Court...

Still, he didn’t hold any grudge. Competing for fortunes had always been like this. Not every opportunity was meant to be yours. Moreover, Lin Xun believed Mo Lanshan’s explanation.

If the Sealing Execution law spirit truly belonged to a powerful figure of the Origin Sect, then even if he got his hands on it, it would’ve been a burden, like holding a hot coal. What was even more remarkable was that Mo Lanshan, despite being an unfathomable Immortal, never once acted overbearing or aggressively, nor did he try to force Lin Xun into a dead end.

On the contrary, he even gave Lin Xun a jade pendant, intending to recommend him to the Origin Sect Ancestral Court. It was this kind of grace and open-heartedness that made it impossible for Lin Xun to bear any resentment.

On that same day, he left the Rowdy Demon Sea.

Half a month later...

Dragon Ridge Mountain Range.

Upon returning, Lin Xun immediately sensed something unusual. The entire mountain range was blanketed in a strange, duel-layered law power. It was none other than the aura of the cursed law power!

“Mister Lu actually refined the cursed law a month ahead of schedule?” Lin Xun couldn’t help exclaiming, but he also felt a sense of relief

The cursed law was a fourth grade Heaven Rank law power. It was strong enough to enable the Luo Clan to migrate to the Seventh Heaven Domain and establish a firm foothold!

Furthermore, even if they chose to remain in the Sixth Heaven Domain, no one would dare provoke them anymore! While deep in thought, Lin Xun flew toward the Dragon Ridge Mountain Range. The journey was smooth and unhindered.

However, before he reached Jianjia Peak, his grandfather, Luo Xiao, came rushing over and delivered a piece of news. A few days ago, a distinguished guest had come to visit Lin Xun. They were now waiting at Jianjia Peak, with Lu Boya personally receiving them.

As for who it was, Luo Xiao only smiled mysteriously. “You’ll know once you see them.”

Lin Xun’s curiosity was immediately piqued. He was certain that since Mister Lu was receiving them personally, the ‘guest’ couldn’t possibly be an enemy.

But who could it be?

While pondering, Lin Xun quickened his pace. When he reached the summit of Jianjia Peak, he saw two figures seated at the edge of a cliff where ancient pines swayed gracefully in the wind. They sat across from each other at a stone table, leisurely sipping tea and chatting.

One of them was Mister Lu.

The other...

When Lin Xun saw the figure, his eyes widened with shock, and an expression of disbelief spread across his face.

Chapter 2675 Updates on Senior Brothers and Sisters

The sea of clouds swirled, and the ancient pines swayed gently in the wind. At the stone table, a figure sat with breathtaking grace, as if she had stepped out of a painting.

Though dressed as a man, her beauty was unmistakable. She wore a pink robe embroidered with delicate rose-cloud patterns, and her long black hair was pinned up with a simple hairpin. Her fair, oval face was so stunning it could take one's breath away.

She had naturally alluring phoenix eyes, soft rosy lips, brows like brushstrokes untainted by mortal paint, skin as fair and smooth as cream, and a figure both slender and graceful. In that moment, she sat with effortless ease, her gaze wandering, radiating a carefree grace and unrestrained elegance.

She had the bearing of an immortal fairy and the flawless form of a divine jade beauty! Anyone who laid eyes on her would be utterly dazzled. That kind of presence and beauty was one of a kind.

When she saw Lin Xun approach, she stood up and called out with a smile, "Junior Brother, it's been so many years. You've grown even more handsome. Come, let me take a good look at you." Her voice was clear and bright, carrying a natural softness and magnetic quality.

The woman was none other than Jun Huan, a successor of Fangchun Mountain, known by the phrase: 'The path becomes empty in an instant, the path of the sword is the most elegant'

As she spoke, she strode over to Lin Xun with her fair and slender hands clasped behind her back. Her phoenix eyes scanned him up and down as her rosy lips curled into a faint smile. She was as picturesque as a painting, and as ethereal as a fairy.

“Senior Sister, you...” Lin Xun was caught completely off guard. He had never imagined that the mysterious guest who had come to visit him at the Luo Clan would turn out to be none other than his senior sister, Jun Huan!

“Surprised?” Jun Huan blinked her eyes, her smile as refreshing and ethereal as rain-kissed petals.

Lin Xun nodded with a broad grin. “Very surprised.”

After the great battle against the Nameless Esteemed Emperor, he had parted ways with his fellow disciples from Fangchun Mountain. At that time, he had just stepped into the Supreme Quasi-Emperor Stage on Mount Heedless.

Now, he had become a supreme Emperor Ancestor whose name shook the Eternal True Realm!

So many years had passed. He had fought across the stars, traversed endless lands, journeyed through the Great Thousand Battle Domain, and carved a bloody path all the way to the Sixth Heaven Domain.

Time and again, he had wondered when he would see his senior brothers and sisters again. He had also been worried deeply about their safety. After all, he heard that the Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain viewed the successors of Fangchun Mountain as a threat and were intent on wiping them out.

What he never expected was to reunite with his senior sister Jun Huan at the Luo Clan! How could he not feel overwhelmed with joy?

Jun Huan clearly noticed the happiness in Lin Xun’s expression and was deeply moved. “In recent years, every time news of you reached us, which of us of Fangchun Mountain wasn’t left astonished and emotional?”

She thought back to their first meeting. Lin Xun had just left the Ancient Wasteland Domain and had begun his journey across the vast starry sky. At that time, he had only just undergone the Saint Path Ritual and cultivated to the pinnacle of the Big Saint Stage.

Now, that same youth had become a supreme Emperor Ancestor who had slain countless Immortals! The past and present were worlds apart!

“Xun’er, I’ll leave you two to catch up.” Not far away, Lu Boya rose with a smile and turned to leave.

“Senior Sister, please have a seat.” Lin Xun stepped forward and personally poured a cup of tea for Jun Huan.

As she gracefully took her seat, her phoenix eyes curved into crescent moons as she looked at the busy Lin Xun. “Junior Brother, stop fussing around and sit down already.”

Lin Xun chuckled and took his seat, “Senior Sister, how did you know I was here?”

“You’re famous now in the Sixth Heaven Domain. Finding you wasn’t difficult,” Jun Huan teased, a sly smile playing on her lips.

Lin Xun was speechless for a moment, then said, “Senior Sister, I’ve carried many questions in my heart over the years. This time, you have to answer them.”

Jun Huan bit her lip lightly, a hint of awkwardness flashing in her eyes. “Some things can be answered, but others...maybe not. For example, if you asked whether I like you...wouldn’t that be too embarrassing?” She gave him a playful wink, her limpid eyes filled with teasing mischief.

“Then let me ask,” Lin Xun said with a smile, “Senior Sister, is there already someone you’ve set your heart on?” He was no longer as clueless about such matters. A verse drifted into his mind: Her smile is enchanting, her eyes captivating.

Jun Huan let out a soft sigh, her gaze setting on Lin Xun. “Those who admire me could form a line from the First Heaven Domain to the Ninth, but the only one to ever catch my eye...stands right before me.”

She was a beauty beyond compare, radiant and graceful. Even dressed in men’s attire, her every movement brimmed with charm. At this moment, as she gazed at Lin Xun, her shimmering eyes were tinged with rare shyness. That expression was simply spellbinding.

Lin Xun quickly looked away and cleared his throat. “Senior Sister, the person in front of you is me. You’re not saying I’m...the one, are you?”

Jun Huan said seriously, “Haven't you heard the saying? The moon reflected in the sea is the moon in the sky; the one before your eyes is the one in your heart.”

Lin Xun stared blankly.

Jun Huan burst into laughter. “Hey, I’m just teasing! Don’t take it so seriously.”

The corners of Lin Xun’s mouth twitched. “I figured.”

Jun Huan let out a playful laugh and said teasingly. “What’s this? Are you trying to make a move on your senior sister?”

Before he could say a word, she narrowed her beautiful eyes and added, “I must say, you’ve got good taste. Unlike Senior Brother Pu Zhen, that blockhead. Every time we meet, he goes on about how I’m neither male nor female, neither human nor demon, and insists I start dressing like a proper woman. Isn’t that infuriating? If you ask me, he won’t ever find a partner in his life.”

Lin Xun asked curiously, “Senior Sister, there’s nothing wrong with a woman disguising herself as a man, but is there a reason behind it?”

Jun Huan tilted her head. “Junior Brother, do you want to see me dressed as a woman?”

Lin Xun replied without hesitation, “Of course, Senior Sister, you’re already so beautiful even dressed as a man. If you returned to women’s attire, you’d be even more breathtaking.”

Jun Huan gently tapped Lin Xun’s forehead with her soft, fair fingers. “Beauty is like a bubble, rouge and powder fade to bones. This fleshly shell is nothing compared to the true great dao. That’s what the old monks of the Ancestral Hall of Buddhism said long ago.”

Lin Xun chuckled. “But I’m not a monk.”

Jun Huan let out a chuckle as well, then her expression turned serious. “I made a vow long ago. Unless I meet a man I truly like, I’ll never dress as a woman again.”

Lin Xun was taken aback. “So Senior Sister would only dress as a woman if she meets the right person?”

Jun Huan hummed in agreement.

“Then I’ll be looking forward to the day Senior Sister finds her special someone.” Lin Xun said with a smile.

Their conversations flowed naturally without a trace of awkwardness. They laughed and chatted with ease like siblings. During the conversation, he learned a great deal.

Ever since their eldest senior brother and third senior sister had journeyed through the starry skies and arrived at the Eternal True Realm, they had lingered briefly in this Sixth Heaven Domain. Afterward, they proceeded to the Seventh Heaven Domain.

More than ten years ago, a group of senior brothers, including Eldest SeniorBrother Combat Emperor, Fifth Senior Brother Blazing Jun, Eighth Senior Brother Clairvoyant, Eleventh SeniorBrother Pu Zhen, Twelfth Senior Brother Shen Yan and Thirteenth Senior Brother Li Xuanwei departed together for a place known as the Taiyu True Realm.

According to Jun Huan, the Taiyu True Realm was said to contain a great fortune tied to the path of Transcendence. The group had gone there in pursuit of that elusive opportunity.

Meanwhile, she and several other senior disciples, including Fifteenth Senior Brother Qing Ting, Sixteenth Senior Sister Cheng Yu, Nineteenth Senior Brother Xue Ya, Twentieth Senior Brother Well Moon, Twenty-Second Senior Brother Lancang Armor, and Twenty-Fifth Senior Brother Xiangliu Ruler, remained behind in the Seventh Heaven Domain.

Upon hearing this, a thought struck Lin Xun. He asked, “Senior Sister, after all these years, you’ve never once told me your ranking in the sect. Whenever I asked the others, they either avoided the question or gave vague answers. Isn’t it time you finally told me?”

Jun Huan’s exquisitely beautiful face flickered with changing emotion. Then she said irritably, “It’s just a ranking. Is it really that important?”

Lin Xun said, unrelenting. “If it’s not important, then why not tell me?”

Jun Huan stared at Lin Xun for a while, but seeing that he wouldn’t back down, she finally gave in. Gritting her teeth, she spat out two words through her rosy lips, “Thirty-eighth.”

“Three eight?”[1]

Lin Xun repeated, his expression turning a little odd. But the moment he caught sight of the murderous gleam in Jun Huan’s eyes, he immediately straightened up and said solemnly, “Senior Sister is right. It’s just a ranking. Not important at all.”

However, Jun Huan couldn’t bear it. She reached out and flicked Lin Xun’s forehead hard. With a cold snort, she warned, “Don’t ever bring up rankings in front of me again, or I’ll smash your head.”

She rolled up her sleeves and raised a threatening fist. Lin Xun broke into a cold sweat and he didn’t even dare to cry out. Smash my head? Senior Sister Jun Huan really is terrifying...

It was also then that he suddenly noticed something. Senior Sister Jun Huan, who was seated across from him, emanated an aura so faint it bordered on nothingness. There was no sign to read or discern her cultivation level.

“Senior Sister, have you become an Immortal?” he couldn’t help but ask.

“Of course,” Jun Huan replied casually, taking a sip of tea. “The Eternal True Realm is far superior to the Ancient Nebula Road. I reached the Heavenly Longevity Stage three years after arriving here. Just recently, I broke through to the Nirvana Spirit Stage. That kind of pace...not too shabby, right?”

Pu!

Lin Xun spat out a mouthful of tea. Not too shabby?

Jun Huan said with a smile, “Young man, no need to make such a fuss. Aren’t you underestimating your senior brothers and sisters a bit too much? Back in the primeval era of the Ancient Nebula Road, we had already set foot on the Emperor Path. But ever since then, our cultivation has been suppressed, trapped for ages, unable to break free.

“To be blunt, among the disciples of Fangchun Mountain, which of us doesn’t have the foundation and talent to reign over an era? Even someone like Senior Brother Pu Zhen is only slow in heart and lacking in insight, and not in cultivation.”

A hint of pride flashed across Jun Huan’s brows. “Think about it, after being suppressed for so long, once it erupts one day, that kind of potential...how could anyone else possibly compare?

“Take our eldest senior brother, for example, on the very day he arrived in the Eternal True Realm, it was as if all the shackles binding him shattered at once. In a single leap, he broke through the threshold of immortality. And in just three days, his cultivation soared to the Nirvana Spirit level. Now...that is what it means to defy the heavens!”

Lin Xun couldn’t help but inhale sharply. He never imagined his senior brothers and sisters to be this formidable. Perhaps it was just as Senior Sister Jun Huan had said. Back in the Ancient Nebula Road, the Fangchun Mountain successors had seemed as though bound in heavy shackles.

However, after arriving in the Eternal True Realm, those shackles vanished without a trace, and the potential, cultivation, and power that had been suppressed for countless years erupted and ascended in an unprecedented transformation!

The greater the suppression, the fiercer the eruption!

Chapter 2676 Face Off Against the Ten Immortal Giants

Lin Xun was indeed taken aback. However, after calming down and reflecting on it, he realized it was only natural.

Take himself, for example. He had only cultivated for just over a hundred years, yet ever since leaving the Ancient Nebula Road and stepping into the Great Thousand Battle Domain, his cultivation had been climbing rapidly.

Now, he was already just a step away from the immortal path. Furthermore, within Fangchun Mountain, which of his senior brothers and sisters could be called ordinary?

Just look at his fourth senior brother Ling Xuanzi. He possessed peerless talent, unmatched aptitude, and the most heaven-defying foundation. Even when suppressed in a place like the Return Dominion, he was still able to seize the opportunity to achieve immortality. How terrifying was that?

Other senior brothers and sisters, such as Ruo Su, Li Xuanwei, Xue Ya, might not be as monstrously gifted as Fourth Senior Brother, but any one of them could stand alone and dominate an entire region with their terrifying foundations.

As for Eldest Senior Brother...even someone as proud as Fourth Senior Brother held genuine respect for him!

In addition, most of them had already stepped into the Emperor Stage during the primeval era. Having been suppressed for countless years in the Ancient Nebula Road, how could the potential they unleashed possibly be comparable to that of ordinary cultivators? In short, the successors of Fangchun Mountain couldn’t be measured by common standards.

Just then, another question surfaced in Lin Xun's mind. He couldn't help but ask, "Since most of my senior brothers and sisters have already ascended to the Immortal Stage, why are they still lying low? Are the Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain really that formidable?"

Jun Huan's expression turned serious. "Junior Brother, don't underestimate those Immortal Giants. Each one has deep, unbreakable ties to the Ninth Heaven Domain. In other words, standing behind them are the Eternal Divine Clans!"

Lin Xun nodded slowly. "I've heard about them."

"You haven't truly understood the Eighth Heaven Domain," Jun Huan said, "What you've seen is just the surface, and what you've heard is just rumors."

She continued, "Long ago, Master once used the Eighth Heaven Domain as a passage to reach the Ninth Heaven Domain, but he was obstructed by the Ten Immortal Giants. Even with his cultivation, it took him many years to subdue them one by one and force them to bow their heads."

At this point, Jun Huan let out a sigh, "But that was all he could do. According to Master, defeating them all at once wasn't impossible. However, the price would be enormous, so great that even he might not be able to bear it."

Lin Xun's expression changed slightly and his heart trembled violently. In his heart, his master, the Lord of Fangchun Mountain, was like a supreme deity. Despite that, even he could only force the Ten Immortal Giants to bow their heads back then!

It was easy to imagine just how terrifying the foundation of these Immortal Giants must be.

"These past years, we've chosen to lie low not only to further strengthen ourselves, but also to prepare for something." Jun Huan said, "Third Senior Sister is in charge of this now, and it has reached a critical juncture."

The image of his gentle, graceful, and beautiful third senior sister Ruo Su surfaced in Lin Xun's mind. He couldn't help but ask curiously, "What is it?"

Jun Huan lightly pursed her lips, a faint smile tugging at their corners. “We plan to face off against the Ten Immortal Giants and see who comes out on top.”

Her voice was soft and magnetic, but the words struck his heart like thunder.

Face off against the Ten Immortal Giants!

“Eldest Senior Brother and the others have already gone to the Taiyu True Realm to seize a great fortune. According to Senior Brother Clairvoyant’s deductions, if all goes well, within a hundred years, Eldest Senior Brother, Fifth Senior Brother, and Eleventh Senior Brother will achieve true Transcendence on the immortal path, the final stage of the immortal realm.”

Jun Huan continued, “This will be our key trump card in the upcoming confrontation with the Ten Immortal Giants. Meanwhile, Third Senior Sister and the others will be entering the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court.”

Lin Xun was taken aback. “The Spirit Sect?”

Noticing the confusion in his expression, Jun Huan explained, “It’s a long story. Simply put, both the Origin Sect and Spirit Sect are considered neutral forces. However within both sects, there are factions affiliated with the Ten Immortal Giants.

"What Third Senior Sister and the others need to do is first gain a firm foothold in the Spirit Sect, then gradually root out the influence of the Ten Immortal Giants from within.”

Realization dawned on Lin Xun. Still, he asked in concern, “But if we do this, will the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court allow it?”

Jun Huan smiled. “The forces behind the Four Great Ancestral Courts are far more formidable than those behind the Ten Immortal Giants.

“This concerns the power dynamics among the Eternal Divine Clans of the Ninth Heaven Domain. All you need to know is that the Ten Immortal Giants show deference to the Four Great Ancestral Courts because the forces backing them are inferior to those behind the Four Great Ancestral Courts.”

Lin Xun was shocked, but even more confused. “If that’s the case, why are the Four Great Ancestral Courts located in the Seventh Heaven Domain, while the Eighth is occupied by the Ten Immortal Giants?

“The Four Great Ancestral Courts exist for one purpose only: to select and cultivate the most extraordinary talents to serve the Eternal Divine Clans behind them. They ignore worldly power struggles and have no interest in territorial conquest. Their only goal is to take in successors and pass on their teachings, selecting the most extraordinary talents in the world to serve the Eternal Divine Clans behind them.”

Jun Huan patiently explained, “They don’t care about your background. Whether you’re a descendant of the Ten Immortal Giants or from a nameless, humble family with no standing, as long as you’re chosen by one of the Ancestral Courts, you’ll have the opportunity to step into the Ninth Heaven Domain and serve the mighty forces behind them.

“If the Four Great Ancestral Courts were located in the Eighth Heaven Domain and the Ten Immortal Giants in the Seventh, then even if some peerless, extraordinary talents emerged in the lower heaven domains, they’d likely be snapped up by the Ten Immortal Giants first. After all, a vast domain separates the Seventh and Eighth Heaven Domains.

“Only by establishing themselves in the Seventh Heaven Domain can they take in all the most extraordinary talents rising from the First to Sixth Heaven Domains.

“Of course, in the eyes of the Four Great Ancestral Courts, the word ‘extraordinary’ refers only to those dazzling prodigies capable of ascending to the Supreme Ancestor Stage. You’re a supreme Emperor Ancestor yourself, so you should understand just how heaven-defying one’s talent and foundation must be to reach that level.”

Upon hearing this, Lin Xun finally began to understand.

“If that’s the case, even if Third Senior Sister and the others’ identities are exposed after joining the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court, nothing bad should happen to them.” He seemed to be in deep thought.

Jun Huan smiled and nodded. “That’s right, but that’s only part of the reason. You’ll soon understand why Third Senior Sister and the others chose to head to the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court. There’s another secret behind it.”

Another secret?

Lin Xun was taken aback. However, when he saw Jun Huan’s silent smile, he instantly understood. Smiling wryly, he said, “It seems Senior Sister doesn’t plan to reveal that secret just yet.”

Jun Huan nodded and said matter-of-factly, “A secret is a secret for a reason. Don’t overthink it. I don’t know either. In fact, aside from Third Senior Sister, none of us successors know what it is.”

Lin Xun was slightly surprised. After a moment’s thought, he said, “If Third Senior Sister made this arrangement, she must have her reasons.”

Jun Huan grinned. “You’re really concerned about Third Senior Sister. Could it be that you have feelings for her? Don’t be shy. Tell me. Who knows, maybe I can help you out. Among all the disciples of Fangchun Mountain, Third Senior Sister is truly a rare gem. She's kind, pure, and wise. Just like her dao, she’s flawless and utterly perfect.”

Lin Xun frowned. “How could I possibly have thoughts like that about Third Senior Sister?”

Jun Huan let out a long, drawn-out sigh. “As expected, not a single man in Fangchun Mountain dares to pursue Third Senior Sister. Back then, I even encouraged the senior brothers to try, but they all reacted exactly like you. Is Third Senior Sister really that terrifying in your eyes?”

Lin Xun snapped, “She’s not terrifying. She’s someone worthy of deep respect!”

Jun Huan blinked her beautiful eyes. “In the end, you lack both the guts and the gall. If I were a man, I’d definitely try to win Third Senior Sister over.”

Lin Xun said earnestly, “What a pity you’re not a man, Senior Sister.”

Jun Huan suddenly reached out and poked him in the forehead. Seeing his dumbfounded and helpless expression, she giggled mischievously, “Hey, I’m doing this for your own good. Anyway, since you’re not going after Third Senior Sister, what do you think of Senior Sister Cheng Yu?”

Lin Xun: “...”

He suddenly felt that Jun Huan truly lived up to her ranking, thirty-eighth among the successors of Fangchun Mountain. Her personality was a perfect match for the number!

Jun Huan raised an eyebrow and said, “So you won’t pursue Third Senior Sister, and you’re not interested in Senior Sister Cheng Yu either. Don’t tell me...you’re planning to make a move on me?”

As she spoke, her beautiful eyes shimmered with playful charm. She lightly bit her red lips, and a captivating radiance bloomed on her outrageously beautiful face.

Flustered, Lin Xun quickly said, “Senior Sister, let’s get back to the serious matters!”

Jun Huan dropped her flirtatious act, shot him a sideways glare, and muttered, “You...not a chance you’ll have a harem in this life.”

Lin Xun’s lips twitched. “I’m fine with that.”

“So stubborn!” Jun Huan shot him a glare, then suddenly burst into laughter. “Alright, enough teasing. Let’s get back to the serious matters. I’m here on behalf of Third Senior Sister. She wants you to do something.”

Lin Xun immediately perked up. “Something? I’d agree to anything, as long as I can help.”

“Well, well, the moment I mention Third Senior Sister, you’re ready to do anything. I’m really starting to think you’re interested in her.” Jun Huan looked at him suspiciously.

Lin Xun's face nearly darkened. After all these years, who else had dared tease him like this? But what could he do? Jun Huan was his senior sister, after all. Furthermore her cultivation was far beyond his. And she was ranked thirty-eighth.

Lin Xun could only swallow his frustration and endure it. With a helpless look, he said, "Senior Sister, let's get back to the serious matters."

Jun Huan finally stopped joking around and said, "Third Senior Sister wants you to go to the Origin Sect Ancestral Court."

"Origin Sect Ancestral Court?" Lin Xun was taken aback.

Before leaving the Rowdy Demon Sea, he had met Mo Lanshan and others from the Origin Sect Ancestral Court and even received a jade pendant from the former.

Now, Third Senior Sister wanted him to go there. The coincidence felt a little too strange.

"Yes." Jun Huan confirmed. "In three years, the Origin Sect Ancestral Court will publicly recruit successors. With your current cultivation, getting in shouldn't be a problem."

Lin Xun couldn't help but ask, "What exactly am I supposed to do there?"

Jun Huan took out a jade slip and handed it to him. "This is from Third Senior Sister. Take a look, and you'll understand."

Chapter 2677 Three Pavilions and Nine Great Peaks

Lin Xun unfurled the jade slip. After reading its contents, he finally understood why his third senior sister wanted him to enter the Origin Sect Ancestral Court. He needed to become the pavilion master of Origin Clarity Pavilion!

A sudden weight settled on his heart. According to the jade slip, the Origin Sect Ancestral Court was organized into three pavilions and nine peaks.

The Nine Great Peaks represented the sect's nine branches, each with its own line of core and true disciples. The three pavilions stood above the nine peaks and served as the foundational pillars of the Origin Sect Ancestral Court.

Among them, the Origin Sky Pavilion was responsible for discipline, the Origin Emptiness Pavilion oversaw the transmission of cultivation techniques, and the Origin Clarity Pavilion managed examinations and recruitment.

Each master of the three pavilions wielded great power within the sect, so much so that their authority could be said to shake the heavens. Above the three pavilions was the patriarch of the Origin Sect, a figure who represented the will of the Eternal Divine Clan of the Ninth Heaven Domain, and whose authority within the sect was naturally unmatched.

According to his third senior sister, the current Origin Purity Pavilion Master was You Beihai, a terrifying old monster who had reached the pinnacle of the Transcendence Immortal Stage.

However, tens of thousands of years ago, he went into closed-door cultivation, seeking to transcend immortality and attain eternity, and had not emerged since.

Then, a few years ago, he suddenly emerged from seclusion and declared that within a hundred years, he would attempt to attain eternity. Furthermore, no matter the outcome, he would step down from his role as pavilion master.

The announcement sent shockwaves through the entire Origin Sect Ancestral Court. Countless eyes turned toward the position of Origin Clarity Pavilion Master.

It should be noted that the Origin Clarity Pavilion oversaw all examinations and recruitment within the sect. The appointments of the Nine Peak Masters and elders, as well as the selection of successors and disciples, all had to undergo its assessments and were decided strictly according to the results.

In short, the Origin Clarity Pavilion wielded absolute authority over all personal matters in the Nine Great Peaks!

If one attained the position of Origin Clarity Pavilion Master, their authority would be nothing short of earth-shaking.

Therefore, Third Senior Sister wanted Lin Xun to enter the Origin Sect Ancestral Court and, step by step, climb his way to the position of Origin Clarity Pavilion Master after You Beihai stepped down!

The pressure this placed on Lin Xun was anything but ordinary.

The jade slip outlined everything in detail. Upon entering the Origin Sect, he would begin as a disciple of one of the Nine Great Peaks. Successors were divided into true disciples and core disciples.

Only core disciples were eligible to compete for a position within the Origin Clarity Pavilion.

Even after joining the Origin Clarity Pavilion, he would still have to progress through the ranks, starting as a deputy deacon, then deacon, and elder, before even qualifying for the position of deputy pavilion master.

Each of the three pavilions, the Origin Sky Pavilion, Origin Emptiness Pavilion and Origin Clarity Pavilion, had three deputy pavilion masters, adding up to nine in total across the entire sect.

This also meant that when the time came for You Beihai to step down, his successor would be chosen from among those nine deputy pavilion masters!

Just thinking about it was mind boggling. From the moment one entered the Origin Sect Ancestral Court, they first had to become a core disciple of one of the Nine Peaks. Only then could they enter the Origin Purity Pavilion, rise through the ranks of deputy deacon, deacon, and elder. Then, one would finally be eligible to become a deputy pavilion master.

Only then would they qualify to compete for the position of pavilion master. That kind of pressure was anything but ordinary!

“Little Junior Brother, what do you think?” Jun Huan asked with a smile. “If you feel too much pressure, it’s okay. This is just one thread in our Fangchun Mountain’s broader plan. It would naturally be best if you could take the position of Origin Clarity Pavilion Master, but if not, that’s no need to worry either.”

“I’ll do my best.” Lin Xun replied after a moment’s thought, his expression calm. He couldn’t say he was completely confident, but he would give it everything he had!

Jun Huan’s voice softened. “Whether you succeed or fail, just don’t risk your life. Honestly...I have a feeling this arrangement didn’t come from Third Senior Sister.”

“Then who?” Lin Xun asked.

“Master.” Jun Huan said quietly.

Lin Xun froze. If this had come from their master, then it would not be as simple as he had imagined!

Jun Huan continued with a faint smile, “Actually, Fourth Senior Brother wanted to go to the Origin Sect Ancestral Court, but Third Senior Sister wouldn’t allow it. So in the end, he had no choice but to go to the Spirit Sect with her and the others.”

“Fourth Senior Brother is alive?!” Lin Xun exclaimed.

Over the years, he had been tormented by guilt. There had been countless rumors that his fourth senior brother, Ling Xuanzi, had been killed by the Immortal Giant Wang Clan.

Because of that he hated the Wang Clan to its core and had long sworn to avenge his fourth senior brother and make the Wang Clan pay an unbearable price for it!

He never imagined he would hear from Senior Sister Jun Huan that his fourth senior brother was still alive!

“A scourge like him...doesn’t die so easily.” Jun Huan sneered coldly, “Back then, outside the Ruins of the Gods, it was Master’s willpower that saved his life and brought him to the Seventh Heaven Domain. If not for that, I’d have thought that scourge had died for sure.”

Lin Xun could clearly hear the sarcasm and resentment in Jun Huan’s voice. It was obvious she still hadn’t let go of what Ling Xuanzi had done all those years ago in Fangchun Mountain.

“Fourth Senior Brother has changed. Even if he was a scourge, he would never harm anyone from Fangchun Mountain. I can guarantee that,” Lin Xun said seriously.

His fourth senior brother had saved his life more than once. There might be problems with his nature in the past, but now he was no longer the same person.

Jun Huan glanced at him and said, “If he hadn’t changed, do you think we’d keep him around us? But even so, I’m not going to forgive him that easily. This guy calls himself ‘unparalleled throughout the ages.’ Back when we were still in Fangchun Mountain, he once mocked me...”

Her expression darkened as she gritted her teeth, “He said that I had the looks of a goddess, but the temper of a fishwife. That I was all appearance and no depth. That I only appeared carefree on the surface, but in truth was cold and sharp as a blade underneath. That no man would ever dare to marry me, and that I am going to grow old alone in an empty room!”

A cold gleam flashed in her beautiful eyes. “At that moment, I seriously wanted to stab him to death!”

Lin Xun couldn’t help but laugh. Seeing Jun Huan’s displeased expression, he quickly said, “That was all in the past. Why get so worked up over a scourge like him?”

Jun Huan was clearly still holding a grudge, but Lin Xun knew she didn’t truly hate Ling Xuanzi over something that happened in their younger days.

As dusk approached, Lu Boya came to invite Jun Huan to a banquet in the Luo Clan’s main hall. Luo Xiao had already arranged a lavish spread. Jun Huan accepted with a smile.

That evening, Luo Cang, Luo Qingheng, and other key figures of the Luo Clan gathered for food and drink, enjoying the festive atmosphere.

Late into the night, Lin Xun had a long conversation with Lu Boya, telling him in detail about his encounter with the people from the Origin Sect Ancestral Court in the Mystic Forbidden Realm.

Lu Boya couldn't help but show a trace of regret. "No wonder the Sealing Execution law spirit was so difficult to subdue. It turns out it was left behind by a powerful figure from the Origin Sect."

Lin Xun then informed Lu Boya of his plans to leave the next day for the Seventh Heaven Domain. Lu Boya wasn't surprised. In fact, when Jun Huan arrived at the Luo Clan, he had suspected this moment would come.

"You've already made your decision. Go ahead. The Luo Clan is now protected by the cursed law. No one in the entire Sixth Heaven Domain can threaten them anymore." Lu Boya smiled gently. "But you must be extra careful on your journey to the Seventh Heaven Domain. If you ever find yourself in a desperate situation, return to the Luo Clan. This will always be your home."

Lin Xun nodded. "Mister Lu, you're the one I worry about most. But don't worry, I'll definitely find a way to cure the Five Dao Decays for you!"

Lu Boya's expression softened with relief and gratitude, and he said nothing more.

When Lin Xun returned to Jianjia Peak, Jun Huan was seated beneath the starry sky, sipping tea. "You know, the Luo Clan and Fangchun Mountain share a common enemy. It's just a pity the Omega Lord's whereabouts remain unknown. That's what allowed the Luo Clan to fall to such a state."

Lin Xun asked, "Senior Sister, you've heard of my great-grandfather?"

"Mm," Jun Huan nodded. "Master once said long ago that your great-grandfather's brilliance was unmatched. He carved out his own unique path on the great dao, and he could truly be called a hero."

She sighed, “But even Master likely never imagined that your great-grandfather, just like him, would be besieged by the Ten Immortal Giants.”

Lin Xun fell silent for a moment, then said, “Senior Sister, don’t you think those Ten Immortal Giants are just like watchdogs? Guarding the Eighth Heaven Domain, blocking the path to the Ninth Heaven Domain like loyal hounds. They are utterly devoted.”

Jun Huan blinked, then burst into laughter, nodding. “They’re not like dogs...they are dogs!”

Lin Xun laughed too.

It was a quiet, tranquil night. Wisps of clouds drifted through the sky, stars shimmered overhead, and the surrounding pines and bamboo swayed gracefully in the breeze.

Jun Huan stood up, her pink robe fluttering in the wind, outlining her tall, slender figure. Her exquisitely beautiful face glowed under the starlight.

She gazed at the sea of clouds beneath the distant stars and said, “Junior Brother, the Seventh Heaven Domain is nothing like the Sixth. Once you arrive, you’ll face countless dangers and trials. You must be mentally prepared.”

“Mm.” Lin Xun stood beside Jun Huan, hands clasped behind his back. From this angle, he was only half a head taller than Jun Huan, who was already remarkably tall and slender. The two stood shoulder to shoulder on the mountain peak beneath the vast night sky. In the distance stretched a sea of clouds and scattered lights, flickering like stars.

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The next morning, before dawn, Lu Boya, Luo Xiao and Luo Qingheng arrived at Jianjia Peak. They all knew Lin Xun would be leaving with Jun Huan today.

“Xun’er, these are some parting gifts from your uncle and me. You must take them.” Luo Xiao handed him a jade box.

Inside were dozens of immortal matter, some pebble-sized, others as large as fists, all rare and precious.

Lin Xun was deeply moved. Just as he was about to speak, Luo Qingheng grinned and said, “If you don’t take it, I won’t let you leave today.”

Lin Xun took a deep breath, accepted the jade box, and bowed deeply. “Grandpa, Uncle, take care of yourselves!”

Luo Xiao helped him up and gently urged, “Child, you must be cautious in all things. You absolutely must not repeat the tragedy of your great-grandfather.” His words were filled with heartfelt concern.

Lin Xun nodded solemnly.

Lu Boya also handed over a jade box and said, “Inside is a mystic artifact. It allows you to borrow the power of the cursed law.”

Lin Xun didn’t refuse. He accepted it, then said, “Mister Lu, you must take care too.”

Not far away, Jun Huan watched with a faint smile. “Don’t worry, everyone. Junior Brother is a disciple of our Fangchun Mountain. Anyone who dares to bully him is bullying Fangchun Mountain, and we won’t let them off.”

Lu Boya, Luo Xiao, and Luo Qingheng all smiled warmly. Then, under their watchful eyes, Jun Huan took Lin Xun into the sky. They soared higher and higher, until they vanished into the heavens.

The sky was as clear as if freshly washed, with clouds rising and rosy light gathering. It was a radiant scene.

Chapter 2678 Ungrateful

The Seventh Heaven Domain was divided into the Central Core Region and the Four Great Starfields. Since ancient times, thirty-six blessed lands had been scattered across the Central Core Region.

The blessed lands could be called the place where the spiritual essence of heaven and earth gathered, nurturing the primordial source. They had been known since ancient times as the Thirty-Six Dao Veins!

For countless ages, the thirty-six blessed lands had endured in the world, though the immortal powers occupying them had changed more times than one could count. The reason was simple. Any force that commanded Heaven Rank laws coveted the chance to establish its root in one of these lands.

The struggle for a blessed land was destined to end in bloodshed. The defeated could only withdraw in shame. The victor would claim the blessed lands as their own. It could be said that in this Central Core Region, the Immortal Imperial Clans who held one of the thirty-six blessed lands represented the thirty-six most powerful forces there.

Above the Central Core Region lay the Four Great Starfields: Tianxuan, Tianying, Ziwei, and Qingguang.

In the Four Great Starfields were the twelve grotto heavens. Within each of these starfields were three grotto heavens.

In the Seventh Heaven Domain, the twelve grotto heavens were revered as the land of immortal ancestry and the origin of all daos. They were regarded as the finest cultivation grounds in the entire domain. Since ancient times, they had been occupied by the most ancient and formidable immortal powers.

Each of these immortal forces commanded ninth grade Heaven Rank law powers, and far more than just one!

For example, among the Donghuang's Four Clans, the Nan, Gu, Li, and Yun were entrenched in the grotto heavens of the Qingguang Starfield. The number of ninth grade Heaven Ranke laws each commanded ranged from three to five to as many as seven or eight. Their foundations were incomparably deep.

Unlike the thirty-six blessed lands of the Central Core Region, the immortal forces rooted in the twelve grotto heavens of the Four Great Starfields had changed little over countless ages.

As the saying went, those who endure only grow stronger. The older the foundation, the more terrifying the power.

If the immortal forces occupying the thirty-six blessed lands could be considered top-tier within the Central Core Region, then those holding the twelve grotto heavens were true overlords of the entire Seventh Heaven Domain!

In short, the thirty-six blessed places of the Central Core Region and the twelve grottos heavens of the Four Great Starfields were home to the most powerful Immortal Imperial Clans in the Seventh Heaven Domain!

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The Seventh Heaven Domain was beyond measure, completely different from the Sixth Heaven Domain. Almost every immortal force scattered across its lands commanded Heaven Rank law powers.

In addition to the twelve grotto heavens and the thirty-six blessed lands, countless other Immortal Imperial Clans, great and small, were also entrenched throughout the rest of this land. For so many immortal forces to be able to take root within a single domain, one could well imagine just how boundless the Seventh Heaven Domain truly was!

Cultivators of the Seventh Heaven Domain shared a common understanding: Here, even Immortals must keep a low profile!

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Misty Rain City.

This was a colossal metropolis in the Central Core Region. Tens of thousands of miles away was the Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land, one of the thirty-six blessed lands, ruled by the Immortal Imperial Zhuang Clan.

A month after leaving the Sixth Heaven Domain, Lin Xun, guided by Jun Huan, arrived in Misty Rain City and took up temporary residence. Misty drizzle pattered softly against the eaves, pooling into glistening beads that rolled to the ground like strings of crystal pearls.

Seated beneath the eaves, he gazed out at the hazy-rain-veiled world, a sense of calm settling over him. By now, he had gained a general understanding of the Seventh Heaven Domain, including the twelve grotto heavens, its thirty-six blessed lands, and its boundless, magnificent landscapes.

Here, countless legends had unfolded, while untold joys and sorrows were playing out every moment. However, none of this had anything to do with Lin Xun. At most, he was a mere passerby.

By dusk, the clouds at the horizon blazed like fire, dazzling and resplendent. The rain still fell, but the fine mist was bathed in strands of shimmering light from the glowing clouds. This was how the city earned its name: Misty Rain City.

In this city, it rained only twice a year, yet each rainfall lasted for half the year...

Suddenly, Lin Xun's eyes lit up. In the distance, a tightly closed door swung open. Jun Huan stepped out, tall, slender, and clad in a pink robe embroidered with rosy cloud patterns. An oil-paper umbrella rested lightly in her fair, supple hands. She was like an ethereal fairy who had stepped out of a mist-shrouded painting.

Her jet-black hair was coiled into an elegant bun, framing a flawless, delicate face. When her eyes moved, they seemed to carry a thousand charms that could stir the soul.

So what if she was disguised as a man? Her beauty was still enough to astonish all living beings.

At this moment, however, her expression was tinged with displeasure. The instant she stepped through the door, she flung the umbrella aside, her rosy lips pressed into a blade-sharp line as a glimmer of anger flashed in her limpid eyes.

Lin Xun immediately rose to greet her. "Senior Sister, which bastard dared to offend you?"

Jun Huan walked to the eaves and claimed the rocking chair Lin Xun had just vacated. Leaning back, she released a long sigh before saying, “I didn’t expect that old bastard from the Zhuang Clan would go back on his word!”

Lin Xun looked puzzled. “Senior Sister, what happened?”

After arriving in the Seventh Heaven Domain, Jun Huan had brought Lin Xun straight to Misty Rain City. Not long after, she left alone for the nearby Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land that was under the control of the Immortal Imperial Zhuang Clan.

However, Lin Xun had no idea what Jun Huan had gone there to do. It was obvious from her expression now that she had been humiliated at the Zhuang Clan.

Jun Huan thought for a moment before saying, “An old ancestor of the Zhuang Clan, named Zhuang Shiliu, was chosen by the Origin Sect Ancestral Court in his youth and went there to cultivate. Today, he serves as a deacon of the Origin Clarity Pavilion, one of the three great pavilions of the Origin Sect.

“Third Senior Sister was the one who told me about him. She said that before taking you to the Origin Sect Ancestral Court, I should first pay a visit to the Zhuang Clan. Through them, we could establish contact with Zhuang Shiliu. If we could gain his support, it would definitely help you when it comes to entering the Origin Clarity Pavilion in the future.”

At this, a cold light flashed in Jun Huan’s eyes. “Who would have thought the Zhuang Clan could be so ungrateful?”

Lin Xun raised an eyebrow. “Senior Sister, what do you mean?”

“Junior Brother, you may not know this, but the Zhuang Clan’s progenitor came from the Ancient Nebula Road, just like us. In the primeval era, he was one of the very first experts to set foot in the Eternal True Realm.

“Back then, when Master was on his way to the Ninth Heaven Domain, he did a huge favor for the Zhuang Clan’s progenitor here in the Seventh Heaven Domain. In fact, without Master’s help, the Zhuang Clan would never have been qualified to claim the Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land!”

According to Jun Huan's account...

The progenitor of the Zhuang Clan was a man of peerless talent. After years of wandering, he finally obtained a Heaven Rank law power and firmly established himself in the Seventh Heaven Domain.

However, he was not content to stop there. After years of preparation, he set his sights on the Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land and launched a bloody struggle for it that lasted ten years.

In the end, his forces suffered heavy damage, and he himself was hunted, forced to hide from place to place with no refuge to be found.

It was then, as the Lord of Fangchun Mountain passed through the Seventh Heaven Domain on his way to the Ninth, that he encountered the Zhuang Clan's progenitor in dire straits and extended a hand to save him.

In the end, with the Lord of Fangchun Mountain's help, the Zhuang Clan's progenitor finally seized the Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land! This was why Jun Huan said that without their master's intervention, the Zhuang Clan would never have had the qualifications to occupy that blessed land.

To express his gratitude for the Lord of Fangchun Mountain's aid, the Zhuang Clan's progenitor had sworn an oath: If any successor of Fangchun Mountain ever asked for help, the Zhuang Clan would do everything in their power to repay the favor.

This vow had been passed down through generations. However, who would have thought that countless years later, when Jun Huan visited the Zhuang Clan as a successor of Fangchun Mountain and sought Zhuang Shiliu's assistance for Lin Xun, they would flatly refuse!

A refusal might have been tolerable. After all, times change, people change, and the debts of the past may lose their weight.

Unfortunately, what Jun Huan hadn't expected was the barely concealed mockery in their words and the arrogant contempt in their tone. This was what ignited her fury.

Upon hearing this, a cold glint flickered in Lin Xun's eyes. “This Zhuang Clan has truly gone too far. Ungrateful is one thing, but to openly mock us? What do they take Fangchun Mountain for?”

Jun Huan’s voice dropped low and her delicate features twisted with anger she struggled to contain. “They called us nothing but wandering souls, doomed to be wiped out at any moment. Those Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain would show us no mercy. They even told us to leave at once and made it clear they wanted nothing to do with us.”

She sighed softly, “It’s my fault for not thinking it through carefully. I thought the Zhuang Clan would honor Master’s favor, but now it seems they’ve long regarded our Fangchun Mountain as a curse and try to avoid us at all costs.”

Lin Xun’s eyes suddenly turned icy cold. “Senior Sister, we can’t just let this go. Ungrateful or not, since this Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land was claimed with Master’s help, then we, his disciples, have the duty to reclaim it!”

Jun Huan paused in surprise before bursting into laughter. “Junior Brother, you speak the exact thoughts I had in my mind. Those ungrateful, cold-hearted scoundrels must be made to pay!”

Lin Xun immediately said, “Senior Sister, when do we strike?”

Jun Huan was at the Nirvana Spirit Immortal Stage, while his Nirvana law power could counter the law powers of the Zhuang Clan. Even if they couldn’t completely overthrow the Zhuang Clan, they would still be able to inflict heavy damage!

Watching Lin Xun’s eyes sharpen like a blade being honed, Jun Huan was briefly taken aback, a strange sparkle shimmering in her beautiful eyes.

“Senior Sister, why are you staring at me like that?” Lin Xun asked.

Jun Huan rose from the rocking chair, lifted her chin slightly and gazed at Lin Xun with a dazzling smile that could captivate the world.

“Kid, you’re the only one who really cares about your senior sister!” Then she reached out and gently pinched Lin Xun’s cheek with her slender, fair fingers. Her exquisitely beautiful face was filled with fondness. “But this time, I’ve decided to hold back.”

It was the first time Lin Xun had felt a woman pinch his cheek so intimately, so he felt a bit awkward. However, when he heard Jun Huan’s words, his brow furrowed. “Why are you holding back? Senior Sister, are you worried you can’t defeat them?”

Chapter 2679 Thunderflame Bamboo

Jun Huan spoke gently, “Our priority is to make sure you, Junior Brother, can join the Origin Sect Ancestral Court without a hitch. Everything else comes second.”

Lin Xun replied, “Senior Sister, teaching the Zhuang Clan a lesson won’t interfere with my chances of joining the Origin Sect.”

Jun Huan shook her head. “If our identities are exposed now, the entire Seventh Heaven Domain will have its eyes on us, and countless people will be eager to cause trouble. I know you’re not afraid, but the storms that will follow aren’t worth the risk.”

She paused, then added, “Besides, if we teach the Zhuang Clan a lesson now and Zhuang Shiliu finds out, he’ll make things difficult for you when you enter the Origin Sect. Don’t forget, he’s a deacon of the Origin Clarity Pavilion. And being the local power there, if he chooses to target you, it’ll stir up a lot of trouble.”

Lin Xun suddenly reached out and clapped her lightly on the shoulder, speaking in a serious voice, “Senior Sister, I’ve fought my way from the Great Thousand Battle Domain to where I am today. What trouble or storm do I have to fear? I know you’re looking out for me, but the Zhuang Clan has bullied you. I won’t let them off.”

His voice was calm, but left no room for refusal.

Looking at his handsome face so close to hers and hearing the unshakable resolve in his tone, Jun Huan was briefly stunned, caught in a daze. Then she slapped his hand off her shoulder with a smirk. “You’re doing this for me? What’s this? Do you like me?”

Lin Xun's forehead twitched. He didn't know whether to laugh or sigh.

I'm talking about serious business!

How did Senior Sister twist it into this...?

"Alright," Jun Huan said, her smile fading. "Just follow my lead on this matter. We successors of Fangchun Mountain have kept a low profile for years, enduring every kind of humiliation. But whether it's me, Third Senior Sister, or Eldest Senior Brother, we all know that one day, when we've toppled the Ten Immortal Giants, no one in this world will dare look down on us again."

Lin Xun was silent for a moment before nodding. "Fine, I'll come back to reclaim the Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land in the future."

Jun Huan smiled faintly. "Good boy."

Lin Xun: "..."

In my senior sister's eyes, I am still a child?!

Just then, footsteps sounded outside the courtyard, followed by an aged voice, "Excuse me, is Fellow Daoist Jun Huan here? I am Zhuang Xiuwu. I have come to pay a visit."

Jun Huan and Lin Xun exchanged frowns. Why would the Zhuang Clan send someone here at a time like this?

"Don't act rashly. I will ask why he is here first." Jun Huan whispered before striding over to open the door.

Outside stood an old man in a luxurious robe with a neatly groomed white beard. When he saw Jun Huan, he immediately showed a look of shame. “Back in the Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land, those bastards from my clan were terribly rude. I beg you to forgive them, Fellow Daoist.”

Jun Huan’s tone was cool. “If you’re here to apologize, then there’s no need.”

The old man, who had introduced himself as Zhuang Xiuwu, quickly explained, “Fellow Daoist, I already know the whole story. I’ve come to invite you to the Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land. First, to apologise, and second, to make amends.”

Jun Huan raised an eyebrow. “And how do you plan to make amends?”

Zhuang Xiuwu bowed. “Fellow Daoist, I understand that you came seeking the assistance of our clan’s old ancestor, Zhuang Shiliu. I can arrange for your request to be granted. Furthermore, if you require anything else, please feel free to ask. As long as our clan can help, we will not refuse.”

From not far away, Lin Xun walked over and said coldly, “Your attitude has changed rather quickly. Why is that?”

Zhuang Xiuwu glanced at Lin Xun and smiled. “You must be Fellow Daoist Lin Xun, a disciple of Fangchun Mountain. My clan was in the wrong earlier, but by the time I learned of it, it was already too late. So I came here in person to apologize.”

Although he was an Immortal, he carried himself without a shred of arrogance when facing Lin Xun.

Jun Huan hesitated, but Lin Xun smiled and said, “Senior Sister, this elder has come in person and showed such sincerity, how could we refuse? Let’s go to Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land and take a look.”

Zhuang Xiuwu’s face immediately lit up. “Fellow Daoist, this way, please,” he said warmly, leading them forward.

Jun Huan was about to speak, Lin Xun lightly took her arm and followed after the old man.

“Senior Sister, whatever tricks he’s playing, if he’s sincere in apologizing, then it's fine. But if not...then he can’t blame us for showing no mercy.” Lin Xun sent a voice transmission.

Jun Huan was far too sharp not to see through Lin Xun’s intentions. “Junior Brother, I can tell that you’re practically hoping the Zhuang Clan will try something, aren’t you?”

Lin Xun only smiled without a word. Seeing this, she said nothing else.

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Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land.

Stretching as far as the eye could see, a world of vast, rolling mountain ranges was clothed in endless seas of lush bamboo. Verdant and glistening, the groves swayed under an ethereal light, while the air shimmered with auspicious radiance and ancient primal chaos energy. Every blade of grass and every bamboo stalk seemed to be carved from crystal, like a scene from legend.

It was said the bamboo here contained chaos thunderflames, hence the name Thunderflame Bamboo. It was one of the finest divine materials in all of heaven and earth. Each stalk grew only one joint every thousand years, and it would take ten thousand years before it matured into usable material.

A stalk that had grown for a hundred thousand years could even give birth to immortal matter, becoming an immortal-grade divine material of incomparable value.

After bringing Lin Xun and Jun Huan into the Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land, Zhuang Xiuwu’s demeanor relaxed noticeably. With a smile, he began pointing out notable sights and features along the way.

Jun Huan’s expression remained cool, showing little interest. Lin Xun, however, seemed very curious and constantly asked questions. In truth, he was genuinely awed.

This blessed land was truly worthy of the phrase ‘endowed with the essence of heaven and earth, nurturing the primordial source.’ Even the primal chaos energy saturating the air here far surpassed anything in the outside world.

In a place like this, even a pig could awaken its spiritual wisdom and step onto the path of cultivation! This metaphor was no exaggeration.

At least in Lin Xun's eyes, this place was more than sufficient to meet the cultivation needs of even an Immortal. Growing up and training here from childhood, one would have no need to ever worry about failing to progress on the path of the dao!

Compared to this, the Dragon Ridge Mountain Range in the Sixth Heaven Domain, where the Luo Clan resided, was simply not worth mentioning.

Long ago, the Luo Clan had also been entrenched in the Seventh Heaven Domain, occupying the Lianzhou Grotto Heaven, one of the twelve grotto heavens. Its divine beauty surpassed even the Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land and it was ranked among the most supreme cultivation paradise in the Seventh Heaven Domain!

It was also at this moment that Lin Xun finally understood why the older generation of the Luo Clan remained so nostalgic for their days in the Seventh Heaven Domain.

Dragon Ridge Mountain Range simply could not compare with the Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land, let alone the Lianzhou Grotto Heaven.

"Senior, do you happen to have any hundred-thousand-year Thunderflame Bamboo?" Lin Xun asked, curiosity glinting in his eyes as Zhuang Xiuwu spoke so fluently about it.

"Of course," Zhuang Xiuwu replied without a second thought.

"May I see?" Lin Xun asked.

Zhuang Xiuwu paused, then smiled and took out a stalk of Thunderflame Bamboo, handing it to Lin Xun. "Please, young friend, have a look."

The stalk was as thick as an arm, long and straight, its body a translucent emerald green. From time to time, a wisp of undying white Thunderflame flickered across its surface, radiating a terrifying aura of destruction. In the hand, it weighed a staggering one hundred thousand pounds!

After a brief examination, Lin Xun exclaimed, “This Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land truly deserves its place among the thirty-six blessed lands. It produced such a miraculous and unfathomable immortal-grade divine material. How could I bear to let it go? Senior, would you be willing to part with it?”

Beside him, Jun Huan’s expression froze in surprise, her eyes turning strange. Zhuang Xiuwu’s eyelids twitched. He hesitated, then let out a hearty laugh. “If you like it, take it. Treasures like this are rare, but I have quite a few.”

Though he spoke generously, his heart was bleeding. This particular Thunderflame Bamboo was over two hundred thousand years old and of inestimable value. It was one of his most prized immortal-grade divine materials. He took it out only to show off to the disciples of Fangchun Mountain.

Who could have guessed Lin Xun would shamelessly ask for it?! Zhuang Xiuwu felt both a painful ache in his heart and deep contempt. The current disciples of Fangchun Mountain were simply getting worse by the day.

At that moment, Lin Xun looked at him with surprise and said, “Senior, do you have other items in storage?”

A shiver ran down Zhuang Xiuwu’s spine. “Only ordinary things. Nothing compared to the treasure in your hands, young friend.”

Lin Xun hesitated, then looked a bit embarrassed and said, “Senior...I have an impertinent favor to ask...”

Zhuang Xiuwu’s face stiffened as he guessed what was coming, and he desperately wished he could silence Lin Xun immediately!

However, Lin Xun seemed completely oblivious and continued seriously, “Could you give me a few more? It’s not out of greed, but so I can gift them to my senior brothers and sisters when I meet them. That way they’ll see just how extraordinary the Emerald Bamboo Blessed Land really is...”

Zhuang Xiuwu felt his blood boil. This little brat...does he think a hundred-thousand-year-old Thunderflame Bamboo is common cabbage?

He could just ask for a ‘few’ whenever he wants?

Unfortunately, right now, he couldn’t afford to lose his temper. No matter how badly he wanted to smash that ‘emabarassed’ look off Lin Xun’s face, he had to swallow his anger.

The old man cleared his throat dryly. “If you truly want them, it’s no trouble at all. How about this? I’ll prepare a generous gift for each of you before you leave.”

Lin Xun replied modestly. “That would be far too much trouble.”

Zhuang Xiuwu remained silent. He feared that if he heard Lin Xun speak again, he might completely lose control. Meanwhile, Jun Huan watched quietly with a faint smile, neither stopping Lin Xun nor saying a word.

At last, as they reached a towering jade-green mountain, Zhuang Xiuwu smiled and said. “This is our clan’s finest place for receiving honored guests. Please, after you.” He stepped aside to let Lin Xun and Jun Huan pass first.

Lin Xun paused, gazing at the lone peak. “Impressive. It’s cloaked in layers of law power and protected by heavy formations. Ordinary people wouldn’t have a chance of entering.”

Zhuang Xiuwu smiled. “Naturally. After all, this is the very heart of our clan.”

Lin Xun smiled leisurely. “But once we step inside...it might not be so easy to leave again...”

He turned to Zhuang Xiuwu, “What do you think, Senior?”

Chapter 2680 Tribulation Rain Law

Zhuang Xiuwu was taken aback for a moment before breaking into a hearty laugh. “Young Friend, you really do know how to joke.”

Lin Xun grinned. “Senior, when my senior sister and I leave later, please don’t forget that generous gift you promised.”

Zhuang Xiuwu’s smile froze. This little brat is still thinking about that at a time like this?!

Ignoring him entirely, Lin Xun started up the mountain path. From beginning to end, Jun Huan said nothing, simply following his lead. Seeing this, Zhuang Xiuwu’s forced smile finally faded. He looked far more at ease as he trailed after them, step by step.

Halfway up the mountain...

Amidst lush forest, towering bamboo, and thick grass, an ancient hall rose solemnly into view. It was completely deserted, no servants, no guards. Not a soul was on the entire mountain. Stopping before the great hall, Lin Xun turned to Zhuang Xiuwu with a smile, “Senior, do you want to apologize first, or settle the matter first?”

Jun Huan stood beside Lin Xun, her clear gaze resting on Zhuang Xiuwu, her expression calm and indifferent.

“Apologize?” Zhuang Xiuwu let out a laugh he could no longer hold back, his eyes narrowing with a hint of pity as he looked at the two of them. “Young ones, this mountain is called Judgement Peak. It's where our clan imprisons and suppresses criminals. It's a core restricted zone that’s stood unused for many years.”

Lin Xun’s tone turned mock-shocked, “So, you’re not planning to apologize at all...but instead plan on imprisoning my senior sister and me here?”

“You only realize now?” Zhuang Xiuwu sneered as he looked at him like he was an idiot. “The Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Realm are hunting down the successors of Fangchun Mountain. Your situation is already precarious, yet you dare to show your faces so brazenly. How foolish!”

He paused before continuing, “Of course, you don’t need to worry. Our Zhuang Clan remembers our past ties. We won’t kill you. All you need to do is obediently stay here.”

Lin Xun frowned slightly. “If you won’t help us and won’t apologize, then why do all this at all?”

“You really want to know?” Zhuang Xiuwu’s voice was icy.

Lin Xun nodded.

“Then let me tell you...a long time ago, our clan used the connections of our old ancestor, Zhuang Shiliu, to forge a marriage alliance with the Mu Clan, one of the Ten Immortal Giants.”

A glint of pride flashed between his brows before his gaze turned cold again. “And you, boy, killed Mu Yi, a noble of the Mu Clan, in the Ruins of the Gods. The Mu Clan has not forgotten that grudge.”

Realization dawned on Lin Xun. “So your Zhuang Clan intends to capture me and hand me over to the Mu Clan?”

Zhuang Xiuwu said with a calm sneer, “Originally, we hadn’t even considered it, but you showed up at our doorstep. Call it bad luck! You’ve brought this upon yourself.”

“Senior Sister, it seems we’ve been tricked.” Lin Xun turned to Jun Huan.

Jun Huan gave him a sidelong glance. “Isn’t this exactly what you were hoping for?”

Lin Xun chuckled.

Seeing the two chatting and laughing, utterly unaware of their impending capture, Zhuang Xiuwu gave a cold warning, “Judgement Peak is shrouded in tribulation rain, a ninth grade Heaven Rank law of our clan. If you’re foolish enough to resist, don’t blame me for showing no mercy!”

His voice dripped with a chilly threatening tone.

Lin Xun’s smile grew ever broader. As he looked at Zhuang Xiuwu, a trace of pity surfaced in his eyes. “Old geezer, we were willing to let your Zhuang Clan’s offense slide. But it seems you’re not just ungrateful, you’ve repaid kindness with malice, and your intentions are vicious.”

Zhuang Xiuwu’s face darkened. “Refuse the offered toast, and you’ll be made to drink the penalty wine!”

Boom!

A bamboo leaf-shaped jade pendant appeared between his fingers. As it began to glow, the void became filled with a fine, mist-like rain, suffused with an ethereal, dreamlike beauty. However, those delicate threads of rain carried a terrifying aura of tribulation and destruction. The instant they appeared, they wove into countless vast nets, sealing off the world.

Tribulation rain!

This was a mysterious and peerless ninth grade Heaven Rank law power!

Zhuang Xiuwu’s expression grew colder, disdain gleaming openly in his eyes. What surprised him, however, was that both Lin Xun and Jun Huan appeared perfectly calm and composed, their gazes filled with the same contempt and coldness.

This was far too abnormal. A vague, inexplicable sense of foreboding rose in his heart.

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Outside Judgement Peak, Clan Head Zhuang Bibai had arrived with a group of the clan's most important figures.

His hair and beard were black as ink, and he was clad in a bright yellow dragon-embroidered robe. His tall, imposing figure radiated strength and his square-jawed face was brimming with majesty.

He was a Heavenly Longevity Immortal and had held the reins of the clan for nine thousand years. By comparison, he could be considered a young clan leader, because among the Immortal Imperial Clans in the Seventh Heaven Domain, there were many who had ruled for tens of thousands of years.

Speaking of which, he really ought to thank his elder brother Zhuang Shiliu. If Zhuang Shiliu had not been chosen years ago to cultivate in the Origin Sect Ancestral Court, the position of patriarch would have been his by right.

Now, however, Zhuang Shiliu was a deacon of the Origin Clarity Pavilion. In terms of status and authority, he was above a clan patriarch. In fact, thanks to him, the Zhuang Clan had reaped many benefits.

The marriage alliance with the Mu Clan of the Eighth Heaven Domain had been single-handedly arranged by Zhuang Shiliu, and it had since become a much-told tale in the Seventh Heaven Domain.

Beside Zhuang Bibai stood a few other trusted retainers, all Immortal-level cultivations. If Jun Huan had been present, she would have recognized them as the same people who mocked her when she first visited the Zhuang Clan.

"The grand elder has activated the tribulation rain law!" someone exclaimed as they noticed the surging waves of law power flooding the Judgement Peak.

"Hah, those two Fangchun Mountain remnants refused to be imprisoned. It's only natural they'd resist," someone sneered, showing no concern at all.

"You can't blame our Zhuang Clan for being ruthless. These Fangchun Mountain remnants are like rats in the street. Everyone wants them dead. If we get linked to them, we'll inevitably be targeted by the Ten Immortal Giants as well," someone said coldly.

“Lin Xun killed Mu Yi, the youngest son of the Mu Clan’s patriarch. Since our clan is tied to the Mu Clan by marriage, we naturally can’t just stand by,” someone else remarked.

The group spoke casually, their expressions calm and at ease. None showed the slightest worry about what was happening on Judgment Peak.

After all, this was their territory, and Judgement Peak was a heavily guarded core area. Furthermore, with Grand Elder Zhuang Xiuwu, a Nirvana Spirit Immortal, wielding a Heaven Rank law artifact, how could he possibly fail to deal with two Fangchun Mountain remnants?

“Remember, this matter must not be leaked. If the other scattered Fangchun Mountain remnants hear of it, they’ll come demanding answers. We don’t fear them, but it will bring unnecessary trouble.” Patriarch Zhuang Bibai said gravely. “Moreover, the Lord of Fangchun Mountain had once aided our clan. If news of this spreads we’ll become the laughingstock of the Seventh Heaven Domain, and our reputation will be damaged.”

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Boom!

On Judgement Peak, a deafening rumbling erupted as the towering mountain shuddered violently. The many restriction forces shrouding it rippled like disturbed water. Gasps rose from the crowd.

“No need to panic. Jun Huan is, after all, a Nirvana Spirit Immortal. She’s bound to have some hidden cards and won’t be subdued so easily.” Zhuang Bibai clasped his hands behind his back, his voice calm and assured. “Still, in the end, she won’t be able to withstand the tribulation rain law power. They’ll be imprisoned soon. Let’s wait for good news from the grand elder.”

“Patriarch is absolutely right.”

Smiles spread among the others.

But before long—PA!

There was a sharp, ringing slap. Even with layer upon layer of restriction arrays muffling the scene atop the peak, the sound carried clearly. An instant later, a scream like a slaughtered pig tore through the air.

For a moment, everyone froze. Then expressions twisted in disbelief. That voice...why did it sound exactly like Grand Elder's?

The restriction arrays had blocked their spirit sense, making it impossible to spy on what was happening atop Judgment Peak from outside. The serene, unshakable demeanour Zhuang Bibai had worn moments ago evaporated.

"This is bad! Something unexpected must have happened!"

Without another word, he moved, unsealing the protective arrays over the peak and rushing forward. The others, shaken, scrambled to follow.

Halfway up the mountain, ancient buildings lay in ruins with boulders and vegetation reduced to dust. There, pinned to the ground, was Zhuang Xiuwu, the mighty Nirvana Spirit Immortal. His body was broken, hair in disarray, and his face was swollen beyond recognition like a pig's head.

Blood dripped from his mouth and several teeth were missing. Lin Xun stood over him, sleeves rolled up, raining down slap after slap. Each blow fell in rapid succession, like pounding drumbeats that echoed without end.

PA! PA! PA!

Off to the side, Jun Huan's pink robe fluttered in the wind. Her delicate face was calm and serious as she went through the spoils taken from Zhuang Xiuwu.

"Junior Brother, this old fellow has two immortal-grade weapons, three stalks of Thunderflame Bamboo that are over a hundred thousand years old, and some immortal matter. Not bad, but this definitely isn't his whole stash."

Lin Xun replied, “In that case, the rest must be hidden inside him. Why don’t we cut him open and find out?”

On the ground, Zhuang Xiuwu’s rage boiled over. He was a lofty Nirvana Spirit Immortal who could command wind and rain in the Seventh Heaven Domain, but now, he was pinned like a criminal and beaten senseless. Never in all his years of cultivation had he suffered such humiliation.

Even recalling the moment of his defeat filled him with rage and suffocating frustration. However, there was also bewilderment. His mind was still reeling, unable to comprehend what had just happened.

Moments ago, he had unleashed the tribulation rain law, intending to crush Jun Huan first in a single move before turning to deal with Lin Xun, whom he regarded as a mere supreme Emperor Ancestor.

However, the unexpected move came from Lin Xun, the one he had dismissed. With just a sword cauldron, Lin Xun blocked the killing might of the tribulation rain law. Seizing that instant, Jun Huan struck with a sword and suppressed him completely!

That sword strike was astoundingly peerless, one of the most terrifying sword techniques Zhuang Xiuwu had ever witnessed in his life. In the blink of an eye, it was over.

So terrifying!

Now, not only had his cultivation been suppressed and sealed, but all his treasures had been stripped away, and he lay pinned to the ground, beaten mercilessly beneath Lin Xun’s hands...

The unprecedented humiliation pierced his heart like a blade, driving him to the brink of madness.